



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

ROAD TRIP 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 AUGUST 2023 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words about a road trip. We were looking for descriptive and creative stories of adventure!

Winners:

- Ages 5-9: only submission: *'Stacy's Camping Trip'* by Tanis, age 9
 - Ages 10-13: *'The Mountain Ride'* by Georgia, age 11
'The Christmas Road Trip' by Jaya, age 12
'Can and Plant and the Epic Road Trip' by Mmesoma, age 10
'The Camping Adventure' by Rysa, age 10

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik: pch.vector

Story Studio Writing Society

2023

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table of Contents

The Mountain Ride.....	4
The Christmas Road Trip!.....	11
Can and Plant and the Epic Road Trip.....	20
The Camping Adventure!.....	34
Stacy's Camping Trip.....	42

THE MOUNTAIN RIDE

by

Georgia

age 11

It was early on a warm Saturday morning when we set out on the road trip that changed my life. We were up at 5:00 am and the sky was a pinkish-blue colour with thin wisps of red-tinged clouds drifting through the air. I was still half asleep when we got into our dusty, old, creaky car. The air was warm with a hint of a breeze and I sat with my head pillowed on my arm by the open window as we drove. The sun was just starting to rise, gold rays peeking out from the horizon and casting a warm orange-yellow light over us as we drove.

The landscape changed from city, to farm, to mountainside. And it was then that disaster struck, in the middle of nowhere with no cars or human settlements in sight. Except for one car. It was parked across the middle of the road and looked as if it had not been moved in a few hundred thousand million years. Then again, nobody had probably driven on this road for the last hundred thousand million years. But the years didn't matter. All that mattered was that we were about to slam right into it. I yelled out to stop but it was too late. We were going too fast to stop now.

With an ear-splitting screech and a deafening **CRASH** of metal against metal, we collided with the other car and fell like a car loaded with bags, people, camping equipment, and more. Off of a three hundred metre tall cliff, we plummeted like a stone.

Down,

down,

down,

down we tumbled.

Then the water caught up with me and all went black.

I woke to the sound of hissing flames and a gentle hand shaking me.

“Mesma? Please wake up.” My mother’s voice opened my eyes at last. We were in the forest next to a lake, and when I coughed up water I realized we must have landed in it. My dad was trying to light a fire near us but with the soggy wood there was only a small flame. Suddenly a branch cracked near us and we huddled together, scared of what was coming.

It showed how much the crash had rattled us when we were scared of a small rodent scuttling through the woods. We used to be almost fearless, but the smallest noise made us jump in terror now.

How would we survive out here, lost in the wilderness, far from human civilization and safety? How would we survive without food, or clean water, or shelter, or any protection at all? This road trip was only meant to be a fun holiday, but it had ended up as a disastrous mess! These thoughts tumbled through my head as I stared up at the darkening blue sky.

Then a more important question struck me like lightning, so horrifying I closed my eyes and put my head in my hands. How would we ever get back home?

THE END.

THE CHRISTMAS ROAD TRIP!

by

Jaya

age 12

Jessica's alarm clock beeped. “Why so early? Oh, it's December 20th! We're going to the ski lodge in Vancouver!” Jessica groaned. It was 2:30 am.

“Get out of bed, Jess! You are leaving in half an hour,” said Jessica's mom, as she walked past Jessica's room holding her half-full laundry basket. “Are you all packed to go?”

Jess looked at her bag she packed the night before. “Yes,” she said as she finished making her bed.

“I’M SO EXCITED!!!” screamed Polly, Jessica’s little sister, as she flopped onto Jessica’s bed, pulling off the blanket.

“Polly! What are you doing? And how do you have so much energy?!” Said Jess, fixing her blanket.

“Sorry! I’m just so excited to go to the ski lodge for Christmas!”

Ding dong! Their cousins Andy and Annie were at the door.

“Bye, mom!” Polly and Jess both said as they walked out the door.

Their mom and dad were taking a plane there in the morning, but Annie just got her driver's license last week and wanted to have a road trip with just the kids. Annie was sixteen, Jess was fifteen, Andy was fourteen, and Polly was thirteen.

“Are you excited?” said Annie, starting the car.

“YEAH!!” they all yelled.

“We also baked cookies!” said Andy, as he handed a Christmas tree shaped cookie to Jess in the front seat.

“YUM,” said Jess, eating it in one bite.

Three hours later...

“What?! No, no, no, this can't happen!” said Annie, panicked as the car came to a slow stop.

“What?!” Polly said, scared.

“The car ran out of battery!”

“Already? Didn't you just charge it before we left?” said Jess.

“Well... no.”

“Well, maybe we could just walk the rest of the way?” said Andy.

“NO WAY AM I WALKING ANYWHERE! My bag is as heavy as I am!” said Polly, sounding upset.

Jess took out her phone. “There's no service here!”

Meow meow meow! said Polly's phone, playing Duet Cats.

They all looked at Polly.

“What?” she said.

“I have an idea! We could call Mom or Dad!” said Andy, enthusiastically.

“They are on the plane now and we DON’T have internet! REMEMBER???” said Annie, sounding annoyed.

Jess took out her phone calculator. “According to my calculations, we would only have to walk for a bit over an hour!

If we just left our bags in the car and locked it, we could be at the lodge by 7:30!” said Jess.

“I’m in!” said Annie.

“Me too!” said Andy. “What about our stuff and the car?”

“We can come back with Mom and Dad in the morning.”

“Hmm... Okay, fine. I'm in too!” giggled Polly.

At the ski lodge...

“Mom! Dad!” yelled Polly in excitement.

“Kids! OMG, I was so worried! Where were you?! And where's the car and your bags?!” said the dad, sounding worried.

“It's a long story!” said Annie, looking down.

“It's fine as long as you are all safe! We love you!”

“We love you too!”

THE END.

***CAN AND PLANT
AND THE EPIC ROAD TRIP***

by

Mmesoma

age 10

Once upon a time, there were two sisters in the smoky town of Plant village who were going on a road trip to Corntown. Corntown was having their annual Summerfest. Last year Can and Plant got a lot of candy, went go-kart racing, and even won the Bee-Pop coding contest with the algorithm.

Tuesday. Can could not wait to see what adventure she would experience this time. She packed all her essentials from her teddy bear to her favourite book, *Betsy Broccoli*. Meanwhile Plant, the grumpy sister, began to angrily stuff her things into her bag.



Dad announced that they would all be staying at the exquisite Corn-Bread Hotel, with an amusement park and fine dining.

Plant could care less. *‘Calm day eating nachos would sound better,’* she thought.

Wednesday. Time to leave, everyone ran out to the car.

“Shotgun!” Can shouted. Being eleven, she could sit at the front and have the best view.

“I guess I’ll sit at the back,” Plant muttered. Mom was driving. And Dad sat next to Plant, who was having a hard time processing all of this information.

It felt like they passed through one hundred stops, and as nightfall came, Can and Plant, Mom and Dad stopped by the campsite. They brought out their tent, blankets and pillows and star-gazed until they all fell asleep.

Thursday. Can was the last up. *‘How did everyone wake up before me?’* she thought.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” Dad and Mom shouted, “We only have one more hour of driving.”

“Dad, I’m hungry,” said Plant. Dad smiled as he handed out breakfast.

Dad turned on the accelerator and off they went.

Can saw the sign *Corntown: Home to Cornfest 50m turn left.*



They came to a stop. They were at Corntown. Can and Plant held hands, excited as they stared at the huge sign that read *CORNFEST*.

Dad led them to the awesome, spectacular fire roller coaster! It was amazing. The coaster looked like a normal roller coaster, but it had two loops and the coaster went under four fire rings of doom!

“Dad! It’s too scary!” Can and Plant whined.

“Just try a new thing,” Dad urged as they went on the coaster and made sure they buckled in.

Whoosh! The coaster twirled and whirled as Can and Plant and Dad held tight, the coaster breezed past the two loop-the-loops, making Can feel sick as her gray cheeks turned yellow-green.

The coaster quickly halted to a stop as everyone hopped off.



“OMG!” Plant said, “That was so fun! Dad, we are definitely going again.”

Dad nodded, as it was getting late.

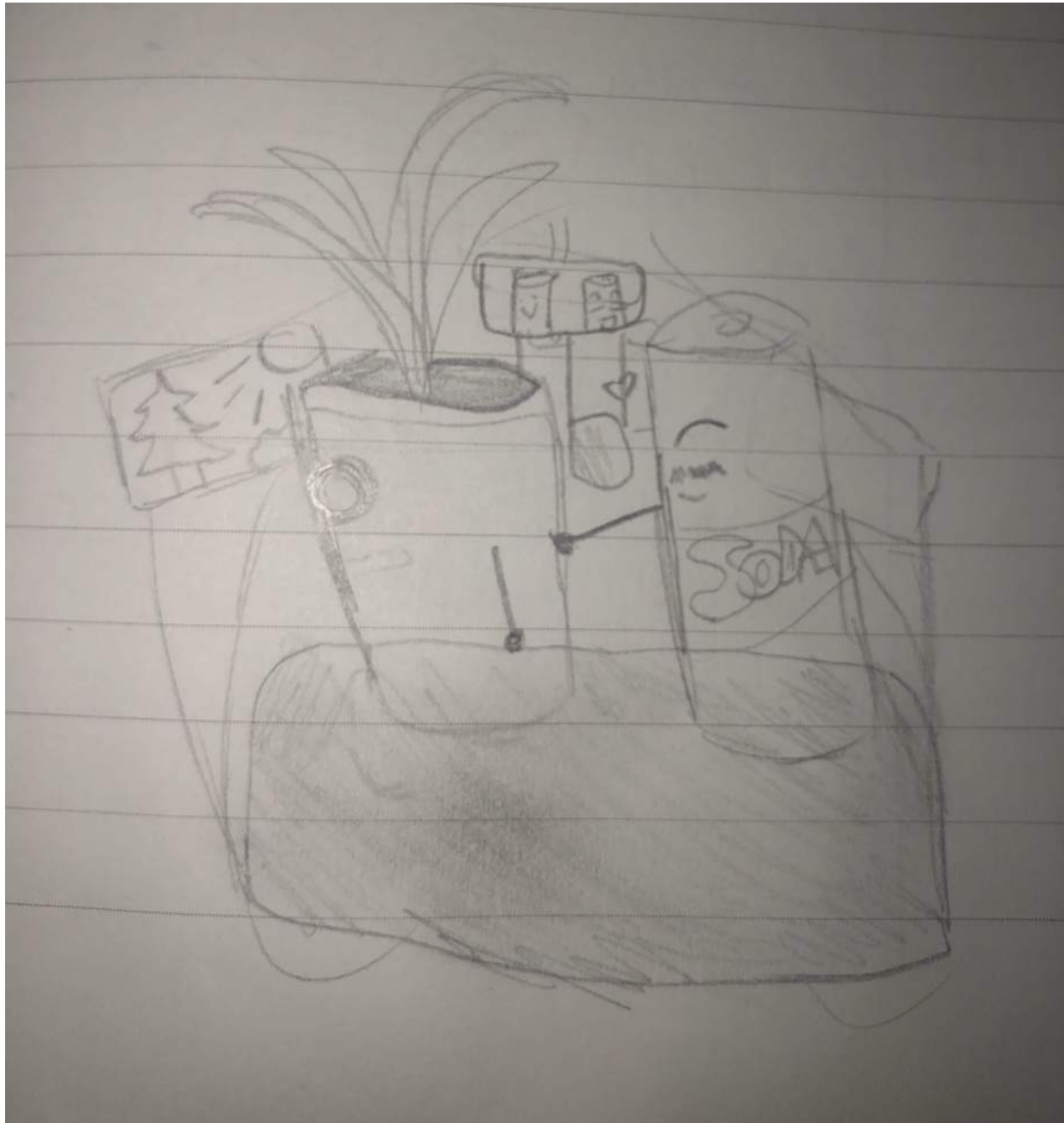
After several rides and loads of ice cream, Can, Plant and Dad went to the hotel, rode the elevator all the way to floor one hundred, and went into their room where Mom was waiting. Plant hugged Dad, she was so happy. They quickly ran to the window.

“FIREWORKS!” they both screeched.

PEW, PEW! The fireworks made the sky glow bright pink, blue and red. Can and Plant hugged each other, both happy.

“I can’t wait to come next summer!” Plant screamed, as the experience at Cornfest was truly magical.

Plant was already missing the thrill of Cornfest trying to remember everything that happened earlier. It was bedtime, so Mom and Dad tucked Can and Plant in bed.



As Can was snoring off, Plant couldn't stop thinking about the trip. She took out her journal and started writing it all down until she dozed off like a bulldozer as she had a pleasant dream.

THE END.

THE CAMPING ADVENTURE!

by

Rysa

age 10

Characters

Heather: Girl that is going camping with her family

Blackie: Heather's black Labrador Retriever

Mom/Amanda: Heather's mom

Dad/Richard: Heather's dad

Grandma/Mom: Richard's mom and Heather's grandma

Sky: Heather's horse

Juniper: Grandma's horse

Chapter 1: Time to pack up!

“Heather, pack your bag!” shouted her mom.

Heather sighed. The next day, she and her family were going to go camping on horseback, so they had to pack lots of stuff.

“I’m going to start packing right now!” she shouted back to her mom. She had to make a checklist for all her things: water bottle, sleeping bag, computer (to do her homework), saddle, bridle and halter for her horse, Sky, and clothes.

She also needed notebooks and pens to draw with because she loved drawing nature.

Chapter 2: Let's hit the road! Part one

The next day...

“Wake up Mom, wake up Dad! Today we're going camping!”
Heather shouted while bouncing on her parents' bed.

“Right,” her dad said.

“Now, Richard,” Heather’s mom said, “When do you ever remember anything?” Richard said nothing, so they all went downstairs.

After breakfast, they put their bags on their horses and they went on the road. They had to go to Heather’s grandma’s house first because she was coming with them. So off they went.

Chapter 3: Let's hit the road! Part two

At Grandma's house...

"Grandma!"

"Heather, are you ready for an adventure?" asked Grandma.

"I sure am," said Heather.

“Well, let’s go.” Grandma got her horse, Juniper, and then they actually went on to their adventure!

Chapter 4: We’re here

The family rode for another half an hour and they made it! The campsite was magnificent! They let the horses graze on the open field and Heather drew a picture of the sunset. Well, that's all for this adventure.

See you next time!

THE END.

STACY'S CAMPING TRIP

by

Tanis

age 9

Hi, my name is Stacy. In about two days, we were going camping! My little brother, Sam, and I decided to each bring one stuffed companion. Mine was a baby koala and my brother's was a gray llama. When we went to sleep two nights before we left, I woke up and realized I needed to brush my teeth. Once I was awake, I couldn't fall back asleep because it was a school day, and I needed to get ready. Instead, I got ready quickly and ate breakfast, which was waffles and sausages. After I put on my backpack and shoes, Mom took me to school.

After mom dropped me off, I ran to the school door and waited for the bell to ring, then I went inside. I asked my teacher, Miss Mandor, “What is the first class?”

She responded and said, “Math.” After Math was Music and every other thing in my school routine.

Then school ended and Mom picked me up and we drove home. Dinner was chicken, mashed potatoes, fruits and veggies. After all that food I could barely fit in dessert. I had stuffed myself.

All I wanted to do was go to sleep. I was tired, and all I could think was '*I can't believe I'm going camping*' and I couldn't think of anything else. Soon I could go to sleep but it was hard to concentrate.

The next morning, I woke up seeing my brother screaming at me. He yelled, "Wake up! Wake up! Today's camping!" Immediately, I jumped out of bed.

“Sam?” I replied. “Sam!” I looked at the calendar. “We are camping!”

I got my stuff ready, ran upstairs, looked into my parents room and yelled, “Mom, Dad, can we go camping yet? Have you looked at the calendar? Can we just go? I'm ready.”

“You think we're ready?” Dad said.

I replied, “Umm...”

Mom replied, “Just what I thought, now go downstairs and me and your dad will get ready quickly.”

My brother and I went down and found ourselves sitting there for ten minutes. Then Mom and Dad came down and we left home. It seemed the campsite we were going to was called Mangwanani River. When we were a little more than halfway there, Dad looked at the car TV and yelled, “Wait, what?” He couldn't believe his eyes.

“It takes five whole weeks to get there, and only three have passed.” He opened his mouth and screamed! He whispered to himself, “I have to keep driving.” The cars behind us started honking. “Rude!”

After dad had his “incident,” he actually kept driving. We went through rugged roads of snowy valleys, dark forests, sunny fields, then a jungle! We drove across a wet road, until we made it to the weirdly named Mangwanani River campsite. The weirder part was that it was down a cliff.

I looked at it and saw many other campers getting ready. Dad slowly drove down the wet jungle path. Soon we made it down and got our stuff ready. Hours passed, days went by quickly, mornings, nights, breakfasts, dinners, all that happened, until the very last day - it was quite special.

“Morning!” I shouted, only to see that my brother was already awake.

I noticed Sam was screaming, “Movie! Movie!”

“Oh!” I gasped. Was it already the last day? I checked my watch. I just couldn't believe it. Days go by so quickly! I waited hours for the afternoon to overcome the morning, until it did. My brother and I couldn't believe it.

“Movie! Movie!” we screamed. Dad bought us popcorn and tickets. “Finally, the movie!” I exclaimed as we watched it. I guess it was good, but was it worth it?



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