

Only In Colorado

By Joan Black

Oh dear! Oh dear! I have not heard a word on the news, found nothing in the *Denver Post* – I really am concerned. Amid all the confusion, worry, hustle and bustle of mandatory evacuation for the unfortunate residents of the little mountain town of Nederland – just 45 miles northwest of Denver, with all the detailed instructions of where to take the horses and other large animals for safekeeping and care (to the Fairgrounds) there has not been one single word about the poor old Frozen Dead Guy! Has he too been evacuated – or is he slowly melting in the heat from the enormous wild fire that is devastating the area?

Beloved BREDO MORSTOEL has been the biggest attraction and money maker for the town ever since he arrived back in 1993. After being cryogenically prepped in Los Angeles four years earlier, his grandson had to find a temporary lodging for Gramps until such time as science figures out a way to restore him to life, and he found that lodging in Colorado, in an old garden shed in Nederland, where he was packed in dry ice and tended by daughter, AUD and grandson TRYGEVE until they ran out of money and appealed to the City Fathers for help. Then all hell broke loose when the Mayor, the Police and the Press discovered that a dead body was living in their midst! They immediately passed an Ordinance to the effect that dead bodies COULD NO LONGER reside in their town, but because GRAMPS was already there, he was grandfathered in.

So NOW what was to become of BREDO? The answer was obvious – turn the ancient ancestor into an asset! And so Frozen Dead Guy Days were born. The TUFF SHED COMPANY, not to let a publicity opportunity pass by, donated a real spiffy TUFF SHED to serve as a fitting Mausoleum. Mid-March, every year, folks come from all over the United states – even from all over the World – just to learn about, see and celebrate ice-packed BREDO MORSTOEL. Over a three-day weekend hundreds descend, or because the town is at an elevation of 8,230 ft. maybe that should be ASCEND, on the town to participate in a Costume Ball, Polar Plunges, Coffin Races, Ice Turkey Bowling (BYOFF – Bring Your Own Frozen Fowl), Frozen Dead Poets Society (with odes to Bredo), Brain Freeze Contests and other intellectual pursuits – all washed down with gallons of the local Craft Beers. It's a huge money maker with cash to fill the town coffers er, I mean coffers.

Surely the good Nedernese will not flee and leave Grandpa to an unfortunate end by melting! He is their investment in the future, the source of their wealth, they cannot allow their Golden Goose to be cooked. Watch the papers, tune in to the news, start a U-fund-it on line to buy dry ice to preserve Frozen Dead Guy, an icon of Colorado because, ONLY IN COLORADO will you find such a phenomenon.