





THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC
DIVISION: Middle School (Required word count 3500 to 5000 words)
SCHOOL/GROUP: St Francis Catholic College
TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 7
TEAM ID: 1384

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Princess
Primary character 2 Ship captain
Non-human character Pigeon
Setting Airport
Issue Mysterious gift

Random words

novel
gooey
yarn
plunge
homework

Instructions

- Start no earlier than **8am**
- Write an original story:
 - based on all **five parameters** (above)
 - including all **five random words** (above) as written, 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**
- 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 9pm**

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 by 9pm

Acknowledgement of Country

Melton 7 would like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book was created, the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation, and pay our respects to Elders past and present.

Melton 7 would also like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book will be read. We pay our respects to Elders past and present.

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Published by Melton 7, St Francis Catholic College, 109-141 Bulman's Road Melton Victoria 333. Georgia Bregmen, Chloe Oliver, Ava John, Astrid Lanigan, Abby McNair, Lynda Kucan, Abuk Ngong, Gracy Singh, Hansica Srikumar, Leila

Dedication: This book is dedicated to all the children who are going through a rough time, and to our sponsors for allowing us to share our story.

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The Beginning

Hi! I'm Paul the pigeon. I live in the grand castle of Crystal Shores. This is an amazing story about a princess called Diana and her ally, Captain Thunderbird. I would know it's an amazing story, I was there...

It all started on a warm February morning when the king was sitting by the roaring fire. The young princess Diana waltzed in.

"Have you finished your **homework** my dear child?" Inquired the king.

"I'm 24, Father, I stopped getting homework years ago." replied Princess Diana.

"I keep forgetting you're all grown up now. It feels like only yesterday that you were running around the courtyard with your sister."

"That was over a decade ago, Father. Anyways, I'm really bored and would like something to do, like in the old days." She said.

"My dear child, go to my desk drawer, in there you will find an old, stained map." The princess cautiously stepped towards the desk.

"Have you found it? Yes, that one there, bring it over here." As the princess carefully unrolled the map, the king pointed to a small, red cross.

"There is treasure right there. No one knows what the treasure is. Some have said it will bring eternal wealth, and others say it brings people together."

"Wow! Treasure! Thank you, I must be off then." Princess Diana giggled with excitement. "Who knows what I will find? But where should I start?"

“Start at the airport, the one with the ships that fly. Then, find someone to take you to Kangaroo Island, just off the coast of Australia. My advice would be to stay with your ship captain for all of your journey, they will help. However, they won’t be the only help.”

“Father, you’re not making any sense. What do you mean I have to find people to help, how do you know what I will face?”

“You’ll see, my wonderful daughter, you will see.” mumbled the king, slowly nodding off.

“Please just tell me how you know this. Father? Why do you always fall asleep right when I need you to tell me something important.” Huffed Princess Diana, rolling her eyes cinematically.

Map in hand, Princess Diana marched out of her Crystal Shores palace, ready for her adventure.



In Acquaintance

By noon, Princess Diana had arrived at the ship's airfield. After visiting her father, she was more determined than ever to uncover the mysterious prize he had shown her. To begin her journey, she needed someone skilled in navigation. Therefore, Diana began her search for a recruit who could accompany her to her goal, finding the mystery gift.

After a few hours of looking around the airport and looking at different ships, Diana spotted one being cleaned by someone who looked like the owner. She watched him for a while before walking up to him.

"Nice ship." She said casually.

The man looked up, with slight annoyance in his expression, then went back to cleaning his ship.

"Thanks." He replied.

"Quite a beauty you've got there. Has she got a name?" Diana asked, trying to sound interested.

"Thunderbird." The man said in response.

Diana nodded and started pacing slowly around the ship, her head high, inspecting it and taking in every detail. She thought for a slight moment, then looked sharply towards the man.

"I have a proposition for you." Diana said, sounding professional.

The man looked up, puzzled. He crossed his arms and turned to face Diana.

“And what would that proposition be?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

Diana sighed and looked up at him.

“I’m on a mission, a mission to find a mystery gift that my father, the king of Crystal Shores, encouraged me to discover. To do that, I need a ship to take me to Kangaroo Island, just off the coast of Australia, so I can search and hopefully find it.”

The man stared at her, stunned, and speechless.

“You’re a princess?” He asked, looking even more confused than before.

Diana took a firm step towards him and folded her arms. “Listen, I don’t have much time, and I really need to do this for my father, so I will ask you again, could you please help me sail to Kangaroo Island with your ship?”.

The man thought for a bit, then got on his ship and grabbed a few bags. He looked down from the ship at Diana.

“Are you coming, Princess?” The man asked coldly.

“It’s Diana. Princess Diana to you.” She scoffed before elegantly boarding the ship.

The man started to prepare the ship to fly to Kangaroo Island.

“Oh, by the way, I have a pet.” She said as I flew out from behind her. “His name’s Paul, my pet pigeon.”

After a while, the Captain, Princess Diana and I were in the air, headed straight for Kangaroo Island, flying over the vast, blue coast land of Australia. The captain went through his bags and brought out cans of food.

“Come eat.”



A Rocky Start

They sat at a large round table that looked like it could fit 15 people. For the first couple of minutes, there was nothing but the sound of their chewing and then silence again. He sat there and stared at her like she had something in her teeth.

“So.... How’s your food?” He asked out of nowhere, “This is my favorite food.” He added.

“Personally, I prefer food that’s hot and doesn’t come out of a can.” She pointed at the can of beans and the loaf of stale bread. “So, you have a large boat but no kitchen?”.

He nodded. She rolled her eyes with disinterest.

“The only remotely fancy thing about this dinner is the blue and white china.”

They continued eating. Diana broke a piece of bread off with a crack. “So, what have you been doing?” he asked with interest.

“I’ve been reading my **novel**. Its romance, action, mystery, and adventure.” She explained.

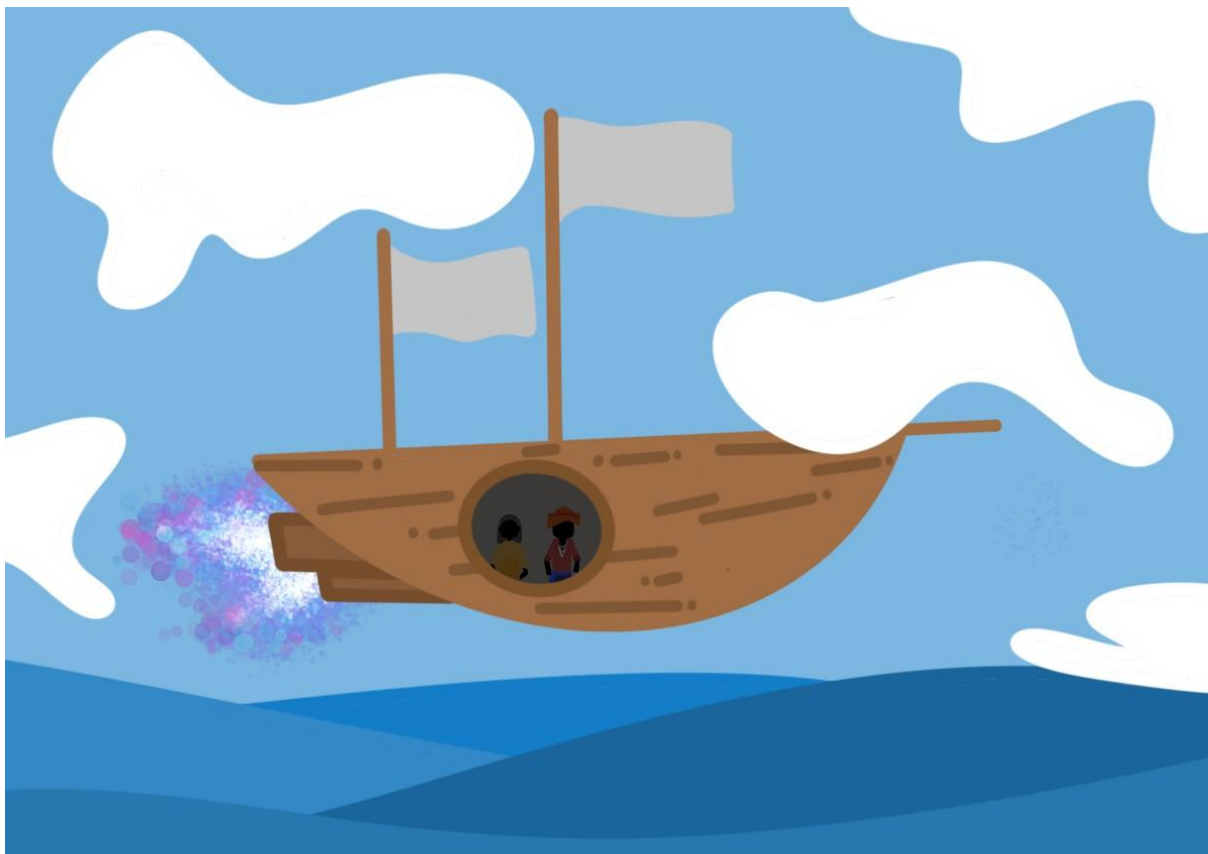
“Sounds interesting.” The captain responded, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

“So how did you name this boat?” She asked.

“I named it after myself.” He said frankly.

I felt a slight rock in the boat from the corner I was in. Then I heard thunder. My heart sank. I flew over to where the captain and the princess were to warn them. I used my wings to point out the window. The sky was grey, and the tips of the water were white. Violent waves were crashing against the windows. The plates shattered on the floor with a loud crash. The table and chairs slid from side to side, crashing into each wall.

Diana dropped her favorite diamond necklace on the floor. While bending over to retrieve it, a table crashed into her head front on. Her body dropped onto the floor as she fell unconscious. In seconds, she regained consciousness and began to feel stable again. As soon as she could see again, she noticed all the water that the ship had taken on board and started to panic.





The Storm

It didn't matter how tired I was, I had to keep going. The wind was catching my wings and threatening to send me away, and the rain was cold like bullets piercing through my skin. I dived down to meet the captain, and he was pulling up the mast. It was white and had holes all through it. It wouldn't do much good anymore.

"HELP ME YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING FEATHER DUSTER! I don't want my ship to **plunge** into the ocean!" Screamed the captain.

"Now that's just mean." I said to myself, so I went to help the princess instead. She was using a bucket to throw out the water from the rain, so I tried to splash some of it out, but there was just too much. I then took it upon myself to make sure we stayed on track. I grabbed the wheel of the ship with the small bit of grip you can get from feathers and steered right. I tried to keep my eyes on the stars, but it was hard to see through all the clouds. That was when I saw the lightning getting closer and closer to our ship with each strike.

I tried to tell the princess, to warn her, but she couldn't hear me over the rain. I tried to steer the ship away, but it was too late. BOOM! We fell, and I could hear screams as the thrusters keeping us airborne failed to keep going. My stomach was in my mouth, much like it does when you're on a roller coaster and it suddenly goes down. We hit the ocean with a thump, tossing more water into the boat. We had absolutely no hope of getting all this water out now. Captain was lying on the floor of the ship trying to regain his energy in as little time as possible. Diana was halfway over the side of the boat, straining to break free of the sea's grip. I grasped her leg with my claws and just managed to get her back in time. There were pieces of the ship everywhere, and I watched as the foremast sank to the bottom of the sea. We had now lost the last hope we had of staying on track. The princess ran to Captain Thunderbird and helped him up, although it didn't help very much since they both soon got knocked down by a barrel rolling around the ship. The waves were loud and nothing like I'd ever seen before. The sea tossed us around like a dog with a chew toy, no regret, no mercy, just force. It was getting so loud I could barely hear the captain call me to retreat below deck.

We stayed down there for what felt like hours, waiting for the rain to slow. When it eventually did, we slipped out to see the damage

"MY SHIP, MY BEAUTIFUL SHIP!"

I heard the captain crying as soon as he saw the damage. The ocean was calm and relaxed like nothing had happened, and we were left with the wreckage. The masts had gone, and the point of the ship was mostly chipped off.

"Look, an island!" called the princess.

She was right, there was a sunny tropical island within swimming distance of the ship.

“Is that...” says the captain though his sniffles “Kangaroo Island?”

The Night Before...

Captain Thunderbird and Princess Diana stepped onto the soft, damp sand of the shore. We'd made it; we were at Kangaroo Island. The tall trees of the lush green forest were casting, towering shadows over us, offering us relief from the prickling heat of the emerging sun.

Diana grabbed the map from her dress pocket, opening it to face our position. As she studied the map, the captain assessed the condition of Thunderbird. While she was partially broken and the mast was still missing, he was certain that she'd be able to handle the trip back.

"There's a path into the forest that we need to follow," the princess stated, looking back at the captain.

"Worry about that later. It's irresponsible to travel empty handed. Many of our supplies for the trip have been destroyed. So, we must take the itinerary." His voice came out in a rather condescending and judgy tone. He stood faced away from Diana peering upwards toward the ship.

"Oh, right." She replied, her voice dejected.

After going through and organising all the remaining resources, we'd come to the realisation that our trip needed to be cut short. Originally the plan had been to spend a maximum of 4 weeks searching for the mysterious prize with the map, but due to the unexpected storm that had played havoc we were expected to only last a week at best.

The three of us had compiled a collection of usable resources and split them up for the journey through the forest and the flight back to the port. The heap was damp, and a lot of the items were stuck together.

"I'll grab this, and you and the bird can grab the rest." The captain joked with slight humour in his eyes.

"How am I supposed to carry any of that?" I questioned him, unamused by his remark.

The captain's eyes widened in shock.

"I'm afraid that this is too much for me and Paul to carry." The princess had said after me.

"T-the tiny bird can talk?!?!?" He shouted at me and Diana in genuine shock.

"*So rude.*" I muttered, offended.

"Well of course, why wouldn't he? I don't see what's caused you so much of a startle?" Diana asked, unsure of why a talking pigeon would be a shock to anyone.

"Of course this is normal for you princess. You sing to birds all day," he said as he huffed out and rolled his eyes.

He grabbed more of the supplies from Diana and said;

"Is this alright now your highness, or do you wish for me to carry it all?" Mockingly, annoyance was clearly noticeable in his voice.

The princess and I glared at him, insulted, but remained silent.

"Just call me Diana." she'd said in a deflated voice.

The three of us had walked for a decent distance by the time that the sun had dipped into the horizon, bidding farewell.

“We should set up to spend the night here.” The captain said looking up at the sky through the countless trees.

“If you insist,” she spoke tiredly.

“Finally, my wings are tired.” I exasperated in exhaustion.

Captain Thunderbird gave the shoddy sleeping bags to Diana and gathered branches to make the campfire.

“Do you need any help?” Diana asked hoping to be of assistance.

“No. There’s no need.” He interrupted her.

“Fine.” she murmured to herself, finding him rather disrespectful.

She huffed in anger while setting up the thin sleeping bags on the ground, finding herself disappointed as she stared at the low-quality material.

“I’m afraid it’s going to be a sleepless night, Paul.” She sighed miserably as the captain looked at her, clearly uncomfortable at their social differences.

The campfire crept to life, as the sky darkened, offering warmth, and we migrated towards it.

The captain was using the light from the campfire to shave his overgrown and unflattering beard from his face. Diana caught him doing so and couldn’t help but stare at the contrast.

“... so different,” she thought out loud by accident.

The captain looked at her, hearing her unfinished remark.

“What?” He questioned, amused to see her staring at him.

“Oh! Oh, I-uh, nothing. I’m sorry! I just meant you look different without your beard! Not that you look bad!” she stuttered, flustered that she’d said what she had out loud.

“I see.”

The mood had turned awkward after that, so I had to fix it.

“Let’s go to sleep I’m tired.” I said, hoping that the silence would come to an end.

“Yes, that’s a great idea Paul I’m also exhausted.” Diana replied quickly, also uncomfortable at the change of atmosphere.

“Good night”

“Good night” We bid each other goodnight as they drifted to sleep in their sleeping bags.



A Bridge To Safety

The next day, Diana, the captain and I woke to the sound of rumbling and the ground shaking violently.

“What’s going on?” Diana panicked.

“It’s an earthquake.” Captain Thunderbird responded, checking his surroundings for a solution as the ground started to crack.

“Then what are we going to do?” The princess exclaimed, showing nothing but fear.

Sweat ran down the sides of her forehead, her hands trembling, and she slowly crouched down, leaning against a tree while hugging her knees, burying her face in them.

“What are we going to do?” She whispered softly.

“Hey, hey, hey, relax, I will get you out of here” Captain Thunderbird said, as he knelt next to Diana and patted her on the back.

The princess shook her head, denying that we could make it out.

“No, we can’t!” she cried out loud

“Diana, look at me,” said the captain as he lifted her head up, making her look at him. “I will get you out of here.”

“Ok.” She said, sniffing and nodding slowly.

“Good, now get up and let’s look for a way out of here.”

As Captain Thunderbird turned around, he noticed that the crack behind him was slowly opening. Within the blink of an eye, it sped up and turned into a chasm.

"It's ok, we can do this. We just need a way over." He said nervously.

Diana got up, wiped away her tears and walked up to where Captain Thunderbird was standing.

"Well, should we start making a bridge?" Diana suggested.

"Yes! Good idea!" Captain Thunderbird said.

"I think I saw an axe in your ship."

"Yes, my axe."

Diana went onto the ship and looked for the axe.

"Hmm, where is it?" She wondered out loud.

Diana shuffled some things around and finally found the axe

"Yes, there it is!" As she walked towards the axe, she stubbed her toe and cried out in pain.

"Diana! Did you find it?" Captain Thunderbird yelled.

"Yep, coming!" Diana yelled back.

She grabbed the axe and ran back to Captain Thunderbird.

"Here captain." She passed him the axe.

Around 4 hours had gone by, and they had finally finished making the bridge. They were exhausted, out of breath and sore all over. Personally, I didn't mind whether there was or wasn't a bridge, I could fly over!

Diana huffed, "Captain, get up! We need to cross this bridge and continue our journey!"

"Diana, let me be." he rolled over on his stomach.

Diana scoffed "Captain Thunderbird," she smacked the back of his head. "GET. UP. NOW!" she glared deeply at him.

He finally got up and they both crossed the bridge carefully, trying to keep their footsteps soft and light. The sound of the bridge creaking increased their anxiety with each step they took.

"Breath in, breathe out" Diana talks to herself softly, and with the last step, they safely reach the end of bridge crossing the deadly chasm.



Quickly Sinking

The next morning Princess Diana, Captain Thunderbird, and I stumbled across a deep pit of **gooey** quicksand. However, even though she was being very careful, the princess accidentally fell right into it. Captain Thunderbird immediately sprang into action. He scrambled around frantically looking for something to save her with. He spotted a thick vine on a nearby tree. He grabbed it desperately and ripped it up, tying it into a lasso. He threw the lasso to Princess Diana and pulled her out of the sinking quicksand.

“Thank you! You saved me!” she exclaimed gleefully.

“Anything for the princess,” he said sarcastically.

Later, after we had composed ourselves, we continued our exhausting journey through the hot, humid jungle. The damp, sticky air made our breath more and more shallow. Princess Diana was constantly looking at the map while Captain Thunderbird was checking all around for threats. The princess was the only one who could lead him to the mystery gift. Only, she didn’t realise the danger she was in. A poisonous rattlesnake slithered ever so quietly through the dense jungle path. My bird’s eye view gave me a perfect look at it. It was ready to pounce. I screeched out. Diana and Captain Thunderbird followed me through the many tall trees, running. Diana could recognize my screech. She knew there was danger.

“Where are we running to?” asked Captain Thunderbird, short of breath.

“Follow Paul! He sensed danger!”

They followed me all the way around the volcano, back to the path on the map. The jungle was dangerous, that they knew. But just how dangerous, well, they were about to find out.



Princess Diana glanced down at the map over and over, confused about where we were headed. The drawing of the skull on the map frightened her so much she turned pale. Her questions grew. Was the prize really going to be worth it? Was this just one of her father's evil pranks? None of that mattered anymore. It was too late to turn back now.

Her focus regained,

“Look, look! A volcano!” shouted Captain Thunderbird.

Diana had never seen him so excited. Where did his cold, numb attitude go?

“A volcano?” she repeated with confusion, “That would explain the unsettling skull on the map...”

They head towards the shadowing volcano. Captain Thunderbird acknowledged Diana’s fear.

“It’ll be ok,” he falsely assured her.

They trembled into a dark opening, unsure of what awaited. Diana’s eyes scanned the deep, glowing walls. Bats, bugs, heat. Lots and lots of heat. Goosebumps crept up her arms. Captain Thunderbird seemed to have lost interest in Diana, he looked around, secretly still wanting the treasure for himself. He saw a dim glow in the distance. The map was no longer of help in the cave. This glow was a sign of hope.

After an exhausting trek through the cave, the glow began to intensify. Hope filled Diana’s heart. The prize must be near, but how near? Her legs were slowing down, but she dragged them along as far as she could.

“I don’t know how much further I can go Thunderbird!” She echoed through the tunnel.

“Just a bit longer and we’ll have your treasure!” He boomed back, smirking.

Diana began to get suspicious. This treasure was for her, not him. If he thought he was getting it, he could think again.

Captain Thunderbird was beginning to tire himself out. His pacing up and downhill in the tunnel was catching up with him.

“Surely the treasure is near!” He cried out, “We’ve been travelling for hours!”.

Suddenly, she saw it. Diana raced towards a glowing treasure chest. Her heart almost burst out of her slim body. What's inside...?



The Bombshell

Princess Diana had found the treasure. What was inside; she didn't know. But her accomplishment filled her heart, pure with joy. Her tiny legs leapt across the tunnel. Her eyes fixed on the chest, unaware of the trigger she was about to land on.

"Wait!" Shouted Captain Thunderbird, "It can't be that easy!"

Diana paused. She heard a click and jolted down. A rumble echoed throughout the cave. Something wasn't right. Rocks began to fall as the volcano hummed an angry tune. "The volcano is erupting! Run!" Diana screamed as she panicked towards the treasure.

She looked up at the large opening above her. She unlatched the treasure chest with her trembling fingers but closed it without getting a chance to see the treasure. "No! That treasure is mine!" Announced Thunderbird.

Diana's face turned red with fury. Her instincts were right; he was lying the whole time. He was nothing but a greedy, sneaky, useless liar. "No! This treasure was my father's!" Diana boomed back, her voice suppressed by the echoing of falling rocks.

She looked up. A pigeon. Me. I, Paul the Pigeon, Diana's favorite pet, swooped over the volcano's opening. I released a ball of magical **Yarn** from my beak and clamped onto one side. It reached Diana, who was grasping the treasure in her hands.

Captain Thunderbird screamed out for help. A massive boulder was about to land on him. Diana looked concerned. After all he had done for her, while it may have been for his own good, he didn't deserve to be crushed by that massive rock.

"Help!" He screamed, terrified.

Diana reached out to him.

“Grab my hand!” She said.

And so, he did. Captain Thunderbird grabbed Diana’s hand so quickly that I was able to pull them and the treasure up and out of the volcano (with the help of the magical yarn, of course). I charged towards the Thunderbird Ship. My beak opened ever so slightly as I dropped them into the ship. Immediately, Captain Thunderbird headed towards the steering wheel and flew them to safety.

Up in the sky, on the Thunderbird, there was silence. Princess Diana eyed Captain Thunderbird angrily, gripping the treasure chest.

“You saved me...” Thunderbird said, breaking the awkward silence, “Thank you,”.

Princess Diana began to cry, and she hugged him tightly.

“I don’t understand, I thought we were friends, but you tried to steal my treasure...”

“Oh princess, I only tried to steal the treasure because, well, I know what it is.”

Princess Diana looked at him with shock. He asked if she had had a chance to open the treasure chest yet. She shook her head and opened it. Inside were the two most beautiful opal rings she had ever seen. She gasped and noticed a letter from her father inside the chest. It read, *My darling Diana, I hope these rings find you and someone special very well.* Diana was shocked. She looked up at Captain Thunderbird.

“Diana?” He said softly, “Will you marry me?”.

“Yes! Yes, I will!” She squealed excitedly.

The Finale

“Do you, Princess Diana Crystal, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?” I asked.

Today was the day, finally, that Princess Diana would marry Captain Thunderbird. I, Paul the Pigeon, have been given the honour of officially announcing their marriage, and I couldn't be happier.

“I do!” exclaimed Princess Diana.

I turned to Captain Thunderbird and asked, “And do you, Captain Thunderbird, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?”

“I do!” He said, a large smile on his face.

“Well then, does anyone have any objections?” I inquired.

Everyone shook their heads. “Alright, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss.”

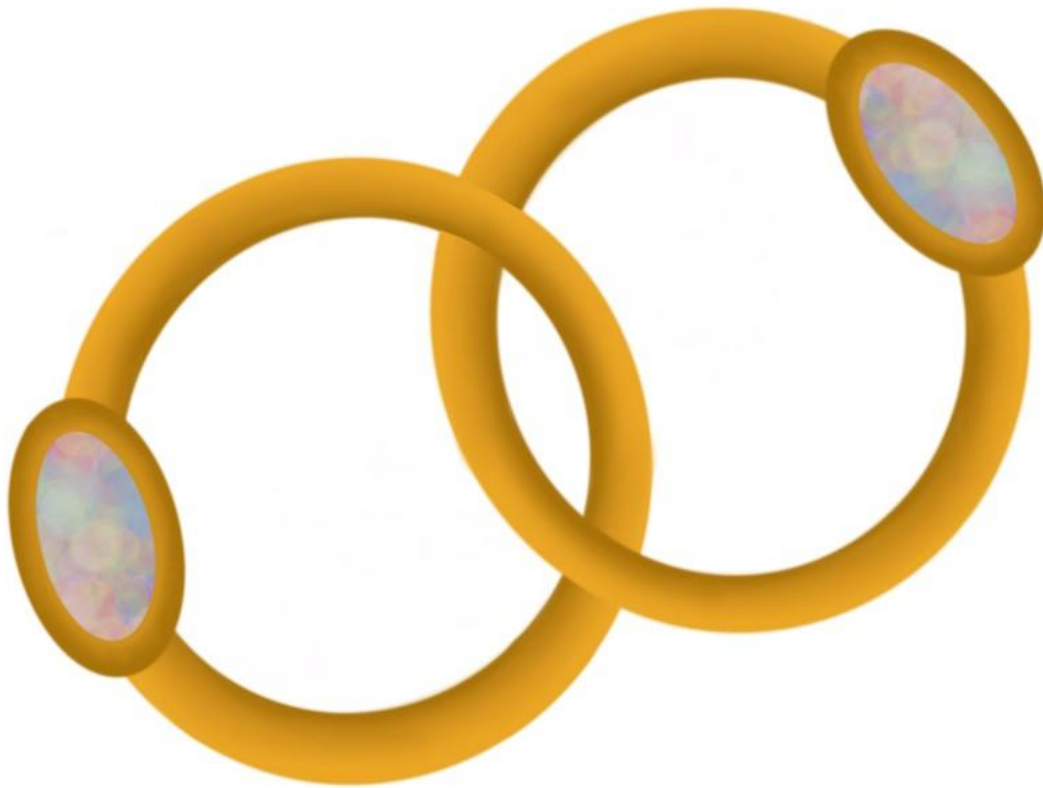
The newly wedded couple joyfully embraced as the crowd cheered below them.

They slid the opal rings onto each other's fingers, huge smiles on their faces. We all knew this day had been a long time coming.

I now live in Crystal Castle with Queen Diana, King Thunderbird and their son, Prince Harrison. We have the map we followed displayed up on the wall, and the Queen and King never let the rings slip out of their sight. The young prince has just had his 2nd birthday, and is proving to be a very adventurous child, always finding

new parts of the castle to explore. He even got on the roof once! We live happily now, and plan to do so for many years more, with many adventures along the way.





The moral of this story is that to get the best you must face challenges, but everything will work out in the end.

EMBARK ON A JOURNEY WITH A PRINCESS, SHIP CAPTAIN, AND
PIGEON AS THEY TAKE ON THE QUEST TO FIND A MYSTERIOUS
GIFT FOR THE KING OF CRYSTAL SHORES.