The Giving Fridge

680 words

Once there was a fridge, and she fed and loved a little boy. Every day the boy would come to eat from the fridge and would gather her snacks. He would make the cheese into crowns and play king of the kitchen. The boy would climb up on her shelves and swing on her doors. He would eat the snacks from her fridge and freezer. They would play hide and go seek around the fridge, and when he got tired he would sleep next to her vent where it was warm. The boy really, really loved the fridge, and the fridge loved the boy. The fridge was very, very happy.

But time went by, and the boy grew older and the fridge grew older too, and the fridge was often alone. One day, the boy came to the fridge and the fridge said, “Come boy,

come and eat my snacks and swing from my door and sleep by my vent.” The boy said, “I am too big to climb and to play. I want some money. Can you give me some money?” “I’m sorry,” said the fridge, “but I have no money. I only have snacks and food. Take my food boy and sell it in the city, then you will have money and you will be happy.”  So, the boy climbed in the fridge and gathered her snacks and carried them away, and the fridge was empty and happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time, and the fridge was sad. One day, the boy, who was now a grown man, came back.  The fridge shook with joy, and she said, “Come boy, come swing on my door and eat my food.” The boy said, “I am too busy to swing on fridge doors. I want a house to keep me warm. I want a life and I want children, so I need a house. Can you give me a house?”  The fridge said, “I have no money, but I have wood doors. Take my wood doors off and use them to make a house, and then you will be happy.”  The boy took her doors off and used them to build a new house, and the fridge was happy. But the boy stayed away for a long time.

When the boy came back, the fridge was so happy she could hardly speak, but finally said, “Come boy, come and play.” “I am too old and sad to play.” said the boy. “I want a motorhome that will take me far away from here. Can you give me a motorhome?” The fridge said, “Use my last parts to make the body and my glass shelves for windows to build a motorhome. Then you can drive away and be happy. After you use me up, I will only be an empty shell forever.” So the boy cut the fridge apart and built a motorhome, and drove far away. The fridge was happy, but not really.

After a long time, the boy, who was now an old man, came back again. The fridge said, “My snacks and shelves and doors and walls are gone. I wish I could give you something, but I have nothing to give. I have nothing. I am only an empty shell now. I am sorry.” The boy said, “My teeth are too weak for snacks. I am too old to play. I don’t need very much now. I just need a place to sit down and rest.” So the boy sat down and took a rest. The fridge was very happy because even though she had nothing left, she had given the boy her snacks and played with the boy in the past. When the boy was driving his motorhome away, he was feeling sad, because he had used all of the parts of the fridge, and he remembered all of the snacks the fridge had given him. He wished he had been more kind to the fridge.

When the boy got a new fridge, he was happy again.

The End