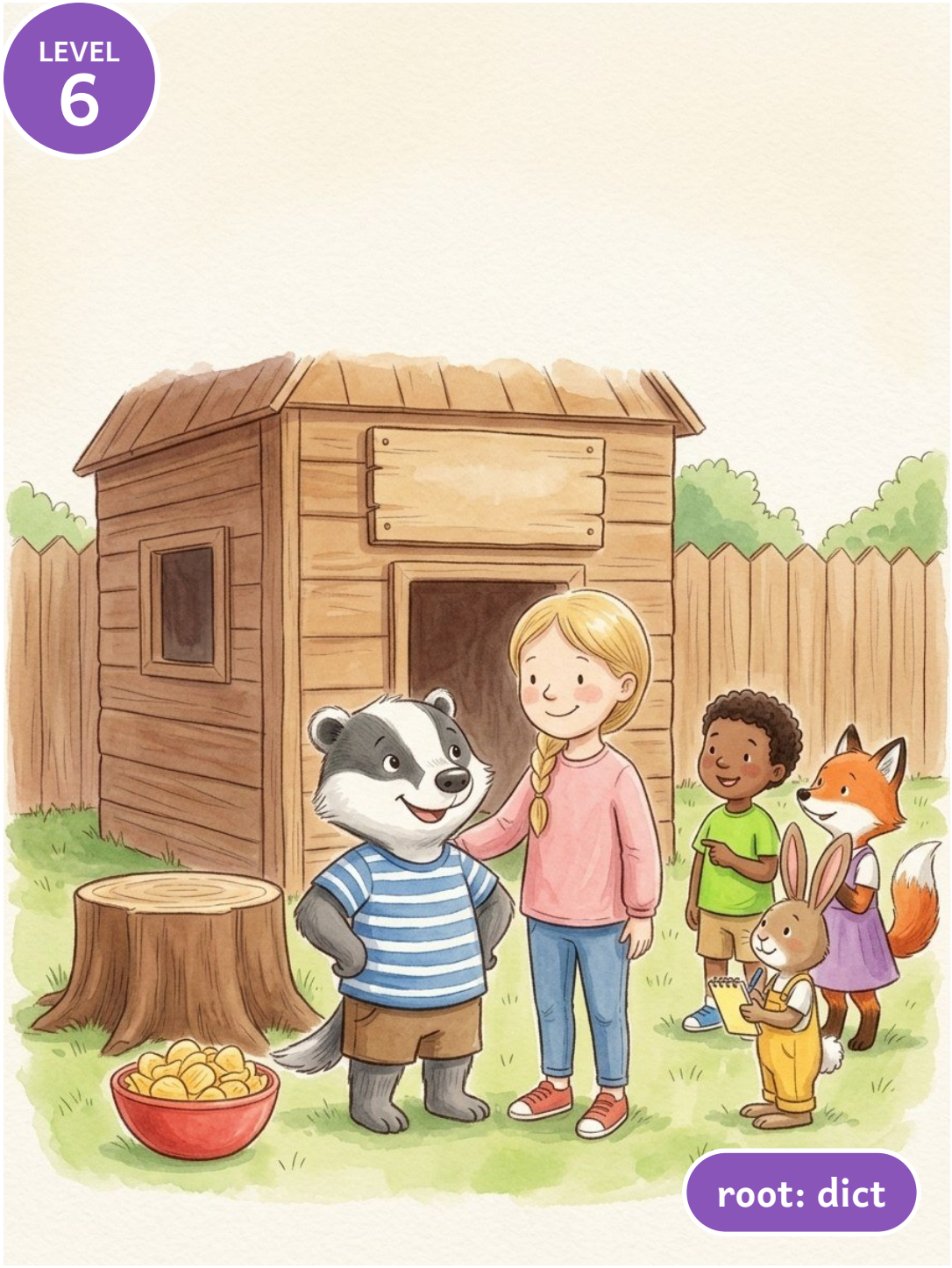
LEVEL 6



root: dict

Chad's Club Rules



Beth and Chad had a fun club in the back yard. They met in a big wooden fort. One day, Chad did decide he loved to be the boss. He felt he could be a dictator and tell everyone what to do.



He did stand up on a tall stump to dictate his new rule to the club. "I have a new edict," Chad said in a loud voice. "From now on, no one can eat a chip in the club fort. It will make too much of a mess."



Beth did not like this at all. She did stand up to contradict him. "That is a bad rule," she said. "We love a chip. We always clean up our mess." Chad spoke up so everyone could hear him. "The boss can make the rule," he said.



Beth did shake her head. "That is a contradiction of our old rule," she said. "Our club has a rule that we all vote together. You cannot just dictate a thing to us." Chad was sure he would win if they did a vote.



He grinned and had a prediction. "I predict that the rest of the club will vote for my rule," he said. Chad was very predictable. He always loved a thing his way, and he always was sure he was right. Beth did grab a pen and a pad of paper.



She did list what everyone wanted. Every kid did hope to keep their snack. Then, Beth did open a big thick dictionary. She did flip to a page and pointed at a word. "See," she said. "A dictator is a very bad boss." It was time for the final verdict.



Beth told the club to vote on the rule. Chad watched as everyone did lift a hand to keep the snack. His prediction was wrong. Not one person did vote for his silly edict. "Will you be mad at me for a bad rule?"



Chad said with a sad frown. Beth did smile gently. "No," she said. "We will just eat our snack." Chad did step down from the stump. He had a vow not to be a dictator again. The club was fun again, and the snack did taste good.