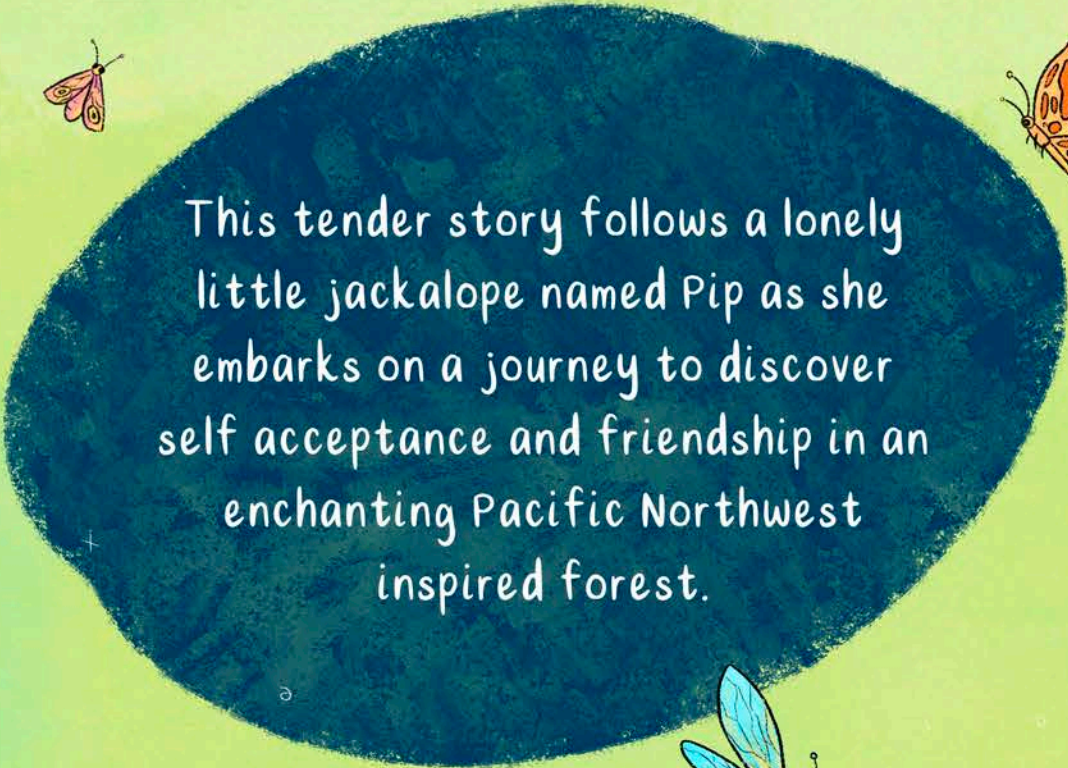


Paste Down



This tender story follows a lonely little jackalope named Pip as she embarks on a journey to discover self acceptance and friendship in an enchanting Pacific Northwest inspired forest.

Pip and the Path of Petals

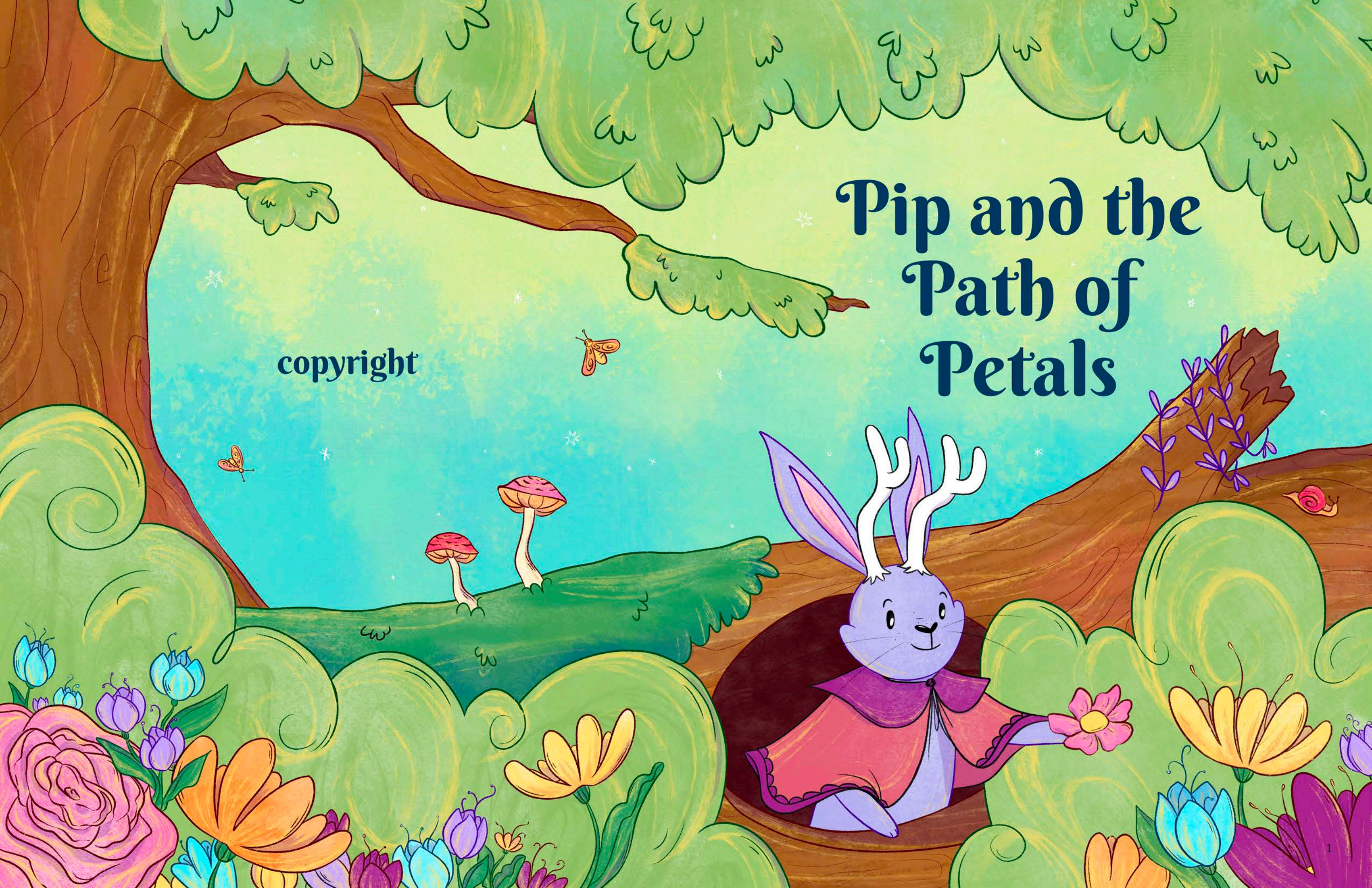


Pip and the Path of Petals

Written and Illustrated
by Emmy Wilkinson







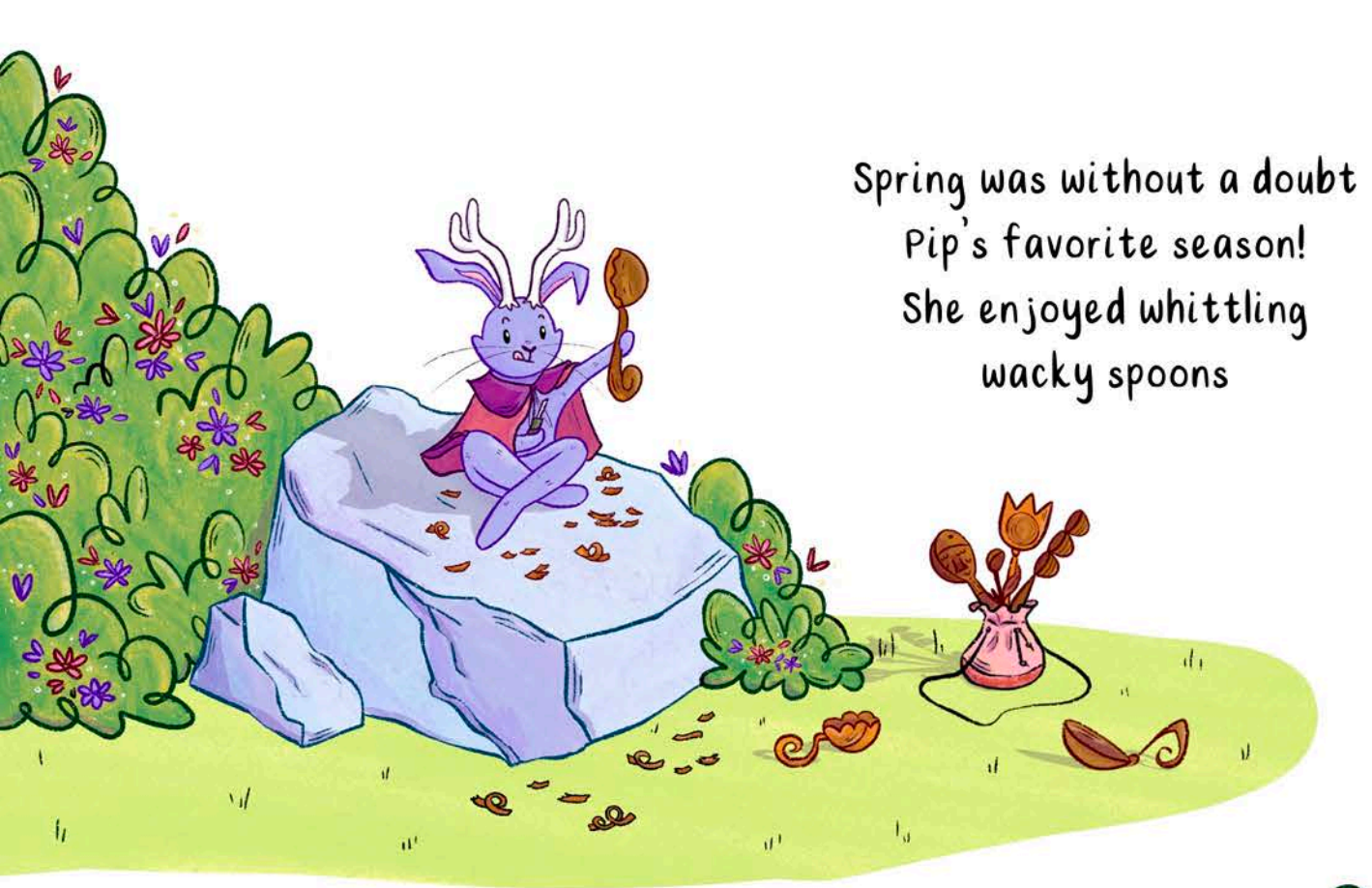
Pip and the Path of Petals

copyright

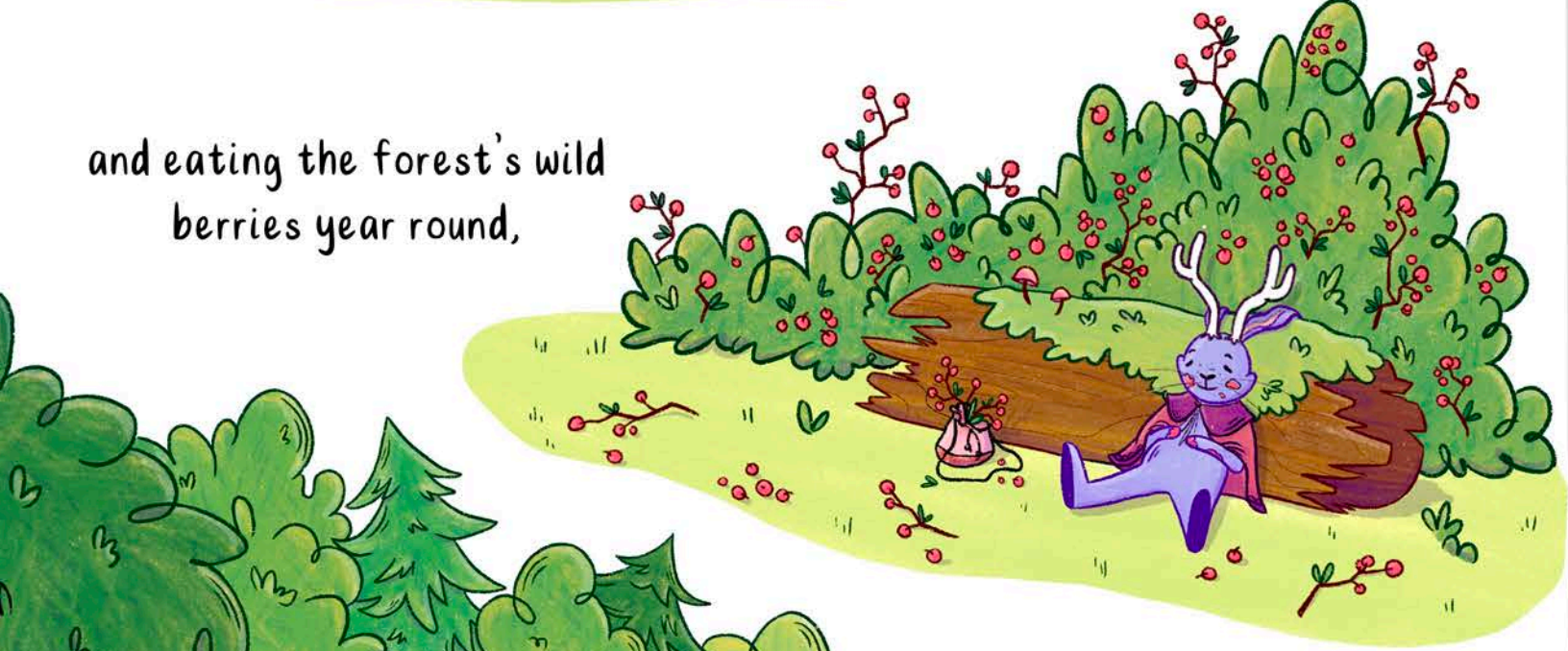
Deep in the misty forest where
the trees touched the sky,
lived a young Jackalope named
Pip.

The sleepy woods were beginning to wake with
the first signs of spring. Wildflowers began to
bloom, butterflies were soaring from petal to
petal, and the many critters of the woods
began to emerge into the sun.





Spring was without a doubt
Pip's favorite season!
She enjoyed whittling
wacky spoons



and eating the forest's wild
berries year round,



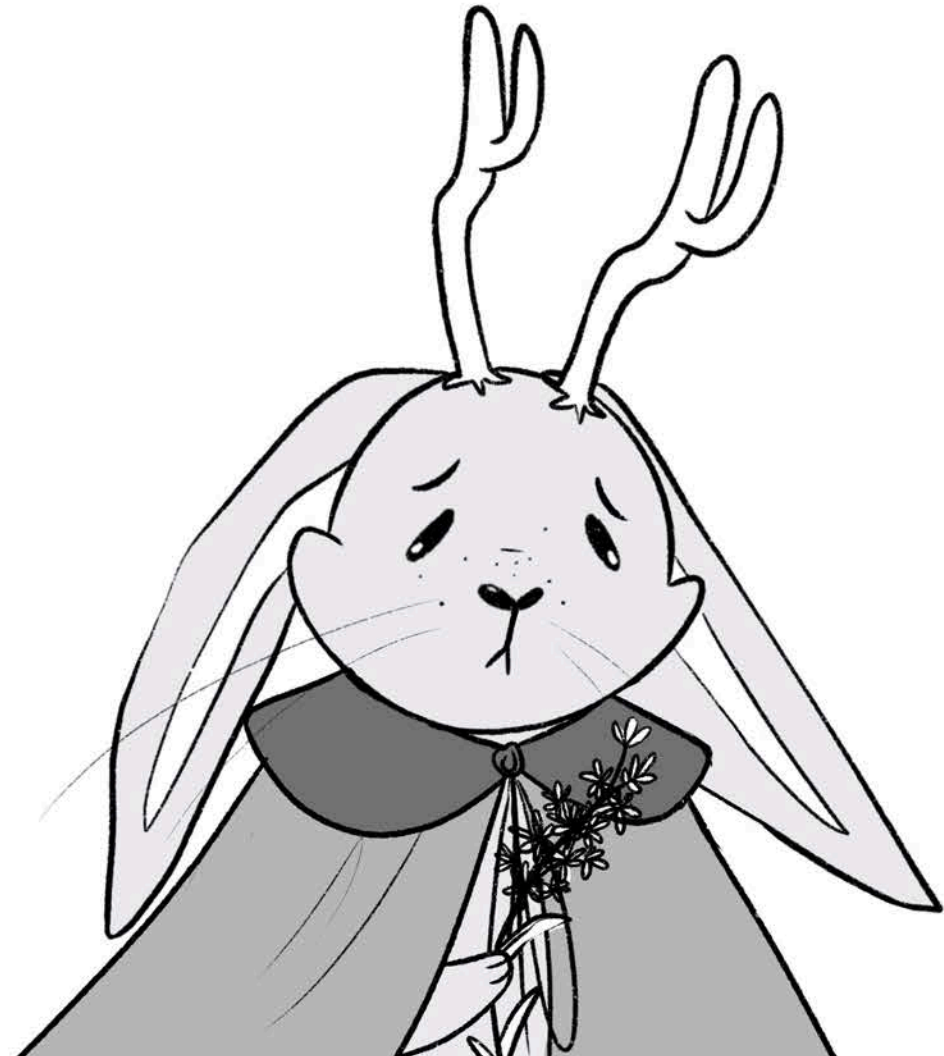
but spring brought Pip's
absolute favorite thing,
flowers!



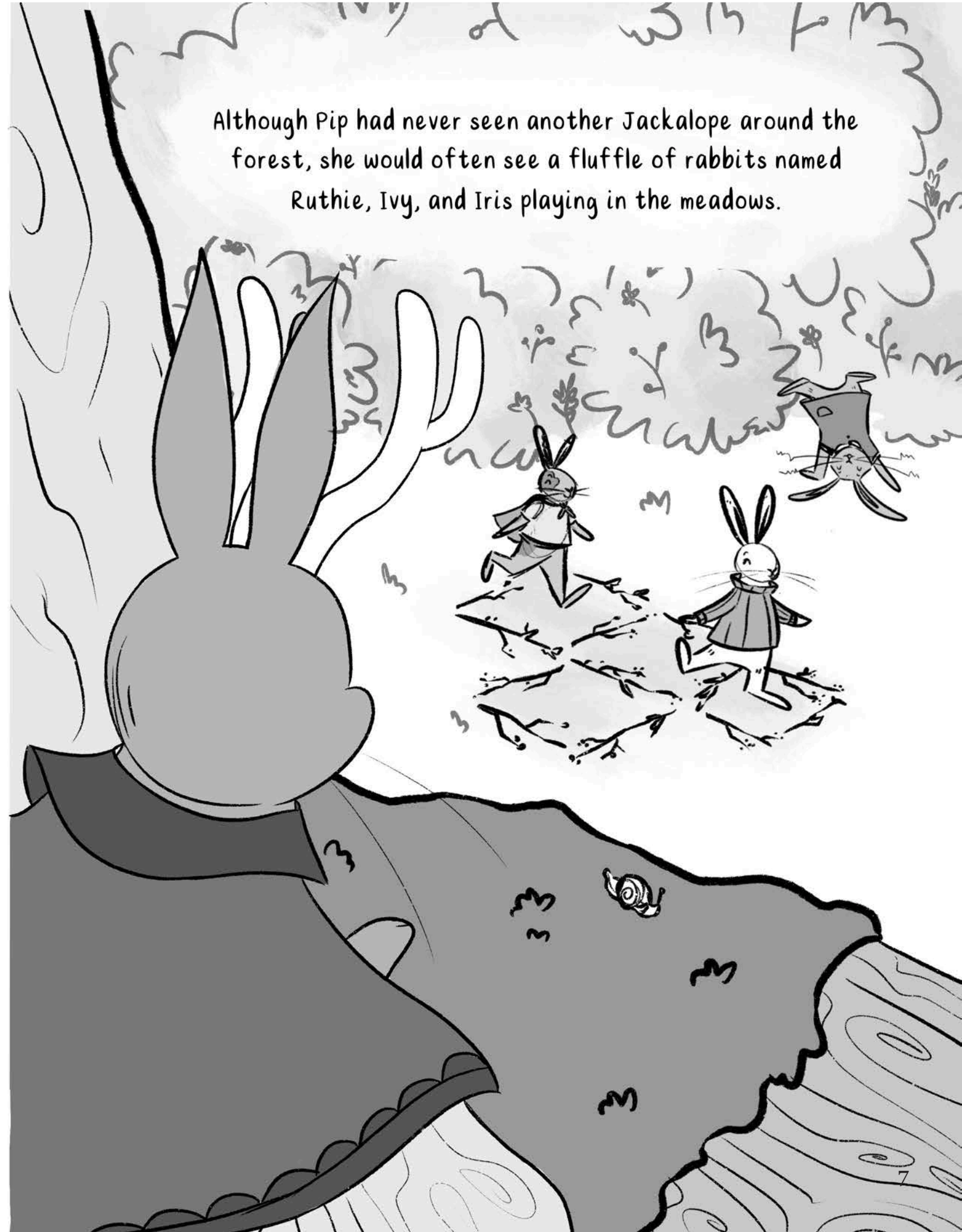
When spring rolled around, Pip relished in spending her days in
the meadows, lazily sketching her favorite blossoms and
collecting dandelions to make tea.



These hobbies were solitary pursuits, and sometimes when out searching for wild larkspur that was simply the perfect shade of purple, Pip would find herself longing for friends.

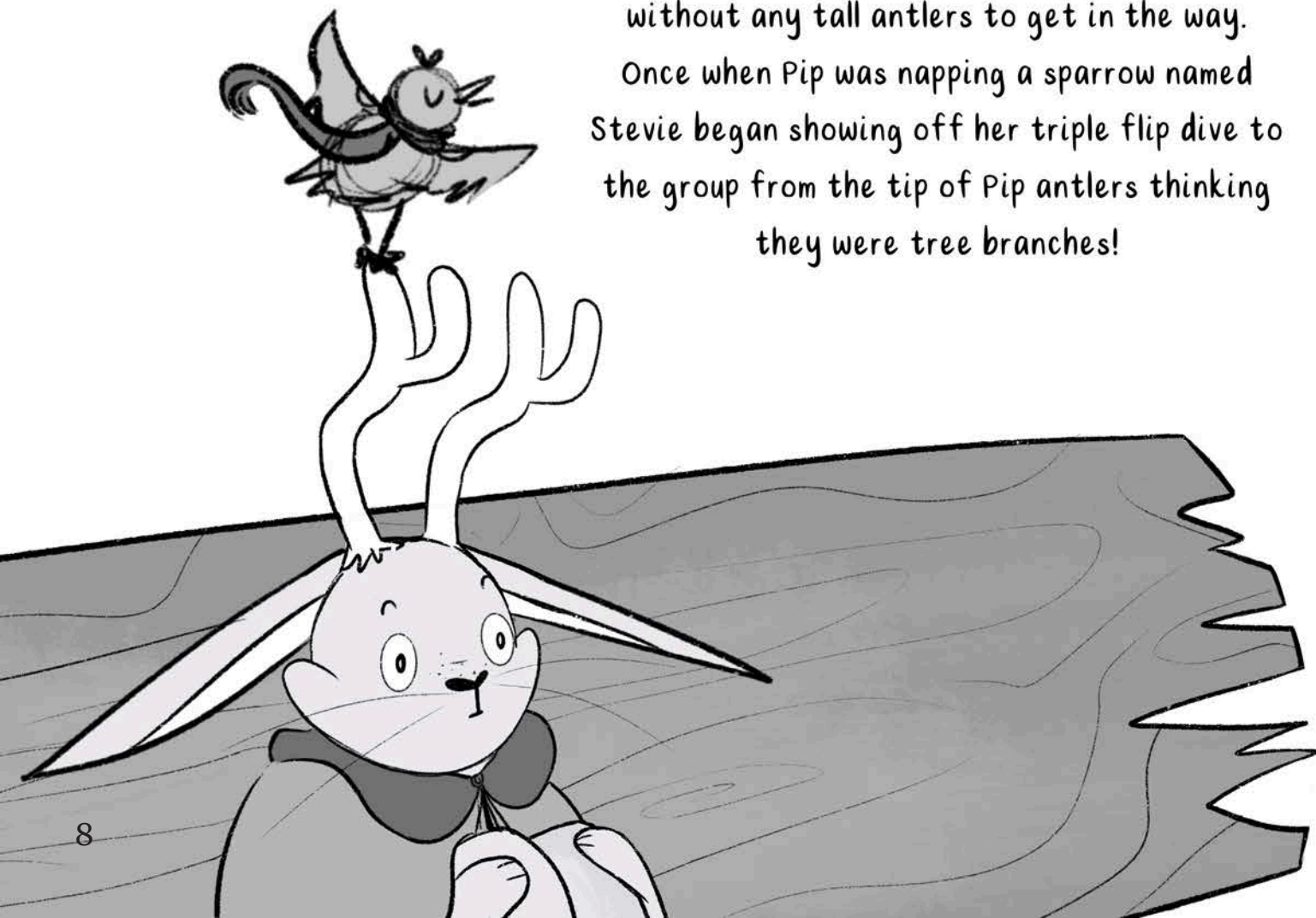


Although Pip had never seen another Jackalope around the forest, she would often see a fluffle of rabbits named Ruthie, Ivy, and Iris playing in the meadows.





They were able to play all sorts of fun games without any tall antlers to get in the way. Once when Pip was napping a sparrow named Stevie began showing off her triple flip dive to the group from the tip of Pip antlers thinking they were tree branches!



Although Pip had escaped undetected each time it wasn't hard to see that having enormous antlers often put her in embarrassing situations.

Pip longed to join whenever she saw Stevie, Bernard, Freya and the rabbits playing in the forest, but the embarrassment of her antlers held her back.



After a restless night tossing and turning, Pip was sketching in the meadow when she noticed some snapdragons had grown in such a way that they wrapped around a tree branch, and suddenly the solution to her problem hit her!





She would wrap the spring flowers around her antlers!

The next day Pip went to the meadow and did just that, carefully weaving the lavender and daisies, and arranging the larkspur just so until her antlers were transformed into a crown of flowers.



But it wasn't long until the others showed up at the field.



Pip froze, waiting to see what the six critters would do.



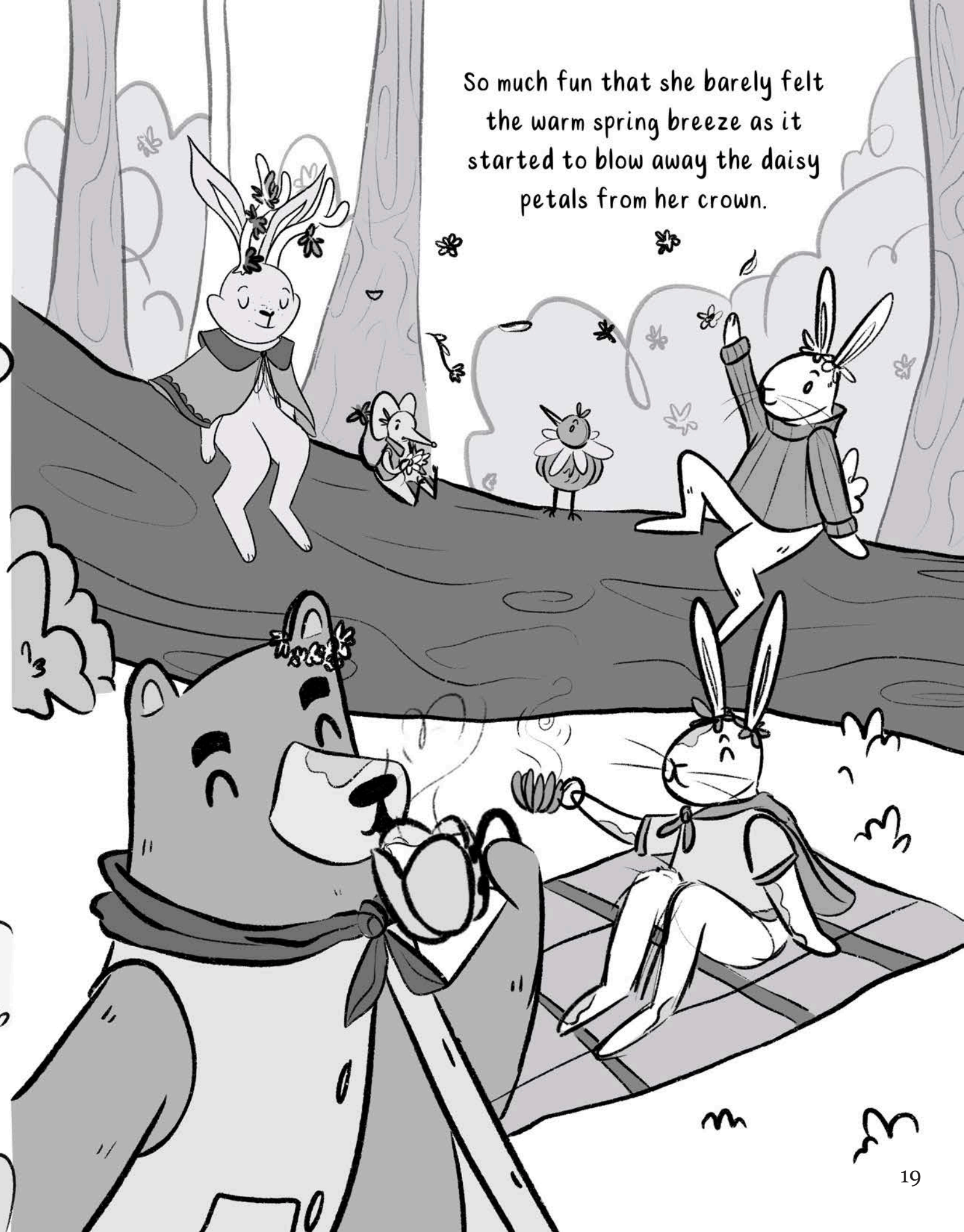
"Hi there! I love your crown" said Freya as they all approached Pip, "can you show us how to make some?"

Suddenly, Pip was giving lessons and laughing with the others until their bellies ached!





Pip was having so much fun with her new friends she forgot all about her antlers!

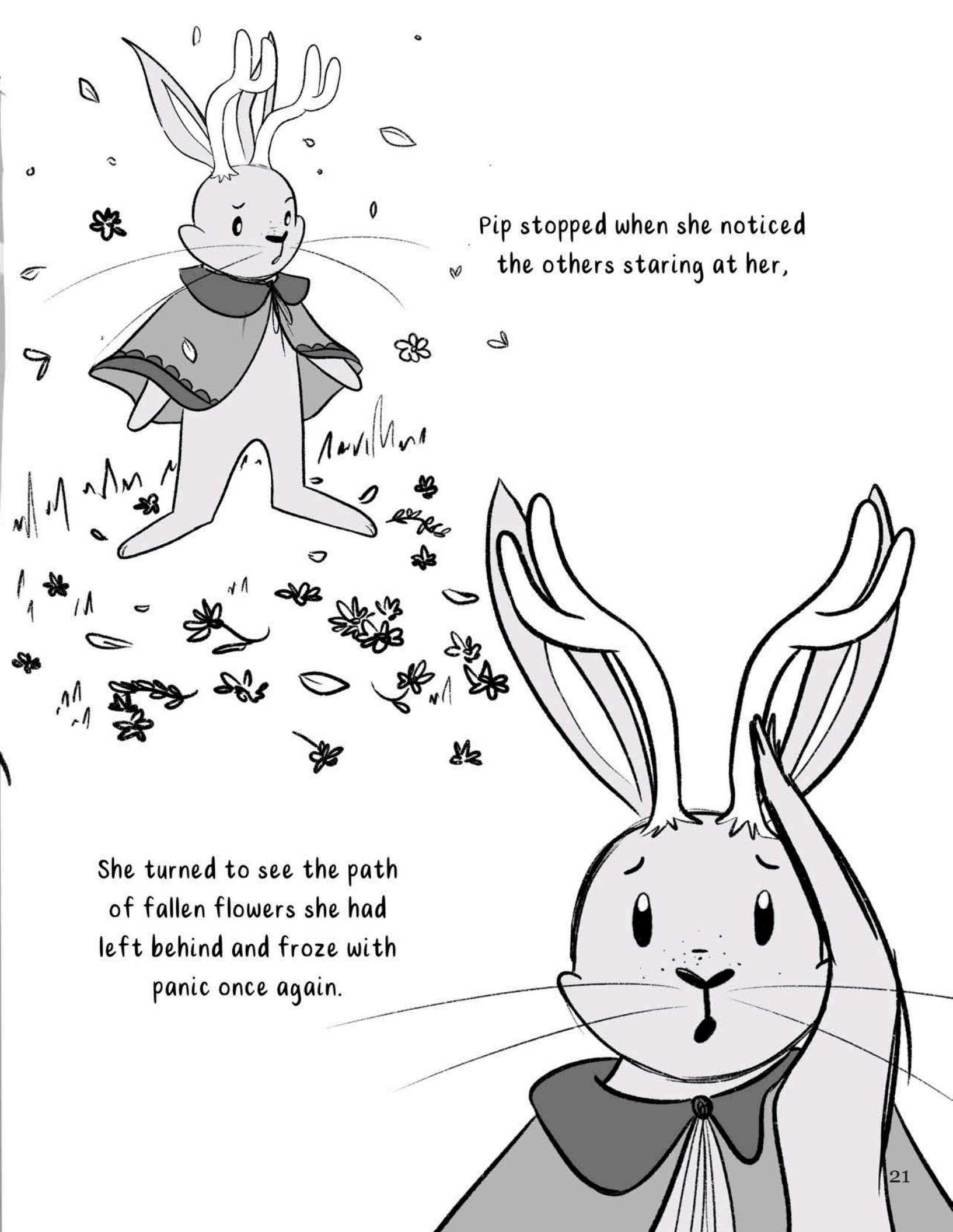


So much fun that she barely felt the warm spring breeze as it started to blow away the daisy petals from her crown.

Or the lilacs falling from the tips of her horns
as she danced with Ruthie and Freya.



Pip stopped when she noticed
the others staring at her,



She turned to see the path
of fallen flowers she had
left behind and froze with
panic once again.

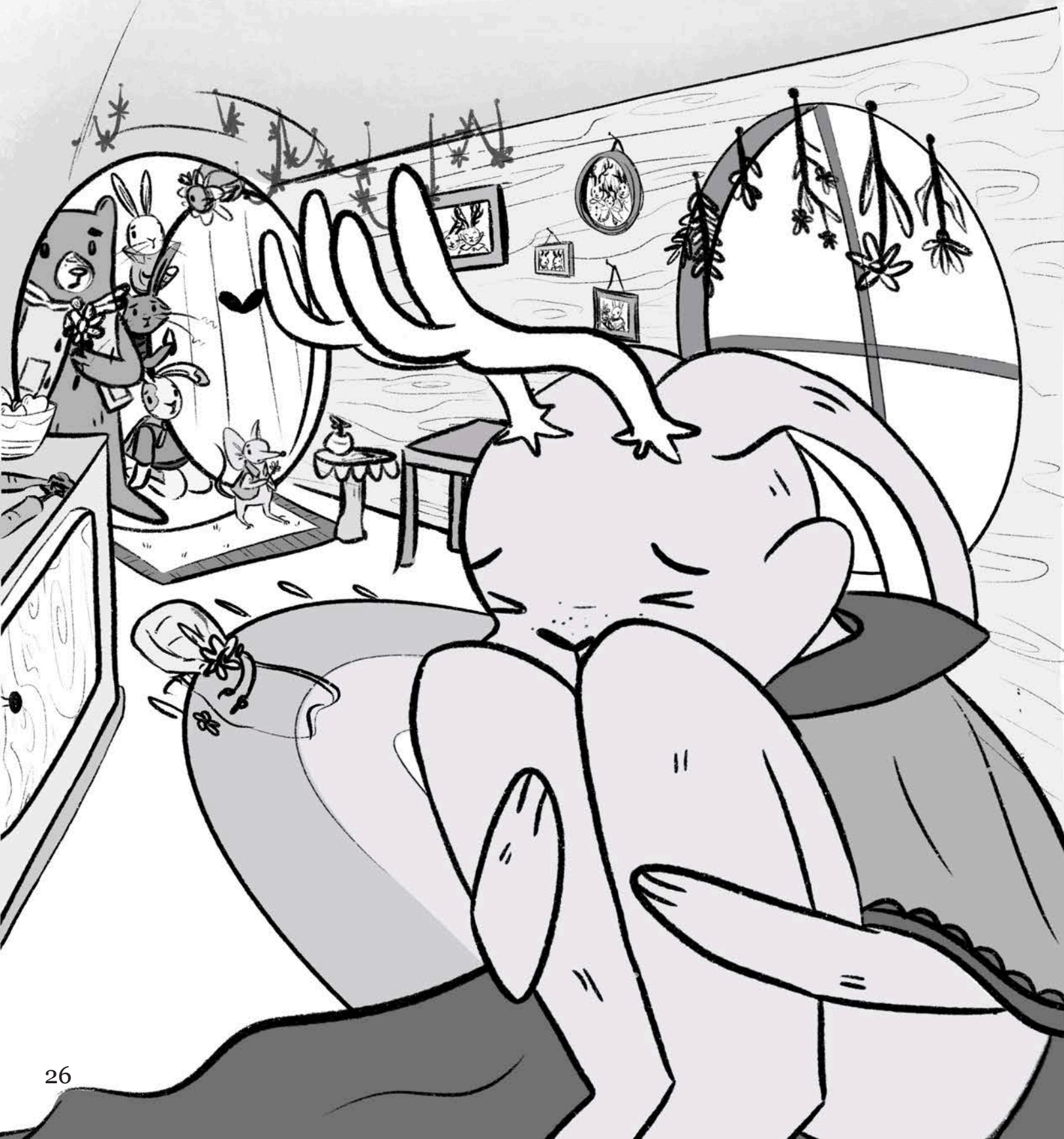


WOOAH!

That was all it took for Pip to bolt. She ran into the safety of the forest desperately looking for a place to hide. Somewhere no one would ever look at her or her antlers ever again.



Pip shot into the safety of her home. Distaught, she barely heard the soft knock at her door.



"We like your antlers" said Stevie
Wait, did she hear that right? Were her ears plugged with pollen?
The others smiled and nodded, "I once read that only one in a million rabbits are born with antlers," said Ruthie, "that's pretty cool if you ask me!" "Yeah! And my mom once told me antlers bring good luck!" Bernard explained proudly.



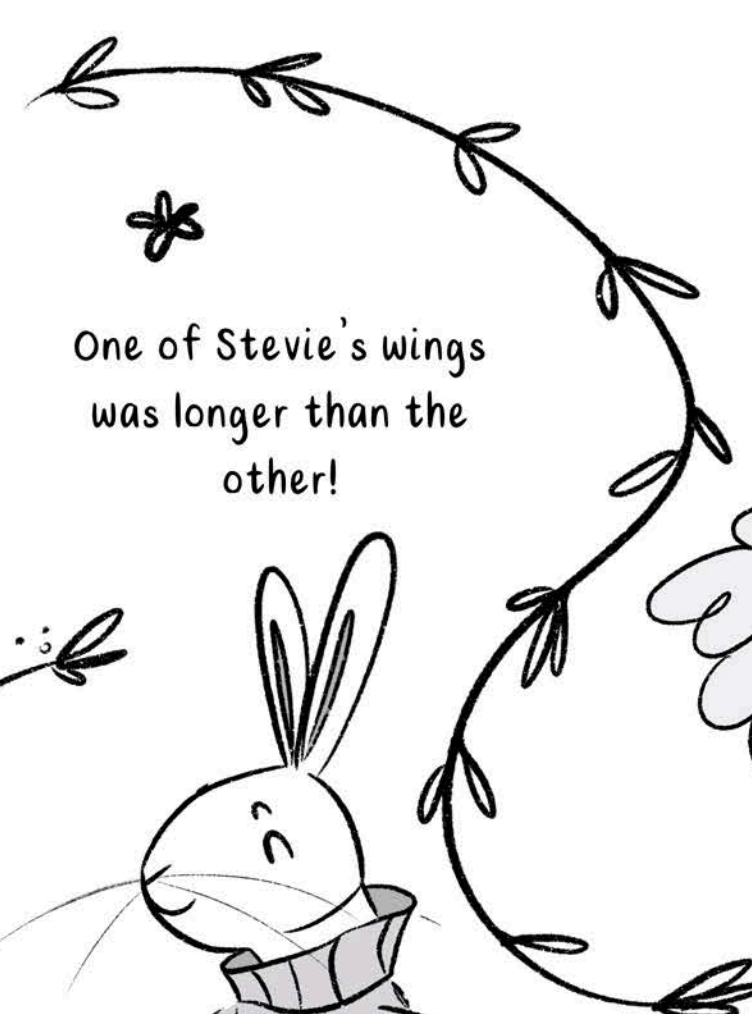


Acceptance began to wash over Pip, "thanks" she softly replied to her friends.
"Ya know, I have an extra toe, wanna see?" said Freya.





The group went around
showing off their quirks,
Bernard had a purple birthmark
on his nose,



One of Stevie's wings
was longer than the
other!



Iris had a fluffy tail and
Ruthie was covered with
spots!



Ivy had wonky whiskers!



When the group arrived back at the meadow they giggled and talked like nothing out of the ordinary ever happened.

Pip was certain this had been the best spring yet.



Endpage



Paste Down