

CHEESUS TAKE

~THE~

~WHEEL~

TEAM ORANGE
SDPC





Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM 2019

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: SA

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: St Dominic's Priory College (NORTH ADELAIDE)

TEAM NAME: SDPC Orange

TEAM ID: 429

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 **Carpenter**

Primary character 2 **Cheese maker**

Non-human character **Angel**

Setting **Service station**

Issue **Driving test**

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

Authors and Illustrators

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Dedication

To all the wonderful kids reading this,
Thank you all for letting us write this for you this year
May this book fill you with happiness and add a little colour to your lives.

You guys are true heroes.
Keep fighting, and don't ever stop.

With the very best of wishes,
Elise, Isabella, Tamika, Alexandra, Willow, Gurkeerat, Sophie & Sara.

Prologue



How in the whole of Australia did I get here?

Stranded outside a desolate service station, in the middle of nowhere? My car, that isn't *actually* my car, mangled before me.

I probably didn't mention it, but did you know I'm with *the* most stereotypical bogan, who just happens to be an angel? Or that I'm with a carpenter (who's my sworn enemy) and also happens to be my driving instructor? Taking a driving test that I am *obviously* failing due to the broken car I just smashed and the kangaroo lying (stunned) on the side of the road?

I know what you're thinking, *how did it come to this?* Well, let me take you for a trip down memory lane, to a broken old servo we like to call '*karma-sucks*'. Just let this concussion wear off, and I'll get straight to it.

Ahem.

Once upon a time, in the age of mullets and tacky neon tights, a war broke out between the cheesemaking **community**, and the carpenters. It has been simmering ever since...

Chapter 1



Out of all the places in our town, the driving instructor had to pick the old servo. No-one has been here since *that* day, the beginning of The Feud between us upstanding cheesemakers and the lowly carpenters, which took place nearly 40 years ago. The Feud was the biggest clash known to man in the 1980s, and has gone down in all the school history textbooks in Bega. Every child brought up in this era knows the dramatic and cheesy tale that took place here- well, at least every child in Bega does.

Time has not treated this servo kindly. It has been the most run-down building in the village, wasting away like a discarded Bunnings snag. The old building stands, black and burnt, vandalised and in desperate need of repair. The solitary window, smashed and broken, is tinted with a thick layer of years' worth of murky yellow grease. Walking passed the slashed petrol tank, I sight the liquid seeping from it's belly, subject to all matters of conspiracy; no-one in the village truly knows what this thick, odorous liquid is. The tin roof burns with the heat of the summer sun, the stench of gasoline choking the air, so pungent it's enough to keep anyone from causing it any further harm.

The war, or The Feud as it is now known, started in the mid-1980s when us cheesemakers began running out of cheese boards- for some reason the pretentious carpenters believed that making cheese boards was below their '*brilliant*' skill level. More like *beyond* their skill! Obviously, we cheesemakers got pretty annoyed- we really needed those boards, those conceited fools were keeping them all for themselves!

So of course, we fought back. The Cheese Code was even changed to ensure that no carpenter or their families could buy our cheese or any of our other products. This started a feud between the **community** of cheesemakers and the **community** of the carpenters, and we've despised each other ever since.

Almost 40 years later, we don't have anything to do with each other; we don't mix and we don't talk and we certainly *do not* trade.

Ever.

In the town we have separate coffee shops, grocery stores and laundromats for the cheesemakers and for the carpenters. We are split in the centre of our small town, everything we do, we do in our own guilds. It's like being a 'vegan' cheese-taster.

Today I'm taking a driving test.

I know what you're thinking; *why take a driving test? You live in the middle of nowhere. Who would want to be a driving instructor here anyway?*

Well, honestly, I hate this town, always hated it. All the townspeople are parmesan and I'm sick of being the camembert in this petty little feud. Our town is so tiny, so cut off from the outside world. I wonder if they even know we exist. The only reason I really want my license is so, the first chance I get, I can roll straight out of this

useless town. Mersey Valley has some cool cheese prospects; maybe I'll go there, and observe the exotic palm cheese.

The sun is already hot enough to rot milk straight outta a cow, even though it has barely hit ten o' clock. Waiting for my driving instructor to arrive, I honestly couldn't care less if St Nick himself showed up. It could be anyone, really- I just need to leave this suffocating town. I just want to get my ticket out of here as soon as I can.

I lift my eyes to the road, searching for the telltale plume of dust on the horizon that will signify the impending beginning of my driving test and the start of my escape from this tiny, sad excuse for a town.

Chapter 2



Dust swirls on the red landscape as a battered Holden Commodore sputters to a halt outside the service station. As the dust settles, a woman with a half-shaved 'do and an angry sunburn steps out, gesturing at me to hop in. Remember kids, don't hop into a car with a rando- stranger danger.

The hot summer sun beats down on me, and I shield my eyes with a callused hand as I approach the rusty Commodore.

I climb in, instantly overpowered by smell as bad as a rottin' roo on the side of a highway. I slam the worn door shut, half afraid it will collapse in my hands. The door screeches as it stretches its wings, not gracefully, I might add. The grey seats are layered with sawdust, making the air in the car thick as a carpenter's skull. Flies buzz in and out of the open windows and the instructor swats them away while adjusting the dirty mirror. I put my hands on the shredded steering wheel, pieces of its decaying fabric littering the floor below me.

"G'day mate, 'owzit goin'?" she asks, filling the awkward silence with a harsh accent.

"Not too bad. Yourself?"

"Ya ready?"

I nod slightly, noting that she has not, in fact, answered my question. The sawdust odor begins to overcome me, so I hang a pair of my trusty cheddar-scented cheese dice on the rear-view mirror. The instructor gives me a sideways glance at this, which I choose to ignore. I am, after all a cheesemaker, and a cheesemaker always has a pair of cheddar-scented cheese dice on hand for situations like this.

I key the ignition and the engine revs with a forceful roar, surprising for a car of its demeanor of disrepair. We start down the lonely freeway, and I can feel the instructor scrutinising my driving technique.

"What's ya name?" she asks.

"Pierre. Yours?"

"Claudia."

We return to an awkward silence, and all is still except for the rattling of the shaky windows as the car bounces along the uneven road.

Chapter 3



“Show me a three-point turn here.”

Claudia is not a fun instructor. She’s super uptight and I’m starting to regret not learning to drive when I first came back from France.

It’s feeling a little awkward in the car, so I think it’s time to bring out my secret weapon- the small talk. I’ve been studying this fine art for many years.

“So, uh, nice weather this morning, eh?”

Claudia looks at me blankly. Maybe it’s not time for the small talk yet. I wait a few minutes and try again.

“Hey, how long have you been, you know...” I gesture blandly at the car’s interior, “... a driving instructor?”

Claudia looks at me strangely. “For about a week now, I think.”

I must admit, I’m not feeling extremely safe at this point. I frantically search the car for another point of conversation to take my mind off my possible impending doom at her hands, and my attention piques as I hear a familiar tune.

“Are you humming *Don’t Wanna Hit No ‘Roo* by –“

“-The Roosters? Yeah, it’s my absolute *fave* song of all time!”

“Are you kidding? Me too!”

Finally, some common ground! We animatedly discuss the literal best band of the century, and realise that we have quite a bit in common, music-wise. I reckon Claudia is feeling a little more comfortable now, as she lets loose a full-on

monologue as we bump along the lonely freeway, hitting every pothole known to man.

“Hey Pierre, don’t you just love the outback?”

I nod, encouraging her to continue.

“It’s just so peaceful, so serene ... like, I could just walk all day, and lose myself in the flat, red **canvas** that is the scrub. Ya know, when I first saw the bush, my heart **skipped** a beat, like a ‘roo jumpin’ ‘cross the highway.”

The scent of my cheesy dice wafts around the car as we take a bend in the road, the calming aroma easing my nerves and sending me to my happy place- the cheese shed at the back of my grandmama’s house. I start to drift, driving on automatic, Claudia’s voice a calming drone at the back of my mind when shocking words jolt me back into the present.

“I just wish I could carve it into a block’a wood, carry it with me everywhere, ya know?”

I gasp in realisation, the sudden rush of oxygen making me lightheaded,

“Y-you’re a carpenter?!”

“Yeah, and you’re cheesemaker.”

“Why would you think that?”

“Seriously? First, you hang cheese-scented dice on my rear-view mirror, then you chat non-stop for the first ten minutes about the three years you spent in France learning the fermentation process of camembert!? What was I supposed to think, that you’re a logger or something?”

Dang, I can’t believe I told her about that; I don’t even remember saying it. I think the cheese-scented dice are making me (h)angry. I feel rage simmering through me, near bubbling. I feel so under informed- I can’t believe that she left me in the dark like that!

“Sweet baby Cheesus! If I’d known I was learning to drive a manual with a carpenter, I’d’ve bailed three k’s ago!”

“Jeez, Pierre, calm down; I hate The Feud and I just want to talk peace-“

“- No! If it wasn’t for *you* carpenters, we would have cheese boards!”

“Well, if it wasn’t for *you* cheesemakers, my family wouldn’t be starving! I wouldn’t have had to take up teaching idiots like you how to drive for minimum wage!” she snaps.

I feel a pang of sympathy cut through my blazing anger. I take my eyes off the road and angle my body to face her.

“Claudia, I’m so sorry, I didn’t-“

“-Pierre! Get your eyes back on the road”

My frustration flares back up and my foot tenses on the accelerator.

“Cheesus, I’m trying to apolo-“

“No, listen to me- there’s a kangaroo-“

“Don’t tell me what to- wait-”

I see a murky red blur in my peripherals, and my eyes flash back to the road. Too late, I slam on the breaks, and the next few seconds happened in a flash.

Snap-

Claudia’s body whips forward-

Thud-

The kangaroo hits the grille-

Whoosh-

The airbags inflate-

Claudia’s head connects-

And-

Silence. My eyes slit open, vision filled with the stunned kangaroo on the windshield, a wispy substance floating above it, forming ... a man? *I must be concussed*, I think to myself as my conscious slips away, into the darkness.....

Chapter 4



So now you know what happened, how I got here. But this is not where it ends, not yet anyway. Trust me, we're not even close.

I wake to a light blinding my vision. Is this the light you see at the end? But I don't want to die... wait.

Someone's shining a torch in my eyes. The torch-bearer begins to speak.

"G'day, ya still kickin'? Drats, that's the fifth one this month."

As my vision begins to clear, I can see the figure of a man standing over me. He looks sort of familiar.

He's strange up close. A portly man, with a huge beer gut and sunburnt, chubby arms. A scruffy face with a bristly box of a moustache, and a long brown mullet that looks like it's straight out of the 1980's. His oily locks drift freely as though they possess some form of **magic**.

He has tacky square sunnies covering his eyes and a grubby, low-cut, white tank top covered with aged stains, paired with a faded pair of blue denim shorts. On his feet he has knee-high mismatched socks with dark brown sandals so old the scratches appear to possess a pattern from afar. In his chubby hand he clutches the torch which is currently causing my eyes so much torch-ure. Ha. Get it?

But that's not the strangest thing I notice about this queer figure. The fact that he's hovering a metre off the ground with a pair of snow-white wings protruding from his back makes him officially the definition of dodgy.

"Ch-Cheesus?"

"Not even close, mate." he replies in a hoarse tone.

He turns to Claudia, getting right up in her face.

"Sheila! Do ya even know how to turn a wheel?" He grumbles.

She doesn't respond. It's as if she can't even see him. He shrugs unconcernedly and turns back to me.

"Thank God, you're alive - you got me there for a sec'. That chick really needs to watch her ten'n'two! How's ya head, Fred?"

"I-I'm fine. Uh, and I'm Pierre...?"

I still don't really know what to say, or where I am, or what I should be doing.

I just stare at him with a bewildered expression on my face. He has wings. How does he have *wings*?

"The name's Nik." he declares, proffering his chubby hand.

“Do I know you?”

“I’ve been on a TV show.”

“O-oh.”

As I talk to this strange being, Claudia storms up behind me.

“You could’ve killed me! Honestly, how careless can a person be?” she demands.

“Why can’t you just be happy I’m alive?” I groan.

Glaring at me, she stalks over to the Commodore and sits heavily on its disfigured hood, tenderly brushing the dust and debris off its battered exterior.

“So, we’re all here? No one’s missing limbs? Fan-flipping-tastic.” Nik slaps his thigh and stands.

I throw my arm out, “Wait, who are you?”

“I’m Nik, I told you-”

“I know, I know,” I interrupt, “But who *are* you? Where did you come from?”

Nik clears his throat,

“*Ahem*. I knew you’d ask. I think your mum and dad should’ve told you that.”

“Nik...”

“I’ve always been an odd-bod, never fitting in any crowd, or clothes for that matter. The other heavenly dudes have always told me I’m strange. I’m alone, forsaken, mateless.”

A single tear slips down his face and he brings his palm to his chest as though he has been struck.

“Look Nik, we don’t have much time-” I begin.

“Hush, let me tell my tragic backstory,” he whines, interrupting me.

“I have been spying on the careless drivers of this lonely highway my whole life- guarding its wildlife, including the humans that use it. Today, that chick-”

He points accusingly at Claudia with a disgusted expression,

“-with her appalling driving, has injured one of these sacred creatures, disturbing the peace of this holy space. She has committed a terrible crime.”

“Well, uh, you see-” I begin, before Nik cuts me off. *Again.*

“Ssh, I haven’t completed my heartbreaking explanation. Please, no interruptions, hold all questions until the end of the presentation,”

He holds his hand out, signalling for silence, before continuing.

“It is my job to right these wrongs. Balance *must* be restored.”

His voice holds pride for his sacred calling.

“Wait, so you’re going to kill Claudia?” I squeak, my voice cracking slightly, sounding weak even to my ears- don’t judge.

By now I was already pretty afraid of this ‘angel’, nothing seemed normal about him.

“What? No, of course not; just condemn her to a life of suffering, basically she’ll have bad luck forever.”

“Uh, Nik-”

“You want to know more! Of course, I will explain... with a musical number!”

I try to stop him, but it’s too late; he bursts into full theatrical song. He **sings** of the trials of angels and all their jobs. Before today, I thought angels were supposed to have great voices- but Nik’s voice sounds like the screech of a rusty brake pad, so obviously, *that* was a lie.

“Nik. STOP. Stop, please. Stop it, my ears are bleeding.” I plead.

He closes his mouth and looks to me with a slightly hurt expression glinting in his eyes, I continue,

“Nik I, uh, have a confession. Claudia wasn’t the one driving, I was.”

He stumbles back his eyes glinting with pain.

“Gasp?!” He gasps, “I thought you were my friend, but you have betrayed me!”

“Cheesus, calm down.” I roll my eyes and head back toward the mangled car.

I look back at Claudia, still perched upon the wreckage, her brows furrowed in a concerned expression. Cautiously, she stands. Taking small, slow steps, she walks toward me, stopping in front of me.

“You okay, Pierre?” she enquires tentatively, resting a hand on my shoulder.

“What are you talking about? I’m fine,” I nod in Nik’s direction, “I’m just telling Nik over here to zip it.”

“Hey!” Nik pouts, crossing his arms over his chest.

She gives me a puzzled look,
“Who?”

Chapter 5



I look back at Nik, who shrugs his shoulders,

“Uh, Nik. He’s right over there.” I gesture behind me.

“What?” questions Claudia, taking my shoulders and shaking me wildly.

I stare at her, tilting my head,

“Don’t you see him, the weird bogan angel? He’s... hard to miss.” I say.

I reach out my hand and point to where Nik is sulking a few metres ahead of me.

“Hey, I’m an angel remember, be careful what you say!” he protests, shooting me an angered look.

I ignore him, turning back to Claudia. She’s still staring at me, a worried expression spreading across her face.

“No, what are you talking about? Are you okay?” Claudia whispers.

“You really don’t see him?” I press.

Maybe I am concussed? Ok, now, I am really starting to panic. *Am I ok?*

She steps closer to me, “Are you still concussed?”

“No, I’m not”, I assure her, and myself. I’m fine, I *have* to be.

“Ok,” she backs away, still not convinced.

I’m pretty sure she’s chosen to ignore all I’ve told her about Nik, it’s probably for the best, maybe she just can’t see him.

I’m sick of this situation, of Claudia, of Nik, of Claudia’s mangled rusty excuse for a vehicle. I just want this to be over, to go back home. I honestly don’t hate it as much now; anything is better than this. I give Claudia an exasperated look and turn to Nik.

“Nik, how can we get back home and make you disappear?”

He throws his hand on his head, feigning despair, ready to express his sorrows through a lengthy speech.

“Nik, cut the *drama*, okay?” I shoot him a glare. This angel is starting to get on my bad side (I didn’t even think I had one).

“Fine, fine, make amends between ya peoples, the cheesemasters and the carp’ners and then I’ll disappear, you’ll be free, nothin’ to it.”

“It’s *cheesemakers* and *carpenters*.”

“Whatever, mate.”

“Is that all?” I huff, hoping to Cheesus that it is.

“Yep.” Nik nods his head.

I sigh, “Claudia, this feud between our people...I’ve had enough of it.”

She nods in agreement. “I agree, it’s getting old. But what are we going to do about it?”

A wide smile spreads across my face, “I think I may have an idea...”

Chapter 6



The Next Morning

The townspeople gather around the petrol pumps at the old abandoned service station, cheesemakers and carpenters alike. The servo had been ‘cleaned up’ for the occasion, grease stains and oil spills covered by odd bits of tissue paper, shattered windows boarded up with ‘decorative’ music posters, dirt track freshly swept. At the centre of this crowd stand Claudia and I, peace treaty printed onto the sacred cheeseboard (a symbol of our newly-formed unity) and pens in hand. Toward the back hovers Nik, a hanky pressed to his cheek, dabbing his eyes at all the appropriate intervals.

Claudia smiles in my direction,

“You ready?”

I return the smile and nod. I turn toward the townspeople.

“Yeah, let’s end this feud. Once and for all.”

Claudia’s smile broadens into her sarcastic smirk I’ve come to love.

“That’s really *cheesy*,”

“Oh, ha ha. You’re such a joker.”

“Shall we?”

“We shall.”

The leaders of these two communities step forward and the peace treaty is signed. The long-standing war is finally over and these two age-old enemies are finally friends, working side by side, no longer a town divided. After the festivities, I make my way to the back of the old servo in the hope of finding Nik to thank him, and to say goodbye. As much as I am sick of this over-dramatic angel, I will kinda miss him. But all I find is a jar of vegemite with a faded yellowed label- looking straight out of the 80’s- this has to be Nik’s work. On it, scribbled in faded purple marker reads,

‘It was all I needed, see ya on the dusty highways. Signed, Nik Angel’.

I reach down to pick it up, but it just floats away as I touch it, just whisked away by the wind. What a Nik thing to do, all drama no practicality.

“Bye, Nik,” I whisper, I sorta missing him already. As I said, sorta.

In the following weeks the carpenters present the cheesemakers with wooden cheese boards and the cheesemakers present the carpenters with cheese and all is bright and happy. Yay.

As the years pass by, this war will fade from the towns people's thoughts, and the legendary event of the failed driving test that formed a peace between two nations will drift from memory. Forgotten by all, though never far from the minds of one carpenter, cheesemaker and a certain bogan angel.

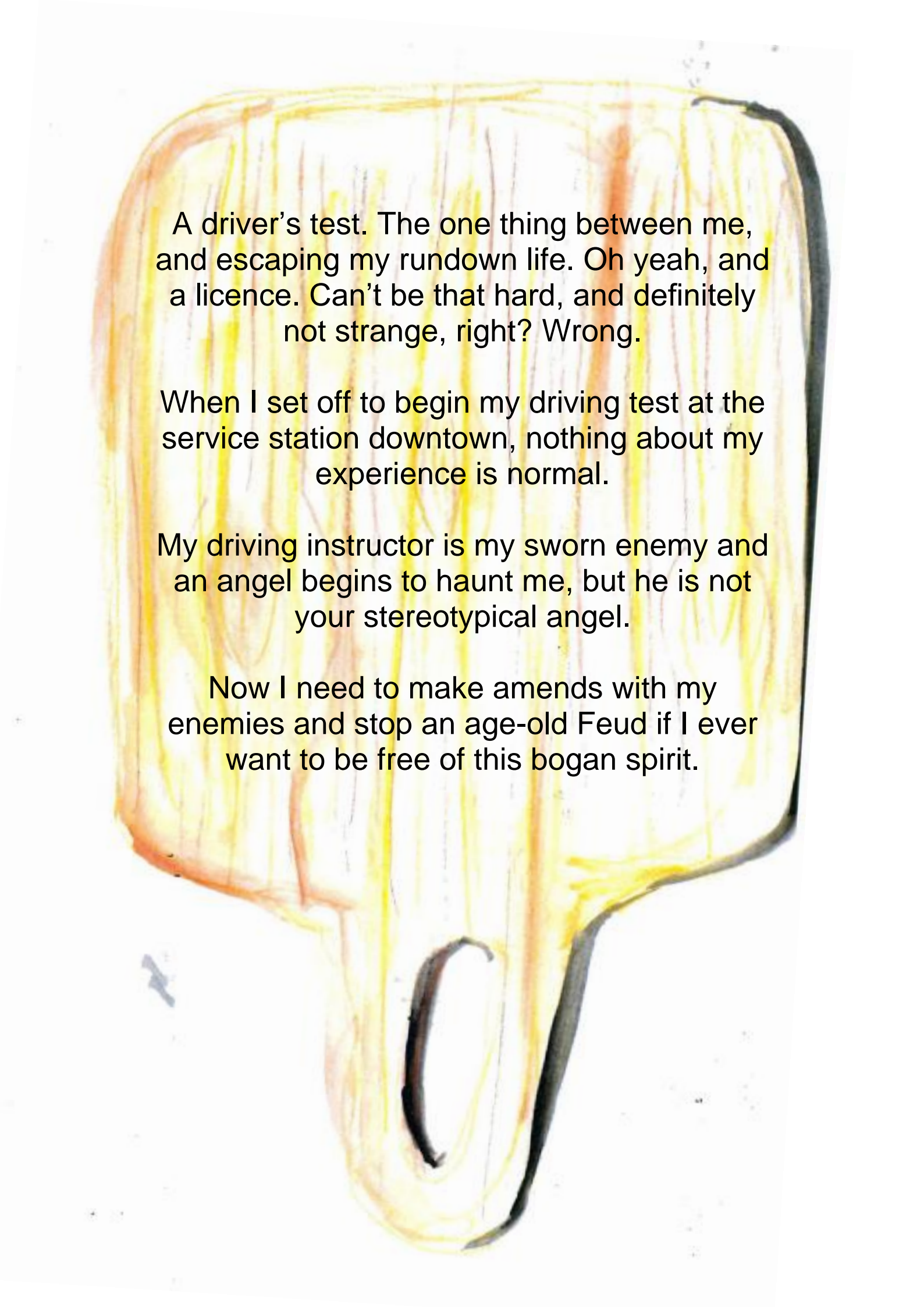
Thanks

We would like to thank all our friends and families who have donated so much to ensure that our book can be judged and this cause can truly get the funding it deserves. Our sponsors have been so kind and given so much, they truly deserve thanks for making this possible.

We would like to thank all the teachers who helped us plan for this event and prepare for it, you helped us learn the things that helped us get through the day with something to be proud of, and also for supporting us and giving us the belief that we could do this. You deserve much credit and to know our true gratitude.

Of course, we need to thank the organisers and managers of Write a Book In a Day and the Kids Cancer Project, as well as the judges for the time and effort they have put into this competition. Not only that, but also making this event possible and thereby giving the children this programs supporting something to laugh about and enjoy, adding all this colour to their lives, all this happiness and collecting all this money and gifting it to those who truly deserve it and that really does deserve thanks.

Thank you from all of us.

A watercolor illustration of a hand holding a pen, with the text overlaid on the hand. The hand is rendered in shades of yellow, orange, and red, with a black outline. The pen is black and is held in a way that suggests it is about to write. The background is white.

A driver's test. The one thing between me,
and escaping my rundown life. Oh yeah, and
a licence. Can't be that hard, and definitely
not strange, right? Wrong.

When I set off to begin my driving test at the
service station downtown, nothing about my
experience is normal.

My driving instructor is my sworn enemy and
an angel begins to haunt me, but he is not
your stereotypical angel.

Now I need to make amends with my
enemies and stop an age-old Feud if I ever
want to be free of this bogan spirit.