

Leaf it to Us: A Veggie Adventure

In a quiet garden bursting with life, the plants had grown restless. After years of sprouting, blooming, and being at the mercy of changing seasons, they decided it was time for something different—something exciting.



“Why should humans have all the fun?” Cara Carrot declared one sunny afternoon.

“Exactly!” chipped in Chip Spudley. “We deserve a vacation too—a proper plantation!”

With dreams of adventure and discovery, the garden’s quirky residents hatched a daring plan: they would leave their beds behind, book tickets on Plantastic Airways, and explore the wonders of Asia. What could possibly go wrong?



Local Airport: Veggieport International

A small but bustling airport exclusively for plant travelers, featuring soil-based check-ins and a water spritz station for refreshments.



**Flight Attendants Sally Sunflower
and Doris Dandylion**

**Destination:
Chiang Mai, Thailand**

A vibrant city in Asia known for its exotic vegetables and lush agricultural landscapes. Chiang Mai offers a mix of bustling markets, rich culture, and fertile farmland, perfect for veggie tourists to explore and find adventure

**Challenges Before Departure:
Booking Woes:**

Melvin Melon insists on a first-class seat because of his size, but the seatbelt doesn't fit around him



Topsy Turnip's juggling act causes chaos at the check-in counter,



Onya Onion holds up the line with her constant gossip about the “horrors” of flying.:

She mistakenly hands over someone else’s passport which causes the delay until the correct passport is found



Sir Stalk-a-Lot has to be reassured that the airline’s scarecrow security is up to par.

Security Screening:

The flight crew for today's flight, Captain Cuthbert, once mistaken for a wedding centerpiece, took to the skies to show the world that cauliflowers are born leaders, not just side dishes.



First Officer Stanley, a former fruit bowl escapee, joined the airline to prove that strawberries can soar higher than their shortcake stereotypes.



Captain Cuthbert has developed uncontrollable hiccups, it is going to be a bumpy flight. First Officer Stanley, determined to cure Captain Cuthbert's relentless hiccups, decides to scare them away with a bold plan. He suddenly lunges forward, clapping his hands and shouting, Engine fire! but instead of curing the hiccups, Cuthbert lets out a hiccup so powerful it sends his captain's hat flying across the cockpit, leaving Stanley sighing in defeat.

Colin Crow, with shifty eyes and a feathered poker face, casually tucks an unauthorized seed into his wingtip and insists it's "just a harmless souvenir." Chaos erupts when the seed rolls out at check-in, triggering a biohazard alert and prompting Onya Onion to gasp, "I knew this would happen—aviation is going downhill!"



Nancy Stinging Nettle struts through the metal detector, only for it to erupt in beeps as her spiky edges spark a commotion, prompting security to mutter, Great, another walking pincushion with an attitude!



As the plane prepared for takeoff, the vegetables boarded in a chaotic jumble—French Bean cartwheeled down the aisle, Priscilla Pineapple insisted on rearranging her seat for the perfect angle, and Benny Bitter Gourd grumbled about overhead bin space.

Melvin Melon squeezed into his seat with a loud plop! When the plane finally roared down the runway, the cabin erupted with giggles and squeals as French Bean performed mid-air flips, Tammy Taro clung tightly to her seatbelt, and a surprise fart from Melvin sent everyone into fits of laughter as they soared into the sky.



Ruth Rhubarb tries to conduct the other passengers in a singalong, but not everyone is on board with her plan

**Three green beans, three green beans,
Waving their leaves, waving their leaves.
They tried to sing with a wobbly note,
While onions groaned and began to gloat,**

Ruth, you're worse than a soggy oat! Three green beans.



**Good
afternoon,
veggies!
This is your
captain
speaking**



It seems we've hit a... hiccup... in the cabin atmosphere, folks. Apparently, there's been an unexpected emission event in first class—let's just say it wasn't turbulence, but it sure has caused a nose-dive in air quality.

The oxygen masks are here to help, so no need to panic—just pop them on, breathe easy, and try not to inhale too deeply. And Mr. Melvin Melon, while we appreciate your, uh, organic contributions, we kindly ask you to hold off for the rest of the flight.

Now, let's all stay calm and fresh because we've got a special treat coming up—a birthday celebration for our First Officer! Stay buckled, folks, because the air's about to get even more exciting... hiccup

Dora the stewardess burst into the cockpit, balancing a cake ablaze with so many candles it looked like a small forest fire. Happy Birthday, First Officer! she cheered. Just as the captain turned to join in, he let out a booming hiccup, extinguishing every candle in one go.



Deciding the moment called for more than cake, the captain grinned and announced, “Time for a real

celebration!” With that, he pulled the controls, sending the plane into a looping loop.

In the cabin, passengers screamed and clung to their seats as hats, drinks, and one unfortunate green bean went flying. “This isn’t an airline—it’s a blender!” yelled a furious tomato, clinging to a celery stick for dear life.

The flight continued without further problems, and they arrived at their destination with a safe but hilariously bumpy landing as the plane hiccuped its way down the runway like it had swallowed a fizzy drink.

In the arrival hall, they were greeted by the immigration officer—a stern chili pepper with a clipboard and a scowl so spicy it could curdle milk. “Proof that you’re not invasive species, please,” he barked, eyeing Ruth Rhubarb suspiciously. “You look like the type to sprout where you’re not wanted!”

Meanwhile, Chester

Chayote whispered, “Quick, someone hide the dandelion—she’s practically a weed!”



After successfully navigating customs and immigration, the group was greeted outside by Barry Bok Choy—a wise but slightly grumpy Asian vegetable—standing proudly beside a colorful tour bus, ready to guide them through the bustling sights and flavors of the city.



The bus pulls up to the dilapidated Thai'd and Tested Hotel, its once-grand facade now looking as tired as a lettuce at the back of the fridge.

Is this where we're staying? Onya Onion gasps, clutching her suitcase. Looks more haunted than a leftover casserole! Chester Chayote smirks. Relax, Onion, it's got character. Like me.

Colin Crow eyes the flickering neon sign suspiciously. If we survive this, I'm writing a strongly worded review, he mutters. At the front desk, the group jostles for keys. I'm not sharing with anyone who snores! Nancy Nettle snaps. Chester grins. Well, lucky for you, I'm as silent as a sprouting seed

Onya's voice rises above the chaos. Everyone calm down! I'll decide— But before she finishes, Colin grabs a key and bolts. 13th floor, haunted or not, I need my beauty sleep!

THAI'D'D HOTEL TESTED HOTEL

HOTEL

THAI'D'D
HOTEL





In their rooms, things unravel quickly. I'm not sleeping on this bed! Nancy nettle shouts, poking the sagging mattress with a spiky finger. Pricilla pineapple, in the next room, whispers through the paper-thin walls, Be careful, Nettle, that's how ghosts get you—they love picky guests!

Oh, stop it, Onya groans from her room. There are no ghosts— The lights flicker. G-G-Ghosts! she screams, diving under the bed. Meanwhile, Colin is busy staging a haunting by tying a sheet to a ceiling fan wildly. Boo00o00oo! he get tangled in the sheet crash into the nightstand. Serves you right! Nancy cackles as Colin's muffled complaints echo down the hall. The chaos peaks



when Ben banana mistaking a cleaning trolley for a ghost, charges down the hallway yelling, Take my roommate, not me!

The next morning, the plants stumble into the hotel dining room looking as disheveled as a wilted salad. The buffet offers an odd assortment of dishes, including suspiciously soggy toast and a mystery green juice labeled, “Definitely Not Haunted.”

Onya Onion insists on interrogating the waiter about whether the coffee beans were ethically sourced, while Chester Chayote attempts to swipe extra croissants “for the jungle.” Nancy Nettle, still grumpy from a restless night, accidentally spills tea all over Colin Crow, who responds by flapping his wings and knocking over an entire tray of cutlery.

As the group shuffles back to the bus, arguing over who gets the window seat,



Barry Bok Choy, sits at the wheel of the colorful tour bus, ready to take the group on their chaotic adventure. Barry grumbles about the noisy passengers but secretly takes pride in navigating the bustling streets with precision.

Barry Bok Choy grips the steering wheel of the bus, his leafy top swaying slightly as they bump along the uneven roads of Chiang Mai. Chiang Mai, the largest city in northern Thailand, has a population of approximately 1.2 million residents as of 2024. Keep your voices down! he barks as Onya Onion tries to start yet another story about haunted hotels. Some of us are trying to concentrate—



The bus winds through a maze of narrow streets lined with colorful shop fronts, tuk-tuks buzzing past like angry bees. That, Barry says, pointing to a golden temple gleaming in the sunlight, is Wat Phra Singh. Over 700 years old. They call it the Temple of the Lion Buddha. Unlike some of you squawkers, it knows when to stay quiet

As they pass the bustling Warorot Market, Barry's tone softens ever so slightly. This is where locals get the real stuff—mango sticky rice, fresh herbs, and, oh yes, silk. The kind you don't find in tourist traps. Chester Chayote presses his face to the window. Ooh, silk! Can we stop? Barry doesn't even glance back. This isn't a shopping trip, Chayote. Unless you want to weave your own cocoon in the jungle

Finally, they leave the city behind, the concrete and chaos giving way to emerald rice paddies and small villages with wooden stilt houses.



The jungle's not far now, Barry announces, though his voice carries a tinge of warning. Keep your wits about you when we reach the elephants.

They're not circus performers; they've got work to do—hauling logs, weaving bamboo, and teaching you lot a thing or two about dignity. Colin Crow snickers. Dignity? Coming from a vegetable driving a rainbow bus? Barry doesn't miss a beat. I might be a vegetable, Crow, but at least I'm not wrapped in a bedsheet on a fan.

The bus pulls up to a clearing where the jungle begins to thicken, the air heavy with the scent of earth and greenery. Elephants, both enormous and majestic, move gracefully among their handlers, stacking timber and swaying their trunks. The group tumbles off the bus, wide-eyed. Barry Bok Choy sighs, already sensing the impending chaos, and mutters under his breath, I swear, if anyone tries to ride one of them, I'm leaving them here.

The vegetables tumbled off Barry Bok Choy's bus, the jungle air hitting them like a damp lettuce wrap. Onya Onion sniffed theatrically. "Ah, the fresh scent of nature! Beats haunted hotel air freshener any day!" Chester Chayote smirked. "Let's hope the jungle doesn't have ceiling fans, eh, Colin?" Colin Crow puffed up indignantly, muttering about uncultured greens. Barry groaned, leaning on the bus. "Stick together. This jungle isn't a buffet."

Ignoring him, they plunged into the foliage, Chester bouncing ahead like an overripe avocado. Onya gushed over orchids. "They'd steal the show at any garden party!" Colin squawked from a branch. "Lovely. But where's the snack aisle?" Nancy Nettle tiptoed cautiously, muttering, "If anything bites me, I'm suing this jungle."

Their chatter screeched to a halt at a faint trumpet. Pushing through the leaves, they stumbled upon a tiny baby elephant with a swinging trunk and wide, teary eyes. "It's lost!" Onya gasped, trembling dramatically. "Or looking for new roommates," Chester grinned. "Let's adopt it!" Nancy bristled. "You can't just take an elephant! What if its mother—"



The baby nuzzled Onya, squeaking happily. Colin flapped his wings. “Well, this trip just got elephantastic.” Barry’s voice echoed faintly from the bus. “I told you not to wander off! Don’t make me come in there!”

The group huddled around the baby, brainstorming wildly as the jungle buzzed around them, clearly gearing up for more chaos.

The vegetables stood in awe as the baby elephant nuzzled Onya Onion affectionately. “Oh, isn’t he the cutest thing you’ve ever seen?” she exclaimed, her layers trembling with joy. “We should take him home!” Colin Crow flapped his wings excitedly. “Wrap him in banana leaves! No one will ever suspect a thing.”

Nancy Nettle bristled at the idea. “Are you all insane? What if his mother is nearby?” Chester Chayote laughed, already pulling down banana leaves. “Relax, Nettle. We’re rescuing him, not stealing him.” Reluctantly, Nancy helped wrap the baby elephant, now looking like a waddling green bundle, and they made their way back to the bus.

Just as they reached the clearing, a thunderous

trumpet echoed through the

jungle. The

mother

elephant

stormed

through the

trees, her

eyes blazing.

“Kidnappers!

You’re stealing

my baby!” she

bellowed. “Abort

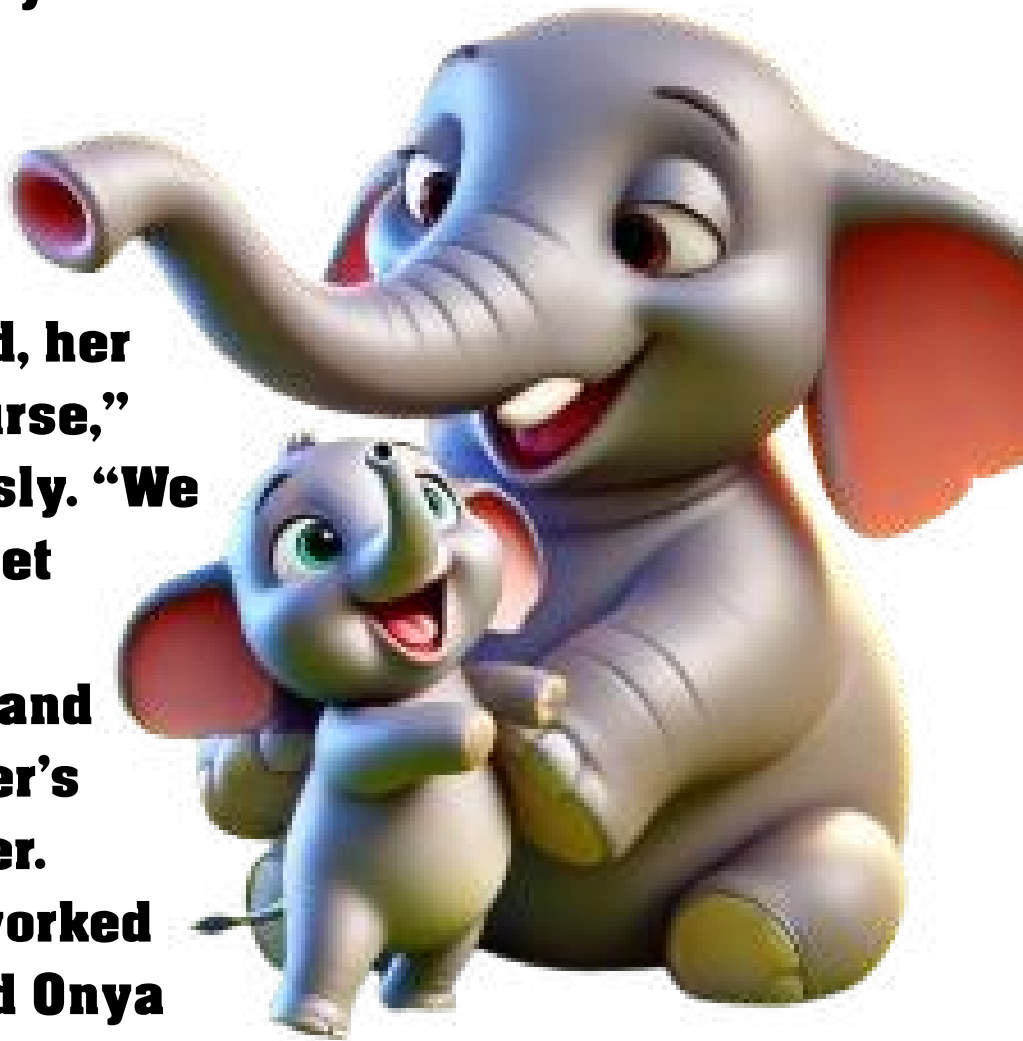
mission!” Chester

yelped, pulling a leaf



off the baby. “Wait!” Onya shouted, hands up. “It’s not what it looks like! He was lost, and we thought he needed help finding you.”

The mother elephant paused, her ears twitching. “Really?” she asked, her voice softer. “Of course,” Nancy said cautiously. “We didn’t want him to get hurt.” The baby elephant squeaked and tugged on his mother’s trunk, reassuring her. “See? Everything worked out well,” exclaimed Onya Onion, patting the baby on



the head.

The mother sighed, her anger fading. “Just don’t wrap my child in leaves again. It’s ridiculous.” Chester grinned. “Noted, but he looked pretty cute as a burrito!” As the group climbed onto the bus, Barry Bok Choy chimed in, “I told you this was a terrible idea.” They waved goodbye to the elephants, now friends, as the jungle swallowed them back into its depths.

As the vegetables packed their bags and checked out of the Thai'd and Tested Hotel, the mood was bittersweet. Onya Onion sniffled dramatically. "I'll miss the jungle air and exotic plants!" she declared. "And the baby elephant!" Chester Chayote added, his grin stretching wider than his usual cheeky smirk. Barry Bok Choy rolled his eyes. "You lot are too sentimental. Let me get you to the airport before I start wilting."



Outside, the group was greeted by the cheerful locals waving goodbye from their tuk-tuks. Clara Carrot wiped a tear from her cheek. "Look at them on their little tick-tocks," she said warmly.

Colin Crow squawked, "It's tuk-tuks, Clara! They're not clocks!" The group laughed, even Barry cracked a small smile, before they all piled into the bus one last time.

At the airport, the usual chaos unfolded. Onya Onion held up the line sharing teary goodbyes with anyone who would listen, and Colin insisted his feathers be checked for contraband.

Eventually, they boarded their flight, settling into their seats with relief. “Finally,” Nancy Nettle grumbled. “Home sweet Australia.”

But as the plane soared into the sky, Captain Cuthbert’s familiar, hiccup-ridden voice crackled over the intercom. “Welcome hic! to your flight to hic! London!” The vegetables froze. Onya Onion gasped, “London?! But we’re going to Australia!” Chester’s jaw dropped. “We’re on the wrong plane! What do we do now?” Colin flapped his wings. “Well, I’ve always wanted to see Big Ben!”

As the plane rumbled toward an unexpected adventure, one thing was clear—this was a story for book two.