



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

SNOW ADVENTURES



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

Winners:

- Ages 5-9: *'The Rock: Part One'* by Gozie, age 6 and
'The Three Day Adventure' by Onyeka, age 8

With only two entries in this category, they are both winners!

- Ages 10-13: First Place: *'The Comfort of Staying Still'* by LinXi, age 13
Second Place: *'Diary of the Nasty Snowman'* by Flora, age 10

Published in Victoria, British Columbia

Graphic provided by Freepik

Story Studio Writing Society

2024

Table of Contents

The Snow Dragon.....	5
The Hunt For Bigfoot.....	14
Sapphire Magic.....	22
Diary of the Nasty Snowman.....	28
The Rock: Part One.....	36
The Comfort of Staying Still.....	39
Aliyah and the Holiday Adventure.....	45
Plan A.....	58
The Snow-Globe Gift From Santa.....	66
Sucked Into Snowball Wars.....	73
The Three Day Adventure.....	79
World Wide Snow Fight.....	85
Snow Sculpting.....	92

THE SNOW DRAGON

by

Aashoka

age 11

Once upon a time, in a place that snows every day of every year, there lived a little boy named Rocky. He lived with his mom, Jenifer in a small, wood cabin.

Most people wouldn't like to be in the snow all the time, but Rocky loved being in the snow a lot. Everyday, whenever he could, he played in the snow instead of playing video games inside.

One Saturday morning at around 7am, before Rocky's mom was awake, he went outside to play in the snow. Rocky did what he always did in the snow, he made a snow angel, made a

snowman, and caught snowflakes with his tongue. After he played around for a little while he got hungry, and wanted to go back inside.

Then, as Rocky was heading back inside, he saw a strange, shiny object and went to go check it out. He was surprised when he saw a shiny, silver lamp in the middle of the snow. Rocky was thinking about what to do with the lamp. Then he remembered his mom loved shiny objects and jewelry, so he decided he would take the lamp inside.

Then out of nowhere, Rocky tripped and dropped the lamp, but because it was snow, it didn't hurt him. But when Rocky fell, the lid of the lamp fell off and... a big, crystal white dragon with a moustache, long claws, scales and two big horns, emerged from the lamp!

Rocky was terrified, but then he realized it was a wish dragon, like from the movies he had watched. Afterwards, he was amazed and couldn't believe his eyes.

The dragon said, "I am the Snow Dragon, and I have come to grant you one wish. I have three rules: number one, the wish

must be related to snow. Number two, you can't tell anyone about me or the wish, or else something bad will happen. Number three, the quantity of anything you wish for can't be more than ten."

Rocky, shocked, said, "I wish for anything I think of to turn real, but made out of snow."

The Snow Dragon told Rocky two things about his wish. "You can only think of ten things, and there are some down sides to your wish, but I can't tell you what they are. Wish granted." With that, the Snow Dragon left.

Later on, Rocky and his mom had dinner, and it was awkward. Rocky was eager to tell his mom about the Snow Dragon, but he knew if he did, something bad would happen. After he ate sushi and dumplings, he went to bed.

Rocky couldn't sleep because he was thinking of what to turn to snow, and he had to choose carefully, because he could only choose ten things. Soon after he fell asleep, Rocky had a terrible dream about a big monster with huge teeth, long claws, pitch black eyes, covered in ice and he was chasing Rocky around.

The monster was so much bigger, taller and faster than Rocky. It was just about to crush him, and then he woke up, yelling.

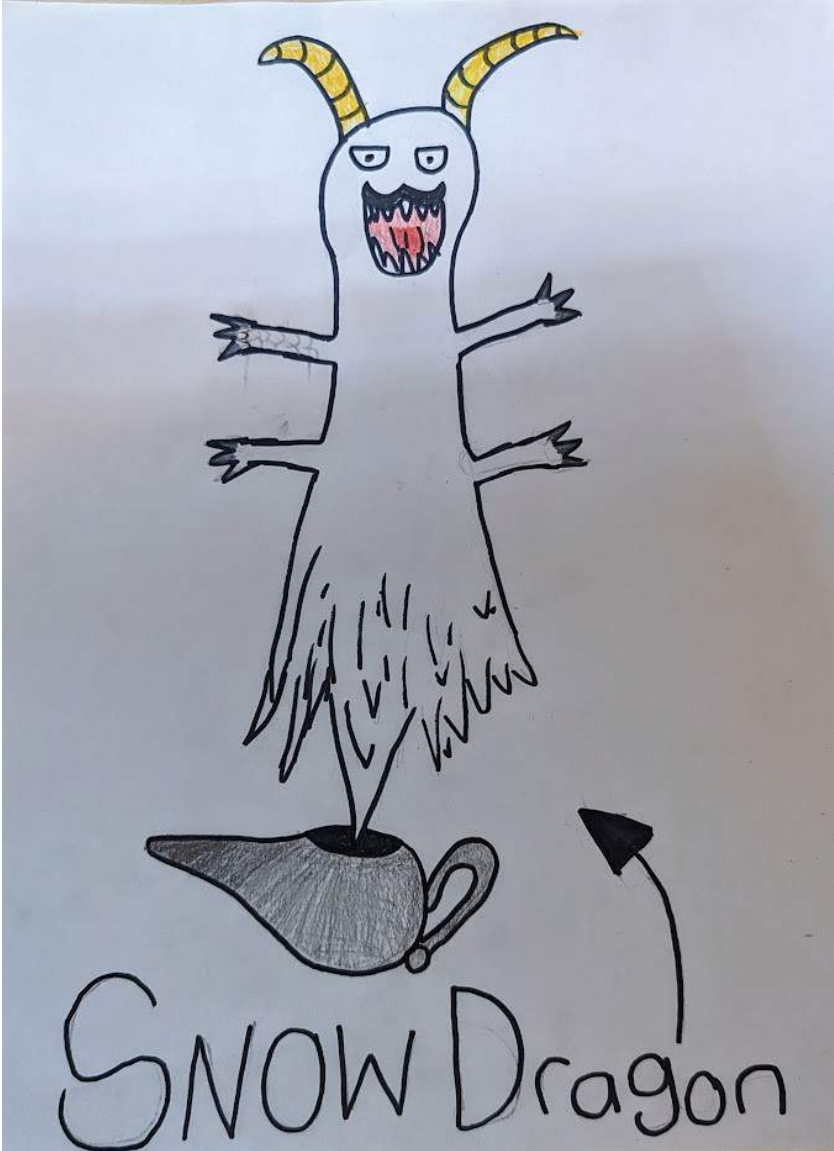
Rocky's mom came rushing towards the scream and she saw Rocky crying on the bed. As Rocky was telling his mom about the dream, there was a slight rumbling sound. It got louder and louder. Then a massive roar filled the air. Rocky and his mom got scared and looked out window. They saw the same monster from his dream. Rocky was so shocked. Then he realized what the Snow Dragon meant by saying, "There are some down sides to this wish" – even things from his sleep would turn real, into snow!

The monster started coming closer to the house and in a panic, Rocky and his mom ran out of the house. They were sprinting as fast as they could, but the monster was still on their tail. The monster was just about to crush Rocky and his mom, until Rocky said, “I wish for someone to save me.”

All of a sudden, a man made out of snow came shooting down from the sky. The man grabbed the monster’s arm and threw it far, far away. The man took off and shot back to space.

Rocky and his mom were amazed and shocked. Rocky knew having this wish was dangerous, so he used his wishes on random stuff. He wished for a snow clock, dog, cat and much more, until he used them all. Rocky tried to forget everything that happened, and a few years later he did.

THE END.



THE HUNT FOR BIGFOOT

by

Andrew

age 13

Adults are weird. They see something white and freak out! How do you even know it's Bigfoot? Of course you see white - it's snowing!

Then they realized Harold Fishkins was missing, so they were having a meltdown! Who cares about that bully?

I was sick of the supervision and the adults scurrying around, 'inspecting' things for our 'welfare.' I was sick of it.

Bad News: Being an 8-year-old has restrictions. Good News: I had my friends. I met up with Stella and Chris and explained my detailed plan.

1 - Find Bigfoot

2 - Prove he's fake

I thought it was a solid plan, but Stella told me it lacked detail. Chris was picking his nose. I thought about my plan. It had all it needed!

Stella coughed and broke the silence. “Your plan has steps, but no directions on how to do them.”

I thought about this carefully, then realized she was right.

“I didn’t even think about that! How did you find out?” I asked.

Stella shrugged. “Girls are smarter,” she replied.

I looked at Chris. He was now scratching himself. I rolled my eyes and started to draw a new plan.

We met up at the mountain where Harold disappeared. It was snowing, enough to be a problem, partially blocking our view. I started to walk forward, taking the lead. None of us mentioned it, but I think we were a little nervous. I gripped my weapon: a flashlight. It wasn't much, but Stella had a baseball bat and Chris had his mom's frying pan. As we trudged on, the snowfall got thicker. The snow started to come up to our knees, and it was getting really cold. That's when I saw the footprint.

It was about the size of a pencil case, and each toe was the size of a juice box. I quickly motioned to my friends.

“Guys - !”

My friends were gone. The temperature dropped, making it freezing. I was alone. I wasn't even done thinking this when a massive, furry hand grabbed my face.

I went limp after a while. Bigfoot was dragging me up higher. Then suddenly, everything was cold again. He let go of me. I didn't realize that Bigfoot was so warm. Almost wishing for Bigfoot to come back, I started to crawl somewhere. Somewhere hopefully warmer.

Two days later, the police were in town, handcuffing the man pretending to be Bigfoot. I should've still been in my house, resting, but I snuck out to see this. I was lucky to be alive. When my friends found out that I was missing, they got adults to look for me. They found me, but not Bigfoot - until now.

He was still in his fur suit, with crowds of people around him, mostly reporters, asking annoying questions. None of them as important as my question. I shoved through to the front of the crowd.

“Why did you take me up the mountain?” I asked.

He looked confused. “I don’t know who you are, kid. This is the first time I’ve seen you.”

THE END.

SAPPHIRE MAGIC

by
Aubrey
age 10

The cold wind rattled outside, as frost covered the windows. It was the first day of winter break, but I didn't expect the weather to be like this. Mom made my brother, Austin, and me some warm hot chocolate, but if I pressed the mug against the window, it would most likely turn into cold chocolate milk.

“Hey Austin, do you have any idea of what we can do?” I asked, trying to cheer everyone up from the gloominess.

“Mel, it's too cold to do anything. And even if there was something to do, it's going to end way before the storm is going to stop.”

It was true. Yesterday, we heard on the television that the snowstorm was going to last for a long time. Just then, I remembered something. The shiny blue sapphire my grandmother had given me the last time there was a blizzard, and we were all trapped inside.

'I guess that will cheer me up,' I thought. I ran up the stairs and into my bedroom, opened the drawer on the very edge of my bed, and took a shiny red box out. In it was the sapphire. Just then, it began to glow.

Soon, I found out that the snowstorm had disrupted all of nature's animals too. Soon, it would be hard for them to find food and worst of all, it would be too cold for them to survive. I knew I had to help. I grasped the box tightly in my hand and decided to go outside. I asked Austin to come too, but he was too lazy. I braced myself and closed the door behind me.

The forest was so close to our house that you could see it from any perspective in the house. I decided to investigate over there. Soon enough, I found a lost baby deer in the dark woods. I felt helpless, because the forest was so big and it was impossible to go find its home. So, I did the only thing I could think of. I

carefully opened the sapphire box that was still in my hand, making sure it didn't get blown away by the wind. Then, I wished upon it. I wished for it to bring sunshine and warmth to the world, to make sure every little deer was safe at home.

Don't get me wrong though, because I don't hate winter weather. I actually love the snow. It's just that I couldn't bear for the little deer to be left there alone. And guess what? My wish was granted. The wind and snow stopped, and the sun came out, and I could hear the laughter of kids once again. I don't know how, but I am very thankful. I still really hope it

snows tomorrow though. Just enough snow to let me build a snowman and attack my brother with a wagon full of snowballs.

THE END.

DIARY OF THE NASTY SNOWMAN

by
Flora
age 10

SATURDAY

It's finally Christmas break! The snow is already piled up outside. It's time to build a snowman! I spent all day making a snowman, but I think there's something missing. It has eyes, ears, mouth, nose, buttons on his chest. He even has legs. But it feels imperfect, like there's something missing, but I just don't know what it is.

SUNDAY

This morning, I woke up and ran right to the window. The snowman was still there, and still wasn't perfect. The more I thought about it, the more frustrated I got. I went for a walk in

the forest to clear my head, but things didn't exactly go the way I planned. I hoped the forest would calm my mind, with the fresh air, rustling leaves and birds chirping. Instead, it made me more frustrated.

The snowman was imperfect. I yelled in frustration and kicked a tree. Two branches fell out and bonked me on the head. Suddenly, a thought struck me: the snowman doesn't have arms! These sticks might be perfect.

The sticks seemed unusual, but perfect. They were in the shape of an arm and hand. They radiated an aura of power. I took

them home and they stuck perfectly on the snowman. When I attached the arms, green mist poured out of the tips of the sticks. The mist swirled around the snowman and suddenly it was alive! It ran across the yard and threw snowballs at me with his stick hands.

Thankfully, after a few hours he got tired and stopped. I was exhausted, so I went inside and slept.

MONDAY

The snowman is missing! I've spent all day trying to find him. I finally found him on top of a hill, rolling down to make himself

bigger. I tied him up to a sled and pulled him home and tied him up in the living room.

TUESDAY

This morning I woke up to find the Snowman screeching and gurgling. He had become alive because of those sticks, so I wondered what would happen if I pull the sticks away?

I locked all the doors in case the Snowman ran away, and untied him carefully. Suddenly, the Snowman jumped up and started screeching and ripping off the remaining ropes. He grabbed my mom's scarf and ripped it in half. The snowman gave me a

smile, a totally evil smile. I didn't know snowmen were capable of that.

I lunged at him and grabbed his one arm. Pop! I pulled off the arm and the Snowman tried to run but I was faster. I grabbed his leg and he tripped, falling to the ground. I took advantage and pulled the last arm off. Suddenly the Snowman stopped moving. For once, it looked like an ordinary snowman, just without arms. I found two branches in my yard and gave them to him and placed him in my backyard. For once he wasn't moving around, and he was just as ordinary as any other Snowman, and that was just perfect!



THE END.

THE ROCK: PART ONE

by
Gozie
age 6

Once upon a time, there were four rocks. One rock's name was AJ, one was Gina, one was named Coen, and the last one was Louisa. It was Christmas and they went to Mount Everest. On their way to the mountain, they saw a squirrel sitting inside a mitten because his home was filled with snow. They saw lots of icicles, and Coen picked one up and put it in his pocket.

“I want it see what will happen to it,” he said.

At the top, they built a house with big rocks and set up a fire. On the other side of the mountain, there was a snow bridge. They decided to have breakfast, which was rice and stew. Then they

came out and crossed the bridge to a different mountain where they made a campfire. The smoke went really high and could be seen from different places. They then had smoothies, and when it was time for dinner, they had soup. They found a lego set present, but didn't build it because they had to go home. They all had fun.

THE END.

THE COMFORT OF STAYING STILL

by

LinXi

age 13

Crack, crack!

I hear the sounds of my sibling's eggshells cracking and breaking. I wonder when my egg will crack as well. I wonder when my opportunity will come.

I have always nestled in my warm cozy egg, my home, the only place I know. My egg holds me tight like a warm hug, I feel my soft fluff brushing against my talons, and I can feel how fragile and frail my home is becoming. I wonder if this is an

opportunity for me to see the world. I think, '*Maybe today's the day.*' I want chances, I want change, I need a chance. But...

I'm scared.

In here, I can hear distant rain splashing, animal sounds entwined to make a melodious song, and the occasional soft sounds of snowfall. I can see the sunlight brightening and the dusk's beauty. I can see my siblings playing and eating. I wonder why I haven't gotten the chance to escape my egg. Maybe I can stay here, though... in my comfort.

Day by day, I wait and wait for my eggshell to crack. I wait in anticipation, but worry as well. What if I'm not ready? I can hear the thunderous storm and the fierce snowstorms. I hear songbirds singing, but bears roaring. *'The beauty of nature is glorious, but the dangers lie within it as well,'* I think. *'No, I'm far too frightened, winter's terrifying, I don't want to leave my egg quite yet... I'll wait for fate to tell me what to do.'*

Day to day I wait in my shell patiently, my egg is getting a bit too tight. I'm still waiting, but it doesn't feel like my egg is ever going to let me out. I feel like it's been centuries since I've heard

my siblings crack out of their eggs. I look around and hit my head into the shell.

Crack!

‘Huh? What’s happening? Is it time..?’ I stare at the crack expectantly... *‘No, I think I’m done waiting.’* I hit my beak against the shell. Rays of sunlight hit my head and I spread my wings...

‘Life will not give you opportunities, you have to make them yourself or you’ll miss out and be left behind,’ I think to myself as I break out of my shell and approach my siblings who are all grown up.

THE END.

ALIYAH AND THE HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

by

Mmesoma

age 11

Once upon a time, in a dark, wet cave, lived Aliyah the arctic fox and her friend, Chase the owl.

“I wish our cave was decorated for the holiday season. Our cave is so boring,” Chase hooted sadly.

“Just wait! Aliyah said, “Maybe we can find something in the forest nearby!”

“Okay, I just can’t wait!” Chase hooted.

Aliyah guided him to their other friend May's cave. *'Maybe May has a more cheerful cave,'* she thought.

“Hi, May!” Chase and Aliyah shouted in unison. May waved back with a tired expression on her fluffy face.

“Can't talk now please, Aliyah and Chase. I just got a very important call.”

Aliyah and Chase left May's cave and decided to head back to the gray, dark cave they called home. But just then Aliyah spotted something near her cave.

“Hi, Ali, hi Chase!” Mary Jane yelled.

Chase ran over to the fluffy arctic hare, “You are here!” he cheered.

Aliyah decided to go into the forest to look for something to decorate the cave. Right in the corner there was a huge evergreen tree and also a weird shadow. Mary Jane spotted it first, and sprung up from the snowy ground, hopping towards her friend as she called, “Aliyah! Aliyah look over there.”

Aliyah walked over to Mary Jane, to see what she found and then the shadow started to **GROWL**. Aliyah and Mary Jane stepped back, a little bit scared.

“Come out please!” Aliyah barked

A big brown bear stepped out shyly from behind a very beautiful evergreen tree.

“What are... you doing here?” the bear growled, uncertainly.

“We want that evergreen tree for our cave,” Aliyah asked nicely.

“That would be twenty pinecones.”

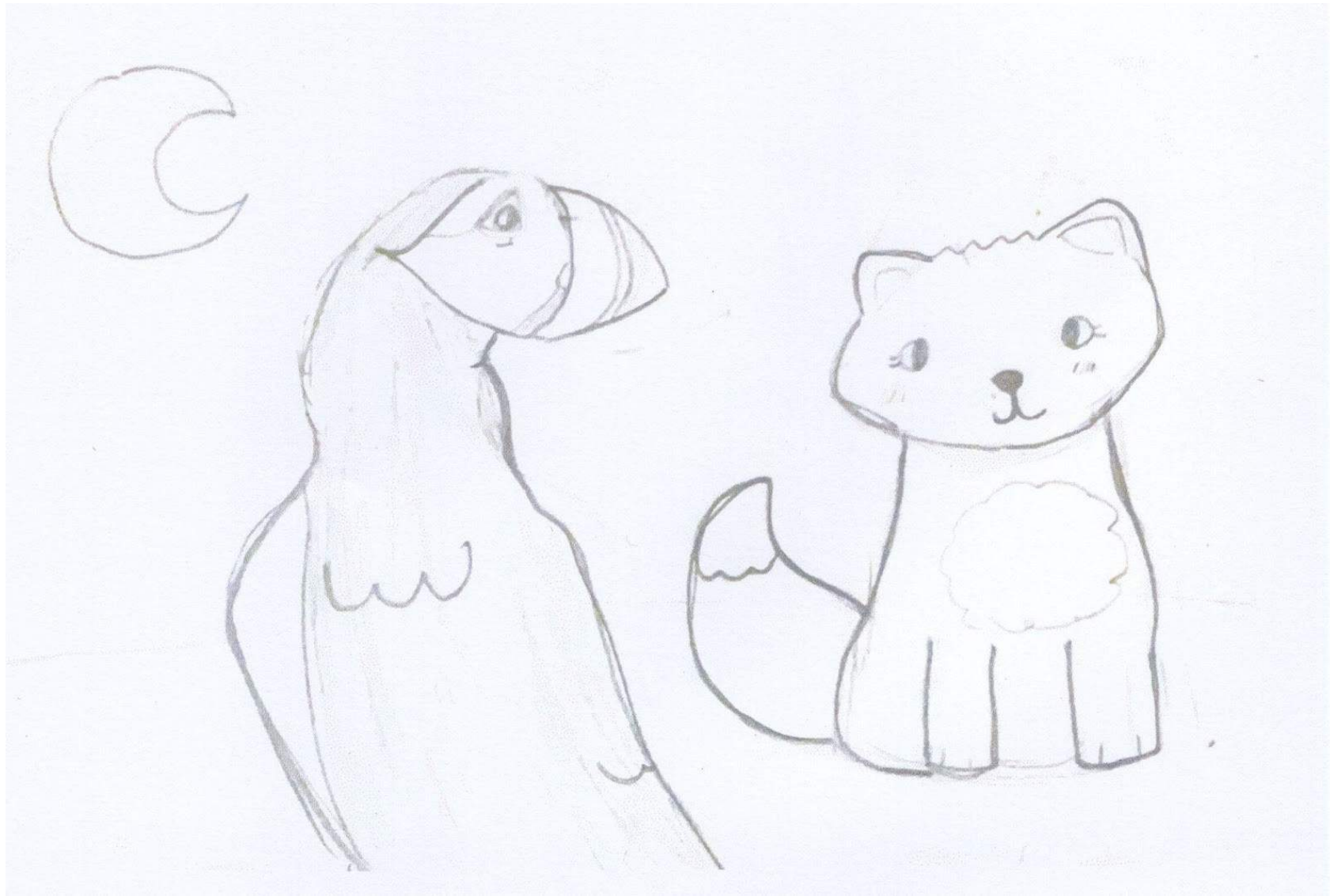
Aliyah handed the now pleased bear twenty pinecones.

“Yes!” Mary Jane shouted, helping Aliyah lift the heavy tree into the cave. The pair passed by Chase, who was so distracted building snow castles, and exclaimed, “Get in already!”

Aliyah was so excited, she and Mary Jane placed the evergreen tree near the uncomfortable rock bed.

“This is already so pretty!” Chase screamed. “Let’s put pineconements on it,” Chase suggested, but then there was a hard **KNOCK** on the door.

Chase opened the door and saw May the puffin holding a bag of snowballs, blinky lights and a gingerbread house kit. “Sorry I ignored you guys earlier today,” May said. The trio hugged May tight, and brought her into the cave which suddenly felt so warm and cozy.



PAFF! May threw a snowball at Mary Jane, which led to uncontrollable laughter. They all started decorating the tree and the cave.

“C’mon guys! Let’s go outside!” Chase hooted, dragging May by her wing.

The group built a snowman called Elsa, and made a delicious gingerbread house, and ate it all.

“OMG! Chase, look!” Aliyah barked pointing at the beautiful, glimmering auroras.

“Wow!” Chase hooted, the colours were so pretty that Aliyah blinked her eyes several times like a camera taking pictures to make sure it was stored in her memory.

After seeing the beautiful northern lights, Aliyah, Chase, Mary Jane and May headed inside, and guess who was in there? The brown bear who gave them their Christmas tree!

“Uh... What are you doing here?” Mary Jane asked.

“It was so cold outside, so I went to the nearest cave, which was here,” the bear growled shyly. “I have some pinecones to share,” he said showing the pinecones on his paw.

“Do you want to stay for some hot cocoa?” Aliyah and Chase exclaimed together.

“Definitely!”

The bear, Aliyah, Chase, Mary Jane, and May sat on the floor together, with warm hot cocoa in their wings and paws and relaxed, thinking about their cool adventure.



THE END.

PLAN A

by
Neilan
age 12

The wind whispered through the canopy, pine needles writhing and rustling with the gusts of frigid air. Snow slowly wafted down from the sky, blanketing the alpine expanse with a bed of snowflakes. But if one looked closer, two black dots could be seen bolding down the side of the mountain.

One of the pair pulled out a radio and thought the small microphone murmured, “Fancy Penguin and No-fly thing to Overseer, we are on route to the destination, arrival in 15 minutes.”

After a static response, a voice crackled over the speaker, “Got it, get me some huckleberries on your way.”

The two dots, slowing down, came to a stop at the edge of a cliff, throwing on ghillie suits and crawling to the edge of the cliff. Peering down, they both let out a gasp. Around the central tent, hundreds of guards were pacing, armed to the teeth with chainmail. Ducking back out of sight, they pulled out their radio, “Fancy Bird to Overseer, we are at the enemy base, the place is crawling with hostiles, shall we go in?”

The response crackled through the radio, “Copy that, Fancy Penguin. Infiltration is a go. Locate the captives and extract them. Be cautious and keep the radio silence unless necessary. Good luck.”

Fancy Penguin and No Fly Thing exchanged a determined glance before nodding in unison. They carefully descended the cliff face, their ghillie suits blending seamlessly with the snowy terrain. Moving with the grace of shadows, they avoided the patrolling guards and reached the outskirts of the enemy base.

As they approached the central tent, the atmosphere grew tense. The guards seemed to be on high alert, and the penguins knew they had to act quickly. They skillfully manoeuvred through the shadows, making their way toward a smaller tent nearby.

Inside, they discovered a makeshift prison with bars fashioned from ice. Two familiar figures huddled in the corner – their friends, Pippa and Waddle. Relief washed over the captive penguins as they saw their rescuers.

Fancy Penguin quickly radioed, “Overseer, we've located the captives. Standby for extraction.”

But before the Overseer could respond, the sound of footsteps approached the tent. The penguins flattened themselves against the icy walls, their hearts pounding. The tent flap was thrown open, revealing a towering figure in a menacing uniform. He was the leader of the enemy forces.

A sinister grin spread across his face as he pointed directly at Fancy Penguin and No Fly Thing. “Well, well, what do we have here? Spies, I presume?”

The two penguins felt a chill down their spines. The leader signalled to his guards, and in an instant, they surrounded Fancy Penguin and No Fly Thing, trapping them inside the tent. The leader's voice echoed ominously, "Take them to the holding cells. We'll deal with them later, most probably near the hanging tree."

With that, the Penguin whipped around and strode away.

THE END.



THE SNOW-GLOBE GIFT FROM SANTA

by
Obert
age 10

Have you ever experienced something real, but magical? Well this is my adventure of experiencing something life-risking and magical.

I woke up to my mom screaming that she was late for work. She was working two jobs because we needed the money. She worked the whole week, except Sunday. I woke up to tell my mom that she didn't have to worry because of the time change in winter.

“Thank Goodness. Time changes saved me!” I heard her mutter.

I felt bad for my mom. Including the fact there was a literal snow storm outside, my dad was on a business trip and my mom had to take care of my sister and me. My sister was one of those really hyper people that takes a lot of effort for them to calm down after playing games such as tag, hide and seek, etc.

My sister's name is Helena and mine is Aaron. Even though my sister is in Grade 3 and I am in Grade 6, we somehow couldn't stay home alone without causing some trouble.

I walked to the dinner table with my sister following behind me. I ate my breakfast quickly. This time, I was lucky because my

mom told me that Helena was going to her friend's house for a sleepover.

“YES!” I muttered.

“What was that?”

“Nothing.”

“Okay, well it better be!” she said, eyeing me with suspicion.

“We'll be back tomorrow! Bye!” she shouted, waving.

For the rest of the day, I just did my homework, watched some TV and time flew by, so after watching my favorite TV show, I went to bed at 10:30.

I don't exactly remember what happened, but I woke up in a giant pile of snow and I looked around. Before I knew it, I saw a giant glass circle surrounding the whole area I was in. My life flashed before my eyes. **I WAS IN MY SOUVENIR GLOBE FROM ARIZONA!**

The first thing I did was call for help. Then I remembered I was home alone. In the globe, there was a Santa on his chair. I saw a present shaped like a toy hammer. I quickly took it and threw it at the glass, but no. It was very thick. I had nothing to do, so I just went to sleep. When I woke up, I was back in my bed and my mom and my sister were leaning over me.

“We just got back and you were in bed and we tried waking you but you wouldn’t wake up.” said my mom.

“We thought you had gone out cold,” my sister added.

“I know exactly what happened to me. Santa gave me the power to travel to my Arizona globe while I was sleeping,” I said.

“Okay. Welp, for now, let’s watch The Grinch!” And for the whole day, we watched movies, ate cookies and all.

That was one exciting Christmas for me. How was your Christmas?

THE END.

SUCKED INTO SNOWBALL WARS

by
Obert
age 10

Does your video game controller have a random button that sucks you into your game? I doubted that, but it really happened to me.

It was just a Sunday. My older brother had his basketball game at 10 AM. My brother's life is basketball. Although he does grind NBA 2K on his Playstation, he is still athletic.

I finished my homework while my brother was in the front yard practicing his three-pointer shots. I saw him get four clean swishes in a row.

I ran to the couch and plopped on there like a banana split. I grabbed my XBox controller and hopped on 'Snow Paintball Wars,' my favourite game to play. Basically, you have a snowball launcher and you upgrade it to a better launcher and you get money for eliminating people. The map is the Arctic. You have an igloo as a base which is your safe zone and, of course, you have teammates. You can also purchase boots to run faster in the thick snow.

This game, I was tryharding. I eliminated 27 people in five minutes. Then someone was second with 25 eliminations. There

was a minute left, and I was sure I was going to win until my game started glitching. I think it malfunctioned. I started tapping the controller really hard because I was on a really high win streak. I was on a 99 win streak. I couldn't lose, so I threw it on the ground, then some black paint came off of it at the back.

It was a red button that read: Malfunction Use Only. So I pressed it. Next thing I knew, I was in my video game with my exact same stuff.

I knew it was dangerous. I had a snowball launcher that could launch 25 miles per hour, and in the game, it looks painful. But for now, I couldn't lose my win streak.

I played intensely. Then I saw the second person with 27 eliminations. I had 30 eliminations. I aimed at his head, hoping for a headshot. But he ducked and dodged it. He must have had quick reactions because he shot five snowballs right at my stomach! I hadn't realized, but he had the mythical snowball launcher called the Knockback Supreme. He sent me flying all the way across the snowy bridge and I landed on a snow turret that my teammate had planted.

I quickly buried myself in a giant pile of snow hoping he wouldn't see me. Then he used his slush ability that could send slush flying at you, even through walls. I didn't have any more respawn points. "I want to go home!" I wailed. But then something hit me on the head. It was my controller! I looked at the red button on the back. I didn't even bother looking at it before I clicked it. I quickly opened my eyes and found myself back at my home, lying comfortably on my couch.

THE END.

THE THREE DAY ADVENTURE

by
Onyeka
age 8

Once upon a time, there was a person that was named Bob. He got his friend named Jack, who lived on West 62nd Street. They both decided to go hiking and they choose to climb Mount Lego.

They walked halfway and had to put up their tent in the night. It was so cold outside.

The next day, they had breakfast and it was yummy pancakes. Then they continued walking up to the mountain. They hand to climb 964 feet to get to the top of the mountain. They knew because somehow Jack could check.

At the top, they saw it was covered with snow and it was so cold that they could see their breaths. Finally, Bob and Jack got to the top of the mountain and guess what they saw? An A &W fast food restaurant!

“What is that doing here?” Jack said, smiling at Bob. They went in and ate as much as they could until 3:00 AM.

They had to set up their tent and slept all through the night under the snowy night. The next day, it was time to go back down the mountain. This time, it didn't feel so far and just at

the bottom of the mountain there was a bookstore, where everyone got to pick a book for free.

“This is the best day ever,” Bob said.

The day was over and it was time to finally head home. They took the express bus to West 62nd Street. Bob said goodbye to Jack and thanked him for the adventure.

“It was so fun!” he said.



THE END.

WORLD WIDE SNOW FIGHT

by

Ryan

age 11

Smash!

As the ice and slush slipped off of my face, I thought, ‘*Seriously?*’ This was the twelfth time I got hit in the face with snow.

It began like any other day in winter. Waking up, your parents telling you that it’s a snow day, and celebrating.

I went outside. What I saw amazed me: about thirty newly packed snow forts in front of me. All of them were different shapes and sizes. Suddenly, I heard a **whizz**. I saw what was

making the noise. A snowball. Coming straight towards my head. So I jumped, grew wings, and caught the snowball in the air. Before I hit the ground, I twirled, and threw the hunk of snow back to where it came from. I landed with a **thunk**. My wings shrunk and shrunk, until finally, they disappeared.

You may be wondering how I did that. Well, I was just practicing my narrating skills, and this was what really happened...

When I opened my door, I saw three new snow forts. Next thing I knew, a bunch of snowballs were being pelted straight at my

head. So I screamed like a baby that fell into a cactus plant. A high-pitched shriek. But not for long. I tried to dodge them, but failed miserably. ‘*Man,*’ I thought. ‘*My reflexes are horrible!*’

As if reading my thoughts, someone shouted out, “Dude, even my grandma has better reflexes!” Which was followed by a chorus of giggles.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I ran over to the nearest snow fort, shoving the person out. Once he was out of the way, I got a huge handful of slush, and threw it to the next snow fort. Whoever was in that base screamed. I may not be good at snowball fights,

but I have a good brain. I quickly ran over and kicked the base down. Two down, one more to go.

After raiding the last of the snow forts, I heard a whole lot of screaming. I saw three dads running toward me with huge chunks of ice. As they heaved the oversized snowballs at me, I blinked. I hoped it was all just a bad dream. It wasn't. Everything played in slow-motion. The snow flew through the air dramatically. Fortunately, the pieces of ice landed two feet in front of them.

Then my parents were at my side. “This means war!” shouted the three dads. Soon, the whole neighborhood was involved. I didn’t know it then, but it soon spread throughout the whole world!

After hours of hard running, throwing and dodging, it finally ended. My parents and I approached the kids and their parents. “Okay, listen up! If you want to sleep tonight, then no more snowball fighting! Temporary truce!” I shouted.

Everyone went silent, except for a few people who whispered, “Temporary truce?” Then everyone went back home to enjoy their night, as if nothing happened. And I went home, feeling satisfied. Somewhat satisfied.

THE END?

SNOW SCULPTING

by
Sophia
age 10

It was the first day of snow. I smiled until my jaws hurt. At school, I heard everyone whispering in the hall. Then I saw it with my own eyes: a snowman sculpting contest! The winner would receive \$50! I love sculpting! I was very excited to enter.

There were twenty kids in the sculpting contest. The judge gave us a huge chunk of snow to sculpt from. We had thirty minutes. The judge yelled, “You can begin.”

We all raced to the tools, jostling each other as we snatched the best spoons, knives and forks. I managed to grab a few tools. I

started to roll a ball of snow for the body, then the head. I grabbed the ginormous ball and placed it on the body.

I shaped it with a spoon and fork. I paused and looked around at some of the other snowmen. Some people were already at the stage of decorating. I focused on myself and didn't worry about others.

I quickly finished the body, then sprinted to get decorations. I got black round buttons, a long orange carrot nose and more. I took a quick glance at the time. There were twenty minutes left.

I placed two round buttons for the eyes, stuffed the orange carrot in the snow and added five buttons for the smile.

As I was placing a red and white scarf and sticks on the body, the entire head collapsed onto the snowy ground. Oh no! I felt like the world ended. The judge yelled, “Fifteen minutes left.” I was panicking. I saw no one using the buckets. Maybe I would give it a try. I grabbed one and started shoving snow in the bucket. I gently tapped, then lifted it up and it worked! A lot of my snow melted into cold water. So, I hurried. I rapidly used the metal fork and spoon to make the edges smoother.

Then, I shoveled more snow to make the head. The judge yelled, “Ten more minutes.” I felt nervousness erupt in my body. I shaped the head into a round ball. I raced and grabbed all the decorations and rushed to put all the accessories on. Everyone was done except me. Time was ticking.

The judge finally said, “Time's up.” I wiped the sweat off of my forehead. The teacher asked us to step aside. She nervously eyed each snowman. I felt anxious. She announced that a girl named Jazz was first and then... me! I was so joyful when I received the forty dollars.

When I went home, I told my parents all about it. The entire day, I was so cheerful that I aced my math test! After school, I couldn't stop thinking about it. I couldn't even get a wink of sleep. Next morning, I was so excited that I headed out the door without eating my cereal! When I got to school, I dashed right to the gym, where the contest was.

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