

Written and Illustrated by
SFCC Melton 6, St. Francis Catholic College



Let CLOWNS and CROWNS



THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: St Francis Catholic College (MELTON)

TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 6

TEAM ID: 1293

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 King

Primary character 2 Clown

Non-human character Echidna

Setting Abandoned factory

Issue Cracking the code

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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To all who may read this, you are doing great. Despite the challenges you may go through, you're doing your best and you can always do better. Please do not be discouraged and always look forward to the future and what life may offer you. Thank you for always trying. I pray that you are always safe and content with what you have.

All appreciation to all the staff and teachers who have helped us throughout this process. We thank you for this opportunity to be able to write this book for you to read.

Thank you for everything you have all done.



Chapter 1

Nikolai

The lights shine through curtains, brightening the dim room. My eyes capture the **dazzling** sunlight. It is early in the morning and the birds are chirping. Stretching my back, I sit up straight. It was too early for me to begin my day. Dozing off again, I remind myself of the plans for today. Sitting on the edge of the bed, my feet lay on the floor. Heading towards the bathroom, I stand by the mirror. Looking at the reflection in front of me.

“Hey Cortexa, what’s the time?” I say in the mirror.

“It is 5:48 pm,” says the robot in a monotone voice.

“What? Oh, I’m late now,” I sigh with exhaustion.

I didn’t anticipate the timing. I’m scheduled to visit a circus and I’m already almost 50 minutes late. I swiftly got myself ready. As I was selecting the cloak prepared for today, the sight of the **wrinkled** royal cloak fills my view. Sighing in discontentment, I reach for the darkest, most intimidating cloak. While I was putting on my crown, I sat there in silence, glancing at the sight in front of me. I remain in that state of solitude, pondering about the decisions that led me to where I am now. Going through moments of guilt and regret but all is worth it in the end for that satisfaction, that victory. Now, I’m the one with the most power. I do not care if others die, it’s all for the power and fortune.

Do I rightfully deserve this crown? Oh well, I'm the one who ended up with the crown and fortune.

I realise that I was wasting time. At this point, I was already late so what would matter if I was even later? Taking my time, I ensure that I take my part in looking clean and sophisticated. Maintaining a sense of manner, I stand tall with straight posture. As I look in the mirror, I remain calm and prepare myself for what may happen. I walk towards my balcony and at the foot of the ledge, my eyes travel across the kingdom created. The kingdom I own power to. The kingdom that I have been maintaining for the majority of my time. Checking the time as I turn my wrist towards my view, I decide it was ready to depart. I sit in my carriage throughout the town with all my might and pride.

Chapter 2

Nikolai

As I step out of the royal carriage, and see the bustling, busy town where the festival is held, the moon shines upon the circus grounds whilst the air thickens with the smell of popcorn, and the sounds of laughter along with amusement. I slowly walk and admire the glistening lights that brighten the stage where the acts perform. I quickly realize that I'm already inside the circus, waiting for the artists to put me to satisfaction.

"What is taking so long?"

"Am I not on time?"

"Why aren't they ready?" I think to myself.

Suddenly, the curtains open and the sound of chatter quickly turns into cheer. I should be expecting a lot then, shouldn't I?

The acts present themselves on the stage, juggling, doing trapeze, dancing, but then, I'm immediately filled with tension and recognition. One specific clown catches my eye. *It can't be.* Keeping my eyes focused on the clown, the crowd was amazed and captivated by his act, cheering and screaming as he does his tricks so easily. I focus my eyes on him as my head fills with suspicion and concern, wondering why he's alive. The wonders in my head triggers rage and fury inside of me.

I thought I killed him, how is he alive...

"If this clown is a threat to my place in the kingdom, I must act smart, he needs to be removed before he can stand against my rule." I say.

As I make my way to the circus ring, my anger rapidly takes over and I yell, “Stop this performance, NOW.” The crowd becomes confused and falls silent to my outrage. The puzzled and shaken clown looks up at me with a grin. A cold expression emerges on my face, and I suddenly go back to a place of disbelief and paranoia, remembering the past. I couldn’t do it. I walk away, and the crowd still stands confused. With how much I wanted to send him away right then and there, I just couldn’t. Continuing to walk out the circus ring, I feel uneasy,

“I thought that circus act would’ve **swept** me off my feet anyways.”

I quickly think to myself that things are changing, and I should do something.

I need to make a plan, quickly, and decisively.

Chapter 3

Nikolai

Usually, I wake up with a smile on my face, but today I don’t even want to wake up. I can’t believe that I saw him yesterday, I thought he was gone for good; but clearly that’s not the case. He cannot find out that he is meant to be the king. If he realizes that he is the rightful heir to the throne, my reign is gone. All these years of building my kingdom to where it is now, will all go to waste. I did not work that hard for a mere peasant to steal my throne. I need to do something about his appearance in the kingdom; He needs to go.

Cortexa, my personal robot and my finest creation says,

“Sir, your earl gray tea, just the way you like it,” as she walks through the door interrupting my thoughts.

“Thank you Cortexa, you may leave,” I reply, going back to my invasive thoughts.

“Actually, Cortexa can I ask you something?”

“Yes, sir,”

“How do you trap someone, without making it obvious?”

“I'm not sure I understand, sir”

“You know what, it's fine you can leave,” I say shaking my head and watching her leave. Well, my own creations are no help. *Maybe I'll should just poison him or kidnap him, but that makes it too obvious.* I should try to make him my friend, invite him to dinner, frame him for a crime, and send him to the dungeons. The whole kingdom knows that when someone is banished to the dungeons, they never return. I know exactly what to do now.

“Cortexa,” I call out.

“Yes sir,” she says coming in.

“I need you to do me a Favor; invite the clown to a dinner tonight and make it the best dinner the world has ever seen,” I reply smirking.

Chapter 4

Jasper

It was quite unusual. Getting invited to dinner with the King of Ostralius was something I would have never expected. I return home, allowing myself to make myself

much more presentable, as it would most likely not be the greatest idea to pull up to a castle in a clown costume, and publicly humiliate myself. I wash myself down, scrubbing basically every part of my body then changing into the best piece of clothing I have in my closet.

I sigh to myself, still in disbelief that this is all happening, it all feels so unreal. Although there are multiple thoughts filling my mind to the brim, whether it be positive or negative, there is one particular thought that has been bugging me for quite some time.

Why would he wish to have dinner with an immature clown? Furrowing my brows, I rub my temple. Nothing this special had ever happened to me in my entire 27 years of living 'till now. I hesitated to step foot outside my house, but I still did so. My heart was pounding so hard, I felt as if it would jump out of my own chest.

The chilly air immediately slaps my skin, I bring my arms up to my chest to hug myself warmly. It was so dark outside; the only light source was the small streetlights next to the shops. Every step I take feels heavier knowing that I'm getting closer to the kingdom.

The moment I arrive in front of the palace, I attempt to enter through the gates but one of the royal guards stops and questions me.

"Stop there young man, where do you think you're off to?" The old, stubby guard holds his hand out to my chest, staring at me up and down, preventing me from going any further.

I glance at the hand, before grinning innocently at the royal guard, hoping to gain some trust from the fellow man.

“Sorry, sir, I don’t mean any trouble. I’m just here to meet with King Nikolai for dinner, he invited me earlier this afternoon.”

The royal guard gives me an uncertain gaze, before allowing me to walk through the gates. Another fellow guard that had been already standing through the gates grabs my bicep, dragging me through the doors and inside the palace. The butterflies I had been getting before arriving to the kingdom had returned in almost an instant. I bite the insides of my mouth. The guard's grip on my arm was strong and it was already getting painful. After what felt like forever walking through the palace, we stop in front of a huge double door.

“Well? Is this it? The diner room?” I ask the royal guard but was given no answer.

The royal guard pushes the door open, and we are greeted with a huge room, filled with many unique furniture and paintings. I notice the King sitting peacefully at his rich, expensive dinner table.

“Ah, Jasper, You’re here! Take a seat.”

The king sends me a friendly smile, maybe I was worrying for no reason. I smile back and sit opposite the king. The table was extremely elongated, and it felt awkward. I smile awkwardly thinking of anything to say, but also being mindful of what I’m about to say, just in case I say something I’d regret. Before I could say anything, the king beat me to it.

“So, Jasper, why did you decide to work as a clown?”

The king asks as his personal butler puts a plate of food down in front of him.

“I find joy in other people’s happiness... Even if the pay isn’t as good.”

His butler places a plate of food down in front of me as well. The food looks ravishing; the king really chose the best chef in town. The king and I continue to eat our food in silence, with the food hitting the right spot. We had our small talks here and there, being extremely mindful on how I respond to the many questions the king asks. I formally excuse myself, since i need to use the bathroom, but before leaving I asked for directions. The moment I closed those doors, I sighed to myself. This whole dinner thing was draining me out. I walk through the halls, admiring each painting hanging on the wall. There are paintings of past kings and queens, family photos and infamous paintings. I finish using the bathroom, washing my hands, and began walking back to the dining room. Whilst I'm walking back, I come across a specific painting. It was of a beautiful blonde lady smiling, she had pearly white teeth and breathtaking eyes, I couldn't help but caress her face, even if it were a painting. As I was caressing the painting, I hear yelling in the distance, I immediately pull my arm away and look towards the sound to see King Nikolai. I felt my heart drop to my stomach due to the way he glared at me. His eyes were wide open and his brows were furrowed. I could see from a distance that his fists were clenched, *what did I do?*

“Get away from that painting you thief!” King Nikolai yells out in rage.

“T-Thief?! I wasn't stealing anything your majesty!” I stutter, shaking in fear.

“I'm no fool. Guards send this clown to the dungeon!”

King Nikolai points at me, and before I know it, I see multiple guards running towards me. The royal guards grip onto my arms and began to drag me away. I feel weak, I can't fight them all at once. I look at King Nikolai once more, in the hope he'd spare me but it was no use. As soon as we reach the dungeon, both guards who had a

hold of me threw me to the ground. I groan in pain, getting on my knees. I watch them lock my cell and walk off.



Chapter 5

Jasper

The eeriness of the void consumes me. The darkness fills the walls surrounding me and the silence echoes through the cell. Swinging above my head was a little cracked lamp, providing the light to my vision. The only source of being in this dark space of obscurity. The only hope that maybe I could survive. Carefully placing my steps on the firm abrasive floor, I trek towards the table that could be visible through the reflection of the light. The table is small and rough, but it provides stability to my curious and fearful demeanor. Grasping the table with my hand as I felt a sense of alertness within my system.

Hesitating, I creaked out. "Hello? Is anyone there?"

Silence engulfed the sanctuary of dark. Unsure of what to do, I close my eyes. Letting the events sink into my mind, I pause with confusion. Confusing thoughts surged through my mind. How did I get here? Where am I? Brushing off my doubts and suspicions, I release my hold from the table. Taking in a quick breath, tasting the crisp cold air, I open my eyes. Preparing to take on the challenges that may arise if I approach this madness with stupidity, I walk closer. The sight of the rusty steel pipes encaging me enters my view.

"I'm in jail? You have got to be joking right now. This is madness." I yell out with a mix of frustration and confusion.

My hands hold on to the rugged poles. Looking through the gaps of the pipes, my sight is full of gloom. A sense of melancholy washed upon my being. As I continue to walk around the cell using the poles as my guide for navigation, my foot stumbled towards a spike. *A spike?* I stand there, frozen in my place. Fear enters through my body. As I lift my foot up, the patches of red fill my vision. The slight sting as I place my foot down. The

pain travels through my body. Holding my breath, I realise my surroundings and the event that had just occurred. Curiosity fills my mind, and I slowly turn my gaze towards the huddled ball sitting on the floor. *Is that a cactus?* I exclaim in my mind. My thoughts are scattered across the walls of my mind. I fix my eyes towards the mysterious object placed before me.

“An echidna? What on earth is an echidna doing in jail?” I question.

Is this real? Why are the eyes red? That’s so creepy. I think to myself.

“Hello,” says a voice from below.

“WHO IS THAT?” I shout with shock.

“I am E.M, an echidna,” says the voice from below. “Please follow me if you wish to leave. There is a banquet proceeding soon, please come.” it follows.

Despite my speculations and suspicions, I decide to follow through. Hopefully this weird occurrence is the solution to this phenomenon. I gaze as the small creature waddles on the floor leading the way. I slowly pace behind, unsure of where this destination leads to. Taking precautions, we slowly approach a hook connecting to the strangely thicker pole. Unlike the rest of the rusted pipes, this pole shines out with its metallic finish. Hanging from the hook was a shiny gold key was dangling. I grab the keys. Though my sight was not resourceful, I use my hands to feel around the steel poles. As I struggle to find the keyhole, my fingers felt a strange shape. Similar to a small box, I attempt to push the key through the box in hopes that it’ll slip through a hole. Through a number of attempts, the key slips through the keyhole. I twist and turn the key hoping it will unlock the cell.

CLICK

The door pushes forward, yet the dark atmosphere engulfs the surroundings. In the midst of the moment, a bright shining light covers the darkness. Cluelessly, I fix my eyes towards the light source.

“E.M? WHY ARE YOUR EYES GLOWING?” I yell in astonishment.

*That’s one **quirky** echidna.*

Despite how odd this echidna is, it is trustful. I continue to follow behind, keeping my guard up in case of any dangers. After a while of worthless walking, we reach the end of a hallway. Entering the door, we reach a large empty factory full of junk. Unaware of my surroundings, I begin to question what was really happening.

“E.M, why am I here? Why are you here?” I question, pleading for answers.

“Good question. You asked the right thing; I am not programmed to keep a secret. King Nikolai is not the supposed king, instead it is you Jasper, the true heir to the throne. From your bloodline, it is you who is directly from the line of succession, from King Neo. You are meant to be the current king of the Kingdom of Ostralius.” says E.M with its monotone voice.

“I’m the supposed king? How does that even work? And how is King Nikolai getting away with all the evil and greed?” I say with a stir of emotions.

“Well, that’s why you have the right to the throne and why we should expose him,” replies E.M, still with its monotone voice.

I nod my head in agreement, devising a plan in my head.

Chapter 6

Nikolai and Jasper

Nikolai

As I pace over to my surveillance room, I cautiously open the door and there I am surrounded by an array of screens and monitors with a soft glow casting and providing light throughout the whole room. In the center I walk up to the large control desk that holds a variety of buttons, switches, and devices. Just to make sure, I check the Echidna camera that's supposed to be patrolling Jasper. Then suddenly, my eyes widen with shock.

"WHAT?" I yell to myself.

I check the camera and to my surprise, he isn't there. I ask myself a billion questions with concern and unease.

"How did he escape?"

“Did he find out?”

“Am I screwed?”

I start to shake with fear and worry that he figured out who he truly is, or worse, who I truly am. I need to catch him, I can't let anybody knowing my secret, and my truth. I rush out the door, drowning in a state of fret and panic, while pacing towards the guards.

“GUARDS, SEAL THE GATES!” I yell with hurry and fear.

Jasper

I need to plan on how I'm going to retrieve the throne, but first I need to get to the castle. It's so dark I can't see in this abandoned factory, how am I going to get to the castle? I honestly can't believe I have to find my way out of another room, and all alone this time. Man, the king has a pretty high-tech castle; how many levels are there?

In the midst of the **faded** light, I saw a sketchy wooden door. As I open it, I see what looks like the castle's basement and can't help but feel proud of myself for finally cracking the code. Now, I need to develop a plan on how to get the throne back to the rightful owner. There will be a banquet tonight, which gives me the right opportunity to reveal the king's secrets to the whole kingdom. If my plan succeeds, I will become king and Nikolai will be banished, but I just need to get to the castle in time. I reach the main entrance to the ballroom and push open the door.

Chapter 7

Jasper

An ocean of eyes gawk at me with blank faces. Right now, I can't do anything, it's

like my feet are stuck. But I need to expose the king and get the kingdom back. With all the courage I have left, I open my mouth and say,

“The king is not the true heir.” The crowd rages with shocked gasps and indistinct murmurs.

“What...tha.... that's not true,” the king says with bewilderment, looking around at the disgusted faces that filled the room.

“It is true,” a faint voice mutters from behind the crowd.

I turn to see E.M waddling his way through the crowd until he reaches us. Turning to face everyone, he explains the story of how the king brainwashed the royal family into handing over the kingdom to him. Being the first device created by the king, everyone trusted what E.M said, not believing the king at all.

“Speak up Nikolai, tell us the truth,” One of the guests say.

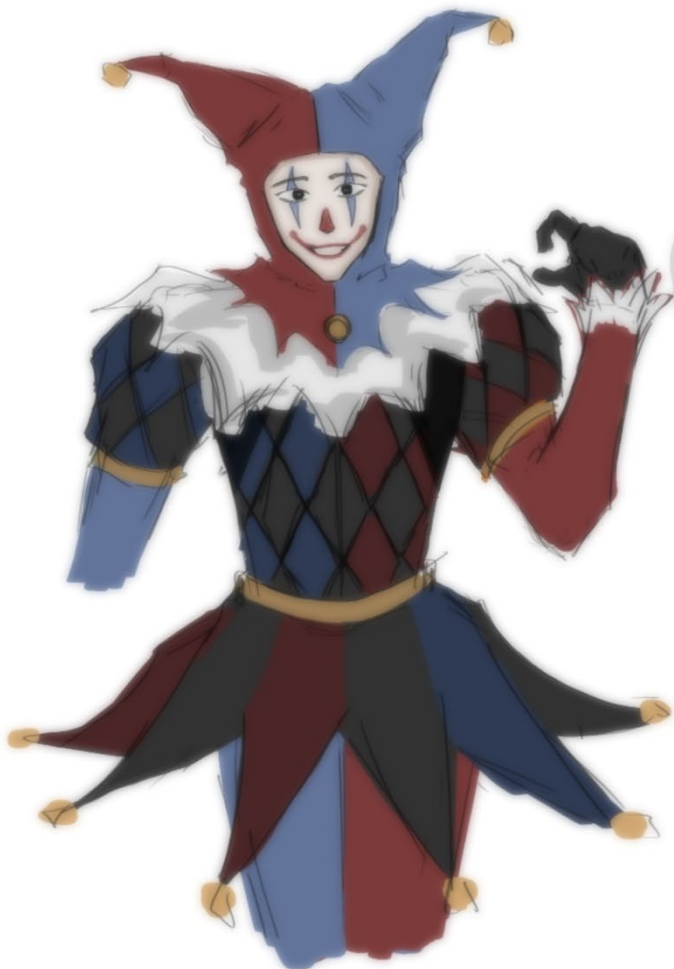
The king accepting his defeat exclaims,

“Fine, I did steal the throne. But what about all these years of my hard work. You’re going to forget everything I've done for you all?”

E.M who has clearly had enough, screams, “We don’t care. Everything you did for us wasn’t even for us. You did everything for yourself and masked it behind kindness. There is no kingdom if the king only thinks about himself. The rightful heir to the throne is Jasper, who is the descendant of king Neo.”

The king, taken aback, runs away leaving his crown behind. I pick up the crown looking at the anticipated faces staring at me, and place it on my head, knowing that a new era has begun.

Dispute and disagreement between Clowns and Crowns from long ago, start to trigger conflict and trouble. King Nikolai is filled with paranoia and disbelief when he finds out a plan of his failed, whilst a man, whose full-time job is as a clown, remains to uncover the truth about his identity and discovers old hidden secrets that are soon to be revealed to the whole country, Ostralius. Recommended for 10+.



JASPER

A clown of the royal palace. He is very oblivious to the world around him, but he's an overall happy person.

