



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

# ***MONSTERS & CREATURES***



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 October 2021 creative writing contest. The task was to write a short flash fiction story about a creature or monster of their own creation.

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# ***THE HAUNTED MANSION***

by  
Archer

“Do you have your costume ready yet?” Henry’s mom asked him.

“Uhh... Sort of,” Henry replied. He kept getting tangled in his Minecraft costume. He untangled himself and headed out the door.

Henry met up with his friends at the nearby park. “Where do you want to trick-or-treat first?” he asked his best friend Beck.

“The Haunted Mansion, obviously,” Beck said.

They walked up the long driveway to the Haunted Mansion. Then they walked into the mansion through the double doors. As soon as they entered they saw a sign that said... Nothing. Their hearts paced faster.

In the hallway a small slug was on the floor; it was slimy and brown. Suddenly the slug began to grow, getting bigger and bigger.

“HOW DARE YOU ENTER THE HAUNTED MANSION!!!!” the slug’s voice boomed.

“Hey, we trick-or-treated here last year, so let us through. Also where did you come from?” Beck asked.

“I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE!” the slug roared.

“I have an idea. RUNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Henry yelled, panicking.

The slug slithered, chasing them through the hallway, into the kitchen. They went past the cutting board that had three bloody knives on it. Henry’s other friend, James grabbed one of the

knives and threw it at the slug. It missed, but the slug was forced to dodge it which slowed it down.

Suddenly something tripped the boys. They started falling into a deep, narrow, chasm filled with a slimy gel. When they looked up, they saw a large object quickly getting closer.

“THE SLUG IS FALLING FASTER THAN US!!!!!!” Henry shouted. A blast of air hit them with a chill. They landed in a big snowbank by the side of a path. The slug landed beside them with an **OOMPH**.



The friends got up and stumbled onto the path. “I thought it was Halloween not Christmas,” Beck said.

“That doesn’t matter. The slug is about to get us!” James warned the others. They took off down the path, trampling on the bits of ice.

“Maybe this is an alternate dimension,” Beck stated.

James suddenly dove into a small cave by the side of the path, pulling Beck and Henry in with him. The slug slithered past

them without even glancing their way. They got out of the cave and looked around. The chasm where they came from was about fifty metres down the path, but it was also suspended fifteen feet in the air.

“How will we get up there,” Henry wondered out loud. They tried stuff like throwing rocks at it, and trying to jump for it.

The friends started to wander the other direction down the path when they saw a bow with a glowing arrow, and a rope next to it. “Wait a second...” Henry said.

He tied all three of them with the rope and then tied the other end to the arrow. He shot it into the chasm. They were zipped back up to the driveway of the Haunted Mansion! They had escaped the other dimension! It looked like no time had passed at all.

“Well? Are you ready to start trick-or-treating yet?” James asked.

“I sure am,” Henry replied.

***THE END.***

***ZOEY AND UNICAT'S ADVENTURES:  
SPOOKY DREAM BATTLE***

by  
Eiliya

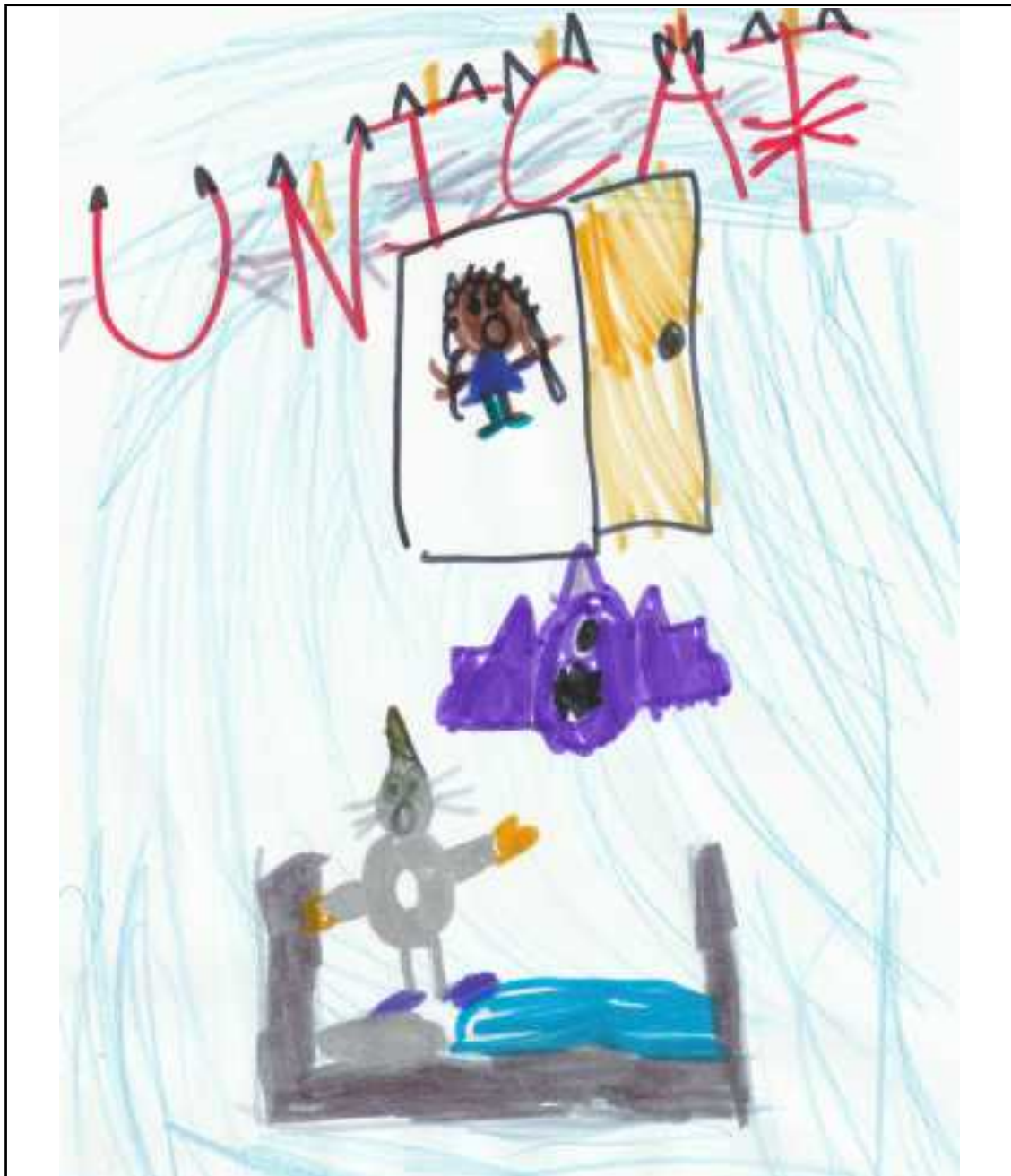
Meet Zoey. She has long, curly, dark brown hair, and skin the color of her favorite milky tea. Unicat is Zoey's best friend. He is a magical creature, a cat with the horn of a unicorn. He moved into Zoey's yard one day looking for a friend. It is cold outside now, so he lives in the house.

Zoey and Unicat like to play a game called "Imagine Come True." Unicat uses a special coding bracelet to enter a setting where anything he thinks about comes true. This time, after they play, Unicat forgets to turn the setting off! After dinner comes bedtime. Unicat has a bad dream!

When Unicat wakes up, it is dark. Unicat can tell that it is dark even though there are two big eyeballs in front of him... *Wait, WHAT?!?!?*

Unicat's dream came alive! Unicat jumps out of bed and yells, "ZOEEEEYYY!!!!"

Zoey comes running into Unicat's room. "What's the matter Uni?" Zoey stops mid-sentence because she sees the creature in front of a very scared Unicat. The creature has one horn, one eye, and it is purple, with wings.





Zoey remembers that the song, “Purple People Eater” says the creature eats people. *OH NO!* Zoey starts running.

On her way out the door, Zoey grabs Unicat by his arm, and he starts running too. Zoey wonders if the creature will eat Unicat. They run outside, past Unicat’s old house. They dive into the bushes, and they look up to see if the creature is gone, but it is NOT. It is looking right at them.

“I WANT TO EAT YOU!” the creature says in a booming voice.

“You are NOT going to eat us!” exclaims Zoey.

“Okay,” says the Purple People Eater agreeably. It pulls a tuna sandwich out of its horn and munches it. “I’ll take a walk instead.”

Unicat turns to Zoey. “Well, that was easy.”

The Purple People Eater comes back. It has finished the sandwich. It starts to chase them again.

Zoey and Unicat break into a run. They manage to hide behind a tree in the nearby park. The creature luckily heads in the opposite direction.

“Unicat, turn off the game!” Zoey pants.

“Oh no,” Unicat groans. “I can’t. My coding bracelet is in my bedroom!”

“Then you better imagine a way out of this,” Zoey crosses her arms.



Unicat's horn sparkles as he thinks of a way to distract the Purple People Eater. "I've got it!" he shouts, and then trips over an enormous stack of tuna sandwiches that he has imagined. The creature comes running towards them and dives into the pile of sandwiches.

"Run," says Zoey!

Unicat grabs a sandwich for himself and then they run back to Zoey's house. He finds the bracelet and turns off the setting.

"Whew! All that running made me hungry!" Unicat says.

He reaches for his sandwich, but it's gone. It was an imaginary tuna sandwich, after all.

Zoey laughs. "At least we know the creature is gone too!"

***THE END.***

# ***SPOOKY THE FRIENDLY MONSTER***

by  
Eliana

Spooky was in his messy backyard with cobwebs and crispy orange leaves scattering the ground.

Spooky is a friendly monster and likes to greet others, but he's not very good at it because he makes funny noises that scare the kind children, and so does the frown on his face. Spooky is a very old monster that has only one eye like a telescope. He is teal coloured, and spikes come out of his body when he gets scared, like a puffer fish. He likes to glance at others because he is always looking for friends. Spooky doesn't have any friends which makes him feel lonely.





Everyone was afraid of him and his house, because they believe it's haunted. His house is a mossy green, with an aqua blue roof scattered with orange leaves. There are cobwebs all over the house and many furry, black tarantulas and midnight coloured bats live there too.

Spooky's house was the only house in town that looked so scary and had many superstitions about it. Spooky just wanted friends to come over to his house. There were sometimes neighbours who dropped off delicious food for him when he slept, but he wished they would visit with him when he was awake.

Spooky was playing basketball in his backyard when he had a great idea, to combine basketball with his gymnastic skills. He thought he could perform for everyone in the rough stony street, that way everyone would want to be friends with him! So early the next morning Spooky woke up and ran into the backyard to practice for one last hour before he headed into the street. For everyone else, it was really five o'clock in the evening, but Spooky sleeps during the day and is awake all night.

So Spooky made his way into the middle of the street right in front of his house. He did cartwheels while dribbling a basketball! Spooky was nervous, but excited. He did his trick again but he created a traffic jam, blocking two cars from passing, making the drivers frustrated. They honked their horns loudly, but Spooky thought they're cheering him on along with the black cats that were watching from the sidewalk, like cheerleaders! Spooky cartwheeled all the way across the street and back and then the cars passed. Spooky was proud of his tricks but didn't understand why the cars had left. He walked home disappointed.

The next morning, Spooky woke up at five o'clock again. It was evening time but he could see from his window that there were still children playing at the park. Spooky walked down to the park, past the blooming flowers, and saw some children playing on the swings and some more on the slide. But as soon as they saw Spooky, they all ran to their mommies and daddies and in a flock they all ran away from Spooky and the park. Spooky did not feel elated anymore, '*Why are the children running away from me in a split second?*' he asked himself. Tears burst from his eyes and he walked back home, feeling anxious.

While stomping his way home, the street cracking beneath his feet, he decided to clean up his messy home, inside and out! He started by mopping and sweeping up and then cleaned the cobwebs off the house. He wiped down the walls of green moss outside and felt his excitement brewing for people to come over and have an enjoyable time. Finally he took a bath and sent out invitations for ‘Spooky’s Haunted Halloween Party!’ He invited pleasant people from the whole neighbourhood, who he hoped would care about him.

On the day of Halloween, Spooky decorated the house with jack-o-lanterns and fun decorations, nothing scary! Spooky trembled with happiness in his huge heart as he dressed up as a fairy with shimmery wings and a magic wand! Around six o'clock Spooky heard cars parking on the compound. He couldn't wait to see all the children and adults in their fashionable costumes.

Everyone Spooky invited came to the party, even the children who had run from him at the park. Spooky watched people dancing with excitement, not scared of him anymore.





There were banners up and a large punch bowl with people drinking and also candy buckets for the children. Guests brought food and treats too in case it was needed. Spooky began to feel magic, but he didn't know where the magic was coming from. People were talking around him, thanking him for the party, but he couldn't hear them with the loud music playing.

Later, as people were driving home, Spooky still felt the magic trapped in one place, his heart. His house was reestablished, the superstitions were still there, but the children weren't afraid anymore.

Spooky wasn't lonely anymore and his guests were now his friends. Spooky had learned that a clean house would attract more friends and he wouldn't have to feel uncomfortable anymore. Spooky enjoyed a great life in his neighbourhood.

***THE END.***

# ***STORY OF A WATER GLOB MONSTER***



by  
Elisha

Human, why did I say human? Because I'm not one!!! Those bloody humans are stinky and smelly. A monster like me deserves a better tub!!! I just realized that some humans never ever clean their tubs. That's right; I am the monster of tubs. I like to sit in there and play my video games. Oh, and listen up humans, my name is Water Glob, the kind that goes wobbly and giggly!!! So, that is also why humans could never identify me with water and jelly.

Today is Halloween, so I've decided to scare the people that live in this house.

Tonight at eight o'clock is the time for the little kids in this family's washing time. So, I quickly used my body to wash up the dirtiness in the tub. Finally, the kids came in, it's my chance! I quickly turn into a giant blob of water, and splash!!! The kids jump in and.... "Roar!!!" I screamed.

I imagined a few times the kids were screaming, scrambling away, telling their parents how scary I was. But, unfortunately, the kids just giggled and laughed. They laughed so hard that I could even feel the tub shaking!!! **Splash!!!**

I splashed on the kid's head, and all of a sudden, they became quiet. Then, they cried and scrambled around in the tub!!! And most of all, they were stepping on my fragile body! Can you even imagine people swimming, stepping, and jumping on your body? It felt like a total disaster, with pain!!!

After that situation, I quickly slipped down through the sink and found my mother, who was sitting on the sofa, playing card games with her old friends. And I saw my dad cooking while talking to his old friends. I sat down on my bean bag lazily and watched our old TV.

The kids' crying sounds and noises were still in my head, playing over and over again like an old recorder. They scared me to death. What a horrible Halloween!!!

Since then, I've never dared to scare the kids again, because they aren't even scared of me. And we monsters hate the giggles, laughs and cries from stinky kids, we only like them screaming!!! And plus, I don't even know how to cure my headache, because I am just A Water Glob Monster.

***THE END.***

# ***THE MIXED-UP FRIEND***

by

Mmesoma



Once upon a time, in the land of Mix-Ups there was a bear named Scorpie. Well, I could say half-bear, half-tiger, and half-scorpion.

People in the land of Mix-Ups were close to perfect. There were sea monsters, unicorns and cyclops. Scorpie was not perfect, or so he thought. He wanted to be like everyone else. People called him ugly, weird and stubborn.

One day Scorpie went to Uni's house. Clyde, Bobby and some pegasi were there. She was having a Halloween party! Scorpie joined in. He danced his best moves.



Uni said, “Get out fat freak!”

Scorpie walked away. He didn't know where to go, so he walked into an enchanted forest. Scorpie turned left and right. He thought to himself, ‘*Where am I?*’ Then he saw a blur. Scorpie heard a faint **meow**. Scorpie blinked his eyes and there was a kitten-dragon in front of him!

“What just happened?!” Scorpie screamed.



The kitten-dragon started talking. “My name is Emily. You were attacked by booleans. So I blurred you with my fire and brought you here. Plus, you smelled like fish. And I love fish,” Emily said, smiling. “Hey, I didn’t get your name.”

“My name is Scorpie,” he said.

“Hey, want to be buddies?!” Emily asked.

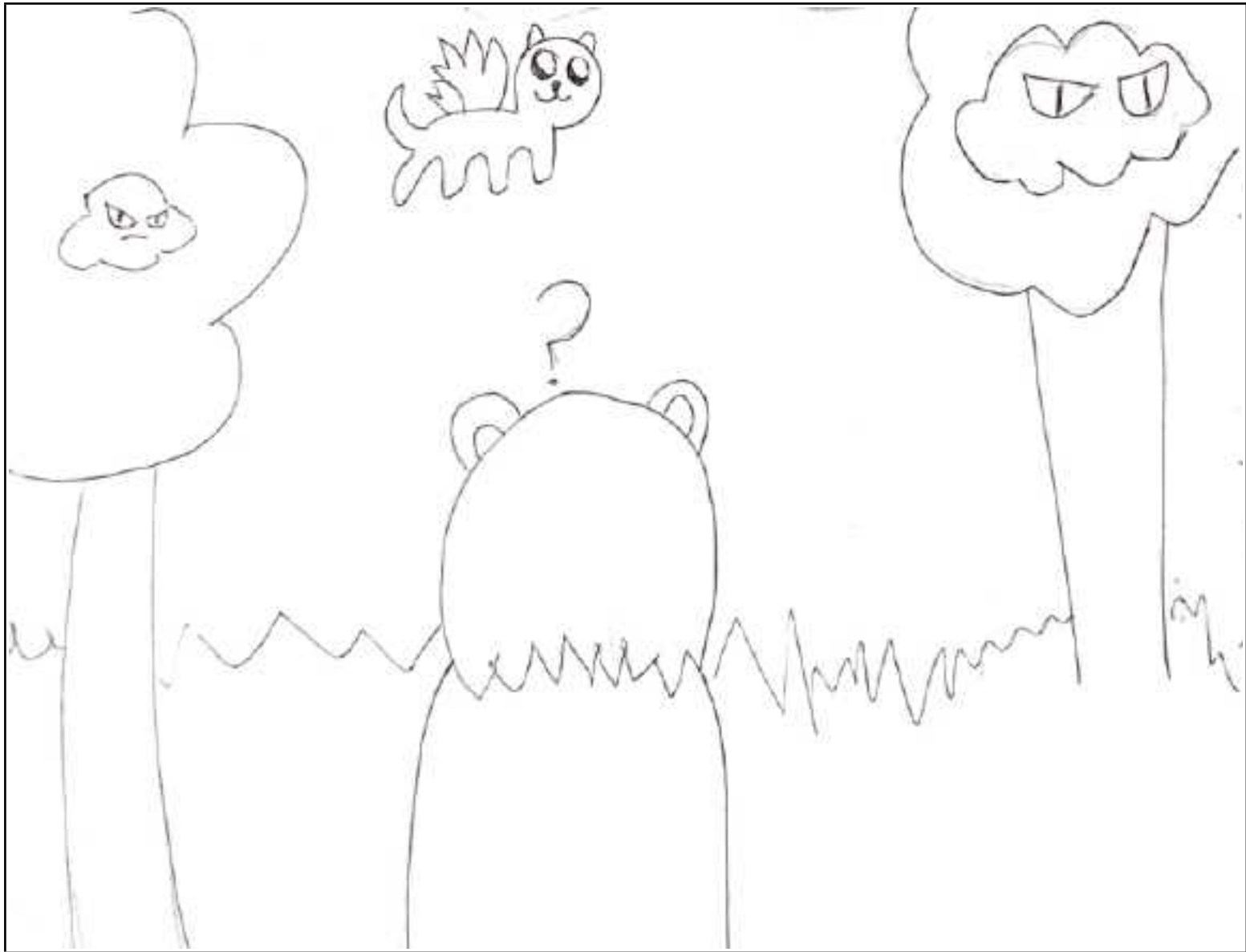
Scorpie looked down at his feet and said, “I really don’t think I can. I am ugly, imperfect, and a... a weirdo!”

“You know you don’t have to be perfect to make friends, right?”  
Emily asked.

“But... But no one likes me because I’m a halfling. Especially  
Uni,” Scorpie sniffed.

“Who is Uni?” Emily whispered.

“NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!” Scorpie shouted, with tears in  
his eyes.



“Hey Scorpie!” Emily called as she went to sit next to him.

“What?” Scorpie said shyly.

“I would like to tell you something,” Emily said. “I am not perfect either. Look at me! I am part kitten and part dragon,” Emily sobbed. “I used to think I was a freak and a weirdo too. But now I know you can be awesome too. I know how it feels to be called names. But I see a kind spirit in... YOU!” Emily said.

“Thank you,” Scorpie said.





“Sure,” Emily hollered.

Scorpie gave Emily a hug. Together they walked back home, feeling a little bit... Perfect!

***THE END.***

# ***AGRI CADAVERUM***

by  
Neilan

The cave was damp and cold. Alex regretted breaking out of his group to explore. He was huddled in the corner of the cave, shivering. He had strayed out of his group to explore a stream, but he had accidentally slipped and flowed down the rapids. After several tries, he finally climbed out and staggered ashore. As the sun dipped down, he felt chills on his spine. The only sounds around were the rushing waterfall and the hooting of owls. As the light dimmed, he found refuge in a nearby cave.

As twilight approached, clouds rolled in. It meant a moonless sky. Alex hoped to scavenge for a few berries, but it would be

hard to find anything in the pitch black of a moonless night. As the sun dipped down for good, Alex tried to make a fire. He crawled outside and felt for some dry wood. With his good fortune, Alex returned with an armful of twigs. He set them on the ground and started making a fire. Soon, a fire was ablaze. He curled into a ball and started to doze off.

As the surroundings grew darker, he spotted a peculiar set of yellow glows at the mouth of the cave. He jolted awake and shouted, trying to hide the fear in his voice, "Who is it???"

The set of eyes disappeared, and he was left with a pounding heart.

After a sleepless night, he ventured out of his cave and into the woods. He discovered a trail of footprints leading into the underbrush; They were giant footprints, as big as dinner plates! He followed the tracks, occasionally stopping for a quick nibble on the berries. The prints then circled around a fallen wall, and behind it, blood-covered skeletons were sprawled. There wasn't a single sound; the clearing was deserted entirely other than the corpses littering the ground.

Alex spotted a body with chunks of meat on it and a mop of brown hair. It was his mother! He scanned the surroundings and soon found the other members of his family that went on the hike, his father and his sister! Alex sucked in a breath of air through his front teeth and approached the corpse of his family. Then, an ear-piercing scream shattered the silent spell.

Alex ran away back to his cave. For the rest of the day, he fortified his cave. Wooden spikes pointing outwards jammed into the ground. As night fell, he huddled beside the fire, too afraid to sleep. But after a while, he dozed off.

The next day, Alex woke up and went back to the field. Oddly enough, the bodies of his family were gone. He explored the area and found nothing else. He kept wondering, *‘Where had the bodies gone? And what had caused all of this!? Had it been the creatures with yellow eyes?’*

He wandered back to his cave, and the corpses' of his family were there! Alex screamed in fright, and a yellow-eyed monster came from the shadows, with claws sharp as daggers and teeth long as swords!



Alex ran for it, and swam across the rapids. Somehow he managed to find the trail his family was on! He sprinted for a good hour and then got to the base of the mountain. Alex hopped onto a bus and rode where home was.

When he arrived home, Alex found the secret key and opened the door. His family ran out and embraced him. It felt warm, but then he remembered, didn't his family die?

For the rest of his life, Alex was left with the questions, *‘Was the monster going to come for Me? And who are the people I’m living with? Are they ghosts? Or worse...’*

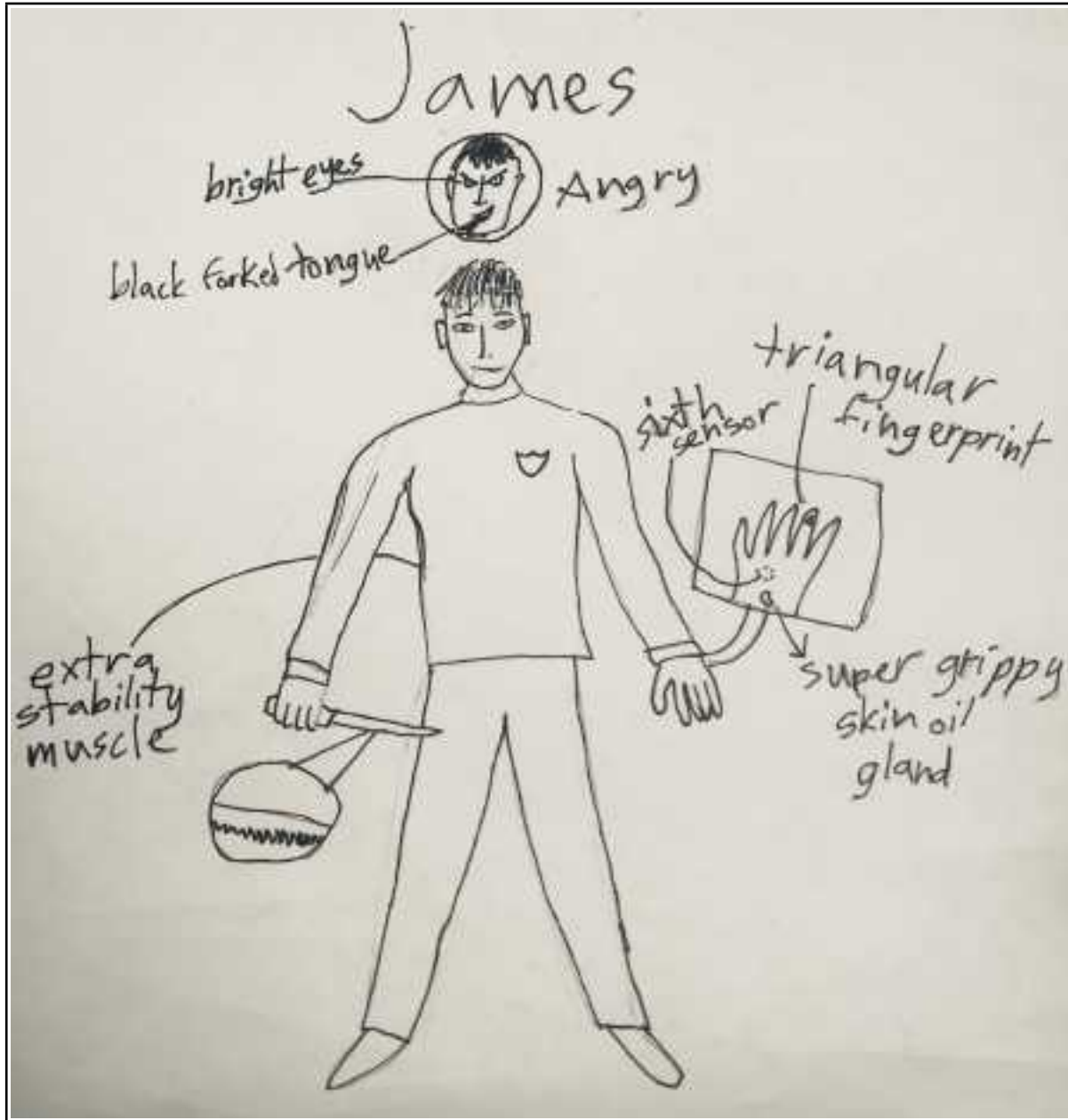
***THE END.***

# ***THE MONSTER WORLD STORY***

by  
Oliver

Kazar is an island that is half city, half jungle, on a distant planet.

James told the twelve year old's, Pako and Koundi, to wait outside the general's mansion. Their other Sargish friend, Doctor Halworth, was in the meeting too. They wished they could hear about the Rish monsters, vicious, clever beings with black forked tongues, and their huge invasions from the East Territory on Dawa up north. But they couldn't.



A few minutes later, James ran out the door, panicked. “The general’s been murdered!” he slurred.

“What?!” Koundi heard Pako say.

Koundi looked around, seeing... a... ladder going straight to the general Tacker’s room! Someone had framed him and Pako.

“Look,” he said.

They looked and saw. “We have to find the murderer,” Pako said, “Let’s go.”

They ran into the house and up the stairs into the crime scene. The body was propped up on a bed, looking at the door, a knife in it. Koundi felt dizzy. Sargs crowded around.

“I went to check, and I saw it, and I screamed,” one mumbled, “Thank goodness you all came, I thought I was about to get murdered.”

After collecting more information, Koundi and Pako left the house and ran home. As they ate their lunch on Pako’s porch in West Kazar, they speculated about who it could be.

“It has to be the soldier, he was the only one with no alibi.”

“Maybe. Hey, what’s this?” Koundi asked. A note on the floor read, *‘Meet me at the sacred temple now. -the murderer.’*

The temple was a big building in the heart of the famous Kazar jungle with sun-bleached columns and a pyramid roof. Koundi cautiously walked in. It echoed. On the other side of it, a figure stood. Doc Halworth! Was he the murderer?



“It’s not him, he’s an atheist and he didn’t know where this temple was,” Pako said. “Come out.”

Another person walked in. James. And suddenly it all made sense.

“You’re a Rish,” Koundi gasped, his mind starting to work it out, “You made sure someone saw you enter the bathroom; your alibi. You crawled through the ventilation shafts, and into General Tacker’s room. You emerged by the door and quickly stabbed the general. But, for more misdirection, you place the

ladder outside the window. Then you crawl back through the ventilation shafts and walk out just as the body is found. You are, apparently, completely innocent. Except for the fact that the body is not facing the ladder. Why did you murder him? Maybe you want to be a high rank Rish spy so they can invade.”

James chuckled, showing the distinct black-forked tongue of a Rish monster. “You are quite clever,” he said, “But for the doctor I can have... an accident arranged, and I have already contacted the Sarg council about my suspicions about you two murdering the general.”

“The council... is right here,” Koundi said as five people emerged from the bushes.

One of them saying to James, “You’re under arrest.”

***THE END.***



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