

Hi folks! My name is Theodore and I am going to share with you how I, a humble Yukon potato, came to be the mayor of Forest Creek. Forest Creek is a small town of only a few hundred situated on the east coast of Newfoundland. It is a very peaceful town today. But not so long ago things weren't so fine in Forest Creek.

For years Forest Creek and its residents lived a wholesome, tranquil life. The local barber was Pete Sand Piper. Casey Carrot ran the corner store and Terry Turnip drove the garbage truck. The Harrison Pod family ran the local hardware store. Everyone had a role to play and things always ran very smoothly. That is, until Frank Fox moved in.

At first Frank seemed like a very peaceful man. He kept his yard very neat and tidy. He kept mostly to himself but was always polite when people walked past. But I was always nervous around Frank. I couldn't quite put my finger on what bothered me about the fox. He seemed a bit sly to me.

It was the fall of the year, just before Halloween, when all the crops were being harvested and preparation for winter were well under way, that things started to go wrong in Forest Creek. Mysteriously people started disappearing. First Terry Turnip didn't return home after a routine trip to the local dump. A few days later Casey Carrot failed to open the corner store. Hugo from the Harrison Pod didn't show up at the annual soap box race. That was quite out of character for the six time champion.

The citizens of Forest Creek grew very nervous. People stopped speaking to one another and stayed in their homes. I, myself, had an encounter with Frank Fox that really got me worried. About a week after Casey disappeared, I was biking at Mount Cappers. I stopped about half way down the mountain for a drink of water. All of a sudden out of the corner of my eye I noticed Frank Fox watching me with an evil grin on his face. "Hello Theodore. You are looking exceptionally fresh today", Frank said in a voice that sounded like fingernails on a chalk board. I didn't know how to respond but the tone of his voice really scared me. I raced down the hill at an exceedingly swift pace. After all I was the best mountain biker on the whole island. Despite my break-neck speed Frank Fox was on my tail the whole way down. I came to a clearing where there was a parsnip couple was having a picnic. "Drat!" I heard Frank exclaim as he jumped into the bushes

so the couple wouldn't see him. That gave me the opportunity to get away and I beat it for home. I didn't see Frank for the rest of the day but the whole episode gave me the creeps!

Later in the week when I was downtown on some personal business, I happened to run into Frank Fox. I mean literally I ran into him. I guess I was busy checking my bank balance and didn't notice that Frank was standing in the middle of the sidewalk. "Um, sorry Frank", I whispered.

"Not to worry Theodore", Frank said in that scratchy sick voice. "But you should really be aware of your surroundings. You never know who is lurking around looking for a nice fresh young potato like yourself."

Boy this guy really freaked me out. I noticed that Frank didn't seem too upset about the missing people and he didn't even mention anything about what had happened on the mountain. He seemed to be going about his business as usual. Then he really surprised me. "Theodore, I'm having a Halloween party on Friday night. Everyone in town is invited and I would be so pleased if you would attend. I'm sure you will find it to be the hottest Halloween party ever". I had in fact heard about the party from some other people in town. People were so tired of being scared and alone that everyone decided to attend Frank's party. I decided that maybe I had over reacted to the incident on the mountain and decided I would go to the party too. "Thank you Frank. I would love to attend", I replied in a voice that sounded more sincere than I felt.

On the day of Halloween I relaxed in the hot pot on my patio deciding what to wear to the party. I settled on a raccoon costume I had wore a few years back. I remembered how many compliments I got on that outfit. At seven that evening I headed to Frank Fox's house. Frank opened the door and smiled a very evil smile. "Good Evening Theodore. So lovely of you to come" said Frank as he invited me in. I muttered, "Hello", and rushed off to find someone to talk to. I have to admit Frank's house looked amazing. The decorations were great and so was the food. After about an hour Frank made an announcement. "Attention everyone! Please join me in the basement for a wonderful sizzling Halloween treat. Come along now. There is room for everyone".

We all crowded down the rickety basement stairs. It was very dark and I couldn't see a thing. Everyone was excited and really nervous about the big surprise. I had a bad feeling about this! I was right to be worried. When we got to the basement we saw a very frightening thing. There in the middle of the room was a large cauldron of boiling water. Terry Turnip, Casey Carrot and Hugo of the Harrison Pod were in chains attached to the cement wall. "Am I glad to see you guys", exclaimed Terry as Casey sobbed quietly beside him. His expression changed from relief to horror when he saw Frank step out from behind the crowd. "Now there is no need for everyone to panic. This will be quick and relatively painless", Frank cackled like a man possessed. "You see I have had a plan since I moved to this pretty little town. You are all going to make a wonderful Halloween stew for me to enjoy as I celebrate being the sole owner of the town and the richest fox to ever live in Newfoundland".

Frank grabbed Pete Sand Piper. "What the heck?" shouted Pete. In a flash Pete was tied up next to Terry. He went for me next. As he reached for me I put my martial arts training into good use. (I forgot to mention that I am also the best MMA (Mixed Martial Arts) fighter in the region.) I kicked Frank hard in the gut. He seemed to be winded. As I went to give him a second blow he lashed out with his large, clawed front paw. My right side was sliced like homemade French fries. As I winced in pain he landed a hard blow with his foot. I flew backwards and hit the cement wall. This guy was tougher than I thought but I wasn't about to give up. I summoned all my strength and managed to get back on my feet. I executed my signature gyro kick. I heard a sickening crack as my foot connected with his chest. His sternum cracked right in two. Miraculously he got back up and came for me again. This time I was ready and dodged what would have been another major blow. I ran at him at top speed and shoved him toward the cauldron. Everything seemed to happen in slow motion then. Frank had a look of sheer terror on his face as he spun through the air. "Noooooo", Frank cried, "What have you done". Casey screamed. Then with a huge splash Frank was in the boiling water.

For what seemed like an hour there was silence in the room. The only sound was an eerie sizzling noise coming from the cauldron. Finally Hugo asked "Can someone get me out of here?" We all realized that it was over. We were safe and never to be bothered by

Frank Fox again. I untied all my friends and escorted everyone out of the basement and out of Frank Fox's house. We were all so relieved to be alive and safe that we just headed to our own homes and forgot about trick or treating for that year.

The next day a group of townspeople including Terry Turnip, Casey Carrot, Hugo of the Harrison Pod and Pete Sand Piper arrived on my doorstep. Pete cleared his throat and pronounced, "You are a hero Theodore. Your brave actions saved the entire town. On behalf of everyone we want to thank you. Since old Doc Turnip is retiring we have unanimously decided you should be mayor of Forest Creek". I humbly accepted the job. A few days later a local paper reported on my inauguration and noted that "Theodore Potato was sworn in as mayor of Forest Creek today. He was wearing a lovely fox jacket."