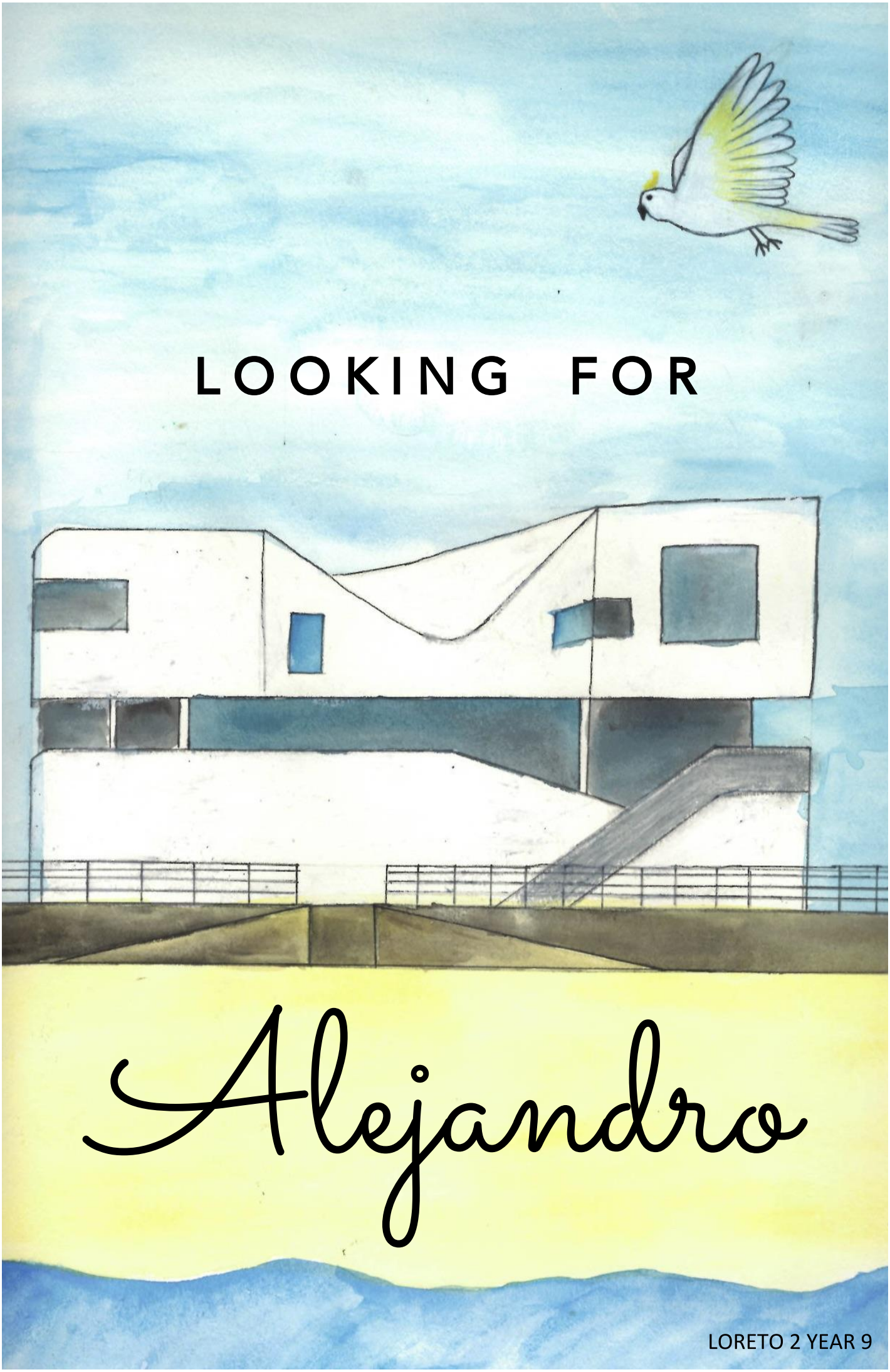
LOOKING FOR
Alejandro
LORETO 2 YEAR 9

Written by Greta Perrignon, Issy Dunstan,
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Illustrated by Chloe Salvatico

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Write a Book in a Day

THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT
Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM 2019

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: NSW

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Loreto Kirribilli (KIRRIBILLI)

TEAM NAME: Team 2 Year 9

TEAM ID: 837

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters		**Random words**
Primary character 1	Fitness instructor	Community
Primary character 2	Actor	Skipped
Non-human character	Cockatoo	Magic
Setting	Surf club	Canvas
Issue	My first job	Sings

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** in both the hard and soft copy.
- 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 8pm.**

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

☐ Mail a hard copy of your book on the next business day to:
Write a Book in a Day, The Kids' Cancer Project, PO Box 6400, Alexandria NSW 2015

Dedication

We dedicate this book to the courageous children in hospital. You are all so brave, strong and we deeply admire all of you. For anybody reading this book, we hope you enjoy our story!

To Alejandro, you are the best pet cockatoo we could ever wish for.

Prologue

Double double, toil and trouble
Pinch of sand and Stevo's stubble.
On this day, two strangers meet
And for a week, they will compete.
When the sun sets on the final day,
Will Stacey or Ethan get their way?

Chapter 1

The Poster

It was a crowded morning in Bondi as Stacey scanned the beach for a quiet place to rest. The array of vividly coloured towels and umbrellas scattered along the beach covered the splendid golden sand of the iconic Australian shoreline. The calming waves of the beach welcomed Stacey, something that she had never felt in the harsh fitness **community.** Despite months of training and hours of hard work to become a fitness instructor, her qualifications meant nothing. She had spent months searching for any job in the fitness industry, but it seemed that no one wanted to hire her. She didn't have the same build, appearance and experience as the male fitness trainers that dominated the industry. All Stacey wanted was her first job, but it seemed that everyone and everything was holding her back.

As the sun burned in the sky above her, the piercing shriek of a cockatoo disrupted the peace and harmony of the sandy coastline. Stacey thought nothing of it.

That was, until the cockatoo swooped on her.

It snatched Stacey's bracelet and absconded like a thief. Stacey stood there in shock, unable to comprehend what had just happened. Her favourite bracelet had just been stolen from her! She glared at the bird, determined, and charged toward it - desperate to get her bracelet back. The sulphur-crested cockatoo flew haphazardly across the beach, as Stacey ran along the water's edge, avoiding civilians who seemed to be coming at her from all directions. Suddenly, the bird took a sharp right turn, and flew forward until it perched on a post near a large sign up sheet. At the top, large text read 'Bondi Surf Club Lifeguard Wanted.' Below the title: 'The Bondi Surf Club is looking for applications to become an apprentice lifeguard, place personal details below to apply.'

Stacey leapt at the cockatoo, her arm outstretched, reaching for the bracelet, but it escaped, just in time to avoid her grasp. Instead, Stacey found herself tripping over a young towering stranger sporting slicked back hair - sipping on a chai latte.

Chapter 2

Great Ambitions

"I'm meant to be an actor. I just know it!," proclaimed Ethan as he admired his looks in a mirror.

"You have a lot of promise, Ethan, we just need to locate your first job,'' responded Malcolm, Ethan's talent manager. It was astounding that after only a few weeks with Ethan Malcolm was already fed up with his foolish antics and self admiration.

"I have the bulging biceps, the golden tan skin and perfect hair. So, Malcom, I ask you; why haven't you found me an acting job?" Ethan yelled at him, becoming increasingly vexed.

"Actually... I might have an idea,'' Malcolm said cunningly. "How do you feel about the beach?" He questioned. Ethan tentatively nodded his head, intrigued to hear what Malcolm had to offer.

"Look, Ethan, I want you to head to Bondi beach tomorrow morning. There are supposed to be scouts down there to seek actors for a new show - precisely the publicity that you need."

And so, Ethan arrived at the beach the next day with a thick coat of hair gel and gleamingly fresh fake tan applied as well as a pair of sunglasses rested on his head to match his shady ego. He was prepared to start his acting career.

Prepared to get my first job, he thought.

Swamped in the humidity of the Australian summer, Ethan boiled in the 40 degree heat and casually began searching for a sign indicating the presence of an acting scout. He paused as a white and amber streaked cockatoo soared above in the sky, king of the azure atmosphere above.

He followed the bird to where it landed near the surf club, beside the sign-up sheet for a lifeguard apprentice position. A thought occurred to him:

The lifeguard position could be the perfect stepping stone to my acting career. Who wouldn't want to hire a real lifeguard for their beach-themed movies?

He was just about to place his name on the sign up sheet when a flustered woman tripped over his foot, landing face first in the sand.

"Who are you?" Ethan asked suspiciously.

"Stacey Anderson," the young woman responded confidently, picking herself up from the sand.

"Well, watch where you're going next time!" Ethan said snarkily.

"Are you kidding me? You think you're so great standing there, with your fake tan and over-gelled hair? What are you even doing here? Who do you think you are?" Stacey spat angrily.

"I'm Ethan Taylor and I was signing up for the apprentice position." he replied indignantly.

"Well… so was I!" They looked at each other fiercely and raced to the sign up sheet - placing their names on the paper.

"Well, I guess I'll see you when we compete for the position." Ethan said. "Although there won't be that much competition will there, you couldn't beat me, an accomplished actor!" Ethan said smugly

"Well I'm a fitness trainer so I'd be prepared for a fight."

Chapter 3

Tryout Day

Sweat oozed off Stacey's face - beads of perspiration dripped off her brow, as expeditiously as her stride - sprinting thousands of metres across the foreshore. She looked back into the distance, scanning her competition with resolution. Hundreds of other aspiring lifeguards running breathless behind her didn't need this job half as much as she did. Front of the pack, Stacey was sanguine and self-assured, intoxicated by competition and her desire to receive her first ever job. Little did she know, Ethan Taylor (who was directly behind her) was driven by his own ambition to become a celebrated actor, unaware and apathetic of Stacey's need for the job.

Fatigued, lethargic and drained from kilometres of sprinting, Stacey and Ethan pounded towards the waters edge. Stacey counted her steps in her head - exhausted and losing heart. 987, 988, 989. She lengthened her strides, optimistic and determined, trying to stop her feet from sinking into the sand.

Stacey Anderson is not a quitter, she said to herself. As she raced into the tranquil, cerulean ocean, her legs moving faster than ever. Neck and neck with Ethan at the front of the participants, Stacey was single-mined - Ethan Taylor would not receive the honour of this job, her first job.

The mighty swell pounded the two front-runners, Poseidon hoping to obliterate them with each ferocious punch.

Stacey Anderson. Don't give up on your dream so easily, she told herself.

Ethan Taylor wouldn't give up on his dream either, it seemed, as he powered through the vicious waves with purpose.

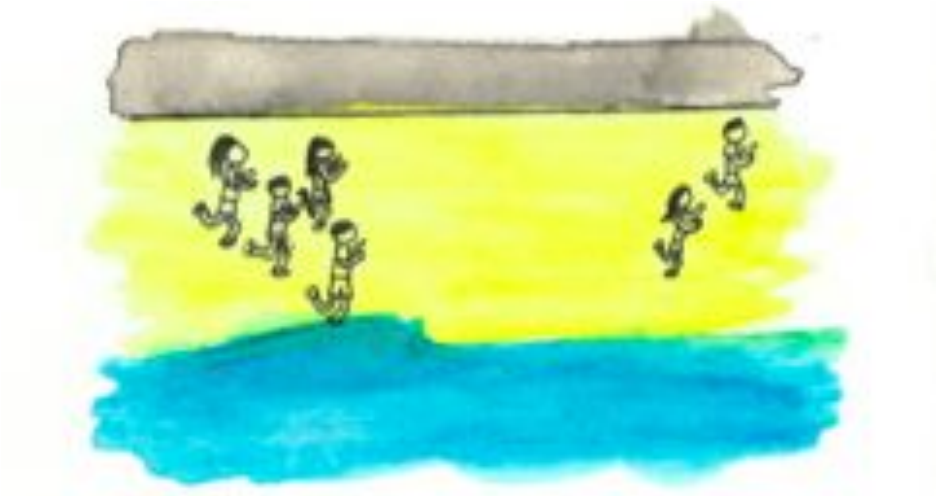
Three kilometers in and the pain was really starting to kick in. Each stroke burned through Stacey's calves and biceps like fire. The rest of the pack was far behind Stacey now, only just reaching the ocean at that moment. She was so close.

"Caw, caw," screeched the uncanny cockatoo which Stacey had encountered the other day, his bird-call stretching on for kilometres. Far up in the overcast sky, a storm was brewing. A hard white hue streaked with an amber tone stretched across the sunless sky. Each time Stacey's head plunged in this saxe blue underworld, she could see Ethan. Par on par, they swam almost synchronised, invisible to the hundreds of competitors behind. The finish line was discernible, the beige hue of the sand and Stevo's firm stance inspired her final dash for her desired position - her first job. Stevo was the head lifeguard assessing the apprentices and it was vital to impress him if she truly wanted the job of a Bondi lifeguard. Sweat dripped off her face, her arms and legs pumping harder than ever now. Every time she thought she gained a head on Ethan, he let out a burst of energy, and made her feel as though the task was impossible.

I can't admit defeat this close.

"100m to go!" screamed Stevo, his eyes critically watching all of the racers, gleaming with anticipation. 19, 18, 17 - Stacey counted down her strokes intently.

The final sprint was here. Stacey and Ethan transitioned from water to land, both headstrong and strong-willed. They were both thirsty for this job. Pacing rapidly up the beach, within metres of glory, Stacey dismissed Ethan, her raw physical talent would surely win over in these final moments. But alas, both Ethan and Stacey's front feet crossed the line simultaneously and the winner could not be determined. An evident draw. "Congratulations!" declared Stevo. "You both have one week to train yourselves before assessment day."



Chapter 4

Alejandro, Where are You?

Stacey jogged down the beach. Her feet ached on the sand not yet warmed by morning sun, which peaked its golden head over the horizon. She could just make out the towering figure of Ethan further down - who had brought his dumbbells down to lift weights on the sand.

Typical Ethan, she thought to herself.

At least he's only focused on strength - I will be able to beat him in anything to do with agility, that's where my fitness training really comes through.

Stacey sat down to catch her breath, and removed her headphones from her ears to listen to the crashing of the waves. To her, the crisp Bondi morning showed the beach like a blank **canvas**, ready to be filled with the movement and colours of the tourists and locals who, throughout the day, would make their mark on the iconic beach.

"Stacey! Ethan! Get into the surf club now!" Stevo said, pacing irately down from the club, his face gleaming scarlet.

The colour of rage. This can't be good.

Stacey stood up and strolled towards him - Ethan did the same, both conjecturing what Stevo could possibly be so incensed about.

"Where is he!"

Stacey looked at Stevo, puzzled, her eyes clouded with confusion.

"Where is who?" she questioned, unsure of what was going on.

"ALEJANDRO! My sulphur-crested cockatoo - fifteen years old, forty centimetres tall, weighing eight hundred and fifty grams with a silver tag on his left foot. ALEJANDRO IS MISSING!"

Stevo was frantic with rage, his eyes lit with anger and vexation.

For his lost bird? Stacey was in disbelief!

"I think his disappearance is… more than slightly suspicious," Stevo announced.

Although Stevo was supposedly addressing Stacey and Ethan, Stacey got the sense that he had more misgivings about her than her male competition - glaring right at her as he said:

"You two have ONE WEEK! If Alejandro is not returned by the end of this period of time, both of you are in deep trouble. I can just hear his sweet call, somewhere he **sings** for me, longing for my company."

He turned around and walked towards the surf club.
"Oh! By the way - whoever returns Alejandro to the Surf Club first will receive the honour becoming an apprentice lifeguard."

Chapter 5

Searching around Sydney

Ethan strolled down the path which weaved through the lush trees and bushes. He licked his green tea ice cream and casually glanced around, searching for any flash of white feathers which would indicate Alejandro's presence.

The Royal Botanic Gardens. Ethan was surprised at his own intelligence.

What cockatoo wouldn't want to come to Sydney's favourite garden? There's trees, flowers, other birds. I guess there's not much food but I'm sure cockatoos can eat leaves and stuff.

He focused his attention back onto his ice cream, licking the cold drops which were running down the sides of his cone. Sydney was getting warmer as the December days ticked by and standing in the sun was starting to resemble the experience of standing inside a pressure cooker, the humidity almost unbearable.

He stared down at his reflection in the pond he was passing.

Great! Just great! My split ends are starting to come back, I'll have to make a booking at the salon for next week.

As Ethan looked for his hairdressers number, he noticed the time and the fact that his parking ticket was about to expire.

Oh well, Alejandro's obviously not here, and I'm not about to pay another twenty dollars to park my car for another hour in the midday sun.

As Ethan walked back to his car, Stacey walked around the streets of Bondi.

She had her eyes and ears analysing everything around her, listening out for any cockatoo calls (which she had searched up earlier in the morning) and looking for any suitable trees or roofs were Alejandro may have perched.

He can't have flown too far in a day, and I don't think he would want to stray too far from Bondi.

She glanced inside a cafe window where a young girl was sipping on milkshake and she wished she could sit down in the air conditioned room and sip on an ice-cold vanilla shake.

No, I can't get distracted.

She stopped and looked up.

Small flakes of plaster were drifting down and Stacey followed their path to where the side of the cafe was being destroyed. A bird was pecking at the wall, making holes and then pulling off strips of plaster which were falling down to the footpath below.

But not just any bird. A cockatoo.

Immediately, Stacey's mind was ticking rapidly. She cursed:

I don't know how to catch him, I should have thought about this.

She looked around.

Maybe I could find some kind of net? Even a jacket might be large enough to trap him.

But nobody was wearing a jacket in December. She looked inside of the cafe and back at the young girl who was now eating a chocolate chip cookie. Stacey's eyes lit up.

She dashed inside and scrambled to find her wallet, ordering a chocolate chip cookie from the waiter. She handed over the money in exchange for the biscuit and quickly exited the cafe.

Please let him still be there.

Luckily, the cockatoo was still picking away at the plaster. Stacey had a clear plan, but it involved climbing the drainpipe on the side of the cafe's building, something which she wasn't going to enjoy.

You really need this job Stacey, you have to do it.

She gripped both hands on the outside of the drain pipe, the cookie braced between her teeth, and started to scale the side of the cafe.

Immediately, her hands started to ache and her knuckles turned white as she struggled to grip to the warm metal of the pipe.

Just. Keep. Climbing.

When she finally reached the height of the cockatoo, she began the hardest part of her plan. One arm outstretched, she clung her whole body to the pipe, crumbling the cookie into her palm to hold out to the cockatoo.

It was as the bird crawled towards her hand that she realised. The cockatoo didn't have a silver tag around his ankle.

She scrambled back down the pole to the street below and slumped down against the wall. Her head in her sweaty hands.

She could feel her chance to become a lifeguard slipping away.

Chapter 6

Struggling to Search

Ethan gazed across the glimmering harbour. From his vantage point - at the top of the Harbour Bridge, he could peer across the whole of Sydney. As he sipped his soy milk low-fat chai latte he tried halfheartedly to search for a swooping feathered fiend, Alejandro, out of the bustling city life that clambered below. As he attempted his search, Ethan imagined his future… first the local lifeguard hero, then the swoon-worthy Aussie in an American drama and finally, a big time star in Hollywood. He would be gracing the screens, far from the deadbeat low-life acting jobs Malcolm was offering up.

None of his dreams would come true if he didn't get this job.

A lifeguard on Sydney's most iconic beach. A Bondi lifesaver. I like the idea!

He needed this job. Far more than Stacey could possibly need it. She was already a fitness instructor - why would she require a pathway to an acting career? Ethan peered down and gasped as he saw a cockatoo zoom past the bridge, knocking the cap of an unlucky tourist and sending the hat plummeting down into the water.

It's Alejandro! Too bad I'm halfway up the harbour bridge.

While Ethan had spent the last few days aimlessly sightseeing around Sydney, Stacey had spent the time looking around Bondi for Alejandro or a potential cockatoo nesting position. After not finding anything, excluding the false alarm with the cafe cockatoo, Stacey decided to go looking at the only other place that would make sense; Tamarama beach. The closest beach to Bondi and much smaller, which would make searching the area quicker. Stacey had arrived half an hour ago and after talking to the manager of the surf life saving club she found herself a vantage point and waited for the approaching dusk.

As evening closed in Stacey found herself reflecting on the past few days. After two nights of research, five colour coordinated (with alphabetically arranged references) filled binders and three calls to the ornithology department of Taronga Zoo, Stacey had felt confident in her ability to track down Alejandro and have the job done by the end of the week. Now Stacey wasn't feeling as convinced… She needed this job, more than anyone else. After a failing career as a fitness instructor where she was constantly outdone by more qualified, experienced and well known instructors she had decided that it was time for a career change.

That sign up sheet couldn't have appeared at a better time, I just wish my luck hadn't run out there. I know I could be a great lifeguard, I just need to find this pesky cockatoo…

A sharp sting pulled Stacey back into the present. She shook her arm before glancing down, an angry red welt marking her pain. Wincing, she plunged her hand into her well stocked bag and pulled out a can of insect repellant. She looked around at the swarms of mosquitoes starting to flock the beach.

I don't think spraying myself is going to cut it.

She sprayed her surroundings, covering her lips to avoid the repulsive repellant landing in her mouth. Wiping away the perspiration dripping down her neck she quickly tied her stringy blonde hair out of the way and grabbed her binoculars.

I will find Alejandro, even if I have to look all night…

Chapter 7

The Final Race

The sun began to dip below the horizon, painting the sky a mixture of pink, orange and purple. Stacey slowly strolled along the beach. Ahead of her sat the unmistakable broad shouldered, brown haired, arrogant Ethan. Stacey noticed the tilt of his head, hanging even lower than hers as he looked down miserably to the sand. She took a seat next to him.

"Any luck?" Ethan asked, looking into the distance.

Stacey shook her head. Being a lifeguard meant so much to her. She had **skipped** hours of fitness classes looking for Alejandro so that she might finally land her first job. It was all for nothing.

"Oh well," muttered Ethan, "we both knew I would get the job anyway. Who would hire a girl like you?"

As the pair were sitting together on the sand, dejected from days of wasted work, they heard the distant sound of a squawk. It was a high pitched squawk, a squawk that sounded too familiar. Then, like **magic**, a flash of white streaked across the golden sky above them. Ethan and Stacey turned to each other. Stacey furrowed her brow, while Ethan widened his glare. Without uttering a word, both jumped to their feet. Stacey kicked off her sand shoes, and Ethan whipped his sunnies away from his slicked back hair, tossing his chai latte into the sand.

They both took off towards the surf club. The first to reach Alejandro would receive the honour of being the new apprentice rescuer.

"Give up now!" Screamed Ethan, as he squashed the sandcastle of a small child.

"You can't beat me!" Replied Stacey, racing ahead, avoiding the long tentacles of a bluebottle that had been washed up on the sand. Stacey's years of fitness training came in handy. Ethan's breathing grew heavier the further he ran, his strides getting shorter with every step he took. As he dodged shirtless men suntanning on the beach, Stacey, leaping over small dogs and children, lengthened the distance between the two. Stacey was ahead, and wasn't slowing down. Meanwhile, Ethan was struggling to keep running. The kilometre stretch from the end of the beach to the surf club seemed longer than ever as they both ran with all of their might.

Suddenly, a dreadful noise stopped Stacey in her tracks. A sound, almost inhumane, escaped from Ethan's lips.

"Arghhhhhhh!" He screamed, groaning and moaning; his face contorted in pain.

"My ankle" Ethan yelled, even louder than before. If it was broken, he wouldn't be able to move. *I can't just leave him there*, thought Stacey. So, begrudgingly, she walked over to Ethan, who lay helpless in the sand.

"I… I don't know what happened. I think I twisted it, pretty badly. It hurts so much," Ethan mumbled, barely managing to speak as the pain seemed to control his body. Stacey bent down to examine Ethan's ankle. She knew all about injuries from her training to be a fitness instructor, she knew she would be able to help out. As she reached over to help Ethan, a sinister look flashed across his face. Although it was only for a second, she saw it, but it was just a second too late.

Ethan lurched across to Stacey, grasping her shoulders and squeezing them tight, he threw her to the floor. She cried out in pain as her head slammed against the sand. Ethan stood to his feet; "I thought I told you I was an actor," he laughed as he kicked the sand into her eyes. He continued on the chase of Alejandro, leaving Stacey alone, hurt, powerless, lying on Bondi Beach.

This didn't stop her, however. She rose to her feet and took a deep breath. Stacey was used to people treating her this way. It didn't stop her then, and wouldn't stop her now. *I need this. I need my first job. I won't let Ethan win.* She sprinted after Ethan, her lungs now burning as she pushed herself further than she ever had before. Sweat was flying off her forehead as she leapt across the beige sand, the gap between herself and Ethan grew smaller, and the surf club was approaching, and fast. There was no way that she would be able to reach Alejandro before Ethan did.

Stacey didn't give up until the moment Ethan turned and laughed at her, with Alejandro perched on his shoulder. He stepped into the surf club, and just as Stacey reached the door, he slammed it shut, locking the door and securing his future as the apprentice at Bondi surf club. There was no way for Stacey to reach Stevo now.

My first job is just not meant to be, she thought. *All hope is lost.*

Chapter 8

Ready to Start

Melancholic and dejected, Stacey gazed into the distance. She still hadn't gotten over the events of yesterday, especially the egotistical acts of Ethan. She approached the door to Stevo's office, ready to accept her rejection. All she wanted was her first job, but Ethan took it all away from her.

When the pair received a message from Stevo asking them to meet him at the Surf Club earlier that morning, Ethan was ecstatic. He knew this was just what he needed to kick start his acting career. On the other hand, Stacey was contemplating not even going. But she had already come this far, and wasn't going to turn back just yet, she decided that she would graciously accept defeat.

As Stacey twisted the handle to the office, she immediately saw Ethan. His hair was slicked back with even more gel than usual, and his sunglasses were perched on his nose, he was sipping on yet another soy milk low fat chai latte, which Stacey still didn't understand how he was able to afford, and he smirked at the sight of Stacey. She sat down in the seat next to him, opposite from Stevo.

"I'm ready to start tomorrow." Ethan confidently stated, without waiting for Stevo to talk. Stacey shook her head, she just wanted this to be over and done with. Stevo, however, looked furious. He slammed his fist onto the desk.

"You will listen to me before you speak!" Stevo roared, causing Ethan to lower back into his seat. Stevo was not finished just yet.

"This morning, I received the CCTV footage of the surf club from the past week, which I ordered from the security company as soon as Alejandro… disappeared." Stevo's voice sounding close to a growl. His gaze was locked on Ethan, and Ethan looked more timid than she had ever seen.

Stevo spinned his computer around, and pressed play on the grainy security footage. Alejandro, Stevo's most prized possession, was squawking in the corner of the surf club. Suddenly, a hooded figure emerged from the shadows. Tempting Alejandro with bread crumbs, the figure led the cockatoo from his perch in his cage to an open window of the surf club. The footage showed Alejandro stretch his wings and fly off into the night sky.

Stacey gasped with shock. Someone had let Alejandro out of his cage. His disappearance was intentional!

"The video isn't over just yet," Stevo murmured, glaring at Ethan.

After the bird flew away into the night sky, the hooded figure turned around to face the security camera. The man pulled his mask from his face and revealed slicked back hair and black shades,

The signature symbols of none other than Ethan Taylor.

Chapter 9

Get out Of my Club!

"How could you do this!" Stevo screamed enraged, spit flying from his mouth onto Ethan's face.

"I… ummm… well…" Ethan muttered.

Why would Ethan do such a thing? Stacey thought to herself, watching in disbelief. Suddenly, Ethan stood from his seat to face Stevo.

"I just wanted to win. I'm just a struggling actor. All I wanted was my first job. I knew that if Alejandro escaped and I planted something incriminating Stacey, you would think it was her. I was going to plant a bracelet identical to the one that Alejandro had stolen but I got spooked by a sound from another room. She was my only competition, and she's a trained fitness instructor. How could I possibly beat that with nothing but good looks? I wanted you to eliminate her so I could win. I'm sorry. Okay? Is that what you wanted to hear?"

Stacey's mouth hung open as she heard Ethan's shocking admission of guilt. She didn't realise Ethan would have stooped so low to get her out of the competition, or how desperate he was for the job. They had both been so caught up in their petty battle to realise each other's needs. Stevo, however, didn't want anything to do with Ethan's narcissistic actions.

"Get out of my surf club. You are no longer welcome here, and you certainly won't be a lifeguard on my beach." Stevo shouted in Ethan's face.

He sat still.

"NOW!" he roared.

Ethan put his signature sunglasses on, this time to hide his tears as he left the surf club for the final time, never to return.

Epilogue

The sun set on another day at Bondi Beach. Stacey looked across the beach from the Bondi Rescuers' tower, scanning the water for citizens in trouble. She was already looking forward to a dinner at the surf club with Stevo, Alejandro, and the rest of the team.

Stacey checked her twitter feed, to see a post from @TheRealEthanTaylor; "On the set of my new show, *Home and Far!*" She commented a thumbs up emoji, happy for her friend and his now-successful acting career.

It felt amazing to be there…

… My first job.

A wannabe fitness instructor,

An aspiring young actor.

Both trying to pursue their dreams, but what will happen when they go after the same job?

When given a chance, they go for the one opportunity they have - becoming a Bondi Surf Club lifeguard. Pitted against a cheeky cockatoo, will either of them ever get the job in the end?

Follow their adventures as they both follow separate paths to win over their soon-to-be boss.

Recommended for 11-15 year olds