



3rd prize
14-16 years age
group

Name: Lachlan H

Age: 14

Bio of author: I am Lachlan I am 14 turning 15, I am an avid reader.

Title: Dave the Dictator

Judge's notes: "I adored this story. It made me laugh and the last line was inspired."

"A mischievous cat is always a great way to steal the heart of this judge."

"This is a very fun, easy read. The story benefits from a creative framing and point of view to tell a bright and funny story."

"Loved the choice of writing from a cats' POV. Funny and relatable to pet owners. Loved the last line. Yes, dogs ARE better than cats! Hehe."

"Fun, playful - we've all had pets that are troublemakers! Loved getting into the perspective of a cat."

Dave the Dictator

"He's finally going," this thought floated around the mind of a supposed cat called Dave. He thought this devious thought as his owner walked out of the known world through a giant moving wall called a 'door'. The small feline didn't understand how it actually worked, only that his 'master' Bob disappeared through it and that he wasn't complaining. Now that his 'master' was gone the house would be his! He was going to rule with an iron paw.

"First things first, I need to get rid of all Bob's stuff." Dave the Dictator wasn't going to leave anything to chance, so off he went. His first target would be the sock cupboard, to get at Bob's prize possessions. His left socks, being the next best thing to a ball of yarn, would know the true meaning of wrath. Dave marched out of the room to find his next target.

The next unfortunate target of the small cat's rage would be the strange large vase with an image of an elderly woman on it. In the blink of an eye the vase lay broken on the ground and its contents, a large grey pile of powder, strewn across the centre of the murder scene. Dave had never seen such powder before, so he went up to smell it. The strange grey powder got stuck on his nose, so he tried to lick it off. In this he was successful, on his tongue the powder tasted like beef jerky. After his grand feast on the grey powder, he felt quite sleepy, so he walked up to Bob's elevated large soft rectangle and curled into a ball. Satisfied with his day of work, he went to sleep.

Five hours later Dave the cat awoke groggily to the sound of a car door slamming in the strange world of the outside. A few seconds later he heard footsteps from the other side of the 'door' and then the high-pitched whine as the squeaky door opened. At first it seemed everything was fine but as his small brain slowly thought of the ramifications of Bob's return, the deeper he hid in the covers. As Bob walked around surveying the battleground, he slowly became more irate. He was going to have revenge on that wretched cat. Anyway, he was more of a dog person.