

Narrative Story Graph

Title: *The Perfect Time For Friendship*
(Topic: *A Visit To The Past*)

Sizzling Start
At museum,
joking about convicts.
Main character Kyle finds himself back in time - convict ship

Backfill
Who = Kyle, Lachie, Billy (convict),
What = Time travel while on school excursion.
Where = Museum to a convict ship in the late 1700s.

Pebble (Small problem)
Kyle realises he is on a convict ship. Confused.

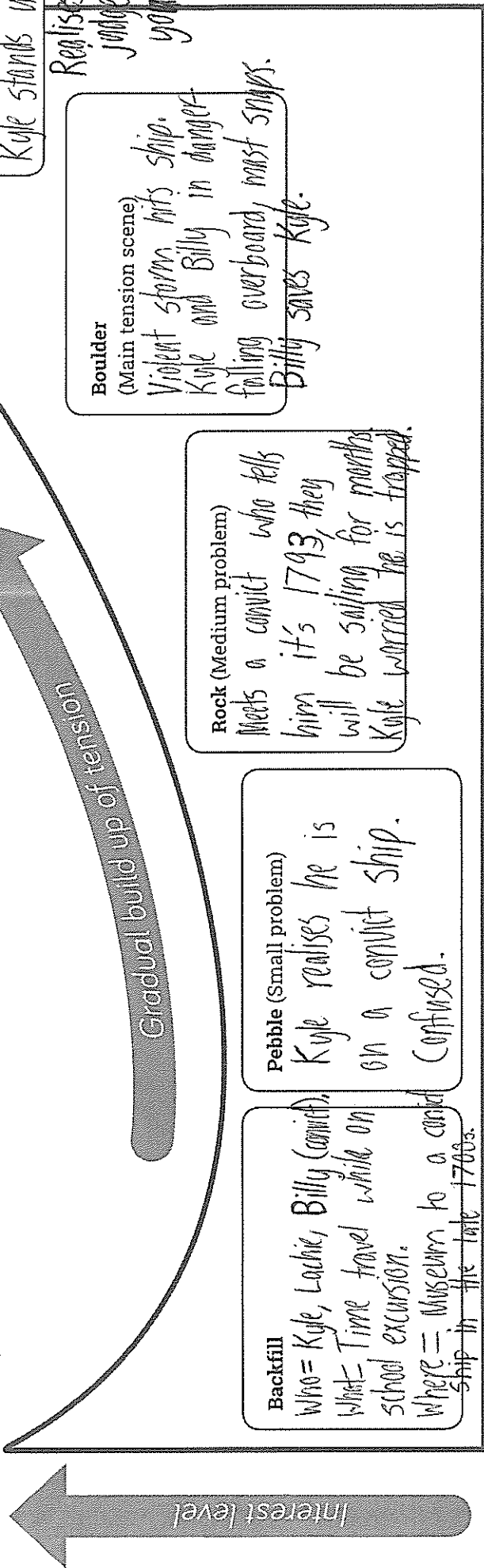
Rock (Medium problem)
Meets a convict who tells him it's 1793, they will be sailing for months. Kyle worried he is trapped.

Boulder (Main tension scene)
Violent storm hits ship. Kyle and Billy in danger - falling overboard, must straps. Billy saves Kyle.

Exciting Ending (Action climax)
Must lands on Kyle, wakes up in museum with Lachie, his friend,

Character Wrap-up (Emotional resolution)
Lachie continues to joke and insult convicts - Kyle stands up for convicts.

Realises you can't judge someone you don't know.



Name: Sebastian Rich

Writing Competition: A Visit to the Past

The Perfect Time For Friendship

"They ate biscuits with weevils in them! What even are weevils?" Lachie exclaimed, as he stared at an information screen in front of the convict ship display. Like all of Kyle's friends, he had been very annoyed when he found out about the excursion to the museum. "History is *boring*," Lachie had groaned. Kyle struggled with most schoolwork, history included. He had thought the museum looked kind of cool, but he would never say that to his friends.

"I think weevils are some sort of bug," Kyle offered tentatively.

"Ewww! That's so gross! Still, they deserved it. Convicts were criminals. Who cares about them," Lachie said as he turned his back on the display, motioning for Kyle to follow. Suddenly, the ground lurched beneath Kyle's feet. He thrust a hand out behind him, searching for something to steady himself with, but found nothing. He stumbled, and nearly fell, regaining his balance at the last moment. Eyes closed, he breathed in deeply and a foul smell assaulted his nostrils, he gagged as he identified it as vomit. The noise of his classmates around him faded away, and was replaced by sick groans and faint murmuring. He had the strange feeling that he was on a boat, which was swaying gently on the waves. *That couldn't be possible!* Kyle opened his eyes slowly and reeled with shock at the sight of the vast ocean before him.

He squinted into the sunlight, which was filtering through a gap in the clouds, and surveyed his surroundings. This definitely wasn't the museum. Grime covered the deck, and towering masts creaked slowly in the wind. A few people were standing up at one end of the deck, dressed in tattered, dirty clothing and all with untidy hair. This was no modern cruise ship. In fact, it looked just like the picture he had been looking at moments earlier! He crept slowly closer to the strange people in rags at the end of the ship, hoping to find something out about this new environment.

"What're you here for?" one asked, in a voice that was cracked and dry, like it hadn't been used in a while.

"I stole a loaf of bread," another answered, "for my family." He looked sad after that last sentence, but before Kyle could wonder why, a door swung open and a man walked out. He was dressed in a navy blue coat with gold trim, a white scarf, stockings, black buckled shoes, and a big, black hat.

"Out of the way, convicts!" he growled, and the men moved aside.

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Kyle froze. *Convicts? But...we don't have convicts in 2020!*

"Come on!" a voice hissed. "You don't get in the way of the captain, or you'll be whipped!" Kyle's heart was pounding frantically as grubby hands pulled him behind a large barrel.

"Who are you?" the stranger asked. Kyle realised he was looking at a boy about his own age, maybe 13. He had curly brown hair which was matted with knots, and he was dressed in rags. He was average height, but scrawny, and covered in filth. *A convict.* "You might be from one of the other ships, but those clothes..."

"What? No! I don't know who you are or how I got here! One moment I was at the museum, and now I'm here. Where even IS here?" Kyle blurted out, panicked.

The boy looked confused. "A museum? What's that?"

Kyle stared at him, and suddenly, it hit him. *Old ships, convicts, no museums?*

"Wait. What year are we in?" he asked nervously, clenching his fists at his side. The boy scratched his head.

"I think we're in, maybe, 1793?"

"What?!" Kyle yelped.

"I'm Billy, in case you were wondering," Billy informed him.

"Kyle," he answered, still clearly shaken.

"Well, Kyle, if you're not from one of the other ships, then where did you come from?"

Kyle's thoughts raced. *I doubt anyone would believe me if I told them that I was from the future. So...the safest thing to do right now would be...fit in.*

"I think I...err...might have hit my head on something. Yeah, that makes sense. I remember a...umm...hard blow on the back of my head." Kyle hoped he didn't sound as suspicious as he thought he did.

"Alright, but where are your leg irons?" Billy asked skeptically.

"Where are *your* leg irons?" Kyle countered, hoping to buy some time.

"Oh, I'm on storm duty. Need to nail stuff down before that hits." he gestured upwards, and Kyle saw the thick, grey clouds that were smothering the light like a blanket in the sky.

"So...did you like...murder someone to get here?" Kyle asked worriedly. *What am I doing? I am talking with a convict, a criminal! And yet, he seems almost...nice?* Billy looked shocked.

"No! All I did was take some coins out of someone's pocket. Just enough to buy something to eat. I hadn't eaten anything for four days, so I was starving. Are you, a...killer?" Billy had started to back away from Kyle, eyes darting nervously around.

"No, no, I'm just a thief, like you," Kyle said hurriedly. At these words, Billy visibly relaxed.

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"It's not fair," he said softly. "All we did was try and stay alive, and now we're stuck on a boat for months, and once we reach Botany Bay, we've seven years of hard labour to look forward to." *Sailing for months? Seven years hard labour? Will I ever get home?* The flash of a nearby lightning strike interrupted their conversation. "Quick!" Billy yelled over the crack of thunder. "Now you're here, you may as well help me stick things down!"

Things escalated pretty quickly after that. Huge waves smashed against the hull, as forks of lightning crackled across the sky. The howl of the wind was deafening. The ship groaned under the pressure, and it rocked violently on the waves, almost as if a huge hand was shaking it around. Kyle gasped for breath as he scrambled about, desperately trying to catch a barrel as it slid across the deck. Suddenly, he lost his balance, and he skidded on his stomach after the barrel. The railing around the deck was looming closer, and, despite frantic attempts to stop, he continued to skim the planks. As he slid under the rail, he flung out a hand...and caught the barrel, which had wedged itself tightly under the rail. He had horrible images of falling into the icy waters below and drowning slowly and painfully. *I'm going to die. I'm going to die. I'm going to die, and there is nothing that anyone can do about it.* Just as he felt his grip slipping, and knew the end was near, he felt his hand gripped tightly. *Billy!* Moments later, he was hauled up onto the deck, where he lay there, happy to be alive. "Thanks!" he gasped, and Billy smiled quickly, before dashing off to the last crate. A flash blinded him, and he heard a horrible snap. His vision cleared, and he saw Billy, squinting around. Then, he saw the mast. A jagged line surrounded the base, and he realised that it was going to land on Billy! "Nooo!" Kyle cried and he lunged at Billy, tackling him out of the way. He threw his hands up, and prepared for the blow...

"Kyle. Kyle! Come on, wake up!" hands were shaking him, and a familiar voice was calling his name.

"Billy?" he slurred, and opened his eyes.

"Who's Billy?" the voice asked. *Lachie.* Kyle thought. *But if that's Lachie...then I must be in the museum!* He looked around, and saw the familiar display of convict ships behind him. "You fainted! It was kinda creepy..." Lachie told him. He clambered to his feet, and the memories came flooding back.

"But, the ship, the storm...never mind. I'm okay now, I think," Kyle said tentatively.

"Probably bored you to sleep all this stupid convict stuff. Let's go, who cares about them." Lachie scoffed.

"Hey, it's not stupid! A convict saved my life! I mean, we don't know what kind of people they were. Some of them could have just been unlucky. It was a different time," Kyle retorted angrily, forgetting his desire to fit in with his friends and remembering instead,

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Billy, who had acted more like a friend to him than Lachie ever had. He realised that you shouldn't judge a person before putting yourself in their shoes. He vowed never to make that mistake again.