

The Bag Lady Does Volunteer Work

I seldom had a bad day as a bag lady, but it was a hot day in L.A. and the metal on the dumpster was too hot to handle, so I put a few old table clothes that I had found in the dumpster over the hot metal and I was now ready to do some serious dumpster diving. On my third dive I found an expensive women's umbrella left in the restaurant by an unknown lady that had her mind on other things. It was now time for my afternoon nap, so I opened the umbrella and covered my face with it, and fell asleep

She looked too young and healthy to be a bag lady; she was no older than twenty five. It was rumored that she was an escapee from a mental institution and didn't want to return. Some said that she just enjoyed her life as a dumpster diver, and should be treated with respect. Occasionally some of the neighbors came over with a home cooked meal. She enjoyed playing the harmonica and was very good at it. Some people visited her at the dumpster just to hear her play. It was getting dark and our bag lady had an appointment at the hospital to do volunteer work. She often entertained the patients with her music playing and also brought gifts along. The gifts were hats and umbrellas that she found in the dumpster. She quickly exchanged the raggedy dress she wore for the nice one that she had recently found and put on her backpack full of gifts. She then jogged down the road to the hospital.

The patients at the hospital were in the entertainment room anxiously waiting for me to arrive. The first thing I did was pass out the gifts. They said that I was the only one that cared, and that I was a wonderful person. This made me feel good. For the next two hours I played the songs they selected on my harmonica--- I was a big hit. Now it was time to say goodbye and I kissed each patient on the cheek.

On the way out I ran into the doctor that was in charge of the entertainment program. He thanked me for my contribution and asked me if I would like to join him for a cup of coffee in the hospital lounge. The coffee and donuts were good and so was the conversation. He said that he was a resident studying to be an obstetrician and hadn't had a day off in two months. I told him that I was in business for myself as a dumpster inspector and enjoyed my work. We started to hold hands. He then told me that he would like to see me again. I said that my job keeps me very busy and I couldn't promise when we could meet. But I said that if we could find a place to hide in the hospital I would give him a quickie. He wanted more than a quickie so we spent an exciting few hours in an empty hospital room. After giving me his business card and telling me that I was welcome to visit him at no charge when he opens up his private practice, I thanked him and kissed him goodbye. I chalked up the experience as a part of my volunteer hospital service

The weather was cooler now and the dumpster was well stocked. There was nothing in the world I now needed. But my parents always told me to save for a rainy day. My parents would be very happy to hear that I owned over twenty umbrellas---- I am sure they would easily cover me, on the worst of rainy days.

About the Author

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