

# THE GREAT LIGHTNING MCGREEN PLATE WAR

A Tale of Yam and Pumpkin Head



# The Great Lightning McGreen Plate War: A Tale of Yam and Pumpkin Head

Once upon a time, in a cozy little house next door to Auntie and Uncle Squash's, two pint-sized cousins—Baby Yam and Baby Pumpkin Head—were engaged in an epic battle. It wasn't a battle over treasure, or toys, or even the last cookie in the jar. No. This battle was over something far more important: the Lightning McGreen plate.

Now, you might wonder why on earth two young toddlers would fight so fiercely over a simple plastic plate. But to Baby Yam and Baby Pumpkin, this plate was *everything*. It wasn't just a plate. Oh no. This plate was a gleaming golden trophy, a symbol of ultimate glory, a seat at the prestigious "Look-At-Me-I'm-Important" table. It had Lightning McGreen on it, the fastest, coolest Rocket Radish in the entire world, and it *belonged* to whoever got their chubby little hands on it first.

But there was one small problem. Neither of them was willing to let go of it.

It all started innocently enough. The cousins had been playing near the couch in the living room, their little feet scampering across the soft carpet. The plate was on the



coffee table, just waiting for its new owner. But as soon as Yam—who was, mind you, *four* years old and known for his calm demeanour—noticed the plate, his eyes widened like saucers.

*There it is! The Lightning McGreen plate!*

He immediately toddled over and snatched it up with both hands. Yam's pudgy fingers wrapped around the edges of the plate like a treasure hunter gripping his golden idol. It was his! He was ready to declare himself the rightful ruler of all Lightning McGreen plates.



But little did he know, his cousin Pumpkin Head—who was only *three*—was *also* eyeing the plate with laser focus. Pumpkin Head was a bit more competitive, a lot more intense, and, shall we say, *not* the best at sharing. He scuttled over to Yam, his little arms flailing with excitement.

“No, Yam! Me want it!” Pumpkin declared, his voice high-pitched and fierce.

Yam turned around, his tiny face serious, and hugged the plate to his chest. “No, me got it! Me first!” he said, his words as firm as the grip on the plastic.

Pumpkin Head squinted. He wasn't used to hearing "no" from anyone, especially not from his older cousin. So, without warning, he grabbed the other side of the plate and yanked.

The two of them pulled on the plate like it was some kind of tug-of-war rope, their faces growing red with determination. Their little feet dug into the carpet, their bodies swaying back and forth, but the



plate—glorious, precious Lightning McGreen—was not given up without a fight.

“Me *need* it, Yam!” Pumpkin screeched, his voice cracking with desperation.

“No, no! It’s *mine*!” Yam shouted back; his fists clenched around the plastic. His face was now a dark shade of purple. The intensity of the tug-of-war reached a peak. They were both



pulling so hard, their tiny little arms shaking with effort. Then, in a flash of brilliance, Pumpkin Head delivered the final blow: he kicked Yam right in the shin.

“OW!” Yam cried, momentarily losing his grip on the plate as he hopped on one foot in pain. It was just enough of an opening for Pumpkin to *snatch* the plate away and clutch it to his chest like a victorious knight holding a sword.

The room went silent for a second as both cousins stood there, breathing heavily and staring at each other.

Then, without missing a beat, Baby Pumpkin Head raised the Lightning McGreen plate high above his head, triumphantly declaring: “HA HA! Me got it! Me got it!” He waved it around like a flag of victory, his little arms flailing as if he had conquered the world.

Yam, on the other hand, stood there, a deep pout forming on his face. He'd been defeated. His hands reached out weakly toward the plate, but it was no use. He had lost.

Auntie Squash, who had been watching from the doorway with Uncle Squash, chuckled at the sight. "Well, I suppose that



was... intense," she said, shaking her head. Auntie Squash, ever the diplomat, tried to intervene.

"Alright, alright, Pumpkin, let's share the plate," she said, her voice calm and soothing.

But it was too late. The damage had been done.

Yam stood there, arms crossed and a pout still firmly in place. "No share," he muttered under his breath. "No play."

And so, there it was. Baby Yam, in his frustration, refused to share the plate, even after all the excitement had died down. And Baby Pumpkin, smug with victory, held the plate high like it was his crown.

Auntie Squash sighed and pulled out another Lightning McGreen plate from the kitchen, which, of course, ended the fight immediately. Yam's eyes lit up again, and he rushed over to snatch the new plate.

"Ha ha!" he grinned. "Me got it!"



Pumpkin, seeing this, narrowed his eyes. “Nooo!” he shouted. “Me want that one!”

And so, the never-ending cycle of Lightning McGreen plate wars continued, one plate at a time.

The end... or was it?

