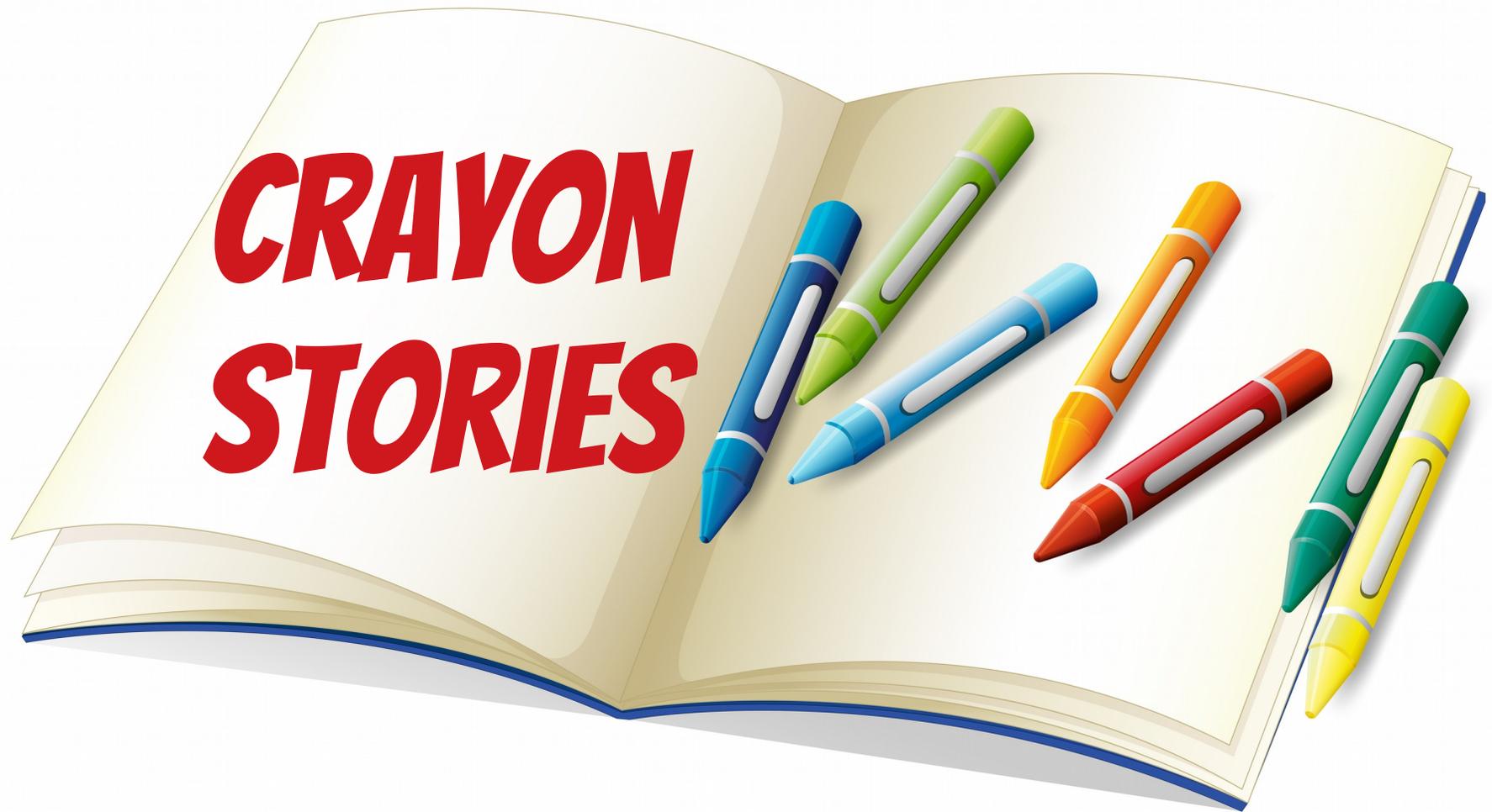




A Story Studio Anthology
by Young Authors
(Ages 5-13)



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 across Canada, between the ages of 5 and 13 as a result of our March 2021 creative writing contest. The task was to write a short flash fiction story involving crayons, in celebration of National Crayon Day on March 31st.

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Story Studio Writing Society

2021

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GREYSON THE GREY CRAYON

by
Emily

Hello, I'm Greyson, the grey crayon and I'm here to tell you about me.

The first thing you need to know is that each colour is named after a purpose. Red, the colour of Love; Orange, the colour of Warmth; Yellow, the colour of Happiness; Green, the colour of Jealousy; Blue, the colour of Sorrow and Purple, the colour of Hope.

Now you must be asking yourself, "Why is Greyson not named after a purpose?" Well, in this story I'm going to tell you why.

I was in a box with everyone just so excited to see my home. Weeks passed and then one day I felt shaking. “What's happening?” asked Love.

The time had come! We were finally going to get a home. When the shaking stopped, a bright light shone on me and then a hand came out of nowhere. It took Hope. When Hope returned to the box, she told everyone about Lexy. Hope said so many good things and I couldn't wait for it to be my turn to come out of the box.

But years passed. Lexy started to get bored of coloring and started to like writing much more. Since Lexy started writing, I was never taken out of the box because nobody liked the colour grey.

Weeks later, Lexy forgot to put everyone back in the box. Now that doesn't seem so bad; but days later all the crayons had melted except for me. When Lexy came to draw a picture for her friend, she saw that all her crayons were melted.

Then, she saw me in the box. So, Lexy worked with what she had. She drew a beautiful picture with me, the color grey.

Then Lexy decided to go to the store and buy new crayons. I was so excited to get new friends. When Lexy came home, she opened her new crayons right away. When Lexy left, I rolled over to meet my new friends. I said hello to the new Jealousy.

“Back off, loser!” he replied.

“Why do you think I’m a loser? We just met,” I replied.

The new Sorrow came over and said, “You're a loser because you are grey and no one likes the colour grey.”

Then the new Sorrow threw me into the box.

A few days later, I saw Lexy doing some writing but not on paper, she was on a computer. I thought to myself, maybe I could see what my purpose was.

When Lexy left for school, I rolled over to the computer and typed: *What is the purpose of the colour grey?* It was really hard to type with no hands, but I managed.

First the screen was white then some black words appeared. It said: *The colour grey is an emotionless, moody colour that is typically associated with meanings of dull, dirty, and dingy, as well as formal, conservative, and sophisticated. The colour grey is a timeless and practical colour that is often associated with loss or depression.*

This is how I figured out my name is not Greyson, but that my name is Depression. I don't like the name Depression, so I kept that name to myself. So, everyone still calls me Greyson and I'm fine with that.

THE END.

CHARCOAL THE CRAYON DETECTIVE

by
Georgia

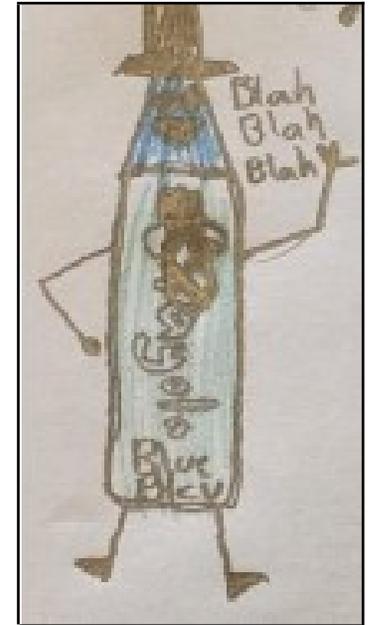
My name is Charcoal. No one likes me, because I am a black crayon. Just as the people never use me. All the other crayons are so much better than me. Like Pinky-pie, who owns the best bakery in town and who makes the best pies. Or the Greenies, the best detective agency ever made. Like The Rockin' Reds, the most popular band in the world. Or Mango, who owns the most popular fruit farm. But me, the other crayons call me: 'The Boring Black.'



One day, when I was feeling extra sad, and the other crayons were feeling extra happy.

Mayor Blue-sky had an announcement. “I have bad news. Pinkie-pie is MISSING!!” she said. “No one can find her! That is why we need the Detective Greenies!”

I stared at her in surprise. “Where could she be?”
I murmured to myself.



The two Greenies stepped onstage and Tree Greenie, the leader, said, “We will find her no matter what,” she promised.

“Yes!” Leaf Greenie, the second member of the Detective Greenies said.

One crayon called out from the crowd, “DO NOT WORRY CRAYONS! THE GREENIES HAVE NEVER LET US DOWN! THEY WILL FIND PINKY-PIE!”

As all the crayons of Verrmelo city cheered, I suddenly had an idea. I KNEW WHERE PINKY-PIE WAS!!!

The next day I set to work gathering supplies for my great journey ahead. I worked tirelessly and silently all day and night, only snatching any sleep between small breaks. The mayor had said that the detective Greenies had hunted everywhere but had not found anyone. That proves that no-crayon knew about the Zachav castle. Soon I had checked off most of the things on my list:

1. *Food* ✓
2. *Water* ✓
3. *Rope* ✓
4. *Ladder* ✓
5. *Knife* ✓
6. *Hypnotizing stones* ✓
7. *Map* ✓
8. *Silent shoes* ✓
9. *Code-detector from the Greenie's 'how to be a detective' shop* ✓
10. *Flashlight & battery* ✓

Once I had finished, I got my backpack and set off into the woods.

It was darker than in the city, and I could hear the hooting of owls far off. I was going to the mysterious castle of Zackhav. Home to a very powerful, evil sorcerer-crayon named Grayenze. I walked through Crasmon Forest, and used the code-detector to search for clues.

I'd already avoided three booby-traps, two sensor cameras with nets and one trapdoor. That meant I was getting closer to the castle. I kept on scanning the ground, carefully looking for traps. '*Oh, there's another one,*' I thought.



I spotted the glowing red sensor cameras and the rope net hanging above on the screen of the code-detector. The code-detector would beep red if there was anything wrong. I clicked the grey button and there was a snap and a bang and then the trap disappeared into thin air! “Much better,” I muttered, pleased that I had brought along such a good machine.

Suddenly a screech echoed through the silence and I fell down. The code-detector beeped red but it was too late. Something snagged my foot and tentacles reached out to grab me.

I got pulled through the trapdoor and into a cage in the dungeon of the Zachav castle.

“Ch-ch-charcoal?”

That was Pinkie-pie!! “Pinkie-pie!?!?!” I yelped. I was chained to the floor in a cage, and next to my cage was another cage, and PINKIE-PIE!! “We have to find a way out!” I told Pinkie-pie.

I wrapped the rope around the bars of my cage and pulled.

Creeaak. I pulled again. **Cr-crack.** The bar snapped.

I broke two bars and climbed out. Then I threw the rope to Pinkie-pie. She grabbed it and did the same to her cage until she could come out too. I put my silent shoes on and we tiptoed silently through the hallway. The dungeon seemed to be deserted. We stopped and stepped into an empty room. I sat down onto a rock in the corner. I searched the map until I found out our location.

“How do we get out?” Pinkie-pie leaned over my shoulder.

“This way.” I crept out, still looking at the map.

I had forgotten to take out the code-detector, so I didn't see the red tile that I was about to step on. **Beep!** A net suddenly dropped on us and pulled us up to the roof, but I quickly cut through the rope and we dropped to the ground. There were many other traps, but all of them were made of rope or wood and I cut through them easily.

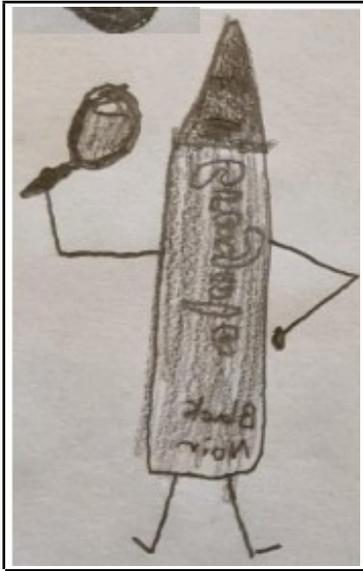
And then there it was! The exit!! There was a small opening in the roof. I took out the ladder and leaned it up against the hole. We climbed out and set off to the village of Verrmelo.

Suddenly two wolves leapt out of the bushes. “Grrr,” the first one growled, jumping forward and knocking my backpack open. The contents spilled out and I lunged for my hypnotizing stones. I got the stones and held them up in front of the wolves’ eyes.

“Aaawhoooo!” one wolf howled and their eyes turned white.

“Go away,” I whispered. Both wolves turned, their eyes still white, away from us and into the forest.

“HOW DID YOU DO THAT?” Pinkie-pie yelped.



“The hypnotizing stones did all the work,” I said.
We continued to work our way through the forest.
Soon I begin to see the city.

“It looks like mayor Blue-sky called a meeting,” Pinkie-pie observed from over my shoulder. All the crayons were gathered around mayor Blue-sky and the Detective Greenies.

“We have not found Pinkie-pie,” Tree Greenie said.

“We will keep trying though,” Leaf Greenie said.

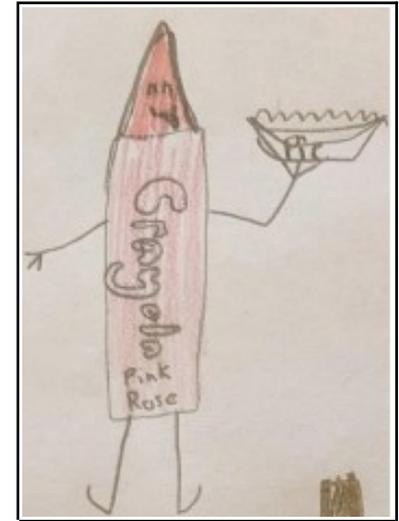
“The Detective Greenies will do their best to find Pinkie-pie,”
Mayor Blue-sky said. “You may go now.”

But just as the crayons started moving away I called out,
“WAIT!”

Everyone stopped and stared at me, as I stepped out of the
forest. “UGH. BORING BLACK. What do you need NOW??”
Mango called back.

“I HAVE PINKIE-PIE!!!” I called. Pinkie-pie stepped out of the forest and everyone gasped.

All was silent, and then the whole crowd came rushing up to me and Pinkie-pie, yelling questions and calling apologies for being so mean.



“Charcoal!!!” Mayor Blue-sky said. “From now on, you shall be a CITY DETECTIVE!!!!”

Everyone cheered.

My name is charcoal. I am a black crayon and everyone likes me. Just as the people always use me. I am the new CITY DETECTIVE!!!!!!!

THE END.

CRAYON AROUND THE WORLD

by
Marcus

There once was a crayon, a white one to be exact. He lived with his friends in a boy's pencil case.

One day, the boy decided to draw the perfect picture of Santa. So he took his crayons with him to the North Pole to find Santa. On the way, he spilled his crayons in the snow. He thought he had picked them all up and so he headed onward. No one knew the white one was gone because he blended in so well with the snow.

Well the white crayon was in a hurry to find the boy, so he jumped on a polar bear! Guess where the polar bear took him? To the desert!!!

The crayon started to turn yellowish-orange and the polar bear turned into a camel. Well, that might sound strange, but that camel walked all the way to the amazon forest! Then the crayon turned green and the camel turned into a jaguar!

That jaguar ran and ran. It stopped to chase the butterflies, and then ran some more. It ran to the shore of the ocean and then jumped in and turned into a... Blue whale, and the crayon turned blue!

Then after a long time, the whale jumped onto a bridge. Well, the whale turned into a car and the crayon turned grey.

The car drove right by the boy's home and the crayon jumped out. When he got to the home, he realized the boy was still back in the North Pole!

THE END.

TRUE COLOUR

by
Monique

As my eyes opened and I became aware of the blinding light enfolding me, I panicked. As I became accustomed to this strange presence, I recognized the beauty of the world around me. The colours that streaked across everything I saw.

Although, I had not known what a colour was and had not yet realized that colours would affect me such a great deal. Such a warm feeling of happiness as you see a whole new world unfold beneath your stub of wax.

'WAIT... WHAT?' The whole structure of my body was coloured wax!!!

As I was pondering over this obscure matter I heard a voice escaping from the crevices of the big box that was holding me, along with around 60 other stubs of coloured wax, that I would later realize were called crayons.

“What colour am I??? What colour am I???” an obnoxious crayon was yelling at the top of it’s wrapper.

“What's a colour?” I asked, shyly.

“I don't know, but APPARENTLY it's what it says on this weird wrapper.”

“May I read it?” I asked, scared that this crayon would get mad at me for asking such a question.

“YES PLEASE!!! I've been waiting for someone to do it!” The crayon said excitedly.

“Cerulean sunset,” I read it aloud. (By the way, don't bother asking me how I learned to read, I was born with this ability).

Just as I turned around fifty or so crayons approached me at once asking me to read their labels. Not wanting to be rude I agreed to this term. Wrapper after wrapper I read aloud, “Soft Sarcoline. Coquelicot Poppy. Smaragdine Emerald,” and dozens of other obscure names I could hardly pronounce.

“What does mine say?” I asked a Ruby Red crayon.

“How should I know? I can't read!” the crayon replied rudely and stalked away.

'Huh.' After asking around for the better part of an hour, I realized that no one else could read. "Shoot," I muttered under my crayon tip.

Just as those very words escaped my mouth a face appeared at the opening of the box. A young girl was examining all of our bright colours and different names. Just then her hand, that was as big as an apple, reached into the box and grasped onto a crayon called Striking Violet and the crayon disappeared from view.

Me and several other shy crayons tried to hide from this strange being, but it was too late. The hand reached in once more and it picked up another crayon but this time... that crayon was me. As I left the box, I checked out my surroundings. I was in a small room, the curtains drawn and light pouring through. In the centre of the room there was a small round table, it's smooth wood felt refreshing underneath my body of wax. On this small table, was a blank piece of paper, the surface of it staring up at me. A shiver ran through me as the tip of my body touched the rough textured surface of the paper.

Then something outstanding happened. As I was dragged across the paper, a striking colour was left in my tracks. After a few more lines on the paper I realized what had just been drawn. A handsome robot, with bright streaks of the Striking Violet but mostly made of another colour that must be me. But this drawing didn't tell me anything about what my colour was called.

Just as I was thinking this very thing I was picked up and was streaked across the paper in straight, cutting lines, weaving in and around. Then I was dropped on the table, just like that I was forgotten, or so I thought. I saw another crayon escape the box, the little girl grasping on to it with all her mite.

More lines and many minutes later I looked back on the picture that had just been drawn. A house this time. Still no luck. She picked one last crayon out of the box, Olive Green was its name. She used the Olive Green first, making bold strokes and points.

Next she picked up me and swirled in and out around and down and up. Then she stood back to admire her work. I got a quick peek at it too, unaware that this was to be a very important moment in my life, a rose was lying on the paper. A wave of shock hit me. I was the colour red. I had finally discovered my colour! I was so excited I felt as though I was about to burst my wrapper! I had finally discovered the thing that had been pestering me for so long.

THE END.

A CRAYOLA ADVENTURE

by
Ria

Chapter 1

Violet Crayola opened her eyes. It was time to wake up! She yawned. *'This is so boring!'* she thought. She was crammed into a small box. She lived with twenty-three other crayons. They made up her family and friends.

Red Crayola, her best friend, was beside her. She sighed and he looked at her. "Still bored?" he asked.

"Yup," she replied.

“Me too,” he said.

It wasn't fair. Peter, their owner, used them only for colouring. Violet knew she was a colour, but he treated them so badly! But then, she had an awesome idea!

“We should run away!” she said to Red.

“Really?” he asked with uncertainty. “Won't everyone get worried?”

“We’ll leave and come back after one day,” she said.

But he still didn’t look convinced. “Please?” she coaxed. “Don’t you want to see the outside world?”

He heaved a heavy sigh. “I do,” he said. “But what about Peter? What if he needs us?”

“He’ll assume he lost us,” Violet replied confidently. “Please?”

“Okay,” he agreed.

They didn't need to pack anything - they were crayons after all! *'Almost time!'* Violet thought. Any minute now, Peter was going to open the box and spill all the crayons on the floor.

“Yes!” Violet exclaimed. The lid was open, the box was being lifted into the air, and... “Now!” Violet yelled.

She and Red jumped out just as soon as the rest of the crayons fell out. As they ran, Violet heard a voice behind them.

“Violet Crayola! Where do you think you're going?!”

Violet looked over her shoulder and saw her mom. “Don’t worry!” Violet shouted back. “I’ll be back in one day! I promise!” She kept on running, step in step with Red. She didn’t look back until she was far, far, away.

Chapter 2

Now, you must understand this. Our adventurers are simply crayons. The ‘outside world’ meant Peter’s house. Not outside, just inside Peter’s house. After all, they’ve been inside a box all their lives. Obviously, they wouldn’t know about our outside world.

So their adventure started off in the kitchen. “All clear,” Red whispered.

“Now, go, go, go!” Violet quickly ran to the other side and ducked underneath a low table. Red made sure no one was looking, and then did the same.

“What now?” he asked her.

“This is where we’ll watch from,” she replied. “After we’re done, we’ll go to the other places and hopefully return within one day.”

And so they went. They explored the bedrooms, Peter's dad's office, the bathrooms, and the guest rooms. When they reached the living room, they found Peter pacing around the room muttering, "I dropped it somewhere here."

"Do you think he's looking for us?" Red asked in a panic-stricken voice.

"I don't know." Violet had never felt so worried before. Maybe this had been a bad idea.

“I know I dropped my ball here,” Peter’s voice said.

Relief flooded through Violet. “Whew!” she said to Red. “That was close!”

Red nodded and said, “Yeah. Come over here.”

She followed Red as he led her over to a small table. They oohed and aahed at the sights they saw. They were crayons after all!

Soon it was nightfall. “Time to go back!” Violet said.

They started to walk back. But then, as they were crossing the kitchen, disaster struck. They were chatting so they did not notice anything. When they finally looked ahead, they found themselves face to foot! Peter was about to squash them!

They ran as quick as they could, which wasn't easy considering their tiny feet. Red got away, but Violet was seconds away from being crushed! "Violet!" he called desperately. "Run!"

Violet looked helplessly at him but put on a burst of speed. She narrowly dodged Peter's foot. She panted and looked at him. "We are definitely going straight home," she said.

They reached Peter's bedroom and ran underneath his bed. "We'll rest here and sleep here as well," Red said. "When Peter spills the rest of them, we'll join them."

"Okay," Violet said sleepily.

In the morning Violet heard a bang. They looked out cautiously.
“Let’s go!” Violet whispered excitedly. “He’s spilling them!”

They waited until Peter had spilled everyone. Then, they ran and rejoined them.

“Violet Crayola!” Violet’s mom shrieked. “Where have you been?! We were so worried!”

“I’m alright mom,” Violet protested. “Really. I’ll tell you all about my, uh, little adventure.” She got Red and they both told the adults the story.

As the parents listened, their faces went from shocked to amazed. When they heard about how Violet and Red almost got stepped on, their faces were expressions of pure terror.

Later, when they were back in the box, Violet sighed happily. That had truly been an 'out of the box' adventure! Now she wouldn't need to have any more adventures. At least, not for a little while!

THE END.



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