



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

# ***CIRCUS 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 JUNE 2023 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words involving a circus of some sort! With interesting characters and exciting plot twists, we were looking for stories that would keep readers at the edge of their seats!

**Winners:**

- Ages 5-9: First Place: 'Circus Pony' by Skarlet, age 9  
Second Place: 'Louie's Adventure' by Tanis, age 9
- Ages 10-13: First Place: 'Circus Escape' by Joyce, age 10  
Second Place: 'The Grand Clown Contest' by Mmesoma, age 10

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

# ***TABLE OF CONTENTS***

The Case of the Missing Hamburger.....	4
My First Day at the Opal Circus.....	15
Circus Escape.....	21
The Grand Clown Contest.....	28
Monkey See, Monkey Do.....	37
The Funambulist.....	44
Feather the Hero.....	54
The Clown who Stubbed his Toe.....	61
Startled.....	66
The Rat and the Circus.....	72
Circus Pony.....	77
Louie's Adventure.....	84
Bubbles the Circus Clown.....	90

# ***THE CASE OF THE MISSING HAMBURGER***

by  
Archer

age 11

It was a warm summer evening in Quebec City and Oscar was biking to the circus with his friend beside him. Both of them were excited for the prize at the intermission. The Golden Hamburger was actually a cheeseburger that was made of eighteen karat gold. Every year there was a “Most Hamburgers You Can Eat In A Minute” challenge. If you could beat the record you got the Golden Hamburger. The record was five, but people came closer every year and maybe, just maybe, Oscar could beat it.

During his daydreaming, he started drifting closer to the other lane of traffic. A large truck was speeding towards him, but he had no idea. Oscar’s friend, Fred shouted, “Oscar! Stop!”

Oscar jumped back to reality and slammed on the brakes. He skidded towards the sidewalk, flipped over the handlebars and smashed his head on the sidewalk.

Fred stopped beside Oscar. “Oscar! Can you hear me? Are you okay?”

“Whaaaaaat? Why are you spinning?”

“I’m not. Let me call an ambulance.”

The crash had caused quite a disturbance, and you could hear the police coming in the distance. The truck had swerved to try to avoid the biker, but the contents of the back fell out onto the road. An item flashed golden in the sunlight and then got covered in a bunch of other stuff. In the direction that the truck came from there were police lights.

“That’s not the direction of the police station,” Fred said to no-one in particular.

The police were driving very fast and drifted to a stop in front of the truck. They ran up to the driver and yelled “FREEZE!”

Another group of police came and started going through the junk on the road. “We’ve got it!” one of them announced.

Fred craned his neck to see what the police officers were holding. It was golden except he couldn't really see what it was.

Suddenly, a voice from the growing crowd said, “It’s the golden hamburger! The circus was robbed!”



That got Fred's attention. An ambulance pulled up beside Oscar and the door opened.

“What happened to him?” the ambulance driver asked.

“He was hit by the truck,” Fred replied.

“Well then, he probably has a concussion, so yelling at him to wake up won't help.”

They loaded Oscar to the ambulance and started to drive off to the hospital.

Fred walked up to the police officer that was putting up the 'Police line -- Do not cross'. "Where did you put the golden hamburger?" he asked.

"Isn't it right over there?" the officer asked, pointing to a blank spot of asphalt.

"Uh... No."

The police officer whipped around and looked in all directions. Somebody had taken it. There was a screech as a car pulled away. Half of the police force jumped into their cars and started a chase. Fred was left standing there in the middle of the road with two bikes. *‘Oh well, I guess I’ll go to the circus,’* he thought. He got there about five minutes in, but found a decent seat. He was wondering what would happen at intermission. Soon enough, the draw for the contest was made.

“Joseph Smith, Bill Walton, Paul Brentford and Fred Taylor!”

“Yes!” Fred shouted as he got up from his seat.

The next minute was a blur as he stuffed himself with hamburgers. The buzzer sounded as he finished either his fifth or sixth hamburger.

“And the winner is... Fred Taylor! Here is your prize!”

A curtain lifted up to reveal an empty pedestal. There were murmurs of confusion from the audience. There was a slam of a door and a man came running on stage with the Golden Hamburger.

“Well here it is, folks, The Golden Hamburger!”

Three days later, Fred came into Oscar's room.

“Um, well, I think you should have this. You kind of helped stop the robbery.” Fred gave Oscar Hamburger.

“What? How?” Oscar spluttered.

“Let’s just say I gained three pounds,” Fred answered with a smile.

***THE END.***

# ***MY FIRST DAY AT THE OPAL CIRCUS***

by  
Aubrey  
age 9

Hi! I'm Diego and I am a YouTuber. My dream job is to be part of a circus, and I am about to go in to Somers's famous circus called Opal Circus. Somers, New York, is known as "the birthplace of the circus", or "the cradle of the American circus".

Oh, there's Frieda! She is the manager of this circus. C'mon! Let's take a look inside!

Wow! This place is huge. I'll tell you about it. When you first step in, you enter the lobby area where there are sofas, washrooms, and a mini café where you can buy food and drinks.



I try the coffee, and it's really good, unless you don't drink coffee. Then, you turn right and there are two doors that go to where the show takes place. The hallways are filled with lighting so it looks cozy and never creepy and dark. It's kind of like a movie theatre or a piano performance theatre. Hey! I just got a free cup of Coca-Cola!

Frieda shows me the elephant act that is on right now. The animals are pretty talented, to be honest. Frieda asks me if I would like to go on stage and perform an act. I'm so bad! I have never done an act. Well, maybe I have, but not successfully! I can only accept her request, knowing that I need to be brave to be part of this circus.

The salary is high, it looks fun, and the service is great. I must impress Frieda. So I run up onto the stage without changing out of my dirty casual clothes, but Frieda smiles as if she is saying that she doesn't mind. I try my best, performing the act I had practiced before. I jump from bar to bar, then juggle ten bottles of water in ten seconds before finishing with a balancing pose on the bar. After I finish, I run down the stage and look at Frieda, thinking that it did not go well. She looks puzzled. Uh oh, what if I failed?

Then she says, “Diego, your act was AMAZING! You say you never had any good acts, but that was the best act I’ve ever seen! I have practiced for twenty years, and we are about the same level of skill! You are officially a member of our circus!”

I was so happy and stunned.

**Twenty years later:**

(Diego now owns the circus)

Hey! I’m Diego and once again welcome to my circus channel!

***THE END.***

# ***CIRCUS ESCAPE***

by

Joyce

age 10

In a bustling city in Asia, lived an elephant named Kavu. Kavu was an intelligent elephant, who was captured when he was a baby. He spent his entire life in a traveling circus, performing tricks for people's entertainment. Deep inside, Kavu longed for his true home—a vast, beautiful land in Africa.

One day, overwhelmed by homesickness, Kavu made a daring decision. When the circus arrived in a new city, he seized the opportunity and escaped under the cover of night. With slow, gentle steps, Kavu slipped away unnoticed – embarking on a difficult journey back to Africa.

As Kavu roamed the city streets, he marveled at the towering buildings, bustling crowds, and bright lights. The city landscape was vastly different from the vast savannah he called home. Although Kavu was intelligent, he still had trouble navigating through the unfamiliar terrain. In the city, Kavu had to be careful of cars and traffic. He searched for safe paths to avoid getting hurt.

In the wild, Kavu faced dangers from other animals. Lions, hyenas, and leopards were a threat, but he used his size and strength to protect himself. However, in the city, there were elephant poachers. They were more dangerous than any other predator Kavu had ever encountered in his homeland!

One day, as Kavu woke up, he felt the presence of a creature lurking nearby. His large ears swiveled, capturing every sound, and his trunk curled, analyzing foreign scents. The approaching footsteps signaled impending danger, causing his heart to pound like distant thunder. Using his grey hide as an advantage to blend in with his surroundings, Kavu devised a plan to outsmart his pursuer. With calculated grace, he moved silently, his ebony eyes scanning for escape routes. Summoning his immense strength, he propelled himself forward, dodging obstacles with agility. The poacher fired multiple shots, chasing the elephant with surprising swiftness.



Kavu had the brains, but the poacher had a rifle. Kavu's circus training came to use. Before then, Kavu never thought he would need to use any of his tricks to escape poachers! Though it was weeks since he started his journey and he was nervous that he wouldn't remember his performance tricks from the circus. But as soon as Kavu leapt into the air, it all came back. Kavu moved with such grace, it seemed like he was dancing in the sky. The poacher instantly became distracted. Not wasting a blink of an eye, Kavu ran.

When you think of elephants, sprinting isn't the first word that comes to mind.

When you usually see elephants on nature documentaries or in a zoo, most elephants seem slow-witted and calm. However, Kavuvu wasn't like most elephants. He was smart and talented. And he was having an adrenaline rush. All his survival instincts kicked in immediately. Kavuvu could run almost as fast as a senior dog! The poacher wasn't aware of that, and was caught in surprise once again. And before he knew it, Kavuvu was long gone, on his way back home.

***THE END.***

# ***THE GRAND CLOWN CONTEST***

by

Mmesoma

age 10

Have you ever seen a circus of Guinea pigs? Well, once upon a time, there was a circus run by a guinea pig. He was the conductor and he needed a clown to entertain the crowd, so he came up with a brilliant idea: he was going to invite other guinea pigs to try out for the extraordinary job.

“I can't wait to find out who will become our clown!” the conductor wheeled as he posted a huge piece of paper on the front door. It read: “Come to Hay circus to join our clown contest. You could become our new clown!”

**SQUEE!** Buttercup squealed, bouncing out of her cage and sneaking past her “hooman”. She scurried out of the door turning on a sharp left, then right on Squeakers street and then left on Hay boulevard, and there it was. A tall tent decorated with bright red stripes and wonky patterns that seemed to dance around Buttercup. Each pattern told a story, with one having a lion cub hugging a guinea pig, and the others having hay and more. Buttercup went inside, the tent smelled like kettle corn, sweat and hay. Buttercup could see the tightrope walkers close to the ceiling practicing for their show, the acrobats stretching and flexing, and a poster of Aaron the former clown with his beautiful big red nose. *‘How I love that shiny nose,’* Buttercup thought.

Just then she saw the conductor, who was wearing a guinea pig sized tuxedo with a tiny top hat and fake moustache. “Hello contestants, welcome to Hay circus!” the conductor chirped.

As Buttercup glanced to the left, she saw Strawberry, Daisy, and Chino.

“Okay folks, this contest will be different, in each stage I will eliminate a contestant. First we will do an obstacle course, you never know when a clown will need to be flexible,” the conductor said.

Chino was the first to get into the hamster wheel. He tripped on a rock in the wheel and fell out, his fluffy ears drooping.

“Next,” the conductor said.

Buttercup went in. “This is actually fun, ”she said as she began to run with cautious but brisk steps.

“Great job,” the conductor exclaimed as Buttercup jumped off the wheel.



Strawberry was next and did not fall off like Chino. Then Daisy got in and ran and ran until... **BEEP**, the conductor blew his kazoo to show that it was the end of the activity.

“Okay, next is the shouting contest. Clowns do need a loud loud voice, you know. The guinea pig with the loudest squeak wins. Go!”

Buttercup screeched really loudly. Strawberry made a tiny whisper and Daisy screamed.

“Great job, Daisy and Buttercup,” the conductor said as Strawberry walked out the door sobbing.

“Now the last activity is the MAZE. Try to get through the maze to prove yourself worthy of learning to navigate certain problems,” the conductor bellowed as the two guinea pigs ran briskly into the maze.

Buttercup turned around, left, right, zigzag, it was so difficult but up ahead she saw the finish line. Then she heard a whimper, she turned left and saw Daisy on the floor.

Her knees dripping with ghastly blood. Buttercup dashed to Daisy and lifted her up, carrying her across the finish line and getting her help.

“Congratulations Buttercup,” the conductor exclaimed as he gave her the red clown nose.

“Thank you conductor,” Buttercup uttered as she hugged him and danced around, remembering the best day ever which was today of course.

And you bet it, the circus show was the best one yet because after the acrobats, Buttercup's act was on and everyone could hear the laughter from the tent miles and miles away (because this event ironically was set in a guinea pig cage all along.)

***THE END.***

# ***MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO***

by  
Neilan

age 12

## PROLOGUE

Hi, my name is Bob. I am not like regular monkeys. I am always up to no good, making the circus performers shake their heads in frustration. I live in a circus called Kool Circus. With my small hat on my head and mischievous eyes, I was always looking for ways to cause trouble and make people laugh.

One morning, I sat on a stilt, enjoying one of my beautiful popsicles, surveying the circus tent and thinking that this place could sure use a little chaos.

I spotted the perfect opportunity. I bounced over to a cage, and slid the dangling lock loosely dangling from the lock holes. With the first part of my deed done, I moved on to the second task. Using every ounce of strength in my body, I pulled the door open, and hopped atop the cage, mischievously admiring my work.

Chickens rampaged out of the cage, clucking in joy as they found their freedom. Running through the tent, they clucked around tripping people, and tangling themselves in the circus equipment. I enjoyed my popsicle as I watched the mayhem unfold.

From my perch, I decided that everything was still a little too subtle. I leapt down to the ground, grabbed a chicken, and climbed my way to the top of the circus tent and observed. I looked down at the chicken and it gave me a look, saying, “Why me? Just why.”



I spotted the circus director. I aimed, and dropped the chicken. If you were to jump ten metres, you would probably wet your pants. Our definitely consenting chicken also soiled themselves. I watched as my chicken landed on the manager's head, promptly staining the manager's hair white with manure. I slid down to my stilt and acted as innocently as possible.

The manager strode in my direction. I looked behind me to see if he was going for something else. To my demise, what was behind me was the wall of the tent. I pretended not to notice the man walking towards me.

“YOU!” The manager yelled.

I jumped off the stilt, my hat toppling over as I reached LIGHT SPEED. I glanced back, and to my surprise, my plump manager was right behind me! I put on the jets, and kept going. I ran through the back curtains, the stage, and eventually the storage room, leaving a destructive path in my wake. As I powered on, I found myself in the animal room, where tigers and miniature elephants were kept.

I quickly ran to the monkey cage, where all my fellow monkeys were. I put in the combination and heard the manager storm in. I pried the door open, and a stream of monkeys came charging out, yelling and screaming. My pack of monkeys sparing nothing, knocking over things left and right without hesitation. The once mess was now turned into what looked like a disaster zone. I looked on with pride in my eyes. Look at my very own species go.

***THE END.***

# ***THE FUNAMBULIST***

by  
Oliver

age 11

Jason silently observed as clamorous crowds of excited people entered the expansive circus tent. He was perched on one of the tent's structural beams that supported the pointed ceiling. It would be a dizzying height for anybody but a member of Boggman International Circus.

The audience finally found their seats and the noise slowly died away. A man in an immaculate suit strolled to the middle of the stage. "Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to Boggman International Circus!" he boomed.

Jason had heard this introduction hundreds of times. He had joined the circus years ago, when he was a cowering little boy. Jason's mother had died during childbirth, and his father, unprepared to raise a child, had left him on the street, his fate uncertain. Jason had entered a circus tent, seeking shelter from a chilly evening, and was fascinated with what he saw. The manager, seeing that the little boy had no place to go, allowed him to man the spotlights for the circus's shows.

The tightrope walk was about to begin. This was the circus's famous act. Sasha, the funambulist, expertly stepped onto the tightrope.

The crowd held their breaths as she performed the incredible feat. Jason was pushing a spotlight directly above her, perfectly balanced on a narrow structural beam.

But just when everything seemed to be going fine, a shadowed figure in the audience flung a small rock at Sasha. It was just enough to put her off balance, and she fell to the ground twenty-five metres below. The crowd gasped, horrified, as the funambulist moaned in agony.

The mysterious person hastily made for the exit. Jason sprinted across the structural beam and dropped into the seats.

He ran after the shadowed figure and into the warm evening air. It was no use. The person had already vanished from sight.

Two days later, Jason walked in on a frantic conversation in the management tent between Brent, the manager, and Aaron, the ringmaster.

“We can’t continue our tour without the tightrope walk!” Aaron exclaimed. “It’s the star of our show!”



“Well, we can’t stop the tour either, we would lose money,” Brent replied. “We have to find another funambulist.”

“I can do it,” Jason offered. The two turned to him, skeptical. “I’m serious. I balance on the structural beams every show. I just need a bit of practice on the tightrope,”

There was a pause. “We don’t have any other option,” Aaron pointed out.

A month later, Jason was preparing to begin his first live tightrope walk. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he glimpsed a familiar person. The shadowed figure who had injured Sasha!

This time when Jason followed, the person let him catch up and turned to let Jason see its face. It was a man with wild hair and sunken eyes.

“Hello, Jason,” the man said.

“How do you know my name?” Jason demanded.

“You don’t recognize me?” the man asked, looking somewhat betrayed. “I’m your father,”

There was silence while Jason processed this, rage bubbling inside him. “You left me afraid and alone, and you think you can just stroll in here and be disappointed that I don’t recognize you? How can I trust you? Why didn’t you come before?”

“If you must know, I’ve recently escaped a correctional facility. Come with me back home,”

Jason bitterly shook his head. “When you left me on the street, I was helpless. But that was a long time ago. I don’t need you anymore. The circus is my home.”

Jason’s father narrowed his eyes. “You know nothing about the world. You don’t get to choose. Fate decides our lives.”

Jason’s father was a man of many problems, yet he didn’t admit these flaws to himself. Jason was the only person who had ever needed him, and he blamed the circus for taking that away. He simply couldn’t accept that it was his own fault. This was why he had injured Sasha, and Jason knew it.

“Go away,” the boy snapped.

The man hesitated, then slowly turned and trudged out of the circus.

***THE END.***

# ***FEATHER THE HERO***

by

Rysa

age 9

## **Characters**

*Feather: Main character, she is a beautiful andalusian mare*

*Ariel: Feather's trainer and owner. She is an orphan and circus rescued her*

*Felix: Circus owner*

*Madame Bell: Old lady that watches the circus*

*Fiona: Madame Bell's french bulldog*

*Audience Performers: Tumble brothers Theo and Max, The Walk*

*N Wags: A dog show*

## Chapter One

“Good horsey, yes that's it twirl around on your back legs,” purred Ariel. “We have to be perfect for the big -”

“ARE YOU DONE PRACTICING ARIEL!?!” screamed Felix.

“NEIGH,” cried Feather.

Ariel sighed, “Yes we’re done, so can you stop screaming? It scares Feather.”



Feather thought about the show. '*I have to do my best or else Ariel will get fired,*' she thinks to herself.

## Chapter Two

“Bonjour, Hello ladies and gentlemen,” said Felix. “Welcome to the Circus de Magique. Today we are going to have a show magnifique! First we have tight rope jumpers, The Tumble brothers, Theo and Max. Second is The Walk n Wags dog show. We have dog trainer sisters Sky and Vera and we have the dogs: Star the dachshund, Prince the pug, Duchess the husky and Roxy the border collie. And last but not least, the horse show! We have trainer Ariel and her horse Feather.”

## Chapter Three

“Hello everyone!” the tumble brothers said in unison as the trumpet blew. “We are going to have an awesome night!”

They skipped and hopped along a thin rope and the audience went wild. Next the walk N wags came out with the sisters jump roping and the dogs balancing on balls. They did tricks together and they were amazing.

Ariel was nervous now so Feather showed her that she was ready to go on stage. They went on stage, but when Ariel was about to talk they heard screaming.

“Ahhhhh my precious dog Fiona disappeared!” Madame Bell yelled.  
“HELP!!!!!!!”

Feather immediately ran and she found Fiona so she was now a star! Felix also became Ariel’s adoptive father.

***THE END.***

# ***THE CLOWN WHO STUBBED HIS TOE***

by

Sarah

age 11

I was sitting in the circus watching a show when an idea popped up in my mind. I wanted to be a clown. I wanted to be a clown because it looked so fun. The clown I was watching was doing funny tricks. He squeezed his squeaky red ball on his nose and everyone laughed.

After the show, I walked up to a clown with the red squeaky nose, and said, “I want to be a clown, can you teach me how to be a clown?”

He said he could teach me how to juggle. I started using heavy balls to juggle. They were really heavy. I knew it would take a long time to learn. After I got used to juggling three balls I moved onto four. I accidentally dropped a ball and it landed on my foot and it hurt.

“You need to take a break if you dont you might get injured again,” said the clown.

“Okay, but when can I start practicing again?” I asked.

“When your foot has healed,” he replied.

I said okay and headed back home.

After some time I continued, but this time with softer balls. I finally got to juggle five balls at a time.

After that the clown let me perform at his circus. I did very well and some people even donated money because of it. The clown was very happy and thanked me but instead I said no. I'm supposed to say thank you because he was the one who made my dream come true.



***THE END.***

# ***STARTLED***

by  
Sawyer  
age 10

On Tuesday, September 13th, 1989, I was invited to a circus by a person. Although it was kind of weird that somebody I didn't know was inviting me to a circus I would still go.

As I was driving it was in a big empty field with no cars in front. As I was walking to it, there was a faint scream and I felt a shiver down my spine when I heard it. That day I was wearing baggy clothes with a baggy top. I walked closer to the circus but then I heard screams of happiness! This felt like a break in reality because it was warm on a chilly day, but I put that aside and peaked my head in through the red door.

This made me feel a sudden shock of nostalgia although I can't describe the weird feeling down my back.

I stepped inside the gloomy place as if I was entering my home. There was a red stage with a metal bar up above like a normal circus but gloomy. There was nobody inside. I said, “This must've been a scam just to waste my time.” So I left, at least that's what I tried. The door was locked but just as I started panicking, calm music started to play. I tried to pry the door open but it just wouldn't budge. I turned around PANICKING THE MOST I HAVE EVER PANICKED.

*‘Calm down, I’ll get out,’* I thought to myself. I started to question reality at the most. I tried to wake up although it wasn’t a dream. I felt deprived of water, food and human interaction. I saw another person walking in like I was, hallucinating. I quickly ran as fast as any man in the world to the door as it was still open and got out in the nick of time.

As I was panting I blinked and woke up as if it was a dream. I woke up in the middle of the circus floor bursting with devastation. I heard an announcement out of one of the speakers saying, “The circus is now closing in five minutes. Please grab your belongings and exit the theater. Have a good afternoon!”

I heard people leaving the theater as if everyone was a ghost. I was startled for a moment. *‘This must be a dream!’* I thought to myself, and as I was thinking a miracle happened, the circus started to fade away! It was like ashes falling from a pot. I had a slight stop because of how shocking this was.

Later I was out on the news to tell my story to the world. But as I started to talk a sudden tingling feeling flew through my body. I continued to say, “When I got there I...”

There was a stop in my nerves. I woke up from a dream! I was surprised, so surprised I fell back to sleep. It felt weird as if I was inside a bubble.

Then I woke up again, but this time it was for real. After that I never went to a circus again.

***THE END.***

# ***THE RAT AND THE CIRCUS***

by  
Sevi  
age 9





One day, on a dark Saturday night there was a Circus. This wasn't your daily normal circus, this circus was an animal only circus. Animals came here everyday to watch the most talented animals ever to exist, but one dark evening a black rat was just getting ready for one of his most important plays of the year.

He was just about to leave for the circus, but then he forgot how to get to the circus. *'Oh, I'll just go get my phone for the directions,'* he thinks to himself. He walked over to his phone charger but panic started to rush down all through his body. *'Where's my phone?'*

He ran to his neighbor's house and knocked on his door. His neighbor opened the door. Before he could even speak, the black rat asked, "Can I please borrow your phone just for a little while? I have to get to the circus tonight. I am the main character of the play."

His neighbour said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, I was also just looking for my phone."

Without saying anything, the black rat ran down the street back to his house. He decided to check his basement. He turned on the lights.

“Hurray!” he yelled with happiness. “My phone!”

Finally he started to calm down. He went to pick up his phone and decided to rent a limo. Luckily he got to the circus right on time.

As he walked in everyone started to clap and yell. The whole play went according to plan so he made it to the world finals, and suddenly his heart started to fill with happiness.

***THE END.***

# ***CIRCUS PONY***

by  
Skarlet

age 9

Oh my sad life as a circus pony. Canter around all day and barely get taken care of! Just so they can do dumb tricks on my back. The tent I'm in is big and purple, the sand is hard on my hooves. And the audience! Don't get me started on how annoying they are! Loud and too easily impressed. Some girl stood up on my back and they did their little ohhh aww, so annoying, am I right? Everyone says I'm grumpy, but it's hard not to be in this dumb tent.

The next show is in a couple days and they still haven't taken the sand out of the cracks in my hooves. Yeah, you heard me right, cracks! They don't have a farrier, and they have like, ten horses.

I sit down with a grunt of annoyance, '*All these people! Just using horses for applause!*' I thought bitterly through gritted teeth. I wish I were one of those wild horses I see run by this place, I thought and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning people actually filled my food and water! I mean, tomorrow is the show, so I kind of get it, but why not every day?

It's the humans break in a couple hours so I'm running away! And they can't stop me. I mean... they could, but you know, I'm still trying.

I can't jump over fences that high, but they haven't fixed that broken board. A wolf attacked a couple days ago when it saw the chickens and knocked over the fence when it jumped over. Then Big Ben scared it away. Big Ben is the largest horse you've ever seen! He is all brown with black hooves that are sadly cracked as well. He has a jet black mane and tail.

Anyway, it's the human's break so I'm going to take a run for it. I sprinted at full speed and launched myself into the air and... Crashed into the broken fence. I fell back into the pasture and collapsed to the hard sand, and everything went dark.



When I woke up it was sunrise, no one had seen me! “Whew!” I muttered to myself.

And then a short and thin woman came walking toward me with a jeweled bridle in her hands. She had long golden hair, black boots, a white top and black pants. And she had the deepest, bluest eyes ever. She slipped the bridle over my soft black muzzle and led me to the tack room. She heaved a black and jeweled saddle pad and saddle on my back. She slipped on boots onto my hooves.

Was this girl actually a nice person? She was protecting my hooves, and she was being very careful. She was! She was nice! She was... kind? But I still had a plan. When she led me into the tent and climbed onto my back, the crowd cheered and I pulled my ears flat against my head.

“You got this Gem,” she whispered. Gem! That was my name!

When she got me to start, instead of just cantering I reared and thrashed, but she didn’t fall! She was still flipping and landing on me! When she finished I muttered, “I hate these people. At least she was kind.”

Then when all my tack was off she got on my bare back and she made me run away from the circus! She led me to a cottage with a stall and paddock off to the side. “Oh you poor thing, cracked hooves, shaggy mane, tangled fur, I’ll help you out.”

She was nice! I whined with joy. “Thank you,” I neighed, even though she couldn't understand me. She smiled warmly and fixed me up and I still lived there till this day, with her, and you could say we lived happily ever after.

***THE END.***

# ***LOUIE'S ADVENTURE***

by  
Tanis  
age 9

My name is Louie, I'm a hamster. I travel to different places trying to find a perfect home.

But this time the road was closed. I ran across and people swarmed past. I looked up and saw big tents that were all white and red. I Looked to my right and saw a cotton candy stand. I ran over to the stand looking for scraps. I found some and they tasted weird, but I liked it.

Then I ran to the tent and popcorn was scattered everywhere! I climbed up the stairs to see what was going on.

While climbing there was a loud frightening noise and announcements came on. I froze then kept going.

About two minutes later the lights shot on and a huge tight rope appeared, then two people came walking in through a hidden door. They climbed up the ladder and started walking. *'Are they really going to make it across?'* I wondered.

It was weird, they were making it across. I couldn't even do that, and I weighed less than them. A couple minutes had passed and they were done. Then more annoying announcements came on, and the lights shut off. Everyone left, I guess it was over.

Sixty two people went to the next tent, but I didn't bother, because I needed a snack. I went over to the ice cream parlor looking for tasty scraps of chocolate dipped cones, fallen sprinkles, and left-over scoops, but I couldn't find any. I decided to go to the next shop which was a candy apple stand. This time there was lots of food!

After lunch I decided to go to the second tent, the one I ignored last time. It was interesting and quiet. All I could hear was my footsteps and men moving. It seemed that it was over, hardly anybody was there so I left, I thought maybe the third tent might work cause you know, three is the lucky number.

The moment I walked in the announcements ended, it was perfect timing. I got up to the top stair as quickly as possible, I looked down to see people standing on elephants. If I was one of those athletes I'd just wobble off the moment they'd put me on. When I wasn't looking, one of the athletes had done a flip, everyone cheered. Then another one did a flip and another. I was so happy I plunged myself into the air! Everybody in the tent was looking at me. I blushed while falling down then I started running. Sixteen children were chasing me, they were getting too fast for me, so fast that one caught me. My only hope was to bite her so I did, her hand opened and I fell out. Everyone around me paused then ran away, but the others were still looking for me.



This time instead of running away I sneakily rolled into a corner and covered myself in leaves. Five minutes passed and everybody had left, the gates were closed and the sun had set. I slid under the gate, looked to the stars and said nothing.

***THE END.***

# ***BUBBLES THE CIRCUS CLOWN***

by  
William  
age 9

Hi, I am Bubbles, and I live in a small town named Clownville. Everyone here is a clown, and our circus is special because it has not only one clown, but one hundred clowns! Everyone has a great time watching the clowns do their tricks! Things are going well at Clownville, everyone seems to be having a good time playing and even working! I am one of the best clowns in the circus! I do the most funny tricks and jokes to get everyone laughing!

I have a performance at six pm today and right now it's one o'clock pm! What am I going to do? I think for a long time, then decide I am going to paint my face up, then do some acting.

I go to the paint room, and put on my blind fold. I am going to use my blind fold in my act later, so I need to practice. When I get there, I remove my blind fold so I can get my favorite colors: blue and red paint. I paint my face blue on the eyes and red on the lips.

Then I practice being a mime and pretending to be stuck in a box, and being a person who can't see. I also practice being funny and tripping by accident!

I am ready at 9:30! I went to the circus and asked where I should go. The ringmaster tells me to go to the back. I am at the back, and wait until it is my turn.

After a few minutes, the ringmaster calls my name and I go on the stage. I perform my act, and everyone laughs! When I am done, I go back home.

I get ready for bed and start to wash the make-up off. But I can't get the make-up off! I try and try until I am tired. How could this have happened?

I walk back to the paint room, and look at the buckets of red and blue paint that I had put on my face. On the shelf is a sign that says, "Wall paint, do not put on face!" I hadn't seen it before, because I had the blindfold on!

I start freaking out! I don't know what to do! And worst of all, I can't go to clown school with this paint on!

I try to make excuses to not go to school, but it doesn't work. I am trying to be sick, but my body temperature is the same! I need to find a way fast! I tried more ways, but it didn't work! I must go to school!

When I get to school, I see people looking at me. They are all wearing face paint! I ask my friend Slimy what is going on.

He says that everyone in this school is wearing wall paint because it is a funny new trend! I was so glad to hear that, and I learned my lesson. Never be afraid because everything will work out!

***THE END.***



Story Studio inspires, educates and empowers youth to be great storytellers, transforming lives and strengthening communities. We create innovative, 'fun-first' workshops that develop narrative capacity in youth, and celebrate young writers by crafting beautiful publications from their words.

Story Studio is a registered charity (807121504RR0001) based in British Columbia and rely entirely on grants, donations and volunteers. If you like what we do, please consider making a donation at **[storystudio.ca](http://storystudio.ca)**

*Story Studio Creative Writing Contests sponsored by*



ORCA BOOK PUBLISHERS  
[orcabook.com](http://orcabook.com)