



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

SPOOKY 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 develop 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 2022 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write a SPOOKY flash fiction story of 500 words that will keep readers at the edge of their seats! From ghost stories, to haunted creatures, these stories will send a chill down your backs!

Winners:

- Ages 5-9: only submission: '*I Did Not Believe in Monsters Until...*' by Young
 - Ages 10-13: First Place: '*Dolls*' by Andrew
 - Second Place: '*The Cries*' by LinXi

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Story Studio Writing Society

2022

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DOLLS

by

Andrew

age 12

It started when my little sister and I went to a toy store and got some toys. I got a toy gun and my sister wanted to get three dolls. They were the ugliest and creepiest dolls I'd ever seen. I pelted them with my gun.

“Stop that!” my sister whined, like a preschooler (which she was).

Mom told me to be nice, but I barely heard her. Was it my imagination, or did the dolls blink? This was getting seriously creepy. I took them and threw them to the ground.

“Those things are really creepy. Get rid of them,” I snapped.

“Mom!” she cried.

Mom didn't answer; she was too busy talking to the cashier. She took my gun, the dolls, bought them, and slowly walked to our car. My sister was complaining how tired she was. When we got to our car, she fell asleep. *'Perfect,'* I thought.

While mom was driving us home, I rolled down my window, took one of the dolls in my sister's arms and threw it out of the window. It made a small thump and was soon left behind.

“What was that?” my mom asked.

I shrugged. Two more left to go. While I was planning the demise of the two other dolls, I thought I heard a distant, blood-chilling scream.

That night I was getting ready to go to bed and was brushing my teeth, when I heard a scream. It was my sister. I ran down the stairs, towards where the sound had come from, hoping she wasn't hurt.

“My dolls!” she cried when I found her. “You killed it!” she was crying.

I looked at the table where she was standing. I almost threw up. One of the dolls was missing a head. The other one was holding a sign. It said, “Be careful, you're next.”

“What happened to the other one?” My sister was hysterical.

“I don't know,” I lied. “Maybe you dropped it when we were walking to the car.”

My sister considered this. “What about this doll? Why would you break my toy?”

“I didn’t! Why would you think I did it?” I asked.

“Because it says your name.”

I looked at the note, horrified. There it was my own name. ‘*How did it know?*’ I thought, my heart pounding.

My mom came into the room and sighed. She told me to clean up and go to bed. My sister went up and I started to clean up. When I picked them up, they started to move. I stared in shock and almost fainted. Their creepy little hands started to move towards my neck.

My instincts kicked in and threw them out of the window. I closed it, then locked it. Still in shock, I went back down and threw the other two dolls away.

I went back upstairs and screamed. On my bed, there was a doll. The first one I got rid of.

“No, it can’t be...”

It opened its eyes and smiled. Then, everything went black.

THE END.

PENNYWISE

by

Hansen

age 11

Sigh. Here I am again. Sitting in a sewer because nobody likes me. My name is Pennywise the clown. I always tie a red balloon to the drain so people know I'm down here. That balloon has become my symbol. Whenever someone sees a red balloon, they are reminded of me. If someone peers into the drain, I like to scare them. They always scream and run away then start blubbering to their parents or friends. Of course, no one believes them. After all, who would live in a sewer?

Whenever it rains, I suffer. Sometimes the sewers overflow and I have to swim to survive but I usually end up getting swept away to the water treatment facility. When I get spotted, I run for my life. I find the nearest pipe and slip inside, safe and sound in my home. Only rats, bacteria, garbage and I like it down here in the sewers.

Every once in a while, city workers come down to unclog the pipes and patch cracks in the wall. If they see a red balloon, they steer clear of the area.

Sometimes I wave a toy knife over my head and chase them through the sewers. I gotta have fun somehow, don't I? Even if I'm a creepy clown that terrifies everyone. When they leave, I laugh. The sewers make wonderful echoes and replay my nightmarish cackle so that it can be heard for miles around.

Now, you may be wondering what I eat down here. Nothing special, really. I eat whatever I can find or catch, such as rats or food that people have dropped. Occasionally, I get lucky and manage to snatch someone's lunch if they are sitting in front of a drain opening.

Oh my, it seems that someone has left their macaroni and cheese in front of the drain. I shall be back in a few minutes.

Ah, how delicious. Macaroni and cheese will always be my favourite meal. Dang it, I got some cheese stains on my book. Anyway, when the girl realized her lunch was being snatched by me, her reaction was priceless. She touched my hand and shot away like a rocket, screaming her lungs out. Meanwhile, I was trying my best not to break down into fits of laughter. After she ran away, I doubled over in laughter and laughed until my stomach started cramping. Phew, I haven't had that much fun since the sewer workers came.

Speaking of sewer workers, they should be arriving soon. Yep, here they come. Grabbing my toy knife, I sneak up behind them and shriek at the top of my lungs. They scream and scatter in every direction.

Uh oh, they're back with tasers and body armour! Now it's my turn to run away. I lose them after running for about ten minutes... or so I think. I never expected that they would retaliate. Gotta run now, they're back! See you next time!

THE END.

NIGHT WALKS

by

Joyce

age 10

It was one dark, windy and cold night. I was walking with my friend. We were just going home from the park. I had brought a flashlight, because I knew it was going to be dark. It wasn't that scary, because I had my friend and a very bright flashlight.

“Hey, we should take a shortcut here, I think it's closer to your house,” my friend suggested.

We decided to take a shortcut around the swings. But when we walked past them we heard a slow, but loud, creaking noise. I immediately pointed my flashlight at the direction of the swings. Nothing was there.

“That's weird,” said my friend

I nodded. I thought it was just the wind, as it was very breezy that night. I brushed the thought off and continued home.

Only a few minutes later, my friend and I had to cross a street. Well, at least I thought my friend was there. But when I didn't feel her presence anymore, I started getting worried.

I swept my flashlight around before crossing the street. I didn't find her. I tried calling her name, but there was no reaction. I called her name louder, and still, I heard nothing.

I decided to just run home as quickly as possible, so I could give her a call. I know she brought her phone out.

Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, they did. My flashlight ran out of battery! It was now pitch dark, save for some dim stars and the thinnest moon I'd ever seen. Thankfully, there was just the dimmest glow from a nearby street lamp. But even though I had some light, I knew it wasn't going to last long. All of the street lamps on my street always shut off at twelve o'clock on the dot, and I knew it was soon.

Since all of the street lamps on my street are solar charged, they couldn't afford many. So there are only about seven lamps on the entire road. I crossed my fingers as I ran and hoped the entire universe wasn't against me.

Luckily, that didn't seem to happen. I got home just five minutes later, thanks to my sharp senses, I had memorized every corner turn and knew exactly which way to go.

Once I got home, I rushed to my bedroom. I picked up my phone and called my friend's number. Also thanks to my level sixteen math skills, I could memorize every single phone number ever given to me. I quickly dialed my friend's number, and I couldn't believe what I heard: "This number does not exist, please try again."

Then I realized. I hadn't been walking with a friend. I was walking with a ghost.

THE END.

THE CRIES

by
LinXi
age 12

The season of fall is coming. Fall has got to be the worst season; the weather becomes bad, and even worse, Fall is when school starts...

I'm not a really studious child. But I don't really fail classes either. I usually just scrape by with D's and C's. I'm just your average everyday student. I ride the bus to school, spend the rest of the day complaining about how much homework I have, then I go home, eat dinner, do homework and sleep. Nothing out of the ordinary. But this all changed for me one day...

I was in school on a Friday, listening to my math teacher drone on and on about algebraic equations and numeric equations. I, along with the rest of the class were just staring numblessly at the wall. After what seemed like hours, the bell finally rang, dismissing me and everyone else to lunch.

I was walking to the cafeteria to get food so I wouldn't starve to death when I heard a faint wail. But it didn't sound like a human sobbing, it was more of a cry, a cry for help... The crying grew louder, I looked around to see if anyone else was hearing it, but everyone else was unfazed.

It seemed as if I was alone, the world grew smaller as my brain started blocking out every sound but the cries. The world was fading as the crying of whatever creature grew louder. It stung my ears and hurt my brain, but in a way, the cries were mesmerizing. I started moving towards the sound, it was as if I was being hypnotized. My feet were moving and my brain told me to trust them. Though my heart was telling me to stop, I just couldn't get a hold of myself, I started walking at a faster pace, and faster, and faster, until I was full on running.

My vision was blurry and I noticed people trying to stop me, but I just shoved them to the side and I didn't slow down until I reached the abandoned science room.

I quickly turn my head around to see if anyone is near me. This room hadn't been used in over a decade. Gaining consciousness, I thought to myself, '*What just happened?*' I realized, if my own feet and brain told me to come here, there must be something going on here. I stood there, still shocked from what had happened. It felt like I was being controlled. I knew that I wanted to do the right thing and just forget about it but something at the back of my head told me to go into the abandoned science room. So I quickly made up my mind and I waltzed right into that room.

Was there a ghost? A ghoul even? No one will ever know since everyone knows, when you walk into a scary room by yourself, you never live to tell the story.

THE END.

THE BEAR

by
Rickey

age 12

A bolt of lightning illuminated my cramped bedroom while I read. The lights flashed. Wind howled through the night. I turned to the next page. **Boom.** The lights flickered then suddenly shut off as a cloud of smoke wafted through my open window. Everything went silent.

I heard my brother sleeping peacefully, in the room across from me. He was always embracing a teddy bear, worn out from the hugs he gave it. The bear's eyes were sewn back on over, and over again.

I pulled my blanket over me. The world darkened and faded away...

BOOM. I woke up in a cold sweat. *What was that?* I looked at the time. 2:45. I got up from my bed. Raindrops covered my windows.

The lights outside flickered as a strike of lightning struck down. Thunder cracked, and I could feel the hardwood shake under my feet.

I opened my door. The hallway leading up to my brother seemed longer. I stepped out into the corridor. The wooden planks creaked under my weight as I stepped as quietly as I could as I went to check on my brother. Every step seemed to elongate the hallway, making it seem endless. I finally arrived at my brother's room. I checked my watch. It was 3:14. *Has it really been that long?* Suddenly, a green light lit up my brother's room. The light seemed thick, as it seeped through the crack around the door. The hair on my arms stood straight up. Then, as fast as it came, the light disappeared.

I pulled the door open a crack, and saw my brother sleeping peacefully, but his teddy wasn't there.

My breathing rapidly sped up. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. Then I saw it, the teddy bear had fallen to the floor. I exhaled in relief. But then I looked again. It was standing up and slowly turned its head, looking straight at me. It held a pencil in its hand. It was alive.

I slammed the door closed and scrambled down the stairs, my chest heaving. When I reached the bottom of the steps, I heard a creak from upstairs, then I sucked in a breath. There it was. The bear was looking at me at the top. I ran for my life.

It seemed to teleport straight down the stairs. It followed me into the kitchen. The pencil seemed to cast a shadow the shape of a knife. I grabbed a butter knife and charged at the bear as it charged at me. **FWOOMP**. I stabbed the bear.

Its stuffing floated onto the ground, and the crazy look melted off of the bear's face. The pencil clattered down to the floor. My chest was heaving in and out. Exhausted, I collapsed onto the ice-cold tiles and fell asleep.

THE END.

TUTORS FEAST

by

Ying

age 11

Warning! Gruesome Details and Murder.

“Everyone welcome our new student! Utelias, please-” The students chatter and stare at me. “Please treat Utelias with respect and kindness.” Then she told me where I sit.

The loud chattering continued, along with quiet footsteps. I thought to myself, *‘Wow, they’re quite chatty.’*

I walked around my desk, nervous about being the new kid, then noticed a bloody tooth inside the desk along with a bead from an accessory. I thought that someone had lost their tooth and the janitor had forgotten to clean it up.

I overheard people speaking about a missing person, as I grabbed a tissue paper to clean it up, I noticed something about the tooth. It was an adult tooth.

Thinking nothing of it, I cleaned it up. Then I asked someone about the missing person.

“Oh, so you haven’t heard about the rumors?” I nodded. “Well apparently a student from this class went missing last night and the last time anyone saw him was when he had to stay after class for tutoring.”

“Oh that’s bad, I hope he didn’t get murdered.”

Ms. Lakayli shouted, “EVERYONE QUIET DOWN! Our class is starting.”

As the chatter quieted down, I noticed something that looked like a chicken bone in the corner of the room. I thought, *‘Is this teacher really that unsanitary by leaving her leftovers on the floor? Ew...’*

During class while the teacher was teaching, every moment I would notice something unusual about the classroom, also about the teacher.

In the last thirty minutes of school, the teacher handed back the worksheet we did. Seeing mine had an 89/100, I was ecstatic. Finally she announced the scores. “Everyone, attention, the lowest and highest scores for this week are Julia with 19/100 and Hadie with 100/100.”

I could see Julia talking with Ms. Lakayli. It was probably about how she was failing. As we were dismissed I was curious, so I took a look at when Julia was being tutored to see if anything was happening.

After two hours of watching my phone and recording, Julia was dismissed. I peeked through the door and saw Ms. Lakayli waving goodbye to Julia.

Thinking that everything would be fine, I crawled back. But I quickly glanced back and saw the teacher slither her tongue around Julia's neck! She popped it off as if it were a toy and stuffed it into her mouth like a hungry racoon. Eating the last bits and sweeping the evidence away, she put it into her bag.

I ran straight to the police station, showing them the recording and the picture. Suddenly, something gripped my arm, with slippery saliva around it. It was the thing. I screamed, immediately feeling the pain rush to my shoulders. SHE BIT MY ARM OFF.

I blacked out and was rushed to the hospital, where it took two months to recover from my injuries. After I recovered, I enrolled myself in a better school. I hoped.

THE END.

I DID NOT BELIEVE IN MONSTERS UNTIL...

by
Young
age 8

I didn't believe in monsters until I found a spooky lab in my closet. I peeked out the window. There was a monster just sitting there. I needed to get rid of the spooky lab FAST.

First, I was thinking about how to get rid of the lab. I tried to pull it up, but I saw that the lab was glued to the floor! Next, I found that the lab was glued by webs, not actual glue. There were so many webs, like there were more than hundreds of them! Then I reached for the big knife in the kitchen. I cut all of the webs and I put them in the trash can. I thought it would never come back, but it did.

This time in the lab there was a ghost. I did not know there were ghosts on earth.

This lab was stuck in the closet because it was super glued with superglue. I went looking for something hot to make the glue soft. After that, there was a witch, a bat and a dragon. The witch and the bat were scared of fire or hot stuff, so I got rid of the witch lab and the bat lab. The dragon can puff out some fire. Fire is something hot. The dragon was not scared of hot stuff or fire. I think the dragon is scared of ice! I went to grab ice, then I threw the ice into the dragon lab. The dragon froze in the lab. After the dragon froze, I took it out.

Finally, that was the last lab. And I lived happily ever after.

THE END.



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