



Tales of Superheroes

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



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Story Studio is a charity that **inspires**, **educates** and **empowers** youth to be great storytellers.

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 September 2025 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about superheroes this month. We looked for forward-thinking tales that captivated readers with dynamic plots, compelling characters, and immersive settings.



THIS MONTH'S WINNERS

- **Ages 5-9 1st Place:** The Reflector by Mitchell (age 8)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** Flower Girl and the Hope Problem by Emilia (age 9)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** The Bluffs by Pandora (age 11)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** Cora and the Blue Beetle by Mmesoma (age 13)

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Tempest

By Abby, age 13

Our world is colliding with inhuman images. The Guardians came and gained control of humanity with a motto to “save” us with unworldly superpowers, while the rest of the world are gullible normal people roaming off with their everyday lives, falsely believing in the Guardians to swoop in and rescue us.

And if you have powers and didn’t come from outer space? Be aware and keep your eyes peeled because the last thing you want is to end up like me.

My nightmare started like this: chased by a weird guy, captured, and then tied to a rock. Wait, my bad, this is my reality.

My day started off by running as fast as my legs could carry me, hopping into random buses and trains to shake the stranger off. He was a Guardian, one of the five, and anything to do with them is to run away and not ask questions. “I have a secret, Addie,” she said, eyes sparkling. “You have powers.”

“Snap out of it, Addie.” I said through gritted teeth and kept running, somehow for so long; I still wasn't tired, just a little sore, it seemed like the wind was never against me, as it pushed me forward. My grandma's voice rang through my head; it was the day she died. As the sky dipped into a palette of pink and deep indigo.

Adeline Kingston suddenly realized where her legs had accidentally led her to. There it was, Fundy Bay, where tides rise and fall in the sea. Where lone Hopewell rocks stand, an eerie feeling got to me; there wasn't anyone here at all. Maybe that's why

they're called Hopewell, always hoping for something that doesn't try to chase them away.

Finally I gave up.

Beside a Hopewell rock while trying to gain my breath, As surrendering emotions flood through me. But with a side of curiosity, Why do they need my power? I thought while her mind raced. All I can do is run fast, and the last time I checked it wasn't a valid superpower. Standing amidst my queries, the Guardian came.

"Oh. My. God." Addie gasped. "He flies?" she whispered.

Adeline only ever saw Guardians in cereal boxes and action figure commercials, but seeing him was almost. Majestic. As he glided in the air towards me while my jaw dropped on the floor.

Click.

Addie's hand was tied around a rock. Great, I thought, just fantastic. As the Guardian sauntered toward her, I took him in; with a blazing grey suit and a flashing pin with a loopy "G", the Guardian stood out in the quiet night. Blood was rushing through my head while acting brave and standing straight as the hairs on my back rose and tensing.

A Guardian was there for me.

"You are hereby arrested by the department of magical substances and creatures; any form of rebellion will cause you more jail time and further consequences." The Guardian informs me.

"You do know," I spat, "that I'm tied to a rock, right?"

The Guardian disregarded my comment and continued.

"Stay here while I call for backup."

“Wait,” I asked him, “Is this about my powers?” The tides were getting higher, the icy waters licked the back of my ankles. His eye twitched; that must mean I’m right. I thought, but what powers? Why me? The questions flooded my mind, and I paused. I closed my eyes. I’ve never wished for more power in my life. Please, please, please, please—

“What. Are. You. Doing?” the Guardian shouted, as his face turned crimson.

Then I looked at my feet; I was floating. Floating, me, right. I couldn’t contain myself, and I started hysterically laughing. I felt the wind between my fingers as I braided the breezes to my command and broke the Guardians’ bonds, and then I floated up, up, up, almost in the clouds.

I do have powers, I thought as my mind raced. Then I remembered that the Guardian was there, looking like a fly that I needed to flick away. I felt the tug in my gut, and I lifted the sea.

Hang on, I didn’t actually lift the sea, just a load of water. And I strained, using my full concentration to control the sea, and directed the wind towards the shore.

I smashed all the water towards the Guardian, my uttermost power, just enough to stun him. Okay, maybe a little more, a concussion at most. But to be fair, he was chasing me and calling for an arrest. As the Guardian finally stood up sputtering water out, “Who are you?” he hollered.

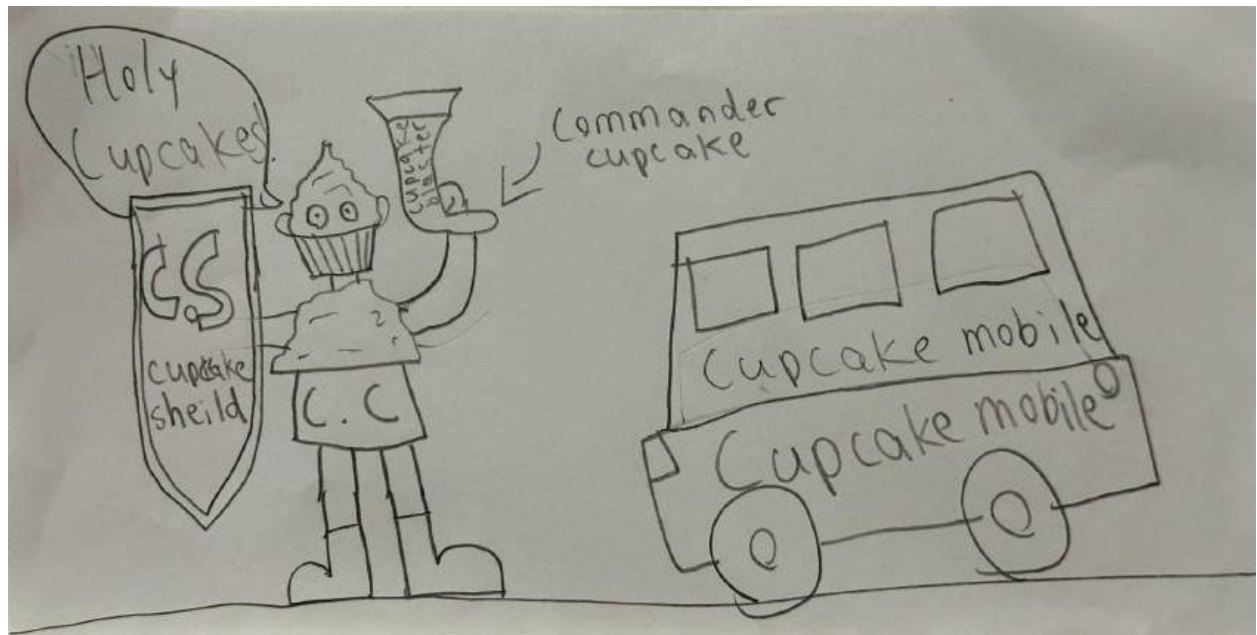
“Tempest.” I yell back, I am the wild storm raging outside. I will never run away, only stay. I thought as I flew across the shoreline, laughing towards the sea. Freedom never felt sweeter.

“Tempest.” the Guardian muttered, with an awestruck expression.

The End.

Commander Cupcake to the Rescue

By Andrew, age 10



It was a calm and peaceful day in Cupcakeville. The residents of the village were all dressed in their usual cupcake shaped vanilla, chocolate, and caramel flavoured costumes. They were all gathered around the huge Oreo flavoured cupcake shaped village cafeteria, waiting for breakfast. While they were waiting, they were all listening to the chocolate milk river flowing by the cafeteria.

Suddenly a humongous Pizzamonster with molded pepperoni and cheese on it stomped into the village and broke all the silence.

“Muah ha ha ha ha! I shall destroy this weird cupcake looking village because it is making me jealous!” said Pizzamonster.

He lifts one foot and stomps it on a house, the house collapses. "BOOM!" A second house falls down. "Run! There is a giant pizza destroying houses in our village!" yelled one of the villagers.

After everybody heard it, they all ran in different directions with fear. Suddenly Commander Cupcake skidded in with the cupcake mobile. "You're not gonna destroy this village with me guarding it!" yelled Commander Cupcake while taking out his cupcake blaster.

"You think you are gonna beat me with that stinky little old blaster?" mocked Pizzamonster.

"How dare you say that, pizza monster!" shouted Commander Cupcake.

"Then fight me!" challenged Pizzamonster.

"Fine! I will!" said Commander Cupcake. He aimed the blaster at the Pizzamonster.

"Take a shot!" Commander Cupcake yelled. But the Pizzamonster just bent to the side and the bullet whizzed past his body.

"How did you dodge it?" questioned Commander Cupcake.

"Oh, it's from my insane reaction speed," answered Pizzamonster.

"Oh yea? Then take another shot!" screamed Commander Cupcake.

But Pizzamonster just bent to the side again, and the bullet whizzed past his body.

"I think that I have to use a different plan to defeat the Pizza Monster... Oh I got a great idea!"

So Commander Cupcake dashed to a nearby house and grabbed a hairdryer from it. He looked backwards and saw that Pizzamonster was still chasing him. He quickly turned on the hairdryer and blasted the hot air onto Pizzamonster.

“Oh no! I'm melting! And I'm stuck to the ground!” yelled Pizzamonster.

“Hahaha! Any last words before I turn you into a cupcake?” asked Commander Cupcake.

Pizzamonster stuttered. “Um, no I guess?” replied Pizzamonster.

Commander Cupcake pulled out the Cupcake blaster and fired a shot at Pizzamonster, BOOM! Pizzamonster exploded into a cloud of orange gas. And Pizzamonster turned into a cupcake. Then the villagers all ran around Commander Cupcake and yelled “HOORAY FOR COMMANDER CUPCAKE!”

The End

Flower Girl and the Hope Problem

By Emilia, age 9

There once was a village of people who lived full of hope. They had food, water, clean clothes, and big houses. This was all due to their beautiful ruler, Flower Girl. Flower Girl had the power to shoot flowers out of her palms, and she was always joyful. Her flowers were a symbol of happiness in bloom.

One day a spirit came to visit. "Give me all your food, water, clean clothes and big houses or I shall destroy all the hope in your little village!" the spirit warned.

"Please don't! I couldn't let either of these happen to my loyal subjects!" Flower Girl pleaded. This news brought her to tears.

"If you can't choose, I shall do so for you!" The spirit roared.

Flower Girl tried to stop him. "No!, wait --" But it was too late. It began to suck the hope out of her home. There was still one spark of hope, though. It was in Flower Girl. She used it to cover the spirit in brightly coloured flowers. It was so overwhelmed, it began to fade away. But the hope disappeared with it.

Flower Girl realized that hope isn't a thing you get. It comes from inside. Soon, her subjects learned to be hopeful too!

The End

The Day My Hands Went on Fire

By Julie, age 10

One ordinary day, I was frying an egg on the skillet, when I accidentally touched the hot stovetop. But when I looked at my finger, there wasn't any scratch. But moments later, my hands were on fire!

I washed my hands off with cold water, but moments later, my hands caught on fire again. A glowing display of words danced in front of my eyes.

"You have the ability to be fireproof, and shoot blazing fireballs from your hands! Join Camp Hero and be a superhero today! Register now!"

I rushed downstairs, my hands still on fire. I urged mom to book me into Superhero Boot camp. After hours of arguing, my mom gave in. I think she just wanted me to learn how to control the fire shooting from my fingers!

A few days later, I arrived at Superhero Boot Camp. There were already students training there, and they looked all sweaty! Once I got out of the car, I dropped my backpack off, and joined the other campers to run 5 laps around the camp grounds.

Once we finished all our laps our coach, Mr. Mockinjay, a short man with a rough temper, told us to jump rope for 2 hours straight without stopping. After a whole day of nonstop training, including a 1000 kilometer mountain climb, it was finally the end of boot camp.

We brushed our teeth and got under the covers fast, knowing that there will be more training at 5:00 AM tomorrow.

The next morning Mr.Mockinjay ran up to our bunk and yelled:" GET UP! WE NEED MORE TRAINING!"

" What?! So early!" said P.P.

"I could have woken up earlier this morning," remarked Taylor.

After all this clamour we were forced outside again and told to run 3000 laps around the whole campus. AGAIN! Just before that boy named Justin ran 2 laps, he got too tired and slouched on the track. He got kicked out of camp just because he stopped running.

The next day, just as we were about to enjoy our breakfast, Mr.Mockinjay called us down. It was test time, the most horrible time of all time!

Since my power was shooting blazing fireballs, I was trapped in an ice cage that I had to bust out of. Breaking the bars almost sounded like forever, but a shot of my fireball sent the ice bars melting. Also, the whole area was on fire! Can I save the whole camp and prevent the fire from spreading?

I stared at the flames with amazement. My flames were uncontrollable! So I dashed past the fires. But before I could, the fire spread and seared my knees! I also tried shooting fireballs from my wrists again. Nothing happened! I was powerless!

I touched the cage's wall, and glowing red words floated in the sky above my head:

"The quest begins. You must fight the Fireball monster without your powers to get your powers back! Start here and head to the Rainbow Caves."

What were the rainbow caves? I thought about this question until I saw a glowing map showing the way from my location to The Rainbow Caves.

I ran out of the cage, but then before I could, I thought about bringing my campmates to help me, so I sprinted to our teacher Mr. Mockinjay. I told him that I lost my powers and

needed my campmates' help to journey to where the Fireball Monster was and defeat him.

Mr. Mockinjay said, "You can bring your friends. But you have to wait until they are done testing. The only people who have finished are Ivy, who has a shape-shifting-power, and Doreen, who can summon mysterious creatures to aid him in battle."

I wanted to get as much help as possible, so I called both Ivy and Doreen.

"I'm in." replied Ivy.

"Wow! I have never expected that kind of mission before! I really want to join you!" remarked Doreen.

Once I grabbed my friends for help, I could see rainbow colored peaks in the distance, striking through the clouds. The peaks were not barren even at the top. How strange!

I told Doreen and Ivy, "Let's go! There is no time to lose!"

We set off on our quest toward the Rainbow peaks. It was a tiring journey. But Ivy touched a green quartz on the way, and she got the power of Super speed. Ivy carried us in our hands and raced up the mountain as fast as she could.

When we reached the Rainbow Cave, I saw a green glass bottle with withered paper in it. It had to be the second clue!

We picked up and popped the cork off the bottle. The withered sheet of paper inside had an inscription on it.

"This treasure hunt is a trick. There is no actual fireball monster. By picking up this bottle with your new friends, you finally have your powers back. We are not lying."

It wasn't a test of my power. It was a test to see if I could work with others.

Back at camp, I shared the Withered paper with her other campmates. I told the story of how my powers were gone. I told everything. At the end of the speech, I even threw fireworks from my hand to celebrate with my new friends.

The End

The Reflector

By Mitchell, age 8

Jayden fell forward into the mirror and tried to get out but he got pulled in. There was a lot of dark water inside so he swam down. He saw a light and went for it. It turned out to be a cube.

Jayden touched it and immediately, a current blew him out of the mirror. He accidentally turned on the faucet and it sprayed him in his face. Then, the same water came blasting out of his chest. He figured out that he could reflect anything that was thrown at him or thrust at him in any way. But this was not good.

When he fell down on cement a giant block of cement would blast out of his skin, breaking everything in its path.

Soon he faced an enemy. It was a giant blob of slime. As it moved around, it left a trail of slime. It could shoot balls of slime as well. When it slammed the ground, a giant ball of slime would come out.

Jayden had trouble at first, but then, he thought of something to do. He barely dodged another slime ball when he smashed his head on the concrete. It hurt a lot, but the concrete block was able to defeat the blob. He followed the trail that the blob left, but it stopped after a while.

This time, his opponent was made out of very strong steel. So he fled. He came back with a giant block of concrete. He banged it against himself, and a block of concrete

came out. It hit the steel man and right when it hit him, Jayden poured some acid onto him. The steel man was defeated.

Jayden went in the direction the steel man came from. He found out that the steel man came from an abandoned factory, so he decided to go in and explore. Inside, he saw a bunch of tubes with the same creatures he fought and some others too. They were all covered in a green slimy substance.

Jayden wandered into a small room where there were gigantic holes in the floor. Jayden screamed. He had fallen into one of the holes! Jayden landed on a pile of sand, aching with pain. When he least expected it, a pile of sand flew out of his body, blocking his eyesight. He coughed and coughed.

When the sand cleared, he saw a mysterious figure in the distance. The figure came out of the distance. He had dark green hair, wore glasses, and some of his hair drooped over his eye. Jayden gasped. The person he was staring at was the smartest person in the world. People said he passed away long ago, but he created a cure to live forever. He called himself the Doctor.

The Doctor immediately said that he wanted to evolve humans. He said that he needed Jayden powers to do that. Jayden hesitated. The Doctor also said that when he takes his powers from Jayden, Jayden would die from how weak he was. Immediately after he said this, Jayden threw a hard punch at the Doctor's head.

The Doctor had died. Suddenly, a gigantic monster came and punched Jayden as hard as he could. Jayden smashed into the wall. He started bleeding, but he laughed. A giant, thick ball of titanium rushed towards the monster. He tried to punch it, but instead it broke all of his bones.

Jayden breathed a sigh of relief.

The End

Cora and the Blue Beetle

By Mmesoma, age 13

Rain lashed against the city of Copenhagen. A figure moved, her hood pulled low to hide her raven hair. To the city, it was just another storm, but for her, it marked the dawn of something extraordinary.

The girl made her way to the station. Suddenly, a blue beetle landed on her arm and bit her. “Ow!” she exclaimed, swatting the beetle away. A strange pain surged through her. “What is happening?” she wondered, as she began her journey home.

“Hi Cora!” her mom greeted, looking cheerful. Cora immediately rolled up her sleeve to show her mom the injury.

“What happened?” her mom asked, pointing to the bruise on her wrist.

“I’m not sure. A beetle bit me at the station.”

“I’ll get you a bandage. Let me know if it hurts more,” her mom sighed, heading to a cabinet.

Cora winced, staring at her bruise, and noticed tiny droplets of water seeping from her fingertips.

“Mom,” Cora called. Her mom looked at her fingers—and froze.

“What... Cora, are you sweating?” she asked, her voice cautious.

“No, it’s—look.” Cora held out her hand. Clear droplets pooled on her skin, but they weren’t sweat. They were forming at her fingertips, collecting into beads, then falling to the floor with soft splashes.

Her mom stepped back slightly, eyes wide. “That’s not normal,” she whispered.

“I know,” Cora said, her voice shaking. “My body... it feels weird. Like... like I’m full of water.”

She clenched her hand into a fist. Instantly, the droplets stopped. She opened it—and they started again.

Her mom stared, trying to stay calm. “Okay. We’ll figure this out. But first, we need to make sure you’re ok.

Cora looked down at her hand, then out the rain-splattered window. What did that beetle do to me? She thought, heading to her room.

Cora sat cross-legged on her bed, staring at the bruise on her wrist. It had stopped throbbing, but the shape had changed. It wasn’t just a mark anymore. It looked like something etched—an emblem. A scarab.

Over the next few days, Cora stayed home from school, pretending she had the flu. But she wasn’t sick. She was changing.

Every time she touched water, it responded.

Showers swirled around. Raindrops clung to her skin like magnets. She started dreaming of oceans, of crashing waves, of something ancient whispering to her in the dark.

Her mom tried to help, but it was clear Cora had entered into a world no one could guide her through. Alone in her room, she practiced. She learned to bend streams from the faucet, to calm the droplets that still sometimes appeared when she got scared. She also noticed something new: heat made her weak. Hot showers left her dizzy. Even standing near the stove gave her a headache.

* * *

The first explosion happened at night. A building going up in flames. But the fire was alive.

Then came the second.

By the third, there were whispers. People called him Inferno.

Her phone buzzed.

No Caller ID. *Come find me.*

Attached was a location. Pier 67, by the docks. How did he know about her?

Cora went alone.

Inferno was there, standing by a smoldering cargo crate. Flames flickered along his arms.

“So,” he said, voice deep and dry. “The water girl arrives.”

A spark went around his feet.

“I’m not going to let you stop my plan.” Inferno said.

“I’m not here to win,” Cora said, stepping forward. “I’m here to protect this city.”

The fight began.

Inferno launched flames like whips. Cora countered with arcs of water pulled from the sea. The docks steamed. Metal sizzled.

But the fire was fast. It danced and scattered, reappearing behind her. She took hit after hit, barely deflecting the bursts with crashing waves from her hands. Her energy was draining.

“Still holding back?” Inferno shouted.

He blasted the ground near her feet, sending her flying.

Cora hit the floor hard. Everything blurred.

But then... she felt the ocean beside her and reached for it. A column of water erupted from the sea, towering like a tidal wave. Cora rose with it, her eyes glowing faint blue.

“I don’t want to fight you,” she said.

Inferno laughed. “Then burn.”

But this time, she didn’t block. She commanded. The tidal wave crashed over him, extinguishing everything. The flames screamed, then vanished.

When the water cleared, Inferno was unconscious while the police put him into a van. The dock was burnt.

It was over.

The city didn’t know who had saved them, but they knew the fires had stopped. Cora returned to school the following Monday. She sat in class like nothing had happened.

In biology, the teacher said, “Today we’re learning about scarab beetles. Ancient Egyptians believed they symbolized rebirth and transformation.”

Cora smiled faintly.

The End

The Bluffs

By Pandora, age 11

Yupik ran as fast as she could towards the bluffs.

Yupik had gotten a C+ in school today, which she knew would lead to demeaning lectures on potential from her parents. It felt like nothing she did was ever good enough.

Yupik's favourite place to escape the world of critics and disappointment were the bluffs. Not because of the void-like silence (which Yupik found strangely comforting), or the sleek rocks that conglomerated on the coastline like looming overlords, but the life. Crabs, fish, seagulls...

Yet none of these coastline staples were anywhere to be seen today. Something was up.

Yupik felt guided to a certain rock on the shore. When she came closer, she saw something splotched on part of the tall crag.

Blood.

This was why the sea life had gone into hiding.

Yupik scrambled up the boulder. At the top, she saw cloaked figures in a circular formation.

They were crowding around an altar covered in detailed runes of a forgotten language. Strapped onto the altar was a girl, no older than seven. She was wide-eyed, out of fear and confusion.

Then someone else stepped out of the shadows. His cloak was blood red in contrast to the others.

“Hello, followers of the great Beholder,” the leader intoned. “After years of existing in the shadows, all that is left for us to do is complete the summoning ritual. The great Beholder requires one more soul to be unleashed. Then we shall feast upon the meek!”

Yupik instinctively knew it was time. She was going to do something that would make her family proud; that would make her proud.

Yupik got up from hiding, trying to keep herself from trembling, and let out a shrill noise. Everyone abruptly stopped their chanting and turned to stare at her.

“She disrupts our ritual,” said an ancient, gnarled man. “She and her kind have had their time. Apprehend her!”

Yupik was just a girl. Not particularly fast or agile, nor street smart or sly. But something special had chosen her.

Despite all her flaws, she was willing to stand up for the right thing, and that was extraordinary in itself.

Trusting in whatever power had been guiding her, Yupik jumped off the cliff-like rock, hoping destiny wouldn’t end her life here.

Yupik began to fall, the winds sucking her breath away.

“A radiant deed shines forever,” whispered a voice in her head, not her own.

The wind whipped less harshly at her face, her shirt sleeves fanned out gracefully, and something seemed to slow her fall.

It was the disappearing seagulls!

The seagulls deposited her safely on the sandy ground and she cried out a thank you.

Yupik's pursuers stood dumbfounded.

"It's a pure-hearted druid!" a follower shouted. "We don't stand a chance! Flee!"

Yupik let them get away, knowing their group would soon be disbanded.

She ran over to the girl on the altar and untied her. "What's your name?" Yupik asked softly.

"They chose me 'cause I'm an orphan," the traumatized girl whispered. "No one will miss me." She looked up. "Anna. My name is Anna."

"This is not over!" bellowed someone from afar, retreating. "We will meet again..."

The End

Little Lucy Gets Lost

By Zoya, age 6

Once upon a time there was a girl named Lucy. Her mom told her to get some berries from the forest. And off Lucy went. She didn't think that she would get lost. Even though Lucy was literally three years old.

But she got lost. She didn't know what to do. All she knew what to do was to scream "Heeeelp!", but that didn't work. Lucy didn't think it was time for tears yet. So, she kept looking for the way out, but it was kind of hard. She didn't think that she would ever get out of there but for a good chance she thought that she would probably get out. Her baby brother Timmy did always get lost no matter what.

Lucy thought that she was smart enough to never get lost, but she did it anyway. Lucy got scared. She thought she wouldn't find any berries. And she was right. She didn't find any berries.

She thought, 'Why did this happen? Maybe it's time for tears now.'

Lucy thought, 'I hope that a wolf or a fox don't find me! I hope a police officer finds me!' But then she found her way out, but she didn't see her house. Lucy decided to be brave and keep on searching!

She found the flower that she liked to blow on. Lucy didn't know the name of the flower. She called it a "strange flower". Later she saw her grandma's house. She threw away the flower when she was done blowing on. Then she kept walking but didn't look where she

was going. And she got into another forest which made Lucy really upset. ‘How will I ever get out of this forest?’ Lucy thought. (Sigh)

She was scared again that she would never get out of the forest. She felt a little bit of relief as she ran out. As she looked over a tree, she hoped that police officers can find her and help her get home. But then she noticed that it would have been cool if she got home herself. She decided to keep looking for home!

She started to think, ‘What if I never again see mommy, or daddy, or fishy?’ (Fishy is Lucy’s pet fish). She thought she saw a garden that looked like her mom’s garden, so she went there. She looked and she looked. All she saw was the old stinky castle. Lucy thought, ‘What if Timmy is lost and he finds me instead of me finding home?’ She hoped that the police officer will get her when she saw the police truck drive by. But it didn’t get her.

She decided when she saw the next police car to jump out of the bushes and make them see her, but it didn’t work. Lucy was a little jealous when she saw other kids who walked by, and they weren’t lost (they were together with their mothers). Then she saw another boy that looked like Timmy who was lost too. She wanted to walk with the boy, but he didn’t like her, and he just walked away when she offered it.

She finally said something in her cute little voice, “Oh, boys these days!” When she was saying it, a boy came by, and he hissed at her. I know what you want to say, “Oh, Lucy, you got yourself trapped in another forest!” Lucy liked the smell of two flowers and then she scurried off.

But when she smelled the first flower suddenly “Achoo!” she sneezed! And then she fell and hurt herself a little. She could still walk all right. But she would prefer that one of the hospital guys drove by and saw her and gave her a plaster. When she wasn’t looking, she accidentally ran into a mysterious castle. At least she thought she ran into a mysterious castle, but it was a little bridge with a window. Lucy was puzzled where to go next but then suddenly she saw the exit. Lucy walked up some stairs. She was thinking, ‘Finally I think I’m finding my house!’

Even though Lucy didn’t know how to read because she was only three years old, she did know her signs very well and she knew what the red circle was. So, she wanted to go in

the castle, but she knew she could not. Lucy was looking at a pretty garden. She wanted to climb up the tree because she thought she could probably see from the top of the tree her house. But she remembered that her mom didn't allow her to climb up the trees.

Lucy did not give up. Even though tears started running down her face. She was very very nervous that she wouldn't get to her house. Lucy sat by the pond to think where she'll go next. And off she went with an idea! Lucy was walking away from that stinky old mysterious castle. She stood by the tree and was thinking where to go next. Lucy was terribly scared. It was almost lunch time by then. Then finally she saw her house. She ran. Lucy was really relieved when she reached her house. She was going up the stairs.

The End



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