

## CHAPTER FOUR

**NOBODY, NOT EVEN** Chilly Billy, has adventures all the time. He has his working days just like we do. But his working days aren't like ours at all.

Chilly Billy's day starts while it's still dark, long before you're even thinking of getting up. And the first thing he does is his exercises.

He hops out of bed and touches his toes a few times before he puts on his big boots.

Then he goes jogging. He jogs up the walls, across the bottles and cans and three times round the ice cube trays.

After that, he does his push-ups: twenty-five a day, and five extra on Sundays.

By this time, he's ready to do his most favourite exercise, which is also the most difficult one.

You've probably noticed that the shelves in your fridge are made from lots of thin bars. Chilly Billy uses these rather like the men on the trapeze in the circus. He hangs upside

down, he swings from bar to bar, he flips, he spins, he flies through the air.



This is all pretty dangerous stuff, and perhaps you're wondering what would happen if he fell.

There's no room for a safety net inside the fridge. So instead, Billy always puts a good thick slice of Cheddar cheese on the shelf beneath him. (Blue cheese is too smelly. Cream cheese is too soft. Cheddar cheese is just right—firm and bouncy.)

But he hardly ever falls. And that's why you hardly ever see any little dents in your cheese.

After his exercises, Billy has his bath—he rolls over and over in the frost at the bottom of the freezer compartment. This makes him feel all fresh and clean and ready for his day's work.

Even though he's been up for some time, it's still very early in the morning. In fact, it's only just coming up to breakfast time.

This is Chilly Billy's rush hour. He has to organise everything down to the last detail, because there are usually three or four people poking around in the fridge every morning.

And you know how you are at breakfast time? Eyes half shut, still a little sleepy, not able to eat your corn flakes without the milk dripping on your chin?

Well, everybody's like that, and Chilly Billy knows it. He knows that most of us are a little clumsy first thing in the morning. We're quite likely to open the fridge door and knock something over on the way to the orange juice. Then there's a mess, and Chilly Billy has to clear it up.

So before breakfast time, he puts all the things we're going to need as close to the front as he can. The milk, the orange juice, the

yogurt, the butter. You have a look tomorrow at breakfast time, and I bet you'll find them near the front.

They didn't get there on their own. Chilly Billy put them there. And when you're less than half an inch tall, they're very heavy to move around. That's why Chilly Billy does all those strengthening exercises.

After the breakfast rush is over, Billy starts his tour of inspection.

The first stop is that little dial just inside the fridge door. It usually has the word "COLDER" written on it with an arrow that shows you which way to turn it.

Every morning, on his tiny frost-proof transistor radio, Billy listens to the weather forecast. If it's going to be very hot outside, he turns the dial forward to make the inside of the fridge colder. If the weather's going to be cold, he turns the dial back.

Once he's set the temperature for the day, Billy does his daily leak, dribble, drip and glop check. He goes round the packets and cans and bottles and containers and dishes with his clean-up case.



Inside this case are the special gadgets he needs to mop up the leaks and drips and dribbles that somehow happen no matter how careful you are.

And of all the clever things in Billy's case, the cleverest is the amazing stretchy pole.

It folds up very short and small. But it can stretch and stretch to reach the high corners that Billy can't reach even when he's standing on the tiptoes of his big boots.

On to the end of this pole, he can fix all kinds of different things. There's a sponge for milk and juice drops. A rubber scrubber for sticky smears of yogurt or jelly or jam. And a tiny vacuum cleaner to suck up crumbs.

By the time he's finished cleaning up, Billy's ready for his lunch—usually a drop of cold soup, a nibble of cheese and maybe some strawberry yogurt.

Once, forgetting that they're supposed to be cooked, he tried a couple of frozen peas. They made him turn green and he felt very strange. Ever since then, he's preferred tomato soup, which tastes good even when it's cold.

After lunch is when Chilly Billy has the most fun of the day; that's when he does his training for the Great Cross-Refrigerator Race, the most important event in the Fridge Olympics and Frozen Sports. (More about them another time.)

You've never seen anything like Billy's training. Imagine a mixture of running, jumping, mountain-climbing, wall-walking and ceiling-hanging—it's like that all at once.

The idea is to start at the bottom left-hand corner of the fridge, and get up to the top right-hand corner as quickly as possible.



So Billy has to run and jump and swing and suck with his sucker boots, and by the time he's finished he's an extremely hot little man. A quick roll in the frost to cool off, and then he has to get ready for dinner.

Dinner is just like breakfast, only different. Instead of milk and orange juice, Billy has to arrange the meat and the butter and the vegetables in the front of the fridge where they're easy to get at.

Then, while you're eating your dinner, Billy eats his. (But don't ever think you can surprise him. If you ever try to catch him eating, he'll hear you coming and hide.)

At last, when he's feeling rather full and quite sleepy, Billy climbs all the way up into the freezer compartment, past the ice cubes, through a secret door in the back, and into his bedroom. And what a wonderful bedroom it is.

First of all, Billy doesn't sleep on a bed with a mattress. He has a bed of crushed ice.

His bedside lamp is a glowing icicle.

And there's a big hole in the corner of the room with a shiny, slippery pole going down through the floor.

This is Billy's lightning light pole, and it goes all the way down to the light switch.

He can jump out of bed, slide down the pole and put the light on in less than the time it takes you to blink your eye.

It's the quickest way there is of turning the light on, and Billy's got so used to doing it that he can almost do it in his sleep.

But, for the moment, nobody's coming. Chilly Billy's in bed, reading his favourite ghost story, THE HAUNTED FRIDGE.

Very soon now, it will be time to turn out his icicle and go to sleep.

And if you say, "Goodnight, Billy," and listen very hard, you might just hear a tiny voice from a long way away saying goodnight to you.