



# STRANGE WEATHER

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 2024 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about the sky raining something other than rain. We looked for forward-thinking tales that captivated readers with dynamic plots, compelling characters, and immersive settings.



#### THIS MONTH'S WINNERS

**Because we only received five entries, all writers are winners this month! Congratulations to Emma, Felicia, Markus, Matilda and Stephanie!**

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# Larkina's Rainy Day

By Emma, age 12

Larkina was not your average witch. She didn't live in an enchanted forest. She lived in a rainforest. The daily downpour drenched everything, turning paths into streams, and fields into swamps. Larkina hated the rain. Her herbs were waterlogged, her spell books damp, and her cat, Nimbus, refused to go outside.

One particular dreary afternoon, Larkina had enough. She poured over her ancient books, searching for a spell that would end the relentless rain. After hours of flipping through yellowed pages, she found it—an incantation buried deep within a weathered book of forgotten spells. The words were scratched and unclear, but it said something about promising to "banish the rains and bring forth the sun." Eagerly, she ran to the garden, with her wand and the spell book.

In her garden, Larkina began to chant. Her voice rose and fell within the rhythm of the blurred words. As she guessed the final phrase. A bolt of golden light shot from her wand into the dark clouds above. The rain ceased immediately, and for a moment, Larkina felt triumphant.

The silence was short-lived, for as Larkina gazed up at the now clear sky, she noticed something peculiar. A small, shimmering object was descending from the heavens, followed by another, and another. Soon, the air was filled with a flurry of fish, each one more colourful and exotic than the last.

Confusion knitted Larkina's brow as she watched the strange phenomenon unfold. It seemed her spell had not stopped the rain but merely replaced it with a substitute.

The next day, Larkina expected to see the fishy shower once again. Instead, it was raining chocolate milk! This would definitely kill her herbs, and ruin her garden.

Determined to undo the spell, Larkina hastily consulted her dusty old books once more. Hours turned into days as she tirelessly researched, seeking a solution to the rain of objects that now plagued the forest.

Finally, she discovered a counter-spell that promised to reverse the effects of her previous incantation. With a heavy heart and a sense of resignation, she prepared to cast the spell, knowing that it meant returning to the endless rain that had driven her to seek a solution in the first place.

As she stood in her garden once more, surrounded by the sound of chocolate milk, Larkina closed her eyes and began to chant the ancient words. The air crackled with magic as she wove the spell, undoing the enchantment she had cast in her desperation to stop the rain.

Slowly, the shower of fish began to dwindle until, at last, only the sound of rain remained. Opening her eyes, Larkina looked up at the sky, now filled once more with dark, brooding clouds.

But instead of feeling disheartened, Larkina felt a sense of peace settle over her. She realised that while the rain may bring challenges and discomfort, it also brought life and growth to the world around her.

**The End**

# Raining Soda

By Felicia, age 9

Evil Cat was nicknamed by his evilness and nastiness. He was a hairless, pale pink cat, which was an odd appearance since he owned a soda factory. He only made pink soda.

One day, Evil Cat demanded that his workers throw Blue Soda away as fast as possible. Blue Soda was made by another factory, and owned by his competitor. The workers were scared of him, and just did what he asked. They bought up all the competitor's Blue Soda from the stores and threw it out.

Evil Cat also ordered his factory workers to make tons and tons of Pink Soda. They worked every day without any breaks or sleeping. Their eyes were surrounded by deep dark circles.

"Without Blue Soda, my Pink Soda will be sold all around the world!" thought Evil Cat. He was laughing, dancing, and shrieking with delight.

"I will be a millionaire by the time I finish selling my Pink Soda!" yelled Evil Cat, out of breath.

As you know, lakes and oceans and seas evaporate, so we get rain. The thrown out soda is the same. When Evil Cat was still meowing and shrieking, soda clouds were already forming in the sky. Blue Soda clouds!

Then it happened. It started raining soda! The worst kind of soda, Blue Soda. The drink Evil Cat was hoping to rid the world of. Blue Soda was raining everywhere. A woman eating sushi on a restaurant patio gasped when the rain landed on her sushi roll, turning it blue! The customer screamed and ran away, arms flying. A blond-haired girl walking on the street, wearing a pale pink party dress with puffy sleeves, started crying when her dress was stained blue by the soda rain.

It's the worst when your fizzy drink spills on your clothes and they get very sticky. The people that were stuck on the ground weren't happy about the situation.

Now it was pouring soda! The soda was visible on the concrete. The ground was flooded with soda. People's shoes were stuck on the ground like it was covered with double-sided tape. The buildings were stained blue, the cars were all the same colour: blue! And most of all, everybody looked as if they came from another planet.

The people knew that it was Evil Cat's doing, so they thought of an idea to get rid of him and get out of this sticky mess.

Everybody waved over their pets, cats and dogs, and they all started licking their shoes to remove the sticky mess. The people helped pull each other up, out of the mess. A young man, who owned a strong, fast dog said that he could use his dog to catch Evil Cat. Everybody nodded their heads in agreement.

The dog found Evil Cat in an alley next to a huge pile of trash, of empty soda bottles. Evil Cat was stained blue, and was attempting to run. He was stuck in the Blue Soda, too. He tried to move, but he kept falling.

"Save me!" Evil Cat yelled with all his might, when he saw the dog. No one wanted to save him.

The dog pulled Evil Cat's tail out of the soda and tossed him into the huge heap of trash.

**The End**

# A Stuffy Storm

By Markus, age 9

One day, a boy who loved to invent things wanted to create a computer program to change the weather because he wanted a large and beautiful garden.

After a few months, he finished the programming and the garden. But when he was working on his garden, his dog sniffed at his computer and started pressing lots of buttons because he thought that it was a game. Words appeared randomly on the screen. The dog pressed more buttons.

He accidentally changed it to rain stuffies and not rain water. The dog also pressed the lock button which meant he couldn't change any more codes.

After a day of planting more seeds, the boy returned to the computer to make it rain. He pressed the button to make it rain and looked out the window. He did not see rain. He saw a baby-sized teddy bear stuffy! Then a tiger and a shark stuffy.

The boy was very confused. He took a look at this computer to see that the code was different. Instead of rain, it said rain stuffies. He wondered how that happened. He looked around his room and saw that no one else was there. Then he noticed his dog. He knew the dog must have done something to his computer!

He tried to change the programming, but it was locked. He tried to reset it, but it still failed. And it was still raining stuffies!



Then he came up with an idea. His plan was to build a shrink ray to make him smaller, then go inside the computer and fix it. He spent day and night trying to build it. Then finally he finished. He tested it on a bookshelf and it worked.

He ran over to his computer and shrunk himself, then he went into his computer and fixed it. He pressed a button on the shrink ray gun and he went back to normal. He lived happily ever after.

**The End**

# The Falling Frogs

By Matilda, age 9

France,1794

*'Toads are falling from the sky!'* thought Shadow, worriedly.

"This can only be the doing of the evil witch, Ravenzilla!" somebody shouted.

"Ew," she said, as a slimy toad fell on her head and slid down, leaving a slimy trail behind. "What is happening?!" she cried, getting zero answers.

Shadow was an orphan whose parents both had died of smallpox. Now she lived in an orphanage called Happy Home Orphanage. She was the oldest kid there (17). The rest of the children at the orphanage were terrified, and the teachers had all run away.

"Get to shelter!" she called to the orphans.

They ran to the orphanage, where they hurried inside. Once they were safely inside, Shadow went to find shelter for herself. She was about to run to the safety of the restaurant, when she heard a tiny cry. It took her a second to realize where it was coming from. It was coming from a tiny baby girl. She knew that she should go and help her, but the restaurant was about to close!

Shadow didn't know what to do. "Oh, for heaven's sake." she said.

Running towards the baby she realized that the baby looked like an orphan. She had rags for clothes, and she looked very dirty. The orphan looked no older than eight months old, and it looked like if she stayed out here much longer she would get very sick. Scooping it up, she noticed that it looked like it was a girl.

"I wonder what your name is, little one," she said calmly.

**"Ga ga,"** said the baby.

"I'm going to call you...Tina," Shadow said. "My name is Shadow."

"Sha," said Tina.

"Oh no!" said Shadow, worriedly. "I forgot about the frogs!" Shadow cried.

Quickly, Shadow and the baby went to go and find shelter. Running to every single shop, trying to find a shop that was open.

"Every shop is closed!" cried Shadow. Running to the woods, she spotted a cave. Rushing inside the cave, it (thankfully) didn't look like it was a bear's or any other wild animal's cave.

**"Dook,"** said the baby, pointing at a large white sticky thing lying on the floor.

"A bone!" Shadow exclaimed. "I wonder what it's from," she said. The baby yawned a big yawn. "How about we get some rest?" said Shadow, sleepily. "Good night," said Shadow, before lying down and falling asleep.

When they woke up, the toads were still falling, but now it was also raining water.

"Aw great. "Now not only will we get slimy, we will also get wet!" Shadow said, annoyed. "Well I'm guessing that you want some breakfast, huh?"

**"Goo."**

"Well I guess I'll go hunting, then." Leaving the baby, and telling her to stay there, Shadow went hunting.

When she came back, she had hunted five things: A bunny, two birds and two squirrels. Starting a fire, she took a stick, put a piece of meat on it, and put it over the fire. As she was cooking it, she remembered something.

"Hey!" she exclaimed. "Today is my birthday! I'm turning 18! I wonder if I can adopt you!" Shadow said, excitedly.

"**Gee goo!**" Said the baby.

"Hey! The frogs have stopped raining!" Shadow cried, excitedly.

When they got back, they bought a house and lived happily ever after.

**The End**

# A Change of Heart

By Stephanie, age 12

On a menacing dark evening, with clouds invading the sky, Wilmer, an evil wizard, chanted and cast as many spells as he could, hoping it would give him power. A foggy dark wisp of smoke emerged from the edge of his wand.

An eerie voice hissed from the smoke, "The time has come."

A big thundercloud suddenly arrived. Out of the clouds, a purple egg dropped, falling right into the wizard's arms. He didn't know what it was, but felt strangely drawn to it. More fell, and raced to collect them.

Suddenly, a hard gust of wind blew him almost off his feet. As the wind blew, a shower of eggs, rocks and poison rained down. The poisonous smoke enveloping the land below. He escaped behind a tree for shelter as he cowered.

His hands were covered in cold sweat as he thought, 'Wake me up from this nightmare.'

As for the eggs he couldn't save, they shattered onto the ground and then floated a mysterious dark glitter up above the sky. He ran back, aiming for his lair, frantically trying to undo the curse but his efforts proved useless.

As he ran, he saw that the eggs were actually fading before his eyes due to the poisonous smoke that surrounded this land. Wilmer ran back as fast as he could with his precious eggs to his dark secret lair. He sighed in relief, then shut the door of his lair.

He studied and nurtured these eggs, realizing that other than doing magic, he could actually do something towards a good cause.

When he took care of these eggs, he grew attached. It reminded him of his mother and how she cared for him, when she was alive. She was patient and taught Wilmer well, even as a single mother she managed everything and still had time for Wilmer's happiness. If it wasn't for her death, he wouldn't have been so desperate to destroy and have vengeance. His evil heart began to soften at the eggs, which caused him to finally feel emotions again. In gratitude, he hugged one of the eggs passionately and smiled with tears of gladness.

In the next few months, the heavy shower of eggs and poisonous gasses hadn't stopped, so it destroyed all the crops and the kingdom was in pieces. He sighed guiltily, and got up to leave. As he did so, an egg started cracking and releasing a little amount of dark purple glitter, like the color of its shell. Out of half worry and half excitement, Wilmer began to grab the egg and slowly peaked inside. He almost dropped it in astonishment, realizing they were dragon eggs.

After all these days of nurturing, he suddenly had a crazy idea. What if he took the dragons to fight against the curse that started this mess? If he did, he could be the hero and save his kingdom with these dragons. With a new hope, he picked up his wand and blew the dust off of it and went out with the baby dragon to face the world and his mistakes again.

**The End**



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