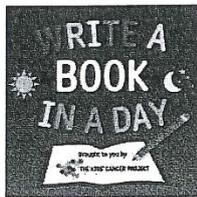


DISGRACED



Created by **Draft under the Door** - Monte Bovill, Ellen Branch, Claire Farrell,
Phoebe Meyer, Emily Scott, Dylan Seckold-Bamford and Anja Verhoeff



Write a Book in a Day 2016 Book Summary



The Team Supervisor must confirm the details on this page. When the book is complete, please mark the checklist items and sign where indicated. Please add this page as the first page in the final book.

TEAM DETAILS

Writing Division: Upper School (TAS)

Writing Date: 16-08-2016

Group or School: Launceston College

Team Name: Draft under the Door

Team Members: Phoebe Meyer Anja Verhoeff
Ellen Branch Emily Scott
Claire Farrell _____
Monte Bovill _____
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PARAMETERS

Primary Character 1: Dentist

Primary Character 2: Event planner

Non-Human Character: Vampire

Setting: Airport

Issue: Family disgrace

RANDOM WORDS

Delicious

Nonsense

Hums

Cracked

Danger

AFFIDAVIT

I, SHANE HOW (Team Supervisor), certify that the above team:

- completed all work on their book in accordance with the competition rules
- completed all work between 8:00am and 8:00pm on the day of writing
- included all five random words
- Word Count: 4974 words

Date: 16/8/16 Signed: A. J. How

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Dedication

To the readers of this book, no matter how quirky your teeth are, we hope that you always find a reason to smile.

- The Authors

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THE DAILY *EXAGGERATOR*

THE NUMBER **ONE** NEWSPAPER IN NEW SOUTH WALES | www.exaggerated.com | MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 2016

TRAVELLERS SCARED AT 'SCAREPORT'

EXCLUSIVE

Shocked travellers at Sydney Central Airport have once again been effected by a string of "supernatural" occurrences.

At least five tourists waiting to board a flight to Malaysia have reported having two distinct bite marks on their right arms. Each traveller stated they had fallen asleep when waiting for boarding of their flight to commence. When they woke up, the bites had appeared.

Julie, who was one of the travellers, stated that people were "hysterical" when they noticed the bites had appeared. "It was confronting... We still don't know where they have come from."

This is not the first time an event like this has occurred at the now infamous 'Scareport'.

Former cleaner, Brian Almond, who worked at the airport for over 40 years has told *The Daily Exaggerator* that events like this occurred at least once each year. "There is a supernatural feeling about that airport. There is certainly an eerie sensation in the air."

A spokesperson for the airport said travellers should not be alarmed. "There is no indication that these bites are in any way a **danger** to humans. We are working to find the cause."

Another traveller speculated what caused the bites, "It could have been mosquitos, it could have been a wild baby on the loose, for all we know, it could have been a vampire!"

Testing is underway in the hope to reveal the identity of the elusive biter.

Chapter One

Scareport, Amy read for the twentieth time and snorted: “ith that truly the betht they can come up with?”

She sat in the tiny office, with the newspaper open in front of her. It was splattered with red. Amy hastily retrieved her fallen drink bottle and did her best to mop up the spill, but the stain crept over most of the article - and most of her white shirt. She had worked at the airport for so long and each time the newspaper reported yet another strange occurrence the headlines got more and more absurd.

They must be listening to the conspiracy groups this time... vampire... the craziest theory yet. She thought.

Perhaps one day the truth would come out and the mysterious skin lacerations would be explained, but until then, Amy needed a fresh shirt. Her five minute break was over.

Screwing her drink bottle lid on tightly, Amy shouldered open the door and emerged into the cramped space between shelves of convenience items and a polished counter.

Amy opened her mouth slightly to call the other assistant to her break, when she realised that Sally was already talking to her. Or rather, at her.

“...and yeah, so I tell my mum what he said to me, and she gives me the biggest hug, and like she **hums** this little tune, the one she used to when I was little, and tells me that family will always be there, no matter how many boys break my heart. I felt so loved...”

Amy closed her eyes, and the image of her babbling colleague disappeared. When she opened them, Sally was still describing the condolence cards she had received from her cousins, so Amy tightened her neck-tie and turned away towards the counter. She determinedly stacked the energy drinks and snack bars, straightening magazines with trembling fingers.

“Amy? You okay?” Sally came over and put a hand on Amy’s bony shoulder, “You always get like this when I talk about my family.”

“Thorry Thally,” she lisped softly, “I’m justh feelin a little down thaths all. It’ll be alright when the plane geths here and the rush starthhs. Ith’s your break now by the way. Thee you in five mineths.”

Alone again, Amy rubbed a slender finger absent-mindedly over her lips, feeling the rough surface of her twisted teeth beneath. With squinty eyes she peered out into the brightly lit terminal with its regimented rows of empty chairs, and watched the forlorn, broom-laden figure of a cleaner squeaking his way across the polished floor. Night shifts

at the convenience shop were bearable, but she wished they would dim the lights when there was no one around.

DING DONG

The harsh interval ricocheted off the high ceilings and vast walls. A voice followed, authoritative and booming:

“Ladies and gentlemen flight XY270 has arrived, all passengers remaining in transit are requested to make their way to terminal 28, and passengers disembarking here please proceed to passport control.”

DONG DING

Amy smiled, red lips together, as the rumble of hungry feet grew louder and louder. Sally emerged, talking as though she hadn't stopped for the whole five minutes.

“Hi, welcome to Quick Ed's Convenience Store, how may I help you?” she beamed.

Amy put on her best grimace and turned to serve the next customer, a fat man in a straining Hawaiian shirt, a bottle of lemonade in his hand.

Day light flooded through the vast glass expanse, glimmering off the dew-draped planes and whizzing vehicles outside on the tarmac. Clutching her minimum wage, Amy bought a kebab from the rotisserie and made way through the throng of rushing bodies, mainly business people and weary international travellers at this early hour. Although it was not a new feeling, Amy marvelled once again at how isolated it felt to be alone amongst so many people in one space. As she walked, Amy sidestepped to avoid small children as they ran riot around their parent's feet. She flinched when the adults shouted and shuddered when the children cried, and hurried on. She passed the Hawaiian-Shirt wearing man from her shift, asleep sprawled on the chair. She decided to stop and fill up her drink bottle. She took a swig. *Delicious.*

Amy strode through the terminal twisting and turning through corridors, a route she had walked countless times before. Turning down a quiet corridor she reached a door with an out-of-order sign hanging limply from it. The blue sign beneath read: 'baby-change room'.

Amy did not glance at the sign as she unlocked the door and slipped inside.

Instead of the usual change table, toilet and sink a large coffin, lined with dusty red velvet, dominated the room. A **cracked**, gilt-framed mirror hung on one wall, beside a sparse table, which held a crystal decanter filled with ruby liquid, a single, shimmering wine glass beside it. Yawning, Amy emptied her drink bottle into the decanter and glanced into the mirror. Staring back at her was a face that haunted her deepest uncertainties. Her skin was pale, lips a deep red. Short wavy hair haloed around her head and beneath her lips a tremendous asymmetrical monstrosity marred her pretty

face. Amy's teeth were hideously deformed, with jutting molars and sharp canines sticking out at odd angles. As they did every time she looked at herself, the old words resurfaced in her mind... *failure... disgrace... shame on our name...* She forced herself to keep looking, to remind herself why she deserved this meagre existence.

Holding back crystal tears, Amethyst Ruby Blood Dracularson climbed into the coffin, curled up and pulled the lid shut behind her. Outside the terminal of Sydney Central Airport the sun continued its rise to full peak. A limousine pulled up outside and somewhere in the distance a frantic woman was screaming.

Chapter Two

Tim checked his watch as he chewed on the inside of his cheek. 1:08. He gulped. Everyone was supposed to be here at 1:05. Tim hated lateness, and they all knew that. Where were they? Better yet, where was she? Where was Olivia? He twitched nervously. This wouldn't exactly work without her.

He breathed in.
He breathed out.

"Calm down, Tim," he told himself, "its 1:08, they're probably just stuck in traffic, or something." He'd sent a mass-text to all of his family and friends telling them specifically to meet him at Fairport that day.

Tim glanced up from his sweaty palms, which tightly gripped a tiny, velvet box. Inside the box, were his heart, and a promise: an engagement ring. His eyes wandered to the picnic table filled with custom-made cupcakes, which proudly proclaimed, "T+O 4ever" and sat proudly some two metres away, and he reminisced.

His relationship with Olivia had not been easy, and she'd struggled following the death of her sister.

It was a fine day that afternoon, but some dark clouds hung dubiously overhead. "Please don't rain," Tim begged the sky above. He was an event planner by trade and knew that rain could ruin even the most meticulously planned events.

To say Tim had been thorough in planning his own surprise engagement party was an understatement. The diamond ring- ordered 16 weeks ago from Paris- was perfect; A Cartier exclusive. His suit pants, which now ruffled in the calm afternoon breeze, were also perfect. This beach? Secluded, romantic, but still friendly for the family. Perfect. This had all cost him an arm and a leg but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered today except that this proposal was absolutely, magnificently and splendidly perfect. Everyone would be there. His family would all be so proud of him. Furthermore, he had thought for months about the look on Olivia's face when he finally popped the question. "Oh Tim," she'd say adoringly, fluttering her long eyelashes, "This event is just so perfect."

Well, she might have said that. If she were here.

Maybe he should call her. No, no, that was too much. He'd send her a text, something simple. Just reminding her where Fairport Beach was.

Tim pulled out his phone and opened up his sent messages

“Hi everyone pls meet me at airport at 1:05”

He froze, and read it again.

“airport at 1:05”

At that moment, the world imploded. Gravity lost meaning. The beach started spinning. Oh no. Oh no oh no. This was not good. He felt dizzy. Tim Johnson, the world’s most thorough and notorious planner, had sent his friends, family and wife-to-be to the wrong place. To the airport! That was 40 minutes away! He checked his watch. If he drove now, he could make it before two.

“Olivia!” Tim yelled desperately as he sprinted past the luggage carousels, “Olivia, I’m so sorry!”

He ran past boarding lounges 1, 2, 3... She was nowhere to be seen.

“Tim?”

Tim stopped in his tracks. There she was. Boarding lounge 5. She looked terrible, eyes red and puffy, mascara streaks down her face. Behind her were his mum and dad, who stared at him angrily.

“Olivia oh my goodness I’m so glad I found you, there was this terrible mix up and I meant to tell you to go to the beach at Fairport, and get this, I accidentally wrote airport in my text and it all went badly but its ok now because I found you and-“

She cut him off.

“Tim, I’ve been waiting here with your family for almost an hour.”

“I know and I’m sorry but –“

“This isn’t good enough, Tim. I thought you cared about me. How could you do something like this? How could you make me wait here when you know how I feel about this place.”

“This is all a misunderstanding, I swear, I-“

“No, you know what? I’m so sick of this. I’m so sick of this, and you and being here. I’m over it Tim, I really am.”

“Look at her Tim,” said his dad. “I thought I raised you better than this.”

“This behavior is despicable, I thought you loved this girl,” chimed in his mum

“Mum, Dad, what the heck? You’re being unreasonable here, if you’d just let me explain- ”

“I don’t want to hear it Tim,” his dad said with an air of finality, “this poor girl has been through enough. How many times has this happened in the last month alone?”

“Dad you’re exaggerating, it’s only hap- ”

“No I’m not Tim. Don’t you remember what this airport means to Olivia and her family?”

“Of course I do and I swear I’m so, so sorry Liv.” Tim looked at Olivia, who sat sobbing into her hands.

“This is where my dad nearly *died* Tim. Where he got bitten and nearly died. How could you forget that?”

“Well he didn’t really nearly die...” Tim replied cautiously, but stopping as he watched Olivia’s face grow dark.

“THAT’S NOT THE POINT TIM!” screamed Olivia, spit flying in every direction, and with that she stormed away.

“Look what you’ve done. I thought you were better than this,” his mother said coldly, and then his parents also turned their backs and walked away, leaving their son behind.

Chapter Three

Afternoon light poured through the windows of the penthouse apartment over-looking the harbour. Metres below, the deep, blue water glistened gently, disrupted only by the occasional teenager diving from nearby rocks much to the delight of their friends who let out cries of “aww siiiiiick,” and “you’re wild mate!” But from his apartment, Raphael, formerly Nigel, could only hear the sweet melodies of Michael Bublé as he watched his assistant pack his suitcases for their trip.

“Boris, did you pack the correctional dentures?”

“Yes Raf.”

“Marvellous.”

Boris went about packing Raphael’s fur-lined coats, all four of them, into yet another suitcase as his boss sat back in a reclining chair, gazing out the window at the Harbour Bridge.

“Is Ukraine cold Raf?” asked Boris earnestly.

But Raphael didn’t hear his assistant’s question as he looked across the Harbour at a small building nestled between two concrete towers. Although he couldn’t read the sign from here, he knew that it read ‘N. Denton - Dental Practitioner,’ on the gold sign next to the door.

Dad... thought Raphael... How can you live like that?

“Raf? Raf?” A concerned Boris pulled Raphael from his thoughts. “Should I pack my thermals for Ukraine?”

“Oh, yes, yes... very cold... cold place Ukraine.”

With raised eyebrows, Boris turned from his boss and went to his room to collect his thermals.

Raphael remained seated, staring out the window, convincing himself that he’d made the right choice.

“You good to go Nige-“ Boris asked as he returned to the room but was cut off.

“My name is Raphael, Boris. Not Nigel, Raphael. Doctor Raphael Dentasia. Don’t ever call me Nigel again, Boris.”

“Sorry Raf. It’s just confusing sometimes. Honestly, I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay Boris. Everybody makes mistakes...” Raphael paused for dramatic emphasis, “Shall we go?”

With Boris following closely behind him and carrying all seven suitcases, Raphael got in the elevator and made his way down to the lobby. In the lobby a man in a suit waited for them, leading the pair out to a long, black limousine. They climbed in as the chauffeur put their suitcases in the back and before long they were on their way to the airport.

“Mr Dentasia! Where are you going today?”

The flashes of cameras blinded Raphael as he left the limousine at the Sydney Central Airport drop off zone. A crowd of fans and paparazzi swamped him as he tried to make his way into the airport. That said, Raphael quite enjoyed the attention that came with being a celebrity dentist.

“It’s Doctor Dentasia thank you, and I’m going to Ukraine to perform urgent tooth surgery on an unborn baby.”

“Incredible!” shouted one reporter.

“Unheard of!” shouted another.

“Yes, yes, I guess it is quite impressive for people who aren’t dental surgeons. I’m so humbled.”

“Your father recently announced that you had been removed from his will. Do you have any comments on this?”

“I... no... I don’t have any comments to make on that... particular, um, subject.”

Raphael had not been aware of his father’s actions until this moment. Sure he’d never had the best relationship with his father who preferred traditional and conservative dentistry, but he didn’t think it was that big of an issue. Clearly it was.

“Why do you continue your work in developing countries Doctor Dentasia?” another journalist asked.

“I just want to help the people,” replied Raphael, returning to his normal flamboyant self, “there’s nothing quite as satisfying as helping those less fortunate than myself.”

Of course Raphael knew that this was a stretch of the truth. Yes he liked dentistry and helping others but he felt that these days he was more concerned about the publicity his dental stunts gave him. Unborn babies didn’t even have teeth for goodness sake - but still these people believed every word of **nonsense** he said and clung to them like the words of a martyr. Sometimes he felt slightly guilty, like when he claimed to have removed and replaced all 58 of an Iranian woman’s teeth, and when he told the press that he’d donated one of his own teeth to a Burmese veteran when in reality he’d used a corn kernel as a replacement tooth. He ended up having to fix that though, as on a particularly hot day the corn had become popcorn and he had to give the man dentures.

“Yes,” continued Raphael as he walked through the airport doors followed by Boris and the paparazzi, “I really love helping people.”



Chapter Four

Amy woke late in the afternoon, her eyelids heavy. She donned her white work-shirt and red neck-tie and left her bathroom home. Strolling through the airport as people began to check in for their evening flights, Amy noticed a crowd near the First-Class lounge.

“Yes, yes, as I said, my relationship with my father has never been better, he truly understands that I love to help people,” a tall well-dressed man was explaining to a crowd of frantic journalists. “Dentistry is my life, and I will perform it on anyone who needs my help, no matter how horrendous their teeth are. I have a deep relationship with people less fortunate than myself.”

“Dentith...” Amy lisped softly to herself, “Dentith...”

“Doctor Dentasia, why Ukraine?” a woman from the Daily Exaggerator piped up, “How can your skills be of any use there?”

“I must now ask you all to excuse me, I need to use the bathroom.” Doctor Dentasia’s assistant held back the paparazzi as the dentist strode away towards the hallway where the bathrooms were located.

Amy followed, her shift at Quick Ed’s forgotten, with hope surging through her veins.

Doctor Dentasia walked briskly, self-assured, and her much shorter legs struggled to keep up.

The extravagantly dressed dentist turned toward the men’s toilets and desperately Amy called out:

“Excthuse me thir, pleathe wait!”

“I’m not doing autographs now, leave me alone!” he muttered and entered the men’s toilet. Amy followed.

“Pleathe wait!”

FLUSH.

Tim watched as yet another tear stained piece of paper disappeared from the porcelain bowl. His life was ruined, in a state of complete disarray. His family disgusted, and his girlfriend disappointed. And all he had hoped for was gone in the space of a few short hours. As Tim’s tears saturated yet another handful of toilet paper, he decided that all he wanted was to go home and rest. Yet just as he stood up, the sound of Tim’s sobbing was drowned out by a sudden explosion of loud decisive footsteps. Someone had just walked

into the toilet, so he decided that he would preserve what little dignity he had left and wait until they had left so they don't see the remnants of despair.

SQUEAK.

The door opened yet again, and instead of the loud tapping of dress shoes he had heard last time, he heard the faint shuffling of what he thought was a child. Unaware of the events that were about to take place, Tim thought he would innocently wait for the others to leave before going home.

Doctor Dentasia whirled about, ready to shout with rage before seeing the young girl, lips pursed in an endearing plea, "Oh hello, child, what do you want?"

"I heard you are a dentith."

"A what?"

"A dentith!" Amy gestured to her mouth imploringly.

"A what, sorry? A dentist?"

"Yeth!"

"You need a dentist?" Doctor Dentasia's orange face crinkled in surprise, before straightening into a smug grin. "Well, I'm a dentist." He puffed out his chest.

"Yeth, I need a dentith. Doctor Dentasia, I've hear you've done all thorths of amathing thingths. Well, I'm a vampire. The Vampire. The Vampire of 'Thcareport'. And I need your help."

"What can I do?"

"Come with me."

"Where?"

"My roomth are in terminal 28, in the dithuthed baby-change toilet."

"Hmm exotic," Doctor Denasia murmured, "let's go!"

Amy took the dentist by the arm and led him out of the toilets. None of them noticed the slight gasp from behind the one locked cubical in the men's toilet.

Vampire, he kept saying to himself, so as to make sure that he had heard the girl properly. This is the break he needed. This is the event that would bring back all that he had lost. It was as though he was receiving good fortune to make up for the all the pain

he'd endured. But he needed to approach the situation with complete professional tact, and he needed to do it quickly.

Tim left the cubicle, the remnants of his teary scattered around the bottom the polished toilet floor and burst into the bustling space that was the Sydney Central Airport. As he stood there artificial light flooded his face, accentuating the overwhelming grin that had made it's way onto his face.

"I've solved it. The mystery of scareport is mine. HAHAHA," Tim said, the volume of his voice raising with each word.

"This - this will be the ultimate event. But how should I plan it? A news report? A conference? Yes! That's it a media conference to gain maximum reach."

As Tim began mentally arranging the event, he whipped out his mobile phone and began trawling through his contacts selecting the recipients of his great news. He knew he definitely needed to contact the mayor's office, if he could reach them the event would gain massive media attention. He knew he had to contact the Exaggerator; they always provided people with an unbiased view of the facts. But he needed someone else, another group that could verify his claim.

"Fangz. Affiliated," Tim said softly. This was the last group he needed. What little he had heard about Fangz Affiliated was enough to send shivers up his spine, but also to know that if anyone was interested in catching a vampire, it would be them. Tim immediately opened up google to find a contact and before long he had the number.

"1800-VAMPKILLA. These guys mean business."

Tim quickly made his way over to a small island of café chairs to avoid being heard by an ongoing traveller. He dialled the number.

RING RING

"Hello," Tim said, wondering what kind of response he would receive. And indeed that conversation that followed was unlike any he ever previously had.

Chapter Five

Doctor Raphael 'Dentasia' Denton sat down on the top of Amy's coffin, trembling with amazement. He could hardly believe what his eyes were seeing, and he had seen a lot of crazy things on his travels.

"You weren't lying..." he gasped.

"I need you to fixth my teeth." The girl standing before him looked suddenly fierce; she gave off an aura that was distinctly... not human.

"Who are you?"

"Fixth my teeth pleathe!"

"I demand to know your identity. Tell me everything. I have to know if I'm to help you."

The girl began her story, lisping heavily, but Raphael managed to hear everything she was saying. His ears translated the following rush of dialogue:

"Well," began Amy gushing as though she had been holding her story in for centuries, "my name is Amy... Amethyst Ruby Blood Draculason in full. I have lived on the sight of the airport for two hundred yearths. I was born to Vlad Blood Draculason, third of his name, and Ruby Vampino. My teeth we small at birth. They grew, but they were deformed. I spoke with a lisp. All vampires have lisps, you know, but none as pronounced as mine. When my father took me out for my first kill, I caught the man straight away, but my teeth couldn't penetrate his jugular. I couldn't kill him. The shame was too much for my family, I was a disgrace to their name; for they are descended from Dracula himself. They sent me away. This place was a trading post at the time and I hid away in a storeroom. I've never left. I cannot kill people, so instead I just take a little bit of blood, although years ago a man nearly died. I feared I would get caught. To survive, I work at Quick Ed's Convenience Store in enough to get to Transylvania, where I'm sure someone could fix me. Vampires take centuries to age, which is why I only look like a young girl, and the minimum wage has never been enough to buy the ticket. But since hearing about you, I've changed my plan. Please get rid of my vampire fangs altogether. I can't do this anymore. Please."

As Amy finished, there was silence.

Raphael stared at her. His thick hair bristled with surprise. His sensual mouth hung open. Then, taking a deep breath, he recovered himself.

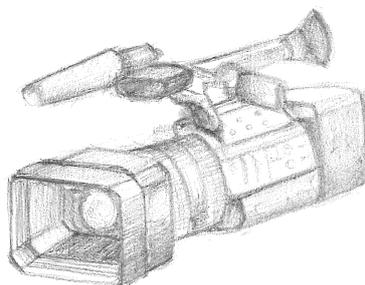
"My dear child," he proclaimed, "I myself have been a disgrace to my family, I see that now. My father raised me as a humble dentist, caring for those who could afford it. I betrayed his values exploiting my talent for the masses, and I have since found out he has taken me off his will. But I will not let it define me. For I, well I am Raphael

‘Dentasia’ Denton and I can fix anything. And I will fix you, Amethyst Ruby Blood Draculason. It will only be a matter of hours.”

For the first time in two hundred years, Amy grinned, teeth and all.

Raphael rushed back to the First Class lounge, grabbed his case from a bemused, and somewhat disgruntled, Boris and raced back to Amy’s bathroom.

On his way, he passed by Quick AI’s Convenience Store, but didn’t stop to find out why there was only one shop assistant trying to singlehandedly deal with a horde of angry customers. He was too busy thinking: this could be the defining procedure of his career. Perhaps, if Amethyst let him, he would get Boris to add this to his CV.



Chapter Six

"H-hello everyone," Tim sputtered in front of the eager audience. He looked down at his shaking hands holding smudged cue cards. Every journalist in Sydney had jumped at the prospect of being at his press conference. He had told them of his discovery, how it had to be seen to be believed, and that time was of the essence. They would be right in the action, right there when the infamous mystery was solved. They couldn't resist. Even the mayor was present.

None of his other plans had worked this well, even when it was as important as a proposal. This one had to work.

Tim didn't focus on the throng of reporters, the enormous cameras or the sceptical officials in suits inspecting their fingernails. His attention was fixed on the small cluster of perturbed people at the back; his family. Olivia.

"I have called you all here for a very important announcement," he said, his voice beginning to strengthen. "We all know of the mysterious happenings that have plagued this airport for the past couple of centuries."

"Get on with it!" A heckler yelled from the back.

"Uh, yeah, okay," Tim said, trying to regain his composure. "So, I found out who has been, um, attacking people in this airport."

"Why are we outside an out of order baby changing room?" Another heckler screeched.

"All will be revealed! I promise. Please, this is hard to explain," Tim said, taking a deep breath. "I overheard an exchange between the world famous dentist Dr Dentasia and a girl who claimed to be," he paused for dramatic effect. He could see the reporters inching closer with their microphones, the cameramen poised for the perfect photo opportunity.

"A vampire."

There was a collective gasp, followed by an incredulous laugh from the crowd, each member turning to the other and shaking their heads. He glanced at Olivia just as a steely look crossed her features. Tim felt his stomach drop.

"No, please. It's the truth! Let me show you."

He turned around and pushed the swinging door open.

Tim almost cried from how perfect the scene was. The inside wasn't a bathroom, as the outside sign had portrayed. His eyes instantly went to the huge coffin, then to the huge mirror, then to Raphael Dentasia and a girl shaking hands.

"Aha!" Tim yelled in triumph. He stormed over to the pair.

Raphael looked aghast, a hand resting idly on his heart. Amy's hand was covering her mouth.

"You're a vampire! You're the one responsible for all the attacks at Scareport!" Tim said as he walked further into the room, pointing aggressively at Amy. There was a rush of camera flashes and yells as the mass of reporters squeezed into the room after him.

"I-I, uh, don't know what you're talking about!" cried Amy shrilly, her arms flying up to shield her face from the brightness.

"Darlings please," Raphael cooed to the press. "I was helping this girl. She had very crooked teeth-

"Or fangs?" Tim interjected, but was quickly dismissed by Raphael by a wave of the hand.

"But now with these new correctional dentures her teeth are well on the way to being mended!" Raphael's charisma was like a tangible force that immersed the entire group of people present. They were so convinced, that they even cheered at the girl's impending recovery.

Amy's smile exposed the perfect dentures, stirring applause from those who witnessed.

Tim wasn't satisfied. He'd been through too much today to just drop it like that.

"How do you explain the coffin then?" Tim said, crossing his arms. He thought that this would have to explain it all; it would have to prove that the girl was a vampire, and that he was right, and that his plan had worked. Olivia would take him back and he wouldn't be a disgrace to the family anymore. Everything else that had happened today would be erased, as if it never happened.

"It was like that when we got here," Amy said with a shrug. Her eyes then widened in shock as she realised she had spoken flawlessly, her speech impediment gone.

"Alright guys, there's nothing to see here," one journalist sighed, pushing their cameraman out of the room.

"Dr Dentasia's amazing! Those teeth looked incredible. Don't know what that lunatic was raving about vampires for," another one said, and slowly the crowd edged out of the room.

Tim could not speak. The ground fell out from underneath him and his legs got weaker with every scornful look shot at him. He felt dizzy. The plan hadn't worked. How didn't it work?

Tim's mum and dad came over to him. Olivia stood behind them, her eyes looking anywhere but his face.

“You’ve humiliated yourself once again Tim, and in this airport too,” his dad said, running a hand through his short hair.

“You’re a disgrace Tim,” his mother chimed in. “This is the last straw.”

“I-I’m sorry,” Tim blubbered as the tears began to flow.

“Now, wait just a minute,” Amy said, walking up to Tim and standing beside him. “You can’t speak to him like that. He’s not a disgrace. He’s just trying to prove himself to you. He must love you, and you can’t condemn him for that. I’ve suffered because my family didn’t accept me, and I’d hate to see someone else go through that too.”

Raphael also stood beside Tim. “But don’t forget Tim, you can be strong on your own too. Other people don’t matter, as long as you are proud of yourself. Look at me. Look at what I did for Amy...” he trailed off. Amy had gone.

She had walked over to the mouth of the hallway, where two cloaked figures stood, hovering slightly above the ground.

“Mother...” she whispered, “Father...”

Their eyes locked onto hers and she heard their voices in her head.

We heard that a vampire had been found here, we knew it would be you. You’ve finally made the news. We just wanted to say that we are proud of you. You have done so well on your own. We are sorry we have not been here to see you grow. But you have grown well. Good luck.

In a flurry of swirling material they vanished. Amy smiled contentedly to herself.

Where they had stood, a flustered man carrying suitcases appeared.

“Boris!” Raphael cried. “I’m so sorry!”

“Well I have soooo resigned. Goodbye.”

Raphael gasped as Boris left with a huff, dumping the suitcases in the hallway.

“Well,” Raphael said, turning to Tim, “there’s a spare seat on a plane to Ukraine. Want to join me? Get a fresh start? You know, disgrace is but a matter of perspective.”



An airport terminal cursed with strange events, a celebrity dentist, a failed plan and a shop assistant with a secret; what is really happening at Sydney Central Airport?

Heralded by the Daily Exaggerator as “quite a good read”, Disgraced tells the remarkable tale of standing up to your family and accepting who you truly are.

This book is recommended for 10-16 year olds