

**THE
MAYHEM OF
THE
MOHAWKED
MONKEY**

SFCC MELTON 5

ALANIS FURTADO, TRA MÝ NGUYEN, KARINA DELGADILLO, OLLIE EMIN, SOPHIE KOLBE,
ADDISON MCKELLAR



THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC

DIVISION: Upper School

SCHOOL/GROUP: St Francis Catholic College (MELTON)

TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 5

TEAM ID: 1292

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Gardener

Primary character 2 Music conductor

Non-human character Giraffe

Setting National park

Issue An escaped monkey

Random words

..... swept

..... dazzling

..... faded

..... wrinkled

..... quirky

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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Dedications and Acknowledgments

This book is dedicated to everyone in the world, we're not exclusive like that. And Leland would like to thank our mums. We would like to thank butchers, bakers and candlestick makers across this beautiful country. We would like to thank our radical teachers for supporting us throughout the day. We would also like to thank our mums. Love life, or don't, you do you boo. On behalf of And Leland, we would like to thank all who donated to support The Kids Cancer Project and all the superstar kids. We hope you enjoy our book.

To Jake and Joseph, our unintentional inspiration for our main characters, hope you find it as funny as we did.

To my friend, D. I'm sorry you couldn't be here to read our book, hopefully, you can enjoy it from heaven. This world isn't fair and you deserved so much better, you had the kindest soul

and I wish I could laugh with you one more time. You fought the toughest battle, hopefully, our book can bring you some giggles. – Karina

Acknowledgement of Country

We acknowledge the Wurundjeri people as the traditional custodians of the land which we live and work on today. We pay respect to Elders, past, present, and emerging.

Reviews:

“It's giving Zendaya and Timothee Chalamet has a child as a book” - Renee

“Ate that” - Samantha

“Incredible, heartwarming, the best story I've ever read” - Erin

From the Authors: Throughout the whole experience it was really very difficult to try and ‘maintain humbleness’ because we had really great writing, but ya know, we try. Um, we need to fill the word limit so.... I love the summertime, you can eat ice cream and go surfboarding.

The Mayhem of the Mohawked Monkey

Chapter 1 - The National Australian Zoo

Australia, the land of the free, home to beautiful native animals such as kangaroos and koalas, emus and of course, what Australia is clearly known for, mohawk monkeys. Within the quiet suburbs of Melbourne there is the National Australian Zoo, a space of comfort and fun for all, a popular tourist attraction where all from around the world come to view the animals, eat the food and to accompany each other around the park. With its animals from the dry, red bushland to the cooling, rough sea, the National Australian Zoo is the place to be.

The zoo is home to animals and people alike, providing shelter and protection for Australia's precious native species and a cheerful day out for patrons, creating everlasting memories. The animals as tall as giraffes and small as ants, some in the water and some in the plants. One of the famous giraffes, you know her, you love her, Genny the giraffe is one of the most popular animals on the cover of magazines. With her long legs, soft fur and a mane. The National Australian Zoo isn't only home to native animals, it also hosts some of Australia's diverse local flora.

People in all fields are hired and trained to maintain the zoo, including gardeners, janitors and of course veterinary technicians. Although some of these people may not seem significant, they are crucial in the smooth sailing of the zoo and keeping it open for all to enjoy. Sam Leland is one of the many gardeners, trained in maintaining the park's plant needs. He protects the native species and waters the trees to perfection, growing them from seeds. His soft, flowing black



hair is usually covered by his worn out but reliable old straw hat. He's uniformed in distressed denim overalls, a fitted white shirt and thick brown flannel top. But Sam is not like the other gardeners in this zoo, since childhood his connection to the zoo and the various animals within have given him the job of his dreams, tending to his favourite animals, the mohawked monkeys, alongside his gardening.

If there is one thing the park is not lacking, it's entertainment. Famous singers often visit to perform a song or two and to look at the wonderous wildlife in the zoo. The crowds usually swarm the zoo, especially for well-known artists, the population peaks to thousands even intriguing the animal's interest. It truly is a place for all to enjoy.

Chapter 2 - Welcome Lord Quincy James Montgomery

The Zoo's event center was bustling with eager anticipation of the booked-out seats for tonight's entertainment.

"It is the National Australian Zoo's honor to have a highly acclaimed musical conductor, Lord Quincy James Montgomery preside over our concert band this evening. He has directed the musical stylings of global productions such as Steve Irwin The Musical, The Kangaroos Creek, and the Broadway production of Milo and Otis just to name a few. Ladies and gentlemen, please direct your applause to our musicians tonight." Mrs. White, the director of events at the Zoo, announced with excitement.

A tall thin man effervescently strode onto the stage swaying his shoulders from left to right with each step. He wore a silk blouse with delicate ruffled sleeves, adorned with a cape laying gently upon his shoulders which shone a midnight purple, under the stark light of the moon. He wore fitted burgundy trousers cuffed at the ankle to show off his custom-made Italian loafers. He lifted his hand superciliously in response to the audience's applause, with his raised hand he then removed his cape in one swift dramatic motion. The bright stage lights revealed his age, his slightly greying hair turning silver, the audience cheers subsided as Quincy tenderly picked up his baton and began to orchestrate.

Across the stage was the monkey exhibit, full of tall, lofty Kapok trees, hidden lookouts and winding rope bridges, where one monkey, Johnny Mohawk, watched the musicians intently. He was small, light brown, with blazing blue hair that he was famous for. As Beethoven's 5th Symphony travelled across the zoo, each key consumed his soul, every note moved him, the little monkey was entranced by the melodic, precise movements of the conductor. He longed to play in a band one day with the cymbal-banging monkeys, proudly on display in the Zoo giftshop window, screeching with delight - but alas – he was bounded by the



large steel bars of his enclosure; he watched on as Quincy led the concert band to the end of the piece, hitting banana leaves together with the beat of the song.

Then finally the grand red curtains of the event center drew to a magnificent close and the lights **faded** as Quincy exited the stage, leaving Johnny completely in awe.

Chapter 3 - A Tiff

As the day came to an end, Sam Leland began to close the enclosures, “Oi, you can’t have all this here!” Sam Leland shouted as Lord Quincy’s stage crew unloaded his heavy sound equipment on the kangaroo paw saplings he had planted only yesterday.

“Please do not bother me with your incompetence little man.” Quincy droned as he **swept** his cape back on, hitting Sam in the face as he did.

“Don’t you know that you are destroying life here?” He exclaimed aggressively pointing at the equipment.

“My music gives life, not that you would know darling,” Quincy said eyeing Sam’s disheveled appearance from head to toe.

This tiff was the perfect distraction for Johnny Mohawk to escape the binds stopping him from achieving his dreams of stardom. Genny the Giraffe extended her long neck down to lift Johnny out, he was always like a son to her, He hastily held on to Genny and ran out of the door as Sam’s back was turned, out of his enclosure into the gift shop.

“Now listen you’re just going to have to pay for the damages!” Sam said, laying his hand on Quincy’s shoulder to hold him back.

Quincy’s entourage gasped in utter horror and disgust, “**YOU COULD HAVE WRINKLED MY CAPE, THIS IS IMPORTED CHINA SILK! IT IS WORTH MORE THEN YOUR YEARLY SALARY, YOU IGNORANT DIRT PERSON! I SUGGEST, YOU GO BACK TO YOUR GROTTY HUT DWELLINGS BEFORE MY LAWYERS ARE INVOLVED!**”

“Well fine!” Sam shouted back as he resumed checking the locks on all the exhibit doors. Lord Quincy sashayed back to his private car, refusing to look back at Sam, hands on hips and nose in the air.

Chapter 4 - The Mini Escape Artist

On another ordinary day, Sam made his way into work to care for the native plants. He did his typical daily routine of watering, fertilizing and planting new saplings. From the grand entrance of the zoo to the exit, no plant was left dry. He pruned the dead leaves, watered the trees that provided the cooling shade and planted some fresh seasonal flowers of an assortment of pinks and oranges. He entered his favourite place, the monkeys' enclosure, to water their plants and vines. Each and every day he was sure to greet his furry friends,

“Well hello little George, hi Addison, don’t you seem happy, what’s up Alanis how ya going, hi lit-” Sam paused, a shock of fear streamed through his body, a clear panicked expression on his normally joyous face. A gasp let out while Sam frantically looked all through the enclosure.

“Johnny,” he says as calmly as he can. “Johnny, it’s not funny, I can get fired. Where are you, can you come out?” He begged, searching for his favourite monkey friend.

Sam runs out, locking the cage carefully. A larger crowd was already at the zoo to watch Lord Quincy James Montgomery perform his second show so the gates were locked. Thankfully Johnny was stuck inside the zoo. Enraged, Sam Leland ran to the performer, sweating.

“Because of your attention, one of our monkeys escaped. If news gets out, I will be fired. What am I meant to do now?” whispered Sam in an aggressive tone.

“And that’s my problem how?” replied Quincy.

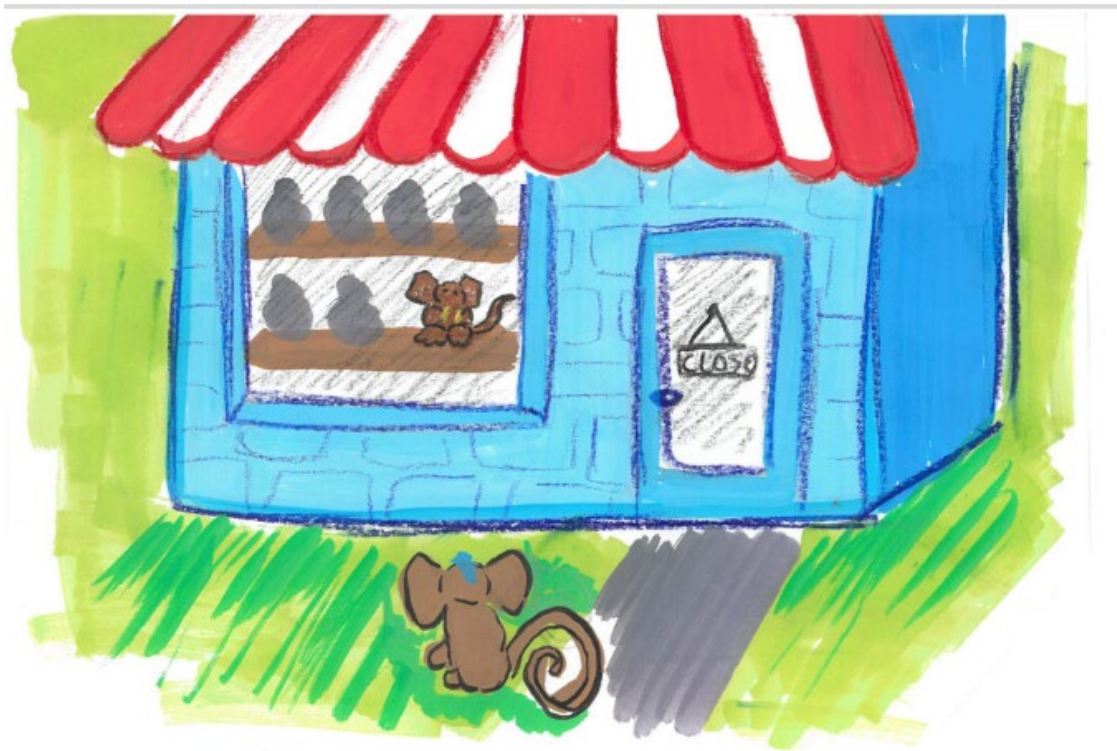
“Imagine this, headlines from around the world a British artist comes to the National Australian Zoo and creates distraction for a monkey to escape. Would you like that mate, a scandal just before your tour?”

“Okay shh quiet down, you're not going to be fired. Let's just find this monkey and put it back, no one needs to know”

“You’re helping me, we don’t go home until Johnny is back in his enclosure”

“Johnny?”

“The monkey.”



Chapter 5 - Apology Accepted

Hippos, tigers, meerkats, penguins, yet not a single monkey. Sam's eyes scoured every inch of the zoo that they passed, desperately searching for the tiny little mohawk he'd grown so fond of. Monty wasn't as attentive. He lazily strolled a few paces behind Sam, his attention periodically being caught by an especially pretty plant or bird flying by. He'd occasionally fix his hair, adjust his cape or sigh dramatically. Sam's eyes rolled in response to the attention-seeking behavior. "Oh, I'm so *sorry* to be taking up your time with this, My Lord." He glared at Quincy, emphasizing the title with contempt. "But if you hadn't let Johnny out, we wouldn't be in this mess!" He gestured wildly with his hands.

Quincy gaped, "It wasn't *my* fault! My goal has always been to share my immense talent with the world, and no monkey is going to stop me." He huffed – flustered - and placed a hand on his hip and ran a hand through his hair. "Perhaps little Jonathan *wanted* to leave... no doubt to get away from you." The last statement was mumbled under his breath, though just loud enough to reach Sam's ears.

"What did I ever do to you?" He accused hands on his hips.

Quincy crossed his arms, exasperated. "Oh, well, I don't know, maybe yelling at me for squashing a few plants!"

Sam scoffed, "You yelled at me too! You called me an incompetent dirt person! If anything, *I* should be mad."

"Goodness, well," he huffed again, scowling. "Well, you could've been nicer from the start, then I wouldn't have been so angry." His gaze bounced from each stone on the path below them, focusing anywhere but Sam. Sam raised an eyebrow, taken off guard by the lack of Quincy's usual confidence.

“I’m... I’m sorry, then.”

“Thank you,” his eyes still didn’t meet Sam’s. “I apologize too.” It was that moment that made him seem a bit more human in Sam’s eyes. No longer the pretentious and arrogant musician he’d known before, now a frazzled and awkward man.

“Thank you,” replied Sam, and they both stood in their shared awkwardness for a few seconds before Quincy cleared his throat.



“Well, we best get going. Little Jonathan can’t be too far away.”

Chapter 6 - I Was but a Poor Boy

“I was not always like this...” Quincy sighed as he began his tale of woe as they wandered the laneways of the zoo. *“Many moons ago I lived with Mummy and Daddy on the hard streets of London Town, they worked humble jobs, but it was honest work, they did what they needed to so they could support my musical education. By day I was a brash, rough and tumble chimney sweep aged 7 years, only a dented bucket and a worn set of pipe cleaners to my name, and by night I was selling out the Adelphi Theatre, people would come from across London to see the poor boy play.”* He continued with pain strewn across his solemn eyes, his voice trembling, *“By 14 I swapped the violin for the baton and never looked back, from the crowds we were bringing in, Mummy was able to quit her job at the fish market, Daddy didn’t have to spend so much time at sea, and I was no longer street urchin little Quincy.”*

“I’m sorry you had to had to tough it out like that.”

“And you, were you always this light-hearted?”

“Well I’ve had to be, you have to be when you’re a Zoo kid.” Sam half-laughed *“My mum sent me to live at the National Australian Zoo, 32 years ago. The staff took me and raised me as they would any other cub or critter and I learned to care for them too. I remember running around the enclosures as a tot, banging my digging spades together to make music for Johnny. They gave me a job and a purpose and I’m thankful everyday they did.”* He said wiping his nose on his sleeve.

“That’s it! Your monkey, he loves music, you must play your grubby earth instruments once again and he will surely come back.”

“Alright, now I know you're crazy.”

“Crazy? Or Genius!” Lord Quincy said gazing into the setting sun. “Music inspires, it exhilarates, it was the beacon of hope at the end of my soot-filled tunnel, let it be the same for this monkey as well! Let the poor boy play!”

Chapter 7 - The Plan

“Alright, are we really gonna do this?” Sam groaned, he’s never been especially musically talented and there is no chance Quincy is going to be forgiving. He reluctantly began to rummage through his apron pockets, searching for his trusty pair of spades. They’re not much but they’ve never let him down, hopefully, they can play music just as well as they can dig.

“Do you have a better thought to propose?” Quincy replied knowing well that he does not. This was his time to shine, his talent under the spotlight had returned even if under very changed circumstances. Together they’ve made a plan, a glorious idea in Quincy’s eyes and maybe a bit less glorious in Sam’s. A musical intervention is what they needed! It was time to make Johnny’s dream come true, even if only for a short while to catch him. Quincy was ecstatic, galloping back and forth, setting the stage for their duet and preparing a trap for the little monkey. The stage was really just a collection of whatever they could find to hold their weight, old crates and creaky planks made do for the stage floor. Using his ladder Sam went to readjust the stark, bright overhead lights of the park to illuminate the stage. Quincy told Sam how to set up all of his musical equipment and speakers, he insisted on not doing it himself to make sure there “would be no dust left on his luxurious cape”. By the end of it, Sam was exhausted, setting up an entire stage after hours was NOT part of his job description.

“Alright! It's almost ready. The lights are set, the stage is ready and I, Lord Quincy James Montgomery, am ready to put on a marvellous performance! It will surely attract crowds of many, and my beautiful partner, Mr Samuel Leland is prepared to make his musical debut. But alas, we are missing a crucial part of our performance. If only we had something big, something dramatic, something to make a big CLASH and BANG.” Quincy loudly proclaimed, hoping to draw out the devious monkey. Stardom was all little Johnny had dreamed of and the

dynamic duo knew he couldn't resist this one and only chance for a monkey to perform alongside a **dazzling** world class music conductor.

“Bit much don't you think? I mean, does this monkey even understand English?” Sam retorted, someone had to keep Quincy realistic and down to earth. “And stop calling me Samuel, you know I prefer just Sam, plain and simple. Is there really no other way to do this? I'd much rather just watch you perform and catch the little bugger than get up there myself.” He suggested, hoping to appeal to Quincy's need for the spotlight.

“Samuel we've discussed this! Don't fret my dear, this extraordinary plan is sure to succeed.” Quincy claimed as he began to take his place on the stage. Samuel had never seen him so prepared, so confident, so sure in himself. Goodness, Sam was going to look like a fool up there beside him.

The park lights above shone as Quincy began his musical parade, showing his musical talents just as they were years ago before his days as a conductor. He stood confidently on that



stage if you can call it that, looking right at home as he fell into the trance of the music. Sam, on the other hand, stood alongside him with a forced smile plastered on his face as he tapped his spades together in rhythm with Quincy, or as rhythmic as he could, he had never had any sense of tempo. As the duet began to play all they could do was hope that

Johnny was intrigued enough to try and live his musical dreams.

Chapter 8 - The Musical Monkey

The strings of the violin rung throughout the park, awakening all the surrounding animals. The occasional thud of metal spades clashing added support to the beautiful strings of the bowed instrument. The music inspired something in all minds of the park, bringing them out of hiding and enjoying the music together as a community. The roar of the big cats in the distance and the booming notes of the emus spoke for the approval of all the zoo animals. How could Johnny miss this? A performance this popular in his own home that was so clearly lacking that 'wow' factor, this was his chance to live out his dreams.

Very slowly the cheeky monkey began to come out of his hiding spot in the gift shop, cautiously observing the surroundings and finding his beat in the music to show his talent to the world. During his time spent in the gift shop, he had rummaged through storage and found a miniature pair of cymbals. Whether they were made for a monkey or maybe even just a small child, Johnny had fallen in love. The bold, glistening gold of the percussion instrument contrasted perfectly with his loud cerulean, blue mohawk. Cymbals in hand he slowly crept over to the side of the rusty makeshift stage, ready to pounce on once the rhythm called him. Sam could see little Johnny out of the corner of his eye but he couldn't dare to show it, even the slightest movement towards him could scare the primate and send him back into the depths of stuffed animals and branded hoodies of the gift shop.

A break in the music came where little Johnny saw his chance to steal the stage. The roars of the animals filled his greatest desire as he stole the spotlight with his pair of cymbals. Sam quickly but carefully stepped towards the monkey, hands outstretched ready to pounce and grab him when the time came. Soon Johnny's guard was down as he was performing which is when Sam saw the perfect chance to put an end to this disastrous dilemma.

Moments later the park was silent again, only Quincy's yelps of joy disturbed the peace as the duo made their way back to the monkey's enclosure with little Johnny in hand.

"My goodness aren't you glad it worked?! It was bound to of course; my ideas have never failed me. Do you think...." Quincy trailed on, complimenting his amazing planning and execution. Sam just let him ramble on, he deserved to feel proud of himself and his gloating never hurt anybody.



Soon after all was restored back to how it was, Johnny was back home with his family along with his pair of cymbals. After all that hassle Sam decided to let him keep them, maybe that would stop him from trying to escape to fulfil his dreams of fame again. Quincy and Sam worked together and packed up their makeshift stage, but really Sam did it all, there was no way Quincy would risk dirtying his magnificent outfit. They realised that despite their initial arguments they actually made a great team together, who would've thought the rough gardener could live with the posh conductor.

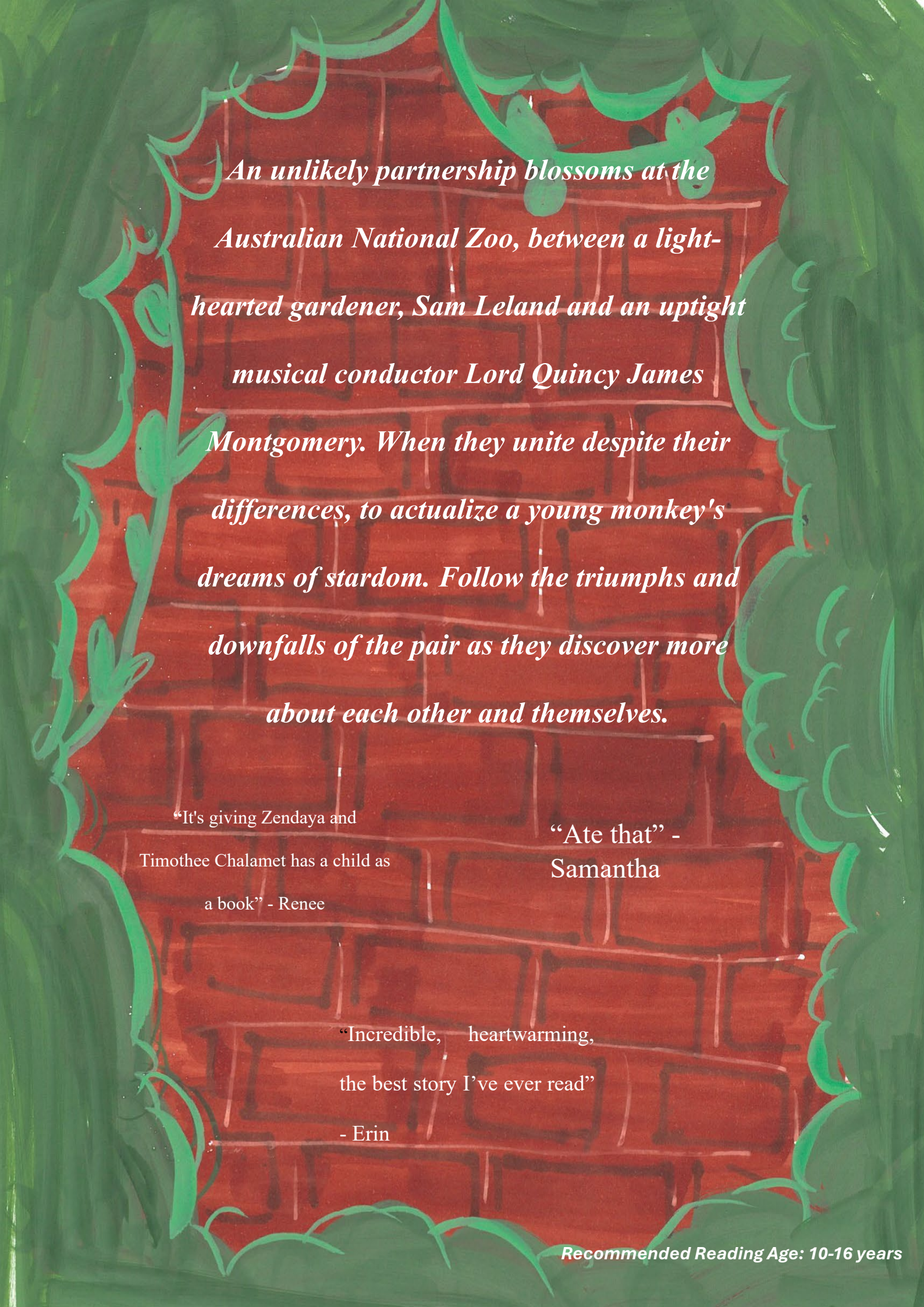
Chapter 9 - Where they are Now

3 years have passed since Johnny's great escape, Sam has left his work at the Australian National Zoo, as he realised his love for landscaping extends far greater than the confines of the enclosures could supply for him. He's bought a house with Quincy in the rolling hills of the Yarra Ranges, where Sam gardens and Quincy conducts the Royal Melbourne Orchestra. Quincy has turned Sam into wearing fine artisan Italian loafers and Sam has turned Quincy into enjoying homegrown tomatoes, maybe one day he might try other homegrown vegetables.

"Oh, that haughty rouge is always working among the fields. I can barely get him to play the spades these days." Quincy can be heard saying to guests at their famous bi-monthly luncheons. "And to think we never would have met without that **quirky** little ape!" Their home is a happy one – apart from a slight tiff about caring for their dogs Paw-Paw and Chin-Chin now and again.

And yes, they still visit their favourite monkey friend at the Zoo. He has earned his own acclaimed percussion event at the Zoo, entitled 'A Chorus of Cymbals; One Monkey's Rise to Fame', where Genny the Giraffe watches proudly each and every night.

The End



An unlikely partnership blossoms at the Australian National Zoo, between a light-hearted gardener, Sam Leland and an uptight musical conductor Lord Quincy James Montgomery. When they unite despite their differences, to actualize a young monkey's dreams of stardom. Follow the triumphs and downfalls of the pair as they discover more about each other and themselves.

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Timothée Chalamet has a child as
a book” - Renee

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“Incredible, heartwarming,
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- Erin

Recommended Reading Age: 10-16 years