

# SAIL AWAY

BY: THE MEGALODONS



# Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'  
CANCER  
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

## PARAMETERS FORM 2019

### TEAM DETAILS

STATE: QLD .....

DIVISION: Middle School .....

SCHOOL/GROUP: St Andrews Lutheran College (BURLEIGH BC) .....

TEAM NAME: Year 8 Girls .....

TEAM ID: 162 .....

### PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

#### Parameters

Primary character 1 Dancer .....

Primary character 2 Jeweller .....

Non-human character Shark .....

Setting Lake .....

Issue Sail away .....

#### Random words

Community .....

Skipped .....

Magic .....

Canvas .....

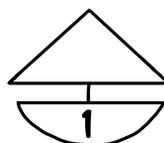
Sings .....

### 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



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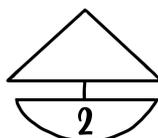
Jiya Donaldson, Marley Mavroidaki, Charlize Butler-Smith, Kirra Ashton,  
Rylee Overweg, Phoebe Gibson, Anenya Kale, Eva Lyall

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## **Message Of Goodwill**

Although you may feel unhappy or scared during  
this time, know that you are already braver than  
most, just by being where you are. In people as  
strong as you, an illness can only harm the body,  
but will never touch your pure and joyful soul.  
Someone as tough as you will always pull  
through in the end. We hope that this cheesy  
book can help bring a smile to your face, after  
all, laughter is the best medicine! 💕💕



## Contents:

Chapter 1 – A Night At The Fair / Page 4

Chapter 2 – Winner Winner! / Page 8

Chapter 3 – Revenge Is Mine / Page 11

Chapter 4 – Lost At Sea / Page 15

Chapter 5 – Panic / Page 19

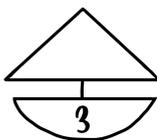
Chapter 6 – Caught In The Ocean / Page 24

Chapter 7 – Regret / Page 28

Chapter 8 – Fear / Page 32

Chapter 9 – Safety At Last / Page 36

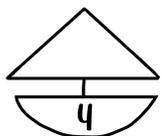
Chapter 10 – Relief / Page 39



## *Chapter 1 - A Night At The Fair*

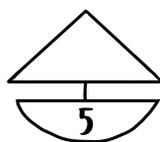
Ebony:

The taste of a sweet candy apple filled my mouth and the scent of freshly made pastries wafted through my nose. The sound of a distant guitar and a melodic voice echoed through my head and I was utterly at peace. I laid down on the grass, resting on my dad's lap. His comforting hands stroked through my hair as I thought about how hard he had worked for me. Each day, those same hands went through agony as he crafted gorgeous jewels for a living. He did that for us, for me. He had a jewellery stall at the fair, but had taken time off to watch the performances with me. I was so glad that he did too, as the acts were all amazing. The competition was drawing to a close and it was getting dark. The concluding act was Alexa Thompson. We were at the Gold Coast fair, watching the annual talent show. This was an event that the whole **community** tried to attend. As always, I was amazed, especially by Alexa. Each year, Alexa's dancing got better and better and this year, it was absolutely mesmerising.

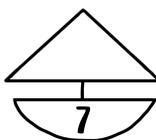


We'd been rivals for a long time, and both our lives were based around dance. I had just finished my own performance, and I think it was the best that I'd ever done the routine. I had left the stage feeling absolutely exhilarated. It had felt magical, that performance, and I was seriously hoping that I could get that prize money for my dad.

Restlessly, I waited for the results, as the sun began its nightly descent. The fairy lights on each tent glittered and the the last of the sun's pastel rays flickered through the open air venue. As Alexa exited the stage, applause filled my ears. I started to get nervous. I had no idea who would win. The announcer climbed the steps onto the stage, a microphone in her hands. Behind her was a table with the trophy, but that wasn't my priority or concern. The winner would get a thousand dollars, and I needed to help my dad. The money he made as a jeweller was barely enough and this money would really help me. The announcer stood at the podium and she said, "Now ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've been waiting for. And the winner is, Ebony Wilson!"



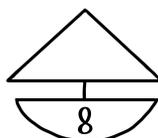




## **Chapter 2 - Winner Winner!**

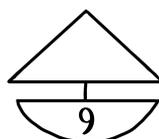
Allan:

I knew she could do it, my daughter won the talent show. Her dance was beautiful and the smile on her face when she was holding the trophy and the cheque was priceless. As Ebony came off the stage, I embraced her in a giant hug and congratulated her over and over, telling her how proud I was of everything she did. After the show many people came to praise her for her amazing performance but I could see one girl who not very happy about Ebony winning. Her name was Alexa and she placed second, only a few points behind Ebony and she was not having it. After the concert we walked outside to go watch the firework show in our little houseboat. As we were sitting on the deck the fireworks flew up creating a gorgeous spectacle for everyone to enjoy and sitting there with my daughter was pure **magic**.



The sky was still lit up with fireworks but Ebony and I decided to go to sleep, it had been a big day for both of us. Just as I was about to walk into my room Ebony came up to me and told me “I want to give you this, to help with your business,” whilst handing me the cheque she has just won. I told her I didn’t need it and she should spend it on getting herself some new ballet gear but she kept insisting that I needed to have it. We were struggling so I appreciated the offer but she had trained so hard and I felt horrible! She kept insisting and in the end, I took it. It would really help my business and I could hopefully start selling more jewels. Ebony got into her pyjamas and brushed her teeth before hopping into bed, still holding her trophy proudly.

I kissed her forehead and said goodnight while listening to the fireworks and feeling the boat rock up and down in the water before falling into a deep sleep.



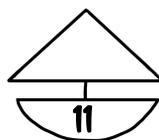


DANCE

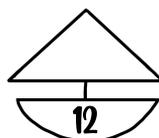
## **Chapter 3 - Revenge Is Mine**

Alexa:

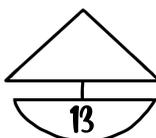
I had to do it. I knew it was wrong but I can't lose anymore. I needed to be the daughter my mother can boast about. I needed to be the one who my sister, Milly, can look up to. I could see Ebony's houseboat and decided I was going to cut the anchor. My tent was shielding me from their view as I sat cross legged on the damp grass. I waited for Ebony to go into their houseboat, then her father, Allan. I was aware I was making a mistake but my heart was heavy from losing to that low life family, and I knew I didn't deserve to feel like this. I just wanted to win the money for Milly, maybe this would make up for me not winning. I waited for a while after I knew they were both asleep, the stress building up in my stomach was making it difficult to count time. I knew it was late, at least midnight and majority of the people who were at the fair were gone.



My shaking legs made it difficult for me to stand, I used the side of my tent to pull me up. I took a deep breath, and made my way over to the lake edge. My eyes started stinging due to the tears I'm holding back. Why was I crying? Little Miss Perfect deserved this. I pulled the pocket knife my dad gave me out of my hand bag. What if he found out I was doing this? My legs felt heavy as they dragged me to the end of the dock. Luckily for me, the boat was close enough for me to touch. My hands grasped the rope that fell into the water which is what I assumed to be the anchor. My arms ached as I pulled up the overly heavy anchor. It felt like forever as I heaved up the chunk of metal that was holding the boat steady. A booming noise erupted as the anchor collided with the concrete jetty, causing me to jump suddenly. I look around with the fear that someone might come over. I had to act quick. My eyes fluttered shut as I drew back the knife. Was I really going to go through with this? With all my might I sawed through the rope cringing with each cut.



The rope fell into my lap limply after I had cut all the way through. The heaviness in my legs had seemingly disappeared as I sprang into a standing position. It was so slow it was almost not noticeable but I could see the boat was already started to glide along with the current. I realised what I had done, but for some reason it didn't dawn on me I could be killing these people. I just sat there on the dock. Listening to the hushed, subtle sound of the ocean. The wind was quiet but still there. I was oddly calm for someone who had just made a huge mistake. "I had to do it," I murmured to myself, "I had to do it for Milly...."

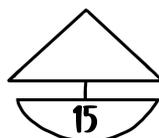




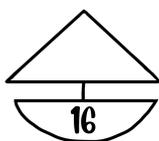
## **Chapter 4 - Lost At Sea**

Ebony:

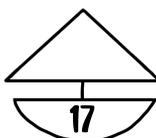
My eyes flickered open. Light blurred my vision, I rubbed them intently forcing tiredness to escape from my body. My bones ached from the non-stop practise I did yesterday. The warmth of my bed beckoning me to sleep onwards. I got up with an immense amount of effort and walked to my window regaining my steadiness as the floors creaked under my feet. My eyes fell on the broad horizon of the ocean, the waves glistening reflecting the sun's rays. My heart **skipped** a beat, and panic consumed my head. The blood instantly drained from my face, my own thoughts sending shivers down my spine. The single question 'Where are we?' blocked my rational thinking. I clutched the windowsill steadying myself, as I felt totally and utterly nauseous. I ran out with fear, searching the living area for my Dad.



He wasn't anywhere in sight. I rushed to his room and found him still asleep. I fearfully shook him with force, my mind a blur. I woke him, my eyes meeting his sharing an instant look of distress. I darted out of the room gesturing him to follow with urgency. We reached the kitchen and open living room. His figure instantly froze as he saw the view from the window, nothing but ocean surrounded the boat. No land could be seen, no boats or any sign of human life or safety could be seen, just a single line meeting the sea and the sky. It was as if a paint brush had splashed the **canvas** of the sky and sea totally blue. Terror filled the atmosphere, my Dad's hands shaking violently and body trembling as he stumbled to reach the radio. A static sound filled the air causing my ears to ring, disappointment overcoming me as no voice was heard on the other land. We tried helplessly to receive a response but no signal met our radio. We needed help, we were lost and vulnerable with limited food and water.



We attempted to make contact with land multiple times, each time becoming more anxious than the last. No signal could be found ensuring we weren't close to shore or any land for that matter.





## Chapter 5 - Panic

### Ebony:

Panic was still ringing through the air, pushing away any rationality in our minds, leaving only chaos. The thought of being unable to contact anyone scared us. Helpless and scared, pale as ghosts, we cried out, for we knew our chances of survival were now slimmer than ever. The houseboat rocked unnervingly on the calm ocean, making the rotting wooden interior creak eerily. No one was coming to save us from this nightmarish situation. We were alone, in the vast blue ocean, or so we had thought. We gathered ourselves and pulled our minds back together. We couldn't just sit here, waiting to die or be rescued, we had to do something. Dad and I stepped onto the outside deck to look for the land, but it was still no-where in sight. Stranded on a houseboat, with no means of communication, was a pretty bad situation.

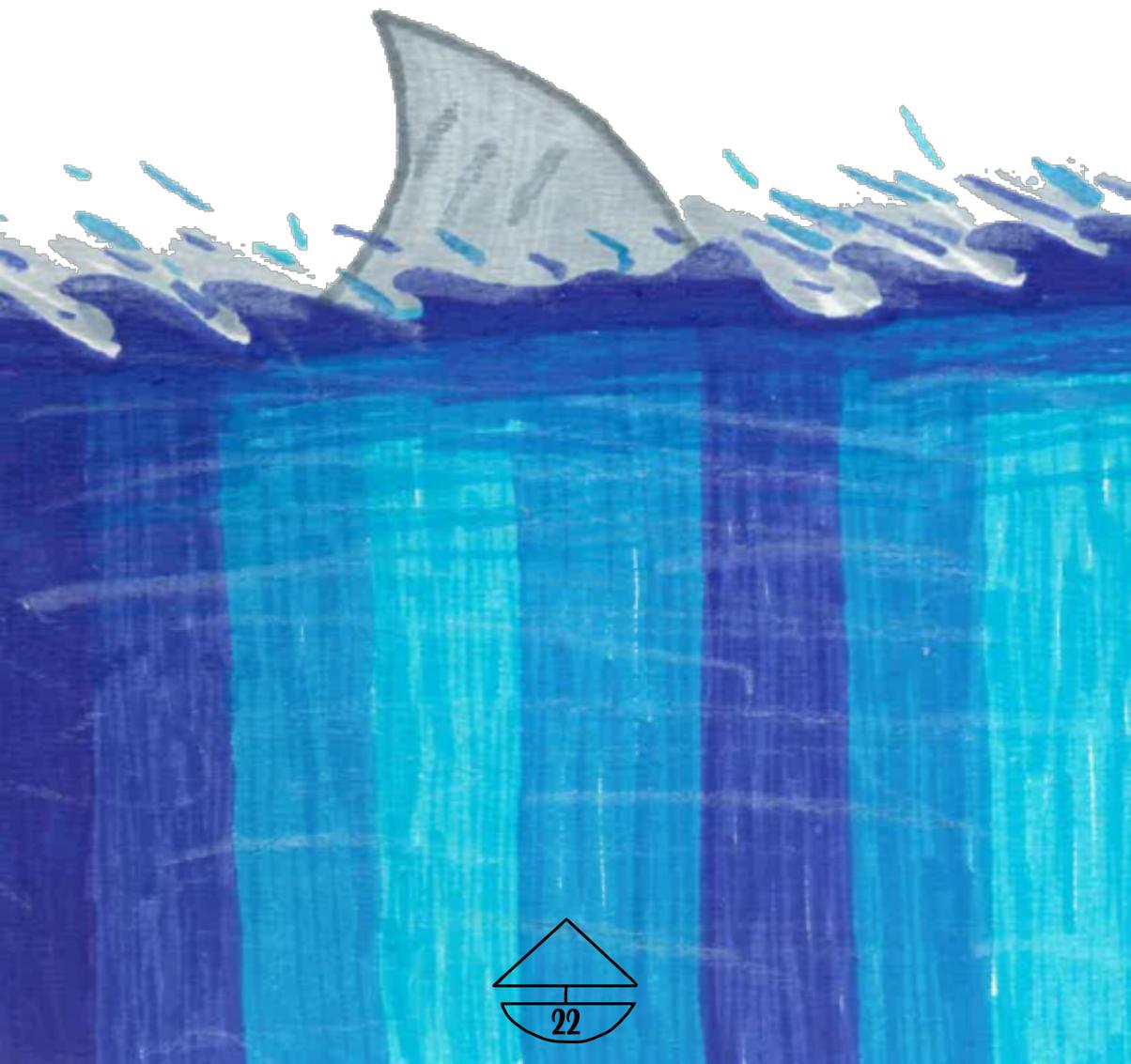
As we continued to scan for any sign of firm ground, my eyes settled on something in the distance. I shouted to dad, pointing at a vivid grey dot. As he ran over to me, I realised that this speck was getting larger and larger, moving closer and closer to us. Not a piece of land, not a celebration. A fin, cutting through the white wash, moving at an alarming speed. My hand shook as the fin reached the boat, and I could see the light grey shadow swimming underneath my pale outstretched hand. Dad grabbed my other hand and forced me inside before I could scream. But not fast enough for me to not see the shark. Dad was facing the other way, busy trying to open the door, and the shark jumped up out of the water, attempting to bite my hand. A monster great white, big enough to take a few decent bites out of the house, was staring at me. Dad pushed me inside and shut the door before he could see it. I sat huddled on the couch where he placed me gently, watching him frantically attempt to work the radio.

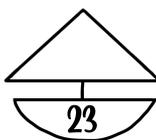
He was pressing all the buttons, clawing at the wires and tabs desperately. The anguish in his voice as he picked up the transmitter and spoke into it was so strong.

‘Hello? Is anyone there?’

‘Someone, please, help us!’

No one replied. It was futile, no matter how hard he tried to reach help, the communication was not going through. We were stranded, with a massive, hungry great white shark roaming in the waters below us, waiting for an opportunity to cave into its hunger.





## **Chapter 6 - Caught In The Ocean**

Allan:

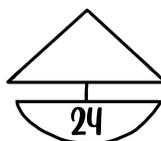
I didn't see it at first. I just saw the pristine, blue waves rolling and the Sun's blinding reflection on the water. It wasn't until I saw Ebony's shaky hand reach forward and point out towards the horizon that I saw it. A large, grey fin was circling the boat. I turned to look at Ebony, and saw how frightened she was. Her olive skin lost all colour and she was shaking violently. I knew in that moment we urgently needed help. I ran to the radio and frantically pushed as many buttons as I could, trying to get it to work. I grabbed the transceiver device and hastily spoke into it.

"Hello is anyone there?!"

"Hello? Someone please help us!"

"Is anyone there that can save us?"

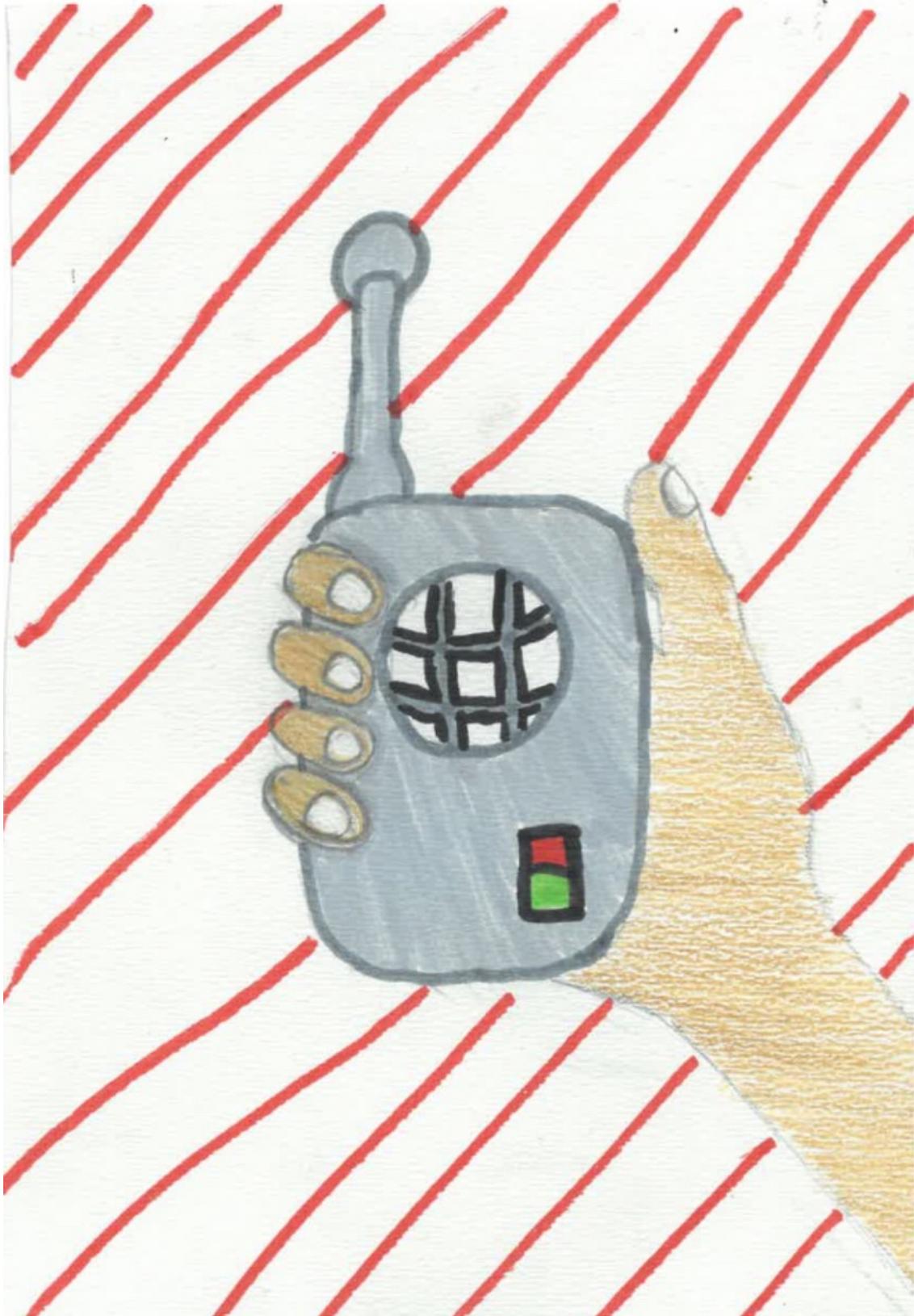
"Hello?"



The radio remained silent. The only sounds that could be heard, was the sound of the boat floating on the water and Ebony's quiet whimpers. I knew that nobody could help us. We were stuck in the middle of the ocean for God's sake! But we had to get away, the shark looked at least 5 meters long and it was very obvious that it could destroy our house with ease. I glanced at Ebony and saw her looking out at the ocean in fear.

“Dad, what are we going to do?” She asked, her voice trembling.

“We are going to sail away,” I replied with confidence as an attempt to calm Ebony down, despite the fact I was panicking myself. I found the keys, started the engine and sailed away as fast as I could.





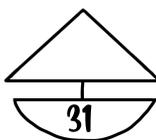
## Chapter 7 - Regret

Alexa:

It had been hours, what had I done? At the time I thought they both deserved it, but now I'm not so sure. She stole my prize money, the money that I rightfully deserved, and should have won. I needed it for Milly, this was all for her. She had been my responsibility ever since she was born, with Dad out at work for hours on end, and Mum out doing who knows what. That money could have fed us for weeks, maybe even gotten a special treat for Milly. I promised myself that I wouldn't let anything happen to her. Ever. But did Ebony really deserve everything I did to her? I had waited at the docks for several hours, but I hadn't seen the boat since I cut the rope. They could have starved, or drowned, or died of thirst..... No. I did what needed to be done. After all, she practically asked for it. I didn't tell anyone about what I did. Not even Milly.

The prize money was not the only reason I did what I did, honestly I'm really jealous of Ebony. Her hair, her dancing skills and the dream relationship with her father that I've always wanted but never had. She's practically perfect in every way, and for once I wanted to be better than her at something. I guess this competition just really pushed me over the edge. But there's only so long someone could keep a secret this big. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if they died on that boat. I should have just stolen the money, not sent them into the ocean with no food, no water, and no way to get home. I was so stupid. This mess had gotten too big. Two people's lives had been put into my hands, and I had done the selfish thing. I needed to do something. Even if I thought she deserved all this, it was wrong, and I acknowledged that. I picked up the phone and called the police, hoping that with my help, they could find that boat.





## Chapter 8 - Fear

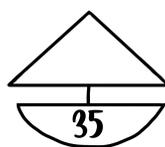
Allan:

I was paralysed in fear. It had been circling the boat, its fin exposed. I didn't know what to do. All common sense abandoned me. The only thought I had was of Ebony. I'd worked so hard to give her a bright future, a good life. Now, it all felt like an utter waste. Terrifying thoughts engulfed my mind, giving me no space to think about anything else. I had shut my eyes, fear clouding my judgement. I didn't know where Ebony was. Vaguely, I had felt someone shaking my shoulder, and I heard muffled cries that sounded like, "Dad." All my life, I, Alan Wilson, had staked my pride on my bravery. I had taught myself to cope under pressure, to deal with fear. Times had been tough, with barely enough money to allow Ebony to keep doing what she loves, dancing.

We lived on a small little houseboat, and sometimes Ebony would lose hope. Those were the times when I was her rock, when I was brave and strong. But when it really counted, in this instance, none of that mattered. I was the one with no hope, and fear had consumed me. My eyes were still closed, so all I saw was black. Then all too suddenly, I felt the wood beneath me start to sink. My feet began to shake violently. I snapped open my eyes, hyperventilating. There, on the very boat I lived on, were big, jagged bite marks. More than half the deck was gone. "Ebony!" I cried.

"Dad!" She replied. I whipped my head around and saw her a few metres away. Thank god. She was safe. No, not safe. Simply alive. We were barely and plainly alive, drifting with the currents, on the remainders of our houseboat. The rubble of our home.





## **Chapter 9 - Safety At Last**

Ebony:

Tears stream down my face as my eyes frantically glance around, trying to find my dad. So this is it, I've had my fair share of surprises but this is by far the most startled and panicked I've ever been. It almost doesn't seem real. My hearing is almost deafened by the overwhelming booming sound of my heart. It takes me a few seconds but it dawns upon me that my breathing is choked and after a while of struggling, my breathing stops all together. After a few minutes in my state of pure panic I hear my fathers constant yells suddenly get louder. In this circumstance it seems impossible but I swear he almost sounds happy. Confusion hits me when I hear the words come from my dad, "Thank you, lord!" In my dazed and confused state I fling my head around searching for my father. Trying, trying so hard. And then I see him.

I exhaled a sigh of relief. 'Is he waving to me?' I thought to myself. Then I saw it, In the sky there was a helicopter. I screamed out and started waving my arms around twice as frantically as my father, I wanted to be saved more than I wanted anything. The thought of the helicopter not seeing us made my heart drop. That's when it happened. It started to stop and we both started sobbing tears of relief and pain. In the distance we saw a ladder begin the descend with a man in hi-vis jacket attached waving at us. The happiness I felt due to the fact that we had been saved put a dopey smile on my face whilst tears stung up my eyes. My panic attack was still slowing down but that didn't stop my smile beaming from my face. I eagerly swam over to my dad as he embraced me in a tight hug and we cried happy tears together. The man in the jacket helped us onto the rope ladder before the helicopter pulled us up to safety. We finally thought we'd be ok. Even thinking back to that moment, my heart **sings** with glee.



## Chapter 10 - Relief

Ebony:

This is what we'd been waiting for, a lifeline, someone to come and end this nightmare. We had been on that boat for what felt like a lifetime, though I knew it must have only been a day or two. Dad and I were huddled together in blankets, a warm cup of coffee in both our hands. The steam had helped re-gained some warmth back into my hands, and the hot liquid was warming me from the inside out. I sipped from the cup thoughtfully, reflecting on the past few days. On the helicopter with us was a pilot, co-pilot, several nurses and doctors and surprisingly Alexa.

"Hey...." Mumbled Alexa.

"Oh, um... hey Alexa. What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be back in town?"

“Oh yeah, well, I was worried when I heard that you both went missing. And when I heard that they were sending a helicopter to try and find you, I wanted to come and help.”

“That’s so nice of you, but you really didn’t have to.”

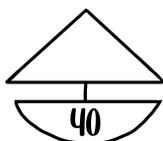
“No, I had to”, said Alexa with a sense of certainty I had never seen from her before.

We sat in a sort of awkward silence, staring of each other, neither knowing what to really say.

“Hey, Alexa?” I asked.

“Yeah?” She responded, sounding uncertain.

“I want you to have half the prize money. You danced so amazing and I really think that we should share it.



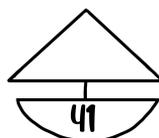
I know about you and Milly and your situation, and I would love it if you would accept the money; you deserve it.”

“Oh Ebony, I-“Before she could say anything else, I silenced her by embracing her in a big bear hug, squeezing her tightly.

“Tha-thank you....”, Alexa whimpered into my shoulder, tears pricking at her eyes. Alexa? Crying? After she had composed herself and wiped away her tears, I turned to my dad and rested my head on his shoulder.

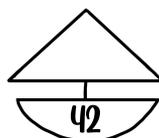
“I love you dad.”

“I love you too, baby. Forever and always.” He said, choking back a sob.



We stayed like this for a while, my head resting in his chest listening to his steady heart beat. It was only then when I finally let my tears fall. I realised that after all this it had brought me and dad so much closer, and our love for each other had only grew. I knew that after this, nothing would scare either of us ever again.

**Fiń**



## **Acknowledgements**

We'd like to thank all of our sponsors who supported us and allowed us to take part in this event. We wouldn't be able to do it without you! Thank you guys for reading our book. We hope you had as much fun reading it as we did writing it! 💖💫

Chapter 1: Anenya

Chapter 2: Jiya

Chapter 3: Marley

Chapter 4: Kirra

Chapter 5: Rylee

Chapter 6: Phoebe

Chapter 7: Charlize

Chapter 8: Anenya

Chapter 9: Marley and Jiya

Chapter 10: Charlize

Main Illustrator: Eva



When Ebony wins a dance competition, her rival, Alexa, seeks revenge. In the midst of the night, she cuts the anchor of Ebony and her father's houseboat and they drift out to sea. In the morning, they wake up in the vast clear sea, having no clue where they were or how to get back to shore.

But before they could think straight, a figure approached them through the water. A figure looking suspiciously like a shark.

Recommended age range: 10-16