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All day long lorries came, tipping black bags and broken bits of houses into untidy piles. Seagulls gathered to fight and flap over the mountains of new bags.

The old man poked through everything. He collected wood for his stove and old clothes to wear. He smoothed out old paperbags and piled them up inside wardrobes. Next to his shed there were twelve wardrobes all jammed tight with thousands of paperbags. That was how he got his name.

People seemed to throw stuff away for no reason at all. His carriage was full of last year's radios and beautiful coloured bottles. He had eighty-seven odd shoes, fourteen video recorders, and nineteen television sets, but he had no electricity nor any wish for it.

