

## ALEXANDER LIN

### Young Laureate Award (Junior Level)

Chosen book: Danny the Champion of the World by *Roald Dahl*

#### Q3

Mr. Hazell stormed over to Dad and me, his small moustache quivering with rage, his plump cheeks bulging furiously. “What in the name of God is happening around here?!” Mr. Hazell shouted. At that very moment, a pheasant left a little gift on his head. Dad and I had to bite our tongues hard to control our laughter erupting from the inside of us.

At that very moment, Sergeant Samways pedaled up towards us. “Well, well. What do we ’ave ’ere?” He had a funny way of speaking, but somehow he still held a certain majesty and pride in his voice. “I’ll tell you what has happened! These scoundrels,” Mr. Hazell pointed at Dad and me, “have somehow coaxed all one-hundred and twenty of my prized pheasants out here, right before my shooting-party started!” Sergeant Samways muttered, “I hassume you want me to harrest these ‘scoundrels ’?” Mr. Hazell was practically set to explode. His red cheeks had now turned a deep shade of magenta. “*Yes, you dim-witted idiot!*”

*[The following is an audio transcript of the conversation between Sergeant Samways and Mr. Hazell. Due to the large amount of noise (pheasants squawking) that was produced, this was recorded using an extremely expensive recording device]*

SERGEANT SAMWAYS: *Now, look here, my good man, there is absolutely no need for such rude and uncivilized language. Do you ’ave any evidence that Wil’um and Danny stole your pheasants? ’Mmm?*

MR. HAZELL: *Well... I...*

SERGEANT SAMWAYS: *I’ve a good mind to send you to prison for wasting police time ! But there can be a lighter penalty, what say, fifty of your pheasants for old Wil’um and Danny, who were poorly haccused by you?*

MR. HAZELL: *Never!*

SERGEANT SAMWAYS: *Or you could spend the rest of this month in prison!*

(Four hours later)

Dad and I sat on the porch of our little caravan, clutching the fifty pheasants. “Dad?” “Yes, my dear boy?” “When we finish eating the pheasants, won’t the oven be useless?” “Ah, but it will be useful to finally have something to properly bake and roast things in. Besides, we can always try to roast trout.” “You mean...” “Yes, Danny. We can always tell Doc Spencer to teach us.”

With that, Dad and I went into the caravan to roast some scrumptious pheasants.

**THE END**

