

# The Cold Never Bothered Anything Anyways

by Linda Seccaspina

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It was almost midnight as Glenda surveyed her freezer. She had been sick for days and worried she might fall into a permanent sleep by morning. According to most of the expiry dates on her food she should have been dead years ago. What really irked her were the directions found on almost any chilled food: "once opened, eat within 3 days". She never threw food out- her daughter kept saying at some point it crawled out on its own over to the garbage can.

What kind of person would she be remembered as if she died overnight and someone looked in her freezer? She took out a package of bacon from the freezer that was dated 2009. She cooked it up, and thought, "I'm still alive here"! So much for "1 month" - try "5 years"! Glenda had also been freezing milk for years and never had a drop that was lumpy or had to sit for a few days after being thawed.

Of course her food looked like it could be on an episode of "*Hoarders*"--and some of it could start its own penicillin farm. She looked at the wilted green lettuce that looked like a smoothie and noticed she could tie the carrots/celery in a knot.

Her daughter had told her a million times that when things turn green or black, or if the Tupperware cover popped off by itself, that's the time to throw things out. Maybe she should just give up upon life before the New Year came in-- after all she had noticed the box of Arm & Hammer was now waving a white flag.

