

# CASTAWAYS

Holy Moly Ravioli



## PARAMETERS FORM

### TEAM DETAILS

STATE: VIC  
DIVISION: Upper School  
SCHOOL/GROUP: Nossal High School  
TEAM NAME: Holy Moly Ravioli  
TEAM ID: 559

### PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

#### Parameters

Primary character 1 Banker  
Primary character 2 Tutor  
Non-human character Llama  
Setting Deserted island  
Issue A flood

#### Random words

pineapple  
blue bottle  
lifesaver  
big brother  
family

### INSTRUCTIONS

- Start at 8am
- Write an original story:
  - based on all **five parameters** (above)
  - including all **five random words** (above), 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

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## Chapter 1

The sun had shined bright above, with eroded rocks scattered across the beach shore and washed-up junk tossed out by the waves. Matt pulled another log close, humming quietly to himself.

On the edge of the beach, in between the dusty brown plains and the shine of golden sand, Lachlan waved to him, bouncing up and down with unabated cheer. He smiled a little at the sight and hollered out, "Last one!"

He flashed a thumbs up.

Matt dragged the log a little faster, still trying to be careful enough not to get any splinters.

Their little booth stood proud at the height of it all; scrap iron roofs, open ridges where doors should be, a foundation of scavenged bricks and metal sheets. It looked nowhere near traditional, the polished clean look of a typical bank not to be found. It doesn't matter though, here, at the end of the world, alone.

A seagull chirped in the distance, though [The Tutor] could not see it. Nothing ever seemed to disturb the blue sky besides the occasional cloud that looked like specks of chalk dust on a blackboard. The sound of critters never seemed to elude their position, their little corner of the universe was never interrupted by anything larger than a **blue bottle** or wallaby.

He set the log down, right in front of the pretend window they had made a little while back, so tall that the kid could barely peek out of there, with grey eyes sparkling just above the ledge line. Matt grinned, dusting his hands on his pants, "And that's the last one."

Lachlan jumped up again, not hiding any excitement, "Really?!"

“Mhm,” Matt said again, ducking under their small entrance way and into the booth itself. Lachlan had sat down in the time between him setting down the last plank and entering the bank itself. Cross legged, he was focused completely on organising little piles of leaves and rocks into categories on the floor. Each one had carefully carved numbers on them.

In the corner of the room, there was a small stash of *actual* money. Weathered with time and wind, they had lost their lustre and there were chips in the plastic, but they were definitely *notes*; a reminder of the past that Lachlan liked too much to leave in the soil.

Distantly, Matt brought up a memory about talking about that with a student-- how they were the first ones to be made with polymer. Matt shook his head, it wasn't important. There were still these things, these memories, that his brain refused to forget, that lingering hope for something more than he had.

Lachlan cracked his knuckles and stretched. He had finished whatever he was doing. In a hushed, almost reverent tone he murmured, “It's really done...” and then looked up to Matt, smile spreading, “We have a bank here now.”

It had taken a long time. Frankly, it was also a weird aspiration for a kid to have, but he seemed so happy the entire time they talked about it that Matt didn't mind. Even now, Lachlan's eyes shone in a way that made Matt want to grin.

Matt snorted, reaching over, he ruffled the kid's hair, “And we have our first banker too.”

Lachlan blushed, gaze turning down again in a flash. He scraped at his cheeks, as if that could erase the embarrassment flushing over. Matt smiled in earnest this time, “You should be proud of yourself. I mean, look at all that money, you've made.”

“Hnnghhh,” the kid made a flailing noise, and it was so cute that it got a chuckle out of Matt. He had placed his head in between his hands, but even the tips of his ears were red. He looked happy; it was a good day. Peeking between his fingers, Lachlan looked at him. He opened his mouth, and then closed it.

With a pause, he asked, “I don't know much about banking though. Or money... Do you mind teaching me?”

Matt stared. He couldn't help the small smile that ended up cracking. Lachlan really was a good kid, trying to help him out this way. The lingering ache of the past came back, and he could feel the memories stirring. Those of paper and pen, setting up worksheets and marking work. His students, his *kids*, he missed them.

Lachlan, he wasn't the same but that was fine. Matt gave a quiet sigh out beneath his breath, still smiling.

“Are you sure you're ready to learn”

The kid gave a slight tilt of his head, “Yeah, of course.”

And that's that. Matt properly goes into the room, and makes a spot down opposite Lachlan, clearing some of the mess. “How much do you know already?”

“Well, let’s see...”

.

The sun still shone brightly. The tutor and the banker sat close, happy in their booth. In the distance, a growing storm rose.

## Chapter 2

The hurricane gave out a violent roar, bolts lighting up the sky as thunder shook the earth.

“Lachlan? Lachie?! Where are you?” Matt shouted into the darkness; his voice drowned out by the pouring rain.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted the unmistakable yellow of Lachlan’s raincoat. Zealously dashing to the sobbing child, Matt lifted him into a tight embrace. Matt had never been a runner, but fuelled by the adrenaline pumping through his veins he sped towards their seaside hut like the wind, drawing upon the last vestiges of his strength.

Upon carefully resting Lachlan back onto the ground, Matt promptly slumped against a wall, catching his breath. He was panting heavily as he sat there, waiting for his heart to calm and his brain to start functioning again. As he regained his senses, Matt observed his surroundings: There was a leak in the roof, the storm was only getting worse, but the worst of all was that putrid smell.

The sweet, pleasant, tropical smell of **pineapple** and coconuts, overtaken by the sickly damp smell of rain and earth, but that wasn’t all. In fact, the wind had brought another smell – a smell promising destruction and despair.

It was the same smell as that fateful day, when the tide pulled back from the shore and the giant wave consumed the clear blue sky, engulfing everything into its murky darkness.

The tsunami. That which swept away all.

Matt glanced over to Lachlan, hiding his fearful expression as best as he could. The boy looked terrified. Matt walked up towards Lachlan and hugged him tightly, the little boy finally releasing it all in a flood of emotion.

Matt held back tears as he hugged Lachlan. He was only a child... he should be in school, playing with friends, even in his own tutor class! Everything owed to him had been stolen away from him.

Matt shook his head to dismiss the thoughts, there was no time to think about that. If anything, he had to try his best to make sure that the boy would still be able to live the life he was owed. The water picked up pace as it trickled through the leak, flooding the floor. The bank was going to fall; it was inevitable.

“We have to run.” Matt said, reaching his arm out towards Lachlan. The boy stared at his hand, and after a moment, he seemed to have understood.

“Okay.” he meekly croaked, his voice still hoarse from crying, as he reached to clench Matt’s outstretched hand.

“There’s a small cave up in the mountain. We can take shelter there for the time being. Just... Try your best to keep up the pace.”

Matt looked at Lachlan, trying his best to put on a brave face.

“...and don’t let go”

They hiked up the mountain, hand in hand, trying not to look back at the now destroyed house they had once lived in.

At last, they made it to the cave. It was a bit small, a bit uncomfortable and slightly damp; but at least it was safe.

It was there they slept for the night, arm in arm. Eventually, the rainfall ceased, and the sun rose in the horizon, casting an inspirational glow over the land. There was still hope.





### Chapter 3

Matt quickly downed the plastic bottle of water and attempted to hurl the bottle across the room, only to be blocked by the skewed, unstable roof. He spent the next few minutes blankly staring at several engraved lines on a wooden plank, supposedly resembling the number of days living alone in this hellhole.

It has been three days since Matt regained his consciousness after the great tsunami, the unfortunate event that inevitably dragged him from his everyday life to a deserted island carrying the remains of buildings, trees and bushes. Matt was surprisingly content at first. There were food and shelter available and he was able to remember several survival and health practices despite only being a tutor. He was happy to finally live a peaceful life, but as many hours passed, he began to feel lonely and bored.



Eventually the long days, filled with naught but loneliness led to despair and hopelessness – ‘What reason is there to survive if I lack people to teach and a society to contribute to?’ His lack of motivation made him reluctant to gather food and create a proper shelter for himself. A word was not spoken, and Matt spent the rest of his days vacantly staring at the wall where his array of etched lines lay, slowly growing in number with the passage of time.

Matt subconsciously took in the soothing yet unsettling sounds of the waves, desperately lunging towards the house, only getting pulled back into the ocean by her water sistren. He gradually stepped backwards and slumped back into the sandy bed where his eyes met with the ceiling. His limbs dispersed across the bed like a paper ball unfurling in water. Matt exerted a deep sigh and continued to stare at the flimsy roof.

The howling wind passed through his ears – Matt remained unbothered by the grain of sands flying into his face. Minutes later, Matt recognized an unusual voice that stood out amidst the noise. The noise alone intrigued him, causing him to stand up and follow the sound. His fatigued body limped along the sandy shore, his bare feet freely sinking into the damp surface.

The noise grew to be louder and more distinctive, it was a noise that he hadn't heard in a long time. It was a cry -- a cry for help. Matt was alerted by the constant sniffing and decided to accelerate his walking speed. The cry grew clearer. Eventually Matt was able to make out a voice.

"H-Hello?" the boy nervously called.

"Mum? Dad?"

"I'm... scared"

Matt's eyes widened. "A child?"

Matt slowed down as he saw the boy wandering astray.

"You're alone too, huh", Matt thought.

He approached the trembling figure, eventually meeting eyes, Matt stood still, and the boy waddled towards him. Matt noticed his arching frown and sparkling eyes that were on the verge of letting out tears. Matt and the boy locked eyes, occasionally taking the eyes off to examine the body and then locked eyes again. Minutes passed and the boy finally broke the silence,

**"Big brother?"**

Matt hesitated for a moment then concluded that it was best to provide an honest response, "Um I'm sorry but I'm not your big brother."

"That's okay, I don't have a big brother or sister."

Matt leaned towards the boy and placed hand on his shoulder, "Hey, we might be separated from our families right now, but I'll take care of the two of us until we find them. That way neither of us will be alone anymore."

The boy smiled whilst holding back his tears, "You sound very friendly, can you be my older brother?"

"Of course..."

As Matt accepted his offer, he noticed a nametag attached to the neck of the raincoat, "...Lachlan!"

Matt saw Lachlan burst into tears and allowed him to wrap his arms around his waist. Matt grew a little emotional from his embrace. This moment reminded him of the students who he helped throughout his career before he got caught up in this unfortunate situation – he found this feeling to be satisfying.

And that feeling filled him with hope.

"I know it is a little scary to be alone. Don't worry, you will be safe as long as I'm around... I'll promise to take care of us both."

## Chapter 4



Matt woke up, his head throbbing and eyes watery, then looked around. Thankfully, he saw Lachlan next to him. He thought back to the house, it only took a few days to make but it still hurt. Matt knew the story of every piece of metal and brick that went into it, oh, if only it didn't get washed away by the storm. Matt then saw the morning sun, its brightness reminding him of how happy he was when they finished the house. Matt sighed, he would have to rebuild another home for them.

The hopelessness of it all began to set in for Matt. Is this how he'll spend the rest of his life? Collecting trash, building trash houses, and seeing them reduced to further broken-down trash? He wanted some form of normality, of stability, but the tropical weather wasn't going to give it to him. Matt could see the sadness on Lachlan's face as well. Matt knew he could afford to see the struggle of their situation, but little Lachie? He shouldn't have to bear the brunt of it.

"Hey, we'll build it back up, there's still some sheet metal for the-"

Matt could barely finish his sentence before being interrupted.

"It's not fair! We can't have any fun here, anything we try to do gets destroyed, I'm tired, why should we rebuild it?" The boy kicked the sand to project his anger.

"Lachie, I'm gonna go walk along the shoreline, maybe the storm washed some better things onto the island, can I trust you to wait here and not run off?"

Matt didn't get an answer, Lachlan had begun drawing on the sand with a stick. He started with a frowny face, then began drawing animals. By the time he finished a dog, Matt left, in hopes of finding something that could cheer him up.

Searching for materials, Lachlan began walking along the shoreline, anything would have to do for now. It was their first day all over again. Amongst the plastic bottles and bags, he found a backpack, a couple metres of rope and a blanket.

"It really did give us a good find!" Matt began walking back to Lachlan, spirits lifted.

As Matt began the trek back to Lachlan, he heard a rustling sound in the bushes, something he hadn't heard in a long time, as it stopped, and he began walking the bushes rustled again. With each noise Matt's concern for Lachlan began to grow. Eventually he couldn't bear to walk and broke into a run, with each step increasing the noise and Matt's mind began racing.

When Matt finally peered around the bushes his panic turned to relief as he saw Lachlan drawing in the sand, next to him was something that looked like a goat but without horns. It took Matt a while to figure out what it was before a trip to a zoo caught up with his memory.

"A llama."

Lachlan didn't seem interested in how it got on the island, not even if it was friendly.

Any worries were quickly quelled though. The llama's ears perked up, curious about the two humans standing in front of it.

Lachlan slowly reached out to touch the creature, softly patting its neck. The llama made a soft buzzing noise in response; nothing dangerous had happened so far. Distantly, it reminded Matt of his cat's purr, her favourite napping spot, thoughts of his home began crowding him before bringing him back to the present. Matt didn't know if his cat was still out there, even if he'd see her again, he knew that he had to take care of his present.

Still, he was comforted by the noises and Matt approached the llama with caution, still aware of the fact that they didn't know anything about the island or how anything got on it. Upon first touching its neck, the llama immediately reacted, buzzing louder, and spitting in Matt's face.

"It doesn't like it if you touch that spot," Lachlan said stifling a laugh. He already seemed to know his way around the animal, with the llama softly buzzing at every pet the child made.

As the llama moved around, inviting the child to scratch places for it. As the two played the breeze began picking up, carrying the smells of fruit fresh grown. With the smells came memories of the bank, the fun they had building it, the excitement of finding new materials washed up. The island hadn't changed, maybe if they rebuilt the bank, it wouldn't have changed at all.

"Matt, can we name it?" Lachlan snapping the older man out of his daydream.

"The llama— Matt, can we name it?"

The breeze's smell brought citrus to the forefront of his brain, he could make out something he loved before he came to the island, "Pineapple" he said. Lachie seemed confused.

"Pineapple? Could we at least give it a cool nickname? Ooh, Piney! Can we call it Piney!"

The name seemed to ring with Matt, "Sure, Piney it is"

Both looked at Piney and then each other. What followed were a few moments of silence, after a while Lachlan broke it saying, "Actually can we build the bank again? Even if it gets broken it's fun making it again! We have Piney too this time!"

Lachlan's energy and excitement filled the both of them and Matt smiled at him,

"Alright Lach, we'll build it again, you think Piney can help?"

## Chapter 5

It had taken a few days to rebuild the house. The cave that they found was a bit inconvenient but provided decent shelter. Although it had been tiring walking up and down the hill, Matt had come to appreciate the cave, and he found comfort in it. It felt bittersweet really, leaving the place that had kept him and Lachlan safe. But it was time to put the finishing touches on their house and move back. Although, now that he thought about it, anywhere would be home, as long as he had Lachlan and Piney.

The sun rose, its rays of light shining across the landscape, and illuminating the white pebbles that laid in the sand. It was beautiful, Matt decided, as a bird flew down from the sky and collected a few twigs, probably for a nest of its own.

"Matt, what are you looking at?" Lachlan stood next to the tutor and offered him a **lifesaver**. "The bird?"

"Yeah, it's collecting twigs to build a new nest Lachie."

"So it's building a nest?" Lachlan didn't look like he needed a confirmation, so he stayed silent, as he observed the bird fly away with the twigs.

It was funny really, just like how him and Matt were rebuilding their house, so was the bird. Humans and animals were more similar than Matt thought, both species strived to survive, reproduce and find love, they even had their own special kind of language. Nature was a funny thing.

The new bank stood proudly on the golden sand; the huge leaf that laid in front of the door had been the finishing touch. It was complete. Some might have said that their new home was ugly, but to Matt, Lachlan and Piney, it was perfect.

"We did it!" Lachlan fist pumped the air. He wrapped his arms around Piney's torso, then grinned at Matt.

"As a **family**," Matt added, his face was unable to stop smiling. Piney snorted in approval. Lachlan excitedly rushed inside the building, followed closely by Matt and Piney who, despite his best efforts, couldn't fit through the door. The llama sighed, then hung its head in disappointment before it saw Lachlan by the window and rushed towards him.

Matt chuckled and gave himself a pat on the back, including a bigger window was indeed a wise idea. Lachlan's eyes twinkled with an idea then he turned to Piney and, with excitement, greeted him as if he was a customer. With his new knowledge of banks, that Matt had taught him a few days prior, Lachlan offered the llama a \$50 dollar bill as a loan. Piney stretched his neck to bite the edge of the leaf and Lachlan beamed. Then, to the utter horror of Lachlan, swallowed down the leaf and regurgitated it back up.

"Disgusting, utterly disgusting," Lachlan claimed as Matt nodded in agreement.

"Piney," Lachlan sighed, then glared at the llama, "did you eat the \$50 dollar bills? Again?"

Piney stared back at the Lachlan with innocent sweet eyes and opened his mouth and revealed the chewed-up leaves in its mouth. Lachlan sighed in defeat then reached out and gave the llama a pat on the head. "You silly llama, you're supposed to be the guard."

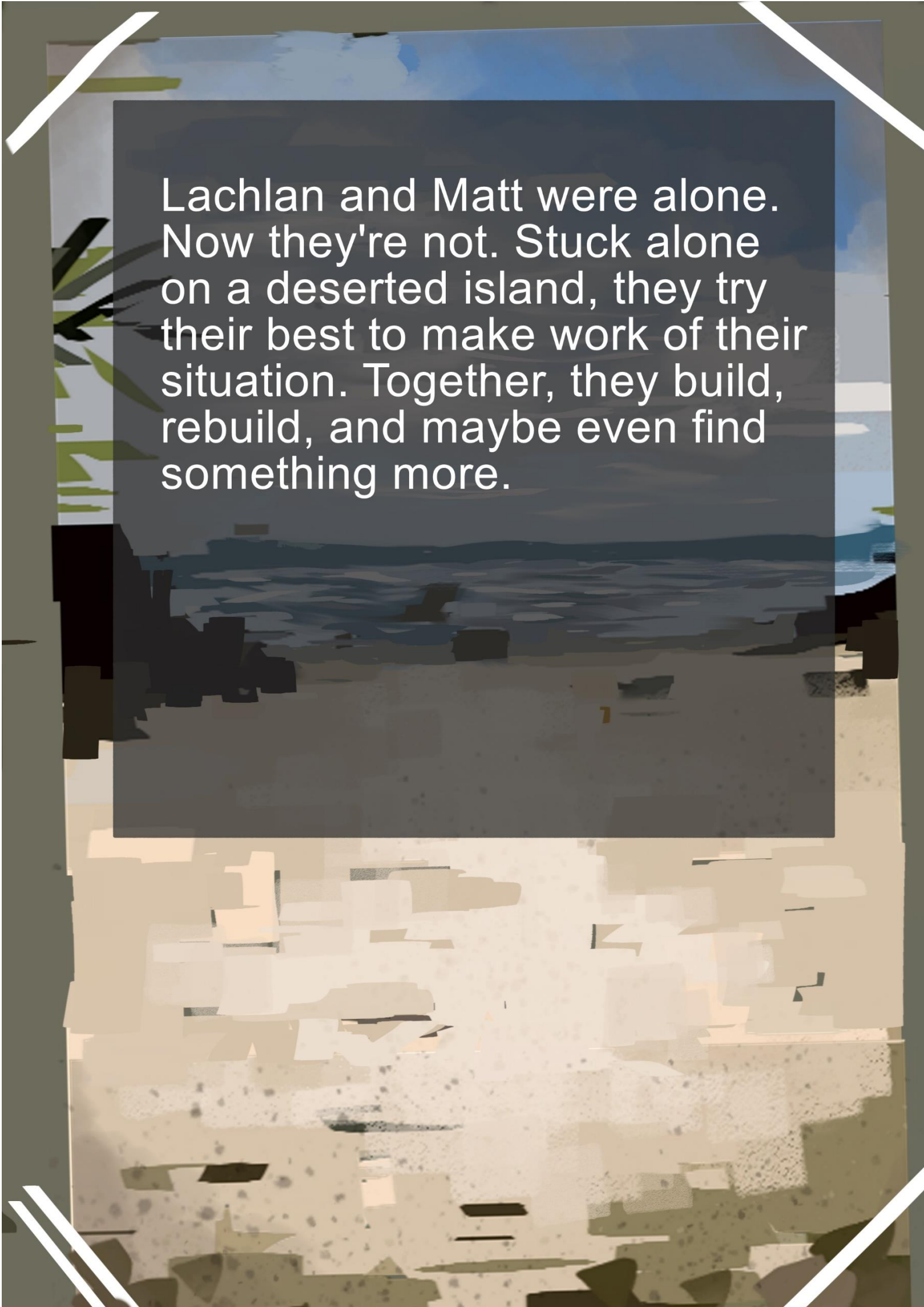


# LACHLAN

The Pretend-Banker





A tropical beach scene with a dark blue sky, ocean, and sandy shore. The image is framed by white diagonal lines in the corners. A dark blue rectangular box is overlaid on the upper portion of the image, containing white text.

Lachlan and Matt were alone.  
Now they're not. Stuck alone  
on a deserted island, they try  
their best to make work of their  
situation. Together, they build,  
rebuild, and maybe even find  
something more.