



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

COOKIE 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 DECEMBER 2022 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words about anything containing cookies! From cookie characters to cookie problems, we were looking for stories that would keep readers at the edge of their seats!

Winners:

- Ages 5-9: First Place: 'The Magical Bakeshop' by Aubrey, age 9
Second Place: 'The Cookie Mystery' by Everly, age 7
- Ages 10-13: First Place: 'Imperfectly Perfect Cookies' by Jenny, age 11
Second Place: 'Cookie Wars' by Rickey, age 12

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Story Studio Writing Society

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RUNAWAY COOKIES

by

Archer and Oliver

age 11

Chip:

Hi. My name is Chocolate-Chip Cookie. Chip for short. A few chilly mornings ago I prodded my brother Sugar. He grumbled as he woke up and stretched. The day before, we had been made by a baker called Jacques. We were happy... until some people tried to EAT US!

I'd slithered out from the human's grasp and Sugar joined me as we lept off the table. We have been on the run ever since. Anyway, Sugar and I were hiding out in an alley.

“I’m freezing!” my brother complained.

I ignored him. We trudged out of the alley and into a grassy park. We gasped when we saw what loomed ahead of us. It was a massive tree! The tree had odd plastic orbs hanging on its branches. A smaller human was coming towards us. It started making noises to a bigger human next to it.

“Mommy, look! There are cookies on the ground!”

“I don’t think you should eat those, honey.”

“Oh no, let's get going!” I yelled.

We sprinted away from the humans. (Which wasn't very fast, we're cookies.)

“But mommy look! They're moving!”

“That's great that you are using your imagination, son,” the larger human said lovingly.

Sugar:

Let's get one thing clear. It was humans like YOU who tried to eat us. We are trusting this official document into YOUR hands. So watch your back.

There we were, on the side of the park, safe and sound, sitting on a bench and catching our breath. Then the park cleaner picked us up and threw us in the trash! See what I was saying about you humans? It was pitch black and stank like crazy!

“Oh gosh,” I said as I screwed up my face, “We have to get out of here!”

But we didn’t, for what seemed like hours. Then a head poked in. A furry head with teeth! Chip screamed.

“Oh I’m sorry, did I scare you?” the raccoon asked in a British accent, “I don’t see well without my spectacles.” He put on a pair of round glasses.

Chip and I were stunned. “Can you get us out of here?” Chip asked weakly.

“Happy to!” the raccoon replied, “And I know just the place for you: Cookie Paradise!”

Chip:

“Cookie Paradise,” Sugar murmured dreamily.

“What’s it like?” I inquired.

“Everything a cookie could want! Friends, games, anything you could imagine!”

The raccoon scooped us out of the garbage can, and ten minutes later we were at the door to Cookie Paradise.

“Not so fast,” a voice with a French accent hissed from behind us. We turned around. It was Jacques the baker! He lept at Sugar and me, but the raccoon blocked him.

“Go!” the beast shouted.

He didn't need to tell us twice. We threw ourselves through the gleaming door and locked it behind us.

We turned and gasped. It was sunny, and all types of cookies were socializing or playing sports.

“Let's go!” I exclaimed. We ran off to Cookie Paradise.

THE END.

THE MAGICAL BAKESHOP

by
Aubrey
age 9

One day, when Jennie was out fishing with her father, her mother asked her to buy some cookies for dinner. Jennie hated to leave the pond, but she did as she was told. Jennie knew a secret pathway inside the forest that led to the bakeshop. This time, she felt unusual. There was this sweet smell in the forest that caught her attention. It smelled so good that Jennie followed the smell without thinking.

After a few minutes of walking, she saw an odd looking bakeshop in the distance.

Jennie looked up at the sky. *‘It’s getting dark,’* Jennie thought. *‘Maybe I should just buy some cookies here. I don’t know this place, but I don’t want to be late for dinner too.’*

Jennie entered the empty bakeshop. An old man greeted her from the kitchen.

“Would you like to purchase some cookies?” the old man said.

“Yes, I would.” Jennie looked down at the trays of chocolate chip and cinnamon cookies.

She took two chocolate chips and one cinnamon cookie and placed the money on the counter. She thanked the man, waving goodbye as she left.

Jennie came home just in time for dinner. Her mom had made plenty of food for just one night. Apple pie, salad, chicken soup. All her favorites. Jennie wolfed it down as if she didn't eat for three days.

After dinner, Jennie took out the cookies and placed them on a nice, clean plate.

Jennie gave everyone a cookie, the chocolate chip cookies to her parents, and the cinnamon cookie for herself.

After she swallowed the cookie, something terrible happened. Her family disappeared, and in front of her was a giant portal! Jenny bravely walked into the portal, hoping to find her family. In the portal, Jennie saw a giant rainbow slide, and she was sliding down on it! Suddenly, her eyes went very blurry. She closed her eyes and waited until the slide ended.

After what seemed like an hour, the slide finally came to an end. Jennie soon recovered from the blurr and found herself in a place full of candy. A large sign hung across two pine trees decorated with candy ornaments. The sign read: “Welcome to Candyland!”

“Candyland!? Yum!” She walked a few minutes and saw a tiny cookie shop. “What will happen if I enter?” Jennie thought. “But I do hope it won’t take me somewhere else again!”

In the shop, there was another old man that greeted her from the kitchen. The man from the forest almost looked identical to this man! Just like before, the trays had chocolate chip and cinnamon cookies on them! Jennie took some and ate one for herself.

Jennie couldn't believe it. She teleported back to her house, just like she had wished. Best of all, her parents came back too! After all that drama, everything was back to normal! They had another nice dinner together and enjoyed the rest of the evening!

THE END.

JAM JAM DAY WITH BELLA

by

Emma

age 10

It was the day for all the Christmas baking. Lisa and her adorable dog Bella were ready to make their famous family recipe, Jam Jams.

The other day, Lisa went to the store to get molasses, jam, flour, and sugar for baking the jam jams. When she got home she saw a huge package at the door. It was the new oven she had bought!

Lisa brought the oven inside and got Richard, her husband, to put it all together.

While he got it all set up, Lisa and Bella started to begin the famous tradition. They mixed up the molasses cookies and got them ready to bake. Just in time, Richard had the oven all ready to go!

It was time to bake. They put the cookies in the oven, but when they took them out the cookies had become chocolate chip instead of molasses! Lisa was confused. Bella couldn't eat chocolate chips, she wished the molasses ones for Jam Jams had worked.

So Lisa tried to bake pancakes in the oven instead for lunch. But when they took them out, they had turned into chocolate chip cookies too! Lisa and Bella couldn't figure out why. They decided to call the Cookie Fairy.

"Cookie Fairy here, what is the problem?" the fairy said.

"Well, every time we put something in the oven it turns into a chocolate chip cookie!" Lisa replied.

"I think I can use my special spell for that," the fairy said. Then she hung up.

Lisa and Bella were so happy the fairy could help. They waited about ten minutes, then heard the doorbell ring. Lisa ran to the door as fast as she could. She let the Cookie Fairy in and she walked her to the oven. She looked inside the oven to see if there was a spell on it. She spent about five minutes looking. Lisa and Bella started to worry that there was not going to be a solution.

"Oh, I know the problem!" the Fairy said. "There is a chocolate chip cookie in the spell spot. So all I need to do is remove the cookie and all the excess crumbs. Then you can put the batch of cookies that turned out as chocolate chip cookies back into the oven and they will turn back into your molasses cookies for Jam Jams!"

The fairy fixed the oven and left. Lisa and Bella were so happy that Christmas was saved! They made their Jam Jams by adding raspberry jam in between the molasses cookies.

Then they took the traditional photos that Bella hated, but all the Jam Jams made it all worth it!

THE END.

THE COOKIE MYSTERY

by
Everly
age 7

Everly and her cousin Emma were making chocolate chip cookies at their Nana's house. While the cookies were baking in the oven, Everly and Emma went to play with their dolls. When they heard the oven beep they went downstairs with a blow dryer to cool them down quickly!

That night they put twenty cookies on a plate and then went to sleep upstairs in Aunt Becky's room.

The next morning, two cookies were missing off the plate!
Everly and Emma felt bad.

They looked all over Nana's house and couldn't find the missing cookies anywhere.

Everly and Emma asked Nana and Opa if they had eaten the cookies. Nana and Opa both said no.

Then they asked Aunt Becky, but she said no too!

Everly and Emma were worried, they wondered where else the cookies could have gone.

They decided to go play with their dolls. When they walked up the stairs they saw crumbs. Cookie crumbs! They saw a couple on the stairs, and more in the hallway. Then they saw crumbs all over their dolls faces! Everly and Emma were surprised!

Everly excitedly said, "Our dolls must be alive!"

Then one of the dolls said, "Sorry, we got hungry!"

Everly and Emma laughed, and their dolls laughed too. They all decided to make more cookies together. They were so happy that their dolls were alive and could be their sisters!

THE END.

IMPERFECTLY PERFECT COOKIES

by
Jenny
age 11

“Finally!” Chef Montoclaire exclaimed, with a deep french accent. “My macarons are done! It took a while!”

He was a short and grumpy man that was an absolute perfectionist. He has the longest experience of baking delicious cookies, tastebud-tempting cupcakes, aroma-teasing croissants and much more!

RING!

“Oh! Time for my break!” Chef Montoclaire told his staff.



He sat down on a table and turned on the news.

“Breaking news!” the reporter exclaimed. “Robert, the famous American chef, just set a new world record by creating eighty-three different types of cookies in new flavors in a week!”

Chef Montoclaire shut down the television and screamed angrily, causing most of his co-workers to jolt. “That cheating piece of garbage!” he cried, slamming his fist onto the table.

Years ago, Robert had stolen all his recipes and ruined his newest creation of the year. Now was payback time.

Chef Montoclaire paced back and forth, thinking about his next move against Robert. Then, he got his devious idea! He could break Robert's record! But how?

“Hm...” Chef Montoclaire thought aloud, “Oh yes, that's it! I have to make at least ... seven dozen flavors of cookies and break that cheater's record!”

“Joséphine, André! Bake all the different types of cookies we have!” He demanded. “I must beat Robert!”

As Joséphine and André used one half of the kitchen to bake the bakery's most unusual cookies, Chef Montoclaire used the other half of the kitchen to bake his creative ideas for new flavors. He madly started to write down every idea possible down in a notebook. Hot cocoa cookies, spice cookies, and different combinations of cookie flavors.

Three days passed and Chef Montoclaire was still working on the cookies. Unfortunately, they only had three days left if they wanted to break Robert's record.

Working persistently and nonstop, Chef Montoclaire had already made forty-six cookies because of his diligence, but he still wasn't happy with the results of it.

“No, these are too lumpy! The surface is too flat! We can't put these into the world record if they look ugly!” he shouted at his co-workers. “It NEEDS to be perfect!”

“No it doesn't.” A small voice squeaked. It was a small boy that entered the bakery. Everyone looked at him, surprised by his remark, even Chef Montoclaire.

“Little boy, you don’t know what you’re saying,” Chef Montoclaire scoffed. “Besides, how did you get in here? The bakery is closed.” He pointed to the ‘closed’ sign.

Turns out, the boy’s name was Oliver. He loved everything about baking and disagreed with Chef Montoclaire.

“Hear me out. As long as you try your hardest, it will turn out better than you expect. Your cookies aren’t perfect, because nothing is perfect,” Oliver explained.

“You seem to know more than I do little boy,” Chef Montoclaire smiled. “Why don’t you help us out?”

As the boy said, the final result wasn’t perfect, but together, they tried their hardest and that’s what mattered.

THE END.

COOKIE PROBLEMS

by
LinXi
age 12

It was snowing and Cassidy was in her school: Beaverton Elementary learning about math. The most boring subject ever. But then the bell rang, releasing all these children's souls.

Instead of dashing outside immediately to play in the snow like everyone else, Cassidy rushed down the hall to meet her best friend Ann. Ann and Cassidy planned to meet after school and go to the baking room to make cookies. They just started taking a course on baking, and for the homework, we each had to bake half a dozen cookies. So after Cassidy found Ann, they walked down to the baking room to go finish their homework.

Cassidy and Ann walked in the baking room. It was their first time baking something themselves, but it's just cookies, what could go wrong? They didn't waste a moment's worth of time. Flour, sugar, chocolate, milk. They followed the recipe they were given very specifically, only doubling it so they'd have a whole dozen, not half a dozen. It was going smoothly, Cassidy was mixing some of the ingredients together. So Ann didn't have anything to do at this moment.

“Is it alright if I finish up my science experiment while you finish the cookies?” Ann asked Cassidy, “It’s due tomorrow and I want to finish it up here so I don’t have any more homework.”

“It’s fine,” Cassidy responded. So Ann pulls out the chemicals she needs to study and starts setting her experiment up.

Ann peered over at the cookie Cassidy mixed, but she was holding a tube with a chemical her teacher wanted her to define what it is - which she hasn’t defined what it is yet.

Then, it happened. Ann's finger slipped and she dropped the whole bottle into the cookie dough...

Then Cassidy grabbed the dough, put it on the pan, and slipped it into the oven. The whole time, Ann just stood by stuttering and gaping. "What's wrong with you?" Cassidy asked.

"NOTHING. It's warm here. Don't you think it's warm here? Let me open a window."

“Ann it’s literally snowing outside, and it’s not warm. Are you alright?”

“Yep,” Ann said.

DING! The cookies were done baking and ready for a taste test!

“Fresh from the oven! Want to taste? Ann?”

“NO! DON’T EAT THOSE! I-uh mean, how can we eat cookies without milk?”

“We can eat one cookie just fine without milk.”

“Noo, you stay there, I’ll get some- milk!”

“Too late!” Cassidy laughed.

Ann watched in horror as Cassidy bit into the cookie. This was like one of those slowed down moments in movies, where Cassidy is eating the cookie slowly as Ann screams in a slowed down voice: “NOoOOOo!”

“Mmm. Tasty!” Cassidy says. “Ann, one have you don’t why? Happening is what, wait?”

“OKAY I ACCIDENTALLY SPILLED SOMETHING IN THE COOKIE DOUGH AND NOW YOU’RE TALKING BACKWARDS! I’M SO SO SORRY I’M SURE WE CAN FIX IT! RIGHT? THIS ISN’T GOING TO END LIKE THIS, nooooooo!!”

THE END.

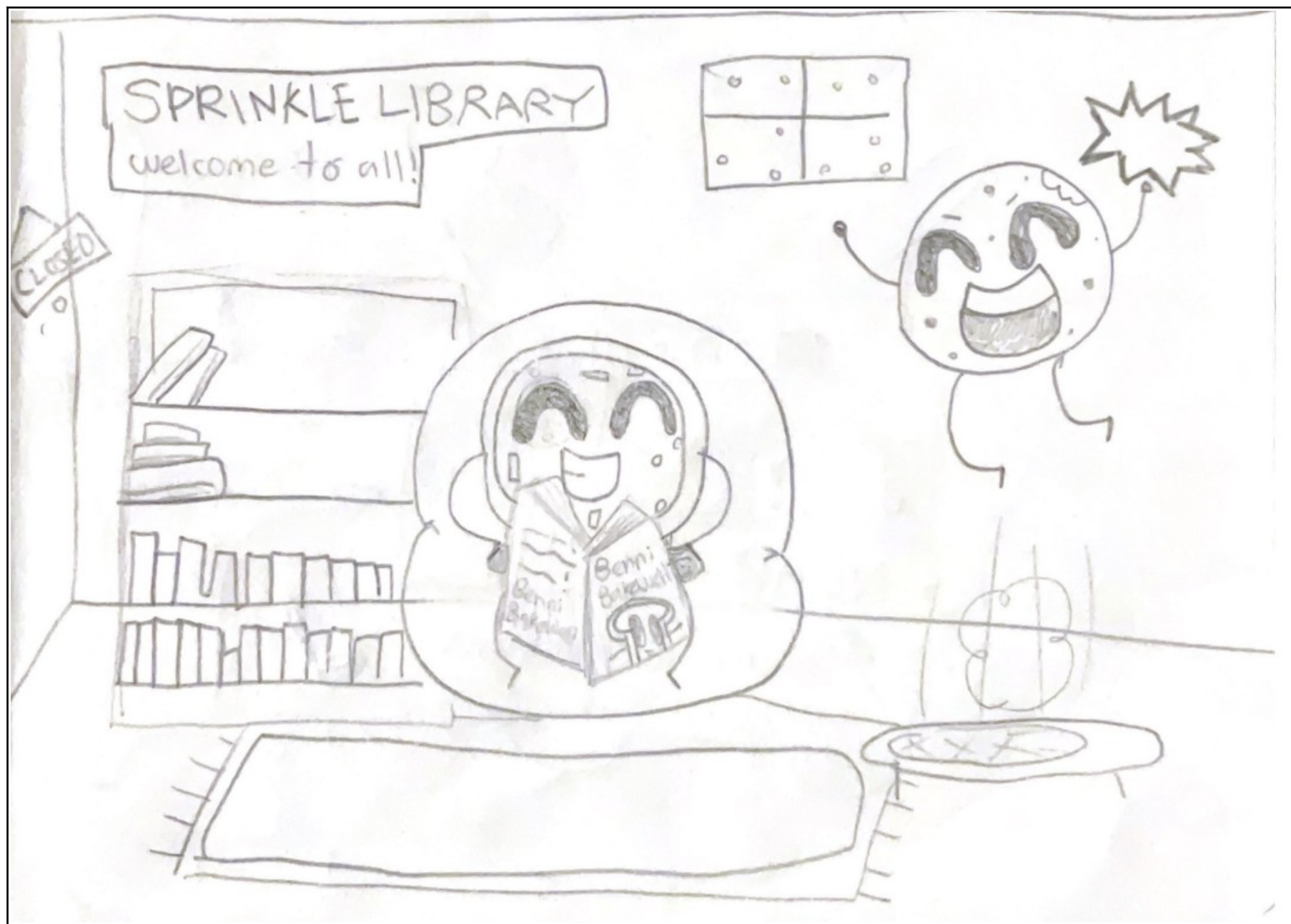
BENNY BAKEWELL'S HOLIDAY BAKE OFF

by
Mmesoma

age 10

The town of Cookie Village was very busy. There were no stars in the sky, making the village weary and dark. Until one bread made history for dessert-kind. His name was Benni Bakewell. From the early age of ten, he knew how to bake, cook, air-fry, and boil. Benni invented the age-old contest...

“BENNI BAKEWELL’S HOLIDAY BAKE-OFF!” Chili interrupted.



“Great snickerdoodle! Chili, I’m trying to read Bakewell’s biography!” Suga, Chili’s favorite friend shouted. “Look Chili! A sticky note!” Suga pointed out.

Chili read the note, “FIND ME AT HOT POT BOULEVARD.”

Luckily, there was a bus stop right outside the library. Chili and Suga dashed out of the library, and entered the bus. “Hello! Welcome to the Butter Bus!” Mr. Avocado said.

Chili, being his usual touchy self, rolled around on all the furniture before settling down on the last row of seats. Suga took her headphones out of her pocket, and began to listen (and sing) to Benni Bakewell's '*So this is Christmas*'.

After a lot of bumps and lumps, the bus reached Hot Pot Boulevard, it smelled like fresh heavenly dough.

“I can’t wait to see Benni!” Chili exclaims.



Suga, ignoring Chili's comment, drags him over to Benni's HQ, also known as the 'HOLIDAY SPECIAL', this time of year.

After passing Mama Milk's mahogany molasses house, Chili spotted the HQ. It was colourful, grand, amazing, and noticeably lavish! Chili ran to the door, knocking hard.

The door opened, and Chili and Suga entered inside. Suga smiled as inhaled the creamy and buttery bread aroma. It was Benni! Suga rushed over to greet him, as Chili explored the beautiful building.

“Suga! We’re not the only ones here,” he uttered.

Suga realized why Chili was saying that. Lots of candies and cookies were present.

“Bonjour competitors! Let's introduce ourselves!” Benni announced over the megaphone, scaring some contestants half to death.

The hot chocolate went first. “Hi, my name is Rudy, and I like to binge-watch TV series.”

The sprinkled donut volunteered next. “Um... I like reading, and my name is David.”

The sassy candy cane shot up her hand. “I just love fancy jewelry, and my name is Morticia.”

The classy taffy was waving his hands like crazy! “Hello folks. My name is Professor Taffy and I will help Benni find a winner.”

Chili and Suga looked at each other, they thought Taffy was a contestant too.

Lastly, the bag of shrimp chips slowly raised his hands. “What’s up dudes! My name is Carlos, and I’m the coolest chip you’ve ever seen. Chillax!”

Benni led the contestants to a secret room. Chili saw that it was majestic, with a smart sense of taste. Benni gave the contestants bags of ingredients. “You will be working as a team to find out this secret recipe. Good luck,” Benni bluntly said, walking out of the room.



Chili and the others opened their bags. Chili saw a flaky bag of flour.

“Guys, I got a bag of icing,” Suga shouts.

Morticia and Ruby held up sprinkles and sugar, and Carlos, well, he got eggs. “Wet eggs, ew,” he commented.

“I think we have to make a cupcake!” Morticia exclaimed.

Chili spotted an orange mixing bowl on the counter, he poured in the flour. Morticia and Rudy put in the sugar and sprinkles and **CRACK!** The eggs splattered across the floor.

“Oops,” Carlos said.

“How are we supposed to get more eggs before the timer stops?” Suga panicked.

Carlos ran to the door, knocking desperately.

Morticia, using her brilliant eye sight, saw a button reading, ‘*Benni’s Bell*’. She touched it making a Benni hologram magically appear.

“Hey folks, how can I help?” the hologram said.

“We need more eggs,” Chili said disappointed.

“What’s the magic word?”

“Ugh, Please,” Chili smiled.

The hologram disappeared and a little door opened with a box of eggs. Suga cracked the eggs into the bowl. Carlos carefully mixed it all together and Rudy put it in the oven.

After baking, Benni came into the room

“We finished your task,” they all said together.

“Congrats!” Benni said, analyzing the texture and taste of the cupcakes. **GULP! CHOMP! MUNCH!** Benni ate a whole dozen of the cupcakes.

“I don’t like it, I love it!” Benni exclaimed, pink icing all around his mouth. “Now to choose a winner, you all did an amazing job, but Morticia was the most focused even in the face of a mini egg crisis. So, Morticia is our winner,” he shouted, giving Morticia her prize... Two million bucks!

“Wow! Thank you sir,” she smiled.

“And that ends it for this season of the contest” Benni announced while walking towards the exit door.

Morticia, Chili and Suga walked together to the bus station

“I can't believe we lost, Suga, ”Chili sighed. “All that hard work.”

“Chili, we fulfilled our dream to meet Benni, be the first cookies in the contest and worked together with amazing desserts! We don't need the trophy, at least not this one, because next time, we will win.

THE END.

BATTLE

by
Neilan
age 11

My fellow cookie soldiers and I lie low in our boat, braving the cold waves and onwards towards the beach. I peek above the rim of the boat. The shore of the beach is within sight. The boat ahead of us lurches to a stop, and so do we. The boat beside us opens its door, exposing them to what lay ahead.

The sound of machine guns starts, **RA-TAT-TAT-TAT...** We charge out of our ship. A cannon fires. A gumball the size of a whole cookie careens toward our neighbouring boat. The gumball hits its target, destroying the vessel and all its occupants.

The low hum of the ships around us is replaced with battle cries, screams of terror and shouts. We all throw ourselves out of our boats and onto the beach. The once pristine beach is now riddled with footprints and the bodies of wounded cookies.

I charge forwards, hurling myself into the midst of the war. “AHHHHHHHHH!” I scream. Nerd bullets whizz past my body as I run. I duck under a log to reload my M1 Garand. Propping my gun atop the log, I take aim. The flair of machine gun fire catches my eye. I rest my cheek on my gun's smooth surface and fire at the gunner. **Bang! Bang! Bang!**

Three shots go by, and all I have done is attract the gunner's attention. I duck as he swings his gun around and starts to fire. Nerds hit the opposite side of the log, cracking and splintering it until it is thoroughly busted. I dive for the next log over, making it in time. Next to me, a cookie lies dead, a nerd embedded in one of his chocolate chips. I feel for a pulse in his wrist, nothing. I spotted a ring on his hand. Tears well in my eyes, as I think, *‘Somewhere in the world, he has a family: A wife, and a few children, at the dinner table. A chair was left vacant, and the family bowed heads in prayer.’*

The sound of screeching tracks forces me out of my daydream. I look up at a tank, its muzzle slowly rotating toward me. I grab the AK-47 from the dead cookie's hand and charge at the tank. I stick the muzzle of my gun in the sight hole and madly start firing.

“AHHHHHHHHHHH,” I scream.

An enemy pops out of the hatch at the top, hefting a submachine gun. I grab a pistol from my belt, and within a heartbeat, the nerd has done its job; the cookie lie's dead.

The tank comes to a halt, and I hop off the tank. I felt my chest grow numb. I glance down at it, a pool of blood spews from the wound. I faint.

I wake up to white lights and a hospital bed. A nurse walks over. She leans over and mutters, "You're going to be alright."

I drift back into sleep.

THE END.

COOKIE WARS

by
Rickey
age 12

“No, I am your father!”

“No. No. That’s not true!”

I was watching Star Wars for the fifteenth time now. Human productions are always great. My mother says they will rot my brain and let the government control me but I know it’s not true. I check my cookie clock and swap the channel. CBC news - Cookie Broadcasting Crew - was on. The government had their president change, which happens every decade.

Our current president, Ronald Trunk, was being demoted and replaced by Bob Jordans. I voted for him and expect him to do good for The Cookieland. I hopped onto my bed and fell into deep deep sleep.

I woke up and looked out the window. The views you could get from the Cookiehighlands was a great place to look at The Cookieland. Flying bagels flitted around the city and little peppermint cars littered the ground. Something caught my eye as I was about to look away. Center Recreational ground seemed to be rising out up into the sky.

I rubbed my face and looked outside again. The park was floating higher by the second. I put on my Mikee shoes and ran out of the house.

I got the scene as the park rumbled to a stop, a gust of wind blew me and the bystanders onto their butts. A cookie, not a chocolate chip, not an oatmeal, not even an oat crisp. It was a designer cookie. One that was shaped like Darth Vader. “I AM DORK VOLDER! PREPARE TO DIE!” the cookie yelled. Behind Dork Volder rose a great army of Giant Gingerbread men and cookies with gumdrop cannons.

I was frozen there as the army charged out from under the park. Dork was always talking in all caps and giving orders as the cookie army fought against them. Candy was flying everywhere and pink splotches of gumdrops splattered onto my face. Finally, I found my nerve and started running.

I ran across the street, in between cars, and over shrubs. All while I was endlessly screaming my throat out. I stopped to catch my breath and looked back. A full fledged gingerbread tank flew out of the ground, dirt flying through the air.

The tank had a red hot oven implanted onto it, constantly eating up cookies and sending them back out the rear end, burnt to crisp. Oreos hung on the edge screaming and nailing soldiers with gumdrops. We finally summoned our reinforcement: a toaster, ramming into enemies and shooting pieces of hot toasted bread at them.

The sky was now filled with pink, candy colored smoke, and people running from the action. But I wanted in on the action. I found a car lying on the road. The engine was still running, and the keys were left inside.

So I took it and drove through the enemies, piling them onto my windshield. I felt the car stop and start falling. Uh-oh. This wasn't going to end well.

THE END.

A LIVELY COOKIE

by
Ying
age 12

Once upon a time, this lovely baker was making a tray of cookies, first making the dough and then baking it, making it moist, soft, chewy, and warm. As if you were the gingerbread man in the oven just waking from a pleasant deep slumber.

“Ah.. such pleasant warmth.” The baker was slowly lifting the tray out of the oven. “Oh lord, why is it getting so cold?”

As I slowly opened my eyes, half awake. Looking around I noticed other cookies beside me as I saw the unfamiliar place around me and in the blink of an eye, I was slowly being poured down into a deep hole with no escape.

Having tall transparent walls surrounding me. Feeling suffocated I tried being separated from the others, meeting other cookies, and getting to know them better. As we were talking, a customer came in, requesting 10 gingerbreads. Slowly watching the cookies being taken away and sealed into a bag.

“Oh my god... Is that going to happen to us?” I said, everyone stared at me with unsettling looks, and everything just went silent.

One dark night, the cookies that were left all stayed awake, staring into the night sky and looking around just in case something happens. We saw a small mouse scurrying around and having the jar shaking before we knew it. The jar had fallen over and the lid had popped right off... Noticing I was the only one slipping off the counter and onto the dirty floor, I felt like I was being infested by dirty bugs and dust.

I saw the mouse running to me and picking me up to bring me to the counter again. Chewing off bits of me.

The next morning, the baker noticed the lid was off and we were out of the jar, putting us back into the jar. I was known as the mistaken cookie now, having friends still speak to me but day by day, they were getting sold. I had enough of this soon and decided to run out of this bakery one night. Using the last bits of my strength to push the lid out.

I fell and started running towards the small hole in the wall, feeling the pain of my chewed-off pieces and mold. I noticed the others were running behind me.

We finally made it to our destination of freedom, a tree. We started celebrating and partying till morning. Finally having a happy ending that we deserved instead of getting sold. To this day, I still wondered what happened to my friends.

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.

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