

# The Test



Authors - Maddie Jerkovic, Shayla Wallis, George Verveniotis, Kaylee Bozelle and Tahlia Love

Illustrators - Jaymee Miller and Calliegh Baker-Sherrah



# Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'  
CANCER  
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

## PARAMETERS FORM 2019

### TEAM DETAILS

STATE: VIC .....

DIVISION: Primary School .....

SCHOOL/GROUP: Somerville Rise Primary School (SOMERVILLE) .....

TEAM NAME: Somerville Rise Primary School .....

TEAM ID: 125 .....

### PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

#### Parameters

Primary character 1 Princess .....

Primary character 2 Woodworker .....

Non-human character Superhero .....

Setting Classroom .....

Issue No mobile phone connection .....

#### Random words

Community .....

Skipped .....

Magic .....

Canvas .....

Sings .....

### INSTRUCTIONS

- Start at 8am
- Write an original story:
  - based on all **five parameters** (above)
  - including all **five random words** (above), 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** in both the hard and soft copy.
- 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 8pm.**

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
- Mail a hard copy of your book on the next business day to:  
Write a Book in a Day, The Kids' Cancer Project, PO Box 6400, Alexandria NSW 2015

## Appendix 2 – Copyright page template

Copyright Published by Somerville Rise Primary School, Year 5 and 6, 34 Blacks Camp Rd, Somerville VIC 3912. Maddie Jerkovic, Shayla Walles, George Verveniotis, Tahlia Love, Kaylee Bozelle, Jaymee Miller, Calleigh Baker-Sherrah

Copyright © 2019 Somerville Rise Primary 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.

This book is dedicated to Mr White our loving teacher that we lost 1961-2019. And also a big thank you to all students at Somerville Rise Primary School for raising enough money for the opportunity to write this story. Another huge thank you to Mrs. Kandasamy for organising this special event.

The girls' fingertips skimmed along the edge of all the clothes she has.

Not many.

It was a choice. She was allowed as many clothes as she wanted; no limit. But trying to be normal isn't always easy when you're a princess.

Her hand landed on a short, sapphire dress. She tried the dress on and looked into the mirror. Staring back at her were two round, hollow, hazel eyes. Her brunette hair shone in the morning sun, curling around her shoulders. The dress sparkled and stood out - which she didn't particularly like - but was sure her parents would.



“Princess Alexia!”

Her gaze was taken away from the mirror and drawn towards the figure standing in her doorway. She rolled her eyes, “For the last time – it’s just Alexia!”

“Yeah, yeah. Anyways, you have to hurry up, you’re going to be late for school!”

“I know Father, I’ll be quicker.”

He grinned and turned to leave, then added, “By the way, I really like your dress.”

Within ten minutes, Alexia was waiting on the front porch for her limo to arrive. She was growing more and more impatient by the second, so she decided to walk to school. It had to have been one of the best moments of her life, with no guards swarming her and tracking down her every move. No one knew where she was.

Alexia **skipped** along the footpath, each step she took meaning she was closer to becoming a normal schoolgirl. But she then felt like the weight she had been carrying on her shoulders her whole life pull her to the ground. What if she doesn’t pass the test? What if she stays a princess *forever*?

She took a deep breath and gave herself a mental shake.

*‘I have to pass that test,’* Alexia said to herself.

She smiled when she reached the school gates. In her stride, Alexia elegantly pushed open the double-door entrance and stepped into the corridor. She nervously walked into the classroom and butterflies filled her stomach.

She stared around her at the rows of desks and bean bags, and the tubs of pencils and erasers. On the back wall she noticed the colossal world map and the blue clock above it.

“Everybody please have a seat, you will now be handed a sheet of paper to begin your test.” The teacher declared.

It’s time.

Alexia sat down in a seat at the front of the classroom, and looked behind her at all the other royals, desperate for a normal life.



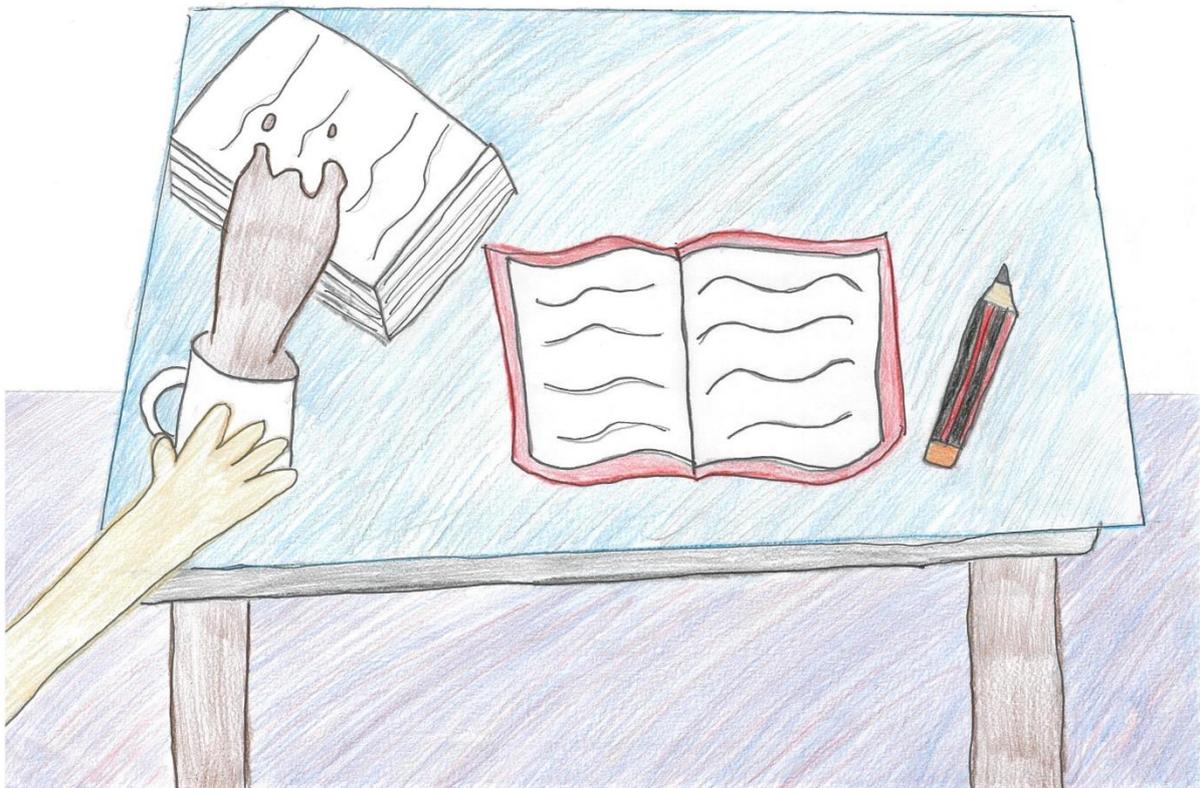
Only one's wishes shall be granted.

The teacher reached down into the draw in her desk and pulled out a stack of papers. She placed it back down on her desk in order to gather pencils for the class.

Suddenly everyone's attention was drawn to the boy rushing through the door. On his way to the empty seat in the classroom, he accidentally knocked the teacher's coffee onto the stack of paper.

"Sorry I'm late Miss Rotherfield!" he said, and then noticed the spilt coffee. He quickly rushed to the spare seat, and guiltily sat down.

Miss Rotherfield rolled her eyes and mumbled, "Not again."



She pulled out her phone from her pocket, which let out a series of beeps when she tried to call the office. “Great, no reception! Now I have to print it all out again. Everyone, stay put!”

Alexia got up from her seat and picked up her school bag. She grabbed out her vegemite sandwich because she was hungry and the teacher left them alone in the classroom.

There was a loud noise coming from outside – it almost sounded like someone was knocking on the external glass door. But when everyone turned to look at the door, nothing was there.

Panic filled the room.

Alexia walked up to the window and her eyes searched for anything or anyone that could be making the noises. Her eyes landed on a guy chopping wood.

He stared back at her with a gleam in his eye.

Something about him didn't seem quite right.

He started reluctantly trudging towards the classroom, with a hidden smirk on his face.

He stopped directly in front of the glass door. Alexia shook vigorously, afraid of what the man was capable of. What if he manages to open the door somehow?

The man raised his hand and stiffly knocked on the door, but no one opened it for him.



He yelled through the glass, "Please let me in! I just remembered I forgot to fix the internal door yesterday." He laughed at himself.

Alexia quickly opened the door for him. It made a *lot* more sense.

"Thank you," he said. "By the way my name is Greg."

"Nice to meet you, I'm Alexia."

Just at that very moment, Miss Rotherfield stepped through the door.

Everyone craned their necks and caught sight of her; they stopped dead in their tracks.

"Everyone, back in your seats, otherwise you will be doing **community** service!" Miss Rotherfield snapped.

Everybody obeyed her and rushed towards their seats, so quick it was almost like **magic**.

Greg opened his mouth to speak, but Miss Rotherfield interrupted him. "And you," she pointed at Greg. "Go do your job!"

Greg did as he was told, and set to work on the door.

"Now, I have some disturbing news everyone." Miss Rotherfield scanned each and every student in the class's face. "Unfortunately, the test will not be able to take place today. Another thing... no mobile phone connections have been working, which means we can't call your parents to come and pick you up."

Everyone groaned. More school.

Greg walked into the store room, and beckoned for Alexia to follow him.



So she slipped out of her seat and crept into the store room.

“Now, Alexia, I heard you like art,” Greg said as soon as she was in the doorway.

Alexia nodded; he wasn’t wrong.

“Good. Now I’m going to need you to do something for me. I did a bad thing. And I need you to help me fix it.”

Alexia arched an eyebrow.

“Alright. I was the one who cut off the phone connection. I thought that maybe people would be a bit nicer and not so glued to their mobile phones.” He looked directly at Alexia’s puzzled face and continued. “You see, I got Powerbolt’s help.

He's a superhero. But once he realised it wasn't actually help to anyone, he just left, back into the **canvas.**"

Alexia spoke up finally, "Well I'm not helping someone who's just going to ruin everything. It doesn't even make sense anyways. How could a superhero come out of a canvas?!"

"Fine, you do you. But have a go for yourself, I will prove you wrong." Greg muttered as he handed over the canvas. "Paint Powerbolt."

Alexia was left questioning a million things. Her head was spinning around like a washing machine. *Paint Powerbolt?*

Alexia decided she would sneak out of the classroom. She crept silently out of the store room like a mouse. Like lightning, she shot out of the class and ran as far as she could towards her mansion. Her shoes scuffed along the pavement as she was approaching her driveway.

She made her way into the house, grabbed all her paint colours and brushes, and then gracefully walked outside into the garden.

Alexia squeezed the red, yellow and black colours onto the pallet. She visualised a superhero and gently positioned her brush to start painting. She sang and hummed a beautiful song, and when she **sings**, her pitch is always perfect.

She painted until her fingers throbbed, and she decided her work was done.

This has to be what he looks like.



She placed the canvas on the ground and waited for something to happen...

“WHOOSH!”

All of a sudden, what appeared to be *‘Powerbolt’*, came a bright coloured figure that rose from the canvas.

He had a bright red suit, with a yellow band wrapping around his waist as well as a yellow cape to match. He wore a black mask covering his eyes, and he had a black and yellow lightning bolt printed across his chest.

“Hello Princess,” Powerbolt said. “How may I help you?”

“First of all, thank you for being here!” Alexia noted. “I need you to bring back Australia’s mobile phone connection.”

“Ah, yes. I nearly forgot about that. If it’s your wish, Princess, it shall be granted.” He said. “Now, you’re the only one who can see me, as you brought me back from the canvas.”

Alexia nodded along at every word he said. “Got it. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Alexia had a hard time explaining to her parents why she walked to school, and why she snuck out of school - of course she had to leave out parts. However eventually they forgave her, understanding how hard it is to live life as a princess. She didn’t have trouble sleeping that night, excited by the thought of working alongside a superhero; it isn’t the most normal life, but at least it’s different from a day in the life of a princess!

Alexia woke up the next morning as jolly as a joey in a kangaroo’s pouch! She hurriedly dressed into a pale yellow dress, and ran outside.

“Powerbolt!” She yelled out repetitively.

Out of the bushes emerged a red and yellow silhouette.

“I’m here!” He announced.

“Awesome, now let’s go.”

So together off they went to the school.

They needed Greg’s help.

Both of them dashed around the back of the school in search of Greg, and they found him chopping the wood from the previous day.

“So I see you found out I wasn’t wrong,” Greg laughed.

“We need you to help us Greg, please.” Powerbolt said, getting straight to the point.

Greg hesitated. “Alright fine, but only because of guilt. It will be even.”

Alexia let out a long breath she didn’t even know she was holding. “Thank you, Greg, it means a lot.” She smiled. “And sorry that I didn’t believe you.”

“It’s all right,” Greg assured. “Now, what do you need me for?”

“You know how your son knocked over the coffee so Alexia couldn’t do the test?” Powerbolt questioned.

“Yeah,” Greg replied.

“Well, we are going to have to get the other princesses to do the test, because otherwise if you keep asking for the test to be cancelled, it’s going to become suspicious. As long as Alexia doesn’t - she needs to stay a princess. So Greg, go make sure they do the test. Now.” Powerbolt seemed to be going over everything in his head.

Alexia looks stunned. This was all new to her.

Greg hurried off into the classroom.

“Anyways, come on we need to do this Alexia,” Powerbolt demanded. “Follow me.”

So off they went down to the barn.

Powerbolt started talking again, "Now I need to try and connect these cords together like what they were before." He pointed at two chiselled cords on the ground. "It should be easy!"

Alexia looked at his uncertain face, "If you say so."

Powerbolt somehow worked up some sort of fiery magic in his hands and...

"POOF!"

The cords were mended.

Any lost faith in Powerbolt had been forgotten when Alexia heard people cheering outside as their phones' internet was restored.

Alexia and Powerbolt stepped outside and grinned at all the happy faces.

"Time to go home," Alexia said.

So together they strolled back along the footpath, feeling good about themselves.

Powerbolt went to stand above the canvas, but Alexia stopped him.

"Please don't forget about me." Pleaded Alexia. "Greg and I are really going to miss you."

"And I am going to miss you and Greg. Bye Alexia."

"Bye Powerbolt."

Powerbolt planted both feet above the canvas and disappeared in the flick of a switch – he is just a painting now.



This whole experience changed the way Alexia looked at the life of a princess.

Now it was time to be a princess

## The Test

Alexia is a princess wanting to be normal. She has decided to take a test that could mean the difference between a normal life and royalty. But then it all goes wrong. A wood worker named Greg needs her help. He had done something terribly wrong.

Then suddenly Alexia is in desperate need of the help from a superhero called Powerbolt.

Before long, Alexia finds herself trying to save Australia from what could mean the end of mobile phone connection forever.