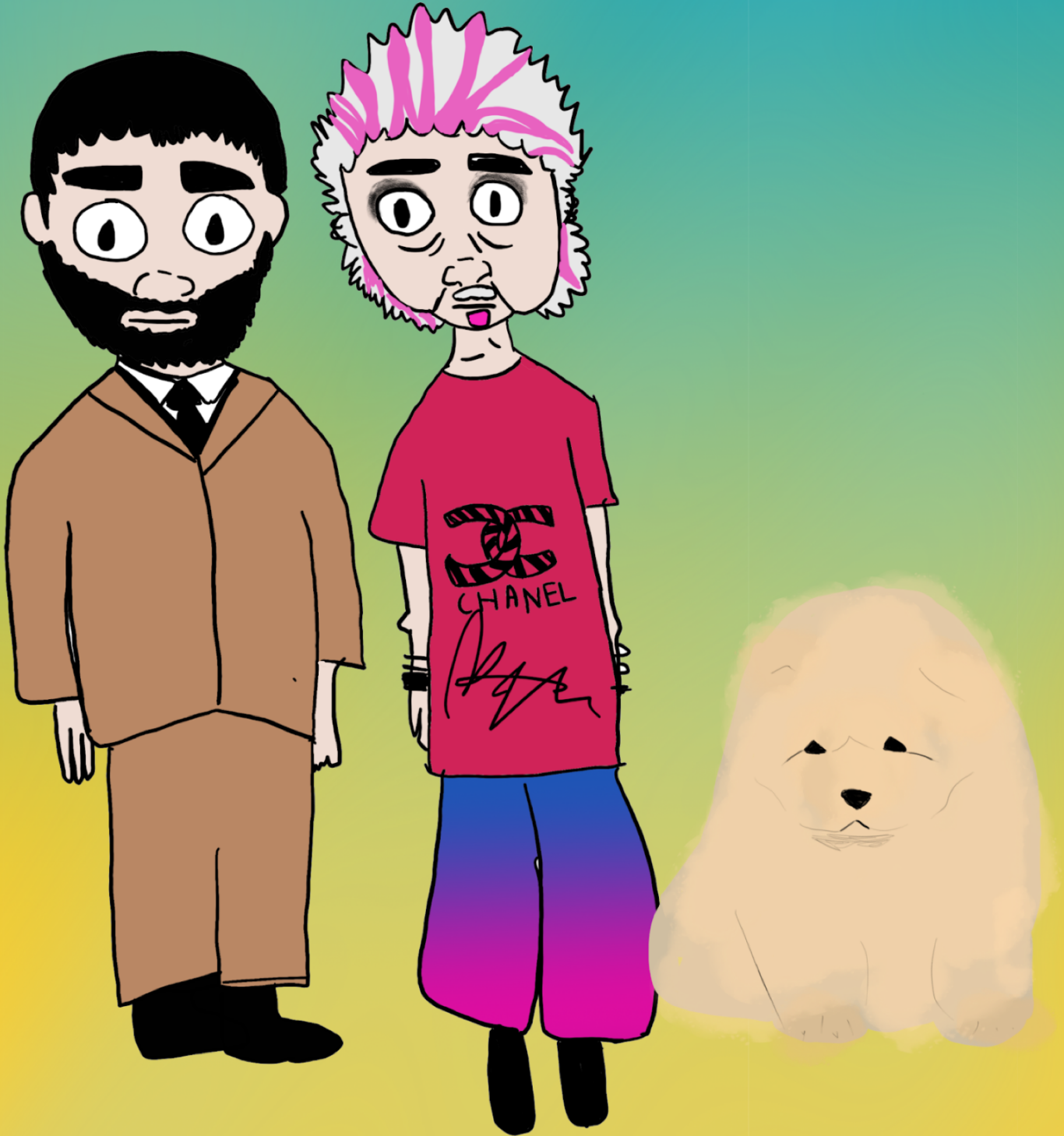


Moving Out



Written by the Iced Tea Bois



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: NBSC Manly Campus

TEAM NAME: Iced Tea Bois

TEAM ID: 251

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 Barrister

Primary character 2 Great uncle

Non-human character Dog

Setting Rock concert

Issue Moving house

Random words

Community

Skipped

Magic

Canvas

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

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Manly Selective Campus, 138 Abbott Rd, North Curl Curl NSW
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This book is dedicated to children in hospitals and the 'Kids Cancer Project'. I hope you enjoy our book, we put a lot of time and effort into it. Our team wishes you all good health and happiness.

Chapter One

“What’s the difference between a mosquito and a lawyer?” Balthazar called out to his great-nephew. Armani rolled his eyes.

“What?”

“One is a blood-sucking parasite, the other is an insect!” Balthazar roared with laughter.

“Oh, haha. Haven’t heard that one before.” Armani shoved his only pair of sweatpants in the suitcase, before turning to his prized collection of formal button-up shirts. He sighed.

“What’s up with you, Debbie Downer?” Armani dramatically rolled his eyes and tapped his foot.

“My shirts! My poor, poor shirts. They’ll be *creased*! How am I supposed to look professional with creased shirts!” He swept out of the room to find his cufflinks. Horacia trotted up to Balthazar, who leaned down to pet her. Armani stormed back into the room, head in hands.

“I’m getting coffee,” he groaned.

“Get me an iced latte.”

“What’s the magic word?”

“Lotion.” Balthazar quipped, and roared with laughter. Armani glared at him. Balthazar sighed.

“Please?”

“Fine.” Armani smirked and grabbed his weighty wallet and took off. He walked down the stairs, past Babs Mcgee (who insisted that he visit her sometime after they’d moved), and into The Grind. He walked up to the counter.



“Hi, I’m Jennifer. I’m the only one working today, so I’ll most likely be making your coffee.” She had a heart-shaped face, with minimally makeup and dark, heavily lashed eyes. She smiled brightly. “What can I get for you today? We currently have a special on cinnamon apple nut almond sugar cookie milkshake with extra cashew, it also comes with almond mil-”

“A long black and an iced latte please.” He cut her off rudely, but she stood oblivious to his snappiness, still bouncing around in her own happy little world.

“Ok! That sounds great!” She punched in the order. Armani started rifling through his wallet for a \$10 bill. She looked up from the machine and grinned, the beginnings of small talk building on her lips. “You look rather dapper. Are you going out?” He felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

“Uh, no. Work clothes, I guess.” He smiled awkwardly. “I’m a barrister.”

“A barista? Gosh, you’re dressed up! I haven’t seen you around. Do you work here? You live in these flats, right.”

“Er, not a barista, a *barrister*. It’s a type of lawyer.”

“Oh, cool!” she fumbled, and blathered on for a little while before finally giving up. There was an awkward silence. Armani put the bill on the counter and made his way over to the pick-up.

“Keep the change.” The barista was about to thank him, but he stalked away. After waiting a ridiculous amount of time, he finally was given the coffees and made his way back up to the apartment.

Chapter 2

Armani was soon back with the drinks. The conversation with that barista was very awkward, and he was glad that he would never see her again after moving far away. Talkative people were so annoying. Balthazar looked up in anticipation.

“Armani, m’boy, got that good good iced coffee?”

“No, I drank it.” He rolled his eyes condescendingly, and handed him the latte. Balthazar took a sip and sighed blissfully.

“Ah. Takes me right on back when I was a boy. It was a much harder time back then, kids have it so much easier now. We lived...” Balthazar droned on, seemingly for hours. At some point, Armani may have fallen asleep, though it could have just been him blacking out from boredom. Armani had respected and looked up to his uncle since his early childhood, but his stories could knock out anyone, and he had made some bad choices in life. As the sound of his own thoughts took over, Balthazar’s stories became fainter and fainter. He decided to paint to keep himself occupied, hoping not to get sucked into the lull of his Great-Uncle’s shaggy dog stories. Armani grabbed a fresh **canvas** and his oil paints that had cost a small fortune. He overlooked the busy street and started painting. The sun threw light over the canvas, which made the wet paint glossy. The paintbrush glided over the bumpy canvas, sweeping the shiny pigment smoothly, creating the shimmering oil copy of his beloved

Horacia. He had finally began to relax.

Armani was in his element - the paintbrush was his outlet, the canvas, where he truly felt like himself and could depict his view of the world. He let the colours encompass him and wash him away in their cadmium yellows and lapis blues, and he found the stress melting away. That was until his uncle started snoring. He smiled and shook his head, walking over to him. He tucked the blanket up to his chin and a pillow under his head. Armani turned off the lights and whispered,

“Sleep well, Uncle Balthazar.”



Balthazar wasn't one to be scared. But when he woke up to a painting of a Horacia a few meters from his face, he shrieked, terrified. Thankfully, Armani didn't hear. *Asleep*, he thought to himself. So he went to check on his great-nephew. He was a bit surprised to see his bed empty, made the same as it was that morning. He was more surprised when he realised he was the only one in the house - where was Armani? Did he have Horacia? Racing down the stairs faster than he ever had, Balthazar frantically dialled his great-nephew. After a few rings, he picked up.

"Hi, Great-uncle Balthazar," he answered.

"Where are you," he puffed. "Where's Horacia?"

"With me, at the dog park - are you alright?" Armani sounded very concerned. *Silly of me to worry... He isn't a child.*

"I'm fine. Just thought you might have disappeared. Be back soon."

"Alright, bye!" Balthazar began walking up the stairs, plucking his AirPods from their case. He started his AC/DC playlist. Armani took too much care of that dog in Balthazar's opinion. He could do so much more and make so many friends instead. Armani would never listen to him, he would reply saying that he is jealous of Horacia. Before he knew it, he was napping on the couch again.

"Great-uncle Balthazar," Armani shook his uncle awake. "Great-uncle Balthazar!"

"What?" he groaned, rolling over.

"You haven't started packing yet! You need to!"



"Packin' shmackin," he mumbled. "I will take the dog and leave you." "I'm up, I'm up!" Groggily, Balthazar walked to his room and started throwing his clothes in his boxes messily. "That's so unorganized." Armani disapproved. Balthazar chucked a shirt at him in return. "Maybe you can pack it for me." "Ok, ok, I'll leave." Armani strolled away in retreat. He never wanted to clean up after Balthazar, just imagining packing all of his clothes brought a wave of weariness to Armani.

Chapter 3

After a long day of neatly packing his shirt collection and his canvas painting of Horacia, Armani went to check on Balthazar who was procrastinating by autographing his own clothing.

“So,” he questioned while trying not to step on his hair spray and clutter.

“Where are we moving to again?” Balthazar swept his greasy hot-pink highlights back into his hair nervously.

“Oh, somewhere nice, not too quiet. Although it might be a bit of a fixer-upper, it is close to work.” He stuttered sheepishly, “I really hope you like it, there is a great music community there too.” A flash of ideas ran through Armani’s mind from a classy jazz band to a large new house right next to his work. He beamed with excitement and went off to give Horacia her last spa bath before moving. Surely a house this perfect with such a cheap price must be too good to be true to Armani, but he refused to question his hopes and continued filing Horacia’s nails. After her bath, Armani trimmed Horacia’s fur and put her in a cute little suit to match his outfit. Taking care of Horacia was Armani’s favourite past time as well as painting. It was basically a way to catch up on his own missed childhood, and Horacia was his best friend. Seeing her eyes glimmer in the light as she would play in the grass or play fetch with Armani made him feel proud of himself, she was his only non-human companion after years of hard work and missed socialisation. He looked around his modern condo one last time, making sure that everything was spotless. From his neat bare kitchen to his empty room only filled with stacked cardboard boxes, Armani felt a bright future ahead, where he and his great-uncle could put aside their differences and live a happy life together. Living closer to work would allow him to have more time to work on his and Balthazar’s relationship, which eventually would result in him getting a job and supporting the household one day, maybe even getting his own.

Chapter 4

Balthazar felt the overwhelming weight of guilt on his shoulders. He thought of how he should have been more specific about the house to prevent getting Armani's hopes up as he stared at his signed posters of himself, his signed guitar and all of the wrinkled clothing piled all over his room. Soon his overthinking had been interrupted by a deafening toot of the moving truck. Armani rushed in Balthazar's room only to see that he was still not even close to being fully packed up and ready to move.

"Great-Uncle Balthazar!" He yelled. "Why aren't you ready? I told you that the truck would be here soon!" Balthazar rolled his eyes and reluctantly dragged his rock star posters off the wall before dumping his items into his boxes as Armani winced at his carelessness. He grabbed his black "Off Black" gym bag and directed the men he hired to carry their boxes into the truck. They were doing a terrible job, and were constantly hitting the boxes against the wall obliviously. Balthazar was furious. His precious guitar was in one of those beat-up boxes. That thing had been given to him by Angus Young - it was priceless. He groaned as the men simply didn't acknowledge him. *If anyone is listening*, he prayed silently, *please save my guitar. Please.*

"Stop, stop STOP!" He shouted, "You are doing an absolutely terrible job! My guitar could break, it's really expensive! It was given to me by Angus Young. Do you know anything?" The workmen did not seem to care and carried on with swiftly loading the truck as Balthazar ran around them with a worried expression.

It was an awfully awkward ride to the new house. Balthazar didn't say much to Armani, he was too nervous to talk because he was scared of ruining Armani's expectations. Armani was looking out the window. The houses were old and quaint, full of ancient weeds and rusty fences. A flash of confusion appeared on his face.

"Great-Uncle Balthazar," he began, "Are you sure we are in the right neighbourhood?"

"Seems right to me, Armani"

"Is our house in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes, I checked a couple of days ago, remember?"

All of Armani's hopes for a happy household fell like dominos. Knowing his Great-Uncle, there was probably no new large house, but only a small old house with a music **community** that was not in his music choice. Armani was heavily disappointed, but the only thing he could do was get mad at Balthazar for getting a bad house.

"So I'm guessing that the music is not a jazz band." He continued. Balthazar had long forgotten about his vague description of the new house.

"Jazz Band?" He chuckled. "It's just a rock concert."

Armani sighed, his heart dropping. He was getting more and more disappointed every second. Bringing his great-uncle and Horacia to live with him was a mistake. Balthazar was crazy.

Insane. The cons were piling up quickly. His mind was racing with possibilities. *What if Balthazar never lived with me? Would I be better off? Would he have been alright?* The truck came to a hard stop, and they were finally there. Armani was mortified at the sight of their new house.

Chapter 5

The house had clearly once been friendly, that should be made clear. Remnants of its charming sandstone veneer crumbled at the ground, honeysuckle that had long since outgrown its guiding stakes strangled the mouldy swing on the porch. The house itself had once stood tall and proud, but time and lack of care had stooped and rotted its spine, and it now it leaned dangerously toward the ground. A plane tree fanned over the entire yard, the pitted trunk twisted and uneven. The leaves cast the house in green shadow, and its spiky seed cases were scattered haphazardly about the front yard. Spider-like cracks crawled over one window, and the glass in the other was gone completely, save for some jagged, dirty crags.

Armani's skin turned ashen. It was hideous. Perhaps there was still some sort of charm in its kaleidoscope of imperfections, and maybe there was something about what it once would have been that reminded Armani of where he had grown up, but it was a fair sight short of 'a bit of a fixer-upper'. Armani did not consider himself a snob, no, not at all, but he liked his little luxuries. And this house contained none of them.

"She's a real beauty, isn't she? A little run-down, I guess, but it's big! Real big! And look at all the nice flowers. Great price too, and you just can't beat this location, so close to work an' all..."

Balthazar trailed off, realising Armani wasn't listening. Armani let his bag thud dramatically to the footpath, and slowly walked to the front door. Well, there was no door. Instead, a black hole like a missing tooth yawned in the middle of the porch. He walked in, and the smell hit him like a punch to the solar plexus, deep and gut-wrenching



. It was the smell of years of decay, years of abandonment, with only drunk teenagers and vermin to keep it company, doing who knows what within its stained and faded walls. It was the stench of loneliness, of darkness, of summers, autumns, winters and springs gnawing at its grimy interior, heating it, choking it with dust, filling it with leaves, coating it with frost, and then blowing it all away with strong spring gusts. When his eyes adjusted, Armani could see the house properly. In too little time, he had fully explored the house. It was very simple, two bedrooms, an open plan living room and kitchen, and a cringingly small bathroom. By some miracle, the pipes and electricity still worked- probably a dodgy landlord paying the council rates and not bothering to take care of anything else. Armani silently thanked whatever higher power that had gifted him with the blessing of being able to have a hot shower and a coffee in this ramshackle house.

Chapter 6

Balthazar was fidgeting at the front door, watching Armani's every move for any signs of disapproval. He didn't have to look very hard. Armani wordlessly took the bigger bedroom, figuring he deserved it. He'd had a rough day. It still only had a single bed- god, the last time he'd slept in a single bed would have been when he was just a kid, 9, maybe 10. The windows were hung with neatly pulled-back lace curtains that crumbled at a touch. The master bedroom had somehow remained untouched by generations of squatters and rats, and the smell of disturbed dust and sun warmed linen took him back to those Friday afternoons when his parents had been away all week. The Friday afternoons when he'd stayed at Great Uncle Balthazar's, the mousy smelling waffle floral patterned sheets, the jam-filled lamingtons they'd buy from the little bakery on the corner of Baker and McDonald. He'd grown up comfortable, of course, well-off, some would say. There was no lack of money in his past, the only thing he was starved of was affection. Mum and Dad just weren't... *there*. Always working, or whisking away on long holidays, or meeting friends at fancy houses he wasn't to put his dirty little feet in. They could easily explain their disappearances, but they never explained their absence in Armani's life, which couldn't have been incidental. Balthazar had been his father, his mother, his grandparents, his only real family. Of course, he loved Balthazar. He adored Balthazar. However, being with Balthazar sometimes was too much - he acted like he was a teenager far too often. Armani couldn't always play Happy Families. He had a life, a dog, a house to take care of, so sometimes Armani would be home alone for days at a time, only the staff and his parents' extensive library for company. He'd never had many friends, the superficial worries of the grimy schoolchildren seemed so stupid. Instead, he'd buried himself in his father's beautiful leather-bound volumes detailing criminal law. He'd kind of **skipped** childhood. Always studious, he'd finished high school, and then university with flying colours, and moved in with Balthazar. His train of thought was interrupted by an onslaught of responsibility. He was so far from work now. Did buses even go to this dank little suburb? The courthouse where he worked was so far now.



But hadn't Balthazar said they were closer to work? Wasn't that why they had moved to this rundown shack in the first place?

"Great-uncle Balthazar?"

"Armani?"

"How is work closer? Isn't that why we moved?"

"Haha, um, well, I mean, uh, my work."

"What?"

"I, it's kind of funny, I'm... I sing."

"*What?*"

"I'm a - well, I -" he muttered at the floor.

"Get to the point!" Horacia whimpered at the yelling.

"I'm in a band. The concert hall is next door. I did tell you. Remember. On the way here. The concert hall." Armani stared in disbelief.

"You - you lied to me! It's a super broken-down old house, next to a loud concert hall, leaving everything, my work, our little apartment... Did you even *think* about what this means for me? We're miles from the courthouse! How am I supposed to get there? A non-existent car? *Walking?*"

"I-I figured you wouldn't mind."

"*I'm paying the bills!* How could you be so selfish?"

A sob rose in Armani's throat, and he sank to his knees, his face buried in his hands. It was all... just too much. He was alone again, the responsibilities all on his shoulders. There wasn't a library to hide in here. Balthazar looked down on Armani. Poor kid. Kid, no, he was an adult, a fully grown man. What was he doing crying on the floor?

"Chin up, man."

Armani buried his face further into his hands, and his sobbing intensified. Balthazar inwardly scoffed. The boy was sensitive. Always had been. Balthazar had tried to toughen him up, tried to knock that weak streak out of him, but these new-age values had crept into his mind. He was acting like a child.

"Chin up, kid."

"Don't you *dare* tell me what to do. Don't you dare imply that I'm weak. Don't ever, *ever* say that I'm doing something wrong. I'm not the washed-up, broke man living with his *great-nephew!*"

The petulance of it shocked them both.



"It's really not that big of a deal. I love what I do, just like you do. The music, man, it's like the magic in me. C'mon, smile, bro. Harden up a little. God, you're acting like a girl." Shame struck him hard. He knew as soon as he said it he shouldn't have. Armani blanched, and his face crumpled like a can. Balthazar sighed and checked his watch. "We've got a gig in an hour. I need to leave."

"No problem, so do I." Armani grunted. He grabbed his bags and stormed off.

"Armani! Dude! Be a man. You can't just leave." Horacia barked at him, running forward before her leash held her back.

He watched his nephew turn towards him. "Watch me."

Chapter 7

Ugh, I should just leave. Armani sat quietly at the back of the concert hall. *He was selfish. He needs to apologise. Why does he have to be a rockstar? Why can't he have a normal, dependable job? Another one of Great Uncle Balthazar's stupid decisions.* Another voice in his head chimed in. *He's your family. He raised you.* His internal struggle was drowned underneath a loud microphone screech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the host announced. "Please welcome a crowd favourite - The Flaming Hot Cheetos!" The crowd screamed, presumably in excitement. And then he was there. Balthazar walked on stage.

"Tonight, we'll be singing a new song. I dedicate it to my great-nephew, who I've been horrible to. I hope he can forgive me." The crowd cheered back. He began to play his bass, and drums kicked in. Armani squeezed into the crowd. He leaned over to a girl next to him. "You like these guys?" She looked at him strangely.

"Uh, duh. They're like, the new face of rock. Literally, like, why would I be here if I didn't," A guy walked over.

"When that guy **sings**," he pointed at Balthazar, still playing his bass. "It moves me. His music is **magic**. A masterpiece." They melted into the crowd. The crowd was prepared to dance along and cheer. The build up to the song was melting everyone, and they all wanted to know who Balthazar's great-nephew was. Armani overheard the girls next to him whisper.

"This nephew sounds awesome. I wonder where he is." He felt a sigh of relief, as he was far from being suspected of being Balthazar's great-nephew.





Then Balthazar started singing.

“OOH YEAH
WE ALL GOT REGRET
I WISH I COULD FORGET
I NOW HAVE TO SCHLEP
THIS WEIGHT OF GUILT
ON MY SHOULDERS!
FEELS LIKE I’M CARRYING A BOULDER
ON MY SHOULDERS
YEAH, YEAH
I’M SO SORRY
YOU ARE LIKE A SON TO ME
REMEMBER WHEN WE GOT HORACIA
A PRECIOUS LITTLE CHOW CHOW
REMEMBER WHEN WE FOUND THE APARTMENT
AND BABS MCGEE
ARMANI
YOU ARE A SON TO ME
PLEASE COME BACK TO ME
OOH YEAH
I’VE KNOWN YOU SINCE YOU WERE A LITTLE BABY
OH BOY
ARMANI
IM SORRY

I’M SORRY I TREATED YOU LIKE A BABY
OOH YEAH I’M SO SORRY
THAT I DIDN’T TREAT YOU RIGHT
I WANT YOU BACK
WANT WANT YOU BACK
OH BOY
ARMANI
I WANT YOU BACK

I love you Armani
You’re a son to me
Please come back Armani
You’re everything to me
I love you Armani
You’re a son to me
Oh, come back Armani,
You’re everything to me”



The whole crowd was cheering wildly. Balthazar looked into the audience and his crinkled, weary eyes found Armani's watering ones. When he walked out, Armani launched himself into his arms.

"I-I'm so, so sor-rry," he choked. Balthazar patted his head in empathy. He understood now, the pressure on the man's shoulders. It wasn't weak of his boy to show emotion, it was strong, brave to be able to express who he was.

"No," he breathed. "I should be sorry. And we can move." Armani looked at him.

"I'm happy where we are. Like you said, it's just a little fixer upper." And when he smiled, the old man smiled back. He was glad that Armani was finally content with their new house. Before, they'd thought they would only find joy if the other changed. Now they'd accepted each others quirks, they could finally be happy.

The End



"Balthazar and Armani were brought together by circumstance, but they love each other by choice. A riveting story, and a beautiful message."



Armani is a Barrister who lives with his lovable dog, Horacia. All is going well until his great uncle Balthazar finds himself in financial trouble and is forced to move in with Armani in a new house. Moving day comes and Armani is very upset with the house that Balthazar has chosen. Will they put aside their differences and realise that true happiness comes with communication and following your dreams.



"Outrageously funny - Horacia is the most beautiful little dog! I want a chow chow of my own."

Ages 10 - 16