

Pumpkin Head and Yam's Sunrise Surprise

In the quaint little town of Sunbeammond, there lived two very mischievous toddlers—Pumpkin Head and his best friend, cousin Yam. They lived in small, cozy houses just across from the elementary school. Every morning, as the sun began to peek over the horizon, the two boys would embark on their daily adventures.



Baby Pumpkin Head, at the tender age of two, was an early riser. He would sneak out of bed at the *yam-crack of dawn*—as his mom called it—and tiptoe across the knee-high grass

(which hadn't been cut in ages, mind you) to his best buddy Yam's house. Yam, who was three, would always be waiting for him, ready for whatever wild escapade they had planned for the day.

This particular morning, however, was *extra* special.



As the sun began to rise and the town of Sunbeammond stirred to life, the two toddlers had a brilliant idea. "Let's go play by the tree!" said Baby Pumpkin Head, pointing to the old tree that stood proudly on the property line between their two homes.

Yam, always eager for adventure, agreed with a hearty, "Yeah! Let's do it!"

...acting like the tree was their own personal... well... *something it wasn't supposed to be.*

What were they up to, you ask? Well, let's just say that the tree was *not* prepared for what was coming its way.

Both boys, in their toddler wisdom, decided the tree was the perfect spot for a very important *outdoor mission.*



Giggling, they took aim, imagining they were brave warriors wielding mighty swords.

They played at being knights in shining armour, waving their “swords” this way and that, completely unaware of the growing spectacle behind them.

Just as they were in the middle of their little "sword fight," the sounds of footsteps began to approach. A group of elementary school kids and their parents were walking down the sidewalk on their way to school. And much to Momma’s horror, they were walking *right past* the property line.



The kids and parents all stopped and stared, their eyes wide in shock. It wasn't every day that you saw two toddlers playing swords at sunrise, after all.

Pumpkin Head and Yam, however, were too caught up in their giggling to notice the parade of bewildered onlookers. They were far too busy turning their little "swords" into a battle of wits and laughter, as if it were the greatest game ever invented.



Then, the inevitable happened.

Momma had just woken up and was quietly making her way outside to check on her little pumpkin. But the moment she reached the yard, she froze.

There, right at the property line, stood her son and his cousin—completely carefree, giggling, and utterly unaware of anything else around them.



In the warm glow of the morning sun, they were... well... relieving themselves like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Momma blinked.

Once.

Twice.

Horror slowly spread across her face.

“Oh... my... goodness.”

“YAM! PUMPKIN HEAD! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TWO DOING?!”

Momma shouted, her face bright red with embarrassment.



Both boys froze in place, their smiles fading as they looked at each other, then back at their moms. They hadn't realized just how many people were watching them.

The kids on the sidewalk giggled, and even some of the parents tried to hide their smiles. It was, after all, a very memorable sight to see two toddlers in the act of what was clearly the world's most innocent (yet bizarre) adventure.



"Momma," Pumpkin Head said with a grin, "we were just playing swords!"

"Yeah, swords!" Yam chimed in, holding up his hands in a dramatic sword-wielding pose.

Momma's face turned even redder. She could barely speak. "You *cannot* do that; do you hear me? Not in front of everyone!"

The two toddlers, though a bit confused, nodded obediently. Their adventure was over for the moment, but they had made a memory that would live on forever in the sleepy town of Sunbeammond.



And from that day on, Momma made sure that her little Pumpkin Head got up just a little *later* in the morning, to avoid any future... *sword fights* in front of the whole town.

The End.

