



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



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 between the ages of 5 and 13 as a result of our September 2020 creative writing contest. The task was to write a short fiction story about the thrills, mysteries, and drama of heading back to school!

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik

Story Studio Writing Society

2020

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Home School Stereotypes.....	4
The Forbidden Room.....	12
Back in Time.....	17

HOME SCHOOL STEREOTYPES

by
Kassia

Tuesday, Sept 8, 2020

Holy-guacamole-with-macaroni-and-cheese! It's TODAY!!!
Seriously, what am I going to do??? After homeschooling my
entire life, I feel so unprepared for public school! Oof!
Breakfast's ready...

I hope the other girls are nice. I wonder if... *AAAHH, THERE'S
THE BUS! GOTTA GO!*

Why did there have to be a math test on the *first* day? Seriously, I SUCK at math! Results will be handed out tomorrow... Be prepared to fail, Kaley.

Wednesday, Sept 9, 2020

So, *weirdest* thing ever, I got 100% on the math test. The test was supposed to be a *super hard assessment*. Nobody in the ninth grade should have gotten over 75%. At first, it was great. Everyone thought I was cool and you know, *smart*, but then it kept happening in every class! Teachers would announce my

success and students started noticing. This time, it wasn't in the 'you're-so-amazing' good way. They started stereotyping me.

Thursday, Sept 10, 2020

Seriously, my math teacher is *creepy!* He has oily black hair that seriously (OKAY, seriously, I must stop saying seriously!) needs a wash. And he's always staring at me. I thought it was because of my score, but then I had this weird idea that my amazing score was *because of him*. Weird, right? I can't get it off my mind! It's possible, but ~~serio~~ why would he do that?

Friday, Sept 11, 2020

(You'll never believe this) It all started at lunch. Kit, from English class, came and sat at my table. As if this wasn't weird enough (I'm still friendless), she leaned forward and whispered, "I know why you're a freak --"

So I cut her off and said, "Right, I was *home schooled*." But when she shook her head with this uh-uh-missy-just-let-me-tell-you look, I realized that wasn't what she meant.

Leaning even closer, she explained, “I overheard Mr. Hankworth (our science teacher) on the phone in his office. He was talking about an experiment... planting information in *your* head or something.”

We just stared at each other for forever until I finally stuttered, “Say what?”

And she said, “Come on, he’s probably still on the phone!”

And sure enough he was.

“Don’t worry! No one has noticed a thing! Yet? Why would they? Perfect scores, no friends, and seriously, she even wore denim on denim today!” (Yep. Today was the *one day* I couldn’t find anything to wear except jeans, and then *unintentionally* slipped on a denim jacket in a rush to get to the bus on time.) “It’s too good to be true! All we’re doing is enhancing her home school identity.”

I glanced over at Kit, wide-eyed. She raised both eyebrows and nodded towards the crack under the door, “Blue light. Video call. If I peak in there we could see who --”

“Are you CRAZY?!?!” I exclaimed, “We’d get --”

“Sorry, just a sec Wergnard, I think I hear...” A chair was pushed aside and footsteps advanced towards us.

I glanced over at Kit. She nodded. We had the information we needed... So we bolted.

THE END.

THE FORBIDDEN ROOM

by

Malina

Hi, my name is Carson. Last week I went to school and heard some creepy noise. I went to almost every classroom but I got caught by a teacher. I did it again and got called to the principal's office.

Afterwards I heard it again and realized it was coming from a drawing room called The Forbidden Room. It was not just me that did not like it, but the teachers said not to go in there. I tried to open the door but it was locked. I saw a key but I was scared so I didn't take it, plus, I could not reach it.

I went back to my classroom and did math. I thought about the sound coming from the room the whole time. Finally, I tip-toed back and reached the key and opened the door and got inside. But of course I forgot a flashlight and could not see, it was rotten luck.

I went out the next few days and it was the same thing. The fourth day it was clean and beautiful and I stayed so long that I missed classes. I stayed in there until I heard the door open. It was the principal and so I hid. Then a little girl came in too. Suddenly they both turned into animals!

First a cougar. They sniffed me out but I found a door behind me and went in when they weren't looking.

It was a door to a house. It looked really pretty and I went inside and found some pets. The house looked good so I stayed there for the night. When I opened my eyes the principal was standing there and I actually screamed! Then my parents came up and I was really surprised. They said I was chatting with my uncle and I looked at them like they were crazy. Then they told me that the girl I saw in the Forbidden Room was actually my auntie!

Soon I got used to it and the noises. I lived with my family plus at school I became very popular and was the happiest ever when I was in Grade 6 to get to go to The Forbidden Classroom with my teacher, Ms Palmer. Now I think that was the coolest week ever.

THE END.

BACK IN TIME

by
Tayte

It was a crisp autumn morning on September 10th, 2020. There was a breeze in the air, followed by swirling leaves that formed a pattern on the ground. A girl, about 10 years old, was combing her hair and humming to herself in the mirror. She was excited because it was her first day of school. But mainly, she was excited because she was going to Middle School!

Tayte knew it would be her best year yet. Well that is, a day she would never forget. She quickly got dressed, brushed her teeth, and headed downstairs for breakfast. Her mother had prepared French toast and eggs, her favourite.

However, she could hardly take a bite due to the butterflies intensifying in her stomach. She got up, double-checked she had everything, and hugged her mom goodbye. “Have fun honey”, her mom said, “And make some new friends!” Tayte agreed and started on her way to school.

All along, she grew more and more excited. When she arrived, she stood outside and stared at the school. ‘Cedar Crest Middle School’, the sign read. A teacher greeted her and told her to wait in line to be put with her class. She ended up in Ms. Nelson’s class, and this teacher was pretty cool.

At one point Tayte had to use the bathroom so she got the hall pass, and eventually found the restroom.

As she was coming out though, she spotted a small red button on the wall that said, 'DO NOT PUSH'. It was weird, but she ignored it and opened the door to leave. That's when she slipped on a piece of paper and accidentally bumped into the red button! She gasped.

However, nothing happened. So Tayte got up and walked out the door.

Then she stopped dead in her tracks. Everyone... Everything... looked different. The walls were brown instead of blue, and the children wore uniforms instead of normal clothes. Tayte was perplexed. But she walked back to her class. Nobody seemed to notice her. She walked in, and in front of the whiteboard was an old woman with white hair. This was not Ms. Nelson.

She walked out and looked at the number on the door. It was her class, room 5. She walked back in, completely puzzled, and took her seat. That's when she knew. Written on the whiteboard, was the date September 10, 1945.

Tayte had gone back in time!

'I need to get out of here!' she thought. She raced down the hall and frantically asked people for help. That's when it became clear to her that they couldn't see her.

She had to think. Suddenly, she had an idea. She went into the washroom to press the red button once again. It was gone! She raced back out and stopped. She was back in 2020?!? Phew. She let out a sigh of relief as she walked back to her classroom.

“You're back, we were just about to start”, Ms. Nelson said.

Tayte smiled to herself. This would be her little secret. Oh what a day it had been!

THE END.



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

Story Studio is a registered charity (807121504RR0001) based in British Columbia and rely entirely on grants, donations and volunteers. If you like what we do, please consider making a donation at storystudio.ca

*This anthology was made possible by individual donations
and the following supporters:*

The Viveka Foundation Fund (through the Victoria Foundation)

The CFAX Santas Anonymous Society