



IS IT ME?

Over the years, John Davies' *Is it me?* has become a favourite of The Business Exchange for its wit and camaraderie. This issue John's continuing to muse about his obsession with footwear...



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Hello folks! I hope you're all keeping well and that you enjoyed the slightly strange summer we've just had. Odd weather, Covid-related issues and holidays at home were just some of the ingredients that made the past few months a fairly odd recipe. Roll on Christmas!

I fear I'm going to court a fair amount of controversy with this edition of *Is It Me?* It's controversial because I think we've got a divided nation on what I consider an extremely important issue. But I'm diving in and I'm wondering whether or not you'll be for or against what I'm about to say.

Here goes.

Crocs (or other plastic jelly-like footwear) on adults. No! In my opinion completely unacceptable. Don't get me wrong, there is a wonderful place in our society for these odd-looking rubber shoes and that place is for the pre-teenage population. Crocs are simple in design, colourful, easy to use, waterproof and they float – all fantastic

attributes for tiny tootsies but, come on, should a grown man or woman really be seen padding around in these toffee dabs? I just don't get it.

I've done a straw pole in the office and opinion is divided. There are those who love the 'freedom' experienced in wearing these holey mules. They enjoy the comfort, the wind around their toes and the liberation of an unburdened heel. Some think the jaunty colours make them look cool or perhaps younger.

On the other hand, you have those people (like me) who think the shoes are really there for comedic effect or are perhaps worn for a bet. I mean, what other reason can there be for sliding one's trotters into an injection-moulded eyesore?

My journalistic research has also revealed there is also a community of Croc-ers who choose to pair their sacred sandals with socks. I literally have no words. Those people need to take a good hard look at their

southern ankle region and think about what they've done.

But I can't write an article like this without mentioning those other folk. You know who I mean. The Birkenstock (or other cork and leather-based strappy sandal) crowd. I've not tested this theory but I think this lot feel superior in their choice of summer sole protection. I suspect they look down on trainer wearers and flip-floppers like me with nothing but disdain.

As usual I'm really guessing here, so please feel free to share – are you a Croccer, a Socker Croccer or even a Birkenstocker? And are you wearing them for comedy value? If so, do you drive a Saab and eat Shredded Wheat without sugar?

Come on, defend yourselves. I'm expecting some heat on this one so don't be shy!

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