

The Fridge Affair

Well it started with a kiwi fruit and a rancid jar of paste,
the fridge was screaming, '**clean me**', it was time to act in haste.

It needed exact precision, and the eagerness to arise,
with disinfectant, wipes and gloves, a clean fridge was the prize.

The dog looked rather curious but the cat looked uninspired.
He watched events as they arose, from his bed where he retired.

I started with the contents of the fridge door and the rack,
clearing out the ancient jars and chucking them in the sack.

I'm **certain** it was penicillin that was growing on the cream,
it was furry with a hue of blue, encased in emerald green.
Then we hit the first wire shelf it was groaning from the load,
I removed the **contents from the fridge to discover what I'd stowed.**

I'd broken every hygiene law and more besides I'm sure,
there was everything imaginable lurking there and more!
So unpacking all objects was the obvious place to start,
but throwing away the '**best before**' was tugging at my heart!

I cleared out all the pots and tubs and bits of this and that.
What I **hadn't** spotted there, was my sneaky dog and cat.
The cat jumped up and pushed things off, the dog stood there in wait,
finally when the penny dropped it was really far too late!

They'd scoffed the contents with gusto, gone was my meal for that night
just the smacking of lips with contentment, satisfaction and total delight.
There was food scattered all around, what a most discerning pair,
fridges should be left untouched when the dog and cat are there!

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