



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

ENVIRONMENTAL 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 2022 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write their own creative flash fiction story, of 500 words, about protecting the environment, from forests to oceans and anywhere in between, celebrating both World Oceans Day and World Environment Day.

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Story Studio Writing Society

2022

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A WHALE'S CALL

by
Angela

A melody rings from the delicate lapping of the ocean's waves. It sounds like an infant's wail, small like whispers in a snowstorm, but also like the strings of a well-tuned violin being gently played. Each note, each beat, clear and loud and vibrating waves of beautiful music into the clouds, or possibly a harmonica or a trombone, all unique and different but all made the same strong, colourful music. The music is paired with a softer, sweeter whistling, although slightly off-tune, still making a perfect little companion with the calls from the sea.

A whale's call. Powerful enough to tell a heartfelt story.

Suddenly a young girl emerges from the bushes nearby. She gazes around the beach and listens to the melodies from the ocean, her tiny feet tapping at the soft gold sand and her head swaying to each chord, each scale. The climate of this pretty area had just begun. But suddenly her mind went off to another place.

All she could see was crystal blue water with fish weaving through the seaweed. A baby whale swirls around her and nudges her with its nose. She giggles. The whale swims off, laughing playfully, urging the girl to chase it.

She zooms through the water, just realizing she is able to breathe, occasionally swiping her fingers at the whale's slippery tail. Suddenly, everything goes dark. Like the world suddenly filled with squid ink. Maybe it did, for a couple moments.

The water soon clears up, and the girl whips her head around, her pigtails smashing into her face. The baby whale is gone, but there, right in front of her shocked face, is a giant grown whale. The baby has grown up. She grins in amazement, but soon her face scrunches up into a concerned knot as she realizes something is different, wrong, even.

The water is dusty, like the morning mist, except it is not cold or smooth. Instead, it is sticky and thick and unusually warm. She can see plastic scattered in every corner. A whale falls. She can see its soul clinging to its body, afraid to let go. But eventually, it does, and the light outline of the whale's soul fades into the water. The grown whale hoots into the surface, sounding so full of grief and sorrow that the girl's heart aches like it is about to burst, right out of her ribs.

“Ocean pollution...” she whispers. The whale seems to understand. It lets out another wail.

Every time a whale falls, a whale sings into the water. When a life is lost, a song is born.

Thousands of strings of music float through the water.
Thousands of whales gone. Thousands of lives. Because of plastic.

The girl sobs in her hands. Her hair bounces against her shoulders. The whale vocalizes gently to her.

The girl nods.

“I will save it, the ocean,” she promises.

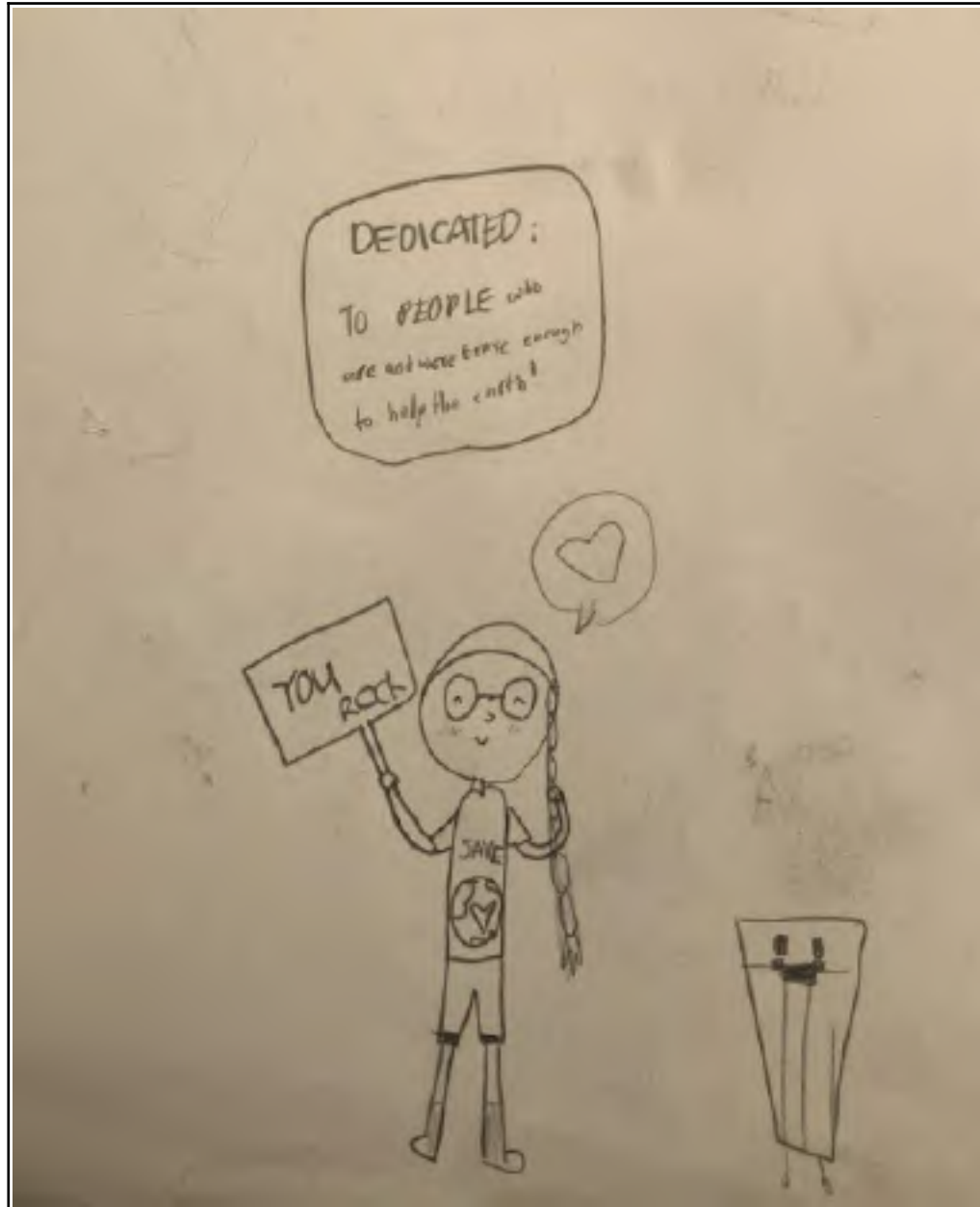
A large current sweeps her up, up, up, into the air. Then everything transforms into a sapphire blue, as blue as the ocean should be. She opens her eyes and finds herself sitting on the beach again. She must’ve fallen asleep! *‘It was all a dream,’* she thought, sighing. A long, harmonious cry radiates from the watery waves. Her eyes widen. Maybe it wasn’t a dream. A whale zooms across the surface.

“I will save the ocean! For you. For us.”

THE END.

THE SMART SOCIETY: THE CASE OF THE LAKE

by
Mmesoma



Honk! Honk! The bus dropped Sally and her friends off at school. They entered Ms. Burners' class, excited to learn!

Sally glanced at the blackboard. It read, '*CFC*' and something about the ozone layer.

“Ms. Burner, what is the ozone layer?” Rita asked.

“The ozone layer is a layer that keeps us safe from the sun's rays,” Ms. Burner answered.



“Cool!” Tanya said.

“What does CFC have to do with it?” Rita asked.

“CFC is burning a hole in the ozone layer,” Ms. Burner. “Okay class, we are taking the lesson **OFF THE ROAD.**”

A few minutes later the rest of the class hopped on the translink and got going on an unexpected field trip!

“We’re going to a lake nearby!” Ms. Burner sang.

The class sang along.

“Which lake exactly are we going to?” Abby asked.

“We’re going to Lake Huron!” Ms. Burner sang happily.

“Where is Lake Huron?” Maya asked quietly.

“In Ontario!” Tanya answered excitedly.



SCREECH! The bus stopped and we were at Lake Huron. Everyone screamed excitedly. But as soon as Ms. Burner opened the door, what we saw wasn't a clear, clean, beautiful lake. It was a **STINKY, SMELLY DUMP!**

“Eww!” Sally said, disgusted.

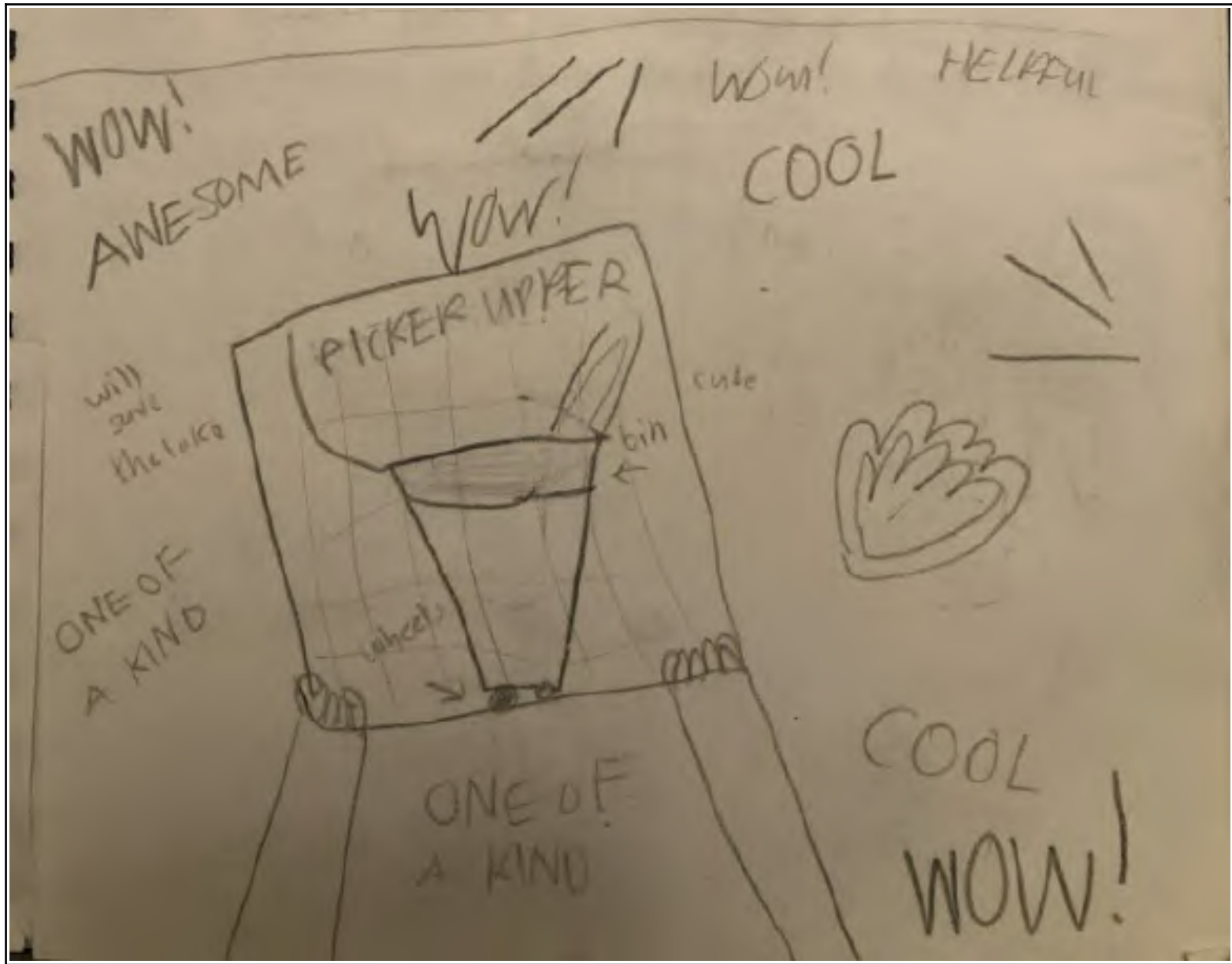
Everyone was disappointed, but then Rita decided to do something.

“Well SMART Society, LET’S FIX THIS!” she said. Rita grabbed her sketchbook and started to draw a design. Then she showed it to the class.

“Cool!” they all said.

“I shall call it The Water Picker. Or maybe, The Picker Upper!” Rita exclaimed.

“We want the Picker Upper!” the class said.



“Okay!” Rita shouted. “It can pick up 850L per day!”

“But can we make it?” Abby asked.

Luckily there was metal, wood, and lots of weird stuff on the floor.

“One man’s trash can be our treasure!” Rita said. “MAGIC TOOLBOX!” Rita added as she took out her toolbox and got started building her design.

“We want to help too!” the class pleaded.

“Okay!”

BANG! CLANG! SCREW!

They built the Picker Upper.

“Yay! Yay! Yay!” Everyone cheered.

“Let’s test it out!” Rita said excitedly.



DRIP. DIP. DRIP. The Picker Upper made a sound as it was going into the lake. It pulled waste and water into it, kept the waste and then let the water back out.

“Wow,” the class said.

“That’s brilliant!” Maya said.

Tons and tons of trash started to disappear.

The class high-fived each other. “Yay!” they screamed.

Lake Huron was clean and clear once again!

BOING! BOING! BOING! The class jumped into the shallow water.

“So cool,” Maya exclaimed.

“Ms. Burner, the lake is clean!” shouted Robert happily.

“That’s such a smart thing you all did! Look how making a difference can change the world,” Ms. Burner cried excitedly.

“Ms. Burner? Ms. Burner?!” Sally screamed.

“What?” Ms. Burner asked, distracted.

“The bus is here!”

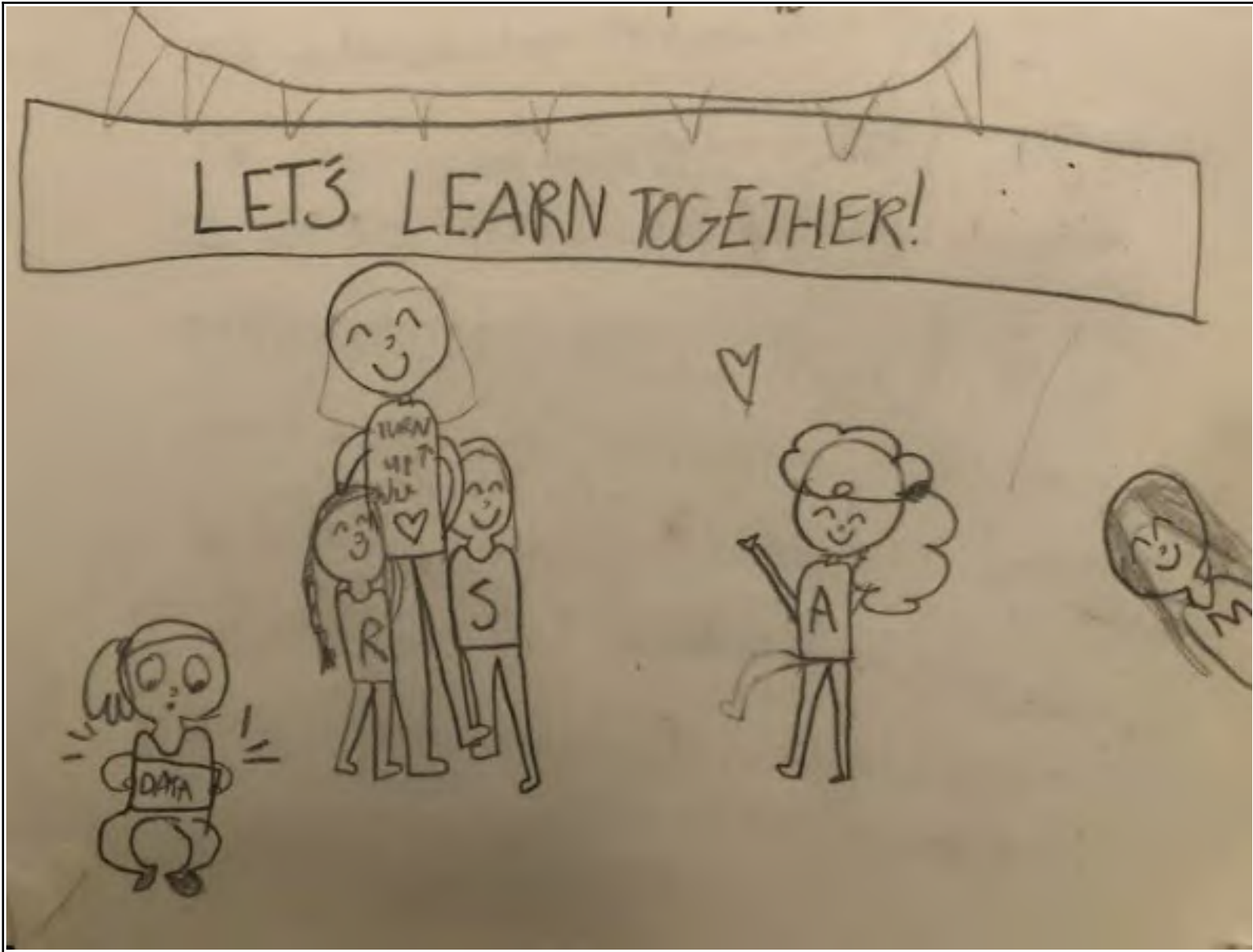
“Come on guys, hop on!” the bus driver bellowed.

Beep! Honk! Clonk! We arrived back at school a few minutes later. Everyone grabbed their backpacks and began yelled bye to Ms. Burner.

“Wait up Ms. Burner!” the SMART Society called.

“Is our discussion over?” Sally asked.

“No,” Ms. Burner said. “We learn everyday. You guys can do anything to help make an impact and save the ozone layer. Just start small, like taking more walks rather than driving! Help plant trees in your community, and pick up your trash too,” Ms. Burner encouraged.



“Thank you Ms. Burner,” the SMART Society said as they happily went home, thinking about making a change.

THE END.



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