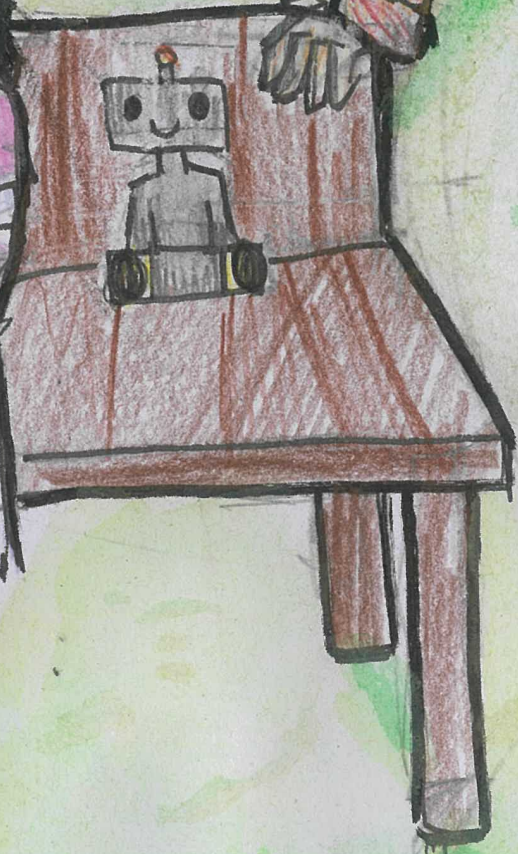


IM+POSSIBLE



BY THE GREEN GANG

TEAM DETAILS

State: NSW
Division: Primary
School: Green Point Christian College
Team Name: The Green Gang
Word Count: 2473

PARAMETERS

Primary Character 1: Acrobat
Primary Character 2: Aunt
Non-Human Character: Robot
Setting: Bus Stop
Issue: My first job

RANDOM WORDS

Tiptoe
Fresh
Community
Delight
Bruised

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the incredible children in
hospitals across Australia.
You are possible, so don't give up on
yourself and don't let anyone tell you can't do it.
Sincerely, The Green Gang.



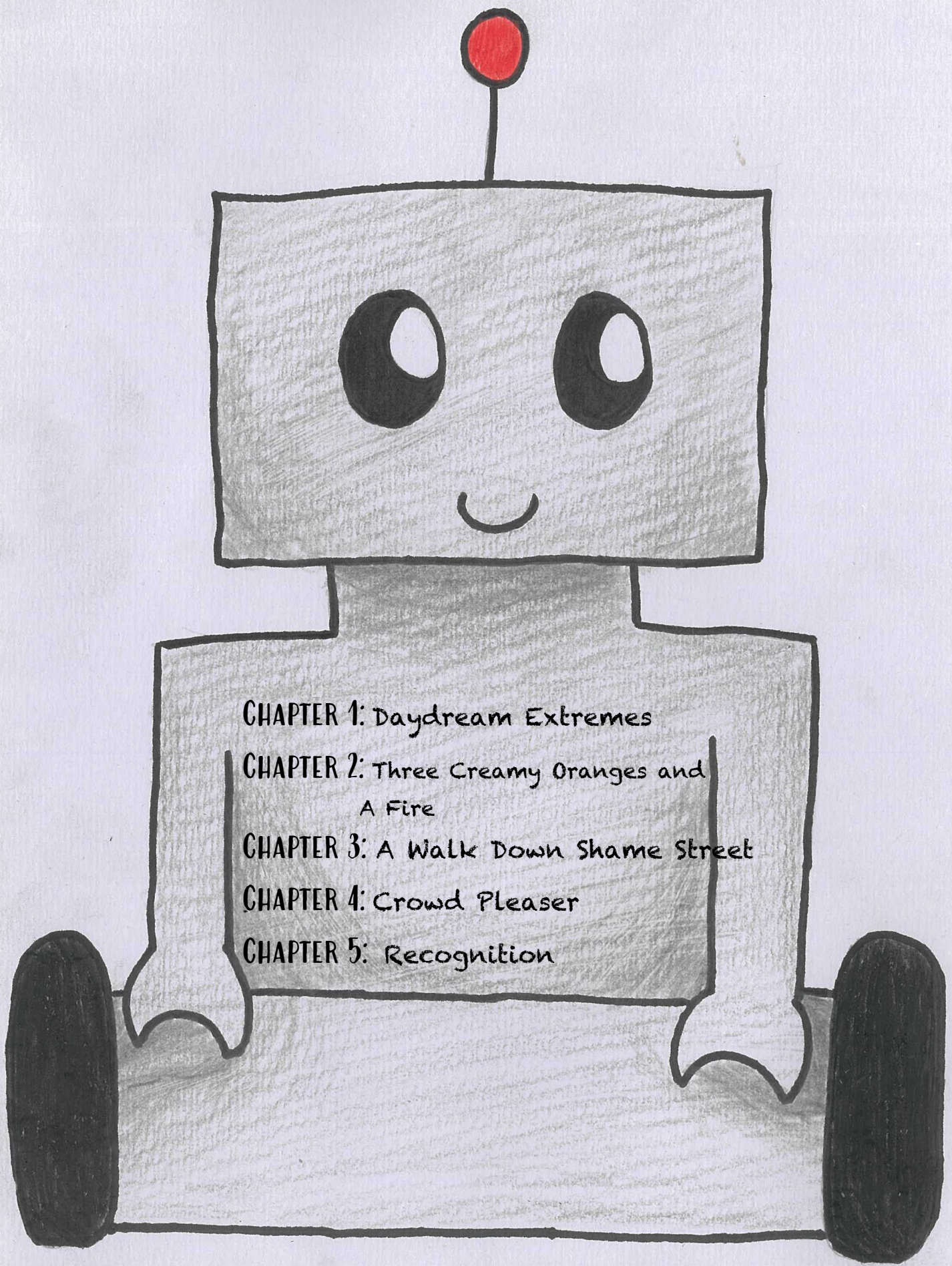
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Alyssa C, Jack E, Brianna F, Jonathan G, Ayla G, Chloe H, Alexia M, Alisa P, Jason P, Sarah T.

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CHAPTER 1: Daydream Extremes

CHAPTER 2: Three Creamy Oranges and
A Fire

CHAPTER 3: A Walk Down Shame Street

CHAPTER 4: Crowd Pleaser

CHAPTER 5: Recognition

CHAPTER 1

DAYDREAM EXTREMES

I **tiptoe** across the tightrope, sweating, nervous but confident. I reach the centre, the tightrope bobbing up and down. My breath quickens as Beep Bop jumps from the platform above. As he majestically falls downwards towards my arms, I stretch out my hands and catch him. Perfecting my double backflip, I dismount from the tightrope, Beep Bop still in my arms. I feel all the adrenaline rush out of my body as my ears hear the cheers of the crowd. I see the waving arms and flying roses, but the encouraging ovations transform into the nagging voice of Barbara, my aunt.

“Thomas, Thomas, Thomas!” Aunt Barbara screeched. “Stop daydreaming, you’ll be late for your first day of work!”

“OK, OK, I’m getting ready. Just calm down, geez Barby,” I replied.

Aunt Barbara stood at my door, enveloped in darkness, looking like a shadow. I could practically see the steam in her ears spilling out into the air like a boiling kettle, but she knew she couldn’t get me to stop calling her Barby. Though, she’d certainly tried. Aunt Barbara walked away with that classic sassy stride of hers. I got dressed in my waiter’s uniform and flew down the stairs to grab my **fresh** vegemite toast that Aunt Barbara made me each morning.

“Let’s get to the bus stop, Beep Bop,” I called over my shoulder. We walked out the door and Aunt Barbara ignored us, but I didn’t mind.

I was walking along the sidewalk admiring the swaying gumtrees in front of the rising sun, giving a shimmering effect on the water. The Harbour Bridge was just peeping through the leaves. I started to jump across the sandstone blocks set out across the sidewalk and practiced my double backflip. It was pretty good, but definitely not perfected yet.

“Boohoohop,” Beep Bop said, mesmerised by the glistening water.

“I know buddy, but let’s keep on going. We have to make Morning **Delight** by 7:00 for my first shift,” I sighed.

We kept on walking, holding hands and I remembered the time I got Beep Bop. It was the best Christmas ever, the day I got him. I shook the memory of mine out of my head as the bus stop in the distance grew closer. The “first job” idea started to eat away at me. Thoughts churned along with my tummy. *I don’t know what to do because, well... I’ve never had a job before, I’ve got no idea what to expect.* The nerves hit with force, my heart was pounding, my hands started to sweat, I started to feel cold and clammy. My brain was riddled with questions. *What if I stuff up? What if my boss doesn’t like me? What if my acrobatics take over, like they often do? What if...I fail...fail at my first job.*



CHAPTER 2

THREE CREAMY ORANGES AND A FIRE

"If only I could be an acrobat," I thought to myself as I reluctantly smeared cream onto yet another scone. Working at Daily Delight was hardly thrilling. Just then I realise that the scone in my hand was no scone at all. I was so focused on my daydream that I'd accidentally lathered three oranges in cream.

Of course, being an acrobat, I clearly wanted to juggle the oranges that I had in my hands, so I balanced a coffee cup on the top of my head, grabbed the other two oranges and began to perform. The customers screwed up their faces in disgust, obviously seeing a kitchen hand juggling creamy oranges was not something that these snobby people approved of.

Craig, my manager, stormed through the door, "Thomas Stuart! What is the meaning of this?" he growled.

Beep Bop trembled in the corner with me.

"I-I-I'm sorry sir," I stammered. I-I want to be in the circus, it's where I belong."

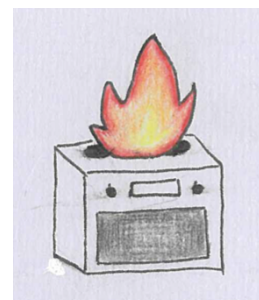
"Do you know where you belong right now?" Craig asked. On the floor cleaning the cream and **fresh** oranges that are now wasted and **bruised!**"

He stomped out of the room leaving Beep Bop, unhappy customers and myself staring after him. I swiftly grabbed the notepad off the bench and began to take orders. One fancy lady ordered a latte. How was I supposed to know how to make one? I was a beginner. Faking the biggest smile in my entire life, I managed to squeak, "Coming right up."

I double back flipped into the kitchen, having no idea how to make a latte. In one swift move I accidentally let go of the notepad, which landed on the stove. I didn't realise I had dropped it, so I began grinding the coffee beans. Multi-taking, I turned on the hotplate to warm Table 7's soup, but instead, it lit the notepad. Suddenly, fire whooshed up, burning my orders, then the cupboards, and before I knew it the whole kitchen was alight.

"Runnnn!!!! FIRE!!!! It's in the kitchen," I screamed.

"Everyone, evacuate!" ordered Craig sternly. "This better not be your doing Thomas, or else..."



Beep Bop and I ran and hid behind a table, in hope that Craig wouldn't find us. Unfortunately for us, I felt a heavy breath on my neck, there was only one person who it could've been. I froze.

"THOMAS STUART!!!!" Craig wailed, his nostrils flaring in fury.

"U-u-uh I'm really sorry! It's just that I back hand springed into the kitchen and then I dropped the notepad onto the stove, and it caught on fire," I stammered. "I've messed up, I know. This is not where I belong in this world. No one understands me. An acrobat. That's who I am," I blabbered on.

"Tom you must give up on those impossible dreams of yours! You're not an acrobat and you belong somewhere else right now."

"Where?" I asked.

"You belong outside of Morning Delight, permanently!"

"So, you're saying I'm...."

"FIRED! Now get out of my sight," spat Craig.

I began my walk down shame street with only Beep Bop to comfort me.





CHAPTER 3

A WALK DOWN SHAME STREET

Disappointment filled my mind as I skulked my way down the street. It was a long trek to the bus stop, especially when I'd just been fired from my very first job. My aunt called it the walk of shame, leaving from work after being fired. She was not going to be happy with me. Beep Bop rolled along next to me, beeping softly. He knew the seriousness of the moment. The rain was pelting against my skin, and I was shivering uncontrollably.

Eventually I reached the bus stop and vaulted into my seat with a heavy sigh. I looked out into the rain with a sorrowful expression on my face. Even the weather was sad, just as though it knew I had failed... again. The voice of Craig echoed in my ears.

“Give up those impossible dreams...” If only I could give up on my dreams, and then I could focus not disappointing everyone.

I started talking to Beep Bop, who kindly replied in his robot way. I laughed half-heartedly at the jokes attempted to make. Having had Beep Bop for eight years, I was the only one who could understand him. I was staring at the Eucalyptus trees drooping under the weight of the rain, when without warning Beep Bop started making a siren sound. Most people wouldn't have understood him, but this siren was clearly him warning me about Aunt Barbara coming. I turned and saw my aunt storming toward me, disappointed on her face, looking at me with a particularly ugly scowl. She started to speak in her shrill commanding voice and asked me what had happened at work.

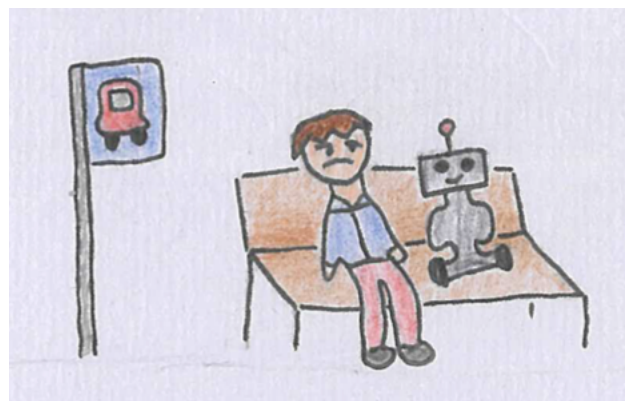
“Oh no,” I whimpered with terror under my breath. I knew I'd have to tell her.

As I explained the story, the colour of her multicoloured selection of clothes distracted me. Her skirt was purple with red stripes. Her shirt was completely yellow with green polka dots, and her sunnies were like mirrors. Her blue high heels would make anyone look away. All together it was a terribly distracting sight.

Once I had managed to focus enough to tell her the whole story, her face was as red as her lipstick and her voice was as piercing as a parrot.

“I can't believe that my nephew is such a failure, a disappointment, completely and utterly useless. He can't even keep his first job! Just give up on that ridiculously impossible dream!” she screeched.

After my verbal torturing, she sat down under her umbrella to catch her breath. I had to **tiptoe** out of earshot as to not risk further torment. The rain poured down, saturating me from head to toe, and I vowed to never fail again.



CHAPTER 4

CROWD PLEASER

Aunt Barbara's angry screams echoed in my empty head.

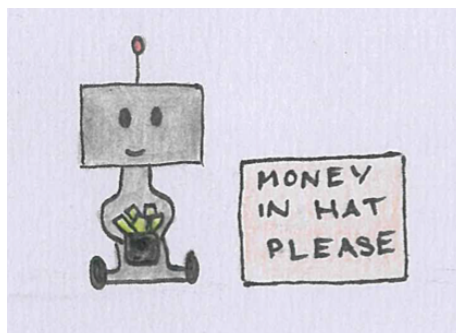
"Give up that ridiculously impossible dream!"

But she was never going to break me! I needed to go and apologise to Craig, but I would not give up on my dreams. So, whilst waiting for the bus the next morning, I did the opposite of what Aunt Barby said. I did acrobatics. I started doing cartwheels which turned into backflips, and backflips into handstands! I sprinted to the bench, vaulted over it, and did six back handsprings, one after another! People started to stop and watch, and cars started to slow down as they passed me. I began to realise what was happening and became nervous and exhilarated at the same time. My heartrate rose. It was as if the trees started dancing along with me and everything started spinning.

"This is it, my debut!" I thought as I bounced and flipped and turned.

Some people were holding money in their hands, wondering where to put it. At just that moment, Beep Bop came out from the bushes with a top hat and a sign that said, *Money in hat please*. Thanks to my mechanical mate, coins turned into \$5 notes, then into 20s, then to 50s! Cash kept coming in like a waterfall, the hat was even starting to overflow! More and more people started watching me, whipping out their phones to record my antics. It felt like the whole world was watching me, Tom Stuart, at a Sydney bus stop. Holding back my happiness was like the Warragamba dam holding back our water supply; impossible.

I'd been having so much fun that I hadn't noticed the hours go by. The moon started to smile, the gumtrees slowed their dancing, and my audience started to move on. I stopped, exhausted, and gratefully waved goodbye. I took my earnings from Beep, high-fived him, and we wandered home.





CHAPTER 5

RECOGNITION

I remember the exact expression on Aunt Barbara's face when she read the news headline the next morning. Shock then rage and then a slight softening. It was the exact moment she realised how good I really am... and how people had noticed. She was gobsmacked, amazed and astounded! Her nephew had made the front page of *The Sydney Morning Herald*! Her nephew! Hers! She was speechless, confuzzled and confused. It was priceless. And I was proud. I had finally stood up to her and her old-fashioned ways. I knew I could be my own person. Eventually she dropped the newspaper with distaste, and I was finally able to see what it said:

Young Australian Barista Shocks Local Crowd with Astounding Acrobatic Skills



18-year-old Thomas Stuart appears at a local bus stop in Sydney. Shocking the crowds with amazing acrobatics, he later reveals his job at Morning **Delight** as a barista, but how his heart longs to be an acrobat. Showing his talent at a local bus stop isn't the most ideal place to be noticed but we do hope he can reach his dreams. His talent is inspirational, and we hope he will be noticed and be able to fulfill his dreams of being an acrobat. Videos of his skills are repeated all over social media, making news and headlines of newspapers as such. He is such an inspirational part of this **community**, and a word of wisdom for this young man is "pursue your dreams, nonmatter what people say, never give up. This world needs people like you". Wise words from our society.

I had hardly finished reading the paragraph when my phone rang. Taking it out of my pocket I saw an unknown number. I absent-mindedly pressed the answer button and put the phone to my ear.

"G'day mate," said an unknown voice. "I was reading the paper when I saw the page about a young acrobat with incredible skills, so I made a few calls and eventually your former manager gave me your number. You are Mr. Thomas Stuart, correct."

"Yes sir, pardon the question but what did you say your name was?"

"Of course, you don't know, I am Mr Alan Stevenson, or you may know me as the manager and coordinator of The Grand Acrobatics Academy of Sydney. I was wondering whether

you would like to come in for an interview. Your little bus stop performance has the acrobatic **community** in a tizz.”

“Oh, wow that would be great. Thanks. Could you email me the details?”

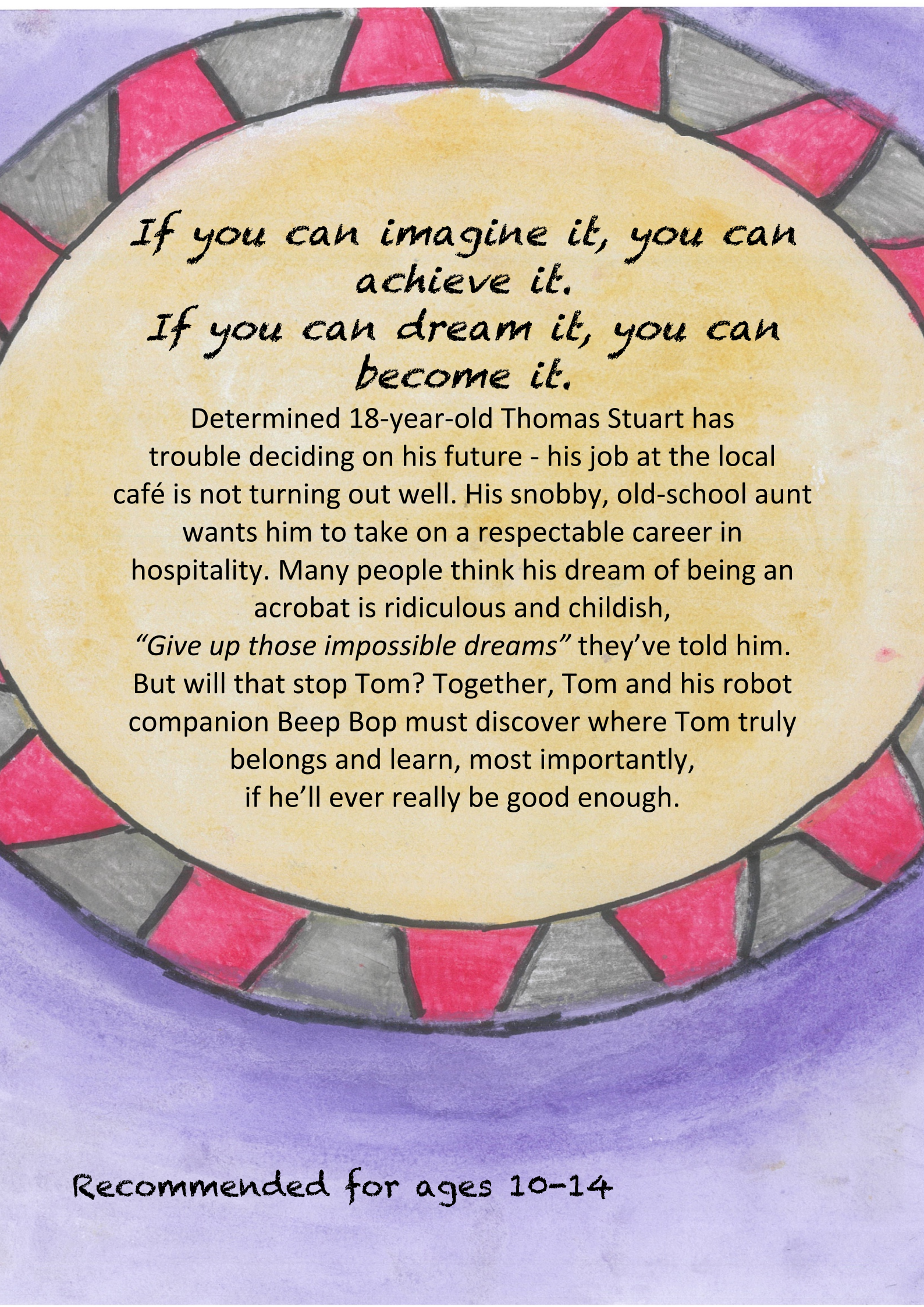
“Yes of course that would be organised by my secretary. I was just calling to ask if you would be interested in an interview.”

“Yes, yes of course.”

I was so happy I felt like singing, like dancing, like crying, like laughing, like screaming, I could do a back flip. And I did. I was smiling like a small child on Christmas morning. I felt like I was flying.

The next week I went to the interview and was selected! I was going to the most prestigious acrobatics school in all of Australia! That day I made a promise to myself to never let anyone tell me that my dreams are impossible, because they aren't, because...

I'm possible!



*If you can imagine it, you can
achieve it.*

*If you can dream it, you can
become it.*

Determined 18-year-old Thomas Stuart has trouble deciding on his future - his job at the local café is not turning out well. His snobby, old-school aunt wants him to take on a respectable career in hospitality. Many people think his dream of being an acrobat is ridiculous and childish, *"Give up those impossible dreams"* they've told him. But will that stop Tom? Together, Tom and his robot companion Beep Bop must discover where Tom truly belongs and learn, most importantly, if he'll ever really be good enough.

Recommended for ages 10-14