

The Dancing Bag Lady

She was always seen in the vicinity of the dumpster, her home was a pile of rags a few feet away. She was called a bag lady, but it was rumored she came from a decent family. Her youth was still with her, she looked no more than twenty five. Some say she escaped from a mental institution and didn't want to be returned. Her past was no longer important; only her present condition counted. The dumpster she ate from was one of the best in L.A., five fast food restaurants dumped their garbage there. It was a miracle that she was able to survive in the heat and torrential down pours. But there she was drinking a warm can of soda she just retrieved from the dumpster.

A bag lady is still a human being and she should be respected as one. If that is the lifestyle she chooses, her wishes should be obeyed. It would be cruel and inhumane to chase her away from the dumpster and let her starve to death. The only way to help her would be to give her a few bucks, so she can get herself something that could not be found in a dumpster.

Our bag lady was still a lady of fine tastes; she loved to dance to hard rock music. As soon as it got dark she put on the clothes that she had found in the dumpster, the fit was good and nobody would ever guess that she was a bag lady. As soon as she entered the disco, all the patrons greeted her. She was a familiar face and well liked. The music played and she danced until dawn. It was then time to return to the dumpster and retrieve her raggedy clothes.

One night at the disco she drank more than usual and in the morning she awoke in a strange mans bed. At first she was frightened, but then quickly relaxed when he served her breakfast in bed. He was a very good looking guy who had the blue eyes she always liked in a man. They spoke for hours and made love for the rest of the day. She told him her suitcases were stolen after she lost her room. He quickly took her downtown to get her new clothes and a few of the other things a woman needs. His bed was also hers and she was happy to share it with him.

She never forgot the dumpster and how good it was to her. One day she revisited it and dove in for a last meal. The dumpster was once her best friend, and after some cold chicken wings, she kissed the dumpster, and said goodbye.

About the Author

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