

Ghost Stories

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



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 October 2025 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about a ghost 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 Ghost Who Relieves the Same Day Everyday by Alexander (age 9)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** Snowy and a Halloween Friend by Zoya (age 7)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** The Window by Wicker House by Elayna (age 13)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** No Haunting, No Scaring by Alec (age 12)

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The Ghost

By Abby, age 13

A woman is running for her life.

In the dark streets of Tallinn in 15 BC. Barefoot, she runs through the darkened alleys while the stars blink down at her. This was her city, her opportunity, but all seems lost now. Tears streamed down her face as she tried to pump her legs as fast as possible. But it's no use; the drenched potion worked, and she was a goner.

A goner,
Goes the scientists,
A goner,
Goes her family,
And the only thing she has is gone.

Her face, once a beautiful display, was now ruined.

All because she wished for more. The scientists told her so, that this would be a breakthrough, a revelation, they exclaimed—but no, all she was now was a failed test rat.

She was supposed to save humans from deadly diseases and make her family proud.

She was supposed to be a saviour of Tallinn, but all doesn't matter now; she is doomed and wants revenge.

So she runs and runs.

Until her forehead was covered in sweat and her legs gave out as she gasped for air.

Is this what she deserves for helping mankind? A woman whose only treasure is now ruined; her skin is a piece of deformed red splotches. She is furious as she marches up the cold cobblestones with passion; she will find the scientists, yes, and get revenge. But as lively merchants come up for work, they are aghast by her; she, to them, is a monster.

As the sun rose up to welcome the merchants for the morning, they abruptly paused from their routine and stared at her; someone who used to be loved is now gone—she isn't a person anymore.

Now all her bubbling rage fizzled out. She is scared and hides in a seamstress's workshop. Now she is a monster, she thinks, so why not gain the act? She pulls white silk on her head and hides.

Maybe if she didn't, things would have been different; it could have been an amusing story, and things could have changed.

But the woman didn't see it; she didn't remember her kindness or passion; she lost hope. Sometimes her rage got the best of her and scared the neighbourhood until the once vibrant town was in ashes, while other cities near her heard spooky stories and trained their children into obedience.

Centuries pass, and the woman fades away, and all that is left is a cold monster.

The world worked in different ways, but they erased her, the ghost, they called.

But was she wrong? All she wanted was to help, but no one recognized that; no one will ever remember her as the sweet lady who danced in the wind and sang to the birds.

It's incredible how ordinary people change.

So if you are reading this, beware, don't let your ideas get ahead of reality, and don't ever go to the scientists.

Remember me, the Ghost, of what I used to be, not who I am. That is all I ask for.

The End

No Haunting, No Scaring

By Alec, age 12

On October 31st, before the night's Halloween debacle began, all ghosts of Spooky Harbour gathered together in the neighbourhood's haunted house.

"Gather around, my fellow ghost friends, Halloween is about to start," Derek announced.

James spoke up, holding a pitchfork in his hand and a translucent smirk on his face. "What will we be doing tonight?"

Derek responded, "We have one thing to remember on the night of Halloween. Humans are our friends, not puppets to play with. You know the drill-

"No haunting, no scaring," the monotone choir chanted.

The whole room sighed in disappointment. "We must simply observe," Derek declared as James groaned, slashing his pitchfork through the air.

"Observe? We've been doing that for decades. It's Halloween. Humans expect a scare!" Murmurs of agreement spread among the ghosts. Even the oldest spirits glowed with curiosity.

Derek crossed his arms. "If we frighten them, they'll never see us as anything but monsters. Stick to the rou-," Derek's voice paled in comparison to Sally's screams, "They're coming! The children are here!"

A group of children stood by the rusted gate, flashlights trembling in their hands.

“Bet you won’t knock on the door!” dared a girl dressed as a vampire.

“They’re here? The children are earlier than usual! I didn’t even get through my list of rules.”

Suddenly, James cried out, “It’s the same every year! You hate us having fun!”

“Keep your voices down, everyone. We don’t want them to hear us,” Derek whispered.

“Just this once,” James’s grin widened.

Before Derek could stop him, James vanished through the wall, leaving wisps of smoke behind. The children crept up the path, the grand mansion towering above them like a shadow carved from stone. As they reached the grand, three meter tall front door, it creaked open on its own. Inside lay a long table in the grand foyer, fit for seating 20 people, with a singular candle in the middle. Portraits of wealthy men and women filled the space on the walls, and behind the foyer was a giant staircase, made of rotting wood and rusting metal.

“Welcome,” said a voice that seemed to come from all directions. Suddenly, the single candle flared to life. Dust swirled through the air, shaping into faint ghostly faces. Chairs moved around, scraping across the floor as a gust of wind blew through the mansion, knocking some of the loosely held portraits and pictures and almost picking the children up off their feet. The children gasped, frozen between thrill and terror. James hovered nearby, invisible to their eyes, delighting in their fear. Other ghosts floated behind portraits, watching secretly as the children explored.

Upstairs, Derek panicked. “Where’s James?” He floated through the bedrooms, searching in fright. Suddenly, he heard a shrill cry from the front of the house. At that moment, Derek’s mind clicked. “The children!” he exclaimed.

As Derek flew through the walls and down the stairs, he saw James hovering in a corner of the foyer, with a cheeky smile and wicked eyes. “James, what are you doing? Get back in the attic,” Derek demanded quietly.

He dragged James through the walls back to the third floor as James muttered, “It was just a single candle.”

As Derek held James still in the meeting room, he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. “Why aren’t they running away screaming?” Derek asked.

“Maybe they’re curious,” James replied.

“Everyone, remain calm and silent. We can’t let them know that ghosts are real,” Derek said softly.

With each of the children’s steps, the house groaned and creaked underneath their feet, almost as if it were awaking from a long slumber. The children whispered, their flashlights flickering as they made their way up. Suddenly, the children stepped through a large spider web that sent them tumbling down the stairs. “Ow!” they said in unison. They crawled back up the stairs in the darkness, searching for their flashlights as they continued to the third floor.

“Do you think it’s really haunted?” one boy asked.

“Only one way to find out,” the vampire girl replied, pushing open the creaking door to the attic. The ghosts stared at the other side of the room as Derek motioned for silence, but James wanted more fun.

He stood beside one of their ears as he whispered, “Happy Halloween.”

The children gasped. “Did you hear that?!” one of them squeaked.

“Anna! Where are you? We’ll be late to the neighbourhood party if we don’t hurry!” a parent called.

The children ran towards the front of the house and down the stairs. “That was awesome!” they yelled.

James smirked. “See? Just a little fun never hurt anyone,” he stated as he stared at them, rushing out of the house.

The ghosts stood stunned. “They liked it?” Sally murmured. Derek floated to the window, watching the children run off, joy echoing in their laughter. He turned to James, who was trying not to look too smug.

Derek sighed, “Maybe scaring isn’t the worst thing, as long as it’s harmless. I’ve been so afraid of people hating us that I forgot what joy and laughter were like.”

James grinned. “So next year—.”

Derek interrupted, “Next year, we’ll plan it together.”

The ghosts cheered as the neighbourhood started to light up with decorations. As the children returned to trick-or-treating and neighbourhood parties, they were already telling their friends about the haunted house filled with voices from all directions, and for the first time in decades, Spooky Harbour’s ghosts felt happy and fulfilled. They were finally part of the Halloween spirit once again.

The End

The Ghost Who Relives the Same Day Everyday

By Alexander, age 9

It is a grey Thursday afternoon, and I am reliving the same boring day as usual. If you didn't know, I'm a ghost who relives the same day everyday. My name is Ikol and I was originally supposed to be haunting people at night but got caught in a ritual 10 years ago. The curse doesn't just make you relive the same day. It changes the way you see things. For myself, I see the world in UV colors, which is annoying. I have one friend. His name is Jake. We hang out together most of the time and I don't plan to tell him my secret.

Summer just ended and we're entering fall. Jake's growing up, and I think he can handle the truth of me now. I should go now.

I just told him my secret, and I think this might be the end of our friendship. I could tell the look on his face. He was shocked and confused after I told him. Either way, we're still friends.

The hours pass like they always do—slow, predictable, and soaked in light. The trees shimmer with a glow, their leaves pulsing with ultraviolet veins that dance in the wind. The sky, though grey to others, burns with streaks of indigo and green. It is beautiful in a way, but it never changes.

I drift through the same alleyways, past the same flickering streetlamp, past the same cat that never notices me. The world is a loop of light and silence. But today, something

is different. The weight of what I had done—what I had revealed—presses down on me like fog.

I find Jake at his school. I follow him around. I hover near the edge of the schoolyard, watching him from a distance. He doesn't look back. His outline is still bright, but it feels dimmer.

I thought telling the truth would set something free. Or maybe it just reminded me that even ghosts can be left behind.

The day resets again.

Same Thursday. Same wind. Same pulse of UV light. But something is off. The streetlamp doesn't flicker. And Jake is already waiting at the bench.

He doesn't speak. His presence is enough. The UV shimmer around him is stronger today, like he has absorbed a piece of my world.

The next few loops pass quietly, and the days begin to shorten. Most of our time together is spent talking about our past selves. All I could do is sit at the bench and peacefully wait for him there.

Today, he sits down beside me holding something. It is a piece of the ritual. Everything begins to slow down around me. The UV light begins to fade a bit. I feel as if I am returning to normal again.

For the first time in years, I feel something I haven't felt since the ritual.

Hope.

The End

The Ghost Story

By Alison, age 9

On an October evening, in an abandoned old, haunted house, sat a very sad and small ghost, Thunder. Thunder sighed as she knitted a light brown bear costume.

“Oh, how nice it was back then when I was a human. My human name was Rose, and it was wonderful!!! Everything was perfect until I went to this haunted house. There were creepy clowns that kept scaring me. Then something suddenly clubbed me on the back of my head, and when I woke up, I was like this,” she muttered to herself. “A ghost.”

Thunder spent the next couple of days knitting and yapping to herself about how sad it was to be stuck in this house, and how unfortunate she was. Days passed and everything was the same.

But one day, Thunder wondered, ‘When I was a human, why did the clowns scare me??’ She thought for a moment, then the reason hit her, ‘Ohhhhhh, it’s fun fun?!?!?’ she exclaimed.

She was about to go back to knitting when she realized she had finished it!! She jumped with joy, and slid the costume on, it was perfect! Suddenly, the door downstairs creaked open, “Oh, I forgot, it’s Halloween!!” Thunder squealed, “Now I can scare someone!!!”

She slid down the stairs and saw two young boys creeping down the hallway toward her, this was her chance! Thunder slipped into the shadows just around the corner and waited silently until it was the time came. She was trembling with excitement, as this was her first time scaring someone! She heard footsteps coming closer, and she prepared to jump at them.

She could hear one saying, “This isn’t a good idea, Liam. There are ghosts, and what if something bad happens to us?!?!?”

“Ghosts aren’t real,” Liam snapped. “You are already in grade five Jim!!! You are such a baby.” As they rounded the corner.....

“BOOOOO!!!!!!” Thunder shouted, the boys screamed at the top of their lungs, and Jim took off, running toward the door, screaming. Liam stood there petrified, and when he recovered, he also took off!!

Thunder dissolved into a puddle of giggles. ‘That was so fun!!’ she thought and flew upstairs. She sat on the ground, ready to fall asleep, when she heard the door downstairs bang open, Thunder zipped down the staircase to see who it was, and when she saw them, her mouth dropped open. It was the clowns.

Thunder immediately disappeared into the shadows, hoping they didn’t see her, but they did. The leader slowly walked toward her, a miraculous grin spreading across his face. “Well, who do we have here, a weak little ghost?” he sneered, glancing at Thunder, then looking at the chameleon, huddled beside her feet. His followers cackled, started shouting other insults at her. Anger started to swell in her chest.

“Get out, or I’ll make you,” she growled, looking directly into the leader’s eyes.

He chuckled, “You? So weak, I bet I could take you down with one swipe of my hand!” he said, grinning. Thunders rage shot up instantly, she had enough, she grabbed the chameleon by the tail and flung it directly onto the leader’s face. The male chameleon extended its claws, scratching the leader’s face. The leader howled in agony, and ran towards the exit, his followers ran to him, one stayed behind.

“You’ll pay for that,” he spat, then ran after the others, slamming the door shut. Thunder was relieved that the clowns had left, and she headed toward the staircase.

That was when she heard the door creaking open again. ‘Uh-oh,’ she thought, ‘Is it more clowns???’ She hid behind a pile of buckets, there were many bugs, but she didn’t mind, she peeked through a gap to see who it was. As the door opened, a group of people came in, heading through another hallway, which led them away from her.

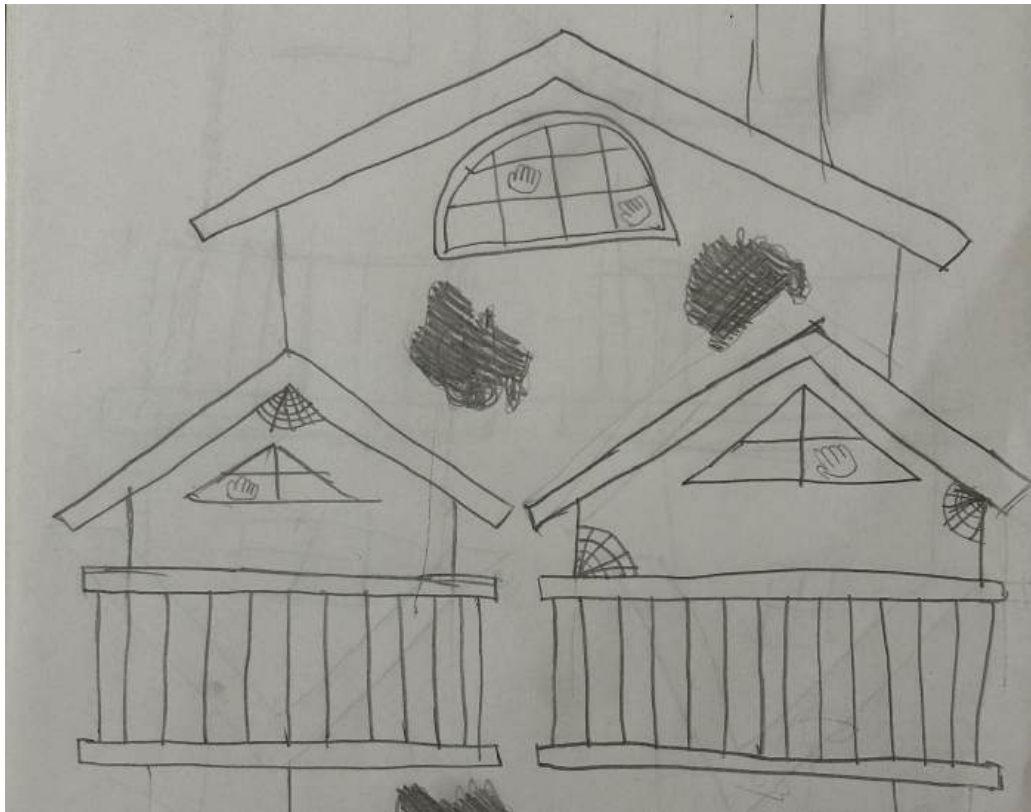
Thunder could feel the energy coming back to her, ‘Time to scare people!’ She thought, immediately leaping into action, she picked up a bucket, and gathered all the bugs into it. She crept behind the group, then suddenly, she threw the bucket of bugs onto their heads, and zoomed away. She could hear them screaming, and went back upstairs.

“This was the best day of my life!” she cried. “Next year,” she said, “I’m going to be a demon, and scare everyone on the planet!!” She plopped down onto the ground, and fell asleep, thinking of all the fun things that would happen next year!!

The End

Halloween Haunted House Adventure

By Andrew, age 10



It was a cold Friday in Averton when Billy was sitting on his front porch worrying, because he lost his tennis racket in the park. The racket was very precious because it had the signature of a very famous tennis player. After a while, Bob arrived, ran to Billy and asked, "What happened Billy?"

"I lost my very precious tennis racket," answered Billy, sadly.

“Oh, sad. We should try to take your mind off the racket. Why don’t we go to the haunted mansion!” Bob suggested, hoping to cheer up his friend. “Let’s see who can last the longest in the haunted mansion.”

“Ok, sure let’s go, that will definitely make me feel better.”

When they arrived, they opened their eyes widely because of what they saw. There was a huge mansion the size of a skyscraper. There were spider webs all over the walls and thin windows. And the scariest part was that there were bloody hand prints all over the door and the windows.

They opened the bloody door with a creak. “This feels scary!” whispered Billy.

“I’m gonna open my phone flashlight,” said Bob.

BAM!!

The door closed behind Billy & Bob. “Oh no!!!” screamed Billy and Bob in unison.

“HOW DARE YOU ENTER THE HAUNTED MANSION!!!” yelled a deep voice. Billy and Bob looked around scared. Nobody was there.

“I think we should go,” said Billy.

Billy and Bob dashed to the door and tugged it. It did not move.

“Uh-Oh, I think we are trapped!!!” whispered Bob.

“No, I think that it is just a prank that someone did,” said Billy bravely.

Billy and Bob turned around and saw that a cup was floating by the sink all by itself.

“AAHH!! I think this place has a ghost!!” screamed Billy.

“Then what are you waiting for? Let’s run!” yelled Bob. They ran upstairs and into a room. They locked the door just in case someone was gonna open it.

“Wow! There are so many books!” said Billy.

“Yeah, I know, right?” answered Bob in a curious voice. Suddenly a thick book fell to the ground with a KLUNK sound. Bob shone his flashlight around the room and said,

“How did that happen? There is no one in the room.”

Bob called the cops, with shaking hands, quickly. There was no signal.

“Let's go downstairs, to see if there is more signal there,” said Bob.

They ran towards the door, and peeked outside.

“I think it is safe now to go outside,” whispered Billy.

So Billy and Bob rushed downstairs. When they got downstairs another creepy thing happened. A cabinet door opened by itself and closed.

“LET ME OUT!!” screamed Billy and Bob while huddling together. A white fog floated in from the air conditioner and a shape of a tall buff ghost began to form. He had a 8 pack and his bicep was as big as half a basketball. He had a crew cut and was golden.

“I am John Cenar, the guardian of this haunted mansion,” said the ghost in a fierce voice. “Who are you?”

“AAHH!!! T-t-there's a ghost in this house!! A-a-and it's talking to us!!!” yelped Billy and Bob.

“I already stayed in this haunted mansion for many years, and I've been very lonely all these years.”

“Since you have come to this haunted mansion, I have finally had a visitor. So I will grant you one wish to come true,” said the ghost.

“Really?” asked Billy and Bob in a very surprised voice.

"Yes, come with me to my treasure chest," said the ghost.

Billy and Bob followed the ghost to his brown rusty treasure chest, which was in the last dusty room in the dark basement.

"What do you want?" asked the ghost.

"Can you try to see if you can try to find a tennis racket with a signature that a very famous player had signed?" asked Billy.

"Ok sure!" said the ghost.

He stuck his hand into the chest and started to rummage through it. He pulled out a pink racket.

"Is this it?" he asked.

"No, this is not my racket. My racket is neon and black," said Billy.

The ghost rummaged through the chest again. He pulled out a neon and black size 23 racket.

"Is this it?" the ghost asked.

"No, my racket is size 26," said Billy frustrated.

The ghost rummaged through the chest one last time. And pulled out a racket that was neon and black, size 26, and it has a signature.

"Yes! This is it! Now I finally found it!" Billy exclaimed excitedly.

Afterwards they thanked the ghost and left to go back to Billy's house.

The End

The Shadow of Charlie

By Archer, age 10

My name is Charlie, and I was once a very beloved dog, until I died. My owner was very sad. I always cheered him up though. My owner was tall with thick blonde hair. When I turned seven my owner slowly started to forget everything. Sometimes he would forget he even had me. For a while he forgot to feed me. He would pass me by like I didn't exist, I slowly started getting tired, until it was all black. I turned nine and now I am a ghost. Suddenly I heard a big crash, it was a kid. He seemed to have tripped and fell into a closet.

"Are you okay dude?" asked Avery, one of the kids.

"C'mon Jamieson, you're gonna get us caught!" Peter exclaimed. Jamieson had fallen into the closet because he was so nervous.

"This abandoned house gives me thriller vibes." Peter said. The kids popped their heads around the corner of the run down little house where I had been living.

"AHH!!" yelled Jamieson. "It's a gh-gh-GHOST."

"H-hey Avery, umm will you go check that out?" said Peter, nervously.

"Y-yeah Avery g-go check that out" Jamieson stuttered.

"Okay," Avery told them.

I could tell they were scared so I got a tiny bit closer, then the girl walked up to me and started petting me “Hey guys, he's not so bad he's actually really cute,” exclaimed Avery.

“W- wait you guys can see me” I asked.”

“IT TALKS?!” Jamieson screamed, then fainted.”

“Oh no, Jamieson, are you good?!” Peter yelled. The girl walked over, whispered in his ear and he woke up.

“WHAT? WHAT HAPPENED? Oh we're still here.” Jamieson said.

“What happened to him?” I asked . She told me that he was super scared of everything and he didn't want to come here, it was the other boy's idea to come here but he's also scared.

“Why are they scared?” I asked politely. She told me that they're scared of me because I'm a ghost. What? I'm a GHOST?! I yelled

“Yup,” said Avery

We walked out of the house and saw two men then the girl ran up to them and hugged them. Apparently, they were her owners named Jordan and Chase.

“Where were you guys? We were worried sick!” exclaimed Jordan.

“Hi Jamieson, how are you doing?” asked Chase.

“I'm good, Mr. Beckerson,” answered Jamieson.

“AHH!!” screamed Chase.

“Avery, Peter what is that thing?!?” yelled Chase, scared.

“What? Woah, “ said Jordan.

“Can we keep him, Dad, please?”

“Yeah, Dad, can we keep him?” asked Avery and Peter.

“Uh... ask your other dad, okay, guys.”

“Okay,” Peter and Avery said.

“Hey dad, can we keep him, please please please?” asked Peter and Avery.

“If it will make you guys happy, I suppose,” said Chase.

We went to Avery and Peter's house and Jamieson came too and we all lived happily ever after.

The End

A Ghostly Meeting

By Austin, age 12

I unfolded my chair and threw myself onto it. I had spent the last hour making the tent and setting up the fire. I sighed with relief as I took in my surroundings. The fire crackled beside me, and I smiled. This was my favorite camping spot. Fir trees surrounded me in a semicircle and parted perfectly to showcase the city lights shimmering over the ocean below. The forest floor was slightly wet from the fresh rain the night before. The air smelled damp and woodsy. This was usually the point I felt the most peaceful, but there was something ominous about the full moon and the thick layer of fog.

I shivered; was it the best idea to do this hike on Halloween? Maybe not, but maybe I was just getting into my own head. I had done this for many years, just not on Halloween. I was sure this was all my imagination.

I sighed, lay far back, and closed my eyes, listening to the crickets chirping. I was safe, covered over by the branches of the trees.

Snap. My eyes shot open.

Someone talked in the far distance. "I hate this time of year. The humans have pretended to be us, ghosts, and..." The crickets chirped louder. I slowly pushed myself upwards and turned around to face the voices. Another voice came in. "Yeah, pretending to be us. Monkey see, monkey do, am I right?" An owl hooted.

Their words suddenly hit me. Ghosts? Pretending to be us? I walked carefully toward the sound. I saw something transparent float by. I gasped silently. “What if we pretended to be them pretending to be us? Then, they would get scared,” said the first person. “That was the worst idea I have ever heard from your mouth. But I must remember, this is coming from your mouth.”

I took a step toward the center of the woods. A twig snapped under my feet. I kicked it away quickly. They stopped making any sounds. I held my breath. I peered into this flat gap in the trees, and moonlight spilled onto the clearing. Where did they go? The fire and moon weren’t enough to make out faces—if any. I thought I saw a neon grey sheen, but it was gone.

Suddenly, a voice from my left said, “Humans, at the meeting of the ghosts. How dare they! This is an outrage! Back in my day, mortals knew—”

I spun around—no one was there.

“Colonel Bleak, don’t worry, it was probably a fawn. Humans never come here.”

“Still, we must remain vigilant, Sir Shradric!”

I moved erratically now, stepping forward, sideways, pivoting. Who was there?

“Wait, shush—”

My breathing was laboured, and my forehead hurt from how high my eyebrows were raised. Suddenly, coming from the soil was a transparent face of a man with a 19th-century mustache that curled so dramatically that it could’ve tied itself into a knot. He looked up at me. His head was protruding through my chest as he smiled and said, “boo!” I screamed and stumbled. Another ghost flew out of the ground in front of me. I pivoted and ran in the other direction. At least thirty ghosts surrounded the forest around me.

“What should we do with it?”

“Let’s keep him as a pet!”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” said a ghost on my right. He wore a black vintage suit with rusty gold buttons and badges, like a general’s. He had a perfect manly mustache; he probably was all the rage in the 1920s. I looked down and noticed a knife lodged in his arm. I winced. “They’re absurdly noisy, unsanitary, and don’t get me started on their manners.”

“You’re noisy,” muttered another ghost. He rolled his eyes. He wore a simple suit with a red tie.

“You—”

“Let’s not start fighting now,” said a ghost in the back, raising his hand. He hesitated. “I suggest that we invite this man to our meeting. It has been centuries since we had a mortal with us.”

Cries of disbelief and shouts filled the air. My heart beat wildly. I wished I had stayed home.

“How dare you suggest such nonsense! You don’t mean—working with a human?” said the ghost with the suit and tie.

“Yes,” said the colonel. My head snapped toward him so fast, my neck strained. All the ghosts stared silently at the colonel in disbelief. “Maybe—maybe humans don’t have to be our playthings.”

The ghosts murmured amongst themselves. The colonel cleared his throat. “We haven’t formally met—my name is Colonel Bleak, and this is Sir Shradric.” He pointed to the man with the simple suit and tie. “And the rest are lower-rank peasants. Welcome to the Meeting of the Ghosts. Introduce yourself.”

I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out.

Colonel Bleak frowned. “Still got your tongue, boy?” he barked. I gulped.

“Oh dear, I think he’s still in shock,” said a ghost.

“Alright, back to business. What were we talking—oh yes—how to haunt the mortals. Any ideas?” Colonel Bleak’s eyes traveled through the crowd of people. Someone raised his hand.

“Yes?” he demanded.

“Maybe we start with haunting houses again,” the ghost began. “You know, the routine of flickering lights, door slammings, and creaks.”

“Overdone.” Colonel Bleak sighed. “Nowadays, they don’t fear those things. They do something called ‘googling’ it.”

The ghosts groaned in disappointment. I had an idea.

“What if you started showing up in group selfies,” I started. My voice trembled. “Not too obvious, but enough so that they can see you.”

Every ghost turned to me. The air turned sharp and cold.

Colonel Bleak’s mouth formed a rare smile. He started clapping. “Brilliant. How psychologically twisted.”

The clearing erupted with cheers and claps. Colonel Bleak walked over to me and patted my shoulder with his hand—and went straight through.

The End

Giggles the Ghost

By Ava, age 12

Every October, a sorceress or sorcerer from the ages of twelve to eighteen will have a magical guide teach them things others can't. They help you surpass your potential. It was my twelfth October and I was so excited. I dreamt about this month for years. I told everyone I met about it. I drew about it, I sang about it and I even wrote about it. I thought for so long that I'd get a strong magical guide like a lynx but it didn't turn out that way.

A bang woke me up with a jolt. I glanced at my clock beside me, the numbers, 3:21 were glowing to lighten a small patch of my room. I jumped out of bed and used the light of my phone to guide the way. My bookshelf fell over and I jumped. A great gust of force pushed me onto my bottom.

"Oh! I'm sorry friend, I didn't mean to hurt you."

A big translucent marshmallow-like figure floated in front of me.

Disappointment rushed over me.

No, my guide can't be a ghost!

"Are you a ghost?" I asked foolishly.

Of course it was a ghost.

The thing's cartoony face looked at me like I was crazy.

"Indeed, I am!"

I told the ghost I was tired and he needed to leave. I rushed to my parents room. I didn't bother knocking.

"Mom! Dad!" I cried.

My parents jolted awake.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?" My mom asked.

I ran to her side of the bed.

"My guide came!"

She smiled and was about to speak but I stopped her, "But it's a ghost! There must be a problem. My guide can't be a ghost because they are weak and useless!"

Her brow furrowed, clearly confused.

My dad came around the bed and sat next to me. "Sweetheart-" He began but my mom interrupted him.

"Lyla, did you know my guide was a ghost?"

I shook my head.

"My guide was the most brilliant magic teacher I could ask for and I was skeptical at first just like you but I gave him a chance that I didn't regret."

"Really?" I asked.

"Really." She replied.

My dad stepped in.

“Lyla, you should never judge something or someone by its looks. Who knows, the ghost may be strong or it may be funny or even really smart when it comes to computers.”

I thought about that for a minute.

“Oh. That’s a smart way to think about it.”

After that conversation, my parents went to sleep but I stayed wide awake. I spent the rest of the day spending time with the ghost. His name is Giggles. He came from a place called Sanctusville and he absolutely loves reading about enchantments. We became friends quickly. My family loved him too, they thought he was one of the smartest creatures they’ve met. I spent the whole month with Giggles. We played, we learned and we even pranked my friends a few times.

Fourteen years later...

Giggles

My name is Giggles and I come from a small town called Sanctusville. I come from a long line of magical guides. I love playing friendly tricks and pranks on people and making people laugh. I love ice cream and I think that it can bring joy to all of us.

When she was younger, I taught Lyla Neuyamela all about magic. I was supposed to leave and never return after her eighteenth October but the ancestors let me stick around. Some might say I’m just her little sidekick and part of that is true but I’m much more, I’m her best friend.

Lyla is now a professional enchanter. She adds magical properties to things every day. She is now the face of the famous quote, “Never judge a book by its cover.” She inspires people every day to give others a chance no matter what they look like. So remember, it’s what is on the inside that counts.

The End

Misty's Secret

By Chelsea (Yixuan), age 10

Misty was a small, quiet ghost. She never made a fuss about anything and she never got angry. She was a follower, and never a leader. Misty haunted the path of the Dark Elm Road. She was the best at scaring people. Misty had a special way of luring people in, and never letting them out.

One night, Misty saw a group of investigators walk into the forest, each holding a flashlight. She sighed. The people that came the most were always either police or investigators. Misty slowly descended from the branches she was perched on. She picked up a twig and snapped it. The men froze.

"What was that?" A man asked fearfully. The group turned toward the sound. Misty snapped more branches and crushed fallen leaves.

"Let's go," said another man, "there's nothing in here except for the devil." The others murmured in agreement, and slowly backpedaled.

"Wait," Misty whispered, "no one ever leaves this place, remember? Once you come in, you never come out."

"Who's there?" A man shouted out into the darkness. No one answered. Misty giggled silently. It was fun, playing with these stupid people. They never knew anything. Misty approached them, transforming into a dirty little girl with a flowery dress.

“Can you help me? I’m lost. I want my mommy.” Misty said quietly, in a high pitched voice. The men look at each other, confused and unsure what to do. One of them kneeled down in front of Misty, giving her a kind smile.

“We will help you. What’s your name? And, how long have you been here?” He brought out a water bottle from his bag and offered it to her.

“What’s your name?” Misty cocked her head to the side questioningly. The man smiled and opened the water bottle for her and brought it to her lips. She pushed it to the side.

“I’m all right. I’m not that thirsty anyways.” She put the cap on and handed it back to the man.

“OK then. My name is George Robinson. I have a kid too.” He looked at her excitedly. “Maybe you can be friends.”

“Ok George. I forgot my name. I don’t have one. And I’ve been in here for as long as I can remember.” Misty whispered back. The man nodded.

“Okay. How ‘bout I give you one?” When Misty nodded, he thought for a moment and answered, “ Is Olivia okay?” Misty nods again. “Okay Olivia. So, have you just been wandering around here the whole time? How did you survive without food, and aren’t you cold? Did you ever go to school?”

He scrunched up his eyebrows in deep thought.

“I never went to school. I’m not that cold because I’m used to it. Ghosts don’t need food. And, yes, I have been here the whole time.” Misty answered. The ends of her mouth start twitching. A grin slowly forms.

“Did you just say ghost?”

And after that day, no one saw the investigators ever again.

The End

The Town with No Moon

By Chelsea, age 10

It's Halloween night, and there are zombies, skeletons and ghosts everywhere, and everyone is skipping and running around. Everybody except for Lily, who notices that tonight, there was no moon or stars in the clear night sky. But, everyone except Lily just keeps on going as if nothing unusual is happening. But Lily sees something more unusual than before, glowing eyes pop out on the rooftops and the trees in the town, and stare down at the people on the streets. Lily's face turns pale, and her body turns stiff. But, when she tries to tell her friends, they just say "You're just imagining it" then scoff and scowl and just walk away.

As Lily walks back home with a few candies in her bag, (after all she didn't need much) but just as she started walking, in all of a sudden streetlights started to flicker and flash. Shadows started to appear and it almost seems like they're moving around. She hears a faint voice call her by her name, but when she turns around, she doesn't see anyone. Her body stops moving for a second, and her legs shake with fear. She tries to run away but her legs won't go. She quickly crawls to the direction of her house but when she looked into her living room window, her reflection wasn't moving like her. It leads outside, realising that the glowing eyes followed her to where she lived Lily's eyes open wide, why are they following her? But Lily sees that the vision that comes from their eyes almost looks as if they need help and are pleading for something. Realising that she should give them a chance, Lily slowly tells them to follow and she slowly starts to walk in the direction of the moon.

Lily climbs the highest hill in the town where the moon is meant to rise. The glowing eyes follow and surround her, lighting up the dark night. She then gasps at the eyes

since they are only spirits of the moon and are trapped because no one now welcomes the moon in and it has been a long forgotten tradition. The spirits won't reveal themselves unless someone believes in them.

Lily then remembers that a long time ago her grandmother had told her a moon welcome rhyme, so she sang that song to the spirits. "Little moon, so soft and bright, You bring us joy and gentle light. We're so happy you are here, To fill our hearts with love and cheer! The spirits slowly began to form as one and the moon appeared brighter than any of the years before. The next morning, everyone woke up to a bright sunny morning and a nice warm breeze filled the air, even in fall. But, Lily woke up to find a silver feather glowing on her windowsill. Her eyes sparkle, and a wide beam spreads across her face. It's a new day, and who knows what adventure is next?

The End

The Window at Wicker House

By Elayna, age 13

They say she knocks only once.

Every October, when the air turns crisp and the leaves rattle like bones, someone hears it: a single, hollow knock at the attic window of Wicker House—an old, peeling Victorian on the edge of town. It's boarded up now, but the top window always gleams clean, untouched by dust or time.

That's her window.

Her name was Astrid Sallow, and a century ago, she lived in that house with her father, the town's apothecary. He was strict, secretive, and obsessed with his "medicinal experiments." They say he kept Astrid locked away from the world, especially after her mother died. But one Halloween night, something went terribly wrong. Screams echoed from the attic. Then silence.

No one saw Astrid again.

Years passed. The house was sold, abandoned, sold again. Every October, families reported strange events—shampoo swapped with glue, footsteps upside-down on the ceiling, glowing handprints on foggy mirrors. Pranks. Mischief. But never malevolent—until someone tried to open the attic door.

They didn't last the night.

Now Wicker House is empty, a leaning relic with ivy-wrapped bones. Kids dare each other to touch the doorknob. None stay long enough to hear the knock.

Except for Indigo, a curious teen with a love for ghost stories and a habit of trespassing.

"I just want to meet her," she whispered to the gate one chilly dusk. The iron creaked open.

Inside, the air was colder than outside. Dust hung in beams of moonlight. The silence wasn't empty—it was watching.

Indigo climbed the creaking stairs, skipping the broken third step like the forums warned. Her flashlight flickered as she reached the attic door—swollen with age, nailed shut.

She waited.

One knock. Clear. Sharp. Hollow.

"Astrid?" Indigo breathed. "I'm not here to hurt you. I think you might've been lonely...and maybe could use a friend."

The flashlight died.

The attic door creaked open on its own.

Inside, moonlight poured through the spotless window. A music box played softly from nowhere. And there she was—faint as mist, shimmering like frost on glass. Astrid. In a white dress, barefoot, smiling.

"You found me," she whispered.

Indigo nodded, heart pounding. "Why the pranks?"

“I was bored,” Astrid said, twirling midair. “But I wanted someone clever enough to reach me. You didn’t run.”

“Do you want to move on?” Indigo asked.

Astrid tilted her head. “Oh no, I like it here. But I don’t want to be alone again. Would you stay?”

Before Indigo could answer, Astrid's hand touched hers—icy, and suddenly strong.

The attic slammed shut.

Weeks passed. Townsfolk noticed something odd—another face in the attic window, now standing beside Astrid’s.

Some say it’s a Halloween decoration.

Others know better.

Because this year, on October 31st, there were two knocks at the window.

And they say Indigo is just getting started.

The End

The Ghost of King Corner

By Freya, age 11

“So what costumes do you two have in mind?” asked Dad as he drove July and June to the Halloween store.

“I want to be a plague doctor!” replied July.

“Nice! What about you June?” asked Dad.

“I’m going to be a princess!”

“That’s lovely June! Quiet down though.”

The trio parked and walked up to the store. “Welcome to Hank’s Halloween! Kids costumes are at the back, adults up front and decorations and accessories are by the cashier,” croaked an old woman around the age of sixty. Her long fingernails were yellow and her skin was very pale, which worried June.

“Was she okay?” whispered June as they walked away.

“Yes, she was just dressed up as a witch.”

“Seemed real to me.” July said looking at June. June whimpered like a small puppy.

“It’s all right, Juney, your brother is just trying to scare you.”

“Oh,” mumbled June. July laughed as he walked to the ‘Scary’ aisle. “Come on June, let’s go get you that princess costume.”

Half an hour later, July had a plague doctor costume, June was hugging a Toto plush that came with her Dorothy costume and they were just turning onto King Corner when they saw a purple and orange moving truck parked two houses down from theirs. “Looks like the new neighbour finally moved in,” said Dad, glancing at the truck. “It’s been a long time since he bought that house.”

When they got inside Mum was eager to see their costumes. “Aww, so cute June and so scary July! Now, could you drop this off at the new neighbours house? I told him you were going to come by and drop off this banana bread. I met him earlier. His name is Charlie Lazlo, but you call him Mr. Lazlo. He just moved here from Winnipeg!”

“We just got home! I don’t want to go out again!” groaned July.

“Now!”

“Fine!” snapped July.

The two kids were walking down the street when they saw a white flash dash across the pavement. “GHOST!” screamed July. He dropped the plate of warm banana bread on the ground, threw June onto his back and bolted home. When they arrived home, July shouted to Mum, “Mr.Lazlo says thanks!”

“Thank you guys!” Mum shouted back. June looked at her big brother. She did not approve of lying to her mother but she did not unpack an argument. She had bigger things on her mind. They had just seen a ghost and all July wanted to do was hide inside.

“July we have to go catch the ghost!”

“No!” replied July. The siblings kept debating until June said. “Oh, are you too scared?” She had him there!

“Fine! Let’s get the net from the garage!”

“Yes!” screamed June jumping up and down.

“Let’s go outside and hide in the bush right where we saw the ghost.” July told June. So they sat in a bush and waited for the ghost.

“You know? If we catch this ghost we will be the heroes of King Corner. I can already picture the trophy! To July and June Colbin!” said July.

“No it would say June and July Colbin! June comes first in the calendar!”

“Sure, June. Quiet down, you’re scaring the ghost.” All of a sudden a dash of white flew by. July swung the net on top of the ghost but it got away!

“Maybe we need a new plan,” said June.

“Yeah,,” agreed July.

“We could put peanut butter cookies on the doorstep and then when the ghost comes we can catch it.” explained June.

“That’s pretty smart for a six year old but do ghosts even like peanut butter cookies?” asked July.

“Come on buddy, we’re in Canada everyone likes peanut butter.”

“Okay. I guess it’s worth a shot.”

The siblings put peanut butter cookies on the doorstep and hid behind the door. Almost instantly they heard munching. July got into action, swung the net and watched it land onto a...

“PUPPY?” June and July looked at each other confused. The ghost had really been a Yorkshire terrier?

At that moment, Mum and Dad came outside along with Mr. Lazlo. “Oh dear I’m so sorry this is Toto, the dog I’m fostering. He must have escaped his pen!”

“That's okay Mr.Lazlo. Kids, what are you doing?” asked Dad.

Before they could respond Mr.Lazlo added, “You were talking about getting a dog! Would you like to take Toto? He seems to love your kids. That's why he followed them around today?”

Mum and Dad looked at each other. “He is kind of perfect... We'll take him!” screamed Mum!

July and June were in shock. They had wanted a dog their whole life and now they had finally gotten one out of the blue! Who knew that today they were going to get an adorable little puppy!

“Hey, his name is Toto just like my Halloween costume's dog!” said June excitedly. She was definitely bringing him trick-or-treating Toto yelped as the family cheered!

“Happy Halloween kids!” said Mr. Lazlo. “And happy Halloween Toto!”

The End

The Story of Augustus Blackmoor

By Grayden, age 12

Augustus was a man in the 1800s, who lived in the town Westmore. He was a shy fellow to the town, a man no one knew, until he married his appealing wife. Eleanor Blackmoor was loved in the municipality, and she knew numerous people. Augustus and Eleanor were gleeful for each other, until that glacial winter.

Eleanor got really sick, a sickness called the Winter Fever, and at the time, was really rare to encounter. It was caused by the swift frigid winds or cold snowy environment. Augustus tried every medicine he could obtain, but nothing worked. And one daunting morning, Eleanor Blackmoor had passed away. Augustus was heartbroken that his exquisite wife had died. Augustus, filled with sorrowness, guilt, and despair, soon became depressed. And not long after also passed away.

A century later, a young girl named Iris Blackmoor, (a descendant of Augustus), was having the same drawback. Her mother, Mirabel Blackmoor was also sick. And after weeks of being sick, it was finally confirmed that she had, The Winter Fever. Iris dozed off that night not knowing what to do. But in the middle of the night around witching hour, Iris woke up to a presence hovering over her. A glowing white figure, gazing from overhead.

Iris's first impulse was to leap up and scurry out of the cottage she lived in. But the phantom looked a lot like her father. Turns out the mortal was her grandfather. But since her father died when she was young, she didn't know anything about him.

The ghost stood there in the bitter, cold, cottage that smelt of wood and trees. Likely because it was made of decaying wood that her father built before he passed away. Her grandfather clarified that he was her spirit guide to help cure her mother. But at the time, there was no cure. Or is there? No one knows, until now!

Numerous distinct sounds echoed in the Westmore Hollow forest. Augustus had brought Iris into the ragged torn forest, and Iris had no idea what her grandfather was going to formulate. She was petrified seeing the ancient rotting woods, but she was also eerie to know more, not just about where she was, but about her baffling grandfather.

Augustus Blackmoor. Iris pondered, why didn't her mother tell her about Iris's unrevealed grandfather. But by the time she could demand an answer, they had already made it to their destination. A monstrous gargantuan mountain towering over them and right in front of them, was a dire cave. And finally after 100 years of the winter fever, there was a real cure.

The Frostvein Bloom was the name. Found in a winter cave blooming deep down inside. Iris's grandfather went down alone, leaving Iris on her own. That night the ghost of Augustus Blackmoor never came out.

Iris lost her spirit guide, ghost, but most of all, she lost her grandfather. Iris ended up losing her mother 2 days later, leaving her the only Blackmoor alive. To this day people say the ghost of Augustus Blackmoor still haunts the caves of Westmore, still looking for the cure of the winter fever.

The cure still was never found.

The End

The Unicorn Mirror

By Julie, age 10

I was brushing my teeth in my pink bathroom when a magical, shimmering, ghostly, blue-maned unicorn appeared suddenly in my mirror.

I shook my head twice to see if I was dreaming. I wasn't. The unicorn was still there. Every time I finished brushing with my lucky pink toothbrush with pink bristles, the unicorn neighed then disappeared.

This kept happening every night until the final night of October, before I went trick-or-treating. I picked up my toothbrush and put it to my lips. This time, the unicorn did not appear in my mirror. Strange! The unicorn was supposed to appear every time I press the toothbrush to my lips and neigh when I'm done brushing.

I touched the mirror to see what was going on. A spectral, shimmering face appeared in my mirror and spoke to me in a ghostly voice. It was blue with small dots all over his face. The voice was so ghostly, my hairs stood up on end.

"Hello, strange human being, I am General Agent Hives, because every morning I have hives. Now everybody in the Uni-universe is getting hives every day they wake up! The shimmering unicorn that appeared in your mirror when you were brushing is now at home and treating its own hives. I was supposed to be the only person having hives every morning, and now it is slowly spreading! Hospitals will overflow with patients. Parents will be calling 9-1-1. We choose you, our brave human, to save the Uni-universe and solve the case of the hives! Once the case is solved, we will be able to make a cure

and prevent this disease from happening again. Please touch the mirror with your two hands to enter the Uni-universe. We need your help!”

I stared at the mirror with amazement. How magical my mirror was! I couldn’t believe it. This will be the most dangerous journey of my life! I anxiously touched one side of the spooky face, letting my hand absorb the mirror’s power.

“Touch the other hand!” commanded the voice. I felt like the mirror was going to curse me if I put my other hand down, so I reluctantly pushed my hand onto the mirror and closed my eyes.

I was sucked into a spectral green whirlpool coming from the mirror. My guts felt like they were getting twisted together, tighter and tighter. “I will get squeezed so tight I will not be able to breathe!” I thought.

I curled up into a ball, bracing myself for death...

...Until the mysterious light, the tension, and the whirlpool disappeared.

“This is not the place!” I thought. “ The uni-universe is supposed to be colorful and not scary! Now I am in a dark, tangled, spooky forest!”

Just when I finished thinking, I heard a spooky ghostly voice coming from a confusing direction. The voice suddenly appeared from my back, then it came forward. Then it came above my eyes, and then, and then...

Until the confusion stopped and the voice became unclear. I knew it: It was just a trick! “ I’m cooked.” I thought. “ I am trapped here forever!” Until the voice became clear and strong.

“Sorry, human. I was trying to complete my school project.” Said a voice behind me.

I turned around to see a cute little white ghost facing me. It was the size of a kitten.

“Oh, I thought I was trapped here forever!” I replied.

“Do you want to be friends? I can help you out of the uni-universe. The mayor of Uni-universe already knows why everybody has been getting hives, so the mayor said you can freely go back to your own world just by touching a random tree in here!”

“Sure! Just only if we don’t run into trouble,” I said.

Together, hand in hand, we walked through the landscape, unaware of potential dangers. I wonder if we are going to run into some dangers...

... Just when we bumped our heads together on an old tree with winding bark. I felt like I was being pulled again into the whirlpool, but at that precise moment the feeling disappeared. I opened my eyes. I was still in this magical forest! I was doomed. The ghost had left me. “Oh no! ‘ I thought. “This evil realm is tricking me!”

Just then, a tree-shaped gargoyle said: “We are sorry, but this is the end for you. Your ghost friend is already in your world trick-or-treating. As the Ghost Queen has decided, you cannot return to your own world again. Your spirit is out there, and you have to turn into an elder tree.”

“Anyone who reaches here finishes their journey up as a tree?!” I asked. Seriously, the gargoyle nodded.

“Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!” I screamed until I felt myself being rooted into the branches. Sharp pain filled my head. This had to be the growing of branches and leaves.

“Nooooooooo!” I yelled silently in my head once the transformation was complete. I was now a thick oak tree with no eyes, no mouth, but still a huge imagination.

Meanwhile in the real universe, our little ghost has been making many friends in the universe, whatever the religion and language. She even got adopted by an African American family and got to live in a seaside resort!

The End

The Expanse of Lost Things

By Pandora, age 11

Alf walked into her favourite craft store on Halloween, ice cream cone in hand. Her mother had finally allowed her to visit on her own! Alf was growing up.

After using two sets of escalators to reach the third floor, she made it to the aisle she wanted: The Expanse of Lost Things, nicknamed by Alf for its peculiar and miscellaneous contents, like bags of moss, shiny orbs, textured pebbles, colorful twine...

As Alf examined a shelf of mismatched buttons, she saw a little girl.

The girl was unnaturally pale, almost translucent, and looked too young to be unaccompanied. Her feet seemed to float a few inches above the ground.

When the girl noticed Alf staring at her, she immediately dropped down to the floor.

Alf was probably seeing things.

Probably.

"Hi. What's your name?" Alf asked.

"I...don't remember," the girl answered uncertainly.

Alf saw that her eyes looked remarkably like a cat's. Cold, piercing, and with pupils too stretched to look normal on a human girl.

Something felt wrong about her.

"That's okay. Do you want my ice cream?"

The girl stared at Alf's outstretched hand, blinking nervously. "I can't." She reached over to grab the ice cream cone but her hand went right through it.

"Well, do you want to meet at the park sometime?"

"I don't like leaving this place," the girl said seriously, eyes bulging. "Meet me here tomorrow, though? I'm lonely."

The girl's eyes shone with an ulterior motive.

Alf nodded.

The next day, when Alf returned to The Expanse of Lost Things, the girl was exactly where Alf left her.

But right before Alf's eyes, the girl started to shapeshift into a human with no skin, blood and organs flowing around her in halos. Dark tendrils expanded from its body and slashed toward Alf ominously.

"Hello, Alf," the ghost beast said evenly in the girl's voice. "I was killed in this craft store before my time. Here I am destined to stay until many times my natural life. And I've been searching for a person just like you."

The ghost beast extended a sinewy hand to Alf's forehead. It passed right through her. Alf felt a chill deep in her bones.

Alf didn't know what had happened until she glanced fleetingly at a mirror for sale.

Instead of her own self staring back at her, she saw the pale girl condemned to rot forever in the craft store.

The ghost beast had switched places with Alf.

“I hope you have nice parents,” it said. Alf watched the ghost beast skip off in Alf’s form, go down the escalators, and walk right out the door.

Alf was now condemned to haunt the craft store she loved most... forever.

Alf promised herself she would never deceive anyone the way she had been deceived, not even to escape her new eternal prison.

But Alf’s resolve may waver as the decades go by.

So do yourself a favour, kids...

Don’t go into a craft store alone on Halloween.

The End

Ghost Story

By Paris, age 11

Jasmine was excited to be moving to a new house. Her old house was just an apartment and was tiny. When the moving truck reached her new home, she saw it was a bright yellow house that glimmered in the sun. She stood there at the door in shock. A bright yellow house was exactly what she always wanted. She pinched herself to see if it was a dream, then quickly ran inside.

All the walls were yellow. It was perfect. She ran upstairs to her room. On the bookshelf was a small purple teddy with some rips in its body. Around it was a red circle it looked like a summoning circle. It was strange, but Jasmine just shrugged, "At least I get a pretty room and a cute stuffy, but I just need to stitch it up a little."

Her mom screamed, "Get down here, Jasmine, and pick up your mattress. It's getting late and you have school tomorrow, so get your mattress and go to sleep. We can get furniture tomorrow when you go to school."

Jasmine rolled her eyes but walked downstairs. She picked up her mattress and brought it upstairs. By the time she got it upstairs she was exhausted. She put her new stuffy on the edge of the bed and went to sleep.

She thought to herself, "Oh shoot I forgot to tell my mom about the stuffy. Oh well she probably gave it to me as an early birthday gift."

The next morning, she slept in late. When she awoke, she saw her stuffy was gone. She thought, “Mom probably took it to stitch it up!” She went downstairs, some food and ran out to the door to school.

Jasmine, a bit late, ran to the bus struggling to eat. She caught the bus just in the nick of time and sat down in an empty seat and opened her bag. She gasped as she saw it. It was the bear!! Did her mom put it there how did it get there?

Jasmine was so scared she threw the doll outside the bus window. She just sat there with a tense expression. A million thoughts went through her mind as she wondered how it got there.

Screech! The sound of the bus stopping echoed. Jasmine was still in a daze until a girl tapped her shoulder.

“Why are you still sitting here? The bus stopped. C’mon, let’s get off!”

Jasmine stood up and walked off the bus. She slowly walked to her locker, still stiff as a rock. She opened her locker and then –

BOOM!

“Ahhhh! Help me, help me!” Jasmine screamed.

Everything went black. The last thing she saw was teachers crowding over her. Then everything went black again.

“Uh... what happened?” said Jasmine. She looked beside her, and then she saw it. She saw the stuffed bear again.

“Aaaaaa! Help me, help me!” Jasmine yelled in horror as she saw the stuffed bear. Jasmine stood up and ran toward the nearest exit. When she tried to open the door, she noticed it was locked.

She was washed in fear — she was stuck in a room with a creepy bear. But then the bear stood up and slowly walked toward her. Jasmine shuffled even closer to the door, even though she couldn't go any farther.

Then the bear opened its patched-up mouth and said,

“Hahaha, that was so funny! Haha, I'm about to die from laughter!”

Jasmine raised an eyebrow and asked politely, “If you don't mind me asking, are you a ghost?”

The bear said “Haha, you will never know Oooh Aaah!” Jasmine rolled her eyes.

She swiftly put the bear inside her backpack and asked, “Can you open the door?”

“Of course!” With a snap of a paw the door opened. Jasmine rushed outside looking for the nearest bus back home. She was still scared, but she was confident that she could do something if she got home. She checked on her phone, and she saw only a 5-minute walk to her house?! She scrambled to the direction her house was.

Eventually, she made it to her house, and she swiftly opened the door, but then she heard a scratching sound of a backpack or a toy ripping. She looked behind her, and she saw the purple bear ripping in half.

“Swoosh~” A small spirit floated around the teddy bear's body, and then, it said, “It was funny joking with you. My ghost spirit will forever haunt you! Don't forget me!” The bear's soul winked at Jasmine and floated away.

Jasmine was in shock of what just happened, but she was relieved that the ghost was gone. She slowly walked to her backyard and buried the bear's body when she finished. She sighed. At last, she was free from the ghost that had been haunting her.

The End

Marry-Boo

By Quinnlyn, age 13

Hello, my name is Marry-Boo. This is the story of my life before I was a ghost.

I had a mom, a dad and a sister named Daisy, until our dad left and my mom resented us.

One day our mother led us to a dark hole in the basement wall. Inside was a single lantern, illuminating the moss already growing.

“Go inside,” she ordered. Her voice was so cold, a cold I had never heard before, like her throat was clogged with ice.

Daisy and I crawled inside, not knowing what to expect. I was seven, Daisy was fourteen. I thought this was a game of hide and seek, but Daisy knew better.

I remember turning around to see my mother, the woman who we were supposed to trust, pick up a bucket of nails. I didn't even know it was there. She put a giant wood plank over the hole and nailed it into the wall. Yes, she had trapped me and my big sister Daisy. She left us there, alone and scared.

“Mommy!” I cried, banging on the plank. I heard the basement door lock click, we were trapped in the wall, in a locked room. With nothing, no food or water but a gap in the plank so we could breathe.

Days passed. I grew hungry and tired but I couldn't sleep, I couldn't sleep at all. Daisy never cried. She just seemed broken, like this was the last straw for her, and for me too. So many days I lay there and cried, knowing mommy would never come back.

Daisy died before me.

I woke up one day and her body was like a raisin, shrivelled with only bones showing. I didn't scream or cry, I just tried to wake her up and when she didn't, I lay beside her, wrapping her cold arms around me. I just needed someone to love me.

When I passed away too, I was not scared.

Now every night, I fly around, as a ghost. Every Halloween, I go up to those kids who are scared or frightened and I tell them they're going to be okay. I'm that voice in your ear that's telling you to be brave, even though sometimes it's scary. That's me, Marry-Boo. I haven't found Daisy yet but I can feel her. She's out there somewhere and I feel she's looking for me too.

Last night I found out the truth from the voice in my head. It was my mother's voice. It turns out my dad had come for us that night and she had hidden us in the wall, planning, promising to free us afterwards. But my dad broke through the window and killed her, so she never got to.

Except I'm not dead, I'm just free.

Because sometimes death isn't scary if it's relieving you from a worse nightmare. Goodbye mommy, and thank you.

The End

Snowy and a Halloween Friend

By Zoya, age 7

Once upon a time there was a little ghost and her name was Snowy. She lived in a spooky mansion. But she didn't want to reveal her true self. On the trick-or-treat night Snowy didn't want a costume because she wanted to pretend, she was a kid in a costume of a ghost.

Before Snowy had knocked on the first house her basket was empty. Then she knocked and tried her best to not levitate. People gave her some candy, and they said that her costume was very cool.

Before the next house Snowy had a few candies and when she knocked a little boy answered and dumped his whole bucket of candy into her basket, the boy slammed the door without even thinking.

Snowy said, "He sure isn't good at giving out candy!" But she was happy she got a lot of candies because ghosts love sweets. On the third house when Snowy knocked on the door – surprise, surprise – it was another ghost whose name was Mila. She was a girl ghost, too. They became friends and Snowy was never shy to reveal her true self ever again.

The End



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