

THE SHOWCASE



By Creekers





THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: TAS
DIVISION: Primary School
SCHOOL/GROUP: Andrews Creek Primary School (WESLEY VALE)
TEAM NAME: Creekers
TEAM ID: 817

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1: Choreographer
Primary character 2: Marathon runner
Non-human character: Unicorn
Setting: School oval
Issue: Bullying

Random words

ruby
melts
shiver
tasty
sponge

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

Creekers

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Dedication:

This book is in dedication to the sick kids with cancer. We hope that you recover and that you like our story!

Chapter 1: Bonnie

Click! The door opened and I waddled in with handfuls and handfuls of groceries with my large hands. I organised them into my 7 categories. My long luxurious ponytail flicked around and knocked Pixie the unicorn over onto the squeaky-clean wooden floor. I tilted over to pick her up and my polished **ruby** necklace swung in the air. I clenched it, took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and thought about Mum.

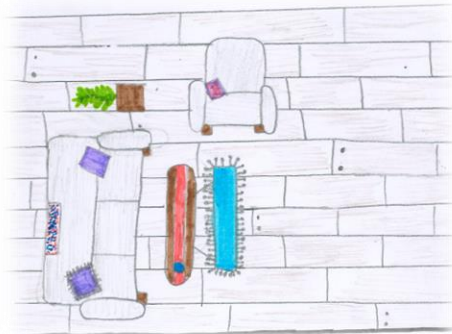
I say to myself “you can do it!” and went back to what I was doing.

I jump on my phone and start writing an ad on Facebook, where my account picture is showing my emerald-green eyes, my large forehead, and my pale-pink, smooth lips. I write:

“Looking for job vacancies including choreography and dance coaching!” Then I Post!



My fingers tap against the bench in anticipation. Waiting for a response I think about what this could mean, my dreams could come true once again since that accident... I might not be able to win the competition, but I could take somebody else. What if this is my big break?



Chapter 2: Matt

As I slump into my home, I am exhausted. An entire day of working with little entitled brats! I am over it. I know that I need to practice for the marathon. I know that it is coming up soon, but I am too tired. My eyes are struggling to stay open, and I groan in exasperation.

I moved to my living room, noticing how the brown bricks on the wall interlock perfectly. I have a flat screen tv and it glints in the sunlight. Socks, trackpants and running shoes. They smell putrid and suck up my sweat like a **sponge**. They cover most of the floor space that I cannot be bothered to clean up. My eyes roll back into my head, and I scoff just remembering that I must call Bonnie.

I pick up the phone and dial in her number.

“Ring, ring....”

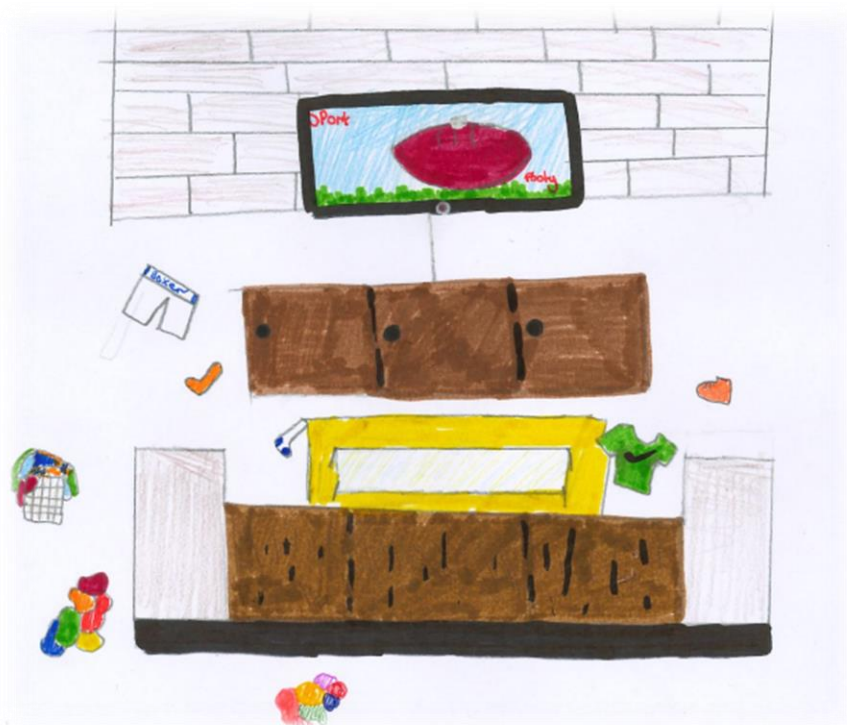
She picked up and I hear a soft and timid voice on the other end of the line.

“Hi Bonnie speaking”

“I saw your advert on Facebook, and you should come to my school and choreograph a dance for them to do at a nation-wide competition.”

“I'm in!” She says a bit to enthusiastically.

“I will see you on Monday.”



Chapter 3: Bonnie

Hope and joy swirled through my mind as I hug the limp form of the well-loved unicorn plushie, Pixie. Fond memories of my parents flood my brain as I grab my bag from the perfectly organised shelf and head to Westwind Primary School.



A man in sweatpants, and a Nike brand shirt struts towards me, with an arrogant smirk on his face. I mentally groan, as I know he will be a constant annoyance in the way of my own ambitions.

“Hello,” I say with a forced smile, willing to do anything to achieve my dream.

With a strut of self-importance, he replies, “Hello, do you know of the Showcase? He was looking at me like I was inadequate, and I detest it.

“No, I don’t,” I reply curtly trying not to sound overeager.

“It is the national competition I was talking about, with a total prize of \$180,000 and I would like you to do the choreography for my team to enter”, he says, indifference dripping from his voice.

“YES,” I reply no longer caring about trying to act cool.

“Ok, meet me here tomorrow,” he says and swaggers away. Super excited I begin to plan for tomorrow.

Chapter 4: Matt:

“Okay class, listen up! Today we have a new dance choreographer. Her name is Miss Smith, she is your new temporary teacher, and she will be teaching you how to dance.” I say while most children scratch their heads with confused expressions on their faces.



“Thank you, Mr Wilson, a choreographer is another name for a dance teacher!” Miss Smith swiftly starts sauntering in the vague direction of the decided dance area. As we get to the oval a wallaby hops past and plunged into the dense bush.

“Please get into pairs and line up in front of me.”

I sigh. “If you do not have a partner, come to me.”

Only one person comes to me, Olivia. She looks sad.

“C-Chloe,” she stammers. But I do not want to listen to her.

“Nonsense! You can partner up with Miss Smith, I’m too busy.”

She miserably, with her head down walked towards Bonnie. I can tell that Bonnie is kind and caring but can be oppressive sometimes. That worries me, I wish she wouldn’t take over my teaching and show off constantly. I sigh and walk over for my next relaxing break.

Soon after, Bonnie stomps up to me and says,

"Matt! Olivia is being bullied by Chloe and her friends!"

She looks shocked and I can tell she wants to cry, yet she is wrong, I know that Chloe (my star student) would never do anything like that. Right?



Chapter 5: Bonnie

I see Olivia run off and for a second, I am not sure what to do. I decide to trundle after her and tell the students to just sit and talk about comp. Salty tears run down her bright pink cheeks.

“Olivia, you have to tell me what’s been happening.”

“Chloe and the others have been bullying me, how have you not seen them!?”

“I’m sorry that’s been happening Olivia I didn’t know.” I say as my heart **melts** for her.

“Well, it doesn’t matter now anyway, they’re going to get the lead role, they’re right, dancing isn’t for me after all.”

I shake my head, then lead her back to the group. Chloe and her friends are standing their snickering and pointing at Olivia.

“Alright, everyone listens up! I am going to announce the lead dancer for the Showcase!”

Chloe is uncrossing her legs ready to stand up.

“Olivia Sparks!”

Olivia stands up grinning. Chloe has plastered a fake smile on her face but when she thinks I am not looking she gives Olivia a death stare then turns around and starts snickering again. I almost leave but then remember that I must talk to Matt about the bullying, which is one thing I do not want to do today or ever.



Chapter 6: Matt

‘Knock, Knock.’

“What! if you have a problem go to the main office!” I said annoyed.

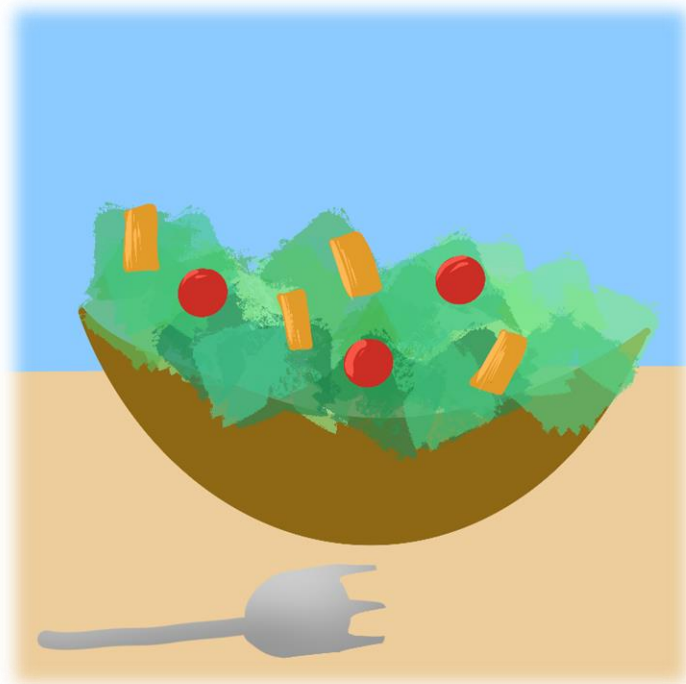
“Ahh, hi it’s me Bonnie, I just wanted to talk to you about an issue that’s come to my attention.” Bonnie said shyly.

“Well, some kids in your class have been bullying,” Bonnie uttered.

I ignore her and focus on my **tasty** vegan salad.

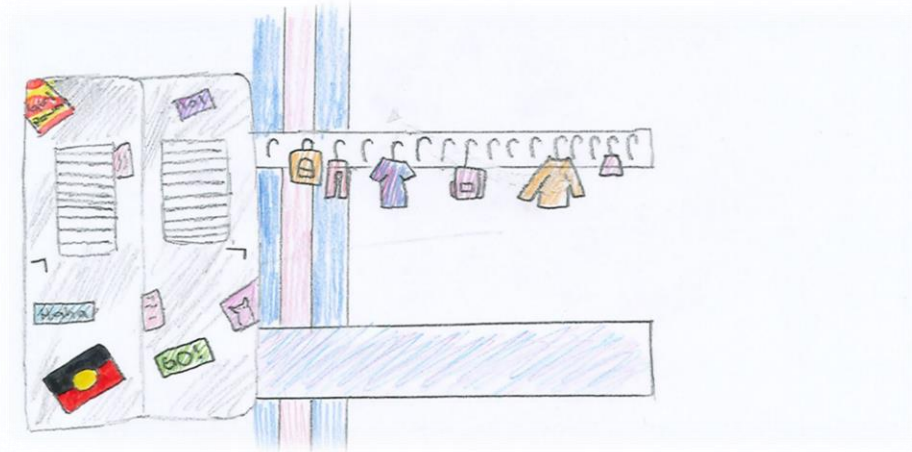
“No, they haven’t, it’s fine, not my problem, I would like you to leave my office now please,” I stated with anger in my voice.

Finally, she’s gone, who does she think she is, coming into my office like she owns the place? I am better than her, she is just a dance coach. My kids would never bully anyone and if they did that is her problem not mine.



Chapter 7: Bonnie

I tread towards the pastel pink and blue walled locker room, along with a shout of fury. I flinch, unaware of the event occurring. I peek through the door. Olivia trapped by accessory-covered, polished hands. Olivia's beautiful cheeks slapped, leaving red marks that could hurt both mentally and physically. I stare desperately to know who the bully is. Of course, it was Chloe and her gang.



“Hey, do you know what happens if you become leader? You would lose the competition and become less popular than you already are! Why? Because you cannot do anything. You are just a bad dancer. Get lost!”

She scoffs. The others nodding as if she is president. Olivia nods frantically, but before she can go, a rough looking tall boy grabs her wrist harshly and threatens her,

“Don't tell Mr Wilson, you'll regret it!”

At that second Olivia is left running towards the door. I dodge as Olivia bursts through the door and runs off towards Matt's office. I follow her but understand that she needs her time alone. Instead, I go towards the staff room, hoping Matt stops the bullies...

Chapter 8: Matt

As I ate my nutritious vegan salad, I peered through the window of my office.

“Hm... Just the usual... A boring school lunchtime with most Students doing as minimal physical activity as possible.” I then returned my eye to the photos on my desk.

“Ha, that was a fun one, the marathon where I won my first trophy, just age 15, can you believe it?”

Then I had realised that I had begun talking to myself, ridiculous. Three small knocks on the door,

“Should I answer?” I said to myself quietly. I decided I would wait until the person knocking would be brave enough to say something. Besides, why does it matter?

“You Know what, it’s probably just one of those silly students that are asking for less P.E time or something...” As I whispered to myself it hit me. What if it was that silly choreographer, Bonnie, blaming my WONDERFUL students for things they haven’t even done?

Three more knocks...

“Um... Mr Wilson? Would I be able have a chat with you?” For the next 15 MINUTES Olivia RAMBLED on about all the lies she had conjured about my STAR students. Honestly, who would believe that they would bully her?



Chapter 9: Bonnie

I lay on my perfectly folded sheets, wondering endlessly what choice to make, me or... Olivia's dancing? I hear the wind picking up outside then I hear a thump, its Pixie, my plushie unicorn just fell on my bed, then it hit me, I can choose both! Why would I want to be self-centred like Matt Wilson.



I get my bag ready and start my trip to the school, as soon as I walked up the path to the oval, I saw Olivia, with puffy red eyes,

“What happened Olivia!?”

“I-I'm q-uitting, you know, Maybe Chloe was right!” As I heard her sniffing and stuttering, I realised the true impact that the gang, especially Chloe, had on Olivia.

“Olivia, wait here, I'll go to talk to Mr. Jackson, ok?”

“Ok...” Olivia sniffled.

I dash into the office and explain everything to the principal, and I mean everything, even Matt's ignorance. “Thank you, Bonnie, I will take this into my hands.”

“One more thing.” I say shyly.

“I quit...”

Chapter 10: Matt

The principal walks into my office,

“Matt.” he says furrowing his brow,

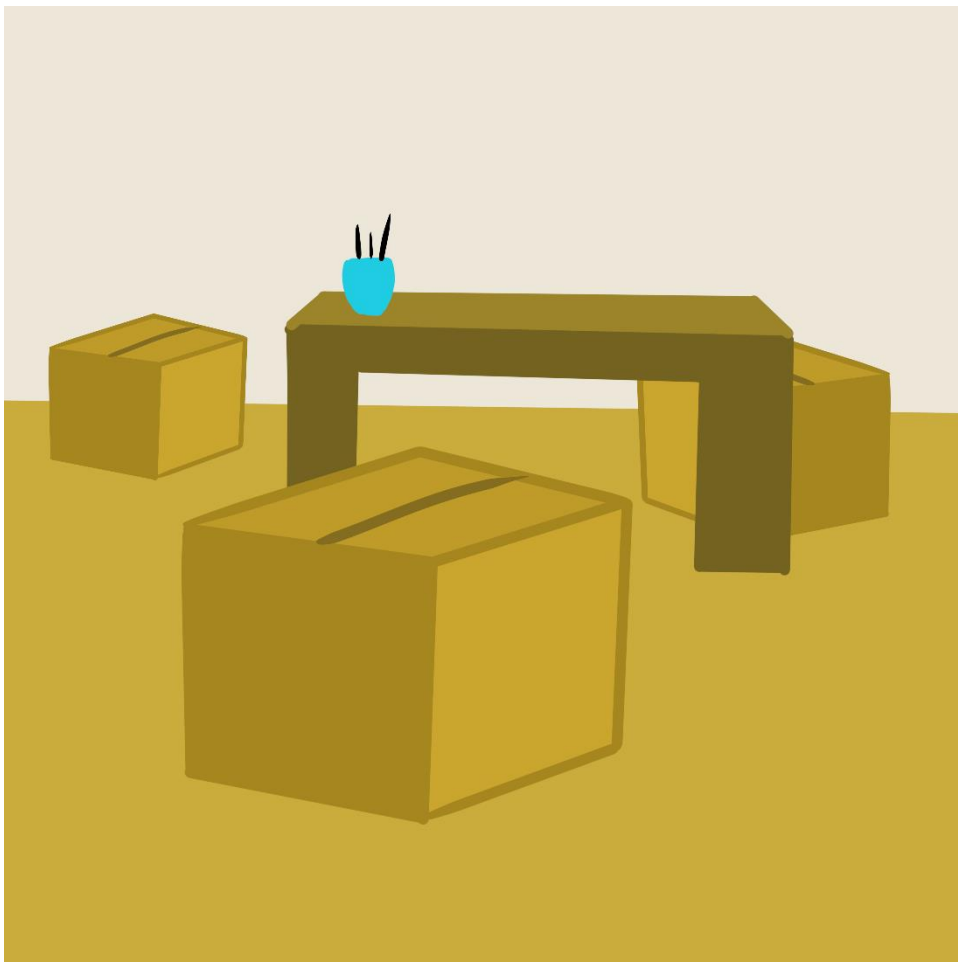
“Yes, Jackson?” I say almost frustrated about why he thinks he is so important taking up my precious time.

“So? Am I getting a pay rise?” I say only half sarcastically.

“No, I’m sorry Matt but because of your ignorance, irresponsibility, favouritism, definite discrimination and a whole four pages more towards the bullying we’re going to have to let you... go” Mr Jackson says sternly. My heart races, it’s like my whole future is now going to be destroyed because of... him! I place a glare upon him.

“WHAT!” I finally burst “Why! But- but- how! How rude!” I say with utmost anger. “That is no reason to fire me!”

“It most definitely is, Matt... I would start packing if I were you.”



Later, I am packing all my favoured stuff into boxes, how silly could he be to fire me? It should not have been me to get the sack. It was that putrid woman that started the chain of horrors.

Chapter 11: Bonnie

As soon as I saw the opening scene, I knew we had a lot of moves to practice.

“Okay, Olivia please do an aerial.”

“That’s not an aerial, that’s a cartwheel... Oh boy,”

I sigh. Olivia was improving but I could tell that she was getting more distracted the more I pushed her until she forgot all about what she was doing.

“Olivia, Olivia, OLIVIA!” I yell.

“Huh?” Olivia says distractedly.

“What is wrong? Why are you so distracted?” I enquire.

“I’m just thinking that Chloe is right, and I am a bad dancer.” She told me sadly as my heart **melts** for her.

“Look at me Olivia, you are a great dancer and if anyone says otherwise then they are wrong! Keep that in mind.”

“Okay.”

“Now,” I say, “I will give you my lucky charm because you seem to need it more than me right now.”

I get Pixie out of my bag, and I whisper in Pixie’s ear,

“You are the best unicorn in the world, now you can be someone else’s lucky charm.”

Then with one last silent goodbye I hand her to Olivia.



Chapter 12

Excitement builds in my heart and **shivers** creep up my spine as I watch Olivia struggle as she pulls on her sparkling black leotard.

“Are you ready?” I ask and quickly she replies,

“Umm, yes,” not exactly filled with confidence I leave her and take my seat on the red satin chair.

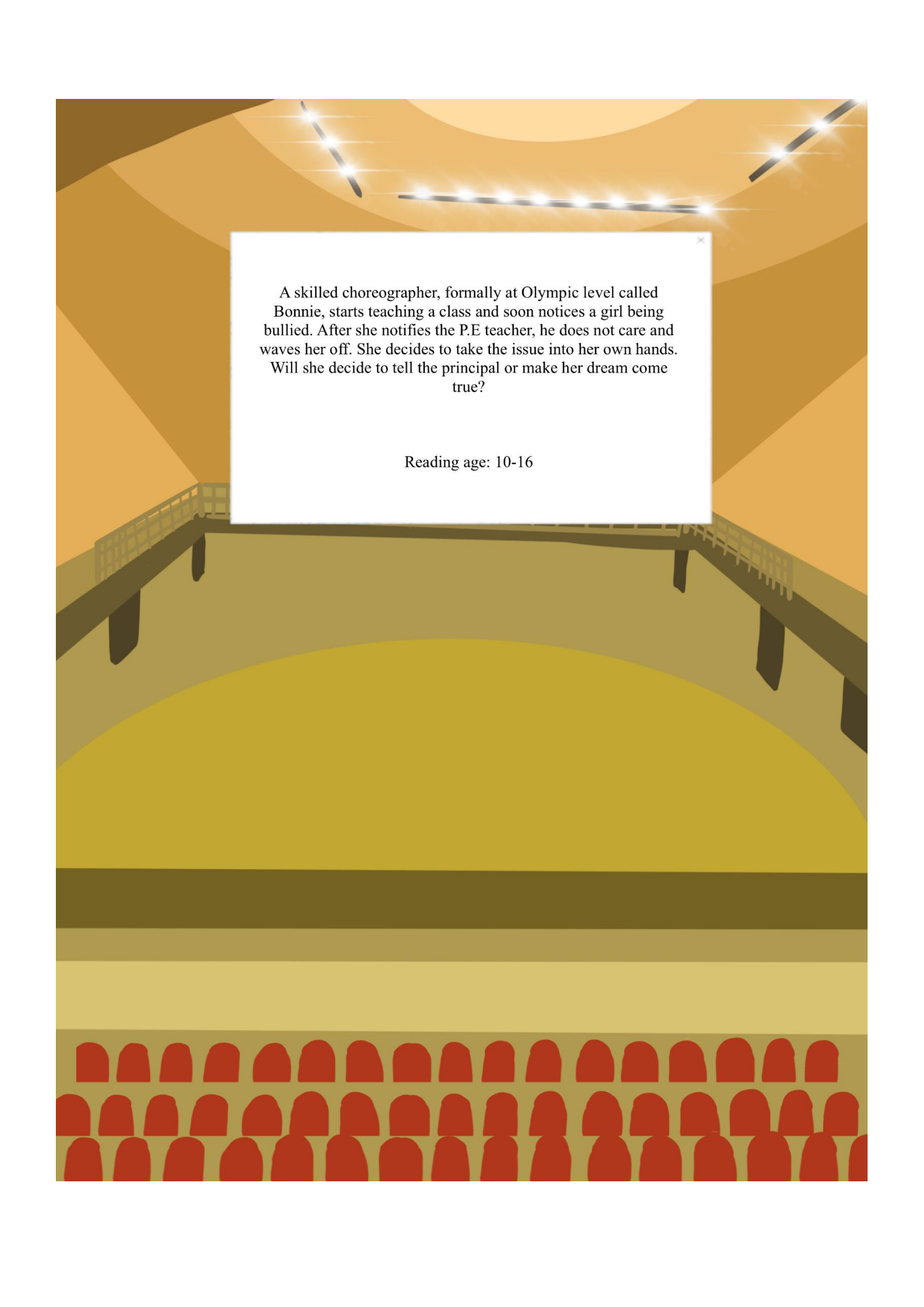
Nervously, I watch Olivia take her position on the fancy stage inside the iconic Sydney Opera House. After watching what felt like millions of dazzling performances my heart slowly loses its hold on hope. Slowly she uncurls from her ball and swirls, and twirls across the stage to the awe of the shell-shocked judges. She dances with passion and love; with such intensity it brings tears to the eyes of the judges. Gradually she lowers herself to the ground and finishes the dance! A standing ovation breaks out, and the happiness on her face is beautiful to see.

“And the winner is... Olivia Sparks!”

Screaming with joy I hug her as elation floods through my brain. I picture the afraid and nervous girl Olivia used to be and what she has become. Tearing up, I whisper to my deceased family,

“I did it... I achieved my lifelong ambition to make star’s dream come true!”



The background is a stylized illustration of a theater interior. The walls are a warm, golden-brown color with curved lines suggesting architectural details. A long, horizontal light fixture with several small lights is mounted on the ceiling. The floor is a dark brown color with a railing on the left and right sides. In the foreground, there are several rows of red seats, represented by simple, rounded shapes. A white text box is centered in the upper half of the image, containing the main text and the reading age.

A skilled choreographer, formally at Olympic level called Bonnie, starts teaching a class and soon notices a girl being bullied. After she notifies the P.E teacher, he does not care and waves her off. She decides to take the issue into her own hands. Will she decide to tell the principal or make her dream come true?

Reading age: 10-16