



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

ICE CREAM 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 JULY 2023 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words involving Ice Cream! 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: 'Ice Cream Sandwich Monster' by William, age 9
Second Place: 'Jerald and the Kingdom of Ice Cream' by Tanis, age 9
- Ages 10-13: First Place: 'A Scoop of Emotion' by Vivienne, age 10
Second Place: 'The Incredible Invention' by Hayumi, age 11

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

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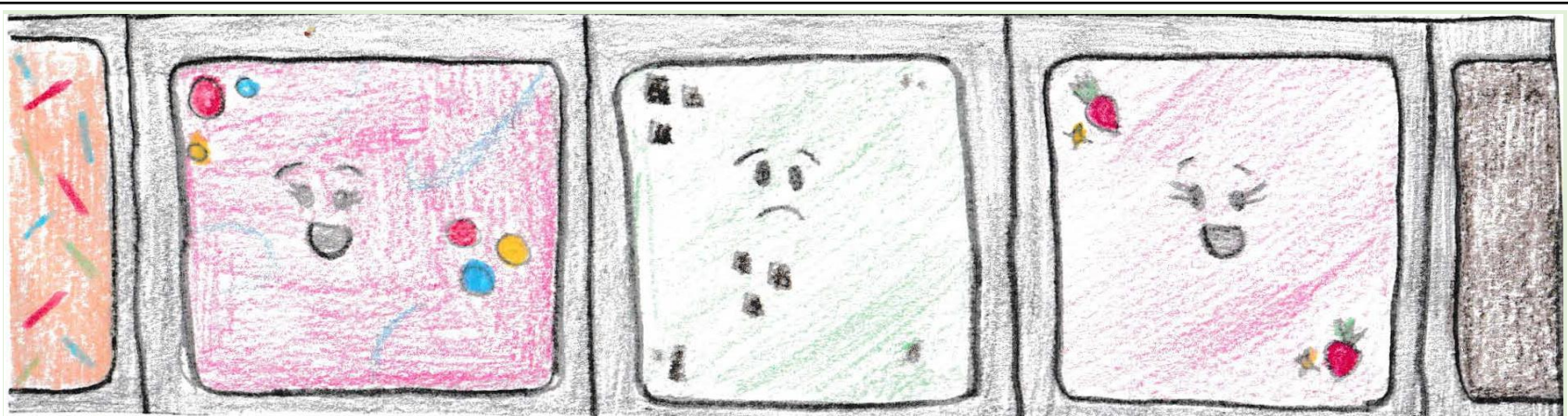
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SCOOPED UP!

by

Aashiyana

age 13



Ding!

Once again, the familiar sound of the bell chiming caught my attention. A tall man walked into the shop, the door slowly shutting behind him. He looked around at the pink and white striped walls and then glanced over at the large menu.

“Welcome, how may I help you?” I squinted up through the glass and saw one of the employees ask in her pink and white striped uniform.

The tall man peered down to take a look at all of us ice cream flavours. I quickly touched up my chocolate chips, hoping I would get picked. Strawberry shot a look at me, her glossy, bright pink exterior shone in my eyes. I tried my very best to ignore it. In this world, being an ice cream flavour is just a huge popularity contest, and everyone wants to be on top.

“I think I will do a scoop of vanilla and a scoop of...” Me, and Bubblegum who was to my left, shared a hopeful look. Bubblegum was my best friend. She was always so cheerful and optimistic. “...Strawberry,” the man finished.

Strawberry shot an evil but victorious look at me as she got scooped up. I watched, as her creamy texture fit perfectly on top of Vanilla in the cone. She was on top, once again. It seemed that Strawberry had all the glory.

I tried to hide my emotions, but all of a sudden I started to melt - literally! Why would anyone choose me, Mint Chocolate Chip, over any of these other flavours. There was no point. I covered myself in chocolate chips as I started to sink back into my container. I would never be popular, was the only thought running through my mind.

For the first time, I felt as if I could let myself melt. Completely.

“Mint! Wake up!” I pushed my chocolate chips off of me and felt a **Splat** on the glass next to me. I peered over to see what it was. I saw Bubblegum, with her pink and blue swirls scattered everywhere.

“You’ve really been trying to get my attention,” I said in a monotone voice. “What is it?”

A customer was ready to order. Somehow, I had missed all the commotion beforehand. I sighed, “I’d much rather not watch Strawberry get picked again,” I said in frustration.

“No, she’s different, I can tell,” Bubblegum said with optimism.

The customer had long brown hair, with blue highlights. She had a flowy pink dress, and the most colourful shoes I had ever seen. Her bracelets immediately caught my eye. She’s cool!

“Hi, could I just do a scoop of mint chocolate chip?” She smiled at me.

I started to grin, “I was right!” Bubblegum proudly exclaimed as she watched me get scooped up. I couldn’t be happier. I watched as the metal scoop brushed against me. I carefully got placed into a delicate, waffle cone. I was soaking up this rare experience. Strawberry had a jealous look on her face, and Bubblegum was full of pride.

‘How lucky am I to finally be recognized,’ I thought. I glanced at Bubblegum, still in the glass, but smiling bigger than ever. But I’m even more lucky to have such an amazing friend.

THE END.

THE LAND OF THE MELTED ICE CREAMS

by
Ashoka
age 11

Beep-beep-beep, the alarm went off. I woke up, put my cone on and made my bed.

“Breakfast is ready,” said Mom.

I went downstairs and ate breakfast. We had the usual toast and cereal. Since I’m a mint chip ice cream, I can’t go outside because I will melt. No one knows what happens if you melt, but there is a legend passed down through our family. The legend says: if you melt, you will go to the land of the melted ice creams in the center of the earth.

Only a few escape the dragon guarding the exit and the rest die. I don't really believe that legend, but Mom does.

I called my two best friends, Sammy Strawberry and Chocolate Charles. Sammy, Charles and I kept on talking for a while. Suddenly, there was shaking! I was so scared. Then more shaking! The walls were crumbling -- it was an earthquake!!

I quickly took cover under a small table and made sure my cone didn't crack. My heart was racing, I thought I was going to die!

Then the roof started to fall. It went on for a few more minutes, until finally it was over but the whole roof was almost gone!!

I was slowly melting, as I was crying. I thought it was the end for me, but then I remembered the legend! First my swirl was gone, then my body, it kind of hurt but not really. Then I was dizzy and fainted!!!

I woke up, still dizzy and tired, but I was not at home anymore, but in the land of the melted ice creams.

To my surprise Sammy and Charles were there too. I was super happy and hugged them tight, but also so sad because I was lonely without Mom.

A very loud announcement came from a microphone. It said you have to race through challenging obstacles and if you make it through and pass the dragon, then you are free to go back home.

“3-2-1, GO!” The race began.

We had to jump over big rocks, get chased by big boulders, and run through a forest with wolves. Finally, we got to the last obstacle until the dragon. We were all SO scared!

The last obstacle was the hardest of all. We had to walk on a tightrope across lava! I was extremely nervous but finally we went. I tried not to look down, but it was hard, my heart was racing. We almost fell countless times, but luckily, we all made it. Phew, we were relieved.

But now was the time for the dragon!! He was big, red and scaly, and he looked a hundred buildings tall, and had massive wings. But we had a plan. We walked up to the dragon and Charles stood right in front of him, while Sammy and I ran through his legs.

He tried to get us, but Charles snuck around and we all made it through to a big door, and out safe and alive.

Standing there was my mom. She hugged me, and I felt cold and creamy back in my house.

THE END.

CREAMY MEMORIES OF YOU

by

Eva

age 12

“You almost done, Mandy?” Kable asked her girlfriend, waiting for her to finish tying her long, blue hair up.

“Almost there... Done!” Mandy responded, looking at the half-up half-down ponytail she did on her girlfriend.

Mandy and Kable were childhood friends, who eventually figured out they were pining over each other and confessed. After that, they became practically inseparable. If one was there, the other was most likely nearby.

Mandy and Kable were preparing to go on their weekly picnic date, going to their favourite park. Every week, they went out on a picnic to this park, just hanging out and having fun. An added bonus was the park was in walking distance.

“Come on, Mandy! Let’s head out now!” Kable exclaimed, grabbing Mandy's hand and pulling her to the door.

“Woah, Kable! Calm down!” Mandy laughed, running along, out the door and down the steps of their house, her purple hair flowing behind her, swinging the picnic basket.

Once they got to the sidewalk of their house, they began to walk, hand-in-hand, waving to their friends. They walked up the concrete sidewalk, the park already in view.

Kable smiled mischievously, letting go of Mandy's hand. “Race you there!” she shouted, running toward the park.

“HEY! GET BACK HERE!” Mandy yelled, laughing and running after her, catching up to Kable nearly immediately.

They ran to the park, going to their favourite spot under the cherry blossom tree, where they set up their red checkered picnic blanket, getting the food out from the picnic basket and placing it on paper plates with napkins.

Mandy and Kable ate and talked, laughing, telling jokes, and having a good time. After around two hours, they packed up, and were about to leave, when Kable saw something in the distance.

“MANDY! MANDY THERE IS AN ICE CREAM TRUCK!
MANDY CAN WE PLEASE GET ICE CREAM!? PRETTY
PLEASE?!” Kable cried with puppy eyes, seemingly very excited
about the ice cream truck.

Mandy sighed. “Yes, we can get ice cream Kable,” she
responded, laughing at her girlfriend's excitement.

‘YEAH! LET’S GO, MANDY!’ Kable grabbed Mandy's hand and
ran to the parked ice cream truck, walking up to the open
window, staring at the available flavours.

“Hello there, what could I get for you two today?” The ice cream truck man asked, waiting for their orders.

“Could I get vanilla ice cream on a waffle cone?” Kable asked, her blue eyes shining like sapphires.

“And I’ll take Neapolitan, on a regular cone, please,” Mandy said, smiling at her girlfriend.

“Of course! Your total is \$8.50. Cash or Card?” the man asked them.

“On card, please,” Mandy replied, pulling out her card, and tapping the machine.

The man headed to the back, eventually coming back with their ice cream.

“Thanks!” Kable said, handing Mandy her Neapolitan ice cream, smiling as they licked their ice cream and laughing as the pair walked home, enjoying their ice cream together, the sun setting in the background, cherry blossoms flying by.

Kable sat in the grass, as she finished the story, wearing Mandy's hoodie.

“I remember that day so clearly...” Kables said sadly, licking her Neapolitan ice cream in a regular cone.

“I just wish you were still here so we could do it again...” Kable finished, looking at Mandy's grave, a tear falling out her eye.

THE END.

AN ICE CREAM ADVENTURE: EVERYTHING SWIRL

by
Georgia

age 11



I have been waiting and wanting to be eaten for so long, almost my entire life since I was mixed and made in the cold-room. But when the time finally came, I wasn't so sure.

The metal scoop would plunge down into one of my friends' boxes and scoop them out almost thirty times each day, usually Mint Chocolate or Vanilla or Mango, sometimes Lemon Sherbert or Strawberry. Vanilla would constantly talk about the wonders of the outside world, of other things such as 'donuts' or 'cake' that she was sometimes plastered over, or a brown object they called a 'cone' that she was often squished into.

But I hadn't experienced this yet, because I was a new flavor the BigEater invented, and nobody had tried me yet. They called me 'Everything Swirl'. From what I could taste of myself I had Strawberry, Chocolate, Mango, Vanilla, Mint, Raspberry and... Potato? Who put potatoes in Ice Cream!? I slowly took another lick of myself. Hmm. Maybe THIS was why nobody chose me. It was DEFINITELY NOT the kind I'd choose to eat if I was a hungry BigEater.

Then one day, when the sun was burning high in the sky, the metal scoop dove into me and I knew with a shiver of nervousness that it was my turn to be eaten. My friends yelled with encouragement and excitement and chocolate chips were flung into the air. I smiled. But as I was shoved into the cone I realized something. I didn't actually want to be eaten! I wanted to see the world, not just the inside of a BigEater's stomach. So as I was being raised to the horrible, slobbering mouth I pushed sideways, sideways, a little more sideways until **SPLOSH!** The BigEater yelled in surprise as I fell off the cone and onto the hard floor. I was free at last!

It was swelteringly hot on the ground, a burning sensation I had never experienced before. I was getting hotter and hotter until I started dripping and melting! This was BAD. VERY BAD. There was a hole in the ground near me, covered in metal bars criss-crossing each other, and with a gasp of horror I found myself slipping down it! A rush of freezing cold water pushed me into the pipe and I drifted unconscious.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was water. It had turned a milky orange color that I soon found was coming from me.

I had been washed out into a huge expanse of water stretching in all directions as far as the Ice Cream Eye could see. I drifted for days and days until there was almost nothing left of me, just a few patches of colorful water. Then night fell again. When the sun rose, I was gone. Nothing but water, water, and more water as far as the Ice Cream Eye could see.

And that was the end of the Everything Swirl. It was never sold again.

THE END.

THE INCREDIBLE INVENTION

by
Hayumi
age 11

Ella was a bit of a quiet girl. She always did what the teacher said, and she spent lots of time in the library and in the art room at school. She had a little tiny secret; although no one ever knew, she had a favorite chef, and he was a fictional character in a cookbook. She really, really, wished that he would escape from the book and teach her how to make a fictional dessert, called iced berries and cream. But there was a slight problem, all the plans that she had thought of to free him were ideas from a book. And sadly, all involved magic. And there was a ninety nine point nine percent that she wouldn't discover any magic in that world.

So every night, when she was in bed, she would watch the snow floating down from the sky and try to think up a plan that didn't involve any magic with Sir Purple, her pet Lemur, who wore a purple suit. She had been trying to think up a plan ever since she was three. And now she was twelve, and she still hadn't thought of any...

Until one day, at school, she learned something while in science class. It was a magic trick: how to pull something out of a solid object, and it was called the Pinch for the Eye. That gave her an idea.

When she returned home that day, she gathered the supplies she needed for the trick. She grabbed the rope from the garage, a stone from her backyard, and a fork from the kitchen. Then, she held the cookbook in one hand and the fork in the other, the rope from her mouth. Then, slowly and carefully, she stuck the fork right through the book. Then she balanced the rock on one end, and tied up the book with the rope. Then, with as much strength as she could muster, she pulled hard at the rope, imagining the chef she hoped would teach her how to make the iced berries and cream.

The rope went right through the book and the fork somehow pulled out the chef, whose name was chef Boggo.

When Ella opened her eyes, the chef was staring straight at her. She said, “Oh, um. Hello.”

Then he replied in quite a jolly tone, “Why, hullo, yung miss, how does you do?”

She grinned and said, “Why, I’m actually feeling quite good. I can’t believe I’m really meeting you in person! Oh, and will you teach me how to make Iced berries and cream?”

And the answer was, “Why would me says no? Let us go to yur kechen.”

And so, just as Ella had hoped, she learned how to make iced berries and cream, but not only that, it became world famous! And its name shortened to ice cream and it wasn’t just milk and berries. There were tons of other flavors as well.

THE END.

ICE CREAM STORY

by

Jaya

age 12

“Ugh,” groaned Jessica.

“What? Why do you look so sad?” asked her mom, Jane.

“It's just so hot out here this summer!” Jessica mumbled, sounding annoyed.

“Oh! Well a new ice cream shop just opened across the block. I suppose we could stop by for a look at all of the flavors and maybe we could get one for you!” said Jane enthusiastically.

“Ice cream?!” said Jenna, Jessica's twin sister. “May I get one please?”

“Well of course you can!”

They all walked to the ice cream shop and gasped in awe when laying eyes on the cute little shop! It was an aqua blue colour with a pastel pink roof. The inside was a lot bigger than it looked on the outside, it had light purple and white checkered floor and adorable kawaii photos of ice cream hanging on the white wall.

“Hello! My name is Jaya. Welcome to the ice cream shop!” said the worker.

“Hi. We were wondering what flavors are here?” asked Jane.

“Well we have over fifty flavors but the ten most popular are chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, chocolate chip cookie dough, cookies and cream, mint chocolate chip, butter pecan, Neapolitan, and tiger's eye. Do any of those interest you?” said Jaya.

“Hmm... What do you know about the first two?”

“Well chocolate ice cream first originated in Italy, and was actually invented by an Italian doctor in 1775, named Filippo Baldini. Also, vanilla ice cream was later invented in France. It was introduced to the U.S.A by Thomas Jefferson. Around the 1780’s, he made a new vanilla ice cream recipe,” said Jaya excitedly.

“Girls. Do you want those?” said Jane.

“Hmmmmmm... No,” said both of the girls at once.

“What about strawberry? Why did someone think to put strawberries in ice cream? Why not mango or something?”

“Actually, there is mango ice cream!” giggled Jaya. “And the exact origin of it is unknown, but Dolly Madison served it at her husband's inauguration in 1813. Also in China, people seem to have been eating shaved ice like treats since 3000 BC.”

“I don't like strawberries very much. But I would like to know why cookies in ice cream are so popular?” asked Jessica curiously.

“Well so many people love oreos, so someone named Shirley Seas put them in ice cream, making cookies and cream ice cream! It's also the most searched for ice cream flavor in fourteen out of fifty states in America.”

“Oh. I’m gluten free, I can’t eat oreos or I’ll get sick. What about mint chocolate chip? Is it just like tigers eye? I’ve never heard of it.”

“Oh, well they both look equally exotic but very different from each other. Mint chocolate chip tastes like spearmint or sometimes peppermint. Tiger's eye is orange flavored with a splash of black liquorice,” said Jaya.

“I was hoping for something a little bit more plain, like vanilla!” said Jessica.

“I’ll have vanilla too!” said Jenna. “Thanks!”

THE END.

THE ICE CREAM BREAKOUT

by

Mmesoma

age 10

Once upon a truck, in an ice cream truck to be exact, there lived different flavored ice creams and right in the corner of the freezer was Angel, the pistachio flavoured ice cream.

‘I can’t believe this is my fifth day here,’ he thought to himself.

He had the greatest plan: be sold (and finally released), make pistachio ice cream famous, and break out. But it had failed for the second time.

“Day five,” Angel scribbled in his notebook. “No one is trying to buy me, not all kids love pistachio flavored ice cream. But all the kids here love cotton candy ice cream. Breakout plan failed. A lot of things failed.”

Angel shut his notebook as the ice cream truck started to move, playing the ice cream truck song.

The ice cream truck came to a stop as loads and loads of kids lined up, waving cash in their hands.

Mr Lee opened the windows and set out his hands gracefully.

“What flavor do you all want?” he asked.

The kids all point at cotton candy.

“Typical,” Angel muttered rolling his eyes. “I will never escape this place or be famous.”

Mr Lee started to sell each kid an ice cream, all cotton candy and even chocolate chip ice cream got to escape, and the macaroni and cheese ice cream, which is not even a real ice

cream, got to escape too. But not one kid asked for pistachio ice cream. They all got their ice cream and walked away gleefully.

Angel could not take it anymore, so he decided to risk it all and sneak out of the fridge, since Mr. Lee left the fridge slightly open. *'I'll have to take my chances,'* Angel thought. As he moved farther and farther away from the fridge, the more paranoid Angel got, he moved across the glassy counter almost slipping.

VROOM VROOM!

The truck began to move as Angel held on tight to the counter. He was so scared of falling.

SCREECH! Mr Lee stopped the truck suddenly as a woman was crossing the road. “Sorry!” Mr Lee said, as Angel rolled all the way to the other side of the counter. Mr Lee continued to drive. But all of a sudden the ice cream truck halted to a stop. It couldn't move!

Mr Lee opened the door curiously. ‘*How could this happen?*’ he thought. He inspected the truck and saw a flat tire.

Someone was nearby so Mr Lee shouted, “HELP!” while pointing at the tire.

The person dashed into their home and brought a pump for the tire.

‘This is it,’ Angel thought, ‘My time to escape!’

Angel dashed out of the truck, and then it hit him, the sun, beaming down on him like a death ray.

BZZZ! BZZZ!

DRIP!

Angel felt something fall between his eyes. HE WAS MELTING.

Angel tried to run back to Mr Lee's truck, but it was too late, he only got as far as Mr Lee's shoe. He was melting and sticky so he just held on tight.

Mr Lee said thank you to the kind person who fixed his tire and entered his truck, about to start driving home as business was over. *‘Something feels cold near my feet,’* Mr. Lee thought.

Mr Lee reached for his shoe and found Angel. “How did Mr. Pistachio ice cream get on my shoe?” He smiled, “Weird things are happening here today.” He smiled again as he put him back in his pistachio corner of the fridge.

‘Cool breeze!’ Angel thought, breathing a sigh of relief as Mr Lee shut the door.

Maybe Angel didn't complete his break out plan, but at least he didn't end up melty and hot.

And tomorrow, day six, he would work again on his greatest plan to be sold (and finally released), to make pistachio ice cream famous, but no break out this time.

THE END.

JERALD AND THE KINGDOM OF ICE CREAM

by
Tanis
age 9



Once upon a time there was a scoop called Jerald. At the time he was waiting in a line, it had been a while and he was barely getting closer to the front of the line. He decided that the line would just take forever, but as he was walking away the cone stand exploded. He froze then a cone shot right on top of his head!

He was so happy, then he redyed his feet, and shot himself straight into the air, then ran in zigzags, triangles, squares and even an octagon. To him it was awesome, later that day he told his mom what happened, she was so impressed.

He couldn't sleep, he wanted to tell his friends what had happened, but then an idea shot into his head, he could just text his friends. So he sent his first text message saying, “Guys you won't believe what happened!”

One of his friends texted him back. “What happened?”

Jerald said, “I was waiting but it was taking too long so I walked out of line, but then a cone shot right on my head!”

“Wow,” said everyone except for Jerald.

After that he slowly fell asleep.

Morning woke and Jerald's mom was coming up stairs to wake him up, but when Jerald's mom, Hailey, did, Jerald just wiggled his feet and went back to sleep. She wasn't going to give up, she started counting to ten. Then he woke immediately (he didn't want to get in trouble).

That morning he walked to school. When he went inside no one was there, he walked to his class and still no one. Then a hand s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d across the roof and bashed inside.

Jerald screamed and ran away but it was too late, they had already caught him.

He was put into a cardboard box. It had been ten minutes and he was starting to give up, but then he saw a hole in the cardboard. He punched through the box and found himself in a freezer. He looked to his right and saw another cold treat with the label 'Popsicle.' Of course he knew what a popsicle was. He heard they were nice so he walked over, then he asked for a name.

She responded, “Mila, my name is Mila.”

Then Jerald told ner his name. They slowly became friends (even though they'd only been there for thirty minutes, and had known each-other for fifteen minutes).

After that they decided they wanted to escape this weird, dark, scary & cold place.

Mila and Jerald decided the easiest way to get out was breaking the glass, but then Mila got an idea, a better idea.

She took out her popsicle stick and bashed it through the glass, then they jumped off onto the ground and ran outside. They sat on the ground thinking about getting themselves home, but then Mila told him the truth about her life. “When I was six my mom and dad went out to find something... But...”

“But what,” Jerald interrupted.

“But they never came back.”

“Oh,” he responded. “Well, maybe you could live with me.”

After that they decided that they needed to get home somehow, and of course they couldn't walk, so together they climbed up an ice cream truck.

“Seventh stop,” said a bold voice from the radio. It was the school. He looked to his right and saw his home! They walked home together.

Two weeks had passed and his best friend texted him. He sent, “Hey I’m at the Hospital, would you ask your mom if you could come.”

After seeing it he ran to his mom and said, “Mom, my best friend almost died. Please can I visit him?”

“Can I too?” Mila interrupted.

“Fine, but be quick,” said his mom.

Instead of walking they decided to bike there to make it a little more fun. Three minutes had passed and they were there. They shared their ID’s so they could visit his BFF, Tony. He walked to the emergency room and... And saw what happened.

He had broken legs, arms & even neck. It was horrifying. Then he saw his friend almost dead.

THE END.

A SCOOP OF EMOTION

by
Vivienne
age 10

It was just another ordinary day for twelve year old Sarah Trois. She got up, her long, wavy chocolate-brown hair falling against the pastel pink fabric of her nightgown.

Out of bed, Sarah made the same wish she'd made every day of her long, tedious summer. "Oh, ice-cream goddesses, up in the sky, my order for the day is a scoop of happiness, two scoops of luck and some fun sauce."

Little did Sarah know, another girl (a very contrary girl, I might add) in another part of the world, made an order to the ice-cream goddesses as well.

“Oh, ice-cream goddesses, up in the sky, my order for the day is a scoop of sadness, a scoop of bad luck, a scoop of misery, and some anger sauce.”

And, of course, the ice-cream goddesses mixed up the poor girls' orders, like they did every day, for these ice-cream goddesses were very bad with names.

So Sarah had a day full of sadness (she dropped her perfect bowl of cookie dough on the floor), bad luck (she lost her favourite bracelet), misery (after losing her bracelet), and anger, (her annoying brother stole her mood ring, which, she was sure, would have been – if she had been wearing it – red, for anger).

And the other girl had a day full of happiness, fantastic luck, and fun.

And, at the end of the day, both girls asked for a refund.

But sadly, not even the best of ice-cream goddesses can refund time. So, therefore, the girls went to bed once more.

The next morning, Sarah tried a different order.

“Oh, ice-cream goddesses, up in the sky, my order for today is two scoops of happiness, three scoops of joy and good-luck sprinkles.”

Of course, she didn't get it.

Sarah got the contrary girl's order, which turned out to be (and of course, Sarah learned this the hard way), a triple scoop of sadness, and bad-luck sprinkles.

As you may infer, this process continued to repeat until finally, one day, Sarah got to the end of her rope with the ice-cream goddesses. Her day had been extra-horrible, full of anger, sadness and hatred. So, Sarah stood up and yelled to those ice-cream goddesses up in the sky: "Okay, ice-cream goddesses! I wish for a double-scoop of sadness, and some bad-luck sauce. Because," she sighed, "That's what you always give me."

Little did Sarah know, the contrary girl did the same thing. She, also very angry at the ice-cream goddesses, wished for a triple scoop of joy, a scoop of luck, and some sprinkles of pure glee.”

And that was exactly what they got.

For the ice-cream goddesses do, eventually, learn. It just takes time.

THE END.

ICE CREAM SANDWICH MONSTER

by
William
age 9

Hi, my name is Jacob and I work at Sunshine Ice Cream. You might think that it is great to work at an ice cream shop, but it is tiring. I am always rushing from getting the ice cream to serving the impatient and hungry customers. Every time there is a line that is long I am sometimes late to serve my customers!

So, I have been thinking of a way to make serving ice cream faster! I thought about wearing roller skates to make it faster, but I lost control and fell. Today I thought and thought, until I found a solution!

A lot of people want an ice cream sandwich, so I should make a giant ice cream sandwich so that way I don't need to go back and forth to serve ice cream!

I got to work as soon as I could, but I realized something. It would be hard to make a giant ice cream sandwich! So, I tried to make a robot that could do it for me, but FYI ice cream makers can't build robots. I asked my friend Ethan what to do, and he said I should use magic ice cream from Harry's Magic store, and it would be finished in ten minutes!

I went to Harry's Magic store and asked him for the magic ice cream, but he said it would be forty-five dollars. I hoped it was worth it.

When I put the magic ice cream on a normal ice cream sandwich, it became huge! I looked at the time and... IT WAS 12:00 ALREADY! I quickly went back to sleep and hoped it would be great.

When I woke up, I heard some clattering in the freezer, and I went to check it out.

Turns out the noise was my ice cream sandwich running away from the freezer! Did you ever hear about the “Your refrigerator is running,” joke? Well, that is happening to me except it is, “Your ice cream sandwich is running.”

I ran to catch it, but it was too fast. So, I told some kids that were waiting at the ice cream truck to chase the ice cream sandwich. But the ice cream sandwich had a trick, he gave some of his pieces to the kids, so the kids wouldn't chase him. I tried to think of another way to defeat it and I thought of eating it, but it would be too much for me to eat.

I saw that the sun was coming, and I had an idea! I could burn him down! But how would I burn him down? All I saw was Harry's magic store! Wait, I could buy a magic match that would burn him down! So, I bought it for seventeen dollars and lit the match. I threw it at the ground while the ice cream sandwich was walking my way! When I put it on the ground, it melted the ice cream sandwich! And I learned my lesson, never be greedy.

THE END.



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

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