



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

SPOOKY PLACES



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 October 2023 creative writing contest. The task this month was to write a flash fiction story of 500 words about a spooky place! We were looking for unique stories with exciting characters that would keep readers poised on the edge of their seats!

Winners:

- Ages 5-9: First Place: *'Ava's Surprise'* by Gabrielle, age 9
Second Place: *'The Day the Teachers Got Abducted by Aliens'* by Karina, age 9
- Ages 10-13: First Place: *'Spectre Woods'* by Oliver, age 12
Second Place: *'Monster Under My Bed'* by Rickey, age 13

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik: macrovector

Story Studio Writing Society

2023

Table of Contents

The Haunted Costume.....	4
The Stone Library.....	9
The Halloween Gift.....	13
Creepy Museum.....	20
Ava’s Surprise.....	27
The Secret Pumpkin Party.....	37
The Day the Teachers Got Abducted By Aliens.....	45
Zombie Fungus.....	54
The Big Mystery.....	62
Spectre Woods.....	69
Monster Under My Bed.....	77
Costumes.....	83
The Halloween Lesson.....	89
The Mysterious Costume.....	97
The Creepy Neighbour’s House.....	103
The Enchanted Forest.....	108
Lisa’s Incident.....	113

THE HAUNTED COSTUME

by
Aubrey
age 10

Jayden was so excited about the Halloween contest and haunted house taking place at Danceville Central Park. He was just a bit nervous about the haunted house since he had never been in it. On top of that, he had the best costume prepared for such an event. The night before, he went down to the basement to get his costume, but all he saw was a white dusty coat hanger that had fallen on the ground. It seemed like it had just happened.

“**ZIP!**” came a sound. Jayden turned his head to find a ghost, or as he thought, escaping from the basement.

“Hey! That’s my costume!” he shouted. Somehow his ghost costume came alive and flew out the window. A gust of wind blew in. Apparently, the window frame broke. “We’ll have to deal with that later,” he said, and jumped out the loose window and chased after his costume.

The ghost seemed like he knew where he was going, because he headed straight forward without hesitation. It was hard to follow it since it was getting really late. After running for a long time, Jayden was exhausted. Then, the ghost stopped moving. Jayden was so concentrated on the white sheet that he didn’t even know where he was. He felt the ground below him shift.

‘Were they moving?’ That gave him time to try and get his costume back.

He snatched and leaped, but the ghost was way more energetic than he was. The shifting stopped and showed a long passageway lit with torches. Jayden was a little frightened, but he had to follow his costume. Skeletons and cobwebs were hanging around, and lights were blinking, on, off, on, off. Finally, a door creaked open and the cool night air swooshed in.

“Sorry to scare you tonight,” the ghost squeaked. “I just wanted to make sure you were ready for the haunted house on the parade day. I heard the first person to not scream wins a lot of candy.” Jayden jumped. *‘Did it just talk?’*

“No worries, I had a lot of fun tonight,” Jayden said. They became friends and even went to the ghost dance party together.

THE END.

THE STONE LIBRARY

by
Felicia
age 9

Long, long ago, there was a library that most people feared to enter, but one day a curious nine year old girl named Jane decided to enter it.

This is her story.

When she got to the library, the heavy door swung open as a cold breeze met her face. The library is entirely made of stone,” the student murmured, surprised. The library was so old that it was blanketed with cobwebs. It was completely empty, even not a single flea lived in there.

“It’s so weird. It looks so normal outside,” said the girl.

Inside, there was a sign that said, *Only open one book at a time, or else...*

Suddenly, her feet turned into stone! She jumped to the door to open the door but the doorknob broke off! Scared, she jumped to a bookshelf and found a magical book, but there was no title and it started biting her.

The student put the book away into the shelf and the shelf started to bite her.

Then a gargoyle flew to her and said, “We are sorry, but you will turn into stone.” The student was so terrified that she fell to the floor and turned into a stone statue. The gargoyle, looking miserable, said, “Eventually, she has to turn into stone.”

THE END.

THE HALLOWEEN GIFT

by

Fiona

age 8

Every kid in the history of kids was excited. Even the teens were texting each other about Halloween. Everyone except Zoe, Stella and Lily.

“I found this weird house in the woods and I want to check it out,” said Zoe. “But I do not want to go by myself. Do you guys want to come with me?”

“Sure,” said Stella and Lily.

“Thanks,” Zoe said.

The girls wandered off into the woods and found the old building. As they carefully crept up the porch and through the door, the floor creaked under their feet. Suddenly, the door slammed shut and made a clicking sound.

“Ah!” Lily screamed as she tried opening the door. “We’re never going to get out of here now. The door is locked.”

“Yes we will. Don’t you worry,” said Stella.

“No we won’t,” Lily mumbled.

“What did you say?” asked Zoe and Stella.

“Oh nothing,” Lily replied.

They started to move down the hallway. It was pitch black and the girls could feel spiderwebs brushing against their skin.

Cackle, Cackle, Cackle.

“Did you hear that?” Lily asked.

“It sounded like an evil laugh,” Zoe replied.

Suddenly, light flickered in the hallway and then came on. There was a big cauldron boiling on a stove. Brooms were leaning against the wall. There was a pointy hat hanging on a hook and on the shelves were bottles with labels like ‘toad’s tongue’ and ‘frog slobber.’ The girls froze in place.

Cackle, Cackle, Cackle.

“There it is again,” said Stella.

“And it’s coming closer,” Lily replied.

“Help!” the three girls yelled.

A poof of smoke appeared in the hallway. When the smoke was gone, a woman with a pointy nose, green skin and warty wrinkly face stood in its place.

“Oh, hi girls,” said the woman. “I was expecting you tonight. It’s your sixteenth Halloween.”

Stella looked closer at the old woman. “Mom!” she exclaimed.

“You come from a family of witches and warlocks and we always get our powers on our sixteenth Halloween.”

“Yay!” the girls yelled.

“Now we can get you to cast spells on our teachers,” Zoe said.

“Yeah, and we can get our chores done with magic,” said Lily.

“I can’t believe I’m a witch!” said Stella.

THE END.

CREEPY MUSEUM

by

Flora

age 10

I was an ordinary teenage girl, learning in an ordinary teenage school.

One day, my school organized a field trip to a museum. The day before, I was so excited that I couldn't sleep. So this day I was very tired.

On the bus to the museum, I was sitting with my best friend, Evaa. But she kept blathering about the field trip. It made me sleepy. Finally, I put my head down and closed my eyes.

Beep! The door of the bus opened. Evaa and I walked out of the bus. Evaa was still blathering. She was saying how she liked museums. There were thousands and thousands of dinosaur bones.

Our teacher said, “Everybody find a partner and split up. Meet me here at five P.M. That is when the museum closes.” I partnered up with Evaa.

Hours passed and we were wandering beside a huge tyrannosaurus skeleton.

I said, “Is it time yet?”

Evaa looked at her watch and gasped, “Oh no! It is five P.M. already!” We ran towards the meeting place and saw our class leaving on the bus. The door was locked, the lights shut off. We yelled, but they didn’t hear us.

“Looks like we're going to stay here one night,” I sighed. We found a carpet and laid down, preparing to sleep. We heard a creaking noise, like old bones.

“What was that?” Evaa said, afraid. I stood up and followed the sound. “What are you doing?!” Evaa whisper-yelled.

“Finding the sound,” I said, trying to be casual and not as afraid as I felt.

“Are you nuts?!” I kept following the sound; Evaa sighed and followed me. In front of us was a huge Tyrannosaurus skeleton. It turned its head in our direction. It had deep red eyes, and they glowed in the dark. We ran as fast as our legs could take us, with the skeleton chasing behind. “I hate museums!” Evaa screamed. “If I die, it's your fault!”

“The bathroom!” I yelled desperately. We ran toward it, and locked ourselves in.

“What now?” Evaa asked. The dinosaur was close behind us.

“The windpipe!” We opened the lid of the windpipe just before the dinosaur crashed in. We crawled frantically, the dinosaur's teeth nearly biting my foot off. The windpipe was a maze; we crawled up and up, hoping to escape up the roof, but there was a dead end.

“I think the windpipe doesn't go up. Let's go this way instead,” I said. We crawled left. The tunnel led us downward. Suddenly, I slipped and screamed in terror. The dinosaur was down the pipe! I slid towards the dinosaur's mouth. There was nothing but darkness.

I woke up, sweat on my face, sleeping next to Evaa on the bus. She was still blathering. It was just a dream. “We are here,” she said in a cheerful tone. I wiped the sweat from my face, as we hopped off the bus and went inside the museum. There it was: the Tyrannosaurus skeleton. My spine tingled. Its hollow eye sockets stared coldly at me.

THE END.

AVA'S SURPRISE

by
Gabrielle

age 11

As Ava was on the bus riding to school, she overheard two kids talking about the field trip that was happening today.

“I can’t wait to go to the haunted house today,” said Charlie, who was sitting behind her.

When Ava heard this, she began to get more and more excited. She thought about the time she went to the haunted house when she was in kindergarten. She got the scare of her life when a big robotic skeleton picked her up.

As the bus pulled into the school, Ava was surprised to see her mom waiting in the parking lot.

“What are you doing here, Mom?” asked Ava as she stepped off of the bus.

“I am here to pick you up,” said Ava’s mom. “You have an appointment at the dentist today.”

“What?” said Ava in anger. “But I’m supposed to go on a field trip to the haunted house today!”

“Well, you’ll just have to wait until next year. Having clean teeth is important,” said Ava’s mom.

As Ava and her mom drove to the dentist, Ava looked out the car window and was thinking of all the fun things she was going to miss doing today. Ava and her mom drove into the old part of town where all the buildings looked like they were going to fall down.

They pulled up to an office building that looked like it was condemned. There was a sign on the door that said:

Doctor Snitchelwood:

Tooth-Pulling - \$10.00

Jaw Alignments – \$15.00

Gum Poking - \$20.00

“Come on Ava,” said her mom, “Let’s go in. Dr. Snitchelwood is waiting for you.”

Ava closed her eyes and held her mom's hand as they walked up the stairs to the front door. When they opened the door, Ava immediately heard the whirring sound of a drill and smelled burning teeth. There was a lady at the reception desk that reminded Ava of old ladies who like to pinch kids' cheeks.

“Dr. Snitchelwood will be with you soon,” said the lady as she looked down at Ava from her desk.

Ava and her mom sat down in the waiting room. In one of the chairs there was a skeleton that looked pretty real to Ava. There were magazines on the table that had titles like ‘Having your Family for Dinner’ and ‘Amateur Taxidermist.’

Suddenly, Ava heard a bloodcurdling scream from inside Dr. Snitchelwood’s room. The door flew open and a woman came running out, covering her face with her hands. She reached in her purse and threw some money at the receptionist as she continued to run out of the building.

“She was probably just late for another appointment,” said the receptionist as she picked the money up off the floor.

When Ava looked back towards Dr. Snitchelwood’s office, she saw Dr. Snitchelwood standing in the doorway. In one hand he was holding a drill and in the other he was holding a large needle. He had an apron that was covered in blood and he had wild bloodshot eyes.

“Next!” said Dr. Snitchelwood. Ava looked around to see if anyone was before her, but all she saw was the skeleton and her mom.

“Go on Ava,” said Ava’s mom. “I’ll be right here waiting for you.” With that, Ava’s mom picked up a copy of ‘Amateur Taxidermist’ and began flipping through it with a smile on her face.

Ava got her courage up, closed her eyes and followed Dr. Snitchelwood into his office. Still closing her eyes, Ava sat in the rickety dentist chair and braced herself for what was about to come.

“This won’t hurt a bit,” said Dr. Snitchelwood. “For me, that is.”
Ava heard the whirring of the drill again. Just as she was sure
Dr. Snitchelwood was going to start drilling into her teeth, she
opened her eyes.

“Surprise!” said Ava’s entire class.

THE END.

THE SECRET PUMPKIN PARTY

by
Georgia

age 11

“We’re not supposed to be here,” Camora whispered anxiously into the darkness.

“We’ll be fine!” Saskia put her finger to her lips, signaling for them to be quiet.

“We should’ve at least brought the lantern. Then we would be able to see something.”

Camora pulled her coat tighter around herself. Lucy gave her scarf to Camora, who took it gratefully.

“No one lives here. It’s abandoned,” Ziggy reminded Camora.

“And you’re not allowed to back out of a dare, either. We promised each other we’d go in without a light.”

Camora nodded reluctantly as the four of them crept closer to the abandoned castle. Their feet made no sound on the grass as they crested the hill and all three of them gasped as the palace came into view.

“Built from 1362-1369 by the Wenquish soldiers to house the royal family, their servants, and five hundred soldiers,” Ziggy whispered under his breath. “It took three years to build the foundation, and two years to build the wall, which is 19,000 meters tall. It was finally finished in 1369 and was celebrated by the sacrifice of the architects, whose graves are under our feet.”

Camora shot Saskia an alarmed glance as they walked up the path to the castle’s double doors. “Saskia, are you sure this place isn't haunted?”

Saskia nodded, though she looked a little uncertain.

“Um, how are we supposed to get in?” Ziggy said as they reached the door. His question was answered immediately as a sudden gust of wind blew a window open.

“Does anyone else think that's creepy?” Lucy whispered.

Camora, Ziggy, and Saskia all nodded. Then they heard voices talking and laughing from inside. Camora looked about ready to run away when Saskia bundled them all through the window and onto the hard, dusty floor inside. Before Lucy could ask why she did that, Saskia put her fingers to her lips.

“I heard someone walking out there,” she whispered. The four of them fell silent and they could hear footsteps on the grass outside the window. Ziggy looked around and pointed at a corridor with a shaky finger.

“Look, there's light coming from there,” Ziggy gasped. The others turned to see a warm golden light coming from the entrance to the passageway.

“Let's go look. That's where the voices are coming from,” Lucy whispered and they slowly tiptoed toward the lit corridor. They walked lightly towards the wooden door at the end of the passage and stopped when they reached it.

“Who's going to open it?” Ziggy whispered anxiously.

“No one! We shouldn't be here! We should be trick-or-treating, not sneaking through an abandoned castle.” Camora tugged at Saskia's hand as she reached out to the doorknob. But it was too late.

The door opened, and all of them gasped in amazement at what they saw. The gigantic ballroom was full of laughing and dancing people dressed in Halloween costumes. In the middle was a golden pumpkin under a banner saying: HAPPY HALLOWEEN PUMPKIN PARTY!

THE END.

***THE DAY THE TEACHERS GOT
ABDUCTED BY ALIENS***

by
Karina

age 9

It was Ashley's favourite time of day at school. Silent Reading. Ashley was calmly reading a newspaper article about some teachers that got abducted by aliens, when all of a sudden she jumped out of her seat and fell to floor when she heard a loud ringing. It was lunchtime.

Ashley got up and slowly stopped reading the news, although she wanted to keep reading. She ran outside onto the school field where she met her friends Zoey and Sam.

“Hi guys,” said Ashley.

Sam was busy checking her pockets. “Darn,” said Sam, “I forgot my phone in my locker. Does anyone want to come and get it with me?”

“I can come with you,” said Ashley.

“I’ll come with you,” said Zoey. “Maybe I can find a snack. I’m hungry.”

The three friends went inside. Ashley was talking about the newspaper article when she noticed that the lights to the school were off and it seemed quieter than it should be. They went to the office to find out what was going on. To their surprise, the principal wasn't there.

They continued looking for any adult in the building, but there was no one to be found. As they were searching, Ashley spotted light shining from around a door that led to the basement of the school. The girls slowly walked toward the door. Sam could see that Zoey was shaking with fear.

“Maybe you can stay outside the door, Zoey,” Sam said.

“Okay,” replied Zoey in a scared voice.

Ashley and Sam pushed the door open slowly. The door creaked loudly as they pushed. They began walking cautiously down the stairs to the basement. When they got to the bottom of the stairs, they noticed glowing, green goo covering the floor. The two girls followed the trail of goo. It took them to the furnace room. Sam pointed into the furnace room with her mouth open in fear.

“Sam?” whispered Ashley. “Are those our teachers?”

Sam quickly came to her senses. “Yeah, and they have green glowing eyes, just like the goo.”

“They’ve been abducted by aliens,” Ashley said as she shook in fear. “I read about this happening to a group of other teachers in the newspaper.”

Sam and Ashley rushed up the stairs where Zoey was waiting for them.

“Zoey! Help hold the door back! Our teachers have been abducted by aliens,” shouted Sam as she pushed the door closed with Ashley.

Ashley turned her head to see if Zoey was coming to help and noticed that she had the same glowing green eyes that the teachers did. Zoey was moving toward the girls with her mouth open as if she was going to bite them when all of a sudden the bell rang and she started laughing hysterically.

“You should have seen yourselves,” said Zoey between fits of laughter. “You were so scared. I can’t believe you fell for that prank.” Zoey opened the door and shouted, “You can come out now!” The teachers all walked up the stairs, laughing as they took out their green contact lenses.

As the girls walked back to their class, Ashley passed the calendar in the hallway. April 1st. *‘Of course, April Fool’s day,’* thought Ashley.

As Ashley took her seat in art class, she caught a glimpse of her teacher's eyes and she could have sworn that they were glowing green.

THE END.

ZOMBIE FUNGUS

by

LinXi

age 13

I can't stop worrying.

“Look what you did to your sister,” my mother scolds my older brother. “You scared her.”

“All I did was tell her about the zombie fungus. It's not my fault she's crying, she's just paranoid!” he complains.

“You're supposed to be wary of your siblings' feelings!” Mother sighs. She tries to comfort me. “It's just a myth darling, don't worry too much.”

“Okay... I won’t,” I sniffle, fully aware that I’ll continue to worry. It’s not everyday you hear about something like this, and even though my brother is probably joking, I still worry about the chance that he is correct.

Our family eats dinner in silence, the awkwardness glooms in the air. I pick at my food, then my brother excuses himself.

Later, I slump over to my own little hole. I drag my feet and flop down on my bed and fall asleep. My head feels heavy with worry and I toss and turn while falling asleep... I wake up, half asleep.

My vision is still cloudy, I think an hour passed, or maybe 20 minutes... and- wait, what's my name again? Who am I? My head feels like it's going to explode...!

'Deep breaths in... deep breaths out...' I think to myself. I slowly come to my consciousness and I scan the place I am at.

“Huh? Where am I? Help! Help!” I call out to whoever is there. I realize I'm definitely in a forest. The skies are covered with the dark greenery of the trees, the grass is taller than me!

My feet move in a direction that I don't ask them to go. My head feels like a hundred tons and my vision is fogging up again. It's almost as if I'm floating... I can't control my limbs... My feet speed up towards what I can only make out as a brown-beige-ish blob. I can't stop myself-! Wait-! For a split second I regain my consciousness... I only have a second, but it only takes me a second to understand what is going on... I see it with my own eyes.

The zombie fungus. It's light brown color with its minuscule spikes covering its entirety... My brother was correct. I take in the fungus's terrifying appearance until my vision gives up on me once again. My feet speed up even more, almost in an inhuman manner.

“This is the end of me, isn't it...” My brother was right all along... The zombie fungus isn't just a myth. “No! I won't let a fungus kill me! Even if it's controlling me-” My mind blanks out... “NO! I'm not letting this happen...” I slam my eyes shut and I try to block out any thoughts other than my escape...

‘Ants are a small but strong species!’ I think to myself as I use my own willpower and break out of the mind control. “I still can’t believe my brother was right about a fungus that can control ants!” I laugh to myself as I crawl away from the evil plant.

THE END.



THE BIG MYSTERY

by

Obert

age 10

I once had a big nightmare, but in real life. The thing is, it wasn't me. It was a camper and his dog.

One day, I went to Cultus Lake to go camping by myself. But what would happen next would shock you. When I was signing in and showing them my receipt, they asked me to check on site #34 because they booked for 2 days, not 3 days. So, I did that. Something that creeped me out was that when I arrived, all I saw was an empty tent, a campfire with no fire, and 2 bags full of camping supplies.

That freaked me out for a while, but then after that, I went back to the checkout people and told them they were not there. He did not believe me so I took him there. He said they probably went hiking or to the beach. Then we saw a phone number on the bag that said: *If found, return to 778-527-8282 please!*

Then the checkout person said we should call them and tell them their time is over. But after ten voicemails, we gave up. Me and the check-in person investigated his tent, but we didn't find anything. The only thing we found was a letter.

It read: *Hello Max, this is your friend Kevin. I know you and your dog went camping. Is there anytime we can hook up again? Bye! Signed, Kevin.*

I started freaking out and started throwing a tantrum in my mind. My stomach was doing cartwheels and backflips. I thought I was about to faint. We then checked all the trails and beaches. But we found nothing. Except for some teensy tiny evidence. We found big footprints on one trail called Bear Trail. *Enter at your own risk.* We definitely knew that it was a bear's footprints, but what happened to the person and his dog?

After some more investigating, me and the checkout person heard growling. We quickly ran, but then we saw a bear. Then we heard something strange and familiar. There was a voice coming out of the bear's stomach.

I didn't hear all of it, but all I heard was an Apple iPhone robot saying: "You have 10 missed calls from Dillon Cran." After that, the check-in person FREAKED out. He said that we found the answer. He said that HIS name was Dillon Cran and HE was the one calling the number on the bag...

After we had figured it out, the checkout person (Dillon Cran), freaked out again because he lost his job for helping me. So I offered him \$10 000 for free, and I forgot about my camping site, so I gave it to him. He was so hyped after. But we were both really sad about Max and his dog, though. We really wanted to avenge him, but we didn't want to kill the bear, because that would be abuse to mother nature. But life is life and life is just life. So there is nothing you can really do about it.

The moral of the story is that life is life and life is just life so there is nothing you can do about it, but there is one thing. That one thing is respecting everyone, even if they are strangers and they will pay you back the same.

THE END.

SPECTRE WOODS

by
Oliver
age 12

“... Thirty-five,” Colin finished. That was the amount of candies he had collected while trick-or-treating with his friends. A decent haul, but the night was far from over. There were loads of houses past Spectre Woods, but Colin’s friend Malik’s shortcut through the forest seemed endless. It wasn’t short and it didn’t cut it, at least in Colin’s opinion.

“How much candy do you two have?” Colin inquired, scratching at his itchy pirate costume. He was uncomfortable, but the candy was worth it. His question was met with silence. Strange. “Malik? Sofia?” he whispered. Colin looked over his shoulder.

Nobody was there. He was alone in the darkness. Everything was silent except for branches clacking in the wind, the cawing of crows, and the steady heartbeat of an eleven-year-old boy. He was utterly lost. “Malik? Sofia?” Colin repeated. Still nothing.

He shivered, chilled despite his elaborate costume. How was he ever going to get out of the forest alone in the middle of the night? ‘No,’ Colin thought, ‘*Stop thinking like that.*’ All he had to do was find his friends. They had to be nearby somewhere, right? They couldn’t just vanish into thin air. Colin glanced around.

The trees loomed above him like towering ghosts with spindly fingers. A sudden gust swept across the ground, spraying fallen leaves into the air.

When the leaves settled down, a dark shape appeared. Colin blinked and rubbed his eyes. It was still there. Odd. He could have sworn it wasn't there a minute ago. Maybe he just hadn't noticed it in the darkness. But what was it? Colin approached cautiously, his boots making only the slightest sound. He knelt in front of the object. His hand brushed smooth wood. A horrible feeling crawled through his insides. It was a coffin. Colin froze, afraid to make a sound.

He felt like somebody was watching him, but when he turned, no-one was there. There were just the shadowy shapes of the trees and the wind blowing through the branches.

Colin stared back at the coffin. '*What was it doing in the middle of Spectre Woods?*' There was no reason for a person to put it here. And what was inside? Despite his fear, Colin had to know. He took a deep breath and lifted the lid. It was heavy; it took all of his strength to flip it off. Colin slowly peered into the mysterious box. He let out a breath. The coffin was empty.

“It’s empty,” he stated aloud. Colin was suddenly angry. He’d had enough of this.

“MALIK! SOFIA!” he yelled. He stood up, hoping for an answer. There was no response. Nothing at all. Nothing other than the faint sound of slow breathing behind him. Colin listened, paralyzed. It wasn’t human breathing. It was uneven and raspy. Now he could feel the hot air on the back of his neck. His spine tingled. Then he bolted.

In an instant Colin was tearing through the brush and swerving between tree trunks, heart pounding.

The breathing tailed him, never more than a few metres behind. There was no escape. Desperate terror filled Colin's body, driving him onward, deeper into the woods. He glimpsed light, beaming between tree trunks. It was a house! He could make it! Colin sprinted forward. The house was only a hundred metres away, but the haunted breathing was still right behind him. His boots struck the ground, propelling him toward potential safety.

Then he tripped. His boot had hit the scabbard hanging by his side. He fell, face-planting on the cold dirt. A scream echoed through the night.

Then everything was silent except for branches clacking in the wind, the cawing of crows, and the sound of slow, quiet breathing fading into the darkness.

THE END.

MONSTER UNDER MY BED

by
Rickey
age 13

My reading lamp is the only light in the house. I read a book far too late, past my bedtime. What harm could it really do? The later I read, the more the shadows seem to lengthen. Wind blows my curtains, as if someone is breathing down my back. I pull the covers up subconsciously and look around the room. No one is there. I sigh a sigh of relief and keep reading.

A chill shoots down my spine as I turn the page. The clock keeps ticking down. I look around again, seeing nothing in my room. I turn back and decide to go to sleep. I shut off the lights and everything goes dark. The chill on my spine is still there.

There is a presence in my room. I am sure that it is somewhere, but somewhere I can't see.

I lie there awake, as the clock slowly ticks down to midnight. Thunder crashes and lightning strikes down. The sound of rain starts and I stand up, push the curtains back, and look outside. The leaves rustle in the dark of the night and the streetlamps flicker in fear.

Suddenly, the wind stops, the leaves stop rustling, and the clock stops ticking. I frantically turn around and see shadows leak as if they are liquid and accumulate under my bed.

There is a monster under my bed. I jump onto my bed and time stands still.

The shadow grows darker, eventually turning into a liquid, flowing out of my closet. The shadows float underneath my bed, growing thicker as I watch in terror. Suddenly, the moon turns full and the shadows grab me and restrain me onto my bed. The monster wraps its inky tentacles over me as I let out a muffled scream only to get silenced by the monster.

Tentacle by tentacle, it wraps around me, squeezing the air out of me; it feels like I will explode.

I cough up blood and it spills on my blankets. The monster wraps its tentacles around my face, trapping me in an abyss of darkness. The monster reaches its liquidy tentacles into me, filling my lungs with shadows, drowning me as I writhe in pain.

“Wake up!” Timmy’s mother yells to his room. “It’s time for school!” She stops cooking and opens Timmy’s door. Timmy’s mom sees the curtains open, nothing seems to be off. Once she enters his door, Timmy isn’t there, only a bloody mess on his bed. She falls on her knees, devastated.

As tears of sadness flow down her face, she sees Timmy's lifeless body underneath the bed. Her vision blurs and her tears fall faster, and she doesn't notice the shadows lengthening, the shadows thickening, and creep towards her.

The shadows swallow her and her eyes roll up and she turns into the monster, with tentacles instead of arms, a syrup-like body, and dark as midnight. It crawls out of Timmy's room, laughing to itself about what happened.

THE END.

COSTUMES

by

Ryan

age 11

Jerry was excited for the Halloween contest because the best costume won a full day of playing video games instead of homework. Jerry always got in trouble for video games, so this sounded perfect. On the night of the contest, Jerry went to school as a scary dinosaur. Or at least he thought it was scary, until he saw Carl. His zombie costume was so scary that if he ever even encountered a real zombie in that costume, it would crawl back into its grave.

The contest went by quickly. One kid was a cheeseburger, another was a bee. Finally, it was Jerry's turn. He went up to the stage, growled like a dinosaur. The audience laughed.

He returned to his seat, feeling pathetic. When they announced the winner of the contest it was Carl. Carl walked on stage like a zombie to claim the prize. It was strange, but maybe he was trying to get some laughs, Jerry thought. But then Carl began saying something weird.

“GURGLEGLARGBLURG.” He lunged for the nearest person. The monster grabbed the student and bit into him. The student dissolved. Then chaos broke out. Everybody immediately ran. The vicious beast ran after the students. Jerry ran to the library, hoping to find a safe place to hide.

He usually avoided the library because of its strange books, but this was an emergency. Jerry found a good spot to hide, under a table. Just when he thought he was safe, Jerry heard the floorboards creaking. Something tapped on Jerry's back. He turned around and saw the monster right in front of his face. He scrambled up to his feet and backed up until he hit the bookshelf.

The monster crawled across the bright, and patterned carpet. He knew this was the end. All the events after that went by quickly.

Like a tiger on steroids, Carl, or what controlled him, pounced. Jerry rolled to the side. The evil costume slammed into the bookshelf, and books rained on top of it.

One book caught Jerry's attention. It had a golden spine, and had a moving picture of a tornado sucking up random things. He took a step towards it. But the costume rose from the pile of books. The monster took a step towards Jerry, but it slipped on the strange book. The book flew open. The pages flipped. A gust of wind around the book began to swirl, and the costume got sucked in. So did the books on the carpet.

A moment later, the book blasted out a confuzzled looking Carl. The book closed and disappeared. Suddenly, some students that had been dissolved, appeared out of thin air. Jerry learned not to go near people in scary costumes. From then on, he did not join any contests. Instead, Jerry played video games.

THE END.

THE HALLOWEEN LESSON

by
Rylea
age 9

It was a cold, rainy night. Five-year-old Luke was out trick-or-treating with his older sister, Mia. Mia was not happy because she would have rather been at a party with her friends. But her parents forced her to bring him along. Mia's parents were setting up for a party. This made her even more eager to go to a party with her friends. She knew she would lose a lot of privileges if she went to the party with her friends. So she did not go to the party.

After moving through lots of houses, Mia said, "Come on Luke. You have enough candy. We're going home."

“But Mia,” Luke said in a sad voice with big puppy eyes. “Just one last house.”

“You know what?” Mia said. “You pick one more house, then we’re going home. Okay?”

“Thank you so much Mia,” replied Luke.

“Yeah. Whatever,” Mia said, annoyed. Luke looked around for a house until his eyes landed on one particular house.

“Ooh, look Mia,” Luke said excitedly pointing to a huge mansion.

“Is that what you pick?” said Mia.

“Yeah!” said Luke as he ran over to the house. When he knocked on the door, Luke heard loud footsteps. As the door slowly opened, Luke yelled, “Trick or treat!”

A tall, pale man approached the doorway. “The real question is would you like a trick or treat?” said the man.

“A treat! A treat!” Luke replied.

“And you, young lady?” said the man.

“A treat, obviously.” Mia replied.

“How about I give you a trick and a treat,” said the man.

“Yeah sure whatever,” Mia replied rudely.

“Bye guys,” the tall man said as he snickered and slammed the door in Mia and Luke’s faces.

“Now we’re going home. Okay?” Mia said to Luke. Luke sighed.

Once they got home they dumped their candy on the kitchen floor. “Mia?” said Luke quizzically. “Do you think that man was a bit creepy?”

“Just leave it alone, Luke.” Said Mia. “It’s probably because he has to deal with a bunch of whiny kids.”

“Okay,” said Luke. Once they got their candy sorted, Mia saw that the man had given her smiley jawbreakers. She thought

since she wasn't smiling and she was being a bit grouchy, he probably just wanted to make her smile. She popped one in her mouth and started to feel the sugary crystals on her tongue.

Luke looked at her happily. "Yay, you're smiling, Mia."

"I can't stop smiling my mouth is stuck," she answered in a muffled voice.

"Huh?" Luke answered.

“I can’t stop smiling!” Mia panicked. She tried to pull her smile down but it didn’t work. She tried phoning her parents but they didn’t pick up the phone. She ran to the neighbour’s house but they weren’t there. Just as she was about to give up, the candy dissolved and the smile went away. Mia knew from then on, she would smile every Halloween.

THE END.

THE MYSTERIOUS COSTUME

by

Rysa

age 10

Sixteen-year-old Casey went to get her costume in the basement because she was entering the Halloween contest. This year, the prize for the best Halloween costume was \$3000.

Casey added some personal touches to her ghost costume. As she reached the last step of the basement, she heard something crash. *'Oh well,'* she thought, *'The basement is rusty after all.'* When she got all the way down, her costume wasn't there! She knew that she put it on the clothes hanger last night!

Casey was so surprised by what just happened, she wanted to cry, but she couldn't. She had to win this for her family. Her family spent almost all of their money to buy this costume, she couldn't tell her parents about this. So she planned to go to her grandfather who was a wizard.

She climbed up the stairs again and tried to sneak out of the house, but her mom caught her!

“Hi sweetheart, where are you going?” asked Mom.

“Oh! Um, hi Mom,” replied Casey, “I’m going to get some more fake spider web for my costume.” Casey hoped she didn't sound suspicious.

“Do you want me to drive you to Spirit Halloween?”

“No thanks Mom, I’m a teenager after all,” Casey said, hoping her mom would let her go.

“Ok, bye sweetheart, have fun!”

'Phew, that was close,' thought Casey. Then she set off to find Grandfather Blake.

Her grandfather was in an old forest called the Dark Forest. It sounded spooky. Grandfather was nice, but they never visited his house.

Casey's dad didn't really like Grandfather because he wouldn't magic up money for them. Grandfather said that he would not waste his magic on greed. The Black Forest had a secret path. Grandfather told Casey about it, but she hadn't gone there and now was her chance. Her grandfather said that behind Steller's hair salon there was a big oak tree. Beside the oak tree, there were vines that were covering a secret path.

“Follow the path until you meet a fork. Take the path on the right and if you continue, you'll come to my house.”

Stellar's Hair Salon was her mom's favourite hair salon. Casey walked to the hair salon then crept behind it.

She saw the big oak tree and she saw the vines. She turned around to see if anybody was there and she crept under the vines. There were cobwebs all over the cave. At first, Casey wanted to go back, but then she got used to it and kept going. At the fork, she turned right and she saw a beautiful house with gardens.

'This must be Grandfather's house,' thought Casey. She went up to the house and knocked. A tall figure came out.

“Grandfather!” shouted Casey.

Grandpa said, “Hi, what’s the problem?”

“Oh nothing. It’s just that my costume turned into a real ghost and ran away.”

Grandfather stared at Casey. He asked Casey to draw a picture of her costume. And after, Grandfather said some magical words to the drawing and Casey’s costume was back!

“That was so cool!” exclaimed Casey. Casey ran back home and went to bed. The next day, she wore her costume proudly in the contest and she won!

***THE CREEPY NEIGHBOUR'S
HOUSE***

by
Sophia
age 10

I told my parents I was old enough to stay by myself for the weekend. However, my parents insisted I stay with the ninety-year-old neighbour. I did not want to argue any further, so I agreed. When I finished packing, I arrived at Mrs. Jones' house. She greeted me in with an old, pale, and wrinkled smile. I knew things were going to be bad. When I entered, I looked up, down, left and right. What a strange home. There were many weird looking things, such as a shattered piece of glass, weird-looking glasses and a creepy looking doll staring at me with dark creepy eyes.

She showed me to my room. The filthy room looked like she never cleaned it for a long time. She told me she was tired, so she went to sleep. I scanned the room with my two eyes. I suddenly heard a door creak open by itself.

“AHHH!” I screamed my lungs out. I was very terrified. It was humid in the room, so I turned on the fan. I opened the T.V. and started to watch a movie that was very scary. The fan was so strong and the breeze made my hair fly in my face. I noticed the fan was spinning faster and faster every second!

I was getting so cold, which gave me several goose bumps. So, I turned off the fan.

After ten minutes, the lights started to flicker. I got startled. I always had to get up and turn on the lights. The lights finally stopped. After an hour, I fell asleep on the hard, dusty couch. When I woke up, I realized I had fallen into a deep sleep. Then a second later, I heard a weird, strange whimpering in my ear. I thought I was hearing something... But moments later it kept whispering in my ear. I hesitated to even breathe! I think it's a ghost! As I stuttered to even speak. I was too scared, so I ran out of the door.

The door was locked! I searched everywhere but could not find the keys! So, I found a dusty, wooden, red hammer and smashed the glass window into two pieces. I quickly crawled out of the window and sprinted home. I will never return or even go to the creepy neighbour's house again. I learnt a lesson.

THE END.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST

by
Sophie
age 7

One spring afternoon there was a young feral girl named by all the animals in the forest and jungle. Her name was Sunny. The climate was usually sunny. In the summer, the sun would sometimes scorch and winter wasn't cold at all. The trees would tower over the animals and the girl.

The forest was also enchanted. There were fairies, elves, mammoths, gnomes and even unicorns! The law didn't let anyone enter the forest to murder the mammoths. But you were allowed to enter to see the enchanted tree groves.

All the animals were friendly, and the creatures, too. They all took care of Sunny and she was the happiest girl in the world. As soon as Sunny was twelve years old, the animals of the enchanted forest were famished. The bad trolls from the enchanted mountains began to steal their food.

There wasn't enough food for the next few months, so they began to eat as much as they could. At the end of fall, food began to all vanish. And when there was no more food, animals couldn't resist the hunger and began to ask the fairies for help.

After performing their magic several times, the fairies became drowsy. So they overslept instead of practicing, and soon their magic began to vanish too! Severe things started to happen. Animals were starving and fainting. Sunny was very worried.

That night, she was calculating the magic that she was working on that the gnomes had taught her. She didn't have enough but she had some magic.

She whispered a spell: "Tree to tree. Grow and grow. Grow food for the animals to eat," while she was climbing a tree limb.

The magic started working! With the spell, all the trees would grow neverending fruits! From then on, everyone called Sunny Queen of the Enchanted Forest!

Once Sunny was Queen, she told everyone to persist and never give up. From that day, everyone lived a modest and happy life. The Enchanted Forest improved and moved up phases. Since Sunny was queen, everyone in the Enchanted Forest lived their best lives ever!

THE END.

LISA'S INCIDENT

by
Tanis
age 9

Lisa was a normal eight-year-old kid when this happened three years ago. It was at night, her dad was reading her a bed-time story about a girl named Sasha who was a witch. Lisa loved witches, she wanted to be one that Halloween.

“The end,” her dad said.

Lisa didn't want it to end. She pleaded for another story.

“I guess,” her dad answered, rolling his eyes. After the second book, Lisa asked for another, but her dad obviously said no.

'I knew it,' she thought. She was really tired; she couldn't stop thinking about the second story. It was about a boy. One night he snuck out of his house to be free from boredom.

'Why can't I do that?' she thought. Lisa's head sunk into her pillow and her blankets were wrapped around her like a burrito. She only had two things wrong. One, she was really bored. Two, she needed to go to the bathroom. She was so comfy in her bed, she just couldn't imagine coming out of bed just to pee.

Eventually she went to the washroom and did her business. She came back and went to bed tired and not as comfy.

Later (when the night ended) her mom came into her room to wake her up, but the moment she brought up the word school, Lisa moaned, “No,” in a slightly high pitched voice.

“Lisa you have to, you can't skip school. This isn't a fantasy.” Her dad came in and put some really annoying music on.

“STOP!” Lisa yelled. Her mom and dad left without turning the music off. S-l-o-w-l-y she got ready, ate breakfast, put her shoes on. Lisa's school was the Most Boringest Thing Ever. She hated it and it was so long.

Finally school ended and Lisa went home and got an idea. She wrote it all down on a piece of paper. But she remembered the incident near the Fridge of Love, which is a fridge with food at school for all of the kids to eat. Earlier, Lisa was walking by the Fridge of Love and heard a scream. Blood dripped and splattered out from the slightly dirty fridge. Lisa ran away as fast as she possibly could.

'Weird,' she thought. Running away wasn't much of a plan, but she didn't care! To her it was a plan. She looked up at the walls, wondering if her plan was actually going to work. Night ended and day came. Lisa got ready as quickly as possible.

She had once heard a myth that said if you spend your day having fun then it would go quicker. So instead of doing boring stuff, she had a fun day at school!

When the day ended, she was sooooo excited. After bedtime, it was quiet, calm, dark, and no one was watching. She thought it was the perfect time to sneak out of the house. There was a cliff beside her house, and under that was a beach. That night she wanted to go play there. She looked back at her house and swung at a twig sticking out of a tree.

SNAP.

Lisa looked up at the twig, terrified while blood dripped and splattered from above. She lost her balance and grabbed onto the twig. She held onto the twig for as long as she could, until it broke. She screamed as loud as she could. Then a sharp object stabbed through her head. Lisa was never seen again. She cried and she died and she was only remembered by her parents.

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