

# Snow Day Adventures

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 2025 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about what life would be like without trees. 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:** A Snowy Adventure by Alexander (age 9)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** The Snowman by Grace (age 7)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** Snowpocalypse by Charlotte (age 13)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** Snowdrift by Summer (age 10)

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# The Great Meltdown

By Abby, age 13

On snow days, there are millions of crisp flakes of ice. The perfect excuse for staying at home. But wait, what if this day is destroyed by someone?

I love lists; making them is my thing, and I plan everything. Birthday? Make a list. Lunch? Make a list. But guess what wasn't on my list: a two foot scary snowman that ruined my plans: Frosty, with his wicked grin and rotten button nose, gives me a shiver every time I think of him.

Yes, I am the Sun, the one who "melted" the dreadful snowman, as he roamed the earth turning all of the sunshine and rainbows into a snowy wasteland with his tacky silk hat and scary coal eyes.

We met one day when the children had a snow day and ran outside to play. Then, just like that, Frosty came and ripped the great day away.

When I came up after my lovely chat with the moon about why raisins on cookies should be banned after my short break, I was expecting to see faces of gratitude when their sun showed up to them, but instead I saw faces of anger and absolute hatred.

Boom, reputation gone.

And every year, this jolly old Frosty comes and brings smiles to the children's faces until he says, "I'll be back again someday," and I bring the children an entire meltdown. Get it?

Anyway, my point is I am the sun. I should not be hated for something I work hard for; I deserve the credit, and I should be the one children love because, well, I am the sun.

So next time if you want to write a song about Frosty, don't make me the bad guy because, hey, I didn't do anything wrong; next time blame Moon for it.

**The End.**

# A Snowy Adventure

By Alexander, age 9

Once upon a time, in a land covered with snow and ice, there lived a cheerful duck named Ducky and his best friend, a playful penguin. They lived in a big, cozy tree trunk that kept them warm and comfortable during the cold winter months.

One snowy morning, Ducky and his penguin friend were in disbelief. The ground was covered in a thick blanket of snow and ice. It was nothing that ever happened and snow wouldn't reach that tall where they lived. Ducky and his friend excitedly jumped into the snow. They sank deep down but quickly pulled themselves up.

That's when they decided to go on an adventure. They followed a secret trail, which was lined with tall, snow-covered trees and sparkling icicles. The trail wound through the forest, leading them to a tall, beautiful mountain.

When they reached the mountain, they were amazed by its towering peaks and the soft, powdery snow that covered the slopes. Ducky and his penguin friend couldn't wait to start skiing and snowboarding. They laughed and cheered as they zoomed down the mountain, leaving trails of snow behind them.

They built snowmen, had snowball fights, and made snow angels. The mountain was their playground, and they were having the time of their lives. The air was filled with their joyful laughter as they played in the snow.

Suddenly, the ground began to shake, and a loud roar echoed through the mountains like thunder. To their astonishment, an ice dragon erupted from the mountain, its icy breath freezing everything in its path like a winter storm. Its scales

shimmered like shards of ice, reflecting the light in a dazzling display. Its eyes glowed with hunger like icicles, sharp and cold as it spotted Ducky and his penguin friend.

Shocked and dumbfounded, Ducky and his penguin friend stood frozen in place. They had never seen anything like this before. The dragon's presence was terrifying, and they knew they had to act quickly to escape.

Ducky and his penguin friend quickly made a plan. Ducky would distract the dragon by skiing around it, while the penguin made a slippery ice path to lead the dragon away.

Ducky skied in circles around the dragon like a whirlwind, and the dragon chased him. Meanwhile, the penguin slid across the snow, making a slick, icy path. The dragon slipped on the ice and tumbled down the mountain.

Ducky and his penguin friend were safe! They went back home to their cozy tree trunk, happy and tired from their adventure. They knew that they could always count on each other. And so, Ducky and his penguin friend continued to explore their snowy world, always ready for the next adventure, and always together.

**The End.**

# How Jake Became Famous

By Brianna, age 8

A young boy named Jake arrived late in the night at a cool mountain hotel in Banff, Alberta. After a good night's sleep he walked out the door in the morning. The streets were completely covered with wet snow. Jake strolled downtown to get a delicious hot chocolate, but all the restaurants were closed because it was so snowy that people couldn't get to work. Disappointed, Jake turned around and then noticed lots of people entering the streets.

Jake asked an excited looking police officer why there were so many people on the streets. "There's going to be a competition on the streets where horses will pull people on skis! You have been randomly selected to be one of the skiers!"

An announcement boomed over a loudspeaker, "The competition will start in five minutes. Racers, go to your positions." Jake found his spot. "Five! Four! Three! Two! One! Zero! Gooooooooooooooooo!" said the announcer excitedly.

All the horses started to run. Right at the start of the race there was a big jump. When Jake's horse named Stamp jumped, it landed on its funny bone. It started to do silly things right away, the horse even spoke English! Jake was shocked.

Stamp the horse said, "Why didn't the little horse go on stage? It was a little horse! Ha ha!"



"Stop that crazy silliness," commanded Jake.

"Oh really," the horse started, "You think I'm silly, well, whoever loses this snowball fight, is really silly."

When Stamp and Jake started the snowball fight, the horse was sure he would win, but a war between an eight year old kid and a talking horse is pretty unusual, so the news spread. In about five minutes it was the whole world against the talking horse. Stamp was trampled and hid behind some buildings.

The announcer called for the race to start again. Jake was given another horse named Fling. The first part of the race went just fine, but when Jake got to where his first horse Stamp was, Stamp flicked up his hoofs and Jake and his new horse Fling went flying, right to a gondola! The gondola was heading down Sulphur Mountain. An alarm signal went off. Jake's horse was much too heavy for the gondola. Jake had been on a gondola before, and he knew that they didn't go this fast. It was probably because of the weight of Fling.

After four scary minutes, Jake and the horse finally got down safely. They walked back to the competition with people cheering everywhere Jake went. Suddenly, some hot chocolate fell from the sky. Just what Jake wanted in the first place.

**The End.**

# Snowpocalypse

By Charlotte, age 13

This was it. The end of the world. Death by snow.

Or was it..?

Farmer Kyle's used to be a lush farm, rich with life. Vivid vegetables grew to giant sizes, and the farm animals were all plump and well fed. But soon, the harsh winter winds hit the farm, and faster than you can say, "FREEZE!" everything was covered in a heavy blanket of snow. Windows, and ponds were all frosted over, and all the animals hid in the barn.

Farmer Kyle was the first witness to the bitter winter that had started to shut down the world. Even in the hottest of places, scorching, sandy desserts would soon turn into snowy wastelands.

"Not to worry," exclaimed the government. "We have everything under control."

Unfortunately Farmer Kyle was very easily fooled by the false claims of the media. He decided to continue to send chemical messages to the vegetables, to continue growing. This, of course, was not the brightest idea.

Little did he know, the bitter cold would turn his vegetables into... BITTER VEGETABLES!!

Kyle and his wife, Mary, had bills to pay soon, and were wondering what they would do to pay them with the horrible winter weather blocking the roads to the city.

Kyle decided that selling the vegetables would do the trick, but just how would they deliver them?

Kyle did not know that instead of the vegetables growing in the cold, they would wilt and die.

The next morning, Kyle tobogganed over to his veggie patch to see every single vegetable wilted and frozen. His wife decided that because of how idiotic he was for thinking he could grow vegetables in the winter without a greenhouse, she divorced him.

Watching his wife walk away in the freezing cold, got Kyle thinking, *'Maybe I could get a loan for those bills from the government.'*

Kyle really didn't know what he's doing. Without his wife, he didn't know if he could even keep the farm animals healthy, for his wife usually did that. He couldn't pay the bills, for his wife usually did that. He couldn't even start a fire, for his wife usually did that. Kyle was one hopeless guy.

But then all of a sudden, a soily hand made of roots shot up from the ground. The vegetables! They were growing!

Kyle ran inside to get a watering can, just to come back to a whole field of angry, cold, and wilted vegetables. They were rebelling. Not just against him, against the whole world.

Whilst the coward ran inside to board up the farmhouse, the vegetables had other plans.

They ran effortlessly through the snow, and even stole the farmers toboggan to slide all the way to the White House. The vegetables let out a deafening war cry, and started to invade. Everyone was powerless against them, as they flooded the building and broke into the main office, where the President was holding a meeting about the terrible winter weather. "WE WANT REVENGE!! FOR OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS YOU TURNED INTO STEW!!!" they screeched.

The Winter Squash Rebellion had begun.

Back at the farm, Kyle was trying to make a plan to get his loan from the government. He decided to try and send a letter to the government and get the loan. This obviously wasn't going to work, but he tried anyway because he lacked intelligence.

The following day, he was visited by his cousin, who had told him with a shaky voice that there was a new President in office who would stop this winter madness. "But, there's one problem," said his cousin. "The new president is a squash."

Kyle turned pale, and suddenly, he knew the vegetables were coming for him.

**The End.**

# The Secret of the Snow Globe

By Clarice, age 12

A glittering blanket of powder snow had settled over the city overnight, icicles still clinging to tree branches despite the sun's efforts to pull them down. And in a house with a bright red roof and an emerald door, a little girl woke up next to her sister in bed, her eyes shining as she sat up and looked out the window to see the snow.

"Tink, wake up! It's a snow day! No school!"

Tink yawned, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She leaned over her sister, Twix's, shoulder to see the snow. "Hooray!" She jumped with a burst of energy out of bed and slipped her feet into fluffy pink slippers. "What should we do today?"

Twix leaned over the small snow globe on the nightstand that their parents had gifted them for Christmas and picked it up, giving it a shake. The snow inside danced and twirled. "We could have a snowball fight! Or build an—"

"Twix!" Tink shrieked as her sister suddenly disappeared into nowhere. She lunged at the snow globe, but just as her fingers brushed the cold glass, two arms wrapped tightly around her.

"Thank goodness you're here!" Tink opened her eyes to find Twix clinging tightly onto her, delicate snowflakes dropping onto her face and melting into small puddles of coldness. The heavy fragrance of pine wafted around them.

"Where... Where are we?" Tink wondered aloud in a trembling voice, bewildered.

Twix pulled back reluctantly, her eyes wide and her breaths heavy. "I didn't look around yet. I was just so shocked..."

Tink surveyed the looming pine trees surrounding them, her eyes gleaming. She snatched her sister's hand. "Let's not worry about that right now. How about we explore this world? It's an adventure!"

Twix hesitated slightly before nodding, and the sisters linked arms and started to run through the snow, barefoot and in their pajamas, their excitement shielding them from the freezing cold.

"Oh my gosh! Look, Twix!" Tink gasped, pointing to the distance.

The trees parted to reveal a large clearing. Gilded staircases led up to enormous, sparkling slides of ice rising from the ground, their surfaces glinting in the soft sunlight. Perfectly formed igloos perched on translucent platforms, surrounded by dainty flowers of glistening ice crystals and realistic statues of all sorts of creatures both from reality and fantasy worlds, with pegasuses tossing their manes, elegant foxes mid-stride and prowling lionesses roaring. Steam rose off a statue of a phoenix screeching at the sky, long, sharp icicles drooping from its magnificent flapping wings.

The sisters stared at the scene before them, their mouths wide open in astonishment and awe. "Do you see all this?" whispered Twix, shaking her head in disbelief. This was like a fairytale... Two girls lost in a magnificent playground of ice in a magical winter wonderland!

"What are you waiting for?" demanded Tink, a smile lighting up her face. "Let's go play!" She ran off, laughing.

"Wait for me," called Twix, hurriedly running after her sister. Snow crackled under their feet as the wind whistled merry tunes in their ears.

They belly-slid down slides and played dollhouse in the igloos, made snow angels, built snowmen, and named each of the ice statues, simply having the time of their lives.

"Well," panted Twix, finally stepping back to admire their snowman. "That was fun! What do we do now?"

But Tink wasn't listening. "Look behind you," she exclaimed.

Twix turned to find a snow-white horse with midnight eyes nuzzling her shoulder and let out a cry of delight. Horses were the sisters' favourite animals! The horse turned and knelt down in the snow, whinnying softly.

"I think it wants you to get on!" squealed Tink.

Twix reached out to stroke the horse. "Do you really?" she breathed.

The horse snorted impatiently, shaking snowflakes out of its lavender mane. Twix's breath caught. "Well then, here I come!" She jumped onto the horse's back, twisting her head around to look at her sister. "Come with us, Tink!"

Relief washed over Tink's face. For a moment she had thought her sister would leave her! The other girl clambered onto the horse's back behind her sister, unable to suppress the bright smile on her face. "Alright! Cling tight, and off we go!"

The horse stood, pawing the ground eagerly with a blue hoof, then shot off like a bullet.

"Whoa!" The sisters jolted backwards in their seats, then regained their balance, giggling.

Twix closed her eyes, savouring the icy wind whipping against her face. When she opened them, neither the snow, the trees, nor the horse were anywhere to be seen. Instead, she was sitting on her bed, the cool sheets wrapped around her legs. The fresh aroma of pine was gone! She frowned, confused. Was it all a dream? Wait, but... Her clothes were wet and her hands were freezing! She turned her head and saw Tink looking just as lost.

"Where did the horse go?" Tink asked in a small voice.

Twix suddenly felt a heavy weight on her lap and looked down. There was the snow globe! Her eyes widened in realization as a smile crept across her lips. "I think... we were inside the globe. Look!"

And sure enough, there were the snow angels they had made, the snowman's arms sticking out as if begging them to come back. The sisters stared at each other in silence for a while, absorbing what they had just experienced, before Tink finally beamed, raising a hand. "Secret forever?" Twix high-fived her.

"Secret forever! Now, what shall we do for the rest of the day?" Tink laughed.

"Well, I've certainly had enough of the outdoors! Let's just stay inside for a movie, maybe some hot chocolate. Now, let me go change my clothes. I'm soaking wet!"

Twix laughed as well. "Of course." Her eyes followed the silhouette of her sister as Tink walked out of the room, water still dripping from her pajamas. They couldn't have asked for a better snow day.

**The End.**



# Snow Day

By Georgiy, age 10

Hi, I'm James. I'm in 7th Grade. I live on Chelsey Street. Chelsey Street is one of those streets that "isn't the best". There's a Middle School at the bottom of the street. It's always a nightmare every single day. First of all, the teachers hate the students. The highest grade they've ever given was a C-. Second of all, each of the classes except gym has a test like, two times a week.

Last night I forgot to study for one of these tests because I had been "busy". Now I was SUPER worried because you get suspended for two days if you get anything lower than a D.

Now it was the day of the big test. As I went downstairs mom was making pancakes. "Hey, honey, school is closed today. You get a day off," said mom as I ate a pancake. "Alright now get out of my house."

Of course, I didn't have a choice. I went outside and immediately got greeted by a snowball to the face as my friend Lucas landed a direct hit on my head. "Hey, James! How ya doing?" asked Lucas as he bent over and made another snowball.

"I'm not sure. I feel kinda anxious-excited-tired," I said as I took Lucas's hat, stuffed it with snow, and put it back on his head.

"Well, are you up for a snowball fight?" he asked.

"Sure! Let's invite the gang!" I replied.

Soon we got the full gang rounded up and ready for the big snow battle. Henry, Miles, Maylene, Jason, Byron, Lydia, Lucas, and me. "Alright, here are the rules. Number one, you can use anything made of snow except yellow snow. Number two, you can hit your own teammates with snowballs. Number three, sloppy specials are allowed." Sloppy specials were kind of like hollowed out snowballs filled with slush.

So we got into teams of four. Me, Lucas, Maylene, and Byron. Then, the fight began. Immediately Maylene nailed Jason in the head with a snowball. Jason retaliated but missed Maylene by an inch and instead nailed Byron in the stomach. Starting then, pandemonium ensued. I quickly ran away from the chaos, as it was physically impossible to stand still, and hid behind a fence. Basically, I was just planning to ambush someone when they came nearby.

After an hour of waiting, Henry wandered a bit to close and I threw the snowball. Only it was stuck to my hand. Looks like snowballs tend to stick to a wool mitten after an hour. So instead of nailing Henry on the face with a snowball, he nailed me in the face with a sloppy special. I knew I couldn't continue like this so I made a sloppy special and stole Henry's hat. Which resulted in Henry getting six snowballs to the face at the same time. I knew I didn't have much time so I dropped the sloppy special into his hat and put it back on his head. That was the final straw for Henry and he quit. Of course, we couldn't continue the fight without a player so we called it a draw.

Then I realized it was five o'clock in the afternoon and I still hadn't studied for that test.

**The End.**

# The Snowman

By Grace, age 7

One snowy day Bella and Julie, two sisters, went outside to build a snowman.

When they were finished, Bella asked, "What should we call him?"

Julie thought for a moment. "What about 'Snowy'?"

Bella agreed.

That night when Julie and Bella were sleeping, a goblin tiptoed into the yard and smashed the snowman down. Then he crept out of the yard and disappeared into the darkness. When Julie and Bella went outside to check on the snowman, they only saw a pile of snow, a carrot, and two raisins.

"This is all your fault," said Julie, picking up a raisin and popping it into her mouth.

Bella sighed, "Julie, it was you!" And they kept arguing, when Bella had an idea. "Julie, since it was neither of us, it was somebody else! We could make a trap!"

"But how?" asked Julie.

"Well, we are going to build another snowman," said Bella, "Then when the person tries to get the snowman, we are going to trap the person!"

"It's a good plan, Bella," said Julie. "But how are we going to trap the person?"

"Let's write down our ideas!" said Bella.

That night Julie and Bella built a new snowman and hid. Bella hid behind the flowerpot with her trap in her lap. Julie hid behind the fence with her trap in her lap. Soon the goblin tiptoed into the yard, then gasped. He stepped right into a trap, then he heard a net swing over his head. The goblin ran out of the yard and Bella and Julie never saw him again.

The next day, Bella ran down the stairs to eat her breakfast. Julie was already eating her toast. Bella sat on her chair and took a bite.

"Mom, you won't believe this!" said Bella.

Julie nodded. "Today, there is going to be a fair at the park. There is going to be hot cocoa, snowball fights, food, concerts—"

"And a snowman competition!" Bella finished excitedly.

"Okay," said their mother, "You can go!"

Julie cheered.

"Let's go!" said Bella.

Julie and Bella ran outside to the park. "Let's do the—"

But before Bella finished, Julie said, "We can't! Look! It's like spring!"

Just then a fairy stood before them. "It's spring, because mean goblins are causing trouble," she said in a silver voice.

"Oh!" said Bella, confused.

Just then a goblin zipped by, holding a globe that said: 'Controls Winter'. Then the goblin dropped the globe, and it smashed into pieces.

"Yay, it is not going to be winter anymore!" the goblin laughed.

## STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

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The fairy used her leftover power to heal the globe. Then she picked it up and as she touched it, it became fairy sized. "Sorry, there's still more globes to find," the fairy said.

"It's all right," said Bella and Julie.

When they told their mother that night about the story, their dad and mom didn't believe them. But Bella and Julie didn't mind.

**To Be Continued.**

# Snow City

By Jeremy, age 10

It was a wintery morning in Snow City, a city with warm fires in houses all the time, when Elizabeth decided to play outside. She called her best friends Phelix and Andrew to play outside with her.

Phelix just woke up, and Andrew was eating breakfast, but Elizabeth was all ready to go outside and play.

So Elizabeth went outside and waited, and waited, and waited, for them at the big oak tree at the park where she had told them to meet her.

Finally after thirty-five minutes Phelix, and Andrew, met Elizabeth at the big oak tree in the park.

"What should we do first?" Phelix asked Andrew, and Elizabeth. "Hmm..." thought Phelix out loud.

"We can go sledding," suggested Andrew.

"I brought some sleds!" noted Elizabeth.

"Sure!" agreed Phelix, reaching for one of the sleds closest to him.

It all went well until Elizabeth slid off of her sled and scraped her knee on a rock. "Ouch!" howled Elizabeth, clutching her knee in pain.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Andrew.

"Uh oh!" said Phelix.

Then, when all hope seemed lost, a park ranger came up to them and asked them, "Do you kids need a little help?"

"Yes please!" said Elizabeth, exposing the scrape on her knee. "I scraped my knee on a rock, while I was sledding."

"Oh my, that looks bad! I have a first aid kit here."

"Thank you!" Elizabeth exclaimed in gratitude.

"My pleasure!" The park ranger bent down and took out a piece of cotton, poured some antiseptic on the cotton, dabbed the cotton on the scrape, and put a band aid to seal it. "You will feel better soon," the park ranger said.

"Thank you again!" Elizabeth repeated.

"You're welcome!" said the park ranger.

"Now what can we do?" Elizabeth asked.

"We can have a snowball fight. It's very snowy today," noted Phelix.

"Sure!" agreed Elizabeth.

"But what are going to be the teams?" Andrew asked.

"He's right, three is an odd number!" noted Elizabeth.

"Let's go into town and buy some hot chocolate, I have twenty dollars on me," suggested Phelix.

"Sure," agreed Elizabeth.

"Okay," said Andrew, nodding agreeably.

But when they came into town everything was shut down! "Uh oh, everything probably shut down because of the snowstorm coming later," Elizabeth said.

"What snow storm?" asked Phelix, curiously.

"You don't know about the big snowstorm the weather forecast claims?" Elizabeth asked.

Phelix shook his head. "No," he admitted.

"Well, the weather forecast predicts there's going to be the largest snowstorm ever in the whole world!" Elizabeth exclaimed.

"Oh," said Phelix. "Doesn't that mean we have to go soon?" he asked.

"Probably," said Elizabeth.

"Aw, man!" said Andrew.

"That's too bad," said Phelix.

"Yeah," said Elizabeth sadly.

Suddenly a big gust of wind swept through Snow City, and snow hailed down with no warning. "Take cover!" yelled Elizabeth, muffled by the wind.

Soon they were able to walk home and have some homemade hot chocolate and some homemade cookies.

**The End.**



# Prank to Prank

By Kate, age 8

Baby Bunny was playing in the snow early in the morning. Mama Bunny came shouting and running out the front door. "Baby Bunny! What are you doing outside in the cold!?"

"I wanted to play outside because I was bored," explained Baby Bunny.

"Come inside," said Mama Bunny.

"No! No! No! No!" cried Baby Bunny.

Suddenly, they heard laughing in the bushes! It was Prankster Bunny! Prankster Bunny started to throw balls of ice cream everywhere!

"Ah!" screamed Mama Bunny. She jumped out of her pajamas and crashed straight into Baby Bunny and Baby Bunny bumped into a tree.

Prankster Bunny then went to the supermarket and pulled the fire alarm even though there was no fire and everyone started shouting, "Run, there's a fire!"

Next, he went to the restaurant. He took avocados and mushed, smushed and spread them on the chairs and then hid in a corner. When the bunnies sat down, their pants were all dirty!

Prankster Bunny ran away. He met a little girl on the way and the little girl said, "Hello, my name is Bunbun, and I like to play pranks."

"Hey! I like to play pranks too! My name is Prankster Bunny. Do you want to play a few pranks together?" asked Prankster Bunny.

Little did Prankster Bunny know, Bunbun was Baby Bunny in disguise! Baby Bunny wore colorful boots, a purple cute tutu, a matching purple sweater, her fur tied in a bun, and big sunglasses to complete the look. She waited for Prankster Bunny to go to the washroom and rubbed Jell-O onto Prankster Bunny's jacket. Prankster Bunny came out of the washroom. "We should go," he said. Then he put on his jacket. "Eek!" and he ran right back into the washroom to clean off his pants.

Mia, who was a brilliant seven-year-old, laughed. "I love to play with my dollhouse," she said as she washed Prankster Bunny in the kitchen sink. Mia was playing with her dollhouse this whole time!

"It is a very cold snowy day," said Ali, who is Mia's mother.

"I think it is such a freezing cold snowy stormy day that we can't even open the front door!" Then Mia said, "I think we should send a video to everybody of my crazy story that I made up with my dollhouse because even though all the stores are closed it doesn't mean the internet is not working to send messages to friends, neighbours and family!"

Then Ali frowned and said, "But we don't have anything to do ourselves since it's a snow day and I forgot to buy you all the art supplies that you wanted!" exclaimed Ali.

"Well, I know what to do," said Mia. "We can do another crazy adventure!" she cried.

**The End.**

# The Cursed Snow Day

By Luke, age 10

Kyle was just waking up when he saw out his bedroom window, only white. "Snow day!" Kyle exclaimed.

Kyle was a ten year old boy who loved snow. When he realized that it had snowed outside, he quickly bolted out of bed and texted his friends. School was cancelled, and Kyle had so much to do in one one short day. When his friends arrived, he negotiated with them what to do first. They all agreed to start with a snowball fight. First, they had to make forts. Kyle and his friend, Jameson, built an igloo-like fort. Taylor and Perry made a bunker, dug into the snow. And the rest of his friends made a snow army. Fighter jets and tanks were all made out of snow.

"If you are making an army, we are allowed to as well!" said Taylor and Perry.

"So can we!" yelled Kyle and Jameson.

Tyler and Perry made a snow battleship. It was a destroyer based on the WW1 American Clemson. Kyle and Jameson constructed a snow mutant goblin shark. But with the last patch of snow in Kyle's palm, contained a very special snowflake. This snowflake was glowing light blue and purple because it could bring any snow sculpture to life. As Kyle stuffed it into the head, where the brain would be, the snow started coming inside, sucking inward, almost as if something was forming. A bright light flashed and then a snow mutant goblin shark made out of snow was standing right before them.

"Run! Everybody run!" Jameson yelled. It was clear that this was an emergency. Immediately the abomination started to chase them. Throughout the park and city, it wouldn't leave their side. Eventually they passed a local military base. The military was studying a strange snowflake. The military quickly pulled out every arsenal that they had. When they all shot at this snow goblin shark, the shark just sucked it in and acted like it was nothing. That clearly didn't help. The military had three more of these weird snowflakes, and they went back to the friend's built creations.

"Let's fight fire with fire!" one second class petty officer said with confidence. They managed to stuff the three snowflakes into the snow fighter jet, snow tank, and snow warship.

Suddenly they all came to life like Transformers. When the Transformers went at the snow mutant goblin shark, instead of firing their artillery at it, they jumped toward it. But instead of helping, that just made matters much, much worse. The goblin shark's head was still sticking out, except that it had the body of a Transformer on one arm, and all four limbs had a head from one of the snow battle artillery. But thank goodness for Mother Earth! Just as it was going to destroy the city, rain started pouring down.

"Nooowowowowowow!" the snow abomination yelled, as it melted down. After that, the friends all went home and enjoyed some hot chocolate.

**The End.**

# HauHau's Winter Adventure

By Mckayla, age 8



One frosty morning Huahua looked out of her window and gasped, "YAY, IT'S SNOWING!"

Huahua was a four-year-old panda who loved bamboo, but today, she was more excited about the snow.

## STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

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### CHAPTER ONE

In the morning, Huahua looked out of her window and realized it's snowing. "YAY!" She couldn't wait to go outside and build a snow house. But when she stepped out... "COLDCOLDCOLD!!!!!!!!!!!" she shouted, shivering.

### CHAPTER TWO

"I want to stay warm!" said Huahua, "Wait... If I drink some hot chocolate, I'll feel cozy!"

So she ran to the kitchen, grabbed the chocolate powder and milk, mixed them together, and popped it into the microwave to warm it up.

Huahua rushed outside with her yummy hot chocolate. But after she had one sip, she spit it out surprisedly. "It's cold! I believed I made a HOT chocolate, not an ICE chocolate," Huahua exclaimed.

It was -20 degrees outside, so the hot chocolate turned ice cold immediately when she stepped outside!

### CHAPTER THREE

"I. WANT. TO. GO. OUT!" Huahua yelled. Suddenly, an idea struck her head. "I'll knit a sweater to keep warm!"

Huahua started to work, knitting as fast as her little paws could go. When she finished, she looked at the sweater and noticed that there were too many holes in between the flurry, baby blue strings. Still, she put it on and bravely went outside. But as soon as the chilly wind blew in, she was sent back inside right away!

"What should I do now?" Huahua wondered, feeling very upset.

### CHAPTER FOUR

Huahua thought about her little brother, Heye. Heye was always naughty but smart. Maybe he could help! Huahua quickly texted him: *'Hi Heye, I need help plzzzzzzz!'* She waited and waited and waited, but after an hour, still no reply...

### CHAPTER FIVE

After a long wait and still no response, Huahua sighed, "Alright, looks like I have to solve this by myself. I'd better go to the Snowy Express to get a ski jacket!"

Huahua hopped into her bamboo car and drove all the way to the Snowy Express. Over there, she found a cozy jacket for fifty bamboo bucks. It was expensive but it was really good quality.

"Wow, I feel like a Polar Bear now!" shouted Huahua. She was finally warm and toasty.

Now it was time to build the snow house after all!

**The End.**

# Sudden Snow

By Nevyn, age 11

Primrose fiddled with the finicky yarn. Her fingers nimbly and expertly weaved the intricate pattern in the quilt she was attempting to make. She sighed and glanced at the clock. Knitting was such dull work, and her fingers always ached for days afterward. You see, Primrose was a gnome who was required to do this work. Her village needed the blankets for the coming winter, but it was months away. Primrose shook her head, sending her long, caramel colored braids flying. She didn't see why she had to begin the work so early there wasn't even snow on the ground yet. All of a sudden Primrose was disturbed by a loud tapping noise coming from the door of her mushroom house.

Primrose sprang to get the door, eager to get away from knitting. In the doorway stood her friend Pip. He was shivering so hard, his blue, pointed hat was lopsided. Strange, she remarked. It wasn't even that cold outside. "P-primrose" he squeaked. "There's snow! There's tons of snow outside." He turned in the doorway so Primrose could see better. Her mouth dropped open in a wide O like a fish, because what was gathered outside completely dumbfounded Primrose. On the ground, where not even a speck of frost had been seen that morning, a whole five feet of snow had fallen. And it wasn't stopping there. The snow fell in fat little flurries, like dozens of fairies gently gliding down to the ground.

"The Elder's have called it a snow day, no more work!" Squealed Pip. Primrose jumped in place. How exciting, an early snow day! She quickly dressed herself in warm clothing, and then bounded outside as fast as her stubby legs would carry her to go join Pip in the snow.



A few, fun filled hours later, Primrose was slurping hot chocolate with Pip, sitting on a small log at the outskirts of the village. The afternoon sun gleamed through the snow covered trees, and the other gnomes were seen shuffling aimlessly through the snow, heading back to their homes to warm up. Primrose sighed happily. She loved snow days, where there was no work, only freedom.

Just as she and Pip were starting to head back inside, a loud hoarse voice cut the silence of the clearing. Primrose wheeled around to see a young elf girl wearing a thick red snowsuit and a tuque. "Please will anyone help me?" she cried desperately. Primrose immediately rushed forward to find out what was going on. "My village has been invaded by Jack Frost! We need someone brave to stop him, or else we might be stuck in an eternal winter!"

Primrose gaped. How was that possible? The girl must be pulling a practical joke. Her suspicion must have shone on her face because the girl's face contorted into a scowl.

"Surely you must have noticed the sudden snow? Well, it's not because of an early snow storm, it's Jack Frost's power extending past the borders of my village, which is fully covered in snow. No one can leave their home because there's so much snow. And if no one can stop him, my village and yours as well, will be trapped in a winter that lasts forever."

Primrose swallowed hard. It would be so much easier if she chose not to believe the girl, but deep down Primrose knew she was right. Primrose sighed. "Who do you want to take with you? I am sure the Elders would be happy to help."

The girl shook her head. "Oh no, that will take too long. I need you to come with me now as we don't have much time."

Primrose stiffened; there was no way she could go and face Jack Frost; she was just a simple gnome! Well, at least she would have Pip with her. She turned to look for him, but to her astonishment she saw Pip fleeing back to the village like a tiger was chasing him.

The girl nudged her, "Are you coming or not?" she demanded.

Primrose glanced longingly at her village; it would be so much easier just to stay here. But then she reminded herself that there might not be a village to come back to if Jack Frost wasn't stopped. So Primrose summoned her courage and set off with the girl.

The journey to the girl's village was a long and tiring one. There was so much snow Primrose was practically swimming. The girl noticed Primrose lagging behind and a look of sympathy flashed on her face. "I just realized that I haven't introduced myself. I'm Holly Tinsel and who might you be?"

Primrose gasped for breath as she took a moment to rest. "Primrose Perriwinkle," she wheezed.

"That's a nice name," Holly commented. "Now come on, we are almost there."

They stalked through the snow for another hour before Holly stopped in her tracks and pointed. "Look," she said.

Primrose stared and gave a little gasp of delight. Standing before her was a large village of brightly coloured houses that reminded her of gingerbread houses. They seemed to radiate happiness and Primrose couldn't help smiling. The only unfortunate thing was that they were almost fully covered in snow. "Your village is beautiful," she told Holly.

Holly nodded in response. "Alright," she began. "Jack Frost lives in a fortress not far from here. From what I know all his power comes from his ice scepter, which he carries everywhere with him so if we take from him he will be powerless. However, it'll be pretty tricky because he has guards patrolling the streets and we will have to sneak by them. As for getting Jack Frost away from his scepter I thought we should have a distraction and I have it all prepared. Now follow me, we are going to the fortress." Primrose gulped and followed Holly.

After they had walked a few streets Holly motioned for her to stop. Just then a menacing looking snowman with long icicle claws, paced down the street they were on. Luckily he took a sharp right and went out of their sight. Primrose squealed with fright that must have been one of Jack Frost's guards. Holly nudged her, signaling that they had to get going. Primrose hurried after Holly and they continued on their journey.

A few streets later they reached the fortress. It wasn't like anything Primrose had ever seen before. It had tall gates surrounding it, made of sharp icicles and the fortress itself was made up of spires that extended into the sky. Surprisingly however, a tall throne stood outside of the fortress and sitting in it Primrose knew had to be Jack Frost. His skin was so pale it was almost blue and he wore robes of white fur and he had a crown that was made of three thin icicles. He was laughing heartily at something which made Primrose wince because his laugh was like nails on a chalkboard. Then she realized something was dancing in front of him. It appeared to be a small penguin and it was tap dancing. She looked questioningly at Holly and she grinned. "That's my pet penguin, Sardine, he's going to be our distraction. Plus his scepter is lying right next to him and there's only one guard we just have to sneak in."

This proved to be a problem because the icicle gate was too tall to climb, and too thick to go through so the pair decided to dig a tunnel to get to the other side. Luckily it was pretty easy due to the fact that the snow was fresh powder. Primrose followed Holly through the tunnel and she popped her head up on the other side. Jack Frost was still distracted and the guard didn't seem to notice them. So Holly crept up behind Jack Frost and Primrose followed suit. Soon they were directly behind Jack Frost's throne and were an arms length away from the scepter. So Holly cautiously reached out to grab the scepter. Finally she grabbed the handle and pulled it toward her ever so slightly so he wouldn't notice her. Soon Holly almost had the whole scepter in her possession so Primrose grabbed the hilt and they both slowly backed away from the throne. Finally they had it! Primrose whooped in delight. This of course, was when everything went wrong.

Jack Frost upon hearing her whoop turned to see them holding his prized possession. He gave a bellow of anger and lunged.

"Run!" shouted Holly and the pair took off carrying the scepter between them as it was very large. Jack Frost, because he was powerless without his scepter, ran after them. The guard quickly followed after. "Get back here with that, you rotten children!" he shrieked. They ran laps around the courtyard, everyone refusing to stop. Then Primrose and Holly took a sharp right and entered the fortress. It was like a labyrinth and every hallway and room was the same and it was extremely icy. Primrose truly believed they were running in circles. Unfortunately Jack Frost was right at their heels.

All of a sudden Primrose and Holly felt themselves drop. Primrose realized with excitement that they were on a slide. This was so weird! When it came to a stop the pair realized they were back outside again. But unfortunately for them Jack Frost's guard had doubled back and was now directly in front of them with Jack Frost behind them. They were trapped, Primrose realized. She looked over at Holly and realized that she was shaking with fear. Primrose had never seen her so afraid. They were doomed, she thought. Then something washed over her and she did something Primrose had never done in her life. She stood up for herself. She promptly ripped the scepter out of Holly's arms and cracked it in two with her knee.

Jack Frost's eyes widened to the size of baseballs. "Nooooo!" he cried and then Jack Frost and his bodyguard dissolved into snow.

Holly hugged Primrose. "That was amazing!" she cried. "You've saved both of our villages." Primrose beamed. She couldn't believe she had done that, but what she could believe was that this day had been the best snow day ever.

**The End.**

# Raylett's Unbelievable Winter Day

By Rayna and Scarlett, age 9

## Chapter One

There was once a cat named Raylett. Raylett's mom went missing when she was very little and her Dad was a journalist so he traveled a lot. Because of these circumstances, she was very independent and adventurous. Most days, she wears a brown and orange dress with a light turquoise cardigan and light turquoise boots for the winter. Last but not least she has light brown tights. It is the middle of the winter, on a snow day when Raylett has a GREAT adventure!!!!!!!

## Chapter Two

It was the middle of the winter in a blinding blizzard when Raylett was two years old (in human years she was fourteen). She went further from home than normal and was exploring outside in the mountains when she suddenly slipped off a cliff. She tumbled down, down, down and fell into a magical portal inside an ice cave.

*'Where am I??'* wondered Raylett once she stopped falling.

She looked around and was shocked to see that there were only cold-weather animals such as polar bears, snow leopards, emperor penguins, snowy owls, caribou, beluga whales, arctic foxes and hares, seals, and more surrounding her.

It was snowing hard that day. A kind snowy owl took her in and handed her a mug of hot chocolate. Raylett slowly turned into a half-human half-cat. "AAAAHHHHH" she screamed as her fur turned into skin, and her claws turned into fingers.

"Ahh yes... I forgot to tell you that transformation might happen..." laughed Snowy Owl.

### Chapter Three

Snowy Owl explained, "Every time an animal or human steps foot into this land they transform into half human half animal."

"But why me?" asked Raylett

"We noticed you could use a little help getting home. And you'll be lucky tonight..."

Raylett felt confused by Owl's statement and thanked him for all his help and went back outside into the blizzard.

She squinted and closed her eyes; she felt like she was being blinded because of all the snow. 'Brrrrrrrr!' she shivered. "How am I going to get home now?!"



She noticed a pile of sticks on the left side of her path. They looked untouched as if the wind had intentionally kept the snow off of them. Raylett had an idea to build a sled. What better way to get home on a snow day!?

She got to work building the sled. After a while, it was ready for its first voyage.

### Chapter Four

Raylett jumped on the sled and off she went, zooming towards home! All of a sudden, she saw a familiar shape... It was HER MOM!

Her Mom was freezing in the snow but since she was half-human and half-cat she was very strong. Raylett pulled her Mom up onto the sled. Raylett was overjoyed to be reunited with her Mom, as was her Mom!

They raced towards home on the sled and when they arrived, her Dad was thrilled to see his wife again. And that is what I call the best snow day EVER!!!!!!

**The End.**

# Snowdrift

By Summer, age 10

Fannar scrambled to his paws. His eyes widened with excitement. Beauty unfolded in front of him. Snow glistened in the sun like a million diamonds that decorated the ground and trees of the snow leopard's enclosure.

"Wake up! It snowed! Winter is here!" Fannar prodded his brother's rosetted pelt with a hefty paw. His brother, Lumi, blinked open his eyes and looked around. At the rare sight of snow, he leapt to his paws. Fannar jumped off the rocky outcropping he and Lumi slept on. The snow crunched as he walked. His paws left shallow indents in the snow as he gazed in awe at the Winter wonderland around him.

Fannar looked up as the wire mesh door of his enclosure rattled open. A zookeeper slid in holding a large shovel. Lumi bounded up to Fannar's side, curious, as the human started to scoop the snow. Everytime he filled his shovel, he opened the door and dumped the snow outside as the two snow leopards watched, puzzled and annoyed.

"There's always three humans. Why is there only one now? And why do they always remove it whenever it snows? We're snow leopards," Fannar huffed.

Lumi growled his agreement. "Our mother told us about the snow she got in the Outside. We could go there. There would be no humans to take away the snow," Lumi suggested.

Fannar glanced at his brother dubiously, then back at the zookeeper who was still shoveling snow. To Fannar, the Outside was just about as real as ghosts.



"Mother's stories were as twig-brained as an ostrich," he snorted. Lumi flattened his ears, clearly irritated.

"Do you want to be stuck here forever? Do you want to live in a place where you rarely see snow for the rest of your life?" Lumi glared at his brother. Despite not believing in the Outside, Fannar found himself convinced.

"Okay, I'll leave, but how are we going to get out? And if the Outside doesn't exist?" he prompted. Lumi grinned and looked at the zookeeper.

"We attack. There's people watching, but what would they be able to do? We're snow leopards, like you said. Wait until the zookeeper opens the door and then we leap at him. No physical contact, just keep lunging at him until he runs. It'll be far easier now that there's only one person. As for your other question, we'll worry about that if this is successful."

The snow leopards waited for the door to open before they sprang towards the human. With a yell of terror, he dropped the shovel and sprinted out of the open door. The brothers exchanged amused glances and slid through the gate.

As they emerged out the other side, amazement seemed to root them to the ground at the endless sea of white, seeming infinite compared to their small former enclosure. Fannar dashed forward, flicking snow into Lumi's face.

"This is amazing! Just imagine what the Outside will be like!" he yowled gleefully. Lumi shook his head with an irritated sigh, but he chuckled.

"So now you believe in the Outside?" Laughter glittered in Lumi's eyes as he bounded up to Fannar's side.

Everything was great. Until they heard a holler behind them. The snow leopards didn't hesitate before sprinting away immediately. Darts flew past them. Tranquilizer darts, most likely. People shouted after them. Fannar felt a wave of panic as a dart grazed his shoulder. A small trickle of blood came out. He stumbled on his paws, getting more and more tired until he almost collapsed. Lumi quickly pressed his shoulder against Fannar's as he staggered away.

Soon, the voices faded until there was only the whistle of the wind and the crunch of snow as Fannar and Lumi narrowly escaped.

A few days later, Fannar was scouting ahead while Lumi rested his sore paws. He sniffed the snowy ground, trying to get a whiff of food. He and Lumi had been surviving off of rabbits, rats, and the occasional deer. They'd been trekking across snowy plains for days.

As he lifted his gaze from the ground, Fannar couldn't believe his eyes. He'd followed a valley that now opened up into a beautiful basin. A vast, crystal clear lake sat in the middle of four towering snow-capped mountains. The sky behind the mountains was streaked with the pink of the setting sun, making the sight even more mystical. The Outside was real. It was exactly like he and Lumi's mother had described.

He spun around at the sound of paws crunching in snow. It was Lumi, padding up to Fannar from behind. His eyes sparkled with amazement.

"We're here, Lumi," Fannar breathed. "We're home."

**The End.**



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