

## The Bag Lady And The Bum

It was a disappointing day. After begging for over twelve hours all I had was ten dollars and forty three cents to show for it. This left me with barely enough money to pay for the flea infested room in my hotel. I was hungry and in the mood for some cold chicken, so I quickly moved my ass toward the dumpster off the main highway. Most of the bums in town ate there, and I hoped there was something besides chicken bones left over. I luckily got there before dark, without any lighting it is almost impossible to navigate a dumpster. Only a skilled dumpster diver could locate a chicken drum in the dark. I was good but had a lot to learn. There was about twenty bums sitting around the dumpster laughing and chatting, most of them had just finished eating. There was nobody next to the dumpster, so I just dove in. On my first dive I came up with two thighs and a can of coke, it was now time for a good dinner. After devouring two great tasting cold chicken thighs, I washed them down with a half full can of warm soda. It was now time to do a little socializing.

I knew most of the bums by name; we all had the same lifestyle and frequented the same dumpsters. Many begged in the same area as I did, but never on the same corner. That is a bum's law and it is never broken. Near the dumpster a small group of men was watching a bag lady dancing to the tune of a harmonica being played by one of the guys. I joined the crowd and clapped to the music. Suddenly the bag lady was transformed into a pretty woman, and I joined her in a dance that went on until the harmonica player tired and went to sleep.

She was happy to take a shower in the hallway next to my room and latter spent the night with me. We awoke at the same time and we were both hungry. I would have gladly bought her breakfast, but the fifty cents that I had in my pocket wouldn't go very far. She said she had to leave and get to her spot on the sidewalk; it was there that a kindly old man gave her an egg sandwich and a cup of soup every morning. I had no choice except to kiss her goodbye. I often returned to the same dumpster where I first met her, but I never saw her again. [http://360.yahoo.com/melvin\\_polatnick](http://360.yahoo.com/melvin_polatnick)

## About the Author

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