



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

MAPS & STORIES



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 November creative writing contest. The task was to create a map and write a short creative background story to follow the maps adventure!

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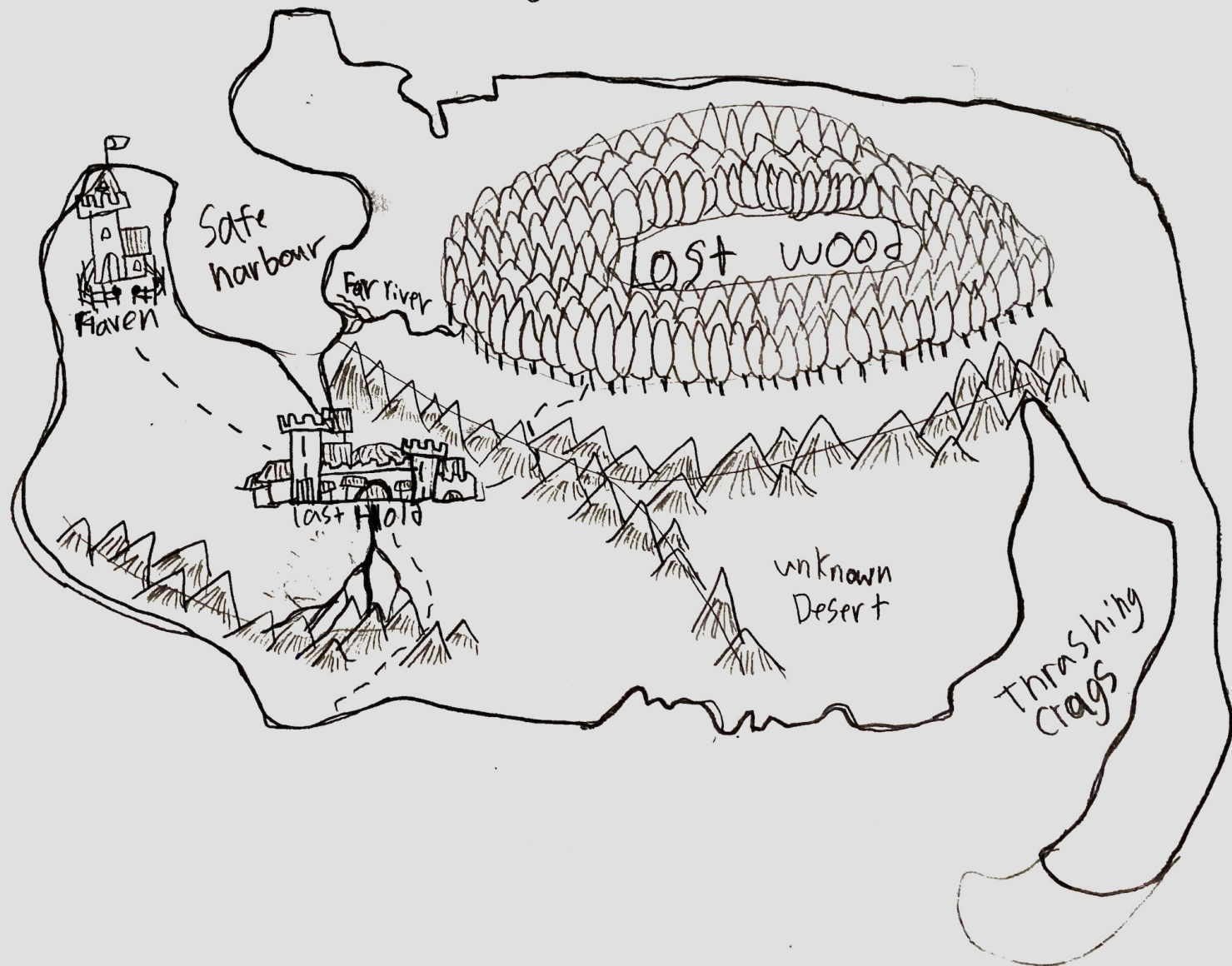
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HARD HUNT

by
Nikolai

For gotten land



Callum Flameforge was a sensible dwarf, in the way that he lived in the much-respected city of LastHold, a formidable mining city. He was a hired enforcer, the type that protected the mining operations from dwarves and the sort. (Dwarves work against other dwarf clans for resources, sometimes resulting in battle)

This day he sat in the Speller, a grand tavern in the heart of LastHold, a place where everyone knew they could hire protection. Callum's ornate hammer hung by his belt as he tried to look as worthy as possible to potential employers.

“Oy, you there,” came a voice. “Are you looking for some work?”

Callum turned towards the voice and found a stout halfling looking back at him, even smaller than himself! “Why yes, I would be. What’s your name? Are you a miner?” He asked with uncertainty as the hobbit looked anything but a miner.

“My name is Phord. This is an unusual expedition, but I think you are up to the task. Have you ever heard of the Lost Wood’s forgotten treasure?”

“Yes!” breathed Callum.

“I propose to find it!”

Callum nodded. He’d heard of these things, travellers told stories of adventures and the sort, but he hardly felt prepared.

“When do we leave?”

“Now!”

And so they set off, Callum riding his pony, and Phord his mastiff. The land was rough and ragged as they wove their way through the mountains towards the lost wood. Callum had never been so far from his house, it seemed that the mountains went on and on forever. Eventually, their waterskins grew light, and they wondered if they'd ever make it to the wood alive.

“We need water,” said Callum one early morning, as they ate stale cakes and cold gruel.

“Agreed, the far river is not long from here, perhaps we could search for it.”

They parted with each other, certain to meet back up before nightfall. Callum took straight ahead, towards the wood. Before long he was in the wood, and sure enough, he heard the sound of a great river gushing. And he yelled out for Phord, who had keen hearing and heard in response a sound like a falcon.

Before long both adventurers were dousing themselves in water, for joy they yelled and swam, but not too far out, or the tide would sweep them away.

“But how will we pass the river? We are not great swimmers,” said Phord.

“We could fell a tree,” offered Callum.

Phord nodded, “I have the axe that I use to defend myself. It is my only option.”

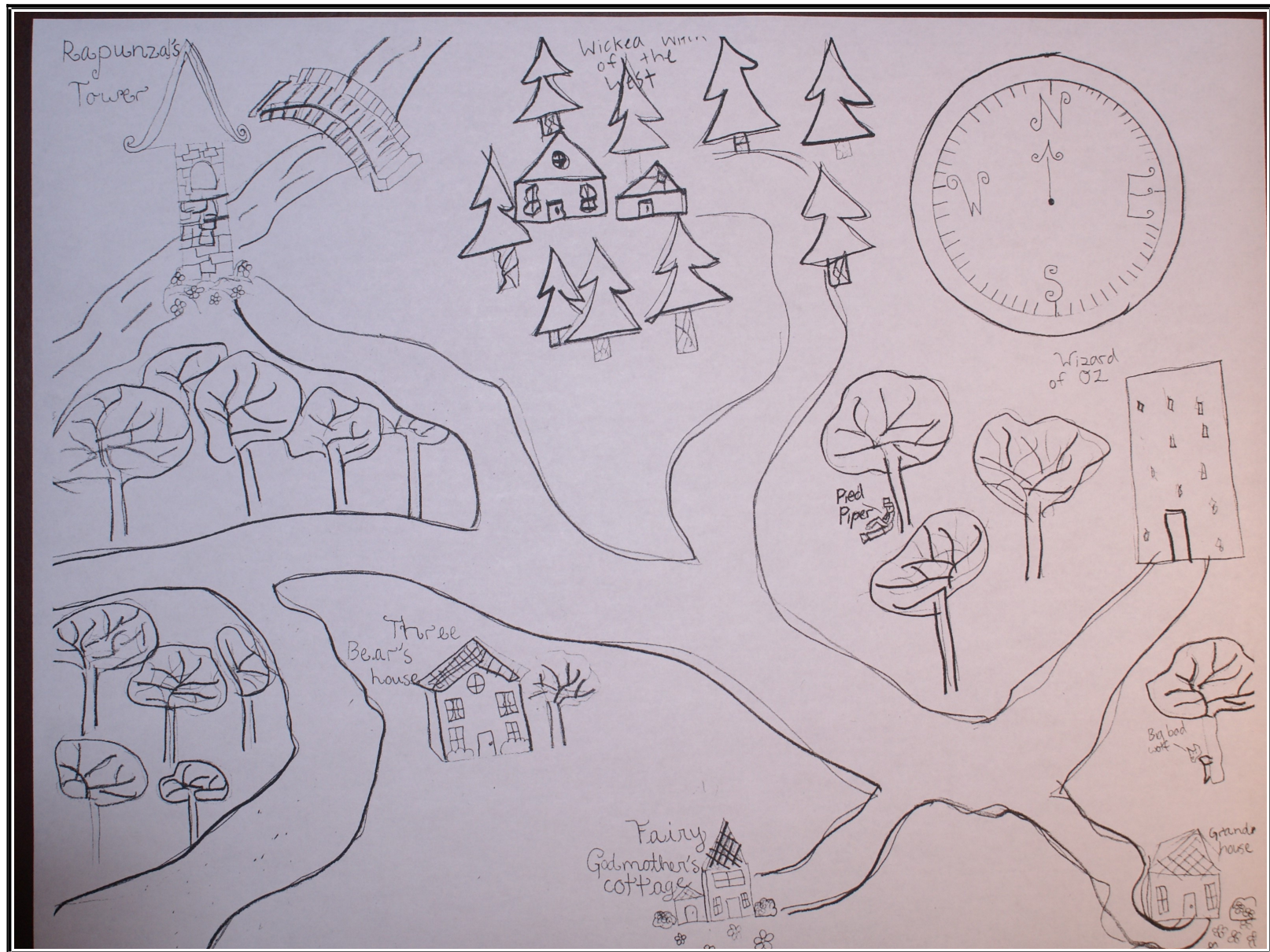
Phord hacked away at a tree that was near the edge of the river bank for a while and then grunted, “There be something in this tree that be strong against me axe!” He hit the tree one last time to reveal a core of pure platinum.

“Well,” said Callum after a silence, “There is the forgotten treasure we’ve been looking for.”

THE END.

A FAIRY TALE ADVENTURE

by
Sarah



On a balmy day in Costa Rica, America, thirteen year old Karen was reading her brother, Richard, an old book from the attic. As she turned the page to a map, a brilliant light abducted them and they found themselves in a forest!

“Uh...Karen. What happe-”

“Shhh!” Karen said to her brother.

“What?!” he whispered.

“I hear singing,” she said.

They walked around a corner to see a lovely little girl with a basket and a red hood walking down the trail. “Hi,” she said when she saw them.

“Hi,” Karen said, “Do you know where...”

Richard started poking her. “That’s Little Red Riding Hood!!” he said.

“What?!” Karen said. She stared at the little girl. ‘*Red cape, just like in the story,*’ she thought. ‘*Little basket, also in the story.*’
“Where are you going?” Karen asked.

“The Three Bears house,” she answered.

‘*Not in the story,*’ Karen thought. “Okay,” Karen said smiling.
Red Riding Hood skipped away.

After some more walking they bumped into a girl with braids and red shoes. “Hi, I’m...”

“Let me guess,” Richard said. “You’re Dorothy Gale.”

“Yes,” she said.

“Uhm,” Karen said, “Do you know how to help us find home?”

“Well,” Dorothy said, “I was going to...” Dorothy sighed,
“Usually we have a script of where to go and what to do, but
someone has been messing things up and I don’t know what to
do! Oh Karen,” she said, “You should ask the Fairy Godmother
what to do. She’ll know.”

“Thanks,” Karen and Richard said in unison.

“How do you get to her?” Richard asked.

“Hmmm,” she said looking out into the forest. “A left and a right. Then another left and one more right.”

“Left, right, left, right,” Richard said and off they went. They kept walking and bumped into different creatures that had the same problem as Dorothy.

When they got to the Fairy Godmother's house, she said, "It's true! We were supposed to get a script, but yesterday I went to the Pied Piper's instead of Cinderella's!"

"Can we help?" Karen asked.

"Well, I think the Wicked Witch of the West is messing things up."

"I thought Dorothy crushed her," Richard said.

“Nope,” Fairy Godmother said, “Just minor brain injuries.”

“Oh!” Richard said, flabbergasted.

Fairy Godmother took a wand and said, “Use this to fight the witch.”

Karen and Richard walked past the Pied Piper and he said, “Hello”. When they got to the witch’s house she was walking out the door. Karen pointed the wand at her wretched body and the witch turned into a cat.

“Cool!” Richard said.

They walked into the witch’s house and broke her wand. “She should have taken her wand with her,” Richard said.

They went back to the Fairy Godmothers cottage and she was overjoyed. “But now it’s time to get you home,” she said.

“Bipidi, bopidi, boo!” And the children found themselves back home.

THE END.



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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**

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