

## Garbage war

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We had some neighbour that used to leave his garbage out in plastic bags the night before garbage day - instead of putting it in a bin. Sure enough come morning there's garbage strewn all over the neighbourhood. What the raccoons and skunks didn't spread around, the wind picked up \_\_\_\_\_. Some of the people on the street were giving him \_\_\_\_\_, others tried to clear \_\_\_\_\_, but nothing helped - the guy didn't give a damn.

Thus, garbage became \_\_\_\_\_ contention in our neighbourhood.

Every morning of garbage day some people on my street would collect all the half-eaten and rotten trash from their lawns and toss it back into the dude's backyard. He would collect it, then dump it back on their lawns. Or cram it into their bushes. The street started to look like a slum. Police were called. Health inspectors. City by-law enforcement. Each side was calling in whatever authority they could muster to take their enemy \_\_\_\_\_. The dude and his family (amazingly his wife seemed perfectly pleasant) lasted about 8 months then moved. Every once in a while, I find a random margarine lid in my hedge, and my mind goes back to those dark days of the garbage war. Ugh!



The Elegant English Club

C1 & C2