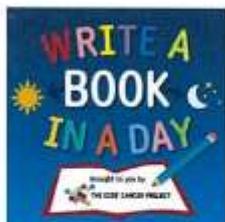


Allusion

Plot Holes



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: Middle School (VIC)

Writing Date: 07-06-2016

Group or School: Kilbreda College

Team Name: Plot Holes

Team Members: Kyla Dwyer Josie Rees
Charlotte Gilley Anya Jansen Van Rensburg
Ellie Buckley Jessie Wyatt
Jayde Abdilla-Hill Stephanie Henderson
Hannah Campbell Sommer Dew

PARAMETERS

Primary Character 1: Electrician

Primary Character 2: Mountain guide

Non-Human Character: Suitcase

Setting: Motorway

Issue: Flood

RANDOM WORDS

Delicious

Nonsense

Hums

Cracked

Danger

AFFIDAVIT

I, ..Bernadette Kean..... (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: 4641 words

Date:07/06/2016..... Signed: BKean

Josie Rees, Sommer Dew, Charlotte Gilley,
Jessie Wyatt, Ellie Buckley, Anya Jansen Van
Rensburg, Stephanie Henderson, Jayde
Abdilla-Hill, Kyla Dwyer, Hannah Campbell

Kilbreda College, Mentone

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Dedicated to all the people who've ever
felt as if they were drowning.

There will always be someone there to pull
you out of the water.



CHAPTER ONE

HUNTER



The rain poured down outside.

The clouds, like me, were crying. Why? Because it was morning and I actually had to get up. I peeled myself off the bed and trudged through my cramped little cabin to the kitchen, which was about the size of a cupboard.

I could already tell that today was going to be really long. So, what better thing to do than make delicious coffee. In the most amazing mug of all time, a colour-changing mug.

I made my coffee and sat down, balancing the mug precariously on the edge of the chair. I glanced over to my little wooden coffee table which was piled sky high with books. I reached over to pick one up, it looked so appealing with its glossy hard backed cover. As I placed the book on my lap my elbow managed to knock my coffee off the chair.

“Oh god! Oh, crap!”

A single light on the ceiling flickered out.

“NO!”

I leaned over to pick up my mug, my favourite, cracked and dripping with coffee. I investigated the area of the spillage and discovered that I'd destroyed my extension cord.

“Are you kidding? What am I supposed to do now? Fantastic! Aren't I having such a great day?” I muttered sarcastically.

I angrily walked to the kitchen and dug through the drawer until I found the brochure for the local electrician. I dialled the number, and on the third ring someone picked up.

“Hello, this is Eastside Electrical, what is your problem?” A young female voice asked.

“Hi, uh, hello. I need help. So I, uh, spilled coffee, on my power thing. You know, the extension cord, and it broke a *light*.”

“It broke a light? *One single light?*”

“Yes! Just one light, but it's really important, and my whole cabin is affected by this, it lights up the whole kitchen...”

“Okay fine, we will come and fix your *one light*. Where do you live?”

“Mount Eastside, halfway up the hill, little wooden cabin”

“On a mountain? Okay, we will be there in about half an hour.”

“Half an hour?! No way, you need to come fix this *now*! I can’t wait, this is important.”

“No. I mean come on! It’s raining for god’s sake. I’ll be there in *half an hour*.”

She hung up on me before I could say ‘goodbye’.

I collapsed into the nearest chair and rested my fingers on the bridge of my nose with an exasperated sigh. I sincerely hoped she didn’t take long.

Needing something to pass the time, I tentatively plucked a book from the pile on the table near me. My elbows were cushioned by the worn and faded arms of the chair, and I rested my head against the back.

I glanced out the window and realised the clouds were lashing out more heavily than they had been earlier today. I wondered how the motorway was withstanding the heavy droplets, and whether the electrician could get through the tough mud.

The sky outside was looking down on the earth with an unrelenting smile as the rain poured down.

I was so busy observing the heavy downpour that I almost missed the frantic buzzing that vibrated the entire seat.

I realised with a jump that the call was from the electrician.

CHAPTER TWO

ESTELLA



“Dammit!” I cried, as the engine gave a final sputter. “Dammit, dammit, dammit! You stupid pile of junk!”

One breath, two breaths, three breaths. *Okay, Ella, you can do this.* I smoothed my hair back for probably fiftieth time that day, pulled out my phone and dialed Hunter Hill’s number.

“Hello,” he answered.

“It’s me again, from Eastside Electric? Listen, I’ve got a bit of a problem and I need...”

“You’re still coming, right? This light *needs* repairing. Quickly?” He sounded pretty desperate.

“I know, but my car has decided to...” I looked around at this hopeless excuse for a car, “...quit its job, so to speak. Anyway, it’s raining pretty heavily and...”

“Just wait there, please, and I’ll come and get you. Where are you?”

“I don’t know!” I looked around, searching for anything iconic that would make it easier for him to find me, “there’s a few gum trees, some road and a lot of rain!” I explained, sarcastically. “Sound familiar?”

“Wow. You’re not much of a help, are you? Okay, just hang tight. I’ll be right there,” he said, and hung up the phone.

A short while later, a shadowy figure appeared from between sheets of rain. Without an umbrella. Great. I groaned as I opened the car door and slid out of the warmth of the front compartment and into the blistering cold of the winter rain. “Are you the electrician?” he shouted from the whole five meters separating us.

“Yes,” I replied, bored and irritated. “You must be Hunter?”

“Yeah. Now can you hurry up, please? You took your half an hour, fix my light!”

“Hold your horses.” I feigned contempt, but in truth I was rather amused.

“Sorry. That was rude.” An awkward silence followed. “Um, so what’s your name?”

Small talk? Really? That’s what he was going with? No wonder he lived on the top of a mountain, his social skills were appalling.

“I’m Estella, but my friends call me Ella,” I said as I turned and started to make my way up the towering mountain in the rain.

He stared at me oddly. “It’s nice to meet you, then, Ella.”

“I said my *friends* call me that.”

Hunter’s eyes were fixated on me, scanning me up and down.
“Your name is Estella?”

Vexed at being forced to repeat myself, I stopped, turned around, and nodded. “Yeah.”

“Estella-Rose Jenkins?” he choked. I continued to nod, confused.
“We went to primary school together,”

My eyes widened in horror. “Hunter Hills? You’re... Hunter Hills.” He’d changed a lot since I’d last seen him. The cute, babyish boy I once knew couldn’t be seen within this older and, admittedly, hotter man before me.

“And you’re Estella Jenkins,” he murmured. He looked lost, but only for a split second, before he recovered to reply, indignantly, “you dunked my head in a toilet in Grade Three.”

I couldn’t believe it. It was Hunter. The boy who I’d hated with a fiery passion, for reasons I could never explain. “You irritated me,” I said, with a simple shrug.

“Why?”

I glared at him. “It was years ago, Hills. Get over it.” I pushed past him with my chin held high; poised, elegant, untouchable. Oh, and dressed as an electrician.

Hunter Hills. Dammit, just my luck.

CHAPTER THREE

HUNTER



It was Estella. Estella-Rose Jenkins. The girl who I'd been in love with for ever and a day.

The rain had picked up considerably by the time we started back up the hill. The track had almost been washed away, and there was barely a path to follow. Estella made sure she didn't walk next to me. Instead, she walked a few steps ahead. Her eyes cast up towards the top of the hill and she exhaled through her nose as she realised how much work her feet had to do.

I couldn't believe it, as I stared at her. Even though she'd never liked me, I was still in love with her. I could never blame her for

disliking me—I had followed her around like a lost puppy, must've been extremely irritating for her.

The hums of the power lines created static ringing in my ears as the rain drummed overhead while we walked. Her eyebrows furrowed together, clearly exasperated. Her hands swung freely by her side, resting every few minutes on her hips.

The mud slipped beneath our feet as we stumbled further towards my house. The gumtrees planted in our path provided a place for our hands to grip and pull our tired bodies up. We continued like this for what seemed like a few hours, although barely ten minutes had passed.

We fell into a rhythm, with Estella keeping pace in front of me, when suddenly, her feet slipped out from underneath her with the grace of a dancing elephant.

I threw my arms out just in time to catch her. Well, at least that's what I pictured would happen. Instead, my vision goes black as I tumble to the ground, Estella landing on top of me with a small gasp. If my face hadn't been buried in the cool dirt, it would've been burning bright red right now.

Estella pushed herself up and rolled herself over so she lay on her back, her silky chocolate hair fanned out in a halo around her head, a smile playing on her lips. She stayed in this position for a few moments, before she hastily jumped to her feet and resumed her composure.

I closed my eyes for a few seconds and struggled to control the thoughts of her that were in my mind. I let Estella start ahead before I followed behind. Somehow, it seemed that my day wasn't going to be nearly as bad as I had originally thought.

We continued on our trek up the mountain. I tried to make small talk with her, but I guess she wasn't in the mood. I couldn't stop staring at her, she was an image burnt into my mind.

We were coming up to the half-way point, I recognised the trees and the twist in the path where it split in two. Estella stopped and waited for me to catch up.

“Which way?”

I pointed towards the right, to the path that led to my house.

I started to think about my little wooden cabin. It was messy inside, and I started to worry. What if she thought it was too messy or too small, books literally lined every surface in my house. What if she hated reading?!

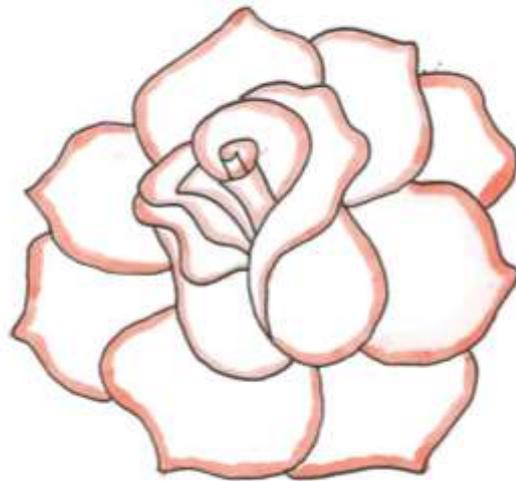
I'd become so caught up with my crazy thoughts that I hadn't heard Estella begin talking.

“Earth to Hunter? Where are we going?”

“What? Oh, um, that way.” I pointed right again.

“Thank you,” she huffed.

We walked the rest of the way in silence. Estella walked fast and I had to jog to catch up to her. I could see the cabin in the distance and when we arrived, she let herself inside.



CHAPTER FOUR

ESTELLA



Hunter's cabin was far less opulent than the cute cottages down in Eastside. His furniture—apart from the couch, which was covered with a faded material—was made of cheap, rough wood.

After I'd inspected his *one broken light*, I collapsed on his worn couch and kicked my feet up, pulling out my incessantly vibrating phone to pass the time.

Almost all the messages I'd received centred on the floods in Eastside. I doubted they were bad; nothing ever happened there—a few droplets of rain was gasp-worthy news.

“What are you doing?” Hunter asked, irked, looking up from his shabby book with an unrecognisable title. He had only just noticed that I’d stopped working.

I didn’t bother to glance up from my phone. “I’m having a lunch break. Duh.”

“My light isn’t fixed yet! Come on Estella, it’s important.”

“You mentioned,” I replied, my tone dripping with sarcasm.

“Are you even supposed to have a lunch break half-way through a job?”

“You made me climb a *mountain* to fix one stupid light, I can do whatever I want.”

“I don’t think it works like that.”

My gaze flickered up to meet his, a malicious smirk teasing the corners of my lips. “I didn’t realise that thinking was something you did.”

He scowled at me, though I didn’t miss the flash of amusement in his blue eyes. His chiselled jawline didn’t tighten in annoyance at my comment. That knowledge made me smirk. Was Hunter warming up to me?

“What are you reading?” I held up a hand to prevent his response. “Wait, let me guess. You’re reading a cheesy fairy tale, where the prince kisses the princess back to life after knowing each other for, like, a day?”

He scoffed at my suggestion. “You’re kidding, right?”

I winked cheekily. “Of course I’m not. It just seems like the kind of thing you’d read.”

“I prefer it when it’s realistic,” he said softly. He was a million miles away. “When the love is sincere. I like when I read a book and my only thoughts are about how much I want what they have.”

I allowed a small grin to appear on my lips, to mask how deeply his words had hit me. “I knew that you had a feminine side. Embrace it, Hills.”

He muttered something unintelligible and returned to his book.

I tossed my phone gently onto the other side of the couch and stood up, restless. I wanted something to eat; it was my lunch break. If I was going to fix this guy’s light, he could spare me a sandwich. I could easily remove the price of the food from his bill.

I sauntered over to his cupboard, carefully monitoring his response to my flippancy. I knew he was watching me, though he was doing a marvellous job of pretending he wasn’t. I had little to amuse me in this desolate house, and no company besides Hunter. I could keep myself entertained, at least.

I grabbed two pieces of bread and searched the cupboards for a plate. “Where are your plates?” I questioned Hunter, my voice echoing off the walls of the cupboard that my head was buried inside.

He was taken aback at my impertinence, shocked at the nerve I had to ask for assistance. “Excuse me?”

“You’re excused,” I replied nonchalantly, carefully extracting myself from his cupboard to glare at him. “Now where are your damned plates?”

You could have etched a picture with the acid in his agitated glare, though his resistance was wavering. “Second drawer to the left of the sink.” A pause. “Eat whatever you want.”

I smiled gratefully at him. “For once, you’re saying something reasonable. Something that isn’t *nonsense*.”

“Wait, I am?” Disbelief was written on his handsome face. *Wait, what? Handsome?* This was Hunter Hills. He was *not* handsome.

I never had the chance to respond, because a heartbeat later, the small bead of light in the globe above us blinked out of existence, and the room was plunged into darkness.

CHAPTER 5

HUNTER



The power was out, although the wireless radio still seemed to be working.

I whirled on Estella. “What did you do?” I demanded.

“This has nothing to do with me,” she insisted fiercely.

The radio made a static noise and tuned to its own frequency. Estella and I both jumped in fright.

“This is a warning message. It is not a drill.” The reporter pounded out orders and my heart stopped. I risked a glance at Estella and the worry on her face was oddly evident. “Floods have been reported in

the lower regions of Eastside Mountain. Evacuate now before it's too late. Flows are reported to start hitting at approximately 14:45. This is a warning message." It repeated over and over.

Estella stuffed a fist in her mouth, stifling a cry. "Oh my god." She paced back and forth, repeating the words endlessly as the radio tuned in and out of frequency.

"Hey, calm down," I jogged over and tried to put an arm over her shoulder, but she brushes me off, clearly on edge. This wasn't like the concealed, guarded girl I just met. Something was unmistakably wrong. "We're going to be fine. We're on top of a mountain remember? You can stay in the spare room until this all blows over."

She shook her head, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "No, no, you don't understand..."

"Then help me to understand," I whispered calmly, futilely attempting to keep her calm.

She looked up to meet my gaze with her steady, blue-green eyes. They were the deepest shade of turquoise, like the ocean on a perfect summer day. It was in that moment that I was reminded of how undeniably beautiful she was. I parted my lips slightly, but she turned and the moment shattered into a million tiny pieces. "A suitcase," she mumbled.

"A what?"

"A suitcase, my parents gave it to me. They said to open it when the time was right."

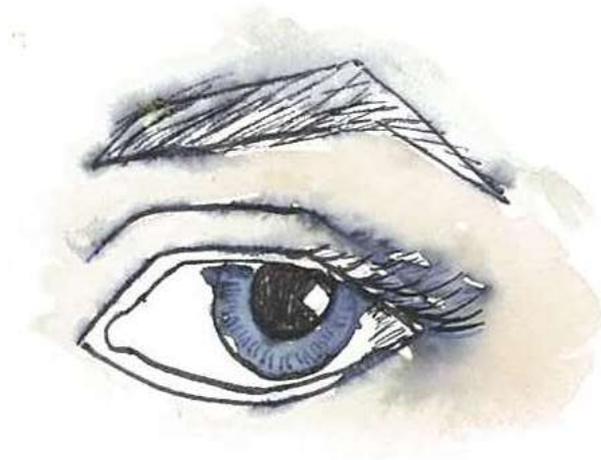
I almost laughed at how corny that sounded, but then I realised that she was serious.

"Well, what's in it that's so special?" My curiosity came across as harsh, and I silently cursed myself for the dirty look she gave me.

"I don't know!" she scolded, but then her eyes softened and she sighed. "I mean, I don't know, either. They never told me, they just told me to open it when the time is right. And then they left."

I didn't really know what to think. I just stood there, like an idiot, speechless. The suitcase obviously meant a lot to her, but I didn't really understand why, even after her explanation.

"Come on, we have to go. Now." We started to run for the door. The cold air hit our faces and we collided with the heavy rain.



CHAPTER SIX

ESTELLA



I sprinted down the mountain like I had never run before. Wind whipped at my face, leaving long red scars along my cheeks. My heart hurt, it pounded against my chest like a thousand bullets shooting me down. My breathing was heavy; short, sharp. I was drowning in my own tears, anxiety overtaking my body. I had to get that suitcase.

I leaned over, trying to catch my breath, while making a mental note to sign up to that cheap gym membership flyer, that was in my post box this morning.

Then, before I knew it, a large, strong hand had sneaked its way around my waist, comforting me. I looked up and bit my lip, staring into Hunter's gorgeous blue eyes.

Every bone in my body was electrified, buzzing with energy. A thousand fireworks running through my veins.

The girl electrician and the hot mountain guide. Who would have thought? Too soon? *Don't be stupid*, I thought. *He's only trying to make you stop crying, you emotional wreck who happens to be putting both of our lives in danger to get a suitcase! Don't let your wall down, Ella. Get the suitcase and finish the job.*

I wasn't here to fall in love with mountain guides. I was here to do and fix a stupid light bulb and now, get the suitcase. I pulled away from him and the comforting arm resting on my waist.

I pushed away the emotions that would only delay us from finding out what was in the suitcase and getting the hell out of the way of the flood.

A gave him a cheesy smile and it was returned to me. We kept walking as quickly as possible to get down the mountain, the awkward silence preventing conversation.

The dead air swept through. "Hey, I didn't mean to pop your personal bubble before," Hunter said with those sad, apologising eyes.

"No, you were trying to cheer up the nervous, sensitive girl, that was sweet," I said, with a genuine smile this time.

"I was actually only trying to impress the pretty, smart girl," he said, and grinned cheekily.

I was taken aback, shocked by his sudden statement. Did he also feel these foreign, sudden feelings that I did? I gave him a death stare anyway.

"Smooth Hunter, real smooth."

“Well you know how I am with the ladies, I must be doing something right,” in his best heroic voice.

“You never had any girlfriends in school.” I gave him a look and glanced behind his obnoxious head to see my car with the suitcase inside the boot. I sprinted past Hunter leaving him gobsmacked.

I had let my wall down. Dammit.

CHAPTER SEVEN

HUNTER



As the car came into view, Estella began digging around her bag for her keys. The digging became more frantic, and then suddenly she sprinted up to the window of the car, peering in and then slumping slightly in defeat, looking extremely panicked.

“What? What is it?” I panicked.

“My keys! They’re in the car. I’ve locked them inside,” she replied, the exhaustion and stress noticeable in her tone.

“It’s okay. Just calm down and we’ll figure this out,” I said, although I had no idea what to do. I’ve never even driven a car, let alone owned one.

“Really? We’ll figure this out, huh? How do you suppose we do this, Mr Superman?” she said, her sarcastic, icy façade returning.

Feeling attacked, I replied, tentatively. “We could call someone, I guess. Your mum or dad, or some emergency services?”

“Well, in case you haven’t realised, there is a *flood* down there, no one is coming to get us.”

“Okay, what do *you* suggest we do then?” I said, frustrated. I loved her, but Estella could be so *irritating*.

“We smash through the window.”

“What?” This was not what I expected.

“Pick up that rock over there, chuck it through the window, grab the keys, open the boot, grab the suitcase and run. Simple enough for you?”

“Are you sure? Do you really want to destroy your car, then abandon it here and run? Really?”

“Yes. It’s a crappy fourth hand car, and I need an excuse to get rid of it.”

“Well, if you’re sure,” I said, bending down to pick up a large, flat rock. I approached Estella’s car, stumbling due to the heavy weight of the rock.

“Be careful, you wouldn’t want to cut your oh-so-manly muscles on the glass,” Estella teased. So close to her precious suitcase, her hysteria had faded.

“Be careful, *darling*, you wouldn’t your makeup smudged by the sweat coming off my manly muscles.”

For once, but she quickly covered up her reaction. *You aren’t fooling anyone, Estella.*

“Three,” I muttered quietly, as I braced myself.

“Two,” I heard Estella mumble, and to my surprise, fear was laced into her whisper.

“ONE!” I hurled the rock at the window.

Everything was moving in slow motion. The car alarm sounded as the rock shattered the window, shards of sharp glass cutting through the wind. Without thinking, I thrust my hand into the hole that was once a window and retrieved the keys from the ignition.

But, I didn't escape without a scar. As I pulled my hand out, my wrist scraped along a fragment of glass, carving a path of blood into my skin. Distracted by my wound, I slipped and skidded over the gravel, dropping the keys.

Only I would be able to slip, right now, when I was acting like a hero in front of Estella.

“Throw the keys to me!” Estella exclaimed.

I tossed her the keys, embarrassing myself even more when it fell short and she was forced to lean forward dangerously to catch them. I scrambled up, forcing nonchalance as pain seared through my wrist.

Estella was already pulling the suitcase out of the boot and I glanced down the side of mountain, noticing the water had risen considerably more now, almost at level with us. We could easily slip and fall now... We had to get moving.



CHAPTER EIGHT

ESTELLA



My feet pounded against the ground as I ran. Or at least, as I tried to. The suitcase was heavy and I struggled to continue moving. The mud underneath me was slippery and I fought to keep my ground. The giant eucalyptus trunks surrounded us, providing only mediocre shelter from the buckets of rain that poured down.

“Let me take the suitcase!” Hunter cried.

“No,” I told him. “This is mine. I can’t let go of it!” He glared at me, obviously not happy. I didn’t care, this was my precious

possession and nothing could make me let go of it. If I let go... I don't know what I would do.

“Slow down, Ella!” he yelled at me again. “You’re going to slip, you know?” I stopped running and turned around to look at him. His chocolate brown hair was soaked and plastered to his face. Hunter’s eyes were wide and tired, his mouth slightly parted and exasperated. And then suddenly, a different expression flashed across his face – worry. He was... *worried* for me. A pained expression returned to his face and he sighed.

I grimaced. “What did I say about only my friends being able to call me that?”

“Please, I just broke into your car to...” I looked at him pointedly as he trailed off. “I broke into it for *you*! You needed that god-damned suitcase and you won’t even tell me what’s in it! What is in it, huh? What is so important that you can’t let go of it?”

My patience snapped. “I told you before! I don’t know either, okay? Here, look at this.” I hold out the suitcase for him, the small tag reading: *Property of Estella-Rose Jenkins. Open only in the event of an emergency.* “See, Hunter? I’ve been saving this suitcase for years, in the boot of this car.”

“Surely this qualifies as an emergency, though?” He looked up at me, with that antagonised expression back on his face. I realised just how close his face was to mine. Centimetres separated us and his hand reached up, beginning to caress my face. For a few seconds, I didn’t mind. I let it happen. But the instant his calloused fingers brushed against my lips, I snapped back into my normal self.

“What are you doing?!” I cried. I backed away quickly, but I slipped in the mud and I was swept off my feet, yanking the suitcase with me. I screamed and Hunter screamed. I’m sure if the suitcase could, it would have been screaming too.

I tumbled and somersaulted and flipped, rolling down the horrific terrain of Eastside Mountain. Mud clung to my skin, my clothes,

latching onto my already matted hair and worst of all, the suitcase. I didn't let go of that damned suitcase. I would open it as soon as I stopped tumbling.

Only, I didn't stop. I just kept rolling down and down, making me realise just how far we had walked up and up. The sound of rain hitting a body of water filled my ears.

Oh no, I thought, *oh no, no, no*. I took a deep breath as my body plunged into the freezing water and I began to sink.

I still couldn't bring myself to let go of that bloody suitcase.

CHAPTER NINE

HUNTER



Estella was grabbing the suitcase. Holding onto it for dear life and still sinking.

It was us versus the flood and I wasn't going to let the flood win. My fingertips grazed the water and my body followed. The icy water rushed past me as I swam lower, freezing my insides, but that didn't matter. Estella was under the water and I would do anything to reach her.

I caught a glance of her hair but I struggled to reach her. She was slipping away bit by bit. I eventually gripped her unconscious body, pulling her upwards with all my strength. I swam to where it was

shallow and placed her on the edge of the river bank. She looked so perfect, so still and so beautiful.

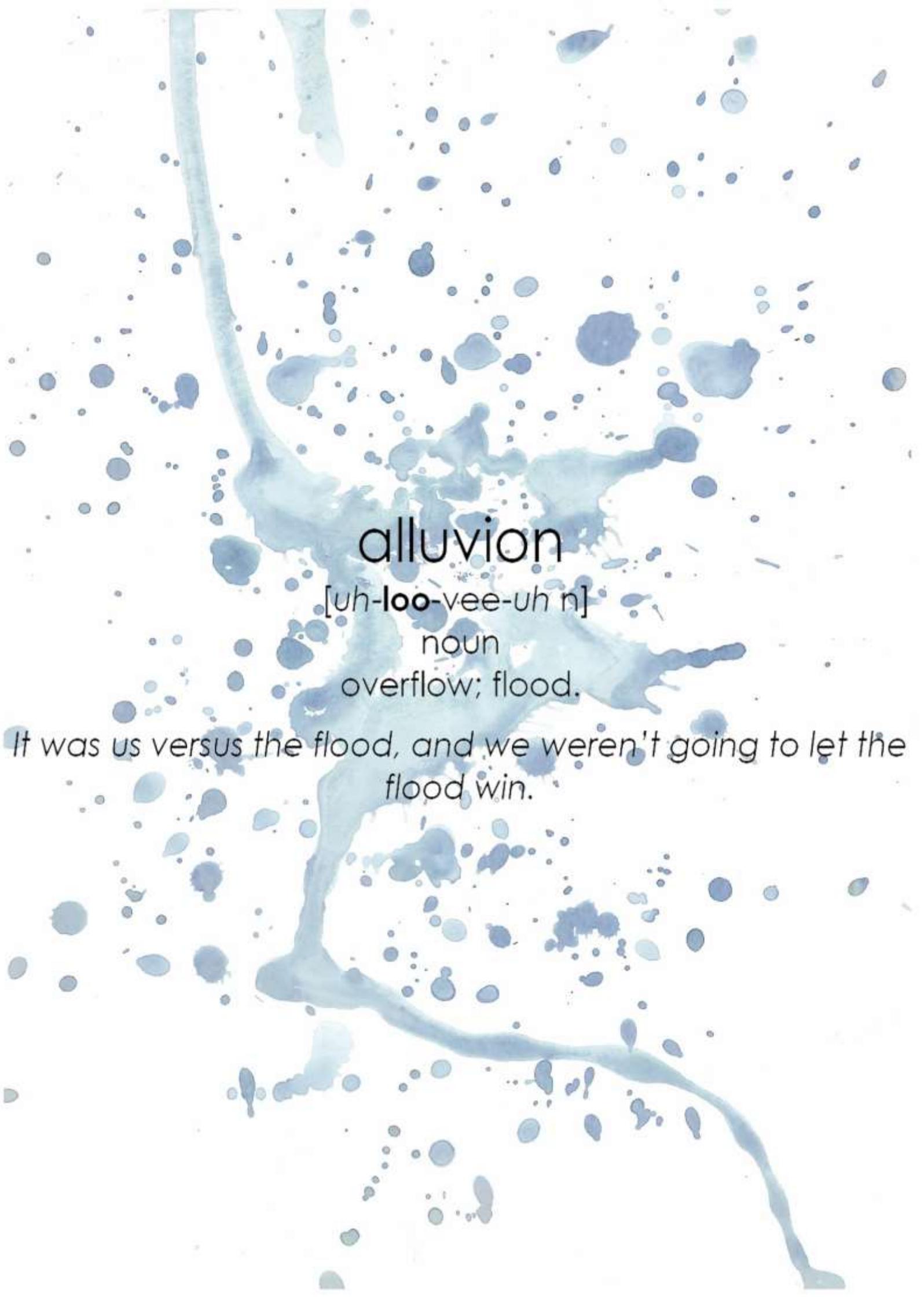
Estella's eyes twitched slightly and then blinked open. A wave of relief washed over me. She sat up slowly and reached for my shoulders. We embraced. Time stood still.

She whispered softly, "You can call me Ella now."

She glanced over my shoulder and reached for the suitcase, pulling it closer. She slid open the zipper.

I gasped.



A watercolor splash in shades of blue and teal, with a central, larger splash and many smaller droplets scattered across the white background.

alluvion

[uh-**loo**-vee-uh n]

noun

overflow; flood.

It was us versus the flood, and we weren't going to let the flood win.