



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 JULY 2022 creative writing contest. The task this month was to share a description of 500 words, all about their own creative world or setting for a story. Participants were to describe how their world/setting looks, the people or creatures involved, and any other interesting components of their imaginary world!

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik: Liuzishan

Story Studio Writing Society

2022

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Ville de Lumiere.....	4
Eyesareus.....	12
The Unbelievable Universe of Arbautus Archenor.....	18
The Unexpected Trip.....	26
Orcsoex.....	35
My Special World.....	42
Forever Shining.....	46

VILLE DE LUMIERE

by
Angela

I guess I've always been a daydreamer.

I can't focus on anything. It's like there's a roaring flame in my bones, crackling and sputtering and flashing a streak of energy up to my brain. Then my mind floats off to another place, at another time. My vision blurs, my memory wrinkles, until there is nothing left of me other than my imagination. My eyelids flutter closed, letting my jumbled mind spiral into an endless hole of different worlds and realities, until something so little, so insignificant, yet with such power, like the buzzing of a horsefly or the tapping of a pencil, wakes me from my dreaming.

Words. Sentences. Phrases. Poems. Things people have said. Lines from my favorite show. They always tumble around me, bundling me up into a tight knot that makes my head hurt, a throbbing pain like my skull has splintered in two, which I cannot escape from, no matter how hard I try. But sometimes just drifting off to an imaginary world helped me from the reality I can't escape.

One day, during class, the teacher drones on about how light travels and the speed of light, and I think, *'What if there was a place, a magical place, even, that had light dancing around and luminous beams of brightness rolling about?'*

I created Ville de Lumiere.

It's a place where salmon swim in gushing streams full of stardust, the trees glow with overwhelming brilliance and pools of stars are clustered into jars and sold for a buck or two.

Each crack in the naked earth below creates a blaze, one bright enough to light the whole world. Fireflies weave through the gleaming dandelions that explode into little shards of luminosity. Giant roses made of sparkling gems blossom in the gentle breeze, and with each blow, a sweet, low melody rings into the vast forest.

The banks of fog enriched the air with the aroma of lavender and basil.

Golden sparks from the kindling, scorching flames among the top of little torches, in the middle of its never-ending burn, despite the presence of wind. Countless stars circle the massive moon, twinkling and blinking, sometimes falling from the midnight sky, stained dark silver from the gleaming of the moon.

A panther steps into a bush, too swiftly to be seen, its eyes emerald, green like the leaves that twist on the branches with the breeze. Its fur is as smooth as silk, as dark as the night sky, silky layers that shine brighter than gold. A diamond stud pierces its ear, flashing in the soft glare of the moonlight. A fox with a tail as bright as fire, as fierce as flames quickly climbs up a tree. Its gaze as sharp as a needle, it stares at the bush. Perhaps it senses movements between the flowing braids of lime-coloured spouts, or sees the glowing of two deep green eyes. It dashes off the tree and disappears into the violet darkness between the ancient oaks.

Then the sun rises. A sphere of utterly bright light peeks from the horizon. A sliver of warmth slid across the land, vivid shades of orange leaks into the sky, once blanketed by endless variations of royal purple and black ink, now colourful with tangerine and sangria blending amongst the pastel, soft clouds. The panther slithers back to its home, its coal-hued fur rustling with a tint of coral.

My eyes suddenly open, squished into slits in the brightness of the sun as the bell rings and students hug their binders, rushing out the door in a chaotic stampede. Ville de Lumiere fades into only smudges and pieces in my mind. Then, it is gone.

But tomorrow, it will all happen again.

THE END.

EYESAREUS

by
Dorothy

Sometimes I wish I wasn't in my world, I wish I wasn't in mine at all actually. I'm the only one different here. It honestly hurts my feelings the way I'm looked at. They think I don't see their nasty glares and the whispers to their friends, or even the death threats I get in the mail. They call me The Eye for a reason. My world is the complete opposite of me. They have beautiful flower petals around their eyes. I can tell you're confused, right? Well, instead of having regular heads we have an eye as our head. Oh but not just any eye, surrounding the eye are beautiful delicate petals. All are different types. Everyone in this so-called world has petals other than me. I am just an eye. No petals, nothing except one big eye.

I don't know why I'm different than the others because I much deserve those petals. This whole world thinks I'm some sort of curse that the devil brought to them. Pathetic.

Our world has some sort of filter, it's called Indie. It's more of a bright colourful filter. Our world isn't all great in my eye though. I've seen it... Glitch a few times before. When I see it glitch the filter is suddenly gone, everything is grey while smoke fills the air. When it happens nobody else is there, but there are some blood stains on the pavement. Whenever I share this with others they all see me as some crazy person. I'm starting to think I'm going crazy if I'm being honest.

Our food is okay here. Our food is much like yours, but brighter from the filter. We have lots of chefs here that make marvellous meals, but only for the well known people here, I am not one of those people. I am well known, but for a curse. A curse is the only reason people know my name.

Our houses are mushrooms. Weird right? Well yes it seems weird, but that's where we live. The mushrooms aren't that bad, though they have a funny smell. I love the mushrooms because of their thick walls. I don't like when the flowers come by my house just to yell at me.

Our world doesn't have any animals here, just us. We don't have any animals because if we did we would all be dead by now. Animals love to eat everything they see, including plants. If an animal somehow came I wouldn't be in any danger, but the others would.

Our world is what you would call weird and stupid, and honestly, I agree with you. I feel like I'm not from this world, at least originally. I'm so sick of everyone here treating the ones who are different like garbage and like we are worthless and weak. Everything I've seen the bullies, the glitching and everything else is making me sick.

But I don't need to worry anymore, they're gone now

THE END.

***THE UNBELIEVABLE UNIVERSE OF
ARBAUTUS ARCHENOR***

by
Fiona

In the Unbelievable Universe of Arbautus Archenor, magic is around every corner. Element controlling spirits lie in rest inside treasure-filled ruins, and thrabies (a creature with a rabbit top half and a horse bottom half) nibble on the rich emerald-green grass.



Up in the skies, griffins, wyrms, and dragons race through the air. Causing the world to be enveloped briefly with shadow as dragons with pieces of earth on their backs glide in a peaceful silence. Underwater, luminescent creatures twirl alongside the bubble whales (whales that release bubbles underwater instead of releasing water above water), and scaled octopuses lurk in the darkness. And then there's the giant cats. Giant cats can go anywhere, from soaring through the skies to drifting in the sea to frolicking in the grass. It is unknown how giant cats can breathe underwater because they have no gills. It's also unknown how giant cats can soar through the sky because they're very heavy.

No one cares however, because nobody can argue with a twenty foot tall fluffy cat snuggle.

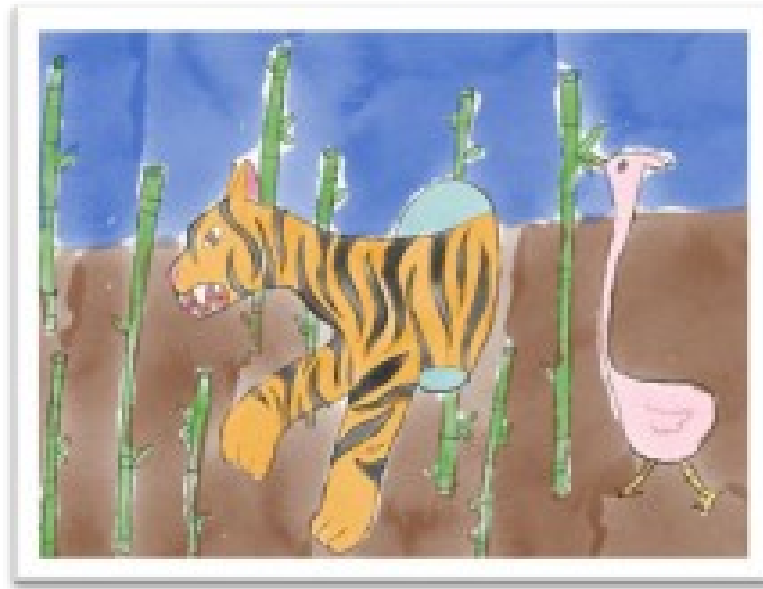
Into the dark and mysterious forests, bat winged squirrels leap from giant mushroom to giant mushroom, causing them to illuminate with each step. Shadow wolves howl into the moonlit night and then slink into the dark, hunting for prey.



In the caves, dripstones cause an eerie plinking sound and echo spiders scuttle about, searching for edible mushrooms to eat. And in the back of each cave, there will always be challenges, such as a dragon guarding a mountain of gold, or a powerful sword behind a labyrinth of puzzles.

Up in the tallest peaks are where griffins nest, attacking anyone who dares to come up close. In the lower parts of the mountains, three-eyed magic goats roam the ragged trails and poisonous lizards hide in the dark, waiting for prey to pass by.

Prowling between the sky-scraping bamboo, teleporting tigers search for mates and long necked igo birds gnaw on the tough bamboo leaves.



In sandy deserts, no creature can win a race in the sand against the webbed hinotaurs, who use their webbed feet and hands on the sand like snowshoes on the snow.

Under the hot sand, drilling plibie use their drill-like horn structure to dig through the sand and rock, keeping them safe from predators.

Along the beach, royal crabs take any shiny objects they can get, safely stowing it in their specially designed pocket of shell on their back. Anyone in the region will advise not to try to take their treasure though, because a single pinch from their pincers will electrocute the thief.

Into the lush jungle, many animals can call this environment home. With fresh fruit blooming in the treetops and beds of moss to rest in, it's the perfect place to settle into. Every good thing comes with a bad thing though, because no one can rest with the labyrinth malangies around. Labyrinth malangies create illusions and are always making endless trouble.

THE END.

THE UNEXPECTED TRIP

by
Manjodh

As it came close, it started to speak a language I had never heard of.

It was May 21st, 3024, and I was in my flying car. I watched the newsman that said, “There is a new species called the lava ant. This bug is too powerful for humankind; sadly, we must go to Mars. Come to 6693 21st street at 8 am sharp. Bring your belongings because that is where we will set off to Mars.”

I turned off the television, devastated. I never fit in, and now that things are getting better for me, I had to go to Mars.

I started to pack my favourite shirt, all of my pants, and my godly underwear. When I was done packing, I took a bite of my heavenly steak, the flavours melting in my mouth. After finishing my dinner, I went to sleep.

The next day, I woke up at 7 AM. I got my bags and left. I went in one of the hundred rockets and then two hours into the ride I needed some food. I looked through my bag, clothes, and other belongings until I finally found my bag of food. I took out a crunchy apple and started munching on it. Then, I went to sleep.

When I woke up, we were on Mars. We got into a line up and we slowly walked outside. When I got out, we started to look for materials on the strange planet. After what seemed like a few hours, we finally found a few pieces of iron on the bumpy planet. It was still a small number of resources, but it would do for now.

After a few more hours we found a big rock, and since someone had a hammer, they started hitting the rock as hard as they could. There were many other people with hammers who began helping out too. After a while, the rock finally started to break into small pieces.

After an exhausting day, we finally headed back to the spaceship. Inside, the caption told us to get our food from our bags. I got some leftover steak from yesterday. I noticed that I had forgotten my blanket but luckily, the caption had extra sleeping bags. When I was half asleep, I saw a man. I thought this was all just a nightmare. I pinched myself, and then I realized it was not. The man realized that I was not sleeping, and slowly started to come closer and closer.

As the figure came closer it started to speak a language I had never heard of. I tried to run out of the ship, but it grabbed me. Then, he let go and ran away, looking frightened.

I looked behind me and saw a massive monster, and when it saw that I had scared its prey away, it charged at me. I quickly stole the captain's sword and ran at the monster with the sword in my hand. I scratched its arm. And that made it really mad.

Suddenly, it grabbed me and threw me far away. When I hit the ground, I tried to get up but I fell unconscious. When I woke up again I was in a massive dark room. I saw hundreds of more monsters and it felt like all of them picked me up and squeezed me. Then, they just kept on squeezing me! As some stopped, others stopped too, until there was just one there and that one was the exact same one that threw me earlier.

It picked me up again, and then remembered I was the one that scratched its arm. It roared, and then it threw me away again.

This time I saw the spaceship. I was so relieved. I used my last bits of energy to run back to the spaceship.

“Where were you? I was looking everywhere for you!”

I told the captain the whole story. He didn't seem to believe me. But then, when he saw that my arms and legs were all beaten up, he began to believe me.

Then, he told me the greatest news of my life. He said to me that we got the authorities and FBI to get rid of the lava ants. The captain told me that it was time for takeoff and that he was just waiting for me. And I was starving. I quickly got my bag of food and started munching on anything I could get my hands on.

When I was done eating, we were finally back home. I screamed with joy and ran to my house as fast as I could with all the energy that had built up inside me from the delicious meal that I ate. I got my bags and started to unpack. And then, one of my friends called me over. I went and had the best time of my life.

THE END.

ORCSOEX

by
Natalie

Back in the soft wispy clouds, where humanity was far from the sun, rested two gods who were worshipped across the whole world. Orcoxcius was a young man who possessed alluring, short, coal-black hair. With sharp warm eyes that were filled with a sense of gentility. Famous for his peaceful demeanour. Soexlus was different. A god with a well respected reputation. Shining golden hair with crystal-clear blue eyes that overflowed with strong pride.

Their friendship started at a waterfall. An accidental encounter. Despite their nervousness, they enjoyed each other's company well.

It was then one day, the witch from the mountain chuckled at their foolishness and cast an incantation. For each step Orcoxcius took, his life would be shortened by one day. Unaware of the spell, he was now doomed from a hex he didn't know was on him.

On his last moment, he collapsed. Soexlus who was with him, caught him in his hands. Who knew he would die like this? He tried countless times to wake him up to no avail. In result, his eyes flashed, almost like the meaning of life had vanished. Several other gods took Orcoxcius away from him. Soexlus, who embraced the ground, was close to lifeless. It was all one big fog.

It seemed like after his passing, he was never the same. He sat in his room, the piercing ache grew until everyday was empty.

To fulfill the debt he had fallen into, it's said that Soexlus used his last remaining power to fuse with Orcoxcius, creating Orcsoex. Hoping to turn his death into something worthy of living.

Those who have heard or told this story, would compare to how the blooming city was now. The sky clear as crystals, just like Soexlus's passionate blue orbs. Soft gray clouds that seemed to have been mixed with the sky and the black eyes from Orcoxcius.

It looked like it rained everyday, maybe to represent the tragic event that happened that day. On the ground were fresh blue leafed trees that roamed. Showing off the beauty of the city. Well constructed homes made out of black wood and grey bricks, some with professionally made fences. Glowing light posts scattered the area. Finely crafted bridges with intricate details over small lakes. Roads and cement paths connecting into one. Street stalls and people who showed a bright smile, looked like they had the ability to talk for what seemed like forever. It was a match made for the world.

Although there were never any animals to exist in this world. It was made to be like that to symbolize silence. Elkoas was a deer with shining grey antlers and dark blue eyes, who watched the people in place of both the absent gods. He had given meats and treasures to help them settle in place, giving those a home to come back to. Himself hoping, the one day he died, the city could go on normally without a person to help lead.

THE END.

MY SPECIAL WORLD

by
Ria

If I had my own world, it would be beautiful and full of color and life. It would be a world where poverty would never be a thing. Nobody would ever have to feel hungry, and everyone would be equal to everyone else. The beings that would live there would be a combination of land and water. Partly human, partly mer-folk. There would be beaches only minutes away from anywhere you stood. The beaches would have the softest, cleanest pink-white sand. The oceans would also be deceiving; sapphire blue one moment and deep turquoise the next.

The jungles would have trees competing with each other for height. Their leaves would be vivid green, every tree having brighter leaves than the last. Their trunks would be swirling mixtures of different shades of brown, creating a colour like no other.

There would be animals of every colour living in my world. Pink, blue, green, red. There would be an animal for every colour you could think of. But my world would never be complete without my spirit animal. The most majestic thing in my world; The spirit owl! It would shine through the dark and would be a symbol of strength and wisdom in my world.

If I could create my own unique world, this would be how I would imagine it.

THE END.

FOREVER SHINING

by
Sally

I like to daydream. Why? Because my room is messy. Not that it has always been like that. Like every bedroom, I have a bed, a desk, and a wardrobe. You might wonder now if my bedroom is that simple, why would it be messy? But that's not the point, or at least not today. The point is, I created a world of my own because of my room being too messy. Often before I go to sleep, I lay peacefully on my bed, close my eyes, and open the door that leads to my very own world.

Now welcome to my very personal, imaginary world. *“Before I start guiding you through the halls, I’ll tell you one safety rule that you need to follow... Always look above, and around you,*

and you'll know the reason sooner or later. Now, follow me into the room on the left hand side."

This is my bedroom, ocean themed. *"Oh careful, don't touch the fish tank on the table please."* That's my invisible jellyfish, only to be seen when he's hungry. My room's not too big, just enough for me and my cat. Oh yes, I forgot to introduce you to Eggie, a three year-old maine coon—my cat. As I put my hand on the ocean themed wallpaper, gently patting the creatures living on it, my hand presses down on one of the chopstick shaped fish. The wall crackles, revealing a path leading into the unknown.

“Follow me, we are going to my workplace.” I’ve always wanted to be a designer, or an artist, but I heard a good artist requires years of deep concentration, and I’m not sure if I’m ready for that yet.

“Oh careful, always remember to check above you, the ceiling is all my tools. Scissors, knives, pencils, they might give you a bald cut.” My workplace is divided into two halves. The left side is bright, colourful, with paint all over the wall – My art room. The right is rather a quiet and comfy pencil case; desks lay like pens, couches like erasers, and tools like ink for the pens. I enjoy designing clothes. Whenever I finish one it makes me feel proud.

I often spend days here, even though it's just a small room, it's my lifelong effort starting from when I could draw—My beloved secret.

Moving on to my art room. I've been learning sketching since I was seven years old, drawing is my absolute top thing I want to do at all times. As I turn around, wanting to introduce each one of my art works, a shimmering light catches the side of my eye. *“Look, at the meteor shooting outside, it's one of my artworks, I've put the stars up one by one myself, each one of them represents a meaningful event to me.”* Now, they've come all together to be a shocking but beautiful sight.

“There’s a few seats on the roof, let's take the stairs.” As the stairs crackle, showing their age, the stars eventually appear in our sight. Each star represents its own event, adding countless colors to my life. The shine of the meteor rain melts into the sky. My hand flicks and lights shimmer from the tip of my index finger. The small tint of light circles around me, jumping happily, creating an extra large star. It flies off into the sky, never giving up on shining a strip of light on me. Forever - The name of my star.

I’ve found the star of my life, and I wish you all, from children to adults, to find the star of your life, then embrace it.

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**

Story Studio Creative Writing Contests sponsored by



ORCA BOOK PUBLISHERS
orcabook.com