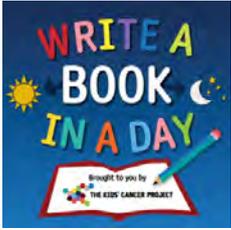




# DEEP WATER

By Left/s  
St Luke's Grammar School



# 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 Category:** Upper School (NSW)

**Writing Date:** 22-06-2016

**Group or School:** St Luke's Grammar School

**Team Name:** Left  
S

**Team Members:**

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## PARAMETERS

**Primary Character 1:** Ambulance driver

**Primary Character 2:** Diver

**Non-Human Character:** Avatar

**Setting:** Pet shop

**Issue:** Identity fraud

## RANDOM WORDS

Delicious

Nonsense

Hums

Cracked

Danger

## AFFIDAVIT

I, Alma Loreaux (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: 5000 words

Date: 22 June 2016 Signed: 



### **Dedication**

To all the amazing children at Westmead Children's Hospital,

Keep on smiling, as one day life will get tired of upsetting you.

Keep on being yourself and never doubt yourself.

You are the best thing that happened on this earth, and nothing can stop you.

Audrey Hepburn once said "Nothing is impossible, the word itself says I'm Possible".

And thanks for reading our book and getting to the end of it!!

Lots of Love

Ella, Jack, Maya, Ben, Sam, Mia and Nanki



### **Parameters**

Primary Character 1: Diver

Primary Character 2: Ambulance Driver

Non-Human Character: Avatar

Setting: Pet Shop

Issue: Identity Fraud

### **Five Random Words**

Cracked

Danger

Delicious

Hums

Nonsense

### **Word Count**

Exactly 5,000

### **Copyright**

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## Obscure Observations

The first thing that Joe Langsford noticed when he arrived home was that his brother Thomas was acting strangely.

It was fairly usual for Thomas to become distant when he was busy at work, and it was true that the new Prime Minister did have an awful lot of conferences scheduled for the next two weeks. Joe couldn't help feeling that something was off with his elder sibling.

For one thing, Thomas had parked his car in the driveway instead of in the garage, leaving his brother to set down his ambulance on the main road. He usually allowed Joe to use the driveway, so the huge vehicle wasn't obstructing the bus lane on High Street.

Then the way Thomas had addressed him when he walked through the door. The quintessentially familiar, "Hey Joey," was replaced with an oddly formal, "Greetings, Joseph."



By far the strangest case of Thomas' behaviour, however, was his business garb. Usually, when he was making his way to Parliament House, Thomas would wear a pressed grey suit – plain, smart, and professional. That day, however, the man was dressed in black dress pants and a navy blue silken shirt, his shoulders draped in an open peacoat in a stunning shade of green.

The man looked like a model in an advertisement for a relaxation retreat for wealthy business moguls.

Joe walked into the kitchen, massaging the back of his neck with one hand as he leant on the sideboard. It was hard enough coming home from a difficult day driving around the victims of various injuries to hospital. Today there must have been about twenty trips made to and from the place.

It was even worse coming home to a brother who had suddenly transformed into an entitled, formal, silk-shirt wearing robot, especially one who happened to be the Prime Minister of Australia.

Just then, the subject of Joe's muddled thoughts strode into the kitchen with the air of a king greeting upon an adoring crowd.

"Behold, I am present." Thomas spoke while looking dramatically out of the window.

Joe looked on with a kind of dumbfounded amusement. "Mate, I have no idea what is going on, but if you're preparing for a play or something, you should have told me."

He pulled a chair out from under the kitchen table and sat down, leaning back to look at his brother. "I would have bought tickets."

For some reason, Thomas didn't laugh. He tipped his head to the side and regarded Joe with cold detachment as Thomas' dog skidded through the doorway and bounded around his feet.



“You speak too much, little brother.” The voice was as hard and cold as ice, and Joe had the disconcerting feeling that his brother’s usual dry humour was absent. “The **nonsense** that comes out of your mouth can be...” He paused for a second, as though searching for the right words. “Quite a bore. Now, if you’ll excuse me...”

Thomas’ golden retriever puppy jumped onto Joe’s lap and he absentmindedly stroked the animal, taking comfort in the soft fur. Thomas turned around and strode out of the door, his coat billowing out behind him. The collar slipped down, revealing a large red lump at the back of his neck, just underneath his hairline. Probably a spider bite or something, Joe reasoned.

He rolled his eyes at the sky. For now, though, his main issue was with the cold, green-clothed monstrosity that had just walked out that door.



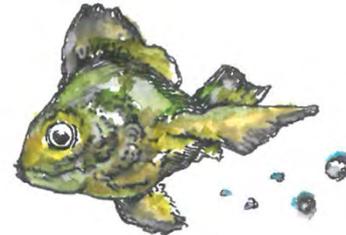
## Ocean Crisis

The water covered every part of Alex's body and feelings of freshness filled her entire being. There was something special about being underwater. Schools of fish floated by, their scales reflecting the sunlight, casting ethereal shapes deep into the water.

Despite the beauty, Alex couldn't help but notice that the ocean was different to how it used to be. The same diversity of sea creatures no longer swam beside her. She saw the same fish swim by, day in, day out.

Each day, their numbers were fewer.

She hummed along with the deep sea creatures as she went along her way, breathing slowly in and out through her snorkel.



She saw coral reefs below her as she dove deeper, the colour leached out of the once vibrant seabed. The bright red had been reduced to a shadow of its former being.

She kept coming back, though. Nothing could keep Alex away from the sea.

Her hair stuck to the nape of her neck as she retreated from the sea, her skin still shining with water. She lived for the feeling of salt drying on her skin when she arrived at work. Nobody cared what she looked like at the pet shop.

Alex traipsed across the beach, stooping to pick up a discarded newspaper on the sand. The paper itself was of no interest Alex, it was rather the headline that drew her attention.

*"Extinction near for our ocean life - another species dies out."*

Frowning, she skimmed through the page, her eyes stopping on various lines to focus.

*"Opal Cling Goby gone...Another species succumbs to the pollution present in our oceans..."*

Disgust filled her heart. The ocean that embraced her mind, body and soul would continue to decline unless someone made a stand. Her home, the one place she felt whole, was in **danger** of becoming Australia's largest dumping ground.

Miserably failing in her attempt to disregard the article, Alex noticed another headline.

*"Oceans in crisis - PM says no to new bill."*

Sighing inwardly at her inability to ignore the ridiculous paper, Alex began reading again.

*"Prime Minister Langsford and his party have controversially voted against the bill to introduce a pollution management program in our oceans..."*

Alex felt anger stirring in her stomach. "Stupid politicians and their stupid, selfish policies," she muttered under her breath. With an irritated exhalation of breath, she stomped off to work at the pet shop.



At least working wasn't as laborious after a dive. Alex uttered a polite, "Morning," to all the customers that came through her doors.

She was especially friendly to the usual customers. She smiled at Joe when he walked into the shop, sending the bell over the door ringing pleasantly in his wake.



He was the only regular that came in every day, but he had never bought a single pet. When she had asked, he said that it was because his brother already had a pet dog, but he liked visiting all of the animals anyway.

They exchanged greetings, and idly chatted for a while, Joe leaning against the desk comfortably. The newspaper sat on the counter between them,

and Alex felt Joe's eyes rest upon the open page.

"There's Thomas." Joe murmured, seemingly to himself.

"You mean Prime Minister Langsford?" asked Alex. Joe looked up, seemingly distracted.

"Yeah, Thomas Langsford." He leaned forward, his mouth twisting upwards at the corner.

"Prime Minister, destroyer of happiness, and unfortunately, my older brother."

Alex's heart sped up, her eyebrows lifting in shock. Joe laughed at her expression. "You didn't know, I assume?"

She shook her head. Really, she couldn't believe that her friendliest customer, with whom she had shared countless hours of small talk and easy conversation, was brother of Australia's Prime Minister. Out of a desire to remain friendly towards Joe, Alex didn't ask about the content in the newspaper article, instead inquiring as to Thomas' wellbeing.

"Alright," Joe replied, his nose wrinkling. He sighed. "He's actually been acting up lately, acting a bit... strange. Not like his normal self."

"Maybe the stress is getting to him," Alex said. Joe smiled wryly at her.

"Maybe," he replied. "Or maybe not."



## Delicious Delicacies and Beauteous Beetles

Joe finally returned home after an hour of ridiculously frustrating traffic. When someone spends most of their time on roads running red lights, unbound by speed limits, driving an ambulance without the sirens on was a difficult experience to say the least.

Upon entering the house, Joe first noticed that his brother was unusually absent. A flashing light at the edge of his vision alerted him to a message left on the home phone. Assuming it to be family business, he pressed the play button.

“Thomas, where are you? The lobby groups have been waiting for hours – you can’t just skip this meeting, man!”

Joe knew little about his brother’s political affairs, but he was certain that lobby groups meant money, and in politics, money was everything. Just as the message finished, Thomas entered the room, walking towards his desk with a purpose. The outfit *du jour* featured a baby blue suit and a cravat, printed with rather loud citrus fruits.

Good heavens. Joe was disgusted by the ensemble, mainly with the smug look covering Thomas’ face.

“Good day, Joseph.”

Refusing to respond to his brother’s formalities, Joe launched into a lecture.

“Where were you, Thomas? That meeting sounded like a big deal!” He paused for a moment, getting his bearings. “I mean, I don’t really know, because I’m no politician mate...” he chuckled a little. “But the guy on the phone seemed pretty worried.” He sobered up again. “So where were you?”

Thomas sighed loudly, taking off his jacket to reveal the pale pink shirt underneath. “I was at a reef conference brother. The wellbeing of our environment should be a top priority in our modern society.”

Despite constant pressure from various groups, he had always been firmly against any movements towards environmental policies. Joe was not opposed to the change, but it was highly unnerving nonetheless. He stared at his brother as Thomas calmly dabbed the back of his neck with a tissue. It came away bloody.

“I still think you should see a doctor about that lump Thomas,” Joe said, before his brother could escape into his room. “You’re acting strange.”

Thomas turned slowly, frowning with faint distaste. “Whatever may be occurring on the rear of my neck is nothing you should concern yourself with Joseph.” He inclined his head slightly. “I would greatly appreciate it if you were to refrain from any further mention of my physical state. I am exactly the same as I have always been.”

Thomas walked into his room, turning around once more. “Oh, and Joseph?” His eyes narrowed. “Perhaps you should see a doctor about that attitude.”



With that icy reply, the door slammed shut. Joe sighed, reflecting longingly on who his brother used to be. Despite his flaws, Thomas was always an entertaining person to spend time with.

When he wasn't entertaining a room with his various snippets of dry humour, he was talking nonstop about his policies, his family, and even the latest addition to his ever-growing collection of stamps.

Joe realised that it had been an abnormally long time since he had heard any mention of the said collection. It was a talking point for so many dinner-time conversations, and for it to suddenly disappear from regular conversation made Joe feel somehow, empty...

He sighed again and stood up to go to his room.

On the way there his foot bumped into a plastic container, with 'RECYCLING' written on it in neat, careful handwriting. It was not the container, however, but its contents that shocked him. In it lay every stamp that Thomas had loved so dearly over the past ten years.

Every single stamp set, from 2006's 'Delicious Delicacies' to 2017's 'Beauteous Beetles' lay scattered in the box, discarded as if they were unimportant scraps of paper. If everything else could be passed off as simply being the result of a stressful week, this certainly could not.

Joe knew he had to get out of here. His brother wasn't acting like himself, and the Langsford household had become a madhouse.





## The Bird that Squawked

He headed downhill into town, noticing how the houses huddled and clustered closer and closer together. The buildings were simple and colourful. Joe felt as if he was walking through a holiday postcard destination.

Then he stopped.

At the foot of the small pet shop his despondent feelings evolved into an ecstatic grin. Joe had always found comfort here, yet he didn't know why.

Maybe it was the yapping animals. Maybe it was the captivating aroma of dog food that swam through the air.

Joe laughed to himself at the thought. Even so, he had always felt a sense of welcome.

"Alex, are you here? Alex!" Joe walked into the shop, his face brightening at the sight of the jovial shop-owner.

"What is it?" she asked, giggling at his enthusiasm. Joe smiled, but his face immediately became serious.

"I need your help. My brother's getting worse. He's.... well, he isn't his normal self," he whispered. Alex raised her eyebrows and shrugged, resting her hip on the counter. "What do you mean?"

"I don't really know." Joe ran a hand through his hair. "He's just acting strange. I mean, like stranger than normal. It's like he's been reprogrammed or something."

Joe's left hand started to tap an uneven rhythm on the counter. Talking about this whole situation had made him uneasy.

"I'm sure he's just going through a hard time. He just needs some space," Alex said.

"And there was a big lump at the back of his neck," Joe stated frantically.

"I'm sure it's nothing, Joseph," Alex said skeptically. "I don't mean to write you off, but what else could it be?"



Joe pulled a crinkled sheet of paper out of his trouser pocket, unfolding it hurriedly.

"The Telegraph arrived today, and when I was reading it I stumbled upon a news article about a new technological advance in science discovered in Japan." Joe recited.

"It's called the Avatar program, and it can put a person under the control of someone else. Once injected with the serum, a different conscience, an avatar, is injected into, the bloodstream of the victim, able to control the body completely." He handed over the article to Alex.



‘What? Really?’ Alex said hesitantly, studying the paper.

The banner headline was in bold, parallel to the ripped edges of the article. In the bottom right corner was a colourless photo of the scientist who discovered the technology.

“Yeah. There is a serum injected into the back of the neck, filled with nanobots that travel through the bloodstream towards the brain. These little... robot things send messages to the brain that override the usual function of the body.”

Alex seemed skeptical. “Honestly Joe, this advance in technology seems a bit weird. I mean, I’m happy to help you, if I can fit it in.”

The excitement in Joe’s face began to fade, mingle with doubt. “Well, thanks anyway.” He waved as he left the store, deep in thought.

Walking outside, he heard a sound. Something so familiar, yet not quite clear enough make it out. It was a kind of clicking sound, almost like a camera taking a picture.

It was coming from a bird.

He had heard the peculiar sound so many times before, but he could not figure out where it originated from.

Alex’s bird opened its mouth and let out a squawk before flapping its wings and taking off, soaring through the skies.





## Scandalous Acts and Dodgy Deals

Dazed from the day before, Joe regained control of his body after a sleepless night.

Limbs sprawled everywhere, he stretched out until his joints **cracked** with a satisfied click. In the process he managed to knock his alarm clock onto the floor. The radio button was pressed in the process, and a voice crackled through the dusty speakers.

“Prime Minister Thomas Langsford has been placed in an extremely difficult position as of late. Over the last few days, he has transformed from an economically-driven social genius to a slightly deranged eco-warrior.



“His plans to undermine Rio Tinto were shattered when former MP Gareth **Hums** spoke to the media about some undercover and backstreet deals that have taken place.

“Furthermore, Langsford’s recent attendance at Eco-Summits and the inflammatory comments he has made towards several mining and wood harvesting companies are very unlike the charismatic entrepreneur he usually appears as.

“This chain of events could put Mr. Langsford’s governmental position in jeopardy.”

“What the-.”

The loud beeping of Joe’s backup phone alarm interrupted him, cutting him off.

Shortly after turning off his radio he checked the news. His brother had made prime time news.

“PM undermines himself” featured amongst the assorted headlines. “Thomas Langsford - Prime Agitator?” and “A brighter future?” also made the front-page on various papers.

The headlines all told the same story. His brother was crazy. He’d gone off rails. This was not like the Thomas he knew. Getting caught up in scandalous acts. Dodgy deals. Against his own party? Where was the money in these eco-centric arrangements for him?

Something wasn’t right. First the odd greetings and the bump on his neck. Now this? It was like he was being controlled.

Joe’s mind suddenly went into overdrive. Or like he was a different person altogether...



## Into Salt Water

Joe leant over the papers sprawled over his desk. He had been studying this 'Avatar program' for hours now. The more he read, the more certain he was that his brother's strange behaviour was due to more than just work-related stress.

There was no point referring to them as the same person, he decided, when they were such ridiculously different characters. His brother was firm, but funny, sarcastic and dry, kind and loyal. This creature, this avatar, was an emotionless manifestation of a tragic Shakespearean actor.

Joe would call him Tom, to differentiate between him and the real Thomas.

He was looking for evidence desperately, any definite signs that he could look for that would indicate the Avatar serum in Thomas. Usually he would ask his brother for help researching, but he vaguely appreciated that it might not be a great idea in this case. "Hey, Tommy, how'd you like to help me prove that you're an insane, power-hungry Avatar?"

Joe chuckled to himself. Tom's response would likely not be pleasant. Perhaps another "Cease your nonsense" scenario, or perhaps a nice, simple, "I shall smite you."

No, Joe decided, he much preferred being alone and un-smited in this situation. He studied the papers, bathed in the yellow glow of his desk-lamp. It was dark outside, and he had barely discovered anything.

He scanned the sheets, muttering to himself. "Loss of humour... Unusual emotional distance from close relatives..."

He massaged his temples, sighing in frustration. There didn't seem to be any conclusive evidence indicating the avatar program in individuals.

Just then, a page Joe hadn't read before slipped onto the ground. He picked it up and straightened it out, skimming the print quickly.

"Blood containing Avatar nanobots will exude a yellow fluorescence, when in contact with saltwater, due to the sodium-reactant bio-intelligence serum quantities released into the bloodstream."

He leant back in his chair, stretching his arms above his head.

"Interesting." He grabbed a tissue from the tabletop and left the room, treading quietly so as to not disturb his target.

Tom was snoring softly across the hall. He was lying in his bed, on his stomach. Joe wrinkled his nose instinctively as he leaned over Thomas, pricked the center of the lump and patted it with his tissue, removing the blood.

Tom grunted in his sleep and rolled over, and Joe froze. When it became apparent that the man wasn't going to wake, he left, slowly tiptoeing down the hallway before breaking into a



run. He closed the front door behind him and stood, heart racing, in the driveway, gazing at the bloodied tissue in his hand.

The sound of flapping behind him doubled the speed of his heartbeat again, but when Joe turned, it was only the familiar silhouette of a bird, soaring like an avenging angel in the light of the moon.





## A Glowing Relief

As Joe drove, doubt and excitement in equal parts frequented his thoughts.

He frowned. What was really going on? Thomas had always been the predictable one, the reliable and reasonable elder brother to Joe, the dreamer and, he thought rather wryly, the underachiever.

But now, Joe felt a burden to return these favors. Everyone else seemed to be living in a parallel universe where the only reason for Thomas' transformation was environmental lobbying. But Joe knew better.

Still, Joe felt blessed to have Alex as a shoulder to lean on.

As expected, her response to his request was to quickly take a salt water sample out from her fish tank. One of her eyebrows stretched upwards, silently asking for an explanation.

Joe responded only with a "More convenient than the beach." A storm was brewing over the ocean, and Alex nodded.

Joe's spirit lifted. As Alex turned around to bring over the sample from the tank, he noticed a small tree on the back of her neck. A Japanese cherry blossom, in fact.

"I like your tattoo," he said, taking the test tube from her. She smiled. "It's to remind me of my parents. They live in Tokyo."

Joe dropped the tissue into the test tube with bated breath, but to his chagrin, nothing happened. His brow furrowed as he struggled to comprehend what had just happened. What if Thomas hadn't changed at all? What if Joe was playing with himself? What if all that research had been for nothing?

No, this couldn't be. Everything seemed so strange, even more disproportionately freaky than normal. Joe added more salt to the sample, hoping the solution would be reactant.

Suddenly, the tube began to emit a bright, yellow light, and relief filled Joe's heart - He could finally confirm the Avatar program was responsible for his brother's condition.

This relief, however, was quickly dimmed by the many persistent questions. How had Thomas become infected? Why was he infected? Who had infected him? Was there enough time to help him?

Why had a result only activated on the second trial of the experiment?



## A Cherry Blossom

Dressing itself over the study desk, adorned with annotated books and the methodic hum of the computer, Joe's body jumped out of his half-sleep, aware of another presence.

Towering above him, Tom confronted Joe.

He told him that he knew. Knew everything and had eyes everywhere. Yes, he knew that Joe had been "sneaking around" and had taken a blood sample. Rising to a vexed state, Tom exhorted he did not need "help" at all.

Joe was in a desperate state. After being evicted from his own room with an imperious "Get you gone."

Apprehensively, Joe questioned how this could be possible. Nobody had been around when he had taken the blood. But maybe something had. His discovery of the Avatar meant he now had to redefine what the word possible meant.

In search of comfort, Joe found himself driving to the pet shop. He trusted that Alex would be supportive of him, as she had been previously.

He stepped outside, and was immediately floored by the "CLOSED" sign that was draped over the door. He immediately headed to the beach, head coursing with pity, ready to comfort his friend.

When Joe found her, however, she seemed to be uneasily calm.

"Hey, Joe!" Alex smiled. She seemed happy, even. Joe found this very confronting. How could she view this tremendous loss as a gain? But her dismissive and unbothered response, that all animals should be kept out of cages anyway, sated his curiosity at least a little.

"Chill, Joe," was the last thing she said. "Not everything is linked to your crazy conspiracy theory." She had laughed, before walking away towards the jetty.

Ambling back to the car, Joe began to reflect over the situation. Suspicion rose through his foggy thoughts as he began to link together patterns in the events of the past few days.

Alex's Japanese tattoo...

The presence of her birds wherever he looked...

Alex's passion for the environment and his brother's sudden, extremist eco-policies...

Joe began to think that soon he could know and understand it all.





## Blurry Visions

The waves pummeled the shore. With each crash, Joe unwillingly walked closer to the ocean. There was only one way his conscience could be settled, and that was by getting to the bottom of this, both metaphorically and literally.

He noticed that Alex was down there, as always for her daily dive. She suited up and walked fearlessly through the surf.

Gulping, Joe followed.

The surf pounded him, but he continued through the waves. He crouched down ready to jump a wave and a surge of energy travelled through his legs, propelling him up and over.

Now he was beyond the break. He pulled down his mask, switching on his oxygen tank.

It was now or never.

The cold water made his bones freeze. He powered on. A glimpse of Alex forced him onwards. The further he went, the more suspicious he became.

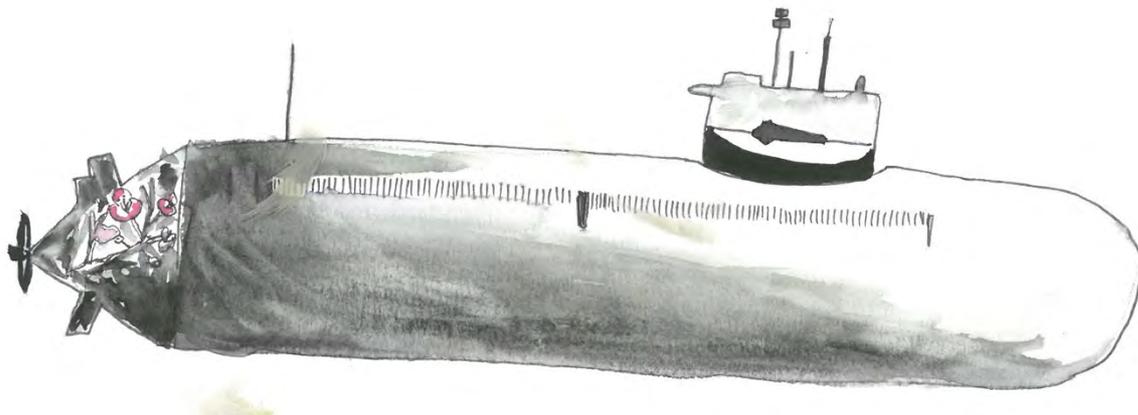


The deeper and darker into the ocean he dove the same happened to the mystery.

A shape blurred into vision. What was it? A shipwreck? Some large, shiny sea creature?

No.

It couldn't be. A submarine.



Alex approached the symbol on the back of the submarine. when Joe saw it properly he realised that it was the same design as the tattoo on Alex's neck. What did she say it was? Japanese? Alex moved closer and closer to the vessel, and as she got within touching distance a package was ejected through a thin metal slot. Alex in turn placed a different package in the slot.



The situation was becoming surreal. Why would she hide this from him? And what on earth was in the package? These questions were answered a little over five minutes later. Another object encroached Joe's field of vision. This one was much larger. More robust, certainly, but crudely assembled. There was something strange about it that caught Joe's eye. The liquid inside of the clear container was glowing a dark pinkish-red colour.

Alex turned and checked around her. Joe's heart stopped for a moment. She turned back around and swam further towards the object. She disappeared underneath it, moving through an opening. She was inside the metal construction.

Again, it was now or never. With a pounding heart, he swam underneath the vessel and boarded it. The surprisingly warm air coated his lungs as he removed his heavy tank. He had lost sight of Alex, but knew she was in here. What was this place? Vats upon vats of pinkish-red liquid were stacked against the walls. Cautiously, Joe snuck around the containers to look for the diver.

A table sat in the middle of the room, lined with needles and syringes. Further around, there was what seemed to be a primitive NASA control room. Alex sat in front of a large holographic screen, focused on her work. As Joe approached her, she started, spinning around.

"Joe?" Alex asked. "What are you doing here?"

Joe remained silent. Alex's look of shock had transformed into one of fury. "You really shouldn't have come here, Joe."

He stepped forward, finally voicing his confusion. "Why are you even here? What is this place?"

"I'm working, Joe." Alex's tone was warning. "You really need to leave."

The gears in Joe's head were churning. "You infected my brother with the Avatar serum." His voice was shaking. "You tried to save the world, but you risked the life of my family!"

Joe started to back away from Alex, but Alex got up and started advancing towards Joe, picking up a needle filled with the fluorescent liquid. Joe began to retreat faster, stumbling on the water-slick floor.

"The birds... they're your spies," he guessed. "But how did you infect him?" His eyes widened. "The dog! You must have infected the dog with a tick or something!"

Alex sneered. "Very intelligent, Joe. Too late you can't save him now!"



As Alex rapidly approached, Joe, thinking fast, pushed over the table covered in syringes. Instinctively, Alex dodged but hit her head and lapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

Breathing hard, Joe looked around the room. His eyes landed on a stapled document lying amidst the wreckage on the floor. It was written in Alex's own hand.



*“Saving my Oceans - The Langsford Project”*

Without reading any more, Joe knew everything that his friend had been thinking. Alex was, and always had been, an ambassador of the sea. He did not agree with her methods, and he never would. But the true nobility of her motive he could not ignore.

Maybe she had gone about her work in the wrong way, but for the moment Joe knew he couldn't leave Alex behind. He had only one thing he had to do first.

Beneath the holographic screen was a large panel containing thousands of buttons and levers. Joe tried frantically to find any sort of indication of how to save his brother. Despite his efforts, however, no solution presented itself. Shaking in frustration, Joe turned around to gaze upon the rest of the room. At last, his eyes rested upon the object he knew was his answer.

Joe never had been one for subtlety. Raising the pipe above him, he launched himself at the panel with all the force he could muster. Satisfied with the wreckage, Joe stepped back to look at the submarine. The liquid began to sizzle and pop, the nano-robots within it vaporising.

Re-donning his oxygen tank and lifting up Alex with both arms, Joe ran out of the submarine and began struggling back towards the beach. It took him well over three times as long as his first trip, but he made it to dry land eventually. His ambulance was parked right on the beach, and he made towards it with all the energy he had left in him.

He gently placed Alex onto the stretcher in the back before dropping into the driver's seat. After all, despite all his adventures, Joe was an ambulance driver, and he still had a job to do.

The End.



## Acknowledgements

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## Deep Water

Alex is an environmentalist with a passion for diving. Her love for the oceans and animals in general means she is a kind and compassionate person.

Joe drives an ambulance, and has a love for animals. He finds himself visiting Alex's pet shop each day after work, simply engaging in the traditional greetings, until one day when his brother begins to act up.

What follows is an exciting adventure filled to the brim with puzzles and conundrums as Joe tries to find the cause of his brother's strange actions.

He must delve deep down to find the truth in a world shrouded with mystery.

Ages 10-16