

By: 98 packets
of instant
noodles

The Time Keeper



Write a Book
in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**
Science. Solutions. Survival.



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in a Day



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PARAMETERS FORM 2019

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: WA
 DIVISION: Middle School
 SCHOOL/GROUP: Kelmscott Senior High School (KELMSCOTT)
 TEAM NAME: 98 Packets of Instant Noodles
 TEAM ID: 491

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

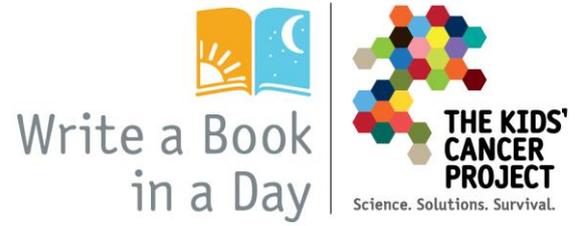
Parameters	Random words
Primary character 1 <u>Plastic surgeon</u>	<u>Community</u>
Primary character 2 <u>Cricketer</u>	<u>Skipped</u>
Non-human character <u>Clock</u>	<u>Magic</u>
Setting <u>Hardware shop</u>	<u>Canvas</u>
Issue <u>Finding buried treasure</u>	<u>Sings</u>

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

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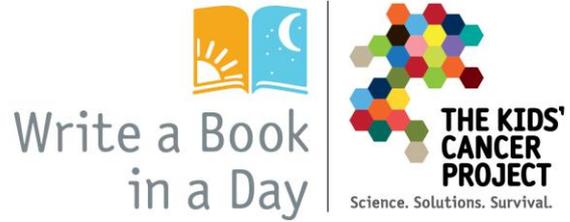
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Published by 98 Packets of Instant Noodles, Kelmscott Senior High School,
50 Third Avenue, Kelmscott, 6111

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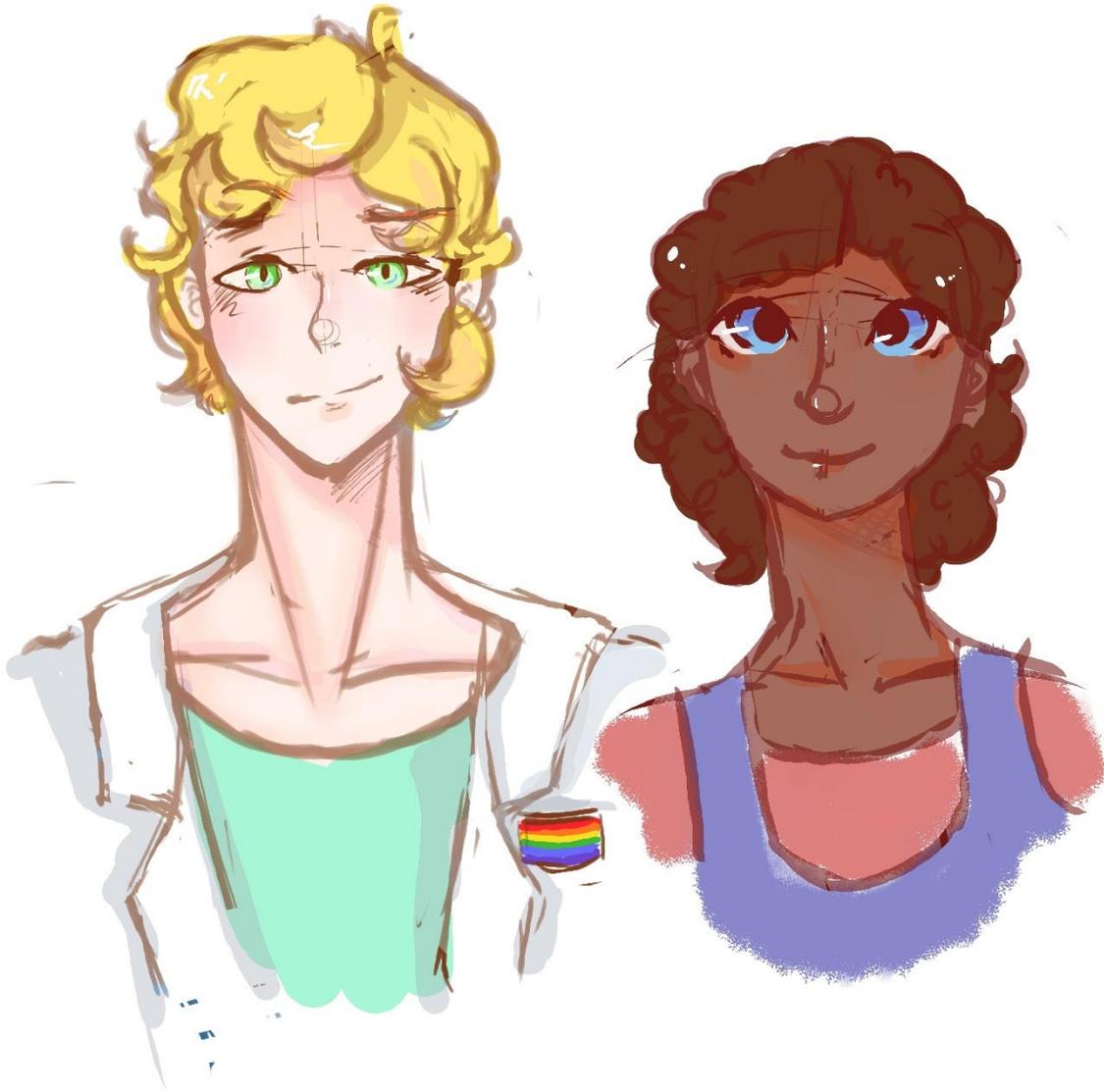
Mackensie Thorburn

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Acknowledgements

We would first like to thank The Kids Cancer Project for creating this wonderful competition to raise money for children in hospitals. We would also like to thank our two teachers, Miss Krystal Pinnell and Ms Linda Mohamad, for supporting our team throughout the making of this book.



The Time Keeper

Chapter 1

The sweltering golden sun scorched the dry earth and murky green walls of the Bunnings that stood beneath it. Everyone's skin seemingly was set aflame, burning under the heat. Only there was one exception; a lone figure walked through the oppressively hot parking lot, a white blur that wavered in the haze. His white lab coat protected his skin, while his rainbow pride badge glinted in the sunlight. He strode cross to the hotdog tent outside the Bunnings, pushing past a kid on the way. He looked down at the sign, *Bendigo Bandicoots **Community Women's Cricket Club** Fundraiser*. The man looked up again to see an aboriginal lady smiling at him.

"I want one with onions." The man demanded.

"Would you like a drink?" the lady asked politely.

"If I wanted a drink, I would've asked. I just want a damn snag!" he snapped, clearly agitated.

"That'll be \$2.50 then, please" she held out her hand to get the money. The man reached into his pocket and brought out the coins, slapping the money into the woman's hand while the others in the tent started to make the hotdog.

"Could you hurry it up? I'm in a rush." He grunted impatiently. The man tapped his foot, causing a scene.

"Here you go..." the lady turned around to pass the snag to the man but he snatched it out of her hand, flinging it onto his shirt. Tomato sauce splattered everywhere ruining his scrubs.

"Now look what you've done! How do you expect me to return to the hospital looking like this? I have clients waiting for their plastic surgery consultations!" The man spat at the woman, throwing the hotdog onto the filthy floor, simmering with fury.



“This is why you don’t trust *apes* with food...” he muttered under his breath, “I have all the right to sue you for this! If I were you, I’d be expecting a letter to court soon enough!”

“I’m sorry sir. Can I go and get you some help? Maybe a napkin or cloth? There might be a towel somewhere...” The woman began to buzz around the tent, desperately trying to try to find paper towels, cloths or wipes to clean his shirt. She finally found some towels and turned around to give them to the man, but he was already inside the huge Bunnings building. The lady sprinted after him, but by the time she got in, he had dissipated into thin air. What was she going to do? *Think, Bindi, think!* she rubbed her temples and leaned on the service counter.

“Excuse me, ma’am,” the attendant offered, “Can I help you?”

“Sorry?” she looked at the attendant blankly, “Oh, no. I’m fine for the moment, thanks.”

The attendant looked at her strangely, but nodded and moved to help another customer with their search. Bindi gathered herself and stood up, looking for the rude man from before. She hurried through the aisles, briefly glancing down them before moving on. After a few minutes, she quickened her pace, banishing negative thoughts from her mind. She knew she would find him, it was just a matter of when. Just as she passed a painting aisle, she stopped and doubled back. Her sigh of relief could possibly be heard from two kilometres away.

“I’m so sorry, sir,” she gushed, “We should get you cleaned up.”

“I don’t want your help,” he looked her up and down and rolled his eyes.

“I like your hairstyle,” she tried desperately to stop him getting any angrier. It was true though, his golden-blond curls looked quite nice.

“I bet that you like my coat, too,” he scowled at her sarcastically, “Even though you didn’t have to decency to refrain from spilling sauce all over it.”

All of a sudden the customers beside them zipped away in a dizzying blur, speeding through the shop faster than Bindi and the man could fathom. The lights turned off, everything went dark and a menacing laugh rang out.

“Cuckoo! Welcome to the beginning of the end. Cuckoo!” announced a voice, echoing throughout the hardware store.

“What the hell was that!?!” Bindi screamed. The pair looked at around with alarm. They ran back to the entrance but the door was locked.

“Well, I guess we are trapped in a haunted hardware store!” she laughed, trying to shake her fear, “I know that this might not be the best time, but I’m Bindi.”

“Not that it’s any of *your* business, but I’m Theo” he replied. Bindi struggled a smile, and turned to Theo. Once again, the voice boomed out.

“Cuckoo

Time Keeper, Time Keeper, what is your name?

Come to the place where the garden is tamed

The paw of a creature whose colour is bland

*Find the pot with a kangaroo's hand
Cuckoo"*

Chapter 2

Theo glared at Bindi in mix of confusion and suspicion.

"What did you do?" he narrowed his eyes, seething.

"N-Nothing. Did you say that?" Bindi yelled sheepishly.

"Because I would definitely ask what happened when I call out creepily and things start changing," Theo retorted, his voice dripping with sarcasm, "OF COURSE NOT!"

Bindi tentatively whispered, "If neither of us said it, then it's almost like **magic**, isn't it?"

"Magic doesn't exist."

"Then how do you explain the creepy riddle that just happened out of nowhere?"

How do you explain the other people running around in supersonic speed? How come the day just became night?"

Theo was ignoring her though, now talking into the air - to the mysterious, melodic voice,

"Time Keeper, you say? Well, I don't like it, it's too long and hard to say.

From here on out, the voice can be called ... Keepie." Bindi bit her tongue in a fit of giggles. She couldn't let Theo's ego inflate any more than it already had by condoning his silliness.

"Maybe the riddle is to lead us somewhere?" She suggested, ignoring the sceptical eye roll it earned her.

"Why would a creepy voice that sounds like a cuckoo clock want to lead me somewhere?" Theo was getting much angrier, "What does it want from me?"

"Let's think about this reasonably," Bindi ventured, attempting to calm him down, "If we find the place, then we might be able to get out of here."

"How do I solve it then?" Theo glared at her in reluctant agreement, "I don't even remember the words.

"Me neither," Bindi admitted. Theo scowled to himself. The silence suddenly split with the high pitched chime of a clock:

"Cuckoo!

Time Keeper, Time Keeper, what is your name?

Come to the place where the garden is tamed

The paw of a creature whose colour is bland

Find the pot with a kangaroo's hand

Cuckoo!"

The voice sang away in a half menacing, half deranged tune, sending shivers through the air.

“Whoa, I guess it can hear us.” Bindi shivered, “We really need to get cracking on this riddle.”

“So we need a hand of a kangaroo that is stuck in a pot?”

“Maybe...” Bindi scrunched her nose up thoughtfully, “We should just look around until we find something.”

“That’s such a stupid idea!” Theo looked down on her, “We need to figure out the solution instead of wandering around like idiots.”

“Well what’s the solution then, genius?” Bindi snapped as her patience ran out, “We need to do something, otherwise my community cricket fundraiser will never be able to go ahead and we will be stuck in this building forever! I am not spending the rest of my life stuck here with you! So, even if you won’t look for the solution, I will.”

Bindi’s eyes glittered with anger and determination. She stared Theo down for a few long moments, before turning on her heel and stomping away. She didn’t know where she was going - nor did she care. She just needed to be away from Theo for a while.

She paced aimlessly, her mind wandering. She thought for as hard as she could about the riddle, but couldn’t put the fundraiser out of her mind. *‘How are they doing without me,’* she bit her nails anxiously, *‘I hope they are going through with it, I mean, I hope they can still get enough money without my help. The team really needs those funds for new bats and wickets.’* The sound of echoing footsteps interrupted her thoughts.

“Bindi! Bindi!” Theo puffed from behind her.

“What now?” Bindi knew that she should have been nicer, but he hadn’t done anything to deserve her kindness.

“I *know* I solved the riddle!” He looked at her smugly, revelling in his apparent victory. She waited for him to elaborate, but he didn’t. He just stood there.

“Well, what is it then? Am I supposed to guess or something?”

“Oh, right,” his grin flipped back into a scowl, “I thought about it, and realised that it had to be in the garden, right?” Bindi nodded.

“Yeah, so,” Theo continued, “I also realised that kangaroos have paws...”

“Of course!” Bindi breathed, interrupting Theo, “The Kangaroo Paw plant. What do you think will be there? Will we be able to escape?” All of her anger towards him faded as hope filled her chest.

“I knew that I was smarter than you,” Theo boasted loudly as they set out for the garden section. Bindi decided that almost all of her anger had gone - though not all of it.



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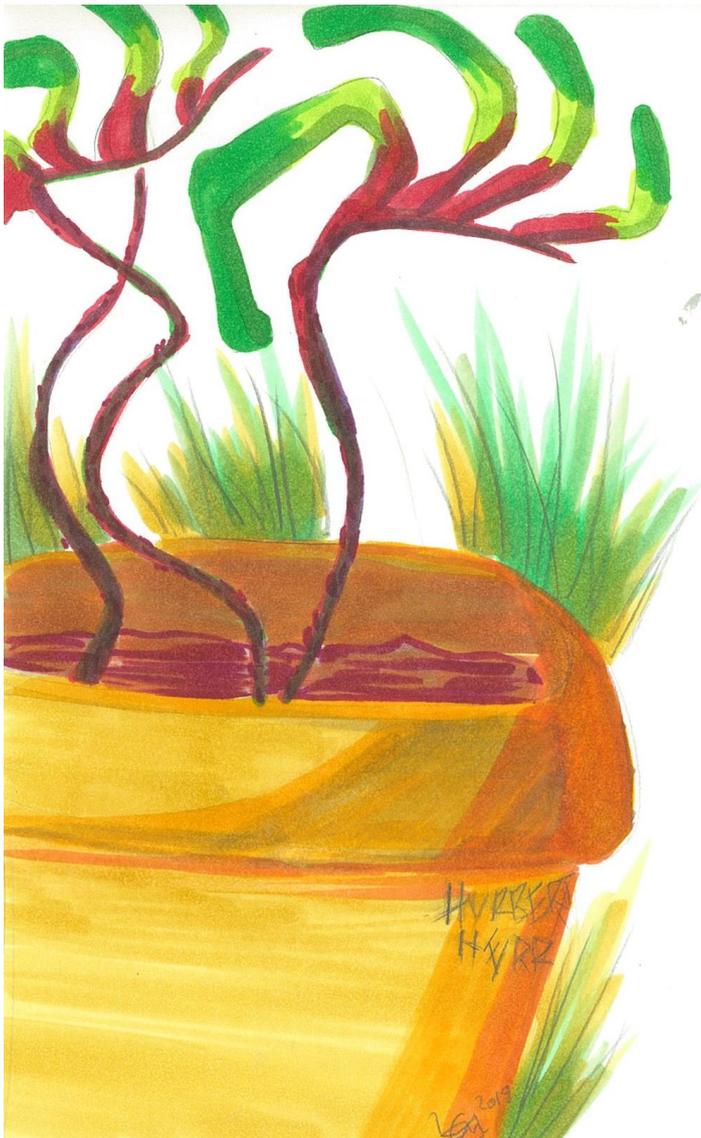


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They hurried along the wide corridors, barely taking in the different aisles and items for sale. They soon reached the gardens, stopping in their tracks when they saw how big the area was - it was like a sea of green leaves and colourful flowers. Vines grew steadily up climbing frames, while tree saplings bathed in the bright moonlight.

"They could be anywhere," Theo complained. All of his smugness disappeared, as he realised what the next task was: Finding the Kangaroo Paw.

"The only way is to split up and find that plant!" Bindi was as enthusiastic as ever. She ran to the left and started scanning each and every plant. Taking a deep breath, Theo walked to the opposite side and walked through the greenery, thinking about his office back at the hospital. Irritation and nervousness sparked within him, he had been away from his plastic surgery consultation for far too long. When he finally got out, there would be trouble with his boss. Theo's eye began to twitch. Removing his green contact lenses, he blinked his bright blue eyes and put them back in.



"Theo?" Bindi called out from the other side of some eucalyptus saplings.

"I'm coming!" he snapped and walked around slowly.

"Look," she pointed at a red Kangaroo Paw, "I found it!" She bounced up and down on her toes excitedly.

"What's this for?" Theo picked up a pot and studied it carefully, something was carved into the ceramics on the side. He read it and looked up in frustration.

"What is it?" she looked at Theo in confusion. He showed it to her and her reaction was very similar to his, because it read:

Hubert Herr

"It must be a dead end." Theo huffed.

"Wait, do you remember the question that started the riddle from Keepie?" Bindi thought aloud, "*Time Keeper, Time Keeper, what is your name?*" Maybe it's the answer to the question? I mean, that wouldn't be unrealistic, would it?" Theo opened his mouth to answer, when he was

interrupted.

*“Cuckoo
Good job, but you’re not done yet,
Time Keeper, Time Keeper, why are you here?
Come to the place where the boy shed a tear
Running his hands across pillars and planks
He wept from a splinter and muttered his thanks
Cuckoo.”*

Chapter 3

“Why is this happening to me?” Theo asked furiously, “I did nothing wrong!”. Theo slumped to the ground, his spirit broken and brows scrunched in a scowl. “I thought after that last riddle we’d be let out but no,” He remarked angrily. “Heaven forbid we have something to do today.” Bindi glared at him as she raised her finger to her lips, a desperate bid for silence from her overbearing acquaintance’s incessant drone. Theo, although intelligent, definitely needed to be taught a lesson. His arrogance was infuriating. Theo simmered, suddenly consumed by rage.

“DON’T YOU DARE SHUSH ME! I-”

“Shhhhhh!” Bindi said, running her fingers through her dark hair “I’m trying to think. The time keeper-”

“Keepie”

Theo interrupted, a smirk rising from his once furious lips. Bindi groaned, why did a full grown man need to use childish names for everything? He certainly thought that he was more mature than her from what she’d seen, and then he went and did this? She wouldn’t let him win this conversation, not with that. But then again...

“Fine... *Keepie* told us about the splinter. And how the boy got them from a plank...”

She snapped her fingers quickly, her eyes lighting up “The wood section! He’s talking about the planks of wood!” Bindi jumped excitedly, not from the solution of the riddle, but rather the satisfaction of beating Theo to the answer. Theo, meanwhile, sulked beside her.

“I could have solved that if you didn’t-”

“Let’s go!” squeaked Bindi, grabbing Theo’s hand as she began to run to her destination. Theo followed reluctantly, Bindi dragging him along. She hasn’t really that bad now that he thought about it, besides her carefree attitude that he couldn’t understand. He was willing to overlook the whole tomato sauce incident, but she was still undeniably annoying. He fastened to a slow jog, following Bindi. Bindi, however, was skipping with delight. Somehow, this adventure made her feel... alive. Maybe it was just adrenaline of going on a somewhat ‘forbidden’ journey, but she felt amazing. She wished she could complete it without this nuisance of a person, but she couldn’t deny that he was helpful - most of the time anyway. Bindi slowed as she saw the sign - here it was. The shelves of wood shadowed the aisle, giving off a



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creepy aura that it really didn't need. Bindi gulped as she looked down the aisle cloaked by darkness.

"Are you scared now?" Theo chuckled, stepping into the shadows confidently. Bindi frowned at Theo as she took one step, then another, and then another.

"I'm not scared... just cautious" She muttered quietly, playing with her hair.

"Sure you are" he replied, snickering at her foolishness. Where had all that vibrant energy gone now? It had somehow disappeared into the darkness, leaving her alone.

"So we need to find another clue right?" She said, breathing rapidly. She'd always been afraid of the dark, even when she was a little girl. But it was less just about the dark, more about what was in the dark. As a girl, she had been afraid of monsters and evil beings. But now, there was nothing protecting her from the real dangers, except someone who hated her, someone who wished she wasn't even there. The reality of the situation had sunk in as she realized. She had no-one to rely on but herself, and that scared her. She sighed, she had to do this.

"I would assume so, if his riddles follow the same pattern. *'Keepie, Keepie why are you here'*.

We need to find something related to his... motive I guess" Theo stated, walking slowly down the aisle, inspecting the planks for any clues. He looked behind him, and noticed Bindi standing at the entrance, not daring to take another step. He sighed.

"What are you doing?" He asked, exasperated. They didn't have time for this nonsense.

"Nothing... just... inspecting these planks" She said, staring intently at the closest blank. Theo rolled his eyes.

"Just stick with me, nothing will happen" He said, letting out another sigh. He hated being supportive sometimes, it hurt his pride. Bindi beamed, walking towards him with a smile on her face. Theo continued down the aisle, secretly happy for the extra help, not that he'd ever let her see that.

"Does somebody secretly care about other people?" Bindi asked mockingly, a grin spreading across her face. She'd got him this time. Theo groaned, now he had to admit it. Social interaction was just horrible sometimes, not that many of his social interactions were under these circumstances.

"Well... You're not as bad as I thought you were" he muttered
"Awwww-"

"Don't get me wrong, you're still bad" Theo remarked defensively "Just... not as bad" Bindi chuckled as she glared jokingly at Theo.



“I was fine with what you said originally but, ok” She laughed. Theo chuckled reluctantly.

“You’re missing the point” he said “The point is... I do actually need help with this and you are averagely smart so...” Theo looked down. “Let’s just keep looking” Bindi nodded as she looked to the shelves. She sighed.

“Maybe it’s not on the shelves” She muttered under her breath.

“Huh?”

“I said maybe it’s not on the shelves” Bindi repeated, looking down the aisle “Maybe it’s on one of these posters” Bindi shuffled down the row, looking at all the signs. The Time Keeper couldn’t expect them to find the clue within all of this wood. Could it? It had to be at least solvable, and the last riddle hadn’t been nearly as hard.

“The only posters here are ‘no plastic’ signs” Theo said, his eyes flicking over the piece of paper.

“This couldn’t possibly be the answer, could it? “

“I doubt this could be the clue” Bindi stalked over behind Theo, reading over his shoulder.

“It’s the only thing here that could-”

“Cuckoo!

Congratulations, but it’s not over yet

Time keeper, time keeper when were you made

Come to the place where the man is paid

Melting and shaping, put into the mould

Their ticking and tocking not sacred nor old

Cuckoo!’

Chapter 4

“Did you hear what the Time Keeper said this time?” Bindi questioned Theo, her voice full of concern. How much longer would they have to do this? Theo stood behind her, confused as to what the Time Keeper had said. He’d had enough of riddles for today.

“Keepie you mean,” Theo joked, his eyes gleaming with a cheerful spirit. His happy mood, however, did not last long, as he began to concentrate on the task ahead. Theo concentrated for a moment. He had had an idea, but somehow he just couldn’t decipher the mixed voices within his head.

“Where the man is paid,” he repeated, over and over again. He didn’t understand what it meant. Was the Time Keeper referring to him? Bindi listened eagerly to him, hoping he could come up with a solution to this problem. She certainly wasn’t sure, and she hoped his intellect would come in handy.

“Time Keeper, Time Keeper when were you made, come to the place where the man is paid, melting and shaping, put into the mould, their ticking and tocking not sacred nor old,” she said, hoping it would jog his memory.



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“That’s it, melting and shaping, the man is paid, it is something to do with a substance that can be moulded,” Theo said. It had to mean that, I mean, it was a hardware store. It could be anything, metal or plastic.

“Where the man is paid... The Time Keeper must have been talking about you. Something you mould, you can mould plastic and you’re a plastic surgeon. He’s saying it’s in the plastic section,” Bindi explained to him, proud that she was the one to come up with the solution. Theo took a second to think about what Bindi said. He chuckled at the miscommunication. The Time Keeper must have been misinformed. He glanced quickly at Bindi before sprinting off into the distance.

“Race you there,” he yelled, chuckling softly.

“Race me where?” she screamed, trying to catch up with him. She couldn’t deny it; he was a fast runner.

“Just follow me,” he replied, laughing louder this time.

As it turns out, Theo had figured out the location. It was, however, hard to decide between the two aisles that towered above them.

“I can’t decide. Both are plastics, but I don’t actually know which one has the clue we need” Theo said, a confused tone to his voice “I think it’s the first one”

“Sure, let’s give it a try,” Bindi said encouragingly, stepping into the first aisle, not a doubt in her mind.



Theo followed, allowing one last glance at the second aisle before he caught up with her.

“There’s nothing here” Bindi gulped, realizing what had happened.

They had gone down the wrong aisle. The ends of the aisle suddenly gave way with a creak. The exit was being blocked, and before long they would be trapped.

“Run to the exit!!” Yelled Theo, sprinting to the end of the rapidly closing aisle. They would never make it in time. Bindi gasped as the exits closed with a large bang, trapping them inside.

“No...”

Bindi said hopelessly. They would never get out of this dumb store, and it was all their fault. She winced as a high pitched voice echoed throughout the store.

“Cuckoo-cuckoo,
you chose wrong now you’re trapped
listening to my song!” it sang, their sing-song voice drilling into the pairs heads.

“He **sings** while we’re trapped,” Theo scowled as he slumped to the floor. Bindi needed time to think, time to consider what to do. She ran up to the barrier, tears falling down her face. She couldn’t be trapped here forever could she? Bindi sobbed as she pounded on the barrier, praying that it would work. Suddenly, the barrier gave way, sending Bindi face first into the floor.

“Ouch.” Bindi whimpered, rubbing her nose.

“You ok?” Theo asked, running up to where she was. She had made it out, it was impossible!

“Fine, I’m fine” she muttered, beginning to laugh hysterically. She was free!

“What are you waiting for? You’re out! Go find the next clue!” Theo said, shoving Bindi away from the cursed aisle. Bindi and Theo ran towards the next aisle, hoping that the solution would lie there. Clocks sat there, neatly arranged on the shelves. It seemed completely normal, aside from a dent in one of the clocks. Bindi ran her finger across the plastic. It felt as if it were engraved.

“C,” she said, staring at the clock.

“What does that mean?” Theo asked. He honestly had no idea what this could be.

“C, C, C ... oh... I’ve heard of this before. I think it’s Roman numerals, isn’t it... 100?”

“Cuckoo, cuckoo correct, and you’re free too.”

Theo loosed a breath. One riddle closer to their release.

“Cuckoo!

Time Keeper, Time Keeper where are you now,

Now is the time in which all of you bow,

I am the master of fate and of time,

*Next to the **canvas** I’ll chime my last chime.*

Cuckoo!”

Theo and Bindi looked at each other, worry spreading across their faces.

“Hopefully this will be the last riddle” Bindi sighed, “We’ve been here for so long”

Bindi groaned as she slumped to the ground. Theo sat across from her, staring into the distance.

“Next to the canvases...” he repeated, rubbing his eyes. He was so tired, another journey seemed almost impossible at this point. “I think Bunnings has a craft section. The canvas is generally next to the paint.” Theo stood up slowly. Bindi sighed “Let’s just wait here for a minute, my legs are so sore” Bindi said quietly. Theo laughed as he leaned on the metal post.

“C’mon, we need to get moving” He said, propping himself up. Bindi groaned as she stood up, her legs buckling under the sudden pressure. She needed to keep going.

Bindi walked slowly behind Theo, her feet aching with every step. It wasn’t a long journey to the crafts section, but it felt like she had been walking forever. They had reached the arts and crafts section but all seemed quiet. It would be comforting if not for the circumstances.

“Where is that little dirt-bag?’ Theo questioned in frustration, his eyes suddenly gleaming with rage. He wanted to destroy Keepie, to rip it apart one piece at a time.

They searched everywhere. High and low, every nook and cranny, but it seemed like it wasn't there after all.

"Theo... Look under that canvas." Bindi asked, spotting something in the corner of her eye. Theo nodded, quickly yanking the canvas off its place on the shelf.

"It's here" He said, holding up a piece of paper "It looks like it's a message!"

*There's something old in a replacement bin
Find it and freedom you may win.*

Chapter 5

"We found it, this will lead us straight to it," exclaimed Bindi in excitement, "Then we can go home and I can continue organising for the fundraiser." She was almost jumping up and down in joy.

"All we have to do is find a bunch of useless rubbish," Theo rolled his eyes, "Sounds easy enough, right?"

They wandered around, trying to find some sort of place where a pile of junk might be stored. After what seemed like hours later, they arrived at a door labelled 'To be replaced'.

"This is as good a place as any to start looking, right?" Bindi asked brightly. Her happiness was contagious, because even Theo began to feel a bit happier. As she turned the round handle, the door let out a *screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeech!*

The only word Theo could use to describe the room was 'ancient'. It looked like no one had been there for a hundred years. There were a few enormous bins of old, dilapidated items, some of which still had their price tags stuck on them. Bindi and Theo looked at each other and knew what to do. They simultaneously headed to different bins and began lifting objects off, rummaging through them.

Suddenly, Theo heard a 'Cuckoo' from the bottom of his pile. He began digging more frantically until he found a delicate wooden clock.

Bindi heard the chime and ran over.

"How should we get it to be quiet?" asked Bindi.

"Batteries, maybe?" replied Theo. They looked for the latch for removing its batteries and unlocked it.

Bindi stuck her hand in the clock and reached down



to the centre, where the batteries were stored. The clock suddenly squawked in a deranged way.

“Please don’t replace me. You there, the man who replaces things with plastic, don’t replace me. I don’t want to change! I can keep you here forever if I want to! Cuckoo, Cuckoo! Cu-”

Keepie fell silent as Bindi pulled the batteries out, they both sighed. Suddenly the world flashed by them and they were back to the morning. Bindi shot up and burst back into the main building.

“What do you think happened?” asked Theo.

“I don’t know, it’s like time **skipped** itself,” replied Bindi.

It didn’t matter at that moment, because time was back to normal and they weren’t stuck with the Time Keeper any longer. They both walked off to the front of the building to Bindi’s fundraiser, staring at the oblivious customers as they went. Theo knew how much this meant to Bindi, so, when they reached the stall he decided to make an extremely generous donation.

“Bindi,” Theo began reluctantly, “look, you’re not so bad after a- “

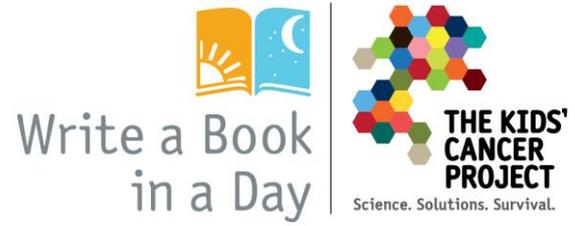
“Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!”

“Stop it! Just, here, take this!” He snapped, handing her a cheque for \$1000 that he had quickly scribbled as he walked. Bindi clapped a hand over her mouth and screamed in joy.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” Her face shone with a grin.

“It’s nothing, really.” Theo said, smiling.

At the end of the day they shook hands, because after that adventure, they couldn’t hate each other anymore.



Message for the Kids

Hope you all enjoy the book! We encourage you to make new friends, even if they are stubborn. We wish you all the best to get well soon and to live your life to the fullest and don't let anything hold you back from the things you aspire to do in the future.

The clock strikes one and the time must stop
as the
Time Keeper sings his rhythm and rhyme to
the clues that
Lead them nowhere near him. It takes two
strangers
With different abilities to solve the magic of
Bunnings.
Going on a long journey through Bunnings to
find
And remove the Time Keeper of this
torturous world
Will they make it out alive?

Recommended Reading Age: 12 -16

