

6. Hooray, the Cabins



Dan built himself a cabin to trial the plans and had started on one for Bosley next to his. Then he hit a snag. He took down the share-wall.

“What’s the problem?” Drew said.

“See how the two slabs are starting to separate?” Dan said. “We’ll need to join them somehow rather than leave a gap. Find me some doubles?”

Boss brought him a pair of grey 4x2 bricks.

Drew and Wendy each added a red and grey 2x2.

"That'll do," Dan said. "We'll raise the rest with 1x2s alternately, giving shelves in both rooms."

"No room for a bathroom or kitchen in there once the bunk is installed," Wendy said, having a look in.

"No room to swing a cat," Drew said gloomily.

"For them that have cats," Dan said.



"We can do co-housing," Wendy said. "Dan! Why don't you go salvage a van-park bathroom? A commercial kitchen would be good too."

"Take turns at cooking?" Trish said. "That'll be good. No more pizza for me, thanks."

"Do we even have enough stuff to build all the *huts*?" Dan said.

"Probably not," Boss said. "We'll probably all need to get a job elsewhere, even part time."

"Salvaging, here I come!" Dan said. "My other favorite job."



Starting to build the upstairs cabins, Tim rigged up the conveyor belt.

Dan first loaded bricks into his ute tray, then backed the truck to the bottom of the conveyor.

With Trish at the on-and-off switch, and Dan tossing bricks onto the belt, Tim at the top of the stairs has his work cut out stacking the bricks.

Wendy was up there too, slotting the 1x2's into place. "It's time to decide where you two want your door," she said at Tim and Trish.

"What do you say, Trish," Tim said. "Door at the side, or door at the front?"

"I don't know. I'll come up and have a look in a minute," Trish said. "Dan's going to have to get another load of brick soon."



Dan looked up. "Door at the front, of course," he said. "There'll be no outlook, or even opening it at the side, if we're building another cabin next to yours." He jumped down from the ute tray. "Come on, Trish, let's go scouting for more bricks. That wind the other day left them all over the island."

"Well, will you look at this?" Wendy said. "We all have a place to lay down our heads and sleep without worrying about the police moving us on."

"Don't put the flag up yet," Drew said. "I see a lot of ill-fitting roofing. Another storm like we had the other night ...?"

"What's worse," Boss said. "Is that I can see a couple of people stuck outside for the night. Tim? Trish?"



Tim stepped past Trish and checked the door. "I see what you see, Boss. We open the door there's no way to step past? Mind if Trish and I camp in your ute tonight, Dan?"

Dan laughed. "You're welcome. It'll be a tight squeeze but you probably won't mind that Trish?"

"One way of keeping warm," Trish said.

In the morning, Trish stood in her doorway. "You seriously thought we'd be sleeping in the ute when our swags were already up here?"



Tim, still inside, said, “We walked past the door, then opened it. A good night was had by all.

“What’s next?” Wendy said.

“Ms Bee told me of a jetty being replaced,” Dan said. “I could drive there by road. She saw some great stone walling being tossed aside.”

“I’ll come with you,” Drew said. “Could be some good materials in there for our bathroom block.”

“Guess I will reset the stairs,” Bosley said.

Trish rolled her eyes at Tim’s suggestion that she help him rebuild the cabin’s side, front and where-to-put-the-front-door. “You’ll be quicker figuring it out all by yourself,” she said. “Third time lucky!”

“Come on up, Trish,” Wendy called from the roof. “We’ll go as far as we can with this fencing, then ask Dan for a lift to the nearest produce store.”



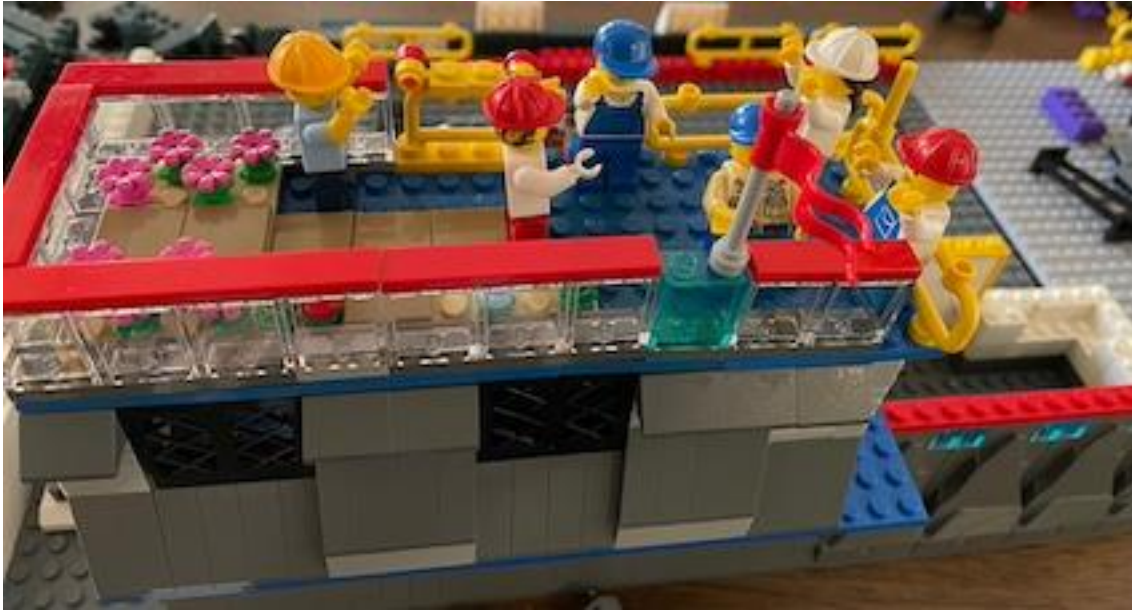
“Too bad we don’t have the Hardware Store across the way yet,” Trish said. “Would’ve been great to go over for a coffee while picking up a few trays of plants.”

“Something to look forward to, right?” Wendy said. “I like it that we could get red handrails, don’t you?”

Trish and Wendy laid out the new plant beds, and then the tiles.

Tim re-laid bricks, and re-set his door. “Crossing my fingers that Jed doesn’t come along and build his cabin right by ours,” he said, arriving on the roof garden carrying a flag on a flagpole.

“Three cheers for all of us being under cover,” Trish shouted.



“What’s with the flag?” Dan said. “I thought we dug up a tree for this?”

Wendy laughed. “I planted it already. It’s by my ...” she fizzled out when she saw Bosley arrive. “That’s a glum face,” she said. “Something wrong?”

“It’s the baseplates, there’s too much movement. Cracks in the store’s foundations already. We can either divide into two teams and take both the builds apart, or do them one after the other. Your choice.” He started back down the ladder.

“But Boss,” Dan said at Bosley’s head. “What will we use instead?”

“We’ll need to put together some **MILS plates** with whatever scraps we have.”

“Still no celebration.” Trish grumbled, “And I suppose I’ll need to take my garden apart?”