

Your Future Dictator

Megan Marie Johnson

Hanford High School

Twelfth Grade

Margaret Holloway

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## August 12

Hi, everyone! This is the first post of my blog. My name is Rosetta, I'm 15 years old, and homeschooled. You're probably wondering, "why would I want to read a blog written by a teenage girl who's homeschooled?"

You want to read this because I will one day dominate the world and become your dictator.

First off, I'd like to establish that I am not evil, despite the common misconception that all wannabe dictators are inherently so. This stereotype is especially prevalent in America, where ideals like *democracy* and *equal rights* rule. But the thing is, only a few dictators are evil. Just Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Voldemort, Sauron, Doctor Doofensmertz, etc.

Okay, so there are more evil ones than I originally thought. But I'm different! Clearly, my desires for world domination are selfless and pure. Who better to rule the world than someone as intelligent, kind, and humble as I? My tyranny will be a service to all.

Well, to bed now. I share a room with my sisters, and they say it's lights out time.

The question is, how am I going to dominate the world when I have yet to dominate my own room?

## August 15

My mom decided this year I'm going to take a few classes at our local high school, so I can "learn how to interact in a social environment." I personally see no need for this. It's been a long time since I've licked anyone's elbows in public, afterall.

But, when school starts this September, I shall comply with her wishes. By penetrating the high school, I will gain access to the school district, and in due time, DOMINATE IT, thus completing the first step in my plan for world domination.

### **September 18**

It's been three weeks since I infiltrated the high school, unbeknownst to all it is my intention to one day rule the domain.

I have learned two things.

Number one: high school is lonely. Number two: teenagers are strange.

Everyone there really, *really* likes zombies for some reason. Apparently, zombies are the new vampires. I never understood how girls found those bloodsuckers appealing, but the zombie craze baffles me even more. What is this generation coming to, finding vampires and *now the undead* hopelessly romantic?

Supposedly, the vampires in all the romance novels are "good" and only drink animal blood. I assume "good" zombies only eat organs people don't need, like their appendix, tonsils or one of their kidneys. Maybe parts of the brain, too, since people only use 10% of it.

Only I get the feeling there are some kids at school who use far less.

## **September 19**

I previously mentioned that high school is lonely. I have a difficult time relating to the other students, as I don't watch popular YouTube channels and am not into sports like they are. If these things aren't your type, you're supposed to hang out with the rest of the nerds and talk about Doctor Who and play roleplaying games. But the thing is, I don't fit in with the nerd herd, either.

What happens when you're an outcast amongst the outcasts?

It is exceedingly difficult to find someone to relate to when your dearest life ambition is world domination and your only pastime is writing in a dark, secluded concave at home.

My parents were also outcasts as adolescents. My mother was exceptionally ambitious and goal orientated. At the expense of her social life, she forgoed parties and hangouts to study and became Valedictorian.

My father was a Trekkie who spent his youth reading fiction and playing Dungeon and Dragons. Intelligent like my mother, he also just so happened to be bent on world domination.

Needless to say, neither were socially appt.

How am I supposed to dominate the world if I'm hopelessly predisposed to be friendless? Time is running out!

The life expectancy for an American woman is 80 years, so that's 29,120 days.

I'm already 5,569 days old to date. So I only have 23,660 days left to live and CONQUER THE WORLD!

### **October 10**

I've decided to give up on finding friends. It's a lost cause.

What I really need are followers and sycophants dedicated in supporting me in my quest to dominate the world.

I think this will be much easier to obtain than friends. Unlike friends, whose relationship must be founded on common interests, identifying with and trusting each other, and mutual respect, the only thing sycophants require is a fervent will to follow their leader's every command.

And who better to zealously follow than their future dictator?

### **October 17**

I believe I have found people whom I may one day regard as friends!

My mom pressured me into auditioning for my school's musical. Here's how it went:

I was sitting in the auditorium, alone, as usual, reclusively watching the other students prepare to audition. The other actors are all frightfully loud...and weird...

Then the thought occurred to me perhaps their eccentricness could be channelled into fervid zeal in aiding me in my conquest of world domination!

After this epiphany the director summoned me on to the stage, where I was given a script and told to read the witch's lines.

The actress reading for Dorothy began reading. As she gave her lines in a monotone drone, my thoughts were occupied on portraying my character.

As the witch, all I wanted was to conquer Oz and this girl was in my way. She had it all; charisma, widespread admiration, and a pack of misfit animal/cyborg/human things that should have never existed in the first place to do her bidding! And yet she wouldn't give me the slippers! The unfairness was too much for me to handle.

"No!" I screamed, "No, you will never elude the cavernous depths of my dungeon! I SHALL CONQUER ALL!!! NONE SHALL STOP ME!!!"

Silence.

Dorothy stared at me, speechless. I looked out at the audience, the light shining in my eyes nearly blinding me. In the previous scenes read, there was a constant, quiet rumble of the other students socializing. But at that moment, you could hear a pin drop.

“I’ll get you, my pretty, and your little dog, too!” Then I whispered, “and I will triumph over all!”

A few long, muted seconds passed. Then, someone broke into a clap. There was soon applause, and everyone in the auditorium rose from their seats. I was getting a standing ovation. Later the cast list was posted on the auditorium’s door. I had secured the role of the Wicked Witch of the West.

It turns out, the other actors aren’t that bad. In fact, I can tolerate them! If that isn’t success, what is?

## **October 26**

I’ve found ways to amuse myself and make my time spent at the public school more endurable. Whenever I see a couple engaging in public displays of affection in the hallway, I sneak up behind them and start to eerily sing a love song in a dissident key.

For a while, this provided a great source of personal enjoyment. But I soon grew tired of this exercise. I was annoyed so many couples were blatantly smooching in clear sight of everyone, and the hall monitor wasn’t doing anything about it. What are we paying those bozos for, anyway? At the thought of such injustice, my vexation was aroused.

I changed tactics to disperse couples in a less covert manner. Now, I march right up to violating couples, and begin to brazenly chant “MORE! MORE! MORE! LIKE YOU MEANT IT!”

This is very effective in getting the monitors to quickly come over and separate the two.

### **Nov 10**

I’m shaking from the shock of having the very reality of which I live by questioned.

A group of girls from the play invited me to watch *Les Miserables* with them. I’d never seen it, but I’ve heard some songs and knew the story line. Well, *thought* I knew the story line. My dear father told it to me long ago, but when I saw the movie, I was in for a surprise. Dad must have seen a Muppets version of it or something, because the way he told it, one would have thought the story of *Les Miserables* was an innocent, wholesome one.

It was grittier than I expected.

The revolutionaries in the story were willing to die for freedom. If freedom is worth dying for, does that diminish the virtue of my ambition to rule the world?

From what I see at public school, people aren’t capable of responsibly choosing for themselves. Teachers dictate their every move, practically babysitting them. And when they’re not following their teachers, they are following their peers. Sure, getting a nose ring is great when you want to

break away from conformity. But when so many people do it, it's hardly "unique" anymore.  
Truthfully, people aren't free. They're subject to following someone.

That someone might as well be me.

I give my permission to publish this story on the Cavalcade website with my picture.