



## KEL DUCKHOUSE

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**K**el Duckhouse started her writing career as a page and performance poet. She is a working-class girl, born and bred on the estates of east London and has dedicated much of her working life to helping young people from similar backgrounds. Having not seen much of her working-class self in the books she read as a child and as a teacher, she decided to write a story that did just that. When she is not writing, she fights social justice causes, goes on adventures and dyes her hair pink.

Kel is represented by Julia Churchill at AM Heath.

### *About Tyrannosaur*

I've only ever wanted to be a boxer,  
but Dad never let me.  
Then my big bro Denny gave me a pair of red gloves  
and I was like,

YES!

**This is it.**

My time to show e-v-e-r-y-one.  
Cos who says boxing ain't for girls anyway?  
Losing this fight wasn't an option.

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# TYRANNOSAUR

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## *Chapter One*

### ***Round Three***

My big brother Denny

*Whack*

is getting the hell beaten out of him.

*Thud*

If he don't sort it out quick

*Oof*

he's a goner.

The boxing hall's rammed  
with blokes –  
teeth bared, faces twisted.  
Me and Mum are the only girls here.  
I don't mind. I sort of like it.

Den takes every punch.

Stands.

Does nothing.

I get up, lean over the ropes,  
'Come on Denny. Move it.'  
My voice is lost in the manly murmur -

'Sit down, Molly.' Mum  
tugs  
my shirt.  
Some bloke, bumps into me, spitting beer-  
flavoured words into the sweaty air.  
'Finish him!'

I want to knock his block off, but  
***Ding ding ding*** – end of round three.

My old man crouches  
under the ropes in Denny's corner.  
Rubs Denny's swollen cheek,  
shouts something.  
Denny nods, spits in a bucket,  
gets up lively  
like he's not just taken a beating.

Round four ain't much better.  
Denny *jab, jab, jabs*.  
Nothing lands.  
The crowd growls.

The other bloke swerves,  
catches Denny  
*crunch crunch crunch*  
Den's cheek *wobbles*  
across his face.

I wince,  
like I've been punched too.

Denny *slumps* against  
the ropes.  
The bloke launches at him,

*Whack*

face,

*crack*

chin,

*thud*

ribs.

Denny's gloves go to his face.  
Has he given up?  
'Fight back Denny. Move!'  
Mum looks away.  
Her heels  
*tap tap tap*  
on the ground.

Round five,  
Denny smiles at me cheeky,  
winks through his swollen eye.  
What's he playing at?  
He should be half dead,  
but he's messing 'round.

The bloke comes forward,  
slower this time, goes for Denny,  
in his ribs, where he's weak.  
Missed.

Denny laughs, drums his glove on his head.  
Showboating. Daring him, 'Try again.'  
And then,  
like a beast,  
Denny unloads,  
one, two,  
                  one, two -  
a hook here,  
                  body shot there.  
Clawing it back,  
landing every punch.

The bloke hangs  
                          on Denny's shoulder,  
his eyes roll, gum shield flashes,  
the ref pulls           t h e m           apart.

Denny pulls back,  
launches a **solid**  
                  **SHOT**  
from what feels like a mile away.  
The bloke's body melts under him.  
No clowning around.  
He is  
          done for.

We roar, thump our fists in the air,  
as he goes to the canvas.  
What a turn around, what a bleedin' legend.  
That's my brother up there. My Denny.

*One.*

Den don't look at the bloke he's just floored.

*Two.*

He's chatting to the bookie.

*Three.*

The bloke's legs t-re-m-b-le.

*Four.*

Mum looks up.

*Five.*

Lets out a sigh.

*Six.*

Squeezes my hand.

*Seven.*

I hold my breath.

*Eight.*

*Nine.*

He's only gone and bleedin' won!

The ref pulls Denny's arm in the air.  
My brother, the champ. My brother the legend.

I wish right down in my bones  
that I was a boxer, just like my Denny.  
But it's just tough luck.  
**Girls Ain't Allowed.**