

INVENTION 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 JANUARY 2023 creative writing contest. In celebration of Kid Inventors Day on January 17th, the task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words about a brand new creative invention! From new tools that could change your life, to weird and wonderful gadgets and gizmos that cause trouble, we were looking for stories that would keep readers at the edge of their seats!

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik: brgfx

Story Studio Writing Society

2023

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THE S.M.A.R.T SOCIETY AND THE BIZARRE ROBOT

by

Mmesoma

age 10

DING!

Maya knew what that sound meant, breakfast time! She ran downstairs. Baba was flipping pancakes, her favorite. Maya gobbled her pancakes and rushed out the door. Maya joined her friends (the SMART society), they did their cool handshake as the bus began to move.

“We are here!” The bus driver said as everyone got off the bus.

The girls walked into the classroom.

“Good morning!” Ms Burner said cheerfully, as she held up a moon shaped gadget.

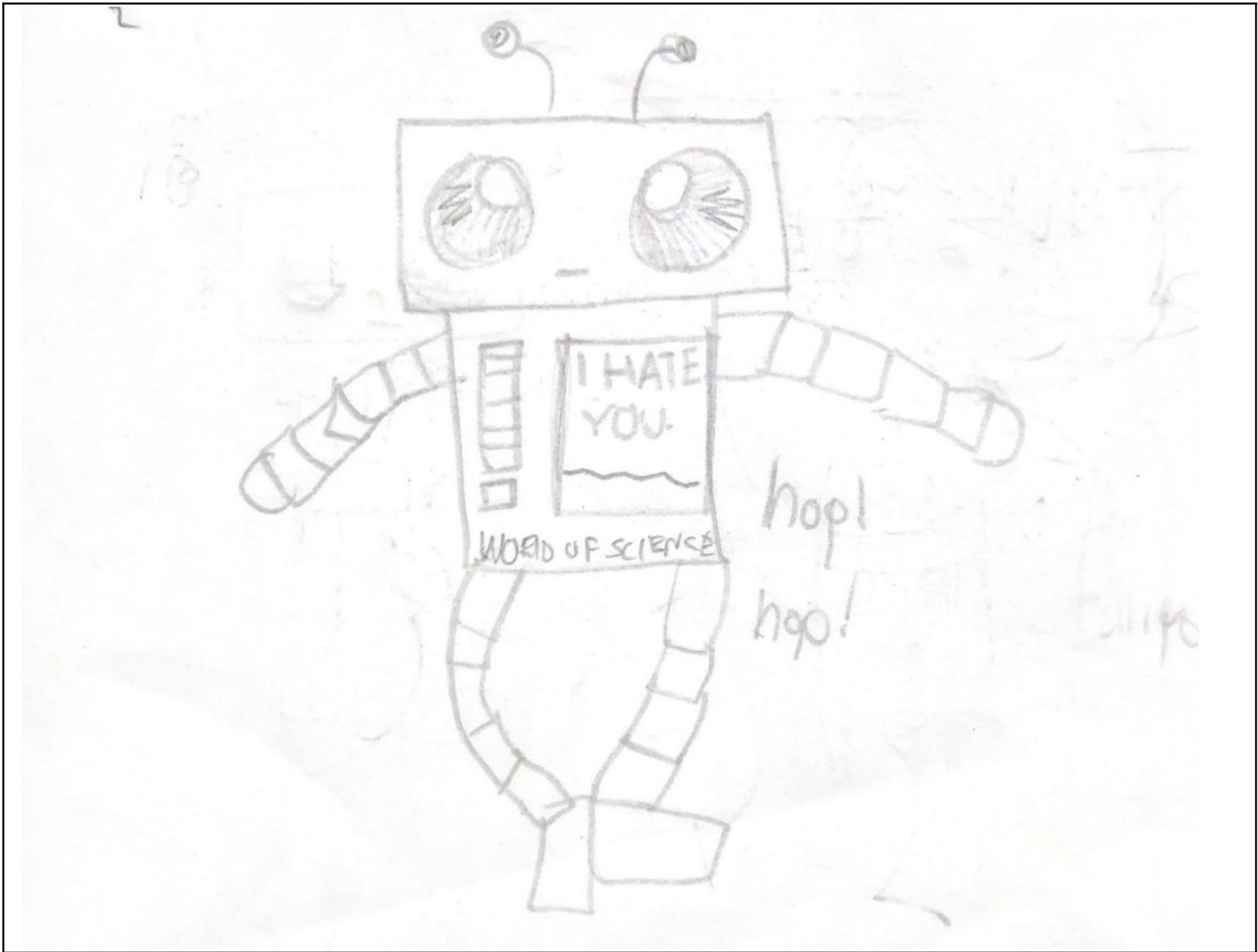
“Is that something science-y?” Maya asked as she raised her hands.

“Maybe,” Ms Burner replied. “We will be having our first field trip to ‘The World of Science!’ It is full of cool things I hear. To the bus!” she shouted

Maya was last in line, She saw Abby and Rita finding a seat without her. When she got on, she had to sit next to Nori, the new girl. Maya was snoozing or pretending to just to avoid Nori. She couldn't wait for this trip to end.

The class arrived at the World of Science. Ms Burner led the kids to the observing hall. And to their amazement they were greeted with a display of robots.

“Hey look at that!” Tanya exclaimed, running to a robot on display.



It read “RUDY THE ROBOT: HONORED MASCOT” they were all amazed. Rudy was blueish green, with a hint of brown. It was tall, and its beaded eyes were round, dark, and sparkled and its rectangular shaped body had a lot of cool buttons. Rudy’s antennae wiggled around. The instructions were written beside Rudy.

Following them, Rita touched it, Rudy jerked and came alive, Ms Burner and Maya rubbed its rectangle head. It jumped twice.

Nori tickled its belly but nothing happened.

Just then an employee named Bill walked over.

“What is wrong with this mascot of yours?” Maya questioned.

“Rudy is very old, maybe it is best to leave him alone okay?” Bill answered.

The class nodded as he walked away.

Ms Burner followed Bill.

ZZZZZZ! BEEEP!

Rudy buzzed and fuzzed, twitched and then turned off again.

“Oh no! He’s dead!!” Tanya swooned, dramatically fainting.

“Seriously Tanya,” the whole class muttered.

Snatching her Datapad, Tanya quickly researches “how to fix a robot”. She pushed the glowy red button. Rudy buzzed intensely and its head collapsed on Sally and then it fell apart.
the class gasped!

“Did we just destroy the mascot?”

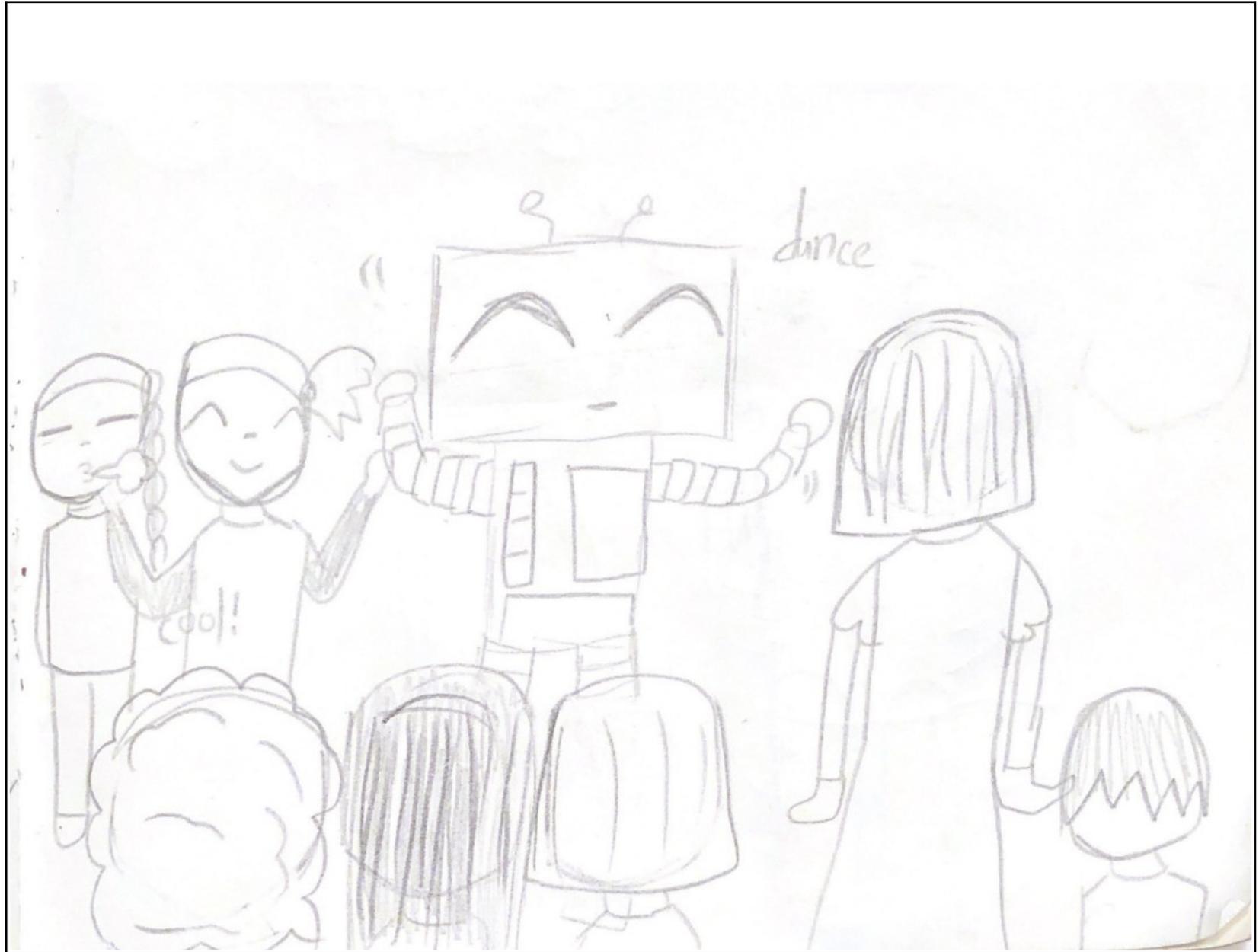
Just then SALLY, MAYA, ABBY, RITA, and TANYA came up with a plan.

Sally started to place Rudy's head on its body. Tanya passed the wrench to Abby who began to screw the head and limbs on. Rita turned on its antenna and when it looked all good, and Maya flicked the switch.

The class was silent

Rudy began to power up and then it began to dance.

The SMART SOCIETY high fived.



Ms Burner and Bill suddenly started clapping. “Good job class, it was impressive how you handled the challenge of the collapsing robot.”

“You all did an awesome job,” Bill said and thank you for fixing Rudy!

BOP, BEEP. Rudy’s light flickered as the class joined in its little dance.

The field trip was over, it was time to go home. Maya, last in line again, hopped onto the bus, looking through the window. She couldn't agree to enjoying the ride with Nori beside her, but Maya could agree that Rudy was the coolest robot ever.

THE END.

THE TWO INVENTORS

by
Oliver
age 11

The press called Arthur Benson a genius. The thirty-nine year old had invented a humanoid robot that could read, write, and speak with a limited vocabulary. Mr. Benson toured with the robot, which he had deemed Ronald.

Currently, he and Ronald were in Edmonton signing autographs at a science convention. He struggled to maintain the smile that he had plastered to his face. Really, he was a somewhat grouchy individual.

Arthur left Ronald at the science centre and began the short walk to his hotel. Somebody bumped him on the sidewalk.

“Watch it!” he snapped.

The inventor continued on to his hotel, then strode past it, halting at an orphanage a few blocks away. He gazed at the building. He had grown up in an orphanage himself, alone. Arthur could only recall flashes of the day, so many years ago, that his parents had perished in a fire. He had only been an infant. He didn't even remember their faces.

A scruffy-looking boy was playing with a wind-up toy on the sidewalk.

“Nice toy,” Mr. Benson commented.

“Thanks,” the boy replied, “I made it.”

Arthur was surprised. He took some inventing materials out of his pockets and gave them to the boy. “I’m Arthur Benson,”

“I’m Clarence,” the boy said, “Nice to meet you.”

The inventor smiled and strolled back to his hotel.

The next morning Arthur woke with a purpose. He sauntered out of the hotel and half an hour later he was signing the adoption papers of a twelve-year-old orphan boy by the name of Clarence Brown.

Luckily, Arthur had booked a seat for Ronald on the afternoon plane flight back to home in Victoria, so he folded up the robot and shoved him into the overhead compartment, giving his seat to Clarence.

When the pair arrived at Arthur's house, the orphan's jaw dropped. Every room was filled floor to ceiling with wacky gizmos, intricate chains of cogs and gears, metal contraptions, and random screws and bolts that were scattered about. It was everything he'd ever dreamed of.

“I'm going to build a Teleporter!” Clarence announced.

A month later, the Teleporter was almost complete. “All I need is a nuclear reactor and a 10,000 megawatt battery.” Clarence sighed. “I don't know how I'll get those though.”

“Oh, there’s some downstairs,” Arthur called absently from another room.

The boy grinned and lugged the items into place.

Soon, the Teleporter was the contemporary way to travel. ‘The Child Inventor’ was on the covers of various popular magazines.

Arthur Benson had stopped inventing, and was content with supervising Clarence. He was pleased to escape the spotlight and take a break.

The reason Arthur was a grumpy man before must have been because he was lonely, because with Clarence for company, he was cheerful. The twelve-year-old was glad he wouldn't be stuck in the gloomy orphanage for his whole youth, and that he had been adopted by the kind man Arthur was inside.

The orphan went on to think up many more inventions to help the world and grew up to be a fine young man.

The press called Clarence Brown a genius too.

THE END.

THE INVENTION

by

Ria

age 12

There once lived a girl named Zaira. She used to live at an orphanage, but that was before a wonderful scientist named Dr. Grana adopted her. Dr. Grana was world-renowned and perfectly sane. Or so it seemed. No one but Zaira knew that he was a mad scientist. He spent every minute of every day in his lab. He took Zaira under his wing, giving her knowledge other twelve year olds could only dream of having. She loved that knowledge, but she loved his lab more.

After making her his assistant, Dr. Grana gave her her own corner to do her experiments in. In that corner, she could do whatever she wanted.

She walked home from school, then dashed into the lab. She was in the middle of creating a machine that could fulfill her dream. She was creating a machine that just might be able to let her meet her parents. She ducked under a curtain and breathed in the smell of her own lab.

“Home sweet home,” she murmured.

She put on her coat, tugged on her gloves, and got to work. “One last finishing touch and this machine will be ready for work!” she said happily. She grabbed her chisel and engraved a symbol onto it.

“Dr. Grana!” she called. “Come quick!”

Footsteps came down the stairs as a tall, dark-haired man ducked under the curtain. “Yes?” he asked.

Zaira was about to burst with excitement. “It’s ready,” she said breathlessly.

Dr. Grana raised his eyebrow but said nothing as he walked over to an overflowing outlet and plugged it in. The machine surged with power and gave off a few sparks as the screen came online.

“Greetings, Mistress Zaira,” it said. “How may I be of assistance?”

“It works! It works!” she screamed. “My machine works!”

Dr. Grana smiled at her. “I’ll leave you to it then,” he said.

He walked out, and Zaira turned shining eyes to the machine.

“Can you-” she swallowed. “Can you find my parents?”

“Of course, Mistress Zaira,” the computer said. “Please drop some of your DNA into this chute.”

Zaira plucked out a piece of her hair and dropped it into a little chute that opened. The computer screen showed how her hair was being analyzed.

“Match Found,” the computer beeped. She looked.

“Scarlet Vision and Mark Vision,” she muttered. Realization struck her. “Those are my parents’ names,” she said. “My parents,” she said again, loving the words on her tongue.

She turned to the machine. “Find out where Scarlet Vision and Mark Vision live. Find their contact details and call them. Get me in touch with them.” she ordered.

“Of course, Mistress Zaira,” the machine beeped.

A few minutes later, there was the sound of a ding. “Scarlet Vision and Mark Vision. 2309 Willow Avenue. Scarlet: (435) 293-4582. Mark: (435) 769-7858. Zaira squinted at the address and the numbers.

“Willow Avenue,” she said thoughtfully. “Willow.” She grabbed her phone and typed in the address. “Of course, it’s on the outskirts of town,” she muttered. Instead, she punched in the phone number of Scarlet Vision. The line was ringing... Ringing... Ringing... Someone picked it up!

“Hello?” a feminine voice with a British accent picked up.

Zaira cleared her throat. Still, her voice came as a whisper.

“Hello?” she asked. “Is this Scarlet Vision?”

There was a pause at that. “Who are you?” the woman asked.

“I’m- I’m Zaira,” she responded.

“That name means nothing to me,” the woman said. “Who are you? How do you know my name?”

“I’m Zaira Vision,” Zaira practically yelled. “I’m your daughter!”

There was a sharp intake of breath from Scarlet. “My-My daughter?” she asked.

Zaira sagged with relief. “Yes, yes. I’m your daughter. Mark Vision is my father.”

“Where are you?” This time her mother’s voice was gentle.

“I live with Dr. Grana,” she answered.

“Stay there,” Scarlet ordered. “I’m coming.”

Zaira ran upstairs to Dr. Grana and told him everything. He smiled at her. “I knew who your parents were as soon as I laid eyes on you,” he said. “But ask them why they left you. I don't know.”

Thirty minutes later, Scarlet Vision was at the door. She was breathtaking. With silky dark brown hair and piercing gray eyes, she was the image of beauty. As soon as she saw Zaira, she collapsed to her knees and started crying. They both started crying. After they were calm enough, and Grana bid them goodbye, Scarlet started explaining to Zaira.

“Your father and I both work as spies. When you were born, it was so unexpected. We had so many enemies, and now they had their eyes on you. It was not safe. So we took you to this town and dropped you off at the orphanage because we knew Grana would find you. We moved ourselves to this town, so we could watch over you. We are so, so sorry. So sorry.”

As soon as they got to Vision Manor, the door flung open, revealing her father. Mark saw his daughter, ran towards her, they all started crying again.

And now, wrapped in her father's arms, the one place she thought she would never find, Zaira felt happy. She felt safe. And even if they were in the middle of the ocean, there was no place she would rather be.

THE END.

THE CLONING MACHINE

by
William

age 9

Hi, it's William here, and I made a cloning machine last week.

Why? Good question. Let's see.

I was working on my homework, when I got an idea. "What if I built a cloning machine? The clone could do my homework, and I would have more time to play!" I told Joe, who was sitting in front of me.

"Stop dreaming," said Joe.

But I knew I could do it. So, I bet Joe twenty dollars that I could build a cloning machine by next week. He snorted and said sure and went back to his work.

I went straight to work; I went and got some materials at Home Depot. I bought: Metal, light, 3D printers, and wood. I went home, looked at the blueprints I made and went straight to action.

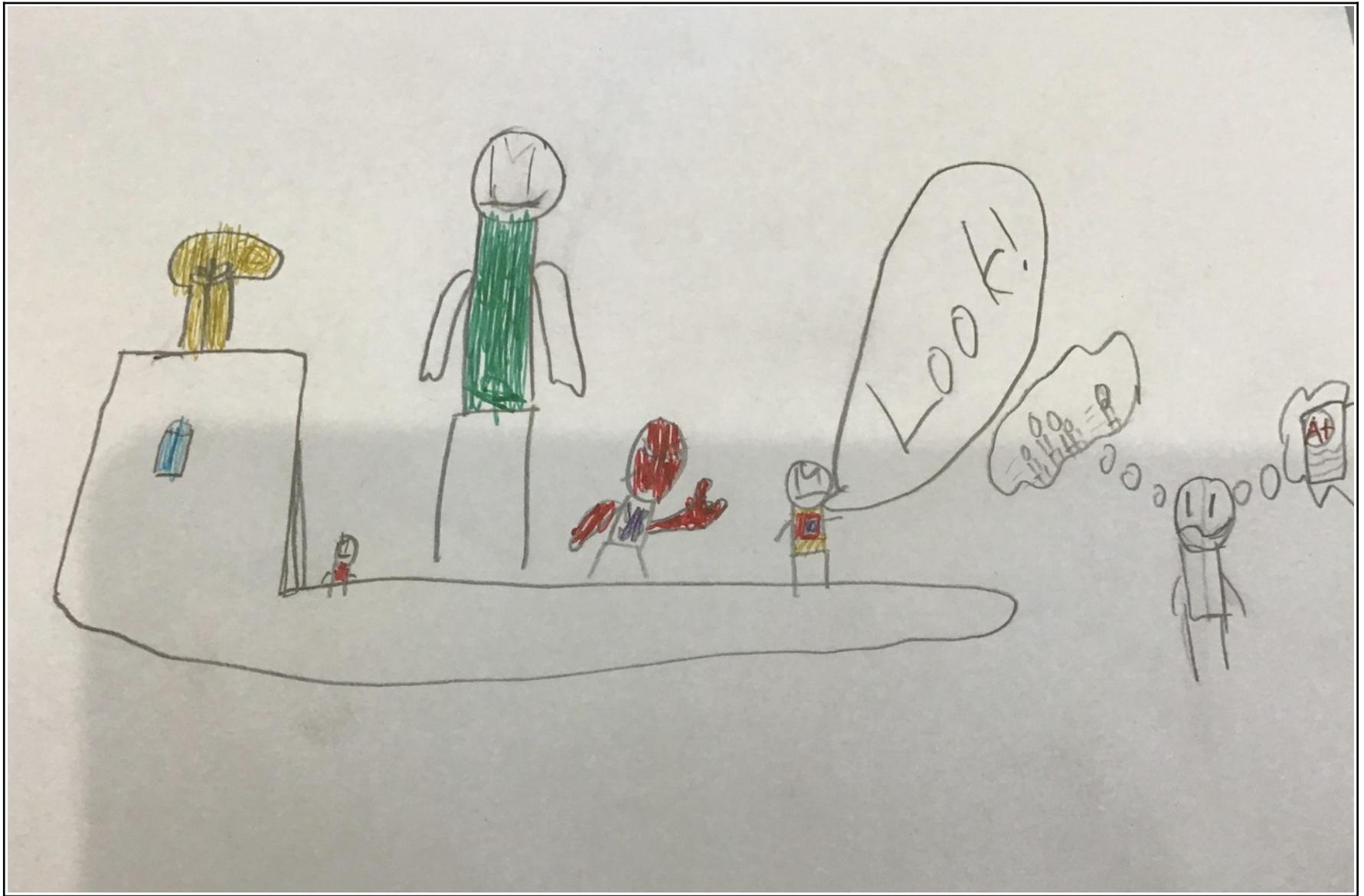
6.9 days later, I was done!

When Joe came to my house, he was shocked! “Wow! I can’t believe it!” said Joe.

I showed him how it worked. First, I put my DNA in the machine, and five seconds later there was another me! After Joe left, I played with... Well, me. We played for one hour. Then we talked. I told him I would go to my classes on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday. After that I slept in my room while the clone slept in the closet.

The next day I sent my clone to school. After school he was supposed to do the homework, but he ended up watching TV. I didn't know what to do so I did the homework for him.

The following day I went to school and the principal was mad about something. He said I put water balloons on the ceiling, and it splashed all over him! Also, I pined him in the face? After school I had an hour of detention. I thought and thought, and it all made sense! My clone must have done those things! I was getting punished because of him.



When I went back home, I saw that my clone was asleep! I was really mad and de-cloned my clone. Then I saw that there were a lot of me! There was a mini me, a giant me, a spider me, a super hero me, and much more! I really hope one of them liked doing homework.

THE END.



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