



Cocktail Umbrellas and Garbage Bags, The Inspector Arrives

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Looking closer, I realize who shambling man is. My ex, G, Garbage man. I should have known. He never could resist anything in polyethylene. I stand up, adjust my cocktail umbrella "dress", ready to confront that no good ex-garbage man. I'm about to grab his arm when I see the Glad lady has returned dressed in an orange bag. That was always our color. Ready to tell him what I think, I'm interrupted. An inspector starts listing off offences. I'm not offensive, G- man is. I may be easy but I am not going to come quietly. I'm ready for a fight.