

Carol Haffke, 54, knows that beauty comes in all shapes and sizes

anything in her size, sighed the sales assistant. 'Have you tried the men's department?"

'My daughter's not a man,' my mum Ingrid said, furious. 'Come on, Carol, let's go.' At 18, I was searching for

evening shoes to go with my white dress for the school formal.

Having a size 12 foot, it was impossible. My mum, who wore a size 10 shoe herself, sympathised.

We ended up buying white nanna-style court shoes to match my outfit. It seemed unfair.

None of my friends had issues buying footwear. When we went shopping together, I never went inside shoe shops with

them. It was too upsetting. I loved fashion too, and felt frustrated that my outfits could never be coordinated with anything below the ankles!

After leaving school, I went to uni to study journalism and afterwards got a job on the Gold Coast Bulletin in Qld. I loved it and after 12 months, travelled overseas, writing for different publications.

I worked in Canada and Portugal, but it was Namibia in Africa that really stole my heart.

On returning to Brisbane, Qld, I moved across to public relations, entering the world of fundraising and charities, writing speeches for others and working as a media spokesperson.

Then, in November 2011, at age 44, I organised a fundraising dinner that didn't go as well as I'd hoped.

same annoying shoe issues I'd faced all my life.

Deciding against borrowing from the bank, I put my townhouse on the market, instructing my real estate agent to sell to an investor, so I could continue to live there as a tenant.

And that's exactly what happened!

Handing in my notice at

'I want to celebrate fabulous footwear'

The next morning, I sat sobbing on my sofa for hours. Burnt out, I didn't want to stay in my profession, let alone my job.

Then I had an idea. I could open a women's shoe shop specialising in longer sizes! I thought,

excited by the prospect. I could be my own boss and help others with the

work, I rented an empty shop located in a charming cottage around the corner from where I lived.

'Shoe shops are too drab,' I said to Mum.

'I want a colourful space that celebrates fabulous footwear.'

So I decorated it myself, with beautiful vases and rugs I found in stores

and antique shops.

Then I went to a shoe expo in Sydney and, with the money from my house sale, bought hundreds of pairs of gorgeous shoes, ranging from size 10 to 14.

On April 14, 2012, I popped the champagne corks and formally opened The Shoe Garden. Customers piled in,

'Some of these are

girl squealed, delighted.

'This is my daughter,' one said defensively, fixing me

'No problem, what would

Once she realised I had no issues with her child,

I also had crossdressers ring me.

'Is it okay for me to come in?' they'd ask, explaining they'd been rejected from other stores.

'Of course,' I'd reply, 'People would tell me to sad they even had to ask. forget the shoes and wear Drag queens were

always fun.

'I want the highest,

most glamorous shoes

joking around with the

them in stitches.

customer laughed.

other customers, having

you have,' one said, before

Tve never enjoyed shoe

shopping so much,' another

My customers were aged

from 10 to 90, both short

and tall, and most were a

size 12 like me, although

30 per cent had longer feet.

different shoes and boots

from size 10 to 14, mostly

something to fit everyone.

my dad Eric came in to

my shoes so much she

threw out all of hers.

she declared.

help out, getting to know

all the regulars. Mum loved

'I'm only wearing yours,'

Nine years on, my little

shop is doing well, and I'm

also selling lots online.

And because Africa

Australian made, there was

Twice a week, Mum and

across 15 different lines,

As I carried hundreds of

'I'm so ashamed of my big feet, I've never worn open-toe sandals,' said another woman.

I have lots of flats.

delighted they'd finally

fashionable footwear.

the shoebox,' one said.

horror stories.

found somewhere to buy

They also had their own

'You don't have big feet, you have long feet,' I said, correcting her.

Often customers would cry when they found elegant shoes in their size.

Some women brought in their daughters to be fitted.

The girls would be convinced there wouldn't be shoes that they liked, but then they'd find one pair and then another, and get so excited!

actually too big for me!' one

Other mums came in with their transitioning teenagers.

with a steely gaze.

she like?' I replied.

she completely relaxed.

remains so close to my heart, I also donate a portion of all sales to MicroLoan Foundation

Australia to help African women in Malawi, Zambia and Zimbabwe start or grow their businesses. So far, I'm thrilled that we've raised more than \$40,000.

I feel very lucky to be making people happy and am proud I created a thriving business from nothing. Strangely, I've gone from representing other people's points of view as a journalist and in PR to

being myself.

It's so liberating. I wear colourful kaftans

instead of corporate suits, and until my beloved Maltese terrier CC sadly passed away in October, she came to work with me every day.

So if you are looking to be your own boss, don't get 'cold feet'.

Do your research, and find a niche gap in the market that's close to vour heart.

Then, if the shoe fits, wear it! 🕖

For more info, visit shoegarden.com.au

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know. Let's share the fun!

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