





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 9
TEAM ID: 1801

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Interior designer
Primary character 2 Magician
Non-human character Beetle
Setting Park bench
Issue Fear of heights

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 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

Authors:

Keisha Krystal Naidu

Huai San Bawi Haunung

Rachel Wasihun

Joyce Madanu

Illustrator:

Jahnvi Sud

Content Page:

Chapter 1: *Dreamtime*

Chapter 2: *An Epiphany*

Chapter 3: *Turn Around*

Chapter 4: *New Beginnings*

Chapter 5: *Adrenaline Surge*

Chapter 6: *Now or Later*

Chapter 7: *Looking Past*

Chapter 8: *rHope Fulfilled*

Chapter 9: *Rediscovering*

Chapter 10: *A Winner's Dream*



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Keisha Krystal Naidu, Huai San Bawi Haunung, Rachel Wasihun, Joyce Madanu and Jahnvi Sud.

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Content Page:

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Chapter 10: *A Winner's Dream*

The Defeated 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.

The Defeated, 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.

Chapter 1 – Dreamtime

Applause fills the crowd as I finish my last magic trick, hundreds of people continuously screaming and cheering my name “Milo! Milo! Milo!” with a smile of their face, wanting to see more of me, and willing to spend thousands to watch me. Since as long as I can remember, I’ve always dreamed of becoming a famous magician that changes lives and is the greatest money could buy, but bathing in this fame isn’t for free, and it was proved in this moment.

“Milo!” my boss yelled. His voice becoming agitated as he continued to speak.

“I don’t pay you to sit there and dream about your silly, little, childish dreams of becoming a circus clown.” He balls up his fist and completed his rage “*Get to work!*”

That’s my boss, Rowan and he’s the worst. He’s always complaining to others on how no one can do their jobs right while he sits in his office doing nothing. *CREAK*. The forklift made a loud sound that pierced through my ears as I covered both my ears and eyes not wanting to see what I had caused. I slowly opened my eyes, nothing happened, not yet anyways. I notice a slight squeaking sound coming from the stack of pots I was holding in the forklift, then suddenly *SMASH* one of the pots came down and hit my boss directly on top of his head.

“Hey what do you think you’re doing?!” he furiously yelled.

But before he could continue, all the pots slightly shifted towards his direction and came crashing down like dominos all falling on Rowan, resulting in millions of pieces of ceramic mixed with dirt on the floor.



I knew I was in trouble.

“Milo, I’ve had enough with this, you have done nothing but create messes around here!” he cried out.

I tried fixing whatever I had left, not like it was much.

“I’m sorry, I promise I’ll never do that again” I stammered.

“You’re right.” He started, *“you won’t because you’re done, you’re fried!”* he continued in a direct and **crisp** voice, not changing his way.

I quietly left after being humiliated by Rowan, I sorrowfully dragged myself to the train station filled with shame.

Chapter 2: An Epiphany

I sat on the crowded train, and it felt as if it was mocking my situation. The relief that exited people's mouths as they settled onto their seats around me after an honest day of hard work. People around me complained about their workload, people exclaimed and raved about their new job opportunities they got offered by their boss, explaining their desires and how they want to leave their mark in this world. I feel out of place among them. I have been just fired from my only stable job that's just barely covered my portion of the rent whilst Clarke pays the rest—including gas, bills and groceries. On top of me being fired, I was fired whilst being told my own passions were childish and foolish.

My keys rattled against the keychains I have gained from working at Bunnings for a year or so now. The jingle of the rattling echoed throughout the corridor of the apartment complex with a stumble that led to me tripping over my dangling shoelace that made me bash my whole body onto the hallway entrance. I yelped and covered my hand over my nose that got directly hit first and brushed my thumb downwards on my nose to soothe it as I used my other arm to close the door.

Entering the lounge room, it felt different. It was clean but not in an exactly pleasing way like you would present to a guest. It was organised. Books were stacked on top of each other that seem to hold years of dictation. All the books were torn and had curls on each individual corner. The house was spotless to allow these overworked books to sit on our coffee table.

Clarke was sat on the couch with one of the many worn-out books beside him. Glancing and skimming through the pages of the old one and refining them in his newest sketchbook. I completely forgot he tends to work with new clients, regardless of how late it is. He lazily had a phone pushed to his ear by his shoulder. The **bright**

screen reflecting on his cheek. He worked as a full-time interior designer—it's been his passion to become an interior designer. When his eyes darted towards me, he requested the person on the other side of the line to continue this project tomorrow since he has something urgent to attend to.

“Thank you, have a lovely night.” He commented before he placed his phone and books onto the coffee table.

Noticeable peace arising in his demeanour as soon as the call ended when he leaned against the back of the couch.

“Hey mate,” I spoke solemnly.

My right leg's weight being shifted to my left leg and I sheepishly walk and sat beside him on the couch. My lips tremble a sentence that inevitably doesn't get spoken out loud. My body urged me to tell Clarke.

“What's bothering you?” he questions as he turns his body to face me,

I was about to reply but I felt buzz from my pocket. My hand slipped down my old bunnings uniform to retrieve my phone and realised it was an email. An official report of my termination from my job. I felt Clarke lean towards my shoulder and I knew him. He was nosy and drawn to any **bright** screen like a moth.

His question faded into the room and we were quiet. We didn't speak to each other and the only noise that filled the room was the muffled noises of the TV.



Chapter 3: Turn Around

I've got this, as I keep on repeating Clarke's words in my head because yesterday, I kept needing Clarke to be uplifting, and honestly if I'm so determined but I kept thinking of what my old boss (Rowan) said he is talking about how I'm going to be nothing without him and I can't shake off the feeling that he keeps on yelling at me for it. Looking back, I honestly thank God I got out of that workplace. I did not realise how unhealthy that environment was for me until I finally left.

"Milo! Quit daydreaming again. "And can you please do something with that magician costume I found in the storage unit? Go to a park, perform at a market – or hell, go on television if you must! If you believe you can do it, then do it!"

Clarke's voice was full of confidence. He was not just talking about the stupid costume he was trying to make me see that I could do something with my life.

"I honestly don't know why you are so optimistic about this."

"I'm optimistic about this because I believe in you, I don't think you'll make it, just because you can do a magical stunt but because you will make it and I'm here to support you."

He is probably right. He's always right about things, whether it was about that one time that I accidentally added a red sweater in the washing machine that I didn't know was filled with Clarke's business shirts and turned Clarke's white shirts to pink for the entire 3 weeks when he was on his business trip, it was even his favourite one that has navy blue polka dots.

I jumped up off my seat and after heisting for a few minutes asked "Clarke do you mind taking me to the train please, maybe I can perform there to get spare change, at least for the meanwhile, sorry for asking last minute like if you have other things to-

"Woah, woah relax for a second, you're going on like a hamster on those exercise wheels ha-ha, but yeah of course I'm free for you, you already know that I would love to see you perform in front of people that may love your many talents who knows you may have those professional magicians come see you".

On the way to the train station, I wore this black and red costume that Clarkes tried to convince me that it doesn't look stupid when honestly, it really does, at least in my opinion. Clarke drives by a park, and I see a young boy, playing footy with his dad. As I stare at the pair, I look down and, on my phone, I see that I've got more than 5 applications that I signed up for. I got declined to every single one, Clarke could see that I was off because honestly, I usually talk a lot during car rides. Clarke called out my name, and I didn't even realise he had been calling my name for a while.

"Milo, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm all good".

"But are you okay?"

"Yeah, I mean all the jobs I applied for, got declined and not even one got accepted".

"Yeah, but remember that it doesn't define you because I know you're going to be a good magician".

"You sure about that?"

"Milo" he says in a serious tone.

"Yeah?"

"I'm so proud of you for even deciding to do something you really want, don't give up please if not for you, but at least for me".

"Thanks for the motivation."

"Ok, now go follow your dream."

Chapter 4: New Beginnings

"It's been a while since I've sent my application to other recruiters yet still no reply... *sigh*, will I get rejected again?"

I was still contemplating Clarke's words from before and maybe he was right, but I don't see any hope for myself now.

At least I've got you guys! *crickets chirping*

Right, I forgot no one wants to see a grown man 'playing with toys'.

As usual, I perform my silly magic tricks for no one in particular, "And, now this dollar will disappear. Shazam!" *lowers head* That was my last dollar as well.

"Mister, are you a magician?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Can you make me a balloon animal, please."

It's a kid, let's just give in this one time.

"Ok. Why not?"

makes an intricate balloon animal

That **elastic** was hard to tie up and my fingers hurt but it was worth it

"Wow! Mister, that was so cool, can you do it again-"

"Michael! come back here and stop bothering that man, we'll be late for our train" his mother yelled from a distance.

"Coming, see you next time, Mister Magician!" He called from behind his "back.

From that day onwards, Michael and his friends started visiting me every day after school to see me perform magic tricks and make various balloon animals. Eventually, the crowd of five kids turned to 10 to 20 people on the platform watching me intently as I made doves appear, coins disappear and twist up the craziest animals out of elastic balloons. The applause of the crowd reminded me of my never-ending dream

of becoming a real magician and not just your typical Aussie. One day, as people carefully stepped out of the train and slowly gathered around me, a woman got off and it seemed as though a **bright** light followed her movements. The light caught the rim of her glasses as her blonde hair blew fast in the wind. Like an angel, she came up to me, and she offered me a contract to work at the circus for a day **event** where she was the owner. The owner of a circus is giving me a one-in-a-lifetime-chance to work in her circus! it's like everything is finally falling in place as it should be. The angel-I mean Karol said that she had been looking for someone in my calibre that was worthy enough to perform as magician in her circus because the old one was still on holiday. I can't wait to spill the news to Clarke; I just know that this is the start of a new beginning for even more beginnings to come.

Chapter 5: Adrenaline Surge

I hurriedly accepted her offer the moment she presented it to me; I was screaming with joy on the inside but tried keeping a calm face in front of her, though I'm sure my eyes failed me as they were filled with excitement.



"Last call for the train" the train conductor announced.

I profusely thanked her and hurried onto the train home before it left. As soon as the train comes to a halt at my stop, I rush off and I hurry home not able to contain my excitement that I will immediately pour onto Clarke when I get home. I reach my apartment building and quickly take the elevator to my floor and rush to my apartment and stumble inside while holding the contract up in his hands showing Clarke. He looks up from his laptop and stands up from the couch and walks towards me, taking the contract from my hands and reading it.

"A contract huh? Good work champ, keep it going and you may have the whole town flocking to see your shows." Clarke says in a monotone but encouraging voice.

"I know!!! This is my one opportunity I can show others what I can truly do and to a much bigger crowd!" I exclaimed with excitement.

After my excitement settles down, a rush of uncertainty and doubt fills me as my thoughts question my abilities. Can I really do it? Do I have the talent to succeed? Thoughts continue to flood in when I feel something touching my foot; it's Rocky, my pet beetle. I've had him for two years, and he's supported me all throughout my journey. I pick him up and start asking questions.

"Say Rocky, what if I make a fool of myself and the circus? Will I be shunned and remembered as the worst magician for the rest of my life?" I ask.

"Bzzzzz" Rocky replies.

“You’re right, I’ll never know if I don’t try.”

I mustered up the courage and pushed past my fear of failing, even if I do that’s what life is about, right? I freshen up and go to the train station, catch the train, and then arrive at the circus. Standing in front of it is much scarier than I could ever imagine but it felt as though my body moved on its own and I couldn’t stop until I was in front of the tent, Karol comes out and greets me.

“Hello Milo, I’m more than happy that you’ve decided to show up, come, follow me I’ll get you sorted.” She says excitedly.

I follow as she shows me around and takes me backstage to practice and soon start practicing with others.

Chapter 6: Now or Later

“C’mon Milo!” Karlo calls to me as I stood on stage. My body jerked at the shout as I realised I messed up once more. I thought that the line the other circus worker just spoke was my cue to enter the stage. I stood behind the other few workers who were nearing the end of their act, and I was stood there like a deer in headlights. I stumbled backwards as Karol continued treat me like a child and scold me.

“We’ve went over this multiple times now. You should know better.” She pinches the bridge of her nose with her ringed finger; the hard golden metal bumped her nose and made a small ding. Her glasses tilted when she removed her hand from her nose. I wrapped my arms around my body, the twisting balloons for my tricks hanging limp as a fish in my arms. I have continuously done small mistakes throughout my practice here for the past week. I keep screwing up in front of my new coworkers. I know I’m only working for one event because they needed another person, but every scold, every glare and every mutter from every person disapproving my inexperience. The thoughts suffocated me. I felt as if everyone’s eyes only were focused on just my incomppliance. I just know if I make one more mistake in front of everyone, I will be let go again. I still feel the shame spiral deep within me. Besides, Karol only wanted me for a one-time purpose, after this, I need to look for an ‘actual’ job. I only get a week to feel a sliver of my dreams. A taste of who I truly desire to be. After this I will have to go back to scrapping by. Wishing and praying for another stable job to barely cover bills. I’m going to lose my chance.

I mutter a “sorry” under my breath and walk backstage. I fumble out my phone from my pocket, my phone falling on the ground and adding a new additional crack on my phone. I sigh out annoyance and scrolled on my phone to retrieve the timings of when the trains leave. Maybe if I leave, if I fade away from my mistakes at this

circus, I can salvage the remaining hope I have for myself. The limited dignity I have left. I know this is the one thing I've always dreamed of having. I always wanted to make others smile. No, I've always wanted to make the whole world smile. I wanted to perform and become someone who when spoken about is someone who brings a smile to their face as soon as they hear my name. Be excited when I show my tricks.

The earliest train is 20 minutes from now. I listen to the cue for the next performance for the event. I wasn't on until one more person does their act. I start to quietly scurry away, going out the emergency exit door and leaving without a trace of my pitiful attempt of ever wanting to become something so foolish. My boss was right, daydreaming of something so grand and unattainable is pathetic. I should become someone living in society, not someone living a dream.

I started to pant as I rush to the station. The same bench was empty. The one I tend to sit and escape into deep thought. I sit in the direct middle of the bench, my elbows digging into my legs and my body hunches over itself. My head tilts downwards to be cupped by my hands. I couldn't help but release out a small tear that was begging to leave my eye. My eyes were burning the whole time. As soon as I entered that circus, I fell face first, I messed up on multiple cues and sometimes even my tricks. I heard the noise of countless footsteps rush when the train arrives and then I hear one step of footsteps approach me—I assumed they wanted to sit on the bench, but they stood directly in front of me instead.

Chapter 7: Looking Past

Eventually, I got off the train and sat on the bench outside the station, waiting for Clarke.

It felt like the train wasn't the only thing suffocating my head. It quite literally wasn't the only thing that was suffocating me at all.

I honestly regret walking out without even letting Karol know. I don't even know if I was a good fit for the job or if I just gave up before I even got the chance to find out. I contemplated telling Clarke.

But if I don't, he'll figure me out like he always does. He's been like that since we were kids. Clarke has always been very emotionally intelligent and never too quick to act on anger. He's never angry at me, though, that was primarily because he knows how much I hate people yelling.

Not because I've been through it.

I haven't.

I just like relaxed people.

People like Clarke.

People deserve a person like Clarke. Even if he got robbed, he'd probably be like, "Take my phone too." He just doesn't care about that kind of stuff except about the people he cared about.

I look down the road and see Clarke's car pulling up.

"Milo, quit dreaming and get in the car. It's cold out!"

"Okay, coming!"

I quickly get up from the bench and get into the car.

My seat is already warm.

"Thanks," I say, sitting down.

“How was your day at work?”

“It was really good, thank you.”

I start talking.

And talking.

And talking.

I talk about random things I saw on the train, something funny I remembered from earlier, what I might eat for dinner, and pretty much anything else that comes into my head.

Anything except the circus.

Anything except Karol.

Anything except the fact that I walked out.

I keep talking because I don't want Clarke to suspect anything. If I keep the conversation going, maybe he won't notice.

But of course, he does.

“What's got you so happy?”

“Nothing...”

I pause.

“I walked out.”

Clarke looks at me.

“Are you serious?”

“Yeah. I mean, why would I lie to you?”

“I know that. I mean, did you get overwhelmed by everyone? Are you stressed out?”

What's in your mind?”

I look down at my hands.

"If I am being complete honest, honestly just got really stressed seeing everybody together and looking like they belonged there."

Clarke stays quiet.

"Everyone looked like they knew exactly what they were doing, and I just kept making silly mistakes. I thought I wasn't a good fit, so I figured it was better to leave before they could tell me themselves."

I take a breath.

"I guess I just wanted to leave while I still had some dignity."

Clarke stares at me for a moment.

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah."

"Milo, I can see potential in you. Truly."

I look over at him.

And he looks back at me.

"You keep looking at every mistake you make like it proves you're not good enough.

You mess something up and suddenly you think you don't belong there. You get rejected from a job and suddenly you think there's something wrong with you."

He pauses.

"But that's not how that works."

I stay quiet.

"You're allowed to make mistakes. You're allowed to not know what you're doing yet.

That doesn't mean you're useless. It means you're learning."

I look down at my hands again.

“And honestly? I don’t think your problem is that you can’t do anything. I think you’re so busy trying to prove that you’re good enough to everyone else that you haven’t even given yourself a chance to figure out what you want.”

My eyes move towards the magician costume that I’m wearing.

Clarke notices.

“You see that?”

“The costume?”

“Yeah. That stupid costume.”

I laugh a little.

“You keep calling it stupid, but you’ve been wearing it all day.”

“I don’t know if I’m actually good at magic.”

“So, find out.”

I look at him.

“Go somewhere and perform. A park. A market. Anywhere. You don’t have to become famous overnight. You don’t even have to know where it’s going to lead.”

He looks at me.

“Just give yourself a chance.”

I stay quiet, thinking about everything he’s saying.

“You don’t need to have everything figured out right now, Milo. You don’t need to know exactly where you’re going to be in five years. You just need to find something that makes you want to keep going.”

I look at the costume again.

“And if magic is that thing?”

“Then do magic.”

He smiles.

“Go to a park. Perform at a market. Hell, go on television if you believe you can do it.”

I laugh.

“You really think I could?”

“I know you could.”

Something about the way he says it makes me almost believe him.

For once, I don’t argue.

Maybe walking out of the circus wasn’t the end of something.

Maybe it was the beginning of something else.

Something I wanted.

“So, what do I do now?”

Clarke grins.

“Now?”

He starts the car.

“Now we make a plan.”

For the first time all day, I smile.

Maybe I finally have something worth chasing.

A dream that was worth it.

Chapter 8: Hope Fulfilled

I have got to go back to the circus before I get kicked out. I hope this won't make Karol think less of me. Karol is probably furious at me right now.

*bumps into someone *

Karol?! What brings you here? Aren't you supposed to be managing the circus?

Why is she here? Is she going to scold me for leaving my post? Has she decided to break the contract? Is that why she's here, to watch as she breaks me down to my face?

What's that look? She looks happy, no ecstatic.

"Milo! The audience loved your one-man show! The circus has never had so many positive reviews." Karol yelled in excitement.

"You're not kicking me out?"

"You're kidding me, right? why would I do that, when the whole audience is waiting for you."

"But I made so many **clumsy** mistakes."

"Everyone loved it even despite the mistakes,"

"Is there still enough time to go back?"

"Yeah, come right this way, there's some people waiting for you"

Nervous yet excited, I followed Karol as we entered the circus tent and waiting for us, the crowd cheered in excitement at the sight of us.

Wearing my dishevelled suit and hat, I made it back onto the stage with high hopes as I greeted back the audience with matching enthusiasm.

"Now for my next trick, I will..."

Sitting outside the circus tent, Karol handed me a plastic water bottle and said,

“You were amazing back there! I knew you had the potential in you. Your one-man show was an absolute success; the audience can’t wait for your next event.”

“You mean... that you’re going to let me perform full time?”

“Of course, we need someone like you-no, I mean we need you.

The circus has never been this lively in a long time and I believe that you were the missing piece in all of this. Listen, you’re seriously a great performer but your relatability is what drew the audience in, and we need more of that individuality and not just perfection, so will you join us full-time.

Please say yes, I’m begging you”

“Yes, a million times yes!”

“Then welcome to my circus, Mr Magician”

Karol and I shook hands and just like that Milo, the once clumsy, awkward Bunnings worker became a full-time magician.

Chapter 9: Rediscovering

For the next following weeks, I trained alongside my newest co-workers. I learnt how to perform proper tricks in front of an audience. Confidence surged through my being every time I perfected a new trick. A complex trick especially stirred my confidence and personality to something I've always desired to have as a child. I felt as if my dream and my reality were colliding into one whole thing. I finally learnt all my cues and in almost every performance we practised for this grand **event** I didn't come out too late or too early.

I was used to the regular stage we performed on. All my co-workers worked in sync before Karol declared the day before the **event** that we had to change to the actual stage. I didn't know we weren't performing on the real one. I always thought the stage we were performing on was the true stage. I questioned my co-workers and they were so casual about this change that it seemed to be normal. I followed behind the others, and we headed to a stage.

The stage was tall and lengthy. Almost the size of a small building or restaurant. I felt okay as we approached the stairs, until the stairs started to feel endless. The stairs continued and I barely even registered we reached the entrance of the actual stage when the **bright** lights stained my eyes. They were a yellow that was faded by white. When everyone stood together on the stage, I felt completely wobbly. My legs were like jelly. I couldn't tell if that was from how much I just woke or from how terrifying it was to know I shouldn't look down.

Don't look down, don't look down, don't look down. I repeated told myself. My eyes rapidly darted everywhere but the edge of the stage. I was so hazy I didn't even realise that Karol was telling us to practice once more and everyone to get back on the first few steps of the stairs backstage. I almost stumbled over my shoes as I got

up on my cue. My hands were sweaty. My fingertips were so moist to the point the cards I was meant to perform with curved under my hands. The height of the stage from the ground made my heart jump as I look down but I know that I must keep going. I stare at the other performers watching in awe as they flawlessly execute their performances, and one by one it came down to my performance. I was a nervous wreck on the inside but on the outside, I was trying to keep my composure as I move to the middle of my stage rehearsing the whole trick in my head. I start out with fanning out the cards in my hands and ask a performer to pick a card, after carefully choosing they give it back to me putting it in a random spot blending with the rest of the cards. It was all going smoothly until I started shuffling and accidentally dropped all the cards onto the floor. I nervously laughed while my face gets hotter as I feel the stare of the whole cast looking down at me while I drop to the floor and pick up my cards. I feel too embarrassed to look at anyone, I can't believe that I had just messed up the easiest trick, until I feel a hand placed on my shoulder, and when I looked up, I saw that it was Karol.

"Hey you, ok?" she asked concerned, "You look nervous."

"Just nerves" I laugh nervously.

"Hey, don't sweat it, all of us here started with nothing but a passion for what they love doing" she says encouragingly.

"Even failing the simplest trick?" I mumbled

"We have your back, trust us, and yourself" she replied.

We continued to practice until I got it right and was able to flawlessly act in front of a crowd, even if it was just a small group. Now all that was left was the actual performance in front of the real deal, I was nervous, but also excited.

Chapter 10: A Winner's Dream

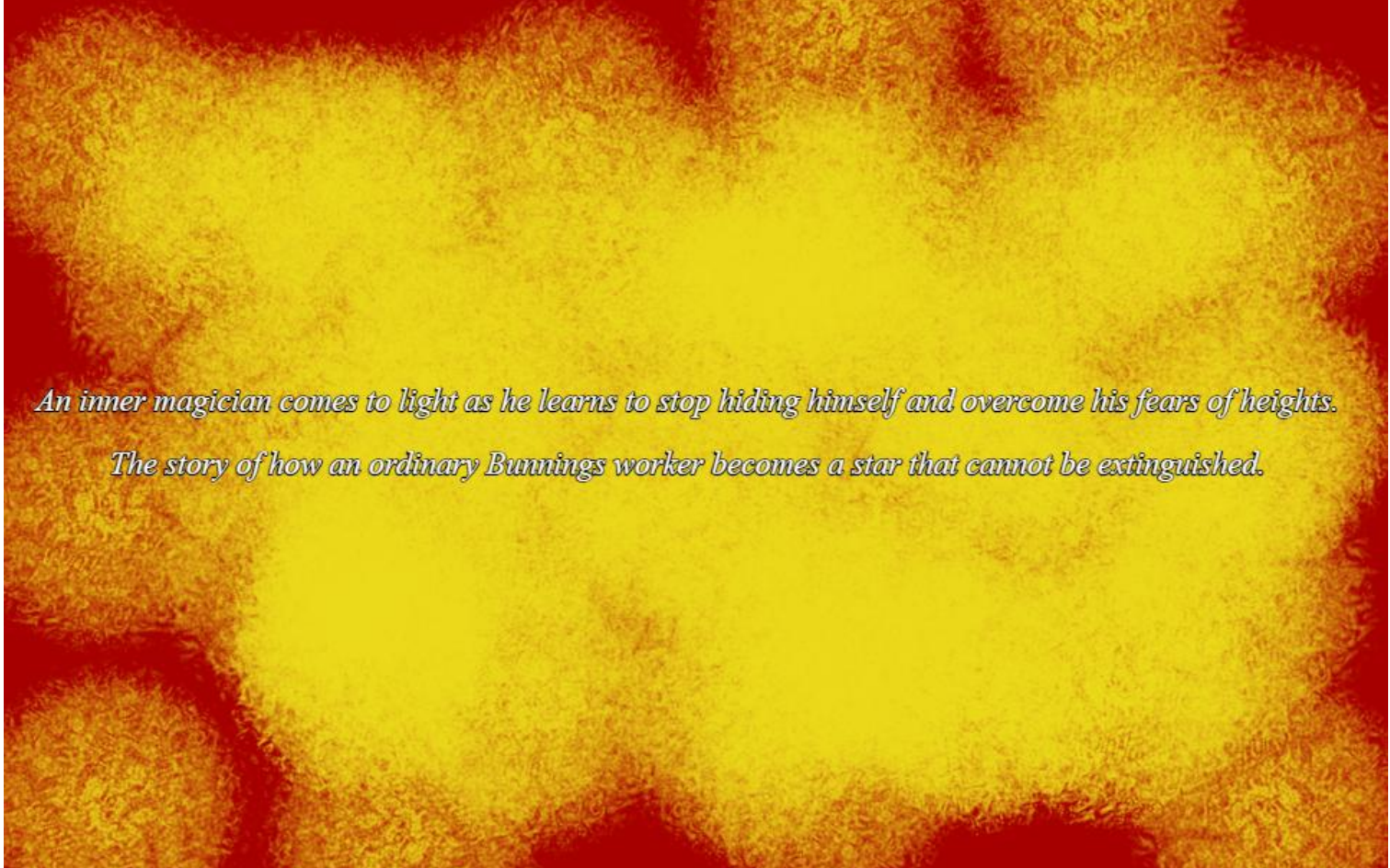
The day has finally arrived; I cannot afford to mess this up but with the amount of practise I have been doing, I'm at least hopeful that things will go smoothly. I arrive at the show early and slip backstage where some of the others are getting ready and practicing. I join their conversations and everyone created a small circle boosting each other's confidence to make sure everyone is ready for the big performance.

Time passes and the seats fill up quickly, tonight's a full house. I peak over the curtain and see the amount of people sitting in one giant room, it starts making me a bit nervous, but then I look over to my co-workers, and my nervousness disappears after a bit. The show begins and it starts out strong with large flames and jaw dropping acrobatics. I feel prepared more than I've ever been in my life, then announcers voice cracks through the speakers.

"Now ladies and gentlemen, we are presenting the one and only magic magician, Milo!" he exclaimed.

I walk out confidently trying to suppress my anxious thoughts. I start out with simple tricks I've performed hundreds of times and flawlessly, performed with slight mistakes that weren't noticeable by anyone except for me. I keep on increasing the intensity of my tricks including, dangerous ones like swallowing a sword. For my last trick, I created fire out of nothing, stunning the whole audience, watching them being mesmerised made me feel achieved and that this was everything I was working for. I finished my trick and ended with a bow and listening to the waves of cheers and screaming. In the last moment, I open my eyes and I heard everyone cheering one thing,

"Milo, Milo, Milo!"



An inner magician comes to light as he learns to stop hiding himself and overcome his fears of heights.

The story of how an ordinary Bunnings worker becomes a star that cannot be extinguished.