



KILLER HEELS ATTACK NYC!

9:15 A.M.

NOT GOING GRATE

New York's sidewalks turned into an assault course, proving stiletto heels and street grates just don't mix.



9:45 A.M.

STANDING ROOM ONLY With no seat on the subway, I was left to cling onto the bar for dear life while commuters looked at me with pity.



10:00 A.M.

STAIRS AND MORE STARES Getting up to street level felt like climbing Everest, but walking all the way over to the escalator involved almost as much discomfort.



2:45 P.M.

DESK IS BEST Finally, a chance to kick the shoes off and forget about the heels. Who knew being stuck at my desk could feel this gratifying?



6:00 P.M.

COBBLES AND WOBBLER

No wonder there are so many outdoor tables in the Meatpacking District. Watching heel-clad girls trip on the cobblestones is a full-blown spectator sport down here.



9:30 P.M.

TAKING THE WEIGHT OFF By this point, the idea of standing at the crowded bar in STK had lost its appeal. Good thing the heels were cute enough to help me bag a seat.



11:30 P.M.

NIGHT-TIME MENDING The end of the day required the application of multiple Band-Aids. How attractive.



11:45 P.M.

BACK IN THE CLOSET And back where they belong. It'll be some time before I'm tempted to reach for these again.