



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

VEGETABLE HEROES!



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 MAY 2022 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write their own creative flash fiction story, of 500 words, bringing to life a vegetable character to act as a hero, faced with exciting plot twists and adventures.

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Story Studio Writing Society

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THE EXCITING ADVENTURE OF AN ONION

by
Angela

Alright, this might be hard to believe, but I'm an onion.

Yup, you heard that right. An onion. I found this piece of paper on the tabletop, and I will be writing my life story here, before I become onion soup tonight. So, read on, I promise it's worth your time.

I was sitting comfortably in the warm fall dirt, snuggled deep with my roots and sprinkled with smears of golden sunshine. Suddenly, a huge hand pulled me with my green, beautiful, leafy hair and lifted me right up from the ground.

The sun was truly blinding, nothing like the soft glow in the dirt! I squirmed and yelled and kicked with all my strength, but the old man tugging at my hair did not let it go. He pretended to not even hear me. How rude he was, that man, to wash me with such frigid water! I practically turned into an onion-sickle after he was done scrubbing me with the minty soap he used. He let me dry on a rough cloth by the window and I watched him grab a long, slim carrot out of the freezer.

She must've been asleep, in a very deep sleep, because when that man tossed her into boiling water, into the steam and roaring heat, she did not stir. She just closed her eyes and braced herself for what was to come. I watched in horror as he came to me.

I was stuffed in the freezer along with many other vegetables and fruits. Kale, carrots, spinach, pears, peaches... They all looked different from each other, except for spinach and kale. Pear said they were cousins.

Peach told me, with a finger to her lips, that we must all pretend to be asleep and be completely still when that man came, or he would freak out like a cowardly falcon, screeching and flailing his arms. It happened once. He seemed to be calmer with us when we were quiet and motionless.

At night is when we party, dance, and sing, because it's apparently time for humans to sleep at night. I mostly stayed silent during the parties, mainly because I was afraid of waking up the humans. There's another onion there, a real quiet one. She kept words to herself, kept them like treasures in her heart.

We all tried to be calm, but it's impossible when two of us were picked from the freezer and cooked three times a day. I held my breath each time he chose, and so far I hadn't been picked.

After our group leader, Apple, was taken, everyone came to the bottom of the fridge to have a meeting.

“Tonight,” Berry bellowed in a serious tone, “We escape.”

That night, we packed sandwiches and water for our journey to escape the darn man and the choosing.



A piece of lettuce jumped out the window first, followed by another vegetable. One after the other, all the food inside the fridge was pouring outside and running for their lives. I hopped out the window just in time before the lights came on inside the kitchen and a young boy came in. He had honey-blond hair and big, hazelnut eyes. Unfortunately, he saw us and began screaming for his parents.

We didn't have time to worry about him. All of us just ran with all our strength, through the forest and the little town around it.

At last, we burst through the town as we stepped into long, lush, emerald-green grass and took a nice look at the view. The river was like a midnight-coloured, subtle sweep of a painter's brush, weaving through the canvas of trees and backgrounds of sparkling stars.

Suddenly, a giant shadow loomed over us. The man. He had caught us.

We were back at the cottage, sitting anxiously on the counter, waiting to be cooked.

When the time came, my heart skipped a beat as I jumped up and knocked the knife out of the man's meaty hands. He recoiled in agony as he picked up his knife and examined the fresh cut on his wrist. I then kicked him in the nose, giving him a pretty good nosebleed. He finally let us go.

Oh, the sweet freedom, it was ours.

THE END.

BETSI BROCCOLI SAVES THE DAY

by
Mmesoma

Once Upon a time in a faraway land called Vegetablepolis, there lived a vegetable with powers. Her name was Besti Broccoli. She had the power of flight! Her mama and papa had told her to hide her powers. NO ONE COULD KNOW. And so her story begins...

It was a school day, Betsi woke up bright and early at 6:30am. She put on her shoes and her socks with her favourite shirt. Papa made her a waffle.

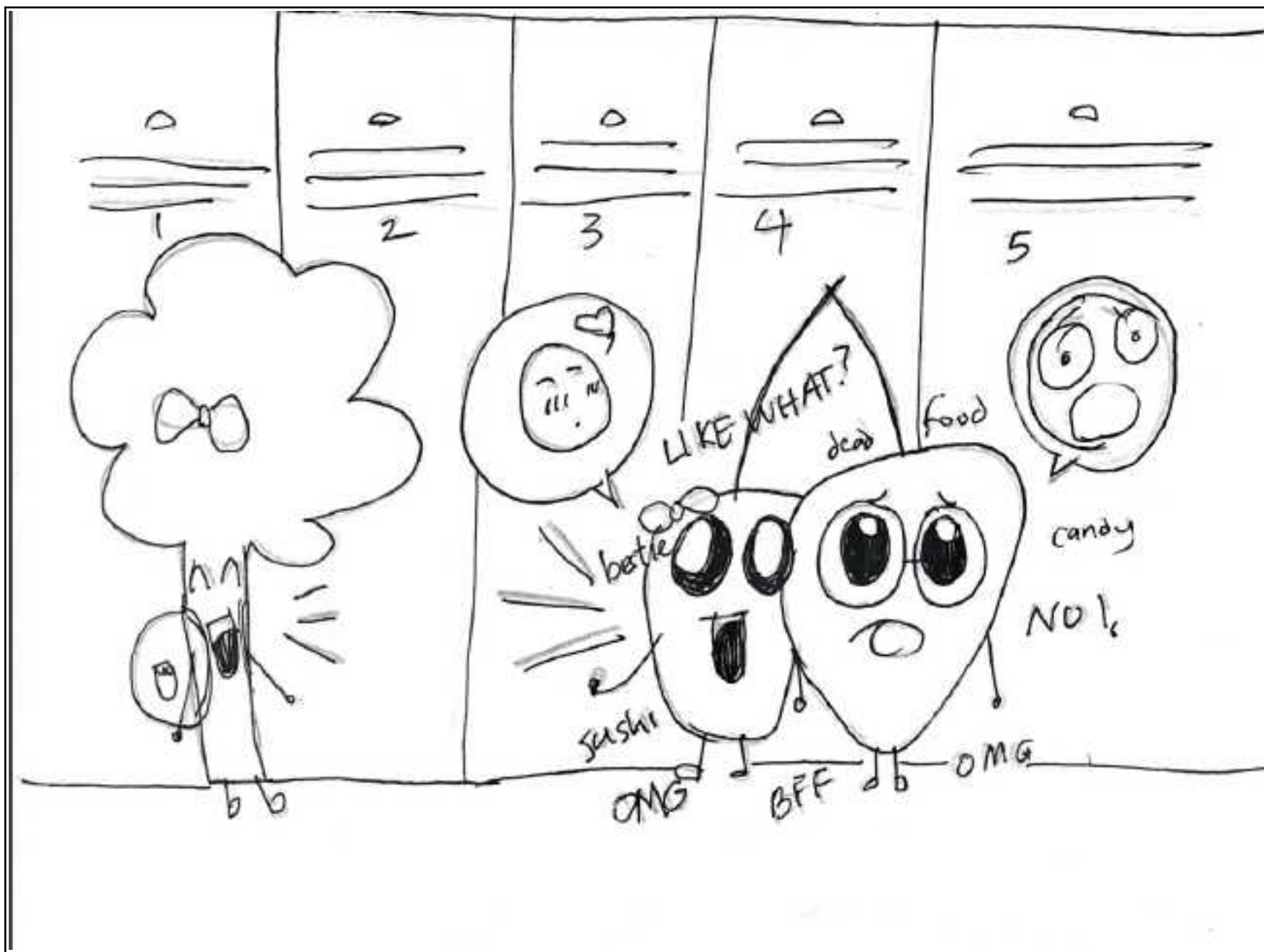
“Thanks papa!” she said gratefully.



She zoomed out the door and flew to school. Luckily no one was looking at her. She landed at school and greeted her best friends, Celia and Mia Cherry. They chitted and chatted.

Oh no! A candy cane broke Celia's glasses. She runs away with Mia, crying.

Betsi stands up to the sugary bullies and reasons with them. "ACK," she said.

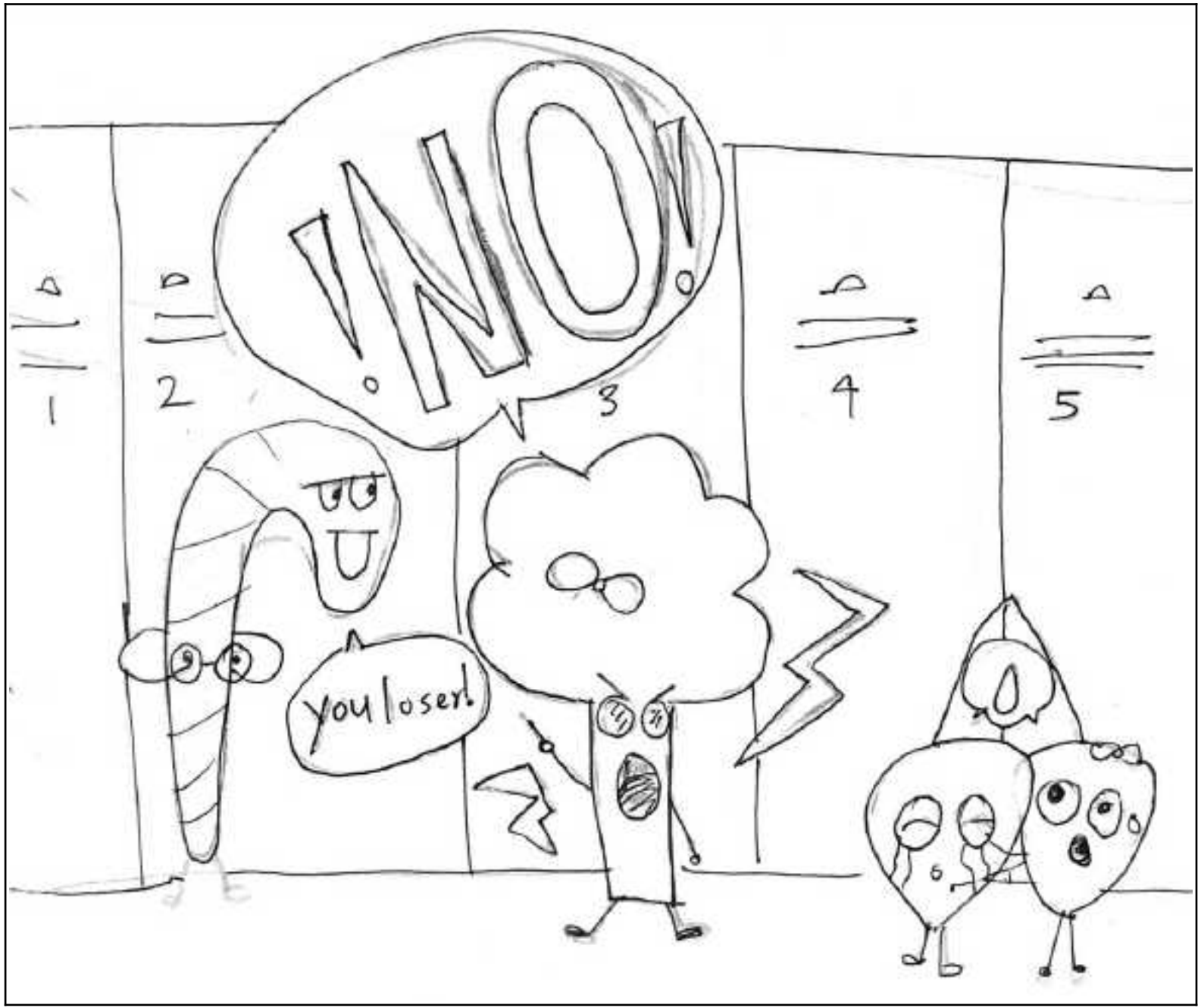


The principal was right behind her! She runs away as she sees the sugary bullies being punished.

“Whew,” she said as Celia and Mia followed her to class.

After a few hours in class, it was dismissal time. Celia and Mia hugged Betsi goodbye and then she flew home.

YIKES! Betsi spotted someone stealing from a bank! It was one of the sugar bullies! That candy cane and his best friends.



“I will stop him,” Betsi whispered. She bounced on ten hot air balloons and arrived at the bank.

“STOP!” she screamed.

Candy cane and his friends ran away, scared, leaving the money behind.

“Now I can fly home!” Betsi muttered.

She accidentally broke mama's window, she didn't see Betsi. Mama used her super cleaning powers (aka S.C.P) to fix the window while papa typed very fast, completing his work.

“Hi mama! Hi papa!” Betsy shouted

“Did you use your powers, Betsi?” Mama asked suspiciously.

“Uh no,” Betsi replies before dashing to her room to do detective business. She put lots of sticky notes about Mr. Candy Cane.

It read, '*He is sixteen inches, loves to bully, and is the WORST NEMESIS I HAVE SEEN.*' She scribbled on her file, screaming angrily. She closed her investigation book and decided she had to do something. So, she sneakily flew out the window.

OH NO! This time C.C (aka Candy Cane) had set fire to a building.

Using her super strength, Betsi lifted the building, and the Candy Cane, giving him a SUPER BETSI SPANK.

But just then, she heard mama calling her name. So she flew home.

“BETSI!” Mama said as she strapped Betsi to a chair.

Her and papa interrogated Betsi. “How long have you been using your powers?” Papa asked.

“For about two years,” Betsi said.

“I knew it,” mama said.

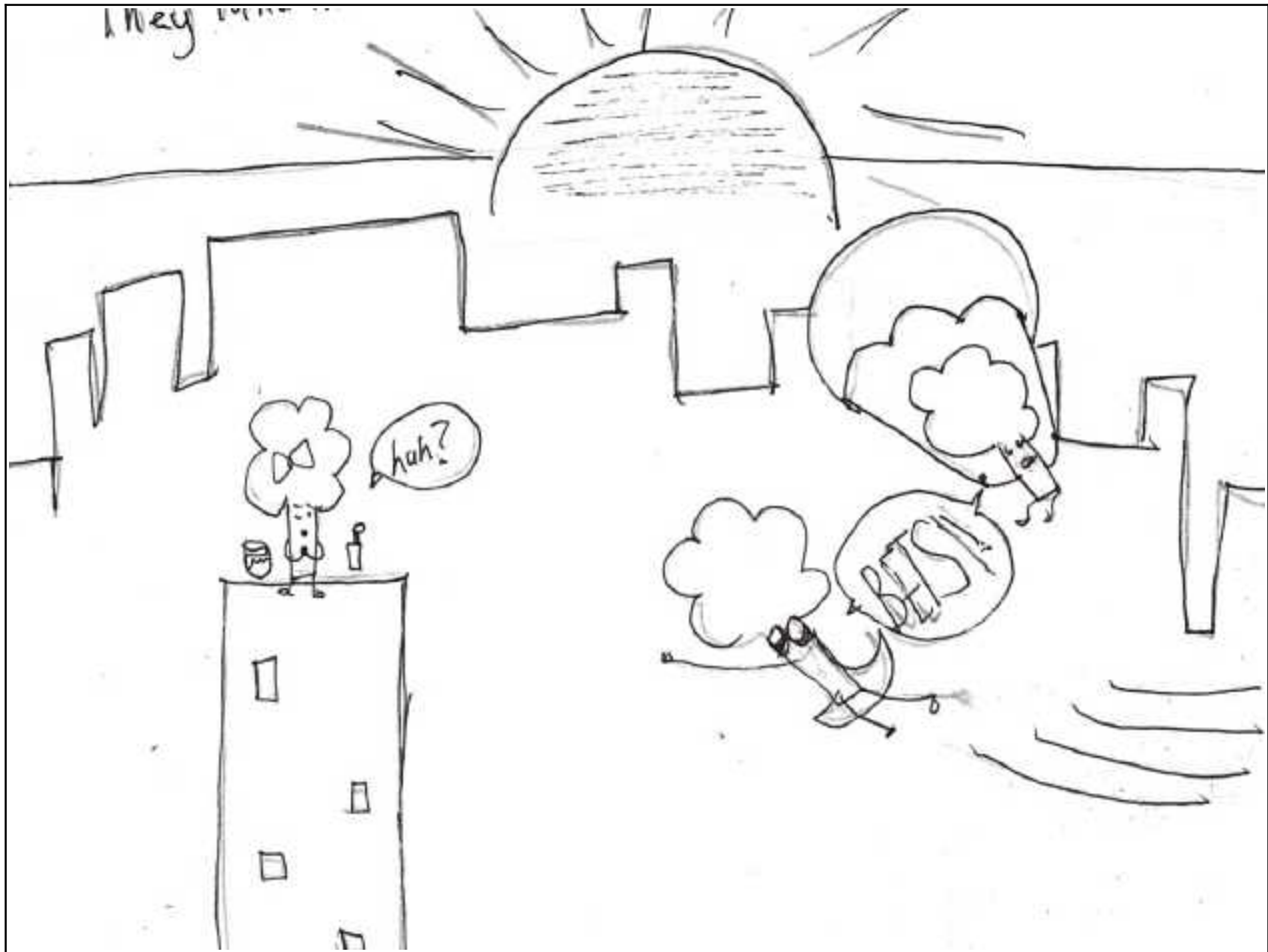
Mama and papa grounded Betsi. She was sad. She broke the straps and flew away in silence.

Mama confronted papa, who was crying. “Maybe we were too harsh,” she said.

Flying away, Betsi saw something AMAZING! Candy Cane was getting arrested! All her hard work was finally paying off! “YAY!” she screamed.

Then she saw mama and papa flying too. They landed near her. She did not know they could fly too.

“Betsi,” mama said, “Be warned, this may shock you. But papa and I have other powers. We are sorry about all of the crazy interrogation but we were worried. People call us freaks. We were lonely and had to tolerate this. All we want is that YOU, Betsi, will not cover up your true self. Let it show, mija!” mama said.



Papa hugged Betsi and they went to McVeggies.

“THIS IS THE BEST DAY I’VE EVER HAD!” Betsi screamed.

THE END.



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