

The Peacock at the Concert

A peacock had purchased tickets to see her favourite band perform. "It has been so long since I have had the chance to go out and relax with my friends," said the peacock. "I am so looking forward to it, but what will I wear?"

The peacock tried on everything in her closet twice; she modelled classy dresses and she tested various jeans and t-shirt combinations. She then agonized over how to accessorize; she adorned herself in stylish earrings and bangles and she experimented with trendy hats and bold, dark-rimmed glasses. She had finally settled on the ultimate concert outfit, but one last detail was missing: the shoes.

The peacock considered her comfortable black flats. "These would be perfect for dancing to all my favourite songs with my friends," she mused. Then she examined her black, heeled boots. "These are so stylish and will make me the envy of all my friends," she reasoned. She debated between the two for so long that Mr. Peacock almost left without her, but she finally selected the heels. "Now my look is complete! This is going to be the best night ever! I can finally go out and relax with my friends!"

The peacock arrived at the concert early to get a good spot. She stood, waiting in line. "What nice boots you have," remarked the bouncer, and the peacock beamed with pride.

She stood, listening to the opening act. "Cute boots!" said an emu standing beside her, and the peacock smiled hesitantly. Her feet were actually starting to hurt a bit.

She stood, chatting with her friends while the headlining band got ready. "I love your boots. I'd never be able to spend a whole night dancing in boots like that," said her friend the flamingo.

The peacock grimaced in pain. "These boots are killing me!" she finally cried.

Finally the band was ready to begin, but by now the peacock's feet were tired, blistered, and sore. As the notes to her favourite song rang out over the crowd, her friends ran screaming to the front of the stage and began dancing enthusiastically. The peacock stood alone at the back. Although her outfit was on point, the Peacock's stylish boots were preventing her from doing the one thing she had been looking forward to: relaxing with her friends.

"How foolish I have been!" cried the Peacock as she watched her friends bouncing and singing. I should have worn what would make me comfortable instead of trying to impress everyone. And with that, the Peacock kicked off her boots and raced to the front. She danced the night away until the wee hours of the morning and went to bed that evening feeling relaxed and fulfilled.

Don't worry about impressing others; do what makes you comfortable.