



By Star Writers' Collective 6



THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC

DIVISION: Upper School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Star of the Sea College (BRIGHTON)

TEAM NAME: Star Writers' Collective 6

TEAM ID: 632

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Songwriter

Primary character 2 Rock star

Non-human character Redback spider

Setting Music festival

Issue Missing the train

Random words

..... swept

..... dazzling

..... faded

..... wrinkled

..... quirky

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“Life is about who is holding your hand and, I think, whose hand you commit to holding.”

— Taylor Jenkins Reid, *Daisy Jones & The Six*

“In bantering lies the key to human warmth.”

— Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*

Table of Contents

Prologue - Pages 6 and 7

Chapter 1 - Pages 8 and 9

Chapter 2 - Pages 10 and 11

Chapter 3 - Pages 12,13 and 14

Chapter 4 - Pages 15 and 16

Chapter 5 - Pages 17, 18 and 19

Chapter 6 - Pages 20 and 21

Chapter 7 - Pages 22 and 23

Prologue

The frigid air laps against Carmilla's figure as a coldness consumes her, a sense of hollowness unrelenting. Paralysed by remorse, the tears stream down her flushed cheeks with ease. She yearns to leave. To leave with *her*. Yet, envisaging a life of artistry and togetherness is just that... a vision. An ideal.

Embracing the liveliness of Melbourne was all they ever wished for, their lyricism clutching onto one another and the reverberating melodies tenderly enfolding their performance. However, when the moment arose, Carmilla found nothing more comforting than witnessing the train doors gradually slide to a close, behind a blanket of her sobs.

The guilt is overwhelming, but the feelings of insecurity are stronger. Stage lights are brutal and even the comfort of being in Jackie's arms wouldn't be enough to hold her together.

The train dissipates into the distance but Carmilla's hurt has an unwavering presence. To sing, to perform, to feature, would be too much though. She knows she doesn't belong to a life of fame. Hiding behind her words is the solution. Why face the world when the ebb and flow of lyrics can shield her? Songwriting is a gift and she can share in it without putting her fractured self on the line. Writing truly is escapism at its finest.

As much as it pains her, she *had* to miss the train, the opportunity. There is no other option.

...

Seeping in a pool of upset, Jackie unfolds in agony. She caught a glimpse of her...Carmilla. Engulfed by immobility and cruelty. Her once outstretched arm, hand and fingers returning to the solace of her side. Unwilling to open the carriage door, Carmilla deserted her.

Abandoned. Alone.

So much love and potential diminished within a moment. They had hope, a desire for a life of vibrancy enveloped by their harmonies. It didn't matter if their performances brought them prestige. All that mattered was them.

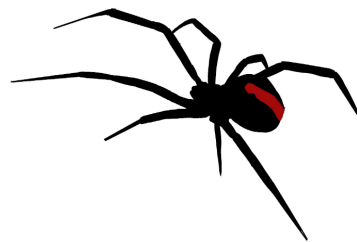
Jackie glares at her instrument, clutching at the threads of the guitar and tearing them away as Carmilla ripped at her heart. She needed finality to the torment, a way to cease the cascading tears. Anguish was the answer.

It is personal. How can someone pretend to care so much and make the performance of a lifetime their entire relationship?

Escaping the Western Australian confines was their plan together. They would love each other in the daylight and the limelight. Now Jackie would have to brave the world anew and isolated.

Blotting away at the floods that overwhelm her chestnut eyes, she will channel this suffering. Straightening her frame up, Jackie resolves to make something of herself. This is a complication. She is a complication. A life amidst the dramatism of performance would be fulfilling enough. Conjuring her own lyrics, with no need for a chorus when you have the stability of yourself.

In unison, Carmilla misses the train and Jackie decides to never again love someone as much as her.



Chapter 1

The fluorescent lights above Carmilla's workstation are flickering a rockabilly beat. She can't help but tap her foot. Their neon sensibility renders pulling espresso shots monotonous. The invasive waft of the bitter grounds gather beneath her nails, poisoning every touch with the decisive determination that she is a barista, working behind the counter of the same cafe she has been serving mochas in since she was fourteen.

The caffeine in her veins prevents the disappointment that is her current life position. She is still in Perth, between the Scarborough Amphitheatre and Ramada Hotel. She's stuck serving flat whites to mothers and magics to pretentious and **quirky** Melbourne visitors who callously remind her of everything she is not.

Every time a new song would scream from the speakers of the dingy shop radio, Carmilla feels the familiar itch in her hands to write, to put down the milk jug and sprawl her thoughts out across the napkins. She made her choice to stay in Perth, she was now working at a cafe instead of chasing the lyrical euphoria.

Carmilla remembers Jackie's fingers dancing up and down the frets of her guitar instinctively, moving as though her body and the instrument were one. She was so dynamic, so brilliant, so intense...she was everything. Carmilla tries her best to forget the sound of her own voice, but remembers the voice cracks and Jackie's reassuring grin. Even on the sweatiest, most gruesome summer days, Jackie was unable to abandon the pull of the mock setup in the garage of Carmilla's stepfather. Even when they found that redback spider watching them from between the ancient beach cricket wickets, determined to scare Carmilla into Jackie's arms like some grotesque cupid.

"It won't hurt you," Jackie promised. "None of our audience will, arachnid or not. I've got you."

Her reassurance softened the edge of Carmilla's insecurities, making her, too, believe that she could sing her own songs and not run at the prospect of vulnerability.

She could write albums dedicated to the vibrato of her voice and melody of her gaze, able to ease her anxieties and fears in a moment. But it didn't make her invincible, at least not enough to commit to music, to getting on that train, to Jackie.

"Can I have a dirty chai without any coffee, love?" The voice of a customer brings Carmilla back from the fantasy land she traverses unwillingly but oh, so often.

“Sorry? Would you like a chai latte?” She asks with corporate politeness, setting aside her seething resentment for the unwelcome distraction.

The woman shakes her head with motherly condescension, “No darl, one dirty chai without any espresso, please. Can you do that?”

Carmilla responds accordingly, finding herself possessed by teenage reverence: “A dirty chai is a chai latte with espresso in it. I *can’t* make you a dirty chai without espresso. Otherwise I’d be making you a chai latte. *Darl.*”

“You’re not understanding, *ONE* dirty chai without espresso, not whatever you’re talking about.”

“Do you mean a chai made with the tea leaves rather than powder? Because we do that already.”

“NO, I want a dirty chai without espresso. I’m tired of your judgement.”

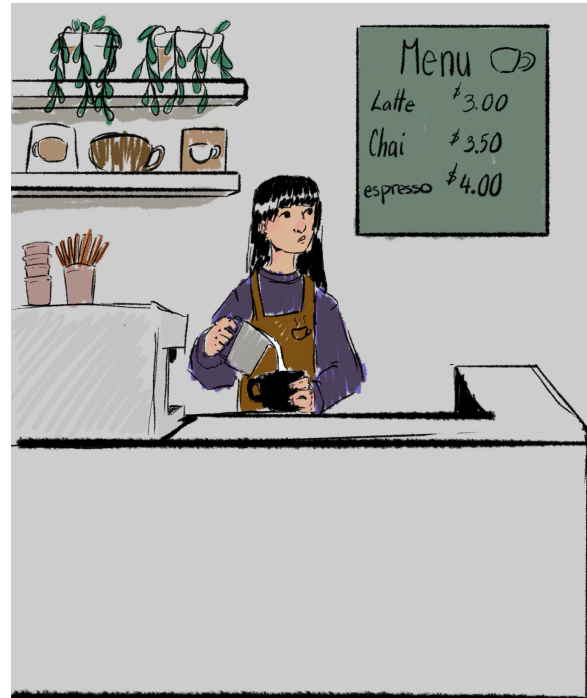
As a barista not a barrister, Carmilla knows she’s not here to judge. But it’s hard not to sometimes.

What is she doing? Why is she here? Why wasn’t she brave enough to write her songs as well as sing them? Why did she let her fears put a wall between them?

The regret hits her heavier than a freight train – this isn’t where she should be. It is a disservice. The itch in her hand becomes a compulsion. She needs to write, no matter what. If not in spite of her anxiety, in spite of dirty-chai–no-espresso-lady.

“Hello? My coffee?”

In one swift movement, Carmilla strips out of her straitjacket apron and marches out from the morning rush.



Chapter 2

On her way to Melbourne from Perth, Carmilla gazes out the window and observes the change from rolling hills to the urban development of the city, her mind filling with possibilities and the endless ways that her journey in music could end.

On her next train to South Kensington Railway station, she recalls how excited she was when Sebastian Guy called her earlier that week, after hearing silence the week prior from all the other producers she contacted. When she heard the good news that Sebastian Guy wanted to meet with her in Melbourne concerning her music, all she could say to him over the phone (after screaming internally for five minutes) was that she wouldn't let him down.

However, while she portrayed a reserved certainty on the outside, her thoughts betrayed her, as they clouded her mind with fears of performing. All she can feel now is nerves. She can't tell if it's from terror or excitement.

Just as quickly as her thoughts consume her, she is jolted out of them by the rattling wheels of the train, screeching to a halt. Other passengers on the train rush to gather their items and exit the carriage.

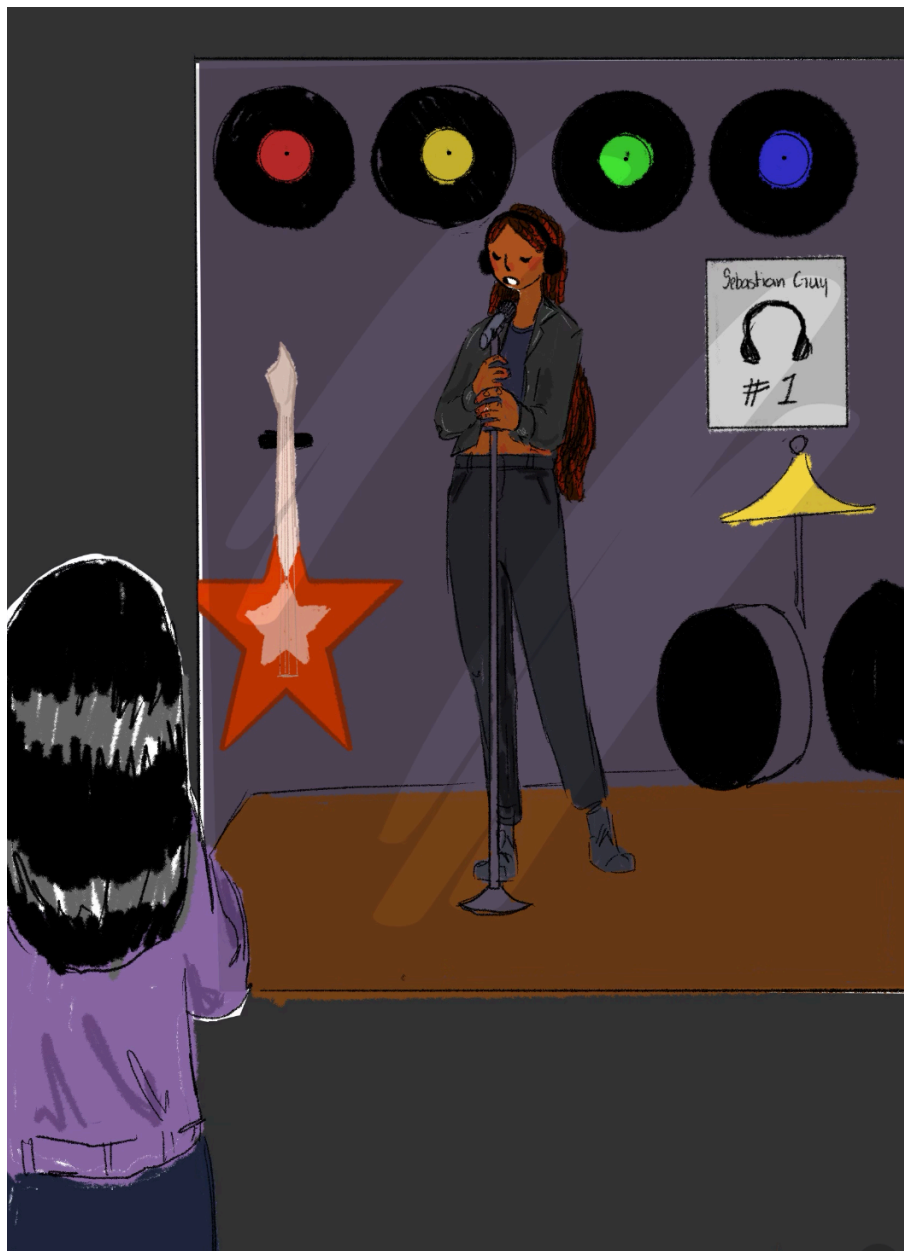
As Carmilla makes her way up the stairs towards the street, she contemplates how her meeting with Sebastian is going to go. She recalls how he said to meet him near the main stage.

Entering Childler Street, Carmilla is greeted by the hustle and bustle of the local Melbournians going about their day. As she strolls towards the venue, Carmilla observes the air that is city life, the tree-lined asphalt sidewalks, the speeding cars, and the random patches of grass scattered across the nature strip. As the shadow of the towering Flemington Racecourse looms over her, her palms start to grow damp and her heart thumps rapidly. Walking through the gate of the venue for the upcoming Laneway music festival, she spins around, taking in all that is the soon-to-be bustling scene.

As she nears the stage, she catches a glimpse of a man and a dark-featured woman with intricate braids. Observing her, she notices the roundness of her face, the softness of her features contradicting her edgy clothing, particularly the leather jacket draped over her shoulders.

The woman has red streaks woven throughout her hair, like an echo of her old bandmate, Jackie, who she was meant to go to Melbourne with five years prior.

Slowly it dawns on her as she peers at the musician, mesmerised by her soulful voice filling the studio with raw, heartfelt emotion...it *is* Jackie.



Chapter 3

The rasp of Jackie's voice echoes through the rehearsal space of the venue, a tone all too familiar to Carmilla. She grips the microphone like a lifeline, her eyes close as though transported to another world. Carmilla watches in awe — until Jackie slams the guitar on the floor with a thud, releasing a deep sigh.

"I can't figure out these lyrics, Sebastian!" she exclaims, her hands falling limp by her side.

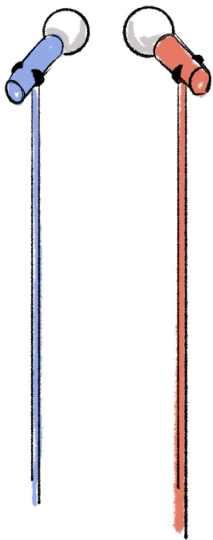
The tension is palpable as Jackie begrudgingly returns to face the man in the stalls. It is in that fateful moment when their eyes meet — two former friends with a fractured connection, strained by the demands of an industry and unspoken fears. Jackie turns abruptly to her producer, fury visible in her dark brown eyes.

"Seb, get her out. Now. I don't want her here," she demands, her body rigid.

Sebastian glances nervously between the pair, separated not only by distance, but also by years of regret and uncertainty. He resigns himself to Jackie's command, trudging off to the green room.

Jackie and Carmilla are left alone, suffocated by the thousands of unsaid words lingering in the vast space.

"You know," Carmilla begins gently, "I really like your song. If it's that particular lyric you're worried about, you could change it to something like—"



"What makes you think you can show up here, unannounced and unwanted, and tell me what to do?!" Jackie abruptly interrupts, fists clenched and eyes narrowed.

"Jackie," pleads Carmilla, "please don't be like this. Sebastian called me, I didn't know you were here. I came here for another chance, to write music."

Silence hangs over them.

"I don't know what to tell you."

“We don’t have to speak about what happened that day. Not now, or ever. Let’s not fight right now, I can help you if you let me.”

Jackie is hesitant, pressing her lips together tightly in contemplation.

“Alright, whatever. If you can’t get up on stage yourself, you might as well help me.”

Carmilla lets the insult roll off of her back, too exhausted to retort. She walks towards the microphone setup, meeting Jackie. Without another glance or timid word, Jackie snatches her dented guitar and begins to play. Her fingers glide across the frets with sensual ease.

Carmilla picks up the unfinished lyric sheet at her feet, eyeing Jackie carefully before holding a finger up in mock threat, a wordless *let me try*.

Jackie strums the melody leading her into the first verse. Carmilla listens tentatively, closing her eyes, intuitively beginning to hum along. Reshaped lyrics flow from her mouth, providing body to the astute skeleton crafted by Jackie.

The two quickly fall into a steady harmony, immersing themselves in the music. Somehow, despite the dissonance of their history, they find themselves in sync. As they approach the bridge of the song, Carmilla inhales a steady breath, ready to sing the original lyrics. Then, suddenly emboldened, the lyrics she has been working on, the ones about the rough girl with the soft exterior, tumble out of her mouth.

Her melodic voice fills the space, accompanied by the reverberating rhythm of Jackie’s guitar, unwavering at the surprising new lyrics.

When the music ebbs, a slow yet heavy clap sounds from the corner of the stage. Sebastian Guy stares intently, eyes wide and mouth agape.

“And why didn’t I know about this sooner?” he demands.

A small chuckle escapes Carmilla, masked by a cough.

“That settles it then. This is the missing piece we’ve been looking for, Jackie.”

“Absolutely not!” Jackie yells angrily.

“Look, J. You’re a great performer and have a huge fanbase. But your friend here, she is just what you need. Your dynamic, the lyrics, the strength of her vocals! It would be unreasonable to pass up this opportunity.”

Carmilla stands mouth agape and Jackie attempts to argue, but is cut off by Sebastian’s hopeful grin. For the first time since entering the stage, the women look at each other properly. Only once they recognise the electricity in each other’s eyes do they realise it would indeed be unreasonable to pass up this opportunity.

Looking back to Sebastian in resignation, Jackie sighs and throws her hands up in defeat. “Sure, whatever.”

“Okay,” Carmilla hesitantly says, apprehension pricking her nerves. “But I won’t sing on stage. I’ll help write the lyrics but I won’t sing in front of people.”

Chapter 4

Quickly after securing their partnership, Sebastian excuses himself, leaving Carmilla alone with Jackie and the fractured remains of their past. Tension fills the air as the silence stretches on. Jackie has her head firmly turned to the side, staring away from Carmilla. Her shoulders are visibly taut with apprehension.

“Well, are you going to criticise my work some more?” Jackie snaps. There is an icy fire in her eyes, and Carmilla mourns the fond looks that used to be sent her way over the rim of soda cans in her stepfather's dingy garage. The gap between them feels wider than ever.

“It’s not criticism, Jackie,” Carmilla responds. “I want to help you. Truly, I do. Please just let me.”

Jackie sighs, weighing up her options. The fury in her eyes dims and her shoulders slump in resignation. “Okay,” she accedes.

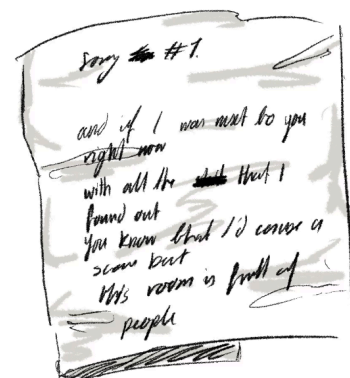
“Okay?” Carmilla repeats, shocked that Jackie, her stubborn, abrasive, beautiful Jackie, would give in so easily.

“Yeah, let's do this, Milla,” Jackie turns to her, and suddenly Carmilla is transported back to their simple lives back in Perth. Their eyes lock and in an instant they're seventeen again, singing their hearts out to each other in front of an audience of redback spiders.

Jackie starts to sing once more, and Carmilla follows along on her sheet music. Sometimes she wishes she was Jackie; the confidence to sing her heart out on stage instead of running away from the shining spotlight is something she always yearned for.

The lyrics are rough and unfinished, like a piece of them is missing. Or more accurately, a piece of the writer. There is such intensity and soul to the lyrics, something so uniquely Jackie that Carmilla could cry at the familiarity. There are incomplete pieces in the chorus, and her second verse could use a little work, but the song itself is perfect, if only because Jackie made it.

“So, what do you think of it so far?” Jackie asked, still slightly out of breath from her singing.



“It’s amazing!” Carmilla blurts out. She quickly looks away, unsure of her outburst.

Jackie gives a hesitant smile, saying, “You don’t have to lie to me Milla. It’s unfinished.”

“Well, duh! But what you’ve got sounds amazing, Jac!” she exclaims, impulsively taking Jackie’s hands into hers. Jackie still seems apprehensive about this touch, but resolves to try to accept it.

Suddenly, Carmilla gets an idea. Excitedly, she rifles around through her backpack for the old napkin from the cafe she used to work at. “Ugh, where is it!” she huffs.

“Uh, what are you doing, Milla?” Jackie asks, raising one pierced eyebrow quizzically.

“I think I have the perfect lyrics for your song! Aha!” Carmilla cries, finally pulling out the **wrinkled** napkin.

“Is that...a napkin?” Jackie asks incredulously.

“No!– I mean, yes, it’s a napkin, but it’s got lyrics on it,” Carmilla responds. “I wrote these back in Perth, they’re what I sent to Sebastian...”

“Woah, Milla. These are...brilliant,” Jackie admits apprehensively, reading them. “How about we take these lyrics for a test drive?”

With Carmilla’s chorus and Jackie’s verses, the song is complete. Their two voices blend together, creating an enchanting and heartfelt melody. With hands and voices intertwined, they sing.

Chapter 5

The wind is whipping Jackie's hair against Carmilla's face as they speed down a busy Melbourne street. It's strange being this close to her again after all this time, Carmilla's arms clinging to her for dear life. It's starting to feel like how it used to, and she's only starting to realise how much she's missed it.

Jackie feels Carmilla's arms trembling slightly. Maybe it's the nerves. It's their big day, after all. Sebastian Guy and the backing band are already in a van on their way to the festival, but Carmilla insisted on the two of them going there together, alone. Despite the musical progressions that have brought them closer, Jackie still doesn't know if she's quite ready to be this close again, after everything. Maybe this was too rash after all.

Carmilla's wearing Jackie's spare helmet, smiling with a new light in her eyes. As she sees the train station roll into view, she feels a cocktail of fear and exhilaration swimming through her veins. The idea of her words being sung aloud and brought to life...she's shivering with the thrill of it all.

Meanwhile, Jackie glares ahead, irritation springing to the surface. Really, she thinks, Carmilla shouldn't be this nervous at all. She's not the one performing. She made it very clear that she's still not ready for that, even after coming all the way to Melbourne to chase her dreams. Jackie knows Carmilla makes her a better songwriter, performer, *person*. Truthfully, she's smiled more this week than she has for a long time. How can she be sure Carmilla's not going to run away on her just like last time? She can't have her heart broken like that again.

"Jackie, slow down," Carmilla says.

They're in front of the station now. Wordlessly, Jackie gets off the scooter, Carmilla following suit, and locks it up. She checks her watch. Ten minutes till the train leaves. Ten minutes until her life changes forever. Ten minutes to make a decision. Does Jackie really want to give Carmilla, the girl who ditched her on the biggest day of their lives, the chance to abandon her again before such an important moment?

Jackie trails behind as the two walk down the stairs to the platform, and as they reach the last step, she pauses.

"Carmilla."

Carmilla turns, her face beaming as bright as the moon. Usually, that genuine, contagious smile would have **swept** Jackie up again and stopped the next few words from leaving her lips, but not this time.

“I’m not doing this again.”

Carmilla’s smile falters. “What...?”

“Do you really think you’re ready for this, Carmilla?”

“Of course I do, Jackie.” Carmilla reaches out for her hand, a reassuring smile lingering on her face. “I can do it this time. I *know* I can.”

“Do *what*, exactly?” Jackie ignores the outstretched hand. Reluctantly, it falls. “Sit backstage while I sing the song *you* wrote with me? Don’t get me wrong, I’ve had fun parading around pretending to be close again, pretending to be a team. You’re *clearly* still not committed to this. If you were, you would swallow your fear and stand on that stage with me today.”

“Jackie, are you serious?” Carmilla frowns. “You’ve suddenly decided *now*, five minutes before we have to leave, that you can’t do this? I want this. I really do. I know I hurt you. But that was a long time ago. You have to *trust* me.”

“But that’s the problem. I *don’t* trust you. You’re acting like you’ve completely changed, Carmilla, like you’re ready. But when I look at you I see the same scared, insecure girl who left me all alone that day. The girl who couldn’t own her own talent enough to face her fears. You left me to start the dream we built together all by myself.”

“You’re really going there? We’re bringing this up now? On the biggest day of our lives? I thought we were trying to start again, Jackie. We shouldn’t let the past get in the way.”

“How can we do that? I mean, you never even *apologised*, and...I just know I will be betraying myself today if I get up there for my first big gig with a song that *you* wrote for me, someone who hurt me so much. Someone I worked so hard to forget.”

“Jackie, how can you run away from this now? How can you run away from this dream, the one you’ve had since we were little kids saving each other from redback spiders—”

“Running? Carmilla, you’ve run away from everything since you knew how to walk. You ran away from your own talent, you ran from our moment that day. You ran away from *me*. You’re still running. You can’t work up the courage to open up to the world, even though you *know* how good you are. How can I expect you to open up to *me*? Do you even realise how much you hurt me that day? We were...and now you accuse *me* of...no. It’s my turn to make a decision for myself for a change.”

Train horns blare. Carmilla’s hair flies behind her like a white flag as tears brim in her eyes.

“*Please*, Jackie. Give me a chance. I’ll prove to you that I can stay. All I want is to stay with you.”

But as the train pulls to a halt and Carmilla steps on board, pleading with her desperate eyes, Jackie turns away. She walks up the stairs. She doesn’t look back.



Chapter 6

Jackie walks alone through the urban streets, her footsteps echoing against the pavement. The afternoon air is cool, and the distant hum of the city slowly fades as her thoughts begin to overtake her mind. She tugs her leather jacket around her, her dark hair glinting under the sparse city lights. Her mind swirls with thoughts, tangled like the knots of the city streets she meanders through.

Carmilla. The name echoing in her mind, evoking a sense of frustration and longing. Jackie's dark eyes narrow as she thinks of the songwriter who betrayed her trust. She needs fresh air to think, to understand the labyrinth of emotions that has been growing within her since that fateful day on the train all those years ago.

She walks until she finds a quiet park to gather her thoughts. The gentle rustle of leaves in the breeze and the distant chirping of birds creates a soothing symphony. Jackie sits on a bench, staring at the blades of grass, lost in thought. As she looks up, she notices a small, vibrant creature crawling across the bench's armrest. A redback spider.

Jackie watches the spider, mesmerised by its vivid red stripe, stark against the inky blackness of its body. She remembers how Sebastian Guy paired them together, yet another sign of how Carmilla inevitably invades her mind. Jackie remembers the stories of the redback spider, of their venom, their deadly bite. Despite its danger, the spider moves with purpose, unafraid. It strikes her how such a small creature can command such respect, such fear.

In that moment, an epiphany: the spider is just like her, misunderstood but strong and purposeful. She realises that she's been seeing things all wrong. Carmilla wasn't her enemy. Abandoning her on that train station wasn't a personal thing. Jackie has been projecting her own fears and insecurities onto Carmilla, pushing her away.



She is reminded of the band name they came up with as kids, 'The Redbacks'. She now realises how poignant it was, a reflection of their unique bond and strength together.

Suddenly, everything becomes clear. She needs to find Carmilla, to make amends, to set things right. She knows where Carmilla will be: Laneway Music Festival, waiting for her. Her heart pounds as she

hurries back towards Flinders Station, the city's pulse guiding her.

She stops and stares up at the clocks, the **faded** old faces worn but reliable. In her mind's eye, she sees the redback spiders again, crawling over the clock faces, a symbol of the truth she's just uncovered.

Time is running out, but it's not too late. Jackie takes a deep breath, her internal monologue clear now. She understands Carmilla's choice. Her anger dissolves, replaced by a fierce resolve to set things right.

She dashes through the station, the red streaks in her hair like a comet's tail. She weaves through the crowd, her eyes scanning the grand clocks above the station entrance, their hands ticking away steadily.

Jackie's heart races as she imagines Carmilla there, lost in the world of melodies and lyrics. As she steps out of the station, the night air wraps around her like a comforting shroud. Jackie runs, determined to find Carmilla. The path to Laneway stretches before her, and she embraces it, spiders and all.

Chapter 7

Bounding through the gates of South Kensington Railway Station, Jackie cringes at her now negative Myki balance. That'll be an issue to tackle later.

...

"NEXT UP IS ALPHA GOODREM!" Cheers ring out from the crowds as an eccentric woman with heavy purple eyeshadow struts onto the stage.

Carmilla has come halfway across the country to pursue songwriting, she wasn't running away from *anything*.

Jackie wasn't wrong about the train station, though. Timid, scared, insecure. Her words reverberate through Carmilla's core. Why did she always let fear stop her from pursuing the things she loved... from pursuing Jackie? She hopes desperately that the rockstar will burst through the door any minute now.

Another musician is called onto stage (someone called Keith Metropolitan). Jackie would be here soon... right?

...

Jackie squeezes past girls in bejewelled cowboy boots and mesh tops.

"AAAAAAND NEXT UP WE HAVE A SPECIAL REUNION OF RENOWNED BAND, AZ/DZ!"

Shoot, that was the act right before hers.

"I need to get backstage, I have someone I need to meet", Jackie shouts, craning her neck to get a glimpse of raven hair. "*Please, it's urgent!*"

The two burly figures look at each other through shaded lenses.

"I'm sorry, love, but we can't let you through without some sort of ID."

"Jeez, I thought it would be obvious I'm a performer." She flashes the star-shaped guitar embossed with the name 'Jackie' in gold lettering.

With a tired groan they shuffle apart. She sprints past them, clipping the edges of their utility vests.

...

“MILLA!”

Carmilla whips around, nearly yanking her earrings out in the process. Jackie crashes into her arms, panting.

“Milla, I get it now. You were never my enemy — of course you weren’t. You were my *everything*. I should never have pressured you into performing tonight. I’m sorry.” Their eyes finally meet, Jackie’s eyes glazed with unshed tears.

“No, Jac.” Carmilla’s eyes darken, her pupils fixed on Jackie’s. “You were right, I’ve let too many things pass me by. Trains, our dream... *you.*”

“I’m not going to miss the train again, not this time.” She pauses. “Let’s go sing *our* song. *Together.*”

...

“NEXT UP WE HAVE THE ARTIST YOU’VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR, JAC — oh wait, oh right, okay — *THE REDBACKS!*”

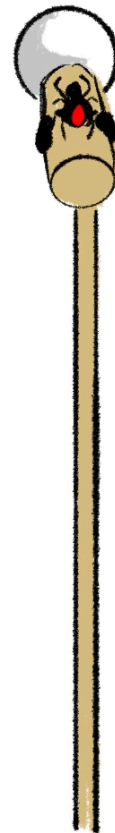
Approaching the middle of the stage, a small spider crawls on top of the grated surface of the microphone's head. Joined once again in hands and song, Carmilla gently blows on the arachnid, shooing it away. Those creepy matchmakers won after all.

“Ready Milla?”

She gives her a curt little nod, her **dazzling** brown eyes hardset.

...

With the final note sung, their foreheads meet. Squeezing each other's hands, they take the final bow.



The lyrics of Carmilla and Jackie's harmony remain incomplete, dust collecting on their dreams of stardom. One missed train creates a fork in their shared lifeline, another shall unite them. Perchance?



For Ages 12-16