



Why did the Weatherman Cross the Road?



Copyright

Published by Aphroditri, Box Hill High School, 1180 Whitehorse Rd, Box Hill VIC 3128

Clare Russell, Emily Ford, Klara Loie, Opal Dettman, Victoria Wu.

Copyright © 2023, Aphroditri, 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. Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

AGE RATING: 10 – 16 years old

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Box Hill High School (BOX HILL)

TEAM NAME: APHRODITRI

TEAM ID: 903

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Weather forecaster

Primary character 2 Plumber

Non-human character Book

Setting Motel

Issue Nowhere safe to cross the road

Random words

ruby

melts

shiver

tasty

sponge

Chapter 1

“James Weatherly, are you listening? I find your lack of attention sickening!”

“Yep... I’m all ears,” I mutter, gazing out the window, watching the rain pelt heavily against the glass. My feet are against my desk, pushing my chair backwards to glean a better view of the window. My eyes are unblinking as they watch the raindrops, racing down the glass before being assaulted by new droplets. It’s merciless. The torrent howls with longing, scratching and clawing at the glass to get inside. I wish I could be out there.

But I’m chained to this desk.

I’m stuck here until I can find some sense of purpose. It’s been two weeks without a call from Tracy, my boss at 8 News Australia. Two weeks without a job. Alisha Wright is the one with the honour of reading the daily weather forecast. People know *her* name. They turn on the news to hear what *she* has to say, to decide whether they should wear a singlet or a raincoat. I’m the backup. The one they call if Alisha’s out sick, or is wearing too nice of clothes to be sent out in a monsoon.

Even now, amidst the worst floods Queensland has seen in years, my phone remains stubbornly silent. Tracy probably called Alisha. Alisha probably threw on a raincoat and waterproof mascara, and is out right now, in the midst of it all.



And I'm here. In my one room apartment. Longing for the embrace of the rain. Listening to its enchanting call against my window. My only company a talking book.

"James! James! I have an important message; a weather incident is causing quite the wreckage."

My eyes snap to the **ruby**-red book fluttering on my desk. Its pages hold the wisdom of generations of Weatherly weather forecasters. My mother had it last - Barbara Weatherly, Queensland's darling weather forecaster. Book helped her build her career and turn her into the respected weather forecaster that she was before she retired. Now Book has landed in my hands. And when it tells me something, I listen.

"Is it the rain? Where should I go?"

"Get in the car, before it's too late. The roads are filling up, a good story awaits. Drive to Burketown's centre, where the floods are fierce-"

Before Book finishes his rhyme, my hand shoots out like a tentacle and latches around my phone, and I dial Tracy's number.

My usual crippling nervousness at the prospect of a phone call is dissipated by the call of a story. Book wouldn't have alerted me if Alisha Wright was already out there - with its infinite universal knowledge that spans over time and space, it would already know that.

The phone rings.

Tracy picks up on the second ring.

"Tracy!"

"Zis better be good, kid," Tracy deadpans in her thick Russian accent. In the few months that I've been employed by her, I've never heard her voice infused with anything other than authority - no emotion, no change in volume. The consistency is something I find

rather comforting.

"Yes, I wanna go out there. In the floods. I've been researching the evacuations and the warnings, and I think the people need to know. I have the perfect location, and I promise, I'll-

"Zounds good, Veatherly," she interrupts, and I pump my fist in glee. Book rustles its



papers in support. “Alisha was going to go but she called in sick. Don’t let me down, okay?”

“Yes, Tracy, thank you so much!” I’m grinning from ear to ear, my glasses drooping down my nose.

“Get a cameraperson on board - I think Robert is free. And be safe. I want the footage within twenty-four hours.”

“Got it,” I affirm, hanging up with a flourish of my hand.

I don’t waste a second.

I scramble onto my feet, grabbing my car keys and tucking Book under my arm. I’m tapping frantically on my phone as I sprint around my house. I need to talk to Robert. I fumble through a text message, *story of a lifetime* blah blah, *it’s in Burketown* la doo da, *I’ll send the address when I find the perfect spot* blah boo blah.

The rain is still roaring outside, but I need this story. I can’t let my family down, I can’t let Tracy down, but most of all, I can’t let myself down.

The weather report of a lifetime awaits! As soon as I open the front door, I’m mortared with sharp bullets of rain. I

make a run to my tiny lump of a car, Betsy, barely

functioning after serving the great Barbara Weatherly through her career. The water

is already up to my ankles,

splashing mud up my legs on my desperate dash to the car. The vehicle rocks as I sprawl onto the musty seats and slam the door behind me, creating a much-needed barrier between me and the storm. As much as I love the weather, now my clothes and the car seat are thoroughly drenched. I set Book down in the passenger seat.

“Ready for an adventure, Betsy?”

Betsy groans in response, and her one working headlight weakly blinks through the darkness.



I speed off down the road.

I wind through the city streets, the lights and commotion blurred through a sheet of rain on my windscreen.

After half an hour of driving I realise my problem. In Burketown's outer suburbs, every single road is drenched.

No, not just drenched - road has morphed into river, and water gushes in currents, sweeping up everything in its path, *including Betsy*. She's dragged haphazardly through

the brown currents, into tree branches and sticks. I clench the steering wheel tightly, but I can't do anything to control Betsy. I feel cold water seep into my shoes, and my heart drops. Betsy is *filling up with water*.

The river gives Betsy a final, violent push, and suddenly we're rocketing off the road, heading straight towards a decrepit old building. We skid over four lanes, and, in slow motion, through a split-second break in the hurricane on my windscreen, I see it.

The perfect spot to broadcast.

A musty building in the background, raging floods, an element of danger; it'll be perfect. I'll be successful, I'll grow my name in the journaling industry.

I try to turn towards it, but the river has other plans for me. I don't have much time to think before I rocket towards the building's car park and Betsy slides to a harsh halt.



Chapter 2

Oh my god. Oh my god! I run through a quick mental checklist of all my limbs, and carefully extract my glasses from where they were tossed. Poor Betsy. My breathing is shallow, my head feels heavy, and tears are beginning to fall down my cheeks. I start to smell gas, and scramble towards the door. I yank once, twice, three times on the handle but to no avail. It's jammed. I fall back into my seat, letting the tears fall freely now. The fight leaves my body, and I slump weakly.

Well, that's it, I guess. This is where I die, in the middle of nowhere, selfishly desperate for a weather story.

Weather... Book!

"Book? Book! Are you okay?"

I jolt upright, freshly inspired with purpose. I hear a weak fluttering coming from the back seat.

"Never fret, I'm quite alright, though I cannot say the same for your headlight..."

There is a flicker, and we are surrounded in darkness. Outside of the car I can barely make out the outline of a building, looming over my poorly green car. I lean over the divider into the back seat and swoop Book out of the jumble of bags and equipment, just as I hear a noise over the thunder of the rain.

Creak, splash. Creak, splash. Creeeeaaak.... SPLASH!

I see a small swinging light approaching, attached to a large, lumpy silhouette that is forging through the pouring rain. Forget about the crash. This is how I die, mauled to

death by a... land bound anglerfish? As the shadow approaches, it slowly becomes clearer and clearer and I see... not an anglerfish, not even a bear who has learnt to hold a torch. Relief floods my body, as I realise who is coming toward my car. It's two tottering old ladies, in gumboots that reach their knees, wrapped up in bright yellow and pink raincoats and clutching an old-timey



lantern. I can just make out what they are saying over the rain.

“Come on dearie, watch out for that puddle... ooh!”

“I’ve got you darling, I ain’t letting no thunderstorm take me away from my poppet.”

Book quivers tenderly, and I loosen my grip on its burgundy leather binding to hear it say, *“These are your guardians sent from above, I’ve never seen two people more in love.”*

Desperate to get their attention, I bang on the windows, feeling bad for dear Betsy as I do so.

“Help! Help me! I’m stuck in my car!” I cry.

Their lantern comes ever closer, and finally I can make out two kindly, wrinkled faces peering into my car. Mysteriously, they open the door easily, despite how much I was struggling with it before. I don’t question it, and tucking Book inside my jacket, I tumble out of the car, landing knee-deep in the surging water.



“Out you come dearie, out of this miserable weather,” Pink Jacket says.

“Haven’t had a storm like this since 93, we have!” Yellow Jacket adds.

Rubbing the rain out of my eyes, I finally get a good look at our surroundings. I’m not sure what I was expecting, but it wasn’t the muted yellow motel that stands before us like a beacon of light in this sea of desperation.

“We have arrived at our destination; a popular place for a vacation.”

Book’s muffled voice emits from my coat, and I wrap it tighter.



“Book! You need to be quiet!” I mutter, trying to keep it hidden from the Jackets.

“What was that, love?” Pink Jacket is quick to question my words.

“Oh! I just said- um-” I struggle to piece together an explanation, “look! This rain is a riot!”

“It certainly is,” Yellow Jacket saves me from Pink Jacket's inquisitive eyes.

The motel stands like an island, water surging around its beaches of gravel, rain pelting off its tin roof. The sign reads: ‘Fairview Motel’, flickering in dim fluorescent neon. I almost want to stay outside in the roaring rain just to admire this motel; a raggedy, yet quaint monument of modern Australian country architecture.

But before I know it, the Jackets are yanking me inside the bright warmth of the motel and piling an unimaginable number of towels on me.

I **shiver** and towel my hair dry, as the Jackets advance upon me in a flurry of chatter and lukewarm cups of tea that seemed to have materialised from nowhere.

“Well dearie, you can’t keep referring to us as the Jackets, so we better introduce ourselves. I’m Rosemary,” Pink Jacket - Rosemary - says, and before I can question how

they knew my private nickname for them, Yellow Jacket jumps in.

“And I’m Anise! Now ducky, let's get you into bed.” I try to protest, but their towels are almost suffocatingly tight, and I can’t get a limb free to reach out.

“No- no! I have to- I have to get my story! There’s a perfect spot across the road and I-”

“Calm down, pet, what's this about a story?” Anise puzzles.

“I’m a weather reporter. This storm, these flash floods, it’s the craziest weather Queensland has had in forever. And I’m supposed to report it. I’m the one who needs to get this story out to the public,” I pant.

“Not in this weather!”

“But that’s the point!” I counter.

“You can report on it tomorrow.”

“But-”

“It’s far too dangerous at the moment. You can do it in the morning.”

I’m all too aware of Tracy’s twenty-four hour time limit, but I begrudgingly agree, nodding my head.

“Very good!” Anise chirps. “You can stay in one of our rooms!”

Rosemary leans towards Anise, whispering, “no poppet, all the rooms are flooded!”

“Oh dear, that’s right, they’re all under repair,” Rosemary tuts, shaking her head before brightening with an idea. “Oh! We do have one room that’s liveable!”

“But darling,” Anise cautions, “isn’t that lovely plumber staying in that one?”

“Yes pumpkin, but there seems to be no other option. One of them can sleep on the floor, I’m sure. And besides, she’s never there - she’s always working on the pipes!”

“Would you be okay staying in that room, dearie?” Anise asks, turning to me.

I feel the blush crawling up my neck, turning my face **ruby** red. “Yeah! Yeah, sounds good, sure thing! Whatever works...” I curse myself for seeming too eager.

“Wonderful!”

“Splendid!”

“It’s room number 7, alright hon? Down that hall right there and to the left. I’ll be up with some extra blankets soon, you let me know if you need anything.”

“Thank you guys so much,” I grin, stunned at their kindness.

They smile back, and I’m not sure if there’s a mischievous twinkle in their eyes, or if it’s the dim lighting reflecting off their face.

I set off in search of my room.

The motel shifts with my every step, groaning with effort and sorrow at the immense weight of the rain. I step lightly, scared that the old wood floor is going to collapse under my feet.



There. Room 7.

I gingerly push the door open.

I take a few steps inside and see bags of tools lining every wall.

Suddenly, two loud footsteps thunder in behind me. I rush forward, falling onto the bed and whipping back to see a woman standing in the doorway.

“Get out of my room!”

Chapter 3



The woman who has just burst through the door is staring at me with daggers in her eyes. I stay frozen, trying not to be too obvious as I stare at her like a fool. Her physique is absolutely stunning; her muscles are cut like diamonds. She hooks a thumb into her waistband.

“Get. Out.”

I scramble to my feet, almost tripping over my lanky legs in the process.

“O-oh, I’m sorry... They said I could stay in this room; apparently, it’s the only one left. My car crashed; I was driving in the floods - it was stupid - and I ended up here and-” I stop myself before I continue rambling in front of this woman. I try to

gauge her reaction, but instead my eyes trail over her features; her walnut eyes, her hair that’s swept into a high ponytail. Its vibrant apricot hue burns under the motel’s muted lighting. Her face and arms are smudged with grease, probably from a day spent hard at work tackling the flash floods.

She looks at me coolly. “And?”

“And, so... I think I have to stay here tonight. I mean, there’s only one bed, but don’t worry, I’ll sleep on the ground if you want.”

“Of course I want you to sleep on the ground.”

“Yep! No problem!” I squeak.

“What are you even doing out here?”

“Oh! I’m reporting a story on the weather. I’m doing it just across the road, right over

ther-”

I begin to point out the window which has a direct view of the road, and of my dream spot to report the story, but my heart sinks.

The road is completely flooded.

It’s barely even a road anymore. It’s submerged deep in rainwater, making it impossible to cross...

Impossible to cross!

“No!” I gasp, rushing over to the window and clutching the sill. “I won’t be able to cross the river! The place I wanted to film at is across that road!”

The woman stalks towards me, peering over my shoulder. She is definitely taller than me.

“Yep,” she snorts. “No way you can cross that.”

“You’re not helping!” I moan, burying my head in my hands. My legacy, my future, it feels like it all hinges upon this.

“Hey,” she sighs, awkwardly patting me on the back. Her massive palm thumps against my shoulder. “It’ll be okay. I suppose I could help you out. There’s a drainage system that runs under this motel and that road, somewhat flooded but manageable. If you’re down, we can go underneath the road. Get your precious story.”

Hope floods back into my body and a grin splashes onto my face. “Really!?”

She nods. She’s really pretty. I push that thought away - *not the time, James.*

“Thank you so much, um...”

“Stella,” she finishes.

“Great! I’m James. James Weatherly.”

“I didn’t need to know your last name.”

I pause at this - I’d been so used to riding off the back of my family’s legacy - have I done this every time I’ve introduced myself? Used my last name? I cringe at the thought.

“Well Weatherboy, as it so happens, I’m in need of a favour,” she admits.

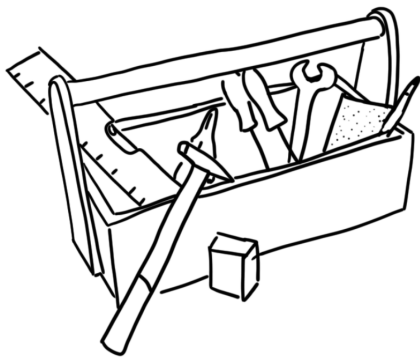
“Anything!”

“Follow me.”

Stella exits the room, scooping up a toolbox. I quickly place Book underneath Stella’s bed.

“Stay here,” I order.

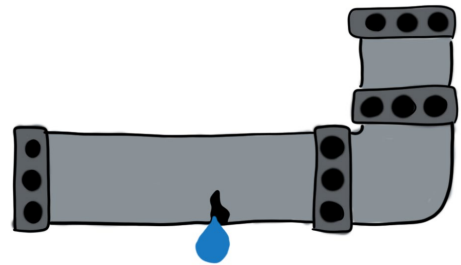
“Don’t worry James, I understand; your noble wish is my command, you need not demand, I’ll lend a hand, under this bed is where I’ll stand.”



I chuckle at its excessive rhyme before rushing after Stella. I follow after her thumping footsteps, down a set of stairs to arrive in the motel’s basement. The floor is damp, and water sloshes at our feet.

“I’ve drained most of the water, but I need to fix this leak,” she explains, gesturing to a set of jutting pipes in the wall. “The oldies are too frail to help, so I’m glad you’re here. Hold this pipe in place.”

I hurry to follow her instructions, hugging my arms around a massive pipe. It creaks as I pull it into place, and I strain with effort. It seemed she had cut out the leaking section and was going to replace it with another pipe segment. I watch her in amazement as she works around my arms. She is quick and efficient, and we’re done in no time. Still, by the end, my arms ache and groan, begging to release the weight.



“All done. Nice work, Weatherboy.” She dries off the remaining grime and glue with a wet **sponge**.

I drop the pipe, but it doesn’t move, fastened into place by Stella. “Right... thanks,” I pant in between my words. “You too... It... wasn’t that... hard.”

“Sure,” she grins, clearly seeing through my facade. It definitely wasn’t hard work for *her*.

“Right, sorry, I...” My words are interrupted with a yawn, and I suddenly realise how tired I am.

“Yeah, it’s getting late,” Stella agrees, surmising my thoughts. “Let’s head back up.”

When we get back to our room, Rosemary is already there, a few blankets in tow.

“These are the only ones we had that aren’t wet!” She apologises, placing them on the floor. She struggles to rise, clutching her back. “Ah dear, well, off to bed for me! Thanks for your hard work, Stella, dear.” She waddles off.

“Off to bed for me too,” Stella groans, stretching her enormous limbs above her head.

We take turns showering, and I realise in annoyance that I don’t have any other clothes.

Stella lets me borrow a flannel and tracksuits - they’re big and warm and smell like cinnamon.

I exit the bathroom to discover a makeshift bed on the floor. I smile at Stella, who looks away blushing, embarrassed at her kind act. I collapse onto it, sighing happily.

“Goodnight, Weatherboy,” she smiles.

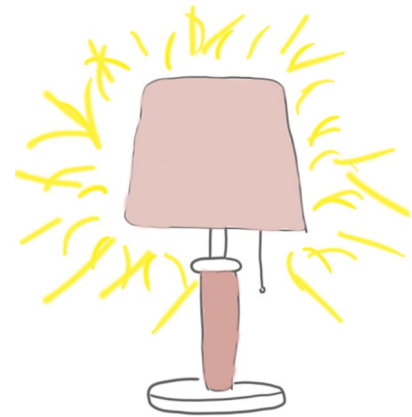
“Night Stella!”

She gives me one last look before flicking off her lamp, casting the room into darkness.

I smile, pulling up the blankets.

“Night Book,” I mouth, and I know it can hear me. Book knows all. I hear it flutter in response.

I drift off the sleep, accompanied by Stella’s faint breathing and the *tap tap tapping* of the rain.



Chapter 4

“Hey! *Hey.*”

I blink my eyes open slowly, and take in my surroundings.

I'm at the motel...

It was flooding...

The perfect story...

The perfect story!

I sit up suddenly and am face-to-face with Stella peering down at me like she's observing a fumbling calf.

“I thought you'd never wake up,” she steps away from the bed, sending me another glance, “you sleep like a baby.”

Colour floods into my cheeks as I hastily climb off the floor.

The window frames a stretch of full, grey clouds and murky water still flowing steadily across the road. Stella joins me at the window. “It's not going to be an easy trip, Weatherboy,” she says, eyes trained on the road, “but we can do it.”

I look at Stella; her determined face, her... *rippling muscles*. There's that **tasty** cinnamon smell again. She's beautiful. Her thumb is hooked around her tool belt.

“We're really doing this,” I say, my nerves twisting around in my stomach like a rope pulling tighter and tighter.



“We sure are.” Stella looks at me and slaps a hand onto my back. I stumble. I nearly trip. She doesn't notice. “You have me, James. I don't want to have a Weatherboy's untimely death on my conscience.”

“Thanks,” I reply slowly.

Stella leaves while I slip into my damp, wrinkled shirt and trench coat. I pull out my phone and text Robert, the cameraman, my location. I'm hoping he and his waterproof camera will arrive unscathed...

I'm squeezing into a wet shoe when I remember Book. I drag it out from under the bed and run my hand over the cover.

"Never fear, James, as your journey awaits, I will be with you, through the floodgates."

It flutters.

"Thanks Book."

I stuff Book into my coat and lace up my shoes. Stella appears at our motel door with a smile stretched across her face. "Let's do this, Weatherboy."

Our journey awaits.

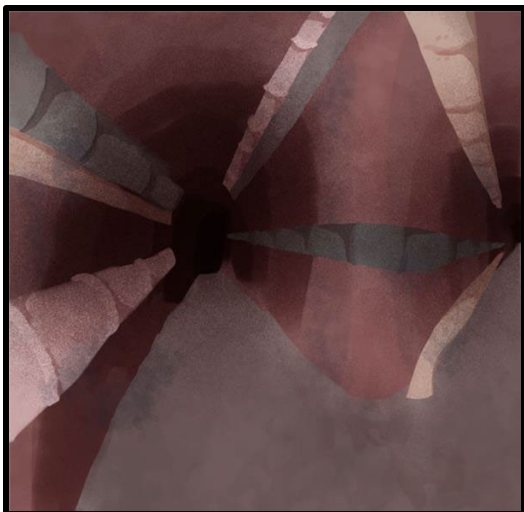
...

When Stella pushes open the front door of the motel, I almost regret my decision. The water is still flowing across the street in such strong currents, and rain showers across my face like tiny shards of glass. I step out onto the street, clutching onto Stella's arm as we walk towards the road. We stop, finally, and she lets go of my arm to bend down and pull open a concrete hatch, her arm muscles rippling.

"In here, Weatherboy," Stella motions towards the dark hole in the ground, and I back away meekly. But I can see my perfect spot from here. It's going to be my perfect story. I can do this. I can-

"It's okay," Stella chuckles upon looking at my face. "Follow me."

I trail after her as we clamber down the rungs of the ladder, and I finally step down onto the watery floor of the drainage system.



I look around. Pipes stretch from floor to ceiling, from where I'm standing to the never-ending darkness ahead, twisting and turning left and right, left and right. Stella walks forward confidently, and I follow.

We continue on and on, our footsteps squelching alone in a seemingly never-ending maze of tunnels, the only light being Stella's dingy flashlight. The air is musty and thick.



After a while, Stella stops in front of what looks like a vault door, with a large metal wheel.

“Alright. This next section might get a little... claustrophobic.”

Stella opens it to reveal a tunnel that seems only big enough to crawl through, and sure enough, that is what Stella seems to be suggesting.

“You go first. I’m not having no Weatherboy stare at my behind.”

The blush returns, and I sputter.

“I would do no such thing- I- Well now- I never-”

“Don’t worry, I’m only joking,” she smirks. The blush stays firmly glued onto my face, and I pull myself up into the crawl tunnel with trembling hands. It is just large enough to fit me comfortably, but I wonder how Stella will cope.

“It’ll open up to a cavern soon,” Stella calls.

I keep crawling until my hands grasp thin air, and I stumble onto solid ground. Before us is a massive cavern, with forms of life sprouting from the moist walls and puddles of groundwater.

Stella begins forward, but abruptly stops.

“Shh- listen,” she whispers. I’m silent for a little while, but I can’t hear anything.

“What are we supposed to be listening fo-”

“Shhhh!” A low rumbling is beginning to come from behind us. It grows louder, and louder, and suddenly, water bursts from the tunnel we just crawled through, soaking our shoes and filling up the cavern.

“Quick!” Stella yells, grabbing my hand and pulling me through tunnels that turn this way and that. The water is steadily filling up around us, and it slows us down as it reaches our knees, then our hips, and then it is up to my chest. I’m frozen with fear in the numbingly cold water as Stella yanks me into an adjacent tunnel with rungs leading upwards.

We scramble up, and slowly but surely, we leave the water behind. Stella's feet disappear from the rung above me, and then her hand reaches down and I grasp it. She pulls me up into another cavern like I weigh nothing.

"Where are we?" I say, and my voice echoes around the enlarged tunnel.

"I... have no clue." Stella admits. My shoulders drop, defeated. A gurgling sound comes from my jacket, and I suddenly remember. Book!

"Oh god, Book, are you okay?" In all the Weatherlys', no one but me has been dumb enough to take Book into water. I extract it carefully from inside my coat, and it falls open in my hands.

"We're not lost, I know where we are. You may feel storm-tossed, but the exit is not far!"

"WHAT THE F-"

"Um... Stella, meet Book! It... kind of... talks," I mumble, trying to explain such a complicated heirloom in the least number of words.

"Quickly, listen here, I'm afraid my end is near," Book gets out, but its voice is returning to a weak papery flutter.

"Book... no..." Tears fill my eyes, and my heart aches at the idea of losing my closest friend.

"Over to the right, a tunnel will take you out of this plight. And now my friend, it is time to say goodbye. It is my end, and now I-"

Book's pages fall closed.

“No, Book! NO!” I try to open its pages, desperately blowing on its covers in an attempt to dry it. Nothing. I clutch it against my chest, sobs wracking my body. I feel a warm hand touch my shoulder, and I snap my tear-stained face upwards.

“I’m so sorry, Weatherboy. But your Book was right. That tunnel leads outside. We made it.”



Chapter 5

Stella leads the way up the tunnel in silence. My body is weak from the loss. Finally, when it feels like I can't climb any further, I begin to feel soft raindrops on my face. I collapse onto the grass, letting the rain mingle with my tears, still clutching Book's soggy corpse. Stella's face appears above me.

"I knew there was something off about you, Weatherboy, but I didn't think it was going to be a talking book."

"Too... soon," I choke out. I lay Book on the ground. I'll bury it when this is all over.



"Um excuse me..." a British accent pierces through the air.

"Robert?"

I look up. A portly, bearded man stands above me, clutching a camera. He's barely wet despite the rain.

"How did you get here?" Stella demands.

"I'm not... exactly sure." Robert says, looking mildly confused.

I glance behind him and see two short silhouettes disappear down the hill, and I swear I hear a faint giggle.

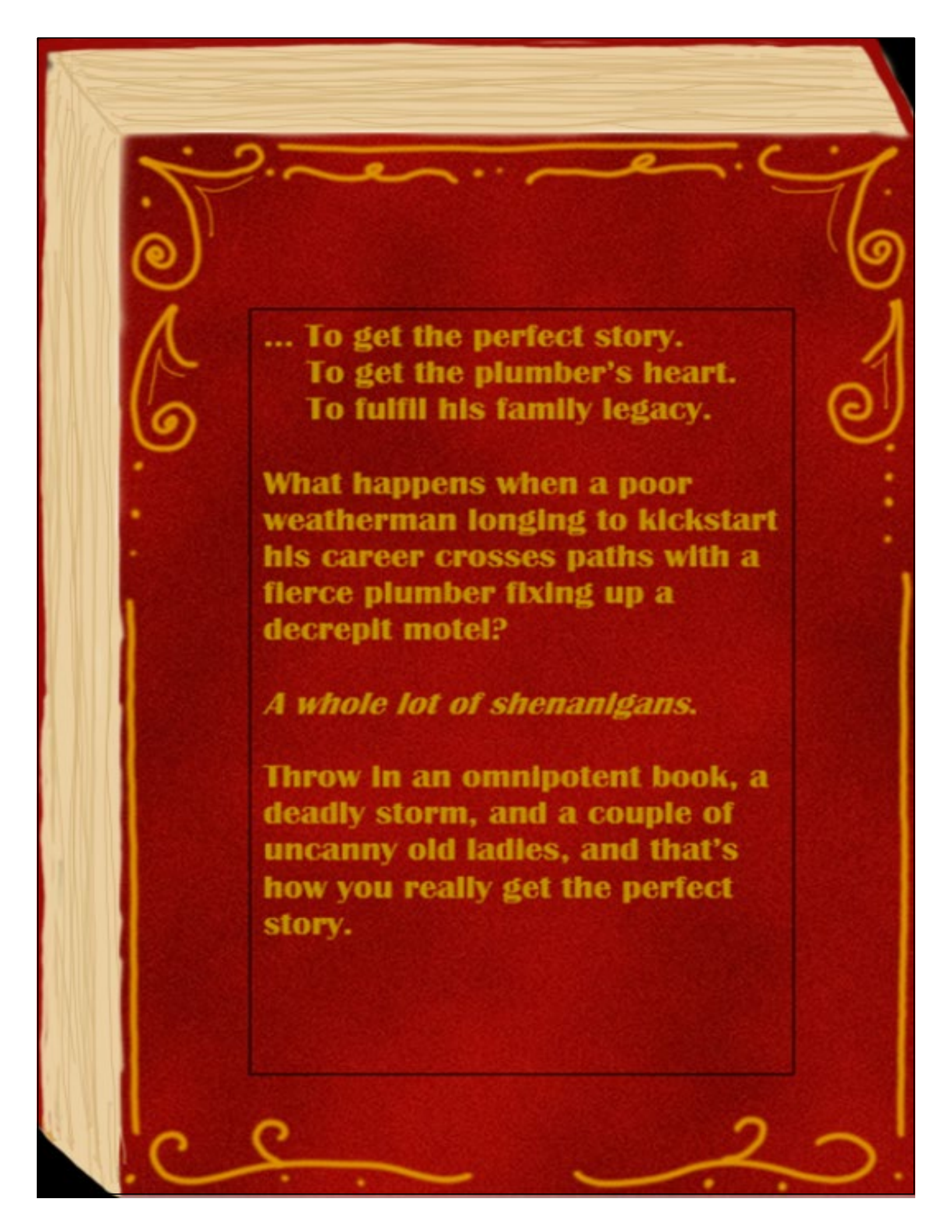
"Well, we goin' to get this story or wot?" He says cheerfully.

"I don't know if I can." The weight of the events of the past day crashes down on my shoulders. Betsy, Book, the storm. I curl up into a ball and all I can do is cry. That is... until I feel a reassuring presence and two enormous hands pluck me off the ground. Stella sets me on my own two feet, grasps my shoulders and speaks directly to my face.

"Now you listen to me, Weatherboy. You have worked extremely hard to get this far. You may just be a scrawny little weather reporter, but you're the best scrawny little weather reporter I know. So you go out there, stand in front of that camera, and you report. Report like your life depends on it." And suddenly her hands are on my face and her lips are against mine, and my body **melts** into her embrace. Despite the fact we are standing in the middle of a roaring downpour, I have never felt warmer in my entire life.

“Alright. Let's do this.”

“Framed. Rollin’. Action!”

The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is a deep red color. A decorative gold border with ornate scrollwork and flourishes surrounds the central text area. The text is contained within a black rectangular box. The text is written in a bold, serif font, with some parts in italics. The book's spine and pages are visible on the left side.

**... To get the perfect story.
To get the plumber's heart.
To fulfill his family legacy.**

**What happens when a poor
weatherman longing to kickstart
his career crosses paths with a
fierce plumber fixing up a
decrepit motel?**

A whole lot of shenanigans.

**Throw in an omnipotent book, a
deadly storm, and a couple of
uncanny old ladies, and that's
how you really get the perfect
story.**