

THE CURE FOR ZEMIMIA

Cure for Cancer

Cure for Zemimia

Cure for death

BY SWOPPS



Write a Book in a Day



THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT

Schools, Libraries, Bookshops

PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: NSW

DIVISION: Primary School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Coventry PS

TEAM NAME: Stinky

TEAM ID: 128

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1: Uncle

Primary character 2: Best friend

Non-human character: Griffin

Setting: Cave

Issue: Flood

Random words

Time

pink

struggle

dark

purple

INSTRUCTIONS

- **Start at 8am**
- **Write an original story**
 - based on all five parameters (using
 - including all five random words (plural, and in text type
 - with some description, Australian content) (if theme or setting or character, etc.
 - keeping within the allowed word count
- **By 8pm**, log on to writeabookinaday.com to
 - check (and update if necessary) your team name and team members' names
 - complete the declaration
 - submit your finished book in PDF format
- Send the parameters form and your book **immediately after the book cover**
- 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 9900
Sydney NSW 1515

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Printed in WA, Australia

Dedicated to:

All the teachers who encouraged us to make this book.

and

To all of the children in hospitals everywhere.

Contents:

Prologue

Jonathan's Question

The Cure

To Be Cured or To Be Poisoned

41 Quirk Avenue

A Sudden Leak

In Deep Water

Surprise at The Ceremony

Epilogue

Prologue:



Lightning flashed overhead, lighting up the decaying, wooden boat. Three men stood on the bow of the ship, looking over at the churning, dark sea. One gripped a phone tightly, as if it was a precious bar of gold. He held it to his ear and swiped the other two men away with his free hand.

“Are they well?” a gruff voice muttered over the phone. The man grinned wickedly, his black raincoat covering his face.

“They’re doing fine”, he whispered, his voice raspy.

“Good. They’d better be ready for me”, the voice growled. “Or else- “

“You’ll get them”, he interrupted, wiping droplets of water off his face.

“My money, though...”

The man over the phone snarled viciously.

“You’ll get your money...” he spat. “...if I get them safely.”

The line died, and the man looked down at his phone, his angry black eyes staring back.

He snarled into the wind, before heading back to the bottom deck, his footsteps stamping on the wooden planks.

He threw his boots to the corner and sat down roughly on the damp floor. A map marking ‘Ulurami’ lay by him.

*A **clock** rhythmically ticked in the distance, giving the man a chill.*

In less than four days, the deal would be set.

Chapter 1: Jonathan's Question



“Three sickly giraffes have gone missing from Africa and certain witnesses suspect that they have been shipped to South Australia”, recited Mark. He put down the newspaper he had been holding and nodded to his class.

“Back to the topic, we are so close to finding the cure for Zenimia, the infamous giraffe disease. We are so close to helping these poor creatures.” Mark held up a bright yellow liquid in a clear tube, his blue eyes twinkling with pride, wonder and amazement. Today, he was dressed as usual- in a smart, white lab coat and a casual suit

underneath. His hair was slicked back with gel and his glasses were hanging off the end of his nose.

Meanwhile, at the back of the room, the door was pushed open slightly and a dark silhouette of a figure stood there, his face covered.

Mark nodded once again to his students.

“The session’s over”, he told them. “If you have questions, you can go to our website, or ask me.”

The students quickly shuffled out of the hall, until the lecturer was the only one left.

Finally, the shadowy figure appeared, uncovering his face.

“Mark!” the man yelled, grinning broadly. “Mate! How are ya?”

Mark stared up. When he saw who it was, he grinned broadly.

“Jonathan!” he hollered. Jonathan sauntered down the steps.

“Do you remember me?” he asked.

“How could I forget, best friend?”

Jonathan grinned.

Mark smiled excitedly.

“Jonathan... How are you?”

“I’m good. Anyway, I heard you’ve been creating this antidote for Zenimia!”

“Uh, yeah...” Mark replied. “But- “

“Is it ready? Tell me more!” Jonathan blurted out frantically. Mark was taken aback.

“Um... Not yet.” Mark slowly replied.

“Why are you asking, anyway?”

“No reason”, Jonathan shrugged.

As soon as he finished speaking, he raced through the door and out the building.

Mark watched him, perplexed.

“That was weird...” he muttered.

“Something is really off...”

Chapter 2: The Cure

Mark worked on his experiment for many tiresome hours, until a tall, slim man strode in.

“You’re back”, Mark muttered, concentrating on his work.

“Hey, Mark!” Jonathan said cheerfully. His black, slit-like eyes glanced down at the antidote, before he looked back up.

Mark held up the cure and grinned. “It’s almost done!” he smiled. Mark clasped his hands together. “The antidote for Zenimia.”

He sighed happily. Mark put the bottle into a safe and locked it, placing the key on the table. He began organising his messy files that were scattered on his desk. When he turned around, he saw Jonathan briskly walking away.

“Oh, well”, Mark shrugged, putting the thought out of his mind. He turned back to his working table, slipping the key into his drawer.

“This antidote will save the lives of many animals”, he said fondly, before quickly locking up and walking away.

In the dim light, a figured shadow with a bald **patch** emerged from the shadows. He grinned evilly and quietly entered the lab.

Stupid lecturer, he thought. Your passcodes are so simple.

Entering the lab, he scanned the area, before opening the drawer and removing the key.

A faint cackle rang out, before the lab door opened and the man slipped out, leaving the lab as if nothing had happened.

Chapter 3: To Be Cured or To Be Poisoned?

A black cloaked man tip-toed through the grass secretively.

The man hesitated for a second, before beginning to walk again. He stopped at the mouth of a dark cave. He stepped into the cave and shone a light in. The cave was slanted downwards and at the bottom...

Three pairs of brown eyes stared up innocently, weak, but alive. He sighed, already imagining what he would buy with the money he would receive.

He shone the light at the creatures, and they turned away.

He carefully set the stolen antidote down and looked up at the magnificent beasts. He grabbed some leaves from the corner and held it up.

They leaned down and nibbled them. He fed each of them a couple of leaves, before kneeling down and uncapping the bottle. He carefully dropped some droplets of the antidote onto some leaves and fed it to the first creature.

He then repeated the process for the second and third.

His mind whirred quickly.

Now he could sell the blasted things and get the money he deserved. The beasts all suddenly gave a cry of pain and whimpered weakly. The man gaped, staring. The cure seemed to make their condition worse. He walked towards them and, with relief, realised that they were still breathing. They lay there motionless, while the man's dreams of money slowly began to dissolve.

He wondered why the antidote made the Zenimia worse. There were only two possibilities- the antidote wasn't finished, or, the antidote was purposely poisoned.

He was certain that the foolish lecturer wouldn't do that.

His mind drifted back to the dying beasts. The dealer would never buy near-dead animals- why would he? The man growled, a low guttural noise.

Ring, ring!

He whipped out his phone.

"*Mark*", he hissed. He turned back to the beasts and frowned.

"I'll be back", he warned.

Chapter 4: 41 Quirk Avenue



“Something’s not right...” Mark mumbled. “Hmm... I need to find a way to get into Jonathan’s things to see if he’s got anything suspicious. What’s his address?”

He picked up his phone and dialled his best friend’s number. The phone trilled as he waited for Jonathan to pick up.

“Hey, Mark.”

“Hey there, Jonathan. Do you think I can come over?”

“Well, sure”, Jonathan shrugged. Mark grinned. “So... what’s your address?”

“41 Quirk Avenue.”

“Thanks. I’ll be right over.”

Mark smiled. Jonathan was just so dumb when it came to personal security.

If you’re hiding something, I’ll find out soon enough, he thought.

Mark pulled on his coat and jumped on his bicycle as his head swirled with thoughts of the Zenimia Cure and what Jonathan could possibly be up to. He cycled towards the winding alley that led to Quirk Avenue and skidded to a stop in front of Number 41.

He rang the doorbell as footsteps tapped on the tiles. The door was flung open and Jonathan peered out. “Mark! Come on in, mate!”

Jonathan grinned as Mark followed him inside. He held up a tray of cookies.

“Sugar cookies?” he offered.

“No thanks”, Mark frowned.

“Suit yourself. At least have a cup of tea.”

“Fine”, Mark relented. “By the way, can I use your toilet?”

“Sure.”

Mark headed down the hallway, and quickly slipped into one of the bedrooms. The room was a mess, and the desk was covered in dirty clothes and paper.

But there was no sign that Jonathan was doing anything out of the ordinary.

Suddenly, Mark heard a jingling of keys.

“Got to go somewhere!” Jonathan yelled. “You can have some tea before you leave, if you want!”

“Okay”, Mark shouted back.

Jonathan quickly left the house.

Five minutes later, Mark quietly followed him.

Chapter 5: A Sudden Leak

Water trickled down a stalactite that hung from the stone ceiling and collected in the clear pool that had formed in the middle of the cave. The shadowy man quickly slipped into the cave and looked around.

He ducked behind a wooden support beam and the other men in his gang ran past him. He let out a quiet chuckle. Then he followed them into the cave. They heard an intruder's footsteps in the distance. His team moved a boulder and revealed an old battered copper pipe. One of them picked up an old crowbar and raised it in the air. Just before he brought it down, the man whispered at him to stop. The man lowered the tool and passed it over to his leader, who

gestured for the rest of his gang to leave.

Once they had left, the man hid behind a support beam and waited.

Mark hurried to the cave.

“Jonathan”, he muttered. “Where are you? What is this?”

He stepped in and saw, through a beam of sunlight, three giraffes tied onto pillars of rock at the bottom of the cave. He sprinted down and stroked the nearest one gently on its muzzle and it let out a sick wheeze.

“I’ll get you out of here.” he promised them.

There was a crash, and the water came.

Chapter 6: In Deep Water



A wave of water rushed towards the young lecturer. He looked up and caught a glimpse of a man in a black cloak running out of the cave. His face was covered, but Mark caught sight of a recognisable bald spot.

The waves crashed over Mark and he immediately went under. He kicked to the surface, furiously grasping for air. He saw three pairs uncertain eyes- the murky water reaching up to their necks.

Suddenly, he saw a glimmer of light reflected on the surface. A crowbar was slowly sinking to the bottom of the cave. Determinedly, he kicked to

the bottom and tried to hoist it up, but he was running out of air. He dropped it, taking large gulps of air, before diving down again. As he was grabbing it, he saw a flat, **silver** circular disc with holes. His eyes widened as he realised what it was.

A drain! There's a drain! he thought, the gears in his head whirring.

He grabbed the crowbar again like it was a precious sword and wedged it through a gap in the rusted drain cover. His **struggle** gave him new strength and he pushed down energetically. The drain cover gave way and flipped upwards.

Immediately, the water gushed towards it. Mark gasped, breathing heavily. The water slowly began to swirl into the drain, leaving Mark wet, soaked, and grateful for his survival.

He turned back to the giraffes,
coughing out water.

“Well”, he choked, his eyes wide.

“Let’s get out of here, shall we?” He
untied the ropes and slowly led the
giraffes out of the cave, after checking
that none of them were severely
injured or hurt.

Chapter 7: Surprise at the Ceremony

The ceremony to celebrate the rescue of the giraffes was tremendous. Flags in the brown and yellow colours of giraffes were tied to trees and were billowing in the wind. In the middle of the crowd, there was an enclosed area where the giraffes were being temporarily held. There were **prickly** bushes surrounding the enclosure, and the giraffes seemed to enjoy eating them now and then.

Mark was sitting on one of the seats in the back row when he noticed something. A man with a bald **patch** was sitting two rows in front of him. He looked strangely familiar. Mark shivered, realising where he had seen a man like him.

The man who had broken the pipe and stole the giraffes had a bald **patch**. He looked almost *exactly* the same. The man was sitting straight, his back arched, and he seemed tense and on edge. He was twitching- his face clenched.

Mark quietly crept to the front and turned around to face the seats. He gasped audibly.

The stolen Zenimia antidote, the giraffes in the caves, the guy who smashed the pipe, it all made sense. It was his 'best friend', a smuggler. As soon as he worked this out, he shouted, "Jonathan Sniper is the one who stole the giraffes!"

Heads whipped around and stared at Jonathan. Jonathan gasped, staring up at the stage.

“How did you know?” Jonathan blurted out, before covering his mouth.

As soon as Jonathan said it, security guards quickly charged down the aisle and roughly grabbed Jonathan. They led the surprised man away, and a huge cheer rose among the crowd.

The ceremony finished, and Mark, the now heroic lecturer, returned to his lab and Jonathan was sent to prison.

The whole commotion was in the newspapers for a week.

But there was a certain man, two, actually, who *weren't* overjoyed about the capture. Jonathan Sniper was one. And the other...

Epilogue:



A slick, black car screeched down a dirt road with a cloud of gravel trailing behind it.

Inside, a thin, bony man in a clean suit sat, his face red with anger.

Newspaper shreds were scattered on the car floor.

“That stupid man!” he screeched. “I shouldn’t have trusted that money lover!”

Suddenly, his small, black walkie talkie that was hidden in his back pocket buzzed. He roughly grabbed it and forcefully shoved it to his ear.

“What?” he growled. The voice that replied was familiar. A raspy, deep voice.

“I am coming.”

Mark is working on a cure for the devastating animal disease- Zenimia. When he is almost finished, it is stolen.

But a giraffe thief is also on the loose- and Mark has a suspicion that the two crimes are related.

Will Mark be able to find the cure, the animals, and still live to tell the tale?

