

The Men's Chair In the Women's Shoe Department

by Jerry Ratch

We were going shopping, and they put me in the women's shoe department at Macy's so I would really have something to write about, and maybe you can imagine what happened.

Well, this one woman sits down right in the chair next to me, which I thought a little odd since there were plenty of other empty ones there. I thought of moving over one chair, but didn't, and she asks "Are you getting a tattoo? I don't have enough room for one myself. Look." And with that she lifts up her shirt.

And yeah, I could see that she had no more room for another tattoo all right, but neither was she wearing anything underneath her shirt, though you could barely even tell where her nipples were with all that ink everywhere. I saw dragons with fire coming out of their nostrils. I saw oysters, clams, jellyfish. I saw seagulls and two surfers on boards. Basically, everything but human nipples there.

Then I thought, "Wait, where's my wife? She's not going to go for this display of flesh, at all."

So, the woman lowered her shirt. "Oh, this is the frickin' Shoe Department? Crap! I thought this was cosmetics. Sorry." And with that, she gets up.

"Wait," I blurted out. "Wait... Wait." Like a corner talking stoplight. "Wait, wait."

