

Baba Kareem's Slow Shoes

A Jaziba story



@JazibaWorld

An InjahStudio production



Every Friday, Jaziba walked Baba Kareem to the market. She was his eyes.



Baba Kareem's shoes went slowly. Shuffle... tap. Shuffle... tap.



Jaziba's shoes wanted to skip and hop and run.



Zayd raced by with his red ball. “Hurry up, slowcoaches!” he laughed.



“Can’t you go faster?” asked Jaziba. “These old shoes have only one speed,” he smiled.



Jaziba let go of his hand. She walked a little way in front. Then a little more.



She looked back. Baba Kareem was tap-tapping along, all on his own.



But the market was so close! Jaziba began to run. She did not look where she was going.



Trip! Bump! Down she went. Her ankle hurt too much to stand on.



Shuffle... tap. Shuffle... tap. The slow shoes came down the path and stopped beside her.



Baba Kareem knelt down and lifted her onto his back. He did not say one cross word.



“You be my eyes,” he said, “and I will be your legs.”



“Left a little, Baba Kareem. Now straight on.” Slow and steady, all the way home.



Jaziba laid her cheek on his shoulder. Slow shoes were the best shoes in the world.



The next Friday, Jaziba held his hand the whole way. Shuffle... tap.
She did not mind one bit.



Honour your elders.