



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

BEACH 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 across Canada, between the ages of 5 and 13 as a result of our June 2021 creative writing contest. The task was to write a short flash fiction story that takes place on a beach.

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Story Studio Writing Society

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Gary's Adventure.....	4
The Mysterious Island.....	9

GARY'S ADVENTURE

by
Lilith

Under a rock at a beach way out east, sat a small crab. He was dark red with light orange at the tips of his pincers and his name was Gary. He sat on the beach under his rock staring at the sparkling ocean, wishing he could go out there. But the ocean was too dangerous for him, he could be eaten, so he sat and sat and sat.

Until one day a young girl came along and lifted up his rock. Gary ran and ran along to the other side of the beach. He waited till the end of the day to start his way home but this time there were obstacles.

On his way he encountered fields of seaweed which were too sticky and sludgy to get across. He stopped halfway through to sleep and save energy.

When he got across he was met by a flock of seagulls. He tried to scurry through them but there were too many. Gary had to dig underground not knowing where he was going. He made it through until one of the seagulls swooped down to grab him! She was so close, only a centimeter away, but Gary ducked just in time.

He decided to stay underground for a bit just to be safe and he slept through the night hoping to get home to his rock in the morning.

Gary continued his journey. He had to get through large rocks that had fallen in the night. Powering through he made it to the top before falling down a deep dark hole. He had to wait and wait before coming up with an idea.

Finally, Gary thought he could dig a staircase! Conveniently, the staircase led Gary straight to his home. But right then and there, he saw his rock and thought about how long it had taken him to get there and all the struggle just to sit under a rock his whole life. So instead he went into the ocean and lived there for the rest of his days

THE END.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

by
Ria

Crunch. Crunch. Alice cautiously tread across the leafy jungle floor. There was no one there except her, but she stopped anyway and listened. Nothing. Just her and the whisper of the wind.

Crunch, crunch. She started walking again, but only moved a few steps before she stopped. She listened again and heard footsteps. She froze with fear for a moment, but then started to run. She ran to the nearest tree and climbed it. She didn't stop climbing until she was sure she was hidden in the leaves and branches of the tree. She was glad she did.

A moment later, two bogs, a type of monster that lived on the island, came into view. “So,” one of them was saying. “Are you with the boss? Should we really spend all of our time patrolling the forest to catch the human?”

“No,” the other one grunted. “You know why he’s really telling us to do this. He just wants to keep us from challenging him and taking his role as leader.”

“Yeah,” the other one said. “But I heard it was because...”

Alice strained her ears, but the voices had faded into the distance. She was desperate to know if the bogs had moved off the beach. She had been sailing in her ship, The Spirit of Destiny, when a huge storm hit.

Being the expert sailor she was, she had sailed to the nearest island. What she didn't know however, was that the island was not on any maps. After all, she hadn't had time to check her maps. When she woke up in the morning, she found out the horrible truth. She was lost, and there were bogs on her ship!

She had narrowly escaped, and now was trying to get back to her ship. Which, unfortunately, was docked at the beach which was the bog's home.

She quickly made sure there were no more patrols coming, and clambered down from the tree.

Since it was getting dark, she decided to call it a day. She quietly walked to her shelter. As she had built shelters before, this one had been a piece of cake. It was well camouflaged with the forest around it, and sheltered her from the rain and the cold.

She climbed in tired. She was so tired, in fact, that she didn't notice the bog hiding behind a tree looking at her.

The next day she was awoken by sunlight streaming through the entrance. She was about to roll over, when she heard a malicious voice saying, "I'd come quietly if I were you." And despite the warm weather outside, she felt very, very cold. She slowly rolled over and the first thing she saw was a sharp blade, just inches from her face, glinting in the sunlight. And the one holding it, was the one, the only, leader of the bogs.

The next thing she knew, she was standing and some other bog was tying some strong vines around her hands. She looked at them and said, “Really? Is this the best you can do?” She pulled her hands apart and the vines immediately loosened and fell off.

The bog looked at the fallen vines and blinked in confusion. “But those were my strongest knots!” he exclaimed.

The boss squeezed through the crowd and growled at the bog that had just tied her up. “You dummy!” he yelled. “You can’t even tie her upright!”

The bog looked at his ginormous toes in shame and mumbled, “I told you I wasn’t good at knots.”

The boss growled at him and the bog walked away. The boss picked up the fallen vines and tied them tightly around her hands.

Then he called his soldiers and they started to walk with Alice in the middle. Alice looked around. She was surrounded by bogs.

The boss was right in front of her. She had a plan. It was now or never. She slowly walked towards a bog with a spear. Once she was close to him, she moved right in front of him and his spear touched her. “Aah!” she screamed. “Ouch!”

The boss looked over at her. “What is it now?” he asked.

“Oh nothing,” Alice replied. “Just that your dummy soldier poked me with his spear.

The soldier looked startled. “I did not!” he protested. “And if I did, I didn’t do it deliberately!”

The boss regarded him with a snort. “Fine,” he said. Pointing at Alice, he continued, “And you? You stay in the center.”

Alice nodded and they started walking again. She surveyed the soldiers and smiled when she saw a gap between the two of them. She moved towards it then started to run! But she stopped when she noticed that the gap was closed. Soon, they came upon a beautiful beach.

The ocean was a sparkling turquoise colour. The sand was pale yellow and soft. She saw her boat docked a little offshore. Her heart ached as she looked at it. Oh, how she longed to be sailing that sparkling ocean!

She tore her gaze from it and noticed some quite large tents circling around another tent, larger than the others. So this was the home of the bogs! She had imagined coming here, though not as a prisoner.

“Um, boss?” a bog broke the silence. “Now that we have captured the prisoner, I challenge you for your role as leader.”

Alice turned around in surprise.

The bog that had spoken was a bit larger than the current boss. The bog continued, “That is, unless you’re ready to admit that you wanted us to capture the human only because you wanted to keep your role?”

“Okay,” the boss said. “That is true. Now you cannot challenge me.”

“I can’t,” the bog said. “But Fury here can.”

All the colour drained out of the boss's face when a ginormous bog stepped up. “F-Fury!” he stammered. “We don’t need to fight! I hereby stand down and let Fury be the leader,” he hurriedly added.

A cheer went through the assembled bogs. “Fury! Fury! Fury!” they cheered.

Fury turned to Alice and said, “The first thing I will do is let this human return to her home. Safely,” he added.

He ripped off Alice's vines and watched as she ran onto her ship and started to sail.

"Bye Fury!" she yelled. "I hope I get to see you again!"

"Goodbye Alice!" he replied. "Have a safe journey!"

Alice watched until the island was only a tiny speck on the horizon. She loved sailing. The sea was her home and she was glad to be back.

THE END.



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