

Chippy's Mountain September'2025 Issue





A HAPPY DAY

LEAH WANG
KINDERGARTEN



I was playing Soccer
one day I had two games
and won both of them and
I am eating With my
friend and the food is very
good I wish I well came back



Macy's Gift

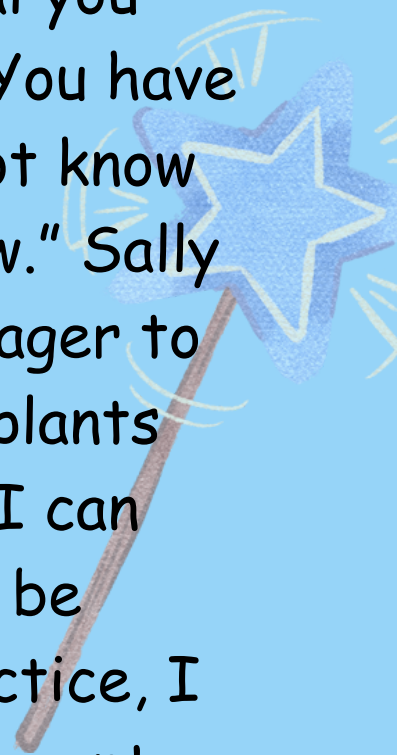
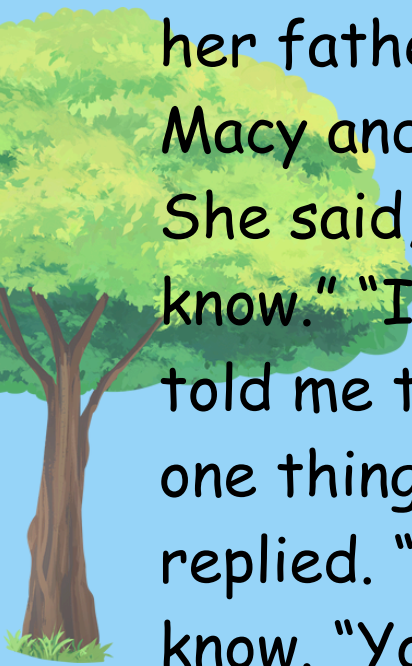
By: Lori Wang in 4th grade

Once upon a time, there was a girl called Macy, and she loved plants very much. That's why she was granted the power to make plants grow. All day, Macy skipped around in the open fields near her home in the countryside. Then one week whether started getting really hot. When Macy went on her morning walk, she noticed that the flowers started to wither and die. So did all the other crops including potatoes, corn, strawberries, they were all starting to get dry. This made Macy feel depressed. The poppies she usually picked weren't as bright as usual. Macy went back home and told her aunt about what she saw. "Oh my, we better get watering!" her aunt, Sally said. Sally took care of Macy since she was very little because Macy's parents had passed away in a terrible car accident. She knew that Macy had magical powers since she was born but decided not to reveal them yet.



On the walk outside, Sally was thinking if this was the time to tell Macy about her special gift.

When they reached the potatoes, they split up and started watering with their watering cans. Sally headed toward the flowers and Macy went to the fruits and vegetables. They watered the plants carefully making sure not to give too much water. When they finished, they met up at the shady tree Macy had named Mike after her father, Micheal. Sally sat down next to Macy and gazed up at the chirping birds. She said, "Macy, you are very special you know." "I know that already auntie. You have told me that before." "But you do not know one thing about yourself that I know." Sally replied. "What is it?" Macy asked, eager to know. "You have the power to make plants grow out of thin air!" "Really? Then I can heal all of these plants! Then they'll be happy and healthy again!" "With practice, I know you can do it!" Sally said. They went back inside and ate some cookies that Sally had made when Macy was on her walk.



When they finished, they went back outside to practice Macy's power. "Ok, now put your hands out flat in front of you. What plant do you want to make?" Sally asked. Macy said, "A rose!" She imagined a beautiful red rose in her head. "POOF" A rose appeared in front of Macy. "Wow! That was so cool!" Macy exclaimed. Her plants could survive under any condition, so it was impossible for them to die. Sally dug out the old plants and Macy replaced them with fresh ones. Soon enough, they were done with the whole garden. A few weeks later, the weather returned to normal, and it started to rain again. When Macy grew up, she became a biologist, discovering new plants and saving the old ones. She still lives with her auntie who helps take care of her kids. She is very thankful for this world.



Trip to Paris

Stella Guo 2nd Grade



In Paris, I went on a tour bus and the things I liked about it were seeing all of the famous places and the yummy desserts. The second thing I liked in Paris was the yummy food. We ate waffles dipped in chocolate, steak and French fries!



We also went to the Louvre Museum. We saw Mona Lisa and the pictures of what happened in the war a long time ago. We went to Palace of Versailles. We saw the king and queen's bedrooms and their furniture.





Paris



My dad also brought us Feastables at a
mall near our hotel!

The Feastables were in a food market.
It was really good! It just melts in your mouth!

We also went to the Eiffel Tower!



It has a really cool view! We saw a field,
cars, houses, and apartments!

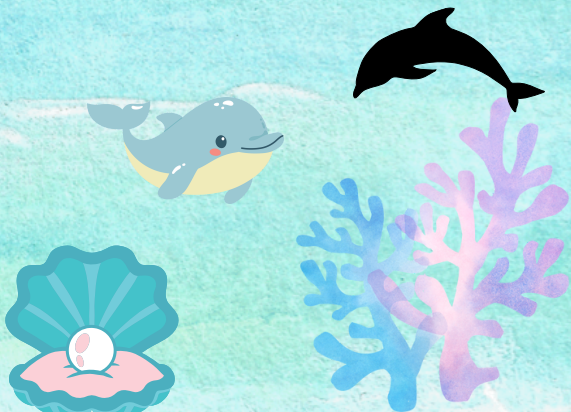
The wind blew through my hair, and it felt really good!



Bonjour



In Nice (pronounced Nis), we went to the rocky beach. The water was clear and like jelly. I got my green floaty and got in the water. When the waves came, it's like jelly jiggling around me!





You Are My Harmony

By: Victoria Wang, 1st Grade

You give me warmth
Because it's you.
I get some hope
When I've got something to do.
You give me courage
For me to look forward to.

You help me immediately
When someone is mean.
But we'll work together
And defeat the bad team.
You help me balance
On a very high beam.

You hold me tight
When something is not right.
Light comes from somewhere,
You will get it with all your might.



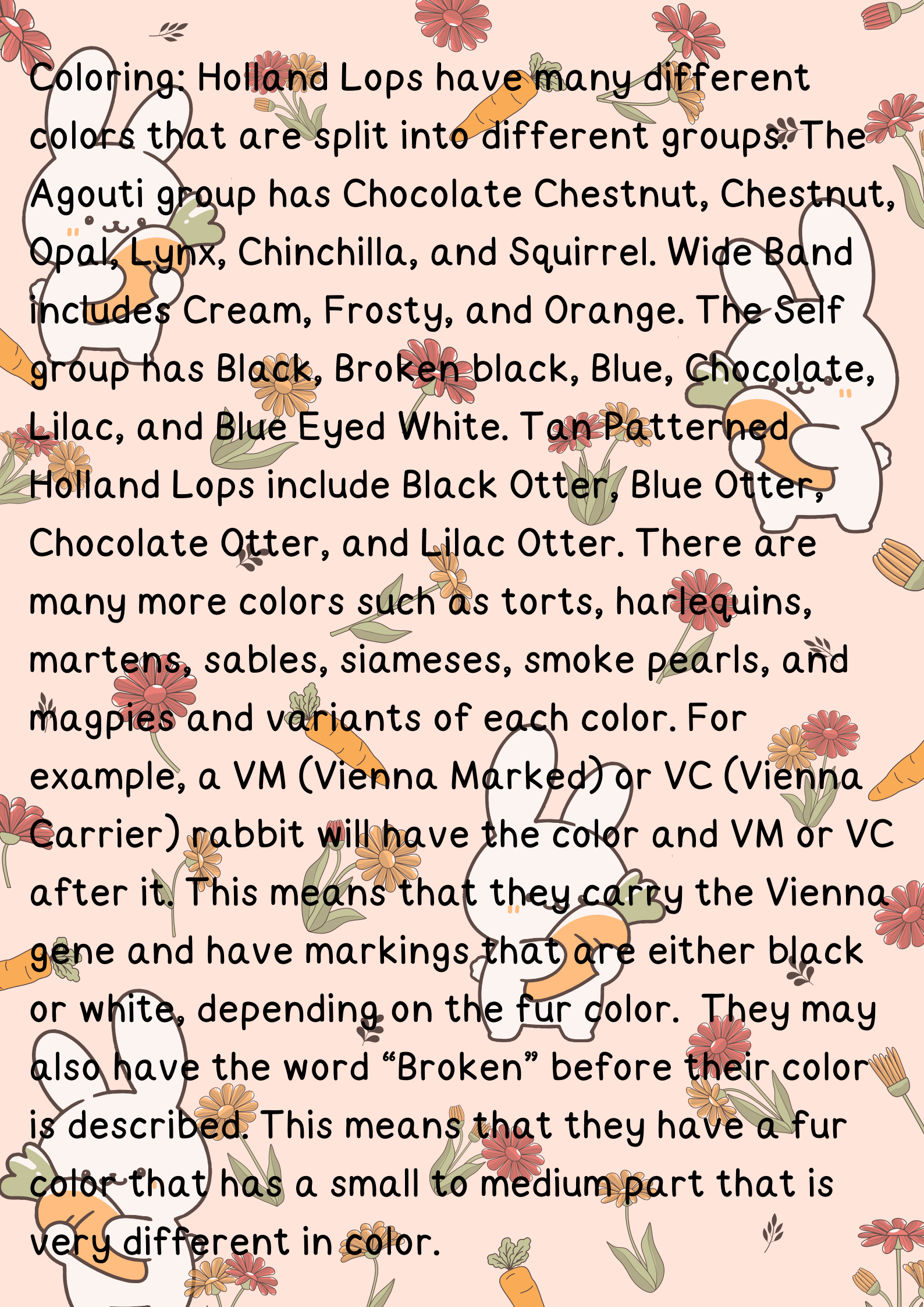
HOLLAND LOPS

Olivia Yang

General Information:

Holland lops are the smallest breed of lop-eared rabbits, which have ears that flop down instead of sticking up. The lop breeds recognized by the American Rabbit Breeders Association (ARBA) are the Holland Lop, Mini Lop, French Lop, English Lop, and American Fuzzy Lop. They weigh about 2-4 pounds and have a friendly, calm, and curious temperament.

History: The Holland lop was bred in the Netherlands in 1950s by Adrian DeCock. He wanted a smaller and easier to handle version of the French lop, so he cross-bred the Netherland Dwarf and the French Lop. This breed was recognized in the Netherlands in 1964 and by the ARBA in 1979.



Coloring: Holland Lops have many different colors that are split into different groups. The Agouti group has Chocolate Chestnut, Chestnut, Opal, Lynx, Chinchilla, and Squirrel. Wide Band includes Cream, Frosty, and Orange. The Self group has Black, Broken black, Blue, Chocolate, Lilac, and Blue Eyed White. Tan Patterned Holland Lops include Black Otter, Blue Otter, Chocolate Otter, and Lilac Otter. There are many more colors such as torts, harlequins, martens, sables, siameses, smoke pearls, and magpies and variants of each color. For example, a VM (Vienna Marked) or VC (Vienna Carrier) rabbit will have the color and VM or VC after it. This means that they carry the Vienna gene and have markings that are either black or white, depending on the fur color. They may also have the word "Broken" before their color is described. This means that they have a fur color that has a small to medium part that is very different in color.

Fun Facts:

Holland Lops are one of the most popular rabbit breeds in America.

The scientific name of a Holland lop is *Oryctolagus cuniculus*.

Domesticated Holland lops have around 2-5 kits per litter.

Holland lops are one of the hardest to breed.

Their ears hang an inch below their jawbone and are next to their cheeks.



BLUE POINT
MARTEN VM

Image excerpt from the Hook's Holland Color Chart. Used for educational, non-commercial purposes under fair use. All rights remain with the original copyright holder.

Source: <https://www.ohiohollandlops.com/bunny-color-chart.html>

Image of "Phoebe" from Blue Clover Rabbitry (<https://www.bluecloverrabbitry.com>). Used under fair use for educational, non-commercial purposes. All rights belong to the copyright holder.

Frank Li
(4th grade, Mrs. Odgen's class)

**Whispers of the
Wildlands**



Chapter One: Chains of Fate

Prologue: The Seven Kingdoms and the Shadow of Stormpelt

Long ago, in the far West of the land, seven great kingdoms rose — ruled by lions, bears, eagles, wolves, foxes, snakes, and monkeys. Each kingdom had its own strengths and specialties, and for many years they lived together in peace.

But peace did not last forever.

From the depths of the mountains came a monster named Stormpelt. His claws were sharp as a tiger's, his jaws as powerful as a shark's, and his body towered like a giant fortress. He could breathe fire, command lightning, and unleash destruction no beast could withstand.

Terrified, the kings of the seven kingdoms traveled to the far East, where they found a hidden tribe of dragons. The dragons agreed to help defeat Stormpelt — but only on one condition: no one must ever reveal their existence. The kings swore to keep the secret, and a mighty dragon came forth to battle Stormpelt.

No one knows exactly how the battle was won, but Stormpelt was defeated and sealed away. As a parting gift, the dragon gave each king a glowing orb, each holding an element of power. These orbs were not only safeguards for their kingdoms but also bonds of trust between the rulers. Yet when brought together, they carried the dangerous power to unlock Stormpelt's prison.

Thousands of years passed.

The old friendships between the kingdoms faded. Brothers became rivals, and rivals became sworn enemies. Over centuries of rivalry and distrust, even the great Lion Kingdom broke apart: in the South, the land fell to the Tigers, and in the North, the Wildcats built their own realm. Whispers spread that one orb still lay hidden somewhere in the North.

And so, the story begins...



Section I: The Village Guardian

Since the Lion Kingdom split, border raids became common near the Outlands. On the outskirts of the wildcat kingdom, there was a village called Outlands. In Outlands, hundreds of wildcats lived together. The village had a captain managing it. His name was Lightning. Lightning was a strict and honest wildcat. He was in charge of leading the armies and keeping everyone safe.

One day while hunting near the forest border, Lightning saw a huge bear chasing a wildcat. He reacted on instinct and leapt forward to fight the bear. The bear fought back, but Lightning's skill was too great, and at last the beast fled into the woods.

The beautiful cat he rescued claimed to have lost her memory, though the bracelet on her wrist with the word 'Meadow' was her only clue to the past. So Lightning took her to his home.

Though her past remained a mystery, days turned into seasons, and companionship slowly bloomed into love. Lightning and Meadow lived a happy life together.

Section II: Growth and Separation

However, soon after the twins were born, disaster struck. One bitter night, frost clung to the rooftops as shadows moved between the trees. Then came the roar—dozens of tigers stormed the village. Torches blazed, smoke thickened the air, and the wildcats stumbled half-awake into chaos. The sneak attack was well-thought, and the wildcats were not very prepared for this fight. Lightning brought all the soldiers that were equipped and ready to face the tigers, but the tigers' numbers seemed to just keep adding and adding. Then, a sudden whistle cut the night. The arrow struck Lightning's shoulder with a sickening thud. He staggered, blood darkening his fur, as enemy claws dragged him into the shadows.

Some whispered he had died, while others believed he was taken to a tiger stronghold.

All the other cats fought bravely, but the defense line was already broken. A few tigers dashed through into the village. Some cats that had just equipped themselves came to meet them. Then, one particularly large tiger named Vengeance broke into one of the houses. It was Lightning's house, and when he saw Meadow with the two baby cats, he instantly let out a loud yowl and struck Meadow on the head. Then, he grabbed both the baby wildcats and ran off.

One of Lightning's friends, a trusted soldier, managed to intercept the tiger's path, and he managed to get one of the babies back. The other baby wildcat was taken and was going to be raised in the tiger tribe.

The baby wildcat who got stolen was named Slash. The Tiger King convinced Slash that wildcats had rejected him and that only the tigers truly valued him. He taught him that in order to make everything right he had to conquer all his fears and that in order to be good you had to be powerful.

Slash gradually accepted the Tiger King's manipulation. However, Shadow, the Tiger King's son, disliked cruelty and often questioned his father's harsh ways.

The younger baby, meanwhile, was still in bed listening to his mother read him bedtime stories every night. When the cats grew a few years older, the younger cat, now named Swift, was helping his mother in the garden. He gathered herbs, hunted prey, tended orchards—always drawn to the freedom of the wild. However, he also loved peeking at the soldiers' practice and even picked up a few tricks himself.

But with the kingdom weakened by constant raids, taxes were enforced harshly, even in Outlands. One day, Meadow received a letter. It said that taxes would be due in a week. Meadow was so busy raising Swift that she completely forgot that she had to pay taxes.





And if she didn't pay taxes, well, they would lose their home, their property, and basically everything. So, she was very distressed when she only had one day left.

Swift told her, "It's okay, Mom. As long as we're together, we'll be safe." But Meadow was still overly distressed. When the day came to collect taxes, the captain walked in. "Pay your taxes, please."

Meadow explained to him that they did not have enough money since she was so busy raising Swift. The captain frowned. Then, he said, "I'll give you three more days, and if we don't receive the payment, it's bye-bye to your house and bye-bye to your property."

Meadow shouted loudly that the captain was a heartless monster and that he didn't care whether any of the cats survived. The captain was turning around, and he froze. He turned back to face Meadow. Meadow kept on shouting about how horrible it was to lose Lightning and what a weak replacement the captain would be.

The captain got mad and then hit Meadow. When Swift saw that, he jumped into action. Swift had been sneakily watching the soldiers, looking at how they practiced and how they

fought. So, he surprised the captain when he struck out three quick punches that hit the captain square on.

The captain was surprised and glared. He hit Swift and sent him flying, but Swift just got right back up and kept fighting. When it was his tenth time getting knocked out, the captain stopped. “Looks like this child has a spirit,” he said to Meadow, rubbing his arm. “How about this? If your son comes and works for my military, you won’t have to pay taxes for three years.”

Usually, that would sound like a really good deal, but Meadow had already lost her husband and her eldest son. She was not about to see her second son get captured and put into a prison. She was about to refuse when she saw Swift give her a look that said, do it. She didn’t know why—she might have regretted it—but when she said yes, it was a game changer.

For nights Meadow sat by the empty doorway, clutching the bracelet on her wrist, whispering Lightning’s name to the winds.

Section III: Prisoners and Brother

After two days in chains, the castle loomed from the mist—a fortress of black stone. Catapults hunched on the walls like crouching beasts, spikes jutted from the ramparts, and firelight glowed in narrow slits where watchful eyes waited. Guards patrolled the top, and crossbows were ready at any sight. The guards knocked on the big iron door, and a tiger let them in.

They went in, down a few halls, and then passed a few turns. Swift tried to remember the way, but it was pretty obvious that the guards took a few extra turns to confuse him. Then they arrived in a grand room. On the throne sat a wildly dressed tiger.

“Hello,” said the tiger. “I am Tauren, the Tiger King. Welcome to the Fort of Destruction. Any wildcats with no acceptable ability will be cast out into the jungle to perish. Do you understand?”

Swift nodded his head, not wanting to open his mouth.

“Alright, you have to pass the quest. If you pass it, we will let you survive in the castle. If you don’t, say bye-bye.” The Tiger King motioned for one of the guards to come up.

“First, you have to beat this guard in a fight. Quick contest. First one to knock the other out wins. Three, two, one, go!” Instantly, the guard leapt. Swift dodged, faked left, went right, and slashed his hind legs. He barely survived, winning by wit and luck. The guard landed in an awkward position, then righted himself. Yanking on his spear, he ran full force towards Swift.

Swift dropped one strike, jumped another stroke, and caught the third spear. He jokingly leapt, kicked the tiger’s right shin, collapsed him, reversed his spear, and held it up. “As said, I believe I have won.”

The king nodded, surprised by his skills. “You have quick and agile abilities, but let’s see if your mind passes the test.”

The second quest tested his mind — solving riddles and ending with a chess match. Only later did Swift realize his opponent was the kingdom's chess master, and the match nearly overwhelmed him. He survived thanks to the long winters in his village, where he had played countless games against anyone willing.

After the second contest, the king became even more delighted. “Ooh, the third contest is going to be fun. The third one, you’re going to have to demonstrate your agility while facing this obstacle course.”

He pushed a button on the throne, and instantly, half of the throne room turned into a massive obstacle course of swinging ropes, smashing hammers, and loaded crossbows. “You are going to be timed. You have 30 seconds to complete the whole course. If you survive the first time but don’t pass, we’ll give you a second try.”

“Okay,” said Swift, getting into position.

“Three, two, one, go!”

Swift ducked, dodged, jumped, leapt, rolled, and even faked. He made it through half of it easily. Then the king said, “Ten more seconds!”

Swift jumped, flipped, and landed just before he took off, dodging the narrow arrow that grazed his foot. The king warned him that he only had five seconds left.

Swift jumped up, flipped, and sped through the last part. But then a giant hammer struck toward him. Swift barely had time to react. He rolled backwards and then leapt forward just as three arrows landed directly where he had been a second ago. He rolled across and landed on the path to the finish line.

The king seemed impressed. “Well done, little warrior. We’ll keep you in the dungeon first, but if you prove trustworthy, we’ll put you into the army.” He motioned for the guards to take Swift to the dungeon, then exited the throne room.

As Swift followed the guards, he imagined what the dungeon room would be. Empty cells, creepy prisoners—he didn’t know. Then the two guards started trying to pick up a conversation.

“Look at you, little warrior cat, you must be starving,” one said.

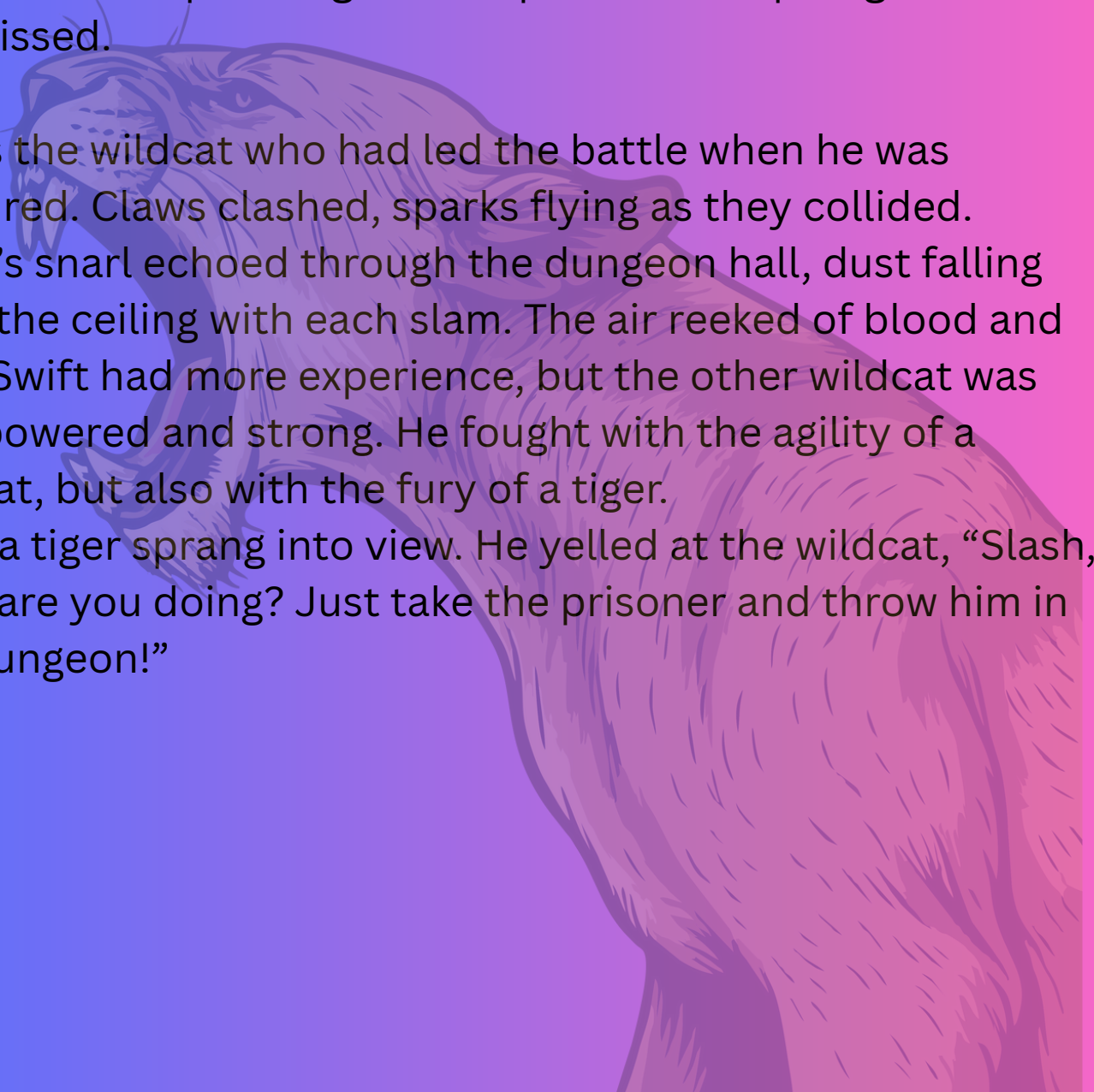
“Don’t worry, you’ll make a living as a tiger, greater than what you had before,” the other taunted.

The guards laughed and kept walking. Swift felt anger in his chest. He looked around to make sure no one was there. Then he sent out a flying kick, and both guards crashed to the ground.

When the guards called out, instantly around ten to twenty more guards surrounded him. Swift was not surprised. He had seen the tigers in battle. They would hurl themselves at each other, cunning and fast. Swift ducked under a claw, swept a paw, then staggered back as another blow grazed his whiskers. His chest burned, but he forced himself forward—this fight was far from over.

They fought wave after wave of guards, barely surviving by covering each other's backs. Exhausted and breathless, Swift barely had time to recover when a wildcat leapt from the shadows. Swift ducked, but the wildcat still managed to rake and send him sprawling on four paws. Swift sprang around and hissed.

It was the wildcat who had led the battle when he was captured. Claws clashed, sparks flying as they collided. Slash's snarl echoed through the dungeon hall, dust falling from the ceiling with each slam. The air reeked of blood and iron. Swift had more experience, but the other wildcat was overpowered and strong. He fought with the agility of a wildcat, but also with the fury of a tiger. Then a tiger sprang into view. He yelled at the wildcat, "Slash, what are you doing? Just take the prisoner and throw him in the dungeon!"



Slash replied, “I don’t take orders from you,” and kept fighting.

The tiger’s frown grew even more stern. “Slash, this isn’t about orders. We need to make sure the prisoner is secure, or else the stronghold could fall from the inside.”

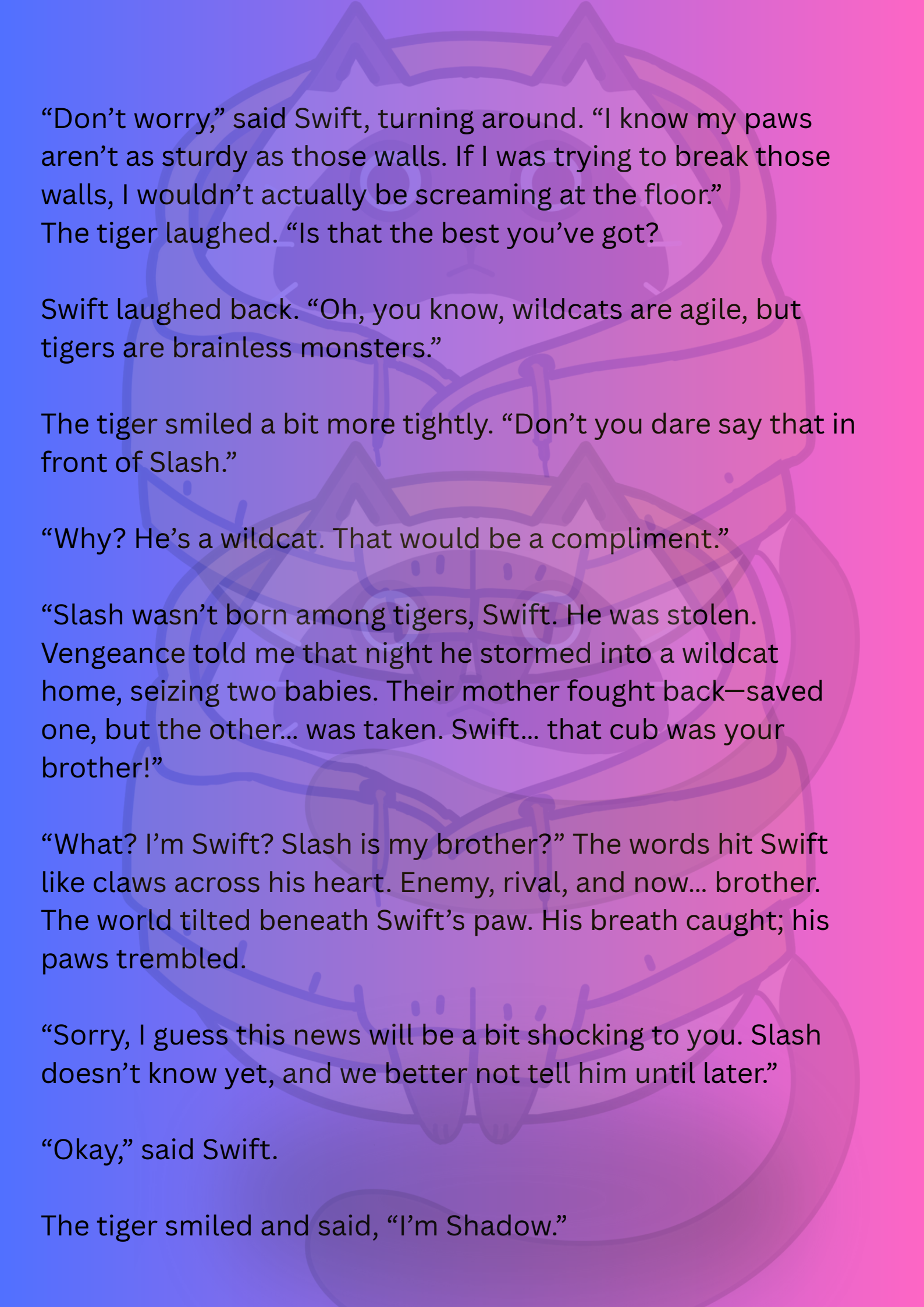
“Okay, okay,” said Slash. He sent a final kick that sent Swift sprawling. Then he grabbed Swift by the ear and dragged him down the hallway.

Swift exchanged a look with the tiger. For some reason, it felt really natural. Of course, tigers were their enemies, but this one didn’t seem that bad.

When he was thrown into the dungeon and Slash unlocked the door, Slash said, “You’re lucky the prince showed up, or else I would have beaten you up even more.” Then he turned and walked away.

After a few days, Swift became accustomed to the creepy old cell, and he started training his moves. Then the prince showed up.

“Don’t bother trying to break those walls,” he said jokingly. For some reason, it seemed like he was just trying to play around. It didn’t seem like a taunt.



“Don’t worry,” said Swift, turning around. “I know my paws aren’t as sturdy as those walls. If I was trying to break those walls, I wouldn’t actually be screaming at the floor.” The tiger laughed. “Is that the best you’ve got?”

Swift laughed back. “Oh, you know, wildcats are agile, but tigers are brainless monsters.”

The tiger smiled a bit more tightly. “Don’t you dare say that in front of Slash.”

“Why? He’s a wildcat. That would be a compliment.”

“Slash wasn’t born among tigers, Swift. He was stolen. Vengeance told me that night he stormed into a wildcat home, seizing two babies. Their mother fought back—saved one, but the other... was taken. Swift... that cub was your brother!”

“What? I’m Swift? Slash is my brother?” The words hit Swift like claws across his heart. Enemy, rival, and now... brother. The world tilted beneath Swift’s paw. His breath caught; his paws trembled.

“Sorry, I guess this news will be a bit shocking to you. Slash doesn’t know yet, and we better not tell him until later.”

“Okay,” said Swift.

The tiger smiled and said, “I’m Shadow.”

After a few weeks trapped in the dungeon, Swift didn't feel that bad anymore. He had become close friends with Shadow, and each day they joked and talked together — Swift inside the cell, and Shadow outside.

Section IV: Enemy Becomes Friend

Then, one particularly cold night, when Swift was shivering in the dusty dungeon, Shadow hurried into view. His face was urgent, nothing like when they joked together.

“Hi, Shadow,” said Swift.

“No time to talk,” said Shadow hurriedly. “We’re under attack. My father wants to send you to the other fortress. I can’t let that happen.”

Shadow had long doubted his father’s cruelty, but meeting Swift gave him courage. For the first time, he knew what true friendship was.

“Before, my life was dull and empty. After you came, I felt alive.”

He paused for a moment, then smiled and clasped Swift’s paw. “Anyway, I wish I had a friend growing up like you.”



“Anyhow,” said Shadow, still smiling, “we need to get out of here. My father also sees a crowd of wildcats gathered outside, and they’re trying to flood the whole palace. They don’t know that you’re in here, so they might drown you accidentally.”

Shadow knocked gently, but then his smile turned into a frown. “No time for jokes now, Swift. We need to get you out of here.”

“But how?” asked Swift.

“I have keys. You’re not so dangerous.”

The two friends sprinted down the torch-lit corridor, their shadows stretching long across the walls. A horn blared behind them—guards poured in, steel ringing on stone. Swift lunged, claws flashing, while Shadow hurled an enemy into the firelight. The alarm drums thundered through the fortress.

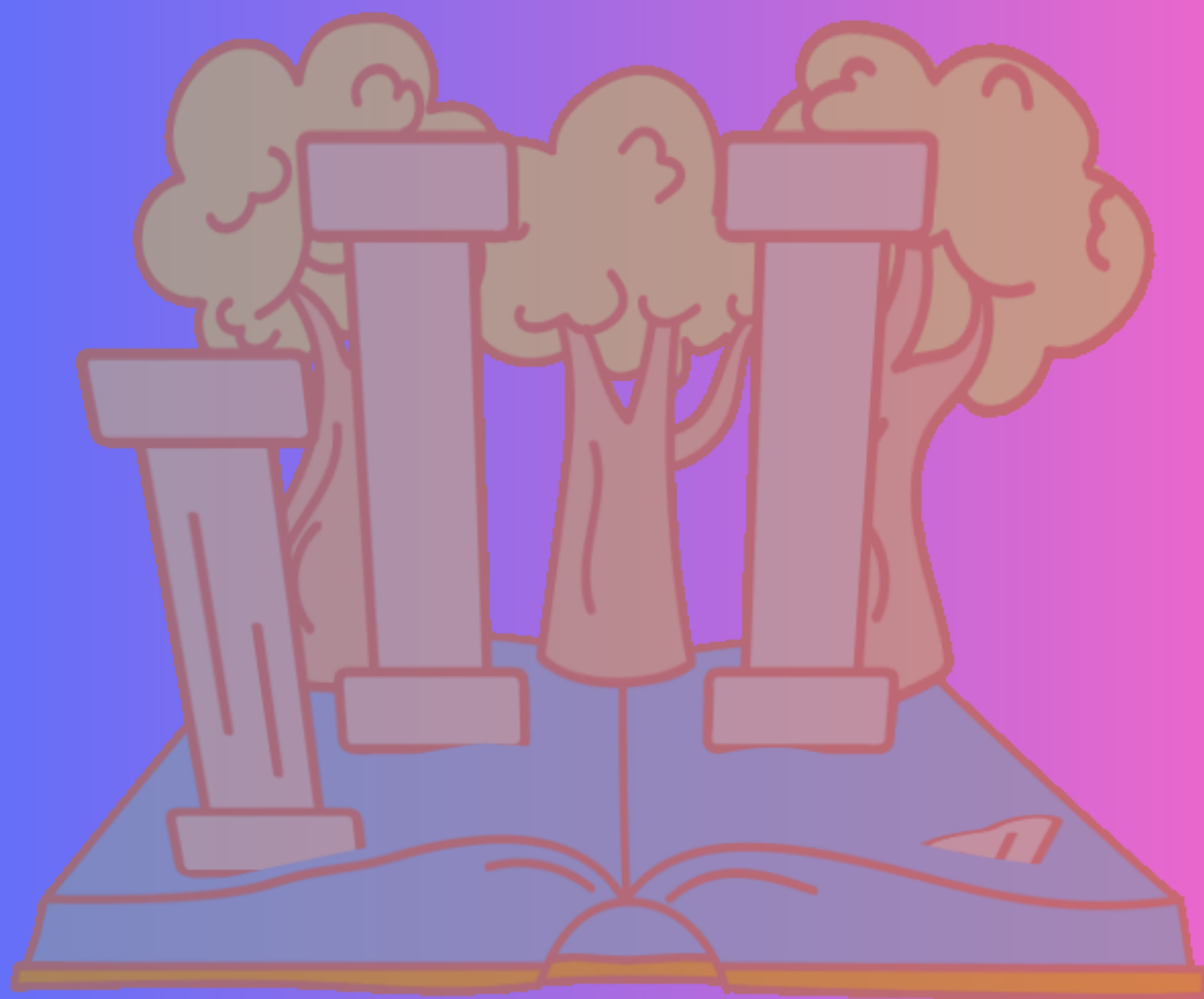
Soon, more and more tigers filled the hall. Shadow fought fiercely beside Swift, but their escape was desperate — each corridor filled with more enemies they barely managed to overcome.

“You shouldn’t let them know that you’re helping me,” said Swift.

But Shadow smiled at him: “I’m coming with you, buddy.”

At that moment, Swift froze. This tiger, once an enemy, was now risking everything for him. For the first time, Swift saw loyalty that went beyond tribe.

“Then let’s go.”



To be continued



A WONDERING CAT

Eliana Li
(3rd grade, Mrs. Warenkiewicz's class)

A WONDERING CAT

A cat
Wondering around
On the grassy meadow
Not noticing his step, suddenly tripping and falling
Did not know what had happened to him
Exploring what made him trip
Realizing it was a rock
In a flash, he heard a voice saying, "Are you ok?"
Noticing it was a butterfly
Got really scared, but followed him
Can you be my friend? he asked
Absolutely, said the butterfly
Together they ran to a nearby park





SUMMER

I want to ...

What does the perfect summer day look like?

OR

What was one thing you wanted to do this summer, but never got to?

