

# A World Without Colour

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 February 2025 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about a world without colour. 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:** Where Did All the Rainbows Go by Olivia (age 5)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** The Mayor's Unsuccessful Plan by Scarlett C (age 9)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** Leah's Colours by Blake (age 11)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** Growing Up by Corine (age 12)

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# A Monochromatic Life

By Aaditri, age 11

Light streaks in through the gaps in the curtains and blasts into my eyes. "Ow," I groan and roll out of bed to another gloomy day. Everything was in shades of grey. This wasn't unusual.

My life has always been different from everyone else's because my vision is limited to the same colour scheme as a 1940's movie. This is because of an eye condition called monochromacy. It is a rare colour blindness. It makes doing certain things very difficult, like colour coordinating things. I find it hard just to find a pair of matching clothes!

I have to rely on other people to do things that everyone else can do with ease. Not being able to see colour also makes me feel gloomy all the time and prevents me from being able to enjoy the full vibrance of the world.

For this reason, my sister is always after me, trying to help out in as many ways as possible, which makes me feel very irritated. She also keeps making presentations about me! Worst of all, my sister is continuously talking about how she feels bad about my eye condition and that she knows what I'm going through. The last thing I want to hear is how she understands that my life feels so miserable when she actually doesn't.

Today I had an argument with my sister before school. She was chattering about this presentation she's doing and how it might help my eye condition. She even said it was probably going to make a bigger impact because she put me, her little sister who had the eye condition, in it! This made me so frustrated. I mean, I'm only a year

younger! To make her mad, I decided to leave my sister behind and make her late for school. Dashing into my parents' car, I thrust the keys into the engine and drove to school.

"Bye," I screamed to my sister out of the car window. *'I'm going to be in big trouble for that when I get home,'* I think.

School was extremely embarrassing today. I accidentally drank from someone else's water bottle, which was the same thing as mine in everything but colour. I was dying to curl up in my bed at home. As soon as the bell rang, I sprinted all the way to my house. After reaching my abode, I did get into trouble with my sister.

The days started to pass by very quickly. I kept having embarrassing episodes everyday! Soon, the school year ended and also the summer holidays came to an end. I had been dreading starting grade 11 for months, and now the day was here.

I was panicking about which grey hoodie to wear for school when my sister walked in with a big smile on her face. "My presentation about monochromacy has reached the English Public School Board!" she told me.

"Like I care," I told her and went back to worrying about my outfit.

"This year is going to be different, Emmy", she said in a serious tone. "Trust me", my sister added. I rolled my eyes and walked off.

As much as I tried to forget what she said to me, I couldn't help but hope for something special to happen. I daydreamed all the way to school. When I reached my locker, I realized that everyone was looking at me. Suddenly, I was surrounded by students with lots of questions.

"Look in your locker!" shouted the tallest one.

Not knowing what to do, I pulled open the dark grey locker doors. A large poster falls down. It read, *"Campaign for Monochromacy"*. At first I was quite confused. Then, I looked at the poster again and perceived that \$5000 was raised to support my eye condition!

My sister's presentation helped to create a campaign, which aided in raising awareness about my eye condition. Money was donated for this campaign and after visits to the doctor's office, a cure was made in the form of glasses. These glasses have helped change my life. My mood has improved significantly and I don't feel dreary all the time. I can now enjoy the vibrancy of colour.

**The End.**

*Writer's Note: Monochromacy is a real eye condition where a person has only one type of cone in their eyes. It prevents them from seeing colour. However, a remedy for this eye condition has not been made yet. I hope a cure will be created for monochromacy soon.*

# In Black and White

By Abby, age 13

As the school bell rang Marie and Chris talked about their plans for the weekend, they were going home talking about their plans about the weekend.

"We can go to the library," Marie suggested.

"Borrning," Chris replied. "What if we go to an all-you-can-eat buffalo wings place?"

Marie sighed because of her crazy twin brother's idea.

As they walked home, Chris blabbed on for what seemed like an eternity while Marie looked at the colourful wildflowers on their neighbour's front yard, and they finally arrived at Paige's home.

Marie worked on her school project and remembered to check on the mailbox and grabbed Chris there as well.

"When do our parents come home?" asked Chris.

"Soon," replied Marie, but she wished that were true; their parents worked hard and barely spent time with them. She pushed away the thought and ran a hand through her ever so messy brown hair and sucked in a breath.

The mailbox was quite far from their house because of their long road, concealed by the evergreens. The bright yellow mailbox that Chris always called the cheese puff

was a very important piece to the Paige family. Marie opened it, and the usual poured on her hands, but there was something else.

It was a sleek black piece of paper that looked like an invitation. "Don't touch it," Chris said seriously.

"Why?" Marie asked.

"Just some weird vibes," Chris replied with his brows knitted together.

"Weird vibes, eh?" Marie chuckled and held it up to examine it.

First time in a long time. Chris was right. There it was, a gigantic black thing that started pulling Chris and Marie into it. Questions swarmed Marie's head as Chris looked like he was going to faint and throw up at the same time; Marie tried to scream, but nothing came out. As the black whirlpool pulled them closer and closer to the middle and finally sucked them in.

"Owwwwwww," Chris groaned and curled into a ball as Marie tried to digest what just happened. "What just happened?" Chris asked.

"We got sucked into a black whirlpool." Marie snapped, "What do you think happened, Chris?"

Chris made an exasperated noise and was about to rebut but then lost his words.

"What?" Marie asked.

Everything around, including themselves, was black and white.

"Where are we?" Marie says in a shaky voice, searching around for something to help them.

"London, of course," a new voice spoke, as Marie and Chris jumped. The mysterious voice was from a man who had a sleek black top hat and cane appeared out of nowhere.

"Is this some sort of costume party?" Chris asked, "Because mind you, that is one heck of a costume."

"Thank you," the man said with a confused look and walked away...

*'How strange,'* Marie thought, the black whirlpool took them to a costume party? No, that couldn't be it, Marie scanned through the crowded room full of people dressed in formal wear.

*'But wait, why was everyone around me acting so weird?'* Marie wondered. Her eyes landed on a brightly dressed lady, and her actions were very strangely dramatized. And then everything went silent, but the lady singing. *'Is it just me or does this lady have a spotlight on her?'* Marie thought.

Black and white...

"Wait a second." Marie found the man with the top hat and cane. "What year is it?" Marie asked hurriedly.

"It's 1950, Miss," the man replied.

"What the..."

**BAM.**

Chris grabbed Marie and ran outside; everything was still black and white. The twins ran as far as possible from the party and ended in a cafe, where they sat in silence trying every way to not freak out.

"What just happened?" Chris whispered to his sister, "Wait, why are you smiling, May?"

Marie tried to wipe her big smile off her face and replied, "Don't you get it?" But looking at Chris's confused look, she sighed dramatically, "We're in a movie, Christopher, a really old one."

"So you're saying that we got sucked into a black thing in the mailbox and somehow landed in a movie? That means we might not have all-you-can-eat buffalo wings tomorrow, or ever?" Chris says with his mouth opened wide.

"Yepp," Marie replied and still had her smile.

"Let me see the invitation that got us in the mess." Chris said, grabbing it and taking a look, "We only need to find a mailbox," Chris noticed. "Okay, this shouldn't be too hard?"

As the twins try to find a mailbox to send the invitation back, Marie had multiple conversations with confused movie locals.

"Look, I found one; it's not as cool as cheese puff, though," Chris exclaimed. "Come on, Marie, we can go home now!"

Marie looked at the jolly people around and fell in love with the beautiful surroundings and polite people and had a sudden thought, '*What if I stay here?*'

"Marie?" Chris asked, breaking her train of thought.

"Chris, what if I stay? Our parents wouldn't care anyway; nobody cares about me back there," Marie mumbled. "I'm just an old woman stuck in a girl's body; I'm not needed like you, Chris."

"Come on, Marie, like if no one needs you, they really do, May," Chris smiled sadly. The twins hugged and were about to leave.

"Hang on," Chris says suddenly. "Let's first have a drink at the cafe; it's not every day to have a drink in a movie."

Marie smiled and was thankful for an amazing, crazy brother and nodded.

After the drink, the twins held hands and leapt into the black whirlpool. "In black and white, eh?"

**The End.**

# The Black and White Castle

By Ava, age 10

Bella and Addie were goofing around in their car when suddenly a text on Bella's phone came up. The text read, *'You just won four tickets to the Oceanian Art Exhibition!'* Bella squealed in excitement. Ever since she was four, she loved to paint. There were scribbles all over her room and doodling on her homework. *'I want to live in a world full of art,'* she thought.

When Addie and Bella arrived at Bella's house for a sleepover Bella started running around the house in joy. Addie and Bella walked into Bella's messy room and sat on a turning chair. The girls stayed up all night sharing secrets. In the morning, they quickly grabbed the tie dye aprons they made in art class and ran towards the car. The car ride felt like it was a two-hour road trip to Niagara Falls and even longer to the Oceanian Art Exhibition.

When Addie and Bella arrived at the art exhibit, they started examining all the paintings. Bella found an amazing painting of a castle that was black and white. Bella yawned. She shouldn't have been talking all night long. She saw a button that was red. She thought that if she pressed the button the painting would be an optical illusion. As she moved her hand closer to the button, Addie screamed, "Wait!" It was already too late. Once she pressed the red button, they both got sucked up into the painting.

Bella and Addie looked around and noticed that they were in the painting. "What are we doing here?" Bella yelled.

"You pressed the red button," Addie screamed. They had to find a way to get out of the painting before the art exhibit was over otherwise, they would be stuck in this masterpiece world forever!

Addie and Bella looked around and saw a castle with old lamps and statues. The rooms were full of paintings on the walls and there was a large winding staircase. The girls felt scared and thought that somebody was staring at them. Bella froze and said, "Do you hear that?"

Addie worried about what they might find in this old, abandoned castle. *'Was it a ghost? How would they get out?'*

"This isn't what I meant by living in a world full of art." Bella proclaimed.

"Wait, I have an idea!" announced Addie. The girls started thinking of their colourful world and all the things that made them feel warm and safe. They imagined a bright, yellow sun shining on their faces. Then they thought of pink, yellow and blue flowers in their garden. Next, they saw a blue ocean with pink and purple coral reefs. The more they thought of the colours, the closer they approached the door of the castle. With one final thought, the colours of the rainbow came to mind, and they finally found themselves back to the art exhibit.

The girls continued touring the art exhibit, but made sure to avoid all the black and white paintings.

**The End.**

# Leah's Colours

By Blake, age 11

In a world without color, everything was in black and white. The sky was a soft, pale gray, and the sun never shone brightly. Trees stood tall but looked like they were made of paper, their branches stiff and thin. The grass felt flat underfoot, like walking on a blanket of fog. Even the air had a dullness to it, as if it too was missing something special.

The people in this world didn't know any different. They lived their lives surrounded by this grayness, not knowing there could be more. They never saw the bright blue of the ocean or the deep green of the forests. They didn't even know what colors like red, yellow, or purple were like. To them, the world had always been gray, and it was the only world they knew.

But one little girl, Leah, felt different. She had heard the old stories from the elders. They told tales of a time long ago when the world was full of colors. They spoke of golden sunsets, fields of flowers in every color, and blue skies that stretched as far as the eye could see. These stories made Leah wonder what it would be like to see such colors. She would lie on the grass, close her eyes, and imagine what a red rose or a blue butterfly might look like.

One day, while exploring an old park, Leah found something shiny. It was a small, smooth stone, glimmering faintly beneath a pile of rocks. Curious, she picked it up, and as soon as she held it, something strange happened. The world didn't change, not all at once, but Leah felt a little spark inside her, like the stone had given her a secret.

The next day, as she walked along the familiar gray streets, something caught her eye. A tiny patch of grass, once dull and flat, now had a little bit of green. It was so small, but to Leah, it was magical! She smiled and looked around. The trees, though still gray, seemed sharper, as though they were waiting for something.

Every day, Leah carried the stone with her, and slowly, more changes began to happen. The stone didn't bring color all at once, but it helped Leah see the world a little differently. The gray sky began to look more like a soft canvas, ready to hold any color she imagined. She began to picture the world in shades of blue, red, yellow, and green.

One afternoon, Leah sat in a field, closed her eyes, and imagined a bright red flower blooming right in front of her. When she opened her eyes, the flower wasn't really there, but the air around her felt different. The world felt a little more alive, a little closer to the world she had always dreamed of.

And so, Leah realized that while the world might not have color yet, it didn't need to be perfect to be beautiful. She could bring the colors back with her heart, her imagination, and her belief in a world full of endless possibilities. And maybe, just maybe, if enough people believed in color again, the world would slowly start to change.

From that day on, Leah walked through her gray world with a smile, knowing that sometimes, all it takes to bring colour to the world is a little bit of hope.

**The End.**

# The Colour Mess Up

By Brianna, age 8

Nine year old Luke and his younger sister Elizabeth woke up one morning to find they couldn't see colour! Luke's parents had it too. At breakfast they discussed their problem. They thought of what they had for supper the night before.

Elizabeth noted, "For supper last night we had white carrots, cauliflower, rice, and water." The family thought of what was different from that supper then what they usually ate.

"HMMMMM..." wondered Luke, "Well that supper was only white food, and to top it off we had vanilla ice cream for dessert, maybe eating all this white food made us lose our sense of colour!"

The family all agreed, and they took the bus to the eye doctor to see if this could be fixed. Once there, they waited for the optometrist to come. Suddenly a voice called, "Can we have Luke and Elizabeth, it is time for their appointment!"

Luke, Elizabeth, and their mom and dad went into the room. "So, what is the problem?" asked Doctor Heather. The children's mom and dad described the issue. Doctor Heather explained, "I only have a cure for kids, Luke and Elizabeth will need to use rainbow glasses from now on."

The whole family rode the bus back home. When they had just gotten comfortable at their house, there was a noise at the door. **Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock!**

Elizabeth ran to get the door. It was a policeman. The policeman asked, "Is your father home?"

"Yes," answered Elizabeth.

The policeman came inside the house. "Hello" he said. "I heard that you cannot see colour!" He held up the colour red. "What is this?" he asked the parents.

Unfortunately, the parents could not answer, their whole world was now black and white.

"I am afraid I will need to take you in for a test," the policeman stated. "Let's go to the police station."

The policeman took Luke, Elizabeth, and their parents in his fascinating police car to the station. "This is my testing strip for people who cannot see colour." They saw a strip of road with a stoplight at the end. "Now, I have a testing car, let me go and get it."

Luke and Elizabeth thought hard. They knew that if they didn't do something fast, their mom and dad wouldn't pass the test. "Psst... Elizabeth, what if we helped Mom and Dad," whispered Luke.

"Great idea!" Elizabeth whispered back.

"What are you two whispering about?" asked the policeman. He had just come back from getting his test car.

"Nothing," said Luke.

"Okay," said the policeman, "Please go hop into the test car."

Once the car door was closed, Elizabeth told her parents that they would help them. The parents were relieved!

"Start driving," called the policeman. Luke and Elizabeth's dad started to drive.

When they got to the stop light, Luke and Elizabeth both said, "It is green!" Their parents passed the test! Luke and Elizabeth agreed to always help their mom and dad drive wherever they would go.

When they got home again, Luke and Elizabeth's parents were very happy. They decided to have a party and eat as many different coloured foods as possible. The next week, Luke and Elizabeth's parents could see colour again!

**The End.**

# The Colourful Potion

By Chloe D., age 9

There once was a girl named Jess who was growing up in Oakland, California. Jess had never seen colour before. Nobody had. She could not see if her clothes matched for school, she had never seen a rainbow in the sky and she had no idea what colour her room was.

That morning, Jess got up for school in her grey bed at 9:20 am. She brushed her teeth, went downstairs for breakfast and waited for her mom to prepare her food. It was the second Monday of the Grade 11 school year. Jess' mom drove her to school, and she hurried to math class. As she sat down in class, she noticed a new girl come through the door. She sat beside her and the girl introduced herself as Peyton.

Jess and Peyton got along well. They became instant friends. They hung out at Jess' house a lot because Peyton did not want anyone to come over. Peyton had a secret. She did not want anyone to meet her brother.

One day, Jess decided to surprise Peyton at her house. She rang the doorbell, and a boy opened the door. Jess asked for Peyton and the boy said she was taking a shower. The boy introduced himself as Paxton, Peyton's twin brother. He had a very odd face because there was a hint of colour on it. It was very unusual.

While Jess was at the door, Peyton came down and was shocked. Jess wanted answers and she stormed in. Peyton told Jess that when her and her brother were young, her parents were experimenting with potions. They were trying to invent a new colour. Something went wrong, the potion exploded near Paxton, and their

parents disappeared. The sky turned grey and all the colours quickly turned black and white.

Jess couldn't believe it and she wanted to help her friend and her brother. Jess asked if there was any of the potion left that the parents used. Peyton and Paxton took her to the basement and showed her the science lab. The children all tried to experiment and reverse the bad spell that caused the world to lose colour.

Jess thought of an idea. She asked Peyton to get a box of crayons and the three of them started to smash all the crayons into the potion. Although the crayons did not look like colour, they knew there must have been colour a long time ago.

They mixed and mixed and added water. Eventually, they could see a hint of red, a small speck of pink and soon enough all the colours turned into a rainbow potion. Jess, Peyton and Paxton ran to the ocean and dumped the potion. The colours started to spread all over the world.

There was finally colour in the world again and the children felt relieved that they broke the spell.

**The End.**

# The Gift

By Chloe K., age 10

It was a week before my birthday, and I hoped I could get a lovely gift from my parents. Maybe that grey poster I saw on the internet. Or maybe that white pencil case. Of course, in this world, the only types of gifts were grey, white and black. I kept asking my mom and dad what they bought me.

"What is it? What is it?" I would ask. And each time they told me to wait.

"Be patient," they said.

When my birthday came around I went to the sofa, feeling excited. I tiptoed with happy feet. There, on the cushion was the most incredible thing I had ever seen. It was glowing! It was as beautiful as a rainbow in the sky! I learned about all the colours at school, but I never thought I could own a gift with colour in this world. It was blue, green, pink, red, yellow and even orange in the shape of a stuffy bear. It must be the first stuffy of its kind, I thought.

"I love love love it!" I screamed, "It's even more than what I dreamed of!" Now I knew why my parents told me to be patient. I hugged my mom and dad and said, "Thank you so much!"

I thought about that day all the time. Sometimes everything works out even better than how you hoped.

**The End.**

# Growing Up

By Corine, age 12

In a world where there was only colour, nobody ever died. The sky was a vibrant mix of colour and humans lived based on their emotions. Warm colours represented happiness, and cool colours often made you feel sad.

Life had been perfect for Elizabeth, and she was comfortable with the way things were. The sky was filled with warm shades, and she felt at ease.

One day Elizabeth woke up and looked out her window. She noticed the sky was filled with cooler tones and something didn't seem right. That is when she heard about the passing of her grandfather. Elizabeth couldn't understand what had happened. Death had never entered her world before. In their world, no one ever left. She hugged the warmth of her family, yet there was a coldness in the air now.

As Elizabeth sat by the window, staring out into the world she had always known, something unexpected happened. The colours of the world around her began to vanish. The blue sky was now grey, the green grass had no colour, and the flowers looked pale. She now lived in a world of black and white.

Elizabeth was scared and ran to her grandmother's house hoping for some answers. She reached her grandma's door, opened it, and found her sitting quietly by the fireplace. Her grandmother looked very sad. Elizabeth turned to her for answers and asked why everything had changed.

Elizabeth sat down and started telling her grandmother how she was feeling. She told her about the colourless life and how the sky turned from red to grey. Grandmother looked at Elizabeth with a sad face, but more of an understanding one. She held her close and gave her a big hug. "Elizabeth my dear, what you are describing is called grief."

At first, Elizabeth was confused because she had never heard the word grief before, but she soon realized what grandma was saying. "Elizabeth, as you grow older you will realize sooner or later that colour will fade away," Grandma announced.

"But why?" she asked. Grandma let out a sigh, "Elizabeth, I am just as surprised as you are," she said finally.

Elizabeth sat down, letting Grandma's words sink in with no hope left. "There's a way to get it back," said Grandma. Elizabeth looked grandma right in the eye and demanded that she tell her how. Grandma began to talk. She talked about how you can use love to get it back. She told her that she needs to always have a positive attitude, filled with love and kindness. She told her that to this day she has one of the best visions compared to some of her friends.

Elizabeth thought for a moment and asked one final question. Grandma was waiting for the question. Elizabeth finally asked, "How did Grandpa die?"

Grandma looked at Elizabeth and told her that Grandpa was not always very positive. He finally let his dark side take over and this caused him to die. Grandma reminded Elizabeth that power is in her hands. Elizabeth now knew just how she would make everyone happy and keep colour in the world.

**The End.**

# The Rainbow Stones

By Darin, age 10

Ambroise, Andy and Joanna lived in a city. They were friends and lived close to each other.

One time they went for a walk but they noticed that the tree trunks were grey. They thought someone had just painted the trunks grey so they just kept walking. The next day they went for another walk and this time they noticed that the grass was white. This time they suspected something was off.

Day after day colours turned into shades. After weeks, the whole world turned black and white. Ambroise and Andy decided maybe they had to repair the rainbow in hopes to bring colour back into the world.

Just then a rainbow appeared and it was smaller than usual. Joanna found a note on top of it and she read it out loud. It said, "Find one colour stone for each colour in the rainbow, place them at the end of the rainbow and the world will turn colourful again."

The friends began searching for the stones. They thought it was going to be hard, but it was easier than they expected. Since the world was black and white, the colourful stones were pretty easy to spot.

They had to spread out. It was actually an okay idea. They were finding the stones faster now that they had split up. In half an hour Ambroise found three and Andy and

Joanna found one. Then all of a sudden, Joanna found another one. Unfortunately, in their search for the stones, they all got lost!

They lost track of the rainbow and they couldn't find each other either. Joanna was in the town, Ambroise was in the field and Andy didn't know where he was. They backtracked and managed to find each other.

They knew blue and yellow were the hardest since this was specified in the note. The note also mentioned that the blue and yellow stones might be found underground. They searched for a shovel, but they couldn't find one so they had to buy one. Then they began digging!

They found the yellow stone quite quickly, but the blue one was a bit harder. They stumbled on a cave and something blue was illuminating inside. They ran inside and finally found the blue stone.

They put all the colourful stones at the end of the rainbow and the world turned colorful again. All of a sudden Andy spotted something shining on the other end of the rainbow. It was gems of each colour of the stones they found. The most valuable gem was the diamond. They decided to open a jewelry store and start selling gems. They continued to search the world for more valuable stones and had a good time together.

**The End.**

# The Case of the Missing Colours

By David, age 10

"Today in the afternoon weather there is a light rain in Vancouver, there is a storm going to Texas, and a tornado is going to Edmonton at lightning speed," said the weatherman.

"Ugh" Jeffery complained, "The colour is always so bad everywhere. At the mall, all the balloons were pink, the McDonald's wrapper was red, and the walls were yellow!" Jeffery loved black and white stuff. Suddenly, he got an idea! He was going to trap all the colours except black and white. So, he went to the colour producer in the middle of the city, trapped all the colour in a container and went to bed.

The next day, Jeffery looked and saw that it worked! He was as happy as a pig in mud! But no one else was. For instance, the person that sells apples, he was so mad! Nobody will buy his apples because there was no colour. There were also a lot of car collisions because nobody knew the colour of the traffic lights.

Also the head of the detectives Lincoln was mad because he didn't look cool without his colourful jacket. However, Lincoln had a plan: He called his two best agents and yelled, "GET TO WORK THIS INSTANCE!"

Five minutes later, Kai Williams and Luca Martin, the city's most awesome detectives, had an important mission: to get all the colour back into the world. They got into Luca's car and drove to the colour producer. As soon as they got there, they

went straight to the cameras and pressed yesterday. The system wouldn't take them to the exact time they wanted, so they waited hours and hours. Finally, they saw Jeffery, their arch nemesis. "He was the one that stole the colours!" they cried.

They knew where he would store the colours: In his super top secret villain base (well now, it's his super not top secret villain base). They sprinted back to Luca's car and drove to Jeffrey's base. They went inside and had to solve a puzzle. It said, "Go when it's a green light, if you get this wrong, you will fall into a very deep hole."

They quickly found a puzzle that made them draw a strawberry on paper. "OH NO!" they cried. "We don't know which one is red!" They examined the paper and tried to find anything that was red. Thankfully, Kai accidentally touched the edge of the paper and got a paper cut. Just when Kai was about to wipe his finger, Luca stopped him and said, "Your blood is red, so we need your blood to solve this puzzle." Luca grabbed his finger and wiped it on the paper.

The door slid open, and they saw the colours all inside a container, beside Jeffery. He gave out an evil laugh and said, "HA, you won't get this." Kai got a plan and whispered it to Luca. Luca nodded.

Jeffery yelled, "HEY, WHISPERING IS VERY MEAN YOU KNOW!"

Kai said calmly, "Hey Jeff, I see some colours over there, I guess you didn't do a good job."

Jeff cried, "WHERE! WHERE! WHERE!"

Kai smirked, and said, "Well to my calculations it's going to Aisa, and if you leave now, you can catch up."

Jeffery started sprinting as fast as a bullet! Luka went and opened the container. All the colour started pouring out everywhere. It was a beautiful sight. Luka and Kai went back to the city.

Their boss was very proud at the end and said, "You guys can have the next week off."

**The End.**

# A Bleak World

By Eleanor, age 11

Hi, I'm Charlie, I love anything rainbow! I love the red of roses, the orange in the sunset but, my favorite colour is the blue in the sky. But I just can't stand the boring colours of school. All that brown and grey. It just makes me feel cold and lonely. I can definitely see why everyone hates that place. But now it's the weekend! My room is the exact opposite of school. It has pale blue walls, pink carpet, yellow curtains and a purple bedspread. I have coloured pencils in jars that line my desk. Right now, I'm colouring a colouring sheet of a meadow filled with flowers.

"Charlie lights out!" my mom calls

"Okay!" I call back. I turn off my light and snuggle under my duvet. Tomorrow is Sunday.

I wake up to a big surprise.

My walls are grey, not the usual pale blue but cold murky grey. It's as if all the colours have seeped out of my walls and replaced it with a colourless mess. I stare at it for three whole minutes, finally coming to the harsh reality that the beautiful colour is gone. That is when I realize that my whole room is black, white and grey. I spring out of bed and race over to my desk only to find my coloured pencils have turned the same shade of grey as my walls. I pick one up and find that it draws only the colour of school pencils. I am furious. Who did this? I run downstairs to find mom.

"Hi kiddo!" My mom greets me..

"What, wait-you, you're not seeing this?!" I demand.

"Seeing what?" My mom asks with a slight note of concern in her voice.

"THIS!!! There is no colour well-um anywhere!" I exclaim. Why couldn't mom see that the whole world had turned into an old movie?

"Are you feeling okay Charlie?" Mom asks, real concern on her face.

"Yes, well no, I don't know!" I feel dizzy.

"I'm going to go lie down," I say unsurely. I just needed to think my head was spinning. The world was grey. Why could mom not see it?! I decide to go around and ask people if they can see colour.

I knock on Mrs. Fletcher's door and she says, "Beautiful day today, isn't it?"

That confirms my suspicion that I am the only one who has completely lost colour. What has happened? Is there any way to restore my vision? I don't know. Just to make sure I stopped at three more houses, same response at every single one. I am starting to get really nervous. I run back home and up the stairs to my room. I sit on my once pink carpet, now light grey and look around.

"Why?" I exclaim. Why me? I know in my head that it is stupid and pointless. It just feels so good to ask.

"Charlie time to eat!"

"No!"

I will never move. Not ever.

**The End.**

# Lost Hope

By Etten, age 12

If you were to ask me what are some of the most happiest moments in my life, you would expect me to cite a specific event or maybe a moment where I felt happiness or laughter; however in my world, the unanimous response to this question would firstly begin with a slight giggle, then a burst of laughter. You would then stand in an awkward silence before being met with the simple and apt response of... "THERE ARE NONE!"

Well, welcome to my world! It seems to me that my only use as a hummingbird is to fight for the best nectar to feed on, and it is simply the constant and only struggle of my life. I wish there was something else, something more extravagant, even if it's only one joyful thing to add to this dull and boring universe. Sure, I adore soaring through the lush trees of endless rainforest, navigating through every obstacle that obstructs my path, but the exhilaration of doing so is missing.

Today, however, was a day like no other, because in the morning when I finally woke up after a good night's rest I saw a bright colour coming from the sun's rays. It was not white, but a pigment like no other, it was... Yellow. Yes, yellow. My mind somehow instantly recognized it as if I already acknowledged its existence. As I slowly let go from my branch, I was plunged into a world of different pigments and colours that I had never seen in my whole life. All of a sudden, I felt a heartbeat, the heartbeat of a thousand wings beating with joy around me as they rose from the ashes. All of the hummingbirds also saw what I saw. Red, blue, orange, green and purple flooded the rainforest. I raced up, down and between the seemingly evergreen trees, brightly pigmented frogs to miniscule brown ants, and I finally seemed to enjoy life.

The flowers around us, bursted with colours. Thousands of pollinators covered the densely populated floral areas and tasted every type of nectar from sweet to sour. Though now it was different, the bright vivid strokes of hues and tints bursting from every corner of your eye seemed to make you have the sudden urge to adventure; to explore. The colour of the vast number of floral plants were not the sole characteristic that changed in this otherworldly dimension. The sight of many mammals, insects, reptiles and the appearance of birds had all changed and although their physical appearance was the same, my eyes begged to differ. Now what was only two shades of black and white had evolved into bright variations of pigments, some were now even using this as a way to impress others, or to defend themselves against predators; however, in the end, everyone was truly unique and special now.

As the sun set on the horizon it was hard to imagine how the universe literally and figuratively changed in a single day. I was looking forward to spending every moment until the end of my lifetime just like today; a happy and joyful one. Unfortunately, I was wrong.

I woke up the next day, hoping to experience it all over again, but as I looked up to the once beautiful blue sky, it had now turned to a sheet of black, and the blinding white colour of the ever gleaming sun. I was terribly saddened as nobody deserved to live in this black and white world of monotone and darkness.

I kept waiting, anticipating when the colours would reappear; however, days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months and those months turned into years, and one day I simply stopped. I finally stopped believing. I just hope that somewhere in this vast universe people, animals and plants alike can feel the warm feeling, this immense beauty and cherish it rather than taking it for granted. Although, I can tell you one thing: colour must be in life but life also must be in colour.

**The End.**

# The Colour Thief

By Eunyu, age 8

Once upon a time there were twins named Tom and Amy and there was a very big problem in their land. The colours were all going missing! Tom saw a tree become grey! And Amy saw the orange in her cat disappear! They were so upset. They had no idea what to do until one day Amy heard some shocking news. A greedy, terrible alien who lived deep in the forest was stealing all the colours!

The twins decided to find the alien and get their colours back. They walked into the dark forest. As they walked, they heard giggling sounds, and suddenly another colour in the woods was gone.

"We must be close," Tom said.

Soon, they found a colourful house! There was a pink door, blue windows, and yellow walls! There were also purple flowers and very green grass!

"This is it!" Amy yelled.

They knocked on the bright pink door. **Knock! Knock! Knock!**

"Who's there?" an alien voice said.

"Did you steal our colours?" said Amy.

"Yes, I did! And they are all mine!" yelled the alien.

"We feel sad when you say that. Could you give our colours back please?" said Tom.

The alien slowly opened the door and looked at Amy and Tom. His body turned blue!

"It seems you are feeling sad," said Tom.

The alien nodded. "I don't have any colours on my planet. These ones on Earth are so beautiful," said the alien.

"I understand. Let's share the colours!" said Amy.

The alien turned yellow because he was happy. They walked back to the village together and all the colours started coming back. And they lived happily ever after.

**The End.**

# The Mysterious Feather

By Hannah, age 11

Hi, I'm Mango. This is my story of how I became a hero in my city.

A mysterious grey feather floated down, and suddenly a villain, the city's most evilest villain came. I know him because there were wanted posters everywhere. I ran to the closest one and yes he was also wearing grey pants grey shirt grey shoes grey hat grey everything. But before all that happened the bad guy was so miserable but all the other people weren't so he stole all the colours. The cloud was so sick of being gray all the time and heard that the villain is stealing colours and made him a deal. The deal was the cloud would give him something he always wanted, a time machine, that only the cloud had. So he told the dude to bring all the stolen colours back to his base.

I saw him take out a ray thingy that looked like a hundred kg, the colour was gray and it was a square. Then he aimed it at a colourful building and bam all of the colour got sucked away into the ray. The building was now as grey as ash!! Then he did the exact same thing to the other buildings.

I quietly followed him and he took me to a part of the city I had never been to before. I stole a bit of cloud or fur off him and did some research. It turns out the fluff was a piece of cloud. He was working for a cloud! I think because the cloud is gray and wants to be colourful so is stealing all the colours.

I must stop him and his evil plans to steal all the colours, but first I needed a machine to restore the colours really quickly. I knew my friend's dad was a mechanic, he could make me one.

He made it in a day and now I could fight the evil cloud. I had to go and take down the evil cloud with my new machine. The cloud was hard to track down but after like hours I finally found him in his secret base eating colours, he was eating it like a lollipop. I wanted to eat some too, but too bad I couldn't eat colours. I had to stop him, but first I had to go and get a net, and the machine.

I would use the machine to suck all the colours away and then cover him or her with the net, after that I would lock him in cloud jail. Oh no the bad guy was running away. I got in a car and chased him through the whole city. I finally found his secret base and I had to tell the cops. The cops arrested both the bad guys and the news said I was a hero.

**The End.**

# Find Me

By Harper, age 9

I was lying on the sunny beach having the best day until the bright powerful light vanished without a trace. Oh hi, I'm Presley and I was at the beach spending time with my little sister, Ariana. That's when I noticed the lights went off when the sun vanished. I didn't even know what to do because I did not know where my phone was and even if I found it, technology was shut off with the power of the sun.

Then I was about to pull Ariana with me, but she wasn't there! Midnight struck and I still could not find her! I ran into the closest shop. When I went in, I heard some creaks when someone was walking. I got scared but it was actually the baker hiding because he was frightened. I asked him how to get the power back on. He told me that I had to go to a legendary mountain. When you reach the top at midnight you can grab the sun and save the moon and your sister.

I headed to the mountain and began my journey. The baker gave me a map that led to the mountain and helped me along the way. I trekked up the mountain slowly, but I found out that it was not stable. Many rocks began to roll down and hit me on my head. I kept moving faster to avoid the rolling rocks.

I almost fainted when I saw a scorpion that was bigger than usual. I dodged it and moved faster up the mountain. I finally reached the peak, but five scorpions were surrounding me. They started chasing me with their tails, but I was able to throw rocks at them. I found a safe place to rest until nighttime.

Night passed and it was midnight. I saw the moon shine and I could see a silhouette of my sister on the moon. I reached out for her, and she grabbed my hand. Once we held on tight, the sun appeared, and colour was restored!

**The End.**

# The Mystery of Black and White

By Ivy, age 9

One day I was playing at the park with my sister. I don't know how or why, but the world just turned black and white. I ran home and remembered my dream of two dragons fighting. One was friendly and one was evil. The friendly one represented the sun and the evil one represented the moon. Unfortunately, the evil one won. The moon wanted to fight because nobody cared about the moon and it was shining in the night and everybody was sleeping. Everybody only cared about the sun and the moon was jealous. This is what caused the fight.

How did the moon become so strong? Well, it was training its powers every night when everybody was sleeping. Finally I decided I had to solve this mystery if the world could turn back to normal. I wanted to take a break from thinking about these things, so I went to the forest to take a walk, when I was walking I saw something glowing. It was a letter, it said:

*Hello to whomever reading this letter,*

*Go to the berry forest in England, which is one of the most beautiful forests in the world. There you will go find the heart of the sun. Apparently, I am too old to do this. Please help the world to turn back to normal. I'm counting on you.*

*Sincerely,  
Mary*

It was an old woman who had written this letter for someone to read and turn the world back to normal. I thought to myself, *'How am I supposed to get to England?'*

I thought for a while, I had a brilliant idea! I could tell my mom about this and she could buy us a ticket for a flight but we weren't rich. We couldn't afford it. So I decided to sneak on the train to go there. I decided to sneak in with my sister because it might be a bit dangerous. The next day I went with my sister and got started on the adventure. We went to the forest, it was really tiring. It had to climb over a tall mountain to get there. By the time we reached there we saw another letter. I opened it and it said:

*We meet again. Follow this map and find the dragon from the dream you had. The friendly dragon will be there but be careful there are many dangerous things in this forest. People who had tried to save this black and white thing but they died instead of succeeding. I wish you good luck.*

*Use these ingredients listed here to do that, blood of the dragon, the magical herb and the magic dust of the mythical pixies.*

*Mary*

As we went deeper into the forest, we faced many dangerous animals and obstacles. Finally, I found all the ingredients in a chest beside the dragon. It took me and my sister days to make the potion. It was very hard. It took us lots of tries and we gave the potion to the friendly dragon. Once the dragon drank the potion, colour was brought back to the world and the evil dragon was locked in a cage. Now when I look at the sun, I see a silhouette of the friendly dragon smiling down on us. The moon appears in the night sky, but there is no sign of a dragon. Peace had been restored.

**The End.**

# The Colour Blind Boy

By Jayden, age 9

There once lived a curious boy named Noah. He had long hair and no glasses, but soon enough he would find out that he needed them. Noah loved to play with nature and especially enjoyed looking at the sun. When he looked at the sun, it was dull, but bright. His eyes were attracted to the light. When it was winter though, there was no sun and that is why he loved summer break the best.

With all the sun gazing, Noah's eyes were getting worse. He began seeing blurry things and he sometimes would hallucinate. He went to the eye doctor and was taken to a room called Station 4. The room was full of glasses and contact lenses. The eye doctor began to examine his eyes, checking for any bacteria or chemicals. While the doctor was examining his eyes, he saw something that made him surprised. Noah had a rare condition that caused him to only see the world in black and white.

The eye doctor decided to conduct an exam. He held up a red lego block. He asked Noah, "What do you see?" Noah responded and said the lego block was black. The eye doctor continued to show other pictures and confirmed that Noah only saw black and white.

The doctor called Noah's parents, and they quickly arrived to learn about their son's condition. Noah's mom was shocked, and the dad felt sad. The doctor told them not to worry because there was a special pair of glasses that would cure the colour-blind condition.

Noah got fitted for the pair of glasses and finally put them on. He was amazed by what the world looked like. He saw the blazing sun out the window, but this time it was not just light, but it had colour. It was a beautiful orange-yellow sun. The sky was bright blue, and the grass was emerald green. Noah thanked the eye doctor and left with his parents.

On his way, the vibrant colours continued to surround him. Noah felt happy for what the doctor did and was excited for the future that was no longer black and white.

**The End.**

# The Midnight Escape

By Jeremy, age 10

One day in New York, Manhattan, two cats called Katherine and Cole lived on 71 avenue in an apartment. Katherine and Cole were brother and sister, owned by two humans: Jane and Phelix. Jane was a 43 year old woman, and Phelix was a 45 year old man. The apartment had two bedrooms, a kitchen, a living room, and a bathroom. The two bedrooms had a twin bed and next to that was a singular lamp on a shelf. On The far left of both the bedrooms there was a large wooden closet with their clothes, valuables, souvenirs, (Jane And Phelix both liked travelling a lot) etc.

Phelix and Jane were terrible owners. Katherine and Cole spent their days that blended into weeks and that turned into months, trying to find a way to escape from the apartment, but not yet had they spent a year in this apartment because Jane, and Phelix had bought Katherine and Cole just eight months ago. But they were on the fifteenth floor of an apartment, and you know how tall the New York apartments can be!

One cold and frosty morning Jane said with disgust, "Eat up or you're not getting any food for the whole week!"

Cole growled, eating his cat food grumpily. That following night, both Katherine and Cole had a hard time sleeping. At 1:30 in the morning they both stood up on their four feet and groaned irritably "I can't sleep!" at exactly the same time. "How do we get out of this stupid, idiotic, unsettlingly disturbing place?!" Cole complained.

"How would I know?" replied Katherine.

Cole sighed depressingly, and stared at the starry night sky wishing he could fly out the window, and be free from this stupid, idiotic, unsettlingly disturbing place.

Just as Cole was going to doze off, Katherine sprung up in great delight "I've got it, I've got it!" she yelled.

"You've got what? A cure to world cat hunger?" Cole said monotonously.

"No you stupid brainless zombie cat! I've got a way out of this stupid, idiotic, unsettlingly disturbing place!" she said impatiently.

"How? How? How? How? How? How? How?!" Cole asked even more impatiently.

"Okay," Katherine started, "First we have to make the humans leave somehow, then-"

"With my superior ninja fighting skills?" Cole interrupted.

"Then we have to go into their bedroom and through the fire escape!"

"Purrfect," Cole said. "But when?"

"Hmm... I'm not sure, maybe at that period of time that they mysteriously disappear and then when they come back they're so grumpy," Katherine suggested.

"Sure!" agreed Cole. and so it came that following day, that to their convenience the humans left, soon to come back, and they started their mission.

Katherine breathed deeply, "Okay, step one: open the fire escape door." Katherine said.

"Leave that to me!" Cole said.

"Be careful!" Katherine warned, "Don't hurt yourself!"

"Easy peasy!" Cole said.

After hours upon hours of hard work Cole finally opened the door to the fire escape and gasped panting for breath. "Yes I did it!" stated Cole.

"Yaay," cheered Katherine sarcastically.

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go!" and that's how Katherine and Cole escaped!

**The End.**

# The Mystery of the Missing Colours

By Julie, age 9



Once upon a time, there lived a unicorn named Sparkle Socks who loved rainbows. After lunch she always ran outside to see the rainbows outside her house.

One day, she bounded out the door after eating mom's lollipops and sat down next to her dad's marshmallow tree. But something was wrong with the rainbow. The color dripped down to the ground! Seconds later, the rainbow turned jet-black, with some patches of gray on it.

*'I must do something to fight this!'* she thought, and ran back inside to call the nearest detective agency.

Soon the detective agency arrived and Sparkle Socks met them outside. "What's the matter?" asked Clarence, the detective unicorn and leader of the agency.

"Gray rainbows!" shouted Sparkle Socks.

"I do not know what is causing it, but we can find what is making it grey by using our Cluefinder 3000," replied Pink, the secretary.

After using their invention, the scanner just captured a blur, which gave no clues.

"Sorry I can't help you with that," said Clarence sadly. And with these words, Clarence and Pink left.

Later, Sparkle Socks decided to find out what caused the colours to disappear herself. She trekked down the rainbow falls, which appeared to be white. She crossed the silvery Forest Of Dreams, and walked over the crystal plains, which were all black. After a few hours, Sparkle socks realized that the whole world was in a black and white world! She looked at herself and saw that her body was also gray! She hung down her head and stomped home.

Sparkle Socks woke up at midday to continue her expedition, but when she reached the Forest of Dreams, she saw a small bird, whose name was Glowheart. Glowheart was a hummingbird who lived in Hummingbird Hollow, and she also wanted to stop the black and white rainbow crisis too. The two became friends instantly.

Glowheart told Sparkle Socks that she saw a thief steal all the colors from the world.

The two friends caught up to the thief in the city. The thief was dressed in a pitch-black robe and a blue wizard's hat. The first color they had seen all day! Sparkle Socks used her magic to create an invisible sword, and then used it to attack! But the thief blocked it with a black energy ball.

"Go away!" screamed the thief as it dashed away speedily.

The two friends followed the imposter to its base, where it lived. A small room underground.

"Stop!" yelled Sparkle Socks.

"Go away!" screamed the thief back at her.

"We need those colors back!"

"Never!" hollered the thief. "I need them to make my base more colourful."

"Can you find another way?" asked Glowheart. "We can paint your base!"

"Sure!" the thief said, handing the bag of colors to Glowheart. The friends painted the base blue, and then left in a flash.

After the friends left, the thief felt a wave of happiness in his veins. Suddenly, glowing light surrounded him, transforming him from a witch to a royal prince. After the transformation was complete, he stomped out of his base and ran back to his royal palace.

Meanwhile, the friends walked home. When they reached Sparkle Sock's house, Glowheart untied the bag of colors and opened it. Color sprang from out of the bag and expelled to the outer world. Blue covered lakes, red dripped onto raspberries, and yellow whooshed onto tulips. The fairies of pixie meadow saw color reviving onto their clothes. Sparkle Socks sat down and watched her favorite rainbow's colors blot into view, revealing a magical sight.

Glowheart said goodbye to her new friend Sparkle Socks, and said, "Do you want to go on a sleepover tomorrow?"

"Sure!" answered Sparkle Socks. "Meet you at sundown, where we can watch the sky turn colour as the sun sets."

"Sounds magical!"

**The End.**

# The Black and White Mystery

By Kate, age 8

As Ella, the detective, reads the newspaper, something very strange happens. The air turns bitterly cold and all the colour around Ella starts to fade away to black and white.

Ella's telephone rings. It's the police calling to report to Ella. The police say, "Hello, there are only five suspects that have the power to make the world all black and white. The first is Sophie. She has curly blond hair, green eyes and is an expert in disguise. The second is Ben, who has short brown hair and brown eyes. The third is Stacey. She has long black hair, green eyes and can break through any lock. The fourth is Adam. He has straight brown hair with brown eyes and is an expert with anything to do with colour. There is a fifth and last suspect, but we do not know much about this person. We know because our magic alarm went off to alert us that someone just discovered their colour changing power."

Ella thanks the police and goes straight to the library, the place where all the colour first disappeared. As she steps inside the library, a warm breeze starts to rush over Ella's face.

"Hello, have you seen any of these people?" asks Ella as she shows the librarian pictures of the suspects.

"I have. A person with green eyes scattered some sparkling dust turning everything black and white."

Ella eliminates all the suspects that do not have green eyes.

Then Ella goes to the museum. There are thousands of old colourless items and special rocks. Ella goes to the security guard and asks, "Hello, have you seen a thief that could have stolen all of your beautiful antique's colours?"

"It was someone with blond hair."

Ella smiles as she says, "I know who stole the colour."

At that moment, Ella gets a text from the police saying that Stacey and Sophie are locked up for another crime so they could not have committed this colourless mystery."

Then Ella goes to her office to write down what she has learned. She is writing the story that you are reading right now! Were you taking notes and reading carefully?

Ella's clues:

- Sophie has green eyes and curly blond hair
- Ben has short brown hair and big blue eyes
- Stacey has long black hair and green eyes
- Adam has straight and short brown hair with brown eyes
- Sophie and Stacey were locked up so they could not have done it
- Someone recently discovered their colour powers

Do you know who stole the colours?

It's the librarian!

How do we know? At the beginning of this story, the librarian told Ella it was someone with green eyes which eliminates Ben and Adam. At the museum, the security guard told Ella it was someone with blond hair which eliminates Stacey. That leaves the librarian and Sophie but then Ella got a text saying it was not Sophie or Stacey. The librarian was the fifth suspect the police had mentioned.

## STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

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It makes sense that the colour started disappearing at the library first. Then the librarian confesses and gives the colour back.

You solved a case! Great job.

**The End.**

# The Quest to Find a Rainbow

By Kirby, age 11

Danny sits by the window gazing at the monochrome world. In her hand, her favourite book with no pictures, only words.

Grandmother tells her of a thing called 'colour'. Danny turns around, "What's colour?" she asks, curiously.

"It's something that is made out of happiness, but with no happiness, it does not exist," says her grandmother.

"Is there a way to bring it back?" Danny asks.

"Look at me and answer this question. Are you happy?" Her grandmother looks at her hard and long.

"Well... When I paint I feel happy, like I'm floating in the clouds and nothing can stop me," Danny says.

"To bring light back in this shadowed world, you must share that feeling".

"How?" asks Danny. Before she can answer, there is a knock at the door. A tall figure stands at the doorstep. She kisses her grandmother goodbye and leaves with her dad, who, like her grandmother, is full of sadness.

Danny imagines her life full of joy. Would it be better than a world in black and white? She lets her head drift to the thought of a life where everyone laughs.

Many people walk around her. The bustling, busy city has many examples of melancholy. The people pout, their shoulders sag along with slouching backs, trembling legs and lips.

When Danny arrives home, she decides not to think about it and pulls out her favourite brush and dull paints. Taking a deep breath, the brush starts to move around the canvas. She draws her gloomy city with little light and tall skyscrapers, which makes her sad. Shaking her head, she channels her excitement. On a clean canvas, Danny paints herself with her dad, but she doesn't make him frown, instead, he has a delighted face.

She decides to share it with her dad and creeps into his dark room. The TV is on and he sits lazily on the couch glaring at the screen. Danny carefully taps his tensed-up shoulder and hands him the painting. He glances at it up and down, grasping it in his hands. When he looks at her, his eyes are glittering. Tears of happiness. To Danny's surprise, he leans in to grab her, squeezing her into a tight hug.

"I LOVE YOU, OH, HOW I LOVE YOU!"

For the first time in Danny's life, her dad smiles. His smile makes Danny beam, as she falters the words, "I-I love you too...dad".

Danny knew what she had to do. She sat to paint again. 'I love you, I love you, I love you' she painted it over and over again until it filled the canvas. But the final product was not a million 'I Love Yous', but a giant butterfly.

The butterfly was not black, grey, or white, but hues and a brightness Danny had never seen before. Suddenly, it takes off, flapping its wings off the canvas. Out the window it flies, leaving behind a vibrant rainbow.

**The End.**

# The Laboratory

By Madelyn, age 11

"NAVY ELIASS WILLIAMS GO TO YOUR BEDROOM RIGHT NOW."

Sorry about that, this is probably your first impression of my family. I'm Navy Ellias Williams and I have an older brother named Alex. Mama and papa (Whose names are Aster and Cadence) were the ones who yelled at me, but they're nicer than they sound. They weren't always like this. Almost a year ago the world lost colour due to a science experiment failure at a laboratory. Ever since then, mama and papa have been arguing and yelling at me and Ashton more often. They've been getting irritated at small things recently, and I think it's because of the dull colours getting to their head.

I wanted to help my family somehow, but I didn't know how. Maybe I could go figure out a solution!

"Navy! Mom and dad are calling you downstairs!" my brother called.

I went down only to hear my parents telling me that I needed to get outside more and I am cooped up in the house too often. I decided to ask Alex to go with me as there was not much I can do alone.

We both headed out to the gloomy world that was full of dark, sad colours and we just walked around the city. We walk around aimlessly, searching for something to do. It was really no use as the world was not welcoming or exciting anymore.

All of sudden, I noticed the lab that caused all the colours to disappear, and I suddenly had an idea. "Alex, you know how mom and dad changed after all the colours disappeared?"

"Yes I know, why do you ask?" he answered.

"Do you want to go investigate the laboratory over there?" Alex hesitated at first, but he nodded anyway.

As we entered, we saw a lab that was full of equipment, potions and notes. On one of the desks, I noticed some sort of flask full of a strange, dark liquid. As we slowly went up to it, someone called my name. "NAVY, WHERE ARE YOU? ALEX!! NAVY WHERE ARE YOU TWO?"

It was mama and papa! "ALEX! NAVY! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING IN THE LAB?" Papa scolded.

Alex and I just stood there, we didn't know what to do! I picked up the flask as mama and papa stormed into the empty, messy laboratory. "ALEX AND NAVY WILLIAMS, WHAT IN THE HEAVENS ARE YOU DOING HERE? DO YOU KNOW HOW WORRIED WE WERE?! IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS!" Mama yelled as her and papa entered the lab.

Papa then snatched the flask out of my hands and threw it on the floor. We all looked at the broken flask and noticed a sudden glow. That glow started filling the whole city! My family and I ran outside to see what was going on! Some people came out from their houses and apartments, confused, with what was happening. Before we all knew it, something was changing.

This is the story of how the world went from colour, to black and white and finally back to colour. My family is no longer unhappy, and we are all able to enjoy each other's company. We wake up to a sunny, colourful day and go to bed with the light of the moon beaming through our window.

**The End.**

# A Colourless Dream

By Malak, age 11

Suddenly, Rachel woke up and noticed that her bed had turned black and white. She glanced out the window to take a look if that had changed too. Nothing. Just black and white. Even food had turned that color. Even people. Rachel went downstairs to eat an apple. All the juice had been sucked out. It had no taste. No protein. Nothing. *'How could this happen?'* she thought. The previous green grass had turned into black mush on the floor outside. Rachel panicked. What would happen? Slowly all life was being sucked out of people. Was this how the world was going to end? Such a stupid way to die, thought Rachel. Suddenly, Rachel rushed outside and jumped into the water to see what would happen. Her body slammed hard on the Earth's surface. The water was completely gone. No water. No fruit. She walked a little bit into her town and went inside a bakery. The food was all black and white. She picked up a pie and took a bite into it. It had no taste. Not even the sugar. No water. No food. Nothing. Yup! They were surely going to die. Even the air started to feel dirty.

Rachel walked further into the town and noticed a person standing in front of a stand. As she looked closer she noticed that the person was selling something inside of a bottle.

"Air in a bottle! Fresh air in a bottle," said the vendor. Well, the air is getting a little dense, so why not, thought Rachel.

"How much is it for?" asked Rachel.

"\$1000," replied the vendor.

"1000?! Thank you, bye," said Rachel and she instantly left. As she was leaving, she noticed that the same bottle that the vendor was selling was inside the trash can. Instantly, she picked the bottle up, took the lid off and shoved it on her mouth. A surge of fresh air started flowing inside. That felt much better.

As she ventured more into her town she noticed a black hole. Maybe that was what's making everything black and white. As she got closer to the black hole, it started to get really windy, until the black hole sucked her in. Inside the black hole was overwhelming with color. That must've been the color on Earth. Before she was going to try to leave the black hole, she noticed a switch and pressed it. Suddenly she opened her eyes and saw that there was color in the world! It was all a dream!

**The End.**

# The Colourless World

By Mitchell, age 8

Once upon a time, a dragon laid an egg. But this wasn't any ordinary dragon egg. This egg was grey. Inside it was a white, black and grey dragon. After it hatched, it grew, and as it grew, it gained the habit of sucking colour from things. It started off with small things like books, or rocks, or bugs. But as it grew, it could suck up the colour of bigger objects like meteors, volcanoes, and even planets.

Back on Earth, people didn't know anything about this dragon until it started sucking up the colour of closer planets. But still, almost nobody cared. A few days later, a storm came. And it wasn't just in one city, it was all over the world. The people figured that the dragon was here. They were right.

It sucked up all of the colour. People panicked, but then realized it didn't hurt a bit. Most people were sad, especially young people. But some old people were fine with it because it felt like they were in old TV shows. For many, it took a long time getting used to the black and white world.

The world's scientists tried to create colour again, but then all the colour was forced together into a glass orb. When the scientists looked into the orb, they found a rainbow planet. They figured out there was probably a colour-giving dragon there. So they sent two astronauts named Joe and Jeff to find the dragon. So they set off with snacks, sleeping bags, entertainment, and other things.

They flew through space for days and days. Finally, they found the planet from the orb. They landed and they saw millions of rainbow dragons. They walked and walked, looking at all the dragons for one that looked superior, but they saw nothing.

Then, they saw a temple that was as big as three spaceships combined. Jeff and Joe went into the temple and the first thing they saw was a giant, rainbow dragon. But this was no ordinary dragon. It was wearing a crown, with a long scarlet leather cape. The dragon was rainbow-coloured with scales as hard as rock. It was obviously the colour-giving dragon.

He asked why Jeff and Joe were standing in front of him, staring at him. Jeff said that their planet's colour has been sucked up by the colour-sucking dragon. He also said that they needed his help to bring the colour back. The colour-giving dragon asked what they would do in return. Joe held up the glass orb with glowing, rainbow mist in it. He explained that the orb could see far away. After that, the dragon agreed to come to Earth and bring back colour. So Jeff and Joe hopped on the colour-giving dragon and they zoomed off. Since the colour-giving dragon was super fast, they arrived on Earth in minutes.

Back on Earth, there was one person that didn't want the colour to come back. Black and white were his favourite colours and he always dreamed of the world being black and white. So when Jeff, Joe, and the colour-giving dragon landed, he was mad and jumped on the dragon and tried to make him fly away. But the dragon was strong and shook him off, sending him flying into outer space. Then, he shot up and floated midair. Then he breathed in, then out. But instead of air coming out there was colour! There were rainbows coming out and then the colours split apart looking for the right object. After that, Joe handed the dragon the glass orb, and he flew away. Finally, the colour was back.

**The End.**

# The Adventure

By Mrinali, age 9

They called her Studious Sarah. She'd never been outside before. Sarah was the smartest in the class, but when she looked at her French workbook, she had no clue on what to do.

One day, a gnome flew to her window and told her that if she found a unicorn horn, a dragon scale and a flying mouse, she would become better at French. So, she set out to find the items. After walking one hundred kilometers, she ended up in Candy Cove. There, she found a massive dragon scale. Sarah then ran as fast as she could. After running five miles, she thought to herself, '*The air is so fresh!*'

She then ran eighty more kilometers and found herself in the Leafy Forest. Sarah found a glowing white unicorn shedding its horn. She grabbed its old horn and once again, ran. Suddenly, the world turned black and white.

The magic gnome told her that she had to find the flying mouse by sunset or else the world would stay black and white forever. She came across a giant dinosaur. To get past it, she had to try to slay it. First, she climbed on its back and pulled its ears. Next, she talked some sense into it.

Finally, she got off the dinosaur and went around it. She started walking north for five hours. She finally reached flying mouse territory. Sarah found a flying mouse and grabbed it.

Suddenly, there was a blinding flash and the world was colourful again. She realized after her long adventure that in order to get better at anything she had to practice. French was not as challenging as she thought.

**The End.**

# The Magician's Revenge

By Nevyn, age 11

In the busy bustling streets of Venice a peculiar sight could be seen. It was a fairly warm day and a gentle breeze tickled the skin of passersby. It was the type of day where people could be seen strolling down the streets laughing heartily at random things. Everyone seemed to be in a good mood. All except for one person. Amelia Poppit was in a foul mood. That morning she had growled at some children who had been throwing popcorn at the elephants, cursed at the clowns because they kept trying to put a whoopee cushion when she tried to sit down, and to her utmost annoyance the tightrope walker had sprinkled glitter all over her cape. Now, you have probably guessed that Amelia was part of a circus. You might think that Amelia should be happy because she worked a very interesting job, but you would be surprised at how much annoyances were involved in working in the circus.

Amelia had just finished a show where she had taken the role as a magician. She wasn't bad for someone who didn't really like it. She seemed to have a knack for neat tricks and illusions. That morning she had turned a red balloon into a kidney stone, and gave the rabbit in her hat fangs. It wasn't her fault the audience didn't find it as interesting as she had. Heck, most people would never have seen a kidney stone if it wasn't for her. It was down right educational and her audience were stuck up snobs, she decided.

Finally satisfied with this conclusion, Amelia strutted back to her caravan to undress and go work at her other job. That's right Amelia worked a whole other job and it was in the most stupendous and amazing place of all. An ice cream shop. It was every child's dream to work there, and why wouldn't it be? After all, what wasn't to love?

There's the sweet smell of cream and sugar, the free samples, and the many beautiful colours of all sorts of ice cream and sprinkles.

Amelia trudged through the streets groaning as she went. She paced past many colorful storefronts until she stopped at a store labeled Millie's ice cream parlor. It was painted in pink and blue stripes and it gave Amelia a headache. One thing she loathed about working at Amelia's was the uniform she had to wear. It was baby blue, with a pink hat and apron. It reminded her of cotton candy.

As soon as she was settled Amelia stood at the counter prepared to face her first customer. A few busy hours later Amelia was drained. Just then, two young boys entered the shop noisily, shuffling past the ice cream cases. "Can I help you?" Amelia asked dryly.

"We want ice cream," said the first boy with a greedy expression on his face.

Amelia scoffed. Of course her customers had to be spoiled little brats. The boys proceeded to examine the ice cream cases, smearing fingerprints along the glass as they did so. Amelia groaned thinking of the extra time she would have to spend cleaning later. The boys by this time were attempting to bite the waffle cones that stood on top of the case. Amelia was beginning to lose her temper. "Look," she snapped. "I'll need your order or you have to leave."

The boys stared at her like they had just realized she was there. "I want butterscotch ice cream with crushed cookies, hot fudge sauce, cherries, sprinkles, and whip cream," he demanded.

Amelia sighed not wanting to argue and forcefully shoveled the butterscotch ice cream into a waffle cone.

"I don't want a waffle cone!" The boy whined. "I want it in a rainbow sugar bowl!"

Amelia huffed, trying to keep her cool, but she did as the boy said. After she had finished giving the boy his order she turned to the other one.

"I want cookies and cream, with sprinkles, candied ginger, caramel sauce, and marshmallows. Oh and I also want it in a chocolate sprinkle waffle cone."

Amelia was at her wits end by this time and she dumped all the ingredients on the ice cream. She handed the cone aggressively to the boy whose face fell when he saw it.

"It needs more colour. Add more sprinkles," he sniveled.

This was the last straw for Amelia. Steam was practically coming out of her ears and her face turned a violent shade of red. She looked so menacing grown men would have run away in terror. The boys shrank back against the wall terrified. "How about," Amelia huffed, "You don't get any colour at all!" She snapped her fingers and prepared for the worst. And with that everything turned grey.

The boys gasped. "Where did all the colour go? What did that woman do?" One of the boys spluttered.

Amelia smirked, confident she had taught them a lesson. She knew exactly what she had done or rather, how she had done it. She swept out of the shop into the muted grey outside and never looked back.

**The End.**

# Unseen

By Nuri, age 11

"Stinker." I let a tear stain the paper of my notebook as I painfully etch down the word. I was already at my twenty-fourth word in my "All the Things that Describe Me" list. Line after line contained all the hateful words thrown in my way. As I stash my notebook under my pillow, I look around my room. At the basic beige walls, the antique wooden drawers, the rock band posters from the 90's my dad once had, and back to my bed. If my room was the world, then I was the unnatural bulge in my pillow.

According to my doctor, there was nothing wrong with my eyes. He kept asking if I had a mental condition. But it wasn't my brain playing tricks with me. I had felt the colours seep out from my eyes as if drained out. It had started from faint discolouring until I found myself looking at the world as if from a 1936 TV screen! Black and white. I had felt my breath catching in my throat as it strangled to get out. I had felt fear creeping into me like a cold hand climbing up my spine. Everywhere around me, the desks, the chairs, my teacher, my own hands were ashen. I remember rubbing my eyes over and over. My cold and clammy hands gripping the desk. The last thing I recalled was the weirdly black scuffed floor rushing towards me.

Next thing I knew, my feet were dragging me out of the hospital, to the concrete parking lot, and out onto the streets. I found myself in a sickly gray hospital gown that I had no memory of. *'Probably forgot to take my mood stabilizers,'* I thought. My hands shook as I looked all around me, still so dark. So unbearably dark. The blood pounded in my ears. I felt like I couldn't move even the tips of my fingers. *'Remember what the counselor said. Breathe. Loosen my hands. Grab onto something,'* I thought.

With shuddering breaths, I painfully lifted one foot in front of the other as I made my way to a bench nearby. I couldn't tell if it was wooden or plastic. My grayscale vision saw it as a nondescript, silver bench. As I lowered myself onto the bench, I found myself out of breath. Breathing was hard. Too hard. As if I had just run a whole marathon. I held onto the bench as if it was a single thread connecting me to the world. My vision blurred as tears streamed down my face. I glanced at all those passing by me without even a glance of concern. I felt rage envelop me in a steamy blanket. *'Who did they think they were? Did anybody care? I could have fainted and nobody would even notice,'* I thought bitterly.

Then through the monochrome faces, I spotted one I vaguely recognized. It was Emily, from school. The girl that had it all, others called her. She was surrounded by her friends. But when I really looked at the group, I saw that nobody was paying attention to Emily. As I gazed, one girl sent a sneaking glance to the other and shared knowing glances. Another heaved a sigh as Emily ranted on. Finally, the three girls walked away. They didn't even look back at Emily as she screamed at them. What exactly she said, I couldn't tell.

As I watched the group of girls walk away, I had a thought. Maybe even those like Emily had a notebook full of lists hidden under their pillows. With a spark of inspiration, I scoured the whole bench for my phone until I found it in my hands. With a deep breath, I turned it on. Among the many icons, I chose the green and white one, stuck in the very corner. I searched up the letter E, then M, then I. The tiny box said, "Last contacted: 2019, March 3rd". Before I could back away, I typed "Hey" into the little bubble with shivering hands and closed my eyes as I pressed the arrow. The clarifying "Ding!" hung in the silence. I watched from afar as Emily stared into her phone, a smile forming on her face. Then, she looked up. Straight at me.

**The End.**

# Where did all the Rainbows Go?

By Olivia, age 5



There was a young beautiful girl, her name was Olivia. Olivia loved rainbows, she thought rainbows were the most beautiful thing you could ever see.

Olivia lived in a castle, in a place called Rainbow Village. Everyone who lived in Rainbow Village loved rainbows. Everything was colourful in Rainbow Village and that was because everyone who lived there was kind.

But one day when Olivia woke up in the morning, she went outside to see a rainbow, and everything in the village was black and white!

"Oh no!" cried Olivia. "I must figure out what happened, everyone who lives in Rainbow Village is going to wake up soon and see that all the colours are gone!"

So, Olivia decided to go into the forest to figure out what happened. Olivia walked deep into the forest and found two critters, they looked sad, and they were holding the buttons that control the colours in Rainbow Village. Olivia walked over and kneeled beside the critters. She said, "It's ok, tell me what's going on."

The critters told Olivia that too many people in Rainbow Village were not being kind to Rainbow Village, so they took all the colours away. They told Olivia that the people of Rainbow Village need to start taking care of the village then the colours will be turned back on.

Olivia rushed out of the forest. She tried to find all the things that were ruining Rainbow Village. First, she saw garbage on the ground. She picked it up and threw it in the trash. The critters turned back on the green button. All things green were green again!

Then Olivia saw dirt in the stream, she shovelled it out. The critters turned back on the blue button. All the water turned blue again!

Olivia kept walking and noticed excavators digging up too much dirt and it was destroying the land. She blew a whistle, and the excavator stopped digging. This brought all the yellow and orange colour back.

Olivia ran off to see some flowers that were wilting. She gave the flowers water and waited. Then, Olivia saw the red, pink and purple colours return to the flowers.

Olivia was so happy, now all the colours were back!

Olivia ran back to the castle just as the critters came out of the forest. They said goodbye to Olivia and thanked her for helping the colours get back and for saving Rainbow Village.

The next day, Olivia wanted to make an announcement. She stood on her balcony and looked up at the sky. A rainbow filled the sky, and all the people of Rainbow Village came to the castle garden.

Olivia told the people what happened, and they all agreed to take better care of the earth so Rainbow Village will never be black and white again.

**The End.**

# Finding Colour

By Rikza, age 11

My eyes opened like a flash, I lifted my blanket, I was panting. I just had the worst nightmare. I had been chased by an unknown person and they had thrown a paint palette at my back. When I looked behind my shoulder, they disappeared and the colours of the palette had faded as soon as I made contact with it. I had this feeling in my gut that something went wrong. I woke in a panic and I rushed to my window. I looked outside of my curtains, and the colours were all gone. Suddenly, the world had turned black and white, like I was trapped in an old film. The park in front of my apartment complex, once filled with all the bright colours, was all gone. Once bright, green, and alive trees stood grey, gloomy, and dead. Everything felt wrong. I shed a tear which dropped onto my shirt and disappeared, just like all the colours.

I ran down the stairs to the living room. I found my mom sitting on the couch with a cup of tea and reading the local daily newspaper, "Morning, Lola!" she said, "Could you grab that yellow box beside the pink box?" I panicked, not knowing which one was yellow. I grabbed the most promising one and handed it to her while gulping down my throat. "Honey, this isn't yellow!" she chuckled.

"Oh!" I said under my breath.

"Also, you're late for school!" she told me.

I opened my dresser and picked out a plain shirt, not knowing what colour it was. I took out a pair of jeans and put my clothes on. I grabbed my colourless backpack and stuffed it with piles of homework while running downstairs to catch the bus without any breakfast. "Bye, mom!" I yelled. On the way to school, I could see the

neighbours' flower garden which was once full of bright colours but now was grey in my eyes. The tiny convenience store near my school had a black sign, not neon yellow. I wondered why everything was colourless but I knew I would fix it.

I hurried to my locker, where I found my friend Ella. "Hi Ella!" I said.

"Hey! What do you think of my new shirt?" Ella asked.

"It looks great!" I replied, even when I was clueless about what colour it was.

"Thanks! I love your shirt! Purple suits you," Ella said happily.

Purple. It hit me with the thought that I was the only one who couldn't see colour. I thought about it all day, sitting with my head down on my desk until, "Lola!" Ms. Smith yelled.

"Huh?" I said in a tired, sleepy voice.

"How about you come up and draw a colourful picture for the class to see?" she offered.

I walked my shaking legs toward the board where Ms. Smith told me to use the green and orange markers while she went on to help a student at the back of the class. I paused for what seemed like forever. I had no idea which was which. "Come on, do you not know your colours?" she said while giggling.

Laughter erupted from all sides of the classroom. I guess everyone could see colour after all. *'But why can't I?'* I wondered to myself. She directed me on which colour was which and I drew what she asked for.

Once the bell rang, I quickly grabbed my backpack and left to get the bus. I bolted home and slammed my door, sobbing, not knowing what was going to happen. A piece of my life was missing—an important one—colour. I thought of many things while sitting on my comfy black bean bag that was once dark pink. Is this permanent or temporary? How did this happen? Why me? Why can't I see colour?

I noticed a gift box near the foot of my bed. It said, *To: The Colour Thief*. It had no sender name. I was confused. "Colour Thief?" I unwrapped the black bow and lifted

the lid to reveal a shirt. It was a colourless shirt with polka dots. I quickly wore it and walked over to my mirror. My reflection. She was mouthing something like, come closer, come closer! "Huh?" I let out in a confused voice. It was like a clone was in front of me telling me something. Suddenly, she pulled her arm out of the mirror and grabbed my arm. I was terrified. "HELP! MOM! HELP ME!!!" I yelled out. She pulled me into the mirror. "AHH!" I yelled.

As soon as I reached the frame of the mirror, darkness loomed in front of my eyes and I crashed on the floor. Then, I woke up and I was under my yellow comforter with daisies printed on it in my bed and above me was the pale blue ceiling. I was clueless of how I got into my bed. With so much confusion, I turned my head towards the mirror searching for the girl in the reflection. She was nowhere to be seen.

My eyes widened as I heard her whisper, "You took the colour, so bring it back."

I dashed towards the gift box and opened it. My jaw dropped as I unboxed a green shirt with pink polka dots. I gasped with shock. I thought to myself, *'I can see the colours now, didn't I already bring it back?'*

**To Be Continued.**

# The Mayor's Unsuccessful Plan

By Scarlett C., age 9

One day Elaina and Alan went for a walk through the neighborhood. They decided to go to the grocery store to buy some food for dinner. As they were walking down the busy street, they noticed something suspicious. The post office was black and white, but it was usually blue and red.

The next day they went to the clothing store with their friends because it was Saturday and everybody had time to go that day. On their way to the mall, they noticed that the restaurant Snack Bar turned black and white, but they thought it was usually green and blue. Then they saw everyone leaving at the same time and Elaina and Alan thought they were going crazy.

When they went home they were trying to figure out what was happening. They tried for days and days, but they still couldn't figure it out until they met the mayor and asked for his advice.

The mayor told them that in his effort to save money and power for the environment, he set up a timer in every busy store. Whenever there were too many customers the stores would turn black and white. The mayor then just realized that he forgot to set the timer for each day, which meant the world would now be black and white forever!

The next week Elaina and Alan tried figuring out how to reverse the mayor's timer. The first thing they tried was to close the stores that were black and white. It didn't work at all. Then, they tried to shut down everything, but it still didn't work. They were at a loss.

Elaina and Alan stayed up all night thinking about a solution. A year went by and the stores were still black and white. All the workers retired, which meant many of the stores had to close permanently.

Then one day, Elaina woke up and called Alan to meet her at the park. They ran as quickly as they could because Alan had a feeling that Elaina thought of a solution. When they met, Elaina looked up at the sun. She said, "We can use the sun's power to reset the timer. All we have to do is bring all the stores' timers to the park and aim them at the sun."

They got to work. Within an hour all the timers were placed on a bench at the park and they were facing the sun. Once the sun got to its hottest point, Elaina and Alan noticed the timers moving. They ran to the busy stores and noticed they were back to normal.

The mayor was very happy and impressed by how intelligent Elaina and Alan were and he hired them as assistants. When Elaina and Alan went home they had a colourful party with the mayor and their friends.

**The End.**

# Miss Spencer's Loo-La-La

By Scarlett S., age 9

In a large neighbourhood in New York, there was a hair salon and in that hair salon, there was a boss and an assistant. The assistant's name was Miss Spencer.

She loved helping all her customers every day, BUT she lived in a world of black and white and nothing else! I know... I would hate that too.

Every day, customers would come in and Miss Spencer would cut their hair, tone it, braid it, perm it, and style it... She loved her work, but it was starting to get dreadfully boring. Who loves the same thing every single day?? Like when my mom packed me sandwiches for lunch every day for two years!!!! YUCK! Poor Miss Spencer, this was even worse than having sandwiches for lunch every day. Every day was the same black-and-white routine. Something HAD to change.

Then, one day something did change! Miss Spencer's boss, Miss Boss, and Miss Spencer came up with a new hair product called "Loo-La-La". It was a black and white spray for hair. You're probably thinking, *'Why would you want that if you already live in a black-and-white world?'* Well, you could dye your hair two shades at the same time and that was amazing to the customers.

Now, with "Loo-La-La", life for Miss Spencer wasn't as boring. But after a couple of months when everyone had their own "Loo-La-La" life was boring once again for Miss Spencer. "UGH! Black and white everything!" she would sigh.

Everyone in New York knew what colours were, but no one had ever seen them in real life, only in their dreams.

One day when Ms. Spencer was making a batch of Loo-La-La, she accidentally poured extra white powder and **POOF** it sprinkled on Miss Spencer's face. She thought nothing of it and continued her work.

*'How can a little extra white powder change my famous recipe?'* Miss. Spencer wondered to herself.

The next day, when her first customer of the day came into the hair salon, Miss Spencer sprayed the "Loo-La-La" that she made last night into the unsuspecting customer's hair...

Ever so slowly, the woman's hair and body began to change... They started to turn all sorts of different colours. The lady's skin turned orange, her hair turned purple, and all of a sudden her clothes were not black and white anymore, but bright red with a touch of blue. The customer was thrilled!! She loved it! Miss Spencer's skin began to turn pastel-yellow, and her dress went from black to lime green, but best of all, Miss Spencer's hair turned PINK!

Miss Boss was furious about all the commotion, but when the customer said how much she loved it, Miss Boss decided to spray it all over herself and the whole city of New York!

Miss Spencer was never bored with her job ever again. She loved it. Now everyone was colourful! There were so many colours that she could spray peoples' hair now!

Miss Spencer became famous as she was very well known for making the new city colourful! They even had a huge statue of her made in the heart of New York City!



That is the story of how colour came into our world.

**The End.**

# Mono

By Sharanya, age 10

I dipped my hand into the dull water. Beside me stood Liam, staring intently at his phone. He had black eyes, black hair, grey skin and grey clothes, just like everyone else. I knew nothing about color except the way my parents described it to me. My mother told me that because of her genetics, I would have bright ginger hair, if not for the color purge which purged out all the color in the city of Mono.

"Lila, mom said dinner is ready," Liam said.

As I walked home I looked around the city. Everything looked the exact same. Nobody had a memorable face. There was nothing in my entire life that I wanted more than to leave Mono.

The government claimed everything outside of Mono was a barren wasteland. The government never explained why they took the color from Mono, though. My brother, Liam, believed that some sort of nuclear bomb had a chemical reaction which changed how light gave it color. I believe that the government wanted to take communism to the next level and make all colours nearly the exact same.

I slipped on a piece of ice that had found its way to the sidewalk, and snapped back to reality. It had blended into the ground. Everything blended into everything. I shot forward and landed on my side. I groaned as a sharp pain spread through my bones. Slowly, I got up, with the help of Liam.

I walked up the stairs to my front door and opened it. The rough texture of the wood brushed against my hand as I entered my house. Nails dotted the walls with

decoration and paintings used to hang. My father claims that nobody hung decoration anymore because after the color purge, it was just black and grey on a canvas. You could barely make out the shapes or designs. He said that if art still mattered, I would be an artist. Apparently I have the correct level of creativity, but sadly art is a craft lost to time.

I took a seat at the marble table and pressed my hand against the cold rock. Every time I saw the material I felt the need to appreciate that it had never changed color after the color purge, unlike every beautiful material. I took one bite of the food and walked upstairs. My mother watched me every step I took. My stomach fought against my plan, fighting for food.

I entered my room and shut the door behind me. I felt my heart beat faster as I pulled out a black board from my closet. I dropped it on the floor and grabbed a piece of chalk. I wrote symbols on the board that hopefully nobody would be able to understand. This was my plan to finally leave Mono.

My brother ran upstairs and opened my door after he finished his food. "Are you okay?" he asked, leaning against the door frame.

I shoved the blackboard underneath my bed and smiled innocently. "Yes. I'm perfectly fine," I replied, trying to stop looking at the blackboard.

He pointed at it. "What's that?" he asked as he approached the bed.

"Nothing," I say, beads of sweat running down my forehead.

"It's not nothing," he replied, pushing me away. "What are you hiding from me?" he asked angrily. He took the blackboard from underneath the bed and picked it up. "Are these plans?" I watch the angry expression on his face slowly shift into curiosity. "What does it mean?" he asked.

I wanted to lie but I had lied to him for three years. Something big was about to happen and he deserved to know. "Those are plans to leave," I answer.

"Leave Mono?"

I roll my eyes. "Nooo, to leave my room. Yes of course those are plans to leave Mono. Don't you want to see the color? Everything's so dull and lifeless here! I want some excitement!" I reply, slightly raising my voice.

"Yeah, I do want to see color, but it's dangerous out there, and it's impossible to leave! People have tried and failed."

I shook my head. "Where's your sense of risk? We have to leave at some point or I'm going to die of boredom."

He raised his eyes from the blackboard and stared at me. "At least that sounds better than dying of decapitation."

I sigh. "Well I'm going whether you're going to let me or not, and tomorrow's finally the day. I have everything planned out and you can't stop me now".

He nodded, seemingly understanding my point. "Okay, I might not be able to stop you, but can I join you?"

Light shone through my bedroom window. Hope filled me as if one day I could wake up and see a sunrise. I look outed. Instead it was black and gray in the sky. It always was.

My brother was waiting outside the door with a backpack slung over his shoulder. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"It's 6:30! How are you ready?!" I shouted. I blindly grabbed random items from my room and ran outside.

"Do you have a weapon?" he asked me as I ran up to him.

I untied my ponytail and pulled out a dagger from underneath. "That's like asking me if I'm alive."

"It's like I don't even know you," he said jokingly, but I had a feeling that was true. He didn't know me.

"What did you say to mom?" I asked him.

"Camp." At the mention of our mother I could feel tension increase. Leaving Mono would mean leaving our family.

We started walking towards the gates. They reached so high they scraped the heavens. They were made of gold and silver. Of course, they were all just different shades of grey and offered no beauty except for the price. Many people had attempted to steal pieces of it, but never succeeded. Today we were not trying to steal it. We were trying to cross it.

**The End.**

# Hope From the Heart

By Sofia, age 11

It was a bright day, and Autumn was sitting on a bench in her favourite park. Her dad had given her this property when she was just a child. There were large trees with orange and yellow leaves. She had always felt safe whenever she came here because for some specific reason, she felt connected to this place in some way she couldn't explain, like she was drawn to it. It was the only place she could express herself, talking to animals and trees all day long.

Her father had always been a mysterious man. He had anxiety and would sit at home all day, worrying about something she never understood. He passed away when she turned thirteen, and her mother passed away on the same day. That left her all alone with no friends, no education, or other family.

One day, she was walking alone in the forest, when she spotted a creature she had never seen before. It had fur, but it didn't belong there. It was dark and grey with green eyes. She was frozen in shock, until she realized what it was. "A wolf," she whispered. It was mentioned only in stories, as a monster who had terrorized the world for years, in another realm. The wolf bent her head down, signaling for Autumn to stroke her head.

She gently rested her hand on the wolf's head, but when she did, the sky turned dark. Colours started vanishing, and everything whisked away, replaced with dead plants and tarnished buildings. "Where am I?" she said, looking around. A once vivid and bright world was now abandoned. "You're in a different realm. My realm. It used to look like yours, before one day, your father disappeared. He was the creator of this

land, and everyone who used to live here, until we all faded into existence along with him. That's all I can tell you for now.

Her mom handed her a necklace and disappeared, and Autumn was left in shock, eyes wide and mouth open. How could she fix this? She hadn't even been here before! She walked for hours until she found a building. But this building wasn't like the others. It had people inside it, or so she thought. Her necklace started glowing bright red. "Colour!" she exclaimed, running into the building, in hopes that she would find something inside.

Autumn started running up the stairs, her heart pounding. Would she ever get back? She opened the door that was waiting for her at the top of the building and dashed inside. She found people... But they weren't people at all. Their eyes were empty, but full of desperation, at the same time. They were lost souls. "Help us," they whispered, longing to be free, "Please!"

All the souls had a glowing necklace like hers. "Can I have your necklaces for a second?" The souls gave her all their necklaces, and she took off hers as well. She held them together, until they turned into a piece of paper with ONE word: *Believe*. Autumn thought of all the memories that had made her happy, deep inside her. With a little piece of hope left in her heart she managed to hold on. She wished to go back to the happy world she had once lived in, and to fix this broken one.

She did.

What most adults don't realize is that this story can be for them too. Autumn didn't enter a different realm. She healed her heart, and accepted the fact that her parents were gone, but it didn't mean that everything had lost colour and was torn down. You'll get your colours back eventually. If you feel lost and broken, maybe sometimes all you need is a bit of belief and hope.

**The End.**

# The Beauty of Colour

By Stephanie, age 13

The day before the sky turned grey, I was painting the summer sunrise with thick brush strokes of orange - symbolizing the perfect end of a beautiful day. My entire life is about colour, painting, and representation life at its brightest. At its fullest. I was the only painter in my family. I always wondered what made me so different. Both my parents were really talkative and the life of the party. Whereas, I was always quiet, listening and observing the world, absorbing everything about it. Processing everything I see and feel with paint.

The next morning, I woke up to silence. No birds chirping and no rushing water. I jumped out of bed, missing the routine of the birds immediately. Whoa. What just happened? I must be in a dream, there's no way. There's no colour.

I ran downstairs. Everything was grey. The floor was dull and everything felt cold and distant. The sky was like an empty canvas except it wasn't even white. I ran downstairs and the boxlike house haunted me with nothing to really look at. My parents were staring blankly at the TV, watching the government ban emotions with a pill. This morning I lost colours and the way I perceive them? I ran back to my room, missing the way it glowed with creativity struck from colour, now colourless and more draining than ever. I couldn't believe I was living my nightmare.

*'I must bring back colours,'* I thought to myself with such determination even red couldn't describe my feeling. I rose with the dark charcoal night sky and kissed both my parents, leaving a note for them even though I knew they couldn't feel feelings anymore.

Maybe I could get a better view past the mountains, or maybe even find the colours again. I slowly walked my favourite mountain with elegant jutting edges and beautiful shapes, and saw the endless plain horizon with gentle wisps of clouds dull as the wide sky.

'*Wait, what is that?*' I thought to myself curious at the strange device on the grey spiky grass ahead of me. The metal was shaped in strange ways, looking like a canon but like a projector. It buzzed and groaned with a thick grey fog emitting from it. I meddled with its many different buttons, and one said, eject the colours.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing? That's private property!" A strange guard with a heavy thick trench coat glared at me.

I walked away, then threw a stone at the projected device. **Boom!**

A slight hint of green hit the grass. GREEN! How I missed that colour. I realized that man must've started this mess.

"What have you done?" the man said, and I caught the slightest bit of colour in his fuming red eyes. I saw him flicker a glance behind me and saw another projector.

I ran off, faster than him and knocked all the other projectors away. Then he hit me with the last projector. Its heavy metal brought me down with the nozzle at my face. It exploded into sparkles and sizzles and an explosion of colour came, bringing the sky back to the sapphire blue and the grass turned into a field of brilliant emerald green. I heard the birds chirping again and laughing children celebrating.

"I've missed you," I whispered to the sky.

Just before I got up, **BOOM**. The projector let out one last burst and the grey haze burned my eyes.

I screamed as the colour left my eyes and the world became grey again. Except, the birds were still singing. The colour had returned once and for all for everyone, except me.

I glanced back and saw the man on the ground, seeming to have been knocked out. I quickly stumbled off, hoping for the greyness to be temporary. But it was not.

## STORY STUDIO ANTHOLOGIES

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I now see that even without colours I can still see happiness and different shades of grey. Sometimes I even see a hint of orange in the sunset.

I now tell this story to those around me, spreading the joy for colour, and to really appreciate the beauty of colour.

**The End.**

# How the Rainbow Stole the Colour

By Talia, age 8

It was a normal day for Sky and Cloud Dancer (but she went by Dancer for short). They were just eating a breakfast of cloud cereal up in the clouds. Their dad sent a rainbow for them to slide down, but he brought it back into the clouds before they could climb back up. They were stuck on Earth!

When the rainbow had touched the Earth, all the colour had drained away. When the rainbow left, all the colour was gone. Sky and Dancer were stranded in a colourless world. The clouds had also stolen the sun.

"Well this is bad," Sky said.

They had to solve the problem. They needed help. They needed magic friends.

First they found a Dragon named Cloud Blower who could help. "I can fly up and use my wings to blow the clouds away and bring back the sun," she said. So she did. She also brought back the colour gold because of all her gold and treasure.

"So that solves that problem," said Dancer, "But we still need to get the rest of the colours back."

They met a unicorn named Golden Horn (because she had an unusual golden horn), and she could bring back the colours of the rainbow. The world was still missing

brown and fuschia, and all the other shades. The world looked very strange with no shades and everything that wasn't a rainbow colour was still black and white and grey.

Then a mermaid princess, Seashell, said she could help by using her magic. But she didn't have enough magic to return all the colour by herself. She could only get all the shades of blue back because she was from the ocean, which is blue.

A Sasquatch named Sunset said she could help. "I can bring back all the shades of purple, pink, yellow, red, and orange like at sunset or sunrise." So she did.

A nine tailed fox named Luna who lived in the forest said, "I can bring back the greens and browns with my nature magic!" So she did.

Sky and Dancer were so happy. But they still were a little bit sad because they couldn't get back home and there were none of their favourite foods down on Earth where people ate weird, hard foods. They were used to eating cloud food and rain food.

At that very moment, their father realized they were gone and sent down another rainbow for them to climb up and get back home. This rainbow didn't steal the colour. It didn't even quite touch the ground.

Sky and Dancer invited the unicorn, the dragon, the mermaid, the sasquatch, and the fox up into the clouds to show them what their world in the clouds was like. They stayed and played until the sky father sent another rainbow so they could go home.

And they all lived happily ever after and they visited their new friends every rainstorm.

**The End.**

# The Colourful Zombies

By Wonyeop, age 10

Bobby was ten years old and lived in New York City. One day he was looking at the newspaper and saw an article about zombies! It said, "Beware, zombies are spawning!" *'How shocking!'* Bobby thought.

That night he was walking home from his after-school academy and saw one of his friends walking towards him.

"James!" Bobby yelled, "I haven't seen you in ages!"

But James did not seem the same. He looked up at Bobby and suddenly ran towards him at full speed! Bobby didn't have time to react as James jumped on him and bit him!

"AAAAHHH," Bobby screamed, falling to the sidewalk.

The zombie bacteria began to infect Bobby, and soon his vision went dark. When Bobby woke up the next morning he could not remember anything that happened, and everything around him was grey. It was like all the colours got sucked out of him. As he looked around him he saw a strange looking man, limping down the street. He saw four or five other people limping too! They were all going in the same direction. *'Should I follow?'* Bobby thought.

He decided to follow them along a dark corridor, down the alley and to a big warehouse. Strangely, the limping people did not notice him at all. He snuck into the warehouse and saw a huge glowing light. The strange thing was that the light was

changing colours and Bobby could see them! *'Is that what all these people are here for?'* thought Bobby.

Suddenly someone yelled, "Get the zombies, NOW!" and a gang of kids jumped out and began squirting multicoloured paint all over the confused zombies. The paint went all over Bobby's face and hair and shirt, it even went into his mouth!

When he finally wiped his eyes clean the world around him was bright again. He could see pink and blue and orange everywhere!

"I was a zombie?" Bobby said out loud.

"Yeah, but now you're cured with colour!" said a kid with a paint gun.

Bobby couldn't believe it. He returned home with a crazy story to tell.

**The End.**



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