



THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC
DIVISION: Middle School
SCHOOL/GROUP: Box Hill High School (BOX HILL)
TEAM NAME: LITERACHURROS
TEAM ID: 886

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Florist
Primary character 2 Movie star
Non-human character Wolf
Setting Sydney Harbour Bridge
Issue Strange journey

Random words

ruby
melts
shiver
tasty
sponge

Instructions

- Start no earlier than **8am**
- Write an original story:
 - based on all **five parameters** (above)
 - including all **five random words** (above) as written, and in bold type
 - with some identifiable **Australian content** (in theme or setting or characters, etc)
 - keeping within the allowed word count (remember every word on every page counts)!
 - include this parameters form in your book **immediately after the front cover**
- Remember: **Every** word on **every** page counts. This includes your front cover, back cover, blurb, acknowledgements and copyright form.
- **Be sure to give yourself enough time to submit your book and complete the following checklist before 9pm**

Log on to the Team Coordinator Portal to:

- Check the spelling of your team name and team members' names (how these are spelt on submission will be how they are displayed on certificates)
- Complete the Declaration
- Submit your finished book in **both** PDF and plain text format by 9pm

Copyright

Published by Literachurros, Box Hill High School, 1180 Whitehorse Road, Box Hill Victoria 3128. Evelyn Frayne, Tylah Milton, Isabella Henry, Sharanya Goswami, Tenulie Saundage, Tara Rankin, Megan Ko

Copyright © 2023, Literachurros, Box Hill High School.

All rights reserved. This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Enquires should be made to the publisher.

Chapter 1: The Shop



A chilly gush of wind blew throughout the street, directed from a cream-coloured sports car skidding down the road. Infuriated civilians waved their handbags angrily as it turned the corner, blowing dirt in their faces before slowing to a stop outside a humble yet unique-looking store, its inside exploding with colour and personality. Bouquets of lavender carried an overpowering aroma throughout the air, and assorted flowers swayed in the wind gently – expressing their welcomes.

A tall, lean woman elegantly stepped out of her vehicle, slipping her hot pink shades down the slope of her nose as she eyed the quaint little building that stood before her. She tossed her caramel-coloured curls over her shoulder and strode into the building, greeted by a gasp of surprise.

“Scarlett O’smoar!” A lanky ginger stumbled towards her; eyes full of enthusiasm and wonder. “Is that really you?”

Amused, Scarlett rolled her eyes and snickered. “Oh, no, I’m just a little town girl with a luxury sports car.”



Flustered, the ginger’s face glowed a warm **ruby** red as he laughed awkwardly. “Right, right, I’m sorry. I’m just a big fan of your movies - anyways, what brings you to my shop? Would you like some rosemary? It’s recently been quite popular as it is a very flavourful addition in many dishes, a-and smells incredibly aromatic simply as a plant around the house! There’s also the roses, they’re absolutely divine and- Oh right, my name is Simon, I-”

“Well,” Scarlett began casually, cutting him off, “I have a new modelling gig with Daniella Omar-”

“*Daniella Omar!*” Simon gushed, “Woah - I’ve seen just about every single one of her movies – she’s-”

“Yeah, yeah,” Scarlett waved him off impatiently. “I ordered a floral arrangement a few weeks ago from here, my manager was supposed to pick it up for me – but he doesn’t really do anything right, now, does he?” She muttered, mostly to herself rather than Simon.

“Of course, of course!” Simon nodded vigorously, “I’ll go get it for you!”



As he ducked behind the front desk and dashed into the backroom, Scarlett's gaze strayed to the eye-catching displays crowding the surrounding shelves. Bursts of colour called out to her from every direction, seeming to dance around the store as petals hit the light and illuminated the room. Various flowers were everywhere, ranging from blues to white. Scarlett couldn't help but wonder how they looked so lively and moving, but then a blur of red caught her eye.

She jolted, immediately fixating her eyes on the quivering desk ominously staring right back at her. She took a cautious step forward, eyes unmoving as her heart pounded with fear. Suddenly, an intimidating pair of glowing orange eyes blinked up at her, and a swift creature leapt out of the darkness. Scarlett panicked as she jumped to the side, yanking her phone out of her handbag and dialling. The creature that she now recognised as a red-coated wolf lurked towards her, but she swung her handbag around in panic.

"Stay back!"

Ping.

Scarlett slapped her phone to her ear. "Hello?! Is this animal control?!"

A rush of relief washed through her as the person on the other end confirmed their identity. "There's a *wolf* in the flower shop on Cobble Street!" She stammered, not taking her eyes off the creature stalking towards her as she disclosed her location.

Suddenly, the backroom door flew open and the florist burst into the room – scanning the area in surprise. Scarlett reeled on him as she shoved her phone back into her handbag. "What is the meaning of this?!"

"What's happening? I-"

"I just called animal control to take away this...*thing*."

"What?!" Simon screeched in a panic.

"Listen, you can't just keep an animal cooped up here in this flower shop!"

"No, you don't understand! Animal control will take away his chances of survival!"

"Hey, I don't know where you got that idea from, but I know this animal species from a movie role I had in the USA – it's part of an endangered species in Northern America so let the professionals handle it. Wait a second, the wolf should be in Northern America, what is it doing here?! Is this legal?! We-"

"Wait! Where's he gone?" Simon stopped abruptly and looked around.

"Huh?"

"Where's the wolf gone?!"

Scarlett stood there as Simon darted around, searching under tables and in the backroom.

"Pfft, 'where's the wolf gone?', where have my sunglasses gone?!"

She groaned, they must have slipped off her head at some point during the chaos.

“It’s not in the shop anymore!” Simon fretted as the pair heard the bell of the shop tingle and a flash of red fur zipped out, along with a glimmer of pink. They shared a panicked glance.

Chapter 2: Clues

As the pair crept past the bakeries showcasing delectable **sponge** cakes, apothecaries selling wax **melts** and restaurants displaying unimaginably **tasty** food you could only dream of, it was easy to get distracted by the overwhelming displays – but they trudged on with determination. They *had* to find that wolf – and Scarlett’s sunglasses, of course. Simon stopped and realised something – the wolf was *his* responsibility; why did *she* care so much about it?

“Scarlett, why do you care so much about the wolf??”

“Why, it’s got my customised Gucci diamond-incrusted sunglasses, you nincompoop! Those were a gift from Coco Chanel!”

“Um, but-”

“Well, do you want my help or not, you incompetent man?!”

“Fine, jeez...”

Scarlett pulled her arms over her head – hoping nobody would notice her as they made their way down the bustling street. “Where could it have possibly gone?” She hissed at Simon impatiently as she glanced at her phone clock. “Hurry up, I have somewhere to be.”

He ignored her complaint. “Anywhere, we’re in a city after all. Plus, you probably scared him off with all your racket – *you’re* the one who got us into this mess in the first place!” he shot her a deadly glare, and she returned the rude gesture almost immediately, definitely not pleased by his change in demeanour.

As Scarlett pondered on where the wolf could possibly have gone, Simon gave a cry of surprise.

“Hey, Scarlett, over here,” he urged a whisper. “Look what I’ve found,” Simon gestured to a strand of reddish-brown fur lying on the ground at his feet.

“Ah, yes,” she rolled her eyes sarcastically. “What could the suspicious red fur possibly mean?” As Scarlett gazed ahead over the rest of the street, she noticed a commotion developing ahead, and couldn’t help but suspect she knew what was causing the crowd, craning her neck to get a better view, she urged Simon to join her investigation.

A circle of people crowded around something she couldn’t quite see over the many bobbing heads.

She paced towards the crowd, shoving through with Simon right behind her.

A familiar furry figure cowered as the centre of attention. It couldn’t stand the clamour and was panicking, snarling in defence before locking eyes with her, gaze begging for help.

Simon immediately scooped the wolf into his arms and dashed away, shouts of the pedestrians and phone flashes following him.

“Don’t forget my sunglasses!” She hollered worriedly after him.

They sprinted down the street, panting heavily as they weaved around the alarmed crowds of pedestrians. Eventually they turned into a dark alleyway and lost the mobs of people.

Simon collapsed to the floor, catching his breath as he rubbed his temples and the wolf jumped down from his arms.

“Where are we?” He glanced around, and realised he was talking to a wolf who couldn’t respond. He dismissed the feeling, as he felt his body tense up at the strange and unfamiliar environment around him. A lonely and grey apartment complex stretched across the horizon, with a small, desolate courtyard in the centre of them. Scarlett eyed the vicinity, then her eyes darted to her phone clock once again.

“I’m going to be late,” she sharply exhaled.

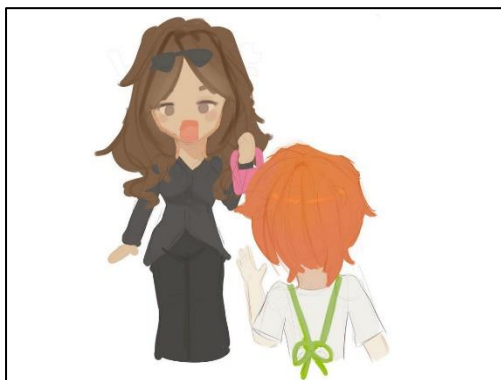
Simon cocked his head to the side. “Late for what?”

Scarlett scowled. “My modelling gig. I’m going to be so late! And it won’t be the same without my glasses!”

“Screw your modelling gig,” Simon snapped – Scarlett’s eyes widened at his new attitude. “This is more important.”

“Hey, this is my *entire career* we’re talking about. The wolf is *your* problem.” She shot back.

“He’s not *dumb!*” Simon gritted his teeth. “Clearly, you’re just some insensitive rich girl, who doesn’t know anything about animals and nature. Respectfully, you can just go back to your penthouse in the city and live with your fake plants and all that!”



Scarlett was taken aback. She took a sharp breath and smiled a cold, thin smile. “Fine then,” she sputtered, hesitating, “You can go and leave me alone now, take the wolf and your silly little flower obsession with you. Oh – and give me back my sunglasses!”

She snatched them away. Simon narrowed his eyes, evidently irritated. He rarely ever looked at someone with such distaste or switched his typically ambivalent personality, but Scarlett’s rash decision and words had evoked an unpleasant feeling in the pit of his stomach.

“Have it your way,” he spat. “I’ll be going then.”

Simon took off, with the wolf in tow behind him. Scarlett slowly continued walking too, going the opposite way to the others. She looked back at the wolf and Simon, their figures slowly growing smaller as they disappeared into the horizon. She walked and walked, and yet her speedy pace didn’t cease. Scarlett O’Smoar tried to mask her feelings of guilt under her perfect mask of a celebrity, but it didn’t succeed. Even though she had built a barricade around her heart, blocking out all the unnecessary emotions she had felt, the thought of Simon and the wolf had effortlessly penetrated that barrier and she found herself spiralling down an infinite hole of guilt. She hung her head in shame, gaze piercing the ground, and kept walking. But to her surprise, Scarlett caught a glimpse of the unmistakable uniform of-

“Animal control?!” she gasped under her breath.

Perfect! Things were going exactly as planned, animal control was going to rescue the wolf, and take it back to conversation – everything would work out quite nicely.

...Or at least that was what she thought until she saw the muzzles and ropes they were wielding, eyes dark with threat and malice.

Chapter 3: Cancellation

Scarlett immediately whirled around, body trembling with panic. Her legs launched forward, only to be abruptly stopped midair. An ominous buzzing came from deep within Scarlett’s pocket.

“Yes?” She snapped as she slammed the screen to her ear, resuming her path as she briskly made her way down the street.

“Scarlett!” A voice barked on the other end.

Scarlett’s heart leapt out of her chest as she immediately recognised the voice, suddenly stopping in her tracks and quickly flipping her head around.

“O’Smoar! Where are you?! Daniella is getting impatient – we need her here for this collab to be a success!”

The movie star breathed unevenly. Maybe she still had time. “I-I...”

“Yes, yes. Now send me your location. I’ll get you a taxi.”

At this moment, she was meant to feel joy. Her career wasn’t ruined after all, and she had been forgiven by her manager. However, it seemed she forgot something more important.

“Hello? Scarlett? Are you there?”

Scarlett quietly entered the studio alongside her manager. Along the journey, he kept dabbing his forehead with a well-worn towel. The lights seemed brighter than usual, and the set was basically empty. The staff were laid back against walls and chairs. It was deathly silent, until all eyes were on Scarlett O’Smoar.

“Finally,” the director spread his arms in a welcoming manner. “We’ve been waiting.”

Daniella smoothed out her silky blonde hair. Her icy blue eyes piercing anyone who made eye contact.



“Well, actually...” Scarlett murmured, but then caught Daniella’s gaze. “Never mind,” she shied away.

“Well, great!” The director ushered her and Daniella onto the stage. “Now, I want mysterious, I want fierce, I want *passion*.”

As Scarlett tossed her hair to the side and posed with Daniella, she didn’t feel happy. She didn’t feel as she knew she should have been.

The cameraman started to count down.

“Three...”

She felt the fabric of her dress, and how it didn’t fit her properly. *Ugh*.

“Two...”

She glanced at her manager’s crestfallen expression. Did she actually have a chance at success?

“One-”

She thought of the wolf and Simon. How she cold-heartedly abandoned them. She thought of how she might never see them again and she knew that she would never forgive herself.

Being here wasn’t right. All these thoughts made her **shiver**.

“I can’t do this, I’m sorry.” Scarlett stood up, her cheeks slightly blushed with embarrassment as she stepped off the stage.

Before anyone could react, she fled to the studio doors, never looking back.

Chapter 4: Retaliation

“Simon!” She screamed, her voice sore and aching as she roamed through the desolate streets.

“*Simon!*”

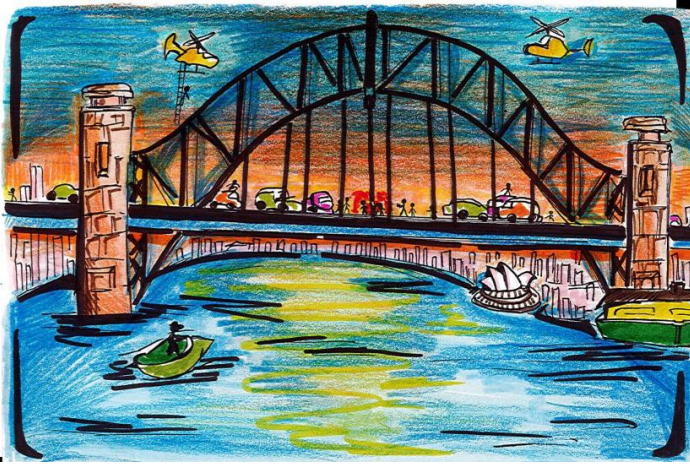
Where had everybody gone? Where had the people who were desperate to get a glance of her, who were causing a *safety hazard* just by being there, gone? Scarlett pondered the possibilities and as she kept walking, a faint noise started getting louder and louder.

Voices.

A *crowd* was nearby. Why? She needed to know. She had to follow them, it could mean something significant.

Her amble sped up to a bolt as she chased after the noise. She raced ahead and a large, metal structure began to fade into view, Scarlett immediately recognised it.

The Sydney Harbour bridge, there it was, standing proud. Helicopter rotors sliced through the dusky orange sky as megaphones pointed down to the ground, carrying commanding shouts through the atmosphere, instructing someone to ‘unhand the animal’.



The wolf, it was there! Scarlett dashed towards all the commotion, sure that it was the cause of all the commotion, just at the top of the bridge.

She darted around the crowd and their cars, determined to get to the wolf.

Simon immediately spotted her as she pushed her way to the front, but the paparazzi did too. He searched her eyes for help as cameras clicked and microphones were shoved into her face.

“Scarlett,” he pleaded, “come on, I need some help.”

Shocked gasps echoed through the crowd. “Scarlett, do you know this person?” A reporter demanded.

“What will your next move be?” another interrogated.

“Is he your lover?” a third asked. She noticed an extra-eager reporter barge her way through the crowd, asking Scarlett, “What will be your decision?”

As more questions were directed straight at her, Scarlett ignored them all. She realised what she had to do and grabbed Simon and the wolf, causing even more alarm.

As all pathways closed in on them, she knew what she had to do – their only escape. Jump. Holding her friends dearly, she raced ahead and threw all three of them off the bridge, and into the depths of the water below.

Chapter 5: A touch of sympathy

Splash, splash. Kick, kick. Paddle, paddle. The freezing water made Scarlett tremble with the cold, she felt a **shiver** travel through her spine as she waded through the icy water, breathing heavily. *Splash, splash. Kick, kick. Paddle, paddle.*

Her chin brushed against the gentle ripples of the water, and her arms felt numb from the cold. But it was too late now, Simon and the wolf swam alongside her, and silence wrapped around them like a blanket. Suffocating them. Drowning them. She was dragging them under while trying to keep them afloat.

Drowning.

Scarlett may have known how to swim, but in this moment, she felt like she was drowning. Drowning from the constant stares. Drowning from the constant judgement. Drowning from the many eyes watching her.

And before she even knew it, she hit land. She scrambled to shore along with Simon, taking in her surroundings with curiosity.

The wolf began swimming away, nose in the air, sniffing, as if trying to find the source of an intriguing scent it had picked up on.

“Okay, why did you do that!?” Simon yelled, breaking the silence.

She ignored him, instead wandering over to some rocks by the coastline and settled down. “It’s over, you know. Hope you’re happy.”

“What’s over?”

“My *career*, my life, everything,” she took a deep breath.

“Hey,” he calmed down, voice gentle. “Don’t say that.”

“Yeah, yeah. I’ve only completely ruined my public reputation, messed up the most important gig of my life, and thrown away everything I’ve ever worked for just to chase around some oversized dog all around the city.”

“Don’t be so dramatic,” he smiled, going over to join her.

“It’s my job...or, *was* my job.”

Just as Simon was about to reply, the sound of footsteps filled the air. They both turned at the noise.

The wolf had wandered back to the shore at some point.

“Hey buddy,” Simon skidded off the rocks and approached him. “You okay?”

He didn’t react in any manner, only staring with his big golden eyes.

“I think he wants us to follow him,” Simon decided cheerfully.

“And you know this *how*, exactly?”

“I’ve raised this wolf since it first appeared outside my store door a couple years ago. Trust me, I would know, and you would be the last person to know.”

And with that, he followed the wolf into the bushes beyond them, disappearing among the overgrown vegetation that surrounded them. Scarlett groaned, and reluctantly trailed after them. They walked on, retreating from the sea’s edge

The group stepped into the moonlight that bathed the clearing and took a moment to take in the breathtaking scene. Hanging vines cascaded from the treetops and swayed faintly in the breeze. Flowers bloomed with colour and trees shielded them from the outside world. Birds chirruped in the branches above and the moon illuminated the sky dotted with stars.

“Wow,” Simon went pink with excitement. “Look at all this precious fauna! There’s a golden wattle plant right over there!”

“A golden what-now?” Scarlett frowned, scratching her head quizzically.

“Uhh, the national plant of Australia? Shouldn’t you know this?” Her confused expression already told him all he needed to know, and he dismissed the conversation and turned away. “This is it!” Simon changed the topic excitedly.

“What is it?”

“This is the perfect place,” Simon grinned warmly. “This can be his new home!” He pranced around the forest clearing, like a 5-year-old child seeing snow for the first time. “He can take naps right over there, and run around the forest when he’s bored, *oh* and there’s a bunch of other animals around to, and...” Simon suddenly came to a halt, hands clenching into fists, “I won’t ever see him again...”

“Hey, uhh...” Scarlett finally said, “not to kill the vibe or anything, but...are you sure this is a forest?”

Simon hobbled over, and surely enough, behind a couple of overgrown bushes, was an aging sign that read, “*Sydney Harbour National Park*”.

Simon’s face immediately fell as he stared at the sign in dismay, not believing the words that were right before him.

“it’s not, I just want a safe home for him. Is it that hard?!” he sighed in disappointment.

Scarlett’s face contorted into a frown. “Where will we take him? Do we have to find a forest now?”

And before they knew it, sirens blared and armed men in black surrounded them – coming from every direction.

Chapter 6: Saying Goodbye

Simon’s heart felt like it would burst out of his chest as he panted, hyperventilating as he clutched the wolf – holding him close. “No... I don’t want to let you go!” he cried, a stubborn tear rolling down his cheek. His voice trembled and Scarlett couldn’t help but empathise with the broken-hearted boy that kneeled in front of her.

A graceful woman cleared her throat somewhere behind the rows of men pointing their tasers at them, and they immediately cleared the way for her – beyond frightened. Her glossy black hair fell down her back, swaying behind her as she approached – and despite her intimidating appearance, her dark eyes glowed with kindness.

“We will have to take this wolf back to a conservation site in North America.” she stated – gently, but blatant and straight to the point. Simon felt the blood drain from his face and his stomach drop. Despite the fact that this experience had happened before, Simon knew it he could not avoid the inevitable.

“We only want to do this to help this creature,” she sighed, trying to smile. “I know how much you and this wolf have bonded and I understand it will be hard letting go, but it’s for the better.”

Simon only stared ahead. He understood, but the truth was hard to swallow.

“It’s for the better. He will be much safer and live a better life in North America, his natural habitat. He’ll be surrounded with others of his kind, he’ll be...happy.”

Scarlett clutched her sunglasses and gave the wolf and Simon a solemn look. She then stepped forward and kneeled alongside Simon, extending her arm and softly stroking the silky coat of the wolf, who bowed his head and let Scarlett fully embrace him and hold him in her arms. She handed him back to Simon, who had tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Thank you, Scarlett.”

Simon sniffled, despite all the pain he felt in his head – in his heart, he knew what had to be done. Slowly, he rose from his spot, cradling his dear companion as he quietly approached the woman and

set him down gently on the cool blades of grass that decorated the forest floor. "I'll miss you," he whispered, looking his friend in the eyes as his vision blurred with tears, "I'll miss you a lot."

The wolf stared back, eyes soft and gentle – not those of a wild, unpredictable monster, but of a friend.

Slowly, Simon stepped back, and the woman kneeled down to the animal. Her coworkers got their ropes ready, but a single glare from her cued them to retreat. Carefully, she led the animal away and Simon watched, knowing this was the last time he would see him again.

But in all the sadness, he had hope. Hope that a better life awaited for his kind friend.

Epilogue

Simon had anticipated this for days. Months. Years. Finally, he had a chance to see the wolf, whose role had been unchanged ever since the day that he had departed in search of a better life in the gorgeous landscape of the conservation park. His best friend. Simon ran a hand through his ginger locks and exhaled sharply, preparing himself for anything. He walked through the gates, and his gaze was met with that same amber stare from years ago. Ever since the wolf left, Scarlett had never bothered to contact Simon, but despite that, she had become a notable name in the conservation of endangered species, thanks to the wolf.

"Scarlett?" he piped up, a grin forming on his face.

"Hey Simon, it's been a while, hasn't it?" She smiled back at him. "I assume we're both here for the same reasons. Although, I severely doubt you're experiencing jetlag this bad."

Simon eyed the path leading to the place where the people in charge had mentioned that the wolf was to stay at and exhaled sharply.

"Let's go, shall we?"

Scarlett and Simon were met with majestic mountain peaks and tall trees, but the most delighting sight of all was the abundance of wolves. A pack, or even two.

"He's found his pack. His home." Simon beamed. Scarlett too could only smile at the sight of the Wolf and his newfound family. She watched the wolves play around and thought whether he would remember her. She gazed into the horizon, memories filling her head like a bathtub.

"Would he still remember us?" Simon asked, practically reading Scarlett's mind.

Just as Simon turned around, a pair of golden eyes looked back into his. It was like the wolf was smiling right back at him, like he remembered all of it. And so he ran. Ran toward his true family.



In this gripping tale, two unlikely companions form an unlikely friendship to find a curious and creature a worthy home. Together they embark on adventures that match no other and travel to places that craft the story.