

The Kippy Gazette

I Want to Linger...A Little Longer, a Little Longer Here With You

Farewell to First Session:

Final banquet was held last night as bunk plaques were presented, food was shared, awards were given and camp was together for the best meal of the summer. Congratulations to everyone for their achievements and wonderful presence at Kippewa this summer. We will see you next year!



Riddle:

What two keys can't open any doors?

Jokes:

What do you get when you cross a karate expert with a pig?

What do you get when you cross a fish with an elephant?

Color War started with a bang this year as the OCs presented the Hippy versus Warrior theme. The Hippies put up a great fight but it was the Warriors who took away the win in the end. Great fun was had by all.

War and Peace: Color War 2011



Camp Life: Interviews by Eliza Grossman

Name: Dani el I a Gl adstei nn / Bunk: Pi ne Knol I

Q: How many years have you gone to Kippewa?

A: 1 year

Q: What is your favorite activity at Kippewa and why?

A: Ceramics because its fun and I like making things with clay.

Q: What is the best thing that has happened to you at camp?

A: Going on the rave for the first time. I got pushed off and it was really fun.

If I Were the motherload....

"I sparkle brightly, catching everyone's attention passing by. Wet grass shines with the morning dew, making my golden cover damp." - Eva Wiener

"I'm the Motherload. It was kinda funny being hid in a grill. Even they couldn't find me. When they found me they were screaming and being happy. My sister is worthless. I was the most rare. I was so bored I slept. I woke to the sound of screaming and crying.



Suddenly, some hands lifted me up out of the grill." — Sophia Lee

"From every which way I hear 'Do you see it?' 'Where is it,' or 'These maps don't work!' They want me

and I know it. I feel special, like I can make someone's day. All of a sudden, someone picks me up." - Izzy Goldberg

Unicorns

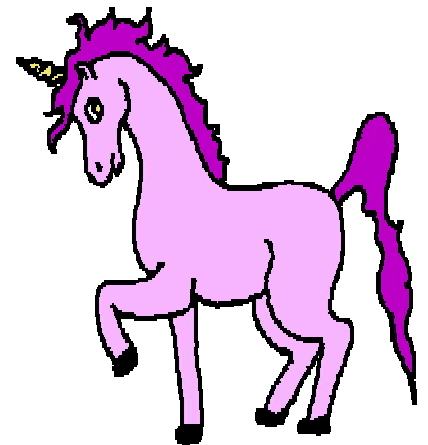
A Poem by Layla Passman and Grace Dunleavy

Its eyes sparkle like pink diamonds.

Its shiny horn brings out its magical self.

All the other pegasuses want to trade their wings for a horn.

Its complex enigma of dreams, hope, wonder and rainbows.



How I Came to Kippewa

By Eva Wiener

At the airport, I said goodbye to my dad. "I'll see you in a month!" I said to him as I walked to the plane. "I love you!" he said. "I love you too!" I said, fighting off tears. I turned back and walked into the plane. I quickly found my seat. It was right at the back of the plane next to a pretty teenage girl and her dad. "Hi," I said, nervously. "My name is Eva." The girl smiled. "My name is Lela," she said. "And this is my dad." "Are you traveling alone?" he asked. "Yeah," I answered. "I'm going to a sleepaway camp." "Cool," Lela said. "Do you live here?" "Yeah," I said. "Where are you going?" "We're going to visit our cousins," her dad said. "Where is your camp in Boston?" "It's in Maine," I answered. "Camp Kippewa." Over the course of the five hour plane ride, we talked, read magazines and slept. Finally, the plane landed. "We have arrived in Boston," the speaker announced. "Please keep your seatbelts buckled until the plane stops completely." "Bye Eva," Lela and her dad said. After everyone got off the plane, I walked down the aisle. All over the floor were remains of candy and food from the other sleepaway camp on the plane.

A Poem by Camila Perez

Live ,LOVE ,LAUGH.
Three amazing emotions that you get to have. Live is for freedom, peace and no war. Love is for hugs and kisses and very much more. Laugh is for parties, giggles and smiles. Live, love, laugh. Three amazing emotions that fill up your heart.

A Day In The Life Of : Selena Gomez

By Sarajane Vilardi

I wake up in the morning. I go to Wizard's of Waverly Place. We like to joke a lot and today I played a prank on Jake. He almost peed his pants. It was so funny until he got me back after practice. I got to see Justin. We go to the movies and lunch. He's so sweet. After that I go to our photo shoot for my new clothing line "Dream Out Loud" at K-Mart. And last but not least to end my day off I do a concert and now I'm on a tour bus going all over the place.

Create Your Own...Country ?!

Campers were asked to create their own countries and here is what they came up with:

Hanneland by G. Hannelius

The country of Hanneland contains a population of around 30,000. The people of Hanneland are called Hanneliators. They have an olive complexion and have dirty blonde hair. They are all females and they produce children asexually, though of course, they do flirt with males. They often visit Izzyopolous to go on dates and hang out with the males there. Hanneliators wear clothing made from widely popular material in Hanneland called gotten. Hanneland is a monarchy and is ruled by the beautiful, strong and amazing G. Hannelius. In 1597, Hanneland fought a brutal war with Izzyopolous. Hanneland's army, G-Force, won the battle and both countries are now allies. Hanneliators enjoy eating chocolate cake. They usually have it for every meal, and on special occasions they will have getables, including carrots, celery and tomatoes. Hanneland's wildlife is small; the only animals that roam the land are dogs, butterflies and

Genevievors. Genevievors are a type of unicorn that use their horns to transport the people of Hanneland. They can carry around 50,000—80,000 people on their horn. The Genevievors move at the speed of light and transport the Hanneliators wherever they wish to go. Every Hanneliator is assigned a Genevievor at birth to help them out. Hanneland is surrounded by a large ocean called Epic G. It contains no fish or seaweed. Just pure gorgeous water. Hanneland is truly the most beautiful place on earth. Come visit today!

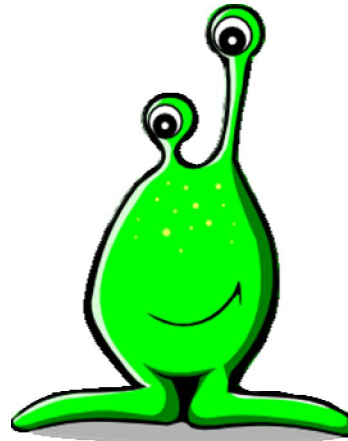
Izzyopolous by Izzy Goldberg

My country is called Izzyopolous. Izzyopolous was founded by our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts and uncles together in May 20, 2012. The people in Izzyopolous are formally called "Izzonians." They usually waterski, dance or play field hockey. But Izzonians usually sleep all day. And at night they go to the parties across the lake with the

Hanneliators. Everybody has a heart of gold and everyone recycles and throws away trash. The clothes in Izzyopolous are very

high fashion. People either get their clothes from Izzy-Izzy Jacobs, Izzystorms or Sugarlips. All of the other countries take note of fashion to bring it to their country. Izzyopolous politics is a democracy. In court, people have rights because our ruler, Izzy Goldberg, believes that all people have the same rights as other people do. Izzyopolous is famously known for their food. Pasta, ice cream,

cookies, melon, chicken and chocolate are various foods that are very popular in Izzyopolous. Izzyopolous is the famous creator of many fruit collaborations such as the m@lange (melon and orange), the plumple (mix of plum and apple), and grabana (mix of a grapefruit and a banana). Izzyopolous is a very fascinating country as you can see. Izzonians suggest that you should visit their land. Just go to Izzyopolous.com to find out more.



Camp Poll:

What Job Would You Rather Have in a Circus?

(48 people were asked)

Clown: 5

Ring Master: 8

Trapeze Artist: 23

Lion Tamer: 12

"Cause Baby You're a Firework...Go and Show Them What You're Worth"

4th of July by Abby Snyder

Some people like the fireworks. Some aim to snag a "Cobbo-hottie" (although in my opinion, there are none). But whatever your reason, everyone loves the 4th of July. I'm not going to state the obvious—we had dinner (I loved dessert), we played games/dance, we all know that. Oh oops—I just stated the obvious. Sorry about that! What I'm going to talk about now is the best part of the night—the fireworks. I personally liked the fireworks that went off and then the tips exploded too. Do you know what I'm talking about? Anyway, those were cool! I'm very proud to say that this year I didn't have to plug my ears. Although you gotta admit, they were pretty loud, weren't they? Now personally, I think that we all got gussied up (I love that phrase—gussied up!) for nothing—I mean seriously, we showered, brushed our hair for longer than usual, dressed nicer, put on makeup—which was really all for nothing! It was dark for most of the time and do boys REALLY notice that? Don't get me wrong, I love looking pretty as much as the next girl but only when someone will actually NOTICE! It's different if you have a guy at Cobbossee that you like and likes you back, but how many of us does that actually apply to? It can't hurt to make a good impression though. For the happiness of all you readers (and me too) lets hope that our next social is an ice cream social. And Ginger and Steve, I hope you're reading this...



Polar and the Unicorn

A Story by Zoe Nelms

Chapter 1: The air was cool on Polar's fur. Lily nudged him. "Just do it, Polar! We're not gonna hurt you." She tossed her mane over her back, her tail swinging. Slowly Polar walked over to the dark cave. A slumped body lay on the earthy floor. She nudged it with her large furry paw. Its eyes opened, crystal blue and wide. Instantly it sprang up. It was huge, cream white with a long silver horn. A unicorn. The beautiful creature raised its head. "What do you need?" the unicorn hissed, her tail swinging. "I wanted to warn you. Humans are coming!" Polar told her. She glanced at Lily. The unicorn pawed the ground. "Let's go." Quickly the threesome clomped off, leaving the pure white moon and fiery campfire for the humans, who were yet to come.

Chapter 2-Polar Meets the Lithuanians: They had found shelter just barely and it was colder than the evening. Unicorns silky coat was slick with dirt. She sniffed the salty air. "Humans are close," she told Polar and Lily, but both looked anxious. "What? She said, tersely. "We have time." The three animals tried to sleep but worry creased Polar's face. What if the humans found them? Polar got up. "Well, I should at least do something useful," she thought crossly. Polar picked berries and cold, fresh fish. A twig broke. "Hello? Polar whispered. She turned around quickly. Standing there were two women. Polar had the urge to roar but as she scrutinized them further, she noticed they weren't at all human. Their skin was pale, wrinkled green. Their eyes insanely huge. Their hair was ink black and

one braid fell down their backs. The two women stepped forward. "Hello?" Polar repeated, dropping the fish from her fangs. It flopped around urgently until one of the girls rushed over and plopped the brilliant gold fish back in the water. "Hello," the girl said carefully, like the words were strangling her pointed, soft pink tongue. "I am Lilla and this is Qutanio," the odd woman said. The other waved. "Call me Q," Qutanio said softly. Polar pawed the dirt. She lifted her head feeling guilty. "I am Polar," Polar said. The two women giggled feverishly high, awaking Unicorn and Lily. The two bounded over. Unicorn glared expectantly at Polar. Polar realized that she was indicating that Polar should say who they were. "Uni, this is...Uni?" Unicorn smirked. Polar rolled her defined sea blue eyes and continued talking. "This is Q and Lilla," Polar said. "Are they humans?" Unicorn spat. "No!" Polar growled. Lily gave Polar a sympathetic smile. We are Lithuanians, the ancient word for 'lizard people,'" Q spoke up. "We are hiding from the humans." Polar and Uni glanced at each other. Maybe they weren't alone after all.

Chapter 3: The air was colder as Polar slept. Q and Lilla were prowling around. All that Polar dreamt of was fish and humans with knives. In the morning, Uni was gone. Polar first noticed when she was catching breakfast. "Uni, morning," Polar called out. Uni didn't answer. Polar laughed. "I know you're there, Uni." Again, Uni didn't answer. Polar sniffed the salty air. She

couldn't smell Uni's scent in the forest. She broke into cold sweat. Polar grabbed some fat, juicy blackberries, pierced them with her teeth and wrote a faint message in the dirt:

Q, Lilla, Lily, I'm going to look for Uni, she's missing. -Polar

Then Polar bounded off, hoping for a miracle. It got colder and colder as Polar kept running. Snow started to fall. Her teeth began to chatter. "Uni!" Polar screamed. She niffed the air. She suddenly smelt a buttery, sugary smell. The scent of Uni. Polar clawed the snow, the smell becoming stronger and stronger as she sent deeper. Polar gasped. Buried in snow was a hinged door. And she smell of Uni burned her nostrils. Polar used her thick, furry paws to pry open the door. She tumbled down a dark, deep door. She landed on a damp, cold floor. A passageway. Polar looked around. Uni wasn't there. Polar was another door and bounded towards it. She pushed open the heavy door and gasped. To her wide eyes she saw a huge room. People in lab coats bustled about, writing on pieces of paper and stirring tall glasses of strange liquids. And in the middle of it all was Unicorn. She was sitting in a glass box, her proud smile gone. Her horn was slightly leaning to the side. Tubes and wires were placed around her waist. Polar roared, her body shaking....

To Be Cont'd

Stranded

By Julia Lehman

"Get in!" urged the lifeguard standing near me. I dipped the tip of my toe into the icy water of Lake Cobbosseecontee and shivered. I would rather face the sun, which was getting warmer every moment, than the freezing lake. Just as I was starting to brace myself, I felt hands on my back and I tumbled into the deep blue water.

I surfaced, blinking out water from my eyes and spitting it out of my mouth. One of my friends stood on the dock, giggling and waving. I playfully splashed her, my teeth chattering. She jumped in, sending waves out everywhere. I swam out to one of the floating docks and grabbed on, trying to warm up a little. She followed me, splashing crazily and for a little, I splashed her back. Then I gave up the battle and swam to the Rave. She didn't follow me.

I squinted up to the sky, where the sun was hiding behind a cloud. I lost track of time as I lay on my back, watching as the clouds got bigger and blacker. The trampoline beneath me shook more and more and bounced with the current. The air got colder and colder. I hear shouts around me but ignored them. Then a whistle blew and I started. "Come in! There's a storm!" the lifeguards were shouting. I dove off the Rave and started swimming back. After only a few strokes, the waves started pushing me back. The harder I pushed, the harder the lake pulled back. One of the lifeguards jumped into the water with some flotation things and I clung desperately to the ladder on the Rave, coughing out water. Looking up, I saw a huge wave towering over me. It crashed down on my head and then all I saw was black.

When I woke up, thunder and lightning was all around me. I was covered in sand and soaked to the bone. The only reason I was still alive was my lifejacket. I raised my head

and looked over the lake. Through the rain, I could see the camp on the other side. I groaned and crawled over to the trees, where it was somewhat dry. I ached all over, but especially in my stomach. I didn't know what time it was, but I hadn't eaten in ages. After a while, I stood up and stretched. I blinked the water out of my eyes and wrung out some of my bathing suit. I considered my options; I could swim back to Kippewa but I would probably get either caught in the current again or too tired to go on, so I would just end up exactly where I was now. I could also try to stay here and find a source of food. I chose the second option.

I walked through the bushes for about 30 seconds, making sure to mark a trail behind me. Just as it got hard to see, I spotted a mulberry bush. I fell on top of it, grabbing every berry I could reach and stuffing it into my mouth. When the bush was empty I saw back, my belly sort of full. Wanting to keep busy so I couldn't worry, I walked back to the beach, gathering sticks on the way back. The large branches I used to make a lean-to tied with long grass and the twigs were used to prepare a fire. Happy, I sat back and looked at my work.

Then my shoulders slumped. I had a half-full stomach that would be hungry in another hour, a lean-to that was going to cave in any second, a fire that I had no way of lighting, and no way of signaling to the camp. Worst of all, I was tired and dirty and all I really wanted was to curl up in a warm bed in a cozy cabin on the other side of the lake. I wouldn't even mind getting yelled at by a counselor. I lay down on the sand and sighed, letting the rain run down my face. I closed my eyes and began to drift into slumber...

Then my eyes snapped back open. I couldn't just lie here and sleep! What if the storm ended and people came to

look for me? How were they ever going to find me? I stood and knocked down my fire and lean-to. I piled all of the sticks on top of the other until I ran out of sticks. Then I plunged into the forest and got more and more and kept on piling them on top of each other. When the pile got too tall for me to reach, I climbed the tree that was right next to it and kept on adding sticks. I went on until I was balancing on top of the tree and I could hardly reach the top. After that, I went back to the bottom of the stack and made it thicker and thicker and thicker. Now I had a huge wall out of sticks, which I was sure the staff could see if they were looking. I built a little hole into one of the front parts and curled up inside, able to see all over the lake. I waited for a long time there in my little hole until I started to get cramps. Just when I was going to get out and stretch, the rain stopped and the sun started to get brighter. If I looked hard, I could see little figures on the docks climbing onto boats. I sprang out of my hole and started climbing the wall. When I got to the top, I stood up and waved and shouted. Two of the four boats veered straight towards me and the other two caught on after a few seconds. They hit the beach and about ten people in total climbed out. Ginger, Steve and one of my bunk counselors were there, along with seven lifeguards and other staff. They all attacked me with bowls of food and towels and somehow in all of the rush, I got pulled onto a boat and driven across the lake, where all of my friends were waiting. That night as I climbed into bed, I thanked the world that I was on the Kippewa side of the lake, safe and warm.