

The Coded Recipe



Australia Day * Bake * Off





Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM 2019

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: QLD

DIVISION: Primary School

SCHOOL/GROUP: St Augustine's Parish Primary School (CURRUMBIN)

TEAM NAME: Sizzling Scribes

TEAM ID: 230

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 .. Baker

Primary character 2 .. Poet

Non-human character .. Tennis ball

Setting .. Sand dunes

Issue .. Cracking the code

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

Thanks to St Augustine's Sizzling Scribes for writing and illustrating this book.

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Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass, it's about
learning to dance in the rain.

-Vivian Greene

We hope you get well soon.

Prologue

Great Grandfather Pat sat in a dark kitchen at the back of the bakery for hours, writing the coded recipe. His hair was shining grey and his skin was as wrinkled as a shriveled sultana, his hands were long and boney, and he knew it was time to pass the recipe on. It had been kept secret by the family for hundreds of years. He hoped that his future ancestors would decode the recipe someday. It was for a magnificent lamington; it had won countless competitions for many years and now it was time to pass it on to the future Dune generations.

*Beat the butter, sugar and vanilla,
until light and fluffy like a chinchilla.
Add eggs and beat well, does that ring a bell?
Oh! I almost forgot, sift the flour over the top.
Now add the milk and stir to combine,
watch your mixture begin to shine.
Bake for 30 minutes, you must stay patient,
now for the icing, no need for dicing!
Mix up the icing sugar and cocoa in a bowl,
if you don't it may take your soul!
Add the butter and boiling water,
make sure you don't spill it on your daughter.
Now sprinkle on the coconut and your dessert is complete!
But there is one more ingredient that cannot be purchased for any fee,
it doesn't grow on any tree,
and just remember it rhymes with beamberk!*

It was a simple code that only a Dune family member could decipher. Not one but two them were needed to perfect the recipe.

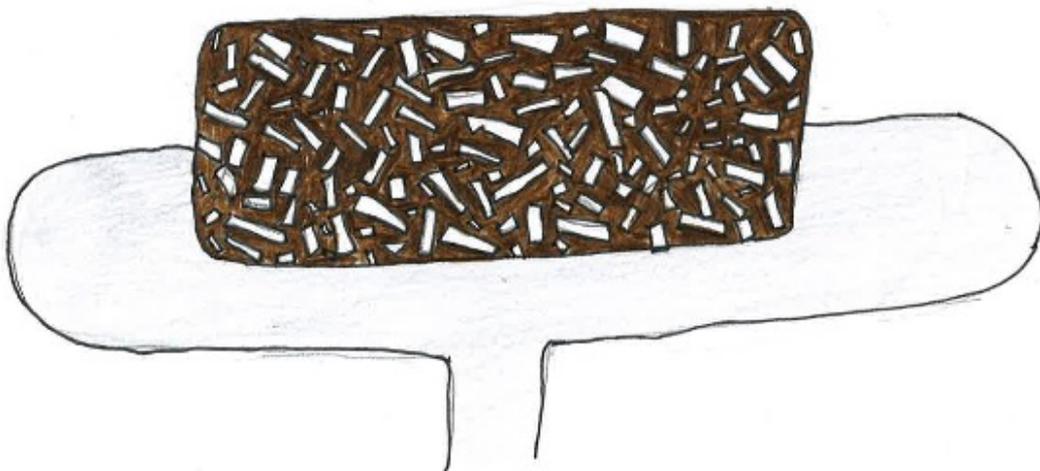
Chapter 1

“Rotten donuts!” yelled Sam Dune. “Why is this recipe not working! What kind of weirdo writes a recipe in code?” He bellowed loudly, as the creamy mixture swirled awkwardly in the mixing bowl. As he bent down to take a seat on the wooden stool, it started to wobble as more of his body leant to the left dragging him towards the ground. He wandered over to the flour thinking about what was required to produce this family recipe.

“If my brother were here, he could assist me with this troubling formula, after all this is a family business, where he should be taking part.”

The young man fumbled towards the oven, struggling to keep the lumpy mixture in the cake tin. A foul gush of smoke made his dark brown eyes water.

“All this time I have worked in Sand Dunes family bakery and I have not had this amount of difficulty with a recipe until now.” Sam complained. “For three generations, this building in Currumbin, has been home for many of my family members. So, to make this bakery successful, I must master this recipe.” He contemplated this, while watching the cake fizz weirdly in the oven.



Chapter 2

Meanwhile, Sam's older brother 'Winston Kingston', or better known by his family as Jack Dune, sat in the green room of the prestigious Melbourne Theatre, carefully grooming his hair for tonight's highly anticipated show. His wife, Lady Gabriella, sashayed elegantly in her long, white designer dress, handing Kingston a White Russian cocktail and a specially selected plate of exclusive dark chocolates.

Posters promoting Winston's show **canvas** the walls throughout the Melbourne **community**. As the sound of excitement from the audience members hits Winston's ears, he became aware that it was time to present his opening poem. After being embraced by his wife, he slowly struts out of the green room and emerges onto the grand stage to hear the blaring shouts and cheers. He waves towards the large audience, searching for his brother and his wife in the VIP area. He sees his wife but can't find his brother. A rush of panic runs through his body; however, he knows that it is likely that his brother is stuck at the theatre entrance behind the large crowd of fans. He picks up the microphone and takes a profound breath. He opens his mouth and starts the poem.

*I can't rationally compare myself
with any other boy I see,
because I am not him
and he is not me.*



The sound of the audience's cheers and claps, echo through the theatre.

Sadly, due to an unforeseen incident, Sam Dune did not attend the Melbourne Theatre that evening.

Chapter 3

“Order up!” bellowed Sam, as he came through the back doors into the main room, with a plate of steaming croissants. Sam’s baking was adored by all.

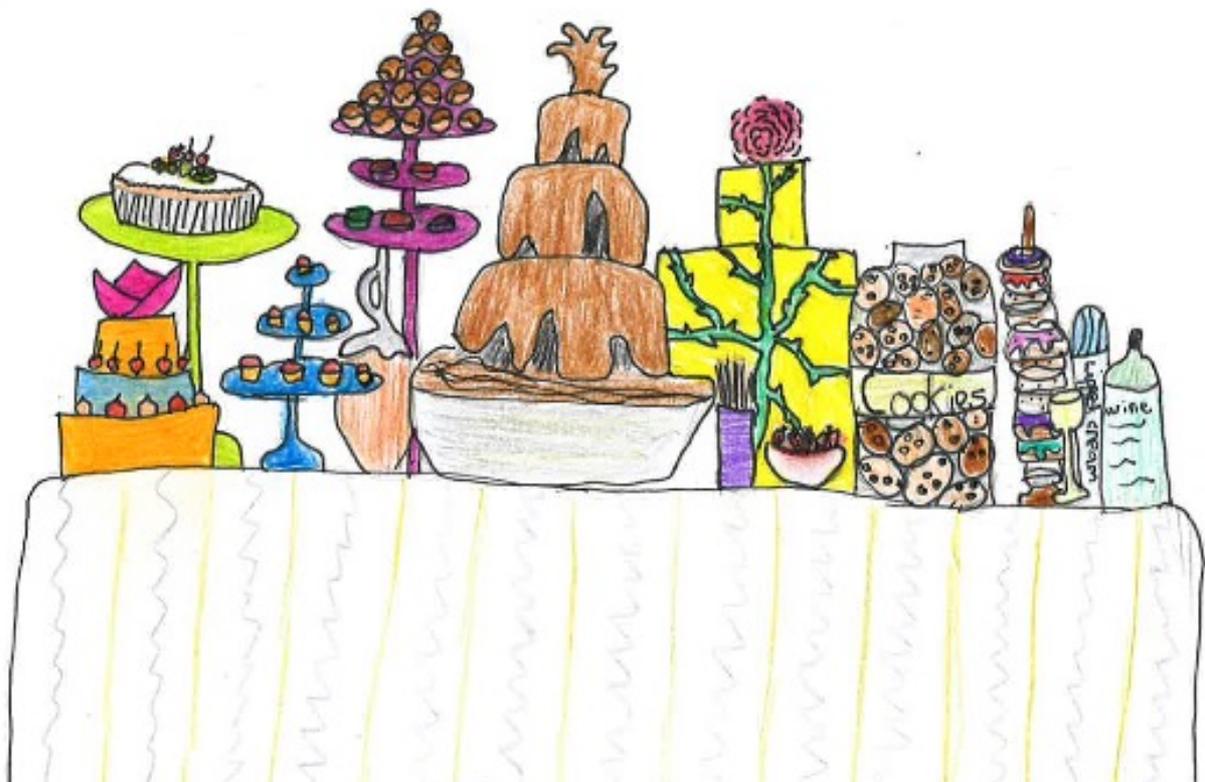
As Sam gave his customers their food, he smiled and said, “Life is short, eat cake!”. He walked back to the kitchen, to grab the next plate of goods.

“Hey, Sam!” said the waiter, “There’s a problem upfront.”

Sam pushed past the waiter, to reach the front counter where a long line of customers stood waiting. Before he could ask what was wrong, a lady came up to him and asked, “Sam, are you going to participate in the Australia Day Baking Competition?”

Sam shifted his feet, as he thought about what he was going to say. “Of course! Why wouldn’t I?” Sam exclaimed with fake enthusiasm. He walked back to his office, to type a note about how he was going to take the next week off work to focus on the competition. After emailing it to his employees, he set off for home.

The next morning, Sam got up early so that he could write to his brother to ask him if he could help him with the coded recipe written by his great grandfather for the baking competition.



Dear Jack,

I am sincerely sorry about not attending your show in Melbourne. I know that you would have been amazing, but there was an incident that caused me not to attend. It was very embarrassing, so I wish not to tell you what happened.

It is of the utmost importance that you do me this favour. I may have hurt your feelings, but please brother, I need you to help me with the Australia Day Bake Off.

Great Grandfather's secret recipe is our only hope of winning! You can have half of the \$10 000 reward if we win and you help me.

Please join me for the sake of our family's cooking history!

Warm regards,

Sam.

He hoped that Jack would respond in time to help during the event. This meant everything to Sam, so he was praying that Jack would forgive him.

Chapter 4

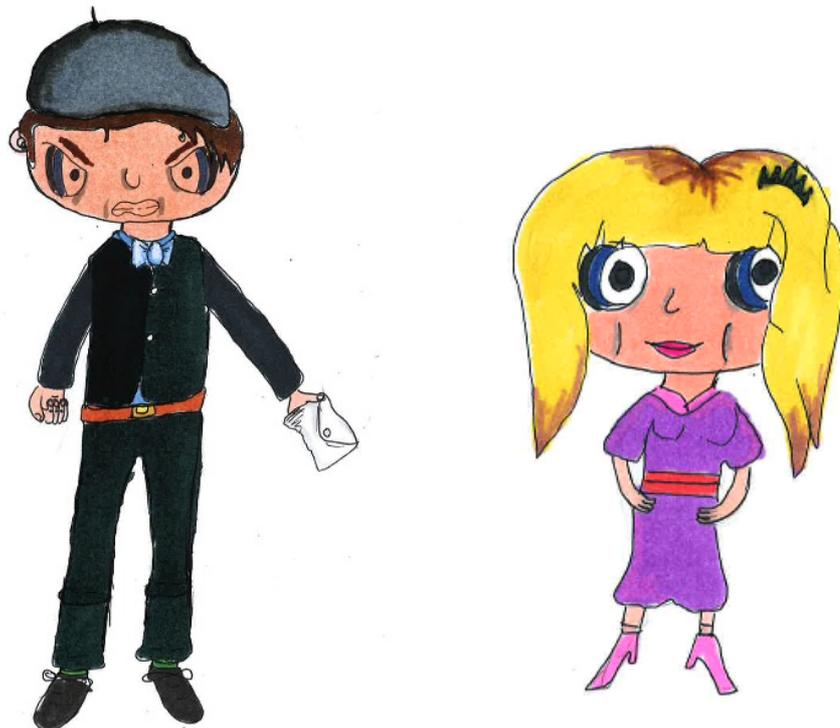
Winston was working tirelessly on his latest collection of poetry for his upcoming tour of Europe. Suddenly, Winston's butler Walter enters the lavish study to hand him a neatly sealed envelope, coated with biscuit crumbs and dusted with flour.

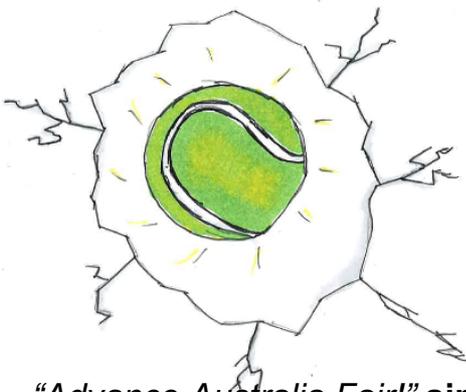
"I know who this'll be from," Winston thought to himself while roughly tearing the envelope open. He quickly skimmed through the text, disappointed that his brother hadn't used any rhyming words. "Why should I help him win a daft baking competition when he couldn't even attend my show! He's only apologizing to me so that I come help him decode Great Grandfather's recipe (although it would be good to finally get Great Grandfather's recipe). He gives the envelope an exasperated look and throws it in his paper bin. As he does that, Lady Gabriella strolled through the door and says, "You really should go to see your brother, darling."

"Have you seriously been eavesdropping that entire time?"

"Well, I think that family is much more important, and you need to see your brother. You are always telling me that when you were little there was nothing you loved more than to eat your Great Grandfather's lamingtons."

"Fine, I guess I will be able to spare some time there. I'll book a flight now."





Chapter 5

“*Advance Australia Fair!*” **sings** the famous opera singer. The day of the Australia Day Bake Off had finally come! After countless nights of trying to figure out what to bake, Sam had finally settled on pavlova. When the anthem was finished, judges weaved around the tables full of delicious looking cakes and treats.

Sam could feel the exhilaration and the tension rising through the air as the judges did their rounds. The competition was held in a big white room filled with tables, that the bakers and cooks had meticulously set up their goods on.

Sam’s eyes wandered around the room looking closely at each contestant. Most of the cooks were overweight, but some were tall and lean with pearly white teeth, wearing black suits with ties.

Sam adds his finishing touches to his pavlova while the judges count down “5...4...3...2...1!” As the first judge tasted Sam’s pavlova, a loud explosion of shattering glass rang out. Before Sam could do anything to stop it, a tennis ball had smashed through the top of his magnificent pavlova. Cream and fruit flew everywhere, it was all over the floor and had covered most of the cooks faces. “Delicious! Sam this is marvelous! Too bad the other judges won’t be able to experience this divine pavlova!”

Sam’s whole body sagged with relief. Even though his pavlova was ruined, and his face was covered in a thick layer of cream, at least one of the judges had been able to try it. Sam pleased the judge so much, that he had made it to the final round.



Chapter 6

A loud knock disturbs Sam from his intense concentration. Sam was eager to welcome this unexpected guest of his, so he quickly shifted to the large wooden door of the bakery. With a keen urge, Sam unlocks the door and to his surprise he notices his older brother, Jack Dune with his stunning, model like wife Lady Gabriella.

“It’s great to see you and all but you are a bit late.” Sam proclaimed. They stared at each other for quite some time, until Jack mentioned Sam missing his big performance. Sam built up the courage to explain to Jack what caused his absence.

“While I was baking a delicious Crème Brulee, I was caramelising the sugar and burnt my eyebrows to a crisp. I was too embarrassed to attend your show,” explained Sam. Sam told Jack that the recipe he wanted to bake was Great Grandfather Pat’s lamington. The two men got to work, mixing and blending all night long. The more time they spent helping and working together, the closer they became. The last sentence of the poem, however, completely through them off track as they tried to decipher the code. “What rhymes with beamberk?”



Chapter 7

Jack and Sam carefully brought in a clean, flawless tray that contained the delectable and scrumptious lamington. They slowly carried it towards their shiny white clothed table which was displayed with the finest silverware that glistened when the beaming sun reflected on it. This time, to avoid another tennis ball incident, Sam chose a table far away from any windows but closest to the judges. Sam and Jack spent all their baking time polishing the plate and sprinkling little shavings of coconut when out of nowhere Sam yelled out one of the most bizarre things when the timer struck 0.

“Lamingtons aren’t lamingtons without coconut,” squealed Sam. If the suspense wasn’t bad enough, Sam and Jack had to wait until everyone was judged. It didn’t matter how close they were to the posh, fancy judges, they were judged, last.

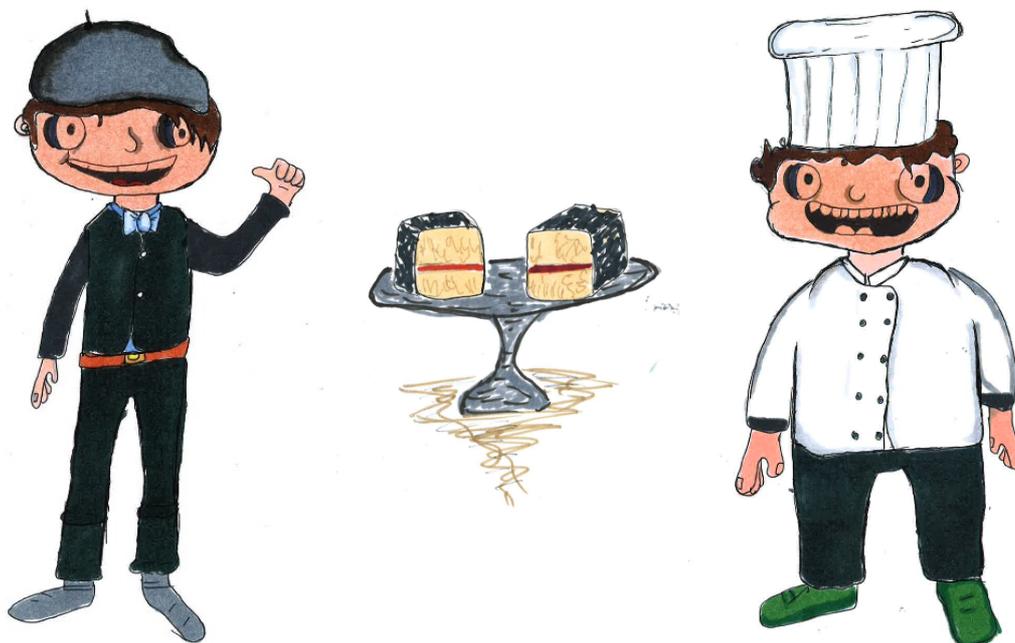
Finally, it was their turn and it was Sam's job to carry out this delicious treat. He neatly cut a slice and handed it to one prestigious judge and continued until all three had an equal, perfect slice of homemade lamington.

All three judges took a large mouthful of fluffy lamington and spooned it into their mouths. “Divine!” “Truly **magic!**” “I think we have our winner!” When Sam and Jack heard the joyful news, they **skipped** merrily around the table.

“This desert deserves to win because in this lamington I can taste hard work, dedication and beamberk, oh I mean teamwork,” babbled the Judge.

It was only then that Sam and Jack realised what the judge had just said. The last sentence of the poem is teamwork. “No wonder why I could never do it on my own.” said Sam.

Ever since that day Jack joined Sam’s business of Sand Dunes family bakery.



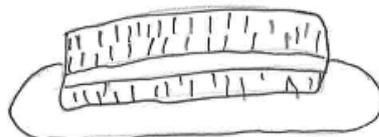
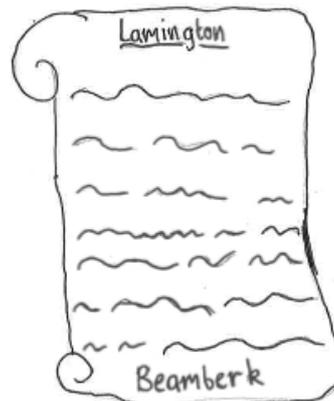
Epilogue

15 years later...

“DAAAD! I can’t figure out this dumb poem! It’s just a bunch of gibberish!” called Pat, Jack’s son. After 2 hours, he still hasn’t been able to decipher the recipe.

“Hey! That isn’t a dumb poem; do you know how long this recipe has existed? In fact, your great, great grandfather created this poem, so only our family can crack the code and use it for our bakery. It takes more than one person to solve that poem. You should be able to work it out, because after all you were named after great, great grandfather Pat. When you take over this bakery, if you’ve figured out the code, you could become world famous! That is the recipe for the world’s greatest lamington ever made!” exclaimed Jack.

Pat worked all day and all night trying to figure out the poem. Of course, we all know he will never be able to figure it out without his cousin, because we know the secret ingredient to any good cake is, *teamwork*.





Blurb

Sam and Jack Dune are brothers who aren't speaking anymore after a complication involving Jack's poetry performance. After months of trying to figure out his great grandfather's lamington cake recipe, which has been written in the form of a poem, Sam decides that the only way he is going to crack this code is with the help of his brother, Jack. Winning will help Sam's baking career take off to a higher level. Will an Australia Day Bake Off bring them back together?

Will they be able to crack the code and win the bake off?

Life is short, eat cake.

We recommend this book for ages 10 to 12.

