

Written by Aidan McLachlan, Michael Kidd, Tom Fahey, Cooper Wilks, Calum Fusco, Will Collins, Daniel Lewis, Morgan Wynn, Callum Coleman

Illustrated By Peter Ball



# THE BURNT LAUGH

## Table of contents

Table of contents .....	2
List of Authors.....	3
Copyright .....	4
Acknowledgements .....	5
Chapter 1 .....	6
Chapter 2 .....	8
Chapter 3 .....	10
Chapter 4 .....	12
Chapter 5 .....	13
Chapter 6 .....	14
Chapter 7 .....	16
Chapter 8 .....	17
Chapter 9 .....	18

## List of Authors

### TEAM 1

Peter Ball  
Callum Coleman  
Will Collins  
Tom Fahey  
Calum Fusco  
Michael Kidd  
Daniel Lewis  
Aidan McLachlan  
Cooper Wilks  
Morgan Wynn

### PARAMETERS

Primary Character 1:	<b>Nurse</b>
Primary Character 2:	<b>Comedian</b>
Non-Human Character:	<b>Porsche Car</b>
Setting:	<b>Arts Festival</b>
Issue:	<b>An Epidemic</b>

Random Words which must appear at least once somewhere in the story:

**Nurse**  
**Heart**  
**Joy-ride**  
**Underground**  
**Sneeze**

## Copyright

Published by St. Joseph's College Team 1, Mark St., Hunters Hill, NSW 2110.

Copyright © 2008 St. Joseph's College.

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. Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

## Acknowledgements

We would like to thank the College for their support with this event and for fundraising for the Westmead Children's Hospital.

## Chapter 1

Applause and laughter come from the crowd after the end of Charlie's final show. He takes a bow as he walks off the stage, a tear in his eye. He walks over to his room and pulls out a large bottle of Vodka. Glass by glass, he continues to drink starting to get a bit drowsy.

Knock, knock, Came the sound of the door. "We're closing up know, heres your pay. Take all your stuff cause you're not coming back here".

"Yep, sure. I'd just like to say thanks pal. Whatever you do, I sure hope you get sacked" He slowly picked up his gear and packed it away in his funny little bag. He trudged out the door, struggling to walk in a straight line.

His car was about 150 metres away and he was seeing in double vision. He tried his car key on five different cars while being stared at by hundreds of his fans, unsure about their idols state of being. He finally jumps in his car and drives off, his windows wide open on his \$400,000 Aston Martin. He speeds along the road starting to drift away into his own drunken world and a fabulous joy-ride.

As he speeds through a red light, the police take notice of him and he wakes up from 'Drunken land'. He begins driving normally until he sees a lady walking across the road. He spins the wheel off the road, smashing into a cafe.

Within 45 minutes the ambulances had come and were taking him in, first they had to do a quick check. The lady who was crossing the road turned out to be a nurse she came over to check if he was alright, he didn't look to good. Her name was Hilary. Everyone watched in awe, the media had come from about 10 different channels and were amazed to see that their favourite comedian, Charlie Hansen, had gone down.



Then his phone rang, the nurse picked it up. It was his raging wife. She hadn't heard about what had happened to him. "What the hell are you doing? How come you're out so late? Come home this instant young man!" On the other end the nurse was amazed that such a great man has such a bossy wife. \

"Um, err... This is a nurse; your husband has had a car crash and is in a bad state. We are guessing he has had third degree burns to the right side of his face".

"Don't lie to me! I've already had a crazy day I don't need anything worse".

"Look lady, I don't give a damn about what you've been up to. If you want proof turn your TV to channel 10, 2, 7, or almost all of the other channels". The nurse said to him.

"Oh my God! Can you tell him we're through, over, ended or whatever! I hate him, always getting into trouble." She went on just talking to herself in disbelief. The nurse hung up and left Mrs. Hansen to listen to the beeping of the phone.

They finally put Charlie onto a stretcher and slipped him into the back of the ambulance. They took about 35 minutes to get to the hospital since the traffic had died down. He would be cared for as soon as possible.

## Chapter 2

As Charlie woke up at the hospital a nurse dressed in a white buttoned shirt and short skirt with beautiful, smooth, long blonde hair appeared at the door. She came in and said in a beautiful voice, “How are you?” Charlie straightens his back and rubs his eyes and looks at the nurse in front of him. The nurse asked him, “What happened to you? How did you get burnt so badly?” He looks in the mirror and gasps, “Oh my gosh! What happened to my face? I don’t remember a thing that happened! I only remember that I was driving home and a lady ran into the middle of the road and I swerved across and ran into a shop of some sort. That’s about it”.



The nurse said to him, “Are you going to the art expo, a comedian like yourself would be going to the biggest event of the century. I was going to enter the art expo until my sister Chanelle entered the last expo when we were teenagers. At London she won with every painting she entered and all of mine were given poor results. I have been upset and a nurse from that point onwards. My dream would be for one of my paintings to win in the expo and be able to live my life the way that I have dreamed since I was a little girl”. Charlie replies



“I reckon you are very creative and you should enter the expo with a painting”.

“What should I paint, all my works are not classified as good” she said in a worried tone. “Unless, Charlie, I could paint you to show everyone how you have courage and perseverance and are fearless”. She kisses him on the cheek and walks out with a smile on her face and blows him a kiss again.

She comes back with her painting gear and starts to work on the painting she was just about finished with the work and then Charlie's ex-wife bursts in, “Are you alright Charlie”, then she stops and sees the nurse and said “Who is this woman and what is she doing?” Charlie tries to explain himself that the nurse is entering the world expo at the opera house. She is surprised and looks at Charlie's face and asked, “What in the name of heaven did you do?” Charlie replied that he was at his last performance and he was driving home and crashed into a cafe. The car blew up and burnt half his face. She was shocked and annoyed, she said “look I am divorcing you, and I've met someone else. He's well, he's better than you”. With that she ran out of the building.

## Chapter 3

“I just saw you’re ex wife run out of the hospital”. Hilary said softly there was an awkward silence. “I am sorry about you breaking up with your wife” Hilary said.

“Don’t be” Charlie said in a weak voice “It was my fault that we broke up and I still respect her but I am not sure if she respects me.” Charlie said weakly.

George came in through the door in the hospital. “G’day how are the burns healing.”

“Not bad because I have this lady helping me.” Charlie pointed to Hilary and winked.

“I haven’t helped that much Charlie all I have to do is supervise you and occasionally put some medicine on the wounds.” Hilary said selflessly.

“Sounds like you two are getting along very nicely.” George said. “I should be getting off now I have some business to take care of. Hilary can I speak to you outside for a moment.” Hilary and George both walk out of the room. “I would like to know who is taking care of my brother so I would like to arrange a dinner date how about tonight.” George said.

“How could I not want to go with a handsome man like you?” Hilary said

The date was arranged at the Cafe du Flue a small restaurant on the outskirts of town near the Opera House. “This is a very nice place how in earth did you find this place in Sydney?” Hilary asked. “I find all sorts of restaurants for a special person like you Hilary.” George said romantically. “You are so romantic George we should do this more often.” Hilary said. “How did you become a nurse at the hospital anyway?” George asked in an inquisitive voice. “I was in university and I needed some money to keep it going so I became a nurse and I loved it so much I decided to keep my job as a nurse.” Hilary said “What about yourself what is your job?” asked Hilary

“I am an actor.” George said.

“That is so exciting” Hilary said “I think this is wonderful I will give you a surprise now close your eyes.” She said softly and gave him a kiss.

Later on back in the apartment George and Hilary were sitting and talking. When suddenly Hilary said quietly “Come along and I’ll show something I’ve been working on since I met your brother.” She led him into a room and then he saw the painting of a somewhat familiar face. “That looks like my brother.” George exclaimed.

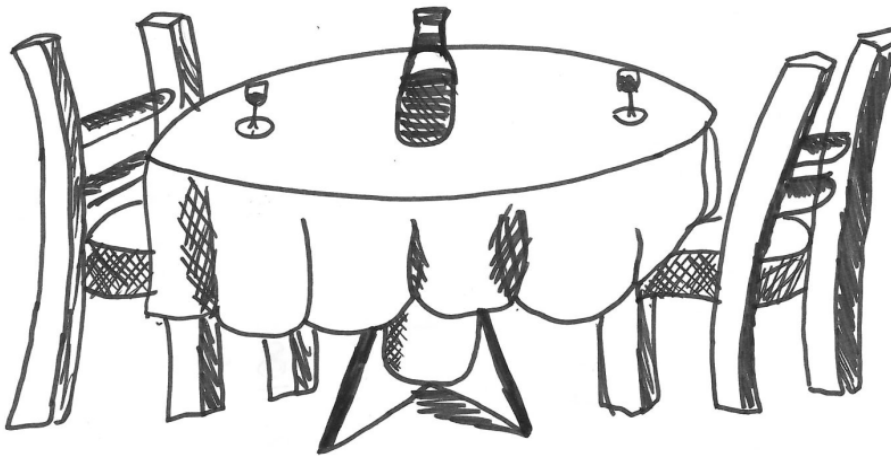
“You think that it is that noticeable” Hilary said.

“It is obvious because the face on the right is all burnt and it is his nose and eyes and everything” George said. “How can you do a painting like this about my brother?”

“Ever since I saw that man’s face I thought that it would be perfect for a painting or a drawing.” Hilary said quickly.

“I don’t think Charlie will like it so you should ask him if he likes it or not then see if you should put it in to the expo”.

“Ok I will tell him but not right now with all of his facial burns and his injuries he’s got enough trouble.” Hilary said. “I should be able to finish this painting by late tonight or early tomorrow morning”.



## Chapter 4

Yes, finally! It was a beautiful masterpiece and it showed a strong yet horribly disfigured young man that was sure to strike hope into many people's lives. He was holding a microphone with a cord running out of the painting. It showed him laughing and smiling with a huge backdrop of a screaming and laughing audience. She stared at it with pride and an amazing passion for Charlie who she was painting.

She heard a knocking on the door and she squealed happily, hardly waiting to show her painting. She ran over to the door of her nice and not too cramped apartment and ripped it open and warmly welcomed Charlie at the door. She was however completely surprised when he kissed her warmly, she angrily pushed him away and said, "What the hell are you doing? I'm sorry, but I'm going out with George".

As he stared in to the painting he realised he was just used like a doll for her painting. He screamed manically and pushed her out of the way. As he stormed out the door she sadly watched him go but then turned around and sighed at her painting. She felt lost and she didn't know what to do for a while but then she called up George and felt much better after a quick talk about the wellbeing of Charlie.

As Charlie stormed out his head was filled with thousands of emotions racing around at a dizzying speed. He thought about life and how worthless he felt. He walked around aimlessly, not even looking where he went. He heard noises but they meant nothing to him. He remembered stumbling to a bench and vomiting.

He woke up hours later feeling dazed and confused with a lot of bottles around him and a pounding headache. He simply had to figure out what to do, and with all of his conflicting emotions he chose to do the easiest and the most effective of them all.

As he begins plotting on how to kill his brother and his brother's girlfriend he notices a hospital at the end of the road. He had a great idea then and then that he could perhaps steal some anthrax from the hospital...

## Chapter 5

A week after Charlie's discovery of George's and Hilary's affair, Charlie is plotting to escape from hospital in time to witness the death and destruction of his brother and his lovers work. The one thing that was keeping him from suicide was the fact that he could get revenge on his brother for taking the love of his life and the upcoming art exhibition was his best chance. The changing of the guard this Wednesday was a perfect time for Charlie to make his escape. The guards take ten minutes in total to make the change, in which time Charlie would have been long gone.

The art exhibition that Hilary's painting of the disfigured Charlie is taking place the following Friday and which will be the time when Charlie will take his sweet revenge...

On Wednesday morning Charlie was both anxious and exited. The change would take place at eight o'clock that very night and he was counting on his closest friend: Chinny, (assistant doctor), to leave the main doors unlocked and free of obstruction, but in the meantime he would have to act non-suspicious and just keep running over the plan. About midday the assistant came in and said, "I will keep the doors unlocked from eight till nine but no later, the code for the vault in the lab with the anthrax materials is 14 15 17 56 12".

"Charlie, this is a very dangerous and stupid thing I hope you will reconsider to forgive your brother but I cannot force you and will therefore not try to".

"Chinny stop your worrying, I'll be in and out before anyone would realise I've left the hospital!"

"I disagree entirely but there is no use in arguing with you, once your mind is made there is no turning back. Well ill see you tonight at eight be back by nine or the operations blown, bye"

"Yeah, cya"

Later that night Charlie makes his move in escaping from the hospital. He finds the ingredients for the anthrax in the vault, the code worked, the doors were unlocked, and the final door was closing in, seconds to freedom, metres to freedom and BANG! He smashes down the main doors ensuring final freedom but it's only the first step... next, to the opera house control centre...

The next part of the master scheme of revenge was to use a hook to grab the ledge of the opera house and enter through the roof, directly above the control centre of the entire facility including the ventilation.

As he loaded the air pockets of anthrax Charlie saw the one fatal flaw in his plan that he had overlooked during his madness..... HE WAS IN THE BUILDING!! But he thought of a plan that could get him free.

## Chapter 6

As the anthrax was slowly spreading through the room the artists and guests were slowly getting drowsy. As George unveiled the masterpiece that Hilary had painted everyone around the painting gasped at the magnificent painting then suddenly one of the guest's dropped to the floor she was unconscious luckily it was just the heat that got to her.

As the laughter and joy continued on it was soon time for judging to commence and Hilary was getting anxious and nervous, "Oh George I can't take the stress and I'm worried the judges won't like my painting",

"Nonsense Hilary, the judges will love your work everyone does and I think you have a very good chance of winning as well,

"Stop it George, but I could use the prize money to expand on my art skills and maybe then I could become a full time artist. That would be great and then we could travel around the world and I could paint anything I want".

The judges approached Hilary and George and they scampered to the masterpiece George sneezed and a puff of green air popped up. A short and rather old man approached with a tall broad young woman with fancy clothes and a fur skin scarf she had a doubtful smile on her face.

She examined the painting and asked in a sarcastic voice, "Who painted this?",

"I did" said Hilary in a soft fearful voice.

"It's remarkable" said the old man and then the young woman agreed.

"Ah yes it's very good you've used a great tone for the colours with a questionable face". Then Hilary smiled confidently and said, "Why thank you the portrait is one of my patients from the hospital and is George's brother".

"Hospital?" questioned the woman.

"Yes hospital, I work part time as a nurse and that's when I found my passion to paint, well I see my patient's pain and I express it through painting".

"So tell Hilary, how many major artworks have you painted?" asked the old man.

"This is my first painting I've ever put so much passion into and been confident enough to enter".

"That's amazing, you are definitely one of the best artists we've seen you have a very strong chance of winning",

"Thank you very much" said Hilary happily.

"No, thank you" yelled the old man.

As the judges walked past them onto the next painting George had grin on his face and told her, "I told you so, they loved you Hilary".

"I'm not so sure about that female judge though".

"Are you kidding me Hilary she isn't a judge she barely knows what the words art means you'll win for sure".

"Thanks George, for believing in me. I couldn't have done this without you."

“Nonsense Hilary I can’t tell you how to paint, this is all you.”

“Attention! Attention please, we are now announcing the winner of the 2008 Art Festival hosted in the Sydney Opera House. And the winner is, Hilary Thompson!”

Hilary stood speechless as she asked George if there is another Hilary Thompson, George says happily, “You won Hilary go up on stage”. She shakily walks up on stage with an applaud bellowing across the room.

As Hilary accepts the award the judges present her with a cheque for \$200,000 dollars she begins to make her thank you speech.

## Chapter 7

As there was a great applaud for Hilary's painting people started cheering because it was so magnificent. Then as she was making her short speech:

"Thankyou all for your wonderful applause" Hilary said but as she was speaking people were sneezing and coughing. They did not know why they were sneezing and coughing, the anthrax was slowly taking affect and everyone in the art expo was slowly dying. Hilary continued:

"This painting is a painting of Charlies face after his horrific car accident. In this painting I tried to highlight the damage that happens from a car accident." As she was finishing up her speech George hit the fire alarm and yelled:



"Everyone get out! There is anthrax in here!" Then everyone was running out but they ran out of breath straight away and everyone was dieing. But George managed to get out in time and Hilary was dragged out quickly by Charlie. As Charlie was trying to explain it wasn't him.

"Hilary don't trust him he is lying". George said.

"Charlie tell me the truth did you do it or not?" Hilary said.

Charlie replied "Maybe but..... Ah ha" he pulled out a handgun

"Don't move or I'll shoot! Ok I did it, you happy".

"Charlie how could you all that time we spent together with the joy ride in the Porsche the picnics down at the park, you traitor". Then suddenly George jumped out in front of Hilary and he said 'If you're going to shoot her you'll

have to go through me first.'

BANG came the shot of the gun. Charlie had shot George clean through his forehead. As George fell to the ground, Hilary screamed out in horror.

"Baby, this is for you and me, we can be together now, no-one to get in our way, no-one like George. We're free, you and me".

"Look what you've done Charlie" Hilary said to him. "You've killed almost everyone and in that everyone your brother died too".

"Don't try and sweet talk me baby, come with me." He held the gun to her head. "I 'didn't want to have to do this to you, come with me or die" he said with a tear in his eye.

"Please Charlie, don't do this, I know there's a good ma..." BANG!

He shot her like he did George, the two people he truly cared for in life. He was through; he had finished his life's fun. He was in a lot of confusion and grief as he ran off.



## Chapter 8

Charlie could feel his heart pounding in his chest as his legs pumped beneath him. All around him was the smell of peoples waste. Charlie had climbed back through the secret trapdoor and descended down the ladder. He was running through the labyrinth of tunnels and always running, he never stopped.

After what seemed like days he emerged from the tunnels. The first light of day was creeping through the clouds. Charlie had emerged near a stream so he took a drink from it. He walked a few kilometres north of the stream and found a road. On the road there was a sign saying 10km to Botany. Charlie waited on the side of the road and stuck out his thumb at the traffic going past. A semi-trailer pulled over and opened the door "Where are you headed?" the truckie asked.

"I want to go to the airport" said Charlie

"Well then your in luck" said the truck driver "I'm headed for Botany so I'll take you there after I've have unloaded the truck."

"Thanks a lot" said Charlie. On the truck Charlie fell asleep. A few hours later the truckie shook Charlie and said "Here we are."

"Goodbye" said Charlie. He walked into the airport and walked up to the desk.

"Give me the next ticket to Perth" He said with a gun to her head.

"Ah... Yes sir," said the receptionist "Your flight leaves in half an hour" Charlie walked through the barrier at the same time scanning his ticket. He walked out into the waiting lounges and sat down.

Half an hour later Charlie was on the plane. Charlie got out of his seat and went to the toilet. When he was in there he decided to hijack the plane. He caressed a secreted gun in his jacket. He crept into the cockpit and held the point of the gun to the pilot's head. "Relinquish the controls to me and get on the floor now!" the pilot fell to the floor and sneaked a peek at Charlie. He recognised him and whispered into his walkie talkie after Charlie had put his headphones on. "Mayday Mayday we have a code red! The criminal from today's paper is hijacking the plane! Ov-ahh.... He never said his last words as Charlie shot him in the head. A few hours later he landed the plane in Perth. Charlie disembarked and ran for the city. Charlie found a manhole and descended down to the sewers.

## Chapter 9

The policemen scatted around the bogged sewerage like rats on a killing hunt. The underground sewerage smelled of decaying food and unfertilized waste. The smell was unbearable, and survival down here would last for possibly a day.

“Lieutenant, we haven’t seen anything of the suspect just yet, but we think that he will be in the north-west side of the sewerage plan, roger that”. The sergeant crackled over his walkie-talkie. “Permission granted, Sergeant”, replied the Lieutenant from the headquarters. “May God be on your side”.

The group of men moved on forward to find the criminal mastermind, hiding away from all the murders and miseries from the last couple of months. His murders and his artwork have created nothing but being on the run and knowing that you have killed someone. Charlie, lay slumped beside a huge drop into the deep. He took one last swig of his cheap Vodka and threw it against the other side of the sewerage wall. A family of rats swarmed around the last bit of the alcohol. “Why must such a funny life, end in such a painful way”? He muttered to himself. “I guess I may have been the hero to the people, but now I lived to see myself become the villain”.



The policemen were moving closer to Charlie’s hiding spot. Even with their masks on the stench was killing all of their senses. A rat ran around them and started to creep up the side of one of the cadets. He screamed and started to run into the darkness of the sewerage system. He was never seen again.

The sergeant felt a pain of sadness in his heart because he knew he would have to tell the cadet’s mother and wife about his death. He could smell the fear in the foul air. “OK men, let’s keep on moving, we need to find this crook before the sun goes down”. He ensured his group with a calm voice, though he knew that he was going to have a dangerous time.

Charlie woke from a very weak slumber. He groaned with pain and stood up. He almost fell face first into the great, deep abyss of the water sewerage.

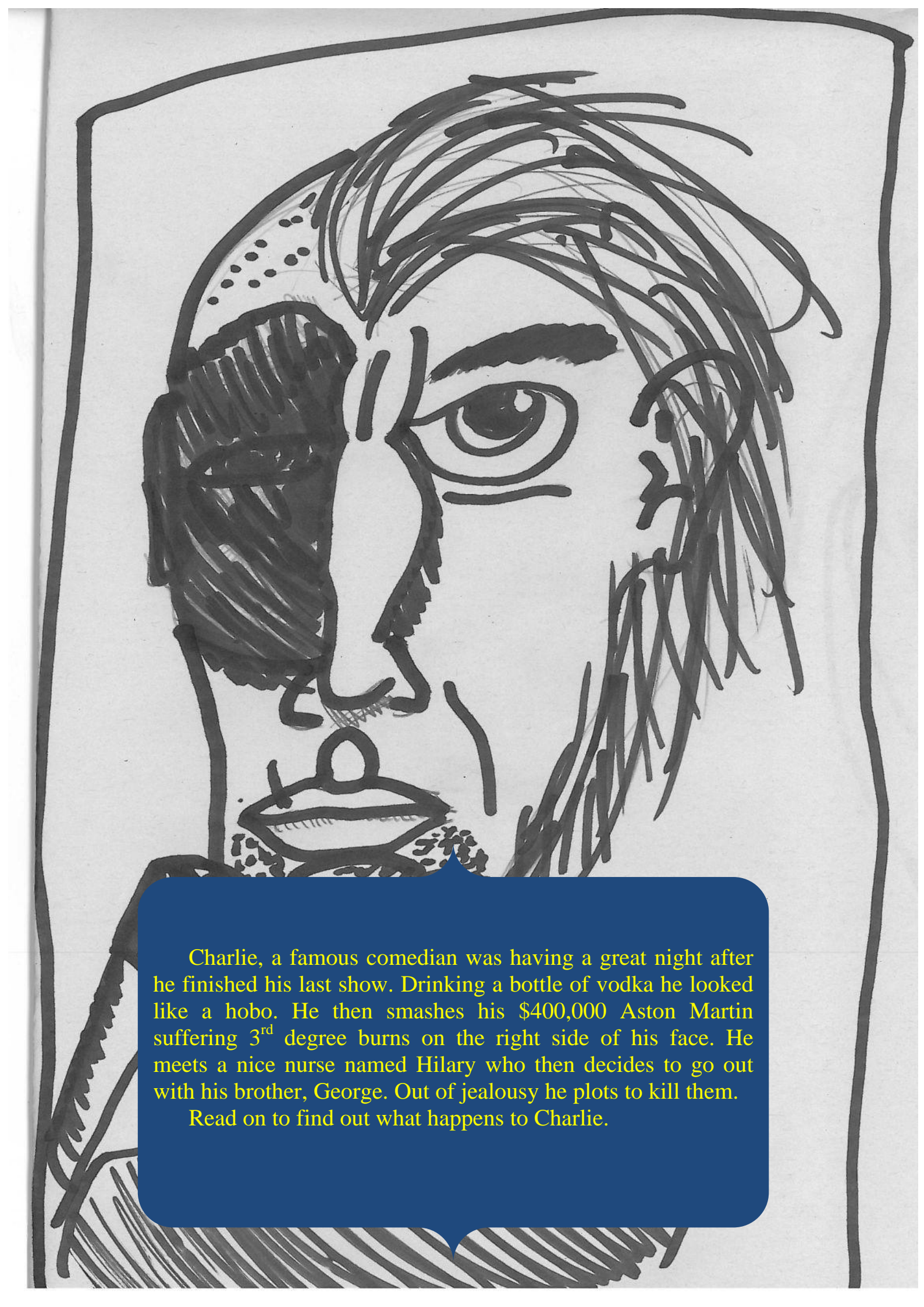
He opened his eyes a little more too actually see the deepest and most dangerous part of the system. The drop is as long as about 300 metres and you would probably take you about 2 minutes for you die. He then began to hear noises coming around the corner. He turned around to see the police crew and a blinding light.

“Well, well, well. Who do we have here? A couple of coppers trying to save me?” Charlie said in an irritating manner.

“Shut up Charlie! We have had enough of your immature and obnoxious behaviour; now get over here so we can put you in a place were you deserve, gaol!” Replied the sergeant.

“You don’t know what I have been through, knowing that you were painted not even under your own will, knowing that you have killed people and also knowing that when you die, you will have haunting you the knowledge that you have destroyed a persons life! Don’t you UNDERSTAND! No! You never will! No one will ever know!!” Silence happened around the sewerage.

The police men looked at each other and then at Charlie.”Don’t remember me as an evil man, remember me as the man who was the hero for the people, but lived to become the villain”. Charlie then leaned back and fell into the great abyss. Charlie was never a hero, nor a villain, now he took the last laugh, the last burnt laugh.



Charlie, a famous comedian was having a great night after he finished his last show. Drinking a bottle of vodka he looked like a hobo. He then smashes his \$400,000 Aston Martin suffering 3<sup>rd</sup> degree burns on the right side of his face. He meets a nice nurse named Hilary who then decides to go out with his brother, George. Out of jealousy he plots to kill them.

Read on to find out what happens to Charlie.