



By: The Green Valley Vipers

WRITTEN by

Aiana Hing

Amelia Lee

Anviya Joby

Brian Van

Jorja Grech

Nia Hagarty

Simran Kumar

ILLUSTRATED by

Cassandra Rawlins

Krystal Phommachanh

Vivian Nguyen

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all the children who are going through a tough time right now. We wish you all a speedy recovery and hope that you enjoy our story. Go on an adventure with Steve, Dave and a magical Magpie.

Copyright

Published by Valley Vipers, Green Valley Public School, 173 Green Valley Road, Green Valley, NSW 2168.

Copyright © 2018, Green Valley Vipers. All rights reserved. This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Enquires should be made to the publisher.

Parameters and Random Words

Parameters		Random Words
Primary Character 1	Driving Instructor	silver
Primary Character 2	Astronaut	patch
Non-human character	Magpie	struggle
Setting	Parliament	clock
Issue	Hidden Treasure	prickly

Contents

Chapter One - 'Dave'

Chapter Two - 'Steve'

Chapter Three - 'The Usual'

Chapter Four- 'Opposites Collide'

Chapter Five- 'The Big Event'

Chapter Six- 'The crash'

Chapter Seven- 'Hidden Treasure'

SWOOPED



By: The Green Valley Vipers

Chapter One

'Dave'



Dave always loved space. Ever since he could remember, he had posters of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn in his space-themed bedroom. He would eat, sleep and LIVE everything 'Space'. He would refuse to eat food that astronauts didn't eat. Whenever he devoured his "astronaut" food, he would watch the man landing on the moon in awe and amazement. He would make tiny rockets and they would soar as high as a real rocket would go. Dave would go on his imaginary missions sitting in cardboard boxes labeled 'Dave' rocking side to side battling aliens. He would imagine the sparkling stars amongst Saturn and Neptune; he would imagine himself communicating with those back on Earth.

When he played in his backyard, the magpies would always swoop. He didn't always take notice of them but, when he wasn't busy counting down "THREE, TWO, ONE!" preparing to launch into space, Dave would be playing with the magpies, making them appear to smile.

Sometimes his imagination was so vivid, that he could even imagine waving goodbye to his family, holding onto a photo as he is launched into space. He could even picture himself stroking his patchy moustache that was the same light brown as his short, buzz cut hair.

* * *

“Dad? Dad? Dad! What’s for lunch?” asked Dave’s son, Mike. The incessant demand for food from his son Mike, snapped him back to reality. He looks at the **clock** and grabs his bag and phone calling a taxi. Once again on a Saturday he was going to work away from home. “Where are you going Dad?” asked Mike.

“ Yeah?” his daughter added.

Dave frowned. “Dad’s going on an important mission to parliament. He has to make special deals to save all astronauts,” replied Dave. He saw the disappointment and disbelief in his kids’ eyes.

“So...you’re going to *another* conference?” His older daughter, Linda questioned; discouraged.

It was almost everyday they saw their dad in his blue uniform with his Australian Space Agency (ASA) **patch** ready to work. Beep! Beep! His taxi had arrived. “Have a good day at work,” they disappointedly mumbled.

Chapter Two

'Steve'



Stale noodles, leftover from yesterday stared at him from the worn out table. Each night and day became dull and dreary. Torn clothes followed Steve everywhere. Whether it was school or home that was the thing that defined him as 'the poor kid'. Those words rambled through his head; everyday as he grew up. Besides Steve's physical life, his imaginary life was even more alive...

A luminous, red car waiting to be driven and spectators cheering as loud as a stampede. The air smelling like particles of petrol and the humming of magpies and birds echoing in his head. "Welcome to the final race", screams the announcer we hope to see a fair competition with bicycle kicks, touchdowns and long shots! Wait sorry wrong sport'. Steve's mum and dad wave ecstatically through the crowd.

"THREE ,TWO, ONE!! Let the race begin".

Steve *always* dreamt about becoming a race car driver. He would eat sleep and breathe cars. Without his pancake shaped as a car, the tantrums would be a screeching mess. This was his dream. This was his hope.

Though as he grew up, time proved him wrong...

* * *

Struggle showered Steve as he sighed. This driving school was about to provide him with a miracle. A tiny glimpse of hope. A job. As Steve shook hands with his soon to be boss, he exposed his yellow tinted teeth with glee. Steve trotted along the rusty old footpath with his dark denim jeans and his soon to be beige white t-shirt. The pizza stains followed him everywhere whether it's the shopping centre or an interview with the Prime Minister. Walking up to this scrawny little car made his heart skip a beat. Slouching down in his driver's seat, he started the car with a grumble just like his previous mood. With the engine singing its mournful song, Steve's regular morning booking rang up for a drop to Parliament House.

Chapter Three

The Usual



The soft humming of the car's engine fills in the silence. Steve sighed. He steered the wheel over to the left side, pulling over. He had always thought this passenger, Dave always looked down. Maybe he had a bad night. "You know where to go." Dave mumbled. Steve steers back onto the road, driving towards Parliament Drive.

"Uh... I still have an hour to spare? Want to go for a coffee?" Dave asked, making it awkward.

"Sure." Steve replied, smiling, showing off his yellow teeth.

He turns around and drives over to a nearby cafe. They pass trees, buildings and people. It looked better than their job. They reached for the door handle and allowed themselves to get out. Freshness filled the air like students filling a school.

"I hate my job." Steve blurted out, surprising Dave.

"Who doesn't? I do too." He replied. "I've got a family and I barely see them." Dave answered, with his lips curved down in worry.

Steve takes a sip from his coffee, "My family left me." He puts out.

Turns out they did have things in common. Family issues, a bad job, all that dreadful stuff.

"You shouldn't hate your job that much." It had come from across the room, a waiter of the Cafe.

Steve snorted, "I still hate my job."

Dave wandered his eyes down to his mug, it was all gone. "We should leave now." After handing the notes to the cashier, they had left at the speed of light.

Time passed and they had reached the snow-white Parliament House. The water was as still as statues, unlike children playing around, full of energy. Some people were dressed in dark suits, their hair slicked back whilst others dressed casually. The dark, flexible Australian flag moved as free as a bird.

Steve held his hand out, to his new friend. Dave handed the money to Steve. "Thanks for choosing **Silver** Taxis!" he said appreciatively. Dave pulls open the door, straightening out his uniform, getting ready for the conference.

Just as he started to close the car door, it was if his life flashed before his eyes.

Swooped!

Chapter Four

'Opposites Collide'

Flashes of colour surrounded them as their bodies intertwined and connected in a way they never thought possible. Dizzy.

A tornado like spiral threw itself around them, spinning and spinning them faster than the speed of light into a scene that would be considered good enough for the next Harry Potter novel.

This Magpie was no ordinary Magpie. Like others, the black and white colours are prominent, but a deep purple tail stood out like the moon on a clear night sky. It had a quiet and reserved personality that was filled with wise words of wisdom. This Magpie carried powers that were able to swap the appearance of two humans completely. *It helped them 'hide' their identities. It helped them 'be someone else'.* However, this didn't swap their intelligence or physical ability to do things.

Steve and Dave felt empowered from this moment. Better than they have ever felt before. It was like their past had just been removed and a new life had begun.

Glaring at each other in shock, their eyes lit up.

"Y... You... Lo... Look like me," muttered Dave.

Steve was wearing Dave's black uniform with an Australian Space Agency patch on it. On the other hand, Dave was wearing loose fitted dark denim jeans with the exact same white shirt that has lasted Steve longer than an eternity.

"CHANGE ME BACK, CHANGE ME BACK!", cried Steve, stamping his feet on the ground like a child.

"Calm down, calm down" reassured Dave.

"DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN, LOOK AT ME, I'M YOU!", Steve shouted, enraged.

"Well think about this, you hate your job, I hate my job. Therefore, we may prefer each other's lives if we swapped," replied Dave, acting cool and calm as usual.

Eventually, Steve was persuaded that this was good thing. Now he just had to cope with being an astronaut for a day; as for Dave, he had to drive... with no licence.

Chapter Five

The Big Event'

As "Steve"(the new Dave) walked into Parliament House, he glared in awe as the luxury crowded his view. White marble laced the floor and a stellar staircase stood before him. Knees shaking, he walked towards the A.S.A conference.

"Welcome, Mr Armstrong".

Steve nodded and shivered in excitement, thinking of his new body and life as an astronaut.

All of the crowd started to gather in their seats. Sweat dripping down his spine, Steve became more and more nervous.

"Today, we have our honoured guest here to enlighten you with his latest adventure into space" stated the MC.

Steve's eyes grew! His pupils dilated as he started to panic. He realised it was HIM, who was going to have to get up and present to all of these people.

"Fake it till you make it, fake it till you make it" he replayed over and over in his mind.

As he finally stood, a burst of confidence grew inside him.

Even though Steve didn't know anything about Mars, he still blabbed and blabbed his unbelievable words confidently. He had the audience eating out of the palm of his hands.

"Mars is the planet of the future..."

"A UFO was sighted on Mars"

"Did you know the Mars Bar was named after it?"

"How about Bruno Mars?"

Steve couldn't believe it. He had actually succeeded. He stood confidently and spoke like he had never done before. A smile appeared from ear to ear.

After the speech, Steve was bombarded with unusual questions.

"How long does it take for you to adjust when you land back on Earth?"

“What was the spaceship like inside?”.

The General pulled Steve aside. He had an unusual feeling. A feeling of hope. Hopefully he wasn't caught out. He really did enjoy being 'Dave'.

The feeling of excitement soon turned into a **prickly** situation.

In a quiet voice, the General whispered, “I don't know who you are, but you need to leave immediately. You're not the Dave I know”.

In disappointment Steve dragged his feet as he left the room. He gazed around, seeing all of the past Australian Prime Ministers' paintings on the wall. Steve decided to dig deep.

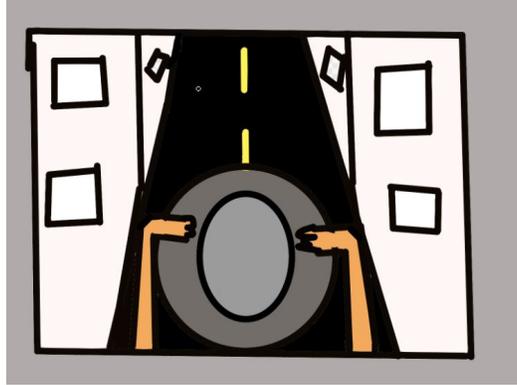
He didn't want to give up yet. He quickly got himself together and searched for Dave.

After countless hours of driving by the tall, wide and white building sitting on top of Capitol Hill, he gave up on being the astronaut he once wanted to be.

All hope was lost when Dave was unable to be found.

Chapter Six

'The Crash'



Dave started up the silver taxi. When he pushed the gear with his foot, he bolted in full speed. He took sharp turns and overtook cars of all kinds. People had beeped at him madly. In the mirrors, Dave could see a lady, who was wearing glasses, waving her walking stick high in the air angrily.

"Watch where you're going!" He just realised that his licence into space was not valid on Earth.

Dave almost ran over a bird. He looked back to see if the bird was okay. As he turned back, there was a large, crimson truck in front of the taxi. Dave tried to stop the vehicle but it had been too late. Crash!

Dave woke up and tried to understand what just happened. When the taxi and the truck collided into each other, he was dazed and confused but still managed to open the door as the acrid smoke hit his cheeks. Each time he would cough, Dave could taste the dust particles on his taste buds. Sirens grew louder.

A tall man, who was wearing all blue, came up to him. He said Dave was driving way too fast and it was his fault. The man asked for his license. Dave tried to explain that a magpie turned himself into a different person. The officer looked at him in disbelief.

“Yeah, I believe you mate”, as he handed over a huge fine. Dave was so miserable. He didn’t want to be a driving instructor anymore. He wanted to swap bodies. He wanted his life back. Dave wanted to be an astronaut again.

Chapter Seven

'Hidden Treasure'



With no hope and no joy, Steve sat down on the bench outside

Parliament house with his face in his hands. He was not aware that Dave was only metres away. Dave too, had lost hope as he was left with no money and no job. Even though it wasn't even his job, he couldn't bare the thought of explaining it to his counterpart Steve.

A few minutes after, a beautiful, melodic chirp filled both their ears. Familiar they thought. Steve and Dave both realised that it was a magpie's chirp. Flashbacks raced through both their heads back to when Dave got swooped. They shot up to a standing position and ran like olympians towards the magpie. Within a short amount of time, both of them had travelled what felt like hundreds of metres. Dave, in Steve's unfit body, had to slow down to catch his breath. Steve on the other hand, could keep up with the magpie easily in Dave's fit body.

Both of them, concentrating hard on the magpie, didn't realise that they were running head first into one another. CRASH! They fell to the concrete floor. THUD! Although they felt dazed, Steve and Dave knew what their bodies looked liked to make out who was sitting across them.

"What was that for?" Steve exclaimed trying not to raise his voice.

"I was following the magpie that swooped me," explained Dave in a confused manner.

"That's not right, I was chasing it." repeated Steve.

They both looked up at the spot where they lost sight of the magpies to only see one remain.

Making no noise, the magpie stared sternly at both Dave and Steve showing its dominant black colours. Its purple tail gave it the uniqueness that other magpies didn't have. This made it magical. The magpie's mouth burst open but instead of chirping, words shot out of the bird's mouth.

"Have you found your hidden treasure?" questioned the creature. Steve and Dave looked at each other bewildered at the magpie's words. Dave, being the smarter one, understood what it meant in only a few short minutes.

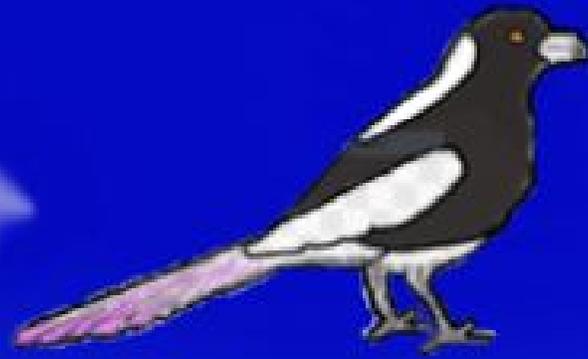
"Yes, I understand," replied Dave.

Steve looked at him in confusion but finally understood. "I do as well."

Dave continued. "I now understand that no matter how hard life may get, our life is still great, and we should be happy with it," he confidently stated.

"We didn't realise how great our lives really were and we should have just been happy with them. I guess the grass isn't always greener on the other side," added Steve. And for just the second time in his life, something magical happened; a smile broke across his face.

Within another second, the same familiar pain shot through Dave's head. They've been swooped back into themselves once again.



Dave pulls open the door, straightening out his uniform, getting ready for the conference.

Just as he starts to close the car door, it was as if his life flashed before his eyes.

Swooped!