
The
CAW-cophony
at the caw-ncert



What's Another Name



Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC
 DIVISION: Upper School (Required word count 3500 to 5000 words)
 SCHOOL/GROUP: Our Lady of Mercy College
 TEAM NAME: What's Another Name?
 TEAM ID: 902

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Cook
 Primary character 2 Fortune-teller
 Non-human character Crow
 Setting Music festival
 Issue Hidden treasure

Random words

event
 crisp
 elastic
 clumsy
 bright

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 2pm**

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 2pm

Authors and Illustrators

Authors

Amelia B, Emmy B, Teah B, Charlotte M, Ava T, Scarlett W

Illustrators

Ellie L, Winnie Q, Estelle S, Lana S

Copyright



Copyright

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Lana S, Ava T, Scarlett W]

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Acknowledgement of Country

What's Another Name? would like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book was created, the Wurundjeri Woi-wurrung people of the Kulin Nation and pay our respects to Elders past and present.

What's Another Name? would also like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book will be read. We pay our respects to Elders past and present.

Thanks

Special thanks to our school for organising one of our favourite events and to our teachers for the advice, support and pizza.

Dedication

To Danika, our fabulous team and all of the amazing people who read this story.

Message to the reader

Hi readers, we hope you like our story. We encourage you to keep being yourselves and stay unique! We hope you enjoy reading this book, even if it is a little ridiculous. Can you find all of our bird puns?

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Crowlogue



THE ORACLE

*I spy with my little eye, a diamond on a stage up high
Feel its weight in your clutch, or find a love with an **elastic** touch
Follow the footsteps to the festival show
But what do I know? I'm just a crow!*

To match the sheer charisma of the crow
Is to venture somewhere you don't know
Down to Laneway where the lights glow
Love may fester from the gems below

Upon the ramshackle wagon
The kindness of the driver has blackened
Rumbles and explosive colours that bend

I am The Oracle
I decide the end

Chapter 1

“...Are we excited for THE **event** of the year? This year, if you haven’t looked at the lineup, we have our opener Gooley Louie and the Water Quokkas, playing our new favourite indie rock song ‘Crochet Wings’...”

Cheers, laughter and excitement could be heard all throughout the area, all the stalls and food trucks setting up for a **bright** day of fun with the best Aussie music!

“After Gooley Louie and the Water Quokkas, we have Soy Trivan playing ‘One of our Boys’ later in the day which will be a nice, relaxing song allowing people to get a quick snack before the main **event**... Rappell Choan, who will perform right after the iconic duo, Double the Barramundi!”

As the announcement continued, hyping up all the new and old artists, a **clumsy** little cook drove through the staff gates to set up her own churro food truck. The cook, Charlotte, had been preparing for the day for months now as it was the first major festival she had ever been invited to.

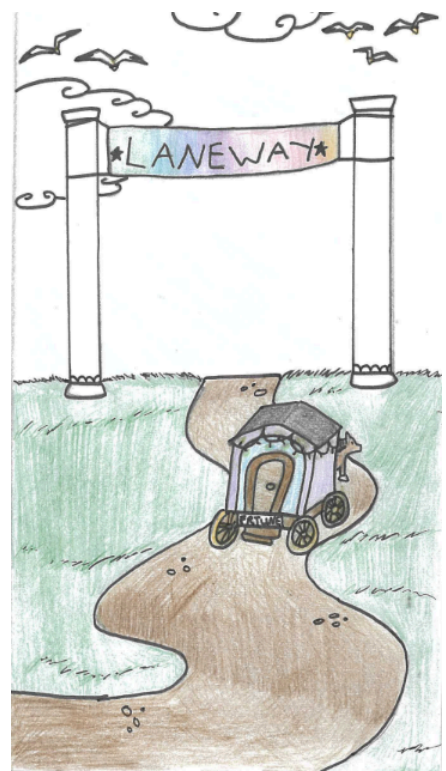
Excited to set up, she parked in her bay and settled in. “How much petrol do I have? Hm, okay, I should get the food prepped and ready!” She murmured to herself, excitedly walking into the kitchen of her truck, sipping her takeaway flat white. Pulling ingredients from here and there, having placed the **crisp** and crusty cooked churro into a small container near the front of the serving area alongside melted vegemite for dipping.

Whilst Charlotte was preparing for customers, opening up the front of the truck and placing a large sign, careful footsteps had started up near her, catching Charlotte’s attention. Charlotte looked up and noticed the most beautiful orange bob and mysteriously eye-catching veil that covered the woman’s eyes. The menacing dark crow on her shoulder cawed once as they walked by and glanced at Charlotte, beckoning her over with its eyes.

Charlotte had been captivated by this hidden gem, a sudden desire to approach the girl started to overcome Charlotte. Running back into the food truck, Charlotte started to prepare her own appearance and whipped out a mirror, checking her hair and touching up the makeup she had put on that morning.

Charlotte became nervous.

And now she knew one thing; She wanted the girl, it was love at first sight. Charlotte had a new objective to approach and meet the girl that had taken over her heart and mind. All her thoughts were centered around this radiant and gorgeous girl who blew her away. It was clear. Charlotte must meet this mysterious girl. Period.



Chapter 2

Blasting lyrics mingled with the scent of festival-goers and fried food around Madame Mystique's head. She drifted through crowds in the Brisbane Showgrounds and past the food trucks, stalls and stands there to feed those hungry masses. She did not know what she was searching for, and apparently The Oracle was not in a helpful mood.



The black mass of feathers shifted slightly with a squeak Madame Mystique could only describe as *unwieldy* for a mouthpiece of the universe. Nevertheless, Madame Mystique paused her slow survey of the **event** grounds.

"My dear Oracle, why did we come *here* of all places?" Mystique muttered to her companion.

She was met with still silence. This was *unusual*... The Oracle's gaze was focused on a point over Madame Mystique's shoulder but for her life Mystique could not tell what it was looking at. Madame Mystique suspected that her prize was not resting in a food truck, of all places, nor that an object of such power adorned the pretty woman stuck in her crow's gaze. Mystique could feel the power from the relic hidden in this place, she swore it.

"Oracle? I implore you, dear, what brings us here?"

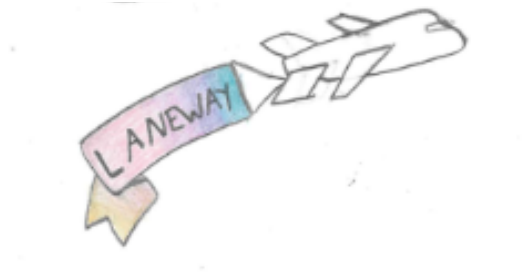
.... "I hope our flight from this place will be swift," Mystique chuckled.

"Your humor must cease
Your jokes most one laugh apiece.
Your rise to power will be soon,
But still, you will swoon.
Love will find its way to the girl
And the jewel will be revealed to the worthy.
The power will turn the world to a mere swirl
And our new potential will justify the journey."

A gasp tore through the fortune teller's lips. Love?! What does love have to do with ultimate power and potential? No, Mystique could not pay too much mind to one line of prophecy. The future was a slippery thing.

"New potential... well then my dear Oracle, what must we do to reach what we are owed?" pressed Mystique.

"Nothing is known
But the music will crow-n.
Our prize will be found
With the most renowned.
We will search the earth and the dust.
To become something, we must.
Let your senses stay sharp,
No matter the protests of your tender heart."



The Oracle's voice was as shrill and sharp as ever and seemed to echo even in the midst of the hungry masses of the Laneway music festival. Madame Mystique could not stand the stillness for another moment. The Oracle had not looked at her once, just continued to stare over her shoulder, even when providing further, *thoroughly unhelpful*, prophecy.

Mystique scanned her surroundings once more, and began to wander blindly, closer to the stage, the humid Brisbane air making her warm. She was close to "the most renowned". Right into the path of a beautiful woman with eyes as deep and **bright** as the crystal ball at her hip.

Chapter 3

"Hi!" said Charlotte excitedly, jumping in front of the woman before she could run away.

"Uh, hello," the woman said awkwardly.

Charlotte flushed as she realised she had stopped a random woman she had never met before in her life. She probably looked so dumb right now.

"Um..." She stuttered, glancing towards her food truck. "Want a churro?"

The woman glanced nervously around her, almost suspiciously. "No, I'm alright..." She said quickly. "If you'll excuse me, I'm in a hurry..."

"Just one? On the house!" replied Charlotte, blocking her path as the woman tried to sidestep her. "My special ingredient is vegemite instead of chocolate!"

The woman glared at her. "Frankly, that sounds disgusting. You're getting in my way."

Charlotte wasn't giving up. "You never know how it tastes until you try one!"

Slowly, she guided the woman towards her food truck. "I won't charge you anything. So, what are you doing here? Who are you going to see? Hey!" she cried out. "That's a cute bird! What's its name?"

"The Oracle," the woman replied shortly. "And I... am Madame Mystique!" She struck a pose, swishing her cape in dramatic fashion. Charlotte watched on in awe. *She looks so cool, she thought.*

"Are you, like, a fortune teller?"

At this, the crow perched on Mystique's shoulder squawked a mighty, "BAZINGA!" And then as its feathers puffed up, it began to speak,

"I spy a ill fated romance of old,
Twisted by the fake promise of gold,
In the great pursuit of respect and fame,
Trust must be formed to play the game."

Charlotte and Mystique both looked at the crow in confusion.

"Um, did your crow just prophesize something?"

"Uh...NO!" Madame Mystique cried out quickly, petting the bird in order to shut it up. "I do all the fortune telling! My crow just, um... reads my thoughts!"

"Oh, okay..." Charlotte nodded, not entirely believing her. "So, what does it mean?"

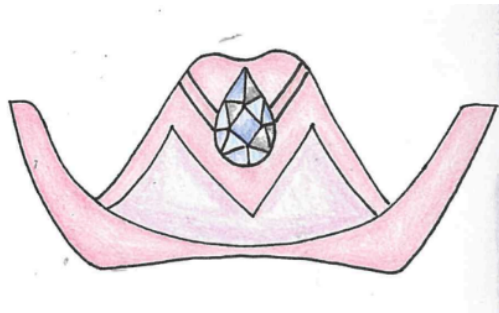
Mystique's face suddenly went white. "Um..." She scratched her head thoroughly. "It's mostly just riddles. I usually proceed with caw-tion. Get it?" And she cackled loudly.

Charlotte wasn't so sure. She felt like there was more the fortune teller was not telling her, but her thoughts were quickly drowned out by the announcer.

"Alright, everyone give it up for Gooey Louie and the Water Quokkas! Now, make some noise for the one, the only, SOY TRIVAN!!"

A loud cheer went up through the crowd, with one red-headed fan screaming, "I LOVE YOU, SOY!" Soy began their iconic hit, 'One of our Boys', as a new customer turned up to the food truck.

She was a sight to see, with **bright** orange hair curled all around her face. Her makeup was visually striking, a mix of whites and blues and reds, like a bejewelled Australian flag. She sparkled whenever she moved, she was almost covered in jewels and **bright** glittery beads.



"Rappell Choan!!" Charlotte gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Hey guys!" Rappell said, waving at them. "I'm just here to grab a snack before I perform. Can I have one churro?"

"Of course!" Charlotte smiled widely, going into the truck to start making the food. In the meantime, Madame Mystique and Rappell waited outside.

"Cute bird, girl," Rappell commented politely.

At this, the crow began to squawk, ruffling its feathers and screaming,

"The jewel we seek is close at hand,
In reach in heights above our land,
Once taken much will be attained,
But not so long as it is contained."



"That's nice," Rappell chuckled, obviously weirded out. Madame Mystique, however, caught on immediately. In the middle of the pop star's glittery cowboy hat was a giant encrusted diamond. It shone so **bright** it almost made her blind. *This* is what she had been looking for.

"That's a very lovely hat you have there," Mystique said evilly. "Uh, thanks," said Rappell.

"Would be a shame if something were to... *happen to it*," Mystique replied, rubbing her hands together. "MUAHAHAHAHAHA!" She laughed manically as she and the bird scampered away into the crowd, leaving Rappell alone.

"Weirdo," She muttered under her breath.

Charlotte came back with one fresh Vegemite churro. "Okay, here's your food!" She proclaimed loudly. "Hey, where'd Mystique go?"

"Oh, she ran off," Rappell said. "Thanks for the churro."



Charlotte was heartbroken. Why had Mystique left? Had she done something wrong to scare her away?

"You're welcome," she replied glumly. "Good luck for your performance."

"Thank you!" said Rappell, and disappeared from the truck.

Minutes passed, maybe hours. Charlotte sighed as she sat at her truck, feeding her customers as Soy Trivan finished his set, the same redhead screaming, "MARRY ME, SOY!" Charlotte felt... lost. Unfulfilled. She had made a horrible first impression. Would Mystique ever want to see her again?

Suddenly, an announcement came over the speakers.

"BREAKING NEWS, people! Rappell Choan's performance has officially been CANCELLED, as her hat has gone missing!"

Chapter 4

Charlotte froze. She couldn't move and her mind was blank. Only one thing ran through her mind.

I need an autograph NOW.

The thought that it was now or never, fueled her as she ran through the festival. She bounced off the festival goers as another thought entered her mind.

The fortune-teller went this way too...

Excitement bubbled up inside her as she raced towards where she hoped the fortune teller might be.

Nope! Not what I'm doing! I'm getting an autograph, then I can talk to her!

But her poor, tender heart did not listen.

Snap. Out. Of. It! Charlotte punctuated her thoughts with a light slap to her cheek.

She felt a staring presence, turning to see one of the merchants raise an eyebrow at her. "Everything alright?"

Charlotte held up two thumbs. "Yep. I'm good...yep."

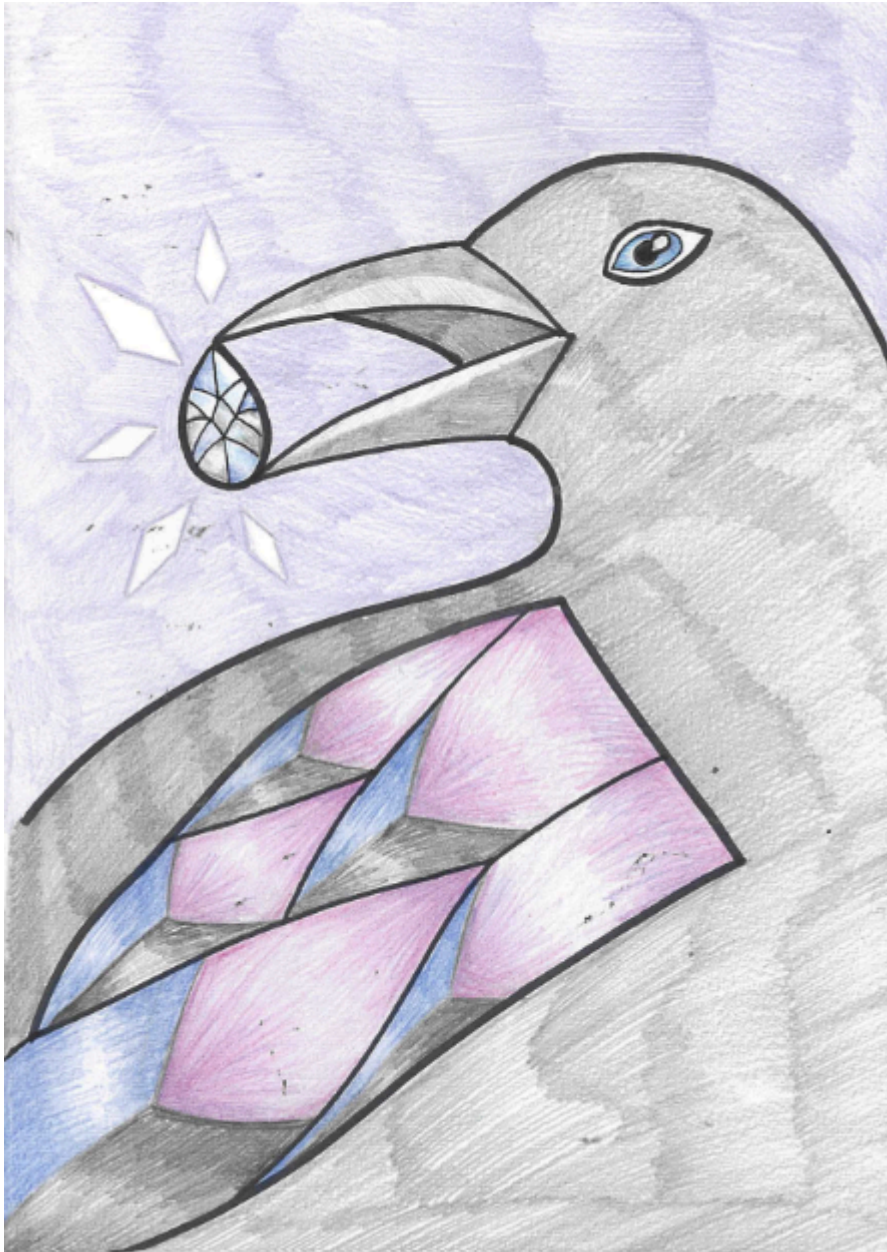
Attempting to hide her embarrassment, Charlotte shoved her way into the audience. The crowd became thicker and rowdier. After a few minutes of aggressively manoeuvring through the people, Charlotte swore she could see the stage but whatever poor, ignored soul was performing on it stood no chance at being heard over the protests of Rappell Choan's mourning fans.

Eventually, she managed to grapple her way behind the stage, emerging into near silence. "Finally," she muttered, sneaking behind one of the curtains. Lights from the set nearly blinded her, but she managed to stumble towards a figure outlined by darkness.

Chapter 5

"What on earth are you doing?!"

Mystique whipped around, eyes wide and hand around a familiar purple diamond. "Well, um, uh...stealing?"



Charlotte held out her arms in disbelief, shocked at her crush's crimes. "Why?"

Out on the stage, the audience could be heard cheering over the riffing guitar. "Thank you, thank you," came the voices of the performers. "Would you like one more song?"

Mystique slipped the gem into her coat pocket, holding her hands up.

Charlotte sighed. "I saw that, not a great magic trick."

"I-it wasn't, oh anyway. Look, you don't know what you're involved in. Best you don't try to come after me."

"Well, I wasn't going to, until you started stealing. From Rappell Choan of all people too!"

Charlotte pinched the bridge of her nose. "Oh lord, I've fallen for a criminal."

Mystique spluttered. "You what?"

Unfortunately, this conversation was interrupted by the opening of the stage door. A strange creature made of water waddled out, followed by...about fifty more.

"Crikey! It's the Water Quokkas."

The little creatures waved at them with their little paws, the lights above making them shine extra **bright** as they looked around. The door opened, and another figure joined them sidestage.

"What's all this commotion going on?" said Gooley Louie. "I know you wanna be backup dancers for Ava and Amelia, but we've already performed guys- Who are you guys?"

Mystique made to run for the exit. However, the Quokkas held onto her coat and legs, effectively trapping her there.

She scoffed. "That's no matter. With the power of this gem, I shall be all powerful, and you won't have any power over me."

"Are we doing a finale or something?", asked a new person, who'd emerged from behind Gooley Louie. "Because if so, I've gotta go grab my guitar."

"Chill out Soy, I think this is something else," muttered Gooley Louie. "That's Rappel's, ain't it? What are you doing with it?"

"None of you have any idea what this is, do you?" Mystique chuckled. She took a step backwards, nearly tripping into the curtains. "You don't know what kind of power this holds."

"Mystie, what are you talking about?"

"Mysti- you know what, I won't let you distract me, Charlotte," Mystique insisted, though her ears went red. "I shall finish this."

She turned to the stage, as Double the Barramundi continued their performance. Music rose with the crowd's cheering, while Mystique climbed a box, standing above them all.

"My power will be unstoppable. Do you think I winged my way through all this for nothing?"

She cackled an evil laugh, while Charlotte's face flushed a light pink.

"No," Mystique continued. Drums from the performance pounded through their feet as Mystique announced her plan. "And now, I shall be all powerful!"

"You know that's not what it does, right?"

Rappel Choan appeared from the sea of Water Quokkas.

"Holy crow, it's Rappel again!" cheered Charlotte, excited until she realised what she'd done.

"Great, now I'm making bird puns."

"The gem doesn't make you all-powerful," Rappel stated. "It helps you sing. It makes you famous with a perfect-pitch voice."

"Is that all?" Mystique gasped in shock. "What am I meant to do with-"

Suddenly, a mass of feathers swooped down on her, plucking the gem from her hands.

Chapter 6

Madame Mystique fell backwards in disbelief, tripping over her numerous layers of floor-length shawls.

“The Oracle?!” The woman gasped in disbelief.

Perching gracefully atop the lighting truss, The Oracle carefully placed the sparkling gem at its feet and cawed down to Charlotte and Madame.

“**Clumsy** old fool, this treasure is mine,
And from now on it's / who is going to shine!
I am no longer your pet, not your sidekick- no, no,
And the crow-ceeds of this jewel will go towards my own show!”

The Oracle let out a squawk that sounded much like an evil cackle.

‘What?! Oracle, you and I have been partners for over a decade now!’ Madame cried out in disbelief. “Since when did you want to become the next Crow-pra?”

“A crow pun said once is simply in jest, done twice in a row and I must protest,” The Oracle replied.

‘In any case, it's not talk show, it is far, far bolder,
I wish to share my gift beyond that of your shoulder.
To gain fame as more than a feathered consultant,
at this prospect, I admit, to feeling highly exultant.”

With the gem grasped in its talons, The Oracle jumped from its post and swooped past Madame and Charlotte. It was almost able to fly out of the open exit door, however its ex-partner was too quick for him. With stunning agility, Madame Mystique grabbed onto the bird by its wing, causing it to frantically flap around in an effort to break free.

“Oi! Where do you think you're going?!” Charlotte barked at The Oracle.

“Face it Oracle, you may think you know everything, but it seems you forget that you're merely a frail, little crow!” Madame taunted, panting slightly as she fought against The Oracle's wild movements.

The Oracle gave up on its bid for freedom, going limp in Madame's hand. It had given up. Well that's what Charlotte thought, until The Oracle let out a croaky laugh.

“While alone it appears that I am well encumbered,
Little do you know, we crows find our strength in numbers.”

Before Charlotte or Madame could respond, The Oracle began to inflate like it had never inflated before. Its feathers stood on end and its eyes bulged and then it let out an almighty cry that succeeded even the loudest heavy metal band performing that day. Everything went

quiet. The first thing Charlotte saw was a sea of glossy black feathers flooding in through the exit door, then she heard the deafening cacophony of a hundred crows squawking. Through the chaos, she saw Madame had managed to pry the gem from The Oracle's talons, and she shrieked as dozens of crows pecked and scratched at her- trying with all their might to get it back. Madame Mystique ran blindly, swatting the birds away with her shawls. Unfortunately, in a chaos, she lurched through the stage door where hundreds of people awaited Rappell Choan's appearance.

Chapter 7

Madame and the crows tumbled in a feathered heap onto the stage- the cheering crowd quietening upon realising this wasn't who they hoped for.

"Heh...I'm not sure you guys are Rappell Choan..." The announcer's voice boomed.

Taking advantage of the crows' shock, Madame Mystique attempted to gain control of the diamond, however it slipped from her grasp and rolled away. It sat on the stage for a moment, until a group of magpies swooped in from the surrounding gumtree to examine it.

"Wow, pretty gem you crows have here," one mocked, "shame it belongs to *us* now."

The crows relinquished their grip on Madame Mystique and strode over towards them.

"Get out of here magpies," they cawed, "this is our turf!"

"Wait, your turf isn't the bins behind a restaurant?" The Magpies mocked.

"Oooooooh" said the crowd, who seemed to have lost interest in Rappell Choan and were more invested in the current fowl fight.

"AVIAN RAP BATTLE! Crows versus Magpies!!" The announcer called, to which the audience cheered in approval.

"Winner gets the gem," squawked the crows.

The announcer quickly laid down a beat, and one of the crows knocked over the microphone stand so it was at their level- leading to a deafening echo.

*"On the ultra violet spectrum is the way we see the world
We collect and gather and our nest is full of gold
We linger between the worlds, scavenging with ease
We know you can't catch up to us, 'cus we're one with the breeze*

*Facial recognition and hard grudges that we hold
Help us to swoop in and reinforce our tales of old
Corvids band together we're a bitter brainy bunch
We're spitting bars with Rappell and she knows we pack a punch"*

The audience whooped and clapped, as the Crows smirked to themselves. Now it was the Magpies' turn.

*"You better shut your beaks because the new flock star is here
We collect loot too and we can sing out crystal clear
We may mimic and replay but monochrome's in style
Our relationships aren't caw-sual and Rappell's lost her smile*

*We remember all our threats, we flock, we roll
We have a bird's eye view of Laneway as a whole
So caw me later maybe for a VIP affair
We're wing pals and we rummage and we spiral through the air"*

As the crowd erupted in cheers, The Oracle- who had been left backstage, walked over to its friends and screeched:

"Halt! The diamond is now out of my sight,
And it seems Madame and the cook have taken flight!"

Chapter 8

The birds had been too busy fighting that they had neglected the diamond. Charlotte had snatched it from them while they weren't looking.

"Sorry, birds!" she cried out triumphantly. "This diamond belongs to Rappell!"

The crowd cheered as the birds squawked angrily in defeat. Rappell, Soy, Gooley Louie and the Water Quokkas, and Ava and Amelia from Double the Barramundi waved their hands, and the birds quickly took off into the sky.

As for The Oracle, it perched on a tree and delivered one final speech:

"You may have your victory now,
But I will bring about a revenge most fowl,
Your consequences must be accepted,
You won't see what is to be expected!"

And with that, it turned and flew away. The audience cried out in favor of the humans.

"Wow!" said Rappell. "You guys did it! Thanks for giving me the diamond back."

"No problem," Charlotte replied.

"Buuut..." Rappell added. "You both kinda *did* trespass backstage without permission, so you do need to clean up the whole venue as punishment."

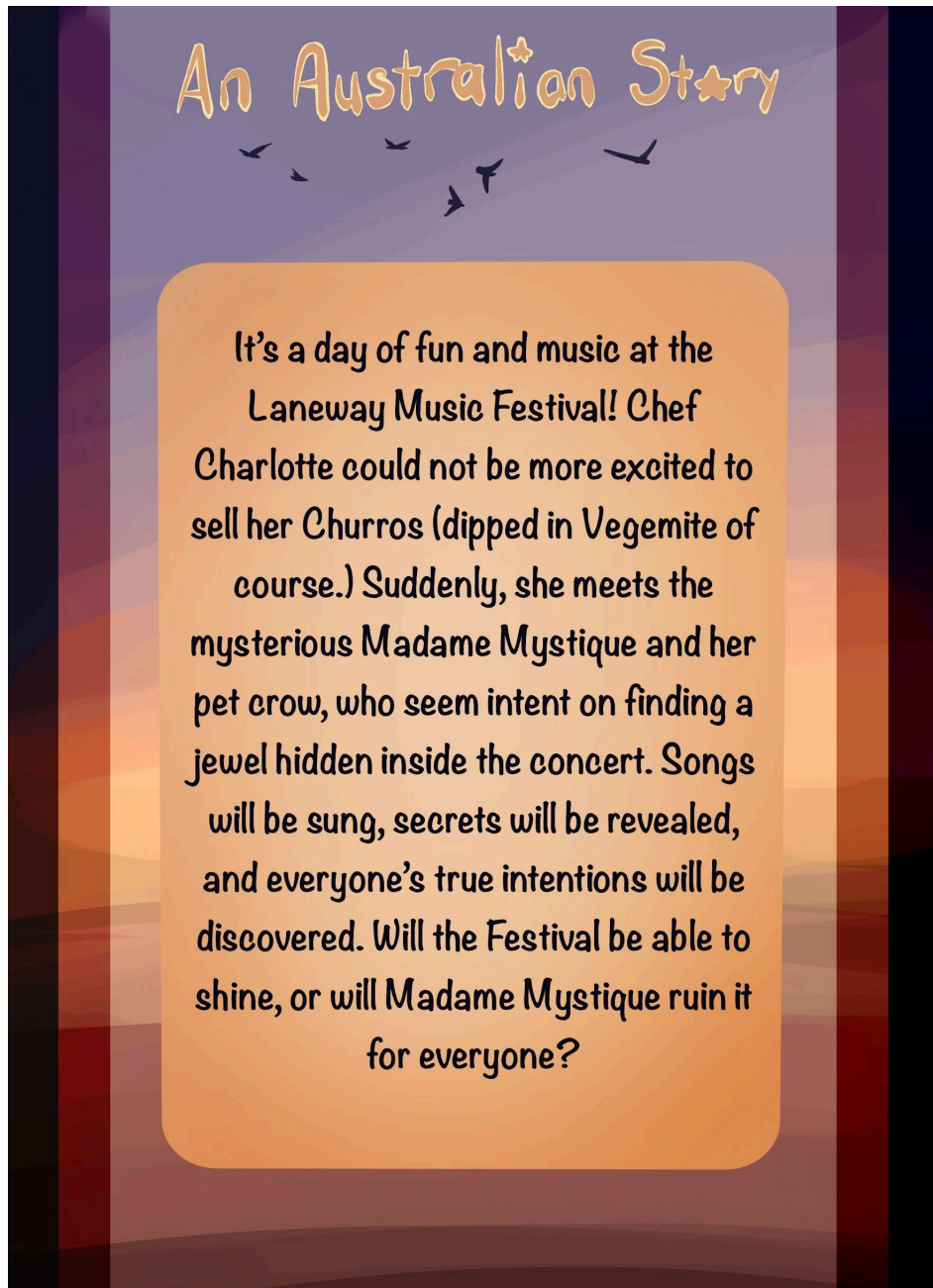
"I'm pretty cool with that," Madame Mystique shrugged. "As long as I get to do it with Charlotte. Maybe we could... have a churro while we clean?"

Charlotte lit up immediately. "Of course we can! Thank you, Rappell!!" And she and Madame skipped away to get plastic bags to fill up with rubbish.

"Never thought I would unite people through community service," Rappell thought.

Charlotte and Mystique spent the rest of the festival picking up soft drink cans and dirty dim sims and lamingtons. But they were having the time of their lives. They got to learn things about each other, make more bird jokes, and find things they had in common. As the sun set on the concert and Rappell finally performed, Charlotte had achieved her dream of making a new friend. But maybe they could be something more...?

*But beware, all is not as it seems,
Because you forget about the inbetweens
The birds you swat away may always come back
The Oracle persists, its feathers piercing BLACK.*



Age recommendation: 10 - 16 years old

A very expressive and eloquent piece of writing. Would love to read, at some point, the whole story.
Continue your deep dive into the wonderful world of story telling.

Mr S.

A crow, a fortune teller and a music festival in Brisbane! What could possibly go wrong?

Anne M

It has the 4 best things ever: Love, mystery, spitting bars and a crow looking for shiny things.

Absolutely thrilling!

Lacey Marsh

Vegemite churros sound amazing! I wish I'd thought of that idea.

Jamie Oliver