

The Slipper Slip-Up



Bailey stared down at the broken slipper.

By Bethany Bartholomew
(Based on a true story)

“As you have forgiven one another . . . I, the Lord, forgive you” (Doctrine and Covenants 82:1).

Bailey loved princesses. She loved pretending to be a princess with her sister. She loved her princess books and toys. Most of all, she loved the little glass slipper she kept on her shelf. It was just like the shoe one of her favorite princesses wore.

Every night, Bailey’s dad read a story to her before bedtime. Then he read scriptures with her and helped her say a prayer.

But tonight, when Dad stood up after prayer, he bumped into Bailey’s shelf. The glass slipper wobbled. It tottered. Then it tipped off the shelf. Bailey’s eyes widened as she watched it fall. Dad tried to catch it,

but—*CRACK!* It hit the floor.

Bailey gasped. “My slipper!” It was broken in half. How could she pretend to be like her favorite princess now?

“I’m so sorry!” Dad said.

Mom came into the room. “What happened?” she asked.

Bailey felt a lump in her throat. “Dad broke my glass slipper.”

“Oh no! I know how much you loved it,” Mom said.

Dad carefully picked up the pieces of glass. “Maybe I can fix it.”

Bailey could feel hot tears running down her cheeks. Her slipper would never be the same.



As Dad left the room with the pieces of the princess shoe, Bailey hugged her mom.

Mom held Bailey tight. “I love you,” she said. “I’m sorry you feel sad.”

“I love you too,” Bailey said. Then she thought for a moment. “And I still love Dad too.”

“Maybe Dad will feel better if you tell him that you love him. It might help you feel better too,” Mom said.

Bailey wanted to keep crying, but she nodded. “OK.”

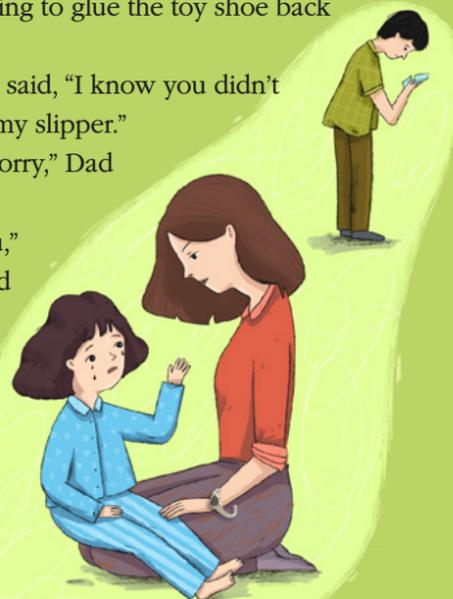
Bailey walked into the kitchen. Dad was sitting by the table, trying to glue the toy shoe back together.

“Dad,” Bailey said, “I know you didn’t mean to break my slipper.”

“I am really sorry,” Dad said.

“I forgive you,” Bailey said. “And I love you.”

She gave him a big hug. She didn’t feel like crying anymore. She was still sad,



but hugging Dad helped her feel a lot better.

“Do you want to see what I did?” Dad asked.

He carefully turned the slipper so that she could see it better. It was in one piece again!

“You fixed it!”

Bailey said.

“I think so,”

Dad said. “But don’t touch it yet. The glue still needs to dry.”

Bailey could still see the crack in the middle where the slipper broke. But she was happy it was in one piece again.

“Thank you!” Bailey said.

“And thank you for forgiving me,” Dad said. “That was a hard thing to do.”

Bailey hugged her dad tight. Forgiving Dad was hard, but Bailey loved him more than any toy. ●

The author lives in Utah, USA.



One day I was playing with a kid at school, and he got mad and threw a stick at my eye. I could have chosen to get mad or to calm down. I chose to calm down. When I got home, my mom was worried about my eye. I told her it was OK. I stayed home from school, and on my break, I read the scriptures. The scripture that I read talked about loving others. That reminded me of the kid at school.

Diego M., age 10, Florida, USA