

Try to fit in my shoes

Shivers ran down my chest as a cold gust of smoke developed from my mouth. The weather forecast foretold zero chance of rain, but I was not going to take my chances. You could see the line of people pressed against the building that went down the store. Some people at the end of the line were already heading back to their cars with lost hope of ever entering the store in time. As I looked back, I could see the people that were prepared with umbrellas and foldable chairs surfing their phone. The people that were not prepared fought against the wind by holding on to their hats and facing the opposite direction as their clothes danced against their skin. I myself planned for all this. Waking up early and standing in line before the world could get a spot. I smiled as I walked in the small store with various shelves and platforms decorated with shoes. Posters with overjoyed actors wearing plastic smiles with athletic gear covered the walls. I walked up to the cashier, told him a shoe size and the exact shoe that I have researched earlier to be most profitable. I knew that outside the four walls of this store was someone willing to pay me triple for the same shoe. In seconds, I was out of there with the shoe in a bag swaying in my hands and moving on to the next store. This was the life of a reseller. Some people have made millions doing this exact same thing; feeding off capitalism to feed their hobbies and even earn extra money on the side. I resell for one main reason that I will explain later.

I have always been amazed by shoes. To me it is very easy to tell a lot about a person by the type of shoe a person is wearing: simple, stylish, fancy, athletic; everyone has a taste. It is kind of ironic because growing up I had very few shoes. Money was not plentiful, so any shoe over sixty-five dollars was just a yearning dream. I still remember the very day my dad bought

me my first pair of Jordan basketball shoes. It was blue and white and perfect in every way. I remember not even caring about the brand but just the design alone told me it probably cost my dad a lot more than he was willing to spend. I wore those shoes for years; even after they started hurting to fit my feet. I started wearing them without socks after blisters started forming at the tip of my toes due to no room in the shoe. I wore them as many times as possible, even though it started taking longer and longer just to put them on. I pushed and pulled at the heel each time daily just to avoid the inevitable of them not fitting my over-growing feet.

A text on my phone popped up with a message from a guy that knows a guy. A meet-up at a QuikTrip was set. After running up all the stores that I had on my list, I headed back to my car and got back on the road. I was careful on those tight turns because the back of my car seat was stacked with bags and boxes of shoes. A damaged box means less profit, so driving slowly wasn't an option. Reselling is not for the fearful because you really see the good and bad in people. There are some risks, but some really good rewards just like everything in the world. Meeting people in-person is the only way to earn your maximum profit margin so a lot of resellers love selling that way. I always choose to meet in a public place because you never know who is on the other side of the screen. My train of thought jumped back into reality as I slowly parked my car at a nearby QuikTrip. I messaged back asking the person for the color of their vehicle. I checked my wristwatch and grabbed one of the boxes from the back; making sure it was the correct size and was undamaged. If a passerby didn't know better, they would have easily assumed this as a drug deal.

The person pulled up behind my car a few minutes later and instantly I noticed something was wrong. The car looked very old. The color was malachite green with tinted cracked windows. One of the left passenger's windows was absent and a cheap grocery bag

hung in substitution. The front bumper was nowhere to be found and the scrapes and dents that presented themselves on the car made the car look like an unkept public bathroom. Red flags flashed in my mind just watching this car drive up to mine because I was expecting a better-looking car for a person buying a pair of shoes that are selling for five-hundred dollars. I came out slowly with the shoe box still in the car. I was looking around thinking that couldn't be the same person that just messaged me for the shoes. Seeing the person come out of their vehicle only supported my thoughts. I looked down at his feet, and I saw some worn down Air force 1's. Cliché classics but not what is expected again. Something was wrong here as my eyes progressed to this person's clothing. A black stained hoodie that probably was grey at some point and some plain dirty jeans that looked unwashed for months. "Let me see the shoes" he quietly demanded. I could see the yellow teeth protruding from his mouth as he formed a smile. "Let me see the money first" I replied slowly backing up but not breaking eye contact. I saw a grin on his face that was too wide for my taste. Then it happened so suddenly and before I could even react; I saw him look around swiftly and pull up his shirt revealing a black metal tucked under his belt.

My eyes widened as my gaze shifted back to his face. I kept thinking why I even left the security of my car in the first place. My brain started racing as I tried to think of the possibilities. Surely, he can't shoot me in broad daylight in a public place. Can a hobby really be the end of my existence on earth. Is this how it really ends? Is this how much my life is worth? A measly five-hundred dollars shoe. Times like this you really think about life. Only reason I was in this situation was to sell a shoe three times it's price. Screwing the rich off crumbs on a cake. The shoe

probably took Nike nothing more than three dollars to make. Made on the backs of child labor only to end up selling for a hundred times it's labor price. It just shows that in this world you are always being screwed over no matter who you are. The moment we enter this world, we strive to be above the one on top like crabs in a bucket. Just like my first pair of name brand shoes; we are all just trying to fit as much as possible into society knowing time would inevitably consume us as we age. Our lives summarized into competing for that spot above us, only to be under another. You can't escape it, but the hate of these things is what pushes us resellers to continue doing what we do. Freedom is what all resellers do it for. From the prices to when you sell it and how you sell it: it's all under your control. That is why I resell shoes and that is why I will continue to resell shoes.

Now I can tell you about how I almost got robbed by a crazy man, but ironically, I was the one robbing him. I was selling him a shoe that I bought for three times it's price. The same shoe that Nike sold to me for a ninety percent profit. The same shoe that was created in a forced labor camp on the back of kids that live off less than a dollar a day. In this world we all get robbed every day, but we are too busy robbing the person above us to see it.