Forgotten

The Ink Drinkers

THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE:	QLD
DIVISION:	Middle School (Required word count 3500 to 5000 words)
SCHOOL/GROUP:	All Saints Anglican School (MERRIMAC)
TEAM NAME:	The Ink Drinkers
TEAM ID:	1278

Parameters and random words

Parameters		Random words
Primary character 1	Weather forecaster	novel
Primary character 2	Illustrator	gooey
Non-human character	Garden gnome	yarn
Setting	Church	plunge
Issue	Lost in the bush	homework

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

Acknowledgement of Country:

The Ink Drinkers would like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book was created, the Kombumerri people of the Gold Coast and pay our respects to Elders past and present.

The Ink Drinkers 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.

Copyright:

Published by The Ink Drinkers, All Saints Anglican School, Highfield Dr, Merrimac QLD 4226

Madelyn Berkowitz, Kiara Bhartia, Avalon Terry, Elizabeth McLaren, Beth Swift-Hoadley, Olivia Chong, Lana Moffatt, Annelise Hollenberg.

Copyright © 2025, The Ink Drinkers, All Saints Anglican 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.

List of Authors and Illustrators (The Ink Drinkers):

Madelyn Berkowitz, Olivia Chong, Kiara Bhartia, Avalon Terry, Elizabeth McLaren, Beth Swift-Hoadley, Lana Moffatt, Annelise Hollenberg.

This book is dedicated to all the people we yelled at during its creation.

We love you. We hope it was worth it!

His only companion had been the silence.

An all-consuming, eternal quiet; disturbed only by the whimper of the winds, the groan of the chapel's foundations. Loneliness, solitude: his only friend.

Watery memories prompted the stagnant interior of the building to swirl, come to life. Memories of years past, memories that were slowly fading and greying, like the weather-worn outside of his abode.

A place that had once been alive: chiming with laughter, bubbling with small, sweet voices. Now empty, painfully vacant. Their faces smudged in his mind, their voices weak and muffled, seeping out of him.

A place of worship and sanctuary deserted, a home and history forgotten, a whole town laid to ruin without its people. A skeleton of a community, a corpse of a neighbourhood. It struck him then; he was pulled in deep by the gravity of his reality. In a span of a breath, a shudder of a moment, his emotions inundated him as tendrils of charcoal stained the sky.

Mourning, grief for the comfort of love and joy long snuffed out in his chest. Fear, worry over of the future of his home. Anger, *fury* at the heartless individuals who had abandoned him. Writhing feelings that strangled his lungs, strained at his heart. The sun was extinguished by the dark clouds blotted across the growling heavens.

Rain lashed at the land; wind scraped screeching claws alongside the building. Cracks spiderwebbed along his heart, lightning spilled across the sky.

The storm had begun.

Dark clouds loomed on the horizon, bringing with them droplets that danced their way through the humid, Tasmanian air.

“Damn this weather,” Winston grumbled, the painfully cheerful GPS beeps punctuating his misery. He had been chasing it for days now, more of a blind search than a structured expedition, he had to admit. The phantom of his focus was leading him in circles, but all he knew was that there was nothing usual about the atmosphere he now breathed.

The same sky that had been clear and idyllic just moments ago was now splashed violently with red and orange hues, accentuated by ominous clouds that foretold a devastating storm. His growing frustration could only view the sunset as condemnation from the universe, almost laughing at him in his uncertainty.

As Winston had predicted, the rain started falling fast. At least his meteorological degree was good for something. Fingers threading through his ashy brown hair, he was at his wits end. A week ago, this area had been flagged on the Bureau of Meteorology database, and Winston almost couldn’t believe his luck. Hiding it from the prying eyes of his incompetent coworkers, and even more incompetent boss, Winston had embarked on his very own storm chase.

Only…it appears that the storm didn’t want to be found. Ever since arriving in this dilapidated, deserted and basically neglected town, the clouds and winds had seemed to conspire against him; proving to be just as unpredictable as he had expected. While being proved right normally would have brought him unparalleled joy, Winston just wished it wasn’t to such an extreme. He would smell the rain, feel its song tingling on his skin and drops sprinkling his hair. But as soon as he would get closer to its centre or source, he would lose it. The tighter he grasped, the closer it got, the more he couldn’t deny that it seemed to purposefully slip away at the last moment – almost taunting him with its presence.

It was ridiculous, of course. Winston was a man of science, but the wilderness could make a mind go to strange places.

The clouds did seem more burdened, the droplets just barely contained, tantalisingly close to falling in streaming rivers… Winston dared to hope, flattening his foot against the accelerator as he drove into the enigmatic mist.

Somewhere in the distance lightning cracked, sending a spiderweb of white light across the sky. The low rumbling of the heavens being cleaved open accompanied it seconds later, sending shivers down his spine. This was the closest he'd gotten. He could almost taste the renown and recognition.

Just a bit further, a bit faster… Leaning forward in his seat, Winston was staring down the rural dirt road in front of him, until the wheels gave out and he was skating on puddles.

The car screeched, rebelling against the sudden loss of traction on the road. Instinctively, Winston's hands flew to his chest, hunching inside until the car stopped, a hair's breadth from the nearest tree.

A shaky breath was followed by a quick string of curse words as he climbed out of his prized car to assess the damage. Upon regaining his senses, Winston realised that he must have driven over a small puddle, but he was just going at the wrong speed at the wrong time. Dreams disappearing with his dry clothing, Winston leant down to inspect the damage. The sound of heavy footsteps caused his eyes to flick down to a pair of pink-laced boots approaching.

Through the pelting rain, a hulking figure bloomed in the darkness. It was a sleek black car, resting in a ditch on the side of the road. A man knelt next to the car, cursing at his bad luck. Alex looked on the sorry scene in pity. What sort of maniac would drive so recklessly in a rainstorm like this? She clomped to his side, her unruly brown hair sticking to the sides of her face, streaks of dyed blue plastered to her forehead.

“You need some help there?” Alex laughed, as the man looked up at her in relief. His expression quickly turned to confusion however, as he took in the scene in front of him. Her hot pink motorbike sat a couple of meters away, and her haphazard outfit stuck out like a sore thumb against the yellowing wattle trees. Bright colors thrown in with gloomy darks, an attention seeking grab. Her bright yellow **yarn** scarf clashed brazenly with her green blazer. It was weird, but she loved it.

“I don’t need *your* help. I’ve got this,” the man said, scoffing quietly as he gazed upon her chaos.

“Suit yourself,” shrugged Alex, rivulets of rain streaming down her face. Thunder clapped in the distance. “But this storm is getting worse, and I’m finding some shelter before I die a painful death out here.” Shoving her shoulders back, she strode away, waiting for the inevitable call.

“Wait!” Yelled the man, as she placed one hand on the throttle. “I’m coming with you. But we can’t leave my car here. My father gave me this BMW. I can’t just *leave* it here in the storm.”

“Sure you can. What’s your name, mystery man?”

“I-What? It’s Winston. But I’m not leaving it here.”

“Yes. You are. Because this beauty here can’t tow a whole damn car. So come on Winnie. Are you getting on, or not? I’m Alex, by the way.”

“Huh...? I-fine,” said Winston, casting a mournful look back at his precious car, as they drove away into the sunset hidden by the storm.

“Don’t call me Winnie.”

“So, why are you here?” yelled Alex over the roar of the storm. The rain was heavier now, barraging the road, so loud that even her bike couldn’t be heard over the noise.

“This. This storm is so unusual for the area. I’m a meteorologist. Mapping this storm, charting its path will cement my name in the industry,” Winston replied just as loudly.

“A meteorologist?” laughed Alex. “What sort of pretentious job is that? Judging by your outfit, you could be, like, a coroner, or someone who gives the eulogy at a funeral.”

“Sorry? What are you then, a barbie doll that an eight-year-old dressed?”

“I’m an illustrator.” That shut him up.

The road in front of them seemed never ending, the thunder rumbling and lightning illuminating the bush ahead. Winston kept critiquing her driving skills, like *he’d* ever driven a motorbike. When he asked where they were going for the fifth time, Alex turned around, annoyance written on her face.

“Straight ahead,” she said, unnecessarily enunciating each syllable.

“Look at the road!” gasped Winston, but Alex was too annoyed to listen.

“Can you, for one moment, stop being such a backseat driver, and just be quiet. I’m so fed up-”

“Alex”

“-with you right now. I mean, you’re the damsel in distress right now, and the princess never questions the-”

“Alex!”

“-prince. What?” yelled Alex.

“LOOK AT THE ROAD!” Alex whipped her head around just in time to witness the roaring water ahead of her and slammed on the brakes. Her neck cracked, and Winston slammed into her back. Dazed, Alex slowly clambered off her bike and observed the road.

It was uncrossable. Water flowed across, completely blocking any hopes of continuing. For once, Alex and Winston agreed. They couldn’t stay in this storm.

“Let's go on an adventure.”

Alex’s chunky combat boots broke sticks and leaves as they clomped through the undergrowth. Winston trudged behind her. They were both drenched, hair and clothes sticking to their weary bodies. They had been walking for hours now, the moon rising in the sky.

“Didn’t we see that tree earlier?” asked Winston quietly.

“No, that was a different one. Probably…”

“I can’t believe it! You got us lost. You said you knew this area.”

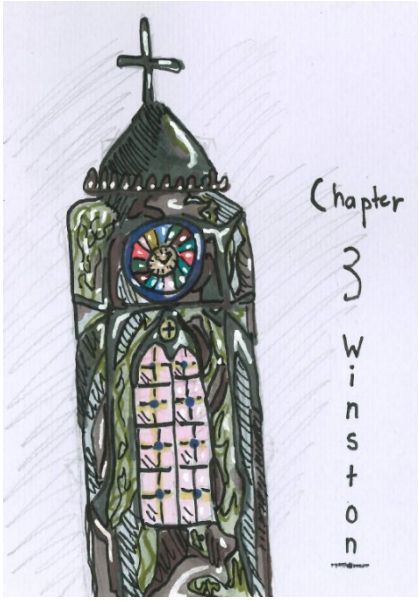
“I do. I did,” replied Alex, though in her heart, she knew. They were well and truly lost.

They kept walking in circles for what seemed like an eternity, though it was probably minutes. Just as they had lost hope, the duo stopped.

“Did you see that?”

“I don’t know what I saw.”

Because as the lightning lit up the sky, a foreboding silhouette appeared in the bush in front of them.



The imposing structure loomed above the pair, casting them into shadow. The piercing spire was the solitary figure shrouded in dark. All evidence of the many years gone by had been washed away by the torrential rain pounding onto the cobbled roof. Vines were wrapped around the pillars surrounding the entrance like skeletal fingers, as if they had been lured by the mysterious aura of the building but never allowed to leave. The leaves that remained on the desolate vines were ripped and greyed as if the life force had been drained slowly out of them. It was a setting ripped from the pages of a fantasy **novel**.

“What’s that?” asked Alex.

“A church, obviously” Winston replied, although he wasn’t entirely sure as mist surrounded him, clouding his vision. “I’ve been here so many times, even analysed the area for work, and I’ve never seen it before. It’s like it just appeared out of thin air.” He pulled out his phone, checking maps to see if the structure was actually there or if he was hallucinating in his remembrance.

“Well, looks like someone’s done their **homework**”, teased Alex. “Should we go inside?”

“No.” Winston replied without hesitation. Water had begun pooling around their feet, the earth **gooey** and squelching obnoxiously beneath Alex’s ridiculous boots. The harsh wind blew ferociously as though it was pushing them towards the ominous building. The sky lit up as lightning whipped across the heavens and the thunder that followed rumbled through the air. The hairs on Winston’s arms stood up as electricity crackled.

“We’re getting drenched. You can stay out here, alone, in the dark, just like we discussed earlier, but I’m going inside.” Alex said sweetly, as she strode towards the eerie church.

Winston rolled his eyes. “Fine. I’m coming,” he said, falling into step beside her as they walked up the winding path into the church. There was something about it. It didn’t belong, and every instinct was telling him to flee. Chiding himself on his silly superstitions, he resolved to continue, logic prevailing. Winston didn’t want to be left out here alone. The gnarled gum trees seemed to analyse his every move, and every snap of a branch within the bush seemed to be a predator, his personification of the environment frightening him more than the prospect of entering the ominous church.

The door opened with a screech, grating against the stone floor. Winston’s eyebrows rose in surprise as they entered the church to find wooden pews still shining with hints of resin. Stained-glass windows depicted a solitary dove, the peace and majesty of the room a stark contrast from its dilapidated exterior.

“I’m going to look around for a place to rest,” said Winston wearily.

“You mean like this?” Echoes of Alex’s voice surrounded him as she yelled from where she was examining a passageway leading away from the corner of the church. The room was filled to the brim with beds, some appearing to be brand new, while others looked as though they’d seen decades worth of dreams and nightmares.

Winston paced nervously across the room, thoughts running rampant through his mind. “I don’t understand.” He muttered quietly, “This shouldn’t be happening. How is it possible for this place to look so old and abandoned on the outside but pristine on the inside?”

“Stop spiralling, Winnie.” Alex said.

“Stop calling me that. My name is *Winston.*”

“You can’t stop me,” Alex teased with a sly grin. “And don’t worry about the why’s and how’s and just enjoy the beauty – this place is so pretty. I wish I had brought my supplies to paint it; it would look magical,” she said with a small sigh.

“Magic doesn’t exist” Winston stated resolutely.

“Whatever. Anyway, it’s getting late, we should get some sleep.” As she walked to the opposite end of the room and laid down on one of the many beds, flashes of lightning filtering through the window and casting shadows onto her fatigued face.

Winston’s eyes stubbornly refused to shut; apprehension coursed through his veins. Despite his best attempts, soon exhaustion overtook him, and he succumbed to sleep.

Winston woke to the screams of the wind singing to him, the wavering song reminiscent of the cries of a child. The wails of the wind echoed off the stone corridors, a melody of suffering that shook him to his very core.

Unable to stand the haunting sound for any longer, he cautiously crawled out of bed, careful to not wake Alex, and followed the trace of the mysterious sound. It was coming from above.

Every movement echoed through the darkness and shadows projected eerie silhouettes across the walls. He could still hear the rain pounding against the roof and the occasional cracks of thunder; however, even the storm seemed to quiet in the presence of the mysterious shrieking.

It’s just the wind, he thought, shaking his head. He slowly retreated towards the room, reassuring himself that it wasn’t an omen. Before he reached the end of the corridor, the shadows parted to reveal a winding staircase leading up the clocktower. He looked up cautiously from the bottom, before sighing and turning back towards the direction he came from. *Man up, Winston. You can walk up a damn staircase*. He took a deep breath before placing his foot on the first step, and a resounding creaking sound filled the air.

As he crept up the stairs, he was increasingly regretting not bringing a light. A torch, a candle, even the insipid glow from his phone would make all the difference. Too bad, it had died after arriving at the church.

His heartbeat matched the incessant ticking of the clock. Step.

The thunder was a steady beat propelling his feet forward. Step.

Shadows grasped at his ankles. Step.

The voices surrounded him, flooding his senses.

Only two more steps.

Fear choked his better judgement.

One more step.

A shaky breath, a hand outstretched.

Fingers trembling, he gripped the doorknob.

An exhalation followed by a tentative advance.

A breath that was not his own, a hand on his shoulder.

Alex walked up the gloomy staircase, quietly following the noises of the wind that sounded like a crying child. Up, up, up towards the clock tower. Malevolent forces were at work here. Alex could tell. Everyone she had ever met had laughed in her face for believing in spirits, but she knew she wasn't crazy.

Suddenly, she was facing an intricately carved door, which looked like it didn't belong in this century. The door creaked on its hinges; the rusted knob cold under her palm as she apprehensively crept into the room. Underneath the light of the moon, Alex saw another figure observing the scene. Winston was here too. She padded lightly towards him and touched him gently on the shoulder. He jumped, startled, flinching under her touch. She allowed herself a small smile of satisfaction.

"What are you doing here?" Breathed Winston.

"I followed the crying, same as you."

"No. I followed the wind."

"Whatever. Let's look around," said Alex.

Winston, still breathing heavily from adrenaline, followed Alex cautiously as she was pulled, as if by a hidden thread, towards the edge of the clock tower. She tugged at a large decaying piece of cloth, thick with layers of grime. In a flurry of dust, Alex revealed an assortment of tattered clothing and rotting toys, discarded in the corner of the clock tower. It looked like the remnants of a nursery, with an old wooden toybox in the corner.

Alex paused, eyes catching on a particular toy. It had distinctively boyish features, with blonde curls obscuring his forehead, bright blue eyes glowing in the darkness. Alex wouldn't have paid the gnome a second thought if it weren't for its polished appearance. Contrasting the decomposing toys, the gnome looked significantly out of place. Perhaps it was for this reason Alex noticed it so vividly, even as she looked to Winston's feet and saw a hidden staircase, still half concealed by a rotting rug.

"Stop staring and come," Winston quipped as he began to descend the spiral staircase. Alex followed him hurriedly down into what seemed to be an ancient kitchen.

"What is this place?" Queried Winston, walking towards the chipped, granite benchtop.

"I-I think this was one of those churches that took in orphans. That was their play area, and this was their kitchen." Alex's gaze shuttered, butterflies flying laps in her stomach. "I-I don't like this place. We should leave." Winston, instead of registering the fear in her voice, walked over to the cupboards and opened them, revealing stacks of canned goods that had been preserved over the years.

“I mean, if it’s there, we should eat it. Listen, the storm’s getting worse, and we’re going to be here a while. It’s a church. How bad can it be?” Winston said, picking up a rusted spoon and eating beans like they were a gourmet meal.

“Winnie, you could get tetanus.” Chided Alex, though there was no bite to her words.

“Don’t call me Winnie.”

Lightning lit up the room, illuminating a photo tucked into the corner of the kitchen. Alex, still reeling from the orphan’s playroom, stalked over to the photo. With shaking hands, she picked it up. A tingling sense of familiarity hit her, and she got an eerie feeling of deja vu.

“This one looks like the gnome. You know, from the room.” In the photo was a vibrant little boy, with golden locks and shining blue eyes, scarily similar to the grinning ornament in the attic.

“I’m sure it’s just a coincidence,” Winston dismissed her quickly, continuing to eat his baked beans.

“But don’t you see it? They could be twins. And the gnome in that room... I swear I saw it blinking at me.”

“Blinking? You can’t be serious. Really Alex? I never would have pegged you for a wishy-washy magic believer,” chuckled Winston.

Alex felt like someone had punched her in the stomach. “Wishy-washy? You know, for a moment there, I thought we could’ve been friends. But the way you dismiss ideas, just because they aren’t to your taste. I can’t believe you.”

“We met each other like, what, yesterday, and you already judging me?” Winston was raising his voice now.

“It’s not-it’s not that. It’s just-doesn’t this place give you like, bad vibes? Surely you can feel it. The other presence here. It’s palpable,” Alex’s voice was quiet but firm.

Wind howled outside, the storm picking up in strength. And volume.

“*The other presence?* What do you mean, ‘the other presence’? You do know there are no such things as ghosts, right?” Scoffed Winston.

“Stop telling me what to think.” Alex was raising her voice now too, anger edging her tone.

Lightning and thunder broke through their argument, and Winston’s face was pale in the moonlight seeping through the stained-glass windows. The storm was swirling around with the emotions in the room. Breathing heavily, Alex stared at Winston. How could he push aside her beliefs like they were common trash? Of course, the person she just had to rescue turned out to be a jerk. Alex was about to go off at him again, but another crash of thunder cut through the tension.

“We should probably go somewhere more stable. Look, the walls are shaking.” This was not Winston being nice. He was thinking only of his own safety. But right as Alex was about to turn and follow him, she spotted something wildly out of place in the darkness of the kitchen from the corner of her eye. Her heart stopped. Perched on the staircase was the gnome.

“Well, that’s a way to win an argument if I ever saw one” Alex gloated.

Everything about her voice was grating, the tone, the words and the obvious smugness that laced them. Winston’s momentary spike of adrenaline-fueled fear was dismissed in the face of irritation.

“There’s got to be a logical explanation,” he murmured, and he could have sworn he heard Alex sigh. He cut an accusatory glance, “did you move this to mess with me?”

An amused expression crossed her face, “don’t you wish that that was the case. Nope, I told you, this house is different… special. And I think that this guy is at the center of it.”

Wishing he could roll his eyes without incurring her wrath, Winston leant down, examining the details that he had glossed over only moments ago. Eyes scanning the peculiar ornament, certain he was going mad, he took a second glance over its face. It seemed different? It wasn’t a big change, nothing describable or quantifiable but changed, nonetheless.

Perhaps it was the expression, the face that had been blank but slightly tinted with sorrow was now...almost determined? Winston blinked his eyes, trying to clear his mind, but the gnome didn’t change.

“You see it to, then.” It wasn’t a question, it was a factual statement, uttered in the same irritating voice as before. Winston’s voice wouldn’t work, his mouth left gaping open at the realization of what had just happened.

“You’re the boy from the picture, aren’t you,” Alex whispered to the gnome, and in that moment, Winston knew.

Against all of his logic and reason, he knew in the fibers of his being that this was the orphan boy in the photo. He couldn’t explain it, but everything had clicked into place, though all of his years of upbringing rebelled against it.

While Winston grappled with the existential shift in his beliefs, Alex wasn’t fazed.

“You know, I’m an orphan too.” She whispered, even quieter than before, “I grew up in an orphanage quite like this one, so I know that it's hard. I know what it’s like to feel lonely, like nobody cares or ever will. You were abandoned, weren’t you?”

The gnome blinked purposefully, leaving no opportunity to mistake his meaning.

“Everyone left the town, didn’t they? And they forgot about you. I’m sorry for what’s happened to you, I’m sorry that they left you alone.” Her voice was hoarse, cracking with emotion, barely more than a breath.

“I’m sorry for all the Christmases you’ve had to spend alone, for all the storms where you’ve had no one to shield you from when the rain and thunder overwhelms you. I’m sorry for every time you’ve ever wished to have someone to hug, to play with or to talk to.” She paused, catching a glimpse of herself in his eyes. “I’m sorry that I hadn’t found you sooner.”

She was on her knees now, looking directly at the statue who looked more human than ever before, her arms wrapped tightly around her chest as if to keep her heart from splitting in two. She looked so broken, so lost and so alone. Her voice trailed down into nothing, filled with years of untold sadness and isolation. Winston couldn’t bear it, his own heart taking a **plunge** into his stomach at the sight of them together; two children who grew up so differently, yet shared so many of the same experiences.

Winston took a step forward. He wrapped his arms around Alex, all the tensions and arguments between them forgotten, lost to the weight of the moment. They stayed like that for a long time, until Winston gently murmured in her ear.

“You’re not alone anymore.”

Taking a deep breath, Alex turned around, staring right into Winston’s eyes. Voice thick with gratitude, she returned his embrace with equal intensity.

“I know.”

It was at that moment everything changed. Again, it wasn’t obvious, sudden, or abrupt. It was the way the sun came in through the windows. It was the way the trees seemed to lean toward the house, not away from it. It was the subtle shift in the gnome’s expression, no longer mournful but content and proud. It was all these things and more that promised to Winston a seismic shift. And he knew that the gnome was no longer the church’s ghost, but its guardian.

The sun burst through the clouds, cutting through the still air and the stained-glass windows, casting a beautiful tapestry of colour across the floor. The dove that had once looked lonely now shone with the morning's glory, raising its head triumphantly towards the heavens.

These two people, who had fought for every second they had known each other. Who had doubted each other the whole way. He had watched them, felt their emotions swirling like the storm that had been raging outside.

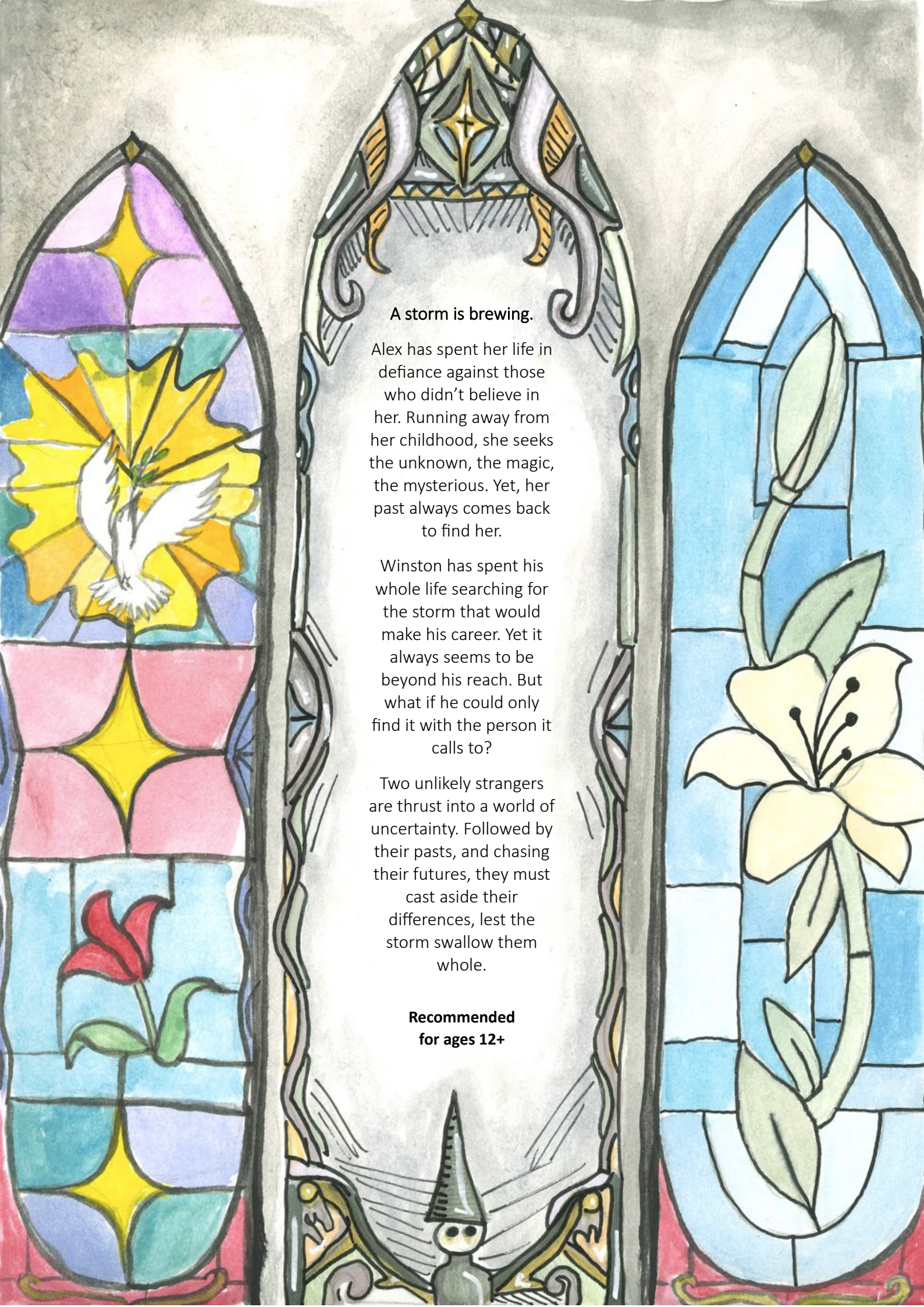
Everyone he had ever known had left him. Their hearts had been consumed by greed and selfishness. All people were like that, he had thought. They took and took and took until there was nothing left to give.

Yet, amongst the golden glory of the rising sun, the two strangers sat, embracing their differences, opening their hearts to each other.

Perhaps… just perhaps, not everyone was bad. If these two people could discard their needs for each other, perhaps all hope was not lost.

His childhood had been thwart with loneliness and misery. He could not change that. But seeing the two people who had intruded on his home and brought clarity to his memories, he felt … thankful. He might not be able to fix the past, but he could change the future.

As the first cries of the birds pierced the morning sky, the church seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Alex and Winston looked up through the windows, and the last of the clouds slowly rolled away, leaving the brilliant hope of the new day.



A storm is brewing.

Alex has spent her life in defiance against those who didn't believe in her. Running away from her childhood, she seeks the unknown, the magic, the mysterious. Yet, her past always comes back to find her.

Winston has spent his whole life searching for the storm that would make his career. Yet it always seems to be beyond his reach. But what if he could only find it with the person it calls to?

Two unlikely strangers are thrust into a world of uncertainty. Followed by their pasts, and chasing their futures, they must cast aside their differences, lest the storm swallow them whole.

Recommended for ages 12+