

## The Art of Bad Leadership

"Allie, come with us to the Old Mcree Mansion!!" "Please we promise you won't regret it," Darby and Johny whined in unison.

"I don't know... that place gives me the heebie jeebies," I responded unnervingly, but with one look at their puppy-dog eyes, I knew I couldn't say no.

Arms linked, the three of us trotted towards the dilapidated mansion. Our footsteps were in sync, we walked like a line of toy soldiers on a mission. As we approached the eerie mansion, I felt shivers run down the back of my spine. I had a bad feeling about this.

We walked through the scary, rotting, front door. I immediately smelt a strong musk of mold and old. I puked a little in my mouth. As we walked through the mansion, we couldn't help but notice all of the detailed paintings on the wall.

I noticed a painting that looked vaguely familiar. I reached towards it, grasping for the faint memory I once had. My hand made contact with the painting, but instead of feeling a rock hard wall beneath my skin, I felt one thing, the feeling of falling through dimensions. I fell for what must have been five seconds, but it felt like hours taken from my life.

I fell softly on a plush bed. As I began to notice my surroundings I heard a chanting of my name, "ALLIE, ALLIE, ALLIE!". I looked around confused, wondering who was causing all that ruckus. I slowly stood up, stumbling as a side effect of the very long fall. At the speed of a snail I walked towards what appeared to be balcony doors, where the noise seemed to be coming from.

As I stepped into the blinding bright lights of the outside world, my eyes began to adjust to this strange new environment I had been placed in. I looked up towards the sky and as my head tilted downwards, I saw the source of the sound. There, beneath me, was where hundreds of thousands of ant sized people chanted my name. "ALLIE, ALLIE, ALLIE!".

I look around bewildered by my surroundings. I was extremely high up, I seemed to be in the highest tippity top tower of a castle. Kneeling before me was a woman holding a lustrous golden crown on a fluffy puffy red pillow with a golden embroidery.

"This is for you, my new queen, Your Highness, Allie," She bowed her head down and let out a soft whisper in my direction.

"F-f-for me?" I stuttered utterly confused.

"Yes, for who else? You are our new queen," She assured me.

I decided to accept the role with open arms. I slowly picked up the crown, tension filled the atmosphere. Everyone is awaiting my next move. As I placed the crown on my head, I saw

everyone at the edge of their seats. The moment the crown touched my scalp a rush of information flooded my mind. I suddenly knew exactly where I was, a devious grin was etched on my face. I waved to the crowd.

On my first day on the job, I decided to leave it up to fate. I grabbed a dart and threw it at a map of this weird world. Looks like North East Mearia is getting my attention today. I activated a rain of pennies over the sky of the country. Why? Because back in my world I heard that if you drop a penny off an extremely high building you would kill someone. Obviously I wasn't trying to kill anyone, I was just trying to anger them. All a part of my master evil plan.

On my second day, being the country with the most money, I decided to cut off trade with all other countries. I don't want my citizens fraternizing with other countries, their loyalties belong to me.

On my seventh day, North West Silveria won the opportunity to trade with me. I allowed them to give me all of their goods, while I gave nothing in return. However, I allowed the nobles of the kingdom to stay in my humongous castle for a week.

On my twelfth day, I began hearing of a rumor that the other countries were going to revolt against me. I ignored it, why would that ever be true? I proceeded to build big factories around my country to make the rivers my favorite color, green!

On the fifteenth day, my friend, North East Mearia, told me that all of their citizens were starving. They claimed it was due to my factories, polluting the agricultural economy. Like the wonderful person and leader I am, I turned off my factories.

On the twentieth day, I awoke in a sweat. I heard a pounding of many footsteps shake my palace. I panicked and got out of bed. My door swung open and I was greeted with what must have been 50 grown, scary looking men.

Luckily, since my room was so ginormous, I had plenty of time to avoid these hooligans. I ran, my heart almost beating out of my chest. I had to escape.

As I ran down my hallways, I started to question all of my past choices. I looked down outside the windows, it was all a blur, but even I could tell that the once vibrant world was now gray and dying. Had I caused this? My heart sank to the bottom of my chest. I was a horrible leader.

I continued to sprint through the hallways, looking for an escape. I passed by a painting. One that looked very similar to the one from the McCree mansion. I decided to take an extremely big risk. I jumped through the painting.

And there I was, back in the McCree mansion. No crown, no castle, wearing the same clothes I was twenty days ago.

