

Udderly ridiculous!





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 - Melton
TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 3
TEAM ID: 1667

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Canteen manager
Primary character 2 Canoeist
Non-human character Fox
Setting Prison
Issue No mobile phone connection

Random words

event
crisp
elastic
clumsy
bright

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 2pm**

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



Writers

Maddy Whelan

Edie Todd

Abbey Honig

Hayden Hausfeld

Writer and illustrators

Renee Furtado

Sienna Brown

Illustrator

Paige Cauchi

Big Brains Operation Manager

Erin Johnstone



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Melton Campus: 109-141 Bulmans Rd, Melton West, VIC 3337**

**Maddy Whelan, Abbey Honig, Edie Todd, Renee Furtado, Sienna
Brown, Hayden Hausfeld, Paige Cauchi, Erin Johnstone**

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Acknowledgement of Country

SFCC Melton 3 would like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book was created, the Wurundjeri of the Kulin nation and pay our respects to Elders past and present.

SFCC Melton 3 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.



Dedication

SFCC Melton 3 would like to dedicate this story to those doing it tough, we wish to make your day and hope it brings you joy. We thank our lovely teachers who supported us throughout the day. We would also love to give a special shout out to our big brains operation manager Erin Johnstone for her planning and expertise. Enjoy our story.



Billabong Mishap

The sun was beating on Bradley; a cool mist sprayed his face; the resistance from the water when he paddled gave him a slight ache in his upper arms. The gurgle of the water as the canoe rode through could barely be heard over Bradley's voice talking to his phone. It was propped up on a selfie stick, taped onto the front of the canoe.

"G'day, my favourite Blue Cow lovers, we are going to tackle the Billabong rivers most extreme course! Today is the first day of this three-day journey, I am going to survive and complete a new record of living off Blue Cow's energy drink and taking on the Billabong River. Come with me and watch history be remade."

Bradley reached to the cans of blue liquid strapped to his chest, filled with nearly a dozen Blue Cow energy drinks, reaching over he felt the cool aluminium of the energy drink can, wrapping his fingers around it he brought it towards him, turning back to the livestream, a plastered smile on his face that did not meet his eyes, the light fluffy blue sleeves of his Blue Cow costume caught in the wind.

Glancing at the camera, the **crisp** sound of the can that Bradley opened, gave him a disgusted feeling in the pit of his stomach. He thought about throwing the can into the river, never having to drink the wretched drink again. But then he remembered why he did it; the money that came with the drinks was too good to pass up; his fame. He couldn't just give his life away. Bradley held his breath as he brought the can to his lips. An off-milk taste filled his mouth, and he gulped it down as fast as he could, so it didn't sit in his mouth.

He felt a thump that rattled through the canoe, he let go of the drink, before he realised that he was up in the air, his body felt dissociated from himself. He shut his eyes tight before he felt something hard smash into his head.





Journey to the Slammer

"Where am I? This is not the Billabong River," Bradley thought to himself. *"What has happened to my canoe?"* His hands reached for his head, knees, legs, and most importantly his Blue Cow energy drink bottles. One was missing from his chest rig across his torso from his previous hydration.

"MY SPONSERSHIP! How am I going to make money now?!" he exclaimed to his live stream. Little did he know that his phone was not working, and the live stream was no longer rolling.

"Wow... what a view. I better take a photo of the river and post it onto my Instagram! I'm sure Blue Cow will appreciate it... and I will probably need to find my way home." Bradley looked over to admire the view but to his demise, found his racing canoe in a wreck. "My blue canoe! It's ruined! How am I going to be able to go home?"

Bradly felt an invisible thread pulling him towards an old dilapidated concrete building. Over the flat, square building was an auburn sunset.

"It's getting dark... I'm going to need to find shelter before something comes after me." He thought to himself.

He decided to walk down the broken overgrown path. He looked up to see how far he had travelled. There was only one hundred meters or so to go. However, before he could get to the last fifty meters, he saw a **bright** glow almost as if it was a ghost.

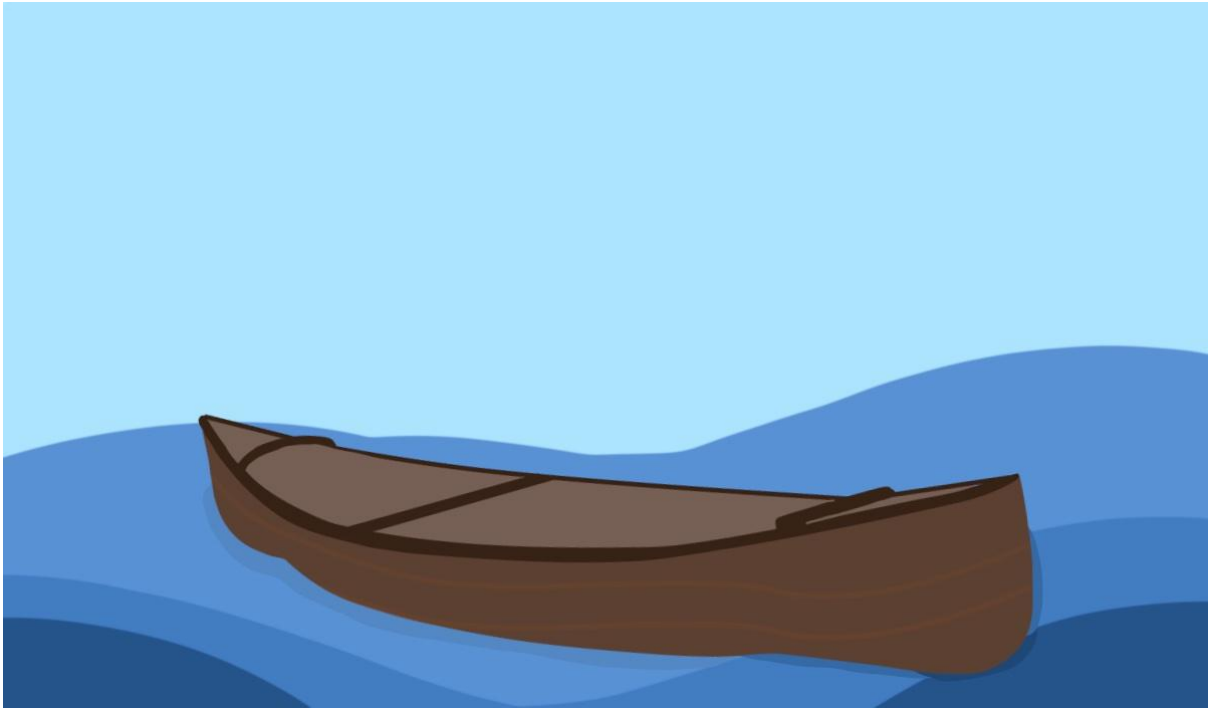
"That doesn't make sense. There is no way that this place can have ghosts... they don't exist. How am I going to be able to get home? Surely, this place can help."

When Bradly reached the front door, he was met with an old dusty sign. He blew on the sign which read, 'Kookaburra Island Prison.'

"Prison? Kookaburra Island? At least Kookaburra must mean I am still somewhere in Australia," he concluded.

As Bradley reached out to grab the cool brass door handle, he pushed the door slightly and it creaked open. Bradley was greeted by a chilling gust of air, which made him shiver before he took a step into the dimly lit room.





Fearful Friends

Bradley slowly trudged, soggy, and soaked. His hooves squelched beneath his heavy feet. The stinging cold followed him as he nervously crept between the huge stone walls.

His stomach growled and echoed back.

"Aw man, please don't," Bradley groaned to his artificial udders. "Don't make me."

The dairy-dressed man ripped off a can, which was taped to his torso. The pop of the carbonated milk drink echoed once again. He brought it to his lips and shuddered as he inhaled the musk that oozed out of the small opening. A creamy fizz ran down his throat. His breath became shaky as he glanced around the building.

"Okay, you're Brad the Man. Brad-slay! You got thi-"

A bird whizzed past his right ear.

He jumped back in fear and cried, "MUMMY!"

Bradley shivered, despite wearing a thick, not-so-fluffy one piece. He knew he had to take some deep breaths and calm down. He started to sing softly to himself:

"Sweet and sour, all in one.

Need some energy?

Well, Blue Cow's got it done.

Acesulfame potassium,

And buckets of calcium.

Derived from butter,

When it comes to us,

You KNOW there's no udder."

"I hope it tastes better than you sing."

Bradley swung around as his belly jiggled with him. He craned his neck upwards until he was standing just under the beard of a towering, yet stocky figure. They let out a hearty laugh and slapped a meaty hand on their thigh.



"Oh, haven't crossed over yet, have we? I think we have room for one more."

Bradley adjusted the **elastic** strap around his waist that connected his tail that swayed up and down as the unknown man led him through the darkness. There was a door at the end of the grand hallway that had a strip of light seeping towards the pair. It illuminated the bars that lined the cramped cells next to them.

He looked up at him again. His eyes had two distinct wrinkles on either side, framed by a bushy, dry beard. The chocolate brown strands that made up his substantial mustache were broken up by a handful of grey wisps.

"The name's Rodger, welcome!" he said with a grin.



Dead Serious

The doors swung open as the commotion ahead of Bradley swept across his vision. Clinking of bottles echoed across the crowd with cheerful conversation following him as he absorbed the chaotic spirit of the **event**. He quickly realised Rodger wasn't what he expected. He looked up to find people of all different shapes levitating and moving around the room. Out of shock, he turned around to glance at Rodger. He thought he must've hit his head harder than he thought, because he was staring right through him. He appeared to be see-through. Bradley was shocked at the many ghostly looking creatures soared across the room. A banner hung from the metal bars of cells with the words 'Happy Death Day'. The room was packed, yet a constant breeze rushed through the room as it went straight through the partygoers.

Rodger seemed to be well liked. As he passed fellow ghosts they sang out to him calling out "Yo, Rodge!" and "Good to see you in high spirits". As he walked alongside his new mysterious companion, he felt eyes all over him. He could see how the ghosts slowly realised his presence. They clearly hadn't seen an alive person in quite a while. He felt as if he was in a strange dream as he stood in a literal cow costume in the centre of a room full of a translucent party.

"Hey new guy! You brought drinks, halfway to the afterlife, eh?" a short old man exclaimed as he shoved his elbow into the side of Bradley.

Realising the sudden presence of a solid figure, the ghost removed his elbow from the side of Bradley's torso.

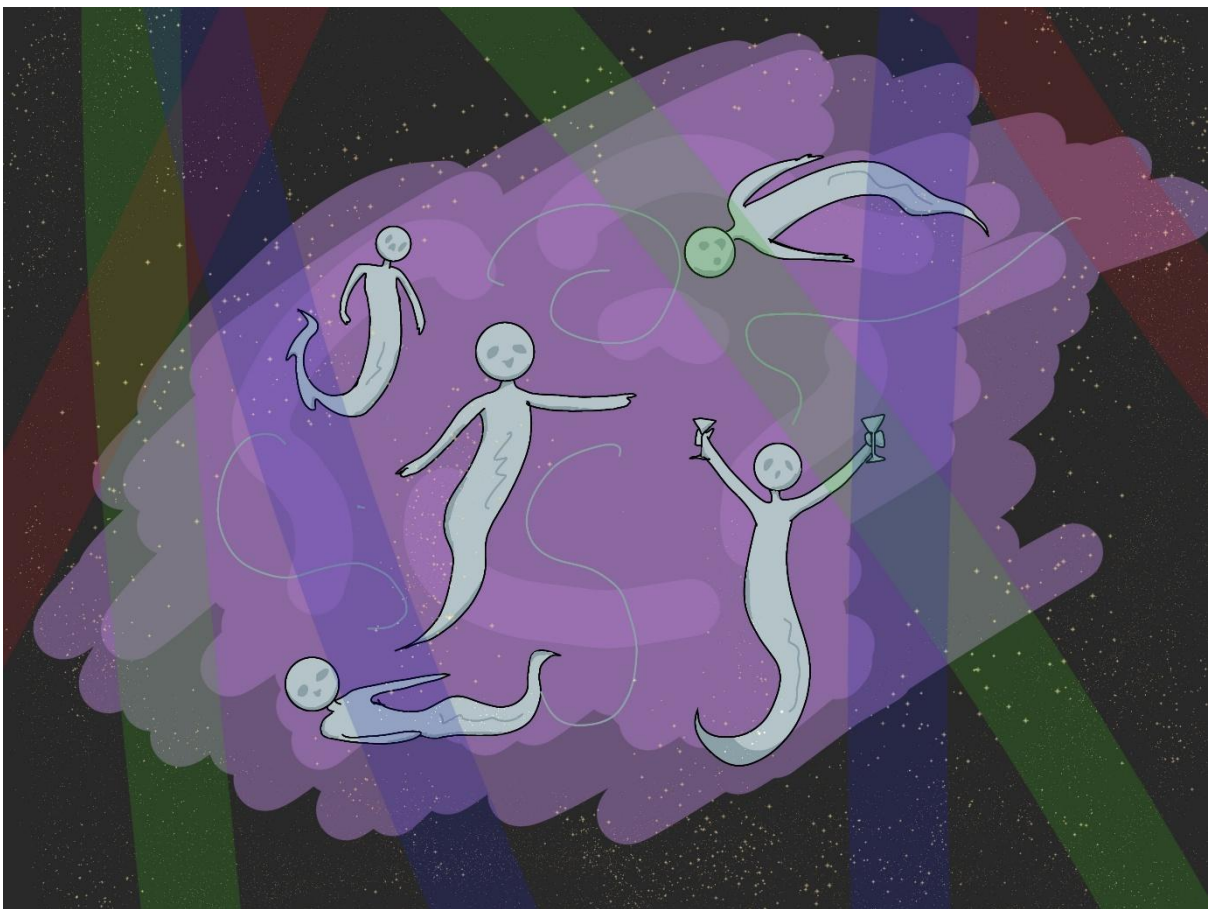
"Ah I see, still kicking and just pale. My bad."

After that awkward encounter Bradley realised his friendly ghost had disappeared.

"Welcome everyone, welcome! I want to make a quick speech before we let our wonderful band *Dead Serious* back on stage," Rodger spoke cheerfully, with a perky smile plastered to his face. For a ghost, he seemed quite lively. "I want to thank all of you for coming to my little get together. Seeing you all come so far since you entered this prison has been truly inspiring. I couldn't phantom death without you." He chuckles to himself. "I'm sure you've noticed our new breathing friend..." He gestures to the milky fellow asking his name.

"Bradley. It's Bradley."

“Welcome to Kookaburra Island, Bradley. Please welcome to the stage Holly Darton, Belvis Esly, and Cychael Packson!” He glided over to Bradley and whispered in a husky voice, “They’re to die for.”



Performance of a Lifetime

As the lights lowered, a woman stepped onto the stage, with unruly blond curls framing her face. She was wearing a long green dress and a spotlight shone on her, illuminating her ghostly radiance. She stepped toward the mic; the crowd began to quieten. When she opened her mouth, she began to sing an old country song that Bradley could have sworn he had heard before. Behind, the ghostly band began to play, following her lead.

Bradley shivered, he turned around and found Rodger standing behind him.

“Where did you go?” Bradley asked, he couldn’t hide the awe in his voice.

Rodger looked at him oddly, “Nowhere. Now where was I?” Rodger looked beside him, his fist clutching something metallic, “Right, I was meant to leave this in the kitchen,” he muttered to himself.

“Hey Rodge, I was just wondering what do you, I mean did you do? You know before you...” Bradley trailed off, hoping he wasn’t being too forthcoming.

Rodger chuckled, “I am a canteen manager at the prison, it can be a gruelling job.”

Bradley nodded, he could feel the slight throb of his head where he had hit it earlier that day. The crowd was even more lively than before, everyone was swaying to the beat of the music. The lights had begun to change colour with the music; a dance floor had slowly formed.

Bradley turned to Rodge, “I’m feeling a little lightheaded, is there a quiet place that I can lay down?”

Rodger nodded and led the way towards a small cell. It was cold, dull and extremely lonely. He sat down on the single bed with the small duvet and thought to himself what an odd place to be in given such troubling times.

Then, a small ghost fox faded through the grey concrete wall. It took Bradley by surprise. At first, he was petrified. Then, he just chuckled to himself.

It truly was such a random place.



Music for the Soul

He peered out the frame of the steel door. The crowd was quite lively considering the whole being dead thing. Bradley was always a tad superstitious, but he never could imagine stumbling upon this. He was intrigued by each spirit as he drifted through the hoi polloi. Each soul, with a life and an afterlife. Some were old, some barely considered grown up. Everyone seemed so joyful, so full of life, ironically.

The young canoeist never thought much about ghosts. He had tackled every rocky river, stream and ocean that was polluted with danger signs and filmed it all live in front of the world.

The guests were eating out of the band's hand. Bradley too had to admit they had major talent. Something about their melodies seemed almost familiar. He looked at each of the members' faces. Suddenly, his eyes opened wide. A light bulb brightened in his head. From his lips under his breath, he named them one by one. "Holly Darton," he muttered. Turning his head a bit to the left, he spoke, "Cychoael Packson," Lastly, he pointed out, "Belvis Esley."

Dressed fashionably in farm chic, he gazed at the three musicians. Bradley was in awe. They were legends, superstars, and global sensations. But their time ended too soon. Or so he thought. There they were performing right in front of him.

Everybody burst into cheers and applause as they finished a dazzling rock, country, pop number. He ran up to the front, just adjacent to the stage.

"Well, hoo doggy, wasn't that fun, boys?" Holly hollered. "Yeah, shamone ho ho" Cychoael sang. Belvis came up to them and added "Ah, hey, hey, hey. That's right, uh huh."

Bradley was in udder shock.

Breath of Fresh Air

Whisked away by Rodger, Bradley had a million questions on his mind. He had learnt so much and wanted to learn so much more. He was so distracted by his thoughts and the many people that he hadn't picked up his phone in hours.

"So, what's your deal? Why are you here?" Rodger asked, his eyes fierce with curiosity, staring down at Bradley as he floated just above the ground.

Bradley realised he hadn't even thought about his brand deal. Blue Cow had been working with him for months and he had completely forgotten. He stared at the ground, scanning his own body. The costume, the stunts, everything felt meaningless. He sighed deeply questioning his whole life in one breath.

"I've been training for months for this upcoming stunt. I make content and this brand wanted me to do something insane." He wasn't going to say it was canoeing in a lake of milky, blue chemicals. That would just humiliate him more.

"I do these stunts for a brand, Blue Cow. You probably haven't heard of it—"

Suddenly, a quick flash of orange fur and claws slashed across his chest. The fox had ripped the Blue Cow drinks off him before sprinting away to a small hole in the wall disappearing into the dingy, shadow.

"The fox. Have you seen him often?" Rodger asked, with a tone Bradley found unusual to the usual cheerful manner.

Bradley nodded in response. Confused, yet investigative.

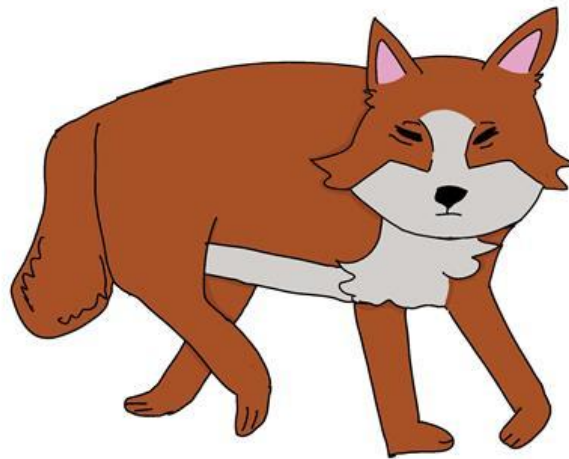
"He was Blue Cow's tester. They used him, exploited him, and now he's ended up like this," Referring to his ghost form.

"They sent him to this island to hide the truth from the world. This brand will break you. They don't care about anyone or anything. Money is all they worry about." Bradley stared at the ground shameful of the acts of that company, and sorrowful for the poor animal.

"So, the fox that I keep seeing, has he been warning me?" Bradley never would have thought about this. Was the money worth it?

Bradley knew that the company was harmful, this wasn't the first time he had heard bad things. He had been ignorant, greedy, and **clumsy** in his decision making. The silence of the prison as he moved further from the party was deafening. The droplets of water from a small leak in the room echoed through his mind.

“I think I know how to help you. Follow me.” Rodger hovered waiting for Bradley to follow. He started to float away. He trusted that Bradley would follow him.



Do or Die

“Is that... the signal switch?” Bradley said to Rodger while running toward the button eager to press it and turn it back on.

“I’m sorry Bradley... I was going to tell you!” Rodger explained in a hurry.

“Well press it would ya? Turn it back on! And quick!” Bradley said jumping up and down, he was so excited, blinded by his obsession with his phone.

“But Bradley, I need the key to open the box though... are you sure about this?”

Bradley turns towards the fox and says, “Can you believe it! The time has finally come! I can finally get my phone working and get home,” Bradley walked around in anticipation.

Crinkle, Crinkle. Bradley could hear Rodger coming with the keys to unlock the box which is covering the button. As Roger shoves the key into the lock Bradley looks over at the fox and smiles for a while.

“Here we go Bradley,” Rodger says as he opens the lock box and reveals the button.

“Bradley?” as he turns his head, he sees Bradley looking at the fox.

Bradley had been thinking about the Wi-Fi ever since his canoe crashed and he landed on the island. When he found out his phone had no reception he was devastated. But as he went to push the button to turn on the signal, he has realised something, he doesn’t want to be exploited, he realised that the money wasn’t worth it. He knew that he doesn’t want to end up like the fox. Bradley slowly took his hand away from the button, as he dropped it down to his side,

Rodger expresses “Is this really what you want?”

Bradley didn’t answer right away, he took a moment to compose himself.

‘I... I don’t need this right now; I don’t want to spend my whole life being an influencer.’

Bradley walked towards the window and looked out to the sea.

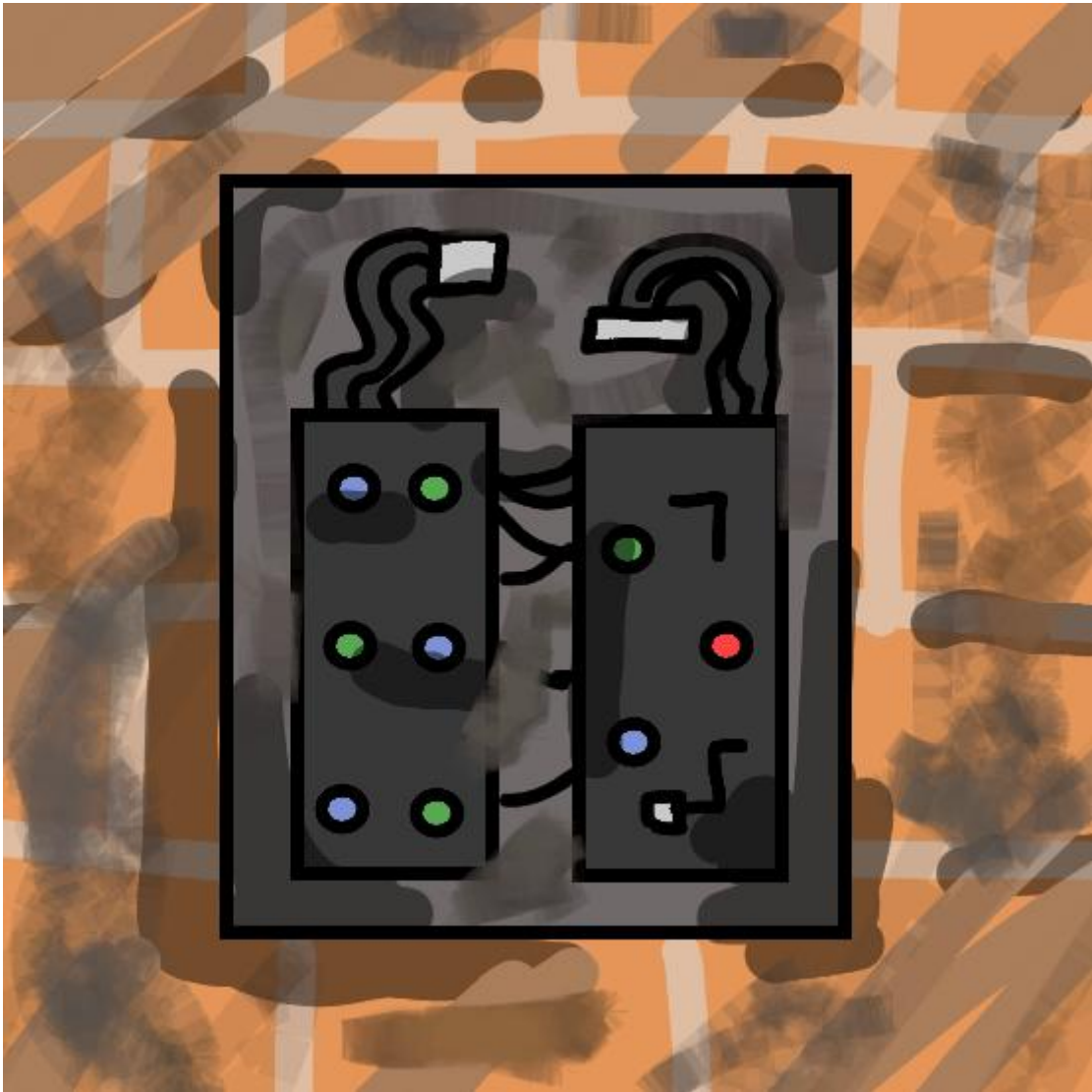
‘I think.... I think I’m done with this job’

Roger walked towards Bradley and laid his hand on his shoulder “You don’t have to do this if you don’t if you don’t want”

“I think I’m ready for a new chapter in my life.” Bradley explained turning towards Rodger face to face.



Rodger reached out towards Bradley, but he only fell right through him.



Moo-ving Across the Dance Floor

Bradley walked towards the water with all his ghostly friends behind him. He had a flash of regret as he thought about all his memories being an influencer and how much joy he brought to people. He remembered one experience where a little girl came up to him and said that he was her favorite influencer and how much she loved his content. He had another flashback to when he met this teenager boy who was too infatuated with him and his work, and the teenager said he wanted to be just like him. As he remembered all these memories, he began to start tearing up, but he knew what he was doing was the right choice.

He made an impulsive decision to throw his phone in the water. He felt a massive amount of stress lifted off his shoulders. All the ghosts were proud of him, especially Rodger.

Bradley was a bit emotional for a while; all the ghosts gave him space to let him calm down. The ghosts gathered all their supplies to throw him a party. It was kind of their thing.

He walked back into the prison just to find it empty and completely dark. Then everyone jumped out and surprised him. Bradley was shocked that they did all of this for him, and he felt so happy knowing that he was surrounded by such kind people who supported him no matter what. They found a rusty old disco ball and some lights that changed all different hues of colours, and they started playing Bradley's favorite song '5 to 9' by Holly Dorton. They all started dancing and celebrating Bradley. The sound of music and celebration rang through the air. He truly had the best time of his life and vowed he would never forget the spooky angels of Kookaburra Island Prison.

THE END



Bradley, a dedicated influencer and canoeist goes on a dangerous stunt for an energy drink company when things go wrong. He arrives at an island and he journeys to an abandoned prison. But when he enters, he realises that it might not be as abandoned as he thinks. Will he successfully work for his brand deal? Or will he realise that it might not be as worth it as it seems...