

# SIGN THE CHEESE



**Behemouth Gang**



# THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

## Parameters Form

### Team Details

STATE: NSW  
DIVISION: Middle School  
SCHOOL/GROUP: Tumut High School (TUMUT)  
TEAM NAME: Behemouth Gang  
TEAM ID: 235

### Parameters and random words

#### Parameters

Primary character 1 Signwriter  
Primary character 2 Cheese maker  
Non-human character Ostrich  
Setting Castle  
Issue Lost in the theme park

#### Random words

ruby  
melts  
shiver  
tasty  
sponge

### Instructions

- Start no earlier than **8am**
- Write an original story:
  - based on all **five parameters** (above)
  - including all **five random words** (above) as written, and in bold type
  - with some identifiable **Australian content** (in theme or setting or characters, etc)
  - keeping within the allowed word count (remember every word on every page counts)!
  - include this parameters form in your book **immediately after the front cover**
- Remember: **Every** word on **every** page counts. This includes your front cover, back cover, blurb, acknowledgements and copyright form.
- **Be sure to give yourself enough time to submit your book and complete the following checklist before 9pm**

Log on to the Team Coordinator Portal to:

- Check the spelling of your team name and team members' names  
(how these are spelt on submission will be how they are displayed on certificates)
- Complete the Declaration
- Submit your finished book in **both** PDF and plain text format by 9pm

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**Illustrators: Jamison Healy, Wyatt Lowther**

**Editors: Connor Thompson, Riley Piper**



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Published by Behemouth Gang, Tumut High School, 2/20 Bogong Pl, Tumut NSW.  
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## **CHAPTERS:**

**Chapter 1: location unknown**

**Chapter 2: Sponge Hole**

**Chapter 3: The spooky scary men and maybe women**

**Chapter 4: Something smells fishy**

**Chapter 5: The Big Swingy Thing**

**Chapter 6: Helping opposite of past people**

**Chapter 7: Vegemite Warehouse**

**Chapter 8: 'Enough Cheese For Everyone'**

**This book is dedicated to the Kids Cancer Project and all the people that will read it**

## Prologue

**As a signwriter I've never had much work (most people don't even know it's a profession). For those of you who don't know, signwriting is a profession where the signwriter designs and produces commercial banners and advertisements. As you can see, it's a pretty obscure field to enter when searching for a job, and thus there is not much money involved. I have lived off nothing for most of my adult life. Signwriting is hardly needed these days and the profession is waning as time goes by. Most people can do everything I get paid for on their laptop at home.**

**One day I was running particularly low on money, had basically lost all hope in my job and was considering finding work elsewhere as, like, a waiter or something along those lines. I was just about to resign from my work and apply to the nearest cafe when I got a call, I wasn't sure who was calling and I didn't dare hope it was a client, I thought *no it can't be*. Then I answered the phone, and my heart leaped. When I was asked to make signs for Aussie Rides Theme Parks Co, I was super excited. I wouldn't have been so excited if I had known I would find myself lost in a haunted mansion, trying to find a way back to civilization.**



## **Chapter 1: Location Unknown**

**That day I was wandering the hallways of a castle of misery, on a quest to find the sign that I had been tasked with replacing.**

**Getting lost was not the best move on my behalf but I made do.**

**I thought I smelled cheese.**

**I turned the corner and found myself in the most magical place known to man. The cheesemaker's shop.**

**He turned and looked at me, and then he said softly, "Cheese?"**

**I stammered, "Yes please."**

**I was confused as to why his shop was in the castle.**

**He handed me a wheel of cheddar cheese and nodded as if to say, "Well off you go then."**

**I nodded back and walked out. Slightly confused by the old man giving me cheese for no reason.**

**I continued walking and as I was climbing some stairs, I heard a faint roar behind me. The roar got louder and louder until a motorbike crashed through the window, an ostrich with a black leather jacket riding it. It had a gold chain with a sparkling ruby hanging in the middle of it.**

**He almost rode right past me. Then he sniffed and looked right at me. He turned the bike around and I ran. I've never been good with animals, let alone 8 feet tall, muscular birds riding Harley Davidsons. I bolted, cheese in hand. The bird looked hungry (although I've never seen a hungry bird before) and I wasn't going to be his lunch. I ran down hallways and up stairs, and the bird chased me. Would it catch me? I hope not, good thing I am fairly fit.**



## Chapter 2: Sponge Hole

The ostrich was close on my tail and begging to close the distance between us as I rounded the corner, running as fast as I could, straight off the edge of the cliff.



When I say cliff, it wasn't actually a cliff but it was a big drop into a deep pit full of sponge. I landed in the sponge, falling through it for a while (similar to a foam pit at a trampoline park) . I must have passed out because I woke up under a mountain of sponges, I couldn't see but at least I could breathe. Wriggling around I realised that I could swim through the sponge if I bent like a worm. I had hope, I was leaving the sponge, and then the bike landed next to me. I wiggled for my life, wiggling as fast as I could, I raced ostrich behind me. It might be faster on land but I could wiggle better than it could. I was getting excited

again and then I dropped my cheese. I chased it down through the sponge. I caught it but the endeavour had cost me valuable time, the ostrich was catching up. I just evaded its claws as I swum past it. I was going to escape. I hit a wall and floundered. What? There's no exit? Who even makes a pit like this?

I was losing hope. Fast. I was going to get caught.

I felt a breeze on my leg, a slight shift in the air. That had to come from somewhere. I focused on it and tried to work out where it was coming from, sliding my hands along the wall, searching for an opening. There. I found it. I started to drag myself through a small opening into what I guessed was a vent system. I slid in just as the ostrich touched the wall.

I was safe, for now. At least I hope so.



### **Chapter 3: Spooky scary men and maybe women**

**I slid out the other side of the vent into a hallway. I was completely lost but I had my cheese wheel so I was ok. Or at least I thought I was. Don't worry, I won't think I'm ok once I hear them.**

**At first it was just a tapping on the walls, a slight feeling of unease, the paintings started to look like they were watching me. I didn't like it.**

**Although it was a while before I started to hear the voices. The faint whispering that I thought I was imagining. I realised it wasn't my imagination once it got louder and I started to hear the conversation.**

**"He isn't meant to be here."**

**"What should we do?"**

**"We can't leave him here, he'll know about the experiments."**

**I didn't like the way they said that. I wasn't sure whether whoever was speaking was masculine or feminine, I thought they sounded like men but there was a higher pitched voice among them. Either way I didn't like what I was hearing. The eeriness sent a shiver down my spine. So I ran, as fast as I could.**

**"I think he heard us."**

**Shadowy figures appeared behind me, glowing eyes followed my every move, and whispers chased me through whatever nightmare I had found myself in. I wished it was just a bad dream but I got the feeling I couldn't pinch myself out of this one. I just hoped I could run faster than the voices could. As I raced down the hallways, I noticed there were less voices behind me and I wondered if maybe I was losing them. Until the other end of the hallway darkened, and I realised that walls don't matter to ghosts. I frantically searched for a way out, maybe there was a door or something?**

**I spotted it, a door, half concealed behind cobwebs and looking very old and rusty but a door.**



## **Chapter 4: Something Smells Fishy**

**Escaping the ghosts by a hair, I slammed the door shut.**

***My feet are wet?* Passed through my head. I was confused until I looked around and realised the room I had run into was flooded. Was it just me or was the water kinda moving weirdly? I looked down and I thought I saw something slither past my leg. That was it for me, I couldn't handle slime. I went to run across the room to get out the door on the other side but the water was murky and I couldn't see the steps that led down to deeper depths. I tumbled forward into the abyss. My mind went blank, I went to breathe but there was no air, I tried to swim but my senses were stunned and I couldn't work out which way was up. I stopped and worked out which way I was sinking, I started to swim when that something from earlier tugged my leg and I sank further.**

**I freaked, I was not going to roll over and let some monster play fetch with me. I swam as fast as I could toward the surface. I made it just in time to catch a breath before I was pulled under again. I swam toward where I had glimpsed the other door to be when I came up. I came out just in front of the door and I almost grabbed the handle when the monster tossed me back into the water. I played it smart this time and didn't emerge until I was right in front of the door, grabbing the handle as I came out. The monster tried to pull me back into the depths but it only dragged the door open. I kicked its ugly silver tentacle off my leg, suckers leaving dark blue marks that stung and started to pull myself through the dark hole.**

## Chapter 5: The Big Swingy Thing

Wriggling through the corroded opening, I slammed it shut behind me, allowing me to catch my breath. The lock broke with an ear bursting BANG!! Locking itself shut in the process. I tried to pry it open but it wouldn't budge, even one bit. I soon realised I was trapped in this room so I looked around, but the room was empty. There was nothing to use to get out, it was nothing but stony castle walls with cold tiled floors giving off an eerie feeling. This feeling made me want to stay at the door but if I did I'd never get out. I had to go over the floor, I didn't want to but I needed to. Everything about the floor was telling me not to go on it. The first step I took was nearly my last; as my foot hit the floor, it sank down causing a mechanism to make axes start swinging from the ceiling. One just barely missed my face. The instant that passed by me my legs instinctively began to run. I couldn't control it, I couldn't stop. As I ran I stepped on more and more tiles that sunk. The first thing I noticed was the holes in the walls. They started to shoot arrows, as they were nearly hitting me, some just grazing by. There was something about these arrows, they terrified me. It was pure luck they weren't hitting me. The arrows stopped but I wasn't in the clear. The roof began to open up and spikes began to drop. I was running just in front of them, almost being hit.

*I just have to make it past these then I'll be fine.*

I could see where they would stop. I could make it. Then I felt my legs slowing down, the spikes got closer and closer. In one last desperate attempt I dived forward hoping to make it past. It worked, barely but it worked.

Then I heard the mechanised clicking of another trap, it was getting warmer, getting hotter, beads of sweat started to run down my face and drip onto the cold stony floor but they were steaming, evaporating even.



**Why was the room getting so hot?**

**In my peripheral vision I could see flames emerging from holes in the walls and ceiling. The heat obscured my vision, making it look as if the heat from the flames melted the walls. The flames roared out from the walls and ceiling. The only space was in between the rows, I just barely fit in the gaps between them. Lucky for me there were momentary pauses in between giant bursts of flame that allowed me to get through but I stayed frozen, wanting to go back out the doors but I couldn't. I had to go forward. So when the flames stopped I jumped through the gaps in the flames. After that I thought I was out of that horrendous situation. But once again my foot sank, this time the noises were louder. Ten times as loud and they weren't just coming from the walls or the ceiling. They were everywhere, and they echoed throughout the whole room non-stop. Suddenly the floor slanted, creaking slightly downwards, the ceiling opening and a ginormous boulder the size of the room came tumbling down. At first I could out run it, it wasn't going to catch me, but it was gaining speed faster than I could run. It felt like this room had no end. It just kept on going and going and going and going...**

**Then abruptly a door on the floor opened right underneath my feet making me fall through just barely before the boulder flattened me. Was it luck? Or a horrible coincidence? I looked up and the door I fell through was gone. It completely vanished like it was never there. For no reason at all the side walls started to close, both moving in at once, in unison. Again I started to run again like my life depended on it. Because it DID. I was nearing the end of the hallway when a door appeared next to me and a steel hand reached out and pulled me into the most colourful place I have ever seen.**

## Chapter 6: helping opposite of past people

Lights everywhere, white noise of millions of voices talking at once, big screens advertising the newest I-don't-even-know-what-to-call-it, and an odd robot looking thing standing in front of me. He was apologising for snatching me through that door and he seemed to be praising me somehow.

“You are my biggest inspiration sir!” The robot buzzed.

“Wait, wait, wait. What?” I was stunned. No one had ever looked up to me in my life.

“Oh yeah you wouldn't know because you haven't done it yet, my bad.” He prattled, “Later in the future you make a sign so powerful it saves the planet from an alien invasion.”



“How does a sign stop an invasion?!” My head was spinning.

“Sorry, if I tell you it won't happen.” The robot said. “Also my name is Beepob-31.”

“I'm Dallas, nice to meet you.” I still have no idea what's happening.

“I should probably explain things. I'm from the future and I wanted to interview my idol before he gets rich. So I saved up and bought the latest door-ameter to come see you. I just want to ask you a few questions before I send you home, is that ok?” Beepob trilled.

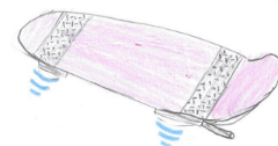
“Umm, yeah I guess?” I wasn't sure How to respond to that.

It seemed this robot was friendly and he took me back to his little home in the clouds, and we talked for a while. I found Beepob-31 to be quite a chill robot, he just wanted to know about my childhood and what got me into signs. All of those

things that we find trivial later in life. After our chat he showed me the city and I got to ride a hoverboard. I love hoverboards. Like I LOVE hoverboards. I REALLY LOVE hoverboards.

ANyway, once I had achieved my childhood dream, I continued on to the food section of the city. I wasn't one for metal shavings and oil but the strange jelly thing I ate was **tasty**.

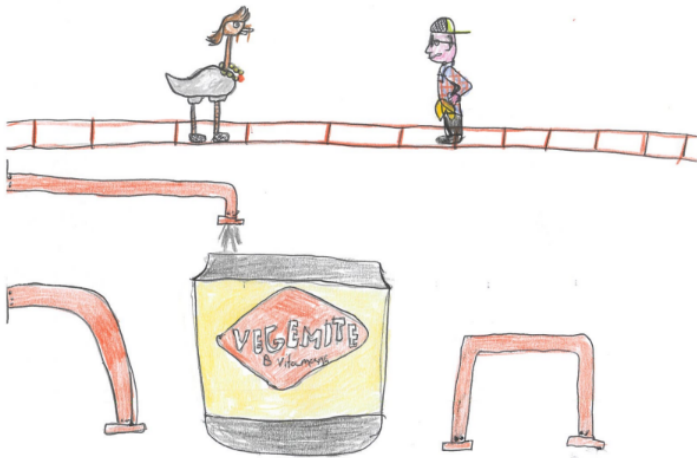
It started to get dark so he got his door-ameter and dropped me home, I braced for the return to the real world.



## Chapter 7: The Vegemite Warehouse

After being dropped off and walking for a while, I found myself running through the front gates of the grand vegemite warehouse, with the ostrich following me close behind. I don't know exactly where the ostrich came from but he found me somehow and now I'm back to running.

I sprinted across a long elevated railing, a massive tub of vegemite threatening to swallow me from below if I made one wrong move.



But I couldn't keep an even pace and I knew the ostrich was catching up to me, at that rate I'd definitely get caught. I had to make a move. And *fast*.

I turned around at a standstill to face the ostrich, the ragged flightless bird stopping to do the same. In a sudden motion the ostrich took an impressive

leap toward me. Thinking fast, I rolled my cheese wheel toward his feet, forcing him to roll on it into the vegemite vat.

I made a dash for the ruby red railing and leaned against it as I watched the ostrich slowly sink into the vat of black Australian tar, as the cheese melts beside him. I sit and ponder for a bit as I watch over the vat, would the ostrich be okay? I mean it looked like it wanted to eat me, but it's not like I wanted to hurt it.

As I watch over the vat, I notice something. Wasn't there more vegemite in it just a second ago?

I watched in horror as I witnessed the ostrich consume what was left of the vegemite in the massive tub.

The formerly ostrich sported a new look, appearing more as an emu! I guess the ostrich had eaten so much vegemite it had become Australian.

The now Emu, enraged, leaped up onto the platform, charging at me still. I run towards the door, but the emu slams me into a corner, as I stumble over I witness the emu's terrifying beak open wide and go in for the bite!

## **Chapter 8: 'Enough cheese for everyone'**

**My life flashed before my eyes, I could see the emu's beak approaching as if in slow motion, was this it? Do I get caught here? After all that running? I had resigned myself to my fate when I felt something brush past my ear. A wheel of cheese flew past me and blocked the emu's mouth. He paused for a moment, stunned. Then he cocked his head, as if contemplating something, and swallowed the cheese. His whole aura changed and he sat down. He seemed almost happy now. A cry echoed off the walls of the warehouse, "THERE IS ENOUGH CHEESE FOR EVERYONE!!!"**

**I turned, confused and wondering why cheese was so important, I saw the cheesemaker. Then I realised; the ostrich never wanted me, he wanted my cheese, it all made sense now. All the pieces had come together and I laughed out loud for how ridiculous this whole misunderstanding was. At the sound of my laughter the old man and the emu started to shake, they burst out laughing and we all rolled around holding our sides. I didn't quite understand why it was so funny but I laughed anyway. Thinking back I guess maybe the stress of the day had overcome my senses and now I was just glad to have some relief from the stress of running, the stress of new things, the stress of not understanding, even the stress of carrying a cheese wheel for hours.**

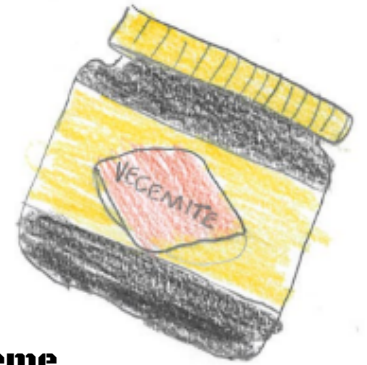
**Eventually we settled and the cheesemaker, in his wisest words, asked, "Cheese?"**

**This time I didn't stammer, "Yes please."**

**And so we sat in a circle eating cheese and laughing about all that happened that day. When I told them about the ghosts they were actually surprised. I guess neither of them understood the ghosts either. Although the old man did smile to himself as if remembering something from long ago. That day was long but it was amazing. I still think about it and all the good memories I made that day. It still makes me smile. Although I do wonder why the old man's eyes seemed to glow faintly and his skin seemed slightly thinner than it should have been. I guess I'll never know the secrets of that place and the reason why the old man lived in the castle. I wonder if the cheesemaker remembers me like I remember him. One day I'll go back and ask him.**

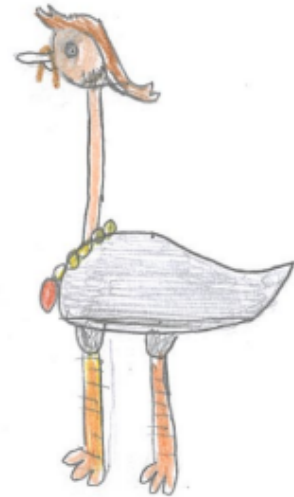






**When a sign writer finds himself in a theme park's haunted castle, there are many challenges that he must overcome to get out of this strange place. Many things there he can't even comprehend. Including spooky ghosts, time travellers, trap rooms and worst of all...**

**VEGEMITE AND CHEESE???**



**Recommended reading age: 12 years**