

WRITTEN AND
ILLUSTRATED BY
OLLIE'S
LOLLIES



LITTLE
LUCA S: : : : :
BIG
IMAGINATION



Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: VIC

DIVISION: Upper School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Nossal High School

TEAM NAME: Ollie's Lollies

TEAM ID: 558

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 .. Sailor

Primary character 2 .. CEO

Non-human character .. Pigeon

Setting .. Billabong

Issue .. Hospital is full

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 Couch Incident

The sun shone brightly overhead as I set sail on the calm ocean. I sat tight in my small, dinky fishing boat – it was old but sturdy as ever and was always my closest companion as I ventured into the deep blue sea, awaiting scanty surprises and Atlantic adventures. The ocean beneath me was a mesmerizing deep blue with hints of green and gold, almost as if I were floating on an opal, washed away into a quiet, peaceful-

*“Lucas, do you want **pineapple** juice?!” Lachlan yelled from the kitchen.*

Lucas rolled his eyes and slapped his hands over his face, groaning. The land of make believe and imagination was one he never wanted to leave, and in a very five-year-old-boy way, he spent most of his afternoons daydreaming about being there, being the sailor he was always destined to be.

A small boy, lanky and long-limbed but still standing no taller than his kitchen counter, Lucas had always been told at school that he would never be as bold and brawny as a sailor should; but here in this cosy cottage, comforted by the familiar scent of his grandmother’s cooking, the warm crackling of the fireplace behind him and the soft plush couch with worn cushions from which he had fashioned a very sturdy fort (in his humble opinion, of course), he could easily wander off into a world that would make his dreams a reality.

*If his annoying **big brother** would let him, that is.*

He ran his small hands through his short brown hair, exasperated. “Lachlannnnn I’m in the MIDDLE OF SOMETHING!” he whined.

“I’m just asking if you want-”

“I DON’T CARE.” Lucas sighed, an irritated expression tugging the corners of his deepening frown.

He shut his eyes, took a deep breath, and the creases on his forehead began to disappear as he drifted back into his imagination.

Ah, the calm ocean. I couldn’t remember a time when I wasn’t happy on my little boat. It’s like all my troubles disappeared as soon as I became a sailor. As I contemplated all my joyful experiences here, a distant cooing made its way into my mind.

What is that?

I looked up and saw a pigeon soaring along the horizon, slowly approaching me. I began to steer slightly away, hoping the pigeon wouldn’t come towards me; but it got nearer and nearer, and I almost saw a smug look in its eyes...

Oh no.

The pigeon bellowed and dropped down to my level, circling around me with its wings flapping boisterously around my head. It swooped up and down and as I attempted to swat it away, my boat picked up my momentum and swayed back and forth, swashhh swashhh.



The pigeon cooed- or rather, cackled- incessantly beside my ears, a cacophony of ringing and bouncing around my head distracting me from the increasing swashh swashh of the boat.

Swashh- my oar fell overboard.

Swashh- my sailor hat dropped onto the surface of the sea, and with a

SWASH!

The boat capsized.

I was suddenly underwater, arms flailing about as I tried to kick my lower body out from under the flipped fishing boat.

Then, out of nowhere, I felt a sharp sting on my leg, like a long needle was jabbed into my calf. I blinked, taken aback, and the pain rapidly grew worse, evolving from a slight burn into scalding agony.

“OUCH!” I wailed, quickly releasing myself from under the boat and grasping the side to gain balance. I looked down as a flash of light blue zipped away, burying itself back into the velvety depths of the ocean.

“Aw man, I must’ve been stung by a **blue bottle** jellyfish...”

Lucas crouched on the ground by the sofa from which he had just fallen, grasping his leg as he scrunched his face to stifle the pain. His calf was scraped, revealing the bloodstained flesh underneath, the raging scarlet aftermath of carpet burn. He clasped it tightly to mute the stinging and scuttled out of the living room into the kitchen in a crablike fashion, one hand on his leg and one hand snapping in the air as he called for help.

“Lachlan! Nanna!! SOMEBODY!?! I hurt myseeeelf!!” He droned, choking on tears. But no one responded. Helplessly, he scurried to the back door hoping to find them outside, but to no avail.

“Nan? Lachy?!” The crisp fresh air hissed against the sting of his wound.

“ANYONE, HELP!!!”

Chapter 2: Resident Pigeon



Lucas looked around his backyard at the tall trees and overgrown grass. He held up his tiny hands to shield his eyes from the glaring sunlight as he made his way deeper into the never-ending outback. Just when he started giving up, Lucas spotted a secret opening surrounded by smaller trees. He made his way towards it to find a small billabong filled with murky water and dried grass.

'WOW this is so cool', he thought as he weaved his way in and out of the bushes surrounding it. The billabong was quite hidden, Lucas had never noticed it before, and the excitement of his new discovery was almost enough to make him forget about his leg. The more he looked around, the more his imagination ran wild.

I knew I had to do some exploring before I got called back in by my brother, so I started walking around waiting for my next adventure to find me. Just then in a little corner behind the billabong, I saw an amazing wooden mansion...

The walls were made of giant logs that stood next to each other and the roof was covered in dense bark. There were so many windows and floors I couldn't even count them all! I shuffled around to the front of the building to see a massive sign that read 'Billabong Hospital'. Suddenly my leg started hurting again so I knew exactly what I was going to do. I took a deep breath and pushed open the giant doors to find myself in the hospital reception.

The floor was covered in bright tiles and the walls were a sharp white. The pungent smell of disinfectant cut through the air and straight into my nose. I stood there, mesmerized, just soaking in the view but then my train of thought was interrupted by the sound of heels click-clacking against the cold tiles.

I turned around and to my complete surprise was greeted by a rather large and chatty pigeon. I know my imagination can be creative, but I never knew it could be this creative! The pigeon stood there peering down at me. She was wearing circular gold frame glasses, a beaded pearl necklace, and a turquoise cardigan. My thoughts are interrupted by the loud rumble of her clearing her throat.

"Welcome to the wondrous Billabong Hospital. We have state of the art medical facilities and the best doctors in the bush." she melodiously cooed.

'Ughh not another pigeon. I'm in this whole mess because of one and now I have to get help from another one?' I thought to myself while she stood there waiting for a response.

"Now how may I be of service to you?" she chimed.

"Hey um –" I was cut off by her exclaiming "- Oh silly me! My name is Pamela. Resident pigeon and receptionist here at Billabong Hospital."

"Right, hey Pamela! My name is Lucas and I have sustained grievous injuries to my leg from my last underwater adventure." I explained.

"That's no good, rest assured that you are in good hands now." she consoled, while extending her wings out to usher me towards their reception desk.

Maybe Pamela is not as bad as the other pigeon, I told myself as I followed her sceptically.

I took a seat impatiently tapping my foot against the floor waiting as she reappeared with a stack of files and some chocolates. My stomach immediately grumbled at the sight of them, and I realised how hungry I really was. Maybe I should've taken the **pineapple** juice Lachlan was offering me earlier.

Pamela sat down opposite me and began asking me questions about my leg and how I hurt myself and I began telling her about my fish boat and how I fell. After a while, all the necessary forms were completed.

"Alright, I think we have all the information necessary to find your perfect room!" Pamela enthusiastically stated.

"Here at Billabong, each room is individualised, and no two rooms will ever be the same to ensure maximum satisfaction. Follow me for a brief tour!" she said, beaming with pride. I followed her down a long hallway filled with doors with pure excitement and anticipation.

Chapter 3: Exodus of Monkeys

The first door we encountered was an earthy brown door. Upon approaching it, we heard muffled caws of exotic parrots and rustling of leaves enticing us to open the door and observe the liveliness of the room for ourselves.

“Ouch!” I grimaced, as I plodded through the door.

“Are you okay? Just hop on my back, I can take you there.”

“Are you sure you can carry me?”

“Just trust me! We don’t have all day!” Pamela exclaimed.

I climbed onto her back and off we flew. As Pamela was soaring through the bright blue horizons, I admired the luscious summer green trees below. The glimmering sun dappled the crisp leaves, creating mysterious shadows along the gravel beneath. Out of the corner of her eye, Pamela spotted a small patch of sparse ground, so she swooped down into landing and let me slowly climb down.

We ventured off deep into the jungle, scanning between every bush to find the spare bed. Prides of lions cautiously watched us, lizards scurried up the trees, and birds of vibrant red, yellow and blue flew synchronously overhead. I scooted towards Pamela, holding onto her wing as the lions examined me.

“Don’t worry Lucas, as long as you don’t hurt them, they won’t hurt you.” Pamela reassured.

I whimpered. My palms started to glisten as my heartbeat began to race. I was dead silent as Pamela dragged me along the path. I looked back once more to find them still glaring at me with their wide, orange-red eyes. As we neared some taller, slimmer trees, a sharp shrieking made its way into the room.

“What in the world is that?” I shouted, “What animal is that!?”

“Monkeys. They are extremely fun animals to be around, look at them!”

I tilted my head up to find an endless maze of vines hanging above me. Dark silhouettes whizzed around, followed by echoes of mischievous laughter leaving me frazzled.

Out of nowhere came a monkey flying down directly at me, making me topple back onto my injured leg which sent an instant shock of pain back into my calf.

“Ouch, ouch, ouch!” I cried.

CRASH! The monkey fell right beside me landing directly on its own tail. It let out an excruciating screech.

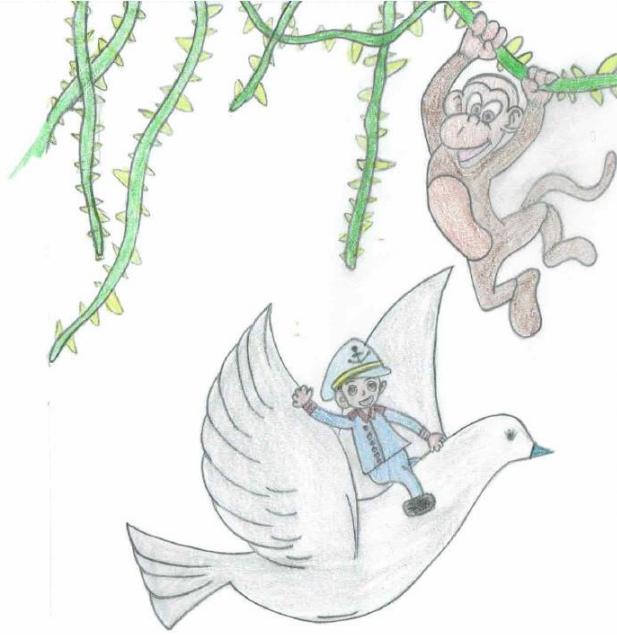
Pamela quickly helped up the monkey. She gave him a few reassuring pats on his head while it dusted itself off. It tried to hop down but winced in agony as its tail hit the ground.

“I’m so sorry! I had no idea you were already hurt!” The monkey cried out, “Let me find someone to help you!”

The monkey bellowed out to the trees causing an exodus of other monkeys to rush down. One of them ran over to their injured friend, while the others tended to me. They offered me a cold leaf to wrap around my calf which instantly relieved my pain.

“That feels so much better. Thanks monkeys! Thanks Pamela! You are all awesome!”

Pamela turned back to the monkeys and informed them, “Unfortunately we should head off now. Your friend should use the bed in this room instead, Lucas and I can always find another bed.”



I frantically gave the monkey a hug, and waved goodbye to my new friends as Pamela and I glided back over the thick canopy to the entrance of the jungle. The rusty hinges of its door creaked shut as we snuck back into the hallway.

“Let’s just keep making our way down this hallway. We will find a room for you very shortly.”

Chapter 4: Elephant-Shamed Crime Scene

After a long stroll down the hallway, we approached peculiarly shaped doors that were more than twice my size.

“Oh, this room might be free!” Pamela huffed as she pushed them open with all her wingy might.

Inside, I saw a sea lion balancing a ball on its nose and realised that they were not just doors: they were the curtains to a circus tent! To my disbelief, inside the circus was my all time, gorgeous and incredible kindergarten crush Izzy - so obviously I dragged Pamela with me, and we sat next to her. I couldn't stop staring at the way her luscious blonde locks cascaded down her shoulders. I couldn't believe she was here with me!

Just then the announcer exclaimed, “And nooooooww we haaaaave the elephaant!”. I think he said more details, but my attention was already elsewhere.

“Care for some popcorn you guys?” asked Izzy, catching me off guard while I was busy daydreaming about her.

“D-did she just offer me popcorn?” I whispered to Pamela.

“Yes, she did, and I wouldn't mind some deary!” she whispered back loud enough for Izzy to hear. Of course, Pam had to embarrass me in front of the love of my life like that.

We finally got settled, popcorn in hand, eyes on the stage and that's when I saw him. Mr Elephant and he was so much bigger than I could have imagined and-and oh he was on a bicycle but with one wheel, so a half-cycle.

“Hey Pam, I-look a half-cycle!!” I exclaimed while tugging on Pam's cardigan sleeve.

“Sweetie that 'half-cycle' is actually called a unicycle as in uni for one.” Pamela explained.



I turned my attention back to Mr Elephant and his unicycle, awestruck by how well he could balance on one wheel. That's when I heard it: Pamela's raspy hacking. At first, I thought it would diminish, but it kept getting louder and louder and LOUDER until her face began to turn redder than my nan's crimson lipstick.

That's when I realised, she's choking. So, I whacked her back as hard as my little hands let me. The corn kernel stuck in her throat finally dislodged and flew out across the stage landing right in front of Mr Elephant's unicycle. Just when we thought we were no longer in jeopardy, Mr Elephant's unicycle ran over the kernel launching him off his unicycle and across the stage.

He landed with a deafening thump right on his trunk and the audience winced in sympathy.

"OWWWWWW!!" The harrowing cries of Mr Elephant engulfed the circus as he tried to get up.

"Oh no! Oh no! Oh no no no!" Pamela shrieked, rushing to make her way to the elephant-shaped crime scene.

"You're going to be okay deary, I promise I'll fix you right up." she consoles him.

"But howwww?" He cried out.

The dim circus lighting glistened against Pamela's hospital employee badge giving Mr Elephant reassurance that she can help.

"Ok, I need you to stand up and walk with me so we can find an empty room for you deary."

Realising that Mr Elephant needed this room much more than I did, I exclaimed "Pamela wait! This room's free!"

"But it's yours." she said furrowing her eyebrows.

"But Mr Elephant's HURT-hurt and I'm ok!"

"If you say so deary." Pamela said with a sigh.

Together, Izzy, Pamela and I hoisted him onto the bed before he thanked me profusely for letting him use my room.

After Pamela finished wrapping up his cast, I waved goodbye to Izzy and Mr Elephant before hopping onto Pamela's back, ready to fly back through the circus curtains and into the hallway to continue our search for my perfect room.

Chapter 5: Gravitational Pull

Pamela and I bounced down the hallway, still giddy from the last room.

“That was so cool! Did you see how well he controlled the unicycle? I’ve never seen anything like that in my life!” I exclaimed.

“Just another ordinary day in the Billabong Hospital!” grinned Pamela as she continued to lead me down the hallway.

Something mysterious caught my eye; a pitch-black door that seemed to be pulling us closer.

“Do you feel that?” I turned to face Pamela, only to see her frantically trying to fly against the gravitational pull. “Quick!” I reached for her wing as she flew into my grasp. We both looked at each other before breaking into a fit of laughter.

“I keep forgetting about this room! Have you ever been to space before, Lucas?” Pamela huffed as she tried to catch her breath. My face lit up with excitement before I turned back to the door, screeching “ARE YOU SERIOUS?”.

I excitedly shuffled towards the door, still cautious of its magnetic force. As Pamela and I approached the entrance, our feet began to lift off the ground. I held onto Pamela tightly as we swam through the air, stretching my arm out for the door. With a twist of the doorknob, it flew open, revealing to us a dark abyss, sprinkled with tiny stars that seemed to twinkle for us.

“This is amazing,” I whispered, too starstruck to say anything more. My grip on Pamela loosened and she began to drift away.

“Pamela!” I yelled, struggling to swim towards her. I lunged forward and latched onto her feathers, floating further from the door in the process.

“Woah there buddy! If you’re not careful, you’ll end up like me!” a man chuckled, as a rope was looped around us, and we realised we were being reeled in with a high-tech looking lasso. I swivelled my head around to the mysterious voice and saw an astronaut on a nearby planet. The planet was so small, I wasn’t surprised that I hadn’t noticed it earlier. I was able to see the figure more clearly as he pulled us in.



“An astronaut ... in crutches?” I whispered to myself in disbelief. The planet was barren, besides a bed and a couple beach chairs. I turned to Pamela to whisper, “Why does he have crutches, and why are there beach chairs on that island?” She laughed and whispered back, “I have no idea. Space is weird.”

Finally, the lasso loosened as we planted our feet firmly onto the planet.

“What are you guys doing out here?” The astronaut asked. “We don’t see many sailors or pigeons often!” He erupted into roaring laughter, and we had to join in.

“We’re looking for a bed for Lucas. He got into a small scuffle with a jellyfish earlier today,” Pamela said, eliciting another hearty chuckle from the man.

“You should see the jellyfish!” I proudly announced, showing off my many karate moves. To my dismay, they both laugh, but I couldn’t help but laugh too.

The astronaut balanced himself before extending his hand, “The name’s Andy.” I stretched my arm up to meet his and he gave me a firm handshake, which I returned.

“I’m Lucas, and this is Pamela. What happened to your leg?”

“I was on another planet fighting some aliens, and I guess the gravity was different over there...” he muttered. “But I still won! The doctors say it’s going to take me a while to recover, so I don’t think this bed will be free any time soon,” he pointed to the bed. “Sorry about that bud.”

I turned to Pamela and shrugged, “That’s alright! I don’t think outer space is for me anyways. I can always find somewhere else to stay.”

“Before you leave though, I want to give you something, as a souvenir.” Andy took a small shiny space rock from his pocket and handed it to me.

“Thank you, Andy!” we yelled as we began drifting back to the door, giving him one final wave before we tumbled through.

“I never knew astronauts were so cool,” I said as I stuffed the space rock into my pocket.

Chapter 6: Billabong Ice-Cream

We continued walking down the hallway of the hospital.

"I'm so sorry, I don't think we have any rooms left in the hospital." Pamela explained.

My eyes dropped to the ground, where my black converse shoes caught my attention, distracting me from my helplessness. My bottom lip started to tremble as I struggled to hold back my tears.

"Is there anything I can do? Could I buy you a Billabong ice cream? The rainbow flavour?" Pamela asked, trying to cheer me up.

Hearing about the ice cream reminded me of home, making it harder to ignore the daunting lump in my throat.

"My leg hurts so much!!! I just want to be treated for my pain and go back home to my nan!!" I wept, catching the attention of everyone else in the hospital.

I continued to cry whilst looking down at my shoes, until another pair of shoes came into my view. They're so shiny, I thought. I haven't seen shoes like this too often, only the one pair that my **big brother** Lachlan owns. Wait a minute...

I shot my head up and saw that it IS my **big brother** Lachlan. Seeing him after such a long time made me burst out into tears and sob into his arms.

"Hey, little man what's up?" Lachlan asked me.

"Lachlan, what are you doing here?? Why aren't you at home?? Where's nan??" I asked him without taking a second to breathe.

"Woah, woah, woah, calm down little guy. I'm the **CEO** of this hospital. Now that you know who I am, why are you here?" Lachlan said whilst ruffling my hair. I usually hate it when he does that, but today it sent a rush of comfort into my heart.

"I hurt my leg, it hurts so much Lachy and-and Ms Pamela said there are no rooms left for me to get treated in." I dismayed.

"Well, we can't have that now, can we? If anyone deserves a room, it's my little brother. Pamela, can you please tell anyone past this room to evacuate for a couple seconds. I think it's time to show little Lucas what his **big brother** Lachlan can do." Lachlan said with a familiar grin.

The pout on my face slowly started to disappear as I saw my **big brother** Lachy roll up his sleeves and Pamela clear the **family** of giraffes away from the hallway.

"Are you ready Lucas?" Lachlan asked, smirking teasingly.

I couldn't believe my eyes. All I saw was my brother snap his finger and WOOSH. Grey smoke showed up in front of my eyes and when it disappeared, an uncontrollable smile plagued my face.

"Lachlan that was so cool!! I didn't know you had magical powers!! You're a **lifesaver**!!

I walked into the new room. My big, now magical, brother, created a room just for me.

As I walked into my special room, I was astounded. On my left, the wallpaper was like a jungle with vines and monkeys on trees. The middle wallpaper had a striped, white and red circus tent and I could see an elephant on the corner and on the wallpaper to my right, I saw the planets and the galaxy with the little astronaut man on the moon.

"I don't ever want to leave this room, I love it here Lachy. Can I stay here forever? Pleaseeeeeee?" I begged my brother.

"I'm sorry little man but we gotta get you back home. Nan will miss you too much if you stay here forever. You don't want that do you?" Lachlan asked me.

"Oh, I don't want nan to miss me!! Can you fix me quickly Lachy? We gotta go back home." I gasped.

"Of course, I can, that's what I'm here for." Lachlan said with a warming smile.

I closed my eyes and not even two seconds later, I felt so much better. My leg wasn't hurting anymore. My **big brother** is so cool.

"Alright, come on buddy we gotta go. Say bye to everyone" Lachlan said, helping me off the bed.

"Bye bye Pamela!! I'm going to miss you so much!" I said, giving her a big hug.

"I'll miss you too Lucas. Don't come back here too soon though, we don't want another injury." said Pamela while laughing.

I walked down the hallway with Lachy and said goodbye to the astronaut, the elephant, and the monkey. I was sad to leave the hospital but so excited to go home.



Chapter 7: Family is the Best Medicine

With my magically healed calf and a new skip in my step, I was thrilled to see what was next. However, my knees were beginning to buckle, and I could feel my eyes growing tired; it was time to wish my farewells and return home. I glanced back at the billabong, pondering about the journey that I had just taken. I smiled. I knew who I wanted to go see, so I dashed out of the bush. Before Lachy could even call out "Lucas!", I was already inside the house.

*Around the corner was his **big brother** standing in the kitchen by the fridge, startled by Lucas' sudden appearance.*

*"Do you want some **pineapple** juice now?" Lachlan offered sheepishly.*

"Yes, I'd love some!" Lucas replied with a grin on his face.

Lachlan handed him a cup of juice ruffling his hair and the brothers burst out in laughter. For once, the brothers were not bickering or nagging each other, and for the first time in Lucas' life, he felt at ease in his brother's presence.

*Lucas had always wanted to have some of the **pineapple** juice, but he never wanted to sacrifice his time to play make-believe. Now, he was able to have both, and he felt his heart open a little more. What also grew was his deep appreciation for the time he spent with his brother, and he learnt the most important lesson of his life thus far: **family** is the best medicine that he could have ever received - even though make-believe comes pretty close.*

Where does your imagination take you? Join Lucas the wild, courageous adventurer and his companion, Pamela the Pigeon, on an thrilling yet magical journey through Lucas' mind, as they meet peculiar characters in a mission to heal his leg!

Heart-warming story recommended for children aged 10-12

