

## REVERSE THINKING EXERCISE

*For this exercise, the group were asked to choose from a list of objects or animals and to put themselves into that situation. It is a very useful way – early on in the course – to think yourself into an environment seen from an unusual point of view...*

### THE WHEELIE BIN

I imagine people will say wheelie bins all look the same which is true but looking the same and being the same are two different things

On Monday mornings when the lorry comes to empty us it's only when the contents are exposed that you can tell what type of family we belong to.

I, for example, have a very Eco-friendly home; my owners are very aware of the environment to the extent that I never contain bottles, papers, cartons or plastic carrier bags. This cannot be said for "them next door" - their poor wheelie bin is always exhausted with all the waste being forced into him. He always seems to be overflowing, he never gets showered or kept in nice warm surroundings. They just don't care, unlike the old lady on the other side. She like my owners looks after us very well; we are showered, dried and have a clean liner so as not to dirty the inside with waste. Then every Monday night we are put into a small purpose built unit behind the garage protected from the elements.

How lucky we are compared to number 43 whose owners have no respect. The rest of the wheelie bins in the area agree this reflects how they live their lives by the way they treat the wheelie bins. We work hard and are put out in all weathers to dispose of people's waste: the least they can do is look after us.

If there is an afterlife I intend to come back as a human - Eco friendly, of course.

**Marion McLauchlan**

### THE WHEELIE BIN

It was decided that wheelie bins should be coloured grass green. It's supposed to be for environmental reasons. You see, we wheelie bins are meant to blend into the garden but what they failed to be aware of is that 21<sup>st</sup>-century gardeners want chips, slabs and bricks with just a smidgen of plants – anything to cut down on gardening and to increase leisure time.

My household spent all day Saturday digging up what was left of the front lawn and now there's a dozen black plastic bags sitting on the pavement awaiting uplift by the Council binmen.

On Saturday the sun was shining and that's a sure thing to bring them outdoors. For what, you may ask? Bar-B-Que, of course! It seemed like half the street was in the back garden. Music blaring, kids running around screaming, bar-b-que smoking, sausages sizzling, chicken burning. Get my drift?

And what does that all mean to me? I'll tell you. Come Monday morning I am full to overflowing with ash, food wrappers, pizza boxes, beer cans and leftover food. You wouldn't think my interior was lined with a scented bag. You would need to wear a mask to come near me. Most disgusting! And the flies buzzing around my lid – I'm surrounded!

I'm so glad it's Tuesday today. This is the day those wonderful binmen come round and remove this vile rubbish from my innards. But the best part is when the cleaners come about an hour later. You'll never know how good it feels when that jet of fresh water hits my insides.

Wonderful! And I smell divine when they put in a fresh scented bin liner.

Heaven!

**Moira Walker**

### **SUNDAY MORNING BLUES**

Oh, here I go again, yawning as I uncurl and stretch my old body. I'm 19 years now you know (not bad for an old dear!) How old is that in cat years again? Seven years to each human year makes me...em...oh...I wish I could remember how to count... Ten minutes later and now I've got it, one hundred and thirty three – it takes me ages but I get there in the end.

I can still remember when I was just a young thing and that big gorgeous stray cat caught me in the dark one cold winter's night! He offered to keep me warm as I was left outside when everyone in the house went to bed, and me being young thought he was just being nice!

Well, I soon found out what keeping me warm meant and a few tiring months later six little darlings came into my life.

Oh! They kept me busy for a while. I had a great pal when we lived there – Kruger, the German Shepherd.

He used to let me go out for a while and looked after the kittens; they would jump off the table and crawl all over him and he didn't mind a bit. They had a great time and of course the boys that lived in the house used to show them how to get out of the box we all slept in. Life was hectic then.

Of course they all went to new homes and it was just Kruger and me again, for a few years.

How I like to think back to my young days. All I seem to think about now is, have I been fed or not! I can never remember. I always want to eat, so hopefully it won't be too long before they get up and give me my breakfast.

I like it when it's quiet like this because once they all get up, the music starts and the TV goes on and I'm running back and forward in case they forget to feed me! But at least on Sundays they don't rush out to work and I have company.

**Elaine Leitch**