

# A Washed Out World

The cats in the hats  
the place just school





# Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'  
CANCER  
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

## PARAMETERS FORM 2019

### TEAM DETAILS

STATE: ACT

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Telopea Park School (BARTON)

TEAM NAME: The Cats in the Hats

TEAM ID: 066

### PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

#### Parameters

Primary character 1: Beautician

Primary character 2: Illustrator

Non-human character: Building blocks

Setting: A field

Issue: A burglary

#### 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 spell 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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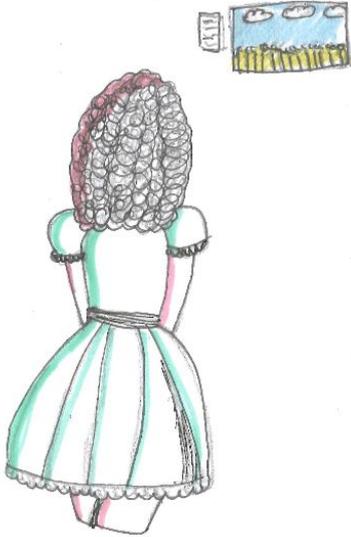
# **A WASHED OUT WORLD**



## Chapter 1

Bindi walks slowly down the street, no spring in her step today. She feels miserable and cold, unusual for her impromptu visit to the museum. Bindi tries to cheer herself up as she walks along by thinking about the new exhibition at the museum. She smooths the pleats of her soft green dress and fiddles with her cherry red curls.

Bindi approaches the building that has been her second home since before she could remember, her constant source of inspiration for years. Bindi enters the building, taking in the gorgeous artwork and sculptures that fill the room. She feels free here: this wasn't only her home, the people here were a part of her **community**.



She continues through the museum, past the Aboriginal art, past the old machinery, past the taxidermied animals until she finds what she is looking for. *The Geometric and Abstract Art* exhibition. The rooms of the exhibition are filled with sculptures made of everything from clay to recycled plastics. But the paintings, they transport her to a whole other world, one of happiness and peace.

An Impressionist oil painting on a small rectangular **canvas** depicting a long field catches her eye. Despite the painting's size, the field seems to stretch on forever, and the long shadows cast over the grass portrays peace and serenity. Up close, Bindi feels the real magic. She is breath taken. She feels alive again. As Bindi walks home that night, she's ready to give herself another chance.

The next day, Bindi sets up shop in the spare room with a stack of papers and pencils.

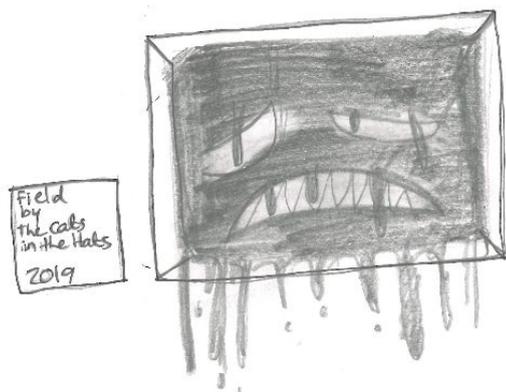
Three hours later, all she has is a basic sketch. Not much to work with. Hopeless. She *hates* it. Twenty minutes later, she is on the floor of the room, surrounded by scraps of paper, broken pencils and eraser shavings: an absolute mess, and it doesn't seem to be getting any easier. She can't even get past the outline. A tear slides down her cheek and she is engulfed by her despair.



That night, her tears accompany her to bed. The day has taken its toll on Bindi and she is exhausted. She cries herself to sleep.

In the morning, she has an urge to try again. Well-rested and ready to prove to herself that there is hope. She spends half the day adding sharper details, finally moving on to painting. Finally, she has the finished product. She is thrilled. She has proved herself as an artist. She tucks it under her arm and races down to the museum.

Bindi looks up at the painting and holds her own copy up beside it. It



looks wonderful! She takes her time, comparing the two together. It's only a few minutes later when she notices something in her peripheral vision. There, in the top left corner of the original canvas is a small black blob of paint. It seems out of place and Bindi, as an artist, knows that she couldn't possibly

have missed it in the recreating process. Surely not. She glances down at her copy and then back to the original. *Hang on...* The black mark wasn't that big a second ago. Bindi averts her eyes for another minute, blinks a couple of times, telling herself that she is going crazy. *Get a grip, Bindi*, she thinks. She looks back and almost drops everything she is holding. The black mark has tripled in size and is spreading. She stays silent, her eyes widening as the black mark becomes a dark whirlwind which sweeps across the landscape, turning everything in the picture dark and sombre. It is almost as if the colour is being drained from the canvas. But her own copy stays bright and vivid. *What is going on???*

The entire canvas is now black and white. But the darkness doesn't stop there. It seeps out of the painting's frame and drips into a puddle at Bindi's feet. It flows down the hallway like sewage. The few other museum guests around Bindi are completely oblivious even as the blackness begins to rise above their knees. She starts to panic. The



blackness reaches her waist and continues to rise. She screams out but nobody pays attention to her. Maybe they can't hear her. The wave of darkness carries her through the halls of the museum and she struggles to stay afloat. The darkness rises above her head and her screeches are swallowed by the dark. She falls down, down. Down through the cold blackness.

## Chapter 2

She falls into a field, face first in the dirt. Bindi rises from the ground and looks around, seeing the miles and miles of featureless monochromatic wheat.



“H-Hello?” she says, glancing around the featureless planes.  
“HELLO!” Nothing.

Bindi has been walking for hours. She’s hungry and tired. Her feet hurt so she stops and lies down in the wheat. She takes one quick look across the horizon to see if she can

notice anything, but there is nothing, nothing but endless fields. Sleep weighs her down, her eyes unable to keep open any longer.

Bindi wakes up to the feeling of something cold sliding down her neck. She sits up quickly and gazes down, a stream of water running down to where she was just sitting. A shadow is looming over her. She turns slowly. A giant eye stares back.

Before her, blocking the sun’s glow is a large stone head. A small puddle has appeared where Bindi had been sitting. She wonders how



the head had moved here, or maybe she had moved to it? She starts to think about it, but stops as she notices something moving out of the corner of her eye.

A figure stands at the top of the head, dressed in a dark cloak. Bindi's panic grows. Carefully, she turns her head ever so slightly to look at the person. They stand there, perched on the statue. Looking down at her, their head is tilted to the side. The creature stands there, in thought, before finally reaching an idea and jumping off the back of the rock. The figure then turns and walks off into the wheat. With nothing else to do, she follows them.

They have been walking for a long while now, though Bindi doesn't feel hungry. She tries to make conversation, but the creature doesn't answer, merely looking at her with a confused expression. The creature sometimes makes a chirping sound, and Bindi could hear something respond, somewhere up ahead. Finally they reach a forest, though Bindi is not sure if there is enough trees to be a true forest. The creature stops, and figures drop down from the tree. They all look like the first figure, except they are of different sizes, and are shades of grey and black. They chirp at each other, glancing at Bindi with what she thinks is confusion, maybe even animosity.



Finally, the meeting of the hooded figures is over. As they walk through the woods, Bindi notices that the path is covered in broken twigs. *Someone must have **skipped** down this path before*, she thinks. Bindi sees that the ground is lit up by a strange, ethereal gray glow. *Maybe it's the sun?* she thinks, but the sun is nowhere to be seen. In fact, it is night, the sky a deep black.

The group reaches what appears to be their final destination, the place where the light glow is the most faint. They sit there and wait and, with Bindi unsure of what else to do, she waits as well.

As she sits and watches, more and more hooded figures begin to emerge from the forest. Some tall, some skinny, some bulkier, some even seem to be children. And they all get together, and the leader stands up, and sings. Bindi listens: it's beautiful. As the other creatures join in, she begins to feel sleepy...

And then there is a loud sound of something running through the undergrowth. Bindi sees the creatures slip into the trees. She looks around trying to find an escape. And then a figure bounds out of the woods.



It's a policeman, armed with a bayonet. He is very rotund, and has a handlebar moustache. He seems to be the ultimate caricature of a policeman, and he even looks slightly cartoonish, as if he is less real than anything else in this world. He is riding a horse-like creature with oddly sloppy and faded hair, and a doughy body. "BURGLAR!"

yells the policeman, his voice loud and filled with authority. “THIEF OF COLOUR! HALT SO YOU MAY BE TRIED FOR YOUR CRIMES.”

Bindi begins to run into the forest ducking between trees and moving over roots. She can see the policeman behind her, his steed is catching up with her, until a low branch knocks him off his horse, and the horse stops, waiting for him to get up. Bindi hides behind a tree and watches him. “Stupid thing.” says the policeman as he gets up off the ground. He walks over and gives the tree a kick. “Right, let’s see where that girl got too, eh?” he says to the horse. The horse makes a sound like a sigh, and at that moment Brindi realises why the horse looks so strange.

It is a donut.

The “hair” is actually icing, and the rest of its body is the donut’s dough, shaped into an approximate shape of a horse. It is almost comical- if it isn’t for the situation. Bindi begins to slowly walk away, and hears a branch crack. The policeman turns to face her, and Bindi sees his eyes, dark and glowing. She runs into the forest and hears the policeman calling out behind her and the horse bounding after her.



A voice rings out between the trees,  
“Come, child!”

Bindi doesn’t know who the voice belongs to, but she doesn’t have time to worry about it. She runs through the forest and sees a tree with a door carved into it. The tree is tall and white and withered, it’s bark

peeling. Small lights dance up in the branches, making strange shadows on the ground below. She opens the door, enters and swings it closed just as the policeman sees her and charges in her direction.

Bindi walks down the hall. There are pictures on the wall and a staircase rising up to higher levels to her right. The pictures show three faces, one looking very... odd. There are families and children, and Bindi wonders whether any of them call it home.

A voice rings out from a door at the end of the hallway- the same voice from before. "Come in, dear. I'm making tea."

Bindi walks into the kitchen, and sees a figure in a dress, which rustles and shifts strangely, moving in a nonexistent breeze, like it was alive. "H-hello?" She says, coming up behind the figure.

The figure turns around, and Bindi is face to face with a monster, a three headed woman, the closest face featureless, without eyes, nose or mouth. The adrenaline that had run through her when she was being chased surges up again and she hits the blank face, her fist sinking with little resistance into the cold surface of her flesh, before her fist suddenly repels from the flesh. The monster stumbles back in shock. Bindi pauses, hand shaking, and then runs down the corridor and up the stairs, further into the house.

## Chapter 3

Her breath comes out in short pants. Bindi runs through the twisting wooden hallways. Not just twisting in corners. No, the wood of the walls, the floors are like roots climbing up, up, up. She jumps over them, praying she won't trip.

*Where am I?* Bindi doesn't know.

Doesn't know who this *three headed* woman chasing her is.

As if her thoughts can summon her, the lady croons sweetly, "Darling dearest, I would recommend not getting lost in my house."

Bindi shudders but refuses to stop moving. The three heads flash in her mind once - one doesn't even have a *face*.

The walls creep tighter together, as if the house itself is working against her, trying to trap her within its wooden claws. Twisting and crouching, Bindi throws her body between the gaps, the meagre light of the corridor vanishing as she dives in further. By now, it is like moving through a thicket, yet still the woman's voice carries, a haunting melody. It comes from everywhere. Left, right, ahead of her, above her. Bindi's head swivels trying to find where it is coming from. The lady **sings**, as if she could take all the time in the world.

The singing is like tendrils creeping their way towards Bindi, sensing her. Her body shakes but she squeezes through nevertheless, until the lower half of her body is caught between two particularly thick roots.

*No, no, no, no, no-*

"Oh, do watch out for the room of mirrors. They like to play tricks on unsuspecting visitors," the woman says, unhurried.

*Crack! Snap!* The wood splits and Bindi lets out a cry of triumph which quickly morphs into one of fear as she falls back down into a

chasm like the gaping maw of a beast. Wind tears at the curls of her hair, obscuring her view.



“AAAAAAAAAHHHH!” The words are an unending stream of fear as she realises there will be nothing to cushion her fall. Suddenly her body rockets up. Pinwheeling, her arms flap like an angry bird as Bindi squawks, falling back down once more, only to find that her body is once more bounced up. A net!

A blinding white flash of light and a cackle and *she* bounces beside her.

For all the world looking as if she could bounce around all day. Bindi knows she didn't dream the heads in their first encounter. There they were (even the one without a face!) all four eyes crinkling with wicked joy. Bindi's instincts scream for her to run yet she merely watches the woman. Warily, indeed, but she isn't about to punch the lady another time.

Bindi takes her time to fully take in the strange woman. Because there is... a lot. The hair, the makeup, the exuberance. It is as if buzzing energy falls off the woman in waves, a never ending happiness. Like a flowers in bloom. Bursting with life. The head on the far left is without a mouth, eyes, nose. Yet somehow, as if absentmindedly, a face had been clumsily scribbled on in thick black ink. A halfhearted attempt for normality. The centre head and the one on the far right both are done up in a beehive hairdo. The coiled, tightly wound strands are arranged with precision. The lady



wears a dress of butterflies, the wings at the base fluttering slightly. Butterflies dot her hair as well, and her makeup is caked on, thick. Her perfume hits Bindi as well, a cloud of rose and flowery scents. Despite the world around her being only a clash of black and white, Bindi could tell that the woman's skin is dark, as if shaded with a charcoal pencil. A sudden urge overtook her to paint this woman, wondering how the woman would be in vibrant colours. The butterflies- those would be orange like autumn leaves.

“Have you taken your fill?” Her lips curve into a deceptively sweet smile. She extends a manicured hand. “Belladonna, the Lady of the Woods. *Very* nice to meet you.”

Bindi grasps her hand, the skin soft and smooth. “Bindi.”

“Bindi,” Belladonna exclaims, jumping up and bringing Bindi with her. “*Bin-dee.*”

She tastes Bindi's name as if feeling the word with her tongue. She nods, coming to a conclusion. “Yes. Yes, indeed. You do need me.” Bindi's eyes struggle to follow the chatter of the two heads talking, not knowing which one will speak next. “Ne-need you?”

“Well, you need a beautician's eye for detail, don't you?” She falls back once more, gesturing for Bindi to follow suit. Bindi obeys not quite following the quicksilver mind of Belladonna.

“Beautician?” What is going on?

Belladonna grins, a cheshire cat smile. “I suggest you hold on tightly, dear.”

Before Bindi can ask what she means, the net pulls back like a slingshot. Again, Belladonna flashes that mischievous smile. “Here. We. Go.”

The net releases and they are flung up, up, up. Rising to meet the inky night sky. A hand grasps Bindi's, clutching tight enough to hurt.

“This is my favourite part,” Belladonna cries out, her silvery laugh ringing out.

The world around them shifts, spinning like a tornado, stretching like rubber. A whoosh of air and Bindi finds herself sitting in a quaint little room. The table before her is bedecked with porcelain teacups, a pattern of flower twining around the rim.

Bindi’s mouth hangs open like a blubbering fish. Belladonna, on the other hand, already holds a kettle in her hand, one head searching for something in a large cabinet, the other focusing on getting milk and sugar.

The room is cluttered with objects and thing-a-ma-bobs. The shelf beside the table is made up solely of various glass jars, each containing an item crazier than the next. Eels and eyes, bones and bells, flower and fluff.

Catching Bindi’s stare, Belladonna smirks. “Clients ask for the strangest of things. You never know when a toad’s eye might come in handy.”

Her hands let go of the kettle and Bindi waits for a shatter but nothing came. The kettle simply floats across to her and steadily pours a stream of chamomile scented tea. Magic. True magic. She doesn’t bother to hold back the gasp that escaped her.

Finding words Bindi asks, curiosity winning out, “What is it that you do?” A beautician, she had said. Whatever that means.

Belladonna gracefully falls into her seat, resting her middle head on her hands. Bindi tries not to stare at the other two. “Beauty, darling. Beauty is my work and my gift. I help people find it.”

Bindi tilts her head, thinking. This three-headed woman might be... strange, but in a way that made the world seem like a rainbow. Each colour had its place. She decided to offer a shy smile to the lady who returns it with that wolfish grin.

“Now, your story. Why are you here, Bindi?” She takes a small sip of her tea, eyes never leaving Bindi’s face.

“I-I’m afraid I don’t know. I’m... lost.” Her throat grows tight but Bindi shoves away the rising fear. Her hands bunch in the folds of her dress. “In this crazy, mad world. It doesn’t make any sense!”

She barks a laugh. “Mad? Madness is but a form of reckless sanity.” A glint in her eyes, the spark of a fire that can never be put out. Belladonna claps her hands, the sound jolting through Bindi like a thunderclap. “Let’s do something about it! Get up, get up!”



Bindi attempts to say she hasn’t even touched her tea yet but Belladonna waves her off and hauls her out of the chair. The tea set vanishes, an umbrella shooting into Belladonna’s outstretched hand and a macaron in the other. Shoving the macaron into Bindi’s mouth

(despite her coughing protest), the world spirals once more and they arrive in a forest. Not a normal forest. No, Bindi thinks she won't see anything normal for a while. Bubbles, shiny and delicate hang from the branches like a soapy blossom.

Belladonna allows no time for awe, instead traipsing along a mushroom strewn path, her humming like birdsong.



“Oh, watch out--” Bindi cringes as one of the heads gets a faceful of bubbles, coughing through the white splatter on her face. Bindi struggles to hold back a laugh as Belladonna is momentarily *un*-elegant.

With a hmph of annoyance, Belladonna shoots her a glare despite the humour glimmering in her eyes.

“Don't just stand around, otherwise the bubbles will become a little *too* friendly.”

Catching her meaning, Bindi hurried along, shooting the seemingly unthreatening bubbles a glance or two.

Together they make their way through the woods, Belladonna ranting on about all her favourite things to do, to see. Bindi listens, enjoying the drama that filled every word.

Belladonna shoots out a hand, halting Bindi in her steps. A glance to the left. A glance to the right. With wariness in her eyes, she lifts her hand and plunges it into the thick of the hair on the centre head.

“I thought it was in here somewhere,” she murmurs, hand hidden in the coils. “AHA!” She rejoices as a pocket watch is pulled from her hair, the chain allowing her to bring it to her face.

Bindi is on her tiptoes, eyes wide as she looks at the hair with new fear. “What do you hide in *there*?”

“Oh, this and that. I get bored easily, dear.” She pays Bindi no attention, studying the watch face. It has no numbers but symbols, the hand slowly ticking around the face. She feels through the strands once more and out comes a burrito. “Hungry? I’m starving.” She chucks the burrito to Bindi while fishing out a muffin for herself. Bindi is suspicious but the macaron that she had been force fed hasn’t stopped the grumbling of her stomach. So she digs in, not realising how hungry she really is.

“No, no, no,” Belladonna hisses, drawing Bindi’s attention. The hand on the clock face, whirs spinning around and around. “Not good at all.”

“Wath ish?” Bindi says around a mouthful of burrito.

“Time’s running out. Fast.” Her heads shake in unison and Bindi startles as the non-face begins to melt. Like ice-cream left to long in the sun. Belladonna winces through the pain but doesn’t bother to touch the dripping head.

Bindi jumps as an object falls beside her, inches from her head. A block. Another falls. Then another and another. Bindi takes a cautious step towards them, bending down-

“Pick them up.” No room for discussion in Belladonna’s voice. Only command.

It is as if Belladonna has told her to fly. “All of them? I don’t have the arm-strength!”

The blocks are at least the size of a boulder each. And Bindi is supposed to lift them all?

“You certainly did when you punched me,” Belladonna scoffs. Before Bindi can ask for her help, she interrupts, “I can’t help you. Touching them will unbalance what is already precarious enough.”

*Because of me, Bindi understands. After all, she is the thief.*



The blocks watch the whole conversation. Goosebumps spread out across Bindi's arm. She swallows once. Twice. Hauling up the blocks in her arms, Bindi places one on top of the other. Finally a stack is in her arms, their whispered words a barrage against her ears.

*"Thief."*

*"Not good enough!"*

*"The wave will swallow you up."*

But Bindi ignores it all. Won't let it get to her. Because home awaits. A night-kissed wind breezed through the forest, bringing with it feathers that glinted like silver in the watery beams of moonlight. The field is waiting for them. Bindi knows it in her blood. She stands up straighter.

To the field they will go.

## Chapter 4

Bindi begins to think that these building blocks are the staircase out of this never-ending eerie and uncanny place: the only way back to her world. Her hair brushes against her cheek and tears stream down her face.

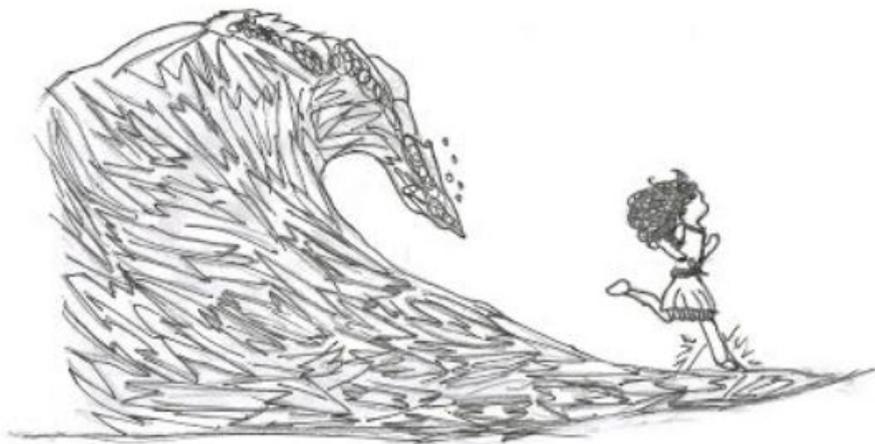
The blocks are much too heavy for her hands, hands that are moulded for holding paint brushes. *No, I have to lift these, whatever it takes.* However her desperate, countless attempts have little effect: no matter how much energy she devotes into lifting the blocks, they simply won't budge.

*"Lift 'em blocks"*, shouts Belladonna in the background. Much to her surprise, the blocks all start moving one by one. However, they all move in separate directions. Although, what is even more surprising is that they can all talk! Bindi runs in all directions in futile attempts to chase them but fails miserably.

The blocks shout in rhythm, *"You won't be going back anytime soon, you're going to*

*stay with us forever..."*

Bindi collapses on the ground, sure that more tears are coming any second now.



But there is no time for tears. In the blink of an eye, she sees a wave rushing towards her. She runs further, but the wave shows no signs of stopping. Instinctively, she lets out a scream and the blocks watch as her face turns into an ashen shade of white and she could faint at any moment. The wave is a disgusting black; a dark ocean that could engulf her at any moment. Fear, true and unstoppable, clutches her heart in its hand. She can't let this monster engulf her.

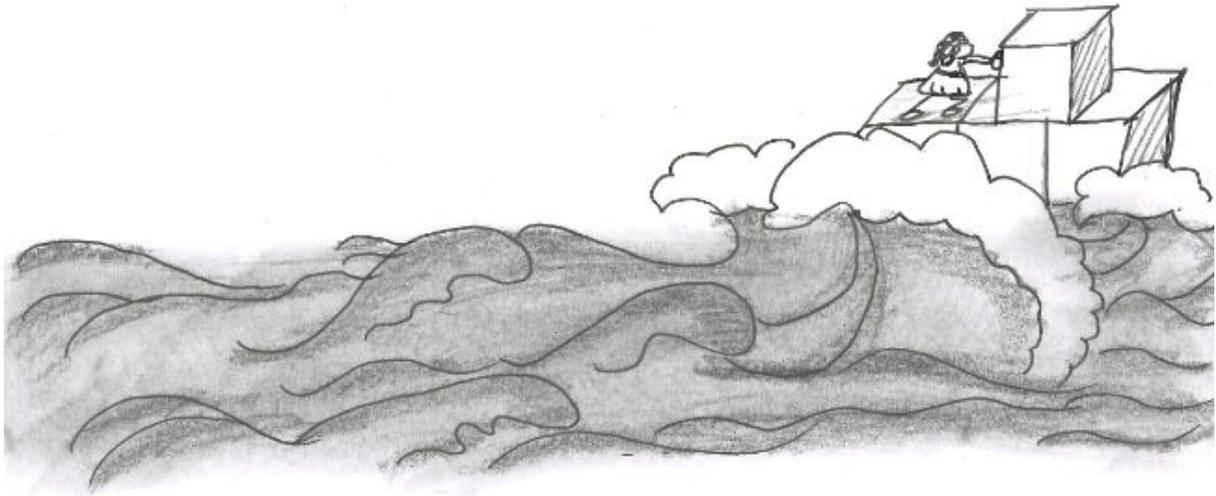
Although the blocks are teasing her, they know that the wave will engulf her if they don't help her somehow. They assemble together and start to make a staircase-like sculpture.

The blocks start to scream her name in harmony at the top of their lungs, "*Bindi! Bindi! Bindi! Come here quickly!*" Bindi is confused and can't help but think that the blocks are playing tricks on her.

However, with no other choice, she sprints over to the blocks and begins to ascend, but the wave has caught up to her and soon enough her knees are engulfed in the murky black wave. The wave stops just at the brim of her emerald dress. As soon as the wave engulfs her, she feels a chill travelling all the way up to her spine and then an electric shock, sending her into painful cries. The blocks frantically push back, sparing no effort in pushing back the wave. Much to their relief, the wave dies down and vanishes as if a vacuum sucks it in.

Her relief doesn't last long though, because as soon as the first wave was sucked in, the second tide of waves comes crashing through. There is a loud tooting sound that has Bindi grimacing. Bindi and the blocks' expressions instantly switch from relief to dismay. In the distance, the policeman and his horse both run towards Bindi. The policeman screams over the horn, "*You colour thief! I'm going to arrest you! Even the colour of my kangaroo is turning into grey because of you!*"

The black wave traps the policeman and his horse right before everyone's eyes and soon enough, the policeman and his horse are sucked into the wave. They aren't the only victims of the black wave though. The wave looks as if it will swallow anything and everything that is in its sight.



The blocks begin tumbling into a mess, Bindi gets knocked off and lands in a nearby bush in the process.

A blinding pain in her leg threatens to stop her from moving. The wave will soon engulf everything if they don't act quick. Bindi limps over to the blocks and attempts to lift them again. This time, she feels lifeless - she's lost all determination. Even the blocks themselves couldn't assemble anymore.

Bindi attempts to run again but the water catches up to her. Then, out of thin air, Belladonna appears. Her arms thrust out, she stops the wave but it simply splashes onto her. The wave is starting to trap both of them into a circle. The force of the wave will soon suck in both Belladonna and Bindi soon enough.

In situations like this, **magic** shows its wonders and the blocks start assembling themselves. The wave crashes through, separating Bindi and Belladonna. Belladonna flies off into the distance and the waves engulf her. Bindi runs up the stairs, unaware of her companion's disappearance and too hopeful to look back. Upon reaching the top of the staircase, she realises that all of the blocks have gathered, except one. Belladonna is nowhere to be seen. She lets out a sob. She has no choice. Bindi must keep going to that one last block. At last, she reaches it, eyes fluttering closed as empty air awaits her...

Bindi lands on a wood-panelled floor, dizzy. Wood-panelled? She doesn't care about her aching bones, her sweat-slick forehead. "*Where am I, where am I?*"

The museum. She is back in the museum. Forgetting the curious glances thrown her way, Bindi jumps to the painting she had been looking at before, just where it had always been. It looks... vibrant, colourful and full of life. She notices something that had gone unnoticed before. The corner of her eye catches a small but interesting three-headed character. Belladonna. However small, that Cheshire cat smile still shines, bright and alive. Bindi is full of undiluted

inspiration from that world, from her friend.

Masterpieces that she can't wait to bring to life. A world of madness and nonsense.









"THIEF!"

BUDI'S ARTISTIC LADDER IS ON THE ROCKS - SHE HASN'T PICKED UP A BRUSH IN FOUR MONTHS. BUT, AFTER AN IMPULSIVE MUSEUM VISIT THE PAINTING SHE'S LOOKING AT THRUSTS HER INTO AN ALTERNATE REALITY. THERE, SHE ENCOUNTERS EVERYONE FROM A DROLL POLICEMAN TO AN ENIGMATIC BEAUTICIAN. WITH OR WITHOUT HELP, SHE MUST FACE MANY OBSTACLES, MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL HER OWN DEMOTIVATION, TO RETURN COLOUR TO HER WORLD.