



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 December 2021 creative writing contest. The task was to write their own creative flash fiction story taking place in the mountains in celebration of World Mountain taking place on December 11<sup>th</sup>.

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik

Story Studio Writing Society

2022

# ***TABLE OF CONTENTS***

The Cave.....	4
The Puppy Mountain.....	11
The Worst Trip Ever.....	16
The Ski Contest.....	23
Sledding on the Tallest Mountain.....	33
Winter Bear.....	40
Bacon, On The Job.....	49
The Explosion.....	58
Tenth Mountain.....	66

# ***THE CAVE***

by  
Archer

I look out the frosty window in my cold bedroom. I have three hours until I leave to go camping. I will be gone for half of my winter break, camping on some mountain I've never heard of. I hate camping. Sadly, my dad says it builds character, so I guess I'll have to put up with it for a while.

Dad tells me to get in the car, even though we haven't had lunch yet. Just like I suspected, we stopped at a fast food place near the mountain, so we can have lunch.

When we arrive at the mountain, there are so many other people there. When we find our campsite we drop off all our

stuff, and hike up to the middle of the mountain where we find The Cave. The Cave is a cave that goes to the centre of the mountain where no one has ever been. Unless you have the right equipment, you will die.

“It’s amazing,” my dad says.

“You know, Sam. You have a whole lifetime to do whatever you want. Would you want to explore this cave?” my mom asks.

“I don’t know,” I say. “It seems dangerous.”

After about ten minutes we head back to our campsite and get dinner ready. We eat fish that our mom caught at the nearby lake. She's really good at fishing. When we all go to bed, my parents instantly fall asleep. But I don't. Instead, I start climbing up the mountain to The Cave. There are people standing outside the cave but no one can see a thirteen year old kid in pitch blackness. I sneak into The Cave and start jogging through the darkness. It doesn't seem dangerous at all.

A few minutes later I find a doorway with a really awful smell coming from it. At first I think it is lava or something but then I look inside and I see bubbling potions that look like they are

kind of evil. I enter the lab and grab a potion. Everything is quiet, but I know somebody is there. I can sense it.

Suddenly a dog jumps out at me and chases me around a table. Then I turn around and throw the potion at the dog. It fizzes and the dog's fur disappears. "I thought dogs were ugly, but then I saw him," I say to myself.

I had grabbed a few more potions just in case, because I might need them. I glance at my watch and gasp. It reads 6:27. "I better be heading back," I say, worried.



I turn around, but I slam into something slimy. It's a gigantic monster. I throw a potion at the monster but all it does is scratch it. Ugly yellow blood drips onto the floor.

*“Eewwwwwwwww!”* I think.

The monster attacks me but I duck and crawl through four of the monster's legs then I start to run. The monster spits a ball of slime. It hits me hard in the back and the pain spreads like I was shot with a thousand arrows. I throw my last potion and it hits the monster exactly where the first potion hit. The monster freezes and drops down with a thump.

I check my watch and run even faster. 6:29... 6:29 and 20 seconds... 6:30 and 10 seconds... I burst into the moonlight and run down the trail to our campsite. I quickly unzip the tent and jump into my sleeping bag. 6:34.

About two minutes later my dad calls me for breakfast, unaware of what I had done in The Cave.

***THE END.***

# ***THE PUPPY MOUNTAIN***

by  
Emma

One snowy day on Puppy Mountain, a little girl named Leah asked her mom if she could go outside.

“Yes,” said her mom.

So she ran as fast as she could to the door. When Leah got to the door she put on her jacket and boots. Then she ran out to play in the falling snow. Leah and her family were the only family living on Puppy Mountain and Leah loved it there.

While Leah was playing she saw something out in the distance on the hill. It was trapped. So Leah went to go see what it was. She saw that it was a unicorn trapped up in a barn all alone. The unicorn had white fur with a blonde mane and a golden horn. The unicorn looked scared. Leah knew she needed to help.

First, Leah tried to lift the gate but she wasn't strong enough and there was too much snow. Leah ran back home to get a shovel. She cleared all the snow away from the gate and got the gate opened.

The unicorn looked cold so Leah ran home again and grabbed a soft blanket and ran out the door to the barn again. She put it over the unicorn so that it wasn't cold.

Leah realized that there was no one else that lived on Puppy Mountain so she brought the unicorn home. "Can you build the unicorn a warm barn for her to live in?" she asked her dad.

"Yes, but you have to take good care of the unicorn."

So her dad built a barn and the unicorn loved her new home!  
The barn had a fluffy pink carpet on the ground, the walls were wood and it had a nice curved roof.

Leah named the unicorn Sparkles. She took such good care of her and the unicorn was so happy living in the new barn.

***THE END.***

# ***THE WORST TRIP EVER***

by  
Hansen



Me and my friend, Neo, were going on a ski trip at Grouse Mountain. We rented two cabins; one for my family and one for Neo's. When we got there, it was nearly dark, so we unpacked and had dinner together.

The next morning, I bolted awake and hollered, "WAKE UP!!" at everyone, waking them immediately. I was excited to go skiing because the last time I skied was years ago!

I got dressed, sprinted downstairs, scarfed down my breakfast, then put on my boots. My family wasn't even downstairs yet when I started running to the lake to see if it was frozen.

It sure looked like it!

I ran over to Neo's cabin and started pounding on the door. I saw a window open, where his head poked outside. "Why are you up at six in the morning?" he grumbled sleepily.

"THE LAKE IS FROZEN!!" I excitedly shouted at him. That caught his attention.

Neo started running, and I heard his feet against the stairs as he bolted down them. The door nearly came off its hinges as he slammed it open, running right toward the lake.

“RACE YOU THERE,” he cried.

Charging towards him, I accidentally tripped and start rolling down the hill, eventually becoming a giant snowball.

“WATCH OUT BELOWWWW!!! I cried.

Neo turned around and when he spotted me, his eyes widened in horror. He screamed like a banshee as the snowball, with me in it, rolled right over him.

Now we were both rolling down towards the frozen lake. As we gained speed and the snow became more compact, we're thrown off a mini ramp, causing us to sail through the air toward the middle of the lake. We were about to find out the hard way what happens when compacted snow hits ice.

As we got closer and closer to the ice, we started screaming even louder. **CRACK!** We hit the ice and fall into the freezing water.

The snow melted quickly and we swam up toward the surface. Our heads broke the surface of the water, and we gasped for breath. However, the hole was a bit too small for both of us to

get out. We were forced to break the ice around us. As we smashed away, we spotted my mom and Neo's mom staring down at us. At this point, my entire lower body was going numb from the cold.

We grimaced at them. After facepalming and rolling their eyes, they just walked away. After the ice hole got large enough, Neo and I crawled up onto the rest of the ice. When we got back to our cabins, we were both shivering, dripping with ice water, and on the edge of hypothermia.

*‘This will be the last time I run down a snowy or icy hill,’* I think to myself.

Today may have caused this to become the worst trip ever, and unless the next few days could make up for it, this trip would remain the worst.

***THE END.***

# ***THE SKI CONTEST***

by  
Joyce

One day, two best friends, Salt and Gary, were getting prepared for a skiing competition on Mount Kermit.

Salt and Gary finished packing their equipment and headed for the car. And after an hour of non-stop driving, they reached Mount Kermit.

When they finished putting on their gear, they heard a voice on the loudspeaker. “Hello everyone! Welcome to the skiing competition! I’m Chili, and I’ll be your instructor.”





## Gary

- loves tuna fish
- best friends with Salt
- Curious



## Salt

- loves adventures
- very responsible
- best friends with Gary
- logical when explaining

Chili assigned the participants their own cable car, but there weren't enough so Salt and Gary shared one together.

Salt and Gary had a great ride, but when they almost got out, their car broke! It slid all the way back to the bottom! "Oh no! We can't get back up now!" cried Salt.

"What do we do now?" asked Gary, worried.

"I guess we could ask for help," Salt replied.

“That’s it Salt, you’re a genius!” Gary cheered.

“What did I say?” asked Salt, confused.

“We could ask for help from the raccoon in the ski shop!” explained Gary.

“Then what are you waiting for? Let’s go!” beamed Salt.

They ran up to the ski shop as quickly as they could.

“Hello, shouldn’t you be in the competition already?” asked the raccoon in surprise.

“Yes, but when we were getting up the mountain by cable car, our car broke and we slid back down!” said Gary.

“Oh, what an awful situation! I’ll get an unbroken one for you two,” she replied as she called back a cable car.

Salt and Gary got on the cable car, but then they heard a voice on top of the mountain on a loudspeaker. It was Chili!

“Is everyone ready?” Chili asked.

“Yes!” cried everyone, except for one raccoon. Her name was Cinnamon, and she is a close friend of Salt and Gary.

“What’s wrong, Cinnamon?” asked Chili.

“Look! That’s Salt and Gary! They're coming up a cable car!” exclaimed Cinnamon.

Soon Salt and Gary arrived with the rest of the participants.

“Salt and Gary! Why were you down there?” asked Chili.

“When we were about to get out of the cable car, it slid all the way back to the bottom!” Gary began.

“Then we couldn’t get back up, so we went to the raccoon working in the ski shop. She got another cable car for us!” finished Salt.

“Well I’m just glad that you two are here! You’re just in time for the contest!” Chili said. “And... Three... Two... One... GO!”

All the participants skied professionally down the mountain, but Salt and Gary were in the lead!

At last, Chili concluded the winner of the contest. “And the champion is... Salt!” she said.

Gary smiled at Salt as Chili took out a pure amethyst trophy with a raccoon shape carved in the middle and gave it to Salt.

Salt and Gary thanked Chili and drove home. They placed the trophy in a glass box and locked the precious amethyst trophy up.





***THE END.***

# ***SLEDDING ON THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN***

by  
Lin

One December in Evetown, where winters were cold and frigid, lived a group of friend. Lily had beautiful ice blue eyes and she was lion-hearted. One of her friends, whose name was Violet, wasn't anything like her. Violet had dark brown eyes and was shy and cautious. There was also Rose. Rose had bright green eyes and she wasn't super scared like Violet, nor was she super brave like Lily. They were all different from each other but they got along great.

It was Saturday and their winter break had just started. Lilly called both Violet and Rose and they planned to go sledding.

Lilly didn't tell them that they were going to the tallest mountain so that they wouldn't chicken out. Violet thought they were going on a small hill because she was sure that Lilly wouldn't do something so dangerous. Rose on the other hand was suspicious of Lilly because she didn't tell them where they were going.

Lilly arrived at both of their houses and picked them up in her sister's car. When they were almost there, Rose got curious and asked Lilly, "Where are we going to go sledding by the way?"

Lilly calmly replied, “We’re going sledding on Mount Nicolas.”

“M-Mount N-Nicolas?!? I-Isn’t that like a REALLY TALL MOUNTAIN?!!” Violet stammered.

“Yep. The tallest in Evetown! Isn't it exciting?” Lilly squealed.

Violet was speechless and before she knew it, she was seated on the sled with her friends. Rose screamed as the sled began to move, “WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL US EARLIER?!?” Violet was sure that they were all going to die.

Lilly was the opposite, in fact she was elated, she was throwing her hands up and screaming, “THIS. IS. AWESOME!!”

The ride was a straight drop down, then a jump. After that was a frozen lake they had to glide past. Then they ran into a snowbank. “WHEEEEEEEEE!” Lilly and Rose cheered. Rose was just a little intimidated but Violet was on the verge of crying.

**CRASH!** They ran into the snowbank.

They didn’t talk at all on the way home. But then Lilly broke the silence.

“I’m sorry for not telling you about the mountain. But I also booked a ski trip on the same mountain... Would you guys like to come?!” she asked.

“NO WAY!” Violet screamed.

“Nope! Never again,” declared Rose.

“I guess I’ll just ask some of my other friends to come, like Blossom, Daisy, Iris, Poppy, Holly, Ivy...” Lilly trailed off.

“Fine, fine, we get it! We’ll come. Just stop naming random people in the town that you barely know,” Violet said annoyed.

“YAY!” Lilly cheerfully screamed.

***THE END... OR IS IT?***



# ***WINTER BEAR***

by  
Natalie

She felt a great wave of cold wind hit her. Darla could feel her body losing her warmth each minute that went by. A thick sheet of snow covered the roads and all the land's slowly dying grass. The beautiful, vibrant leaves from the trees were long gone, giving the atmosphere a lonelier feel. Pure silence was surrounding her. She started walking, her hands and body shivering from the intense bitter air.

Step after step, a numbness spread around her fingers. She could feel the blood in her body freezing in place. She found it getting more and more difficult to take steps.

A full minute had passed, but it felt longer. The feeling finally paralyzed her body. Darla collapsed to the ground. The rocks collided and jabbed at her ice-cold body. She closed her eyes. But before she did, she could see a faint large figure approaching her. She didn't have time to react as her eyes closed.

"Wake up!" something shouted. Annoyance was clear in its voice. "Wake up!" it said again.

A flash of familiar warmth filled her body. Darla groaned. Not wanting the feeling to leave again. She slowly opened her eyes. Trying to adjust to the surrounding area.

"Hey over here!" the voice called out.

She turned her head to the left and saw a bear with paper white fur. Its paws were big and humongous. She cautiously backed away from the bear, wondering how she arrived here. "Who are you?" She tried to show no fear in her voice.

The bear calmly sat down. "Hello, I'm Bob the bear," he explained.

"Then what am I doing here?" she patiently asked, crossing her legs.

"Well, I was walking down the mountain outside my home, and then I found you on the ground."

Suddenly, Darla remembered how she saw a shadow of a body walking to her before she fell. "Oh I see. Thank you for saving me."

The bear nodded. "Here, have some porridge. I just made it too." The bear turned and walked over to a wooden table. A loud thump was made each step of the way. With his paws, he picked up the bowl and started heading over to her. Again more thumps were made. Bob crouched down and extended his arms. "Here, take it," he said.

She looked up, and her eyes shined with appreciation. She gently took the bowl and placed it on her lap. Darla lifted the bowl and brought it to her mouth. She sipped on it. A cozy feeling lowered down into her stomach. She savoured it. The taste wasn't bad. It was pleasant and salty. Once she finished eating her fill, she placed the bowl down.

"I'm going to go now. You should stay here," said Bob.

She slowly nodded up and down.

He got up and started to walk out the door. "Bye!" he quickly said before continuing to walk.

"Darla! Darla!" She heard a voice echo.

"Darla!" It screamed once more.

For a moment, darkness evaporated every light around her. She opened her eyes.

"Finally! You woke up!"



She turned toward the voice. "Oh, sorry Marley," Darla quietly said.

"Now get ready for school unless you want to be late," her sister warned her then turned and stepped out the door.

***THE END.***

# ***BACON, ON THE JOB***

by  
Neilan

*This story is dedicated to all SAR workers, who have bravely saved many lives, putting their lives at stake. To learn more about SAR workers, go to the link at the bottom or do your own research.*

<https://www.canada.ca/en/department-national-defence/services/operations/military-operations/types/search-rescue/about.html>

**RING!!!** Jumping up at the sound of the alarm, I pranced over to Roger and gave him a hardy lick. He did not stir. I attempted barking a bit, and he rose. With a stretch, Roger got up, followed by... kibble! I dove in and INHALED it, literally.

“Big day today, Bacon. There is an avalanche warning on the mountain,” Roger said.

Avalanches! What were they again? I didn't know. It must be food... It was breakfast after all. As Roger finished his meal, he popped me into my special SAR vest.

I straightened. *'Bacon! On the job!'* We hopped into the truck and rumbled off.

The journey by car and on the gondola was tiresome. Mainly consisting of me taking a hardy nap. When we got there, I was electrified. My fellow canine friends were at the SAR HQ on the mountain! I started waggin'.

Then came serious business. The leader of the SAR team popped up.

“There is an avalanche warning. An avalanche can occur. We will activate the avalanche cannons. All of you, go to the small outposts and keep guard, ready for deployment.”

*‘HOLD UP. If avalanches were food... Could Mr. Leader be implying... There was going to be a food canon? That’s MIND BLOWING.’* But before I could have any further thoughts, I got my marching commands.

“Bacon! Let's go!”

Out of the world of thoughts, I popped, and everything after was blurry. Probably including me riding on Roger's shoulders. We stopped in a little hut near the top of the mountain. I started snoozing, waiting for my commands. I drifted into sleep land, everything dark.

I woke up to the sound of whooshing and crunching. The air seemed chillier. I bounced up; looking out the window, I was nothing but white... It was snowing! LOTS of snow! I jumped up and nervously yipped at Roger.

"Avalanche out there, Bacon."

What? The avalanche was out there? Meaning a hunk of snow...  
Was it an avalanche? I was wrong all along. Great.

**BUZZ!** The buzzer in Roger's pocket went off. I knew what that meant: Unleashing and to do our jobs! Or maybe some food? But no. BACON on the job, no food needed. (But a biscuit would be great.)



We hustled out through the ceiling hatch, and off we went, me on high alert for people and other buried living things. Roger was behind me on his skis, armed with his 'entrenching tool', which is our lingo for a shovel. First guy! I sniffed out a person, a girl, about ten years old. I howled and barked some more. Roger hopped to my aid, and the person was out! My guess was accurate, too, as a bonus. I gave her a lick, and Roger threw her a blanket before we were off once more.

The day ended with us rescuing twenty-seven people, and a happy Bacon, knowing he did a good job.

I was miserable to also hear that many other people had died. I silently whimpered. But I was grateful that most survived.

***THE END.***

# ***THE EXPLOSION***

by  
Ollie

## **Crunch, Crunch, Crunch.**

The snow crunched underneath Mark's feet as he trudged along the mountain side. After trying to hunt for a long time, his legs ached and wished for rest. Thankfully, he saw a cave near the forest of spruce trees. Near the cave entrance, there was a pile of rocks and Mark sat down on the closest one.

*'Wait a second,'* he thought, *'This isn't a rock. it's a...'* But no answer came to his head. He wasn't sure what it was, so he took out his box of matches and lit up a torch. Mark bent down, placed down his backpack, and examined the rock.

Suddenly, everything made sense, and Mark started to fear. The rock wasn't a rock. The rock was TNT! The floor wasn't just normal stone either. It was TNT! Mark dropped his torch in shock, before realizing what he just did.

*'I just set the TNT on fire.'*

He tried desperately to put out the flame, but it was too late. The TNT had ignited, and there was nothing he could do except run away.

He ran out of the cave, down the mountain, and toward his town to warn them. In a hurry to escape, he tripped on a rock and tumbled down the mountain before landing painfully on a fence.

Mark stood back up on his two feet, determined, and ran back to the village.

“Get out of your houses,” he called out, as loudly as he could. Adrenaline rushed through his veins. “And run! The mountain is going to explode!”

Flocks of townspeople rushed out of their homes. They carried backpacks on their backs, stuffed with many of their valuables.

“Where?” One asked. But there was no time to chat. They had to run.

When they were quite far away, the townspeople and Mark heard a big boom followed by a bang.

This was all Mark’s fault. And he swore to make it all better. Mark ran to a hut by the stable, where the Unicorn lived.

“Unicorn,” Mark asked, out of breath. “Please help me.” But the unicorn just replied with a simple message, before disappearing.

“You can fix it yourself.”

Mark began to pace around, and panic. But then, he remembered there was a second chance button in one of the caves.



He ran toward the mountain and through his old town, thinking about how he had caused all of this destruction. He made his way up the mountain, not before a rock rolled down. He dodged it skilfully. Mark made his way into the cave, or what was left of it.

He took a deep breath. *'This is it. Will it solve my problems?'* With that, Mark pushed the button, and everything in his world went black.

A few moments later, he opened his eyes and found himself in his bed.

*'Was it a dream? Was it real?'* Mark wondered. He would never know.

***THE END.***

# ***TENTH MOUNTAIN***

by  
Oliver

The Tenth Mountain is the only mountain in the Ring Range to not be summited. Only one person had ever tried to climb this jagged, deadly mountain... And he was never seen again.

Josh and Kima woke up at dawn on Tuesday. They shook Harne awake. Soon, they set off through the frosty forest. At the fork in the path stood Vitt and Ona, waiting. They greeted each other and continued on.

Soon the crew came to the base of a cliff. They stared up at the snowy climb. “The great ‘Malevolence Cliff,’” Josh noted.

The five comrades started up the cliff. Harne climbed steadily, shifting his chalky hands from one crack in the rock to another. He was tired, wishing he didn't have to get up so early. It was a third of the way up the 400 metre tall cliff when his foot slipped. As he struggled to pull it up, the rock he was holding onto broke, and he fell down ten metres onto a ledge. He didn't move.

“We can't go back down, it's too dangerous,” Ona said, “We just have to keep going.”

They were speechless. But they kept climbing until it got dark, when they set up camp in a dark cave. After they ate, they went to explore the cave. Kima had gone ahead. Nothing was there, apparently, until... Vitt looked around. Where did Josh go? Weird.

A few seconds later, he looked up again. Both of his friends had disappeared. This was not his imagination. He dove behind a rock, and just in time, because a second after he dove, a rock-like arm swiped at where he used to be. A Mountain Troll.

Vitt bolted down the cave, until he had to lean against a stalagmite to catch his breath. Then he walked on. Suddenly, he bumped into something. “Aaaaugh!” he yelled.

“Aaaaugh!” the thing yelled.

Wait a minute... “Kima? Is that you?” Vitt whispered into the darkness, suppressing a chuckle.

“Yeah! Ha! I thought you were a Troll,” she laughed, “Speaking of which, it’s pretty interesting.”

Only Kima would think an evil, ugly Troll is cool. Vitt had met Kima and her best friend Josh in his first year in high school. They met Ona later in the year and Harne had graduated six years before then.

“So what should we do?” Vitt wondered.

“Am I crashing a party?” A voice said from deeper in the cave.

A few seconds later Harne limped toward them. The ledge he fell on must have connected to the cave. They gasped.



“Oh, I’m fine,” he said, “And I’ve got a plan.”

\* \* \*

The Troll looked up. ‘*Oooo, another human to eat for breakfast!*’ He ran after Vitt. The climber sprinted down the tunnel. The Troll grunted after him. Soon Vitt came to the edge of the cave. Quickly, he skidded to the left. In the darkness, the Troll ran right off the cliff to its doom.

Soon they had all made it to the summit of the mountain. They planted their flag, then shot down the other side of the peak on their collapsible sleds.

They had summited the Tenth Mountain!

***THE END.***



Story Studio inspires, educates and empowers youth to be great storytellers, transforming lives and strengthening communities. We create innovative, 'fun-first' workshops that develop narrative capacity in youth, and celebrate young writers by crafting beautiful publications from their words.

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](http://storystudio.ca)

*Story Studio Creative Writing Contests sponsored by*



ORCA BOOK PUBLISHERS

[orcabook.com](http://orcabook.com)