

## The Black Beetroot by Katie Hoang from LVC

You've heard about the Black Cat. And the Black Pearl. And the Black Prince. And Blackbeard. But no-one has heard about the Black Beetroot.

Think about why this may be so. Beetroots are... peculiar: that putrid purple colour, the overgrown stalks. No-one really likes them, apart from those old people the humans call parents.

This is the story of who was determined to change that forever. But not in a way you would expect.

Every year, the Potato Prince would host an annual competition to see which was the most hated vegetable. Carrots, broccolis, and corn would travel all overseas, just for the hope that it may finally be their year. They would all gather in The Trolley to be taken to The Fridge, and the last vegetable left to rot away untouched would be the winner. The Cabbages have always been favourite contenders.

Little did they know that it was the Year of the Beetroot.

Barry Beetroot was a sugar beet and have watched the Vegetable Tournament ever since he was just a stalk. He'd watch it every second of free time he had to spare and would watch sourly as the Cabbages slowly decomposed away, forgotten, with smug grins on their faces. They were so good, they didn't have to find a spot at the back of The Fridge, where no-one would spot them. This fact enraged Barry so much that he decided to slap their stupid smirks off their faces once and for all.

He had planned it very carefully. The only reason, as Barry found out, that the Cabbages were the most disgusting vegetable, was because they were so mind-numbingly flavourless, you would think that a funeral was going on in each of your taste buds. All you have to do is spice them up, and they wouldn't be so bad that you'd cry every time cabbages were plonked on your plate.

Hoisting a sack made of his old stems over his shoulder, he crept towards the direction of Crystal Mountain. It was only a pile of sea salt, but they made it sound like a treasure trove.

"Hey, watch it..."

"Not the hair! Not the *hair!*"

"Is it Seasoning Day *already...*?"

He scooped the salt grains into his sack. Phase One of the plan was complete.

Next, he took the Trolley down the Aubergine Lane to the Cabbage Village. Fortunately, Cabbages were deep sleepers, because of the many layers of leaves they have that cover their ears. Gently peeling their mouths, Barry tipped the salt grains he had collected previously down their throats. I know, that seems horrible, but Barry was a villain - you must remember that. The Cabbages were now ready salted.

You can guess what happens next. The Cabbages were suddenly full of flavour and quickly became a human favourite. The Beetroots continued to win the Vegetable Tournament. And Barry? He was known as the Black Beetroot - one day, he might pour salt down your throat next.

The End.