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Team 6



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, Cobblebank
TEAM NAME: Most Valued Writers
TEAM ID: 2059

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1: Dressmaker
Primary character 2: Psychic
Non-human character: Guinea pig
Setting: Lighthouse
Issue: Ability to be invisible

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

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO COUNTRY

Team 4 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.

Team 4 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.

Front cover: Nimar Sandhu

Back cover: Nimar Sandhu

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Chapter 1-

Ava was a dressmaker who had always loved creating beautiful and unique designs. Her journey began when she was a small child, sitting beside her mother as she carefully watched her sew pieces of fabric together. Her mum had been a dressmaker herself, and she had taught Ava everything she knew, from threading a needle to creating complicated patterns and bringing an idea to life.

However, Ava's mum never had the opportunity to turn her talent into a successful business. She created beautiful clothes, but they were never sold because her family simply didn't have enough money to open their own shop. Despite her talent, her mother's dreams remained unfinished.



As Ava grew older, she became determined to change that. She wanted to create her own clothing, open a successful shop and prove that her mother's talent had never been wasted. More than anything, Ava wanted to make her mum proud. Every stitch she made reminded her of where she had come from and why she refused to give up.

Tina, however, was completely different. Unlike Ava and their mother, creativity did not come naturally to her. She struggled to come up with new ideas and often felt frustrated when she saw how easily Ava could transform a simple piece of fabric into something beautiful.

Deep down, Tina was jealous. She hated watching her sister receive praise for her designs while she felt as though she had nothing to show for herself. Instead of using this jealousy as motivation to improve, Tina began taking credit for Ava's work without her permission. She convinced herself that it was the only way she could keep up with her sister. But underneath the jealousy was something they both shared, the desire to make their mother proud.

One afternoon, the sisters sat at the sewing table while their mother stood behind them, carefully watching their movements. The room was filled with colourful fabrics, loose threads and unfinished pieces of clothing. Sunlight streamed through the window, shining across the table. Their mother picked up a needle and demonstrated a simple stitch.

"Down through the fabric, pull it back up, twist it through the loop. Done. Good job, Ava. Your turn, Tina."

Ava smiled confidently as she picked up her needle. She had done this countless times before. Her fingers moved naturally through the fabric, carefully creating neat, even stitches.

"See?" their mum said proudly.

"You're getting better every day."

Tina watched from beside her, gripping her needle tightly. She tried to copy Ava's movements, but her stitches were uneven and messy. "Like this?" Tina asked. Her mother leaned closer and gently corrected her hand. "Almost. Don't rush it. Sewing takes patience." Tina nodded, but her eyes drifted towards Ava's work. Her sister's fabric was already beginning to look like something that could belong in a real shop. For a moment, Tina felt that familiar jealousy rising

inside her. She looked down at her own piece of fabric. It was nothing compared to Ava's. And that was when Tina made a decision that would change everything.

PG 1

Chapter 2-

The day was finally here. Carnival day. 'The star Gold Coast magic millions carnival'. Ava woke up bright and early, the first golden rays of sunlight slipping through her curtains. For months, she had been preparing for this day. Every spare moment had been spent sewing, measuring, cutting and stitching. Her small room was filled with scraps of fabric, ribbons and thread, while her finished dresses hung carefully along the walls.

She had packed them all the night before, placing each dress gently into a large wooden trunk so they wouldn't get damaged on the journey. Outside, the ocean was calm, the waves rolled onto the shore. Ava had spent so many months creating her dresses. She carried the trunk downstairs and placed it beside the front door. She checked the time; they were already running late.

Grabbing her sun hat, she reached for the door, but then remembered Tina was still upstairs, in their lighthouse. Ava hurried back up and banged on her sister's door.

"TINA! GET READY! WE'RE LATE!"

Tina eventually appeared, looking tired and annoyed. She slowly got ready while Ava waited impatiently downstairs. Unlike Ava, Tina wasn't excited about the carnival, she had never liked seeing her sister receive attention. Over the past few months, she had watched Ava pour all her time and love into the dresses. She had seen how proud Ava was of them and secretly, it bothered her. Tina followed Ava outside, but her eyes stayed fixed on the wooden trunk.

Ava was too excited to notice. She walked quickly down the sandy path, dreaming about people seeing her dresses and making her mum proud. For the first time in a while she felt a type of excitement that she hadn't felt since her childhood. She imagined the colourful carnival stalls, the music, the lights and, most of all, the moment she would finally reveal her collection. Behind her, Tina walked quietly, a small, knowing smile appeared on her face. She had no intention of letting Ava's big day go as she planned.

PG 2



Chapter 3-

Ava walked back towards the carnival, completely unaware of what she was about to discover. The sound of laughter, music and excited chatter surrounded her as she made her way through the crowd. She smiled faintly, expecting to see her dresses being displayed proudly inside the shop. But then she stopped, her smile disappeared her eyes widened as she stared at the stage in front of her. Standing beneath the bright lights was Tina, confidently presenting a collection of dresses to a crowd of customers. Ava recognised every single one, the fabric, the stitching, the patterns. Every dress had been designed and sewn by her.

Her heart dropped. For a few seconds, Ava couldn't move, she simply stood there, staring at her twin sister as the horrible truth slowly settled into her mind. The person she trusted more than anyone had betrayed her. Tina was showcasing Ava's work. Ava's hands curled into fists, her pearly whites clenched together as anger began bubbling inside her. Her entire body felt tense, almost as though it were fighting against itself, she wanted to yell, she wanted to scream, she wanted to cry, she wanted to demand an explanation. But most of all, she wanted to know why. How could Tina do this? Ava had spent years creating those dresses. Every stitch represented hours of hard work, patience and passion. Those weren't simply pieces of clothing; they were her dreams. They were the dreams she had inherited from her mother, and Tina had taken them all.

Without thinking, Ava pushed through the crowd and marched towards her sister. She grabbed Tina by the arm and pulled her away from the stage, leading her towards the back of the shop. "How dare you, Tina?!" Ava shouted. Tina barely reacted. She simply stared at her sister with an unsettling calmness. Ava's anger only grew. "You stole my designs! You've been standing up there pretending that they're yours!" Tina sighed, almost as though Ava's reaction was an inconvenience. "Wow," she said coldly. "It took you *this* long to figure it out?" Ava stared at her in disbelief. Tina continued, a small smirk forming on her face. "I'm honestly surprised you didn't figure it out within the first year." She let out a quiet laugh. "Pfft." Ava's expression fell. There was no guilt in Tina's voice, no regret, nothing. It was almost as if Tina had been waiting for this exact moment. "You knew?" Ava whispered. "Of course I knew." "How long?" Tina shrugged. "Long enough." Ava felt her chest tighten, she looked around the small space behind the shop, noticing the shelves filled with fabric and sewing equipment.

Everything that had once felt like home suddenly felt unfamiliar. She couldn't believe the person standing in front of her was her own sister, her twin, her family. Ava turned away before Tina could see the tears beginning to form in her eyes. She refused to give her sister the satisfaction of watching her break down. Instead, she walked straight back towards the carnival. The crowd was still gathered around the stage, completely unaware of what had happened behind the shop. Ava looked up at the microphone. Then, without hesitation, she stepped onto the stage. The chatter slowly faded. Ava took the microphone. "Hello," she began, her voice shaking slightly. "My name is Ava." The crowd turned towards her. "I am the sister of the apparent owner of *Secret Stitch*." She paused. "But there's something you need to know." Ava looked directly at Tina. "The truth is that I am the owner."

A wave of whispers travelled through the crowd. "My sister, Tina, has been taking credit for the dresses that I have designed and sewn for years." Tina's face changed for the first time. Ava continued. "I've spent years working on these designs. I created them because I wanted to make my mother proud, and because I wanted to turn her dream into something real." She looked around at the people watching her. "So, whatever you do, please stay away from my store. Don't support someone who takes credit for another person's hard work." Ava lowered the microphone. Then she looked at Tina one final time. "And Tina..." Her voice became quieter. "We are no longer family." The words hung in the air. Ava placed the microphone down and stepped off the stage.



She walked away from the carnival with cold, brisk movements, refusing to look back. Behind her, the crowd remained silent and for the first time in years, Ava wasn't walking towards her dream. She was walking away from the person who had tried to steal it.

PG 3

Chapter 4

Tina is astounded, but not in the good way. People around her "boo" her, and shameful eyes judge her. She's always wanted attention, but not this kind of attention. Her face is as red as a tomato, and the tension builds. Her heart beats, rapidly as bullets of sweat run down her face. What is this feeling? Is it embarrassment? There is only one word that's running through her mind, right now. Revenge. She stomps towards the psychic's tent. "There must be something! Anything will do!" Tina growls. That's when she spots the thing that will ruin Ava entirely. The psychic had hidden an oversized guinea pig that looked like it weighed around 70 kilograms. It looked like a plushie that you would win from a claw machine. Tina breaks of the lock from the cage and lures it to Ava's stand.



Ava is packing up, with a sense of pride and joy in her eyes. She sits in the seat of their tractor for a quick minute. She tries to regulate herself. *Maybe I should apologise...*, Ava thinks, *I was a bit harsh*. She steps out of the tractor, ready to ask for forgiveness, until horror fills her stomach. She watches as an oversized guinea pig munches away on her years of hard work. Tears flood her eyes. She picks up what she can of the nibbled-up dresses, running home crying.

Tina watches from behind a tree, trying not to laugh. She feels a strange sense of satisfaction seeing Ava's hard work destroyed. "Now you know how it feels," Tina whispers to herself. She quickly runs back towards the tent before anyone notices what she has done.

Ava spent the rest of the afternoon looking through the box. Each photograph showed her mother at different stages of her life, always surrounded by colourful fabrics and drawings. Ava noticed that some of the designs were unfinished, with notes written beside them. "What happened to these?" Ava asked. Mrs. Rose smiled sadly. "Your mother always said she would finish them one day. She wanted to create something that people would remember her by." Ava carefully placed the drawings back into the box. For the first time in days, she felt something other than sadness. She felt inspired. Maybe the dresses that had been ruined weren't the end of her dream. Maybe they were a chance to start again. That night, Ava cleared her desk and spread the old drawings across it. She picked up a pencil and began sketching. She didn't know exactly what she was going to create, but she knew she wanted it to be something special. Outside, the sun disappeared behind the hills as Ava continued drawing. She had lost months of work, but she hadn't lost her talent. And this time, she wasn't going to let anything stop her.

PG 4

Chapter 5

Days full of misery passed. Ava tried to stitch together what she could of the nibbled-up pieces of the dresses, as if she were stitching her soul back together. She carefully held the torn fabric in her hands, trying to piece everything back together. But after a while, she stopped. She looked at the ruined dresses and realised how useless it was to stitch them back together. They were too damaged. Months of hard work had been destroyed. Then someone knocked on her door. Ava froze. She stared at the door, her needle still in her hand. For a moment, she considered pretending she wasn't home. She didn't want to see anyone. Not after everything that had happened.

Knock. Knock.

The sound came again. Slowly, Ava stood up and walked towards the door. She wiped the tears from her face before opening it. Standing outside was an old woman Ava recognised almost immediately. It was Mrs. Rose, her mother's closest friend. "Hello, Ava," Mrs. Rose said softly. Her eyes moved towards the torn pieces of fabric scattered across the floor, as if she understood. "I heard what happened." Ava looked down. "I ruined everything," she whispered. "All those years of work... gone." Mrs. Rose shook her head. "No, Ava. The dresses may be damaged, but your talent isn't." Ava looked at her, confused. "What do you mean?" Mrs. Rose reached into her bag and pulled out a small, dusty box. "I think it's time you had this." Ava carefully took the box from her. She lifted the lid and stared inside. There were dozens of old photographs, pieces of fabric and handwritten designs. Ava's eyes widened. "These are Mum's?"

Mrs. Rose nodded. "Your mother had dreams too. Dreams she never got the chance to finish."

Ava gently picked up one of the drawings. It was a beautiful dress covered in delicate patterns. She ran her fingers over the faded paper, studying every little detail, the embroidery, the patterns and colours. For the first time in days, something inside Ava changed. Maybe her mother's dream hadn't ended. Maybe it had simply been waiting for her. Ava looked at the ruined dresses lying across the floor. Then she looked back at the drawings. I know what I have to do. Mrs. Rose smiled. "Then what are you waiting for?" Ava grabbed her sewing kit. For the first time since the carnival, she felt hope.

Chapter 6

Creativity pulsed through her veins like blood. Her mind was on pause as her hands sprinted across the purple, crisp silk. Mrs Rose was exactly what she needed to reboot her system of creativity. Her clumsy hands made mistakes as she carefully tried to thread the elastic into the waistband of her creation. She took a deep breath, reminding herself not to rush. She had almost forgotten what it felt like to create something purely because she loved it.

Manifesting her calm state and old passion for sewing, Ava crammed what would have taken weeks of hard labour into ten long hours of sewing. The beautiful masterpiece slowly came to life before her eyes. Its bright rhinestones glimmered and gleamed under the warm light, while the purple silk shimmered with every movement. The embroidery was perfect. Every minute detail had been stitched with absolute accuracy.

She stepped back to get a full view of the dress. For the very first time in a long time, Ava had something to feel good about. A small smile spread across her face. "This is surely going to be the talk of the carnival," she whispered. She imagined the crowd gathering around her stall, their eyes widening as they admired the dress. She imagined her mother's face if she could see what Ava had created. Maybe, just maybe, she could finally make her dream come true. Pride floods her body.

Suddenly, *Buzz! Buzz!*

Ava's smile disappeared. She gazed down at her phone. Her heart skipped a beat or two. *Tina*. Her sister's name glowed across the screen. Ava stared at it, completely frozen. After everything Tina had done, why would she be calling now? *Buzz! Buzz!* The phone continued to vibrate against the table. Ava's fingers hovered over the answer button. Part of her wanted to ignore the call. She didn't owe Tina anything anymore. But another part of her desperately wanted to know what Tina could possibly want, because another part of her knew that she was still family. Finally, Ava answered. "Hello?"

There was silence on the other end. "Tina?" A faint breath came through the phone. Then Tina spoke. "Ava... you need to listen to me." Ava's eyebrows furrowed. "What do you want?" "I know you hate me," Tina whispered. "And honestly, I don't blame you. But I need to apologise to you, we only have each other." Ava's grip tightened around the phone. "it's whatever, what happened, happened you can't change it now." "So, you forgive me?" Tina asked, Ava hesitated but still said "Yes. You're my sister, and like you said, we only have each other."

Before Tina could answer, Ava ended the call. Ava stared at the screen.

Call ended.

It's almost 2pm, and Ava still haven't gotten up yet. Suddenly, Ava hears slow thumping drifting upstairs, into her room. It was coming closer, and she didn't know what to do. And out of nowhere, her mum appeared in the doorway. "MUM!" Ava stumbles over piles of discarded and unneeded silk. They hug for a long minute. "What are you doing here?" She asks.

"I'm here to get you out of this bed of yours."

Ava looks at the time, and her heart skips a few beats as she races down to the tractor. "Sorry ma! I've got a dress to sell!" "I know, I'm coming with you!" "Oh ok, well hurry up, I have a dazzling dress to sell!"

PG 6

chapter 7

It's the last day of the carnival, THE EVENT, and this is Ava's big chance; she can't mess up. People are everywhere, and she can't seem to focus. Her hair is a mess, and her stand is so busy that it looks as if a bomb had just dropped on her desk. Ava looks at the clock in the middle of the carnival ground, and she thinks that it now may be time to show everyone her new piece.

She nods at her mum and she unveils the dress. People surround the dress and I. But even though the crowd blind most of my vision of the behind them, I still manage to see my sister, silently supporting me, because no matter what, you are never truly alone.



A YEAR LATER...

After making up, Ava and Tina opened a store together, still using their original name; *Secret Stich. Co.* It is now one of the most successful clothing brands in Australia, today. Ava learnt how to take the spotlight, when necessary, while Tina learnt to share it. You should deserve the same respect that everyone else deserves, and you don't deserve *your* spotlight being taken away from you.

PG 7

To all the children and other people reading this, we hope that this story brings you joy and amusement. We hope it also teaches you that even when things go wrong, you should never give up on your dreams. Sometimes, the hardest moments can lead to something better. Always believe in yourself, keep trying, and remember that your mistakes do not define who you are.

From,

Team 4

SFCC cb

RECOMMENDED AGE: 12-16



Twin sisters Ava and Tina sell the clothes they sew together at a little carnival beside the lighthouse. Their dresses are beautiful, their booth is always crowded, and from the outside, they seem

