

Wavy lines at the top of the page.



STRANDED

BY BURPENGARY BRILLIANCE

Clouds are scattered around the title.





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: Burpengary State School (BURPENGARY)

TEAM NAME: Burpengary Brilliance

TEAM ID: 727

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 Plastic surgeon

Primary character 2 Psychic

Non-human character Doll

Setting Sand dunes

Issue Shipwrecked

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

Dedication to our readers

We were all thinking about you as we wrote this book. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed making it for you. Hopefully this book brings a smile to your face and brightens your day! Get well soon!

From Burpengary Brilliance team members:

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Leah Busby

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Ava Maloney

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Ethan Verrall

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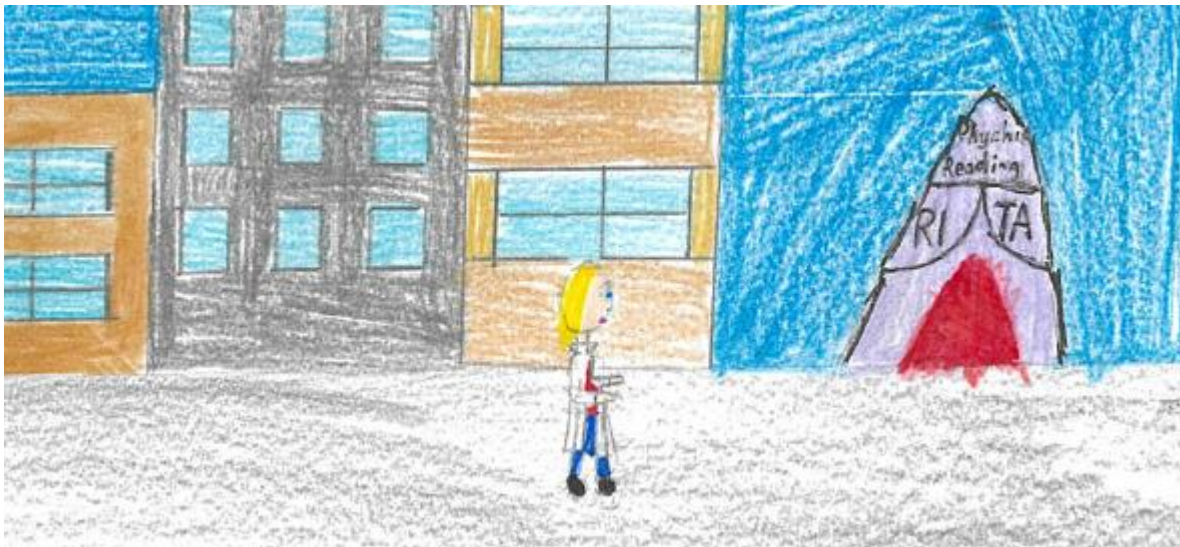
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Prologue

As the sun sank below the towering high-rises and the sound of impatient horns bellowed through the busy streets of Brisbane, Dr Linda McAllister, world renowned plastic surgeon dragged her leaden body along pedestrian riddled footpaths desperate to unwind after doing many surgeries day and night to change people's appearances. All Linda wanted was to return to her cosy home. Suddenly her mobile slipped out of her exhausted hands and on to ground and ricocheted off the battered concrete. As she bent down to retrieve her phone, a haggard figure emerged from a lilac tent. Crimson Light spilled out of the opening of the tent as a croaky voice eerily said "Your holiday will be will be ruined, be warned"

Linda's feet clapped on the surface as she ignorantly walked off and mumbled to herself, "What a crazy hag"

She twisted the cold knob to her cosy house door as her mind raced to getting packed for her well-earned break.



-Chapter 1-

A Watery Beginning

Hurriedly dragging her bulging suitcase across the weathered dock, Linda waltzed on to the ferry. Her eyes widened with joy as she boarded the vessel. The boat rumbled to life and soon began their journey. While Linda began to unwind, the calm breeze whistled through her hair and the thick aroma of salt intruded her nostrils. "This is the life," she sleepily mumbled to herself already forgetting about the many worries of her very stressful job.



"Approximately 1 hour until our final destination," echoed a voice over the loud speaker. Elegantly the boat sailed through the vast waters as they **skipped** across the ocean like a pebble. Relaxed passengers revelled on top of the vast timber deck under a canopy of fluffy white cloud as a large menacing sandbank emerged from the water and into view. Panic flooded into Linda's mind as she flustered over the approaching peril. Helplessly she watched disaster brew in front of her very eyes. Rapidly the passengers on board the ferry to Fraser Island desperately gripped the railings as a spray of salt water whipped their faces.

-Chapter 2-

Escape

Thud! The ferry had reached its dreadful destination. The sand bank. The crowd collapsed onto the wooden deck. Pools of water gushed through the planks like fountains. A wave of shock ran down Linda's spine.

More water flooded onto the deck. People scrambled over the barriers and dove to safety. Linda frantically ran over to grab a life jacket but it was too late. The rushing water closed in on her like mechanic walls. She had nowhere to go. She had to jump. Linda plummeted into the water but she wasn't safe yet.

Abandoning the deserted shipwreck, she noticed an island appear in front of her. Rapidly swimming towards it, Linda McAllister suddenly realised that she may never see her cosy home or the bustling streets of Brisbane city again. Or the beautiful botanic gardens sprouting in spring. Dread washed over her body like a tidal wave but she was determined to reach the island.

She battled the waves and used all her might to keep her head above the water. Linda was struggling to reach the safe, secure land. Her muscles ached and felt like lead. Her head pounded and her eyes stung from the salty water that had found its way into her eyes. She slowly swam towards the island, creeping closer and closer every second, until she felt the soft sand sink beneath her toes.



-Chapter 3-

Mirage

Once on the scorching hot beach, Linda McAllister crawled up the dunes and collapsed into the soft bed of sand. The sun sank beneath the horizon but Linda remained motionless and unconscious.

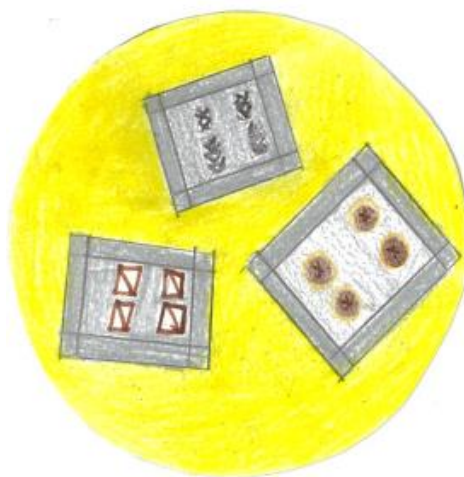
The sunrise hit the glistening water as Linda's eyes flickered open. Her stomach grumbled angrily and her throat was parched. Dying of thirst, she army crawled up the sand dunes.

Linda continued to climb her way up the sandy mountain, but as she reached the top a small pond materialised before her eyes. A small spark of hope ignited inside her. She stumbled towards the pristine pond, imagining the feel of relief when the water flowed down her throat. Cupping her hands together, she dipped them in the cool refreshing water. As the water slipped down her throat Linda came back to reality. The fresh water crumbled into grains of sand and melted away in her mouth. Spitting out the revolting sand, Linda realised she had been tricked by a mirage.

The spark of hope she once had disappeared into nothing. But it returned immediately when she saw the delicious tray of vegemite sandwiches, lamingtons and meat pies. Vegemite was smeared on the soft white bread and the aroma of chocolate and coconut wafted through the air.

Reaching for a hot, steaming meat pie, the tray of snacks turned into a pile of inedible sand.

Hope drained from her face and faith of finding food or water on this deserted island was lost. Lifting her head up, Linda spotted a lilac tent standing out in the distance. She was suspicious. It might be another mirage.



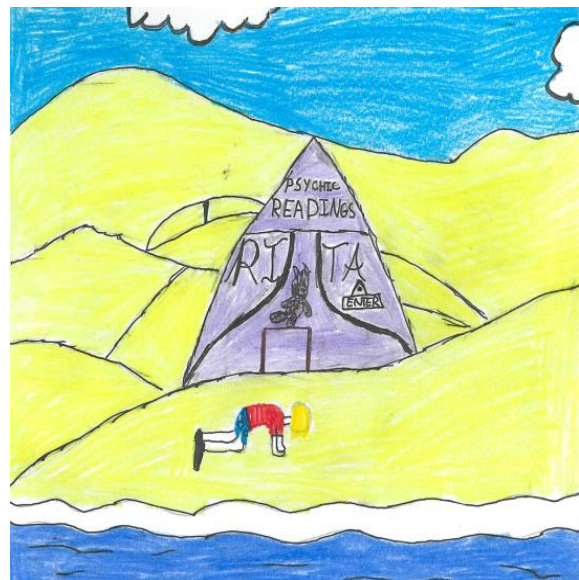
-Chapter 4-

The Return Of

Rita

Clawing her way up the towering sand dunes, Linda McAllister inched her way towards the lilac, **canvas** tent. As she peered over the top of the mountainous sand dune, Linda crept closer and closer, until she was face to face with draped curtains covering the entrance of the tent.

Desperately seeking refuge and food, Linda slowly pushed her aching, bruised body through the silky drapes. Coming to a halt, she stared into the eyes of a familiar looking gypsy. Recognising the haggard woman from the streets of Brisbane moments before she left for her holiday, Linda urgently cried out for food. Granting Linda's wishes, Rita presented her with a plater full of her finest fruit and Tim Tams, topped off with a cold Milo.



Devouring the delicious meal, Linda listened intently to Rita's explanation about how her prediction came true. At first, Linda did not believe what Rita was saying but the more she listened the more she believed. Rita explained to Linda that she predicted the holiday catastrophe by staring into her special voodoo dolls eyes and seeing the future. When Linda ignored her in the streets of Brisbane, a few days before her trip to Fraser, she had no clue that Rita was trying to warn her. Rita then knew that she would have to go to a nearby island to help save Linda from the horrors of this holiday.

-Chapter 5-

The Prophecy

Linda peered over her shoulder to see a stitched up voodoo doll sitting on a bench. Its dark, sapphire eyes shimmered dully and it hummed a quiet tune. Rita informed her that when she stares into the voodoo's eyes, the doll **sings** a **magic** rhyme that predicts and lets Rita know the future.

Days passed by and the two loners still had no hope of getting off the island. Rita tried countless times to find the answer to their worries, but the voodoo doll had made no predictions to help them. Rita tried one last time, and finally the doll's eyes sent blinding beams of crimson rays, flooding throughout the tent. Linda pranced around the tent excitedly as Rita continued to stare into her dolls eyes. Several minutes flew by and the voodoo doll began to chant a helpful rhyme,

*“To find the answer you
desperately seek,*

Climb up to the highest peak,

*There you'll find a wooden
plank,*

*From a ferry that had once
sank,*

*Attach the tent to make a
boat,*

*Then climb aboard and it will
float,*

Then drag it to the island bay,

And push it off and sail away.”



The doll's eyes died down to once again a dark, sapphire shimmer. The **canvas** walls lit up with excitement, moments after the rhyme was told. Linda did not wait one second to think about the poetry as she ran off through the golden towers of sand dunes, closely followed by Rita.

-Chapter 6-

The Gathering

Scampering over the scorching bleached sand dunes Linda and Rita noticed a piece of driftwood as they were embraced by the beauty of a cove's pristine waters.

Decayed bits of once buoyant timber were scattered across the beach. A withered hull was shadowed by the jagged rocks that hung from the cove. As they stared in awe the doll's eyes began to light up in a menacing blaze of crimson.

"We are upon it!" Rita declared.

Not a word was spoken as the determined women gathered bits of abandoned driftwood. Weaving and searching through the ruins of the ferry, they came to a sudden halt. They had found the rope that they so desperately needed for their bold plan.

Scurrying swiftly across the blistering sand, the voodoo doll had led them back to the lilac tent. They began to build their raft for their daring escape off the island that they were stranded on. They finally finished building the raft after what seemed to be hours of dirty work.

"It's shabby but at least we have the **canvas** tent on top," thought Linda.



-Chapter 7-

Sinking

Rita and Linda began to doubt their ability to make it to Fraser Island but they knew without taking the risk they would be stuck on the sandy prison forever. Using the last of their strength, they launched the ragged raft into the cold night's water. It was a miracle the raft floated. They clambered into Rita's tent with high hopes. They would hopefully be welcomed into the **community** of Fraser Island by the morning.



The raft was swept out in the high tide on its journey to Fraser.

The tide was supposed to take them all the way to the island they so badly wanted to be at. The cold night's wind crept through the opening of the tent as they slowly drifted into a much earned sleep.

They were alarmed as they woke to water rushing into the tent. The rope began to split as bits of wood went their separate ways. The tent began to slip into the water as the raft slowly dismantled. Frantically the women hurdled out of the tent, almost trampling each other in doing so. They both made their way to the only piece of driftwood still afloat. They were distressed as they saw a disturbing amount of dingoes



close to the shore whilst they floated through the shark infested waters. They coughed up the salty water as they looked hopelessly into the sapphire blue sky. Their hearts were racing as Rita hysterically searched for her voodoo doll that would give them all their answers.

"Where's my voodoo doll?" Rita cried out agitated.

In the pair's panic to abandon the raft, the doll had sunk with the clumps of driftwood. Rita looked to where their raft had once floated in the hope that her beloved voodoo doll would show its face once again. Her long gaze was disturbed as a bright crimson glow tore through the water's surface and the doll's words were muffled by the water. As the pair stared at the dying red glow, they wondered what their future held.



Rita, the psychic's, prediction spells doom for Linda's holiday plans. Whilst Linda packs for her well-deserved holiday, little does she know that it will all go downhill-or at least underwater! Read as Linda and Rita are stranded on a desert island and are forced to rely on their voodoo doll to help them get out alive. Will they get off this island and survive or will their luck run out?

Recommended for ages 10 to 14 years

