

The men on the Olympias





THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC
DIVISION: Upper School (Required word count 3500 to 5000 words)
SCHOOL/GROUP: St Francis Catholic College - Melton
TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 4
TEAM ID: 1699

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Shop owner
Primary character 2 Pizza delivery person
Non-human character Flower pot
Setting Shipwreck
Issue Cyclone

Random words

event
crisp
elastic
clumsy
bright

Instructions

- Start no earlier than **8am**
- Write an original story:
 - based on all **five parameters** (above)
 - including all **five random words** (above) as written, and in bold type
 - with some identifiable **Australian content** (in theme or setting or characters, etc)
 - keeping within the allowed word count (remember every word on every page counts)!
 - include this parameters form in your book **immediately after the front cover**
- Remember: **Every** word on **every** page counts. This includes your front cover, back cover, blurb, acknowledgements and copyright form.
- **Be sure to give yourself enough time to submit your book and complete the following checklist before 9pm**

Log on to the Team Coordinator Portal to:

- ☐ Check the spelling of your team name and team members' names (how these are spelt on submission will be how they are displayed on certificates)
- ☐ Complete the Declaration
- ☐ Submit your finished book in **both** PDF and plain text format by 9pm

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The Acknowledgement of Country

SFCC Melton 4 would like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book was created, the Wiradjuri of the land and pay our respects to Elders past and present.

SFCC Melton 4 would also like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book will be read. We pay our respects to Elders past and present.

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Dedication

This story is dedicated to those who feel as though their life is a never-ending storm,
always remember that to break a pattern you must trust that you can live without it.

Chapter 1

June 17th, 1809

The skies are clear as the Olympias travelled through the water. It had been weeks since they'd seen land, but the thought of the gold-filled country carries them on. The crew laughed with each other as they relished in the idea of taking more gold and treasures from another home habited by those easy to steal from. They celebrated by screaming to the wind about their luxuries and how life can never end for members like them. The captain cheered with victory as he sets out how to snatch yet another village's livelihood.

The wind went cold as night fell, nipping at the necks of the crew. They drunk rum around the deck spirits high with hope of what their next raid will bring. The moon shone brightly, distracting compared to the stars. The boat swayed gently as the waves crashed into the base, rocking the members asleep.

Captain Grimshaw wiped the rum away from his beard the dark colour staining the steaks whitened from age. He yelled to sky "Take that Poseidon, look what we have accomplished ourselves." Grimshaw pours the rest of his rum into the waves below as he exclaims "I am the God of the sea." Once the bottle is empty Grimshaw stumbles away from the edge before being ripped back as the boat starts to tip.

The wind grows heavier, harder. The sounds of the crew get drowned out as the waves begin to climb up the sides of the ship. The sails whip as the wind tries to blow through them, the hot air rises leaving the crew nothing but cold and fear. The boat starts to spin with the wind a cyclone beginning to form.

WOOSH! The wind blows past, pulling at the sails and ripping through rooms of the boat. The crewmembers inside cower away from the sea whilst the brave try to stand their ground. The wind grabs at their feet to join them with waves crashing around them. The sky grows dull despite the full moon. Clouds cover the stars before the crew can pray to them; the sea is filled with rage and is determined to punish them.

Captain Grimshaw tries to rush inside but nature isn't so kind to let him. The cyclone worsens, ripping the boards off the ship. The sails tear under the pressure and the screams of the crew are drowned out by the waves washing on board. The rain surrounding them covers their view and the steering wheel is too slippery to control. The crew shout for help but none comes.

The cyclone only worsens until there is no hope for survival. Suddenly "CRASH". The ship stops, stuck on a rock and unable to be freed. There is no more shouting now, only silence. The crew still left on the boat are still, drained of colour and not moving. But the cyclone doesn't stop, it keeps going still filled with rage despite their being no one to be angry at anymore.



Chapter 2

Kalam and Barry were friends. They entered a raffle to win a cruise trip from Queensland to Indonesia. They were entered by a mysterious man on the side of the street that looked like a dwarf. He approached, talking in a low, deep voice, saying, "Enter this raffle for if you win a cruise trip will be the prize, going from Queensland to Indonesia. They draw to night here at 9pm sharp. Be there or be square."

They arrive at dark, look around, and see only themselves. Without think, the old dwarf reaches into to a hat with names. First one is drawn Kalam. The second one: Barry. You two have won this year's great boat **event** good luck. The dwarf stepped forward and said, "Boat leaves at 8 am tomorrow morning."



Chapter 3

The friends arrive at the boat early and notice a strange, eerie presence coming from the ship that spooks the brothers, and the people working on the boat look like robots, walking without purpose. They go in circles like chickens without heads. They have no clear purpose. They take a step onto the boat, and a cool breeze touches Barry on the neck. He jumps in fright, throwing a flower into the ocean. The board, they walk up creeks with every step they take, and as they step on to the ship, the board falls into the water, startling the pair.

A soulless man approaches them, taking their bags and guiding the friends to their room. They settle down, and they hit the hay.

The next day, they wake up to the salty breeze, and Kalam gets seasick, but Barry notices that the eyes of the pirates are green, flashing. He thinks that is just a side effect of the sea but remembers their faces and continues with his day.



Chapter 4

Captain Grimshaw looked down at the map in Barry's shaking hand. He didn't reach for it. He didn't even look at the directions that brought him to the gold rush in Australia. His hollow, milky eyes just stared right through it.

Barry can't focus, though; every time he closes his eyes, he sees the hint of green that hides inside the pirates. He becomes more aware of everything: the way the Pirates never seem to touch the floor, or the way they're always stumbling when they walk away as though they don't have the energy to keep walking normally.

"Aarragghh," Callum groans as the ship starts to sway more, his face turning green from the seasickness as he clutches the door handle for safety. Barry runs in and pushes him into a nearby room. "What are you doing, Barry?" Callum groans when he hits the wall. Barry holds up his finger to tell Callum to be quiet as he leans in

"I feel something off about them," he whispers.

Callum rolls his eyes in response. "They're pirates, Barry; obviously there's something weird about them." Barry huffs in response and opens his mouth to continue his rant when suddenly a crew member appears behind them. Barry quickly straightens up before leaving and gets away from the creepy crew.

Later that night at dinner, Barry and Callum sit down to eat with the rest of the crew. While Callum scoffs down his fish and potatoes, Barry keeps his eye out for any weird behavior. Barry nudges Callum in the ribs, and Callum winces in pain. "What now?" Callum whispers, still trying to shovel food into his mouth to stop himself from vomiting.

"Look, they haven't eaten anything," Barry quickly whispers. Callum groans in response, but before Barry can continue, Captain Grimshaw cuts in and starts to talk about his plants.

"So how come you guys are leaving a country so full of gold and loot?"

Barry responds with a confused look and asks, "What do you mean? The gold rush happened years ago." Just then, Captain Grimshaw's eyes went wide as he quickly nodded to agree.

Overwhelmed by this conversation, Barry gets up to leave, but not before noticing the aura surrounding the crew.



Chapter 5

Barry rushes to go to his room to escape the crazy in the dining room. The dusty walls and paintings fill the air with debris making him cough as air fills the room disturbing the objects that seem to have been here forever. He walks over to the protea the glistening flowerpot it sits in shines in the light from the window and carefully holds it while he lays down to rest. Barry is jolted awake from the sound of Callum yelling;

He rushes out of the room flowerpot still in hand as he sees Callum being confronted by a green glowing creature. "Run!" Barry yells and Callum start to sprint away from the glowing creature and into Barrys room.

"What ... Was that," Callum huffs trying to catch his breath hands shaking in terror. Barry begins to pace.

"I told you, I told you there was something going on here," Barry shakes his head.

"You didn't tell me they were ghosts," Callum yells, not caring that the crew may be able to hear them.

Then He stops all of what Barry has told him finally clicking into place, the green eyes, floating when they walk, them not eating any food. Combined with their weird obsession with the gold rush and how once Barry left, they kept bombarding Him with questions about "Is there any gold left?" And "where can we find more?" Callum's eyes widen with shock, and he starts to push things against the door to stop anything from getting in.

"What are you doing" Barry whisper yells at Callum.

In response Callum yells, "I'm panicking," Barry eyes narrow as he puts a finger up to shoosh Callum. Callum puts his hands up and bows his head in an apology and slowly stops putting things back. They both remain quiet as they try to listen for anything outside.

"On the count of three we run, okay" Barry whispers to Callum being careful to not alert any crew mates of their planned escape. Barry holds up his fingers and slowly counts down, when he puts all his fingers down they both rush out of the room past all the ghost in the dining hall and towards the lookout atop one of the sails. The ghost groan and yell behind them but the boys are quick to squeeze out of the room and out of the ghosts grasps onto the deck being careful to not drop the flowerpot whilst sprinting from the now green monsters that have been resting inside of the human looking pirates.



Chapter 6

Callum and Barry climbed up to the look tower, the crowd of ghosts trailing behind them, their **elastic** bodies snapping at the doors. As they reached the top of the lookout tower, the ghosts had just made their way through the door and out onto the deck, Captain Grimshaw at the front, angrily waving his sword.

"What is happening?" Cried Barry, clinging to the pole in one hand, his pot with the flower in the other. "Why did we come up here? We're stuck, surrounded, and I hate hights!"

"Let's focus on the real problems, Barry, like the fact that we both coincidentally won the raffle, or how these ghosts are, oh, I don't know, the fact they're trying kill us?" Shouted Callum, who was red with anger.

"I thought we could save the philosophical stuff for later and focus on the fact that we are way too high up and I'm shaking so much that I'll drop my beautiful flower."

"Who cares about your flower?"

"I do! It's the only think I have left, and it's a protea from the very garden that has been passed down my family for well over a century. Now I won't ever be able to pass on that garden to my kids, so yes, I care about my flower."

"What do we do?"

"Why are you asking me? This feels like a dream."

"A very bad dream."

"Their getting closer. We're doomed."

As they were arguing, they felt a sudden jolt as the ship suddenly spun around. Callum was flung against the side of the bird's nest. Not even a second later Barry followed him, pushing him over the edge. Callum let out a shriek as he fell. Barry grabbed his ankle just in time. Seeing Callum hanging there excited the pirates. They started pushing and shoving each other, trying to get to Callum, who was seconds away from falling.

"Help me up," screamed Callum.

"I'm trying, but my plant's going to fall!"

"You and that plant! I'm seconds from being freaky pirate-ghost food and all you can think about is a stupid flower!"

"Fine. Give me a second to put this dow-"

"No! No, no, no. Focus on getting me up. Just drop it and save me."

"Okay, okay."

Barry hoisted Callum up, and he landed with a thud.



Chapter 7

Barry immediately rushed to check on his plant.

"Are you okay? Any cracks? Any chips? No, I can't see any. Thank goodness you're okay." Barry whispered to the pot.

"Thanks Barry, I'm fine, thanks for asking," grumbled Callum.

"Please, there has never been such a fine specimen, and all you can complain about is that I didn't immediately go to you. "

"I'm a person! I have feelings, thoughts, everything that plant doesn't have!"

"How would you know that? Anyway, we have much more pressing issues, like the army of pirates under us," exclaimed Barry.

"No, you're right. We should stop fighting; we need to work as a team. How do you think we could get out of this?"

"I have no idea. Why do you think their following us everywhere?"

"Maybe it's something we have? But we're just normal people, there isn't anything we have that they don't."

They looked around, trying to think of what the ghosts could possibly want. They went from looking at one another, to Captain Grimshaw, back to each other. After some time, they realised what it was.

"The pot plant!" They said in perfect unison. As they said this, the bird's nest they were standing in started to shake intently. They peered over the edge, and about fifty of the pirate ghosts were clambering up the flimsy ladder.

"Save the plant!" Yelled Callum.

"Where do we go? It's no use, we're done for," whined Barry.

"No, we can still escape, look over there," Callum pointed over to a rope loosely hanging just above them. "It's too high for me, but you can reach! Then you can help me up."

"It doesn't look very safe."

"It isn't much safer than staying here, hurry up."

"I don't think I can, wait, take the pot plant." Callum took the plant from Barry, and he just managed to slide down the rope just as Captain Grimshaw pulled himself onto the ledge.



Chapter 8

As they run away from the crewmates, they stumble around the ship. Barry notices an escape route through the helm where there's a gap as a crewmember catches up, and swings a sword down on Barry, cutting his arm. He grabs his arm in pain as blood pours out his arm he continues to run forward, not looking back, and out of breath.

He catches up to Barry as they continue to flee to a safe place. They hide in barrels as the crew runs past. They get out of the barrels as they head to the rendezvous point, and through that helm where they reach the sleeping quarters. They come face to face with a man whose hand was a hammer, and another that has 2 peg legs. They ran in between them as the hammer came down on the ghost with peg legs.

They ran through the common area, no one in sight. They continued to run to the kitchen. They stepped in and everyone faced them as they ran through the dinner hall.

The whole crew chased after them they eventually lost them in the ship deck because they all got stuck in a door frame, as they all tried to squeeze through at once. Finally, they make it to the rendezvous point.

As Barry made it through the door, they were separated Callum was carried away from by the ghost to the captain. Just in time, they reached out and grabbed his hand, pulling him through the door. The pair reunited and they lock the doors by sliding a plank through them. They join back together as one, but something wasn't right. The cut on Callum's arm was turning an infected purple colour from the rusted

sword cutting into his arm earlier.s



Chapter 9

“NO, NO, NO, no, no, no” Callum mumbles,

“Hey it’s okay Callum I’m sure you can heal your arm when we get back on land.” Barry says as he tries to reassure Callum that his arm will heal from the sword strike.

“It’s not that... I don’t have the flowerpot” Callum whispers as though he is already afraid of Barry’s reaction.

“YOU WHAT” Barry bellows as he starts to hyperventilate.

“That was the ONE thing they wanted, how could you lose it” Callum is taken aback by Barry’s statement.

“I’m sorry Barry, I was too busy being sliced by a SWORD to focus on the dumb pot.” “Why did you even bring the thing here, not only is it ugly but ghost is trying to KILL us for it.” Callum shakes with rage as he shouts this to Barry. Before He can continue Barry cuts in to try and calm the situation

“You know what, how about we just go get the pot and destroy it.” This thought seems to calm Callum and they both sneak their way back onto the ship to retrieve it. Just before they get to where Callum dropped the flowerpot, they see all the ghost surrounding the pot.

Slowly Captain Grimshaw reaches out to touch the base of the pot, but before he can pick it up the ship lurches.

Storm clouds fill the sky, and the sun gets covered by the darkness that the clouds bring. The sea begins to slosh around the boat and Callum’s face turns greener with every shake that wrecks the boat. Thunder cracks in the sky as wind

starts to swirl around the boat and rain pours from above. The Ghost crew look up in terror and try to escape to the inside. With every step they take the waves crash more overboard sucking up more members.

Grimshaw stays by the pot desperately trying to pick it up but the slippery floor from the rain makes it difficult to stay upright. The boys make a run for it, Callum sticks to the side and silently wishes his habit of being **clumsy** does not come back to haunt him.

Barry is the first to make it to the pot whilst Callum tries to keep Grimshaw away the rest of the captain's crew is too scared to come back outside. The flowerpot sides in Barries hand but the adrenaline coursing through his veins causes him to hold onto the pot harder than anything else before



Chapter 10

Barry gracefully moves through the ship as Callum stumbling behind they look to find a safe place in the ship and to sacrifice the pot to stop the raging storm and the impending cyclone. As they move through the hordes of ghost and boat moving side to side they crash into the wall of the boat, they don't get a second to breathe before their slammed forward as the boat to starts to fall into the eye of the storm.

They are forced into a room and as they reach a spot but as they reach for the handle the captain Grimshaw stands Infront of them stopping them in their tracks not allowing them to grab it.

Suddenly Callum comes down sliding through the captain landing as Barry tosses him the pot. Callum grabs the pot in both hands and begins to crush the clay creation.

The storm gets stronger and more violent as the last Chunk of clay is about to be crushed, the pot tries to fight back not letting Callum keep hold of it the wind fights the best it can crushing the windows and ripping the wood, but in the end, it was finished. The pot was nothing but dust in Callum's hands and the storm began to settle.

The suddenness of the holt of the boat caused it to be sent flying into the water collapsing into pieces. Callum and Barry hold onto the debris as they wait for help. The storm was finished.

As they lie there waiting for help, they notice a helicopter flying low overhead looking for them. They climb the ladder to the helicopter Callum loses his grip and almost falls off back into the water, but Barry catches him in time pulling him up into the helicopter as they fly off looking down at the wreck



Chapter 11

When the helicopter lands the two young men slowly walked out into the **bright** sun, the rays of light burning their eyes as the **crisp** wind covers them, wrapping them in a blanket of safety that they haven't felt in forever. Their faces light up with glee and joy after being able to defeat the evil ghost pirates, even at the sacrifice of the magical protea. They both smile at each other; lips cracked from being in the sun and skin dry from the sea water getting crashed into them. The atmosphere was reflecting this joyous mood as there was not a cloud in sight letting the sun be free to show off and the sky be a **bright** baby blue.

"Wow! I thought we were just going on a nice little get away to take a break from all the stress from work, but I think I'm even more anxious now more than ever!" Barry exclaimed in an exhausted tone hands wiping the sweat from his face.

Callum nods with enthusiasm hair stuck to his face despite his hat covering most of it. water drips down from his shirt onto the floor creating a puddle around as he states

"I know! I would take delivering one hundred pizzas in under an hour rather than fighting all of those ghosts any day. I'm never going on a cruise ship again!"

They start to walk away from the ship, determined to never set foot on a boat again. Callum stumbles as he tried to get away from the puddle he has created as Barry snorts at the sheer level of Callum's clumsiness. The two slowly make their way back home, their legs ache from running, too tired to work but the adrenaline that fills them prevents them from stopping.

By the time they get back their too exhausted to do anything. Callum falls onto the bed as Barry gets ready to take a shower to wash the salt from his body. Callum groans in agony as his body finally rest slowly drifting off to sleep to the sounds of the shower.

By the time barry gets out Callum is already asleep, Barry rolls his eyes at the sight of Callum knocked out on the bed still in his dirty clothes. Barry takes of Callum's hat and

hangs it on a hook before going to sleep on the couch making sure to dream about the flowerpot that saved them



The men on the Olympias

When a massive cyclone destroys an entire ship of pirates and their crew what would they do when they have the chance to destroy the thing that caused it. Barry is a flower shop owner who cares about his plants and best friend Callum a pizza delivery driver wins a raffle neither of them entered for a Cruise. They are shocked to find a rundown ship with strange crewmates waiting for them. Why are the crew so off and why being they so desperate for the flowerpot that holds Barry's favourite flower a protea. The Olympia holds many secrets, and those two best friends are about to find out what happens when the flowerpot feels endangered.

