

## **The Trash Man**

**By Gianluca Milani**

It was a tough day for Naes the trash man; Mr. Yamackerel, his boss told him he wouldn't need to go to work tomorrow. Naes wondered why his boss fired him. Naes hadn't done anything wrong. Naes became angry as he walked home from work, "I work as hard as I can dumping trash into the trash truck and now I'm out of a job." Naes walked through the door of his apartment and hung up his ragged coat on the coat hook. Naes sat down on his bed and thought about what he should do. He had been a trash man ever since he dropped out of high school and now how would he pay his rent. It was all his boss's fault. Naes thought, "Well the only thing I can do right now is tell Mr. Yamackerel how I really feel." So Naes sat down at his writing desk and wrote.

*Mr. Yamackerel:*

*I have worked for you for more than ten years. I worked hard and with little pay. Never have I done anything against your orders, but you fired me anyway! You are so mean to me! You are the WORST! YOU deserve to lose your job, not me. YOU BELONG IN THE TRASH!!! That's all. You can't fire me, I QUIT! I wouldn't work for you if you begged me on your hands and knees!*

*Naes Sevil*

Naes put the letter in an envelope and wrote his boss's address on the front of the envelope. Then he walked to the post office and mailed his letter before it closed. On his way back from the post office, Naes met some of his trash men friends. "Congrats!" one of them shouted from across the street. Another friend yelled, "Good luck with your job!" As Naes walked into his best friend Sunil, an immigrant from Mongolia, Naes said, "Why do they have to rub it in?" Sunil replied, "Aren't you happy?" "Why would I be happy about being unemployed?" Naes scowled. Sunil said, "Oh, you must have misunderstood Mr. Yamackerel; he meant you didn't have to go to work tomorrow because you were getting promoted." "To what?" Naes said, his face ghastly pale. Sunil said, "To garbage truck driver." Naes bolted for the post office, but it had already closed. There was nothing Naes could do to retrieve his letter. He walked home in dejection. The next morning Naes didn't go to work, he went around town, looking for jobs, but every employer turned him down. The next morning, he got a letter in the mail from his boss saying that Naes was fired because of his impudent letter. After searching for a job for most of the day, Naes was finally hired as a street sweeper.