

TD Summer Reading Club 2022: Short Story Contest

Grade 7 – 8 Winning Stories



The True Story of Little Red Riding Hood

Written by Mahnoor

(From the Wolf's POV, interviewed by a reporter
from [chronicles weekly](#))



The story starts, well you know how all good stories start, with once upon a time...

...in a forest live many many talking animals, you might even know some of them, like the three bears, the tortoise the hare, the three billy goats gruff AND the three little pigs.

I already told you about those swines but out of our forest live creatures far worse than those measly pigs.

Humans...

“Now Mr. Wolf, I’m a human too and that’s offensive, I’m interviewing you because you have the right to voice your opinion but if you are gonna behave this way I’ll leave thank you.”

Fine fine so I’m being interviewed by this fan “Reporter” Right reporter so where was I yes,

One of those humans ruined my rep, Li-tel Red. Now don’t fall for her cute little girl act, often cute things are the most lethal, that’s advice and a *fact* in the fableforests. And lemme just say if you wear a blood red cape in a forest full of bloodthirsty animals

you're practically begging to be eaten.

Not that I did of course...

I was out one morning lightly humming to myself and picking some mushrooms for my 100% (probably) vegan soup. "Probably? Vegan?" Shush, so I saw this little girl in a red hoodie, and the girl was carrying sweets in a basket, but I'm more of a savoury kinda guy. It was the *basket* I was attracted to really, I needed one for my mushrooms.

I walked up to the red girl and I knew humans aren't too fond of wolves so *I admit* I was trying to flatter her into giving me the basket "what delicious things do you have in there red" I asked, She said They're for her grandma since she's sick. Red spotted my garden full of flowers. And she asked ME if she could pick a few for her grandma. I let her pick some. Then requested the basket. She sighed and handed it to me. I opened it to find it...empty! I questioned whether she ate it all. She nodded.

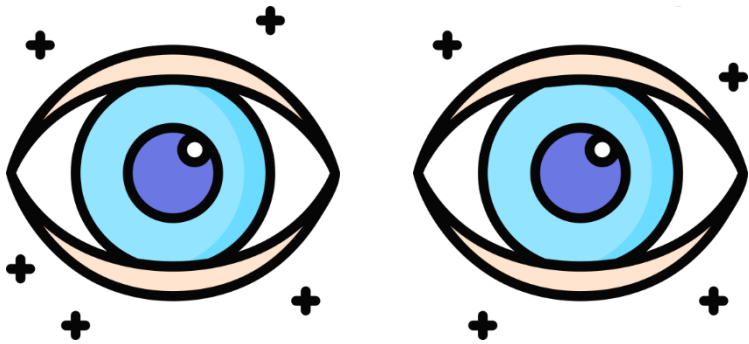
So first mystery solved, I didn't eat the muffins she did! "Interesting but if you didn't eat them how did you know they were muffins?"

Uh moving on. I was off with the basket collecting other things for my soup and HAPPENED to come across grandma's house. I decided to check up on her. I knocked...no response. I was worried she died! I opened the door to find grandma! Packing? She looked startled to see me. Turns out grandma was moving to a new province. "Why? Grandma loves the fableforests"

Well she doesn't love red according to her red is an annoying brat so she said she was sick to her AWAY. That didn't work so now she's moving to Quebec. And guess what little liar told everyone I ATE her grandma YUCK! "Thank you Mr Wolf I'll pass this story on to the press" Don't you forget this story!

Tim's Tavern

Written by Aiden



The story starts, well you know how all good stories start, with once upon a time...

...well once upon a time might be too wondrous and magical for this story. "Hey, Tim get me another drink!", a man in a vest yells very drunkenly, "I think you've had enough, I'm cutting you off.", a smaller man passive-aggressively says in a beer-stained apron. The man in the vest gets up and scowls at the smaller man. The smaller man cleans a rather big pint glass.

This small man is Tim, and he is the owner of Tim's Tavern. Tim's Tavern is a little place in the town of Gurlingham, Tim's grandfather, Timmy, bought this place when he was a young man as a home. He lived there until he passed away a decade ago. His father turned the estate into a tavern/in for travellers passing by.

Tim is a gnome, his whole family is full of them, you see this world is very special. This place is called The Far Realms, a place filled with wonders and mysteries.

A place where people can coexist with dragons, well, not exactly. This place is also filled with hidden places from ancient civilizations in years past. But that isn't for Tim, he is happy with his establishment, serving drinks and kicking out people who had too much.

Today, Tim has heard rumours that the Fey Knights are around the area "collecting royal fees" and "debts to the land". The Fey Knights are holy knights that are of royal heritage. They are said to be incorruptible, immortal, and relentless in their mission of justice.

Of course, Time knew that they were just fancy tax collectors who needed a good story to have people willing to give up their money. He clenched his fists with the thought of how they can just get away with this robbery using the mask of justice as an excuse.

On another note, he has been getting a lot more people coming to the tavern. The business has been booming and the inn rooms are almost full. He has barely kept up with the traffic. But at least he has his best friend and brother to help him out, Tom.

Tom is Tim's younger brother, he's always by Tim's side through thick and thin. He helps out here and there now and then, but his true specialty is cooking. Tom is the head chef of Tim's Tavern (not to mention the only chef). His cooking is great, but he's always so self-critical about it. But when all is said and all is done he always comes through.

Meanwhile, Tim is standing at the counter, three drunken people lay in front of him, Tim stands up and weakly says, "Do you mind if I pay later?".

The knight looks up and says, "Do you think you can try this on me?" "What?" Tim says scared. The knight looks at him intimidatingly and says "You're an upstanding citizen, a model for everyone, then you won't pay one year, not too bad but then the next year you don't pay then all of a sudden you're running from people like me. Well not on my watch!" he pulls out his sword. The sword is some elvish silver make and looks like it could cut through anything. "The money or your tavern",

Tim is shocked, he never thought that it would end up having to face a sword at blank-point being threatened.

“Well, this is the end for good ol’ Tim, I had a pretty good run.” Tim thought to himself. Then, someone walks into the tavern. But this person was different from any other drunk. He had adamantium-plated armour and helmet, from what Tim could see their eyes glowing? Yes! Their eyes are glowing a blue colour! This mysterious person walks up to the Fey Knight. The Fey Knight questions, “What are you looking at!”

The person answers in a wispy voice, “I could ask you the same thing.”, the Fey Knight is a bit scared. “What do you mean? I’m collecting the debts!” The person’s eyes go from a calm state to an angry state in an instant. “What? I’ve seen people like you on the frontlines! You are useless! No one in the army thinks you’re some righteous heroes! You’re just con-men!”, it almost seems like the person’s glowing blue eyes got more intense.

The Fey Knight is scared for its life. With trembling legs and shivering hands, the Fey Knight runs away.

“So much for being holy knights.”, Tim says under his breath. “Thank you! How can I repay you?” Tim says, very thankful that his life was saved.

“Well...”, the person says, “I do need a place to stay for the night.” “Luckily for you, we have one room open! Again, thank you so much”, Tim answers. “Might I ask what is your name?” Tim asks, “Adamondious”, the person answers. “Well Adamondious. Here is the key to your room.” Tim says.

Just another day in Tim’s Tavern.

The End.



Control of the Psyche

Written by Adithi



The story starts, well you know how all good stories start, with once upon a time...

...in a supernatural world, Agnes, a *spiriter*, (who can sense and communicate to spirits) was simply examining a most potent weapon; Axe of Invincibility, which was defended by Apollo, who only turns into a (good) gargoyle when warding off evil spirits, battles, or in a violent rage.

While they were chit-chatting, Apollo abruptly froze, quivering.

Agnes stared, puzzled.

“Apollo, you okay, what’s wrong with you?”

He didn’t answer. With an instant, fuming roar, he grew and grew until he was the size of gargoyle, which he transformed into. Agnes continued to gaze with dumbstruck until she noticed that Apollo’s shadow was pitch black. Odd. Then she sensed it. “Apollo, there’s an evil spirit in your shadow! Wait...and a good soul? Must be a person there too.”

“You’re right,” groaned a deep voice.

In a blink, Apollo's shadow lifted itself, standing upright like paper, but black. Slowly then popped out a masked face in the shadow.

"WHY ARE YOU IN MY SHADOW?!" roared gargoyle Apollo, who was aware of the person's existence.

The masked-figure grunted while it spoke.

"A foolish mistake...to think this devil psyche was some kind of lonely soul, bodiless. I let it be a part of me...turned out it grieves for power...played with my mind and body to steal valuable items for

itself...once it sucks that axe's power...it'll be unstoppable...can't afford that.

"Had to be inside...gargoyle's shadow...since it chases evil spirits away. Will never...get out...of shadow, NEVER!!"

Power, Agnes heard the spirit say. Get Axe...

"Since that person's in your shadow, Apollo," Agnes began. "That spirit has to be inside you. But a ghoul can't take advantage of a gargoyle's mind...so it's like...in between you two."

“Just spit out how I can abolish it.”
Apollo growled.

She knew the answer right away.

“To be serene.”

After what felt like decades, Apollo finally blurted out,

“How can I! The spirit’s disrupting my mind and controlling my body to the Axe of Invincibility, which I’m trying not to!”

A tremendous idea whacked into Agnes’s brain. She pulled out a small box of lotion out of her pocket; made by Mystical Doves.

“Here, rub this around your forehead and inhale its calming fragrance. Feels like you’ve entered paradise.”

Apollo indeed looked and felt a bit calmer once he snatched and applied it. He lightened and exhaled deeply; looking rather sleepy.

Instantaneously, his shadow violently convulsed and POOF, Apollo was a boy again.

“Wow, it actually worked! A humongous gratitude to you! But what happened to the man and spirit? How’d he get into my shadow?”