



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

# MYSTERY 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 NOVEMBER 2022 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write a flash fiction MYSTERY story of 500 words that will keep readers at the edge of their seats!

**Winners:**

- Ages 5-9: *Only Submission:* 'The Mysteree' by Betty, age 9
- Ages 10-13: First Place: 'Marjorie's Ashes' by Lily, age 13  
Second Place: 'A Scarf' by Andrew, age 12

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik: macrovector

Story Studio Writing Society

2022

# ***TABLE OF CONTENTS***

A Scarf.....	4
The Mysteree.....	11
The Doll Museum.....	20
The Ghostly Curtain.....	27
Marjorie's Ashes.....	36
The Old House Down the Street.....	43
Shermin Hamdan & the Disappearing Pencils.....	51
Glasses.....	62

# ***A SCARF***

by

Andrew

age 12

*BREAKING NEWS: Another murder has been reported. The victim, Owen Jameson, age 36, was found dead in his apartment in the morning. He was wearing jeans, a jacket, a scarf-*

I turned off the TV and headed to my bed. There were so many of these murders lately, and the police and detectives were trying to figure out the mystery, but at this rate, it was going to take them years before they found the culprit. With a yawn, I headed off to bed.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!” The screams of my annoying little brothers abruptly woke me up. I sluggishly sat up and sighed. Before I could lecture them about screaming in the morning, my mother called me to the kitchen.

When I got there, I saw my mom. There, on the table was a beautiful scarf. She started explaining that some distant uncle gave it to me, but I was too happy to listen to her. I put it around my neck and pranced off to school. The scarf fit perfectly. Although, maybe it was too tight.

I was sitting at my desk, taking my Spanish test, and tugged at the scarf. It was getting kind of tight. I pulled on it, trying to loosen it a little but nothing changed... *'Strange,'* I thought, *'Maybe there's a knot.'* I went through my other sessions without another thought.

As I walked home, I thought about the recent murders, when I felt an intense pressure around my neck. It was the scarf. Struggling to breathe, I tried to rip it off, but I was just wasting my strength. After a few moments, I fell over onto the sidewalk.

The first thing I saw was my mom and a doctor, looking down at me. They explained to me that I tripped and fell on the street, and a neighbour had dialed 911. My memories were fuzzy, and couldn't seem to recall them. Then, I remembered.

I tried to tell them that it was the scarf, when I realized it was still on my neck. Panicked, I tried to take it off, but my hands were stuck under the sheets. Frantically, I tried to get it loose, then finally realized that everything was okay. The scarf, for some reason, stopped strangling me. Maybe I had imagined it.



After I left the hospital, I headed to my bedroom. All I wanted was sleep. Then I felt another tugging at my neck. My hands immediately went to my throat and I tried to yell for help. Not a single whisper escaped from my lips. With a jolt, I realized all those people who had died also had a scarf on them. I desperately grabbed a pair of scissors and tried to slash it off, but not a single strand was cut. For the second time that day, I fell over unconscious.

*BREAKING NEWS: Another body has been found; the victim was a child and was found dead in his bedroom. Investigators are looking for clues, but nothing has been found.*

***THE END.***

# ***THE MYSTEREE***

by  
Betty  
age 9

It was a normal day in the flower forest and bees, who were known as The B's were pollinating when Blippy saw a white figure speeding past.

“AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!” she shouted.

“What happened?” asked Boopy, whose words were followed by a, “Wha!?” from a startled Buzzy.

“I just saw...” started Blippy.

“Yes?”

“A GHOST!” Silence fell.

“Are you sure?” asked Buzzy.

“Yes, I’m sure,” replied Blippy. “AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!”

“AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!! AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!” All of them screamed uncontrollably.

Just then, Boopy spotted something. “Hey, what’s that?” They all looked in her direction.

“Is that pollen???” Buzzy asked.

“I think it is,” said Blippy.

“It’s not yellow,” pointed out Boopy.

“I think we should split up so we can find more of something like this stuff, maybe it will help us find the ghost,” said Buzzy.

So they did. For hours. No... No...

“Hey! That looks interesting!”

“Huh?”

“Is that... Blue honey?” asked Buzzy.

“I think it is,” said Boopy.

“It’s coming from that hive!”

“Hey! We have visitors!” a voice said.

“Cool!” another voice called.

“What!? Who’s there?” asked Blippy.

“Hi. My name is Violet,” a purple bee spoke.

“And I’m Ruby,” a red bee said.

“Whoa! Different colored bees!” said Buzzy.



“Yup,” said Ruby.

“Hey, Daisy! Come check it out! More bees!” yelled Violet.

“Yea?” A white bee came out of the hive.

“Hey! I know you guys! I saw you guys when I was speeding to get back to the hive!” said the so-called Daisy.

“So you were the ghost!” said Blippy.

“I guess...” replied Daisy.

“We see that you saw our honey,” said Violet.

“How is it blue?” asked Boopy.

“We use blueberry juice,” Ruby said.

“Wait a second... New friends???” Buzzy asked.

“We say... Yes,” the colorful bees replied.

“YAY!!!!!!!!!!!!” The B’s replied louder.

“Something tells me we're going to go on an adventure very soon,” said Violet.

“Yup,” replied Ruby.

“Totally,” said Daisy.

***THE END.***

# ***THE DOLL MUSEUM***

by

Jane

age 10

My best friend Sophie and I went on a school field trip to a Doll Museum. I was nervous because I have a fear of dolls, but Sophie does not because she collects them.

Sophie had light black hair and her eyes were a dark shade of brown. We chatted and laughed all the way there on the bus.

The Doll Museum was very old. It had a brown tiled floor and rusty red carpets. There was a bar with a shelf of pops in purple cans. The dolls were each in their little plastic rooms. I shivered and hugged Sophie tightly.

“What if the dolls get us, Sophie?” I asked.

“Maybe they will,” Sophie giggled.

I rolled my eyes while our class took the first step inside. I stayed behind them, too afraid that a doll would jump toward my sight. Sophie dashed into the doll room excitedly! I took my time, slowly walking behind her. Then, Sophie turned around and grabbed me tight!

“Jane looked at that doll,” Sophie whispered as she pointed at a doll that looked creepier than the rest. The doll wore a checkered clown dress with yellow and red locks of hair, and from what I could see, blood, or fake blood, was infused in the fabric of her clothes. She stood in front of the museum like the most prized possession in the world.

We stared at her and sparked a conversation. But little did we know as time went by, we lost the rest of the class. We tried to find the others. We looked in every crack of the museum until we ran out of breath.

We sat down as we lost hope. Then something hit me. I looked down to see all the dolls' eyes staring at us. It grew dark fast, and we could see their pupils moving!

“Ewww,” I said. Or was I hallucinating, because Sophie still hadn't said anything?

Suddenly, we heard a man on the P.A. system, “The museum is now closed!”



My heart sank. I stood up and rushed to check the doors, but they were stuck, and there wasn't an exit in sight. I stared at the ground for a second and then looked back up. Behind me was Sophie in the bloody clown dress, her hair yellow and red, eyes dark, with hundreds of other dolls out of their rooms, gathered around her.

“Welcome to my collection,” Sophie spoke with a cold voice. As her hand reached out to one can and popped it open, her other hand suddenly on my neck.

“Drink,” she said, “And be with us forever.”

As the cold liquid burned my throat, I screamed and opened my eyes.

“Are you okay?” Sophie turned the lights on. I sat up from the bed, looking around. I saw Sophie's room with a collection of dolls and was relieved that I was dreaming, and it was only a night spent at her house.

***THE END.***

# ***THE GHOSTLY CURTAIN***

by

Jenny

age 11

Noah woke up to an earth shattering scream.

“MOMMY! DADDY!” Liam screeched. “WHERE IS MY SPIDER? IT'S ALMOST HALLOWEEN! I NEED IT!”

Noah sighed. Little brothers. He thought of his new house.

Eventually, the car pulled up in front of a house with marble bricks and red roofs. Before Noah could get out, Liam was charging towards the house like a bull!

“Noah,” Father said, “Would you mind helping us unpack?”

Noah grunted after carrying the heavy luggage. Soon, Noah was done unpacking and ran into his new bedroom.

“BOO!”

“Liam!” Noah said, annoyed. “Stop with the pranks!”

Liam stuck his tongue out before running away.

Noah was about to get his mother when his attention turned towards the window. He'd sworn that he'd seen the window's curtain moving. The window was open, so maybe it was just the wind. Except, Noah couldn't feel any wind and the curtain was moving sideways, not blowing in.

Noah rubbed his eyes. *'Maybe my jitters were just rubbing off on me,'* he thought. *'Or maybe Liam is trying to prank me.'* He tried to ignore the situation.

“Mom, Dad! Can I go outside for a while?”

“Sure!” Father shouted.

Noah grabbed his coat and ran out the door. He turned back to look at his new house. There was nothing more beautiful than the sight of his new home. He was about to turn back and take a walk, when he saw something flickering by the neighbour’s window. From what he could make out, it was a white and ghostly figure. Noah couldn’t help but shiver. What was that?

Before he could analyze the situation any further, a voice called.

“NOAH! Time for lunch!” Father bellowed. “NOW!”

After eating lunch, Noah decided to go back outside to watch the neighbour's window. He wasn't stalking, so there was no harm in doing so.

Noah quietly went downstairs. He was about to open the door and run up to the neighbour's window when another noise alarmed him. He ran to the window and a strange noise was coming from outside. He shivered and quickly flung the window open. A voice screamed and there was a thump.



Feeling worried, Noah ran out the door and discovered an old man.

“Who are you?” he asked, stepping away.

“I am your neighbour.”

“What were you doing here?”

“Please don’t call the cops here, but I do this every year,” the old man said.

“What do you mean?”

“I prank kids every halloween. Just for fun. You’re the first who caught me.”

“So the curtain, the figure and the noise, that was all just you?”  
Noah asked, surprised.

“Yes. I’m terribly sorry. It won’t happen again. Just please don’t call the cops. It is kind of illegal to do pranks around here,” the old man lowered his head in shame.

“It’s fine. I won’t call the cops, but I have one condition.”

“Anything!” the old man said, gratefully.

“You have to let me prank with you.” Noah smiled. “It is Halloween.”

***THE END.***

# ***MARJORIE'S ASHES***

by

Lily

age 13

The fire looks like the way I feel about her being gone. There's a crackling darkness to the logs that make you hold your breath. I will never understand how someone could take a life - take her life. The girl whose one wish in life was to make certain that no one would live unhappily. The girl who was always trying to solve the missing persons cases in our town.

Still staring at the flames, I begin the message. If anyone replies, death may find me due to shock. But I have no other choice. I must avenge her.

*‘To whomever may read this-*

*A young girl by the name of Marjorie went missing this previous Friday. If you killed her, well, you shall regret your entire life. However, if you come forward before I find you, I may give you a chance to save yourself.*

*-J’*

I sneak into my brother’s sleeping quarters and take his cap and overcoat so folks may mistake me for a man from their houses. They shall not bother me if they believe I am a man.

The nighttime November air nips at my nose and so I cover my face with my scarf. The walk to the square from my home is not long at all but the cold makes it last a century. I tack the message onto the tree in the centre of the square. My breathing fogs the air in front of me and a chill runs down my spine. It is time to go.

Back in my home, I can finally calm myself. Until my brother Jacob wakes and finds me with my back to the door.

“Josephine!” he exclaims, “Where have you been? And why are you dressed in my clothing?”

“Quiet! I apologize for stealing your cap and coat.”

“Don’t apologize, explain.” He takes the clothes from my arms.

“It was for Marjorie.” I look down at the floor, hoping he’ll let it go.



“Josie... I know it is incredibly difficult for you, but you have to hold yourself together. What will people say?”

I really could not care what people would say. They didn't lose their best friend to murder. And I cannot tell him the real reason I went out tonight, the real reason I wrote that message. I need an alibi.

Jacob goes back to his quarters, shaking his head. How is he barely affected? He attended the funeral but he did not weep, he was not ruined. He'd known her, knew her, his entire life as

well. I suppose some people just do not feel as much. I gaze into the dying embers in the fireplace. The last time her body will ever be warm. The ashes are her ashes now. I'll scatter them in the ocean for her tomorrow.

It is devastating that I had to kill her. She knew too much about the last lost person. I will miss her forever. She didn't deserve to die, but no one does. That's just the way that life happens sometimes.

***THE END.***

# ***THE OLD HOUSE DOWN THE STREET***

by

LinXi

age 12

Everyone talks about the old house at the end of the street, but I couldn't believe what happened when I went inside...

Everyday I walk down the street to the most boring place, which is my school. Everyday I listen to my teacher talk on and on and on. I hate school. I need excitement to live! This is why I LOVE scary things! My dream is to go into a scary haunted house. All of the haunted houses I've been to have stupid jumpscares and fake decorations. I want to go to a real haunted house. We only live once after all.

I didn't think a REAL haunted house existed. However, just yesterday, one of my friends named Lola told me about this creepy old house that sits on a hill at the end of the street. I've never seen it since the school I go to is in the opposite direction. The second I hear about it, my first thought is, '*I need to see this place!*' A house that's old, spooky, and is on top of a hill? That sounds like fun!! Now to think of it, I'll go and take a look at this "haunted" house this Sunday.

It's Sunday afternoon, I think today is the day I will go and see the haunted house. My parents are out, and Lola is willing to

come with me. Ecstatically, I rush over to her house and I practically drag her outside. We jog down the street, totally prepared for any danger we might face.

Not long after, Lola and I finally arrive. What a terrifying sight! This house is literally one storm away from collapsing. All the windows are cracked or smashed, the roof tiles are falling off, and the color scheme of the house, ugh, what an ugly purple. It seems as if the house has its own aura of unhappiness. The day is sunny, but everywhere near the house is cloudy and windy.

This, to me, is, without a doubt, an amazingly spooky adventure just waiting for me to explore. I yank Lola closer to the house. She is frozen from shock, but not me.

Oh noo!

The second she stops gapping at the haunted house and actually starts to move, I grab her hand and we push open the large creaking door of the house together. We waltz right in the house. Suddenly, a bright light enters my eyes and almost blinds me.

“Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday to you!!”

I was so worked up about the haunted house that I even forgot my own birthday! How could I be so forgetful? But seeing all of my friends and classmates here, makes me stop worrying about my forgetfulness. My parents are there, my teachers, and my dad even brings my pet dog! I throw my hands up into the air as I laugh along with my friends.



My mom makes a delicious chocolate cake. My friends and I almost eat all of it! The cake that my mom makes is definitely better than any store bought cake.

My friend pulls me to the side and says, “I’m going to explain to you exactly how we set up the surprise. I knew that you loved haunted houses and scary ghosts and all that stuff, so some of your other friends and I made up the rumor of this house being haunted. This is actually just an old vacation house that my mom owns. So all we had to do after that was lure you over here and that was definitely the easiest part.” Lola chuckles.

***THE END.***

# ***SHERMIN HAMDAN & THE DISAPPEARING PENCILS***

by

Mmesoma

age 10

Shermin Hamdan, woke up early to go to her favorite place in the world, Laguna-Bay School. Shermin was ready to see her friend, Miguel de la Peña. Miguel appeared tall though he was shorter than Shermin.

**Beep!** The school bus arrived and Shermin climbed up the stairs.

“Shermin!! Come sit here!!!” Miguel shouted. Shermin found her seat.

The bus was on time and everyone exited outside the school. The hallway was chaos, Shermin and Miguel held hands and weaved their way through the craziness of the morning. They walked past the lockers and the stinky washroom, then entered Ms. Salander's classroom in delight.

“Hi Mira! Good morning!” Shermin chimed, waving to her ex-friend. Mira gave an unresponsive shrug.

“Okay, everyone! Bring out your math book,” Ms. Salander hollered.

Nina raised her hand, “Ms. Salander, my black cat pencil is not in my case!”

Everyone gasped. “Me too, my lollipop pencil is missing,” Jimmie said.

“Mine too!” Jimmy-with-a-y cried, “My toy car pencil from Tokyo isn’t in my bag.”

The classroom erupted into chaos, Jimmy panicked. Arusha had a tantrum. Nina was crying on the floor.

Shermin exited the class, feeling a tap on her back she swiftly turned around. “Who's there?”

It was Mira. “Hey Mir-” Shermin uttered, as Mira shushed her.

She pointed at the green “Exit” door and they both walked towards it. Shermin opened the door and was surprised to see a trail of pencils pointing towards Spooky Hill.

Mira was so scared, she held onto Shermin’s hands. “Mira! Let go already!” Shermin shouted.

“Mira, look! It’s Jimmy-with-a-y’s toy car pencil up ahead.”  
Shermin pointed. They saw Nina’s black cat pencil, and John’s mechanical pencil. Most of the classmates’ pencils were all on the trail.

The trail ended, no more pencils... *‘There must be something out here!’* Shermin thought.

Just then they saw a tiny house. Mira knocked on the door.



“Yes?” a chirpy voice answered while opening the door. A short silhouette appeared in the poorly lit room.

Who could it be? Shermin and Mira entered the house. The cozy well decorated fireplace was removing the spookiness. Mira saw the person holding Ms. Salander’s brown pencil. She launched towards it and yanked the pencil from her hands. It was Jimmie.

“What are you doing here?” Shermin and Mira asked.

Just then there was a knock. “Who is it now?” Jimmie asked and angrily opened the door.

Shermin sniffed a familiar pandesal smell, it was Miguel.

“Hello, I noticed you guys were gone when you didn’t come out for recess.”

Jimmie suddenly yanked Miguel’s pencil from his open pocket.

“Give me back my pencil!” Miguel yelled.

“I need this pencil for safekeeping,” Jimmie lied.

“What?” Miguel asked angrily.

Jimmie began to explain. “I-I didn’t need them for safekeeping, I took everyone's pencil because they looked so unique and I wanted them all for my pencil collection. I’m sorry. I didn’t know everyone’s pencil was so valuable.”

“I'm sorry I yelled,” Miguel whispered.

“But how did you find me, Mira???” Jimmie asked.

“Obviously, I followed the trail.”

“What trail?”

“Your bag is ripped,” Shermin said, pointing to the hole where the pencils fell from.

They all laughed and walked back to school. Jimmie gave each person their pencil back. Mira and Shermin smirked at each other, having become friends again, and Jimmie gave an eloquent apology to the class.

Shermin wondered what new mystery would happen next, as the four new friends put their hands together.

***THE END.***

# ***GLASSES***

by

Ying

age 11

While stumbling upon a remote forest with your classmates and teachers for a field trip, you manage to lose them halfway through the tour and get lost throughout this large forest. Running around and screaming your teacher's name, you realize you're already too far away from them to hear your screams. Tripping and falling constantly in this big forest, you eventually lose something important: your glasses.

Everything looks blurry. You try to remember where you lost your glasses. You search, but everything is hard to see. You trip upon something and it is your glasses!

You put them on, but the things you see with the glasses on are unusual. Different lighting, new plants, glowing raindrops, and unknown creatures that look like animals. You take them off again, assuming that the glasses are just like those movie glasses, but as you look at the glasses closely, you realize that there isn't any problem with them. You look at the outside of the glasses and try looking through, but there aren't any problems with them. You put them on again. And yet again, you start seeing what you saw last time; new plants, glowing raindrops, and creatures scattering around.



You walk around and your surroundings are like what you saw before you put the glasses on, but more like fiction. Thinking of the possible theories that could be happening, you try picking up one of the blue and green mushrooms. Taking your glasses off and inspecting them, you recognize that it's a white button mushroom. Putting the glasses on again, you grab the mushroom, light a fire with rocks around it and wet leaves to drop on it just in case. You put the mushroom over the fire and cook it. Once it is cooked, you take a bite out of it with the glasses on. It is more of a weird taste than the normal taste of a cooked white button mushroom.

You take the glasses off and suddenly, it tastes normal again.

On and off repeatedly, trying to observe the glasses, you put them on for the final time and suddenly can't take them off. You feel that they're glued on. Then a small one-eyed fox crawls towards you. You pet it and its fur is incredibly soft. You keep petting it for minutes.

Eventually, you hear the voices calling you. You look back watching your teachers and classmates run towards you, asking you where you've gone and how you got lost, questioning the

weird glasses as well. Someone grabs them off your face and you realize that now, you can take off the glasses in their surroundings. The person who grabbed them puts the glasses on their face, saying how amazing the vision is. They give them back and you return to school.

***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)