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# Oh, my gosh! Is there a poltergeist in the ice box?



**'It does malicious things to the food. There's yellow streaks in my mayonnaise and tan globules in the grape jam.'**

By GLENNA ANDRADE  
Special to The Bee

One morning my friend Ellen dropped by and invited me to see E.T. "No thanks," I replied, "I'm waiting for a phone call about my ice box."

"Ice box!" She laughed. "I haven't heard it called that in twenty years."

"Even so," I said morosely, "It's the right name for it. Cleaning it gives me more shivers than when we saw 'The Exorcist' together and my purse regurgitated down the aisles."

"Well, I do understand your reluctance, but . . ." Glancing around my kitchen she asked, "By the way, where is it?"

"Over there beneath the memos and magnets." I pointed to a large rectangular object shingled with notes. "And don't speak so loud."

"Why?"

"Because I think it's haunted," I whispered.

Ellen chuckled. "Well, mine has bad breath once in a while, but I doubt it's haunted."

"Believe me, it is," I said, and just then a church bazaar leaflet slipped down the door and slithered beneath it.

She cocked an eyebrow. "Bizarre?"

"Yes, and that's not all. Just last night I heard strange noises — thundering and cracking — I'm afraid to open it."

"What else?"

"It does malicious things to the food. There's yellow streaks in my mayonnaise and tan globules in the grape jam. Things that are supposed to be green turn brown, brown things green. Milk separates into vanilla ripple and my mashed potatoes grow pink feathers."

She raised a second eyebrow. "Do you think it's trying to poison you?"

"Could be. Last week after the boys went fishing, I found night crawlers in my lettuce."

"Oh, well," she scoffed, "that's not too unusual. I've found tubeflex worms in my tomatoes."

"But," I protested, "other things have happened too. Things get moved around mysteriously. Right now the catsup lid is on the barbecue sauce, the barbecue sauce lid is on the seafood cocktail sauce, and that lid is on the catsup bottle. Only two days ago Karen put some

leftover pizza in the refrigerator, and someone or something wrote 'catfood' on the foil."

"Really? That is weird."

"And then when I peeked in the margarine tub I found green peas, white from fright and shrivelled from horror. Another time I found a can of peaches tipped over. The slices clung to the top shelf like slick yellow leeches, and the syrup solidified into stalactites on the rungs and formed a golden pond beneath the crisper. Speaking of the crisper," I rushed on, "it often plays tug of war with me."

"That is spooky," Ellen agreed.

"And that's not the worst either. Things don't just move around but get tossed around. Sometimes when

**'Things get moved around mysteriously. Right now the catsup lid is on the barbecue sauce, the barbecue sauce lid is on the seafood cocktail sauce, and that lid is on the catsup bottle.'**

I open the door, milk cartons plunge off the shelf and the butter dish hops off the side door."

"Does it always land upside down on the floor?"

"Yesss," I hissed softly.

"Oh my," Ellen gasped. "I hope mine isn't haunted too. What do you think lives in your refrigerator?"

"At first I thought it was a vampire because I'd find empty soda cans and dried up chuck roast. But it couldn't be a vampire because I keep garlic in the vegetable drawer. And it couldn't be a werewolf because this happens all the time, not only during the full

moon — although, I must confess, I do find paw prints on the door almost every day." Forming silent words with my lips, I mouthed "I think it's a poltergeist — you know, moving objects and strange noises."

"How about the freezing compartment?"

"It does malevolent things there too. It transforms my ice cream into either concrete or pudding. And . . ."

Suddenly, a loud BOOM, clatter-clatter, stopped our conversation, and we both gaped at the refrigerator which was trembling only slightly less than we were.

"What's that . . . ?" Ellen started.

"It's that noise again." Bravely I pulled open the door to the freezing compartment. An avalanche of ice cubes pummelled my chest. "The icemaker's gone berserk!" I shrieked and slammed the door on the cascade of cubes. They crashed to the floor, forming white bruises on the linoleum.

"Call an exorcist!" Ellen shouted.

"I have already. I did just what he said, but the box of baking soda was dumped and the glass of holy water was mysteriously emptied too."

Just then we heard a "bringg-bringgg" and I jumped up.

"It's just the phone, relax." Ellen said.

After I hung up, I gazed at her. "Stephen Iceberg's coming right over."

"Is he an exorcist?"

"No, a film maker of horror stories. He's coming over to photograph my refrigerator for a new movie."

"What's the title going to be?"

"G.E."

"Well," she said, shivering her way towards the door. "I'm not going to be around when you open it again. By the way, what does G.E. stand for?"

"Generally Eccentric."

She pondered this a moment and then smirked. "Perhaps he's not coming over to film your refrigerator, perhaps he's really coming over to see you."

Seeing my frown deepen, she added, "Well, whatever happens, keep your spirits up."

"BOOM — clatter-clatter" answered the refrigerator, and I smiled glumly as she closed the door.