



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



SPREAD THE LOVE

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 February 2021 creative writing contest. The task was to write a short flash fiction story that shared a message of spreading love or kindness to others.

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Story Studio Writing Society

2021

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Power of Love.....	4
The Wheelchair.....	17

THE POWER OF LOVE

by
Atharva

The power
of LOVE



Alex ran over to Hudson. “Hey, Hudson! Can you wait until Valentine's Day tomorrow?”

“No way!” Hudson exclaimed. “Why would you even ask?”

“Oh, no reason,” Alex said slyly. “I just asked Ms. Shivers what we're going to do, and she said we're going to skip math and do something else!”

Hudson's mouth dropped open with shock. “What?” he asked.

“Yup,” Alex replied.

Just then, the bell rang. *RIING!*

“Oh, it’s time for math class,” Alex said. “We’d better go.”

In math class Ms. Shivers said, “Today we will do multiplication.”

“EASY,” Alex said, ignoring the teacher.

But five minutes later, Alex raised his hand. “Ms. Shivers? I don't know what to do,” he said.

“Really Alex? I thought you said it was easy.”

“Sorry Ms. Shivers,” Alex said, his cheeks burning.

“Well, pay attention next time, okay?” Alex nodded.

After math class, the whole school started rumbling. “Uh, what's that?” Alex whispered to Hudson.

“I don't know,” Hudson whispered back. The school kept on rumbling and then started to rise. It rose higher and higher, and then suddenly the roof was torn off! Everyone looked up. There was a huge DRAGON there. It surveyed all the terrified faces that were looking at it. After it surveyed all of them, it flapped away. Everyone calmed down and started buzzing with terrified excitement.

Alex couldn't shake off the feeling that the dragon had been looking for something. Something very important to it.

Suddenly they heard screams. Everyone rushed to the windows and gasped. Their whole city was almost destroyed! Above the chaos, the dragon flew, observing the city. Alex's feeling came again. Alex tugged Hudson away from everyone and said in a low voice, "We have to use you-know-what again Hudson."

Hudson looked at him in horror and whispered, "But we can't! Fireshore warned us not to! He said it was too unstable!"

"But we have to go to him!" Alex argued. "He's the only one that could stop our city from becoming a wasteland!"

Hudson finally gave in. “Okay,” he sighed.

They ran quickly to a small abandoned mud hut. They went inside. There was nothing there except for a small circle on the floor drawn in chalk. Hudson stepped forward, and in a low voice recited a spell. “Aperta sesame,” he chanted. A purple light flared up from the circle. “Now!” Hudson shouted to Alex.

They jumped into the circle. “Ow!” Alex cried. They had landed on solid ground. Alex looked around and saw a bearded man. He was looking at a spell book. He hadn’t noticed them yet.

“Fireshore?” Alex asked with uncertainty.

Fireshore turned around. When he saw them, a smile crossed his face. “Hello, my apprentices,” Fireshore said. “Is this a visit or is it about the dragon?”

Hudson looked up at Fireshore with a shocked expression. “You know about it?” he asked incredulously. Fireshore nodded.

“How do we stop it?” Alex demanded.

Fireshore went inside a room and came out holding an egg that had hearts all over it.

“That is how we’re going to stop the dragon?” Hudson asked.

“The dragon was flying by yesterday,” the wizard explained. “It dropped it’s egg and now it wants it back. Love is very powerful you know.”

“Thank you,” Alex said. He looked at Hudson and said, “Time to go home.”

Hudson nodded and started chanting, “Aperta sesame.”

There was a flash of light and suddenly they were back in the mud hut. The sun was rising instead of setting, which meant it was officially Valentines Day. They ran to their city, and, to their horror, found it destroyed. They ran to the Town Square and found the dragon. Alex held out the egg, his hands trembling. “H-Here,” he said. “Your egg.”

The dragon took the egg, and to their surprise, spoke to them. “You have found my egg,” she said gently. “You have helped me, and now I shall help you.”

She looked at the egg where a few cracks had appeared. Then, in a blinding white light, the whole city was fixed! It looked like nothing had ever happened! He looked at the ground, where, instead of an egg, there was a little dragonet. “I think I’ll name him Protector,” the dragon said, “In honour of this occasion.” Then, she and her dragonet flew away.

Everyone in town was invited to a huge Valentines Day party!
Hudson and Alex finally understood why love was so important.

THE END.

THE WHEELCHAIR

by
Lilith

“Hi Peter!” I shouted across the hall when I saw my friend walk out of his classroom.

“What do you have next?” he said hopefully, because this would be our last chance to be in a class together.

I said, “Art” with my eyes as wide as a dog when it sees food. At the same time, he said, “Science.” Darn. We continued talking before the second bell rang and we walked to our next class in disappointment.

After my long, boring class, I suddenly remembered I was volunteering at an animal shelter after school. I ran as fast as I could so that I wouldn't be late.

When I finally reached the animal shelter, I heard all the animals crying and I knew I could help.

“Oh! Charlie, you're finally here! Where were you?” The other volunteer I was working with said, “You're ten minutes la-!”

Before she could finish I interrupted, “I know, what can I help with?” I said, wanting to help all the poor animals.

“Well there's a couple...” She took me into a room with five dogs, she said these dogs are the ‘too hard to take care of’ ones. They called them that because that's people's excuse to not have to work. All of them looked so sad but one in particular caught my eye. She only had one back leg and she was limping.

The other volunteer said, “Her name is Gracie.” The dogs’ eyes lit up with joy as she saw me knowing that I was going to help her.

The next day I volunteered again. I went back into the room and the dog was still there. So I took a pencil and paper I brought from home and started brainstorming ideas of ways to help her.

In the end I decided to do the easiest option, buy her a dog wheelchair because of the limping. So I looked on the internet and the wheelchairs cost anywhere from \$70 to \$208. Luckily I had saved \$40 in my bank account already. I decided to sell baked goods to make the minimum \$30 to pay for the wheelchair. I decided to make cookies and muffins. By the end of the first day I had only made \$8. I thought about giving up, but then I remembered Gracie and how much I loved her and wanted to help her.

So I changed the recipes to make them taste better and it worked! By day five I had made over \$40! So I quickly looked on the internet and found a wheelchair that would definitely fit Gracie. I bought it and went to the shelter to find her sitting in her bed. Instead of just giving her the wheelchair and going, I adopted her knowing that I wanted to spend all her life with her. So I bought Gracie and I went home with my new found love.

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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