

# Mr. Farts' TOXIC SLEEPOVER!



# The Great Midnight Farting Adventure: A Vegetable Sleepover Tale

It was midnight, and all the vegetable cousins were supposed to be sound asleep in the family room, ready for their big volleyball camp the next day. The couches were crowded with



Tomato Head and Pumpkin Head, while the floor was scattered with cousins Potato, Mr. Mushroom, and, of course, their brother Mr. Farts (the green pea).



Mom had already told them, for the tenth time, "Go to bed, or I'll barbeque you all!" But the family of vegetables couldn't sleep. They were *too* excited for volleyball camp. Everyone whispered about how great tomorrow was going to be.

"I can't wait to show off my *perfect serve*," Potato whispered to Mr. Mushroom, her voice all hushed but full of excitement.



"Me neither!" Mr. Mushroom replied, barely containing his enthusiasm. "I've been practicing my spike!"

And then, from the corner of the room, a voice that wasn't so quiet broke the peaceful night.

"Watch this," Mr. Farts said, standing up with a mischievous grin on his face.



Before anyone could react, Mr. Farts let out the most *humongous* fart that anyone had ever heard. It was like a nuclear explosion. The sound *BOOMED* through the room, shaking the very walls.

All the vegetable cousins froze.



It wasn't just loud—it was *stinky*. A cloud of toxic fumes spread through the family room, and everyone immediately began gagging and rolling on the floor. Pumpkin Head grabbed a cushion and held it to his nose, but it didn't help. Tomato Head waved his arms like a windmill, desperately trying to clear the air, but the smell just *lingered*.



“Open the window!” yelled Potato, jumping up to rescue the family from the toxic fumes.

"Quick!"

But it was no use. Mr. Farts' explosion was so powerful that it had permeated every corner of the room.

“Pee-yew!” said Mr. Mushroom, holding his nose dramatically. “You could *smell* that across the whole garden!”

Everyone scrambled to open the window and let the *toxic* air out of the family room. After what felt like hours (but was just a few minutes), the air was finally clear enough for the vegetables to try sleeping again.

“Okay, okay. Time to go to bed,” Tomato Head said, covering himself with a blanket, though his eyes were still wide from excitement. “We've got volleyball camp tomorrow!”

But no sooner had they settled down and started drifting into sleep, when—*BOOM!* Another massive fart erupted from Mr. Farts.

This one was so powerful, it ruffled the blankets. The floor shook! The entire room trembled as if caught in a mini earthquake. Mr. Farts couldn't stop laughing at his own amazing power.

"Ha-ha-ha! That was epic!" Mr. Farts chuckled, his little pea body shaking with laughter.



