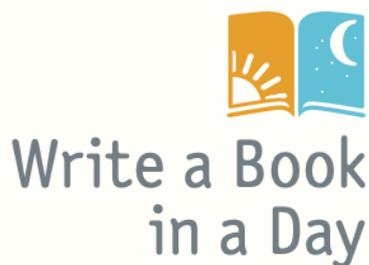


Surf to Glory



PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: WA

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Melville Senior High School (MELVILLE)

TEAM NAME: Year 7

TEAM ID: 76

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 Interior designer

Primary character 2 Mountain guide

Non-human character Dog

Setting Surf club

Issue Fundraising event

Random words

Whistle

Light

Gold

Hungry

Bubbly

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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Prologue

It's the final clue. The yacht skimmed its way across the crystal-clear Indian ocean surrounding Coogee beach. Shirley, for one of the only times in her life, lets her hair loose from her usual bun. Her wavy cinnamon hair is set free in the salty sea air, her crimson streak flying with it, like a proud flag. Jonathan, standing by the rail edge, felt connected to nature again, just as he once did with his mountain guide job. It had been a while since he'd truly been with nature after business dropped. It wasn't as perfect as rock climbing, but, it's pretty far up the list.

Suddenly, a piercing **light whistle** echoed around the boat. Oscar gave a shout and pointed over to the side. Everyone looked over their shoulders where Oscar pointed. "Sunny's gone overboard!"

Chapter 1

An Advertisement Not Worth Skipping

The bright **gold** sun was shining on Perth, and what better way to spend it than being an interior designer. Just recently, Shirley moved out, so using the money she received from her parents, she spent it on everything she didn't need. Now Shirley lives in a small apartment trying to stay alive. She says to herself, "How could spending such a little amount of money lead to all of this? Now I'm stuck designing other people's houses, which could well and truly be my own and living in an apartment by myself. Why can't I just get my money back."

"Oi! Quit mutterin' and get back to work!" yells Shirley's boss.

"Alright," Shirley mutters.

"What was that!"

"Nothing," She says quickly and gets back to work.

Walking home, Shirley comes across a flyer board in the apartment lobby. She skim reads the poster and walks away, realises the reward and considers signing up.

Jonathan Adams stared out onto the open fields below him perched on a mountain North-East of the Foothills. He remembered the good days when business was booming, he had all the staff he needed, and the costumers just rolled in. His love of nature was the leading factor (and problem) of why he didn't leave his mountain guide business and move on. All alone, Jonathan strolled down the mountain and collected all the gear he set out, hoping that he would at the very least, get one customer. "I wish I could just find a new job close to nature, that's all that I need." He sighed quietly. In his car, Jonathan listens to his music and noticed a billboard with the 'Ocean Quest', title on it. After seeing multiple advertisements, he thought that those people were really desperate, so he stopped to take a look. It was a fundraiser, with a prize. He considered it, then went to sign up.

Chapter 2

Comeback

Oscar stood there, stood there with uncertainty and doubt in his mind. He stared at the dusty, rigid oak front doors. He breathed in the damp, chilly morning air. Behind him the pink, velvet sun rose high into the early, Sunday sky. His blonde hair swayed gently in the early breeze; his forest green eyes gleamed in his own shadow. The competition was about to start, and the crowd was starting to arrive. His golden retriever, Sunny, nuzzled his hand fondly. He smiled and stared out into the horizon. Sunny caught his gaze and stared with him.

“Hopefully we can make some people happy today Sunny,” he whispers in the dog’s ear.

Sunny barks gently in reply.

Oscar smiled, to no one in particular, just in the horizon. He remembered all the struggles he had to go through over the years. How he had to fight to earn a living. He remembered how he had to live months after months without a salary. He hoped that after this race, one person wouldn’t have to struggle. He wanted one person here to live a comfortable life after this competition.

He suddenly got memories.
Memories of the past.

Young Oscar walks into his dad’s messy office.

“Hey dad, what’s up?”

“Nothing son, it’s just that the business isn’t doing so great and we’ve fallen into a bit of debt, I’m sorry but I may not be able to spend as much time with you now,” says his dad with a heavy heart.

“Oh...ok,” Oscar says with a sigh.

Oscar had snapped out of his daydream and was filled with emotions from his past. He didn’t want anyone falling into financial debt like his family did.



Chapter 3

Ready, Set, Surf

The crowd had gone wild, screaming and shouting from miles away. The day had finally arrived, “The Ocean Quest” was upon us and everyone was eager to get that **gold!** The host and owner of the Surf Life Saving Club, Oscar Owens had

sauntered on to the stage to give his opening speech. Tapping the microphone, he had started his welcome “Hello, hello, hello everyone, and welcome to the first Surf to Glory competition!” announced over the din of the crowd. His voice had echoed all the way to the back.

“We are so excited, to bring this special event to you all today. Before we begin, I’d like to let you all know why I decided to hold this event. When I was a boy, my father fell into financial debt. I never got to spend any time with him. This is the future I want to prevent. I eventually received my inheritance, little of which I used. The treasure for today is the rest of my inheritance. What it is, is a surprise. Now let’s bring our amazing contestants on stage and could you please give them a warm welcome,” Eight, young adults had strutted up on the stage while the crowd started cheering and applauding for them, like wild animals.

“Here ladies and gentlemen, we have our 8 brave contestants with us, give a warm welcome to: Liam Relish, Noah Brown, William Hensworth, Jonathan Adams, Shirley Fayne, Addison Delamaro, Evie Colemann and Natasha Williams!” He said, ecstatically. “There will be 2 people in each team, and they all have to participate in 3 separate challenges, each more challenging than the last. But...” He continued, “whoever comes last in any of the challenges. Will. Be. Eliminated!” He added dramatically. The crowd gasped in surprise; you could see the fear in the contestant’s eyes. They were all anxious, their nerves had gotten the best of them.

“The aim of the game is to collaborate together, raise funds for our businesses in need and find the ever so precious gold, hidden in one of our top-secret spots. Once again, you will have the whole day to complete these challenges. Now, have fun and good luck! We wish you all the best!” Oscar had called out when leaving the stage. The crowd gives its final cheer as the contestants depart the stage.

“Ready, Set, Surf!”

Chapter 4

Money comes with sacrifice

“Attention everyone, the first event is starting!” Oscar yells to the cheering crowd, “The event we’ve all been waiting for... the surf race!”

The crowd roared wildly, anticipating the oncoming surf. The waves were especially rough today. Oscar chuckled to himself, imagining how excited the winner would be after the race. He counted about eight people taking part in the race, it wouldn’t be too long before two people in this dreary world would overcome their financial problems.

He calls out the first clue to the audience.

“Our world revolves around this skill.

Isolated you soon will be.

Stay light on your feet and follow quick.

The first clue is not what you think!”

Oscar yelled out to the crowd, trying to hide the puzzlement in his voice. When he had asked his cousin to write the clue, he had thought it was easy, but now that he read it out loud, it didn’t make any sense. Nonetheless, the surfers seemed to have understood what the clue meant. Oscar shrugged and turned his back on the crowd, thinking of which charity to give all the money to.

Somewhere in the crowd Shirley and Jonathan were puzzling over the clue, they were **hungry** to win. Shirley stomped her foot in frustration and immediately regretted it, she shrieked as she realised that she now had mud splattered all over her expensive designer shoes and sailor shorts. While rushing to get all the mud off her shorts and shoes, Shirley realised that someone was laughing at her. She whirled around and glared at Jonathan, the offensive lonely mountain guide who was laughing at her.

“Do you know how much these shoes cost,” Shirley screeched at him.

“If you were smart than you would have worn something more suitable to a sailing competition,” Jonathan scoffed at her.

“Well if you were smart enough than you would already be on a surfboard,” Shirley taunted him.

“I’d say the same for you,” Jonathan yelled back.

Realisation dawned on the pair, while they had been squabbling everyone else had already gotten onto a surfboard. They both swivelled around and started running towards the dock when they realised there was only one surfboard left.

“Took you long enough young sailors. Here is your surfboard, and yes, you have to work as a team,” Oscar chortled. Shirley and Jonathan gaped at the chubby man who had just said the worst thing one could say.

“But....,” Shirley and Jonathan began to protest.

“No buts, money comes with a sacrifice,” Oscar slyly said.

“Now onto the surfboard you get,” Oscar shooed.

Jonathan and Shirley had soon jumped onto the surfboard and had started moving. Jonathan had turned green, one who was used to having their feet set on firm not moving ground was not used to the sick motion of the sea. While Jonathan desperately clung onto the sides of the board, Shirley felt right at home. She wondered how she had never thought of surfing before, it would have been a much better fit for her money rather than those ugly dresses she had bought a few weeks ago. Shirley turned around to complain that Jonathan wasn’t doing anything, when she saw that he was lying on the board and moaning. She laughed hysterically.

“Pays you right for laughing at my fashion sense,” she taunted him.

“Don’t you think that you should stop teasing me and actually do something,”

Jonathan moaned back at her.

Shirley felt insulted, that little jerk making her do all the work. That’s when an amazing idea started to take form in her head. She smiled wickedly.

“Alright then,” Shirley said cheerfully.

Jonathan wondered what the cause of Shirley’s new attitude was, but nonetheless he was just glad.



Shirley slyly smiled; Jonathan wouldn’t know what hit him.

“Look I can see land,” Shirley suddenly cried out, pointing to the island of Carnac.

Jonathan lifted his head of the surfboard and looked, he sighed in relief, they were almost there. When suddenly he was pushed into the ocean.

“Ahhhh,” Jonathan yelled.

“Help,” he cried.

Shirley had never felt happier, when she realised that she had pushed Johnathon into a riptide. She felt a tiny bit guilty. Maybe she shouldn’t have done it. What did it matter now, she turned to leave when suddenly she realised that the surfboard wouldn’t move? She looked around and saw that another surfboard had also been pulled into the riptide, it’s passengers already overboard and swimming to shore. They weren’t going to be disqualified, someone else would. Then she remembered

that if she wanted to win that money, then they both had to cross the finish line. She screamed in frustration and did the only thing she could do. She hauled Jonathan back up onto the boat.

“Why you,” Jonathan yelled at her.

“Hurry up and help me with the surfboard,” Shirley said, as if nothing had happened.

They dragged themselves and their surfboard the rest of the way, and collapsed onto the beach, to find almost everyone else already there.

“One team got swept of course, nasty rip out there, I think... We were just about to read the second clue,” Oscar said with good nature.

Jonathan grinned nervously, the numbers had gone down one, they still survived. Sunny jumped up and put her paws on Shirley’s legs.

Chapter 5

Pop goes the ball

Without waiting for them to reply he carried on.

“A fun game this maybe. Although it could be the key to your destiny. If out of frustration, please don’t burst. Follow the rules and you’re sure to come first.”

“And the next event is... volleyball!” Oscar announces with pleasure, his dog was by his side panting merrily. His luscious golden fur, blowing in the wind. He comes running to Jonathan.

Jonathan reads the collar of this mysterious dog.

“Sunny, what a nice name,” Jonathan exclaimed.

Sunny lazily nudged Jonathan’s legs and went back to Oscar’s side.

Shirley’s face whitens as she hears what is about to come.

“What’s wrong?” Jonathan smirks.

“I can’t do sport,” Shirley whispers.

“Don’t you worry, this event isn’t as it seems,” Oscar smiles slyly.

He passes the pair a ball.

“Wait, so who are we competing against?” Jonathan looks around at the other teams.

“Each other,” Oscar grins.

“But we are a team! That is impossible! We have to work together!” Shirley yells.

“We are a team, says the person who pushed me into the riptide,” Jonathan scoffs, his hair still wet with dewdrops.

“Get to your positions!” Oscar yells.

The ‘duo’ run to opposite sides of the net.

“Ready...” Oscar says.

“How do you play volleyball!” Shirley screams over the excited crowd.

“Set...”

"I'm not telling you!" Jonathan screams back.

"Go!"

Sunny whimpered quietly, clearly upset by the argument.

Jonathan serves the ball over to Shirley, causing her to back up in shock, but thinking of the money, she steps forward and hits the ball back to him. Jonathan sighs and digs the ball back to her.

"Why are you making all these hard moves!" Shirley shrieks as she hits the ball back.

"These are basic moves! If you bother to come out of your little fashion head, you can easily learn this!" He serves it back to her.

"You don't dare offend fashion," Shirley grits her teeth and hits the ball with one of her stick-on nails and it bursts with a loud pop.

Pieces of rubber and cloth flurry down onto them like a snowstorm.

"Now look what you did! We will lose!" Jonathan yells angrily.

"Well, well you offended my fashion first!" Shirley's face turns red.

"Wait, look!" Jonathan bends down and picks up a piece of paper lying on the ground.

"What does it say?" Shirley attempts to peer over his shoulder.

"Alas, with woe, our game is near end. Yes, and soon all of you will be on the mend. Remember those loyal and compassionate friends, because for this clue we are leaving you to fend. Remember to breathe and close your eyes, if you don't do this right, we might be hearing cries." Jonathan murmurs under his breath.

"What. Does. It. Say!" Shirley rages behind him.

"Uh, it says to pick up all the rubbish you created and then do the chicken dance for ten minutes. Then you will get the next clue apparently," Jonathan quickly says, hoping his trick would work.

"The chicken dance! Are you sure?" Shirley says, starting to think something is up.

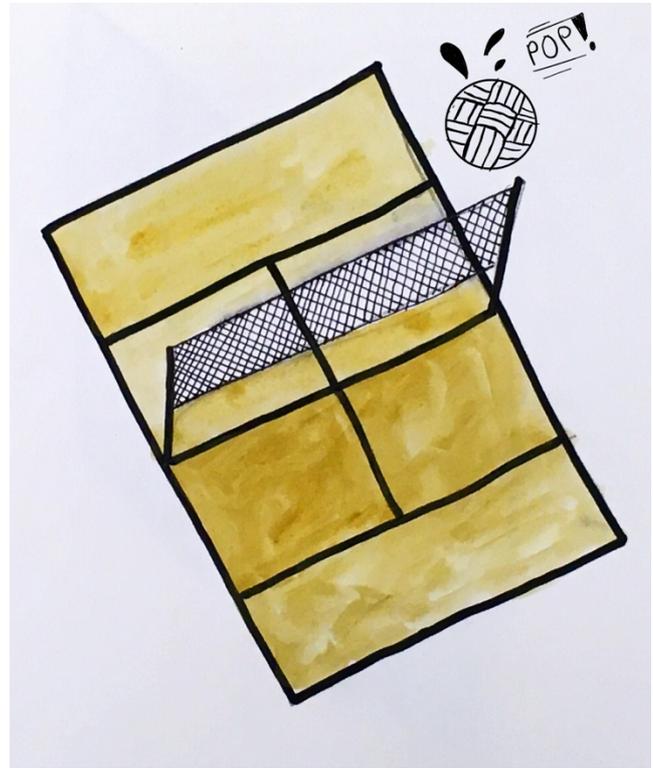
"Yes! It does say that! What have I done wrong to you!" Jonathan says, starting to fidget anxiously.

"Alright," Shirley murmurs, and starts to pick the rubbish off the floor.

Jonathan sighs with relief and starts to think.

"Did Shirley actually do the right thing by popping the ball? The last clue did say something about popping something, and we did find the clue in the ball," He thought, but he was distracted by cries of laughter from the crowd.

Shirley was doing a hideous version of the chicken dance, causing a crowd of people arriving to watch.



Jonathan stifled a smile with pleasure.

"This better be worth the gold," Shirley groans.

"Alright everyone, I think we are done with this task," Oscar comes up, trying not to smile.

Shirley sighs and stops dancing.

"So, as you saw on the clue, this activity will force you to leave your friends and learn about independence," He says.

Shirley gasps and looks at Jonathan menacingly.

"You lied," She hisses, following Sunny away from the court.

"Time to go to the boat yard everyone!" Oscar yells.

Chapter 6

A Rotting Jetty

Shirley pushed Jonathan aside and clambered onto the boat. "You made me humiliate myself," she scowled sourly, tightening the bun in her head. Jonathan glared at his feet to find a wet nose nuzzling his hand. 'Thanks, Sunny' he thought, the dog had never failed to cheer him up.

Unwillingly, Jonathan lowered himself warily into the seat next to Shirley who since their argument on the court had crossed her arms. "The clue..." Jonathan said, not sure where the conversation was going. "Did you remember what it said?" He asked with a crack in his voice "Of course I remembered. I actually have some redeemable qualities." Shirley muttered bitterly, refusing to meet Jonathan's gaze and instead looked out to the **bubbly** ocean.

"Well. You're not financially smart. That's for sure," Jonathan muttered under his breath. "What. Did. You. Say?" Shirley stuttered with shaky breaths, a white-hot rage brewing inside of her. "Just speaking the truth," Jonathan said with fictional superiority. "You filthy, lying, Hypocrite! That's the reason



you're here too! You know you're going out of business, yet you make wise cracks on my business!" Jonathan recoiled in shock. He hadn't expected such a confronting and real response.

"My business is just slow during the summer," Jonathan whispered, drawing out the syllables slowly. With that, he turned on his heel and left Shirley glowering in her sorrows. Determined to have



the last word he sealed his lips and strode to the other side of the boat. Feeling free from Shirley's never ending wrath. With the clue, 'Alas our game is near an end.' running over in his head again and again, 'Soon all of you will be on the mend' like a mantra, 'Remember those loyal and compa-' He stopped abruptly. Jonathan looked out across the jewelled ocean to see a mouldy jetty approach on the horizon. It was time, the treasure was almost theirs.

Chapter 7

A Loyal, Compassionate Friend

It's the final clue. The yacht skimmed its way across the crystal-clear Indian ocean surrounding Coogee beach. Shirley, for one of the only times in her life she lets her hair loose from her usual bun. Her wavy cinnamon hair is set free in the salty sea air, her crimson streak flying with it. Jonathan, standing by the rail edge, had now felt connected to nature, just as he once did with his mountain guide business. It had been a while since he'd truly been with nature. It wasn't as perfect as the mountains, but it was pretty far up the list for him.

Suddenly, a piercing **light whistle** echoed around the boat. Oscar gave a shout and pointed over to the side. Everyone looked over their shoulders where Oscar pointed. "Sunnys' gone overboard!" He screamed. His beloved dog and competition mascot had jumped off the Catamaran! Bubbles popped on the surface and the remaining contestants stared in horror. Jonathan leaped into the crystal-clear sea and swam down into the watery depths despite the screams of the remaining two contestants.

Shirley had realised with a start what the clue had meant.

“Alas with woe, our game is near end,”
This is the final challenge.
“Soon all of you will be on the mend,”
Someone is going to get hurt.
“Remember all those loyal and compassionate friends,
Because for this clue we are leaving you to fend.”
It is up to her to help Sunny.
“Remember to breathe and close your eyes,”
She’s going to have to jump.
“If you don’t do this right, we’ll be hearing cries.”
There was not much time.

Shirley walks back, hesitates, then sprints and leaps into the cold, blue waves. She spots Jonathan swimming down to Sunny, who had wedged herself into a small hole next to a box. As she swam toward him, the ocean floor began to take shape. The scraggy rocks covering the sand, Sunny stuck between two largish rocks, swiping at a box, which looked mouldy and old. The catamaran drifts over them, clouding their visions and darkening the scene. Jonathan, pulling Sunny up to the surface, paused for a second and, looking at her, he nodded. ‘Take it’ he seemed to say, blue eyes glinting slightly in the new sunlight, as the catamaran drifts over them.

Chapter 8

The Final Clue

Jonathan spotted the glint of ruby red first. Through the murky, grey water he saw a shimmer. He burst back up from the depths with Sunny howling, to find a life buoy with diving equipment attached.

Shirley suddenly resurfaced next to him, gasping for air. “Jonathan, Jonathan! Sunny lead us to it! It was all set up! It was all part of the clue!” She stopped to take in another gulp of fresh air and continued. “She will be on the mend and we’ll have to remember compassionate friends!”

Jonathan floated for a while. Liking the feeling of water, holding him up like he was weightless. He hadn’t felt this type of happiness for a long time. He had felt the happiness when he had his first full tour. His smile drooped slightly at the thought of it. He couldn’t remember his last full mountain climbing tour. He was happy here but there were bigger things to worry about.

He glanced to his right to see Shirley pulling on some diving gear from the conveniently placed buoy. He snapped back into reality and started to slide on some flippers. "The other team have probably figured it out by now," mumbled Shirley hurriedly who was proceeding to pull on a mask.

Shirley dived down first, kicking violently as if her life depended on it. Jonathan felt the pull of the water on his forearms, so hard and heavy. Shirley's ears felt as they would burst from the water pressure, she grimaced and kicked even harder than before.

Jonathan squinted his eyes and gave a last, desperate reach for the chest. His fingers closed upon the lid that felt like wet dirt. He was careful opening the chest as he was afraid it might crumble. He took the crumbling chest in his hands, eyeing the jewels hungrily. He passed the chest up to Shirley who was ready to resurface once again.

Jonathan smiled to himself, almost sad the competition was over. With one last exhale, *'Don't forget to breathe'* he thought. And with that, he pushed off the ocean floor sending swirls of otherwise undisturbed everywhere.

"Oscar! We got it!" Jonathan held out the the old chest, doing a funny half speed walk, half run because of the flippers still attached to his feet. Shirley who had already taken her fins off and was undoing the straps at the back of her mask followed behind. Together they brandished the jewels above their heads, Sunny panting by their side.



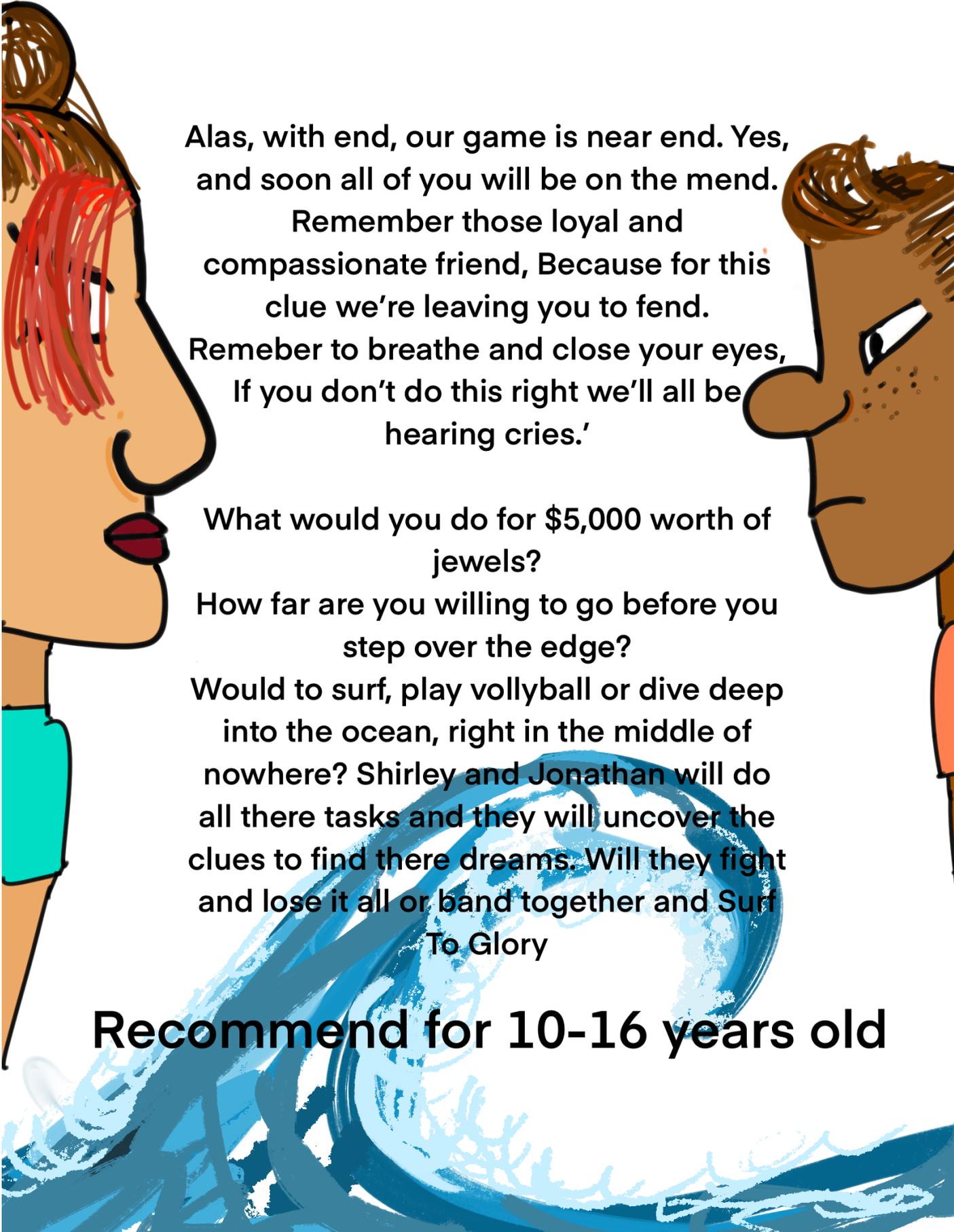
Epilogue

Ding!

The bell rings as a customer walks through the door of Custom Designed Cabins Inc. on the foot of the Perth Hillside, fog low down on the ground. "Hello there! Welcome to CDC Inc! How may I help you?" Greets Shirley, as the customer books a renovation for

his cabin up the hill. A familiar golden retriever walks through the door and the man following behind looks up from his brochure at Shirley. Shirley gasps, it's Oscar. "Jonathan, come out, it's Oscar!" Jonathan walks into the lobby and greets Oscar. "Long time no see."

"Nice to see you again both of you," he smiles at them. "I wanted to see how your business is going, the diamond really helped, didn't it," Oscar says. Shirley grins "Actually Oscar we donated all the money to a charity." Oscar grins as well, "It seems like my generosity has rubbed off on you." Right then Jonathan walks into the room, "Hey Oscar," Jonathan says. Oscar smiles. "Now I really must get going," he says wearily. Shirley and Jonathan nod understanding. "Bring Sunny here whenever you want," Jonathan yells at the leaving Oscar. "I will," a reply comes from the parking lot. raising his eyebrows. Shirley smiles thinly, "You do know that we've donated most of our money to charities who can actually use it." That seemed to have done the trick, Oscar looked horrified. "Now what cabin would you like to book," she continues, marvelling the look on Oscar's face. "If you're not making a booking then I suggest you move out of the way, there are other customers I need to tend to," and with that Shirley walks away. "Also, feel free to bring Sunny here anytime you want," she calls over her shoulder. Oscar smiled.



Alas, with end, our game is near end. Yes,
and soon all of you will be on the mend.

Remember those loyal and
compassionate friend, Because for this
clue we're leaving you to fend.
Remember to breathe and close your eyes,
If you don't do this right we'll all be
hearing cries.'

What would you do for \$5,000 worth of
jewels?

How far are you willing to go before you
step over the edge?

Would to surf, play volleyball or dive deep
into the ocean, right in the middle of
nowhere? Shirley and Jonathan will do
all these tasks and they will uncover the
clues to find their dreams. Will they fight
and lose it all or band together and Surf
To Glory

Recommend for 10-16 years old