



THIEF
IN
The
THEME
PARK



Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: WA

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Presbyterian Ladies' College

TEAM NAME: PLC Year 9

TEAM ID: 997

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1	Librarian	Random words
Primary character 2	Thief	TipToe
Non-human character	Eagle	Fresh
Setting	Disco	Community
Issue	Lost in the theme park	Delight
		Bruised

INSTRUCTIONS

- Start at 8am
- Write an original story:
 - based on all **five parameters** (above)
 - including all **five random words** (above), and in bold type
 - with some identifiable **Australian content** (in theme or setting or characters, etc)
 - keeping within the allowed word count (remember every word on every page counts)!
- Include this parameters form in your book **immediately after the front cover**
- Remember: **Every** word on **every page** counts. This includes your front cover, back cover, 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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CHAPTER 1

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

"I want to thank all of you so much for coming tonight, it means so much to me! Our beloved library has been in desperate need of a refurbishment and I'm glad that there are so many people who are supporting us. It's nice to see how many people have the same goal as I do."

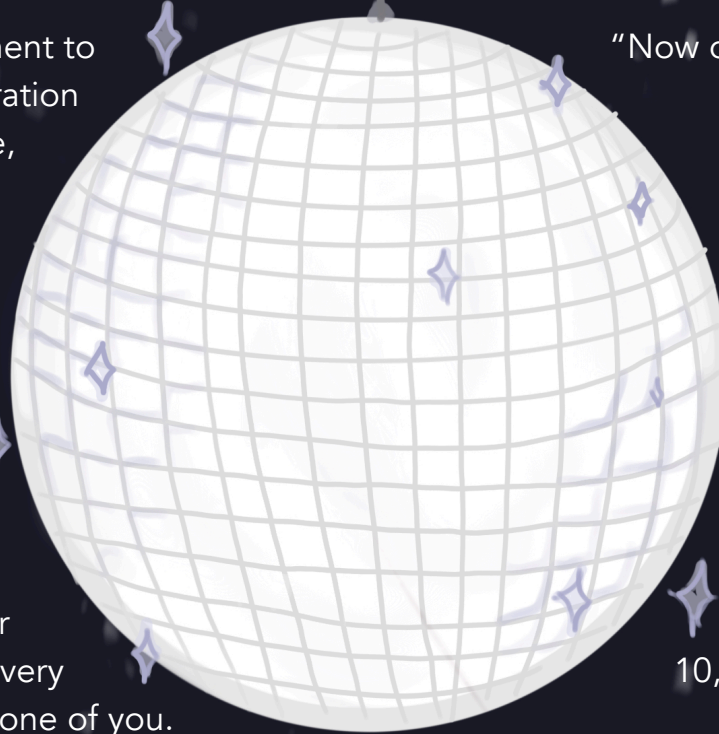
Donna beamed out at the cheering crowd, her heart bursting with **delight**. She never thought that this many people believed in her ability to do this. She had loved reading her entire life and as her parents travelled for their jobs, she had never stayed in one place long enough to make any true friends. So, her books were her best friends, her only friends and they always stayed by her.

"I am extremely grateful for the love and support from our **community**, it means so much that you are all here. The aim for this new section of the library is to bring us together, in our love of great literature, to help education and to share our passion of reading." She looked at everyone's faces again, at the vast sea of people that came to support her. The sparkling eyes of the captivated audience made her feel like the most important person in the world.

"I know that we've all been waiting for the countdown to the start of this event, but I want to take a few moments for acknowledgments. Firstly, I would like to respectfully acknowledge the traditional owners of the land on which we are meeting, the Bun Warring people.

Next, a big thank you to Luna Park for allowing us to host this event in their beautiful facility, and catering to our every need.

“Make sure to take a moment to admire the stunning decoration tonight, the pristine nature, the **fresh**, crisp night air and of course the iconic shining rollercoasters and entrance! Thank you to the State Library Victoria, for giving us the go ahead to start work. And lastly thank you to all our supporters, everyone that has donated, sponsored or helped this initiative. I am very grateful to each and everyone of you.



“Now one last thing. As the night progresses, take a glance upwards at the dazzling disco ball we have in place to hold our generous donations. At the end of the countdown, the disco ball will lower and will sparkle the moonlight. That’s all from me, now for the final countdown!

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1! Let the disco begin!”



CHAPTER 2

LATE NIGHT TALKING

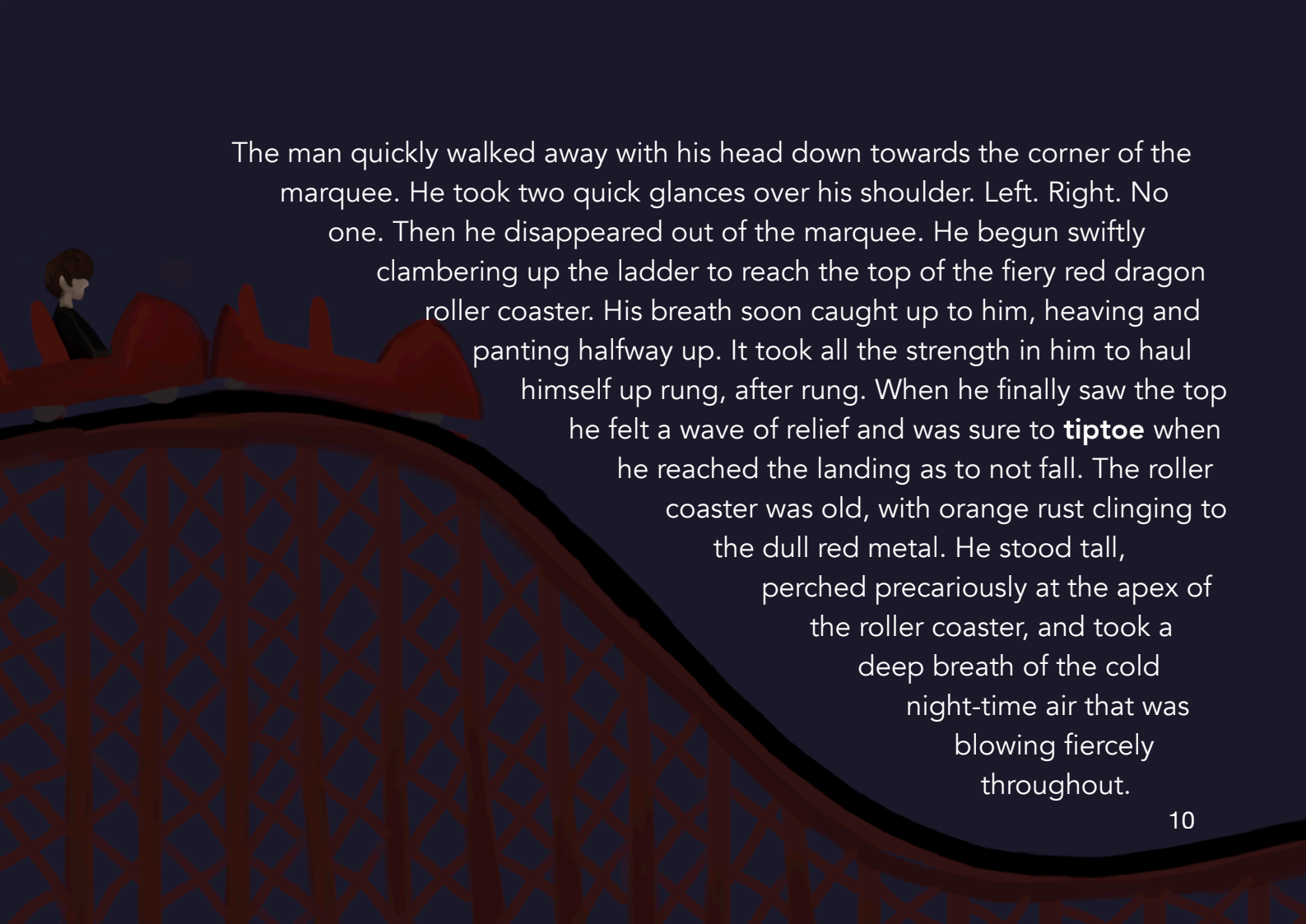
Tip, tap, tip, tap. A pair of Italian leather loafers clacked sharply on the floor. A debonair man sauntered into the disco room; his sleek hair gleamed in the light his cologne washed over everyone, its thick scent smothering those unfortunate enough to be too close. His expensive watch glinted. It's burgundy strap matching his silk bow tie perfectly. He made eye contact with a stunning woman; she had a finely drawn face and donned an elegant caramel pantsuit. Her brown locks were peppered with golden streaks, shining in the disco light. Her face glowed with happiness, radiating around the room. She smiled at him, and he looked down at his shoes and blushed. Their connection was only brief, but Donna was interested. She wandered over, intrigued by what she saw.

"I don't believe we've met," Donna extended her hand out, "My name is Donna. I am responsible for this little event." She said bashfully, humbly looking at her turquoise suede high heels. He shook her hand.

"Credits to you, it's a wonderful event, for a wonderful cause. I love reading so supporting the local library seemed like a must, especially since it's a disco."

"Thank you! I think so too. Oh, sorry my manager is calling me. It was nice meeting you!"

The man was left standing, mesmerised by his small interaction with this woman. He hadn't lied. He really did think this was a wonderful event, for a wonderful cause. It was the perfect event for him to put his good skills to use. However, a feeling of guilt crept up on him, despite his eagerness to get it done. He waved it away, shaking his head. Nothing could distract him from the task. 9

An illustration of a man with dark hair, wearing a dark jacket, sitting on a roller coaster car. The roller coaster track is dark red and curves downwards. The structure of the roller coaster is a dark red lattice. The background is a dark blue night sky. The man is looking down and to the right.

The man quickly walked away with his head down towards the corner of the marquee. He took two quick glances over his shoulder. Left. Right. No one. Then he disappeared out of the marquee. He begun swiftly clambering up the ladder to reach the top of the fiery red dragon roller coaster. His breath soon caught up to him, heaving and panting halfway up. It took all the strength in him to haul himself up rung, after rung. When he finally saw the top he felt a wave of relief and was sure to **tiptoe** when he reached the landing as to not fall. The roller coaster was old, with orange rust clinging to the dull red metal. He stood tall, perched precariously at the apex of the roller coaster, and took a deep breath of the cold night-time air that was blowing fiercely throughout.

His conniving grin revealed a perfect set of white teeth laced with malice. He let out a high-pitched whistle into the wind and awaited the return of his majestic partner. "How I've missed you Charlie!"

Charlie arrived with a flourish on his forearm, scratching his velvety wing with his beak. A companion who was his best asset when it came to his criminal tendencies. He was a thief, a good one too. His plans for stealing the disco ball full of money were well underway. An established alibi, access to the disco ball, and a fool proof escape plan. All he needed to do was to put the plan in motion. Again, he hesitated, his fingers slowly extending towards his pocket. He was sure now; his heart had caught up with his brain. He took a device out of his pocket and flicked a switch.

Darkness descended on the marquee.



CHAPTER 3

PANIC AT THE DISCO

Donna flitted from person to person, enjoying the company of tonight's disco. Dancing, laughing, eating, the perfect event. Every person was so unique, each with a different story and background, but all motivated to help fundraise for the new section of the library. It was refreshing to see so many young people with a passion for literature. It gave her hope that the future was in good hands, especially after her conversation with a lovely man, with whom she wished she could've had a longer conversation with. Maybe she would find him again.

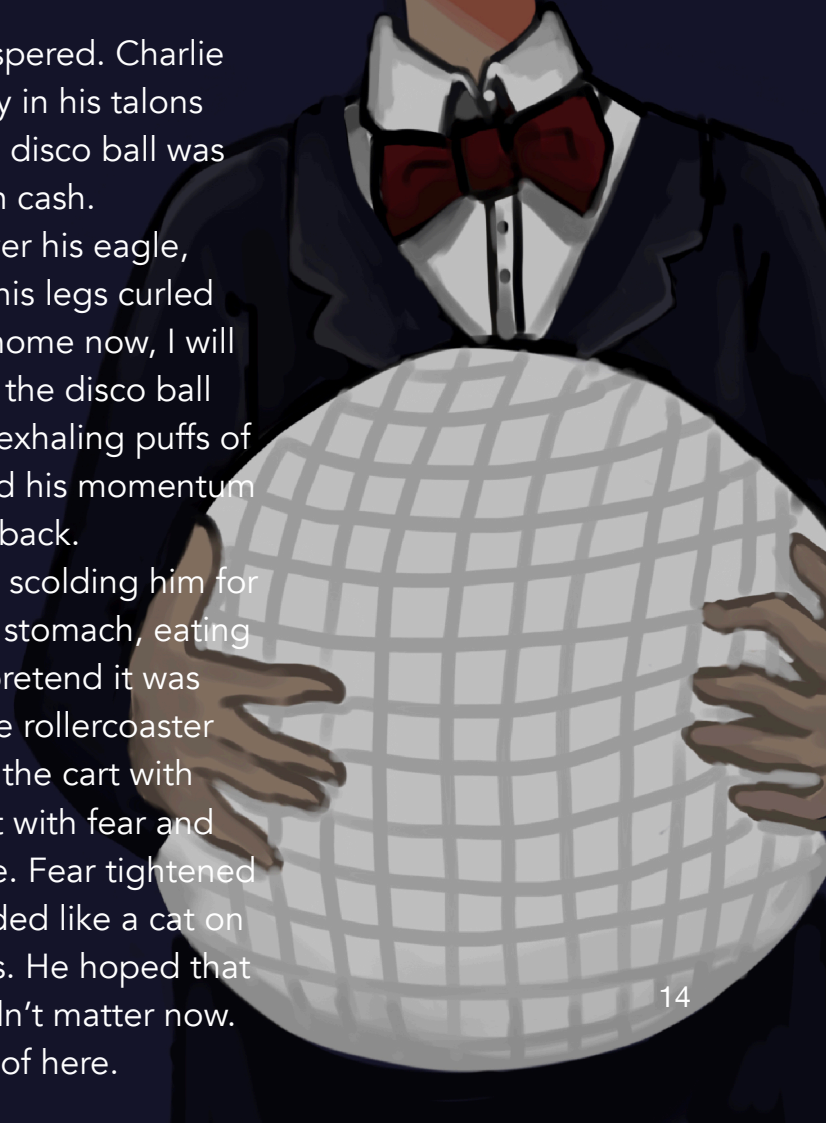
The lights flickered. Only slightly, but it made her glance up at the many twinkling fairy lights illuminating the scene. Abruptly, a squawk. A scream. A swoosh and darkness. People blindly cried out in confusion, terrified of this sudden change. Feet ran, desperately trying to find the exit. A stampede like a march ensued. A cacophony of intermingled voices deafened the room. A slight flicker and the lights came back on. Donna sighed in relief and tried to desperately calm the crowd down until she noticed that something had changed. She felt it. Something was different. She glanced up, sensing how dim the room was. A solitary wire was hanging from the centre of the room. The disco ball had disappeared.

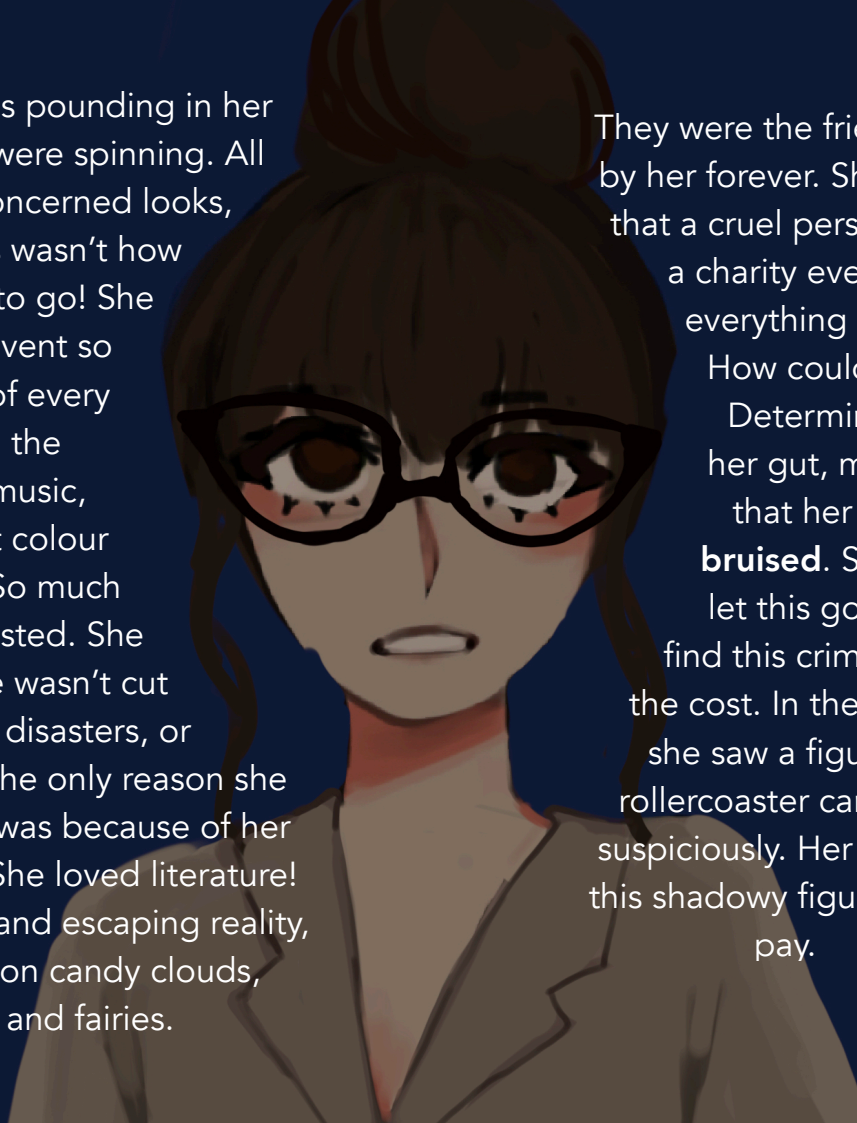
"Charlie, come on! Up here boy," Jarvis whispered. Charlie appeared with the disco ball clutched firmly in his talons before depositing it in his owners' arms. The disco ball was cold and hard, filled to the brim with cash.

"Good boy, well done!" Jarvis crooned over his eagle, clutching the disco ball tightly to his chest, his legs curled uncomfortably in the rollercoaster cart. "Go home now, I will be back soon." His knees were at his chest, the disco ball obscuring his view. Taking a deep breath and exhaling puffs of air into the cool night, he leant forward to build his momentum and hurtled down, biting a scream back.

The wind whistled harshly in his ear, as if it was scolding him for his actions. He felt a growing pit of guilt in his stomach, eating him alive, no matter how hard he tried to pretend it was not there. The rickety cart rattled against the rollercoaster track. His body was pushed to the back of the cart with increasing speed. His palms began to sweat with fear and trepidation for the strenuous upcoming escape. Fear tightened his chest as he leaped out of the cart and landed like a cat on the ground. He peered around in the darkness. He hoped that no one had seen him. But where to go? It didn't matter now.

All that he needed to do was get out of here.



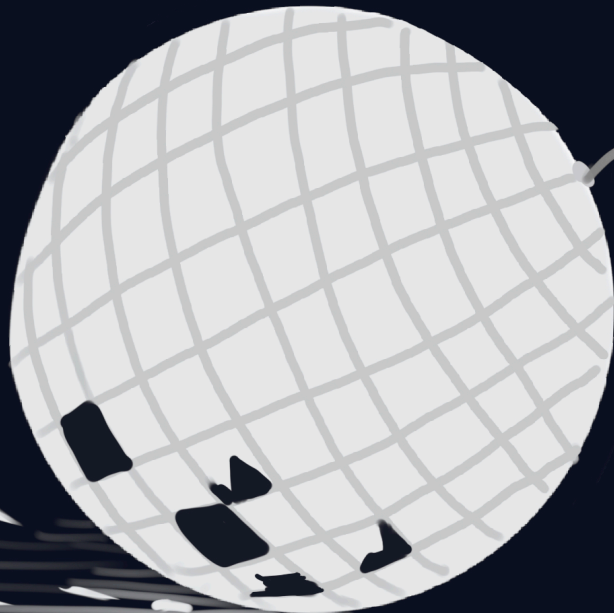
A stylized illustration of a woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing black-rimmed glasses and a grey blazer. She has a serious expression. The background is a dark blue gradient.

Donna's heart was pounding in her chest. Her eyes were spinning. All around, she saw concerned looks, fear and tears. This wasn't how this was supposed to go! She has planned this event so carefully, thinking of every detail, the food, the decorations, the music, right down to what colour the napkins were! So much time and effort. Wasted. She was a librarian! She wasn't cut out for managing disasters, or planning parties. The only reason she agreed to do this was because of her one true passion. She loved literature! Diving into a book and escaping reality, flying ships, cotton candy clouds, mermaids, and fairies.

They were the friends that had stuck by her forever. She didn't anticipate that a cruel person would steal from a charity event. They had taken everything she had worked for. How could someone do that! Determination hardened in her gut, motivated by the fact that her ego was definitely **bruised**. She was not going to let this go. She was going to find this criminal, no matter what the cost. In the not far off distance, she saw a figure step out of a rollercoaster cart, looking around suspiciously. Her eyes focused in on this shadowy figure. He was going to pay.

CHAPTER 4

RUNNING UP THAT HILL



Jarvis clutched the wire of the disco ball as he ran, trying to lug the weight of the ball behind him. The cumbersome sphere was hard to keep clutch on, but he tried with all his might to keep it. The ball bounced on the ground, scraping, scratching, and screeching. Fractals of mirror glass were falling off piece by piece, creating a trail of glistening glass behind him. His chest was heaving, his legs were giving out and he glanced behind him and saw Donna. Her hair was flowing in the wind, her face was stern, and she had her eyes on him. Her beauty was mesmerising, her eyes glittered in the reflection of the disco ball, it pained him to run away.



Donna stared at him in pure hatred, he had stolen her disco, stolen her dreams, stolen her library. She kicked off her heels, unbuttoned her jacket, and began to run. She ran for her dreams and her aspirations and all the people she hoped to help. She followed the trail of glass, winding and weaving through the park. She followed the trail up and down hills, determined to catch this wretched man. It was then she had a flicker of recognition. This man, who had stolen away her beautiful plan, was the same man she had talked to before. She was charmed by him, beguiled even, how had he tricked her?



Jarvis stopped for a second to take in his surroundings. Where in this theme park could he go?

Everywhere he looked was filled with rollercoasters, sideshow games and closed food trucks. There was nowhere to hide, nowhere to run to. In the distance, he saw a closed taco truck that was partially obscured by a water slide. This was his best option, so he sprinted in that direction, making sure not to glance behind him. He could hear the disco ball making noises that would wake up the heaviest sleeper, but he had no choice. It was too heavy to carry but too loud to

continue bumping along. Once he reached the taco truck, he knew immediately it was a bad choice. Donna would find him in two minutes, and then where would he be? He swerved away from the truck; his legs numb with pain. He was running aimlessly , trying to think of a plan.

He didn't anticipate the disco ball to be this heavy. He didn't know where he was! It was dark and all the theme park attractions looked the same, he was tiring fast. He was lost, lost in the heat of it all. He needed to get his bearings; he needed a more covert way to escape into the night. He had to complete this task.



He had not realised how much his conscience would get in the way. It never had before! He had been thieving for 10 years, loving the thrill, the adrenaline rush, the satisfaction of using his skills and crafting a plan. He had to stay focused. He had never been caught and wasn't planning to start now. The disco ball was practically ruined, the shards had almost run out, the trail almost finished. The lining of plastic between the money and the surroundings began to wear away with toe-curling scrapes. The mirrors reflected the twinkling night sky, and as he looked back at his trail of light, he saw Donna sprinting after him. She was gaining on him and had a look of pure rage on her face, her cheeks were flushed red and her hands were clenched in fists. He was looking around desperately trying to devise a plan when his eyes fell upon a big yellow building, the flashing lights displayed the words 'MIRROR MAZE'. Yes. He knew where he was now, and how to get out.





CHAPTER 5

MAN IN THE MIRROR

He began to pick up the pace and bolted towards the door. He flung the hefty metal door open and stumbled over his feet trying to manoeuvre his way into the maze. He didn't know if there was an exit, but it was his best shot at escaping. He took the ball in his arms and ran. Side stepping and double backing at every turn, bumping into the mirrors and making the whole maze shake. The mirrors were staring at him at every turn, judging his every move. He paused for a moment, to catch his breath and looked at the man in the mirror. The thief he was looking at wasn't him. He only began to steal for the thrill, to make his boring life better. He never intended to actually hurt people. The disco ball was just too tempting, but the price to pay was someone else's dream. He knew deep inside him, that it wasn't worth it. But it wasn't worth going to jail for either! He had reached a fork in the road, with both paths leading into unknown territory. Jarvis had never felt more lost.

Donna had watched him stumble into the mirror maze and was sure to follow him. She entered the maze with gusto, deciding to make turns with her own intuition. Her gut feeling had served her well in her life. She followed the walls round and round, she realised how tired she was, how far she had been running, how much effort she had put into the pursuit of this filthy criminal. She followed the maze effortlessly winding at every turn. Every time she looked up, she saw the smug face of a criminal. He was so close to her, but she couldn't reach him. The glistening ball was just out of reach. She had to catch him, no matter what it took. The mirror maze was a pattern. It combined repetition, symmetry, and tessellation of triangles. Donna knew how she had to work around this. The triangles fit together without any gaps, without any holes. The mirrored surfaces reflected the pattern so it seemed infinite; a maze Donna would be stuck in forever, the thief and the disco ball just out of reach.

But Donna knew better.





She stopped. Stopped chasing the disco ball, the man, and her dreams, for just one moment. She caught her breath, inhaling and exhaling to counts of five, desperately trying to lower her heart rate. She always thought better when she was calm. When her head cleared, she listened. Listened to the near silence of the room. And to the right of her, not too far away, she heard the faintest breathing and the quietest clinking. She slowly, without making a sound, turned her body towards and took a slow step. When she felt she was near enough, she jumped, her feet meeting the metal floor with a resonating sound. It had the effect she'd hoped. A muffled shout and a heavy clank she could only hope was the disco ball. As she turned the next corner, she finally was face to face with the man who had stolen all her hard work and effort away from her.

Her anger ebbed. She had expected him to be smirking, sneering at her, laughing in her face at what a mess everything had turned into. But instead, he looked wounded, and embarrassed.

“Why?” Donna asked. She was resigned, more than angry. “Why would you do this to me?”

The pain in her voice broke Jarvis’ heart. He was sorry, of course, but he didn’t have an excuse for this. For ruining what she had worked so hard for. And in that moment, he didn’t recognise himself. He didn’t recognise the sort of person he had turned into. It was too late. Too late to go back and fix his old mistakes, to change the past.

But he didn’t have to take a step back to fix the future.

He let go of the ball, a small clatter on the ground barely even registering in his mind.

“I’m sorry,” Jarvis said to Donna, and he meant it. He wanted to apologise more, to explain. But he couldn’t.

“I’m sorry,” he said again, no other words making its way out.

Donna’s mouth opened slightly, before closing again as if she didn’t know what to say next.

All the anger she had felt a few minutes ago had left. Nothing could describe the inexplicable feeling she had now.

Jarvis hoped his eyes conveyed what his mouth couldn’t say.



CHAPTER 6

LOST IN THE WORLD

Donna watched Jarvis run away into the distance, he was much faster without the disco ball. His suit flapped in the wind. She stared at him until he was just a speck in the night sky, just another friend she couldn't make. Donna felt stuck, trapped in this maze of mirrors. She was being surrounded by herself, a circle closing in on her, a circle of her own mistakes. Her eyes caught a flicker of light, a glimpse of silver and a glimmer of glitter. She swivelled around the corner and almost stumbled. She had tripped over the disco ball; shards of glass surrounded it but when she checked, all the money was there.

She hauled the heavy ball off the ground. She wound her way around the maze effortlessly, and when she left the lit up maze of mirrors, she felt as if she had entered an abyss.

The night sky seemed darker than ever before. The stars had disappeared with Jarvis, and she was undoubtedly lost. She looked around at the rides and they all looked the same, mirror images of the other. She felt as if she was back in the maze. She started to wander around the park lugging the ball behind her. She soon lost hope, hope that she would make it back in time for the big announcement. Everything looked the same, everything was blending into each other,



swallowing her up into this big black hole. She was so dizzy, so lost, she didn't have the faintest clue where she was. As she looked around in desperation, she saw a line of glitter in the distance, and she remembered the chase on the way here. The glitter must be from the chase on the way to the mirror maze, and if she followed the line, she would make it back to the tent. She had some hope, she had a way back.

She had been walking for what seemed like forever. She got to the end of the trail and looked around, and the tent was nowhere to be found. She was still in a void of loneliness, she had let one of her only friends leave her. She collapsed to the floor weeping into the ground when she heard a thump. She looked up to see an eagle staring at her. Its yellow eyes shone in the night sky, like two beacons of hope. It looked at her kindly and squawked, it began to hop away from her. Donna continued weeping, but the eagle stopped, turned around and squawked again. She stood up and began to follow it, it was her only hope.



The bird began to pick up its pace, but she was exhausted. Just as she was about to collapse on the floor, she started to hear the faint noise of a party, the noise of laughter, chatter and music. She looked to her right and saw the tent, she picked up her pace and started to walk over. When she arrived, there was a huge cheer, and she was embraced by her manager.

“Thank goodness you’re here, you have to make your speech!”

Donna was almost weeping in exhaustion, but she gathered her remaining energy and walked up to the stage. She grabbed the microphone, attempted to smile and put on her cheeriest voice.

“Hello everyone, I am so sorry for the events of tonight, but I would like to make another announcement. I am sure you may be wondering what the new section of the library will be. We have decided that the proceeds of today's event are going towards a new children's section! Hopefully to help children find their love for reading as early as possible and to understand the joys of literature!” The crowd cheered and the marquee rumbled as the poles shook with the voices of people celebrating; celebrating books, knowledge and friendship.



EPILOGUE

Jarvis stood in front of the glass sliding doors, looking up at the vast beauty of the building. He tentatively stepped forward, and they slowly inched open. As the doors crept open, the smell of flowers and perfume wafted onto Jarvis and his head began to spin. He mustered up his courage and entered the library, his daughter by his side. He kept his head bent low, but he knew that no matter what he did, he would be seen. Jarvis' daughter sprinted to the new children's section, her smile lighting up the room. Jarvis begrudgingly followed her and gave a tentative smile to the librarian, Donna. He sat on the cupcake beanbag next to his daughter. He looked around in shock and awe of Donna's creation and its marvellous beauty. He turned to his daughter and asked what book she would like to read; she chose a book titled the "*Thief in the Theme Park*" written by Donna Summer. A hint of a smirk played on his lips as he began to read. Donna stood around the corner with a smile from ear to ear, as she listened to his voice bring the words to life. He had changed so much.

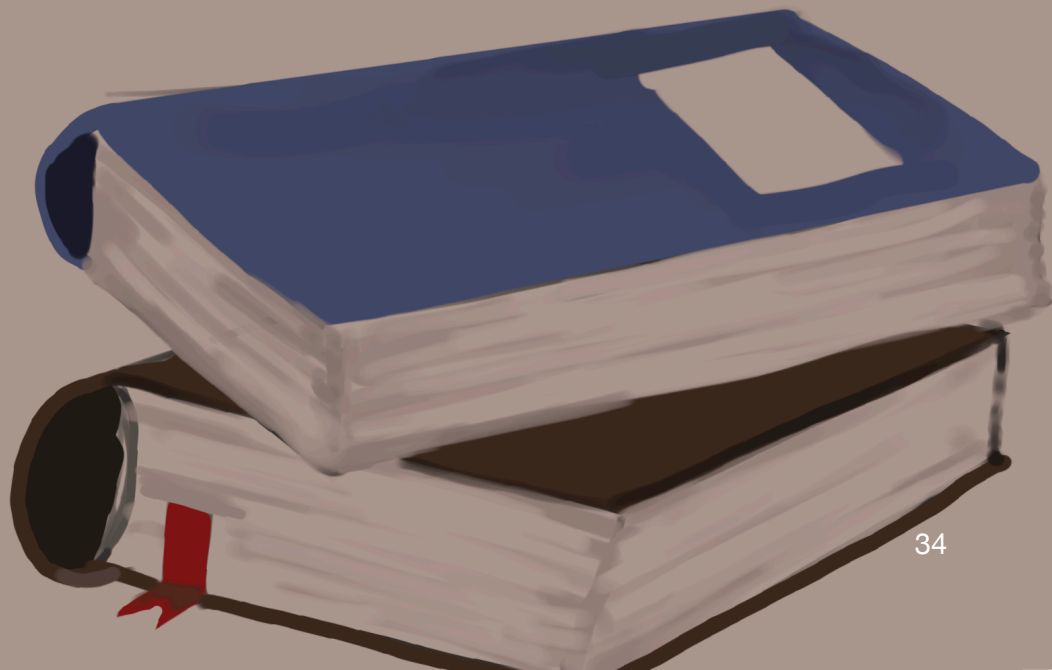
"She caught the eagle and saved the day." Jarvis closed the book and smiled at his daughter, she looked at him in delight and begged him to read the book again. Jarvis smiled gently as the story recounted a different ending to what he remembered.

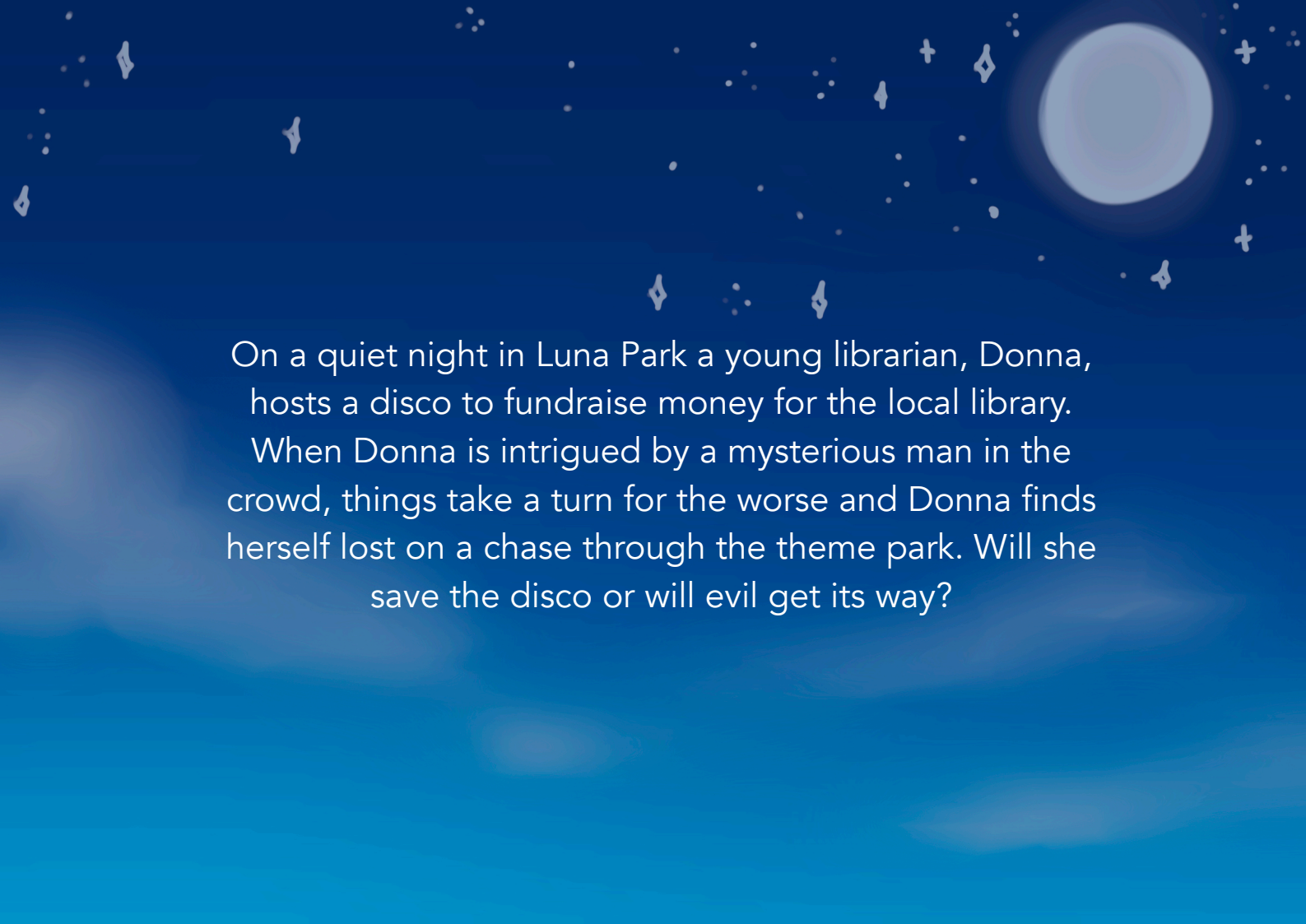
Donna appeared from around the corner and looked at Jarvis with a soft smile and whispered, "You should read it again. Sometimes endings can change."

Jarvis' heart opened.

"Yes," he said, "Endings can change."

THE END



The background of the slide is a dark blue night sky. In the upper right corner, there is a large, bright, glowing full moon. Scattered across the sky are numerous white stars of varying sizes and shapes, including some that look like small crosses or diamonds. The overall atmosphere is serene and mysterious.

On a quiet night in Luna Park a young librarian, Donna, hosts a disco to fundraise money for the local library. When Donna is intrigued by a mysterious man in the crowd, things take a turn for the worse and Donna finds herself lost on a chase through the theme park. Will she save the disco or will evil get its way?