

PCP: You Want Me To Take Off My Shoes? Pervert! vs. Please Just Take Your Shoes Off

POINT: You Want Me To Take Off My Shoes? Pervert!



By Mary Rosemore

I'm sorry what? Take off my shoes? Why are you yelling at me to take off my shoes? I'm not just going to take off my shoes and put my bare feet on this incredibly grimy floor. My pristine feet on this McDonald's-bathroom-ass floor? No thank you!

Wait... I bet you so badly want to see my clean and properly groomed feet because you're one of those perverts, huh? Yeah, those feet perverts who get off on seeing people take off their shoes and showing their feet. I bet you think you get paid to be a pervert, however I say please keep your kinks to your kink dungeon as I am not taking off my shoes for you today.

Hmm. Maybe you're thinking these shoes look like trash and you want to put them in the trash, huh? Is that your angle? Well, I'll have you know these are *designer*. Yeah, they're Golden Goose – they're *designed* to look worn and dirty and like garbage. Sure you may find them ugly, but I think they're *perfection*. They're shoes that never get dirty because they're already dirty.

Or maybe that's why you want them off so bad. You think they look so dirty that my feet must be so dirty too. And you just want to see my dirty dirty feet because you're a low-life kink dungeon pervert who likes dirty feet. Well, I'll have you know my feet are actually really clean!

Oh great! Look what you've done now. Now there's a huge crowd gathering around because you made me yell. Now I'm definitely not taking my shoes off now, even if I was before. Have a good day PERVERT service agent. Oh yeah, KABOOM!

COUNTERPOINT: Please Just Take Your Shoes Off



By Alan Randy

I said – Mam, just take your shoes off. Mam – Please – I’m not yelling, I’m just – mam. Mam. Yes, you’ll take them off, and then – Mam. This floor was cleaned this morning, a few hours ago when we – Mam.

No mam, I just need you to take off your shoes it’s TSA protocol. Everyone has to – Mam, please don’t berate me. I don’t get paid to be berated or be a pervert. I’m just a government worker. Mam, I’m just asking for you to kindly remove your shoes and put them in one of these baskets and I’ll slide through the machine. Then on the other side you can –

Mam. Please don’t hmm at me. There’s no need to discard your shoes, you just need to put them through the machine and – Mam, I know they’re designer I just – it’s – I know they’re purposely dirty-looking but the issue is the wires... It’s how they’re designed they look too custom and that’s why they need to go through the machine, not because they look –

Mam, I just need you to take them off. No, mam, I’m not assuming the quality of your feet, your shoes just look like – Well they look like some kinda device with the wires – and white adhesive – and that clock ticking down... Mam, it just needs to go through the machine. It needs to go through because it looks like, well, a bomb.

Sorry, I didn’t mean to alarm anyone – it’s just – Mam, I didn’t make you do anything. Mam, please just exit... and please put away that comically large red button. Mam please, don’t pretend to press that, you’re going to scare these –

OE: I Live In A Flesh House Made Of Common Flesh And I Am Fine With Also Being Made Of The Same Flesh My House Is Made From

By Man of the Flesh (“Robert”)

We live in an incredibly divided time in our country. People walk on concrete sidewalks, they drive on asphalt roads. All the while they remained connected to metal bricks within their hands, unable to make real personable connections.

With all this disconnect, I think we need to stop for a moment and reassess our current values. We need to look back to a time before technology corrupted us. A time when we truly connected with our neighbors and homes, united as one through all being made of one Common Flesh.

I’ve lived in my home made of Common Flesh (which we are all made of) for over 20 years now, waxing and remolding the rooms over the course of my life. And after slaving through my nine-to-five in non-living building, nothing comforts me more than relaxing on my couch as we breathe a sigh of relief.

Although many people view the upkeep as taxing and parts of flesh-harvesting as inhumane, I think modern advancements have caused people to forget the joys, and even pleasures, that come from doing honest housework.

This past Thanksgiving, my family finally allowed me to host the gathering more traditionally, enveloped in the welcoming musks of the Common Flesh. As I greeted my guests, I was in shock to find that no one stuck their hands in the foyer pore to get properly oiled for the dinner, but I brushed it off. Later during the dinner, one relative was so opposed to storking my toilet that they decided to go ask my neighbors if she could use their “structurally sound” bathroom.

However, my true moment of shock came towards the end of the evening.

My nephew looked at me and asked what the uvula dangling from the ceiling was. *Uvula*. At this moment, I realized they aren’t even teaching kids about the atrium gland anymore.

How are kids supposed to cleanse their Flesh homes from the stench of overdue Flesh if they don’t even know what an atrium gland is?

I remember when my father first taught me how to lube the walls. On a sweltering summer day, my father showed me how to put on my first lube suit. After zipping me up, he dunked me headfirst into the tank without warning. Many would deem this ‘immoral’ to do to a child nowadays, but back then created true bond between father and son. After being pulled out I swirled my body across the roof gleefully, coating the outer walls with a fresh revitalization.

The tank was an older model, before they started including breathing tubes – a truly unfortunate add-on. For me, the breathing tube caused such a loss of urgency and bond with your fellow man. It's true, the only times I really get to chat with my neighbors anymore is when asking for help with the dunking process. And that's exactly one of the things this country needs right now, more dunking with communal trust that flows from it.

I wish I could pass my black lube suit down to my grandson, but it would have no use to him as he lives in a silent house made of rocks.

I stayed with son last Easter, sleeping on a cold Tempur-Pedic mattress. No hair follicles to keep me warm, the closest thing he had being an electric blanket. While I was there, my son asked me if it ever “disturbed me” living in a house of the same Common Flesh which we are all made of.

I gave it to him straight: I told him what's more disturbing to see your own child raising his family in a such hollow home.

I'm sorry son, but I like when my ceilings ooze at night. I cherish the feeling after popping the cysts that form on the North-facing walls. I appreciate the hard work I put into cleaning my floors from the cyst juices so they don't multiply. I love being connected with my home on more than just a spiritual, but material, uniting, level.

Call me old-fashioned, but frankly I miss when humanity truly cared for one another, and when we all had hearts just as big as the ones that no longer pump the warmth into our homes.

LOCAL FLAVOR: 8 Chicagoan Slang Words Every Local Should Know!

By Connor Snow

With new faces joining the great city we locals call Chi-town-city each day, it's important that they know some local phrases that help them assimilate into this amazing community. As someone who now proudly calls themselves a native Chicagoan, I've learned a lot of slang over my time living here that whenever I say them I feel like this city truly is my home. So in this article, I compiled a few lesser known ones that I feel are useful in Chi-Town life and can cement your place as true windy city workman.

1. Schnag

Chicago is THE spot for thrifting and vintage shopping, and has been for the past 100 years. Ever dug through a random cardboard box near the makeshift changing room found a really cute sleep shirt that you can crop the stains from? That's a great find – or as we in Chicago call it... a *schnag*. We love schnags in Chi-Town, and if the store worker is underpaid enough, they might even give you an extra discount if your schnag is really schnaggy! Never hurts to ask!

2. Shot o' Lort

Short for a shot of Jeppson's Malört – Chi-Town's shot of choice during our cold nights. It's a golden liquor, but be careful! If you ask for "a shot of Jeppson's Malört" your bartender may think you're only a tourist and kick you out of the underground spot your Instagram Reel feed worked so hard to show to you. They might even toss ya in water! So remember: use your best Irish accent and plead for that "Shot o' Lort".

3. Sixing 'Em

Have you ever driven in Chicago? Of course not! You moved here to become a commuter and save the planet! However, you probably have written in an UberGreen, the eco-friendly Uber option, and noticed one of our six-way intersections. You've also either seen or had the experience of being parked in the middle of one of these intersections so the vehicle can make a left turn without being screwed over by one of the other drivers. When this occurs we call the maneuver "sixing 'em"! Try shouting from the backseat of your next UberGreen ride and we promise you'll get to your destination 5 minutes faster!

4. Couchie

Ever wondered what those couches that are placed in alley's are for? Well, as a city with a strong Catholic presence, many view pre-marital sex as an act that will send you to hell. Yikes! But don't you fret you horny singles, if you have sex on one of these couches it doesn't count! The nasty in the couch cancels the naughty of the sin, leading to our

barhopper's favorite passtime – the couchie. Try this one next time someone tries to reject your drunken advances and they just might turn the other cheek... or cushion!

5. Da Bus

If you've spent more than a day in Chicago you may know that locals call our railway transit system "the L". This is slang for "elevated", referring to how most train lines managed by the Chicago Transit Authority (CTA) are above street level instead of underground. What you may not know is that we also have a name for the bus lines as well. Yep, we call those white-and-blue-striped four-wheelers a cute term of endearment: Da Bus! Don't be afraid to rally the rest of your commuters with this chant on your rush hour or night owl bus. But remember: this phrase does not include PACE or ghost busses.

6. Chicagoantartica

Brrr! It sure does get cold here next to water, and when it does you may have heard the term "Chiberia" tossed around. But did you know it gets *super* cold in Chi-Town some winters? It does! In fact, some winters it is so cold sometimes a penguin will die in the Lincoln Park Zoo. Oops! When this happens we start referring to the winter as Chicagoantartica to mourn the loss.

7. Hoagie Homerun

Nothing quite says "great day in Chi-Town" like a ballgame at the Big Wrigger with a old-fashioned hot-n-fresh hoagie. Yet this classic Chi-Town treat can be upgraded if you ask the stadium vendor for a "Hoagie Homerun". He'll know what you mean! This ballgame favorite is a hoagie elevated by – you guessed it – three shot o' Lorts, or as the locals call them shlorts! This dish is so good you'll think the Cubs are winning! Fun!

8. Water

People are going to try to convince you that the vast blue plane east of the Loop is something called "Lake Michigan". If you believe them, congratulations: you just got super-duped! You need to learn that the vast blue plane east of the Loop is something we call water. Never say you are "planning a beach day on Lake Michigan". The locals call it water. It's water! And it's the best part of Chi-Town, so be sure to check it out when things get warmer. Water feels nice!

Well, that's most of the terms I have to give to you newcomers for now, hope this article was a schnag, huh? Yet, if you want to learn more words and phrases, the best thing you can do is get out! Go into our great city by water and learn the language firsthand through its greatest gift: experience. You might even see me! Hopefully not when I'm receiving a couchie – am I right?