A Christmas Cat-erpillar: A Poem and Story Starter Set

Ages 5-7

Poem: A Christmas Cat-erpillar

Dear friends, sit near for a Christmas story,
A story of hope and humble glory,
It took place far out there in outer space,
Yet in our hearts it earned its rightful place.

Once there was a magic apple pip star,
Dreaming up super-bright dreams from afar,
Could our star become a kitten of light?
Could our Pip become a butterfly bright?

Apple Pip Star tried the smallest soft mew,
Apple Pip Star imagined silk wings too,
Apple Pip Star whispered a daring wish,
The Christmas Faery's magic wand did swish!

Pip popped into a snowball of a star,
Like a fluffy curled up caterpillar!
She had a kitten tail and kitten ears,
A caterpillar and a kitten, dears?

Yes! Our Pip was the first cat-erpillar,
The cutest pet, a child's stocking filler,
The wand swished! A new home for Pip! Hooray!
With a child who wished for a lucky day!

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Story Starter: A Christmas Cat-erpillar

Once there was a magical pip star in a galaxy far away. Our Pip was a star of the heavens, bright and sparky. What's more, she was a pop star too. Each star kept her lovely lyrics, songs of love from up above, songs that spoke to the heart. This little star often travelled with the comets, her fiery trail blazing next to their ice. Fun ideas such as these came to her at times, and she'd been in the same spot for so many years. So, on Christmas Eve she wished for a change. She wished to turn into a child's cat-erpillar pet. That was the day I met Pip, my new magical friend.

Writing Prompts

1. Imagine you are Pip. What would you wish for on Christmas Eve, and why?

2. Describe Pip as a cat-erpillar. What does she look like, sound like, and feel like to cuddle?

3. Write about Pip travelling with the comets. What does she see in space?

4. Who meets Pip first? Write about their magical first meeting.

5. Invent your own creature made from two different animals. What is it called, and what can it do?

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Ages 7-9

Poem: A Christmas Cat-erpillar

Once there was a magic Apple Pip Star,
Dreaming the fluffiest dreams from afar,
Could our star become a kitten of light?
Could our Pip become a butterfly bright?

Apple Pip Star tried a most polite mew,
Apple Pip Star imagined silk wings too,
Apple Pip Star whispered a daring wish,
Dear Christmas Faery's magic wand did swish!

Pip popped into a snowball of a star,
Like a fluffy curled up caterpillar!
She had a kitten tail and kitten ears,
A caterpillar and a kitten, dears?

Yes! Our Pip was the first cat-erpillar,
The cutest pet, a child's stocking filler,
The wand swished! A new home for Pip! Huzzah!
With a child who wished for a lucky star!

Winter's eve was her welcome mat,
Winter's wind warmed to a plush velvet hat,
Sunset was a rosy water river,
Soaking up the frosty land's snow-shiver.

As cat-erpillar down a chimney flew,
Pip weaved candy flames of red and gold hue,
Pip weaved wood-smoke and sweetly sugared air,
Pip weaved cinnamon scents with homely care.

Kitty-Pip Star zoomed, a ribbon of light,
Up the tree to a mother-faery bright,
She tucked Pip in bed with a magic kiss,
Sealing dreams until present time with bliss.

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Story Starter: Apple Pip Star to Cat-erpillar Pet

Once there was a magical pip star in a galaxy far away. A star of the heavens, bright and sparkly. What's more, our Pip was a pop star too. Every nebula kept Pip's lovely lyrics on their radio. They were songs of love from up above, songs that spoke to the heart. What's more, this little star had the most fun capers, wild adventures with comets! They zoomed together, Pip's fiery trail blazing next to comet ice. Adventures such as these called to her at times, and after all, she had been in the same spot for a million years to the day. Pip pondered a way to find new fun.

Then, on Christmas Eve Pip wished for a change. She wished for her Faery Godmother to wave her magic wand. Now, this was the Godmother of all the Pip Stars from beyond, since time began in this faery lore land. Kind as ever with one simple swish, in a cloud of glitter, she granted Pip's most cherished wish. She wanted to be a wonderful child's pet, a fluffy kitten caterpillar, a cat-erpillar! Magical sparks sang as a song in sweet air. To become a snowball of white fluff as cute as a powder puff? To take naps, to hug, to cuddle so warmly? Yes! Again, sparkles sang a lullaby, an angelic hush-a-bye. Then our sweet Apple Pip Star snooozed, softly snoring, in the aroma of the Christmas tree. Who would it be? Who would snuggle, warm cuddle and keep Pip? Perhaps it would be a human Apple Pip Star, as creative kids so often are.

Writing Prompts

1. Imagine you are Pip. What new adventure would you plan with a comet, and what would you see?

2. Describe Pip flying down the chimney. What colours, smells, sounds, and textures does she notice?

3. Write about the child who finds Pip beneath the Christmas tree. What do they say to each other?

4. Pip can sing songs that speak to the heart. What song does she sing, and how does it make someone feel good?

5. Invent a new magical pet made from two different things. What is it called, and what special gift does it have?

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Ages 9-11

Poem. A Christmas Cat-erpillar

An Apple Pip Star from Heaven fell,
Meeting magick as an old friend well,
To become a kitten caterpillar,
Friendly fluff-ball Christmas stocking filler.

Winter's eve was her welcome mat,
Winter's wind warmed to a soft woolly hat,
As glowing pom-pom cat-erpillar fell,
Purring a magical story very well.

Dreaming of butterfly wings that glow,
Dreaming of a cat's tail as white as snow,
How sunset was a rosy air river,
Soaking up the frosty land's snow-shiver.

Slumbering snowball clouds piled up high,
Blushed apple pink, singing a lullaby,
As cat-erpillar down a chimney flew,
Wished there by a child feeling Christmas-blue.

Pip weaved candied flames heating heart and home,
Pip weaved wood-smoke bubbling as silver foam,
Into Christmassy bon-bon sugared air,
Savouring cinnamon scents with spice-flair.

Kitty-Pip Star zoomed, a ribbon of light,
Around the Christmas tree so rainbow bright,
Faery Godmother tucked Pip into bed,
Under the tree, softly kissing her head.

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Story Starter: Apple Pip Star to Cat-erpillar Pet

Have you ever heard of the Apple Pip Star crew, not hipster, not pop star… Yes, you heard right the very first time - Pip Star! You see up in the night sky the stars look the same size, yet some are near, some are far, some could be riding in your car. And the leader of the stars, the one who gave the gang their name, Pip is coming for Christmas, yes, with you. Pip will bring three magical wishes, wishes you can use only to do good things. This time of the year is for making life more merry, sharing and caring. So, before you hear reindeer hooves, before bells dance on snowy roofs, Pip will be playing as a comet around the tree, a comet so fast she appears as a light ribbon. Air will take the aroma of a marshmallow and resonate as a sugary giggle. If you are the lucky kid who finds Pip on Christmas dawn, keep her always safe and warm. For Heaven loves its little Pip Star, teeny tiny pop star from afar. This story is about a special child - a human Apple Pip Star (as creative kids so often are). This child saw her glow, long ago, and wondered at first if she was a spark of fire-snow.

Writing Prompts

1. Pip gives the child three wishes that may only be used to do good. What are the three wishes, and who will each one help?

2. Describe the moment the child discovers Pip on Christmas morning. What can they see, hear, smell, and feel?

3. Continue the story: what happens when Pip meets their new lifelong friend?

4. Write a conversation between Pip and the child. Stage magic is only a trick, but real magick is a very different thing. It can only belong to the good and wise. How does Pip teach the child what to do?

5. Create your own magical star crew. Who belongs to it, what is their special name, and what adventures do they have?

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Ages 11-14

Poem: Apple Pip Star

A sweet Apple Pip Star from Heaven fell,
Meeting magick as an old friend well,
To become a kitten caterpillar,
Friendly fluff-ball Christmas stocking filler.

Winter's eve was her welcome mat,
Winter's wind warmed to plushest velvet hat,
As glowing pom-pom cat-erpillar fell,
Purring out Magick's faery story-tell.

Dreaming in butterfly wing soft glitter,
Looping a lyrical flutter-flitter,
Dusk proud-lingered as rose-water river,
Soaking up the frosty land's snow-shiver.

Blushed snowball clouds piled in air mountains high,
Apple rosy, sing a sweet lullaby,
As cat-erpillar down a chimney flew,
Wished there by a child feeling Christmas-blue.

Pip weaved candied flames heating heart and home,
Pip weaved wood-smoke bubbling as frothy-foam,
Into Christmassy bon-bon sugared air,
Savouring cinnamon scents with spice-flair.

Kitty-Pip Star zoomed, a ribbon of light,
Around the lit tree to the faery-bright,
A merry keeper of magical glow,
Protector of cat-erpillar mellow.

This protective motherly Fay did fly,
With our newborn pip-star to stocking's tie,
Tucked Pip in with a magical sleep kiss,
Sealing dreams until present time in bliss.

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Story Starter: Apple Pip Star

Within the velvety folds of spacetime, lives a constellation of Apple Pip Stars. Now, I know what you're thinking, they must be large. Stars compared to planets are vast. True. That is usually true. Yet this is the realm of the Faery Godmother, her nebula within the expanse of the universe. Pip stars are small, teeny tiny in fact. They are about the size of an apple pip and that is why she arranged them in apple cores in a star shape. One Christmas day, long ago, I found one. She was as warm as a freshly baked bun with aroma of cinnamon and giggling as a kitten purrs. Yet Pip was more than a nano powder fluff, and soon relaxed into a longer caterpillar form, as wiggly as she was giggly. Eyes bright, she glanced into my face and smiled the biggest tiny smile in the universe. That was the day I found out something new, that I was born an Apple Pip Star too; I was born as a creative spark of pure heart. That was the day it all began, my lifelong adventure with the loveliest Pip.

Writing Prompts

1. The narrator discovers they are an Apple Pip Star. What might this mean, and how could it change their life?

2. Describe the constellation of Apple Pip Stars. Does it stay still, or move around as a sky-dance? Does it sing?

3. Continue the story: what is the narrator's first adventure with Pip?

4. Write a scene in which the narrator protects Pip in the human world. Use imagery with the five senses and emotions!

5. Explore the idea of a "creative spark of pure heart." What does it mean to be creative, kind, and brave? Why do these qualities make a good storybook hero?

6. Create a new piece of magical lore about the Faery Godmother, her nebula, or the Apple Pip Stars.

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Ages 14-16

Poem: Apple Pip Star

The Apple Pip Star nebula snow-glows,
Asteria's starlight magic halos,
A dwarf star concentrated in a pip,
Pips so tiny ten fit in a rain drip.

One day a special Apple Pip Star fell,
Meeting magick as an old friend well,
Morphing to a kitten caterpillar,
Friendly fluff-ball Christmas stocking filler!

Winter's tide was a soothing salve and flow,
Winter's wind warmed to cosset the pip-glow,
As shining pom-pom cat-erpillar fell,
Purring Magick's 'faery-lore tell' so well.

Dreaming in butterfly wing soft glitter,
Looping a lyrical flutter-flitter,
Dusk proud-lingered as rose-water river,
Soaking up the frosty land's snow-shiver.

Blushed snowball clouds piled Everest high,
Apple rosy, singing sweet lullaby,
As cat-erpillar down a chimney flew,
Wished close by a child feeling Christmas-blue.

Pip weaved candied flames heating heart and home,
Pip weaved wood-smoke bubbling as frappe-foam,
Into Christmassy bon-bon sugared air,
Savouring cinnamon scents with spice-flair.

Kitty-Pip Star zoomed, a ribbon of light,
Around the lit tree to the faery-bright,
A merry keeper of magical glow,
Protector of cat-erpillar mellow.

As protective mother the Fay did fly,
With the newborn pip-star to stocking tie,
Tucked Pip in with a magical sleep kiss,
Sealing dreams until present time in bliss.

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Story Starter: Apple Pip Star

Within the velvety folds of spacetime, lives a constellation of little Pip Stars. Now, I know what you're thinking, "They must be enormous!" Stars, compared to planets, are vast almost beyond human comprehension. Not Pip Stars. Each has the same power, but condensed and cooled. I will tell you more when you can teach cats advanced calculus, until then, take it as read. For in the Asteria realm of the Faery Godmother, within the Lion-Head nebula, the rules of physics are a malleable magick, a molten flow of possibilities. Pip stars are, as the name suggests, the actual size of an apple pip. What? How? Um. Let me think of an easy explanation.

Atoms are mostly nothing at all. Quarks appear and vanish. Photons can be particles or waves. So, be good little primates and open your minds to the marvellous from beyond your imagination. The Asteria are as numerous as stars, as numerous as the daisy flower, as many as the apple cores with their five-pip star. They run faery lore. Christmas is one of their 'love parades'. Only to the good do they give aid. Anyhow, anyway, while it is still today, back to our story. This faery tale takes place one momentous Christmas day at nearly dawn, in a moment that was a pip-squeak of a yawn. A human preparing apple sauce found one — snuggling in a sweet golden delicious…

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Writing Prompts

1. Continue the story from the moment the Pip Star is found inside the golden delicious apple. What happens next?

2. Explain how Pip Stars can be tiny yet contain the power of a star. You can blend scientific ideas with imaginative fantasy or simply have fun being creative. Non-sense makes wonderful fiction too!

3. Create a detailed description of the Lion-Head nebula and the Asteria realm. Include its magical lore, one that creates faery tales and makes Christmas magick!

4. Write a dialogue between the narrator and a character who refuses to believe in Pip Stars. How do they react when Pip greets them?

5. Explore the phrase “Only to the good do they give aid.” What is goodness? What does "goodness" do within society and why is it important?

6. Rewrite the scene from the Pip Star’s point of view. What does it feel like to be discovered?

7. Write a short continuation using the same playful, questioning narrator’s voice.

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