



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

CRAYON 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 MARCH 2023 creative writing contest. In celebration of World Crayon Day on March 31st, the task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words involving crayons! From the factories naming crayon colours to interesting crayon characters, we were looking for stories that would keep readers at the edge of their seats!

Winners:

- Ages 5-9: First Place: 'The Crayon Disagreement' by Aubrey, age 9
Second Place: 'Scratch and Sniff Crayons' by William, age 9
- Ages 10-13: First Place: 'Crayons' by Molly, age 10
Second Place: 'The Useless Crayon' by LinXi, age 13

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THE OAK RIDGE DISASTER

by
Archer

age 11

It was five in the morning when the power went out. Nobody noticed because we were sleeping in and enjoying winter break, but our neighbour's dog certainly did and he made a big racket. Every time the dog woke us up we added a tally on the sheet of paper on our fridge, so I got up to check the time but my alarm clock was blank. I checked the plug but that wasn't the problem so I tip-toed downstairs and put another mark on the paper. A boom shook the house and I ran outside to look what had happened.

What I saw scared me. A giant crayon covered in glowing green goo marched down the street dripping wax on nearby yards. Everywhere people were running from their houses. I went inside to turn on our backup generator. Yes, we have a backup generator even though we are in the city. My parents are paranoid about a zombie apocalypse, but hey, this is as close as it gets. A fire truck was driving behind with a giant catapult launching burning wood, trying to melt the crayon. The crayon was a yellow-orange and the yards that were covered in wax were vibrant with a sunset colour. In Oak Ridge there are two big factories. One of the factories makes crayons and the other...

I don't know. Well I kind of do. Actually I know a lot about it but anyway, I ran upstairs to get my parents. My dad was groggily rubbing his eyes and my mom was standing in front of the mirror fixing her hair.

“Can you drive me to that one factory that isn’t the crayon factory?” I asked without mentioning what I knew about it.

“Well, It seems like there is a big disaster that might wipe out the whole city, but sure I will.”

Ugh. I hate it when my mom is sarcastic like that. I took my bike from the garage and I pedaled to that one factory that wasn't the crayon factory. I immediately went to the side door of the factory and it was unlocked. There was green bubbling slime in massive pots, but there was a hole in one of them. Just like I had thought. I slammed the red emergency shut off button and ran out on my bike. Next the crayon factory. It was at the bottom of the hill that the radioactive slime factory was. The leakage had oozed down the hill and into the crayon factory. I ducked through the hole in the wall that the slime had created and looked in. The crayons were becoming giant and alive!

I hit another emergency shut off button and the factory shuddered to a stop. When I was little I saw an ad for turning crayons into candles. I just couldn't figure out how to break the crayons without feeling bad for them. But when one rolled off a table it broke. I just had to get it to fall down. I biked even faster back to my street and found the fire truck still catapulting flaming wood.

“Stop!” I yelled.

The fire truck kept going.

“STOP!!!” I screamed at the top of my lungs.

The fire truck stopped.

“Run into the crayon. Make it fall over.”

The driver asked if I was sure.

“Of course, now DO IT!”

The driver obeyed and lurched forwards into the crayon. It flipped onto what would've been its back and shattered into hundreds of shards of wax. There was silence. Then everyone started cheering. I was considered the greatest hero ever in Oak Ridge until something else happened. Something a lot worse.

THE END.

THE CRAYON DISAGREEMENT

by
Aubrey
age 9

The night before the grand coloring contest, Emily said to her favorite box of crayons, “Tomorrow I have a coloring contest, and I am going to use you guys!” Then, she went off to sleep, dreaming about being the winner of the contest.

Right after Emily started snoring soundlessly, Indigo crayon jumped out of the crayon box and stood at the roof of their tiny house. “I am the best crayon there is,” he bragged. “Emily is going to only use me tomorrow.”

Cotton Candy climbed out and pushed Indigo to the side. The roof of their house was slippery, and Indigo almost fell off the edge!

“No, I’m the best. Emily uses me for everything. Cotton candy, princesses, and unicorns. Trust me, she’ll lose real hard if she uses you tomorrow,” Cotton Candy narrowed her eyes at Indigo.

Aquamarine crossed her arms. “Look how beautiful my color is! People admire blue skies and oceans. And I heard that Emily’s drawing the beach tomorrow,” she said.

The three crayons had an argument because they thought that they were the prettiest one.

After a long time, Pacific Blue said, “You know, nobody’s the best. What’s the best? The best is when we all work together. You’ll find out soon.”

But that just made Cotton Candy more mad. She slid down the box and ran away into a cabinet full of coloring sheets.

“I’m leaving,” Aquamarine said, crossly.

The next day, Emily jumped out of bed and threw the box of crayons into her backpack without knowing that two crayons were missing.

At the contest, the judges told everyone to color the ballerina in the beach picture. Emily was very excited. She pulled out her crayon box.

When Emily wanted to color the ballerina pink, she couldn't find Cotton Candy. So she had to make the ballerina orange.

Then, Emily wanted to color the ocean aquamarine, but she couldn't find it. So, she had to color the ocean red.

Emily lost the contest for coloring the drawing unrealistic. When Cotton Candy and Aquamarine heard Emily crying back home, they knew that they had made the worst mistake ever.

THE END.

TIME TRAVELLING WITH CRAYONS

by
Hansen
age 11

I stare at my bedroom wall as I was woken up with a sudden thought. What if the world's smartest person learned about the primary thing that preschoolers just love to eat for some strange reason. Crayons. Now, of course the smartest person that probably lived is Albert Einstein but he lived DECADES ago. He did live decades ago but since I'm totally very smart, I can build a pasta time machine that will take me back in time!

I literally mean a pasta time machine. A time machine. Of pasta. I decided for it to be pasta because lots of people like it and it is a very light and old material.

It will take me a couple of minutes to gather the necessary materials to build this, which are pasta, spaghetti, meatballs, lasagna, ravioli and tomato sauce. According to my calculations if $\text{Ravioli} \times \text{air} - 6385 = \text{Helium}$ and $\text{helium} \div \text{tithyhliyuponium} \times \text{sick frog} = \text{TIME TRAVEL!!!!}$ I build and stick as I precisely throw the pieces into the right spot. The finished product is about 30 centimeters thick and 8 meters tall. A perfect fit with barely any wiggle space. Perfect for me.

I grab my 64 pack of crayons and step into my pasta time machine as I set the dial to 1940 and press the GO button.

With a great big **WHOOSH** I arrived at my destination. 1940, Albert Einstein's prime time. I step out and see a massive, massive field. I squint as something shines into my eyes that is not the sun. A massive metal sheet. I creep closer and see a man standing beside it when I realize that it was Albert Einstein! I tap him on the shoulder and introduce myself.

I hand him the crayons and he studies it for a moment when he pulls one out. He stares at the color which was **BRICK RED** and he pulls out his notes and starts scribbling furiously.

I peek over his shoulder to see sketches of a machine that has the word COLOR MAKER on the side. He then picks up the crayons again then walks towards a small building in the distance.

We arrive and he puts the crayon onto a table and cuts it in half. He stares at it with curiosity and puts one half into a cup and heats it until it melts. While that happens, he peels the paper off the other half and... takes a bite. He chews for a little while then spits it out. He throws the box at my head as he shouts out at me.

I run away and hop into my pasta time machine and quickly dial HOME. With great WHOOSH and a flash of light, I'm home. Phew, safe.

THE END.

THE USELESS CRAYON

by

LinXi

age 13

In a box of eight crayons, one sat, alone, in the corner of the box. The white crayon.

Everyone, or should I say, every crayon, thought that the white crayon, whose name was Blaire, was useless. “Hahah! Look at Blaire! Paper is already white!! Why would anyone need you! HAHA!” laughed the blue crayon, Kelly. She was the leader, the most important crayon. She led all of the other crayons into bullying Blaire. She only had so much pride because she was used to color the skies.

“I know! Haha!” chuckled the green crayon, Kim.

Blaire rolled away from everyone as fast as she could, with tears sliding down her face.

“HAHAHAHA!” everyone laughed.

Now, being the white crayon wouldn't be that big of a deal at all, many artists use the white crayon for shading and blending, but Blaire is in a box of crayons that is owned by a kindergartener.

All of those little five year olds think that the white crayon is useless, just like those colorful crayons, Kelly and Kim.

Blaire felt more and more useless every time those grubby little kids grabbed at the blue, or the green, or yellow and used them for coloring the sky, or the grass, or the sun. But after a while, Blaire started realizing something... She was growing? No, wait, all of the other crayons were shrinking?? Blaire just kept quiet though, she couldn't care about those bullies.

But every day, the other crayons were shrinking, more, and more. Until one day, Kelly completely disappeared! “OH NO! KELLY IS GONE! WHAT DO WE DO???” Kim screeched once she heard the news.

“WHAT IF THAT HAPPENS TO ALL OF US??” Hoppy, the pink crayon sobbed.

“AHHHHHH!” screamed Yanna, the orange crayon.

“You caused this, didn't you?” Kim said, taking steps towards Blaire. Kim had tears flowing down her cheeks, she looked as if she was going to kill Blaire.

“I didn't do anything! I think, the more a crayon is used, the smaller it becomes!”

“Sure you think that! That is rubbish!! I am going to kill you! Just like what you did to Kelly!!” Kim shouted.

Blaire quivered over in fear but then. Kim was picked up by a little girl, no more than the age of two. The little baby was shaking the crayon up and down, twisting and pulling it, until- SNAP! Kim was snapped in half.

“S-see, crayons die all the t-time,” Blaire stuttered out.

“I d-didn’t cause Kelly to disappear.”

“WHY YOU LOUSY LITTLE-” Yanna the orange crayon started to yell.

“Actually. According to my research, paper is “rough” so it can catch the graphite of the pencil. The atoms of the pencil are being caught in the paper, therefore, the pencil’s graphite will shrink. This same algorithm applies to us. Concluding that crayons will shrink the more it is used,” the black crayon said matter of factly.

After that, everyone left Blaire alone because they knew she'd live longer than them...

THE END.

CRAYONS

by
Molly
age 10

Sometimes when I sit and look upon my bed,
gazing at the crayons, in orange, blue and red.
The kaleidoscope of colors, each with a story to be told,
new and fresh and pointy, or short and blunt and old.
First up is red, the shade
I used in every grade
to color berries, apples, cherries, a picnic blanket laid
upon the pale green meadow I drew with trusty green,
its natural, lovely color, its sweet and special sheen.
It colored all the dinosaurs, the bushes, leaves, and trees.
It only paused when it approached the seas.

It was time for blue to take its job, a rich azure upon each page,
mixing well with every color, from gold and bronze to sage.
Then there is the warm, bright orange, shading juicy fruits and
suns,
in the fading daylight, for happy evening runs.
Now yellow, that is notable for early morning light,
or coins of gold so bright and old won in a pirate fight.
A little up ahead is purple, for grapes and eggplants too,
for lavenders and sunsets and starry skies along with blue.
Now at last is white, present on every blank page, on clouds and
winter-white kittens

in search of mittens

in a nursery rhyme

being read by parents to their children at night on their
bedtimes.

As I gaze at my crayons, used and loved so well,

I see the vibrant story they really have to tell.

THE END.

THE MASTERPIECE

by
Oliver

age 11

I sit silently in my chair, enjoying the peaceful stillness of the afternoon. I am just listening to the raindrops softly pattering against the roof. My beloved home is isolated from urban society, about a kilometre away from the town. My house is nestled in an old, mysterious forest, one that seems untouched by any soul but me since the dawn of time. Almost every day I discover some new secret that is concealed by the towering, magnificent Douglas firs. A sheet of white paper lays before me, on my desk. It is neat and clean, yet blank and empty. It beckons me, begs me to liven it with vibrant colour. I can only obey.

I remember the last time I used crayons well: Years and years ago, back in first grade. My drawings were indecipherable, chaotic scribbles. I had enthusiastically created them almost every day.

I sit erect, preparing to begin my drawing. The coloured wax sticks are arranged in a tidy rainbow beside my paper. In recent years, after I graduated from art school, I have preferred using expensive and exotically-named coloured pencils for adding life to my sketches, but today is different.

I grasp a crayon and swing it lightly across the paper. A bold streak of crimson appears. A different crayon. A slight accent of orange. I continue to colour.

When I look up, the faint shape of the sun behind the clouds has vanished. The forest is shrouded in darkness, and my crayons are all chiseled down at least a centimeter. I glance back down at my drawing. If my memory serves me right, it is extremely accurate. But I might as well check.

I toss on my coat and head out into the rain, carrying my art. The trees look ominous, but I am too old to be scared. I purposefully stride between the massive trunks until I am deep into the forest. Then I halt. The tree in front of me is even larger than all the rest. It is distinct because an enormous hollow is located in its base. I duck into the hollow and stand still for a moment, enveloped in shadows.

Then I step back out, and my surroundings have changed. A swaying field of golden grass spreads across a hill before me. Two red suns are disappearing beyond the horizon, casting

bright colours across the sky. The scenery is beautiful. Most people would call this place paradise. It is an uninhabited alternate dimension that I discovered years ago, and one of the deepest secrets that the forest contains. It is like Earth in many ways.

I have decided that this alien realm should be kept away from human civilization. Soon it would be corrupted and polluted. I can't let that happen, despite the fact that humans will eventually need a new planet to reside in.

Not enough people are taking action against climate change and various governments are oblivious to the consequences, intent on their quest for power. The fate of the world isn't just in my hands. Everybody else has a choice. Earth can still be salvaged. I hold my crayon illustration up to the foreign sunset. It is almost a complete match. I nod to myself, satisfied.

My drawing is a masterpiece.



THE END.

THE DIARY OF A CRAYON

by

Rysa

age 9

One

Hello diary! My name is Evie the crayon and today I'm going to show you my family, friends and my village.

First of all I'm going to show you my family. Each family has a colour. My family is the blue family so we're all blue! First: my mom, she makes the best pencil lead salad. She is also the vice principal of my school! Second: my dad, he can do anything in sports! Roller skating, snowboarding, surfing, the list is endless! Third: my grandma and grandpa, they can make anything with their fidgety hands.

They even made a frame for our family portrait. Last in my family is my little sister Lilac. She's only eight months old! She loves drawing and playing with me.

Two

Next I'm going to introduce you to my friends. First we have my Auntie Maggy. She is not actually my aunt, she's just my mom's best friend. Her daughter is my best friend. Her name is Violet. They are from the purple family. Next we have baby Momo, she's Lilac's best friend. Momo's dad is my dad's best friend.

They are from the red family. Momo and Violet's families are like family to us. They even come to our family dinners!

Three

Now for the final part (drumroll) my village! My village is the best. It's a kids' desk. It has the most awesome origami library that the kid made and a big water bottle pool. In the heart of the village we have my house. It's made out of dry glue. I love my village and telling you about it makes me want to go to the pool. Well bye bye my diary. I'll write to you soon!

THE END.

SCRATCH AND SNIFF CRAYONS

by
William
age 9

Hi, I am a storyteller named William. I like to read stories about crayons and paint brushes. So kids, gather round and we will read the story of the legendary Scratch and Sniff Crayons.

Once there was an ant named Evan. Evan liked warm places and he liked all the colors of a rainbow. It was raining when Evan was outside, he tried to find his way back home, but it was raining so hard that he couldn't even see a thing! He walked and walked sadly in the rain and sat in front of a house which had shade to protect him from the rain, then he saw that the house was warm inside!

He tried to go in through the holes that were on the door, but the door's holes were too small for Evan to get in. He tried going through the chimney, but because the fire was lit, he didn't want to go down. Then he tried going through the windows, but they were shut.

He sat down sadly and put his head against the door very hard. Suddenly, a female who was covered in colours came out to see who was at the door. Evan took his chance and went close to the well-lit fire, then he saw that there was paint everywhere! He looked up, and saw that people were making cylinder objects

which had the words “Crayon” on the side. One of them fell beside him and Evan studied the object closely.

He jumped up on the table where he saw what everyone was doing, one was making wax in a pot that was over the well-lit fire. One was making the shapes, and one was making the side wrappers. Evan went to the person who was making the “Crayon” logo and saw that he was scratching it and then sniffing it! Evan thought about this, then he went to the crayon that dropped next to him and scratched and sniffed it.

The crayon was red, and it was the smell of red roses in a sweet garden. He saw another crayon and saw that it was blue! He scratched and sniffed it; it was the smell of blueberries! He was amazed and couldn't stop smelling each of the crayons.

Then a male came over to the fire and almost stepped on Evan! He crushed the crayons Evan sniffed and looked at them, then he gave them to another person and told them to fix it. Evan wanted a crayon as a souvenir, so he went on the table and grabbed a crayon. Then he heard the people talk about what to name them. Evan had the perfect idea; he went on the table and

wrote some words. The people loved that idea, and that's how those crayons were called Scratch and Sniff crayons.

So, you should never give up on your ideas, and try to make them better! And that is the end of the Scratch and Sniff Crayons came to be.

THE END.



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