



A Story Studio Anthology
by Young Authors
(Ages 5-13)

MYSTERIES



Story Studio is a charity that inspires, educates and empowers youth to be great storytellers, transforming lives and strengthening communities. We create innovative, 'fun-first' workshops that develops narrative capacity in youth, and celebrate young writers by crafting beautiful publications from their words.

This anthology is composed of stories written by children and youth across Canada between the ages of 5 and 13 as a result of our August 2020 creative writing contest. The task was to write a short fiction story involving a mystery of any kind!

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Story Studio Writing Society

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THE UNICORN STORY

by
Everly

Twilight Sparkle is a purple unicorn with pink and purple hair. She lives in a library in Ponyland. She has lots of books and spells and she has pony friends. Her best friend is named Pinky Pie. Pinky Pie likes to bake.

Twilight Sparkle and her friend Pinky Pie were baking and making spells at Pinky Pie's house. Her house is a rainbow coloured cupcake house. They were baking a cake, cupcakes, oreos and macarons. All for the mayor named Everly. Her birthday was coming up and they had lots to prepare for the party.

Everly the mayor was getting ready for the party. The ponies were all dressing up. But when Everly got to the party, the unicorns were all lost! No one was there! Everly was so sad, no one was at her birthday party. There were presents, cake, cupcakes, and decorations too, but nobody was there! Where had everyone gone?

First, Everly checked the backyard but there was no one there. So she checked the front yard, upstairs, downstairs, and all of the rooms, but there were no unicorns anywhere. Everly was confused, she didn't know where everyone would have gone.

She took a walk around Ponyland and realized all the unicorns were missing! They had disappeared! The whole town was empty.

Everly was alone and not feeling so good. She needed to find her unicorn friends. She checked in every single house in Ponyland. She found crumbs from cupcakes in the street and started following them. When the crumbs disappeared, Everly found footprints left in the dirt. She followed the footprints and more crumbs around town. They led Everly to a spooky haunted house right outside of Ponyland.

Everly went inside the spooky haunted house. She checked and checked all of the rooms. Then, she found a locked hidden room with a sign on the door that said “DO NOT ENTER.” Everly was brave enough to open the door. But when she opened the door, a mean pony unicorn locked her in! Luckily, there was another door in the room. Everly heard all the unicorns in the other room! She had found them!

Twilight Sparkle, Pinky Pie, and all the other unicorns heard Everly in the room beside them. Twilight Sparkle used her spells to open the door and all the unicorns went and hugged

Everly. They were so happy to see her! Twilight Sparkle unlocked the door with her magic and quickly locked the mean pony unicorn in a cage and locked him in the room.

Everly and all the unicorns all headed back to Everly's house for her birthday party. They all felt good, celebrating and eating cake!

THE END.

THE MISTAKE

by
Mia

Jonas brushes his dark brown hair back with the palm of his hand, looking into the mirror. His icy blue eyes stare back at him, some say that they look intense, others say pained. Both are right. He sighs, it's been a year since he was fired from the local police station and told to never come back, yet he still yearns for the action.

Of course that was why he had gotten fired, one misfire was all it took. One middle aged man holding a pellet gun, bought for his son's birthday. One bullet, lodging itself deep into his back, droplets of blood splattering everywhere. Too much remorse to

count, drowning Jonas like the world's most violent ocean. They had dropped the charges, claiming that he was just doing his job, but everyone knew better. Jonas couldn't even go outside without the death threats, without mothers constantly ushering their children away, a look of pure terror in their eyes.

Leading us back to today. It was an average morning, Jonas wakes up from his restless sleep of replaying the scene over and over in his head, waking up the second he shoots the gun. Every night, every morning the same, sweat drenched forehead, crazy eyes looking around in panic. Then he gets up and checks the

mail, the usual: a pile of death threats, bills, eviction notices.
Yet, one letter calls to him, beckons him.

He opens up the crimson envelope, breaking the old fashioned wax seal. Taking out a piece of thick vanilla paper, expensive no doubt, he starts reading.

Dear Jonas,

Or should I say, not dear Jonas. You killed my brother and I will avenge his death. Unless you leave this envelope on your front doorstep at nine p.m. tonight, hell will break loose.

You're probably laughing right now, but I'm not joking. I have control over a very dangerous parasite and I can release it at any time. Trust me on this, none of your relatives will live to see another day.

Jonas reads the letter carefully, laughing when he reaches the end. The neighbourhood kids have tried spooking him, but this, this is just stupid. He looks over it again, noticing the bold lettering. Grabbing a scrap of paper and a pen, he writes down the following: *my name is G*. Jonas shrugs and goes back to eating his hot bowl of oatmeal.

Later that night, while Jonas is watching cartoons on his small portable TV set, the doorbell rings. Instead of sounding like the usual cheery chime, it sounds ominous, deadly even. He opens

the door, breathing in the fresh cool air. Nobody's there. He moans, '*stupid neighbourhood kids*,' he thinks.

Shuffling back inside, Jonas starts having spasms. First his eyes start twitching, then his legs. He falls to the floor in agony, rolling and moaning in pain. The neighbours listen intently to the sound, the volume increasing greatly. Then, there's nothing.

THE END.

THE MISSING EMERALD NECKLACE

by
Sarah

There was once a happy family that lived in the countryside of Hallstatt, Austria. Mr. and Mrs. Kaufmann owned a very special antique clock. It wasn't the clock that was special, it was the emerald necklace inside it. One day while on vacation, everyone was playing snap ball when the phone rang.

“I'll get it,” Mrs. Kaufmann said. “WHAT!” she exclaimed into the phone. “Okay, thank-you.” She ran back outside and spilled out the bad news. The clock was gone. They had given the clock to a trusted neighbour before they left. The family packed their bag and returned home.

Mr. Kaufmann called the most experienced and sophisticated detective, Samantha Billker. She came and started looking for clues. She assured the Kaufmann family it was going to be okay.

Samantha stepped into the room where they kept the clock. They were right, it was gone. She checked the room and found a boot print in the far corner. She asked the Kaufmann family if any of the family shoes matched it. They checked but none matched. She walked back outside and was about to leave when she saw the same boot print. She followed the boot print until they came to the town square.

Then, they stopped in front of a statue. “Strange,” Mrs. Kaufmann said, the boot prints stopped.

One of the children spoke up and said, “That stone is loose.”

She was right, the stone in front of the statue was not in properly. With the help of Mr. Kaufmann, Samantha got the tile off. Samantha peered into the hole. There was a long creepy ladder that went down into an eerie darkness. Samantha was scared but intensely curious. Did she discern someone inside?

“I think it’s better if I go alone,” She took a flashlight and climbed down the ladder. Samantha put away her flashlight because if anybody saw it she would be busted. It was quite dark except for some torches. She heard some faint noises in the distance and she thought of the worried Kaufman family. She started to pick up her pace and turned a corner and stopped in her tracks. She saw the clock.

Samantha was smart enough to know the person who stole it would probably not leave it just sitting there. So, she started to look around and then she saw it.

A little camera was sitting there. As soon it saw her, she heard footsteps coming down the ladder. She closed her eyes and listened. They got louder and louder.

“Samantha.” She opened her eyes, it was Mr. Kaufmann. “Let’s grab the clock and get going,” he said. They took the clock and started running back to the ladder. Samantha heard people in front of them.

“Let’s get going,” she said. They got to the ladder and saw in front of them a man coming down another hallway to the left.

Samantha and Mr. Kaufmann sprinted up the ladder. They both got out just in time to see the police.

The police arrested the man but before he got into the car he said, “It is not what it seems.”

Puzzled, Samantha opened the clock, the necklace wasn't there. They went back down the ladder and searched everywhere. It was just gone.

The family returned home. And as for the necklace, it was never to be seen again.

THE END.

***THE MYSTERY OF THE CASTLE ON THE
HILL***

by
Taylor

One day, Sophia and her friend Olivia went to investigate a castle in England. The castle was over one hundred years old and some people said that it was haunted by the spirits of the last owners. They said that the castle flooded, therefore, the couple died. It was a very popular tourist attraction. Or at least it was until yesterday, when everyone heard an evil laugh and the lights went out. When they came back on, the castle was empty of guests. That's why famous detectives Sophia and Olivia were invited to investigate.

“Thank you for coming,” the owner, Fred, told them.

“Where were you during the incident?” Asked Olivia. He told them that he had left for lunch and when he came back, everyone was gone.

“Let’s go check it out and see if we find anything.” Sophia said to Olivia.

And so, they went into the castle and the door slammed shut behind them. Sophia tried to open it. Unfortunately, it was stuck. “Well, let’s go check the castle out and see if we can find the guests,” Sophia said to Olivia, but there was no response.

She turned around to see that Olivia was gone! Sophia called out over and over, her voice echoing loudly in the huge castle. But still no response. Now, Sophia had to go through the castle herself, looking for the guests and Olivia.

There was a giant, spiralling staircase that led to the next floor, and Sophia went up it. Once she was up, she was in a corridor that had about ten rooms branching off. She searched bedrooms, kitchens, a living room, and even a theater. The last room she checked was a bedroom with a bathroom the same size as the kitchens. She searched the bedroom first, but found

nothing. However, when Sophia pulled a bottle of shampoo, an evil laugh rang out and the lights went out. Suddenly, she heard something click in the bedroom. She opened the door and almost fell through the floor!

“A trapdoor!” Sophia exclaimed. She waited until the trapdoor closed and went back to the entrance. This time, the front door opened. She went out and met up with Fred. “Someone set up a trapdoor in every room except the last bathroom in the second floor corridor.” She filled him in on everything that happened, including that Olivia went missing.

They went into the castle and activated the trapdoor. Sophia put a ladder down and everyone came up.

“Do you have any idea who did it?” Sophia asked Olivia.

“Yes...” she whispered.

“Who?” Asked Sophia.

Olivia told her that after she disappeared, she ended up in a bedroom. She went into the bathroom and saw Fred!

He asked her to wait in the bedroom. Once she went in there, a trapdoor opened up! “So it was Fred!” Sophia whispered. But he was gone! He was never seen again. Though Sophia never stopped searching.

THE END.



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