



The Silver Crab

By The Typewriters



Write a Book in a Day



**THE KIDS'
CANCER
PROJECT**

Science. Solutions. Survival.

PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: WA

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Denmark Senior High School

TEAM NAME: Typewriters

TEAM ID: 948

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 Nanny

Primary character 2 Curator

Non-human character Crab

Setting Garden

Issue No mobile phone connection

Random words

Silver

patch

struggle

clock

prickly

INSTRUCTIONS

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
- **By 8pm**, log on to writeabookinaday.com to:
 - check (and update if necessary) your team name and team members' names
 - complete the declaration
 - submit your finished book in PDF format
- Bind this parameters form into your book **immediately after the front cover**
- 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

Chapter 1

The signs of spring slowly changing to summer, leaves fly through the air as a car raced past.

“Where are we going?” Oli the younger boy, in the backseat of the car asked, “I’m bored, when will we get there?”

“Not for another half-hour or so, and constantly asking won’t make it go any faster.” Replied his Nanny, Ms. Carrigston.

“Yeah Oli, stop asking and keep quiet.” His brother James said. Oli looked out the window, marvelling at the green landscape dotted with eucalypts, so different from the concrete grey of the city. There were so many different colours in the country, way more than in the city. Greens, browns, and all the brightly coloured flowers. He hadn’t seen it in years. He looked out at the green paddocks, full of animals, cows, sheep and kangaroos. It was so different from the city world he was used to. Again, Oli wondered where they were going. Why did no-one ever tell him what was happening? The car turned right down a road, this was the first turn in kilometres. It was a welcome change from the long, straight one they had been on. The sun was shining, as a light breeze ruffled the tree tops. James wound down his window to cool down. It was very stuffy in the car, as they had been in there for hours now. Surely they would arrive soon.

An hour later Oli had fallen asleep, James’ phone was at half charge and Ms Carrigston had gone extremely stiff from lack of movement for at least four hours. Finally, the house was in sight. It was a sorry sight. A small shack was perched on the edge of a cliff. It was made of weathered wooden boards and looked as if had been through an extremely long sandstorm. There were vines creeping up its’ walls and a wild garden next to the house. The car made its way up the winding road towards the house. Oli had awakened to the sound of gravel crunching beneath the car’s tires. He felt a sense of foreboding in the air, it felt tense. The wind was howling around the car like a ghost, making everything feel mysterious. They made their way up the house and parked the car in the driveway.

“What is this place?” Oli asked, looking around at the bleak landscape.

“It looks like something out of a horror movie.” James said excitedly.

Slowly, carefully, they made their way over to the shack. Ms. Carrigston paused outside the front door and raised her hand, poised to knock. She paused for a second, then lowered her hand and knocked, slowly, three times.

Chapter 2

The door creaked open ominously. The trio peered in, looking down the dark hallway. Suddenly the door on the left side of the hall slammed open, revealing a tall mysterious figure with a bird nest for hair, his dull grey eyes hidden behind a pair of broken glasses. He looked as dirty as the house itself. The figure shuffled towards the trio, with a limp in his step and one hand hidden behind his back. "Hello, my name is Mr Philpot. Welcome to my museum. The home of The **Silver Crab**. I hope you enjoy your stay." All this was said in a very monotone voice. It was a bit creepy. The man extended the hand that was behind his back, so Ms. Carrigston could shake it. She took a shaky step forward and looked down. She let out a gasp of surprise. The hand was missing!

"Oh sorry, wrong hand." Mr Philpot extended the other hand which most certainly intact. "My apologies." He said, "It is easy to forget, when you live by yourself." Ms Carrigston looked back at the two children with an unreadable expression on her face. "Please come in, come in. Make yourself at home. "

Oli and James followed Ms Carrigston in to the house. All three of them walked slowly, a bit nervous to enter the creepy house. Oli looked a bit scared, he was shivering. James on the other hand was looking elated. He loved horror movies and everything to do with them. James pulled out his phone to take a photo. As he looked at how much battery he had left he noticed that there was no reception! "Nooooooooooooo." James yelled in frustration. "How will I live?"

"It's not that bad." Oli said "It's only a phone."

"It's not just a phone, it's my life." James yelled back. He then proceeded to stomp off into the house. As he stormed away down the corridor he failed to notice a white door on his right hand side. Ms. Carrigston was very, very annoyed with him.

"James come back here right now and apologise to Mr. Philpot. That is unacceptable behaviour. This is supposed to be a family holiday, and you are ruining the serenity. You need to work on your manners young man."

"I don't care," James yelled back.

"I'm so sorry about him," Ms. Carrigston said, "He can be a bit uptight sometimes, but he is a good child. He is just upset about having no phone reception."

"That's ok." Mr. Philpot said, "Feel free to explore."

"Thanks." Oli said and walked down the corridor after James. He walked much slower, looking around in fascination. He did notice the white door, it had a sign on it which read 'To the Garden'. He opened the creaky door and stepped through.

Chapter 3

Oli found himself in an overgrown garden. It was like a rainforest except not so wet. There were vines covering large eucalyptus trees, the roots of the trees erupting from the ground, then spreading all over the ground. There was moss and fungus coating parts of the trunks, and springy grass covering the ground. Overall Oli thought it looked quite unkempt. It was hard to tell where things started and where they ended. There was a **patch** of flowers in the corner, desert peas, and a bright pop of colour in the brown and green garden. On the ground along the edge of the garden was a **prickly** vine. Oli walked through the garden, loving every part of it. He loved nature. Hanging from one of the trees was a tree swing. Oli was extremely excited by this, he loved swings! Oli jumped on and was immediately occupied by the joy of it.

Back in the house Ms. Carrigston was settling into her room. It was quiet and dark and pleasantly cool, also quite enjoyable really. The bed looked very comfortable. She looked at it and wondered if she could get away with having a sleep, she was very tired from the extremely long drive. In the end tiredness prevailed and she decided to have a lay down on the bed. As soon as her head hit the pillow she fell off to sleep.

Meanwhile James was still extremely annoyed about his phone. He had been wandering around the house for at least half an hour and had found nothing that was interesting. The only things he had seen were dark rooms and corridors. "This is sooo boring." He said to himself. "Why did we even come here?"

"It is actually interesting you know." A voice said from behind him. James jumped about a foot in the air. "Just me, Mr. Philpot." The curator said. "Here, let me show you something interesting."

"Ok." James said. Then quietly to himself, "Anything to stop being bored."

The curator lead him through the house James looked around as they went, attempting but failing to take in as much information as he could. It was quite amazing really what he was seeing. Many different exhibits were displayed some large, some small, some hard to see at all they were so microscopic. How had he managed to miss all of this before? They kept walking. James saw many things including paintings, statues and some stuffed animals.

Finally, they arrived at where they were going. The door was exactly the same colour as the walls, a dark brown, so it would be easy to miss. The door had a lock on it. Through the door was a small, dark, room with a glass box in the middle. At first James wasn't sure what was in it but as he moved closer, it dawned upon him. He thought he knew what it was. "This is the pride of my collection." Mr. Philpot said "The mythical creature, with only one left in the whole world. The amazing silver crab."

“Wow,” James said in awe. “That is pretty amazing.” He moved closer still and peered down at the small crab. It was about the size of a palm, so quite small, and its shell was bright metallic silver. “Where did you find it?” James asked.

“Well, I was going on a trip up in the Northern Territory, out in the outback. It was living near the edge of a salt lake. I stumbled on it by chance really. I was going for a walk along the edge of the lake and I saw it gleaming in the sun. I was very interested in crabs at that point, so I caught it and brought it back here.”

Mr. Philpot’s face suddenly clouded over and he looked in surprise at James. “What are you doing here?” He yelled at James angrily “No one is allowed in here except me!” He said.

“What, what...” James stuttered, extremely confused. What is happening he thought in surprise, I thought he asked me in here? The curator was muttering aimlessly to himself. Finally, James realised that that Mr. Philpot probably had memory loss that was why he had forgotten.

“I’m sorry.” James said, “I’ll go now.”

While all this was happening Oli had had enough of the swing. He felt he had fully explored the garden and wasn’t sure what to do next. He had just sat down for a rest when he noticed something unusual. There was a faint path leading out of the garden. Energised Oli jumped up and followed it. It was hard to see where it leads to but it definitely lead out of the garden. Oli was excited, an adventure. He kept following the trail oblivious to the fact that he was getting further and further away from the garden.

Chapter 4

Oli had just realised that he had no idea where he was. He looked around frantically, hoping to see something familiar. It had been a **struggle** to get through the bush to where he was now. He sunk to the stick and leaf covered ground and looked up at the sky with hopeful eyes. "I wonder if I'll find something out here" he said looking around again. "I'll stay out here all night if I have to," but then thought I really don't want to.

James was still very upset about not having any reception, he's unable to text his friends. As he followed the nanny he noticed a very grand **clock** sitting on top of a dusty shelf, the clock itself looked older than the house. The gold hands moving slowly to show the time, he looked at his phone to see if the time displayed on the clock was correct.

"Ahh yes my grand clock, it was given to me by the queen herself." James looked behind him to see the creepy curator.

"Really?" He replied having not believed the curator. Mr. Philpot was out of his mind. Ms. Carrigston had already moved onto the next exhibit. James moved to see what she was looking at. A portrait was hung on the wall, a landscape much like the cliffs outside except a large tree stands where the house now is. Ms. Carrigston broke the silence after a few minutes had passed.

"When was this painted?" she paused before adding "It's absolutely stunning"

Mr. Philpot looked at her answering "It was painted by my mother when we first moved here"

"How long ago was that?" James asked, actually interested.

"About fifty years ago," He then walked off back down the hall and round the corner leaving James and the nanny standing in front of the painting. James looked up wondering what happened to the curators' mother. He shrugged and walked off to towards his room.

Meanwhile Oli had wandered further into the bush, he barely left a trail behind him. The sky had changed from blue to a light purple, but Oli had not given up yet. The bush got thicker and thicker the further into it he got, parts he could not even see through. He was still on the hunt for something bigger and better, something amazing and unique. He was sure he would find it soon he had to. If he found something actually good then his brother would pay him more attention, he would Oli knew it. He continued to head deeper into the bush not caring. After a while he realised he needed to go to the dunny. Great, he had to go bush.

James finally reached his room, he opened the door expecting to see his brother.

“Hey Oli!” he said before he realised Oli wasn’t there. He wondered where he could have gone to. James could have sworn that he had seen him just before. He rushed out of the room and down the hall to find his brother. James opened a random door and entered finding three cabinets filled with bottles, some full and some empty. “What are these?” He took a closer look and recognised them as bottles of grog. “Well he isn’t here, I should look somewhere else” He left the room and bumped into Ms. Carrigston. “Have you seen Oli?” he asked worriedly.

“No I haven’t, by the way what’s in that room?” she pondered pointing at the door behind him.

“Just some cabinets filled with bottles of grog,” he replied without a care.

Ms. Carrigstons’ face went from calm to horrified in a matter of seconds “I’m going to have a word with that man,” she rushed off to find Mr. Philpot. James stood still for a minute before he before he ran off outside to the cliffs. He had to find Oli. James looked all around the cliffs for a very long time, but Oli was nowhere to be seen.

Chapter 5

Oli was beginning to get quite scared. He was alone, and he had no idea where he was. He was panicking. The sun was going to set soon and he didn't know what to do. He couldn't see where to go. "What am I going to do, what am I going to do?" Oli whispered to himself. After ten minutes of moping he decided there was no point in doing nothing and sitting there sulking. He stood up and decided to see if he could retrace his steps. He looked around wondering which direction to go. "If I don't leave something to show where I have been I could end up walking in circles." He picked up a stick and stuck it upright in the ground. "There." Oli said, "Now I won't get lost." He picked himself up and proceeded to walk off. Little did he know that he was walking farther away from the little shack on the cliff.

After a long while Oli realised he was nowhere closer than he was half an hour ago to getting back to the house. He decided that he should probably find somewhere to spend the night. He hunted around for a while and eventually found a nice tree to rest under. "I hope it doesn't rain," Oli whispered to himself. As he curled up under the tree he looked up to the dark sky and saw a full moon starting to rise. His one comfort as he fell asleep was that at least it wouldn't be too dark.

Chapter 6

“Oli!” James yelled “Oli where are you?!” He looked all around the house, checked all the holes and bushes. He checked in every single room, under every piece of furniture, but it seemed that Oli had disappeared into thin air. James was stressing out. He really needed to find Oli. The sun had already set and there was still no sign of him. James rushed back into the house to see if he had gone somewhere else. As he passed Mr. Philpot he heard him saying to Ms. Carrigston.

“I’ve lost my most prized possession.” His face was grief struck, “I need to find it now.”

“Well if you tell me what it is maybe I could help you find it,” she offered.

“It’s my silver crab!”

“Is it real?”

“Yes, now we need to hurry before it gets too far,” With that they hurried off in opposite directions to find the crab. Before Ms. Carrigston had gotten too far James stopped her.

“Ms, Oli is missing.” he exclaimed

“What, for how long?” she asked worry in her voice.

“I don’t know, but we need to find him quickly.”

“The last time I saw him was when he went out into the garden.”

“So we’ll look there first.” They ran off to the garden to look.

Ms. Carrigston made it there first. She was very worried, the kids’ parents would kill her if she lost Oli. They all searched around for a very long time but to no avail. He was nowhere to be found.

“What are we going to do,” Ms. Carrigston wailed. “He will be by himself all night, he might get sick.”

“It’s ok.” James said. “Oli is smart, he will be alright.”

“Oh no, oh no,” Ms. Carrigston repeated over and over.

“We have to stay calm and not exaggerate. I sure it will be ok. All we can do is wait.” James said.

Chapter 7

Oli woke suddenly to silence. It was the middle of the night, the moon at the top of the sky. He wasn't sure what woke him until he realised there was a bright silver light shining off to his left. He got up taking a while to wake up again. Slowly he walked towards the light. It was quite dark but the moon gave off enough light to show him the way. Oli walked toward the light. It wasn't moving, just staying there glowing in a strange silvery way. Finally he reached it. Much to his surprise it was coming from something on the ground, a small silvery crab! Oli was extremely tired and for a while he thought he must be hallucinating from lack of sleep. He rubbed his eyes and blinked a lot, but the crab was still there, shining brightly. It was like a small piece of jewellery lying on the ground, except with a lot of legs sticking out the side. Oli marvelled about how perfectly it was shaped, and its shell was so glossy. Oli walked slowly up to the crab, crouching down. He really didn't want to scare it away.

The crab was very still, so still in fact Oli wondered if it was dead. Just then it moved slightly, so Oli was very happy, he hadn't wanted it to be dead, it was so beautiful. He moved even closer to the crab. Suddenly it started to scuttle off. Oli jumped up and followed it. It was going quite fast but it was easy to see because of the light radiating off it. Oli kept as close as he could, almost running in his eagerness to stay with the light. He whizzed past trees and shrubs, not wanting to lose sight of the crab. The sun was starting to rise making the clouds light up in a rose-gold glow. It was very beautiful. Oli kept following the crab, trusting that it knew where it was going. Finally, after what felt like an age they made it back. Back to the house. Oli was extremely relieved, he was back. They were all waiting there in front of the house, an odd looking group.

"Oli, you're back." Ms. Carrigston exclaimed.

Oli ran over to the group and hugged his brother. "It's alright he said. I'm perfectly ok. Look what I found." He showed them all the crab. They all stared at it.

"It's my prize possession, my silver crab." The curator said happily. "Thank you, thank you."

"That's alright. I didn't really find it any way. It found me."

They were all extremely happy that they had found Oli and the silver crab. Mr. Philpot was especially happy that he had his prize part of his collection back. Ms. Carrigston decided that they would go home early, so the Nanny and the two brothers packed up all their clothes, had a final tour of the old house and drove off.

Chapter 8

The two boys watched as they drove further and further away from the house, their expressions read as sad and disappointed. They hadn't wanted to leave, they wanted to stay with Mr. Philpot, even if he was crazy.

"Will we come back next holidays?" James asked

"Yeah" added Oli "Will we, will we?"

"If you are on the best behaviour for the rest of the school term, then and only then will I consider bringing you boys back," replied Ms. Carrigston. Oli looked back out the window and found that he could no longer see the house on top of the cliffs. He turned back to his brother to find him doing the exact same thing.

"So, did you have a good time James?" he asked curiously.

"Yeah it was amazing!" he replied with an awestruck face. They fell silent and enjoyed the rest of the ride home.

Ms. Carrigston looked back at the two boys, they had fallen asleep. She smiled at the two before she turned back to concentrate on the road. It had been an interesting trip, and she wouldn't mind seeing Mr. Philpot again, if they went back. He really was a fascinating man. It was really a great learning experience, she thought. Great for the boy's education. I wonder if they enjoyed it. I'm glad we found Oli.



Appendix 2 – Copyright page template

Copyright

Published by: The Typewriters, 956 South Coast Highway, Denmark WA 6333. Ellen McDougall, Ebony Lubiana, Gypsie-Ross Mayger, Lauren McKenzie, Kyle Atkinson, Thomas Stevens
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Everyone loves a holiday it's the best thing anyone could ask for, except if you get lost in a new world. A nanny and two kids are on holiday in the country side, when Oli goes missing. Will they find him? Or will they be too late? And how does a silver crab fit in the mix?

