

The Bag Lady Goes To College

It rained in L.A. for three consecutive days and the dumpster was turned into a garbage filled swimming pool. The bag lady had no choice but to literally dive into the dumpster, swim around and come up with some food before she ran out of breath. Luckily the water was clear and she spotted two frankfurters, a hamburger and some onion rings. As a bonus she found an unopened can of beer. She was hungry and quickly finished her lunch. The hot sun had returned and in ten minutes she was dry again. Her spiritual guide at the monastery would be proud to see how well she was handling her journey. She left him after he blessed her with enlightenment.

Her afternoon nap was disturbed by the manager of the fast food restaurant that she used as a mailing address. He had an envelope for her. She thanked him and then opened the envelope. In it was a letter from her mother. It said that her brother was graduating from the same Cambridge College where she had received a master's degree. He had made arrangements for her to be a speaker at the ceremony. Her mother added that she was sure that her daughter would drop everything and be there.

The bag Lady didn't have the money to purchase round trip airfare tickets to Cambridge. The only way to get the money without becoming a hooker was to give a performance at the downtown strip club. She did it whenever she needed money. Her Guru always told her to do whatever was necessary, and she would follow his wisdom.

She was billed as the harmonica playing bag lady, and the club was packed with men and women. After having a few martinis the bag lady climbed up on the stage. She was wearing three torn dresses and two oversized hats. The audience and the band gave her a loud ovation and then there was silence. The bag Lady took out her harmonica and played fast Irish dancing music, and then she started to do an Irish jig. This drove the crowd wild. They began yelling in a chorus for her to remove her baggy clothes. She put down her harmonica and the band started playing some slow sexy music. It took almost an hour before she was completely nude. The crowd gasped in astonishment as she did a belly grind. Wads of money were thrown on the stage. The bag lady picked them up, threw a kiss at the audience, and quickly headed to the air terminal.

She was wearing a black dress and red shoes that she had purchased at a ladies shop in Cambridge. One would never even dream that a few days ago she was swimming in a dumpster. Her former class mates greeted her warmly as she climbed the stage not as a stripper, but as an honor graduate of one of the best schools in the north east. The professors on the stage smiled and shook her hand, they were all happy to see her again. And then she addressed the student body.

The topic was about self discovery and how important it is to build a foundation upon who you really are. She explained how futile it is to adorn your self with material things while the inner self is neglected. After dinner with her parents and brother she was on a flight back to L.A.

The dumpster was overstocked and the goodies were spread out all over the parking lot. There was no need for dumpster diving today; all she had to do was pick up what ever looked tasty. But she couldn't wait for the return of a normal day of serious dumpster diving.

About the Author

retired and single

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