

6

Party Pooper



THS Writers Club Team



Write a Book in a Day



THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: NSW
DIVISION: Middle School
SCHOOL/GROUP: Tumut High School (TUMUT)
TEAM NAME: THS Writer's Club
TEAM ID: 195

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1: Tour guide
Primary character 2: CEO
Non-human character: Angel
Setting: Birthday party
Issue: Emergency rescue

Random words

Tiptoe
Fresh
Community
Delight
Bruised

INSTRUCTIONS

- Start at 8am
- Write an original story:
 - based on all **five parameters** (above)
 - including all **five random words** (above), 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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Zoe Lotter.

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Dedication

We dedicate this book to all children who have been in the battle
of cancer or in the battle of cancer. We also dedicate this book to
Mrs Dee and Maddie, the teachers who supported and helped
keep writing through this all.

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Character profiles

Part 1. Introduction:

The sun kisses my face as it shines brightly in the sky. ‘*What a perfect day for a swim and loads of fun!*’ I think. I walk over to the snack table. You can’t have a party without snacks! Stacks of fairy bread, frankfurts, snake lollies, chips and those little banana shaped lollies all piled onto cheap white paper plates. It has to look perfect! The massive chocolate cake is decorated with colourful toy dinosaurs and green bushes that are made of way too sweet frosting. It towers over the table with a powerful stare.

I hear car tyres screech. Show Time! I fix my ‘tour guide’ badge on my black polo shirt and march out to greet the guests. I ruffle my short and spiky orange hair.

“G’day Kids!” I say as a bunch of excited little kids run towards me, all giggling and squealing. When their parents finally catch up, we went inside and I began the tour. I state the rules and mention the huge kangaroo and the koala floaties. The children run off to explore. Some grab floaties and leap into the pool for a swim, while others try to get to the food. After sometime I call the kids over.

“Come on kids, I hope you're having fun but Billy has a BIG surprise for you all. It's time for cake!”



Part 2. Cake in the pool

The giant cake looms overhead like the Harbour Bridge. Blues and greens are marbled in the icing. Dinosaurs line the edges of the cake, so this kid must love dinosaurs. And right at the top, almost touching the sky is a black number 6 candle! As the cake is being carried out, I spot Gary in my peripheral vision, wandering around in his black suit, looking exactly like the most stereotypical CEO ever.

That's weird, I thought that Gary and Billy's dad were like.. enemies.. and Gary's acting pretty weird.. then out of almost nowhere. I see Gary **tiptoe** up to the cake, which is right near the enormous pool, and grabs it! Suddenly, Gary loses balance, because he can't see around the colossal cake he's holding, starts to stumble and falls into the pool as the cake topples with him. It seems as though Billy's birthday cake is ruined, along with his sixth birthday.

Part 3. Swimming

Gary starts struggling and grabbing bits of cake desperately to try and keep himself afloat. I guess someone didn't get swimming lessons, or common sense, because clearly a blobby wet piece of cake isn't going to float a whole human. I start to realise that he is actually drowning. My lifeguard training and reflexes kick in as I sprint towards the pool and on my way past, I grabbed the rope with the float on the end and threw it to Gary to try and save him, but that didn't work. How did he become a CEO if he can't swim or grab a rope to save himself? Well, there's only one thing I can do now. I dive into the pool, ruining my perfect black button up shirt, might I say, and grab Gary. He's unsurprisingly light, I mean, he's built like a twig, not that surprising. I eventually got him out of the pool and after a moment I saw that he had **bruised** his knee. He must have caused that when he was tumbling into the clear, blue pool. The only reason I saw this is because his black pants were ripped.

Part 4. The Angel

As kids start crying, screaming and running about because they can't have cake anymore, I can't stand the sight of all these young sad faces, so I start to form a plan. But while I'm formulating my plan, lights flare around everyone, blinding me momentarily, until a great and powerful voice booms out.

“Be not afraid small peasants, for I am Angelo, the great angel of angels and I have come from up above to thee and help you worthless people to get a new cake from the mysterious shelves of the famous Australian supermarket Woolies, the **fresh** food people! I choose you, Maximilian The 3rd, to come upon this great and important quest with me.”

Part 5. Names

I feel my cheeks heat up quickly, blood flushing through my face, until I realise that Angelo has said my name wrong.

“I will accept your offer to go to the great woollies, with the fresh food people,” I mimik “but only under the circumstances that you manage to say my name correctly!” I exclaimed with

attempted equal enthusiasm. I tried to match the loud, empowering voice of the angel but I ended up yelling it instead.

“Fine, Maximus! Maximallius! Maximall! Maximusian! Uhh..

Maxminimus! Maximinimallius! Maximusmallimilian!

Maximusmallimilian the third! There you go, I got it! Now you have to come with me to the great Woolies, the great overlord and beholder of the **fresh food community!**”



Part 6. Traffic Jam

“Sweet Caroline!,” everyone sings in unison as the famous song plays on the radio. “Good times never seemed so good!”. Then we pass a ‘road works ahead’ sign and everyone stops, but you can still hear the radio playing in the background.

Do road workers really even do anything? I only ever see them standing there chatting or drinking, or even both. What’s the point in paying them to do nothing? Unless you’re the sign person who actually holds the slow and stop signs up, I see no point in them.

After we’ve been stopped for about five minutes I ask, “raise your hand if you think road works are absolutely pointless, a waste of time and money.” Almost everyone raises their hand, just as I expected.

After almost an eternity we're on the move again, still slower than we could go due to the roadworks. If people actually knew how to drive and use their blinkers, my life would be so much easier. I silently ask myself 'are we there yet?' every 3 seconds. When I see the big, green, glorious glowing Woolies sign, I am almost tempted to throw a party for myself. I want to speed up so badly but I don't want to risk getting fined. If only we could. We pulled into the closest car park to the store, which was at the back of the car park, unfortunately for us.

Part 7. Woolies

We race into Woolies, trying our best not to ram over people. But it is hopeless. What seemed like hundreds of millions of people are walking through the store, taking up all the room and making it almost impossible to get to the mud cakes. As we reach the shelves of the mud cakes, we notice that there are no mud cakes to be seen. Not even a crumb that has fallen out of the noisy container! Even the price tags, the fake displays, and the old granny that always comes to this part of the shop is gone! We came to a conclusion and started to search near the bakery, where mud cakes are often made, even though we knew there was going to be no sight of cakes. It was no use. All the mud cakes were gone. We even asked the bakery person, who said that they'd run out of stock!

Throughout the whole entire building there were no cakes at all! Nowhere to be seen! There are no more Woolies mud cakes or any other cakes. I wonder where they went and then glance at Angelo, distraught and defeated. What would the kids eat now? "Oh no! Thyst great, big Woolies, fresh food people it's out of glorious, delicious mud cakes. Now we must go to the terrible, miserable Coles to get a yucky year old cake, we have ruined the birthday party of the age of six!" Angelo shook his head disappointedly.

Part 8. Off to Coles

We rush to Coles as fast as possible in case the disappearing cakes disease spreads there too. But as we get there there is one cake left. A pavlova. Everyone knows that Coles have terrible, mushy, perhaps the worst pavlova. I guess we just have to deal with it. But as we look around trying to see if there are any left anywhere, we notice someone sneakily going around the corner of a shelf with a trolley full of cake!

Angelo gets a little jealous and greedy and has a small idea to steal one of his cakes.

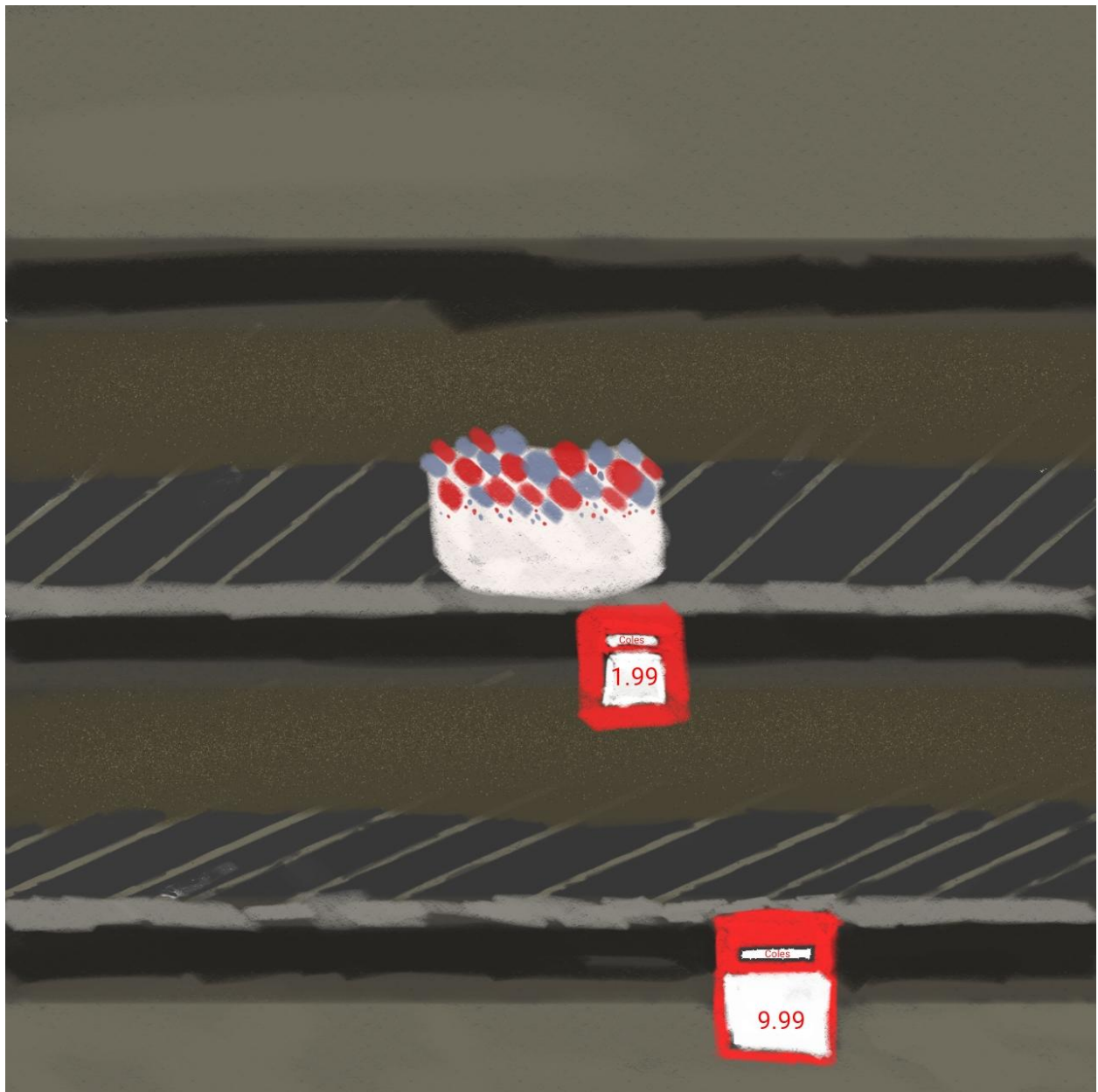
“Get him!” Angelo booms!

After sprinting through the store like our lives depended on it, we finally caught the cake thief. We tussle with the gloomy thief for a bit until he slips loose from our grip and we finally see who it is. It's Gary, the thief!

“Why hast thou stolen thee mud cake from the great Woolies, fresh food people and all the cake from Coles?! Thee ist not

worthy to attend the great party for the coming of the age of six for small Billy and thou !” Angelo questions.

Gary ignores us and quickly runs off with his trolley of different cakes and we go and get the last, lonely pavlova. We head to the checkout and buy the \$1.99 cake. I check the time and realise that we need to get there really quickly.



Part 9. Oh no! The pavlova!

“Run, Max! Run!” Angelo shouts. “Get to the car! Quickly!” I sprint to the automatic doors of Coles and wait painfully for it to open like an impatient snail. I forgot all about the pavlova that is meant to be in my hands and just keep worrying about getting there on time. While I raced out of the doors, I felt something heavy slip out of my hand and land behind me. I don’t think that anything is wrong until I reach the car and throw... a delicious container of empty air into the passenger seat. I stop and turn. Behind me, just inside the door of Coles, is the pavlova, or at least the crumpled mess of it. I start to cry in shock and of that

terrible feeling of failure. The plastic lid and the cardboard box are bent and ruined. The pavlova is smeared along the dirty grey shop floor and there are so many footprints running through the spongy pastel cake base, cream and fruit mixed together like a disgusting cocktail. I look up at Angelo, devastation throughout his face and I know mine matches his. I bend down to pick up whatever I can when something catches in the corner of my eye. I turn around and just across the road is the best shop to go to for cake and treats, the beautiful maroon coloured Bakers **Delight**. I fix my face and I swing around to look back up at Angelo.

“Angelo! I just found somewhere we can buy a better cake, and I bet that Gary didn’t think to take the cakes from here!” Angelo seemed to read my mind and pondered across towards the street.

As we head over the road to the Bakers **Delight** we see a beautiful array of cakes. Chocolate and vanilla, sprinkles and fruits. We choose a beautiful big cake, very similar to the original birthday cake. It is a huge yellow and orange swirled volcano cake lined with small dinosaurs and mini lollies. I think that Billy will like it a lot, especially all of the dinosaurs. He was truly a dinosaur kid.



Part 10. Going back to the pool

After the longest journey of my life running around the town going to every shop that sells cakes and confectionaries, I can finally go back to the party and get maybe a few minutes of rest. I

expected that I probably won't, just because that's how my job goes you just work, and work, and work. The whole time, you never get any breaks unless whoever hired you gives you a break. Then again, if I didn't have a job I'd still be complaining because there'd be no income of money and my financial stability would decline rapidly.

I pull into the pool parking, with the delicious smelling cake. All the kids are eating fairy bread, little pies and sausage rolls. I can smell all of it.

Now this is the part where I'm pretty sure I'm supposed to tell a childhood story, but I never had or went to a party as a child. Oh well, at least I did a favour for a little kid today, I guess that's almost like a birthday party, or the same sort of feeling. And I know that confession was really cheesy.

But I don't think I've ever felt this happy. Come on, my parents never let me go to a party where I got to taste the soft white bread with creamy butter and crackly, sweet sprinkles. Or having some weird cake with icing that was way too sweet. At least these kids are happy. I spot Gary again and it looks like everyone is starting to surround him.

Part 11. Confessing

Everyone heads back to the pool, even Gary, despite everyone's wishes. Gary apologises, and the kids, family and tour guide forgive him. I guess it's natural that the kids forgave him, considering they're kids. I wasn't expecting the adults to forgive him, though.

They all celebrate except for Gary. Instead Gary gets piled on top of questions.

Gary keeps trying to move backwards, his head seeming to be filled with anxiety, but the kids follow him like mosquitos.

"Why are you so old?" Ask all the kids.

"Is your job boring?"

"Do you like dinosaurs?"

"Do you play the guitar?" The questions kept going on and on.

"Is it true you ate a whole sheet of toilet paper in highschool?"

"Do you like chicken nuggets?"

"Do you work at McDonald's?"

"Can I eat this sprinkle?"

"Why is there a giant bandaid?"

"Why are your teeth brown?"

"Robby, why are you asking him about giant band aids? Where did you even find a giant bandaid?"

Until serious questions started coming in.

“Why did you throw my cake in the pool?” asks Billy

“Why would you do this to Billy, and all the other children?” asks John

And everyone gathered around to hear the answers.

“Well, answering John's question, revenge!!”

“For what?” John questions with a frown.

“Stealing my place as School Captain all those years ago and then taking my girlfriend Jenna, who was the one and only love of my life,” he answers.

“That was at least 23 years ago and you were so happy with the position you got and with Jenna, you broke up with her almost a year before I started dating her. If you really think about it Gary, it's your fault that I apparently ‘took’ Jenna!” John complains

“It isn't my fault! I still loved her!” Gary yells.

“Why didn't you *tell* her then??” John says.

Gary was speechless, he couldn't think of what to say.

“It was all part of my great plan! I have worked on it for years, I built my own company and I climbed to the top so I could be above you, but when you didn't care, I had to go for the most important and precious thing of yours.” Gary, rewinding back to his plan to ruin the pool party.

“Why is your voice so deep and weird?” one child asks, breaking the tension.

“Why do you have a black suit on?” Another question getting quickly asked on top of the first question..

Time passes on and neither Gary or John ever wanted to see each other again. They've unlocked a stronger bond of hatred and being enemies has been struggling. John had become a protective father of 3 happy children and Gary continued to be a sad, hatred filled man.

Gary has caused many more problems to John's family and his work, just to make their lives worse. They aren't major problems but they are still bad. Gary thinks that the word sorry is never enough, but really he needs to learn that he needs to let things go, and accept that John is saying sorry. After all, the incident was 23 years ago.

Part 12. The pool party extravaganza

The extra food is brought in with a grand entrance and I think to myself "Wow! Everything is so huge and big and it all looks so yummy". There are lollies, cake, frankfurts and fairy bread. I look at all the food and presents and am so surprised that I don't know what to say. Dad looks like he is so happy to see me so happy. I must be the most excited little six year old boy in the entire world and everyone gives me so much stuff and attention. I am so grateful to my dad and all my new friends like Maximilian and Angelo but not Gary, because Gary is mean. Max and Angelo wish me a happy birthday as they leave the pool party. I start to eat and consume all of the cake, lollies, fairy bread and frankfurts. The smell is sweet but like a pool smell at the

same time. It's very confusing. I don't think Dad likes the smell very much but he seems very happy because I am happy because I really like all the food and all my really cool presents. The cake is enormous and the biggest thing that I have ever seen in my whole life ever and it has so many dinosaurs and yummy food on top.

Epilogue – Years After

I rubbed my head, feeling a lump on the back of my skull. I blinked my eyes open, and saw a pair of brown eyes peering at me.

I sat up, confused. I think I was... knocked out?

“Hey, dude, welcome to Bingletown jail! Why're you here?”

Another head turned to look at me, and slowly said “What's your name?”

I cracked my knuckles with anxiety.

“Uh, Gary,” I told them.

The prisoners grinned. Suddenly, the memories came flashing back. The reason I'm in jail now. All those years ago, all those crimes I committed and my hatred towards John. I could finally atone for it.

I sighed, and laid my head back down on the hard concrete floor.

Character profiles

Angelo: Long blonde hair. He wears a white gown. He loves to eat fairy bread. He always wears purple socks. Angelo's favourite colour is purple.

Gary: Wears a black shirt with black pants and a grey tie. He is very extremely jealous of John and wants revenge. He always wears hot pink socks under his grey work shoes. Although

Gary seems like a dull character his favourite colour is Hot pink. A random fact about Gary is that he two metal molar

Billy : A sweet little 6 year old boy who loves dinosaurs. His dad is John. He loves painting and wants to be a dino bone digger (palaeontologist) or a party planner when he is old enough. Billy's most ever favourite colour in the whole entire universe is Green.



John: John is Billy's dad and works as a primary school teacher and does some other small jobs to earn extra money.

Overall he is a balance of fun and serious. A random fact about him is that he can shoot peas out of his nostril.

Max: Max is a quirky and fun guy who had a rough childhood. Max works as a party planner and tour guide. He trained hard to be able to get where he is today and took many lessons of being a lifeguard and approachable person. He likes working with kids most of the time and hopes to save up some money so he can afford to train to be a music teacher or english teacher.

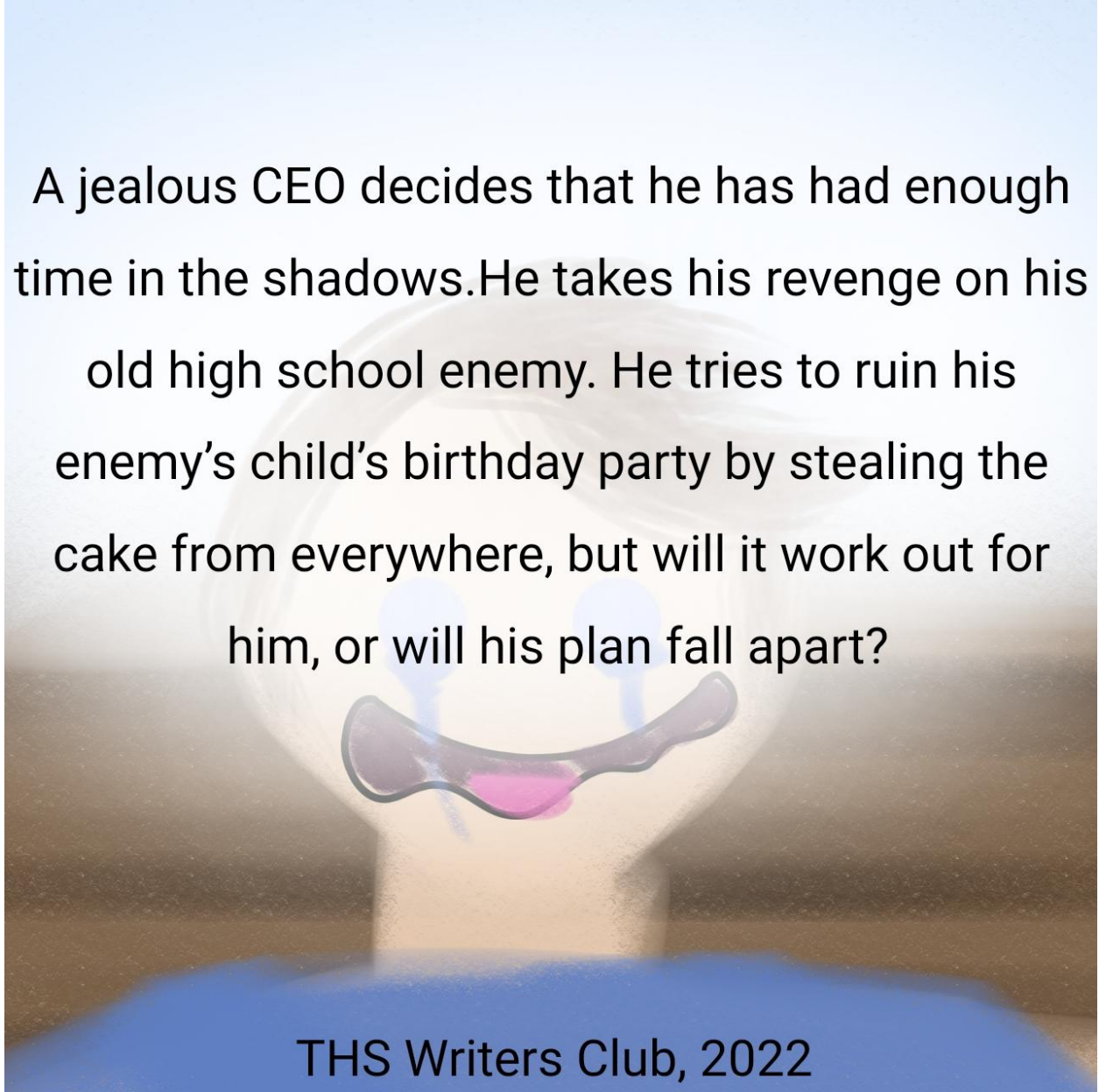


Acknowledgments

The THS Writers Club Team for Write a Book In a Day would like to thank our sponsors,our family and friends, for making this day possible. We would like to Thank our awesome teacher and mentor, Mrs Dee and

Maddy. And thank you to the readers for reading our book, we really appreciate it.

From Amitiel, Bridget, Jazmine, Jewin, Kai, Llwella, Tallara, Tasma, Wendy and Zoe (The THS Writers Club Team)



A jealous CEO decides that he has had enough time in the shadows. He takes his revenge on his old high school enemy. He tries to ruin his enemy's child's birthday party by stealing the cake from everywhere, but will it work out for him, or will his plan fall apart?

THS Writers Club, 2022

Recommended for 10-12 years