

ADVENTURE COMES IN MANY SHAPES.  
THIS ONE'S EXTRA CHONKY



# WIZARDS OF THE CHONK



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# WIZARDS OF THE CHONK



By Juan Somma

## CHAPTER 1

Ronnie the Raccoon was built for hoarding. Short legs, sharp claws and a black-ringed tail that was always twitching.

His backpack sagged and his pockets bulged. His eyes sparkled like every object in the world belonged to him.

Ronnie was dragging a vending machine across the streets, clearly struggling. It screeched. It rattled. It towered three times his size as he yanked it through the alley like it was a personal shopping bag.



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“Mine, mine, mine,” he muttered, hopping over a gutter.

He almost stomped a bystander squirrel flat.

“Hey, watch it!” the squirrel barked.

“Get your own vending machine,” Ronnie shot back, dragging harder.

Around the next corner, the vending machine clipped a pile of crates, knocking them over with a crash.

A small mouse tumbled out, stuck in a rusty old mousetrap, clamped onto his tail.

Ronnie raised an eyebrow. “What are you doing in that?”

“Long story,” the mouse winced. “Could you...?”

Ronnie sighed, dropped the vending machine, and carefully pried the trap open.

The mouse flexed his tail and rubbed it. “Thanks. Most would’ve walked past.”

“Yeah, well, you were blocking my route.”

The mouse chuckled. “Hi, I’m Manny. You know... I’ve seen you around, you’re impressive.”



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Ronnie's ears perked up. "Finally, someone notices."

"I've seen hoarders, thieves, collectors... but you... you're relentless. You keep dragging things even when you can't carry them."

"Why would I stop? The more I get, the more I want. It's how the cookie crumbles. Ooh, I should get some cookies next!"

The mouse leaned on his cane, a crooked, worn wooden thing, more style than support, like a gentleman who refused to give it up... "Listen kiddo, I know someone who might help you."

"Great, Help me find more?" Ronnie's eyes lit up.

"Not quite, but he'll help you get what you truly want."

"Oh, perfect. Who's that?"

"You need to find the Red Panda."

Ronnie squinted. "The what now?"

- "The Red Panda!"

"Is that even a thing?"

- "Oh, It's very much a thing."



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“Okay, great, I’ll go. Where is he?”

I can’t tell you everything, but I can point you in the right direction.

“I need more; are you sure this... blue panda...”

-Red!

...Whatever, this Red panda guy, will help me find more?

He will give you everything you need ...





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## CHAPTER 2

Ronnie the Raccoon didn't slow down. He was on a mission now.

Boots too big, scarf flapping dramatically, like he thought he was in an action movie, and his backpack stuffed to bursting with snacks from the vending machine, bags of chips, candy bars, soda cans poking out at odd angles.

He crashed through bushes, tripped over logs, and kept moving forward like momentum alone would solve his life.

The path led him to the Misty Bridge, a crooked, floating wooden bridge half-shrouded in silver fog, swaying over nothing but mist.

Guarding the entrance was a French bulldog. Stocky. Grumpy. One ear flipped the wrong way. He leaned casually against the post like he'd been waiting for years.

"No one crosses the bridge without passing the trial," the bulldog grunted.

Ronnie squared up. "What is it? A riddle? A duel? Some kind of obstacle course? A snack-eating contest?"

The bulldog snapped his paw.



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Out hopped a small colourful frog with shimmering, hypnotic eyes. The frog's skin practically glowed.

The frog croaked softly:  
"Lick me."

Ronnie Blinked twice. "...what?"

The frog bobbed.  
"Lick me."

Ronnie looked at the bulldog.  
"Okay, Ha ha, but seriously. What's the actual trial?"

"That's it," the bulldog said flatly. "You lick the frog."

Ronnie grimaced. "Yeah, see, that's not happening. I'm not licking a random frog. That's unhygienic. That's weird."

- "Then you're not crossing the bridge."

The frog croaked again, louder.  
"Lick me."

Ronnie took a step back. "No, see, this is weird. This is a weird thing you're asking me to do. I don't just... this isn't normal."

The frog's chant grew rhythmic.  
"Lick me. Lick me. Lick me."



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Ronnie pointed a claw. “Is this some kind of prank? Is there a camera? Is someone sketching this behind a rock? Am I gonna end up on a public scroll somewhere? ‘Hey look, the raccoon licked a frog!’”

The bulldog shrugged. “We all made our choices.”

The frog’s chant pulsed faster.  
“Lick me. Lick me. Lick me. Lick me.”

Ronnie sighed. “I’ve licked worse. Once I licked mustard off a parking meter. I’m not proud of that, but this... this feels wrong.”

–“Lick me. Lick me. Lick me.”

Ronnie hesitated. He circled the frog. He sniffed.  
“This isn’t even a clean frog. He’s been sitting here all day. It smells like a wet towel soaked in pickle juice, inside a gym bag.”

The bulldog crossed his arms and yawned. “You know you’re going to do it.”

The chant echoed in the mist.  
“Lick me. Lick me. Lick me. Lick me. Lick me.”

Ronnie sighed. “Fine. You want me to lick the frog? I’ll lick the frog.”

He leaned in, tongue out.



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Closer.

Closer.

So close he could see his own reflection in the frog's wet eyes.

"Lick me. Lick me. Lick me."

His tongue touched the frog's skin. A tiny, wet, pop sound.

Nothing.

Silence.

The bulldog stared at him, stone-faced.

Ronnie blinked. "There"

"Whoa, I can't believe you licked the frog man! I... you... you actually licked the frog dude! That's nuts!"

- "Wait, what? What now?"

The frog pulled out a red lollipop and started licking it.

The bulldog chuckled.

- "That's it? That's the whole thing?" Asked Ronnie.

"Yep."



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- "...that's the trial?"

"Sure is."

The frog bobbed gently, blushed and smiled.  
"Thank you."

Ronnie furiously wiped his tongue on his scarf.  
"Gross. Gross. Gross. That was disgusting. No one's actually done that before?"

The bulldog shrugged. "First time."

- "Wait, seriously? No one?"

"Most people just... walk away."

- "Great..." said Ronnie.

Nice to meet you I'm Bernie and this is my pal Fritzzy,  
say hi Fritzzy!

Fritzzy croaked softly. "It's gonna hit."

"Oh yeah, It's gonna hit" Said Bernie.

- "What's gonna hit?"

And then, it hit.

Ronnie's pupils exploded into giant, dilated, black disks. His scarf floated.



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His backpack snapped open, snacks hovering around him like satellites. Colours stretched. Sounds melted. Gravity gave up. His feet floated off the ground. The bridge expanded and curled like a ribbon, its ropes glowing with shifting patterns.

Bernie the bulldog's voice echoed from every direction.  
"Yeah, it hit."

Ronnie's own voice boomed around him.  
"I REGRET NOTHING!"

Shapes and colours folded into each other, the mist parting to reveal a winding path that hadn't existed before.

Bernie stepped calmly onto the glowing bridge.  
"Well, our job's done. You mind if we come with you? Feels like the fun's moving in your direction."

Ronnie, still slightly floating, grinned.  
"Yeah, fine. But you're not getting any of my snacks. They're mine, mine, mine."

Fritzzy hopped next to him.  
"Lick me."

Ronnie glared. "Not happening."

Bernie smirked. "Give it time."



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Ronnie adjusted his scarf and started across the bridge.

“Alright, newly founded team... I guess. Let’s go find... whatever this is.”

## Chapter 3

Ronnie the Raccoon, Bernie the Bulldog and Fritzzy the Frog stumbled off the Misty Bridge and straight into a winding, overgrown path.

As the trio reached the end of the winding path and stood in front of a huge tower with a giant, ancient wooden door carved with strange symbols.

Ronnie stared at it. “So... do we knock or...?”

Bernie knocked.  
Nothing.

Ronnie knocked louder.  
Nothing.

Fritzzy tried.  
Still nothing.

Ronnie tugged the handle. Locked.

“Well, obviously it’s locked,” Bernie muttered.

Ronnie sighed. “Classic. Big door, no instructions. I hate puzzles.”



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Bernie pointed his paw towards a sign with glowing letters carved across the top of the door:  
“Only the sharpest insult shall open me. Hit me where it hurts.”

Ronnie’s eyes lit up. “Oh, hehe. well... Finally. A door with standards.”

Bernie smirked. “An insult contest? I like this door already.”

Fritzy twirled his lollipop. “But what if we actually hurt its feelings?”

Ronnie shrugged. “That’s the goal.”

Suddenly, a cat called out from the side, slouched on a rock.  
“Don’t bother. I’ve been here for hours. It doesn’t open.”

Ronnie squinted. “Yeah? What’ve you tried?”

The cat yawned. “You know...stupid door, dummy door, old plank... the classics.”

The door rumbled. “Predictable. I am not amused.”

Bernie stepped up.  
“oh, a talking door! I’ve seen wet cardboard with more backbone.”



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Silence.

Fritzy tried.

“You creak like an un-greased shopping cart at a yard sale.”

Nothing.

Ronnie cracked his knuckles. “Okay, warm-up round.”

“You soggy slab. You jelly-legged biscuit-muncher.”

Silence.

“You gravy-muncher flap-wobbler.”

Nothing.

Ronnie grinned. “Fine. You want real disrespect?”

Ronnie squared up, cracked his neck, took a breath, and fired off without stopping:

“You soggy slab noodle-humper gravy-muncher flap-wobbler biscuit-slapper muffin-fumbler butter-scrambler pudding-snatcher blubber-thumper dumpling-bouncer custard-wiggler sausage-juggler pancake-flicker bagel-tumbler turnip-slapper cabbage-flopper fritter-wobbler jelly-popper walking Dumpster”

The final insult echoed through the clearing, loud.



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ridiculous, and devastating.

Suddenly, with a sharp click, the massive door creaked open.

Standing in the doorway, leaning casually against the frame, was a Zebra.

Her black and white stripes were immaculate. Her eyes half-lidded with just the right amount of sass.

She looked the group up and down, pursed her lips, and said,

“Well damn, finally. Took y’all long enough. That door’s been gagged waiting for that insult.”

Ronnie blinked. “Who are you?”

She flicked her tail, stepping aside with a dramatic sweep.

“Name’s Zazie Zebra. I handle the door, I handle the drama, and baby” she smirked, “I handle everything around here Mmhmm.”

The crew hesitated.

Zazie raised an eyebrow. “Oh, don’t just stand there, loves. Work it, get inside before I close it again. Chop-chop!”

Ronnie chuckled as they stepped through. “She’s intense.”



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Bernie whispered, "I like her."

Zazie winked. "Course you do, darling. Who wouldn't? come on in, who you seek is at the end of the hall."

As they stepped inside and walked through the long corridor, Ronnie spun around. "What did you think of my style?"

Bernie whistled. "You roasted that door straight into compost."

Fritzy laughed. "That door's gonna have trust issues now."

The cat smirked. "Fine. You win, I'm Chippy by the way."

Ronnie puffed his chest. "I. Always do. Ronnie. This is Bernie and Fritzy."

After Bumping Paws, Ronnie crossed his arms. "Why are you here?"

Chippy flicked her tail. "The Red Panda has answers. I've got questions."

- "Like what?"

"Like why socks always disappear in the laundry."



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Ronnie's scarf flicked. "Big question."

Zazie bowed and let them in. "Take the stairs, please."

They stepped inside and climbed the spiral staircase to find the Red Panda waiting calmly in a huge red couch.

The Red Panda leaned on his staff. "You found the way. Very few do."

Ronnie crossed his arms again with pride. "You weren't expecting me hehe."

"Not specifically. But I was expecting someone."

"Are you the Red Panda?" Ronnie asked.

The Red Panda looked over the group. "No, I'm Batman. Of course, I am The Red Panda! So... What do you all want?"

Chippy the cat smiled. "I want answers." I need direction."

Bernie asked, "Direction for what?"

Chippy's gaze sharpened. "I want to stop chasing everything. I want to know where I'm actually supposed to go."



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Fritzy added, "I want to find my people. I want a place to belong to."

Bernie said, "I want something to chase and something worth sticking around for."

The Red Panda turned to Ronnie. "And you?"

Ronnie grinned. "I want more."

- "More of what?"

"More snacks. More trinkets. More... everything."

Bernie raised a brow. "More isn't always better."

Ronnie shrugged. "It's better for me."

The Red Panda's grin sharpened. "Then you're all after the same thing. What you're looking for... is the Chonk."

They exchanged glances.  
Together: "The Chonk?"

Ronnie patted his belly. "I already have enough Chonk."

Bernie smirked. "There's never enough Chonk."

Ronnie grinned. "Actually, you're right. There's never enough Chonk."



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The Red Panda's gaze turned serious. "You'll find the Chonk on the trail beyond this tower. But beware... the Chonk, as mighty as it is, is not easily claimed. It is guarded by a dangerous, hungry wolf."

Chippy the cat's ears flicked. "A wolf?"

Bernie's tail bristled. "The Chonk must be serious."

Ronnie's eyes gleamed. "Now I really need it."

The Red Panda's voice softened. "The Chonk is exactly what you need. But you won't understand it until you reach it."

Ronnie tightened his backpack. "We'll see."

The group turned and stepped onto the next trail, the real journey ahead.



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## CHAPTER 4

The group followed the path the Red Panda had pointed out, weaving through crooked trees and sunlit clearings. The air buzzed with curiosity as they talked about what the Chonk could actually be.

Ronnie tugged at his backpack. “I still say it’s gotta be a treasure. Something big. Chonky. Like, maximum chonk.”

Bernie snorted. “Maybe it’s not a thing. Maybe it’s a... feeling.”

Ronnie frowned. “Feelings don’t sound like something I can collect.”

Fritzy hummed. “Maybe you’ll find out.”

The path curved and suddenly stopped. They faced a massive chasm, wide and deep, wrapped in heavy fog.

Ronnie skidded to a stop. “Oh, come on. Seriously?”

Bernie kicked a pebble. It tumbled into the mist and never made a sound. “Well, that’s terrifying.”

Fritzy leaned over the edge. “Doesn’t look like anyone’s crossed here in a long time.”

Ronnie grumbled. “Okay, so... we can’t jump it. We can’t walk it. Anyone got wings?”



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A voice chimed in lazily.  
“Not big enough wings to get you across.”

They turned to see a butterfly perched on a mossy log, fluttering her delicate wings.

Ronnie waved. “Hey, you look like you can fly.”

The butterfly rolled her eyes. “Yeah, but not across that monster gap. My wings are for gliding, not... launching expeditions.”

Ronnie crossed his arms. “Perfect. So we’re stuck.”

The butterfly smirked. “Maybe not. I know someone. A crow. Flies higher than anyone I’ve seen. She might help.”

Bernie perked up. “Where can we find her?”

The butterfly shrugged. “She hangs out at the old cedar tree. But she doesn’t help for free. She likes clever trades.”

Ronnie grinned. “I’ve got snacks. Everyone likes snacks. What’s your name little fella?”

“I’m Bloaty Butterfly, lovely to meet you guys.”

They set off, found the old cedar, and Bloaty screamed “Mrs. Creamy Buns!”



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Ronnie looked at his friends with disbelief: “Creamy Buns?”

Soon enough the crow swooped down, flapping her black wings sharp against the sky.

The crow eyed them. “I’m Mrs. Creamy Buns. What’s your offer?”

Ronnie dug into his backpack and offered a perfectly wrapped snack cake.

Mrs. Creamy Buns fluffed her feathers. “You’re lucky I like snack cakes, I will scout you to the other side.”

Mrs. Creamy Buns soared above the fog, scanned the far edge, and returned. “There’s a stable path, but you can’t see it from here. I’ll guide you.”

Following Mrs. Creamy Buns’ directions, the group carefully crossed, step by step, over hidden stones and narrow ledges wrapped in mist.

When they reached the other side, Ronnie exhaled. “Okay, good. I did not pack a backup plan.”

Mrs. Creamy Buns landed beside them. “You’ll need me again. I’ll stick around.”

Bloaty fluttered over. “Looks like I’m in too. This is way more fun than hovering around tree stumps.”



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The team grew, their path now clear, the hunt for the Chonk was pulling them forward.

Ronnie adjusted his scarf. “Let’s keep going. I need that Chonk.”

And together, they pressed on.



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## CHAPTER 5

Our friends pushed forward, following Mrs. Creamy Buns' lead until they reached a lively clearing, buzzing with voices.

As the team stepped into the clearing, they froze. Five strangers were arguing around a scratched-up dirt map: a fox, a panda bear, his twin polar bear, a sloth, and a horse.

The fox turned first, grinning wide.  
“Well, well, well look who finally chonked their way here.”

Ronnie's ears twitched. “Wait. You know about the Chonk?”

The fox smirked. “Know about it? I've been chonk-hunting since I could walk.”

The bear brothers rumbled, arms crossed.  
“We've waited our whole Chonkin' life for this.”

The sloth raised a slow, shaky finger.

The Panda said: “The map led us here...”

Ronnie's ears twitched. “Hold up. There's a map?”

The polar bear said: “Duh!”



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The fox smirked. “Yeah, it’s all over the internet. You can even download it. Chonk forums. Chonk blogs. Chonk chat groups.”

Ronnie’s jaw dropped. “You’re telling me we fought vending machines, licked frogs, roasted ancient doors, and risked death... and there was a Chonk map online this whole time?”

The fox shrugged. “Chonk happens.”

“Chonk me sideways. Bernie barked. I can’t believe this.”

Fritzy licked his lollipop. “You guys didn’t google ‘chonk map?’”

Bloaty snorted. “It was trending this morning.”

The horse stomped. “Chonkin’ amateurs.”

Ronnie rubbed his temples. “Chonk my life.”

Ronnie’s eyes darted around the group. “Wait... you’re all here for my chonk?”

The panda bear raised an eyebrow. “Your chonk?”

Ronnie’s tail puffed. “Yeah, I’ve been chonkin’ through this whole journey thinking the Chonk was mine. Like, mine, mine, mine! Not ours!”



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Fritzzy licked his lollipop. "Ronnie, you never chonk alone."

Bloaty fluttered. "The chonk's too big for one."

Bernie grinned. "You can't solo a chonk, buddy."

Ronnie crossed his arms, tail twitching. "Well, maybe I can. Maybe I'll chonk harder than anyone ever chonked before."

The fox chuckled. "Oh, I like this one. Chonk fever's got him bad."

Mrs. Creamy Buns swooped down. "Relax, raccoon. You'll see."

Ronnie sighed but smirked. "Fine. We'll see about that."

The polar bear grinned. "Relax. You made it. That's what matters."

Mrs. Creamy Buns remarked: "Chonk destiny still got you here."

The horse stomped the ground.  
"We are Foamy Fox, the brothers Pastry Panda and Plumpy Polar, I am Hunky Horse and this is Speedy the Sloth. And we ride for the Chonk. Nothing else matters."



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Ronnie's scarf flicked. "Okay, but what actually is the Chonk? Treasure? A snack? Some kind of... super chonky food?"

Foamy the fox stepped up first. "Oh, that's easy. The chonk is the ultimate prize. It's gotta be shiny, valuable, like a mountain of golden chonkness."

Pastry the panda bear crossed his arms. "Nah. The chonk's all about comfort. I bet it's the comfiest, fluffiest thing ever. You sink right in. Maximum Chonk."

Polar reinforced. "Maximum Chonk."

Hunky the horse stomped. "You're both wrong. The chonk's a challenge. It's about speed, the ride, the chase, the fastest chonk wins."

Bloaty twirled. "The chonk is freedom, obviously. It's light, it's breezy, it's everywhere."

Bernie barked. "Chonk's a snack. You can hold it, you can chew it, and it's probably covered in gravy."

Chippy the Cat yawned. "Nope. The chonk is fame. It's status. Whoever gets The Chonk becomes a legend."

Mrs. Creamy Buns cawed. "The Chonk is power. Plain and simple."



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Fritzy chimed in, licking his lollipop. "I'm chonk-deep in this now."

Bloaty flapped. "Honestly, I'm just here for the chonk vibes."

Bernie barked. "Chonk yeah, we're chonkin' close."

Chippy the cat yawned. "Chonkin' right we are."

Ronnie grinned. "Okay, chonk me in. Let's chonkin' go."

They all cracked up, throwing "chonk" into everything.

Mrs. Creamy Buns jumped beside them. "You're all completely chonked in the head."

Pastry the Panda shrugged. "Chonk happens."

Hunky the horse laughed. "We ride for the Chonk. Chonk or nothing."

Foamy the fox snapped his tail. "We Chonk together, we Chonk strong."

Ronnie spun to the group. "Chonk, is anyone gonna tell me who's guarding it?"

Fritzy lowered his voice. "They say... it's the wolf. The final chonk keeper, so strong he could..."



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“Chonk it, I’m not waiting for the end of that sentence. Let’s go get my chonk.” Ronnie groaned.

Foamy pointed at him. “Seriously? Still with the mine, mine, mine thing?”

Ronnie shrugged. “Chonk habits die hard.”

Fritzy the Frog leaned in. “Well, what do you think, sloth? You’ve been chonk-silent this whole time.”

The entire group turned toward the sloth.

Speedy, the sloth, perfectly still, was holding his finger all this time. Then he finally raised his head, very, very slowly.

Foamy Fox whispered, “Oh, here we go. The ancient chonk wisdom.”

Bernie the French Bulldog’s tail wagged. “Grrr Hush! Let him speak.”

Bloaty’s wings twitched. “What’s he gonna say?”

Speedy’s mouth moved, inch by inch. “The... chonk...”

The whole group leaned in, eyes wide.

Speedy continued, slowly. “is...”



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Ronnie whispered. “Come on, come on...”

Another pause. The sloth blinked.

“so... cool.”

Silence.

Mrs. Creamy Buns cawed. “That’s it?”

Pastry the panda bear laughed. “Chonk me, he’s right.”

“OK” Said Mrs. Creamy Buns, “Follow me! It’s time to finish this journey.”

Foamy grinned. “Chonk squad assemble!”

Pastry thumped his chest. “Chonk or bust.”

Ronnie pointed ahead. “For the chonk.”

And together, they charged forward.



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## CHAPTER 6

After going through the dense forest our group of colourful friends stepped into a final clearing pierced by the sunlight.

There stood a massive hairy silver wolf, waiting, menacing, powerful, guarding the glowing symbol, The Chonk: bold, gleaming, and impossibly perfect. Three plump golden chonk-shaped, soft, rounded triangles, perfect balance, their surfaces smooth and glistening like polished honey. Above them perched a simple golden crown, tilting slightly, playful yet regal. Flanking the sides were sharp, angular wings. It spun in the air, with a soft golden light humming from it. It was powerful, yes, but more than that, it was wholesome, inviting. It was funny. It was Chonky. It was... The Chonk.

And for the first time, Ronnie wasn't thinking mine, mine, mine. He was thinking: We found it.

Instantly the crew noticed the red panda was already sitting on a nearby rock, relaxed, watching. Zazie was right there beside him, sipping from a glittery cup with a curly pink straw.

Ronnie pointed in awe. "You again? The Red Panda? What, you just hang out here now?"

The red panda smirked. "Call me Reggie. And I Wouldn't miss this. I've got popcorn, this is the best



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part.”

–“Oh, We couldn’t miss this, sweeties,” Zazie chimed. “It’s giving drama. It’s giving chonk. It’s giving everything.”

The wolf’s voice rumbled. “Silence! You’ve come for the Chonk! Nobody passes Wonky Wolf, ha ha ha ha!”

Ronnie stepped forward. “Yeah? We’ve come too far to stop now.”

Without warning, the wolf charged.

The group scattered.  
Ronnie rolled under a swipe, barking orders between punches.

“Bernie! Go low!”  
The bulldog dove for the wolf’s legs.

“Mrs. Creamy, blind his right!” The crow swooped, distracting the wolf’s flank.

Foamy Fox zipped by, snapping, “I’ll go for his tail!”

Fritzzy Frog leaped onto Wonky’s back, hanging on as the wolf twisted and spun.

Pastry The panda bear rumbled. “I’m using the ancient technique... the rolling belly slam.”



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Hunky Horse scraped the ground. "Charge formation: chaos."

Chippy Cat yawned. "I'll throw pebbles from a safe distance."

Wonky Wolf blinked. "Are you guys serious?"

Plumpy The polar bear rammed from the side.

Hunky The horse charged, hooves pounding.

Bloaty butterfly zipped across the wolf's face, forcing him to stumble.

Wonky wolf fought hard, knocking them back, never letting them get too close.

Ronnie Raccoon clenched his fists. "We're not giving up!"

The wolf growled, pushing the team back again.

Bernie panted. "He's strong!"

Foamy shouted. "And he's not slowing down!"

Bloaty flapped higher. "We're losing!"

Wonky lunged for Ronnie, but then, just as his claws were about to connect, he stopped.



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A buzzing sound echoed from his wrist.

The wolf froze, checked his Apple Watch, and sighed. “Oh, would you look at that? Shift’s over.”

Everyone blinked, confused.

A composed Wonky Wolf dusted himself off. “Yeah, I just work here. Sorry, folks.”

Ronnie stared. “What?”

The wolf shrugged. “They needed someone to guard the chonk. I clock in, I clock out.”

He stepped aside. “It’s all yours.”

Bernie gasped. “Dude, you’re just leaving?”

Wonky smirked. “A job’s a job.”

Reggie the red panda clapped slowly. “Beautiful. Awesome timing! Really, I’m so proud of you all.”

Ronnie narrowed his eyes. “Wait. Was this a test?”

Reggie nodded. “Always was.”

Ronnie frowned. “So what now? You just hand it over?”



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Reggie stood, walking toward the glowing symbol.  
“Not quite. You came all this way for this, this ‘chonk’ you thought you needed.”

As Reggie raised his staff, the symbol pulsed, shifting, softening in the air.

Reggie turned to them. “But the chonk isn’t something you hold. The chonk isn’t something you can steal. You have to earn it.”

Fritzy the frog raised his lollipop. “Then what is it? How do we earn it?”

Foamy whispered. “So, it’s not a prize, is it?”

After a pause, Fritzy looked at his friends. “It’s us.”

Bloaty exhaled. “It was always us.”

Bernie grinned. “It’s love.”

Pastry rumbled. “It’s being here. Showing up.”

Mrs. Creamy Buns lowered her head. “It’s standing by each other.”

Chippy smirked. “Even when you’re a little bit annoying.”

Ronnie looked around, chest tight, the weight finally sinking in.



# WIZARDS OF THE CHONK

He smiled softly. "Yeah. It's us."

Reggie The red panda placed his paw on Ronnie's shoulder. "You always had the Chonk. You earn it by realizing what you truly want."

There was a beat of silence.

Foamy tapped his chin. "I wanna be a wizard."

Bernie's tail wagged. "Chonk yeah! I wanna be a wizard too."

Pastry grinned. "Being a wizard sounds chonkin' awesome."

Bloaty fluttered. "Do we get cool hats?"

Chippy yawned. "I'd love a wizard cloak."

Ronnie blinked. "Wait. Wizards of the Chonk? That's what we are?"

Reggie's eyes twinkled. "Exactly."

The golden Chonk symbol spun faster, glowing brighter.

Wonky The wolf chuckled. "Guess I'd love to be a wizard too."



# WIZARDS OF THE CHONK

The red panda gently lifted the Chonk symbol, uttering an ancient incantation as he lifted his magical staff over it.

**“Snaccaboom, Chonkachoo, Chonkalicious, Puffaroo, CHONKIFY THIS CREW!”**

The Chonk pulsed, cracked, and then broke apart, its golden light shooting into each of them, including the wolf and the red panda himself.

The Chonk became part of all of them.

A bright wizard hat appeared on each head. Flowing robes draped over their now Chonky bodies.

Magic crackled in their hands.

They were all huge now, happy, powerful. **CHONKY!**

Fritzy spun his lollipop wand. “Hey. I’m a wizard.”

Bernie laughed. “We’re all wizards.”

Foamy grinned. “We’re the Wizards of the Chonk.”

Wonky smiled. “Even me.”

Reggie chuckled. “Especially you.”

–“Glad I’m part of this. I’ve been guarding the Chonk forever. Never thought I’d share it.”



# WIZARDS OF THE CHONK

“And Me!” They turned to see Manny the Mouse, leaning casually on his tiny cane.

Ronnie’s eyes widened. “You? You’re back?”

Manny smirked, “Never left, actually.”

Reggie the Red Panda stepped up beside him, grinning. “Manny’s been with me the whole time. I sent him to find you.”

Ronnie frowned, trying to piece it together. “Wait... you sent him?”

Reggie’s gaze softened. “You were always chasing things. Always alone. I figured you needed something you wouldn’t chase. Something that would find you.”

Ronnie paused, his usual hunger for ‘more’ flickering, finally settling.

Manny grinned, “Yeah. I was sent to bring you to the Chonk. Because you needed it the most.”

Reggie nodded. “And now? You’ve got it. All of you.”

Ronnie adjusted his wizard hat, his scarf now puffed and magical. “Well. That’s pretty cool.”

The sloth finally spoke, slow but proud. “Told... you...”



# WIZARDS OF THE CHONK

The whole group laughed.

Reggie The red panda clapped his paws. “Go on. The Chonk’s yours now.”

Foamy grinned. “Chonk squad, forever.”

Fritzy raised his lollipop. “Chonk achieved.”

Bernie barked. **We Are the Wizards of the Chonk, NOW AND FOREVER!**

Bloaty cheered. “Let’s go, chonkers.”

Pastry and Plumpy rumbled. “Chonk or bust.”

Chippy smirked. “This hat’s ridiculous... I love it.”

And together, they shouted: “Wizards of the Chonk.”

Then the frog, dead serious, raised his wand.

“Now everybody... lick me.”

The roaring laughter could be heard across the land, spreading joy.

**THE END**



THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING STRANGE, BOLD, AND UNFORGETTABLE. A JOURNEY THAT STARTS WITH THE HUNGER FOR MORE AND GROWS INTO SOMETHING FAR GREATER.

WIZARDS OF THE CHONK TELLS THE ORIGIN OF A GROUP THAT NEVER PLANNED TO BECOME ONE, DRAWN TOGETHER BY A SHARED INSTINCT TO CHASE SOMETHING THEY COULDN'T NAME. WHAT BEGINS AS A SIMPLE SEARCH BECOMES A DEEPER PATH TOWARD UNDERSTANDING, PURPOSE, LOYALTY, AND THE WEIGHT OF CHOICE.

WITH EACH STEP, THE QUESTION GROWS LOUDER. WHAT IS THE CHONK? WHY DOES IT MATTER? AND WHAT DOES IT REVEAL ABOUT THOSE WHO SEEK IT?

THE MEANING OF THE CHONK IS SOMETHING YOU MUST REACH ON YOUR OWN. AND WHEN YOU DO, YOU WILL KNOW WHY IT FOUND YOU.



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