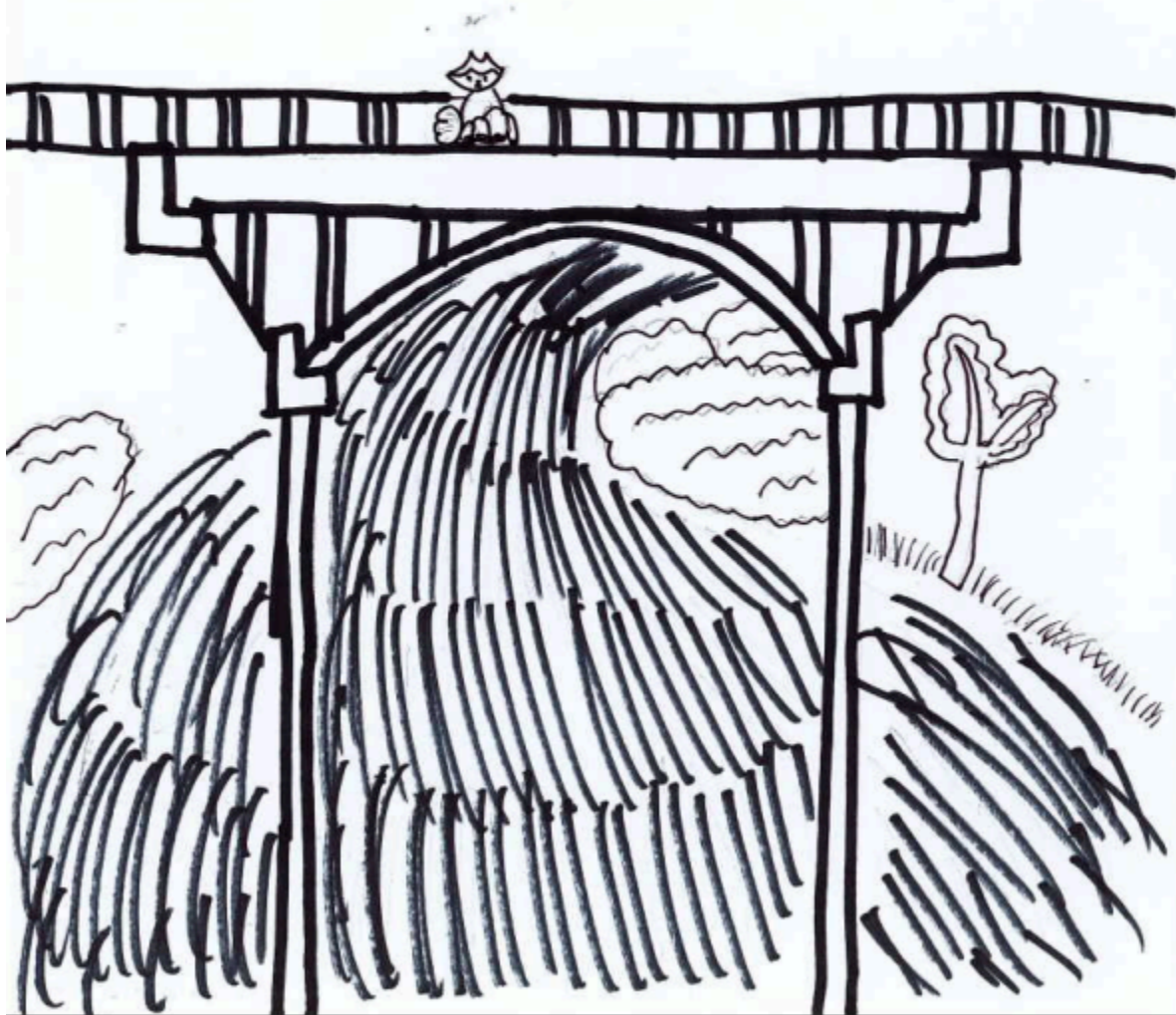


Little Prints 🐾🐾

By: Quills Tyndale





THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: NSW
DIVISION: Middle School
SCHOOL/GROUP: Tyndale Christian School (BLACKTOWN)
TEAM NAME: Quills Tyndale
TEAM ID: 1921

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Songwriter
Primary character 2 Basketball player
Non-human character Fox
Setting Great Barrier Reef
Issue Fear of heights

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



Copyright

Published by Quills Tyndale, Tyndale Christian School, 58 Douglas Rd, Blacktown, NSW 2148.

Calvin Berin Jose, Stella Cheon, Siddhant Kalambe, Naomi Kassulke, Sargun Kaur, and Gideon Liang.

Copyright © 2024, Tyndale Christian School.

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

AUTHORS AND ILLUSTRATORS

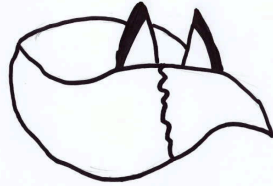
Authors:

- Calvin Berin Jose
- Stella Cheon
- Siddhant Kalambe
- Naomi Kassulke
- Sargun Kaur
- Gideon Liang

Illustrator

- Calvin Berin Jose

*For those who are facing their own type of fears:
Sometimes you can go around them. In the end though, you must face them, but know, that with
the love of others as a fortification, you can overtake fear.
Don't let fear overtake you.
You're not alone.*



Chapter 1

Sounds reverberated out of every corner of the room. Thumps. Vibration. The rushing of heartbeats. The blast of cold air fused with the metallic resonance of the air shafts. Muscles continued to tense, guiding valiant leaps and abrupt landings borne by steaming, perspiring skin.

Daisy observed these movements with raw fascination, as they intimidated and belittled the air they forced through. The room had its own music, a rhythmic beat of adrenaline and anticipation, sparking the embers of songwriting that lay immutable in her soul.

Daisy sat, her knees curled up to her chest, feet tapping along with the beat. Her mind whirred simultaneously with the room's pulse. Melodies intertwined with poetic verses, forming a foundation of a song. Each note and word danced together, creating a symphony of emotions and ideas. Daisy could see the music notes materialising in the air around her and felt a surge of inspiration as the song began to take shape in her mind.

“Kev! I’ve found a song!”

As the words tumbled from her lips, time seemed to slow to a crawl. Startled by her sudden exclamation, Kevin spun around to face Daisy.

“Gre-”

He never got to finish the sentence, because, in agonising slow motion, his feet slipped on the edge of the jumping block, and he plummeted downward, disappearing into the endless darkness. Crashing into the hard, cold linoleum floor.

* * *



Chapter 2

‘Thud’

The sound of her brother falling to the floor was something Daisy would always have in her mind, echoing over and over again. It echoed around her ears, the smack of skin, the collective gasp, the hollow reverb; everything was played in a loop.

Coming back to her senses, her heart suddenly settled into a non-stop bombardment of thumps. She scrambled to the edge of the jumping block, the place her brother stood only seconds ago. Kevin was on the floor, his arm sprawled out, legs at an odd angle.

What have I done?

She began to extend her shivering arm but suddenly couldn’t reach him. He was too far away. The floor seemed to zoom out on her, distancing herself a billion miles from Kevin. The floor seemed impossibly far away, the height stretching out like an endless abyss. As she peered down, a wave of dizziness swept over her. She was shaking. Sweat droplets start to rush down her head.

Daisy rushed down, trying to sustain herself. She flighted down every step as quickly as she could, but the stairs seemed to spiral endlessly. The fact that she was away from the ground, that there was nothing to support her but the minimal stairs, terrorised her and made her feel uneasy.

Frantically, Daisy called Mother and they both dragged Kevin to the car. Bystanders murmured with concern and spoke in hushed voices. Rushing through the chaos of traffic, they finally arrived home and the two of them lay Kevin on his bed, hearing faint groans every few seconds.

Daisy was still in a state of shock, grief, anxiety, and loss. Her mind was fazed, blurry, unable to comprehend what was happening.

Mother sat by Kevin’s side and released a breath of relief,

“It's only a rolled ankle, it's not too serious.”

The rock that seemed to block her airway was gone, and Daisy felt a wave of relief wash over her. Then, as quick as the comfort appeared, it was gone, replaced by concerns and apprehension as she was reminded of her brother.

“Will he be okay for the upcoming basketball trials for this season?”

Suddenly, Kevin erupted up and took in his surroundings.

“Huh? What just happened?”

Then, as if remembering, he fell back onto the bed and listened to his Mother explain his injury.

“A rolled ankle? What about my Basketball trials? It's the start of the season! We can still go and I can still try, right?”

Mother nodded, unsure and hesitant.

While Daisy was thankful, relief did not come. Deep inside her, she knew that Kevin couldn't go to his basketball trials. Even if he could, she knew that he wouldn't be able to qualify. Guilt prickled and tears started to prickle in my eyes. I just let him down and his whole team!

“When are the trials, tomorrow? Kevin asked in a bubbly hot mixture of anxiety and anticipation.

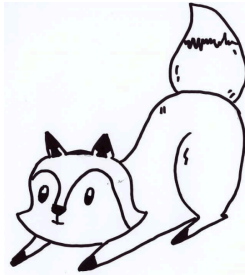
“Erm, they are in about forty-five minutes...” replied Mother in a weary tone. “Kevin, I don't think you should go. Maybe next year.”

Kevin looked at everyone in dismay and all that came out of his mouth was a bunch of nonsense and stutters. The more Kevin pleaded, the more the guilt and shame piled up in Daisy.

“Why do you look so guilty and sad? Come on, we need to go. NOW!” demanded Kevin.

Kevin's desperation was something no one could suppress, so, with reluctance, Daisy and their mother helped Kevin to the car and headed to the basketball trial.

* * *



Chapter 3

It was too much, too consequential to keep watching. Every sneaker squeak, every ill-performed layup, even the pivots he could once perform with such elegant cohesion, now worked, as a determined team of prosecutors, to proclaim the conviction of ‘*guilty*’ to Daisy's **wrinkled** face.

Arriving at the hall, Kevin hadn’t been able to sprint in time with the group, his aching foot forcing the earnest cry of ‘help!’. He had recovered though, he assured Daisy, and so, he slipped his shaking foot neatly into the orange soles of his Kyries. But now, unfolding before her was a deplorable expression of exhaust and inability, which Daisy, and only Daisy could recognise, was a desperate imitation of tenacity to excuse his continued failings.

At that moment, Kevin felt his reliance on the head coach more strongly than ever. The coach's authoritative presence had always been the embodiment of success and validation for Kevin, having led them to victory in countless Grand finals. As the coach turned to face him, offering a sympathetic hand, Kevin saw it as a sign of hope for acceptance within the team. Despite his uncertainty, Kevin limped towards the coach, whose words had always held immense power for him. Everything he had pursued, the sacrifice of academia, sleep, and friendship was slipping through his fingers, and he looked to the coach for guidance and reassurance.

Drawing out from under his authoritative shoulders, the head coach, turning his head towards the questioning youth, offered a hand of sympathy Kevin hoped formed a guise for team acceptance. Limping towards the revered figure, the one whose words held the force of the moon when pulling the tides, his head filled with uncertainty. That which he had pursued since childhood - and had sacrificed, academia, sleep, and friendship for - seemed to be running hastily away from his calloused palms.

Wrapping his arm around Kevin, the Coach, with an air of sincerity, began to explain, not too far from Daisy’s sphere of comprehension,

“Mate, I reckon you should take a break, just, you know, until you’ve completely healed”

Minds interwove. The surprise, coupled with an overwhelming sense of regret seemed to silence the remarks of exhaust that filled the hall. Disbelief reigned violently in their minds, and, as his once jovial steps thrummed with the weight of shock, shortening the physical distance between her and sorrowful brother, Daisy could feel herself longing to reach back, to retract into the plastic seats that barricaded her in before him. She expected rage. The clashing of chairs, and squashing of leather balls, thrown in fervent disappointment.

But instead, he cried.

“Let's go,” he muttered, picking up his basketball bag, now torn. It had been a present, given by Daisy on his 13th birthday.

* * *

Now in the car, the siblings, sitting positioned on opposite sides of the ageing vehicle, stared aimlessly out at the greenish waves they had once, as a pair, swam confidently through. It seemed, when Daisy's strength floundered, and the opportunity grew for her to be swept away into a wrinkled, deceptive riptide, his brotherly pull, undergirded with the strength love so richly provides, guided her securely into calmer, warmer waters.

“Exciting times await us, eh?” their mother declared,

Blank confusion filled the faces of the distant duo. No remembrance of a trip, holiday or excursion greeted their questioning minds, and for Daisy, to be in the close proximity of individuals that airlines thrust persons into, seemed like a fearful potential.

“A helicopter trip over the Great Barrier Reef!” Kevin announced, grabbing the papers their mother held happily over her greying head.

Helicopter. Heights. Heights that wrought the separation of Daisy from her brother. Heights that sprained his resolute ankles, meanly confronted by the wrath of injury, and shattered by the rejection of a coach that once cheered with excitement over the coming of Kevin in the team.

Heights she would never interact with again.

“I'm not going,” Daisy responded.

* * *



Chapter 4

With her mind in a whirlwind, Daisy embarked from her tin-roofed home, the cool afternoon salty air sticking to her skin, though she hardly noticed. Her chest tightened as she struggled to calm herself, squeezing her eyes shut, she desired the chaos of her mind to fade, and hoped, in a way, it might depart alongside her brothers anger. Two friends, off a journey, lost, and never found again. Yet it grew stronger with every stride she produced, raging a storm inside her head. Her body mirrored the disorder within - her limbs became jittery, twitching with nervous energy, yet stiff as if locked in place. She began pacing, her bare feet tracing bizarre patterns in the sand as the tension coursed through her, tightening every muscle.

Her breaths came in shallow bursts, as the weight of it all became unbearable. She needed release, and escape, yet there seemed to be no relief in sight. As desperation started to take over, her gaze flickered over to the sea, dark and inviting under the dark orangish-golden hue of the dying sun. It was afternoon when the tides were at their highest. The seawater shimmered like shining pearls as the afternoon sun hung low in the sky. Gentle waves rolled in, rhythmically rising and falling, like the slow breath of the sea.

Without a second thought, she tried to throw all her worries away, as she sprinted towards the shore, heart pounding in her chest as the cold sand clung to her feet. The ocean beckoned, and she obeyed, plunging into the water, the icy embrace of the sea sending a ripple through her body.

Daisy swam with desperate strokes, her body cutting the cold, dark water. For a fleeting moment, she felt as though the sea might grant her the peace she craved for. But the water surged around her, dragging her helplessly away. She was tossed and turned, swallowed by the ocean's relentless force, and got caught in a rip wave. Darkness engulfed her as she fought to stay afloat, her vision blurring. Then, everything went black and she **swept**.

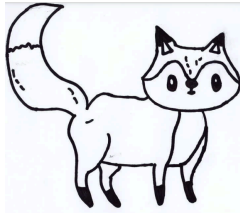
When she opened her eyes, her body ached, and the sound of waves lapping gently against the shore filled her ears. She blinked, disorientated, as her gaze adjusted to her surroundings. She

found herself lying on soft, warm sand beneath the shade of towering palm trees. The sun hung low on the horizon, casting an ethereal glow over the secluded cove.

Confused and exhausted, she sat up slowly, realising she was no longer anywhere near where she had been. It was a cove inside the headland- “the Palm Cove”, 30 km south east of the shore she had started at, a place she’d only heard whispers of. The isolation of the cove felt unreal, as though it existed in an imaginary world, separated from everything she knew. The waves lazily licked the shoreline, and the air was heavy with the scent of salt and wild tropical flora.

“How did I get here?” she pondered curiously.

* * *



Chapter 5

Daisy got up, got a hold of her bearings and panned around. She wandered around and suddenly she sort of knew where she was.

Wait, this is Palm Cove! I know this place. Home is North West, well I had better get a move on then haven't I?

Daisy went deeper into the trees running uphill fearlessly till she came up to a cliff. Looking down at the nearby jagged face of the rocky cliff, Daisy felt a familiar rush—the kind she used to crave. Climbing had always been her thing, especially with her brother at her side. They'd spent years scaling cliffs like these, pushing each beyond their limits. But now standing alone, the ground below seemed to be farther than ever. Her heart pounded, not with excitement, but with a sickening dread.

Her brother. The one she had failed, the one she had betrayed. The thought hit her like a punch, making her stagger. The weight of that truth hit her like a wave, crashing against her chest, stealing her breath. Her fingers, normally steady and sure, trembled as she reached for the rock. She couldn't move. She couldn't do it.

'Why can't I?' She thought, her mind spiralling *'These are easy...I easily do these...With my brother'*

Her throat tightened, her pulse pounded in her ears. The slope that had once looked like nothing more than a mere playground now stretched out before her, steeper and higher than ever, looking more daunting and unforgiving than ever. Her vision blurred as tears welled up, the world shrinking in her panic. Everything she had done wrong, all mistakes she couldn't undo, flooded her thoughts, paralysing her.

Then—rustling. Her breath hitched, and she whipped her head toward the sound. A flicker of orange through the bushes caught her eye. A tail—low to the ground, just visible in the underbrush. It swayed, then disappeared behind a dense growth.

Without thinking, Daisy followed. The guilt, the panic—it was still there, but now something else had taken hold. Curiosity. Her legs moved on their own, pushing through the dry leaves, her feet crunching on the uneven ground. The path sloped downwards, rocks shifting beneath her with every step. Her mind still raced, but the tail, darting just ahead, kept her focused.

She caught glimpses of it—orange, streaked with grey—twisting and turning down the trail. Her breaths came in shallow gasps but she pressed forward, each step leading her deeper, further from the cliff and her overwhelming thoughts.

As she descended, the terrain levelled out, and the path began to open up. The tension in her chest eased, just a little. She blinked, surprised to find herself closer to the ground now, the obstacle she couldn't face behind her. The tail had led her around it, through the winding, sloping descent she hadn't noticed at first.

Her heart lifted, her steps growing lighter. She moved faster, almost skipping now, her boots hitting the earth in joyful rhythm. The soft blades of grass brushed against her ankles, a welcome change from the rough stones. She felt... relieved. She'd made it down. But the flicker of excitement that had sparked in her chest quickly faded as reality crept back in.

'What now'

Just as the thought crossed her mind, a voice, distant yet unmistakable, called out.

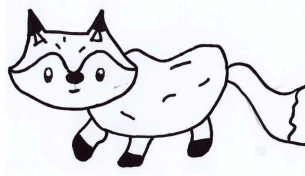
“Daisy?”

Her heart stuttered. Kevin's voice. The one she thought she'd lost forever. Hope surged in her chest, stronger than before, and she bolted toward the sound, her legs carrying her faster than she thought possible. She broke through the clearing, expecting to see him, but instead, she was met with a cliff, and the water from the sea streaming between so deep it seemed to never end, its surface reflective, and a narrow, crumbling, wooden bridge stretching across it connecting to the other cliff.

The wind whispered through the trees, but no voice followed. Only the silence of the lake and the bridge in front of her.

Her heart pounded faster as she stood at the edge, staring at the fragile structure, her brother's voice still echoing in her mind.

* * *



Chapter 6

Daisy stood at the beginning path of the bridge, her heart racing as she peered down. The wooden planks creaked beneath her feet, and the bellowing sea beneath her seemed to roar ferociously at her. The water **dazzling** under the sun, a deceptive beauty that only heightened Daisy's anxiety. The distance between herself and the sea seemed endless, the surface a stark reminder of just how high she was. Each rush of wind felt like a whisper urging her to cross the bridge, yet her feet remained rooted in place.

The height of the bridge was dizzying, stretching high above the ocean. From Daisy's lofty point, the water seemed to blur into a distant haze. It was just like the situation with the jumping block. Too high. Too far from the ground to help. Secluded from control. Isolated from safety.

Daisy's heart seemed to burst out of her. The breath in her was running out and oxygen seemed limited. Her whole body was shaking with fear. She lost control of herself.

The view of the water blurred in with her own water in her eyes. The dam broke and tears flooded out. Muffled tears turned into weeping, weeping turned into heavy sobs, sobs turned into cries of distress. The cry carried the weight of her guilt. Her shame. Her fear.

* * *

Daisy looked out at the bridge to be crossed. Her cries had **faded** in with the afternoon breeze. She was still sitting at the beginning of the path and the thought of crossing it made tears well up in her eyes once more. One part of Daisy hated herself. Why was she letting one simple thing affect her entire life? But the other part of Daisy, and perhaps the one that made up most of her was so afraid.

Not wanting her fears to overtake her once more, she started humming. She started humming the song that she was developing when she was in the parkour facility. Humming the song that doomed Kevin's chance at the trials. Humming the song that was the root of her fears and

anxiety, and all her problems. The song carried meaning, something that ran deep in Daisy. It reflected her soul, her emotions, her fears. It was her song.

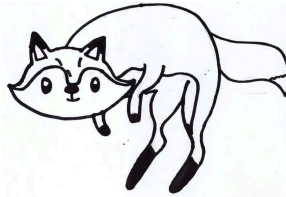
Suddenly, from the other side of the bridge, she saw a small figure coming towards her. A fox. The fox. It was the owner of the tail that led her out of the rocks. The fluff of orange and orange that helped her scale down the mountain. As Daisy continued to sing her song, the fox neared her, as if sensing her distress. It sat down next to her, its ears twitching, tail softly padding the floor. Daisy watched every movement of the fox. Studied every feature. Observed as it stretched and circled itself. Smiled as it flipped over. Within her song and the fox's silence, she felt connectivity spark between the two. She gently patted the fox's soft fur and the fox leaned into her touch.

Then, the fox stood up and started heading towards the path of the bridge. Disappointment welled up in Daisy at the fox's departure. But then, the fox paused mid-step and looked at her, its eyes beckoning her to follow. Fear and anxiety screamed at her as she stood up.

The fox came towards Daisy and stood by her side. The bridge ahead of her seemed endless. The distance between herself and the ground seemed infinite.

But she took a step.

* * *



Chapter 7

Whether it was curiosity that allowed her to follow the fox, to mirror its swift, confident movements with a great depth of trust. Or her ardent desire to make right, the havoc her mindless love for songwriting had produced in her brother's life, Daisy couldn't discern. But her muscles, taut with the exhilaration she had once experienced when viewing Kevin's invigorating movements, propelled her, in sweet emulation of the fuzzy character that pranced before her astounding eyes to continue her steps towards home.

Towards reconciliation.

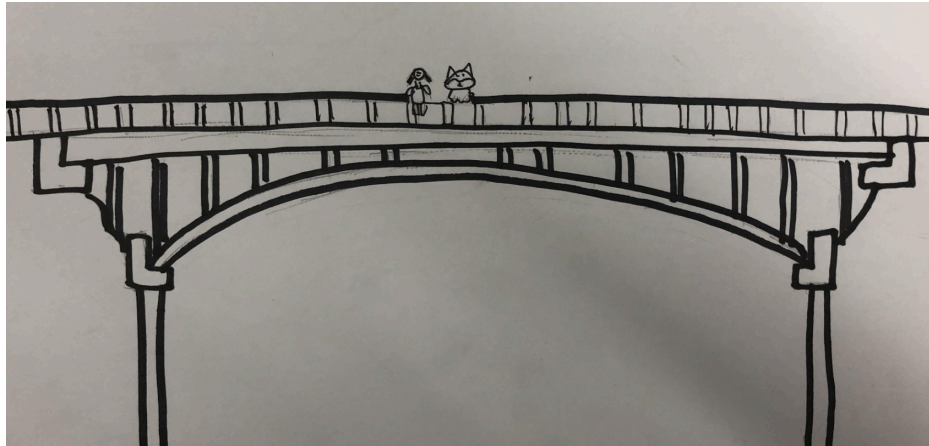
Towards Kevin.

The bridge, alive with pastel colours of Australia's coastal flora, quietly muttered creaking words of encouragement that echoed the reverbs of the Parkour facility. Although this time, as the rock face had taught her, she could keep trusting the composure of the orange tail in front of her. Not in spite of the fall, or the hurt, or the anxiety the event had produced in her, but because of it. Because she loved Kevin. The one who had spent hours training, and refining her strokes. The strokes that saved her from the rip.

Who listened, and refined, with authentic intent, every lyric her impassioned mind could fashion. The ones her mother couldn't bear to listen to for more than a few minutes.

With every moist squelch her soggy Converse's formed, her skin, now reveling in the warmth of the summer sunset, grew in the surety of her safety, and her hands, painted with the blackish rubbings of the fraying rope, felt their troubled clasp, release excitedly into the air. Her steps could now take the form of leaps, of hops that drew her closer to the installation of forgiveness. The chasm that once separated, that wedged a stinging silence between the two siblings, was now crossed boldly by her dripping limbs. One jump after another, the squeaks and subtle squeals of the rope, brushing agreeably against the wood, invoked, as the plastic thumps of the facility did, a song. It was *her* song though. One she could hum with great animation before the applauding audience nature had provided her with.

* * *



Chapter 8

Opening the chipped car door, Kevin offered his gentle hand to Daisy's thin fingers, aware of her struggle in climbing into their mothers ute. He scooted quickly to the right side of the car, behind his mother's now blue hair. And Daisy, certain of the soundness of their relationship, positioned herself comfortably beside him.

"Kevin, I'm really sorry. I feel responsible for your injury. If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have been startled and you wouldn't have fallen off! I've been blaming myself for everything."

Kevin looked at Daisy in surprise.

"Daisy, I never blamed you. I should have been more careful. I'm really sorry if you felt like you had to hold the blame."

Words tumbled out of Daisy's mouth. Her guilt. Her shame. She admitted her fears and told Kevin everything. Through the truth, reconciliation was built and Daisy felt the fulfilment of overcoming her fear. But it wasn't just the fear of heights that she conquered, it was the fear of

When they arrived at the helicopter port, the fear that Daisy used to feel, the sense of dread was non-existent. Anticipation built up. The chords of her song have changed.

The helicopter flew over the Great Barrier Reef. The birds were flying, with their wings dipped in the orange sun rays. From the window, Daisy could see the waves gently lapping at the sandy shores of tiny islands and the sun was melting in the sky. The air was filled with warmth and delight. Down below the shore, Daisy witnessed a glimpse of the fox. The fox was jumping on the sand. It was smiling happily with mischief and joy, its eyes shimmering in the sunset. Its

quirky tail wagged, indicated enthusiasm and showed the love and trust between them even when there was a great distance between them.

Daisy felt the realisation that she let the smallest things affect her so much that she forgot to enjoy the beauty of life and nature.

When the helicopter was returning to its arrival point, Daisy ran back towards the shore, following a trail of prints. They led to the fox, who greeted her with an excited wag of its fluffy, orange tail. Kevin jogged behind her, the thumps of a bouncing basketball marking his presence. Mother soon followed, laughing as she saw the fox jumping onto Kevin and licking his face. Daisy laughed, the last of her guilt and shame ebbing away from her world.

They spent the remainder of the day, playing with the fox and admiring the view of the Great Barrier Reef. Daisy stroked the fox's orange coat, reflecting on how it saved her from her fears. The fox was her inspiration and her role model, the leading melody to her lyrics.

Daisy faced the fox.

“Thank you, *Little Prints*”

The End

~~You weave, you~~

Like fabric we weave, ~~you ste~~ I steer and you lead

~~And although we've encountered our bumps and thumps~~

~~With pride in our stride and although~~

We seem distant ~~but~~ ^{yet} I believe,

No, I plead,

That the distance before us should ~~retract~~ quickly retract

Like a burden pressing, it will soon leave our backs

~~We~~ must journey through, to see ^{its} fulfilment

In the ^{small} creatures brave and boasting with contentment

The ones that guide through chasms oh so wide

~~With~~ Without words, with fur, a ~~brig~~ foreign concept blurred

The one of fellowship for ~~both human and pet~~

~~So bright~~

^{shining bright}

~~Not exc~~

~~Alloted to one but welcoming all~~

Requiring though, a hefty deal of might

Heights. Jumps. Leaps.

Fears are something that everyone experiences in life. What matters is how you face them. You can make fear overtake you or you can overtake fear. Fear can separate you from your loved ones or you can separate fear from you and your loved ones.

As Daisy embarks on the journey of overcoming her fears, she discovers the leading melodies of her song, in the most unlikely of ways. In the form of a fuzzy, loving, fox, comes help. Someone who assists her throughout her journey. As Daisy confronts her fears face to face, she composes her lyric, a song full of reconciliation, bravery, and most importantly, friendship.

Recommended reading age: 10-16 years old

