

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

The Cold Shoulder

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The Bandera Prophet

Today, we're going to examine the world of appliances and if it's bad karma to hate one. I'm rather mad at two refrigerators right now. Ok, maybe one refrigerator and a very large barge.

It all started when I met My Future Husband. His refrigerator is that new fangled kind that's a side-by-side at the top and a giant drawer on the bottom. I'm a total side-by-side girl, myself and I always thought his kind of fridge looked like someone at the factory made a mistake.

From the moment we met, I prayed for her demise. To make matters worse, MFH's fridge is weird, but it's also the smallest sized big fridge they make. The vegetable storage drawers were not designed for a vegetarian or even someone like me who must have vegetables on a daily basis, or she will die. Not so with MFH as meat and potatoes are all he eats. Except for all those sweets.

About a year ago, we noticed the refrigerator was leaking on the hardwood floor. "Not to fear!" announced My Future Husband. "I will get out the instruction book, figure it out and save my precious mini-fridge!" I prayed harder.

When that didn't work, he turned to his favorite pal, YouTube for advice. Why there are bored men that like to video themselves fixing appliances, I will never know. Anyway, MFH figured out that the fridge was leaking in the back because there was a split in the water line that supplied water to the instant cold water thingamajiggy. He ordered parts, fixed it, and we pressed on. I prayed for it to die even harder.

Everything was fine for a couple of months until water again appeared on the floor. More YouTube. More parts. More okay and then more water.

I decided it was time to have “The Talk.” I sat My Future Husband down, handed him a cold beer and said, “I think you know what we need to do. It’s time to put the 18-year-old fridge down.” I consoled him as he fought back the tears. “Yes, I suppose the old girl has about had it. It’s just so hard to do.”

It wasn’t hard for me to do. I got online and found the perfect side by side newer version of mine, went to the store at the end of July and ordered it. Kind of.

First off, the sales lady told me that there was only a handful of fridges available immediately, and they were all one door on top and that dang pull out drawer on the bottom. The bottom of the barrel, worst of the worst designed ice boxes. I said, “No ma’am, I’ve put up with this evil vixen too long and I’m going to get the handsome male fridge I’ve always desired!”

After she beat on the computer for 10 minutes she announced, “I can have your heart’s desire here by Sept. 23,” to which I replied, “Sold!” By the time the ink had dried on my check, the old fridge was leaking again. The floor started looking worse and I was forced to start making ice. The old gal was mocking me. But I was not worried. Her replacement was on the way.

But then again, was it? No, it wasn’t. My saleslady called and declared that it was stuck on a cargo ship and wouldn’t be in until Nov. 13. I girded my loins and said, “Fine. I’ll just deal with what I’ve got.”

It’s been quite a grind, but last week, I bounced up to my friendly retailer only to find that now my fridge won’t be in until the end of January. Looks like the old gal is having the last laugh on me. Still, I’m going to give her the cold shoulder.