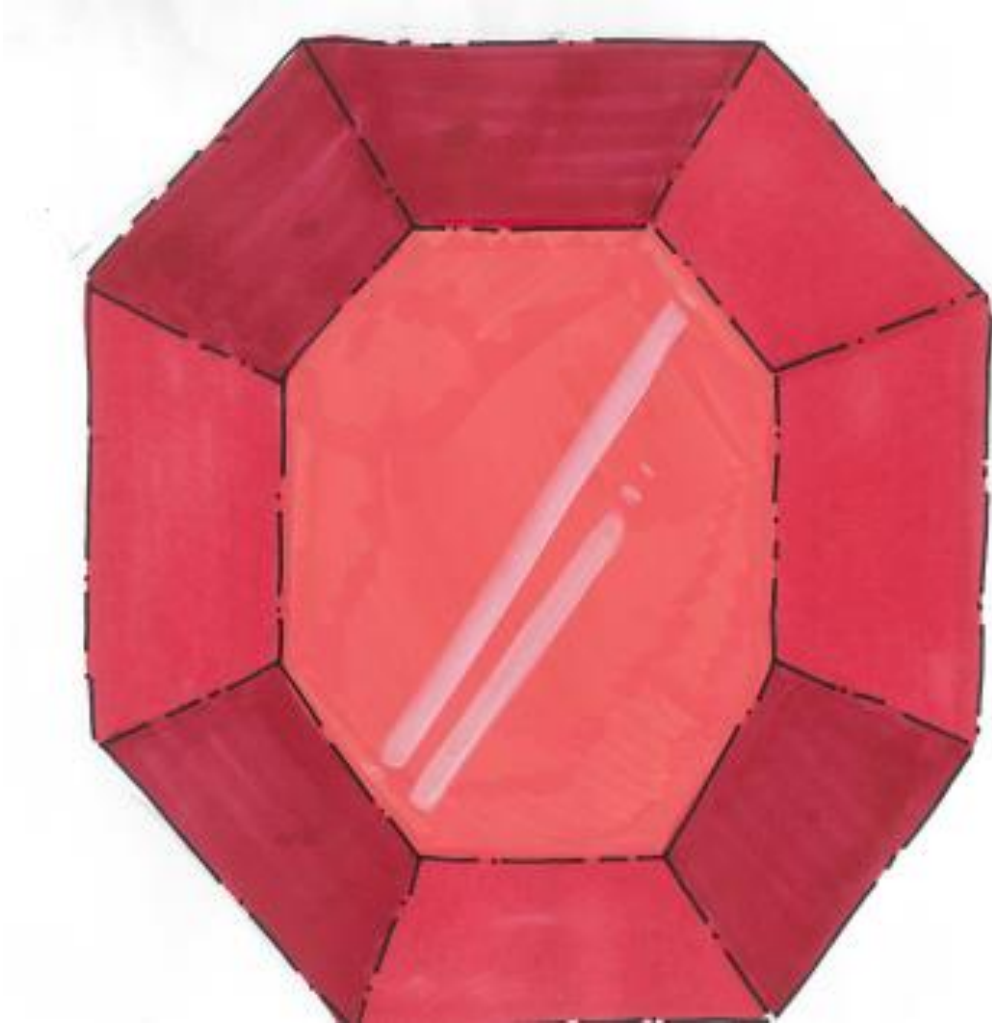


# *Adventures of a Rad Lad*



*By And Leland*



## 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  
TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 4: And Leland  
TEAM ID: 1318

#### Parameters and random words

##### Parameters

Primary character 1: Hip hop dancer  
Primary character 2: Fortune-teller  
Non-human character: Bird  
Setting: Shopping centre  
Issue: An unwanted gift

##### 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

## ***Copyright***

### **Team: SFCC Melton 4: And Leland**

Authors: Alanis Furtado, Alice Summers, Tra My Nguyen, Jackamos Lillyst, Karina Delgadillo, Ollie Emin

Illustrators: Addison McKellar, Monica Teichelman, Ollie Emin

Published by SFCC Melton 4: And Leland, St Francis Catholic College Melton, 109-141 Bulmans Road, Melton West VIC 3337

Copyright © 2023, SFCC Melton 4: And Leland

All rights reserved. This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing purposes for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any progress without written permission. Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

### **Dedications and Acknowledgments**

This book is dedicated to everyone in the world actually, 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 that donated to support The Kids Cancer Project and all the superstar kids. We hope you enjoy our book.

### **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:**

“You guys have done well. This book is great.”

- Mr. Woolmer (the student's favourite teacher)

“It's like good, it's like funny.”

- Isabella

“It's really good. Technically a shimmy”

- Alannah (the schools best singer, dancer, and actor)

***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.

## *Adventures of a Rad Lad*

### *Chapter 1*

“HEY, STOP RIGHT THERE KID!” This is the one for Sam Leland. It’s been a few weeks, now this could finally be the thing that gets him into the top social clique in school, The Eshays. The Eshays really aren’t anything special, just a bunch of dumb teens that steal, threaten people and vandalize, but even then, it’s a group that so many people aspire to be a part of.

“IN YOUR DREAMS PIG” Sam yells back. Really aggravating and motivating the cop to catch him. The glorious sliding doors into Highpoint shopping center were so close now, Sam could practically feel the cool air and bustling atmosphere already and once he was inside, there was no way the cops could find and catch him among all the other eshays.

The police were fast, but the electric scooter was faster. Sam zoomed into the shopping center, jumping off the scooter and leaving it just outside an employee only door where he could easily find it later. Now the fun part, the on-foot chase. He dashed through the crowds of people just going about their day, bumping into so many little kids playing and anybody that was too slow to move out of his way. He could see safety right up ahead, a large group of eshays and teens, all dressed in the same Nike tech fleece, tracksuit pants and red TNs, Sam fits right in.

“Oi ya dog what are you doing here?” questions one of the boys, clearly the leader of the group. Sam didn’t know these people, he’d never seen them before and was new to the eshay scene, he hoped this group would help him out.

“Running from the pigs” Sam answered back, there was no time for any more information.

“Eetswa bah, good luck. There's this big dance thing just up there, jump in with all the people, no chance the pigs will be able to find you there.” The eshay told Sam, gesturing up the long hall filled with shops and people.

“Thanks bah, I owe you one.” Sam replied, already sprinting by the shops, squeezing through the gaps of people. The hip-hop music becoming clearer and louder and people cheering and clapping sounding closer than before, Sam knew he was headed the right way. That’s when he saw it, a crowd of people surrounding a group of hip-hop dancers, Sam’s safe haven. He ran through the families trying to enjoy the show, finding a place right in the middle of the crowd where he was protected from every angle, there was no way the cops could see him anymore. All that was left for Sam to do was relax and watch the show.



## Chapter 2

The stage lights darken, the audience quietens. Sam looked over his shoulder, he was untraceable now, he had gotten away with it, he smiled to himself.

“Lessgo” he whispered, accompanied by a small thrust of his fist.

A highpoint information desk lady walked up to the microphone.

“INTRODUCING, THE HEAD HONCHO OF HIP HOP, THE DAPPER DANCER FROM MELBOURNE, KNOWN FOR HIS SIGNATURE DANCE MOVE, ‘*THE SHIVER*’ STORMING THE NATION. HIGH POINT’S VERY OWN, THE ONE, THE ONLY, MR LITTLE **SHIVER!**” Her voice bellows through the audience.

A tall, dark man enters the stage, swagger exuding from each stride, he was dressed from head to toe in an array of yellow, lavender and aqua neons, his apparel was in stark contrast with his full, long, black dreadlocks, covering almost his entire face, his hair was bedazzled with bright red jewels that burned furiously against the blinding stage lights. He then detached the mic from its stand and began.

“Yo gimme a beat!”

“Mmm.....yeah, yeah, yeah,

*Lil shiver on the beat*

*I met a girl named Ruby,*

*Yeah, took her to the movies,*

*She had that funky fun spunk,*

*And my lil heart just sunk.*

*Now she gettin' up in my grill,*

*Giving me the chills,*

*Using all my cheddar,*

*And I was like forget her.*



*Saw her steppin in my hood,  
With her brand-new beau,  
Ya know I'd go back if I could  
Let that feeling flow*

*Baby please reconsider,  
Girlllll, you know you make me shiver,  
Do the shiver uh huh uh huh  
Do the shiver uh huh uh huh”*

Sam watched in awe as Lil Shiver krumped and jerked, popped, and locked across the stage.

*“Just thinkin about the man that I've been,  
I'm still full of guilt and I'm still full of sin,*

*Every day, it's all just an act,  
And then I look in the mirror,  
And the eyes looking back,  
Maaannnn they still make me shiver.  
Uh huh Uh huh do the shiver  
Uh huh Uh huh do the shiver,*

*I see it yo eyes  
Like I'm in a trance  
Still thinkin about yo lies  
But I know you missin this dance  
Uh uh huh do the shiver*

*Uh huh do the shiver*

*Lil Shiver takin it back y'all*

An uproar from the crowd startles Sam, awakening him from the smooth jazzy trance Lil Shiver put on him. He checks his phone for the time.

“Ugh, I gotta get home, mums making chicken parm tonight.” He thought to himself, “I love me some chicken.”

### **Chapter 3**

“Yuck what's that smell, it smells as if a dead fish was eaten by a skunk!” Sam exclaimed. The alleyway was dark, wet, and strange.

“Come here my boy, let me show you what's in store for you,” said a creepy old woman with an alluring gesture. Sam looked up and saw a colorful flashing sign with the word ‘Here’ in bold letters. “Look lad I don’t know what you're on but I ain’t gonna follow you into a creepy store ya dawgg” Sam says in an aggressive tone while taking a step back.

“What? Are you scared my boy.” Says the old woman while taking a step towards Sam.

“I ain’t scared, do I look like someone who would be scared of a crazy lady that can't even dress and who just makes things up?” Says Sam with a disgusted and judgmental look on his face.

“If you don’t want to have a little fun in life go ahead but Sam, I think you would like to hear what I have to say. Come on in my boy.” As the old woman does a welcoming gesture to come in her store.

“Fine, I'll listen.” As Sam walks into the store, he gets hit by a strong aroma of burning incense and a colorful, long, red leather couch with some rainbow cushions.

“That’s it my boy just sit down and gaze into my crystal ball, for I am the mystical Ezmerelda.” Said Ezmerelda as Sam sunk down into a plump red chair.

“Okay now just let me get my friend. This is Francois he helps me with my work. Now just let your eyes gaze into the ball and focus.” pointing to the crystal ball on the table with a velvet cloth.

“Ohhmm, ohhmm” says the Mystical Ezmerelda waving her hands around the crystal ball in a circular motion. Sam squints his eyes, cautious of not being seen with them open. Sam hears the wind as it whistles, the shine from the moon glistening through the window.

“Hmmm interesting... very interesting... oh I'm getting something” she says pondering as she looks into the ball to see what it’s showing.

***A night as cold as ice with snow covering the ground***

***The floor slippery, icebound***

***A smell so delicious you could taste***





*You run speedy with haste*

*Body begins to droop and become floppy*

*Wings arise looking ghastly*

“Huh? What does that even mean bah, I knew you were weird.” Sam looks disappointed as if he was excited to hear what was instore for his future.

“You have a great journey ahead of you, you'll need someone to guide you. Here, take my bird, Francois. Be off with you now boy, remember you are the key.” Ezmerelda says as she gestures to the bird.

“Nah I don't want your stupid bird, what do you want me to do with it. Does its eyes even open?”

*(The bird flaps from Ezmeralda's head onto Sams shoulder)*

“His eyes are fine boy, just leave him be and go on your way.”

“Ew, fine I'll take the stupid bird but if it goes missing I'm not gonna try to look for it.” Sam says as he exits Ezmerelda's store.

## Chapter 4

Sam walked through the store with Francois on his shoulder. His neck was stiff from the extra weight he was unused to. He passed shop by shop just doing his thing. Looking in the clothing stores. He walked past Rebel Sport. The store was easy to spot, fully glowing, yellow and black. The Fleece Tech sign glowed with the 'ee' flickering and the 'ch' fully off, leaving only 'flee' behind. He saw his future wardrobe, all the colors of the Nike Tech collection towards the back of the store. He looked at his dream color, the classic grey fleece paired with his red TNs. The perfect outfit to fit with the eshay cliché.

"Wassup bird, what your name again, Francois?" Sam said without a thought as he continued walking. "Hello ooowoh can you see" he said mockingly while waving his hand in front of the bird's face. The bird just ignored him, not moving a feather. Sam looked at the bird. He noticed his pink and grey feathers and dry beak. They continued walking while window shopping at all the shoe stores Nike, Adidas, Sketchers, and all that.

A breeze hit the side of his neck as he turned to the pet shop. A black shadow rushed through the shop like a bolt of lightning. Like a vivid nightmare all kids lived through at least once.

"Nah bruh what was that did you see that? Jokes dawg jokes."

He looked at all the goldfish swimming, the other birds fluffed up into a ball, the puppies and the bunnies in the glass cages were all sleeping. He saw a mermaid fish tank and all the pet food and toys hanging on the wall.



"Yo lessgo in". He said in his practiced eshay voice.

Frantic, the bird pecked away at the window. Unable to fly he flapped in fear. *Flap flap flap.*

"Nah chill bro, fine let's go" said Sam with a judgmental look on his face tilted away from the bird with a side eye as he continued walking.

They eventually made it to the empty food court. The smells of different cuisines made Sam hungry, the smell of the sweet chocolate and all the oil. His eyes landed at his secretly favorite restaurant '**Tasty Melts**'. As the ads go "*Sponge cake on a stick, good enough to lick.*" Sam jumped across the counter trying not to knock over any of the unicorn figures displayed. He made his way to the back of the shop taking his favorite, the classic chocolate **sponge** cake. In the daylight Sam would never be caught buying from a store so pink and blue, it would ruin his image and chances with the eshays. Red hearts ran along the roof and sprinkles decorated the wall. Flowerpots were placed on the sides of the counter. It was too soft for an eshay's eyes. Eshays are cool and tuff. Only tuff people spell tough like tuff.

He walks out and rips the cake off the convenient stick, holding the cake in the palm of his hand, he starts raising it to his mouth and takes a bite.

"Yo Francois, what do we do now?"

## *Chapter 5*

“Wait, hang on Francois. I’ve gotta go to the toilet.” Sam told Francois, who clearly wasn’t very happy with that. He pecked Sam’s head and croaked an upset and annoyed chirp. “Shut up bah I gotta go. Deal with it, just wait here” Sam replied, equally as annoyed now with a small cut on his head from Francois beak pecking him. The bird reluctantly hopped off Sam’s shoulder and waited on the handle of a nearby abandoned trolley. Sam didn’t hesitate after Francois jumped off and awkwardly jogged to the bathroom.

It’s not every day a person uses the bathroom after hours, which explains the janitors surprised reaction to Sam’s rushed footsteps. The bathroom smelled of cleaning chemicals, half of the lights were out with nobody there to trigger them, and the only sound was the quiet hum of the janitor who unfortunately happened to be right in the doorway.

“Move it grandpa.” Sam said as he pushed the janitor who didn’t even flinch.

“Now son, is that how you treat your elders?”

“Don’t care, move it or I’ll push ya” Sam replied with every indication that he wasn’t exaggerating. The janitor had heard stories about eshay violence, so he didn’t stick around.

“What are you still doing here kid? The shops closed many hours ago. In fact, the doors should’ve been locked already.” The janitor asked curiously on the other side of the cubicle door.

“Whadda you care bah. You wouldn’t believe it anyways ya filthy cleaner dog.”

“Try me.”

“I’m following’ this stupid bird tryin’ ta show me somethin’. Hasn’t left me alone for ages, tryna find somethin’.” Sam explained, incredibly aware of how unbelievable his story sounded.

“You’re not talking about a little Gallah by any chance?”

“Too right cobber. From the crazy fortune teller lady.” Sam replied, now confused on how the cleaner knew that, he was sure he hadn’t mentioned that.

“Listen son, I say this in your best interests. Do not, under any circumstances, trust that bird. It’s not innocent, it’s dangerous, unpredictable, and selfish. Get out if you still can.” The janitor explained, now incredibly serious and concerned, there was no doubt that he knew what he was talking about.

“Wadaya even know about it. Why is it so dangerous it’s just a stupid bird mate.”

“Look, there’s no time to explain just now or it’ll be suspicious you’re taking too long. Just promise me you’ll be careful.”

“Ummm, sure ya weirdo.” Sam replied, now crept out and just wanting to get out of the toxic smells of the clean bathroom. He didn’t wait for a reply from the janitor and just left the

bathroom. The second he turned the corner, Francois was right back on his shoulder, chirping away in Sam's ear.

“Shut up you stupid thing. Where'd ya wannah go?”

## Chapter 6

Sam and Francois continue their journey across Highpoint. Francois begrudgingly listens to Sam droning on about his fixed social status as a wannabe eshay.

“...and it’s not just about the way ya dress, ya know? You’ve gotta have ‘it’ ya know? It’s something ya gotta *earn*. Eshay is a lifestyle.” He explained with an expressive gesture as they passed the shopping center stage.

Much to Francois’ joy, this one-sided conversation was interrupted.

“Yo, yo, yo...what’s good groovy baby?” A voice said, a tall figure appeared a bright neon beacon in the darkness.

“Hey, hey you’re that guy, that um, Lil Chilly yeah?” Sam replied “Yo, those were some dope rhymes you spit today.”

“It’s Lil Shiver, not Lil Chilly Lil Philly, but much obliged.” He has a smooth, slow, deep voice that could keep anyone engaged, even Sam.

“Whatcha doin’ here bah” Sam said putting on his eshay voice again, realising just how cool Lil Shiver was.

“And where is here, and when is now? Time is a despondent constant my brotha, waiting, waiting, waiting.” Sam looked at Francois, thinking the ‘head honcho of hip hop’ wasn’t as cool as he once thought.

“Yeah ok” Sam replied, and continued walking.

“Waiting for you.” Sam’s eyes widened. “Thats the rub. You are the problem, the stumbling block, the hitch” Lil Shiver said with perfect annunciation and clarity in his voice.

“You seek to solve an issue, you submit to this prognostication, you seek explanation, but with your reputation, my brotha the explanation, the issue is you.” Sam stood in silence for a moment, shock stricken.

Francois nudged Sam to keep going. The pair kept walking while Lil Shiver kept the same stance, they walked further and further until his easy smile eventually faded into the dark abyss.

## Chapter 7

The two of them continue to walk through the shopping center. His attention is caught by an eccentric looking jewelry store. Sam looks up at the store's sign, its cursive letters looking dark without the store's lights on. An empty shopping center, no one around to see... he can't *not* take this opportunity. He walks up to the door, expecting to have to break it open but to his surprise it opens without any struggle. And he walks in, flicking the lights on as he does. The abundance of jewelry shines under the light, but there seems to be one group that shines brighter than them all, as if there was something drawing him towards it. Sam's gaze is drawn to the glowing crimson cluster of jewelry, necklaces, bracelets, earrings and the like. He walks over to the glass showcase where it's all kept and looks down at the ruby laced trinkets and reaches down to fiddle with a bracelet closest to him, running his thumb over the florescent red stones throughout the middle of the band, wrapped within the golden chain. Francois jumps from his shoulder onto the edge of the showcase and joins Sam in looking over the bracelet.

"Reckon I could sell this for a bunch, huh?" He looks down at Francois but is shocked to see that the birds normally closed eyes are now fully open, revealing two prominent ruby stones in place of an eyeball.

"What the...?" He's incredibly confused by the sight, and a little creeped out if he's honest, but he can't seem to tear his eyes away from the captivating twin gems, the glow reflecting off each jewel and mirror in the store. A strange feeling washes over him, and he feels completely entranced by the birds unrelenting stare and feels himself being completely hypnotized.

"STOP!" The sudden yell pulls him out of the trance and both he and Francois turn towards the source of the disruption to see an old man, maybe early 60's, in a janitor's outfit. He has a frantic expression to him and looks as if he had rushed over here.

"Stop, don't look in his eyes!" He yells again, panicked.

"Why?" Sam goes to look back down at Francois to see how he's reacting to this.

"Don't!" He looks back up at the man, who is walking to stand in between Sam and the bird. "You don't know what he's capable of, if you look into his eyes, he'll be too powerful. You need to help stop him!"

"Oh, you would just love that, wouldn't you *Billy*?" The small bitter voice comes as a surprise, Sams attention snaps towards Francois, along with the man. He sees Francois leering at Billy, his eyes full of hate as he spits out the man's name with disdain.



## Chapter 8



“Do you think it was easy? Huh? Do you? I fought for my sanity. Wishing for a better life, longing for freedom. It all started when I was a young bird, willing to try new things and explore new boundaries until one day, my freedom was stripped from me. I was discovered and everyone wanted to take advantage of me. The power from these eyes left me powerless. My talent of commanding anyone with a glance of the gemstone allowed me to be used as a tool. From there I spent my days locked up and used. Dreaming about the future.

I was a pawn in a game, a game I had no control over. People came and left with my friends but no, never me. I was their advertisement, to gain profit.

Spending hours thinking and reflecting. Do you know what that does to a bird? Heartbreak, that’s all it gave me. The only way to relieve myself from this torment is to go through with my plan. Which now is achievable due to Billy, the pet store owner being demoted and allowing the ultimate plan of destruction and revenge, *Operation*

*Highpoint* to go underway. I never would have thought it would need to come to this, nor did I want it to result in this... But you have left me no choice. It's happening, *Operation Highpoint* is commencing. For the greater good, the time of being humiliated is going to end and vengeance will proceed. People will no longer see me as a lower class but now will cheer my name “FRANCOIS! FRANCOIS! FRANCOIS”! The superior being. And the order starts with you.”



“Me? Yeah, Nah your tripping dawg”

“Yes, you.”

“Wait Francois, it doesn’t have to be this way, please violence is not the answer, please.”

Pleads Billy

“You don’t understand the pain and embarrassment I've been put through.”

Sam, in one swift movement grasps a ring mirror perched atop of the jeweler's counter, raises it to Francois gleaming eyes.

“BYE BYE BROSKI” he exclaims. Francois’s reflection stared down on him, he became entranced in his own eyes, a glowing burst red light from the villainous bird illuminated the store. Sam and Billy shielded their eyes, until it eventually subsided. The room quietens.

“You good bruh?” Said Sam

“NO, you idiot boy! My power, you’ve taken it, You’ve freed it.....I’m free...freedom.” Said Francois in a moment of realisation. The bird turns and glances, his sparkling black eyes, filled with joy, as he stares deeply at Sam. No words were spoken, as Francois began to beat his wings, he soared majestically to the ceiling of the store and out the conveniently opened window. The world was finally his.

## *Chapter 9*

*3 weeks later*

“Have fun sweetie, okay? And stay safe!” Sam’s mother shouted as he got out of the car. Sam Leland hadn’t been anywhere near these sliding doors since the day that changed his view on life. He didn’t care about being on top of the high school food chain. Theft and vandalism didn’t bring him any joy anymore and it certainly wasn’t something he looked up to. He didn’t want to be a follower; he was his own person. As the tall glass doors that loomed over him slid open, he could still feel that cool chill of air-conditioned air and bustling atmosphere.

He is Sam Leland and there was nothing he had to change about himself.





It all starts with the story of a young boy known for his rebelling characteristics and ominous attitude. Join Sam Leland on his adventures throughout Highpoint shopping center trying to navigate his new eshay lifestyle. Finding himself in a sticky situation. Meeting an alluring fortune teller, a swaggy hip hop dancer and crazed janitors, and finding out the truth. How will he act? What will he do? What will he learn?