

Common Decency

It was a normal day. After his shower, George put on some old jeans and a faded green tee-shirt, had a cup of coffee and went outside. He wanted to know what would happen. Most people in the street didn't pay much attention to him – the odd sly glance, a scowl perhaps, and then they'd just look the other way. On the pavement opposite some children started to laugh. He turned a corner.

'Aren't you ashamed of yourself?', remonstrated a woman as she attempted to cover her two young daughters' eyes.

George carried on walking, but the police didn't take long to arrive.

After a while an officer came into his cell, followed by two policemen armed with truncheons who took up their posts at either side of the door.

'Take off your clothes,' ordered the officer sternly.

'Hey, I know my rights,' began George, stumbling a little on his words, 'if you dare to touch me...'

'I told you to strip off. Don't make me loose my time – I'm the boss in here.'

George had no choice but to obey. He remained standing, not knowing what to do with his hands, in front of the three men.

'All right, this time you can leave,' said the officer. 'But I'll have you know that if you do it again, you'll be fined for dressism.'