life Beyond The Coloured Notes
Title: Life beyond the coloured notes

Mazenod College

Born of Osiris

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The computer has selected the following parameters which you must use to write your story for the children at Princess Margaret Hospital. You can invent as many other characters as you like but these characters must be the main ones.

Primary Character 1: Bricklayer
Primary Character 2: Booklover
Non-Human Character: Orang-utan
Setting: University
Issue: Money is not Worth Anything

Random Words which must appear at least once somewhere in the story:
- Hectic
- Fascinating
- Cantankerous
- Furry
- Curious

You should think-tank your story for:
- 1 hour: Map the characters 15 minutes
- Draw a rough map of the setting 10 minutes
- Make up the plot around the issue and how it is resolved 15 minutes
- Break up the story into chapters and allocate the chapter to each person - 20 minutes

Then write, illustrate, edit, compile and bind your book. Achieve your word count, and email your book to wabiad@writeabookinaday.com before 8.00pm.
Acknowledgement:

It time to acknowledge those who made this book happen

We Thank Mr. Derby for organizing and facilitating this day, we also thank him for staying with us to the end and to the Mazenod College Library staff members for allowing us to use their facilities and expertise. But we thank all the authors that gave up their day to write and produce this book.

We dedicate this book to the children

Of princess Margret Hospital, we hope

That this book brings you some joy and happiness.
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Chapter One:

A young Alfonse DiRosilia, his bag pulling at his back; bending it into an awkward and uncomfortable position as he walked along the small, overgrown path. The year had gone slowly and payed a toll on him, a long away from his oppressive family back in Florence. He had to leave, come to this new place. Venturing here was a reprieve, the open land, blue skies were inviting to his kindred spirit. As he walked down, past the dry grass he watched people chatting away in small groups. The University of Delroy had been here for years, thousands of people had walked through the gates that Alfonse was about to. He was greeted by huge wrought iron gates and a small, almost quaint beige pillbox, with a woman reading the paper. She greeted Alfonse in an uplifting voice, “First day on campus I see, welcome to the University.” She smiled and waved him in. As he stepped through the gates the path opened up to greet him with a massive, old building with the words, “ADMINISTRATION BLOCK” written in big, bold, black letters. As he walked merrily to the building, the buzz of excitement grew as he saw students, young and old with professors and lecturers chatting or simply keeping each other company as they walked to their cars or to the next class. The electric excitement grew as he closed the distance between himself and the building. It rose above him; vines grew up the side and tangled around the windows and rafters. The gardens filled with native flowers, and roses, colours of deep red and bright blue and deep purple, the whole environment overwhelmed his senses in a positive, good way. The smells of recently watered dirt filled the air, with the sweet aroma of blue bells and tulips. Creating a heavenly environment. He walked up the steps, entering the building, the walls covered with art. He passed people, who smiled and nodded, occasionally stopping to chat to a few. He got to the front desk, the clerks man greeted him and instructed him to which dorm he would be staying in and gave him a map, then offered him a guide to take him there but Alfonse respectfully declined. As he explored the campus he watched couples walking through, he seemed invisible to the others. He observed every crevice and nook of the university with the excitement of a child after he was given a new toy.

Alfonse short, dark hair mirrored the shadows of the tree he sat under, the dark mulch under him felt unnaturally soft, he was so relaxed for the first time in years. His red shirt stood out amongst the flowers around him, the hectic bustle of people around him blurred and warped until he ignored it. The colours and sound of the people were a symphony to his ears, this environment was totally different to what
he was used to. Again he was invisible to the people around him; he had no flat-
mate in the dorm, so he was still alone to do as he pleased. He checked his wallet,
counting through making sure he had what was needed if he ran into some
emergency. Alfonse’s olive skin seemed darker in the shadow; he sat and looked
out into the open watching people pass by, his brown eyes passing over people as
they went on and plants. Around the corner came a younger man and looked at me
then sat down, “So you new here too?” he questioned, “I am, I’m here to study
Journalism, really excited…oh…how rude of me, I’m Jeremy Higsmot…and you
are?” Alfonse looked at him confused; he had never been confronted by a stranger
in such a way. He looked at him confused, “Um…Yeah I got to go,” and like that
he walked away and contemplated his encounter as he went back to his dorm, as he
walked back a young woman brushed past him, she was beautiful but he kept
moving, he walked through the winding corridors and went off to sleep.

As he work he looked through his pack, studying the required book list for law
class, he pulled out the stuffed orang-utan and pulled it out, his mother gave it to
him, he cast it aside. He was missing a Ugandan law book he needed for a
research assignment. After he staked the books he had on the small shelf next to
his bed he set off to the library on the other side of campus. He put his shoes back
on and pulled out a blue striped jumper on and walked out. The air was crisp, the
cooling breeze made it feel colder than it was. The trees were light up from
beneath by coloured flood lights, names of buildings and dorms as well. The
darkness added a thick layer of mystery to the outer grounds, the business rooms
were overhung with mist creating an eyrie atmosphere around them. The night was
thick, the walk was long and the campus was different at night, the lights seemed
unnatural compared to the daylight. The sun was hanging on the horizon, dimming
slowly. The air smelt of coffee from a day of teachers and student drinking it
around the campus, carrying the smell with them. His feet felt heavy as he neared
the library, he had no idea what to expect. It was an old building with a plain
exterior. A dull white, mixed with brown, the huge glass doors loomed ahead, he
pushed them open and headed inside. Looking down he saw signs telling him as to
what direction to head…he began to walk down the hall.
Chapter Two

As he was walking down the corridor towards the library, he was thinking of different possible jobs that he can get. Imagining possibilities of getting income strangely made his mind clear and serene.

Step by step that he was making towards the library, he was also making inside of his head deducting the strategy, a plan for his assignment.

Reaching the end of a corridor, he saw a large pair of wooden doors, with strange ornaments, which send intrigue into him. He was amazed at how much the university has wasted money on these pointless decorations.

As he opened the door, he heard a loud creak in the door, it seemed it was not oiled properly, which ridiculed Alfonse even further.

“Good afternoon.”- said an old lady behind the information desk.

“Good afternoon.”- returned Alfonse, while looking around the library. It was a fairly large library and had 3 levels filled up with books. Thinking that he’ll spend the whole day there simply trying to find the book, he decided to ask the librarian for the book or at least for directions.

“Umm, excuse me. I am looking for a book, on civil laws of the states in Uganda.”- awkwardly asked Alfonse.

“Yes, sure. Perchance are you a new student? Even though you don’t look that young. Do you have a library card? “- said librarian lady.

“No, I don’t have a library card.”- he said ignoring her first question with a complex face.

Librarian noticed his awkward expression and wryly smiled, while opening multiple draws and taking a bunch of paper out. Alfonse looked at the amazing amount of paper with shock. Thinking that his day was over he was prepared to die from over exhaustion doing this paperwork, when the librarian took out a small piece of paper out of all that pile of destroyed forests.

“That’s the one. Can you please fill this form?”- said librarian.

“Yes, sure”- said Alfonse, after sighing in relief.

After he received his library card, the librarian has told him that on the third floor in second row, there is section on foreign civil laws. After he thanked the lady, he proceeded to the spiral stairs that led him to the second floor. There he saw many rows filled with many books, just thinking the amount of stories and opinions each book contained, made him astounded. Even though he was a bricklayer before he joined university, he loved reading books. The rows were organised chaotically, some were placed parallel some were perpendicular to each other, if not for the signs that were showing directions, walking through the rows would be similar to strolling through the labyrinth. It gave Alfonse a sense of having a journey. Even
though he was a young man, here he was fascinated by such a simple thing like a kid. When he reached the stairs to the third floor a grin appeared on his face. The spiral stairs were pink and had teddy bears imbedded on the handle, making it look incredibly hilarious. The thought that university managing team wasted their money pointlessly crossed his mind again. When he reached the third floor, he recalled librarian’s directions.

“Straight, then right, then right again, then straight, then left… I think”- mumbled Alfonse to himself as if chanting while taking his steps. It was indeed extremely awkward, the organization of a library that is.

When he reached the section he saw a girl standing there and looking for a book. She was slim and had blonde hair as well as an expensive looking blue coat on. As he approached closer, she noticed him and he saw her face. She was fairly attractive and had refined features. She looked at him and greeted him. He also looked and also said “Hello”, then started to search for the book on the opposite row from her. He saw a legion of books staring but none of them was the one that he was looking for. After spending some time in search, he was really irritated. Going through the first shelf, took him ten minutes, going through the second row it took another ten, slowly frustration was starting to gather inside of him. Then she asked him a question.

“What book are you looking for?”-she said.

“Um… Civil laws of Uganda. It should be somewhere here”- he responded.

“Oh, that’s the one I need for my assignment”- she declared, with easy tone.

“Huh, I need it for my assignment, too”- chuckled Alfonse, without looking back at her.

“If you find it can you share it with me?”- she asked.

“Ok, if you find it though can you share it with me ?”- he said while thinking that this way their problem would be solved.

“Yeah, sure”- she answered.

Skimming through the sixth shelf Alfonse noticed a book. It was a really old book, with its cover almost completely withered, you could still barely see the its title.

“Success. Found it”- said Alfonse with relief.

“Great!”- she exclaimed with joy.

While Alfonse was swiping the dust form the book with his hand, he turned around where he saw her looking at him and having joyful expression. He raised the book on his head level and then stretched his hand towards her giving it to her. She took it, looked at it smiled and said-

“There’s a study are just behind these 2 rows”.

“How can you navigate in this place?”- said Alfonse with astonished voice.

“Oh it’s really easy if you’ve been here 4-5 times before, you’ll learn.”- She coquettishly answered and then started to walk.
“Hahaha… right”- awkwardly answered Alfonse and followed her.
When they reached the study area, they saw only 2 people sitting there. Alfonse
chose the closest desk and sat down. She followed after him and sat down beside
him; she placed the book between them and opened it. Suddenly he realised that he
didn’t ask her name.
“Umm, I haven’t introduced myself. My name is Alfonse. What’s your name?” -
said Alfonse, while thinking about his own incompetence.
“Oh, ha-ha. My name is Alanna. Nice to meet you, Alfonse.”-she said slightly
surprised.
“Yeah, nice to meet you Alanna”- replied Alfonse.
“So what courses are you doing here?”- she asked.
“I’m doing law. What about you?”- said Alfonse, while sighing and taking out his
notebook from the backpack that he was wearing before. He opened the book and
starting skim reading and taking notes.
“oh, law. That’s pretty serious. You had top marks in the school didn’t you? I’m
doing journalism by the way.”- She said while repeating Alfonse actions. She had a
cute small blue bag.
“No, not really. I actually had to drop out from school. I was a bricklayer just a
half a year ago.”- he said with troubled expression. He did not feel pleasant telling
her about his past it was not that fascinating. Out of all his sisters and brothers he
was the oldest, the future of the family was on his shoulders after all.
“Why the sudden change then?”- She said while smiling.
“Huh, I had to start earning better money, whether I liked or not. Law-related jobs
have high income after all.”- He told her. After all he could not tell her that he lost
his previous job and was pressured by his family into going to university on law
degree. They’ve paid their money for his tuition, before taking his wishes into
account. His expression gloomed.
“Ignoring money and income, what would you want to be?’ – She said with serious
expression.
‘What would you want to be?’, these words echoed in his mind.
Chapter Three

Alfonse questioned, “What do you mean by that?” as he continued to take down notes on ‘The Civil Laws of Uganda’

“I get the notion that you don’t actually want to go into law, yet you’re studying it.” She replied as she also took down notes on ‘The Civil Laws of Uganda’

“I have to, being the first in my family to achieve higher place learning. I’ve got to make the most out of it.”

“I was born into a well off family and from a young age. I was always taught to be the best, to make lots of money. I was never told to do what I enjoyed, but when I grew up I couldn’t bring myself to commit into something I would despise for the rest of my life, so took up journalism and I’ve never regretted it”

Alfonse pondered this for a second replying, “What did your parents want you to do?”

“Well my father owns a successful chain of small hardware stores throughout the city, while my mother works as a surgeon. Respectively my father wanted me to study business while my mother insisted I would study a bachelor of medicine. You can see the problem I have one of my parents are saying one thing when the other is saying a totally different path. I think this is the reaction why they split they just couldn’t agree. I guess it was another reason I chose to study journalism. By the way, you still haven’t told me what you really want to do.”

Alfonse sighed, “I really do want to study law I want to make a lot of money”

“Don’t you want to be happy?” Alanna smiled

“I am happy, Im in university, I’ve achieved something no one in my family has.”

“Are you sure you will continue to be happy?”

Just as Alfonse started to ponder this he remembered the lecture he was going to attend later on, while looking at his metallic wrist watch Alfonse stands up “I’ve got a lecture to go to.”

“Got it, I’ll be here all day if you want to come back after and continue reading through the book”

“Sure thing, I’ll be about four hours until I get back.”
The midday sun light lit up Alfonse face as he walked out of the library and into the square. The autumn leaves blew along on the ground, kicked around by pass byers heading along to their daily activities. He headed to his lecture on the ‘Australian constitution and its effects on the Aboriginal community’ with his note book and pen in hand. The lecture was held in one of the older building on the campus, larger coarse bricks spaced unevenly presented an old, dark medieval look to the building, only broken by modern renovations. The inside of the lecture room was newly refurbished with large black curtains behind the lecture stand. Alfonse sat down clicked his pen and began to take notes as the lecturer started to speak but soon found himself stuck, pondering what Alanna had said. Was he happy? He was happy that he made it into uni, but was he happy about going into law? He never thought about it before. He always wanted to go into law because he was always told how much money he would make, he never really gave it a second thought or even what it involved.

“And that was the end of his first lecture ‘the Australian constitution and its effects on the Aboriginal Community’”

A bust of people rose up and flooded the doorway. “Huh? How long was I out?” Alfonse said out loud with no return. He was one of the last people to leave. The sun had started to fall but it was still bright. Checking the time Alfonse realized the lecture had gone over time and was 30min late to study the book with Alanna.

He quickly paced himself to the library Alfonse walked through the door, slowing down he tried to remember the path to where he thought she was before he saw Alanna at the other end of the room; she smiled and waved him over.

“What took you so long?”

“Sorry, lecture went over time.”

“You know you can leave those anytime? I doubt it was extremely interesting.”

Alfonse chuckles “I, kind fell asleep” and started taking notes where he left off in the book.

“You can keep it now I finished reading it after you left.”

“Thanks” Alfonse replied as he pocketed the book in his bag.

“I’m heading to the indigenous heritage centre soon I want to show you to meet somebody. Want to tag along?” Alanna chirply said as she stood up.”

Alfonse was curious; standing up he said “sure, who are we meeting?”
“You’ll see, just follow me”
Chapter four

Alfonse kept a steady pace with Alanna towards the Indigenous Heritage Centre. This rich girl was trying to teach him about the value of money, he already knows what money was worth; money is what separated the failures from the successful, at least that’s what his family had told him.

“this is just a waste of time” he says scoffing at her “what would these aboriginals know about money anyway, they are a bunch of nomads”

“Exactly” came her reply “they know more about the real value of money than anybody else”

They came to a stop in front of a newer looking building, various indigenous Australian artworks and writings scrawl their way across the walls, the doors creak open as Alanna stepped through who motioned for Alfonse to follow her. The light chocolate skinned receptionist gave a smile to Alanna as she came through.

“Alanna, are you here to see Mr Boolyaka?” she asked Alanna

“yeah, I know I don’t have an appointment but I was hoping he would make an exception just for today?” Alanna hoped

“well I think I can make an exception just this once” a third thick indigenous voice put in “who’s this wadjela you’ve brought with you this time?”

Alfonse turned to where a door had opened and an old dark skinned aboriginal walked out . The man wore very simplistic clothing that looked like it had been bought second hand. His dark eyes seemed to twinkle lightly as he looked over the pair. His scruffy white tinted beard bounced as he talked and he extended a gnarled hand out towards Alfonse

“Robert Boolyaka” the elder introduced himself and shook Alfonse’ hand “how you doin’?”

“Alfonse DiRosilia” the young man introduced himself to the older aboriginal “im doing very well, yourself?”

“as well as an old bugger like me can be” laughed Robert, he then turned to Alanna and gave her the same warm welcome “so what is it you came in for Alanna?”

“well Alfonse here wants to learn about your culture” she said to Robert, returning the handshake “if you don’t have the time…”
“Ah I got plenty of time” Robert interrupted and with a wave of his hand he motioned the two to follow him through to his office “come on through you two”

The pair walked through to Robert’s ‘office’ of four seats around a coffee table. Robert walked over to a cheap kettle which sat in the corner on a table with a stack of Styrofoam cups next to some tea bags and coffee powder. Robert did have a Jarrah desk, but there was no computer on it just pens and stacks of paper. On the back wall hung a bachelor’s degree in commerce and next to it a degree in cultural studies.

“cup of coffee or tea?” he offered as he put a tea bag into one of the cups

“I’m fine thanks” Alfonse politely declined

“You don’t need to stand up, please have a seat” Robert smiled warmly at the pair who took him up on his offer and sat down “now Alfonse, what is it you know about the aboriginals?”

“well, admittedly, not too much outside of the legal decisions made” Alfonse admitted embarrassed “I know that they believe the land belongs to them”

“not really” Robert corrected “nobody can really own land but they can belong to the land”

“so your people believe that they belong to the land?” Alfonse repeated a little confused “so they believe that the land they are on owns them?”

“somewhat” the elder explained and pursed his mouth as he thought of a way to explain it “before Europeans set foot here the tribes would wander across the land and would live off the land, in that way we would be dependent on the land”

“so the land was how you lived?” Alfonse asked the elder “and without the land the aboriginal people wouldn’t have survived?”

“pretty much” the elder nodded “which is the reason that the aboriginal people feel a connection with the land”

“well why not monetize on the land?” Alfonse asked “as a tourism opportunity?”

“well what would be the point in that?” Robert asked him “why would we need to make money off of the land when we already have enough?”

“But you could be living in luxury” Alfonse responded confused “and never have to worry about money”
“well that’s the thing Alfonse” Robert smiled “Money is not worth anything, so why worry about something that’s worth nothing?”

“Money not worth anything,” Alfonse looked sceptically at the old man “what do you mean?”

“Money is only what worth that you give it” the Elder said wisely “money is only worth material goods to me, what’s important to me is what I hold close”

“so your saying that I shouldn’t give money any worth?” Alfonse asked

“I’m saying that it shouldn’t be worth anything if it’s not what you want” the elder said to him.

“So” Alanna, who had been silently watching from her seat the entire time, spoke up “do you see what I mean now, how money really does have little to no value if you so choose to give it no value”

“I need to go” Alfonse got out of his chair, his entire life of being told that money was everything beginning to crumble around him. “Thank you Mr Boolyaka for taking the time out of your day to talk to me, I need to think”

“Alone” Alfonse said as Alanna moved to follow him “please”
Chapter Five

The phone call came at seven that night, as it always did. Alfonse rested his head on his pillow and stared at the ceiling, wondering how he was going to break the news to his parents. A slight crackle preceded the conversation, and he took a moment to imagine his parents crowded around the phone. They were old, Alfonse’s parents, dinosaurs from a world where phones were only used on birthdays and christmas.

‘Hello?’ came the slightly accented voice of his mother, a squat, slightly rounded woman. Alfonse associated her with the innocuous scents of herbs and spices. She always phrased her introductions as a question when using the phone, as if a ghost was listening on the other end of the wire.

‘Hello.’ His mother and father passed the phone between them. Alfonse barely suppressed a sigh.

‘How was school?’ His mother said. Traditionally, Alfonse would reply ‘It’s university, mama’. Not today.

‘What’s wrong?’

‘I’m switching courses.’ He regretted the words as soon as they left his mouth, but there was also a sense of relief. No turning back now.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I don’t want to study law. I’m going to change courses- to journalism, maybe.’

Even the crackle dimmed.

***

It was like the interview from hell.

‘Why?’ Alfonse could imagine his father sitting on their tattered couch, face blank. His father was the kind of person you would mistake for a high-ranking employee of the mafia. For a while, as a kid, Alfonse had believed that his father actually had been a godfather, and the notion persisted somewhere in the back of his mind. Not a man to cross.

‘I’ve decided that I don’t really want to spend my life being a lawyer’
'I don’t understand. You’ve been at uni for almost a year. Why now?’

‘Yeah, but… I don’t think I actually cared about studying or defending cases or anything else a lawyer has to do. I cared about the money’

‘And?’ His father said. ‘It’s a job. You’re there to earn money. You’re there five days a week, and then you’re free to do whatever you want. That’s how life works.’

Alfonse pictured his father and saw a cantankerous old man.

‘That’s how your life works. I don’t have to be like that.’

‘Who do you think pays for your university education?’ said his mother.

‘You do, but-‘

‘What kind of journalist do you want to be?’

‘I haven’t really thought about it-‘

‘But we have thought about it, and we know what’s best for us.’

‘Us?’

‘How do you think we’re going to pay off this house?’ His mother sighed. ‘We don’t have that much money, Alf. You know that.’

His father joined in, as if this was some kind of tag-team wrestling match. ‘And since we’re paying for your education and we paid for your plane tickets, we decide what you study. End of discussion.’

‘No,’

Pardon, brain?

‘What did you say?’

Uh-

‘I said no.’

They waited for Alfonse to speak. His father raised an eyebrow.

‘You lose out either way. I’ll quit studying law either way, and if I can’t do journalism, well, so what? I’ll head out on my own.’
‘And do what?’

‘No idea. Maybe I’ll join an activist group and help out the little orang-utan you gave me.’ He picked the toy. ‘Or something, I dunno. That’s not the point.’ He placed it down on the coffee table. ‘Make your choice.’

This was the first time he’d done something like this, the first time he’d taken a step against his parents. It felt surprisingly easy. He didn’t expect this ploy to work, and he wasn’t even sure if he could even follow through on his threats.

They didn’t look happy, but…

‘We’ll think about it.’

The line cut out. He grinned
Delroy University is a school for the talented. Can Italian immigrant, Alfonso, fulfil his ambition as a lawyer when arriving at a school where he is different and has an education so little? Will he succeed and become rich and successful or will he crumble under pressure and fail in reaching his goal. His Journey will challenge and make him question his belief and moral values. Will he go for his dream all live up to the expectation.