

Meet May

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 May 2026 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about a character named "May" who has a big dream. 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 Hole in the Tree by Charley (age 9)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** May Had One Big Dream by Alex (age 9)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** When Your Dreams Can Travel by Saadha (age 11)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** May and the Ocean by Mitchell (age 10)

Table of Contents

May Had One Big Dream	7
Out on the Field	9
Untitled	11
The Hole in the Tree	13
A Story About May	16
1978 Hillbrooke Middle School	18
May's Quest to Save Her Village	21
Hidden Truth: A Discovery by May	23
The Robot Chef That Was Never Ready	25
Magical Dreams	27
May and the Nighttime	30
May and the Ocean	31
The Cooking Contest	33
May	36
May Claus	38
THE Provincial Game	40
May's Dream	43
May's Story	45
May Lynn Has A Dream	47
When Your Dreams Can Travel	49
May's Birthday Dream	52
Europa	54
May's Adventure	56
May's Big Dream	58
May's Big Dream	61
Untouchable Dreams	63

May Had One Big Dream

By Alex, age 9

May had one big dream...

To time travel all around history. May's favourite shirt was a pink shirt that said, "I heart pigs" and her best friend June also wanted to time travel, but not to the dinosaur ages. June said it will be too dangerous and scary. May always says June is always too scared, especially of roller coasters.

One day May and June were exploring the nearby forest and saw a big beam of light pierce the sky. May and June ran to the beam of light and saw the strangest thing they both had ever seen. A weird machine with different gears and pads. They also saw a big battery that looked supercharged.

May and June both agreed to go back home. When May and June got back home they did not tell their parents about the machine. But when May's dad opened her backpack her dad was shocked.

May's dad asked May what the battery was. May tried to lie but her dad knew she was lying. So May told the truth about what May and June had seen. Then May went to bed while her dad brought the battery to the local laboratory. The scientists wanted to talk to June and May.

So, May and June went to the laboratory, and the scientists asked May and June a lot of questions. Then they came to an agreement. The agreement was for May and June to go into the machine while it was running. May and June went in the machine and the head scientist put the battery in the slot in the machine as May and June went in the machine. Everything around them was swirly and they were hallucinating with bright colours.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

May and June saw a big triceratops stampede running towards them. May and June both agreed that the machine was a time machine; they soon went back to the machine and away the two friends went into time. Soon, after they saw a hut in the middle of nowhere and a caveman with a big club. The caveman was eating a boar from a fire. May and June went back into the machine to travel through time.

Before they knew it they were in a medieval battle with archers, with swordsmen marching toward May and June. They were the most scared they have ever been combined. May and June ran as fast as they could to the machine. An arrow was speeding towards them so May and June ran as fast as they could to the time machine.

They made it just in time. May and June were on a ship. A pirate ship. They quickly ran to hide in a closet. They saw the time machine on the bow of the ship. May and June ran on the deck to the time machine and teleported to the present day.

May and June both told their parents what had happened. They wished that they went around 10000AD.

The End

Out on the Field

By Alvin, age 13

May had one big dream: to fight in the war. Ever since the Battle of Britain, she felt fearful and livid, all held in through the fake smile she gives to her neighbors. Her parents were bombed in their own house. She was the only survivor because she was at the market that day. When she went back from looking at all the different things the shop sold, all she saw was left of her house was a crater filled with rubble. That was 1938. She was 10 back then. Now that she was 14, she felt more than mature enough to join the army, but the recruiting officers always said that she was too young to join. She was going anyway. She had a plan.

The next day, she put on a fake smile for her neighbors, hiding all her anger and fear. She snuck closer and closer to her local military base and climbed up into a tree. There was a big and sturdy branch with lots of leaves she could lay down on. She had studied the military base ever since her parents had died. She noticed one shift of the guards was never there. She could use that to sneak in. There wasn't much to do except go through the things that she had brought along with her, hidden in her pants. There wasn't a lot. Just all the water and food she could bring without it being suspicious. She brought a picture of her family, her mother's wedding ring and her father's bracelet. They were both made of gold and platinum with beautiful, intricate designs on them. She started tearing up, but she blinked the tears away. She had a mission.

When it was the always missing shift of guards turn to patrol, she made her move. She hopped over the fence, barbed wire shredding the bottom of her pants. She noticed a small trickle of blood slowly climbing from her ankle to the ground. She wiped it off with

her sleeve and kept on going. She found the rations and hid herself in a food crate half full of different types of food. She dug herself a nice hole to fit in and closed the top. She then piled the food more neatly, her hands reaching out of the bottom, so that no one would be suspicious of that crate.

She wanted to sneak in. May already tried everything. She lied about her age, gender, medical conditions, and even her height. The recruiting officer just said, "Nice try, but you already asked yesterday." Her plan to sneak into the warfront was the only one left. Except for waiting until she was eighteen, but that was another 4 years. She felt someone lift up the food crate that she was in. Then, after a while, she felt as if every noise became quiet with one becoming loud. The air became frigid, and the box began violently shaking. She was going to be sick. She needed to be hidden. She heard soldiers chatting somewhere close, but not too close. She knew she was on a plane.

A while later she felt as if she was falling, and she suddenly felt a thud below her, and pain wrung out through her body. She had to use all her willpower not to yell out loud. There was no noise around her. She hopped out of the crate and saw that she was in a forest. She immediately ran to a place further from where she thinks the camp is. All she expected to do is to help the soldiers without them knowing. She heard voices somewhere. She saw a large clearing in the distance, and there was a group of soldiers. They weren't British. They were German. She knew what she had to do.

At night, she snuck into the German camp and went in and stole most of the weapons. She made sure to avoid all the guards. When the weapons were out of the camp, she buried them. She put the firearms in the trees. She knew that the German camp couldn't fight back, and would get defeated. Mother. Father. I have avenged you.

The End

Untitled

By Anika, age 9

May had one big dream to become a professional writer. She wrote stories and drew pictures for them. One of her books was about a dragon who discovered a long-lost island in the depths of an ocean in Hawaii. May loves writing; she did it on road trips to Edmonton. She brought her Ohuhu Honolulu markers and her 2HB pencil. Her pencil was from Pilot; she got it as a souvenir when she went to Tokyo, which was amazing for writing while she was sipping her boba tea. Her favourite type of boba tea was mango-tapioca passion fruit with orange pearls on plane trips to Mexico, Tokyo, and India. She would colour, draw, and write while she was waiting at the gate. She would look around and make stories about that later.

Back to now, May was practicing her piano. Her lesson was in two hours, so she had to practice. After her lesson, she went to Mayfair Mall and bought all the things that were on her shopping list a few books a little keychain and a little pack of highlighters to make her notes cute and aesthetic to hang on her backpack, a few pairs of jeans and tops, and roamed around a little more. She went on the bus to go back home. While she was getting on the bus, her phone went out of her pocket. Her very pretty phone case with pastel colors and shimmering sparkles... When she picked it up, it was kind of dirty, but she could wash it at home.

Finally, her stop arrived. She could go home and finish up some math and homework. Afterwards, she wanted to just relax on the couch and watch T.V. She had dinner, then after dinner, she was so tired brushed her teeth and went to sleep.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

The next day, she had gymnastics. Her leotard was pink with white and purple and blue shimmers. At gymnastics, her coach said to do bar and beam and a little bit of floor.

Two hours later.... She came back home. Her friend Sarah wanted to come over. May said sure, and they watched some TV, had snacks, put on some makeup, and walked to their favourite boba tea place. It was called Boba Time. They got it and walked back home. They were having so much fun.

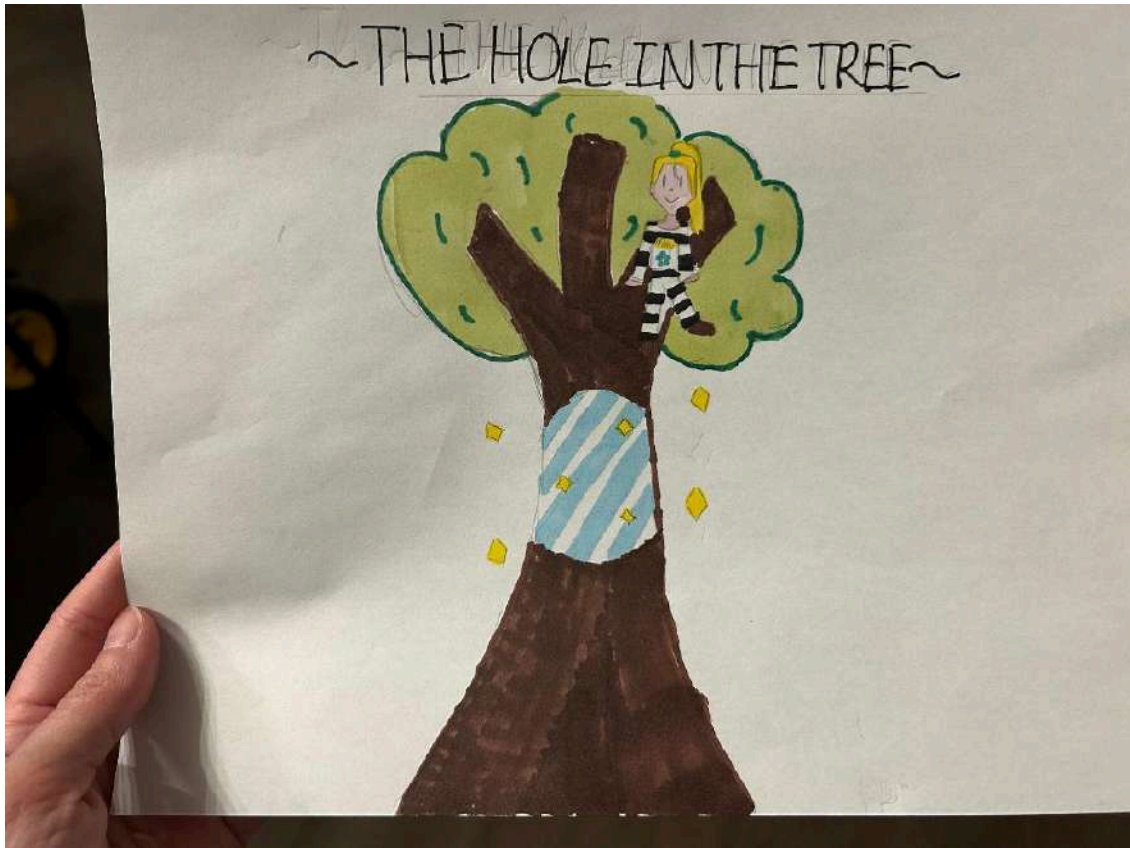
May asked if Sarah could stay over. She asked her parents, and they said, "Sure." They made stories together the next day, and they made pancakes and French toast for breakfast. After that, May and Sarah went to May's backyard and played on her trampoline. They did flips and cartwheels. After that, Sarah's mom picked her up. May went to her room. She cleaned up a little bit, then started her math.

Thirty minutes later, she finished her math and went downstairs to get a snack. She got a chocolate bar and went back upstairs. She did a bit of studying, then chilled on her bed, drawing and listening to lofi.

The End

The Hole in the Tree

By Charley, age 9



May had one big dream. She had always thought magic was real, and the one thing- her one big dream- the one thing she had always wanted- was to witness magic.

One Sunday, May was strolling in the woods near her house. She had just finished lunch and wanted to take a walk. She was exploring every inch of the forest because she had just moved into the neighborhood and didn't know much about it.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

May was looking at a ladybug when she saw a tree with a hole in it. She had always liked holes of any kind for no particular reason. May reached and expected to touch the inside of the trunk, but all she felt was air!

The next day at school, May tried telling her new best friend, April, about the hole in the tree. However, she wouldn't believe it, despite claiming that she believed in magic - well, at least May didn't think so. When even April didn't believe it, May decided to keep the tree a secret.

After school, May went into the forest again. She wandered around the woods, trying to find the tree, but after searching the forest as thoroughly as possible and still not finding the tree, May gave up. However much she wanted to see the tree, she just couldn't find it. So May decided to try to find the tree again after dinner. She might just find it!

After dinner, May went into the forest again, and when she finally found the tree, she was so happy that she started hugging it. What she didn't know was that the tree had appeared out of thin air behind her back just a minute ago!

After hugging the tree, May decided to look inside the hole. Somehow, the hole seemed a bit bigger than it had been before. Suddenly, the hole grew ten times its usual size and May screamed. Following her instincts, she immediately ran back home as quick as a cheetah and didn't look back.

The next day after school, May gathered her courage and slowly inched through the forest to find the tree. When she found the tree, what had happened yesterday flashed through her mind. May almost screamed, but she took a deep breath and calmed down. She reached inside the hole and got sucked in!

When May woke up, she saw... squirrels? But they were bigger than her! She rubbed her eyes. She must be seeing things, so she pinched herself. When she realized that what she was seeing was real, she screamed.

One squirrel said, "Don't be scared. We won't hurt you!"

All the other squirrels nodded in agreement.

One of the squirrels grabbed May's hand and said, "We are called the Adventure Squirrels. We will take you on an adventure!" They got into a piece of wood on the ground, and it started to go up!

On the way up, the squirrels explained that every leaf on every branch was a different place. May got to choose a leaf and bring a squirrel with her into the leaf. She chose a pretty maple leaf and brought along the squirrel who had been talking to her. The squirrel tapped the top of the leaf and it shimmered brightly.

"Step inside! We are only allowed to stay for one minute, okay? And my name's Kit, by the way!"

Kit stepped into the leaf, and May followed. When she looked inside, she gasped. May was in Candyland!

"Gather as much candy as you can!" Kit said.

After grabbing a bit of candy, Kit said, "Time's up!" and May stepped out of the leaf.

That was fun! She thought.

After going back to the base of the tree, Kit said, "Come again any time! We love visitors!"

The End

A Story About May

By Ellie, age 10

May was a girl with a smile miles wide. She only knew the slightest bit of English. She had curly hair with a pinch of gold, brown eyes that were the colour of copper. There were only 5 freckles on her face that were visible from afar. She lived in France before all the drama. She was roughly seven years old until she was sent to a boarding school in America. She was told it was a summer camp for a week. It was not. On the first day, she was uncertain about the teachers there.

“Bonjour!” she said to a teacher lovingly. “What dreadful language is that? Why spread French when you can speak English!” The rude teacher said pityfully.

May was furious. “Tais-toi!” May said, mad like a tomato. She was dragged to the office where the naughtiest kids were disciplined by the meanest teacher. “What have we gotten here?” The teacher asked not acknowledging the fact her dress was torn from the dragging. “I say français” she said, tearing up. Now reader, May was actually a very strong girl. She would do most of the work at home and run errands. She was able to fight them off. But she didn’t. She was taught to be calm and kind. When she slept, she dreamt of her mom being by her side and taking her home back to France.

She was woken by an intercom call. She got ready for the day and danced. At school she learned English and French. She was pretty good at French since she was from France, but she's pretending to only know a little bit. At the end of the day, she felt exhausted, not only from the teachers and learning, but also from the harsh rules that they had. Not allowed to go to the bathroom at certain times and even not allowed to eat food that was more than they were allowed to eat. While sleeping, she started to cry, not for herself, but for the rest of the kids who were also being punished like she was, for the rest of the kids who weren’t allowed to see their parents and had to undergo these harsh rules. The

same thing happened for the whole week: cry wake up class cry, sleep wake up class. She never understood why she had to do this.

Her mother was so mean to her, but even all before this she asked did she thought maybe this was because of her she asked her teacher if she can go home for the weekend, the teacher sighed and said agreed. "Mome" she said sadly. "Tu m' as trahi!" She yelled. She ran to her room. It was still there. She cried and cried till there was no more tears to cry.

"Je suis vraiment désolé," said her mom through the door. Then the cops came. "M'am step out of the house" the officer said. Later, May was taken to a foster home. There she was loved.

The End

1978 Hillbrooke Middle School

By Ever, age 9

“May! May!” called Luca.

He is May's very close friend. May is a 7th grader at Hillbrooke Middle. She likes the colour green, and she loves, and I mean, LOVES turtles. Most importantly, May is definitely a tomboy.

May lives with her aunt Martha Jane, her sister Madie, and her two gross, TERRIFYING cousins. May does not like Bea and Beverly. No, she does not.

Back to the story now...

“May! May! Wake up, wake up.”

May was daydreaming AGAIN. Even worse, she was in class.

Today she had Mr. Soxford. He was the strictest teacher in the whole grade.

“What! What! Wha..... What? Am I not in bed?” said May with a stutter.

“OMG!” yelled Katlen, the most popular girl in the school. She was recording it the whole time.

May didn't even think, and she yelled at Katlen.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

“Mr. Soxxford, Kat..len is mocking my stut..ter again.”

“KATLEN, STOP MOCKING PEOPLE WHO ARE DIFFERENT THAN YOU!” said Mr. Soxxford.

“..... Geez, take a chill pill!”

Katlen was obviously mocking Mr. Soxxford.

Later that afternoon, when May got home, she found Bea and Beverly looking through May's clothes and pretending they were May.

“Hi, I’m May, and I am more a boy than women,” they both said with an instant chuckle.

Afterwards, they ran away in their perfect pink dresses.

May crumbled down and hit her pillows, making a loud thud. May was bawling her eyes out while her aunt made cupcakes for Bea and Beverly.

May was stunned. She had the hardest life. Her sister had seizures, she had a massive stutter, and she lived with her aunt and cousins!

May had one big dream: she wished her parents were there with her. She wished so hard, but it never worked.

Her sister Madie came and cuddled. May knew her aunt wanted May to be more like a girl, but May was very stubborn.

Madie had seizures daily ever since the car crash their parents died in, so May was always careful to be calm and kind.

There they were, sleeping in May’s uncomfortable bed.

“BUZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZZZ!”

“Ahhhh, turn it off!”

May got ready for school, and of course she walked to school.

It was a normal day at school. She stayed a bit longer to play with Luca after school.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

..... Then she remembered.

“MADIE!” she yelled.

She raced home.

“OH AHHHHHH!”

Madie was on the porch step, SEIZING.

“Oh my g...od.”

May fainted and got rushed to the hospital.

She woke up to doctors. She got up and went to Maddie's hospital room.

May cried and asked the doctor if she was ok.

“I don't know yet,” said the nearest doctor.

Two days later, Madie opened her eyes.

“OM...G, she's awake!” May said with relief.

“Ya, I am,” Madie said slowly.

“I will never forget you,” May said.

She hugged Madie.

“Same,” Madie said.

They laughed.

The End

May's Quest to Save Her Village

By Isha, age 11



May had one big dream to save her town....

May has long dark brown hair and loves to help others. May usually wears her only wealthy pink dress. May is kind, smart and strong. May loves to swim in the lake and to watch the sunset with her family and friends. May isn't any ordinary girl, she can hold her breath for up to 10 hours and can swim deep down for 100 miles. May lives in a small

and poor village that is starting to break down. Her village has very few houses, a very bumpy gravel road and a big, clean and refreshing lake.

One day May was walking down the gravel road, when she spotted a piece of paper hidden half way in the ground. She picked it up and realized it was a treasure map. She carefully scanned the map, and found out that there is treasure hidden 90 miles down in the lake in her village. The next day May snuck out of her house and made her way to the lake. Since her village doesn't have any diving equipment, May knew she was the only one who could get the treasure because she can hold her breath, and swim deep down for an extraordinary amount. When she reached the lake, she gathered up all her courage, took a deep breath and bravely started to swim down the lake.

She didn't bring the treasure map with her but she knew exactly what the map looked like and where the map had told her to go. She swam for a very long while until she spotted a faint X marks the spot in the sand, she quickly started to dig on the X marks the spot. When she reached the treasure, she felt a rush of excitement go through her body. When she picked up the treasure, she realized it was extremely heavy. That didn't stop her, she strongly started to swim back to shore with the extremely heavy treasure chest. When she was back on shore, she felt exhausted and amazing at the same time.

May looked around the treasure chest for a key to open the chest, but didn't find one. Since she couldn't find a key, she used the bright pink clip in her hair and it worked. May saw that there was more than enough money and gold to fix her entire village. May generously shared the gold and money with everybody. Everyone in her village helped to fix the village. After a few days of hard work the repairment for their small village was done, and everybody in the village was satisfied with their work. Their town was fixed and wasn't poor anymore. Now the people in her village could live throughout the winter with no more worries about their houses breaking down or freezing. They also had enough food and won't starve anymore. May was now the hero of her entire village and May felt fantastic that she achieved her dream.

The End

Hidden Truth: A Discovery by May

By John, age 10

May had one big dream to discover her past. With the help of her best friend Logan, they snuck out into the night. May loved a good mystery and this was hers to solve.

"Tell me again why we're digging in a graveyard at midnight?" Logan whispered, his breath swirling in the cold air. The flashlight wobbled in May's grip, casting jagged shadows across the uneven ground. May placed a finger upon her lips for silence.

May adjusted the strap of her backpack, kneeling beside a patch of freshly turned earth. "Because My mamma hid her favorite book here and I *need* that book." May started to tear up and mumbled the book had family secrets. The book could be about me. Mom always wrote things down when I was around.

Logan's fingers froze mid-dig, the damp soil crumbling between them. "Wait—what do you mean you are the girl in the book?" May's flashlight beam jerked upward, illuminating her furrowed brow.

"It's not *about* me like—ugh." May exhaled sharply, fogging the air between them. "Mom used to tell me stories when I was little about a girl who lived in our house many years ago, who could hear the walls whispering... I thought she made it up until I found her diary." May tugged at the backpack strap like it was choking her. "Turns out Mom wrote everything down, the girl was Mom. The whispers were real."

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

The trowel hit something solid with a dull *thud*, May's breath caught in her throat. May leaned in, her shoulder pressing against Logan's as he brushed away the damp earth. Beneath the soil lay not a book, but a small iron box, its surface etched with symbols that seemed to shift under the flashlight's beam.

"Okay," Logan whispered, "either your mom had a thing for dramatic burial spots, or—"

May's fingers trembled as she traced the largest symbol—a spiral inside a circle. The same one that sometimes appeared on her skin after thunderstorms, vanishing by morning. She'd always assumed it was static electricity.

The box clicked open without resistance. Inside lay a stack of yellowed pages wrapped in faded blue fabric. May unrolled it carefully, revealing a child's drawing—a stick-figure family standing in front of their house, the windows filled with swirling colors. Scribbled at the bottom in uneven crayon: *We hear the colors. Love, May (age 4)*

The End

The Robot Chef That Was Never Ready

By Jonathan, age 12

May had many rivals from school, work, and other places but her biggest rival was to beat Gordon Ramsay. She has never been the best cook and she always lost by a few points in cooking. She decided to think outside the box and dreamed of building a robot disguised as a human to defeat him. She had planned this for years even though everyone knew that with the current tech, traditional cooking by hand would be far more effective than any tech available. However May thought her dream was very reasonable. She noticed how Gordon Ramsay usually cooked and the patterns he used plus ingredients he used on videos and decided to code it into her robot which would make no mistakes.

Then she realized that she didn't know how to code.

So she decided to use AI because she had used it for homework at school, and reports at work, but it didn't give her anything useful.. Another problem she ran into was that building a robot that could cook would require a ton of resources that she didn't have. She thought improvising would make it more reliable, and believed that keeping it simple would make it less likely to malfunction.

However she didn't really care because she never bothered reading articles about engineering.

She did learn that games and other things on the internet do coding with binary code so she randomly typed 1s and 0s and crossed her fingers.

On the day of the competition, the robot was not looking good. It was following the same patterns as Gordon Ramsay used to and picked all the ingredients, but when it was cutting up the ingredients it dropped the knife. May had forgotten to add hydraulics to this. But that wasn't the worst problem.

The robot suddenly started to dance and play around, then the robot crashed into the ingredient table, fell down the stage, and almost broke. But May managed to help the robot back up to the cooking tables.

After some improvising the food finally managed to get in the food in the pot but then she realized she forgot to add mechanical joints so it took forever to open the stove and close the stove, but the final result was better than expected, but still not able to beat Gordon Ramsay. In fact May could've probably done better herself. She reasoned that her robot was missing key joints even though she was the one talking about simplicity earlier. She never realized her problem and kept trying to improve the robot.

The End

Magical Dreams

By Lily, age 12



May had one big dream. Not one you have while you sleep, one you think about all through school, all day, all month, you get it. May's dream was to see many places, and explore. She was laying on her bed, waiting for the sound of clinking dishes, which meant her parents were up making breakfast. Her stomach growled at the thought of food. May got dressed, and headed downstairs, to find her mom baking muffins.

'I'm going outside!' she said, as her mom nodded distractedly. The back door swung open, and a warm breeze blew inside. She stepped outside, closing the door softly behind her. The fresh air felt good, as she ascended the steps leading to the garden, she

noticed a strange shimmer in the air, and carefully tread through the delicate wildflowers towards it. The shimmering air seemed more solid somehow, and slightly magical. But magic wasn't real, was it? She stretched her hand towards it, and when her hand touched it, it disappeared! She gasped, and stumbled backwards, recovering herself quickly, but the air around her was now shimmering, and so she took a breath and stepped into the haze...

The air suddenly felt like an oven, and May hardly had time to think before the wall of heat slammed into her. She slowly opened her eyes, and was shocked to see thin rivers of lava travelling from a massive volcano, to a gigantic ravine in the dry, cracked earth. She stopped staring at the scenery, and realised she was two feet away from a smoking trickle of lava, and shrieked, falling backward onto the hot ground. She stood up, brushing herself off and scrambled up the dry, cracked slope, but met a solid wall of rock instead, and slowly turned around, she realised she was trapped.

The shimmering air was still there, but soon going to be swallowed up by the rocks, moving increasingly quickly towards her. She sprinted forward, and leaped high into the air, over rocks and lava, landing just before the magical haze. May kept running, and then was embraced by the warm shimmering air. Her garden looked just the same, and so she raced over to the back steps and hurried down to the door, which was luckily unlocked. She banged open the door and raced over to the kitchen counter.

'Why are you running through the house?!' her mom exclaimed, 'You were only outside for three minutes!'

'I kno- wait what?!' May said. 'I was outside for at least half an hour!'

'What are you talking about?'

'You wouldn't believe me anyway.'

May sighed and headed upstairs.

She collapsed on her bed, and thought about what had happened that morning.

She had been teleported to another world and that had not taken any time, according to her mom. She curled up into a ball, and fell asleep, her dreams filled with lava and mysteries.

So much had happened that morning, and May just wanted a normal day.

The End

May and the Nighttime

By Lincoln, age 7



May had one big dream. May is a dinosaur. She is a T-Rex and she dreamed of going on a tiny scooter. Then when she broke it she got another one and she broke it. It kept on happening over and over again and then she got mad because she kept on breaking scooters. What she most wants in the world is a scooter. She is too heavy for the scooters. And then in the morning it was Christmas morning and then she saw a scooter at the Christmas tree. She wasn't going to break this scooter because it was her size. May felt happy.

The End

May and the Ocean

By Mitchell, age 10

May had one big dream... but it was not only about seeing the ocean. More than anything, May wanted to feel like she mattered. She was a quiet girl who lived in a small mountain village, and most of the time she felt invisible. At school, the loud and chatty kids always answered questions and made everyone laugh. But May felt that she wouldn't be like them. May always stayed silent because she was afraid people would think her ideas were dumb, then they would laugh at her, and then she would never become friends with anyone. Even when she knew the answer, she kept it to herself.

The only person who really understood her was her grandfather. Every night he told her stories about the ocean. He talked about the giant waves, the salty air, the bright beige sand, and how brave sailors crossed storms without giving up. May loved those stories, but deep down she thought she could never be brave like that. She believed brave people were special, and she was normal.

One day, May's teacher announced a writing contest. The winner would get a free trip to the ocean. Everyone in class got excited right away. May loved writing stories in her notebook at home, but nobody knew about them. She was too scared to show anyone because she thought people might laugh at her. That night, May sat at her desk staring at a blank page. She almost gave up before she even started. Her stomach felt queasy and her hands started to shake. Then she remembered something her grandfather always told her: "Being brave does not mean you are never scared. It means you try anyway."

So May picked up her pencil and started writing. She wrote about dreams, fear, and feeling invisible. She wrote how most of the time, her words got swallowed by others. For the first time, she stopped hiding her feelings and put them onto paper.

The next day, May's hands were shaking and she started to sweat as she handed in her story. For the whole week, she worried people would think it was bad. But a small part of her also felt proud because at least she had tried.

Finally, the day came when the principal announced the winner at the school assembly. "The winner is... May!" Everyone clapped loudly while May stood there frozen in shock. Her face turned bright red like a tomato in shyness as she walked to the front of the room. But while she stood there, she noticed something she had never felt before. People were smiling at her. They were listening to her. She felt proud.

A week later, May finally saw the ocean with her grandfather beside her. The waves crashed against the shore, and the water seemed to go on forever. The water was so clear that she could see all the fish of different sizes, shapes and colours. It was even more beautiful than she imagined. But standing there, May realized something important. The ocean was not the only dream she had reached. She had also learned that her voice mattered too. For the first time in her life, she did not feel invisible anymore.

The End

The Cooking Contest

By Mmesoma, age 13

May had one big dream, to win a cooking contest at school. Excitedly, she left home to prepare. At school, her friend Lisa greeted her. “Hi, May! Have you thought about your contest plan yet? You have to beat Amelie this year!” Lisa exclaimed, nudging May toward a locker.

“Don’t worry, Lisa. This year, Amelie’s going down! As long as I get selected today” May replied. *Ring!* The bell rang, and May and Lisa headed to class.

“Hello, everyone!” Ms. V announced. “I’m going to announce who got nominated for the cooking competition happening today.” Ms. V exclaimed, and the class looked at each other. “The contestants are May, Amelie, and Daniel. The contest is in the school gym. Good luck!” After a long hour of work, it was lunchtime for May and Lisa.

“So, what will you make for the contest?” Lisa asked, eating her pizza slice.

“I plan to make street tacos with birria.”

“That sounds delicious!” Lisa exclaimed.

Suddenly, May and Lisa felt hands on their shoulders. They looked up to see a girl with blue eyes and pretty brown hair. It was Amelie.

“Don’t even bother trying to win the competition, because I always win it,” Amelie smirked at May.

“Amelie, don’t say that! Everyone has a chance to win!” Lisa shouted, her voice echoing through the school as everyone watched.

“Whatever, just try your best, May!” Amelie laughed, her friends joining in.

“Ring!” The bell rang, signalling the start of class.

May was too exhausted to listen to Ms. V’s French lesson and dozed off. Suddenly, she felt a tap on her arm.

“May, it’s me, Lisa! You slept through the entire lesson, and Ms. V wasn’t going to wake you up. There are only 15 minutes until the cooking contest starts, so get ready!”

May hurried to her locker, opened it, and grabbed her container filled with everything she needed to make the tacos. She dashed to the gym, where it was fully decorated with shiny black tables and a large pink banner with balloons that read, “Cooking Contest.”

“Welcome, May!” a tall white woman with shiny blonde hair greeted her. “Please take the table next to Daniel. You 3 have all you will need in the pantry behind you”

The contest began. May, Daniel, and Amelie had 20 minutes to cook and then it was time to present their dishes to the judges.

“Okay, Daniel, you’re up first,” the tall blonde woman announced.

Daniel quickly opened the lid to reveal the most appetizing-looking fried rice. Each judge took a spoonful and raised the rating sign, which read 7/10.

“Next, we have Amelie,” the woman said. Amelie presented her plate, revealing a delicious-looking baked macaroni and cheese casserole. Each judge took a spoonful and raised the sign, which read 9/10.

“I bet you can’t beat that,” Amelie whispered to May.

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

May stood up to share her dish with the judges. “Here are my street tacos!” she exclaimed, taking the lid off her plate.

The judges eagerly took a taco and took a big bite. They whispered to each other and raised the sign, which read 10/10.

“Woo!” May cheered as confetti rained down from the gym ceiling.

Lisa rushed in and hugged her tightly. May smiled, and she couldn’t believe her dream had come true.

The End

May

By Olive, age 9

May had one big dream. She had never travelled before. She wanted to see the world, she loved nature. She was standing outside with her beautiful black hair dancing in the summer breeze.

When May was walking around the garden. She saw a hole in the bush she had never seen before. She walked in and followed the path. When she stopped she found a hole in the ground and something pushed her into it. It was like flying. When she saw the end of it she froze.

It was like a snowstorm. Then she saw a fluffy figure. It was cute and white. When she went closer, and she saw that it had black in the middle of its ears. It was a miracle. She said, "Hi," to the animal.

It said, "Hi. Are you cold? Where did you come from?"

May replied, "Yes, I am cold. I came from a bush in my backyard."

It said, "How are you? I am Buffy, don't ask, it's a long story."

May said "Alright. I have to get back up there. Can you help me please?"

Buffy said "Alright. Come on!" Buffy jumped really high and climbed the wall, May followed. When they finally reached the hole it was stairs now. May finally got out with Buffy. May asked Buffy a question and she couldn't understand him.

When May was walking around with Buffy and she found an actual diamond! She picked it up and when she turned it over she saw a symbol on it. Then she pressed it and a chain appeared on it. She froze for a second and then she really carefully put it on around her neck and then imagined to be a phoenix and she was one. She quickly turned back. Then she saw her dad and told Buffy bye and she could understand him now and he said bye back.

At midnight, May brought a flashlight and took off to the portal again...

The End

May Claus

By Olivia, age 10

Hi, my name is May Claus. I live in the north pole with my parents Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus and we send gifts every year to children. You might think I'm lucky but I'm not. My parents are too busy making toys or wrapping presents and seeing if the children are good or bad. My best friends are Heremy, who wants to be a dentist but all the elves make fun of him for this, Rudolph who everybody makes fun of because he has a red nose. Today Heremy, Rudolph, and I are going to sneak into the candy cane factory to eat some candy canes. It's been forever since I last ate one. They are delicious so we are going to go in through my dad's workshop vent then into the mint candy cane room. It is going to be so fun and exciting.

Have I told you I am the only girl in the north pole. I really want to go to other places where kids actually live but my parents always say no and their excuse is my face looks different than other kids. My face is all scrunched up and I look grumpy from the seven dwarfs movie except I'm always smiling.

I know the real reason why we can't go somewhere else is because my dad will have to say goodbye to all the elves and reindeers but I guess he has a point. I can't even imagine saying goodbye to Heremy and Rudolph. We are the bestest of friends. We even carved our names into a tree next to Bumbles cave. Bumble is actually pretty nice once you get to meet him. He even invited me to afternoon tea once, letting me bring Heremy and Rudolph. Oh sorry, I lost track of time and got to go get candy canes with Heremy and Rudolph.

*

I'm back! I ate so many candy canes. I was basically in the candy cane world. I'm going to sneak into all the candy factories ... oh no my parents are calling me because they caught me on camera. At least they did not see Heremey and Rudolph otherwise they would be fired. My parents are coming. I have to go now!

*

I am so cold as a consequence I had to take a cold plunge in the freezing cold ocean. I also can't get dinner, at least I get to have dinner at Bumbles cave. I am not sad or anything in fact I'm excited because dinner at Bumble's place is always delicious, Heremy and Rudolph are also coming. Dinner time! Yum, that was delicious. We had a giant feast. We had fish, meat and we got to choose our drinks, either cranberry pomegranate or orange juice. It was better food than what my parents cooked. Hee Hee sorry mom and dad.

Tomorrow we set off for Misfit island. I am so excited. Good night.

*

We are now at Misfit island and we just met a jack in the box it's strange that his name is Charlie but I thought his name was Jack anyways we are now going to meet the king eeeee i am so excited we are here and the king is named king moonracer and guess what he is going to let us stay eeeeeee anyways byeee!!!

The End

THE Provincial Game

By Onyek, age 10

May had one big dream: to go to soccer provincials. May was already in the 4th Avenue Soccer Club, and her club had won all their matches. Her Coach Lucas said, “Hey May, your kicks are really good. Do you want to advance to the senior class?”

“Yes, I would love to,” May answered and excitedly accepted the offer.

The next day was an exciting one. May got up very early and rushed her breakfast.

“Hmmm, croaffles. Thanks, Mom.”

After breakfast, May and her friend Luca had to go for soccer practice.

“Today we are going to learn about lobs,” said Coach.

“But Coach, I already know all about lobs,” May said.

“Okay, you can go ahead and practice your rainbow kicks then,” Coach replied.

Practice went on for so long, after which Coach decided that they all deserved a pizza party. Coach ordered lots of BBQ pizza, and everyone had a lot to eat.

“Get some rest,” Coach said, “because tomorrow we have our big practice.”

May was excited. This is it, she thought. If I do well, this might be my chance.

The next day, May and Luca excitedly went to practice.

“I’m so scared,” Luca said.

“Don’t be scared. Instead, be brave,” replied May.

Coach Lucas blew his loud whistle, and everyone got ready to play. May kicked the ball to Lim. He ran with it past the others and scored. “One point!” shouted Coach.

Ella got the ball and passed it to Xi, but May got the ball first and scored a second goal. Mia started with the ball and ran past Luca. She was about to shoot into the net when May got the ball. May kicked the ball so hard it went straight into the net. Coach blew his whistle.

“Game over. Hey, great practice today, guys. May, that was impressive,” Coach said.

“Since every club has to bring one person for the provincial team, May, you are going to provincials on the 13th of June.”

June 13th

May was so excited. The provincial game was taking place in BC Place. Over 200,000 people were in the stadium.

She could not believe her eyes as she stepped into the big stadium. She met her other teammates and got her T-shirt.

Team Y looked so mean, and one of them threatened to sabotage her team.

“Hey, sabotaging is not allowed here!” shouted Coach Lucas.

“Okay, everyone, this is the big day. The game starts in a few minutes. I want you all doing your best out there.”

The whistle blew, and everyone went to the field.

The game started, and everything got so loud.

May got the ball and passed it to John. He ran past five defenders and sent it straight to May, who kicked it straight into the net.

The whole stadium screamed.

“1-0!”

Kickoff.

Kai took the ball.

“Pass the ball, Kai!” Lim screamed, which he did, and POW! Another goal.

It was halftime.

2-0.

Halftime

The next half of the game went by so fast. May scored another goal.

3-0.

After a lot of running and screaming, the final whistle blew, and it was game over.

May’s team had won, and she could not believe it. It still felt like a dream until Luca came and hugged her so tight that she almost lost her breath.

This was everything May had dreamt of, and even as she went home, she still couldn’t believe she had just played at the provincials.

The End

May's Dream

By Paris, age 11

May had a dream that animals and flowers could live peacefully with humans. In her dream the forests were full of tall dark green trees and the rivers sparkled like glitter. Birds flew through the sky while soft white rabbits and elegant deer wandered safely through the grass. Bright flowers covered the fields making the whole world look cozy and colourful.

May's only dream was to clean up all the trash left by the humans. The trash affected the animals and nature every single day.

One day May was wandering around until she noticed garbage scattered on the ground and plastic floating in the rivers and the ocean. Some flowers began to fall down and many animals searched for cleaner places to live. The once beautiful forest did not feel as peaceful anymore.

"Why would they do this!" May screamed in disbelief.

May felt upset because she wanted humans to protect nature instead of harming it. She began to wonder if there was a way to help the animals and flowers before it was too late.

May tried her best to help the forest stay clean. She spent hours picking up plastic bottles, cans, and wrappers from the grass and rivers. After cleaning up all the trash the forest looked brighter and more peaceful again. The grass shimmered in the sun and you

could see your own reflection on the rivers. May made colorful posters that said “protect nature” and “keep our forest clean.”

She handed the posters out to people around town and hoped they would listen to her message. Some people smiled and took the posters. But May saw that they threw it away, creating even more litter.

The next day when May returned to the forest, she saw trash scattered everywhere again. Plastic floated in the water and it was brown and animals searched for safer places to live. May felt sad because people were still not caring for nature. Even though it was difficult, she did not want to give up on saving the animals and flowers.

May was sulking and walking on the streets because she didn’t know what to do until she saw a poster about an organization that helped protect forests, animals, and rivers. She sprinted to the address of the organization. Sweat dripped down her forehead as she arrived at the location. She knocked on the door and awaited their response. Someone opened the door. May told them her problems and why she wanted to join. She closed her eyes praying that she could join. They said yes! May did a small happy dance in her brain and went inside.

After a few weeks May got comfortable and together they cleaned up trash, planted flowers, and taught others to stop littering.

Even though they could not save every part of the forest, May never stopped trying to help. Slowly the rivers became cleaner, flowers bloomed again, and some animals returned home. Although it wasn’t all clean, May could see an improvement and she grinned ear to ear.

The End

May's Story

By Rachel, age 11

May had one big dream. She wanted to be the famous spring themed artist that painted the big wall of the city at the Bloom Festival. May loved spring—baby birds, bright flowers, and the smell of fresh grass.

But Lila hated losing. She was the best artist in school and said every painting May painted looked like “mud soup.” May didn’t care. She kept painting with wild colors and even used flower petals in her paint. To prove to Lila that her paintings were perfect she entered the same contest that Lila did. It was called Spring Artist.

This year’s theme was “Flowers & Friends.” May went to the park every day. She drew smiling daisies, bees having picnics, and butterflies dancing. Lila only painted at her fancy art table. Her pictures were neat and perfect. She said May’s art was “sloppy junk.”

One night, a strong wind blew through the park. May ran to check her painting. Oh no! Her board had fallen over and leaves and dirt were stuck to it, but when she bent down to get her painting she saw Lila’s fancy paint brush with her signature black pink color on it sitting down in sticky mud. She gasped. She quickly brought her painting back into the gallery. Lila saw the painting and said, “ Guess the real artist wins again.”

Steeling her nerves, May grabbed a clean canvas and began splashing bright colors across the surface. She chose to channel her fury into a stark, raw artwork rather than risking her presentation to report Lila. With only twenty minutes left, she abandoned fine details completely, using a palette knife to throw aggressive, sweeping strokes of crimson and gold onto the empty space. Her hands shook, but she forced her pure, hot

anger directly into the paint, turning her emotional shock into physical energy. With two minutes to spare, she signed the bottom of the wet, unadorned canvas and titled it Phoenix From The Ash.

Just as she set her tools down, the gallery judges walked in and completely walked past the ruined painting outside. Once they got to May's new painting they gasped once they saw the painting and started praising the piece for its strong emotions and powerful vibrant colours, awarding her the first-place ribbon on the spot. When Lila arrived later, expecting to see her rival disqualified and crying, she instead found May celebrating with the judges. To make matters worse for Lila, the judges quickly noticed her signature paintbrush left beside the ruined entry, resulting in being banned.

May won because of the mistake that Lila made. She was the Spring Artist.

"I painted better," Lila mumbled, crossing her arms.

But then she looked again. And for the first time, she saw how alive May's painting was.

Maybe... they could paint together next year.

The End

May Lynn Has A Dream

By Rei, age 10

May Lynn had one big dream- to become an author.

May loved to read. Libraries felt like home, a divine, enchanting place filled with stories and tales. May's bedroom looked rather like one, her very own haven, with a notebook-her best friend. She hoped to be like the greatest writers in her books. But not everybody hoped with her...

"Writing will not get you anywhere!" family and peers would advise. May disagreed. Foolish, she thought. Although she was determined to pursue her dream, May knew her loved ones would never support her. No matter how many times she stood up for herself, she was left angry and alone.

And anger catches up to you, hurting you more. When there is nobody to support you, sometimes the hardest thing in the world is believing in yourself.

At school, May felt more alone than ever. One day, she sat in the school library. She found peace in being there, unlike her classmates who thought books were for 'losers' or that they were 'weird'. Tell that to any author, she thought to herself, ignoring them.

Buried in a book, May faintly noticed the presence of someone else in the room. She didn't recognize the face. A girl with short brown hair and a freckled face was approaching her. "Hi, I'm new. Could you please tell me where classroom five is? Sorry to bother you," she said.

May looked at her, annoyed. “Down the hall,” she grumbled. The girl smiled, glancing at the book in May’s hands.

“You like reading? Me too! I’ve read that one, it’s amazing! By the way I’m Kaitlyn.” she grinned.

May was pleasantly surprised. “I’m May,” she muttered.

“Thanks, May.” Kaitlyn walked away from the shocked girl, who wondered how she’d managed to find someone who seemed to enjoy books like her.

May usually had her lunch alone in the library, while she wrote. The next day, Kaitlyn came and sat down casually next to May. May didn’t even look up. Kaitlyn would surely know better than to stay.

Days passed, Kaitlyn kept coming and finally one day, she spoke. “Can I see?” she said.

“See what?” May asked blankly.

“Your writing,” Kaitlyn requested, “Can I see?” May stopped dead in her tracks. Did she hear that right? Kaitlyn wanted to see her writing - not make fun of it? May hesitantly handed her the notebook, feeling terrified. She had written a story about a girl who had dreams of becoming an author. May folded her arms, anticipating the worst. Kaitlyn kept reading with a poker face.

Suddenly, she lit up, grinning at the page in awe. “May, this is fantastic,” she exclaimed, “You should be an author!” That day, May felt something she had never felt before. Someone had accepted her dream and believed in her, instead of doubting her. For the first time, May understood what it was like to have someone to be there for her and it was the best feeling ever.

The End

When Your Dreams Can Travel

By Saadha, age 11



May had one big dream. She was a ladybug who lived with her family in a nest of tropical bushes, and her dream was to fly to the moon. Ever since she had learned to fly, she kept trying over and over. Either her wings would get too tired, or the air would grow too thin, she would black out and fall to the ground.

Every night as her family slept peacefully, May would practice. After hours and hours, her wings were sore, so she would sit at the entrance to her house and gaze up at the moon she dreamed of flying to.

The first time she tried to go to the moon, she made it above the forest and into the clouds. The higher she flew, the less air there was, and her wings became tired. She knew she could not keep going but still she pushed. Her wings and body could not keep up with her mind. She blacked out and began to fall. When she woke up, she was speeding toward the earth so fast she could barely see. Quickly she flapped her wings to soften her fall.

After many attempts over many years, she decided to ask flyers that she felt were more experienced than her - the birds. First, May went to a Hummingbird who was very hard to find, for she was always busy doing something. Finally when May found her she asked, "Have you been to the moon?" The Hummingbird said, "I don't have time to go, I am too busy, can't you see I am busy buzzing around? Maybe Owl has gone, ask him." So May, feeling a little disappointed, flew off to her next flyer.

Owl was sleeping as they usually do during the day, so she had to go into his ear to buzz him awake. When he finally woke up, May asked, "Have you ever been to the moon?" Owl peered down at her with his large wide eyes and said, "First off, do not wake me up when I am asleep, and to answer your question, no I have not. It is a long journey that no flying creature can make. Maybe ask Eagle, she is more experienced, even though I doubt it." Feeling very sad with very little hope, May flew off toward her last spark of hope, who was having lunch on her high cliff.

When May arrived she asked, "Have you been to the moon?" Eagle gulped a fish and then laughed, "Why do you ask such a thing?" She replied, "I was wondering if you had any tips, because I dream of flying to the moon." Eagle started laughing so hard the whole cliff shook. "I have not been to the moon, but if I had, I would have no tips for you, for you are but a small fly and I am a mighty eagle." Eagle continued laughing as May flew away.

The sun was starting to set, but May was too sad to notice. She flew down to a large tree branch beside a glistening river. May felt like she had tried so hard and had asked others, but nothing worked. She was heartbroken and wanted to quit.

Then the tree she was sitting on asked, "Why are you so sad?" She responded, "I asked great flyers if they've ever been to the moon, and they said they have not. Does that

mean that I can't go to the moon either? Will my dream remain unfulfilled?" And the tree said, "We trees believe that if you truly believe in something, the dream travels to you."

"Oh, has it ever worked?" asked May. "It has," said the tree, "but only to those who truly believe in their dream." As May thought about this, she gazed down at the water, and there, shimmering on its surface, was the moon. For a second she sat frozen. Then she understood what the tree had meant. Her dream had traveled to her.

With a shout of joy, May flew down to the watery moon and landed on it with a small splash. "I would never have thought my dream could come true so close to home!"

The End

May's Birthday Dream

By Stacy, age 11

May had one big dream: to help as many people as she could on her birthday.

When her birthday came, May walked into Pop Tarts, the town's one and only bakery, for a birthday treat. A bell rang softly overhead as she pushed open the door.

"I would like a strawberry muffin, please." May placed her order and ate her treat quietly at a wooden table.

Suddenly, something jingled in front of her. May looked up, curious.

A woman dressed in a jacket and tight blue pants stepped into the bakery. At first, May thought she was cool and really chill, because she had her sunglasses on. That was until she saw that the woman was holding a long, metal stick. The woman moved it around, shuffling forward slowly.

Wait...she's blind! May thought. No wonder why she has a stick like that and she's moving so slowly!

The woman stopped when she sensed a carpet. She waited for a worker to place her order. Minutes passed, but still no one came.

That's when May looked up. However, the sign didn't say "Order Here," it said, "Pick Up."

She's at the wrong counter! May thought. That's why no one came to assist her!

Without hesitation, May stood up from her chair and headed towards the lady. “Excuse me, ma’am, but you’re at the wrong counter.”

The woman seemed surprised that May was talking to her. “Who, me?” she asked.

“Yes, you! This is the pickup counter. The order counter is over here.” May walked to the order counter.

“Oh, okay!” The woman realized her mistake, then quickly followed May’s voice.

After guiding the lady, May returned to her seat and waited until she was done ordering. When she picked up her order, May got up again and led the lady to her table.

“Thank you so much!” said the lady with a kind smile.

“You’re welcome! Well, it looks like I better be going now, so take care!”

As May left the bakery, she smiled because she had done something kind and helped someone on her birthday. She was ready to help another person.

The End

Europa

By Vedantika, age 11

May had one big dream; she wanted to see a leaf fall.

May grew up on the mining moon of Europa, underneath giant Jupiter's shadow. Her father worked in one of the gigantic solar-domes.

But there was a forest in her mind, from years of listening to her mother's stories, before she died in an accident.

"Towers of green that touched the clouds," her mother said, "showers of leaves like raindrops".

May dreamt of Earth, of trees and pillars of emerald. However, as her dream grew sharper, Europa became sicker. The generations of mining drained her core, altering its atmosphere and surface.

After her school, May passed her time crawling through the old mining area. She scrambled through the abandoned parts of machines and every night, when Europa was asleep, she laid out an array of copper-wires, drone-wings and rusted batteries on her bunk bed. She remembered her mother's story, while sculpting until her fingers ached, weaving the wires around.

It took months of creeping, and working through the nights, when May finally looked at it with held breath. It was small, sitting perfectly in a metalpot. Copper strings creeped up from the iron-pole, mocking the carefully woven leaves.

It was her own tree.

Striding proudly, May first showed it to her father, and then brought it outside.

“It's a beautiful sculpture, Little Weaver,” some said. “What is this toy?” Some enquired. “Is that a tree”, questioned the foreman.

She nodded. And while she explained, some sighed. “Wish it was real”.

“It will be,” May blurted.

Everybody laughed. It's just a child's imagination. May frowned.

She placed the tree at the corner of her bunkbed, and though kept glancing at it occasionally, paid no special heed to it. Well until...

A few months later, the solar-dome shook violently at night. Alarms blared, a mechanical voice yelled, ‘System Failure, System Failure, Please Evacuate’. May came out from her bunk and saw the miners and people running for lives. She looked outside, and through the glass panels, she saw towers of melted ice and vapor plumes shooting into the air.

May couldn't move, couldn't breathe. It was the most beautiful thing, and terrible too.

“May, we need to evacuate”, she heard her father behind her. Remembering the metal tree, she ran back to her bunk and held it against her chest. And when she was running with her father to the exit, a miracle happened. Through the cracks of the dome, a single drop of the geyser fell on the tree. As it touched, the metal turned green. Scared and surprised, May noticed the ice turned to moss, and the green didn't stop there.

May stopped, her father too. Outside, the geyser stopped exploding, and the workers gathered around her in a circle. Kneeling down, May placed the tree on the ground. She felt her mother's touch on her shoulder. Then realizing what had happened, a single tear fell down her cheek, past her smile, rustling the ‘new’ tree, a single leaf cascading down.

The End

May's Adventure

By Victor, age 9

May is a 12 year old girl. She lives in Vancouver, Canada with her parents, Ben and Luna. One day, she and her friend Matt, decide to go on a big adventure. They agreed not to tell their parents. The next day, they went to M.T. Douglas. They each brought mountain climbing gear: helmets, chest protectors, boots, water, food, sleeping bags, a tent and a sled for some reason. Then, they started climbing. They wanted to get to the top because they wanted to use their sleds to sled down the mountain. They wanted to get to the top as soon as possible because they didn't want their parents to get worried.

Suddenly, a huge creature emerged from the forest. It suddenly started to chase them. May and Matt ran for dear life. They escaped into a small cave. Soon, the monster left. They started to restart going up the mountain. Then a Yeti emerged from another forest. They had to run into a cave again. They decided to end day one. When they woke up, they ate a quick breakfast and started day 2. Suddenly, a pack of hungry wolves turned up.

Yet again, they had to run into yet another cave. Soon, the wolves left and May and Matt could start hiking back up the mountain. For the rest of day 2, no other creatures or animals stopped in their way. After they woke up, they had a rather small breakfast and started on their journey again. Then, they got to the top of the mountain and got out of the sled. They then got on the sled and started sledding down Mount Douglas. Then, the monster and the Yeti and the pack of wolves started chasing them. Miraculously, they got to the bottom before the monster, Yeti and wolves got them.

They decided to go home and get food and rest. When they did get home, their parents got so mad that they grounded them for 5 years. Soon though, what they did was published and the parents had to unground them. May and Matt were so happy that they didn't even mind all the interviews. Finally, what they did was put into a real published book and May and Matt got an award for discovering a monster and a real Yeti.

The End

May's Big Dream

By Wendy, age 12

May had one big dream – to fill her house with cats. Well maybe not fully, but enough to make her little heart feel fuzzy.

“MOOMM CAN WE PLEASE GET CATSS!!” May pleaded once again.

“You know that's not going to work right,” her sister June said back.” You can't even take care of the plant or our fishes, they're basically the same.”

May rolled her eyes, being stubborn as ever. In her eyes some stupid fishes and cute cuddly cats were ABSOLUTELY NOT the same. She just needed a plan..a good one.

“Ring!” huh what's that sound? She picked up the phone and on the other was one of her good friends.

“HEYY MAYY, Ya know how I said my cat was looking really fat and clumsy? Well, it turns out she just had a litter of kittens!! I'm so excited!”

A glimmer of hope flashed across May's eyes.

“They're going out for adoption soon,” her friend continued. “I think if you're quick you should probably get one too, My cousin also has one to give away it's a little entitled ragdoll!! In total there are only four, so it's first come first serve. Don't be late!”

“WAIT, how long are they going to be up for?” May asked.

“A month at most.”

“BRING ME ALL FOUR KITTENS RIGHT NOWWW!!!”

“Are you sure?? Won't your parents be mad??”

“ Nah, they'll be fine. How hard can it be taking care of cats?”

After talking, her friend comes around with a cage, bringing the kittens meows with it.

“What's that sound, may?” May's mom said curiously but too busy cutting veggies in the kitchen

May put a finger over her lips,” sshhhhhh don't make a noise.”They gently placed the carrier down and opened it up. Almost immediately tiny paws started stepping out. May gleamed in excitement.

“THE CATS ARE SO CUTE OMG,” May slapped her hand over her mouth. But she was too late. June bursted into the room. For a second, May thought the whole door was going to fall off but luckily it didn't.

June stared at the carrier on the ground then back at May, all she had to say was, “Mom is going to be so mad seeing this but one question where's the cats?”

May's whole face turned white, meanwhile all her friend said was...

“I'm going to go now I uhh- need to feed my horse” she in fact did not have a horse.

May stared for a bit then started panicking. First she looked under the couch. It was all scratched. In the back, hidden behind the lint, there was a tiny gray kitten. One down, three more to go.

Next she looked in all the rooms before she found the tiny snowy white kitty in the tub. Two left!

“Ughhh where's that last one!?!” May said.

“This was your idea, May. I was in charge I would not have done this,” June replied back.

They kept searching until May suddenly screamed, almost tripping. And there was the third cat.

They gathered all the kittens together and counted. One..two..three.... Wait where's the fourth one..?

“OH MY GOSH YOU TOLD ME THERE WAS ONLY THREE,” June was clearly frustrated.

“I NEVER DID BUT ... I'm hungry, let's take a break and get some snacks,” May said, her stomach growling. As they both stepped into the kitchen, their Mom turned around – and in her hand was the littlest ragdoll kitten looking spoiled.

“Did you girls forget one, it ran right over to me. I like this one and I saw everything,” their mom said. June and May both gave each other an awkward look.

“Can we PLEASE just get this one at least...?” May asked, finally breaking the silence.

“Fine, this one has taken a liking to me,” the kitten purred it's bratty pur. “But you will have extra chores for one month and that includes taking care of the cat then no more animals in this house understand?” May's mom said at last.

“YES YES YES!”

After all the trouble May went through today she was relieved to only have ¼ of the trouble to take care of.

The End

May's Big Dream

By Yiran, age 9

May had one big dream... she dreams of playing badminton at one of the Olympic training programs and meeting the best kid players in the world. She played it with friends and family and she won every time. She really did love badminton and was good at it. "You have to find a coach to train you at least, you're so good at it," her friend Matilda said. While they were having a little snack.

"I don't know, my family doesn't have enough money to even let me train for one week," I explained sadly.

"Make a lemonade stand." Maria cut in.

"Hey!" I said, starting to giggle. We finished our snack and went back home.

The next day I was playing in a public badminton yard with dad. The birdie bounced back and forth. My dad made a very bad swing but I dived in and caught it. As my dad praised me for that save, a woman who seemed to have been playing badminton on the other side of the court walked up to me.

"Excuse me, but may I ask her name?" she asked my dad.

"Her name is May, what's wrong?" he replied to her.

"Your daughter has a lot of talent in badminton! Ummm, is she interested in joining the Olympics training program in Lisbon?" she asked. A surge of excitement sped through

me. "The program also pays for her plane ticket," she said quickly, seeing my dad's unconvinced expression.

"Do you want to go there?" he asked me warmly.

"Yes!" I said jumping up and down excitedly. "Well you're going to have to spend about a month on your own though, in a place you don't know." he said.

"Come on, Dad, I'm already thirteen, what's the problem with that?" I said annoyed.

"If she is good enough, she will become one of the Olympic athletes, it's a big opportunity," she said. "And I am one of the coaches, you won't need to pay any money for the program. It's on Sunday, so I'll see you at the airport to give you your ticket and you're gonna sit next to me just in case. Well do you agree? I'm sure May will be okay and also my name is Luna."

"So you want to go, am I right?" Dad looked at me.

"Are you really going to let me go? Thank you dad!" I said.

When we got back home I began packing right away. What a hurry! Instead of sleeping alone tonight, I slept with dad. What was it gonna be like without him? At least I could still text him. When the day arrived, I met Luna right before I had to say goodbye to dad. A tear fell down my face.

"Well kiddo I know you'll be able to do it." he said. "I love you." I said it back. Then we parted.

Luna and I arrived at Lisbon pretty quickly and took a sky train to get to the training place. "I know you'll love it," Luna said.

The place was huge but my smile was even bigger.

The End

Untouchable Dreams

By Zoe, age 10

May had one dream. It was unachievable, however. Everyone said so. Even May knew somewhere in her ambitious heart that it was untouchable.

No one had been a Magical Biologist since 94369. That was over one hundred years ago! Impossible, they all said, or if not, much too dangerous.

But May was keen on proving them wrong. She was already onto a new species, a little buzzing insect with a horn like a unicorn, and antlers like a deer. It was so tiny that no one could see it.

How could May? She had a banned object—the microscope. She used it a lot. Dangerous, she knew, but she had to prove them wrong!

And she had the perfect idea on how to do that.

She was going to sneak out into the Veiled Forest, the most dangerous forest on Elventia, where May lived, and find her little insect, what she called a Dorn Fly. She loved that name.

And so, here she was. Standing in front of the Veiled Forest, about to take her first steps inside.

Finally, she took a deep breath, and took a step in. It was beautiful, but it was all trickery, May knew. The neighbours in her town made sure to spread that fact.

May was beginning to feel unsafe, and she didn't want to turn back, so she ran in further. It was darker here, but after her studies on the Dorn Fly, she knew it liked the dark. And Demmi flowers. So May found one of the flower bushes, and peeked inside with her little microscope.

Here it was. The little iridescent bug with its mini horn and antlers. She pulled the jar she'd brought from her bag, but the bug was stubborn, and wouldn't climb in. Must be smart, she thought, and tried to pick it up, but it bit, and hard. May jerked her hand back, aghast. She rubbed the bite mark, and glared at the creature, but she didn't have her microscope. Where was it? May look everywhere, then back at the Demmi flower. The Dorn Fly seemed to be smirking at her. Hang on. She could see it? May squinted. Yup, she could definitely see it. What was happening? Hang on. . . it was about the size of her microscope! Had the Dorn eaten her microscope?

May looked around for her microscope once more. Yup, the Dorn had eaten it. Well, thought May, whatever. But when she tried to pick it up again, it bit her with more ferocity. She was bleeding! May sighed at the fly, and took out her notebook. Flipping the front flap of it, she glanced at her notes. Nope, nothing about weaknesses. She sighed, and tried to pick it up by its horn. It fell completely still, immobilized. May grinned. She'd found its weak spot! But when she dropped it in the jar, the horn came off on her finger! And the Dorn was limp. Of course! It was like a bee! May shook her head, scolding herself, and sighed. This is impossible. So she headed back to her house, taking the fly for observation.

When she arrived, she found that the Dorn Fly had grown twice its size again! And...it was stirring! It was alive! May jumped up and down, overjoyed. She ran to the House of Council, and presented the Dorn Fly to the Head Councillor, but Valerie just shook her head. "No, no, this must be dangerous! You said it bit you! No, we must banish it."

But one of the other members stepped in. Councillor Oliver said, "Val, come on! It's no more dangerous than the common Cecelin, and those that live in our village! These, obviously, do not!"

"Let the kid have her glory moment!" agreed Oliva.

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And so, Councillor Valerie fell defeated. “Okay. We’ll make an announcement tomorrow! Wear your best clothing!”

And the next day, standing in front of a crowd, wearing her best dress, May was nearly happy. After the ceremony, May asked Valerie if she could be a Magical Biologist. And Valerie smiled! Then told May that since her discovery was quintessential, as long as her parents signed the paperwork, she could be.

The End

STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES



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