



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

LIBRARY 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 FEBRUARY 2023 creative writing contest. In celebration of Library Lovers Day on February 14th, the task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words taking place in a library! From magical libraries to the fantastical creatures inside, we were looking for stories that would keep readers at the edge of their seats!

Winners:

- Ages 5-9: First Place: 'The Library Dragon' by Aubrey, age 9
Second Place: 'Fantasy Library' by William, age 9
- Ages 10-13: First Place: 'Lost in a Book' by Oliver, age 11
Second Place: 'The Librarian's Secret' by Archer, age 11

Published in Victoria, British Columbia
Graphic provided by Freepik: upklyak
Story Studio Writing Society
2023

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Librarian's Secret.....	4
The Library Dragon.....	12
Ghostly Presents.....	20
Salt and Gary and the Library Ghost.....	25
Tally Toad and the Library Day.....	35
Harry Potter in the Library.....	45
Lost in a Book.....	55
Clearsight's Future.....	65
Fantasy Library.....	74

THE LIBRARIAN'S SECRET

by
Archer

age 11

I was walking to the library. It was raining hard so I rushed in and started browsing through the Young Adult section. The library was always busy on stormy days, and today was no exception. Most of the books I liked were checked out, and the computers were all being used by kids playing an online game.

A librarian noticed that I was bored and walked over. She asked if I wanted to see some cool spots in the library. I said yes, so the librarian led me through a narrow door, turned left, and stopped at a small bookshelf.

The librarian pulled out the very middle book and there was a click and the bookshelf slid open to reveal a dusty room full of yellowed books covered in thick layers of dust. Some books were so old they were kept in airtight bags, so they wouldn't get ruined by moisture. I was amazed.

“This is a special section of the library where older books are kept. You can't check them out, but there are PDF's of the books on this computer,” she pointed to a laptop that was showing the login screen for the library. “If you have a library card you can log in and read them.”

I was looking at a book that said '*The Modern Uses Of Cats*'. I'm a cat person. After I had logged in, I searched for '*The Modern Uses of Cats*'. It was about exactly what it said; there were a variety of different ways to entice a cat to do things for you and types of fish that cats like. It wasn't as interesting as I thought, so I asked the librarian if there was anything she could recommend.

All she said was, "Follow me," and then pulled another book out of the bookshelf and a tunnel appeared. "Now, tell no one about this," the librarian whispered.

Once we got into the room at the end of the tunnel, the librarian spoke again. “There are few people who know about the room we were just in, but only I and now you know about this place.”

“Why do I get to know about this?” I asked.

“Because you’re a kid. Kid’s notice more things than adults, and they can see certain things that older people can’t. I need you to crack an invisible code.” The librarian looked desperate.

“How do I see it if it is invisible?”

“That’s the thing. You can see it, but I can’t. None of the other kids can see it because of all the screens that they watch. It ruins the part of the brain that can interpret the invisible codes. Now promise to tell no one what this says or that this even exists. Okay?”

“I promise.”

“This is it.”

“Ha! That’s easy to read. It says, ‘The fate of the Earth rests in your hands’. Wait. Does that mean it rests in my hands?”

“Yes, it does. You have the power to read those messages. The messages could be anywhere. I trust you, just make sure to keep your eyes open...”

I walked back to my house and looked for messages the rest of my life. I became a librarian and guarded that room for the next thirty years.

THE END.

THE LIBRARY DRAGON



by
Aubrey

age 9

“Tyler! The grand opening of the new library has begun!” Ava yelled at her brother.

Tyler rubbed his sleepy eyes and said, “What’s wrong? I want to sleep.” He rolled over and buried his head into his pillow.

Ava smiled. “The grand opening of the library is live on the TV right now,” she said.

Tyler jumped up and rushed downstairs as Ava laughed.

Tyler had been waiting the whole year for this moment to happen, and he had already missed the speech from his favorite librarian. “Darn,” he sighed.

They flopped on the couch and watched the rest of it. That afternoon, Tyler asked his dad if he could go to the new library. His dad nodded. Tyler swung his backpack over his shoulders and started walking.

When he finally got there, Tyler was amazed. The building was huge! He went over to the section about koalas.

As he was searching for '*The One and Only Koala*', when he noticed a round object sitting on top of a book. It looked like an egg, only slightly bigger than the ones you eat for breakfast.

Just then, the egg started cracking! And only a few moments later, a baby dragon was born. Tyler couldn't believe his eyes. He named it Lavender.

Tyler and Lavender became fast friends. Whenever he came to the library, Tyler would go straight to the koala section to find the dragon.

Tyler would bring lots of snacks and sweets for the baby dragon. They would play hide and seek, peek-a-boo, anything that would make a baby happy.

One morning, Tyler woke up to some sad news. They were moving to New York for a year. No friends, no library, and no Saturn Barbeque restaurant. Most importantly, no dragons to play with! “It’s going to be a long year,” he sighed.

A year had passed and they finally moved back to Brooklyn. Tyler saw his best friends, Dianna and Liam.

They waved to him, but Tyler had to go find the library dragon. As soon as they got back, Tyler hopped off the car to visit the library, hoping there were no changes to it.

Tyler walked in the door of the library and instantly smelled the old smell of the heaters. He headed straight to the koala section. The dragon was still there. The dragon seemed lonely, curled up and sleeping soundlessly. When Tyler stepped closer, he woke up. Tyler was startled.

“Don’t worry, kid,” the dragon said. “I won’t hurt you. I feel quite lonely, too.”

Tyler was relieved. “Are you Lavender?” Tyler asked.

The dragon lifted his head. “How do you know? Are you the boy who was there when I hatched?”

Tyler nodded. “I can stay with you, so you won’t feel lonely anymore,” he said.

The dragon was very happy.

Everyday, the dragon would greet Tyler at the front door to go play with him like before. Whenever people saw them flying through the clouds, they would say, “Gosh. That boy must be brave. A fire breathing dragon. Can’t imagine it.” But they were all wrong. Not all creatures that look terrifying are harmful.

THE END.

GHOSTLY PRESENTS

by

Bowen

age 10

Once there was a boy named Tyler. Tyler loved to read so he always went to the library. One day he decided to take a picture and post it online.

A few days later he got a lot of comments saying that there was a person or ghost in the background! But Tyler said that nobody was there when he was at the library, it was empty.

He looked at the photo again and saw a shadowy figure looking at him.

A few days later he went back to the same library and did not see anything weird. He showed the receptionist the picture and the receptionist said that it was odd because no one could enter the building without a pass.

He went back with the receptionist and they took another picture. Again they saw the ghost and the ghost this time was smiling at them.

That night, when Tyler went to bed he thought about the ghost.

The next day he found a bunch of presents under his christmas tree and it had a note that said, *'Hi, you took a picture two days in a row. I know you might freak out because I'm a ghost but I just want you to know that I want to be friends. If you don't want to, I understand. But I really want to be friends! From, Stanley.'*

Stanley's name sounded familiar to Tyler, then it hit him who Stanley was. He was a kid who died in elementary school. He had liked him in school, so he decided to like him as a ghost too. They became friends.

THE END.

***SALT AND GARY AND THE LIBRARY
GHOST***

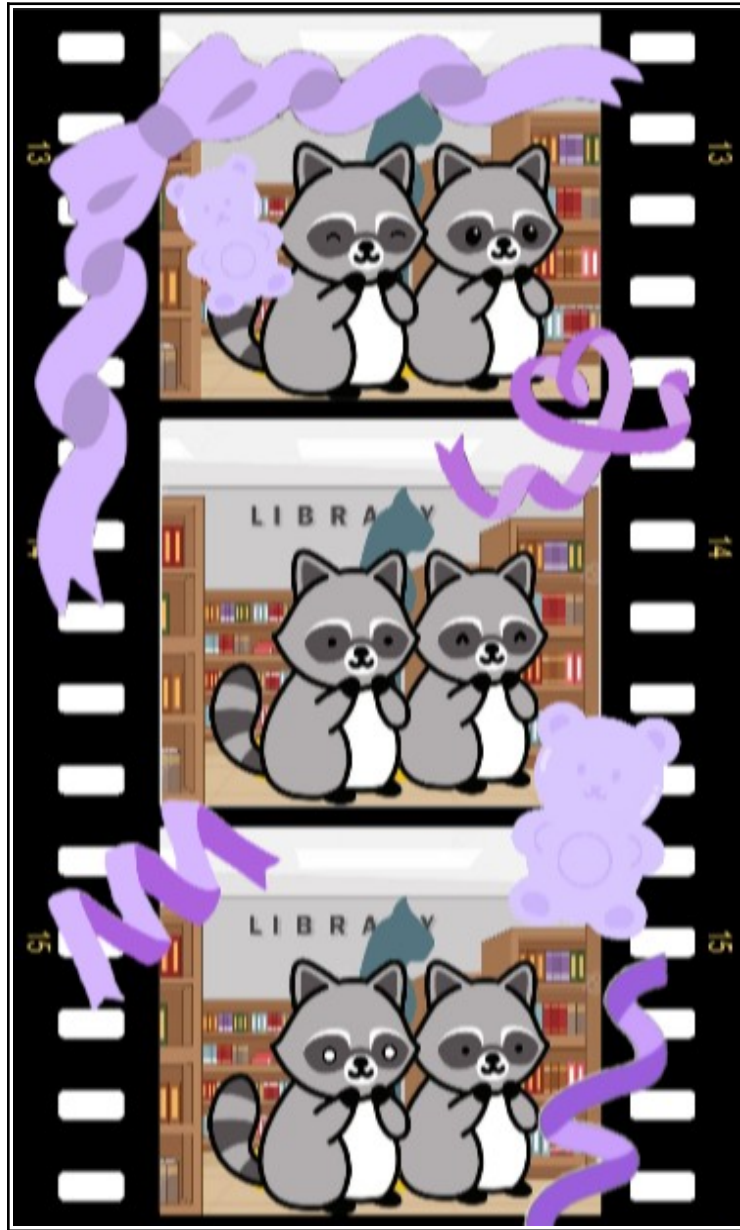
by
Joyce
age 10

Salt and Gary have come back for another adventure! This time, in the city Starship.

Salt texted Gary on his phone that there was a new library. Gary agreed that they should check it out. “I heard it used to be an old mansion, but the city transformed it into a large library!”

“Old mansion? Creepy.”

And the decision was made, Salt and Gary would have another adventure, at the new library.



Salt and Gary packed their bags. They decided to have a picnic in the park next to the library. They took some tuna sandwiches and a long selfie stick to take pictures in the library.

They drove to the library, and saw a massive building. Salt and Gary walked inside. The interior of the library was lined with organized shelves of books. They explored the library, even the second floor. As they went down the stairs to go back to the first floor, they found some animal statues. Gary remembered the selfie stick they brought.

“Salt, why don’t we use our selfie stick to take pictures of these statues?” Gary suggested.

Salt agreed. He pulled a small pouch out of his backpack, and took a folded camera stick out. Then, he unfolded the stick and attached a small camera on it. Gary lifted the stick up, so they could take a selfie with the cat statue in the background. They took some pictures and printed them out using a printer in the library.

Then it was almost time for lunch, so they went outside.

Salt and Gary walked around until they found a good spot on the grass and set up their picnic.

Salt decided to send the pictures to their friends, Chili and Cinnamon. Just as he was uploading the picture, they noticed there was a slightly white figure in the back of the fourth picture... It looked like a... Ghost!

“Oh no! This library is haunted!” Gary shrieked.

“Relax, it isn’t a ghost. Maybe it’s just the lights,” Salt suggested.

“I didn’t hear anything behind us,” Gary said

Salt suggested they investigate the library. They left their picnic and went into the library.

They decided to go back to the exact same spot and take a picture. However... There wasn’t a ghost anymore! Gary wanted to leave, but Salt wasn’t done investigating. So, they waited...

Suddenly, a white figure, similar to the one in the picture, appeared at the exact same spot! Gary jumped and shrieked. The white figure also seemed surprised.

“Uh, are you okay?” the mysterious white figure stepped out behind the bookshelf and asked Gary.

Salt looked at Gary. Gary looked at Salt. Then they both looked at the white figure.

“Oh... Nevermind... Sorry for disturbing you,” Salt finally spoke.

Salt and Gary rushed outside to their picnic.

“So the ‘ghost’ was actually a sheep?” Salt said.

“Yeah, I guess the fur just got in the camera a little bit,” Gary concluded.

The two friends laughed at the mistake and eventually went home.

THE END.

TALLY TOAD AND THE LIBRARY DAY

by

Mmesoma

age 10

Ring! My alarm rang loudly, scaring the death out of me as I woke up and grabbed my pink toothbrush.

Today was library day and I could not wait to see my (second) favorite teacher, Ms. Komodo.

“You sound so happy again Tally.” I knew that voice anywhere, it was Tom.

We had to hurry. “Bye Tomika,” Tom and I said as we walked out the door.

“Bye kids,” my Mom said, brushing Tomika’s hair.

“Ugh. It’s Library day again?” Tom muttered.

“Tom! Library is very fun,” I clarified. Tom ignored me, as usual.

“Hey Tom! Hi Tally,” TJ Turtle said. TJ hugged Tom and walked to school with us.

Up ahead was Mr. Hopper and the rest of the class.

“Everyone ready for the library today?” Mr. Hopper asked.

“I’m definitely ready!” I replied, holding the books I was going to return.

DING DONG! Time for class.

“Today, we have a new student from Catville! Meet Kat everyone,” Kat, who was hiding behind Mr. Hopper budged in front of him and gave a wave. Mr. Hopper pointed at our table.

“Kat, can you please go sit with Annie, Betsy and Tally?”

Kat joined us and put away her backpack.

DING DONG! It was recess and everyone ran outside.

“I love the sun!” I exclaimed, sitting on the floor. I saw Kat sitting near the buddy bench. “Hi!” I shouted.

Kat twisted her face into a frown. “GET AWAY LOSER!” Kat screamed.

I was so shocked. Blinking tears away, I went back to class early.

After recess, it was finally Library time! “Hi Mr. Hopper’s class!” Ms. Komodo exclaimed as the class followed along to a beige book-filled room.

I returned my borrowed book, then I walked over to the nearby shelf, picking out a new book called ‘*Fun Facts: Body Parts.*’

I noticed that Kat was staring at my book. “Hey! Tally! What do you have there?” Kat said, taking my book. “HAH HA HA HAH! This book is really icky! Tally you’re so weird!” Kat shouted as Ms. Komodo tried to keep her quiet.

I tried not to cry again as I checked out my new book and sat down for story time.

“Tally, are you okay?” Tom asked.

I didn't answer, I just sat at my desk sobbing quietly.

‘Why is Kat always mean to me?’ I thought to myself? ‘Maybe I should ask her? Then I could find an answer.’

“Tally,” Ms Komodo called my name, she could tell my thoughts were miles away. “Story time is done, it's time for quiet reading,” she said as she walked toward Tom and TJ who were both making a ruckus.

I saw Kat, sitting by the corner, so I boldly walked up to her and asked as loud as I could in the library, “Kat, why are you mean to me all the time? First at recess and now in the library.”

“Because Tally,” she said while stirring away. “It’s been hard moving here,” she continued, “Do you think it was easy? I was bullied too, what's the big deal, even my brother bullies me,” Kat clarified with a smirk.

“Oh I didn’t know that Kat, I'm sorry,” I said. “Do you want to be friends instead?” I asked, smiling hopefully.

“No thanks,” she answered, and then ran off.

I took a deep breath, looked around and noticed that Ms Komodo was listening all along. She smiled at me and walked away.

For now I was happy, happy because I was able to confront Kat and she left me alone and maybe I understood her a little bit better. Maybe I can help someday, but for now, I will enjoy this new book I borrowed. I can't wait until the next library session.

THE END.

HARRY POTTER IN THE LIBRARY

by
Obert
age 9

One day Harry Potter went to Surrey Public Library with Ron and Hermione, along with the Dursleys, including his annoying little cousin, Dudley. Ever since Harry had come back from Hogwarts, Dudley, knowing he was a Wizard, did not annoy Harry as much as before Hagrid took him to Hogwarts.

When Harry arrived at the library, he noticed a sign on the library door saying: “No magic inside the library.” Harry took this seriously, since most people knew him as a famous Wizard.

He approached the library remembering that Hagrid told him using magic out of Hogwarts in front of Muggles was a serious abuse, plus the Dursleys and Hermione were Muggles. He had done magic before in front of his cousin, Dudley, which made Aunt Petunia write a letter to the Ministry of Magic, getting him a serious warning. Plus Ron knew this because his dad received the letter of Harry using magic out of Hogwarts because Mr. Weasley worked at The Ministry of Magic.

As Harry and his friends entered the library, they went to the Gilderoy Lockhart Section because they needed his books to attend their new Hogwarts class.

“Okay, Ron and Hermione,” said Harry. “We need *Break with a Banshee, Gadding with Ghouls, Holidays with Hags, Travels with Trolls, Voyages with Vampires, Wandering with Werewolves, and Year with the Yeti*, all by Gilderoy Lockhart.” Harry, Ron, and Hermione all looked for those in the Gilderoy Lockhart Section, but they couldn’t find any. They mostly just found *Magic Me* by Gilderoy Lockhart.

“Ugh, why does this library only have Magic Me?” said Ron.

“They probably just don't have the new versions of those books,” said Hermione.

“Let's go search it up on the library computers,” said Harry.

So they went on the library computers and searched all those book names up.

“They're all out of stock!” yelled Hermione.

“Shh, be quiet, this is a Library,” said a librarian.

“Right, sorry,” replied Hermione.

“If only I could use some magic,” said Harry. But he had said it at the wrong time. Dudley heard.

“OHHHH MOM!” shouted Dudley.

“SHHHH,” whispered Harry.

And for the first time ever, Dudley said, “Fine, only this once.”
Then Dudley skipped away.

“Ugh,” sighed Harry. “I bet it was Draco Malfoy who bought all of the copies for his Slytherin friends like Crabbe and Goyle and some of their other Slytherin friends.”

Then all of a sudden, Aunt Petunia shouted “Harry, Ron, Hermione, time to go!”

Harry was very annoyed by this occurrence so he shouted back,
“Five more minutes!”

She shouted back, “Fine!”

Harry had enough of this so he said, “I’m using magic.”

So Harry, Ron, and Hermione went to a small corner and Harry slowly took out his wand.

“You're not actually going to do it right?” asked Hermione.

“Of course I am,” replied Harry.

“Well, it’s not gonna be my fault if you get caught,” said Hermione.

“Don’t worry,” replied Harry. So Harry quietly said...

“Allushawooj!”

Then all the books appeared. Ron was amazed. They left the library with their new books.

That night the Security Guards checked the security cameras and saw Harry performing magic in the library, so now he is wanted.

THE END.

LOST IN A BOOK

by
Oliver
age 11

Blaze was a tall, athletic boy with dark hair. He enjoyed playing sports and loved to read, so he loved the library. He liked the feeling of the carpet under his shoes and the musty, earthy smell of the newly inked paper.

It was never hard for him to pick a book, despite the fact that there seemed to be as many books in the library as stars in the sky.

A ruby red novel caught his eye. He removed the book from the shelf. It was called '*The Royal Destiny.*' Blaze figured he would try it out.

As soon as his emerald eyes fell on the words '*Once upon a time,*' he felt an odd tingly sensation in his spine. What was happening? The tingling grew until there was a bright flash and he vanished from the library.

Blaze was suddenly surrounded by magnificent trees and lush shrubbery. "Where am I?" he asked himself.

He hauled himself up and looked around. He could see nothing except for the forest. For all he knew nobody was around for miles, and the sun would sink behind the horizon soon. He needed shelter. He purposefully began plodding through the trees.

Luckily it was only minutes before Blaze found a hut. The enticing aroma of fresh-baked bread drew him to the door. He rapped on the wood.

A woman with blond hair and blue eyes greeted him. “Hello,” she exclaimed, “We don’t get visitors often. Come in.”

Inside was another woman with a jet-black braid and striking green eyes.

“I’m Wendy and this is Eliana,” the blond woman explained, “Have some bread and tell us your story.”

Blaze bit into a slice of bread. “I’m completely lost, and I’m from a city called Victoria.”

The two women exchanged a surprised glance, but before they could say more there was a knock on the door.

Eliana's face contorted slightly in annoyance. "Go hide in the cellar. The door's behind the kitchen," she ordered Blaze.

Blaze helplessly obeyed and shut the door behind him. He pressed his ear against the wood.

"Hello Eliana," a male voice murmured.

“Hi,” Eliana replied sharply.

“Have you seen a boy in the area recently?” the man inquired.

“No, we haven’t seen anybody!” Eliana retorted. The door slammed violently.

Blaze crept out of the cellar. “Who was that?”

“You haven’t introduced yourself,” Eliana observed.

“Oh. My name’s—”

“Blaze.”

“How do you know my name???”

Eliana sighed. “That man who came is the monarch of this kingdom. I was his wife. We had a child that he didn’t want. He wanted his heir to be his malevolent brother. So he tried to kill the baby. I protected it, sending it to another realm, so he banished me to the farthest reaches of the kingdom.

It seems he has summoned that child here, because that child...
Is you. I am your mother, and you are the heir to the throne.”

Blaze was speechless.

Suddenly, the king barged through the door. “I knew you lied!”
he snarled at Eliana.

“Quick, over here! Let’s get you home!” Wendy whispered.

Blaze went over to her and she frantically started muttering strange syllables. Blaze felt a familiar tingling in his spine. Just before the seething king reached him, he disappeared from the hut.

Just like that, he was back in the library. He knew that he would someday journey back to the mysterious realm, but not today.

THE END.

CLEAR SIGHT'S FUTURE

by

Rysa

age 9

Clearsight was a normal nightwing. Well, she was a princess but she couldn't do anything big like her mother, Queen Shadowhunter. That was until the big test; the big test was to see if a nightwing dragonet was magical .

You see, nightwings aren't like other dragon tribes, some nightwings have magical powers.

Clearsight looked at the sand below her feet.

They were on a beach where there were the other nine dragonets that were in the same hatching, including her brothers, Darkness and Rocket. Pearl, her best friend, was also there.

Her mother had told them to stay still and keep quiet but how could she be quiet with all of the sand and water swishing?
“Shhh,” she tried to say, but she was interrupted by Pearl .

“Who, me?” Pearl said, “I am not doing anything except sitting tall looking like a princess,” she teased.

“Did you say something Pearl?” Shadowhunter appeared out of the darkness.

“Nope!” Pearl said it was just the seagull yelling.

“Great because now we're starting.” Queen Shadow hunter closed her eyes and poof they were in a library.

“Mother!” Clearsight called.

“Yes, Clearsight?” she responded, coming towards Clearsight, swishing her long dangerous tail.

“What are we doing in the library, mother?” Clearsight asked.

“Well, since the dragonets in this group are in the seventh circle so I have decided that this year we are doing it in the library,” replied Shadowhunter.

“Now everybody,” Shadowhunter boomed, “See the rainbow pillows? Touch them and they will unleash your powers!”

First it was her brother Rocket's turn. He touched the pillow and **POOF** rainbow lights came out and he disappeared!

“Congrats Rocket, you have the power of detectability!”
Shadowhunter called dragon after dragon and after each dragonet there were only two left, Pearl and Clearsight.

First Queen Shadowhunter called up Pearl.

Pearl touched the pillow and **POOF** a rainbow orb appeared on her talons.

“Wow Pearl,” Shadowhunter cried, “You have future sighting, that's great! Now it's your turn Clearsight.”

Clearsight took a big deep breath and she touched the pillow. Nothing happened. But then a bunch of books came floating over Clearsight's head.

“Wow, Clearsight, you're a bookworm!” Pearl teased.

“Pearl!” Shadowhunter said, “We have no time for joking.” She turned to Clearsight. “You have a book power, you can find any book in under one millisecond.”

“So that's why you brought us to the library, you knew that I would have this power!”

Two months later Clearsight was about to open her own library where any creature could come. It was amazing!

She also had a few words to say, “Thank you everybody that came to my library. I just want to say that libraries are very special. They are filled with knowledge so that's why I made this library, to spread knowledge. So I'm happy to say, the library is open!”

And from that day on she became famous for her wise words!

THE END.

FANTASY LIBRARY

by
William
age 9

Hi! I am in the fantasy library. Oops, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm William, and I live in Canada. I am really into history and hope to be a history teacher someday! Right now I'm in a library filled with all kinds of books! I come to this library because there are thousands and millions of history books! I want to read as much as I can today.

But, the librarian here doesn't like me. She always wants me to speak quietly. "SHUSH!" she yells.

Okay okay, I am right now looking at... the map! This place is soooo big that there is even a map! Now, let's see. The grand history library (the GHL) is five steps to the right, go forward six steps, and turn left five steps! It says that there are bean bag chairs there! It also says, "Caution, something you might not expect will happen."

Yeah right, I will go to the GHL and see how big it is.

Five minutes later, I am here! It looks sooooooooooooooooooooo big. (Count my O's and multiply it by one hundred and that's how high it is!) I quickly run to the bean bag chair and pick out a good book. My bean bag chair is blue, leathery and looks like dragon skin.

I doze off because the bean bag chair is just too comfy! I wake up to a tremendous amount of heat. It is so near that I could cook sausages on it! I just don't know where it's coming from. I look at my bean bag chair and my bean bag chair looks at me.

Huh?! Wait a minute. I look at my bean bag chair again to see if I am dreaming. Sure, enough it looks back at me!

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” I am sitting on a dragon!

Then the dragon fell asleep. I quickly get off him as fast as I can and run to tell the Librarian. When I tell her, she says to go back to my seat. I don't think she believes me! I guess I'll have to do it by myself.

I go back to the GHL and look at the dragon. I tell him “Get out of here,” but he won’t budge. I have to wake him up! I throw some books at him, but he just looks at me and a little steam comes out of his ears.

I tell another librarian, and he actually believes me! But when he comes, he looks at the dragon and faints! I realize I am on my own.

I decide I am going to break rule number one of the library, “No shouting.”

I go to the dragon's ear and scream, "WAKE UP!"

The dragon flies away.

The librarian kicks me out of the library. I am mad because I was just trying to help! I am never going to that library again. I will go to fantasy library number two instead.

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