

# Hemmed In!



SFCC Melton: Group No. 8



THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

## Parameters Form

### Team Details

STATE: VIC  
DIVISION: Upper School (Required word count 3500 to 5000 words)  
SCHOOL/GROUP: St Francis Catholic College  
TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 8  
TEAM ID: 1470

### Parameters and random words

#### Parameters

Primary character 1 Road worker  
Primary character 2 Diver  
Non-human character Cloak  
Setting School  
Issue Missing the train

#### Random words

novel  
goosey  
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

## Copyright

Published by SFCC Melton 8, St Francis Catholic College - Melton, 109-141  
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*SFCC Melton 8 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.*

*SFCC Melton 8 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.*

To all who may read this, you are doing great. Despite the challenges you may go through, you're doing your best and you can always do better. Please do not be discouraged and always look forward to the future and what life may offer you. Thank you for always trying. I pray that you are always safe and content with what you have.

All appreciation to all the staff and teachers who have helped us throughout this process. We thank you for this opportunity to be able to write this book for you to read.

Thank you for everything you all have done.

## Chapter 1: Detention

“To be, or not to be, that is the question.”

Applause rang out across the school's theatre as the student took a bow.

“Excellent! what an adaptation of Shakespeare. We still have some time, next up we have... Levi.” Said Mrs. Bradley

All eyes fell to Levi, sitting at the back of the dark auditorium as Mrs. Bradley made her way over. She puts out her hand for the booklet, Levi was supposed to be working on it for the past week. The hand stays outstretched and empty as her teacher sighs.

“Wow, Levi, looks like you haven't done your **homework**. This is the third time this term. Just because you're off jumping into pools and whatnot doesn't mean you can neglect your drama script.”

*This teacher, always on her back about these ridiculous drama scripts. And ugh, her eccentric outfits that could blind someone. Today she was wearing a stupid burgundy coat with matching pants and a bright pink top.*

Whoops, she had zoned out. “Sorry, what did you say?”

“Seriously Levi?” Her teacher let out another exasperated sigh. “I've been lenient, but this is an after-school detention for you.”

“What?” Levi's heart dropped to her stomach, she could not stay back after school, not today.

“Yep, maybe next time think about your responsibilities outside of -.” The loud blare of the bell thankfully cut Mrs. Bradley off. Levi quickly rushed out of the room with the rest of her classmates to escape her teacher's sharp glare.

Caught up in a crowd of teenagers planning their weekend plans (which are the same every week thanks to living in the small rural town of Coimadai), Levi trudged up the stairs to detention. She picked a seat up the back again and pulled out her laptop. Low battery flashed across the screen. *Great, could things get any worse now?* She figured she might as well do her English homework now, no point in getting more behind on work. Pulling out the hefty **novel** from her bag, holding stories of a bushfire that destroyed a whole town. Levi groaned, *this was not the way she planned for her Tuesday afternoon to go at all.*





## Chapter 2: Where is Everyone?

Minutes pass by, the clock ticking slower and slower. Levi spent the entire period dawdling over nothingness. No sounds other than pencils scraping filled the silence of the room.

“Levi, I’m gonna leave you to it here. You can go home when the clock hits 3:30pm.” The teacher said.

Levi groaned internally as she glanced towards the clock. *15 more minutes?* She had endured almost an hour of pure boredom only to find that she must live through almost another 20 minutes of torture. All she could do was tap her pen against the surface of the desk, hoping to suffice the silence. Emptiness filled the space, disregarding the display of clutter scattered across the room. Levi was left to ponder. Ponder on the greater things she could be experiencing. She could be sleeping, having a **yarn**, having a nice barbeque. Yet, all she was doing was nothing.

Glancing up towards the clock, it was 3:30pm. Levi began to pack her bag, hoping to feel the sun across her skin. As she left the classroom in a sluggish manner, all her hopes were disappointed as the sky was dim with clouds. Navigating her way around the campus, the odd silence piqued her curiosity. Wind gusted throughout the leaves. Lights flickered. Levi had made the choice to keep her peace and think of it trivially.

“*Squelch, squelch.*” The noise had disturbed the silence. Her heightened senses alarm her. She gapes around until her eyes landed on the floor. Carefully lifting her shoe, the sight before her only angers her more. The **gooey** pink mess scattered on the floor had glued Levi to the dry floor. Irritated, Levi hurriedly scraped her shoes against the harsh ground, wishing to remove the traces. Giving up, she peered up and headed toward the gate. The eeriness consumed the atmosphere. The tipping silence ready to implode. The gate stood there, closed. Panic rapidly begins to overflow Levi as the realisation had begun to settle in. Locked. The gates had been barred. An escape to reality had been shut. The sounds emit from beyond the gates, the fire truck sirens, raging barks from the dogs, noise surrounding the perimeter. Yet, the silence held within the high gates. Levi scavenged through each classroom, praying for even just one person to be in her presence.





### Chapter 3: Ghost town

It was completely desolate. Not a single person was in the school, save for Levi herself. Immediately, worry set in – if she couldn't find a way out soon, she was going to miss her train. The train that she needed to take into the city, to get to the airport.

There was a qualifying competition over the weekend that she was to attend. After years of dedicating her life and free time to the sport, Levi had finally landed herself a spot in the diving competition that would ultimately qualify her for the upcoming Brisbane Olympics. Sometimes, it didn't feel real. A 'too good to be true' situation. Going to the Olympics, especially as someone as young as herself, was a feat that most could only ever imagine.

Evidently, the looming gates of the school deemed it not to be. She dug her nails into her palms, frustrated. Most would argue that, apart from the novelty of attending the Olympics, it wasn't that deep. There would always be another Olympics for her to try her chances at. But she wanted to *prove herself*. Her father had passed away in the water – an avid swimmer and diver himself – and although the event should've turned her away from the sport forever, it did nothing but make her determined to excel at it; carry on her father's legacy so that it wasn't all for nought. She *needed* to make it to that airport today – she would do anything.



Suddenly, an idea struck her, a moment of clarity in the darkness. Her uncle (and really, the closest thing she had to a father), was a road worker, and she knew he was working relatively nearby the school. Fishing her mobile phone out of her pocket, Levi hurriedly punched in his number and rang. If anybody could help her, he could.



## Chapter 4: Uncle Wyatt to the Rescue

After a good few minutes, a roaring engine grew louder as a beat-up yellow Camaro approached the school gates before coming to a stop. A tall, middle aged looking man in a navy jumpsuit and a bright neon vest stepped out, assessing the school up and down before making his way towards the gates. They were shut alright; the latch sealed with rust from years of corrosion. The man reached into his tool belt and took out a half-used bottle of WD-40, squirting it onto the latch. Before he pried it open, he paused and winced, feeling a familiar shiver run down his spine.

The man surveyed the area before calling Levi again. One ring, two rings, three rings...

"Uncle Wyatt!" She chirped, "Was that your car? Where are you?"

"I was gonna ask you." He replied.

"Right, um, I'm by the right side of the school, kind of near where the running tracks are. You'll see me."

Uncle Wyatt nodded and hung up, bracing himself to walk another few thousand steps in the humid heat with his back aching. He knew he was getting too old for this; he was already way too fed up. He could've gone to bunnings and gotten a snag, rather than straying off to save his rascal of a niece from the school she's imprisoned in.

As he walked, he noticed what seemed like a black blob perched up on a tree. A *cat*? He thought, but as he squinted his eyes, he paused. A dark, velvet cloak loomed over him, moving so fluidly with the breeze as though it were taunting him. He rubbed his eyes, only to find the tree clear. It worried him, but he had another problem to prioritise, and so he treaded on.

Levi was squatting, poking at a Roly poly with a stick before seeing her uncle in the distance. She waved with a squeal, rushing to her saviour with excitement. After a quick, traditional lecture, the two rushed back to the gate that Uncle Wyatt opened prior, only to find that the rust had completely engulfed the latch, locking them both in now.



## Chapter 5: The Generator

“Okay so the gate is closed, what are we going to do now?” Wyatt asked.

“We need to call somebody because I have no idea what’s going on.” Levi checked her phone only to be greeted with the familiar low battery warning.

Wyatt quickly grabbed his phone, and, to his surprise, he had no reception.

As the two scurried through the school to find a solution, Wyatt developed an overwhelming feeling about the reoccurring cloak.

“Hey Wyatt.”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t you think there’s something off about today?” Levi Questioned.

“Oh yeah, kind of.” said Wyatt with a timid look on his face.

“Why do you have that weird look on your face?” curiously said Levi.

“Don’t worry about it, today has just reminded me of my past a little.”

Before Levi gets the chance to ask another question, all the lights go out, leaving the pair with only the rising moon to guide them. Time kept passing but there was still no way out.



“WAIT, I HAVE AN IDEA!” yelled Levi.

“THERES AN EMERGENCY GENERATOR AT THE BACK OF THE SCHOOL. MAYBE WE CAN TRY TO GET RECEPTION TO CALL SOMEBODY!”

“QUICK LET’S GO THEN!” shouted Wyatt.

The pair swiftly moved across the dim school yard to find the emergency generator.

“Okay, help me turn the fuel valve on,” said Wyatt.

Wyatt placed his hand on the generator. BANG! The whole generator started rapidly flashing and sparking out. It completely shut off, leaving Levi and Wyatt stuck in bigger hole than they were in originally.

“OH MY GOSH, PLEASE NOT NOW!” Screamed a panicked Levi.

“WHAT DO WE DO NOW UNCLE WYATT?”

Levi fell to the ground and had lost all hope of finding an escape, whilst Wyatt was pacing back and forth, brushing his hands through his hair. Little did they know that it would get ever so worse for them. The darkness engulfed them as the lights refused to operate.



## Chapter 6: Thunderstorm

A disturbance hovered in the atmosphere. Air, hanging thick with heavy roaring winds, splintering branches, along with scorching Australian heat that was then weakened by a sudden rainstorm. The steady patter of water rushed towards Wyatt and Levi as they tried to find cover. The rain was soaking through Wyatt's work clothes, it was also saturating Levi's uniform, making its way to her bathers hidden underneath.

"Why is this happening?" Wyatt yelled with anger, using the convenience of being only with another person. His voice carried no expectation of an answer, only frustration at the sky itself.

They started to tramp in the rain, along the muddy trails with every step sinking deeper.

As they searched for shade and cover, a piercing gust of wind rattled and shook the trees above, bending its branches as leaves shot down like bullets, and showered their existing miserable frames.

Levi muttered under her breath, "I'm literally at school and I can't even find proper cover? What I would give for an umbrella right now." The words were half a joke, half a cry of defeat, swallowed quickly by the loud thunder above.

Wyatt glanced at her; his hair plastered to his forehead and jaw clenched with obvious bitterness.

At this point, Wyatt's clothes have been steeped, drenched and destroyed. Instantaneously, violent strikes of lightning illuminated the dark clouds in the sky, with each sharp flash shaking the ground. The storm showed no mercy as if it had a motive to strip away every bit of hope in them.

A crack of lightning flashed in front of them, igniting the environment with ghostly white, right at their feet.

They froze.

"Holy- "

Wyatt cut her off, "Just thank God we aren't dead."

The smell of wet earth filled their noses. Each strike of lightning sent their hearts racing faster, a reminder of how small they were beneath the chaos of the storm, unable to defend themselves. Fear was slowly creeping up among them, sensing the inevitable.





## Chapter 7: Electricity

Rain continued to pour down showing no mercy upon the unlucky pair. Trees swayed in the wind, branches snapped off and windows shattered. Amidst the disaster, the structural integrity of the monstrous power lines that ran alongside the school began to weaken rapidly. The two of them were separated by the chaotic weather conditions. Wyatt was desperately trying to seek Levi through the mix of smoke, fog, and dust bustling through the schoolyard when suddenly he heard an extreme loud thud!

“HELP!” A voice desperately exclaimed from afar.

“LEVI?” Wyatt worryingly yelled.

He urgently sprinted to the courtyard and found a hefty pile of electrical wires laying on top of Levi, his thoughts instantly turned to the worst, but he had no time to think. He needed to dive in and save Levi before it was too late. Luckily, he was a skilled tradesperson and had a truckload of physical strength. Adrenaline pumping through his veins. He knew he needed to save his niece. It was up to him. He used all his might and willpower, and with a strenuous effort, he heroically lifted all the wires off Levi, while risking his own life.

Levi was filled with gratitude and relief at the sight of her uncle. Something familiar, however, caught her eye; a glimpse of her teacher’s burgundy cloak from earlier, flying through the strong gusts of wind with other debris.



“That’s odd...” She thought to herself. “Mrs Bradley left the school hours ago!”

“What’s the matter?” Wyatt curiously asks, he couldn’t make out what she was saying over the powerful sound of the thunder.

“It’s nothing Uncle Wyatt, don’t worry.” She brushes him off, in attempt to tell herself that it was probably just debris, however, she couldn’t brush it off any longer.

“Uncle Wyatt, I think my teacher left her cloak from earlier and I just saw it flying through the storm!”

Wyatt immediately knew. “Levi, I need you to listen to me very carefully” he says, his face turning whiter than paper.



## Chapter 8: Ancestry

Wyatt hesitated, unable to believe what was happening. He thought he escaped it, he thought it was over. Apparently not, as that evil, maroon article of clothing had been tormenting him and his niece, just like how it tormented his brother, and how it had been tormenting his family since the beginning of time.

“Levi...I know what this really is...” Wyatt started,

“What? What are you talking about? You’re telling me that you know why this insane piece of clothing is tormenting us right now? You didn’t think this could have been good information to tell me earlier?!” Levi was enraged, she was scared and confused, and nearly just died!

Wyatt looked frustrated, and incredibly tired, his eyebrows furrowed together harshly as he took in what Levi was saying. “Levi, stop.” he said “After everything that has just happened, I don’t have time nor the patience for your sarcastic little quips. This is bigger than you and me, what we are dealing with is not just some article of clothing sewn together, this is *magic*.”

“What. Are you even talking about right now?!” Levi’s eyes were wide in disbelief. “What do you mean magic? Since when does that exist?”

“It’s a very long story, but we come from a family of wizards and witches, people who could basically live and breathe magic as if they were one being. We were powerful Levi!” Wyatt had a glassy look in his eyes, staring off into the distance as if imagining a distant dream. Suddenly his eyes sharpened, and he turned to Levi, “Then we got greedy, hungry for more power, a few too many spells gone wrong, a few too many magical laws broken, and a curse was placed upon us. Said to haunt them and every generation after, we are that generation after, Levi. And that curse - that cloak - is here to make us pay our price”

Tension filled the air, the new revelations unbelievable. Levi couldn’t believe what she was hearing, magic? Wizards and witches? Curses?! It was all overwhelming. “So, what you’re saying is, the curse, which is the cloak? Has come to make us pay for our crazy, insane, ancestor’s mistakes?”

“Precisely.” Wyatt seemed unfazed.

Levi looks fed up. “Right. So, what do we do to stop it?”

“No one for nearly four centuries has known how to stop it. How could you possibly think we could?”

“All we can do is try. We must, I won’t let this thing take me down, and besides, we’ve come too far and survived through too much to back down now.” Levi seemed determined, Wyatt nodded his head firmly, the look of proudness and affection gleaming in his eyes. The two of them devised a plan, deciding to catch the evil cloak, and then, using Wyatt’s old knowledge of magic, planned to burn it, and end the curse once and for all.

Levi and Wyatt emerged out from their hiding spot and stationed themselves at the edge of the broken wall. Levi, peeked around the corner, staying alert in fear of the cloak catching on to what the two of them had planned. Wyatt and Levi could not afford to take risks.

“Wyatt! I see it! Come on let’s go before we lose our chance.”

The two of them stepped out completely, trying to stay out of sight, but the cloak was smarter, and knew all the tricks they might have tried. It flew down the hall, at unimaginable speeds, Wyatt and Levi immediately took off after it. The debris was terrible, laying everywhere across the floor were rocks from fallen walls and damaged ceilings. Wyatt tripped on something, falling to his knees. Levi stopped to help him up.

“Quick! We can’t let it get away! Go Levi, GO!”

Levi hesitated but took off again after the cloak, she gained quickly, her athleticism helped her go up to high speeds. In a last final push, her fingers grazed the edge of the velvety fabric, and she grabbed on firmly. The cloak grappled for freedom, fighting to get free, but Levi held firm. Finally, the first part of the plan was complete.



## Chapter 9: Fed Up

Writhing in her hands, the cloak could not accept that it had been captured, and to her dismay, Wyatt had disappeared from her sight. Panic ran through her, before Wyatt came around the corner, carrying a load of wood in his arms. Wyatt saw how Levi was struggling with the cloak. He firmly reminded her to not let go and carried on with setting up the fire.

The smell of damp wood filled the air, with the storm only just passing. The sound of Wyatt trying to light his lighter became background noise as Levi continued to struggle with the cloak, her hands sweaty and struggling to keep a grip on the cloak. At last, Wyatt created a spark, and suddenly, the whole pile of wood ignited in flames. Their cheeks flushed from the warmth, and the cloak somehow seemed to struggle even harder, almost as if it knew what was to come.



“How are we supposed to tie this thing down?!” Levi started to grow tired after fighting the cloak for so long.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got that covered.”

Wyatt threw a rope onto the wood, hooking it onto the end of one of the fiery branches. Taking the cloak from Levi, he looped the rope around it, attaching the fabric to the flames. The cloak flapped and struggled against its binds as it felt the burn of fire.

Wyatt turned towards the blaze and started mumbling chants towards the cloak. Levi recognized the words, similar to what she had heard her father saying in



his sleep before. Wyatt stopped talking and everything went quiet. No more crackling of the fire, no more whooshing of the cloak.

Levi glanced up at the late evening sky, the clouds had cleared. She turned towards her uncle who had a slight smile on his face matched with a look of relief. It was like a weight had been taken off his shoulders. The cloak laid still upon the burnt embers of the wood. No sign of life, or movement. It was as if the cloak had lost all sentience or active consciousness and became a normal maroon cloak. A sense of victory washed over Wyatt and Levi.

“We won; I told you we would do it” Levi looked at Wyatt with a smug expression, mixed with relief.

“Yeah, whatever. You did good today...your father would be proud.” Wyatt looked at Levi, who had teary eyes, with pride burning in his expression. The two of them hugged, all the feelings of dread and fear washed away as they realised that no matter what, they would always have each other.



## Chapter 10: Epilogue

*4 days later*

"Now, welcoming Levi Lara from Coimadai with her first entry into this competition." The loudspeaker announced.

She emerged from the locker rooms, ready to **plunge** to victory. This was the clear moment she had been anticipating. Through the mishaps that had occurred previously. A mysterious cloak. The persistence and care that Uncle Wyatt had promised to persevere. She had finally made it. She was reminiscent of the times her father used to observe her training. Although he had been consumed from his dream, he had lived it throughout her life, ensuring that she could carry that same journey in her own way. Standing at the chairs was Uncle Wyatt, the closest image Levi had to my father. She was now competing in her first qualifying competition. The start to greatness.

Climbing up the ladder, the ground became less visible. Standing on the diving board, the distance sight of water could be seen ever so faintly. Deep breaths maintained Levi's posture.

*1...2...3... Splosh.* Levi dove into the cool water. Minimal Splashes. Straight precision.

Levi surfaced from the water, her head turning straight to the judge's stand. Stoic faces. Her heartbeat was stronger as she struggled to read their expressions. Divers passed by.

"The announcement for the podium will be in 3 minutes."

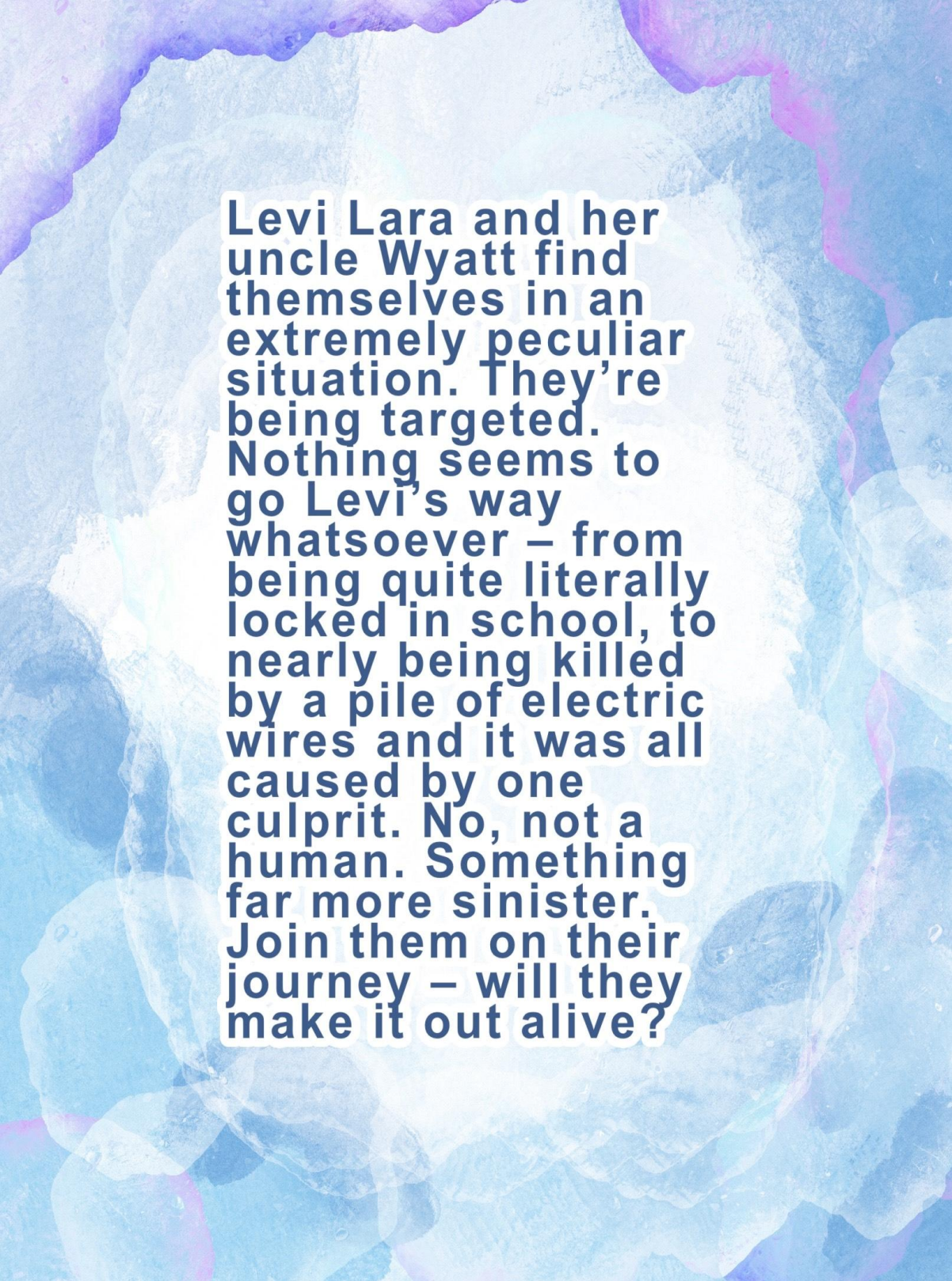
Levi became more anxious every second that passed.

"And second place goes to... Levi Lara." That was all that she could hear. The disappointment. Her father's voice. It hurt. Maybe she wasn't enough. Or maybe she could do better.

A voice cut through her echoing thoughts.

"You did so good. He would be so proud of you." Uncle Wyatt cheered, smiling. "Don't ever think you can't reach higher. That you aren't enough."

The End.



Levi Lara and her uncle Wyatt find themselves in an extremely peculiar situation. They're being targeted. Nothing seems to go Levi's way whatsoever – from being quite literally locked in school, to nearly being killed by a pile of electric wires and it was all caused by one culprit. No, not a human. Something far more sinister. Join them on their journey – will they make it out alive?