

Back in Time

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 January 2026 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about a character that goes back in time on January 1st. 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:** Michael Visits Khufu by Mitchell (age 9)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** The Dinosaur World by Nathaniel (age 8)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** Mina's Unexpected Jump by Mmesoma (age 13)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** Siena's Switch Back in Time by Antonia (age 10)

Table of Contents

Travel Through Time	7
Time Travel	10
Sienna's Switch Back in Time	13
A Second Chance	16
The Old Horse	18
Horse and Carriage	19
Time Swap	20
Old-Fashioned School Morning	22
Dinos on New Years	25
Back Home	28
The Young	29
The Mysterious Dinosaurs	30
My Journey to the Past	32
Back in Time	34
Michael Visits Khufu	35
Mina's Unexpected Jump	37
The Dinosaur World	39
Roy the Dinosaur	41
Roy the Dinosaur	43
The Prophet of Rome	45
A Year of Mistakes	47
No Cars!	50
The Dream	51
The Fake Sickness	53

Travel Through Time

By Alvin, age 12

I just woke up to a brand-new year, when I looked outside the window and saw kids my age talking and walking while carrying no backpack. Their books were tied together with strings. My mom was at the door, worried.

“What’s happening outside?” she asked.

“I have no idea,” I responded.

I decided just to go outside in my normal clothes. There was a lot of staring at my backpack while everyone else had a bunch of strings. When I got to class, everything looked like one of those old photos that my grandparents had. There were no whiteboards.

The teacher spoke. “This is our new student, Mike Miller,” he said. “Would you like to write the date on the board?”

I walked up and wrote “2026, January 1st.” All the kids laughed. The teacher grabbed out his chalk. He erased it and wrote “1926, January 1st.” I knew then that I had somehow traveled back in time.

I immediately ran out of class. I ran into my modern day house. “Mom! Why have we traveled back into 1926?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she said, radiating worry.

Dad came home, his face red. “What is this? Where are we?”

“We should stay in our house,” I said. We all agreed.

The next day, we were back to normal. There was a cop outside and knocking on the door. Dad went outside to talk with him and I could only hear snippets of what dad was saying.

“Hello officer, what do you -” my dad asked.

“Well, when -” the officer spoke, seriously.

“What do you mean that’s outrageous? It literally happened -”

“Oh, so you’re leaving?”

“No, You wouldn’t dare!”

Then, the door slammed in his face.

Dad sighed and explained that the government wants to take our land and we have one week to prove how the house disappeared into thin air. Not wanting to lose our home, we searched the place and found nothing. We decided to search online. We discovered that a scientist long ago was experimenting right in our house. One day, he disappeared. His last words recorded were “Do not disturb my work.” After researching, we went to bed and I got knocked out cold.

I woke up sweating and what I saw was flabbergasting. Not again! I thought. Outside was a giant castle with farms surrounding it. Then, a group of the king’s guards came in and tried to barge in.

“THE KING DEMANDS WHAT SORCERY IS THIS!” demanded one of the guards. They tried and tried, but they couldn’t get in. Yesterday, the government installed peak security so only the government and us could get in. At almost the end of the day, our house went back to our time.

Outside, I could see our creepy neighbor on the fence watching us. I was almost used to it. He went into his house. I decided to follow him. When I went in, all I saw was a giant elevator. I pressed a button and a glass elevator was there. I went inside the elevator and pressed the down button. It started moving.

It went down for what felt like hours, and when I checked my phone, it actually was over three hours. Suddenly, I heard a ding, and the doors opened to reveal a vast cavern full

of things that belong in a sci-fi movie. There were giant rings floating in the air, big ships on the edge of a platform, even a big control pad for controlling the weather. I saw a comically large chair rotate at the edge of the platform.

“Well, well, well,” my deranged neighbor said. I saved myself from that old man by stealing the machine labeled “TIME MACHINE.” The really old man screamed as loud as he could. In seconds, some people dressed in weird clothes went in and tied the man up fast. I rode the elevator up and when I got home, my parents already knew what happened. Apparently, “the man was working with aliens,” the government said. He was also the guy from long ago. Yay, I guess.

The End

Time Travel

By Andrea, age 11

Shelly woke up to find out that she had travelled to 1967. Things are really different from 2023. The first thing that she noticed was that the technology was really different.

There were short houses, some old cars, shops, clocks , and some people wearing weird clothes. Too bad everything was red.

Shelly was in a house that she supposed was hers in the past but it looked really different from modern times like 2023. Houses were old.

Shelly remembered that she had not eaten breakfast yet and her stomach grumbled.

Shelly was hungry so she walked out of the house. She looked everywhere, but she couldn't find a mall or shop.

Then, she heard a voice saying, I am a system and I will help you go back to your beautiful future and can help you to see your beautiful mansion and luxurious beautiful car. All you need to find the human world magical red button to get rid of the red and save everyone.

Where is it? she said.

Follow the red dotted lines.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

Are you sure about that, system. I have never been on this path before. Are you sure it's this way? I'm scared.

The system said, humans feeling scared is pretty natural because that's a human feeling.

Are you really sure?

The system said, "Yes, I study this map 20 times a semi-day, so I should be able to know everything about where it is. Also, I visit it everyday to make sure no one moves or touches or even get close to it".

Shelly found that kind of suspicious. If the system guarded it everyday, why did the system not press it itself?

A while later, she found herself in the middle of a forest. She wasn't careful crossing the road to press the button and got hit by a car.

The system rescued her from getting injured and this time she had to be careful. She carefully crossed the road and pressed the button.

She quickly pressed the button but right after she did, she felt like she was getting strangled. She said, system, h-help.

Mwaaa hahahahahaaaa. Shelly, you are so foolish. I tricked you into believing me but now you made all of them die. All of them will die and so will you. And at point Shelly couldn't breathe anymore.

The town became green, full of viruses and soon everyone was gasping for air. All the buildings fell, people fell ill, some people died, but nobody was okay.

The system said, " I know one way you can save them. Too bad you are dead so you can not hear what I am saying. The only way that you could save people is by your blood. Since you are dead, nobody can save them.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

Only by you giving them your blood voluntarily and by yourself will they get saved. I know you can not because you are already gone. You could have been smarter. Try harder next time.”

The End

Sienna's Switch Back in Time

By Antonia, age 10

As Sienna tossed under her covers, the memories rushed through her mind. Fireworks boomed as the shouting filled the living room.

“Mom! It’s not fair!” She stormed off in a bout of fury, rushing up the stairs. The countdown had started.

“Stay in your room!” Her mother shouted back. Sienna had tears in her eyes, her cheeks wet. She slammed her bedroom door as the ball dropped. That was unlike any argument she had before.

Now, as the sun shone down on her face from the large window above her bed, she began to wake up. Her room was lit by the morning light, shadows cast. She opened her eyes slowly. Sienna looked out the window, seeing the clear skies of the forecast.

Hopping out of bed, she got undressed and flung her purse over her shoulder. Sienna grabbed her watch. 10:50 am, it read. Guess I slept in. Sienna flew down the stairs, leaping into the kitchen, to find her mom cooking pancakes. She looked up. “Hi, honey! What toppings would you like on your breakfast?” Sienna stumbled backwards, nearly tripping over the armchair. “M-mom? You’re...not mad at me?” Sienna asked confusedly.

“Why would I be mad at you?” she looked down, back to cooking. Sienna felt dizzy. She stumbled back onto the couch, rubbing her head. But she was so angry yesterday! What happened? Wait, could it be... No, that’s silly. Just go along with it. Sienna told herself her mom’s anger just wore off, to think nothing of it. But deep in her bones, she felt that something wasn’t right.

All day, Sienna was confused. She spent most of her time with her mom, enjoying the happy side of her usually stressed mother, but still couldn’t figure things out.

“Mom, I’m just going to read in my room.” Sienna needed to get away from all of this madness. Her Mom sat on the couch beside her, replying “Of course! Just be down by six. I’ll need help with the charcuterie board!” Sienna was about to dart away as her mom turned on the TV. But out of the corner of her eye, she saw. December 31st, 2025. W-what? And Sienna sprinted to her room.

Sienna quietly closed the door behind her, flunking on her bed. She turned on her phone, and she knew it was true. But how? This is impossible. Sienna was utterly flummoxed. Reaching up to her bookshelf, she picked out her favorite. Alice in Wonderland, something to take her mind off all this “going back a day” nonsense.

Two hours later, Sienna had finished the book. She walked downstairs, her mind made up. I just won’t make her angry! I’ll change what happened. Easy peasy... Her mom was in the kitchen, opening the fridge. “Sienna, hurry up! It’s almost time!” Sienna hurried downstairs, but slipped on the last step. She crashed into the coffee table, sending her mom’s favorite vase flying into the air.

The fireworks were starting. “SIENNA!” Her mother screamed. “M-mom?” She scrambled to her feet. “Go to your room!” Sienna rushed upstairs as the countdown ticked to 2026. She slammed her door as the ball dropped.

I thought I could change things. Sienna cried on her bed. The same thing happened. Why? She paused for a moment. I couldn’t change the past. But I can change the future. Sienna leaped out of her room and ran down the stairs. “MOM!” She called. Her mom spun around from the couch. “Wh—” Sienna rushed up to her mom and gave her the biggest hug she could.

“I’m so sorry.” Sienna whispered as clapping flooded from the TV, and tears ran down her cheeks. Her mom patted her back gently, whispering back. “Me too.” And they held that hug for what felt like forever.

The End

A Second Chance

By Aria, age 10

It all started on January 1st. The. Worst. Day. Of. My. Life. My dad just died in a car crash. He's a doctor and has some pretty rough days. January 1st was the worst one so far.

A deadly virus had just started, and the hospital was packed. Dad had 34 patients die on his table. He was driving home and was pretty depressed. He works two shifts, one in the morning and one at night.

The worst part is the last thing I said to him.

It was a stupid argument. I was asking about the virus, if there was a way to cure it. He said I, being only 12, was too young to know. I got mad because I wanted to help. We didn't talk to each other after that. Soon, he had to go to his night shift.

Fifty-nine patients died. Coming home discouraged, he got distracted and was crashed into. As soon as we heard the news, we rushed over to the hospital. On my way there, I thought, *Was it my fault? Did I make him mad?*

He was dead on arrival. We cried for so long, our eyes were red and puffy even after midnight. When I finally went to sleep, I felt so guilty I wished I could go back in time, even trade my life for his. I couldn't imagine my life without him.

The next day, I woke up sad and dragged myself to breakfast.

"Hey, Emma!" my dad shouted from the kitchen.

I froze. "Dad?"

"Of course, don't you recognize your own father?" he frowned. "Why so down?"

I tried to stop myself from crying. I couldn't. The tears spilled out — loud, ugly sobs.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing,” I replied. “I... I just love you so much!”

Confused but understanding, he patted my head and said, “It’ll be okay.”

Later that day, I realized I had gone back in time. I didn’t know how, but I did. Somehow.

I spent all my time with him, scared to lose him all over again. No iPads, phones, or TV. Just me and my dad. He seemed a bit suspicious, but he also seemed to like that I was spending so much time with him. I avoided any disagreements with him, even tried convincing him not to go to the hospital. But he simply said, “No, Emma. The hospital needs me.”

Thirty-four patients. Dead.

Before he left for his next shift, I hugged him and said one last thing.

“I love you.”

The same thing happened. He died. Same way, same time. But now I know. It wasn’t my fault he died. Just some drunk guy accidentally slamming into him.

I cried for hours. Mourned losing the same person twice. But now I was at ease, knowing that I had left my father with a happy, loving conversation — and that someday, I would see him again.

The End

The Old Horse

By Brad, age 6

I woke up on January 1st and there were no cars outside my window. I just saw a horse sleeping in my backyard. He was trying to eat my grass and I started to scream, "Help, help!" Nobody rescued me.

I quickly told my mom and dad that there was a horse in our backyard trying to eat the grass and now it was sleeping on our deck. It was a funny horse. I went to the backyard and the horse started looking at me and then it ran away.

I discovered we went back in time. We had to find a way to get back to the present. My parents decided we had to turn the clock to nine o'clock and travel back home. We set the clock and we went outside. The horse was waiting for us. We rode on the horse for a couple of hours.

Finally, we noticed a big open field, and we left the horse where it lived. We walked back and found our house, and we saw lots of cars on the roads. We went back to the present time.

The End

Horse and Carriage

By Charlotte, age 6

I wake up on January 1st and look out my window. I can't believe my eyes. I see no cars, no fire trucks and only horses on the road. The horses are galloping around with people sitting on carriages. I run downstairs yelling, "I see horses on the road!" I run into my mom and dad's bedroom screaming, "Wake up, wake up!" My mom rushes out and I show her the horses and then she wakes up dad and he also can't believe his eyes.

Mom and Dad don't understand what is happening. Dad did not know what to do. Mom tells me this was how it was a long time ago. Dad says it was very hard to travel on horses. Mom also says it took a long time to get somewhere when you had to take a horse.

After, we go outside and see all the horses. We try to ride on a carriage and it is fun. Finally we go back inside and have breakfast. I look outside my window and this time everything is back to normal. All the horses must have galloped away.

The End

Time Swap

By Chloe, age 13

Olivia woke up in the top bunk of her bed in her bedroom. Everything SEEMED normal: her computer was on her desk under her bunk bed, and the wardrobe was beside it, but then she looked at her clock. It wasn't on. And then she noticed that the door was on the opposite side of the room. It seemed to have switched places with her window, and out of the window, there was what looked like a busy highway, like what she would have seen, except for the fact that there weren't any cars. They were all horse-drawn carriages! She was so shocked when she was running downstairs and yelled, "Mom, Dad! Are you there?"

There was no answer. Only Olivia and the things in her room had traveled back in time with her. She wondered if she had swapped places with the person in that room. Then she went into the kitchen and saw what looked like an old homemade calendar. She quickly ran over to it. As she looked at it, she realized she was in 1726! That was 300 years earlier than her own time. Then she looked more closely; it was, in fact, January 1st. Olivia looked at all of the events on the calendar and noticed that Shakespeare Restored was to be published in just a few days. Then she noticed the person who lived in this house in 1726 had been trying to figure out how to travel in time! Olivia thought, "So that is how I got here!"

Olivia left the kitchen and began searching the other rooms. She thought, 'This guy was really ahead of his time.' His room was filled with computers that could not have existed back then. She then entered an office-like room. It was immense; she imagined that this was where he conducted most of his work. She walked over to his desk and was about to open it when she thought, 'This isn't my desk. Should I be going through someone else's

stuff?’ Then she said to herself, ‘Well, I would like to get home, and looking through his desk might help.’ When she looked through, she found building plans for the entire house and noticed there was a trapdoor under the bed in the room where she woke up. She decided that after she finished in this room, she would return there. As she continued looking, she found a journal. In it was the man who owned the houses' whole life story. From this journal, she learned that he had actually come from the 20th century and was trying to get back. Olivia noticed diagrams on how to use the time machine. Feeling quite ready to go home, she ran back to the room where she had woken up and found the trapdoor which led to a time machine. The workings of the machine appeared to be quite simple. There was an on-and-off switch. She went up, stood on it, and turned it on. A second later, she was back in her room. She ran downstairs and yelled,

“Mom, Dad! Are you there?!”

Her mom and dad were there and said, “Oh, do we have a crazy story to tell you. Dad and I just woke up from a nap and had the same dream about a guy who mysteriously walked down the stairs and asked what year it was. He said he was from 1726 and then turned and ran out the door. What a load of rubbish! What have you been doing? We heard some weird crackling noises upstairs.”

Olivia replied, “Oh, just watching videos about time travel...”

The End

Old-Fashioned School Morning

By Felicia, age 11

“Ms. Brown, would you please focus in class?” a voice called out.

I woke up in a burst! I looked around the room and spotted the window. The playground outside had disappeared! Instead, it was a dirt road with carriages. People were also dressed weirdly. The women walked down the sidewalk, next to men, their arms linked. The men wore tall hats and suits, while the women wore big, puffy, dresses and little hats with feathers.

“Where did the playground go?” I wondered.

I pinched myself on my thigh to see if I was in a dream. I waited for my own reaction.

“Oww...” I hissed, “I am in real life!”

Instead of panicking, I just waited for school to end and asked Maddie, my friend, about why everyone was dressed like this.

“Maddie, do you know why everyone is dressed like this?” I asked.

She pulled me aside and said quietly, “we both went back in time,” and added, “but when we go back to the modern days, we have to keep it a secret, or else everybody would want to go back in time and they will mess the history up.”

That shook me.

“How did we come back in time?” I asked Maddie, curious.

“I don’t know, but we also need to keep it a secret here, or else anyone here would want to go back, too,” Maddie whispered into my ear.

Maddie and I went right outside when the school bell rang.

“Where should we go?” Maddie asked me.

“I think we’ll be stuck here for a long time,” my voice trailed off.

“That means we have to go to a house to live for a few days,” we said together.

It turned out to be very hard to be able to just stay for a few days in someone’s house. Maddie and I were exhausted by the time we had asked twenty houses if we could stay. We dragged our steps to the last house in the neighbourhood and knocked.

A middle-aged lady ran out wearing an apron to open the door.

“I’m so sorry to make you wait, do you two ladies need anything?” she asked kindly.

“Well, we were just lost and we can’t find our way home,” Maddie said, “can we just stay in your house for a few days please,” she added.

“Yes, why not, my name is Ms. Brooks and you can just call me that,” she smiled.

Over the next few weeks, Maddie and I had to do a lot of chores: washing clothes, cooking, and tending the garden for Ms. Brooks, as a way for us to earn our keep. Sometimes she would lift her brow at us weirdly as if we didn’t belong.

“Ladies, can you come and wash your clothes?” Ms. Brooks called out. Maddie and I were tending the garden, so we ran back and started washing our laundry.

“Ms. Brooks, don’t you have detergent at home?” I asked.

“Pardon me, what is . . . detergent?” Ms. Brooks got confused.

“Oh shoot,” I murmured. Ms. Brooks stared at us weirdly.

One day, she finally confronted us that we didn’t belong at this time.

“I know you ladies belong in the future,” she said, “and I know how to get you back there,” she added.

“Really?!” Maddie yelled excitedly. We both jumped and hugged Ms. Brooks tightly.

Ms. Brooks took out a book and whispered quietly as Maddie and I flew back into the classroom. I climbed up from the desk, rubbing my eyes and looked around in blurry vision. Outside the window, the bright blue and red playground was still there, standing in the burning sun. The history teacher was still babbling about the 1900s while students were all half-asleep.

The End

Dinos on New Years

By Halle, age 10

I woke up on New Year's Day. I yawned and stretched, then stumbled out of bed. But I wasn't at my house, weirdly enough. I was in the middle of a... desert? Why am I in the middle of a desert? I thought. The desert sand made my feet dry, but I didn't mind.

I glanced back at my bed, not sure if I should leave it or stay and sit on it and wait for a clue. But oddly enough, the bed had disappeared! I shrugged, then ventured forward.

In a couple minutes, I came across something tall and scaly. "Um... e-excuse me," I said.

The creature stopped eating what looked like some kind of bush, then bent down its enormous head to see me more clearly. Wait, I thought, trees and bushes in a desert? I don't get it. I shook my head, then looked at the creature that actually was a dinosaur!

"Yikes!" I yelped, then jumped back.

The dinosaur looked at me like I was some kind of weird bug, then set its focus back to eating the bush. Why am I in the time of the dinosaurs?! I thought, walking away. Yesterday I was just at home like a normal kid, and it was New Year's Day 2026.

"Why am I in the time of the dinosaurs during the Jurassic period?" I asked myself.

Just then, a thought came across my mind. What if... I have to wait a million years to see my family again? The thought of me not seeing my family ever again made me cry. A

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

tear slipped down my cheek, but I shook my head. I sighed. Crying won't do anything but make me more sad, I sniffed.

Then I turned around to see dinosaurs big and small. Some of them were eating bushes, while others were chasing each other. I smiled a bit. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

I found a log and sat and watched the dinosaurs. I would be the first human to experience how dinosaurs live!

Just then, I heard rumbling behind me. There were big footsteps that made the ground shake.

"What is going on?" I said quietly to myself.

Then I looked beside me to find a giant T-rex looking right at me, its red eyes gleaming bright. It was just standing in front of me, watching my every move. I slowly backed away, but the T-rex followed, walking slowly. Then I ran. I had to get away from it!

I ran and ran until my legs ached, but I forced myself to keep running. I stopped for a break, not noticing the T-rex was behind me. It opened its mouth wide.

I closed my eyes, bracing myself. I expected to be eaten by now, but all that happened was I opened my eyes and the T-rex was gone! So was the desert.

I found myself staring at a ceiling, puzzled. I got up to see that I was in my room again. There was a knock on the door.

I quickly got out of bed and said, "Come in!"

My mom came in. "Are you okay, sweetie?" she asked, but I didn't answer. "You were screaming really loud!"

"I'm fine. I just had a dream," I managed to say. My heart started to slow down.

"Come downstairs," my mom said. "Breakfast is ready."

I blinked once, then lay back down, thinking what a crazy dream!

Something caught my eye. I looked outside to find a... pterodactyl?!

I shrugged my shoulders and went downstairs.

The End

Back Home

By Hannah, age 6

I woke up one day and looked outside my window. There was a dinosaur close to my house. I felt so happy to name her and she could be my pet and we would have so much fun. I wondered what I would feed her though. I looked outside my window and saw a tall apple tree. I made sure that she was eating leaves from the tall tree.

One day my dinosaur got sick. I didn't know what to do. I decided to take her to the park. Once we got to the park, my dinosaur felt better. The park turned into the dinosaur era. Now we had to find a way to get back to our home and time.

Suddenly, we looked up and saw something that looked like an airplane. It was not an airplane it was a Pterodactyl waiting to take us home. We rode the flying dinosaur and got back home safely. It was a great adventure.

The End

The Young

By Ilamathi, age 10

Once upon a time, in a girl's dream, she dreamed that a God gave her three chances. When she woke up in the morning, she was ready for her school. Then she walked to her school.

Then she saw a teenage girl wake up late and go to her college very late and she was enjoying her life. Then she wished, I want to be a teen. Then that wish came true. She started walking to her college.

Then she saw an adult waking up late, like at 10 o'clock. She wished, I want to be adult. She became an adult, and then she was going to work. Then she had to go to an office. After coming and going to the office, her manager gave her a lot of work. She got tired and she walked home at 11 o'clock at night.

Then she was going on and saw an old woman. Then the third wish was granted. She became an old woman.

After doing all the three wishes, she realised did not enjoy her life.

The End

The Mysterious Dinosaurs

By Jayna, age 8

I woke up on Jan 1st, and I looked out my window and I saw a dinosaur. I was too scared to go downstairs so I hid under my blanket and put my headphones on to listen to calm music. When I finally got out of my bed and all I heard was a dinosaur roaring. When I went downstairs, I looked out at the clock, I didn't realize it was lunch time, I didn't eat breakfast. I told my mom. She said what were you doing in your room, so I told her about the dinosaur outside my bedroom window. But she said there is no such thing as a dinosaur. I told her there was one before when she was downstairs making breakfast. She still did not believe there was a dinosaur in our present day.

It was already nighttime, so I went to bed. The next morning the same thing happened but this time instead of putting my headphones on I went to tell my mom, but she said the same thing repeatedly. This happened for four mornings until on the fifth morning I heard the dinosaur roaring outside my window. And I went downstairs to tell my mom, but she was not there. She left a note that said, "Dear Jayna, I need to go to an appointment. I will be back soon and dinosaurs are not real."

So I went back to my room to see if the dinosaur was still there, but when I got to my room the dinosaur was gone. The next day when I woke up the dinosaur was still there, but this time the dinosaur was not roaring. This time it was eating leaves from the tree. I went back downstairs to call my friend Sydney. I told her about the dinosaur and she said she also has a dinosaur outside her bedroom window. She told her mom and her mom also did not believe in the dinosaurs. I was shocked. My mom called me to have dinner. After dinner. I went to bed.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

The next morning, I saw the dinosaur again! I went downstairs, I ate breakfast and called Sydney again. She said that today there were no dinosaurs at her house. So I hung up the phone and went upstairs to finish my homework. When I finally got upstairs instead of one dinosaur, there were now two dinosaurs. I went back downstairs to call Sydney again. She said it must be the dinosaur outside her window.

The next morning, I went to Sydney's house to see if her dinosaur was okay. She told me she looked at the camera, and she saw both of our dinosaurs coming back and forth from the rainforest. We decided to adopt the dinosaurs as our pets.

The End

My Journey to the Past

By Julianna, age 11

I wake up in my white framed twin sized bed all bundled up in my very soft grey blanket. My name is Haley Crowe. I am a 12 year old girl and I have purple glasses. I also have brown hair that falls down to my upper back when it is straight. When it is curly, it goes to my shoulders. My skin is beige and my eyes are green. I look to my right and I see my medium sized Pikachu stuffy that I sometimes use as a pillow. Then, I look to my left and see my pastel pink wall with lots of drawings and paintings on it from me having fun with art supplies when I have free time. I get out of bed and look outside. I'm on a weird blood red rock in what seems to be an alien inhabited place. I was worried and I felt like my head was about to explode. Where was my family? Where am I? What happened? All that I see around me are aliens. Big, small, some with antennae and some without antennae. Some with elf ears and some with human ears. Then, I thought to myself and realized that I must have either gone somewhere else entirely or time-traveled.

I ask someone nearby what the date is today and they reply in a robotic voice, " June 4th, 200 AA." I ask "What does AA stand for?" "Amazing Age", The alien responds. Then, I study the alien and notice that it has lime-green skin, a lemur-like tail, human ears and wings like a monarch butterfly's. It also has eyes like a praying mantis', arms and legs made of slinkys and hands and feet made of toilet paper rolls. The alien was wearing a cherry-red T-shirt with slits for its wings and light blue Flare jeans with an extra pant leg for its tail to keep it warm. Its shoes were wooden with rainbow stripes and its socks were yellow with big red 'A's all around them. Lastly, I looked at the alien's hair and noticed that its hair was a mix of yellow strands and blue strands. I was shocked!

I thought of a plan to survive out here when there was a big BANG!!! I looked around and saw what seemed like early outer space. It turns out that I had time-traveled to a little before the big bang. I thought to myself "I'm the first thing to witness the big bang!" I quickly used my magic to make some elements that I would need and an inhabitable planet to live on and got to work. First, I made a home for myself. Then, I made sure that I would have food to eat, water to drink and things to do. After that, I got to work making many homes and livable places on this planet so that I could go anywhere and survive. Lastly, I brought some of my belongings from my home in the future. Some of the belongings that I brought are my bean bag chair, the artwork on my wall and my bed. A few years later, I found 2 scottish fold cats wandering around so I brought them inside my home and adopted them. We lived on to see the creation of the solar system and everything else. It was truly amazing to see everything get created and the stories of how things were before the big bang and how things developed to how they are years later.

The End

Back in Time

By Kaylee, age 6

I wake up on January 1st and see a dinosaur outside my window. I feel so happy to name him Max and play fun games with him. I feed Max and let Max eat grass on trees.

Right away I know that Max will be my best friend. I will give Max a super big dinosaur hug every day.

Max lives in my backyard and peeks through my window because Max likes me so much. One day, I don't see Max in my backyard anymore. I follow his footprints and I go back in time to the dinosaur world. Max has lot more room here. Max is happy to be with his family.

Now I need to find my family and travel back to my house. I follow my footprints out of the dinosaur world and right to my backyard. I run inside and give my mom and dad a big hug. I will miss Max, but I know he is where he belongs.

The End

Michael Visits Khufu

By Mitchell, age 9

Michael yawned as he stared at the blazing morning sky. “Wait a second,” he said after realizing that he was lying in a pile of sand. “Where am I?” he asked. He stood up, but then gasped. He realized that he was in a desert.

As he turned around, he almost fainted in shock. In the distance, he saw tens of thousands of ancient Egyptians working on a gigantic pyramid. Then, Michael rubbed his eyes. Am I hallucinating? Is it just me or do I see Khufu’s pyramid being built? He wondered. Because last time I checked, Khufu’s pyramid was built thousands of years ago! Michael thought.

As he ran over to the pyramid to talk with the Egyptians, he wondered, How did I even get here? Did I time travel? Do I have magic powers? As he pondered the question he suddenly bumped into one of the workers. “Hello,” said Michael. “By any chance, would you know what year it is?” The Egyptian shrugged, then started speaking a language that Michael didn’t know.

Michael sighed. He didn’t know what to do! Suddenly, he thought of an idea. He checked every one of the Egyptian necks to see if anyone had what Michael was looking for. After a few minutes, he finally found what he was looking for. As he walked over to one of the Egyptians, he wondered if this plan would actually work. Michael sneaked up behind the Egyptian worker and slowly took off the Egyptian’s ankh.

Then, Michael immediately ran off. After a few seconds, Michael heard calls of alarm behind him. He headed for the entrance of the pyramid. Luckily for him, no one was

around the inside of the pyramid except that person that had gone in to look for his ankh. So he walked around a few rooms, and took in all the information on the walls, the ceiling, which had a hole in it, when suddenly, he stumbled into a room with the walls decorated in gems, gold, and other valuable materials.

When he looked around more, he gasped. Right in front of him was Khufu, the pharaoh. It turns out he was talking to the person that had lost his ankh. When Michael gasped, the pharaoh turned around. His eyebrows were furrowed, a scowl on his face. Michael bolted out of the room. Since he forgot which way was the way out, he went in a random direction. After 10 minutes of nonstop running and twisting and turning, he finally reached the exit.

He stopped to catch his breath and closed his eyes. But after a few seconds, he heard yelling behind him. They caught up, thought Michael. He looked back, and there was Khufu. So he ran like he never did before, never stopping until he knew he had lost them. After a few minutes he looked back. He pumped his fists in the air. Yes, Michael thought. I lost them, but I should take a break. He sat down looking into the sunset, but then sprung up. He immediately started running back to the place he had woken up in.

While Michael was running, he wasn't looking where he was running and tripped on a small rock. He sprained his knee, but still kept going. Michael had arrived at the place where he woke up, and laid down. Then, he went to sleep.

The End

Mina's Unexpected Jump

By Mmesoma, age 13

Mina was a professional at being bored, which was impressive, considering she lived in Vancouver, worked at a chaotic vintage record store near her house, and was currently failing her "History of Time" midterms. Wearing her "indoor uniform" (fleece socks and a hoodie that smelled like coffee and old vinyl), she watched the Vancouver rain smear the view of the city from her bedroom. She leaned her forehead against the glass. It wasn't cold, but suddenly it started to shake. Mina jumped back, tripping over a stack of books. "Man, I really got to clean this up later."

Instead of the grey drizzle, her window now framed the neon-drenched skyline of a futuristic Tokyo in 2081. Holographic koi swam through the air, and drones zipped past like hummingbirds.

"Holy Nanaimo bars!" Mina gasped. Curiosity won. She grabbed her backpack, containing only a half-eaten granola bar and her large history textbook, and climbed through the frame onto a floating sidewalk forty stories up.

The air smelled like sizzling ginger. A dumpling-shaped robot chirped a greeting. "Uh, konnichiwa?" Mina stuttered.

She followed the dumpling-bot into a Capybara Café where she got a glowing blue latte that tasted like blueberries. She felt invincible and was loving it until she checked her watch. It was ticking backward.

"What's going on?" Mina said, but the people around her just stared at her weirdly.

Mina ran back to the floating sidewalk, and looked at her window; it was shrinking. It wasn't just a portal; it was a deadline.

To make matters worse, a time guardian in a sleek chrome suit stepped out of the shadows. "Mina of Vancouver," he droned, "you've bypassed the Vancouver Seawall temporal locks. You owe 50,000 credits in bridge tolls."

"I only have five dollars and a library card!" she shouted.

The Warden pulled a shimmering chrome net, trying to capture her. Mina didn't think; she suddenly opened her history textbook and threw it.

"Take that!" she said.

The heavy book hit the Warden's chrome chest, causing his cloaking device to glitch.

"You'll pay for this!" The Warden yelled as he fell off the floating sidewalk.

In the confusion, Mina sprinted for the shrinking square of grey light. She dove through just as the window snapped shut, clipping the edge of her fleece sock. She landed with a thud on her rug in her room in Vancouver. The rain was back, tapping gently on the pane. She was safe, but her room felt too quiet. "What just happened?" Mina thought.

Then, her phone buzzed, scaring the skin out of her. It was a text from an unknown number:

"Nice throw, Mina. Keep the book. You're going to need it for the 2082 jump."

Mina looked at the history textbook on her floor. It was no longer about the past; the pages were now filled with notes about the future. And her room was still a mess.

The End

The Dinosaur World

By Nathanael, age 8

I woke up on January 1st and looked outside my window and found a DINOSAUR!! I ran downstairs to open the door to see if I was dreaming but it was real! I went to measure it with a gigantic ruler that I bought from a store and it was 200 meters long!

I went to tell my friend, Logan, about the dinosaur. Logan said that we traveled through an ancient portal in an enchanted forest to the dinosaur world. Logan also said in order for us to escape from the dinosaur world and return to the present we would need three special crystals.

Suddenly, an Indominus Rex came from a nearby mountain and broke our house in half! Luckily, we had two emergency Cyber jetpacks at home. We grabbed them, turned them on and flew to a park nearby. There we met a capybara named Boba Tea who helped us by telling and guiding us where the crystals were.

The first crystal was in an abandoned research facility where we tiptoed through security that was laser guarded. The second crystal we found was near a volcanic dungeon. Unfortunately, we got trapped and Logan, Boba Tea and I were stuck! Suddenly Boba Tea spat out a key, which we used to escape. The third crystal was the hardest to find. This crystal was floating in the middle of the ocean! Good thing we had our Cyber jetpacks and used them to fly together with Boba Tea.

Now with the three crystals, we flew back to the ancient portal that was in the enchanted forest. We placed the crystals in the correct order and the portal lit up. Logan, Boba Tea

and I quickly went inside. Immediately, it was morning! I woke up and I was at home. At breakfast, I told my parents what happened. It was the best adventure ever!

The End

Roy the Dinosaur

By Rhianna, age 9

I woke up on January 1st and to my surprise, I saw a DINOSAUR! I thought I was dreaming so I started slapping myself while saying, "Wake up! Wake up!". I was not dreaming though. Before I get to the exciting part, let me introduce myself. My name is Sally. I am fifteen years old and I absolutely love dinosaurs! I am smart and funny. I have never failed a class and for the most part I get A+'s.

Anyway, back to the exciting part...the dinosaur. I quickly ran downstairs and saw that there was a T-Rex in my kitchen. My house looked very different. My kitchen was the same, but outside my window all I could see was open land. I carefully took some meat out of the fridge and slowly tried to feed it. I was trying to tame it. Suddenly, the T-Rex noticed me and I got so scared. I thought that he would try to eat me. So, I quickly gave him the peace offering, a big piece of juicy steak.

The T-Rex accepted the peace offering, seemed to like me and gobbled up the meat in one second. I got onto the T-Rex and named him Roy. Roy walked out of the house and started walking forward towards open land. We walked for over three hours and arrived at Roy's house. We were so tired that we fell asleep right away.

The next day, Roy and I went hunting. Roy found a Triceratops and ran after it. I closed my eyes because I did not want to see blood. Soon after, we continued to walk. Several hours later Roy brought me to a portal, and he gestured for me to go inside. I gave Roy a big hug and I went inside.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

It was nighttime now and when I walked inside the portal there was a guy that led me towards a door. I went inside and found my bed. I instantly fell asleep. When I woke up I was back inside my room and it was present day.

Now when I go to bed, I sometimes visit the portal and take a trip back in time to prehistoric times to visit Roy.

The End

Roy the Dinosaur

By Rhianna, age 9

I woke up on January 1st and to my surprise, I saw a DINOSAUR! I thought I was dreaming so I started slapping myself while saying, "Wake up! Wake up!". I was not dreaming though. Before I get to the exciting part, let me introduce myself. My name is Sally. I am fifteen years old and I absolutely love dinosaurs! I am smart and funny. I have never failed a class and for the most part I get A+'s.

Anyway, back to the exciting part...the dinosaur. I quickly ran downstairs and saw that there was a T-Rex in my kitchen. My house looked very different. My kitchen was the same, but outside my window all I could see was open land. I carefully took some meat out of the fridge and slowly tried to feed it. I was trying to tame it. Suddenly, the T-Rex noticed me and I got so scared. I thought that he would try to eat me. So, I quickly gave him the peace offering, a big piece of juicy steak.

The T-Rex accepted the peace offering, seemed to like me and gobbled up the meat in one second. I got onto the T-Rex and named him Roy. Roy walked out of the house and started walking forward towards open land. We walked for over three hours and arrived at Roy's house. We were so tired that we fell asleep right away.

The next day, Roy and I went hunting. Roy found a Triceratops and ran after it. I closed my eyes because I did not want to see blood. Soon after, we continued to walk. Several hours later Roy brought me to a portal, and he gestured for me to go inside. I gave Roy a big hug and I went inside.

It was nighttime now and when I walked inside the portal there was a guy that led me towards a door. I went inside and found my bed. I instantly fell asleep. When I woke up I was back inside my room and it was present day.

Now when I go to bed, I sometimes visit the portal and take a trip back in time to prehistoric times to visit Roy.

The End

The Prophet of Rome

By Ryan, age 11

The sound of yelling and wooden wheels woke James. He rubbed his eyes and slowly rose from his resting place. He gasped as he took in the sight of men dressed in tunics and wagons pulled by donkeys. Men dressed in armor lined the streets marching in columns and he knew instantly that they were the famous Urban Cohorts of Rome. He looked around and saw a column of men whose feet were chained and a man holding a sign saying: Slaves for Sale! In Latin. James' rushed over in rage and yells at the man.

Slaves!?! Seriously!?! But accidentally said it in English. The man draws a knife and yells at James

What are you doing!?! I'm just trying to sell them! The man yells and the soldiers from the Urban Cohorts approach. A centurion tries to grab his arms but James kicks him on the chest and runs. He ran as fast as he could toward the city gates, eager to leave.

He reaches the gates but it's blocked by several soldiers. The Urban Cohorts were closing in behind him, but he spotted a row of swords nearby on a stand. James bolted for it and grabbed a short sword and whirled to meet the soldiers. They locked shields and approached slowly, and James was cornered. When they reached him, he fought the soldiers, and stabbed one in the chest but was quickly detained and thrown into jail.

After several days in jail, he was dragged out, and he was put in a room with a man who wore a completely white toga.

Who are you and why did you attack that man sir? He said in Latin.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

I am a man from the future! I can tell you what will happen to this empire! The man looks puzzled and asks.

Then tell me who will be the next emperor? James thinks a little bit.

Who is the current one sir? James asks.

Hadrian! The man says.

Then the next one shall be Antoninus! The man nods and lets James out.

Over the course of the next several years, James becomes a powerful prophet of the Roman Empire and secures himself a good life. After a decade he finally wakes up in his bed in the real world and realizes that he had been in a coma for 1 year.

The End

A Year of Mistakes

By Stacy, age 11

Holly yawned as she sat up in her bed. The fireworks yesterday were dazzling. Holly was skipping around in the park while watching fireworks burst in the sky. “Happy New Year!” she called downstairs to where her parents were.

“Happy New Year, dear! It’s 2025!” her mom called from the kitchen.

Wait a minute, did she just say 2025? Wasn’t it 2026?

“Mom, did you just say 2025?” asked Holly.

“Yes,” replied her mom.

Is this a prank? She was pretty sure it’s 2026. Confused, she immediately got up to check, but everything said it was 2025.

Was she hallucinating, or did she go back in time? Holly didn’t know, but things around her then confirmed she went back in time.

“Well, I went back in time, so that means I get a do-over, right?” Holly thought to herself loudly. There were so many things she needed to fix!

“First up, Poppy’s cupcake playdate disaster,” she thought to herself.

Later that day, Holly was in the car to go to a playdate with her friend Poppy. Holly remembered that they were making cupcakes when Holly had accidentally knocked over the icing bowl. This time, Holly was determined not to create such a mess in the kitchen.

“Hi, Holly!” Poppy greeted her warmly at the door when her car pulled over to the sidewalk. Holly got out and headed over to the door.

“Let’s make cupcakes!” Poppy had her kitchen counter piled with the supplies, from vanilla extract to piping bags. Instantly, she dunked flour, eggs, baking soda, and sugar into a large metal mixing bowl. She then clicked a switch on the mixer and whisked all the ingredients together. Holly placed butter, powdered sugar, and vanilla extract into another bowl.

“Poppy, what flavour are you making?” Holly asked.

“Mint, vanilla, strawberry and blueberry,” she responded.

Holly split the icing in 4 separate bowls and added green, red, and blue. The color swirled in the white icing.

“Hey Holly, why is Santa so good at karate?” asked Poppy.

“Why?” asked Holly, loading a tray of cupcake batter into the oven.

“Because he has a black belt!” said Poppy.

Holly laughed, careful not to swing her arms too wildly because last time she did that, it smashed a bowl of mint icing directly to the floor.

“Great, one thing fixed,” Holly thought quietly.

“Next thing, the messy locker,” said Holly.

When school reopened, Holly thought about the mistake she made there. Her locker had not been tidy and when she opened it for science class, everything tumbled out.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

When she got an assigned locker, 301, Holly organized all her books and pens neatly instead of grabbing her backpack and throwing everything in. This time, she won't get laughed at for having a messy locker.

Later in the day, when she opened her locker, no items fell out.

"It's fun to redo a year, but I think I'm ready for 2026," thought Holly.

The End

No Cars!

By Sydney, age 7

I wake up on January 1st, 2026 and I look out my window. I see no cars, no traffic and no sirens. I am worried about my friend so I run downstairs and open the door. I am very surprised because I see horses and wagons. I shut the door and find my mom. I tell her that there are no cars, no traffic and no sirens. There are horses and hooves and wagons wheels on stones!

My mom and I walk from house to house to see if anybody knows what is going on. It is silent in our neighbourhood and nobody knows what is going on. As we begin walking back home, we bump into a horse. The horse turns to us and says, "HEY!" My mom and I are shocked because we did not know horses could talk.

We turn to the horse and ask it if it knows what happened to our neighbourhood. The horse explains that humans wanted a quieter world. They did not want to hear sirens and be stuck in traffic for so long. So we asked where are all the cars then? The horse explained that they went to sleep and we came back.

Just then we hear a lot of people and voices. The neighbours all come out of their houses and there are people yelling, "Happy New Year!"

My mom and I look at the horse and the horse gives us a wink. Suddenly, we see cars, but we also see lots of horses. Maybe this is the new world we live in.

The End

The Dream

By VN, age 10

Long ago two best friends were there, Emma and Kathy. They both were so close. They both are studying in France, Normandy. Both are neighbours too! Same class also.

One day their school principal decided to take a trip to Paris, Eiffel Tower and the Louvre Museum. Everyone is very happy, but Kathy's mother told her, "You are not going," but she told her, "I will do all the house chores." Her mother agreed, and did the chores for 1 week. At the last day, Kathy's mother told, "Kathy, you have done so much hard work, so I will give you permission to go for the tour." Kathy was jumping in joy.

(After few days)

Happily, Kathy bought many snacks for eating in the bus while going to Paris. It took 2 hours 42 minutes for going to Paris from Normandy. They ate meals in the way and saw beautiful birds and trees. They reached Paris and first day they saw Eiffel Tower. Sadly, it took a whole day to see the Eiffel Tower. So they slept in the van.

While sleeping at the midnight, Emma had a knocking voice from the door. Emma quickly woke up and saw what is next to them, but suddenly she peeped out of the window and saw a pink little koala standing near a tree and saying, "Fairyland" three times. She noticed that thing and she quickly told that, "Wake up, Kathy!" Kathy also woke up. They both of them loved to explore, so they ran out of the van and they went near the tree, and Emma told that same words again and unexpectedly the door opened.

They came inside and a little fairy told them, "Please go again. This door will move fast and it will move and close. If it moves five times means you are stuck here forever. Be

careful. If stuck in even one magic you cannot catch the door." They both were terrified and quickly ran to catch the door, but first time the door moved. They both were shocked and couldn't catch the door.

On the way Kathy stopped and saw a beautiful pink glossy lotus. Kathy loves lotus a lot, so she stopped and ran to play with it. Emma shouted, "Come, come!" and then only she came. The door moved again. They ran to catch the door.

And Emma stopped at that time. She saw a beautiful puppy and she started to cry because she remembered her last puppy, but she remembered the door and ran to the door, and they finally got into the door.

But when Emma woke up in the morning she felt like all it was a dream. She was so thrilled for the dream. She told Kathy and they laughed about the dream. Then they enjoyed the Lovere Museum and returned to Normandy.

The End

The Fake Sickness

By Zoe, age 10

Ahhhhh. January first! Analora was so excited to start the year! She skipped to the window, and looked outside. Why in the world was everyone inside? Why were their windows bolted? Analora looked at her watch; it wasn't nighttime. So what was happening?

Wait; What year did her watch say it was? 2020?! The year of COVID 19? No-this wasn't possible! Analora ran outside her window by climbing out of it. She glanced around.

A hospital was nearby. That sealed Analora's fate. She'd gone back in time. The hospital by Analora's house had been torn down after COVID. Why had she gone back in time? Was she meant to do something here? Analora was very confused.

Analora decided to investigate the hospital; that was always what the heroine did in movies.

She peeked in the door to see nurses rushing people around on stretchers. A girl was leaning over a chair sobbing. A nurse had her hand on her back.

Analora felt a sense of déjà vu when she passed a waving blue curtain. Analora peeked in, and saw herself being led out of the room. It was jarring for her to see herself. She entered the room, happy that herself had left. Then Analora saw her dying Grampa on a bed, coughing. Analora felt a tear leak out of her eye and fall down her cheek.

"Analora..." He trailed. "They took you away, dear."

“I don’t care. I want to see you, and you only.”

“Dear, that’s very sweet of you. I need you to promise me something.”

“Yes?”

“You need to take care of Gram for me.”

“Why?”

“This is hard for her. You can’t let her become a sad woman. Analora, promise me.”

“I promise, Gramps.”

“Thank you, sweetpea.”

Analora saw him take a ragged breath, and cough out a piece of plastic.

“Grampa? What’s that?”

“I don’t know, sweet.”

“It...looks like plastic.”

“You’re right, honey.”

“And...you’re not sick anymore.”

“You’re right.”

A nurse rushed in, and looked at her grandpa. He smiled oddly. Her grandpa narrowed his eyes at him, and he pushed Analora under his bed.

“Trevor, did you try to poison me?”

“Yes, Justin, I did.”

“Why?”

“Because my mom loves you.”

“What?”

“She does.”

“Why?”

“Who knows?”

“Odd.”

Analora couldn't contain herself. She popped up from under the bed, and looked Trevor in the eye. “That doesn't give you reason to kill my grandpa!” She declared.

“You're right, I'm sorry. I only meant to give you all a scare, not almost kill him.”

“So?”

“You have a point. But—wait. Analora, weren't you just with Olivia?”

Analora froze. “Um...I ran off, and away from her. I...wanted to see my...grandpa.”

When Trevor narrowed his eyes at her and pulled out his walky-talky, Analora ran. She ran like crazy, back to the safe of her house. When she did, something crazy happened. The ground spun, and she went forward in time, back to her time.

And when she came to breakfast... “Where's my Anna?” cried her beloved grandpa.

The End

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES



Story Studio is an award-winning charity that inspires, educates and empowers youth to be great storytellers, transforming lives and strengthening communities.

We rely entirely on grants, donations and volunteers to support projects like our writing contests.

If you like what we do, please consider making a donation at storystudio.ca.

Find us on Instagram & Facebook:
[@storystudiowritingsociety](https://www.instagram.com/storystudiowritingsociety)

Cover photo by @watchelijah on Unsplash