



**GET
WITH
THE
TIMES**



Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM 2019

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: WA

DIVISION: Upper School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Perth College (MOUNT LAWLEY)

TEAM NAME: The Precocious Creators

TEAM ID: 979

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 Music composer

Primary character 2 DJ

Non-human character Book

Setting Hospital

Issue Time travel

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

Copyright

Published by The Precocious Creators, Perth College, 31 Lawley Crescent, Mt Lawley, Perth, 6050, WA. Mia Barnes, Erin Carlson, Mikayla D'Cruz, Zoe Dembo, Melissa Howell, Erin Miller, Emily Narustrang, Arwen Ooi and Alida Pilson.

Copyright © 2019, The Precocious Creators, Perth College.

All rights reserved. This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purpose of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

1

Beatrice



When I was young, Father would often take me to listen to the grand masters. I wished to be able to play music like Beethoven, Bayley, and Chopin. For the anniversary of my tenth summer, Father had a grand piano made by the finest makers, *Grayson Keys*. The piano was visually appealing: glossed ebony and ivory keys, gold embellishments, it was a fine instrument. He hired me a fine, private tutor, and over the years I studied hard. By the time I was a young lady I could play just as fine as any master. I was deemed a prodigy.

But I aspired for more. I'd always had everything I needed and wanted, but still I wanted to achieve something in my life. I wanted to be like my father. He was a doctor, and he was well known amongst the **community** for being the best in the county. He was smart, bold, strong, respected – everything I aspired to become.

But I wasn't like my father.

There was no way I could be like him.

I am a woman, and he, a man.

My father's expectation for me was to be married off to a well respected, rich husband, to whom I would cook and clean for. To be pent up in a townhouse, children at the apron-strings and a pot on the stove. In this era, that was what every well wishing father would hope for his daughter.

Regardless, he understood my wonder for pharmacy, and throughout my teenage years he decided it would be harmless to take me along with him and to feed my curiosity. Thus, I spent a lot of my time in the Royal London Hospital, where I **skipped** as I followed my father around like a lamb follows its shepherd.

I still am making these daily trips to the hospital. On the 8th toll of the church bell, my father and I depart our lavish townhouse and enter the carriage waiting for us. Once the perfectly standard trip is complete, we make our way inside the heavy doors that shut with an echoic thud, sealing the outside world from this magical kingdom. The halls are void of people as I leave Father and venture towards the entertainment room. The walls cold, stale, weirdly sterile, encompass a room empty of people. When I arrive, the place is vacant, so I make my way to the piano clutching a folder of my own compositions to practise ready for a performance hopefully later that day.

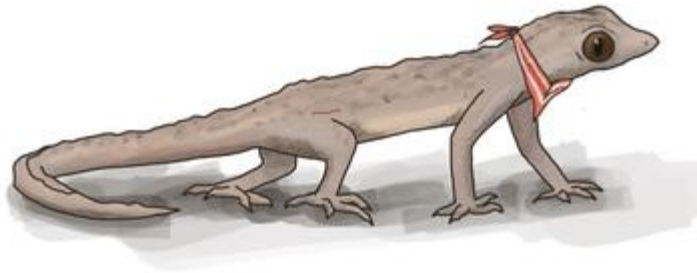
The elderly piano squats in its usual corner, and I manoeuvre around the scattered chairs and couches. I set my music on the stand, an abandoned novel inconveniently placed, open to page 2019.

Annoyed, I push it to the floor, assuming it to be a hospital library book. The book thumped across the floorboards, the spine releasing an audible crunch. Upon closer inspection, I recognise the decrepit book hosts something far more interesting than words: music notes. I pick it up and start scrutinizing the pages, when I am overwhelmed with an unusual sensation. Not feeling quite right in the head, I attempt to sit but seem unable to, as the room starts to spin.



2

Grayson



I graduated medical school at the age of 26. My grades were good, I studied hard and even managed to have a part time job on the side. I rarely had friends over as most of them had moved on with their lives and further studies, but I saw them occasionally; when I decided to leave my house. Every morning, I take Franklin, my gecko, outside and we chill in the warm sun, eating our very different breakfasts, his consisted of insects, and mine of granola.

During the day, I go to work at the local hospital here in Perth. You may have heard of it, it's a bit...royal.

My favourite time of day is night, when I can finally can come alive. I travel around Perth following my DJ passion. I make a couple of hundred dollars a week, enough to pay board and the cool little extras in my life. I can't quit my med job as I'm trying to move out and need to be able to pay for a house and utilities.

Imagine this: stark white walls blank like a **canvas**, eight nurses poised around the operating table, steely instruments held in steady hands. Exactly where I was supposed to be.

Supposed. Instead, I am in a room, abuzz with nurses, doctors, patients... *people*. Voices broke through my throbbing skull, slicing through my head.

Pain.

People lined the wall, talking, sitting in silence or paced, their nerves palpable... eyes darting between the old waiting room TV screen, their phones, other visitors. Others occupied the limited beds we had here in the E.R. being tended by professionals. The smell of booze and street filth sullied the sterile air, reminding all who came in that it was, in fact, Australia Day.

I looked down at the growing list in my hands, the number of patients I had to visit on my shift was never ending. Looking to the top, I check the bay number and head over there, ready to have my mind blown by the next dumb stunt that didn't go to plan.

3

Beatrice



I am surrounded by colours, iridescent walls of light surrounding me. They blur together and swirl around me, an extravagant kaleidoscope. Lights blind me. I feel my body swaying ever so slightly until, eventually, I feel the ground beneath my feet, and I seem to fall still. I grimace, open my eyes to an impenetrable blur. I leave my hands resting on my head until the world grinds to a halt.

A myriad of piercing sunbeams stab me. A grey concrete footpath lies beneath my feet. My stomach lurches, gathering at my throat but before I feel anything come up, I collapse.

As I come to, stinging thoughts fill my mind, like clouds covering the pale blue sky. The unknowing, like sharp glass shards, slice into my head. *What kind of strange magic has brought me here?*

I twist my head around, instigating a vicious, searing heat to fill my face, and stare at the people that are walking around me. They're dressed in outfits I've never seen before, weirdly alien in white trench coats. I breathe heavily. *What is going on?* Panic grabs hold of the nape of my neck. I feel their eyes burning into me.

Darkness creeps at the corners, fingers reaching into my pupils before my vision snaps into black.

What happened? I wonder. Did I... die?

Grayson

I stand by the vast glass of the hospital window, looking outside at those passing by. Clouds carelessly stroll whimsically across the sky. Sunlight wades through the clouds, only to land softly on a girl. A young girl, who furrows her brow at the sliding glass doors as they open and close. Her hair, wrestled into bun that sits fuming, on her head. Her clothes are old fashioned. Kind of weird. I watch her intently as she begins to blink copiously, swaying like a sapling. People surround her. I take my hands out of my pockets and begin to proceed over to her with caution.

“Hello?” I call out to her, but with no response. She mustn’t have heard me.

Without warning, she falls backwards, partly as if participating in a trust fall, partly as if she was violently thrown, falling into no one’s arms. Astounded, I run over and wrestle my stethoscope free. People swarm around her like vultures on a gazelle. My heart thuds in my throat, “Move! Move!” I yell with all the authority I can muster.

Finally, I push through the crowd and kneel beside her. Her chest rises and falls gracefully. Her delicate eyelashes flutter. *Okay, so at least she’s alive.* I proceed to complete a safety survey and check her vitals, and once satisfied, I call for a gurney to take her to a vacant bed in the emergency department.

I complete a closer examination. Her skin is a milky white with pink flushed cheeks. I strap the blood pressure monitor over her upper arm, the disturbance causing her eyes flutter open. She stares at me in shock and confusion. After all, she did just pass out in the middle of RPH.

“Hello, what’s your name and age, Miss?” I question.

She frowns at me as she says, “Bea, I’m nineteen years of age. Sir, do excuse me, but where am I?”

4

Beatrice



I awake to a horrid pounding in my head, and a tightness around my arm. I try to focus on the situation surrounding me, successfully managing to force my eyes open, taking in the bright lights bearing down on me and, to my horror, the face positioned right next to my own. I take a sharp breath, my heart pounding. I look around the room to see a strange table, and a glass wall, where I can see that the skylines of Georgian terraces had been replaced by blazing rays of sun highlighting the hard lines of looming modern structures. My attention returns once more to the face next to mine, that of a young man. His dopey, gentle expression sends a sudden burst of irritation into me. I have seen enough. This whole situation is utterly ridiculous. I need some answers. I become aware that he's speaking to me, or attempting to do so, asking for my name and age. This man does not speak in a tongue the same as my

own, albeit similar. A harsh, lazy language, to which I reply, "Beatrice Pembroke, I'm nineteen years of age sir, do excuse me, but where am I?"

Grayson

If somebody had told Grayson that he would kick off his Tuesday morning by meeting a frustrated time traveller, he would have admitted them to the psych ward. Yet here he is today, in a small waiting room with a girl from the past grilling him like a cheese toasty with questions. Where am I? What's going on? Why are you here? What's the time? What year is it?

This went on until a few basic facts were established:

- 1) Her name was Beatrice Pembroke, she preferred Bea however
- 2) She was from the past, specifically, the Georgian Era. From England.
- 3) She had time travelled and appeared outside the hospital, in Western Australia, method still unclear
- 4) She doesn't know how to return home

"Now tell me, who are you?" she suddenly demands, switching pace quite abruptly.

"Uh, I'm uh, Oliver Grayson, but most people c-call me Grayson."

Her eyes narrow and she says "I see. Well it's pleasant to meet you Dr. Grayson. Thank you for the information. Now I believe I ought to be on my way. Good day." She stands to leave.

“Wait! Hold up! Where do you think your going? We just established that you’re from a totally different time period with no means of returning home! What exactly do you plan on doing?” Grayson stops, realising how bizarre he’s sounding.

He has only been around this plucky young girl for half an hour at most, but he is already coming to like her. He wanted to help her, and he knew she would have no chance fending for herself in a foreign place. She was also very different to his usual patients.

“Well, I’m not sure. Thank you very much but I know I can manage it myself. What exactly do you propose doing, anyhow, that I cannot? I think I’d best go.” Her cheeks flushed red, frustrated.

“No wait! Just... please calm down a bit and stay here until you’re sure of what your going to do. I want to help you! Just... please tell me what’s going on because I’m as confused as you are about this!”

This assurance of good intent seemed to put Bea at ease, and she sat back down.

“Well you see, it all started when I started to inspect this old book...” They both make eye contact and then quickly glance down at the decrepit old novel still tightly clutched in Bea’s white-knuckled hand.

5

Beatrice & Grayson



Once it had been firmly established that Bea, was in fact, a still intact and functioning human being, Grayson offered to take her back to his place so she at least had somewhere to stay for the night before they tried to, dare he say it, **magic** her back to the Georgian era.

An obstacle stood in his way however, as it took at least twenty minutes for Grayson to convince her to get in the car.

“But how does it work?” she queried him for the eighth time. “Where are the horses?” Being no car expert, Grayson desperately tried (and failed) to explain the mechanics behind the automated vehicle and its metal doors. Finally, she accepted the fact that there are some things in 2019 that she would be unable to understand, and instead politely endured Grayson’s woeful explanations. Eventually she gracelessly clambered into the “horseless carriage”, and although her fascination did not pipe down, she was at least seated in the car, and they could actually get moving.

Once at his house, Bea's mind began to filter through the thoughts, and her sensory overload became less mind-numbingly painful. Sitting on Grayson's- '*what did he call this thing?*'- couch, eating *pineapple*, she watched and listened to him as he told her about home.

He led her to his closet and she watched him open the doors. He pointed at each clothing item, explaining its purpose. He held up a summer work shirt.

"But its length is non-existent!" she touched the sleeves; her brows knitted together in immense confusion.

"Well, nowadays, clothing regulations are a lot less strict. For example, the blouse you were wearing before was fairly conservative. Shirts can have short sleeves. Ankles are seen by all. A lot of instruments are electronic, like the lights, and there's autotune! So, anyone who '**sings**' doesn't actually know how to sing, they just edit their voice to make it sound good."

It took the rest of the day; three hours of T.V, a cake, some googling and nonstop questioning for Bea to finally be at least somewhat satisfied.

6

Beatrice



It was later that day, and I am sitting on the couch of the 'lounge room', discussing stories and personal histories with Grayson in our conflicting styles of language.

"But seriously, on a more important note, we haven't talked yet about how to get you home. As fun as it is having you here, surely you want to go back, to, ya know, the olden days?" he asks in his lazy style of speech. Australian, I learnt, though God knows how an entire country appeared in the space of one time travel episode. I think carefully over my choice of words, for I am not sure myself.

"I am sure Father must be curious as to where I must be, however I am finding this to be a very enjoyable experience! But still, this is a very strange phenomenon, we must figure out what has happened!" I reply.

Upon thinking in more depth, I continue "But everything is so much more progressive in this day and age! Women are doctors! I saw them at the hospital! I could wear what I want, work where I want, I could be who I dream of being. Do I really wish to go back, Grayson? Surely I could stay here with you?"

He ponders this concept.

“Well, it sure would be great, but what about your dad? What about everyone else? What must they be thinking, you just left out of nowhere!”.

I still want to stay, but there is truth in what he’s saying. Amongst this, I am still curious about the rather obvious correlation of travelling through time whilst making contact with an old music book.

“This book, what is it about, what’s in it? Clearly this is how you got here, but how?” Grayson asks, the question encompassing both of our curiosities. We glance over to the book, and Grayson’s hand reaches out and slides it across the coffee toward us. I open the cover, to see the same peculiar music script that transported me through time and across the world.

“Yo, this is cool, I could remix this” Grayson jokes. I stare at him in confusion.

“Re-remix?” I stammer, clearly confused.

“Yeah, I’m a DJ in my spare time. I change up music for people to dance to.” Grayson says.

I stare at him in amazement, it seems our musical talents have given us both something in common.

“So this book... this book got me here, but how to get me back...” I venture.

The book fluttered open; its leafy pages almost glowing. We stare in amazement.

7

Grayson



After a steady few hours examining the book trying to magic Bea back to the Georgian times, Grayson and Bea eventually got bored and conversation trailed elsewhere.

“Right, I love the cosplay you have goi-”

“What’s a cosplay?”

“...Never mind. The thing is you need some... modern clothes. It’s ‘bout 30°C out and you’re covered head to toe. Have you heard of Forever New? Nah, you’re definitely a Dangerfield kinda gal.” Stunned by my knowledge of women’s clothing outlets, I ignored her baffled look and tugged her down to Murray Street Mall, straight toward Myer.

I have never felt so observed, walking through that mall. People made no hesitation to stare at the lab-coated doctor and the Georgian lady.

“So... fascinating! What’s this?” Bea stopped by the large marble ball fountain. “What bird is this?” Pointing at a flock of seagulls. “Is that... Ice-cream? Where are the tea houses and taverns? Surely you have frock shops we can visit! I see no tailor, however...”

Now sweating profusely (either from nerves or the beating heat) I finally managed to lead Bea into Myer.

Even with my lack of knowledge on the Myer store and Bea's incessant questioning, we somehow made it to the Dangerfield section with time to spare before closing. Bea let go of my hand and trotted gleefully to a stand and held up a black turtleneck sweater, before eagerly pulling out a mini skirt. "The- there's nothing to this! It is labelled as 'skirt', but is nothing more than.... A scarf!" Her face scrunched up, confused.

After an extended period of time and many visits to the fitting room which, to her surprise, did not house tailors or fitters of any kind, we managed to settle on tartan pinafore, the turtleneck she found earlier, and grey tights. She finally upheld the appearance that she belonged.

8

Beatrice



“Gracious,” I exclaim, noticing my appearance in shock. Without the corset, I finally have the freedom to breathe, even though my figure is noticeably fatter. My eyes skid over my expanse of leg and I try my best to hide my concern for the inappropriate clothing I now wear.

“Is something wrong?” he asks, noticing my worried expression.

“It’s the skirt,” I abruptly say, tugging at the short hem. “I can see my ankles.”

“Hang on, I have an idea,” says Grayson, running to the next aisle. He appears from behind the corner with a pair of cargo pants.

“Oh no I can’t wear that...” I mumble, feeling my heart pounding against my chest. I feel Grayson’s warm hand on my shoulder and look up to see his comforting face.

“It’ll be fine,” he says, looking at me with his bright green eyes. “You’re in the 21st century now, remember?”

I take the pants from Grayson and change out of the uncomfortable skirt, glancing at my reflection.

What would father think?

I step out of the changing room, feeling the comfort of the fabric hugging my legs.

“You look great, Bea,” Grayson says smiling.

“Thank you,” I say blushing.

We go to the checkout line, heads turning at Grayson’s presence.

“Fancy seeing you here, doctor,” a woman with a young girl says, in the opposite check-out line. “Amelia’s been feeling much better since you gave her those pills.”

“You’re a doctor?” I say to Grayson, feeling my heart drop. The man I trusted most, he’s just like those other overprivileged men from my own time. Gifted with the opportunities of being a male.

“Yeah...” Grayson says, itching the side of his neck. “I thought you knew; I was there at the hospital when you woke up. I’m not that good though, and I hate it...”

“You’re being modest, he’s only the best!” the woman exclaims.

Jealousy and irrational anger starts to cloud my judgement, I can't believe that he, this perfectly average man, is taking for granted the opportunities he's been given, he ought to be more grateful. I can feel the red start to flood my face.

"Not really, I hate it, I----" Grayson says, but he's unable to finish when I slap him across the face.

I turn around, running out of Myer.

"Stop her!" I hear a security guard shout from behind, stopping when Grayson says something to him.

I hear Grayson behind me shouting my name and hear the desperation in his voice. But I don't turn around, I keep on running.

9

Beatrice



I run out of Myer in my stolen clothes with tears in my eyes.

I'm out on the streets now, surrounded by the bustling and busy crowd. I feel the cold air on my face and the noise of loud talking hurts my ears. I blindly run, just to get away from *him*.

The person who I wanted to be, the opportunities I wanted to have. It felt like he was throwing my dreams away. I start wheezing, my breath unsteady, feeling as though my lungs are going to collapse. Sweat starts to form on my forehead and I feel my face flushing profusely.

A young woman looks at me out of concern. We lock eyes, but I turn around and run away, before she can say something to me. I finally slow to a stop outside H&M, collapsing on a nearby bench. I bury my head in my hands, my thoughts swarming around like hungry fish.

Stop it. Make it stop.

I feel the bench move from underneath me ever so slightly. A warm voice breaks the silence, "Are you alright there?"

I look up, my face tear-stricken to look into the aging eyes of an elderly man. He has tan, brown skin and a prickly grey beard. His eyes are tired, yet youthful accompanied by a toothless smile.

"I'm fine," I say wiping my eyes with my sleeve. I wish he would just leave me alone to dwell in my own pity.

"You know, life's too short for sulking and despair," he continues, looking at a group of passing children. They're giggling and laughing, holding balloons and their parent's hands tightly. He turns to me, placing a warm hand on my shoulder.

"You need to take full advantage of your opportunities and pursue your hopes and dreams before you run out of time."

I have a sudden realisation and guilt builds up in my stomach. I feel awful for being so rude.

"Thank you," I say to him, standing up from the bench. Briefly I dwell on all that Grayson has done for me, bending backwards to ensure my comfort. How ungratefully I had left him. I must find Grayson and apologise.

"You're right," I say to the old man, smiling. "Life's too short."

10



The two of them had both caught up again, and once the clothes were paid for and apologies were said, they had both made up and on their way home.

Back at Grayson's, Beatrice was enjoying herself immensely. Huddled up on a comfortable settee that Grayson had called a 'sofa', watching the T.V produce images of people singing and dancing in a large theatre. When she asked Grayson if it was ethical to keep people that small in such a confined space he had looked at her with a strange look on his face and explained that "he didn't pay for Australia's Got Talent" and "they can leave whenever they want to"

When Grayson had offered her a steaming mug of tea, she had nearly gagged at how sweet it was, but had soon become accustomed to how the T2 Strawberry Fields mixed in her mouth. She wondered absent mindedly what her father would think of this place. Oh my, he'd hate it.

She could see her father now, imagined him sitting by her side. He would detest the clothes she was wearing, be horrified of even the smallest freedoms Grayson did not bat an eyelid at. he would hate this world and what had become of the rules he had built his life around. A

woman should not show even the slightest hint of an elbow! He'd say. Her father would always be her father. He was the man who fed her sweet-cakes when she was sick, the man who taught her to read and the man who would smooth her hair on their way out to the hospital.

And Bea loved him. She really did. But she knew that they would never see eye to eye. Born of love or not, her father wanted different things from her life than her.

Her train of thought came to an abrupt halt as Grayson cleared his throat next to her.

"Listen. Bea, I've been thinking,"

"Have you really?"

"Seriously Bea," averting his eyes, he stammered, "I wanted to ask you..."

Bea felt herself deflate just a little. She knew where this was going. Another man, nay, another boy who would stutter his words out and turn his nose up at her calm but firm refusal. She opened her mouth to spare him the embarrassment of asking, but he interrupted her.

"I think... If it okay with you, I will go back with you. Not like, with you with you, but like. To make my own way."

That she had not been expecting. "Why?" the question was a genuine one. She had been here for so little time, and 2019 was so wonderful! She couldn't imagine wanting to leave this place, where anyone could wear and be and do whatever they wanted!

“Because... well. Listen. I love music, it’s pretty much my life, and I’ve wanted to make it for as long as I can remember.” Grayson paused, taking a deep breath. “but I’m really not that great at it. And because you can stream, getting discovered is now, well, a lot more difficult. So, I figure if I go back, and bring enough batteries to set me up for life, or even solar panels, I can grow, learn new things, play around with music and live my life in relative peace while doing something I enjoy. I’m sick of being what everyone wants me to be. I hate medicine! I want a new start. And this feels like the best way to get it.”

Beatrice thought about it. it sounded appealing, a new start in a new world, where you could do what you wanted to do without restraints. “I understand. But there is one problem...”

Grayson frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“My whole life, my whole entire life, all I’ve wanted to do is help people. Be a doctor, administer care to those who need it most. And in my era...” she broke off then, just for a moment. “In my own time that simply is not possible.”

“Hey...” said Grayson, turning down the TV just a little. “I never said you had to go with me. Hell, if I was you living in that time, I’d be out of there like a shot!”

“Like a shot? I don’t understand. Anyway, are you sure about this? Going back?”

“Yeah, I am,” he said. “I’ve been thinking about it for a while, and yeah, I think this is what’s going to be best for me.”

“Me as well.” she said, extending her hand.

They shook on it. It was settled.

They turn to the book, and as though it knew what was going on, as though it could hear, its thick cover opened, the pages fluttered open to page 1769, and the two waved their goodbyes.

Epilogue

Bea and Grayson sit on a park bench somewhere in time. Neither are sure what year it is, but neither care enough to find out.

“It’s good to see you again,” Grayson smiles into the horizon.

“We’ve seen each other every week for a month,” Bea chuckles.

“We have? It’s hard to keep track of time nowadays...” Grayson mumbles.

“How’s the music composition going?” Bea asks.

“Great!” Grayson exclaims. “How’s the medical career?”

“Absolutely wonderful,” Bea says with a euphoric smile.

They sit in silence for a while. Grayson breaks the silence. “Did my parents see my note?”

“Oh, yeah. They think you’re in Italy,” Bea says. “What about my Dad?”

“He thinks you’ve moved to a different town.” Grayson says.

Bea rests her head on Grayson’s shoulder. They watch the world move around them.

Content at last.

When a magical book throws her forwards into the future, our headstrong time traveller, Beatrice, and Doctor-become-DJ, Grayson will be forced to overcome their differences and work together to overcome the obstacles that time prevents them from pursuing their dreams.

(Recommended for 10-16 years of age)