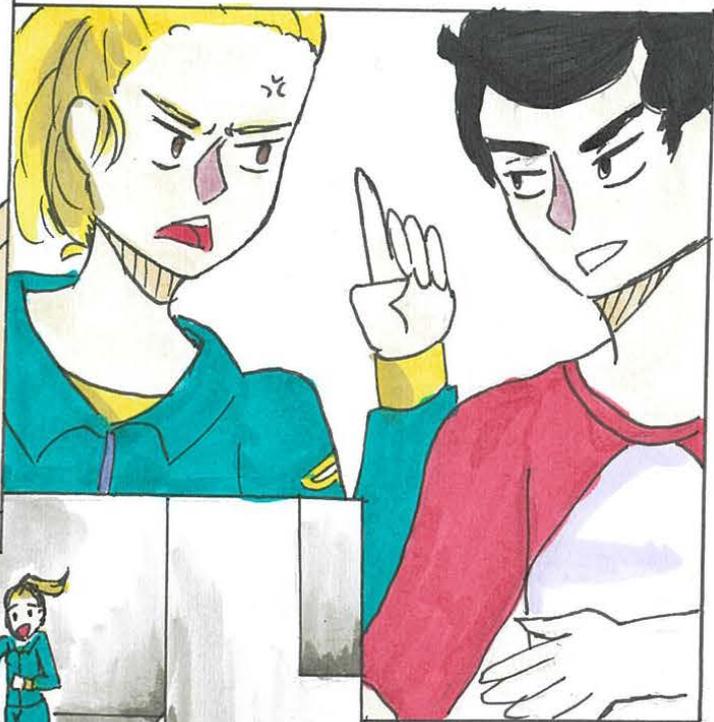


RADI ACTIVE L VE





Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: WA

DIVISION: Upper School

SCHOOL/GROUP: KINGSWAY CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

TEAM NAME: FOREST

TEAM ID: 110

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 TV star

Primary character 2 Olympic medallist

Non-human character Carnivorous plant

Setting Construction site

Issue Holiday goes wrong

Random words

Silver

patch

struggle

clock

prickly

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
- **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
- Bind this parameters form into your book **immediately after the front 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 6400
Alexandria NSW 2015

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Radioactive Love was written by the following students from Kingsway Christian College, in Perth, Western Australia:

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From all of us, we would like to give a big THANK YOU to all the sponsors who donated money towards The Kids' Cancer Project. The competition has been running since 1993 and has raised tens of millions of dollars towards much needed scientific research to help children with various types of cancer. Your donation has been used to help many in need!

Also, from all of us and the sponsors we hope this book brings you joy to brighten your day and we wish you a swift recovery.

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Published by [The Killer Dandelions, Kingsway Christian College], [157 Kingsway Darch WA 6065], [Adriaan Van Der Berg, Hannah Batcock, Nanette Bucher, Anna Iliescu, Sona Kuriakose, Hannah Pollard, Caleb Stevens, Jessica Thomas, Kara Vos, Ethan Wallis]

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Australian diver, Sally Johns, has fallen under public scrutiny after she was accused of cheating in the recent London Olympics.



Miss Johns was seen handing an undisclosed sum of money to a high ranking official moments before her award winning performance.

Miss Johns claims that she was returning borrowed money, but many are sceptical regarding her claim.

An inquest has been launched to determine the truth before Miss Johns careers or awards are revoked.

WA TODAY

3/9/2012

Isaac Sherwood

On the 2nd of August, 13 Power Plant workers went missing. They were stationed at the Jakarta Nuclear Power Plant and were working on the restoration of the site. Emergency services have scaled back the search as no trace of them has been found in over a month. There are still no known suspects or circumstantial reasons for their disappearance. Police are

treating the case as extremely suspicious and are urging anyone with any information to come forward.





12/ 09/ 1988



Three workers killed in power plant failure

Sam Sandwick

Late last night the Jakarta Power Plant was shut down due to unforeseen circumstances. has evacuated nearby towns.

Recent reports have been published detailing that plant staff have been hospitalised due to serious radiation sickness, One case resulted in death. Furthermore, the government has decided to permanently shut down the power plant due to the close proximity to tourism destinations and residential areas.

Compensation has been provided for the workers family. It is unclear as to what will happen to the site in future years. It remains inaccessible to members of the public.

As a precaution the Indonesian government

Prologue

I woke up to the blaring sound of my ringtone. My room was engulfed in darkness from outside. The **clock** read 3:03AM, the late night showing of my news scoop. Begrudgingly, I picked up my phone and answered it. Screaming and shouting flooded my house, and I knew exactly why. The TV flicked on and there it was, a rerun of my news report playing, my biggest break yet. The shouting on my phone continued as I hung up. Guilt overcame me, as I slumped back in my bed. I had managed to lose the most important person in my life in a 2-minute news report. Sally Johns, the Sally Johns, Australia's Olympic diver, she was the most dedicated athlete, the most amazing person I had ever met. She had won 3 gold medals for Australia and was a national icon. Yes, *that*, Sally Johns had just broken up with me. Why? I had just been on national television, accusing her of bribery to win her medals. I know, it's not exactly the most romantic move in the book, in fact I felt terrible, but there was nothing more to be done now, her career was ruined, and I could never take that back. I had loved her, truly, but I loved my career more. I sat back and thought of all our time together, twelve whole months, all gone. How could I ever tell her the whole truth? That the only reason I started dating her was to get a scoop, it was what my boss told me to do. Of course, at that time I said yes because it was an easy job, but I never thought I would fall in love with her. I tried so hard to stop the report from going ahead, but it was either getting fired or the report. So, I chose my career.

That was five years ago, and I can safely say I made the wrong decision. For the last few years I've been living off Bunnings snags whilst hiding from my landlord. I'm now thirty, broke, hopeless and single and it has been that way ever since Sally broke up with me. What about my big break? Sure, that paid well, but I blew it all within months, and I haven't covered anything of any importance. Until now. I received a call from my boss a few weeks ago, saying that there was a news worthy construction site next to one of Bali's five star hotels. A news report hasn't been written on it in years, but the public outcry for an investigation is still strong and prominent. So here I was, on a plane to Bali, with the task of investigating the disappearance of the 13 workers and with the hope that my luck would change.



Chapter 1: The Surprise



The light shimmered through the misty blue curtains as Sally sat on the white speckled couch in the hotel foyer, waiting for the tour bus to arrive to take her to the markets. She looked through the tall glass doors and watched the light bounce off the crystal clear blue ocean, creating a shimmering effect which made the water look like a pool of diamonds. She looked around as a group of people arrived at the hotel. A family walked past, their little girl bounced around with her toy crocodile swinging around as she did so. Sally smiled at the little girl and wished that she was back at that time when she was so carefree and wild. As she was lost in thought, she zoned out, not focusing on anyone, in particular. Then she saw him, Brian O'Dylan, news reporter, TV star and also her ex. He walked past with his black wavy hair blowing in the afternoon breeze. His big brown eyes were still the same big window into his spell-binding soul that she had come to love 5 years ago. To the rest of the world, he was a beacon of confidence and independence, but Sally knew that wide stride strut was him really wanting to run away. Sally knew that he only ran his fingers through his hair like that when he was scared silly. Sally knew the real him. The real Brian O'Dylan.

She watched him walk to the front desk and check in. He didn't look at anyone as he walked past, focusing on his goal and blocking everything else out like he always did. He carried a large camera in one hand and a microphone in the other. She sat there frozen with shock and confusion. *He was probably just there to cover a story she thought, him being here had nothing to do with her, why would it? They hadn't spoken in 5 years.*

Sally was right, Brian was covering a story on the mysterious disappearances of construction workers. It was the first major story he'd reported in years, this was his last chance to save his dying career.

The tour bus pulled up in front of the hotel and she watched all the other tourists get into it, but that little voice inside told her to stay. Told her to wait. Told her to watch. Just when she thought that little voice was the voice of paranoia, she saw Brian walk out into the foyer. But, instead of going to the bus, he left the building and turned right.

Where could he be going? she wondered. The only thing to the right of the hotel was a haunted construction site, she had heard from the locals of the myths and tales surrounding the site, tales of it being a nuclear waste land, home to a monstrous creature. However, she was sure it was nothing more than old wives' tales. These monstrous beasts couldn't possibly exist.

She ran out of the building and started following him. She hid behind the marble pillar in front of the hotel and peaked her head around it. Just enough to see him. He looked around to make sure nobody was watching him and just as fast as he reappeared in her life, he disappeared down the small alleyway next to the building. Sure enough, he was going to the construction site. Sally ran down the road and pressed up flat against a wall and slowly turned to look down the alleyway. Brian was walking down the uneven wet road. She crawled under the construction tape and slowly started following his footsteps determined to figure out what he was up to.



Chapter 2: The Labyrinth

The construction site loomed in the midst, dominating the landscape with its imposing presence. Its dark shades of grey contrasting sharply with the lush, green landscape. The tall, dark metal spires of support beams penetrating high into the late afternoon sky. Hazardous piles of debris and pebbles lay scattered around the compound. A peculiar circular construction lay at the center of the power plant, surrounded with rickety scaffolding. Towering stacks of rusted crates were dotted around the site, creating a labyrinth of pathways, any of which could lead to disaster.

Edging closer, Brian could discern the ominous sign; *no trespassing: government property*, warning of the forthcoming dangers if disobeyed. Skirting the rusted sign, he entered, stepping onto the cold, stained concrete floor, suddenly becoming aware of an eerie stillness, the rowdy noise of tourists and the roaring of traffic long gone. Only the faint howling of the wind flowing through the scaffolding and the rattling of loose pipes remained. The fresh smell of the sea was overcome with an acrid stench of decaying paint, assaulting his senses. The salty taste of the sea was lost amongst the stale taste of polluted air.



He strode inside, each footstep resounding around him with a high-pitched echoing clang, piercing the relative silence. Approaching a broken stairwell, he ran his hand over the rough handrail of the spiraling metal, collecting a faint layer of brown rust on his fingertips. Gazing around at this secluded place of mystery, he noticed that the site looked as if it had been plucked out of the 1980's and deposited here, it looked completely abandoned, untouched by time. Rusted tools lay scattered amongst the crates and old, abandoned cranes towered above him, a witness to the site's abandonment midway through construction. Hinting to a dreadful event having taken place.

Sourcing his notepad in his denim pants, Brian started observing his surroundings for any indication of why the nuclear clean-up team disappeared more than a year ago, completely unaware of Sally following behind him. Walking in the labyrinth of streets he searched for any sign of foul play, whether it be projectile induced holes or the workers themselves. Brian trudged through a **patch** of mud which had collected in one of the walkways, not noticing that mud had been splattered high up against one of the crates, as if some force had left it there. Turning the corner, he was promptly confronted with the sight of a long, rounded indent in the side of a crate, a surreal sight. While he was pondering what could leave such a mark, he thought that he had heard soft footsteps in the distance. Alarmed, he spun around in the direction of the sound, although saw no-one. *This creepy construction site must be getting on my nerves*, thought Brian. Braving his fears, he advanced deeper into the maze, something began to bother him, something had changed, but he couldn't put a finger on it. He climbed over a pile of rubble to get a better vantage point, from here he could discern cracks in the concrete in various places, where it looked like roots had grown under the concrete and lifted it, although surely this was impossible, there was no vegetation in sight. The heat suddenly registered with him, it was getting hotter as he was getting closer to the center of the compound. *what a strange phenomenon*, he thought. "Brian!", the high-pitched scream echoed throughout the entire compound.



Chapter 3: The Familiar Voice

Brian's heart stopped for a second, did he just imagine that, surely nobody would know his name all these miles from home. *Maybe a crazed fan?* he smiled to himself, like that was possible, but why did that scream sound so familiar? The distant sound of scuffling somewhere on the construction site brought him crashing back down to earth, his eyes darted across the piles of rubble and he slowly turned around, his feet displacing the tiny grey pebbles beneath him. He was sure he recognised the voice, *but from where? Why would someone else be here?* He scanned his eyes over the site, searching for the source of the scream. There was nothing as far as he could see, just the strange circular construction emerging from under the piles of the destroyed infrastructure and the endless stacks of rusted aluminum crates. Definitely no people and no sources of that familiar scream. He racked his brain, it was as though the scream came from someone he knew years and years ago, as if from a past life. Then it clicked, his heart dropped and his stomach flipped, Sally Johns. How did he not realise it was her straight away? The scream was the same as when she first saw the news report air on TV. Except this time it was more fearful, as if panic was consuming her body, but what could be more terrifying than a career destroying report on national television? And why in the world would she be here?

He stood, frozen still for a few seconds, questioning what he should do next, if he went and found her, would she really want to be found by him? But what if she was in serious danger. She hated him, he was sure of it and with good reason, and surely she could take care of herself. So Brian continued his exploration stepping over puddles of thick mud and tried to find the ideal place for his report but he couldn't let it go. The thought of going and finding Sally constantly tugging at him, he couldn't just leave her.

He reminded himself of her independent, headstrong personality, she wouldn't call out to him if she had no way of helping herself. He let out a heavy sigh and reluctantly spun on his heels, making his way towards where he was sure the scream came from. He'd regretted using Sally to drive his career ever since he heard the anger and disappointment in her voice, he betrayed her trust once and couldn't risk hurting her again. So he trudged onwards, through the rubble and stepped over mounds of gravel, scanning the floor for any signs of life as he edged deeper into the construction site.

Then, there it was, the muffled sound of movement and the crunch of rock under a light footstep that was definitely not his own. He stopped in his tracks and held his breath, pleading for another clue to Sally's whereabouts. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a flicker of movement, he turned towards it and quickened his pace, his vision fixed on where he was sure he saw a flicker of turquoise light.

White sneakers peaked out from behind the mound, he was sure it was her. He rounded the corner and there she was, staring up at him, her big brown eyes full of fear and confusion as Brian reached out his hand to her to pull her up off the ground.



Chapter 4: The Unexpected Reunion

‘It-it was a da-dandelion’ Sally stuttered as Brian looked down at her, she ran her hands through her shiny ponytail and Brian let out a hearty laugh. “Why are you laughing at me?” “You haven’t seen me in years and the only thing you manage to say is ‘it was a dandelion’, what are you doing here? Why did you scream my name?”

“I was on holiday, having a wonderful when I saw you and started following you to see what you were up to. It came for me, after I followed you into the construction site, its feelers dragged me through the rubble and I had no other option but to scream out for you.” She looked down and examined the rips in her turquoise trackies. Brian was convinced that she was joking, *a deadly dandelion* he thought, laughing again, causing Sally’s rage to grow. The last time they spoke he’d just ruined her career and now he has the nerve to tell her that she imagined the attack.

She pushed up her sleeves to her elbows and assumed a defensive stance, with her hands on her hips, “How dare you” she screamed, and pushed him backwards. Brian stumbled, before he regained his balance.

“You mean to tell me, you followed me all the way here and then got attacked by a dandelion, and you expect me to believe that.”

Sally turned and stormed away, Brian followed reaching out for her arm, but she snatched it away.

“Do you even know where you’re going?” Brian shouted, Sally turned and rolled her eyes, she sighed and stopped in her tracks, the realisation that they were lost briefly distracted her from her anger. But then something caught her eye and proving she was right suddenly became far more important than finding their way out.

“Look!” exclaimed Sally. A gust of wind blew, and small white specks rose around them. Slowly, both Sally and Brian were encompassed by them.

“See! That’s from the dandelion!”

Brian just gawked at her in disbelief. To him there was no way there could be an enormous dandelion, that was just beyond absurd, but there was a colossal amount of dandelion fluff, way too much for any normal sized dandelions.

“Do you still not believe me? Come on we need to get out of here before it gets us!” Sally tugged Brian in the direction of one of the many pathways. Still in disbelief, she pulled him along as he tripped over the rubble that surrounded them in every direction.

“You don’t even know where we’re going.” Brian rolled his eyes.

She didn’t react and just kept up her brisk stroll with Brian unwillingly following a few paces behind. She walked with a fierce determination about her and it reminded Brian of exactly why he fell in love with her. Her hair sparkled in the sunlight and her turquoise trackies complimented her skin perfectly.

She whipped around to make sure he was still following her, and she rolled her eyes as he smiled. Then something caught his eye, he turned his head and watched as a shadow disappeared.

“Sally, quick look, is that it?” Fear crossed Sally’s face as she recognised the ominous shadow.

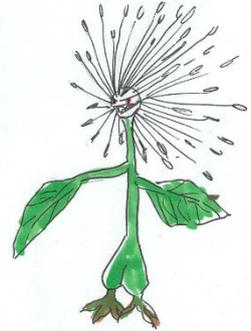


Chapter 5: The Dandelion

Amongst the rubble, the monster appeared. It stood over two meters tall, a thick bushy mane, characterising its magnificent yet terrifying face – like a lion, except it wasn't.

"Is that a dandelion?" Brian whispered.

The dandelion's pristine white mane, consisted of long, thin strands of string-like fluff. It towered over them, its white head catching the bright rays of sunlight. Its demon-red pupils, with snowy-white irises glared out at them. Its razor, sharp **silver** teeth glinting in the darkness, in synch with the expression of hunger in its face. It began walking forward, the only sound that could be heard in the construction site was the "Pitter patter", sound of its tentacle roots against the cold concrete floor.



Sally's eyes widened with fear, sparkling from the great glow it omitted – a slimy, green glow. She looked to her left witnessing the expected reaction of surprise and fear on Brian's face, but the tint of wonder and curiosity couldn't be hidden. *He's probably thinking of a way to exploit the thing in his news articles.* The snide thought crossed her for a split second. The feeling of being right was immediately earthed with the natural human instinct of fear. Now was the time to make the life-threatening decision. Fight or Flight?

Brian and Sally edged backwards, as the creature strode forward, increasing its pace as the two desperately searched for refuge.

"Maybe we could just blow it away" joked Brian, his feeble attempt at lightening the situation, failing under Sally's glare.

"I'm being serious, it's a dandelion. An attempt is better than nothing."

"What are you saying? Has your mind collapsed!"

Before Sally could say any more, he was already charging, building up his speed for the 'big blow'. Sally was flabbergasted and confused at what just happened. Her soul left her as he came closer and closer to the monstrous dandelion, its eyes pinpointing his every move, surprisingly not moving an inch forward in defense to this sudden show of rage. Finally, when he was a foot away from the creature, Sally, expectant of a heroic action from Brian, cringed back as he acted according to his word, and blew with all his might only centimeters from the creature's face. A single strand of fluff broke apart from the mane and floated away into the darkness. The creature's face turned from confusion to absolute rage. His olive-green skin, turning a light plume of vivid orange, almost as if he was on fire.

"Why did you do that! What were you thinking?" Sally screamed.

"Buying you time! Run away, now!" Brian shouted back, slowly backing away from the creature, its gaze still not leaving him, but remaining stationary all the while.

"You're sacrificing yourself for me?"

"It's the least I can do for all the trouble I've caused you. Now run!"

Sally was frozen on the spot. Logic told her to run, but her emotions overrode everything else. He was the one that ruined her life, her pride and passion, but above all – he had broken her heart. However, he was here, in this moment, giving up everything for her. She couldn't leave, not just because of her feelings but because it wasn't righteous in her eyes. She wouldn't be able to live with the burden of knowing that a life was at stake, and she didn't do anything to save it.



“I’m not wasting my life for you to observe the great scenery! Hurry up and escape!” Brian’s voice interrupted her train of thought.

She had made up her mind.

“I’m not leaving you. If we die then we die together”.

The monster erupted into fiery flames, flames that didn’t burn the moss that was spread across the concrete floor – it was on its final stage of anger. Surprised, Brian fell to the floor, crawling backwards away from it, its gaze still pin-pointing his every movement, this time it began edging forward.

Suddenly, something caught Sally’s eye. A stack of bricks was piled high up near a wall.

“You’re not the only one that can do rash, stupid actions!” she shouted, immediately running towards the pile. Making sure she aimed away from Brian, she threw it as hard as she could at the creature. It hit one of its **prickly**, cactus-like leafy hands, causing it to turn into a green-gooey substance, falling to the ground like liquid, immediately turning into rock the second it touched the floor. The creature howled in pain. Brian and Sally exchanged beams of relief, in the hope that death really wasn’t around the corner.

Only to be disheartened, as the arm grew back, stronger than ever before.



Chapter 6: The Battlefield

“Get away from that thing!” Sally yelled, preparing to throw more bricks at the monstrous dandelion. Brian rolled away, just in time to miss a blow intended to hit the creature on the leg. It yelped louder than before, only for the same process of recovery to occur a couple of seconds later. The dandelion’s eyes now left Brian and its stealthy glare met with Sally. Knowing what was coming for her, she continued throwing the bricks, hoping to buy some time, until...

“Over there!” Sally yelled.

Following suite, Brian arose, spinning on his heels to face what Sally was looking at; an escape route! Brian turned around, looking into her eyes. They were full of hope, gleaming with glassy tears.

Brian grabbed Sally’s hand and bolted up the stairs into the unknown. As they reached the top of the staircase they found a crevice to their left “GO LEFT! LEFT!” yelled Sally frantically. Sprinting down the hallway, Brian quickly darted left and dragged Sally into a crevice to hide from the beast, where they were safe.

Pitter patter...

The beast swiftly stomped into view, its fuzz flaring into flames. Slowly it went past them, its eyes burning crimson.

Sally whimpered, staring into Brian's big dark chocolate eyes. She secretly always loved his



eyes.

It hurt Brian to backstab her. “I’m... so sorry Sally” Brian admitted “I can’t believe I chose my career over a woman as beautiful and courageous as you...”

Sally looked at him, pain enveloping in her eyes. “Why do you think that some small talk can get me to forgive you,” she took a deep breath, “You want to know what I thought when you did that to me? I thought why? Why would you do that to me, what reason is there?”

Sally nervously chuckled, her face grew more reflective “But then I thought about what I would do if I was in your shoes... I was angry, I was upset, I couldn’t even think of you without crying.” Sally slowly smiled at Brian, with tears rolling down her face.

“I...” Brian stopped. There was a noise. It sounded like the pitter-patter of raindrops falling to the muddy earth.

It was the dandelion.

That’s when it dawned on her.

“Brian,” She hushed



“Yeah?”

“This is a nuclear power plant, right?”

“Yeah...”

“Could it have been active for a while?”

“Yeah....” They both looked at each other. Brian realised what she was hinting at and they both got up.

She swiftly looked around. Suddenly she saw it. A circular staircase, leading to the top of the scaffolding! Her index finger flicked up, pointing to their salvation. “Over there!” yelled Sally. Following suite, Brian arose and began to run after Sally to continue with their plan. Pitter-patter, pitter-patter... It was the dandelion. Brian gently pushed Sally, protecting her so that he could confront the dandelion.

“Come at me, you carnivorous dandelion! ” screamed Brian in desperation.

‘Pitter-patter.’

It advanced.

‘Pitter-patter.’

The dandelion swiftly stomped into view, its fuzz flaring into flames. Its eyes glared into Brian’s, like fire burning into his soul. Slowly the dandelion stomped to him. Its feet were swiftly grazing the ground, making sharp thuds that could induce fear in any mortal. Brian slowly shuffled back, edging towards the giant hole in the ground, towards the reactor. The dandelion pawed the ground like a bull ready to charge. On the third paw it let loose, sprinting full speed towards Brian, head tilted, eyes bloodshot and locked unblinking on his chest.

Brian leapt out of the way, flying through the air and landing hard down on his shoulder, teetering on the edge of the chasm. The dandelion was not so lucky however, and before he could register what had happened to his prey he shot straight over the edge and fell into the hole. Both Brian and Sally were safe from harm.

“Let’s get down from here, this is actually really high up...” Brian started but Sally was already going in for the hug.

After returning to the Hotel, the two, now finally reunited, decided to enjoy the rest of their holiday that went almost completely wrong, hoping they wouldn’t face another dandelion struggle ever again.



Epilogue

Scientists have taken to dissecting the monstrous dandelion resembling creature which assaulted two tourists in Bali, last June. Scientists found that the plant's cells had been mutated in an unprecedented manner due to the radiation emitted from the dormant power plant, which had fused with the plant's cells. Rather than the dandelion's cells corrupting themselves, the mutated cytokinin cells enhanced the cell growth giving the plant its mutant qualities. These qualities include extreme movement speed and the ability to create an illusion which makes the tufts appear as if they are on fire. The mitochondria cells responsible for cellular respiration became radiation infused, becoming self-sustaining, not requiring water or sunlight to survive. The government is treating any further discoveries with absolute security, labeling this as a confidential investigation. Scientists hypothesize that if the cause for the mutant properties of the plant can be replicated, then this could be a massive breakthrough in biodefence research for military facilities.



RADIOACTIVE LOVE

A holiday in Bali takes a turn for the worst when Australian Olympic swimmer Sally Johns and American TV star Brian O' Dylan encounter each other near a beachside hotel. Chaos ensues as the pair navigate their mixed inner feelings for each other while also attempting to escape the clutches of a monstrous creature rumored to reside in the abandoned ruins of an old construction site, which had previously been subject to a nuclear meltdown. Can Sally forgive Brian for his terrible deed? How will they prove victorious at the end of the road when they have a ravaging monster at their heels?

"You're sacrificing yourself for me?"

"It's the least I can do..."

"I'm not leaving you. If we die then we die together".

Love is strongest force in the universe

It is ever persevering, unabating and ever conquering

It is all Overcoming

"Who could have thought a book with such an engaging storyline could involve a monstrous creature causing an endearing couple to reunite" - Nicola Skea (teacher)

