

The Leacock Medal for Humour

Canada's Award for Literary Humour

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Froyo Fables of Forestville

by

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Third Place Winner in the 2021 Student Competition

It was the first Friday of summer break for Felix. Unwillingly, he opened his eyes after hearing “*beep beep beep*”, the frustrating repetitive sound of his alarm. “Stupid alarm” Felix thought. It was 7 AM and time for the 17 year old to wake up and get dressed for work. With regret, he rolled out of bed and fumbled around in his dresser to find his work shirt that he slid over his curly locks of hair. The embroidered “Frank’s Fine Froyo” logo scratched up against his sizable bicep and although uncomfortable and unstylish, he looked fabulous and fetching, if he did say so himself.

Everyone in the family was fast asleep. The house was quiet with the exception of the rhythmic sonorous snores of his father. The sun was peeking through the kitchen window as he prepared a fast, but healthy meal. He did, after all, have to nourish his fine and muscular physique. His breakfast of four fried eggs, and freshly squeezed orange juice was enjoyed in the company of his furry feline, Felicia. He brushed his pearly white straight teeth, fastened his sneakers and was ready to walk to his *not-so-favourite* summer activity, working.

The neighbourhood was peaceful at this time of the day although he soon plugged in to the sounds of his favourite country playlist through his headphones. He walked fifteen minutes on foot to the family-owned business, “Frank’s Fine Froyo”. It was named after his fat, frugal father Frank Farrington V. Located at the foot of Lake Frostanatti, it was a landmark that had been in the Farrington family for 55 years and was famous for providing the most fabulous froyo to Forestville’s fine citizens and visitors. Once he arrived at work, Felix begrudgingly unlocked the door with the rusty old key and illuminated the retro fluorescent “Fresh Froyo For Sale” sign for all of the town’s 500 inhabitants to plainly see.

Felix likes most things but there’s only one thing Felix hates more than the letter “F”, working on his summer vacation. It was an expectation to help in the family business but as an

adventurous teen, he preferred to fill his days with fun, football and friends (most of whom were female).

While daydreaming of the summer he WOULD have had, he was quickly brought back to reality as the first customer of the day appeared at the counter. It was “Know it all” Faye, a teen his age whom he had known and disliked for 13 years. He was quite fond of her until, in first grade, she chanted continuously around the playground “*Felix is a failure*” until all the others incessantly joined in. Felix stood up from the aged brass chair and greeted Faye with the standard monotonous and uninspiring phrase, “*Welcome to Frank’s Fine Froyo, Forestville’s finest for fifty-five years and counting*”. This was a forced, friendly greeting Felix hated saying because of all its “f’s”, however it was a famous long standing tradition in the family business to greet each and every customer the same way. Faye was irked at his lack of enthusiasm and it was obvious by her body language that she continued to share their longstanding mutual dislike for one another. To avoid speaking with Felix any further, she glanced at the menu, though likely already knew it by heart. “*I’ll have a small forest-fudge froyo in a cup and make it quick, you failure*” she said fiercely. Felix didn’t hesitate to make the frozen yogurt, so he could avoid her and her attitude also. Once made, he handed it to her. She paid the measly \$2.99, collected her fudge froyo and spun around to quickly leave the hut. As she did, Felix couldn’t help but look at her fine feminine figure as she walked out the door. Suddenly, Faye fell flat on her face, spilling the froyo all over her outfit and on the ground. It was obvious to Felix that she was admiring his chiseled jawline and exquisite good looks through the reflection of the glass window and as a result, this mishap occurred. Felix wanted to ask her how it felt to be a failure now, but instead, replaced the froyo at no charge with a mischievous smile and wink.

A few more hours had passed and ordinary customers came and went. Felix’s next customer, though, was anything but ordinary. His least favorite grade was fourth grade and now across from the counter stood the small frame of the very person who made it unenjoyable - fastidious Miss. Fibble. Known to be crazy and nicknamed “*the old bag*” by the other students, Miss. Fibble was particular about everything from the sharpness of pencil crayons to the number of lines on a single piece of lined paper. Again, he was fearful he wouldn’t meet her expectations and Felix recited the trite greeting, “*Welcome to Frank’s Fine Froyo, Forestville’s finest for fifty-five years and counting*”. Miss. Fibble wasn’t overly appreciative of the welcome, and instead of acknowledging him, proceeded to place her order. “*May I please have a large french vanilla froyo with fragments of chocolate on the top*”. Felix knew that he had to get the chocolate to froyo ratio just right so he gently plucked a cone from the dispenser and skillfully swirled the froyo on top of it. Once finished, Felix carefully garnished the masterpiece with a considerably large piece of white chocolate and placed the first rate treat in the cone holder in front of him. To his surprise, instead of paying, Miss. Fibble pulled out a magnifying glass and started meticulously examining the froyo. “*This froyo does NOT look like the picture advertised. It has too many peaks and the shape is not cone-like*” exclaimed Miss. Fibble with disgust. Felix, rather than show his frustration, gave her a brand new cone that was crafted with just as much detail as the first. Miss. Fibble paid and took a seat on the bench outside of the hut. Once seated, she pressed her lips up

against the froyo and systematically ruined the peaks and shape of the frosty treat nonetheless.

In the final hour of his shift, Felix's long time friend Fernando entered the hut. Fernando was a nice guy, but wasn't exactly blessed with the good looks and charm that Felix had. While Fernando was average at best, there was one thing that he was known for...his flatulence.

Described by many as atrocious, fragrant and loud, he took great pleasure farting in public. Felix recalled in fifth grade, an incident where Fernando farted on the school bus that sent the students into fits of laughter and gagging over the stench. Felix, trying to erase the smell from his memory, asked Fernando *"the usual?"* to which Fernando responded with a prompt *"yessir!"*.

Felix fixed Fernando the *"usual"*, french toast froyo in a waffle cone and gave it to him. Fernando quickly snatched the froyo and to Felix's surprise, he ran out of the hut shouting loudly at Felix *"I don't wanna fart in your store, so I guess the froyo is on the house today!"*

Felix's shift ended and so did many summers of the same dull work that filled each and every one of his teenage years. Many seasons of life had passed and finally, Felix and Faye reconciled their differences. They were now happily married and have lived many years in the quaint town of Forestville. On the first Friday of the summer, Felix and Faye walked hand in hand along the boardwalk of Lake Frostanatti toward the town's well known landmark. As the gentleman that Felix was, he held the door lovingly for his beautiful wife of 30 years. They were greeted with the nostalgic and half-hearted *"Welcome to Frank's Fine Froyo, Forestville's finest for 93 years and counting"* from their teenage son Frank Farrington VI. *"What'll it be?"*, he said with indifference. Faye, even after all these years, still ordered her favourite, a small forest-fudge froyo in a cup. Felix, now fat and frugal himself, never quite developed a taste for froyo so replied, *"none for me son. I'm trying to maintain my sexy physique"*. He paid Frank, his son for the froyo and turned around to open the door for his wife. As they left the hut, Felix reminded his wife to *"be careful of that step, you wouldn't want to trip and fall like the good old days"* with a mischievous smile and a wink. As the door closed behind him, Felix couldn't help but reflect that the very place he once disliked as a teenager, he now loves with the same fondness that his father had before him.

