

Introduction

Birdie is a Fledgling, a species of cute creatures, who are looked down upon in the monster world, ruled by the worst of the worst of scarers.

No one thought that a Fledgling would try to take the monster scaring test and secure a top job. Only monsters would do that. Forever, monsters were the only ones who had the big jobs and the respect, while the Fledglings got bullied by those above them and treated awfully. Some are sold as pets secretly to humans for money by the monsters. But one Fledgling, a little creature named Birdie, is determined to break this cycle and become the first Fledgling to scare someone and pass the monster test and defy the rules. Will he succeed in doing so?

Scene 1: Monster Academy – Top Scaring Job Application Booth

*The grand hallway of Monster Academy hums with excitement. The *Top Scaring Job Exam* booth glows like a beacon, flashing bold letters: **"Apply Here! Six-Figure Salary! Prestige! Power!"**

Monsters line up, towering and terrifying—horns gleaming, claws flexing, fangs glinting under fluorescent lights. This is where legends are made.

Then, Birdie steps forward.

Small. Fluffy. Sky-blue with stubby wings and round, innocent eyes. He looks more like a toddler's plushie than a future scarer.

The moment he approaches the booth, the hum dies down. Heads turn. Eyes widen.

Then—laughter.

Random Monster (grinning):

No way. *Is he serious?*

Another Monster (laughing):

What's he applying for? *Mascot duty?*

Birdie keeps his head high, gripping the application form tightly. His heart pounds, but his face remains calm. Determined. Behind the counter, a grizzled, one-eyed clerk with leathery skin and jagged scars squints down at Birdie, like he's staring at a glitch in reality.

Clerk (sneering):

Kid, you lost? This line's for *scarers*. The *real* ones.

Birdie (calmly):

I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be.

The clerk blinks, caught off guard by the confidence. Then, the corners of his mouth curl into a slow, mocking grin.

Clerk (chuckling):

You're joking, right? The *top scaring job*? Six figures, scream bonuses, your face on the Leaderboard? *You?*

The clerk leans closer, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Clerk:

Why don't you go find some little girl to adopt you? Maybe she'll tie a pink bow around your neck and call you "Mr. Snuggles."

The hallway erupts with laughter. Monsters slap each other's backs, roaring with amusement. Birdie's cheeks flush, but his feet stay planted. His eyes don't waver.

Birdie (firmly):

I'm here to apply. Same as everyone else.

The clerk grins wider, clearly enjoying the show.

Clerk (mocking):

Or better yet—skip the embarrassment. Head straight to Fairyland. I hear the dolls are *desperate* for a new backup singer. You'd fit right in.

*The laughter doubles. Even monsters further down the hall turn, pointing and sneering. The word spreads like wildfire—"Look at this puffball! He thinks he's a scarer!"**

Birdie doesn't blink.

Birdie (calm but firm):

Just give me the form.

The clerk snorts, shaking his head as he slaps the form onto the counter.

Clerk (grumbling):

Unbelievable.

*Birdie reaches for the form—but a looming shadow falls over him.

Edward.

A hulking, horned monster with jagged teeth and crimson eyes. Obsidian skin gleaming under the lights. Top of the class. Everyone knows Edward. He doesn't just scare kids—he haunts their dreams.

Fang, a snake-like monster with shimmering scales, slithers up beside him. Brutus, a brute with cracked stone skin, follows, grinning like a boulder with teeth.

Edward stops dead, eyes narrowing as he takes in the sight. Then, with a booming laugh, he slaps Fang on the shoulder.*

Edward (grinning, voice echoing):

Hold up. This is too good. You're *actually* applying for the top scaring job?

Birdie meets Edward's gaze without flinching.

Birdie (flatly):

Do I know you?

The crowd howls with laughter.

Fang (grinning, circling Birdie like prey):

No, but you will. Everyone knows Edward. Top of the Academy. Scariest in the game. *Real* scarers know their place. And, uh... this ain't yours.

Brutus rumbles a deep chuckle, arms crossed like boulders.

Brutus:

You're either crazy or stupid. Maybe both.

Laughter swells again. Monsters lean in, jeering from all sides. Birdie stands in the middle of it all—tiny, ridiculous, the punchline of a joke spreading faster than wildfire.

Edward steps forward, towering over Birdie.*

Edward (mocking):

Okay, hold on. I don't know what dreamland you crawled out of, but *this*?

He waves at the booth, the crowd, the leaderboard flashing overhead.

Edward (grinning, voice rising):

This job pays *hundreds of thousands* a year. It's the kind of job that changes lives. *Real monsters fight for it!*

He spins to face the crowd, arms wide.

Edward (shouting):

AM I RIGHT, EVERYONE?!

*The hallway *erupts*. Stomping. Roaring. Fangs bared.

Birdie stands perfectly still.

His heart beats steadily.

The crowd jeers, the laughter like static in his ears. But Birdie hears something else. The quiet hum of certainty deep inside.

Edward leans in, towering over him.*

Edward (grinning):

See that, fluffball? *That's* reality. You? You're a bedtime story. A joke.

*The crowd explodes in laughter once more.

But Birdie?

Birdie *smiles*.

It's small. Quiet. Unshakable.*

Birdie (voice sharp and proud):

Funny. I thought reality was about what you *do*, not how you *look!*

*The laughter falters. A few monsters glance at each other, momentarily confused by the boldness in Birdie's voice.

Edward's grin flickers.

Birdie steps forward, eyes fierce.*

Birdie (shouting, voice echoing):

I'm not here because I *think* I can do the job! I'm here because I *will!*

*The laughter spikes again, louder, crueler. Monsters double over, tails thrashing, some falling to the ground.

Birdie raises his chin, fire burning behind his eyes.*

Birdie (shouting even louder, chest puffed out):

I don't just want the job! I want the *fame!* The *money!* The *best* money! I want my face on the scare leaderboard, my name in every monster's mouth!

*The hallway shakes with laughter.

Monsters point, wiping tears from their eyes.*

Random Monster (wheezing):

Oh, my *GOD!* He *really* thinks he's getting famous!

Another Monster (tears streaming):

"The best money!" Does he even know what that *means?!*

Fang (grinning wide):

Stop, stop! I'm gonna pass out!

Brutus, barely able to breathe, slaps Edward on the back.

Brutus (mocking):

Birdie, the next CEO of scaring! Somebody get this guy a crown!

*But Birdie doesn't flinch.

His wings flutter. His fists clench.

And his voice rises, cutting through the mockery like a blade.*

Birdie (shouting with everything he has):

WHEN KIDS WHISPER ABOUT THE SCARIEST THING UNDER THE BED—

The crowd leans in, waiting for the punchline.

Birdie (louder, prouder):

THEY'RE GONNA SAY *BIRDIE!*

*The hallway erupts.

Monsters *howl*. Some collapse to the ground, pounding the floor.

Fang wipes away fake tears, gasping.*

Fang (mocking):

Someone, *please*, stop him! I'm gonna die laughing!

The entire hallway trembles with the force of their amusement. Birdie stands alone in the storm, eyes blazing, heart steady.

Edward (grinning through the noise):

Alright, puffball. You want to embarrass yourself *that* bad? Let's make it *official*.

He yanks out his phone, banking app glowing.

Edward (cold, firm):

Tomorrow night. 8 PM. Scare Lab. You pass the test? I'll pay you *five grand*.

The crowd erupts into wild cheers. Monsters pump their fists, hooting and hollering like they've just heard the main event has been announced.

Random Monster (shouting):

Five grand?! Just to watch him flop? I'm THERE!

Another Monster (grinning):

*I wouldn't miss this for *anything!**

Even Fang stops laughing, eyes widening.

Fang (staring):

Five grand?! From your own stash?!

Brutus (grumbling):

That's real money, Ed. You sure?

Edward doesn't blink.

Edward (grinning coldly):

*This isn't a *bet*. It's a *guarantee*.*

He nods toward Fang.

Edward (voice dropping, sharp):

And when you lose? We record the whole thing. Every awkward, pathetic second.

The crowd cheers even louder. A few monsters slap Birdie's back mockingly as they pass by.

Random Monster (grinning):

I'm getting front-row seats for this!

Fang (grinning again):

*And when you flop? It's gonna be *legendary*.*

**The laughter swells once more.*

But Birdie doesn't back down.

*He steps forward, voice steady, unshakable.**

Birdie (shouting with pride):

DEAL!

The crowd erupts like it's a championship fight. Monsters stomp, cheer, some pretending to take bets right there on the spot.

Random Monster (grinning):

Oh, this is gonna be *priceless!*

Another Monster (mocking):

Hope you've got a teddy bear waiting, Birdie!

Birdie doesn't move. He doesn't smile. His eyes burn like embers.

Birdie (voice ringing out, fierce and proud):

BUT WHEN I WIN? I WANT MY MONEY *IN CASH!*

*Silence.

The laughter dies like a flame snuffed out.

Birdie stands tall, chest heaving, eyes blazing with determination.

Edward stares, caught off guard. The certainty in Birdie's voice isn't bravado. It's *belief*.

For the first time, the joke doesn't feel like a joke anymore.*

Edward recovers, forcing a sharp laugh. He claps Birdie on the back, nearly knocking him over.*

Edward (mocking, grin stretched too wide):

Cash? Ha! You'll be lucky if they pay you in *teddy bears!*

Birdie doesn't move.

Birdie (final, sharp):

We'll see.

He grabs the form from the counter, stamps it, and slides it back to the clerk without breaking eye contact.

Birdie (louder, proud, voice echoing through the hall):

LAUGH ALL YOU WANT! TOMORROW NIGHT, YOU'LL SEE!

*The crowd roars again, now fully invested in watching Birdie crash and burn. Monsters pound their fists, already planning to witness the humiliation firsthand.

But Birdie's not done. He spins to face them, chest puffed out, eyes fierce.*

Birdie (shouting even louder):

I WILL PROVE *ALL OF YOU* WRONG TOMORROW!

*The laughter stumbles.

Birdie steps forward, voice shaking the air.*

Birdie (gritted teeth, proud and fierce):

I'll get the job. I'll get the fame. I'll get the money. And when I'm standing at the top, every single one of you will remember this moment...

*Silence.

Birdie (gritted teeth, proud and fierce):

THAT I, BIRDIE, WILL WIN!!!!!!!

The crowd erupts, laughter crashing like thunder. Monsters double over, tails thrashing, fists pounding lockers. It's no longer just mockery—it's entertainment. Birdie, the tiny, feathered fool, thinking he could be a scarer. They can't get enough.

Random Monster (grinning):

"This is better than ScareTube Live!"

Another Monster (wiping tears):

"Birdie's gonna flop so hard, they'll make a holiday for it!"

Fang slaps his tail against the ground, barely able to breathe.

Fang (mocking):

***Birdie's rewriting the rulebook: 'How to Fail in Front of Everyone!'"*

Even the booth clerk chuckles, shaking his head.

Clerk (grinning):

"Top scaring job? Kid, they'll teach your crash in history class."

*But Birdie doesn't move. He stands tall, wings fluttering slightly, eyes burning with defiance.

Suddenly, a sharp *buzz* cuts through the noise. A nearby holographic screen flickers to life, stopping some monsters mid-laugh. Onscreen, a sharp-dressed, three-eyed news anchor appears, voice crisp and intrigued.*

News Anchor (serious tone):

"Breaking news from Monster Academy! A little creature named Birdie has thrown down the ultimate challenge—applying for the top scaring job."

Gasps ripple through the crowd. The screen flashes an image of Birdie standing amid towering beasts, chest puffed out, fearless.

News Anchor (continued):

"For centuries, the scaring world believed that size, spikes, and fangs made the monster. Birdie's challenge defies everything they know. Will he prove everyone wrong... or become the punchline of the century?"

The laughter explodes again—deafening, relentless.

Brutus (howling):

"Punchline? He's already the joke of the year!"

Fang (wheezing):

"Hope he's practicing his 'I quit' speech!"

*But Birdie?

He doesn't flinch.

His wings flutter once, like a heartbeat. His eyes, sharp and steady, sweep across the crowd.

Edward, watching from the edge, arms crossed, grins wider, voice dripping with mockery.*

Edward (low, smug):

"Yeah... we'll see."

*Birdie turns, head high, stepping through the sea of ridicule.

But just before he's gone, he stops.

Spins around.

And *roars* back:*

Birdie (shouting, fierce and unshakable):

"I WILL PROVE ALL OF YOU WRONG TOMORROW!"

*The crowd *erupts* again, louder, wilder, like a stadium mocking the losing team.

Birdie doesn't waver.

Birdie (shouting louder):

"THE JOB, THE FAME, THE MONEY—IT'S MINE! AND WHEN I WIN, YOU'LL ALL REMEMBER THIS DAY!"

*The laughter follows him as he disappears into the crowd, head held high.

No doubt.

Just ridicule.

The camera lingers on the *Top Scaring Job Exam* poster fluttering in the breeze.

Like the start of something unstoppable.*

Scene 2: The Big Test – Monster Academy

Scare Lab, 8 PM

The sun sets behind Monster Academy, but the real spectacle is underground. The Scare Lab pulses with neon lights, packed with thousands of monsters shoulder to shoulder, all buzzing with anticipation. This isn't just a test anymore—it's an event.

Posters plaster the walls:

 **"Top Scaring Test: Who Will Claim the Ultimate Job?"** 

 **"Birdie: History Maker or Laughingstock?"** 

 **"Six-Figure Salary on the Line – LIVE TONIGHT!"** 

Vendors sell scream-flavored popcorn and Birdie plush toys with exaggerated teardrops. Monsters wear shirts reading **"Edward = Scare King!" and **"Birdie's Big Flop Tour 2025!"***

Random Monster (grinning, holding popcorn):

"They're actually broadcasting this? Across every monster channel?"

Another Monster (laughing):

"Bars, dorms, scare factories—everyone's watching! This'll be the funniest thing since Fang tripped on his own tail!"

Nearby, a colossal holo-screen flickers to life. The Monster News Network (MNN) logo flashes, and the familiar three-eyed anchor appears, standing outside the Scare Lab.

News Anchor (grinning):

"Good evening, monsters everywhere! We're live from Monster Academy for what's being called the 'Scare Showdown of the Century!' While dozens of scarers are testing tonight, two names have everyone's attention: Edward—the Academy's golden boy—and Birdie, the little creature turning this into must-see TV."

The crowd erupts as Edward steps onto the platform. He waves confidently, horns glinting under the lights, fangs gleaming. Every step radiates power.

News Anchor (voice rising):

"Edward—top of his class, record-breaking screams, practically hired already! And standing beside him... Birdie. Tiny. Fluffy. Determined. Either the boldest dreamer this Academy's ever seen—or the biggest fool."

Spotlights swing to Birdie. He marches forward like he owns the place, chest puffed, wings fluttering. The laughter hits immediately. Monsters howl, pointing and jeering.

Fang (grinning):

"Birdie's walking like he's leading a parade! Someone tell him it's a funeral!"

But Birdie doesn't flinch. He climbs onto the news stage, grabbing the mic. The laughter doubles. Even the anchor looks amused but gestures for the camera to keep rolling.

Birdie (booming, wings fluttering):

"TODAY, I MAKE HISTORY!"

The crowd erupts. Edward crosses his arms, chuckling. Brutus throws popcorn in the air, already celebrating.

Brutus (laughing):

"History? Try infamy!"

Birdie stands taller, eyes blazing.

Birdie (louder):

"For centuries, you've all believed the same lie—that only the biggest, meanest monsters can be scarers. That little creatures like me? We're jokes. Toys. NOTHING."

**The crowd jeers louder. Some chant: "Birdie! Birdie!—Just kidding!"*

But Birdie grins through it, heart pounding like a drum.

Birdie (voice sharp, unwavering):

"But tonight, that lie ends. I'm not here to try. I'm here to succeed. The job. The fame. The money. Everything. And when I do, you'll never forget the name BIRDIE!"

The laughter swells, shaking the walls. Edward yawns dramatically, stretching his arms.

Suddenly, the lights dim. A booming voice echoes through the arena:

 *"ATTENTION! TESTING CANDIDATES, REPORT TO THE SCARE LAB ENTRANCE!"*

**The crowd stirs like a restless sea. The laughter quiets to murmurs as the spotlight shifts to the grand glass doors of the Scare Lab.*

*Dozens of scarers, hulking and terrifying, move toward the entrance. Each one has trained for this moment. Each one dreams of the top job. But all eyes remain locked on two figures at the front: Edward, striding like royalty, and Birdie, standing tall beside him.**

News drones hover overhead, cameras zooming in as the anchor steps closer, microphone in hand.

News Anchor (grinning):

"And there they go! Edward, confident as ever, and Birdie, marching like he actually believes he belongs here! Will tonight crown a legend... or immortalize a punchline? Stay tuned, folks—this is must-see history in the making!"

The crowd surges forward, eager to follow. Chants echo through the night air, bouncing off the walls like battle cries:

"BIR-DIE! BIR-DIE!—TO THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE!"

"ED-WARD! ED-WARD! KING OF THE SCARE FLOOR!"

*The camera zooms in on Birdie's face. He glances up at the towering entrance, neon lights reflecting in his wide, determined eyes. His wings flutter once. His jaw tightens.

For a moment, the world seems to hold its breath.*

Edward smirks, throwing an arm around Birdie's shoulder like a victorious fighter indulging his opponent.

Edward (mocking, low):

"Enjoy the walk, puffball. It's the closest you'll get to the top."

Birdie shrugs him off, standing taller.

Birdie (voice steady, eyes fierce):

"Enjoy the view, Edward. It'll look different when I'm standing at the top."

*The crowd *explodes* in laughter. The arena trembles from the sheer force of ridicule. But Birdie doesn't move. He doesn't blink.

He steps forward. Alone.

And the laughter, for the first time, doesn't touch him.*

*The glass doors *hiss* open. The bright, sterile light from the Scare Lab spills out, cutting through the darkness like a portal to destiny.

Floodlights snap on. Cameras roll.

And as Edward and Birdie cross the threshold, side by side, the crowd surges behind them, phones flashing, reporters shouting, excitement thick enough to taste.*

*The world watches.

The future waits.

And Birdie walks into the unknown, head high, wings fluttering, as if he already knows how this story ends.*

*The screen flickers.

One bold line flashes across every holo-board in the monster universe:*

Scene 2: The Big Test – Monster Academy Scare Lab, 8 PM

The Scare Lab vibrates with anticipation, thousands of monsters roaring like a stadium crowd. Every holo-screen across the monster world flickers with the same words:

 **"TOP SCARING TEST: LIVE BROADCAST BEGINS IN 5 MINUTES!"** 

 *"Will Birdie Make History or Humiliate Himself?"* 

 **"Fame. Fortune. Glory. Who Will Rise?"** 

Monsters flood the plaza, waving foam claws and holding signs like "Edward = Scare King!" and "Birdie's Big Flop Tour 2025!" Vendors sell scream-flavored popcorn while the laughter never stops.

Random Monster (grinning):

"They're actually broadcasting this across every channel? Like he has a chance!"

Another Monster (laughing):

"Even the Scare Factory's shut down to watch. Everyone's here for the biggest embarrassment in history!"

Suddenly, the booming voice of the announcer echoes through the arena:

 **"ALL TESTING CANDIDATES, REPORT TO THE SCARE LAB ENTRANCE!"**

**The crowd shifts, excitement spiking. Holo-cameras hover closer as dozens of hopeful scarers—hulking, sharp-fanged nightmares—march toward the glass doors of the Scare Lab, eyes set on the prize.*

But the cameras don't care about them.

*The lens zooms in on two figures at the front.**

**Edward.*

*And Birdie.**

Edward strides like a king, horns gleaming, obsidian skin polished to perfection. Every step radiates power. He waves confidently to the crowd, basking in the deafening chants:

"ED-WARD! ED-WARD! ED-WARD!"

And beside him... Birdie. Tiny. Sky-blue. Fluffy wings fluttering with each determined step. He walks like he belongs, chest out, chin high, even as the laughter swells.

"BIR-DIE! BIR-DIE!—TO THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE!"

The Monster News Network (MNN) holo-screen flickers to life, showing the familiar three-eyed news anchor, barely hiding his amusement.

News Anchor (grinning):

"Monsters around the world, this is the moment we've all been waiting for! While dozens of contenders will test tonight, let's not pretend: Everyone's here for one reason."

The screen cuts to Edward, shadowboxing like a champion.

News Anchor:

"On one side, we have Edward—the Academy's golden boy, top of every leaderboard, guaranteed hire for the top scaring job. He's the future of energy production. The definition of a real monster."

The crowd erupts. Edward flexes, claws glinting under the lights.

Then, the feed flips to Birdie, walking like he's ten feet tall despite barely reaching Edward's waist.

News Anchor (grinning wider):

"And on the other side... this guy."

The laughter explodes like fireworks.

News Anchor (mocking):

"Birdie! Tiny. Fluffy. Cute enough to be a toddler's bedtime buddy. And yet, he's not applying for mascot duty, folks—he's here for the top scaring job! Will he make history... or become the punchline of the century?"

Edward chuckles, shaking his head. Even monsters standing in line for their own test pause to point and sneer.

**But Birdie? He stops. Turns. And climbs onto the news podium, grabbing the mic from the anchor's hand.*

*The laughter spikes. Even the anchor looks surprised but signals the cameras to *keep rolling*.*

Birdie (booming, wings fluttering):

"TODAY, I MAKE HISTORY!"

The crowd howls, stomping like a herd of elephants.

"HIS-TO-RY! HIS-TO-RY!"

Edward crosses his arms, grinning like a wolf about to feast. Brutus throws popcorn into the air.

Brutus (laughing):

"History?! Try infamy!"

Birdie stands taller, eyes blazing.

Birdie (louder):

"For centuries, you've believed the same lie—that only the biggest, meanest monsters can be scarers. That little creatures like me? We're jokes. Toys. NOTHING."

The crowd erupts again, chanting:

"BIR-DIE! BIR-DIE!—JUST KIDDING!"

But Birdie doesn't flinch. His heart pounds like a war drum.

Birdie (voice sharp, unwavering):

"But tonight, that lie ends. I'm not here to try. I'm here to win. The job. The fame. The money. Everything. And when I do, you'll never forget the name BIRDIE!"

The laughter swells like a tidal wave. Edward fake yawns, stretching.

**Then, the lights dim.*

*A low, vibrating hum rolls through the arena as the glass doors to the Scare Lab glow bright blue.**

 *"TESTING CANDIDATES, PROCEED TO THE SCARE LAB ENTRANCE!"*

Edward smirks, throwing an arm around Birdie like a champion indulging a challenger.

Edward (mocking, low):

"Enjoy the walk, puffball. It's the closest you'll get to the top."

Birdie shrugs him off, eyes burning.

Birdie (voice steady):

"Enjoy the view, Edward. It'll look different when I'm standing at the top."

**The crowd erupts in laughter. It's deafening.*

Birdie doesn't blink.

He steps forward. Alone.

And the laughter, for the first time, feels hollow.

The glass doors hiss open, bright white light spilling from the Scare Lab like a portal to destiny.

Floodlights snap on. Cameras roll.*

But just as Birdie and Edward cross the threshold, a new sound cuts through the chaos: the purr of a hovercar engine.

The crowd murmurs. Cameras swing toward the source.

*A sleek black hovercar glides into the plaza, polished to mirror perfection. The door slides open with a whisper. Out steps... *Beastly Max.*

*The crowd *freezes.*

*Every monster knows *that name.* Entrepreneur. Influencer. Multi-millionaire. His face is on everything—from scream cologne to fear-flavored energy drinks. He funds viral scare challenges. Hosts wild contests. *And now, he's here.*

Random Monster (staring, jaw dropping):

"Wait—BEASTLY MAX?! What's he doing here?!"

Beastly Max—tall, fur perfectly styled, sunglasses gleaming—grins wide, his signature hover-cam floating behind him, broadcasting everything.

He *struts* straight past Edward and stops in front of Birdie.

Edward's grin flickers. He's confused now.

Beastly Max (grinning, voice booming):

"What's up, Scare Lab! You know me—I love a challenge. And tonight, there's only one monster worth betting on!"

*The crowd leans in.

Max points straight at *Birdie.*

Gasps ripple through the arena.*

"No way."

"He's kidding, right?!"

Beastly Max (grinning wider):

"Birdie! You got guts, little guy. So let's make this really interesting. Forget the six-figure job. If you can become the first little monster ever to pass this test and scare a human—"

The arena holds its breath.

Beastly Max (grinning like a shark):

"I'LL PAY YOU TEN MILLION DOLLARS!"

*Silence.

Then—*

The crowd erupts. Screaming. Monsters fall over themselves, eyes wide, jaws hanging.

"TEN MILLION?! FOR BIRDIE?!"

"THAT'S MORE THAN THE SCARE CEO MAKES!"

Even Edward stumbles, blinking in disbelief. Fang's mouth drops open so far his fangs nearly touch the floor.

Fang (staring, dumbfounded):

"T-Ten million?! For him?!"

Beastly Max lifts a hand, smile never wavering.

Beastly Max (grinning wickedly):

"But hold up. Let's spice it up. If you lose? If you can't scare a soul tonight? You don't just lose the job. You never come back to the monster world. Ever. The doors close forever. No second chances."

The laughter explodes again.

"That's insane!"

"Birdie's gonna get banished!"

"Max's lost his mind!"

Birdie blinks. For a moment, even he seems thrown off. But before he can speak, the air hums again.

*Spotlights whip to the sky as two massive hover-drones descend, each carrying an official black podium. On the side: **Monster Government Seal.**

Gasps ripple through the crowd as another sleek vehicle glides in.

The door opens.

Out steps *President Grimlock.*

The President of the Monster World.

The towering, ancient beast, five eyes glowing under his dark hood, moves like living stone. Cameras zoom in as Grimlock adjusts his tie, face cold as iron.*

News Anchor (voice cracking):

"Wait... is that—? It is! President Grimlock himself!"

The arena erupts into absolute chaos.

"WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?!"

"This can't be real!"

Beastly Max chuckles, waving a claw.

Beastly Max (grinning):

"Oh, it's real. I didn't just say this bet. I made it official. I went to the Monster Government. Personally. I told them the world needed a moment like this—proof of whether little monsters like Birdie even deserve a shot."

He steps aside, gesturing grandly as Grimlock approaches Birdie, flanked by two towering, stone-faced guards.

The laughter dies instantly.

Grimlock stops, eyes boring into Birdie like drill bits. He extends a claw, holding a sleek, black tablet with glowing red lettering:

 **OFFICIAL MONSTER WORLD CONTRACT** 
 *Ten Million Dollars Upon Successful Human Scare*
 *Permanent Ban from Monster World Upon Failure*

President Grimlock (voice like rolling thunder):

"Birdie. This isn't a game anymore. You sign this? It's law. You win, you walk away with ten million and the job of your dreams. You lose... and the portals lock forever. You'll be erased from the system. No coming back. Ever."

**The crowd explodes into shouts, laughter, gasps.*

*Edward stares, mouth hanging open.**

"BIR-DIE, DON'T DO IT!"

"HE'S THROWING HIS LIFE AWAY!"

"SIGN IT, YOU COWARD!"

*Birdie's wings flutter once. His eyes flicker from the contract to the President, then to Beastly Max, still grinning like a shark.

Finally, he looks at Edward.

Edward's face twists into mock pity.*

Edward (sneering):

"Well, Birdie? Ready to admit you're not built for this? Back out now, and at least you'll get to exist."

*Birdie doesn't blink.

He reaches out.

Grabs the pen.

The arena holds its collective breath.*

Birdie (grinning, proud, unshakable):

"I never back down."

*He signs.

The tablet flashes green. The contract is sealed.*

*The crowd *erupts*, shockwaves of disbelief rolling through the stadium.

President Grimlock nods once, slipping the tablet into his robe. His five eyes narrow as he studies Birdie.*

President Grimlock (gruff):

"Good luck, Birdie. You're gonna need it."

With that, he turns and strides away, guards in tow. Beastly Max laughs, shaking Birdie's tiny hand.

Beastly Max (grinning ear to ear):

"You've got guts, kid. Win or lose, you've already made history. Now go finish it."

*The glass doors *hiss* open once more.

Floodlights blaze.

And Birdie?

He walks inside.

No hesitation.

No fear.*

*The screens flicker.

One bold line flashes across every holo-board in the monster universe:*

⚡ "TOP SCARING TEST: LIVE BROADCAST BEGINS NOW!" ⚡

Scene 3

Scene 3: The First Test – Edward's Bold Move

The Scare Lab thrums with energy, the crowd chanting Edward's name like a war cry.

"ED-WARD! ED-WARD! ED-WARD!"

Edward strides forward, basking in the spotlight, arms wide, fangs gleaming. His eyes flick toward Birdie, who watches quietly from the side, arms crossed. Edward sneers, turning to Grackle, the head tester, who's flipping through forms on a holo-tablet.

Grackle (bored):

"All right, Edward. Random child selection in progress. Standard scare attempt. Good luck."

The holo-screen flickers, spinning through images of sleeping children. The crowd leans in, waiting for the wheel to stop. But Edward... Edward smirks.

Edward (grinning):

"No kid."

The arena falls silent. Grackle looks up, frowning.

Grackle (eyebrow raised):

"What do you mean, 'no kid'?"

Edward steps forward, arms crossed, voice booming.

Edward (grinning wider):

"I want a real scare. Not some brat. Give me a man."

The crowd erupts. Gasps, laughter, disbelief. Even the news anchor fumbles for words.

News Anchor (stammering):

"Did... did he just say he wants to scare an adult?!"

Fang (laughing hysterically):

"That's suicide! Adults don't scare—they rationalize! You jump out, they grab a bat!"

Grackle hesitates, tapping his tablet. It's unheard of. But Edward leans in, eyes gleaming.

Edward (taunting):

"What's wrong? Scared the top scarer might actually break the system?"

The crowd erupts again.

"LET HIM DO IT! LET HIM DO IT!"

Grackle sighs, rubbing his temples.

Grackle (grumbling):

"Fine. Manual override. Assigning Edward... one adult male target. Deep REM sleep."

The holo-wheel flickers wildly, blurring through images of sleeping adults. It slows... stops... and locks onto a quiet suburban house. Inside, a middle-aged man snores peacefully, sprawled in his bed, phone buzzing on the nightstand.

Grackle (pressing a button):

"Portal locked. Coordinates set. Good luck, Edward. You're gonna need it."

The glass pod slides open. Edward stretches, cracking his knuckles.

Edward (grinning at Birdie):

"Watch and learn, fluffball."

With a whoosh, Edward vanishes into the portal.

Scene 4: The Scare – Edward's Ruthless Tactic

The arena goes dead silent, all eyes glued to the massive holo-screen broadcasting Edward's feed. The view flickers to the man's bedroom—dark, quiet, save for the soft glow of the hallway light under the door.

*The man snores, chest rising and falling steadily. The clock reads **2:13 AM**. The phone screen buzzes quietly with unread notifications.*

Slowly, shadows shift under the bed. Clawed fingers curl around the mattress edge. The audience holds its breath as Edward's obsidian form slithers upward, silent as smoke.

Edward crouches beside the bed, face inches from the man's ear. His red eyes flicker once, twice—then narrow.

And then, without warning—

Edward (SCREAMING, pure, raw horror):

"AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The sound rips through the air like a siren. The man jerks upright, eyes bulging, mouth hanging open in a soundless scream before his voice catches up.

Man (panicking):

"WHAT THE—?! WHO—?!"

He tumbles out of bed, heart pounding so hard it's visible through his thin T-shirt. The lamp crashes to the floor, plunging the room into flickering shadows.

Edward doesn't move. He stands tall, silhouette monstrous against the moonlight, mouth stretched in an eerie, toothy grin.

The man stumbles backward, grabbing his phone and keys, breath ragged.

Man (whispering, terrified):

"N-no. No, no, no..."

The audience loses it.

"HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM GOOD!"

"LOOK AT HIS FACE! HE'S ABOUT TO PASS OUT!"

**But Edward isn't done. He watches, unblinking, as the man stumbles through the hallway, flinging open the front door.*

*Edward vanishes.**

The holo-screen cuts to a driveway cam as the man runs outside, barefoot, fumbling his keys. He dives into his car, locks the doors, engine roaring to life.

The crowd leans in, breathless.

"Wait. Where's Edward?!"

The man peels out of the driveway, tires screeching as he speeds down the empty suburban street. His phone buzzes in his shaking hand as he dials.

Man (frantic):

"9-1-1! There's someone in my house! He—he screamed in my face! He wasn't human! I'm not crazy!"

The dispatcher's voice crackles faintly through the speakers.

"Sir, please stay calm. Are you safe? Where are you now?"

The man grips the wheel tighter, knuckles white.

Man (panting):

"I'm on the highway! I'm getting out of town! This is insane!"

And that's when it happens.

*The back seat.

Two glowing red eyes *flicker to life*, just behind the driver's headrest.*

*The arena *gasps*.

Edward (SCREAMING, louder than before):

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The man screams, his hand jerking the wheel violently.

The car swerves, tires screeching, crossing two lanes of traffic. Horns blare as nearby drivers slam on their brakes.

*The holo-screen flickers to highway cams, showing the man's car spinning out, *barely missing* a semi-truck before crashing into the concrete barrier. The impact triggers a chain reaction—three other cars skid, one bumping another, creating a *pileup*.

Smoke rises from crumpled hoods. Traffic grinds to a halt. No injuries—just chaos.

The man stumbles out of his car, gasping, face pale as a ghost.

Man (screaming into his phone):

"HE'S IN MY CAR! HE'S—HE'S—"

But Edward's already gone.

Scene 5: The Return – Edward's Victory Lap

*Back in the Scare Lab, the portal flares. The crowd hushes, waiting.

And then—*

Edward struts out like royalty, arms wide, face split into a triumphant grin.

"ED-WARD! ED-WARD! ED-WARD!"

Even the officials—usually stone-faced—exchange impressed glances. Grackle checks the scare meter, his eyes widening.

 **SCARE SCORE: 9.8/10 – RECORD-BREAKING LEVEL.**

The arena erupts. Edward throws his arms up, basking in the adulation. Holo-cameras flash from every angle.

News Anchor (breathless):

"Unbelievable! Edward didn't just pass—he dominated. A full-grown human, screaming like a child and crashing his car in sheer terror. That's... that's never been done before!"

Edward saunters toward the staging area, pausing just long enough to lock eyes with Birdie, who stands quietly near the next testing portal.

Edward (grinning, smug):

"Your turn, featherball. Try not to cry when you see how it's really done."

*The camera zooms in on Birdie's face.

No fear.

Just fire.*

 **"NEXT CONTESTANT: BIRDIE."**

The world holds its breath.

Scene 6: Birdie's Test – The Ultimate Gamble

The Scare Lab trembles with excitement as Edward returns, basking in the roaring applause of thousands. Monsters stomp their feet, slap their tails, and howl with laughter, chanting his name like a victory anthem.

"ED-WARD! ED-WARD! ED-WARD!"

Birdie stands at the edge of the platform, wings still, gaze locked on the holo-screen showing the aftermath of Edward's chaos: the highway pileup, the terrified man hyperventilating by his crumpled car, police lights flashing in the distance. Edward struts past Birdie, brushing imaginary dust off his shoulders.

Edward (grinning, voice dripping with mockery):

"Your turn, featherball. Go squeak at a toddler and hope they don't try to hug you."

Birdie doesn't move. His eyes burn like coals, fierce and unyielding.

 **"NEXT CONTESTANT: BIRDIE!"**

The crowd erupts again, laughter and jeers flooding the arena like a tidal wave. The holo-screens zoom in on Birdie, tiny and bright against the sea of towering beasts around him. Fang and Brutus practically collapse from laughing.

Fang (wheezing):

"Oh, this is gold! The little fuzzball thinks he can follow that?!"

Brutus (grinning):

"Hope they give him a plushie as a consolation prize!"

Suddenly, the holo-screens flicker, cutting to the official government feed. President Grimlock stands at his private viewing booth, flanked by guards, his five eyes locked on Birdie. The arena hushes as his voice booms across the lab.

President Grimlock (stern, voice like stone):

"Birdie. I hope you understand what's at stake. You signed the contract. One scare. Pass, and you're a legend. Fail... and you vanish from the monster world forever. No portals. No second chances."

The camera cuts to Beastly Max, still lounging like a king beside the President, sipping a scream-flavored energy drink. He chuckles, shaking his head.

Beastly Max (grinning):

"Ten million on the line, Birdie. Ten million. Walk away now, and you can keep your dignity. What's left of it, anyway."

The crowd laughs louder. Even the testers at the portal booth exchange amused glances as Birdie steps up to the platform.

Grackle (sighing, checking his tablet):

"All right, Birdie. Random child assignment in progress. You'll be scaring a seven-year-old boy. Standard protocol."

*The wheel spins. The audience leans in, ready for the inevitable humiliation.

But Birdie? He doesn't blink. He steps forward, chest puffed out, wings fluttering once, sharply.*

And then he *shouts*, voice cutting through the noise like a lightning bolt:*

Birdie (proud, fearless):

"NO KID! I DON'T WANT TO SCARE A CHILD—I WANT A TEENAGER!"

The arena detonates. Gasps, screams, laughter. Cameras whip around to capture the reactions. Monsters spill drinks, jaws dropping in disbelief.

"WHAT DID HE JUST SAY?!"

"HE'S JOKING, RIGHT?!"

Grackle stares at Birdie like he's lost his mind. Even Edward's smug grin falters, eyes narrowing.

Edward (snorting):

"What, gonna tickle them into submission?"

Up in the viewing booth, Beastly Max chokes on his drink, coughing violently before wiping his mouth, eyes wide.

Beastly Max (laughing in disbelief):

"Hold on. HOLD ON. Did you just say you want to scare a teenager?!"

Birdie spreads his wings, standing tall as the cameras zoom in.

Birdie (grinning fiercely):

"That's right. No shortcuts. No easy wins. A teenager. Let's see if the world's laughter sounds the same when I prove you all wrong."

The arena erupts. Half the crowd screams in shock. The other half laughs so hard they're doubling over.

"HE'S INSANE!"

"HE COULDN'T SCARE A BABY, AND HE WANTS A TEEN?!"

Even President Grimlock leans forward, two of his eyes narrowing while the others widen in disbelief.

But Beastly Max?

He grins.

Wide.

Beastly Max (grinning, voice booming):

"You know what? I like this kid. Birdie, you scare a teenager—I'll double the bet. Twenty million dollars!"

The crowd erupts again. Monsters scream, falling over each other as the news anchors scramble for words.

News Anchor (frantic):

"Breaking news! Beastly Max has doubled the bet—twenty million dollars if Birdie scares a teenager! This... this is historic!"

The screen flickers as holo-news stations across the monster world cut into the feed.

● **"LIVE: Birdie Demands Teen Scare – Bet Now \$20 Million!"**

● **"HAS HE LOST HIS MIND? Birdie Challenges Scare History!"**

● **"The Gamble of the Century—Fluff vs. Fear!"**

But Max's grin doesn't fade. He raises a claw, shaking his head.

Beastly Max (grinning wider):

"But not just any teenager. You want to impress me? Fine. You scare Victoria Stellar. Planet Earth's Hollywood favorite brat. Scare her, and you'll get twenty million."

The arena explodes.

"NO WAY!"

"VICTORIA STELLAR?! THE Victoria Stellar?!"

Holo-screens flash images of her instantly—Victoria Stellar, the teenage Hollywood superstar. Sixteen years old. Billionaire. Fashion icon. Known for her scathing social media posts, entitled rants, and a public statement last year that made headlines across both the human and monster worlds:

"Monsters? Please. I haven't believed in those baby stories since I was five. They're as fake as my ex-boyfriend's followers."

No monster—not one—had ever dared to target a teenager. The last time one tried? He flopped so hard his scare score hit zero, and he was fired from the industry in front of the entire world. It became a meme.

**And now, tiny Birdie was standing there, chest puffed out, wings fluttering, ready to take on the unbeatable.*

*The cameras zoom in. The crowd waits, breathless.**

President Grimlock (voice like thunder):

"Birdie. This isn't just career suicide. This is scare suicide. You scare her, and you'll be the first in history. But if you fail..."

He gestures to the glowing red contract screen behind him.

⊘ **BANISHED FROM MONSTER WORLD FOREVER.**

Birdie steps forward. The lights catch his feathers, glowing faintly under the neon glare.

He smiles.

Birdie (proud, unwavering):

"I've already bet my future. Might as well bet history. I accept."

The crowd erupts, screaming so loud the arena shakes. Beastly Max laughs like he's watching the greatest show ever made.

"HE SAID YES?!"

News Anchor (yelling into the mic):

"Birdie has officially accepted the challenge! Twenty million dollars! A teenage Hollywood star! This is no longer a test—this is history in the making!"

Edward stares, arms dropping to his sides, disbelief etched across his face.

Edward (whispering, stunned):

"You idiot..."

The holo-screens flicker. The portal technician, hands shaking, taps a sequence into the control panel. The wheel spins—no kids this time. Just one glowing icon.

 **"TARGET: VICTORIA STELLAR – HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES."**

**The arena holds its breath as the teleportation pod powers up, casting Birdie in a halo of white light. He turns, wings fluttering once, twice, heart pounding like a drum.*

Then, he smiles.

*And steps inside.**

 *"TEST BEGINS IN 10 SECONDS."*

Beastly Max throws his arms in the air, laughing.

Beastly Max (grinning):

"Birdie, you're either the bravest monster I've ever seen... or the dumbest. Either way, this is ratings gold!"

President Grimlock watches silently, arms crossed, eyes narrowed.

**Birdie glances once at the crowd. At Edward's scowl. At the sea of laughing, screaming faces.*

And then, with the world watching...

*He raises a claw.**

Birdie (shouting, proud and defiant):

"Laugh all you want! By the end of tonight, you'll remember my name."

*The portal flares.

And Birdie vanishes.*

The screens flicker. Every news station cuts to a single, flashing headline:

⚡ "BIRDIE VS. VICTORIA STELLAR – THE SCARE THAT COULD CHANGE HISTORY!" ⚡

The world holds its breath.

Scene 7: Birdie's Ultimate Gamble – The Beverly Hills Mansion

Birdie was already there. Hidden. Silent. Watching.

The mansion sprawls across Beverly Hills like a modern fortress—sleek, angular, and glowing faintly under the moonlight. Security cameras sweep the gates. Motion sensors blink along pristine marble pathways. The VS logo shines above the front door, an unmistakable mark of fame and fortune.

But inside?

Chaos.

Inside Victoria's Bedroom – The Breakup Erupts

Victoria Stellar's bedroom looks like something out of a luxury lifestyle magazine—white marble floors, blush-pink walls, and gold-accented furniture. Framed magazine covers bearing her flawless face hang beside shelves stacked with awards: Teen Choice, People's "Most Influential", MTV's Young Icon Award. Floor-to-ceiling windows overlook the glittering lights of Los Angeles.

But tonight, perfection is shattered.

Victoria, Hollywood's golden girl, stands in the middle of the room, screaming. Her platinum-blonde hair, usually pristine, is wild and tangled. Mascara streaks down her cheeks like war paint. A crystal-encrusted phone lies shattered on the floor, buzzing with unread notifications—gossip alerts, headlines, and texts from people pretending to care.

"YOU CHEATED ON ME?!" she shrieks, voice ragged. "WITH HER?! OF ALL PEOPLE?!"

Her famous boyfriend—Jason Blaze, platinum-selling pop star and heartthrob of millions—stands frozen, hands raised like a man cornered by a tiger. He's dripping in designer clothes, his signature diamond-studded sunglasses now hanging crookedly from his shirt collar. Sweat beads on his forehead, and for once, the cool, cocky mask is gone.

His face is pale, panic etched into every line.

Jason (desperate, voice breaking):

"Babe, please! I messed up! It didn't mean anything! She doesn't mean anything to me!"

Victoria's eyes blaze. She steps closer, fists clenched at her sides.

Victoria (furious, voice trembling):

"Doesn't mean anything?! You cheated on me with Selina Rivers! Do you know how many times I've worked with her? Sat next to her at fashion week? Liked her stupid posts while she smiled in my face—knowing? Knowing she was with you?!"

Her voice cracks on the last word. She stumbles back, hand clutching her chest as if trying to hold herself together. Her breathing is sharp, uneven, like someone drowning on dry land.

Selina Rivers. Hollywood's newest "It Girl." Stunning, scandalous, and currently headlining every gossip site after being spotted at a Malibu party two nights ago. Alone... or so everyone had thought.

Until Jason had confessed. Drunk on guilt. Stupid with arrogance. And worst of all... honest.

Jason (pleading, voice shaking):

"It was one night! I was stupid! I—I told you because I didn't wanna lie! Doesn't that count for something?!"

Victoria's laughter is cold, brittle, like glass cracking under pressure.

Victoria (shaking her head):

"One night? You're still lying. You told me it happened twice. Then three times! Was that it, Jason? Or should I grab a calendar so you can mark the other nights I don't know about?!"

Jason flinches, cornered and powerless.

Jason (voice cracking):

"I didn't mean for it to happen again! It just... it got complicated!"

Her eyes widen in disbelief. Complicated. Complicated. Like betrayal had fine print.

Victoria (voice rising, incredulous):

"Complicated? You didn't trip and fall into her arms, Jason. You made a choice. Three times. That's not complicated—that's betrayal."

Her breath hitches. Rage and heartbreak collide in her chest, and she does the only thing that feels right.

She starts throwing his stuff.

The Monster World Reacts – Shock and Mockery

In the Scare Lab, the holo-screens flicker with the live feed, broadcasting Victoria's breakdown across the entire monster world. Thousands of monsters lean in, eyes wide, mouths hanging open.

"No way!"

"He cheated with Selina Rivers?! Oh, Birdie's screwed now!"

"Nobody scares someone this broken! It's over!"

Even seasoned scarers, the ones hardened by years of terrifying the toughest kids, watch in stunned disbelief. Fang and Brutus, Birdie's biggest hecklers, nearly fall over laughing.

Fang (howling):

"This is gold! Birdie couldn't scare her before, and now she's crying?! He's done. He's so done!"

Brutus (grinning maliciously):

"Forget the top job. He's about to be the biggest joke in monster history!"

But not everyone is laughing.

Near the back, a group of small, fuzzy monsters—the Birdies of the world, cute and "harmless" by monster standards—stand frozen, eyes wide. They're the ones who never got taken seriously. The ones who were told to work as assistants, not scarers. To aim lower. To settle.

A tiny purple monster with oversized ears grips her friend's arm, voice trembling with hope.

Tiny Monster (whispering):

"Do you think... he can actually do it?"

A teal monster with stubby wings swallows hard, gaze locked on the screen.

Teal Monster (softly):

"If Birdie scares her—someone impossible—what does that mean for us? Could... could we actually stand a chance too?"

They watch, hearts pounding, while the rest of the monster world laughs, waiting for Birdie's humiliation.

The Final Blow – Jason Gets Thrown Out

Back in the mansion, Jason stares at Victoria, eyes wide and frantic.

Jason (desperate):

"Vic, please! You're overreacting! It was a mistake!"

That word—mistake—snaps something inside her.

With a scream of pure rage, Victoria grabs his designer hoodie from the chair and hurls it across the room.

Victoria (screaming):

"GET OUT! GET YOUR STUFF AND GET OUT!"

The hoodie hits the marble floor, followed by a sneaker. Birdie flattens himself against the velvet armchair, heart pounding in his throat as the chaos unfolds around him.

*"Overreacting?!" Victoria shrieks, grabbing Jason's duffle bag and kicking it toward the door. "You threw away everything for some pretty face, and I'm overreacting?!"**

Jason dodges a flying shoe, hands raised defensively.

Jason (panicking):

"Victoria, please! Just calm down! Let's talk!"

But she's beyond reason. Another sneaker sails through the air, narrowly missing the glass-framed Vogue cover with her face on it.

Victoria (voice breaking):

"Talk?! You don't get to talk! You get to leave and think about how you ruined the best thing you ever had!"

The thunder of footsteps fills the hallway. Two towering bodyguards in black suits storm in, earpieces buzzing.

Bodyguard #1 (gruff, stepping between them):

"Mr. Blaze, you need to leave. Now."

Jason spins to face them, panic flashing across his face. The cocky pop-star facade crumbles, leaving nothing but desperation.

Jason (pleading):

"Wait! Vic, don't do this! Don't let one stupid mistake end us!"

Victoria's face hardens, tears still pouring down her cheeks. She looks at the man she thought loved her, really looks at him.

Victoria (voice cold, final):

"You didn't just end us, Jason. You ended me. Get out."

Jason stares at her, stunned, before the bodyguards clamp iron grips on his arms.

"Vic, please! Don't throw this away!"

They haul him backward, his designer sneakers squeaking against the marble. His sunglasses fall, forgotten and crushed underfoot.

The front door swings open, letting in the warm Beverly Hills breeze.

Bodyguards Step In – No More Throwing

Victoria, still seething, spins toward the chair, grabbing another hoodie and winding up to throw it when one of the bodyguards steps forward, hand raised in a calming gesture.

Bodyguard #2 (calm but firm):

"Miss Stellar, there's no need to do that. We'll collect his belongings and make sure they're out of your house."

*Victoria freezes, chest heaving, tears streaking her cheeks. Her hands tremble, clutching the fabric like it's the last thing tethering her to sanity. Slowly, her grip loosens, and the hoodie falls to the floor with a dull thud.**

Jason struggles weakly against the grip on his arm, voice rising in panic.

Jason (desperate):

"Victoria! Please! Let's talk this through—don't throw everything away because of one stupid mistake!"

But she doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Just stands there, breathing hard, hollow-eyed and heartbreakingly silent.

The bodyguards exchange glances. One gives Jason a final shove toward the hallway.

Bodyguard #1 (gruff):

"We'll clear everything out, Miss Stellar. He still has things here, but we'll handle it. Right now, you need some privacy."

Victoria's lips tremble, but she doesn't speak. She just nods, weakly, like she's too exhausted to argue anymore.

Bodyguard #2 (softening his tone):

"We'll come back in a bit to finish packing up the rest of his stuff. For now, we'll leave you alone."

Jason's protests fade into the distance as they drag him down the hallway. His designer duffle bag, half-packed and slumped sadly by the door, seems like a monument to everything broken beyond repair.

The bodyguards step out, closing the bedroom door softly behind them. The click of the latch sounds deafening in the empty room.

The Aftermath – Silence and Sobs

And just like that... it's quiet.

Victoria stands there, chest heaving, fists trembling at her sides. The mansion, usually buzzing with assistants, stylists, and hangers-on, feels like an empty cave. The glittering city lights outside seem colder now, distant and mocking.

For a moment, she just stares at the door, eyes hollow. The rage drains from her like water down a sink, leaving nothing but exhaustion and heartbreak.

Then she moves, slowly, like her body weighs a thousand pounds. She stumbles toward her bed—a massive, velvet-covered platform surrounded by silk pillows and designer throws. The bed she once shared with the boy who just shattered her heart.

Her knees hit the mattress, and she collapses forward, face buried in the pillows.

**And Victoria Stellar—Hollywood's golden girl, social media queen, untouchable icon—sobs.*

Raw. Guttural. The kind of crying that doesn't care if the world is watching.

Not the glamorous, Instagram-perfect tears her fans expect. This is real. Ugly. Shaking, hiccupping, breathless heartbreak.

Monster World: The Bet Skyrockets

The Scare Lab goes silent. Even the monsters who had been cheering for Birdie's failure stare at the screens, stunned.

"She's crying."

"He's stuck. He can't scare her like this."

"This is it. He's finished."

Up in the VIP booth, Beastly Max—usually the loudest voice in the room—sits frozen, eyes wide, watching the feed. For once, the smile slips from his face.

Beastly Max (whispering, almost impressed):

"No monster's ever tried to scare someone while they were broken."

Then, like flipping a switch, Max grins again, wild and reckless. He slams his drink down and jumps to his feet.

Beastly Max (grinning, voice booming):

"ALL RIGHT, BIRDIE! You wanna gamble it all? Fine! Twenty million was the bet for scaring a teenager—but Victoria Stellar, while she's crying her heart out?!"

He laughs, throwing his arms wide.

"I'LL TRIPLE IT! SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS!"

The crowd erupts. Gasps. Screams. Even President Grimlock, cold and stoic, turns his massive head, five eyes narrowing at Max.

President Grimlock (growling):

"Sixty million? For a fluffball like him? That's insanity."

The official contract hologram flickers beside the portal, updating instantly:

💰 NEW BET: \$60,000,000 – VICTORIA STELLAR TEENAGE SCARE ATTEMPT 💰

Fang and Brutus practically fall over laughing.

Fang (howling):

"Sixty million?! He couldn't scare a puppy right now!"

But near the back, the tiny, overlooked monsters—the Birdies of the world—don't laugh. They stand taller, eyes shining with something far more powerful than mockery.

Hope.

The Moment Before the Scare

Inside the mansion, the air feels thick, heavy with heartbreak. Victoria's muffled sobs fill the room as she curls tighter into her plush duvet, shoulders shaking uncontrollably.

Birdie stands frozen, half-hidden behind the velvet chair. He'd expected arrogance. Defiance. A teenager too proud to believe in fear.

But this?

How do you scare someone who's already falling apart?

The holo-cameras in the Scare Lab zoom in on Birdie's face. The cocky grin is gone. His wings flutter once, nervously. His tiny claws clench and unclench at his sides.

Back in the arena, President Grimlock leans forward, voice low and final.

President Grimlock (cold, absolute):

"If he fails now... he's gone. Forever."

Beastly Max laughs, wild-eyed.

Beastly Max (grinning):

"Fly or fall, Birdie. Let's see if you're a legend... or a punchline."

*Beastly Max, who had been laughing moments before, suddenly grows quiet, eyes narrowing as he watches Birdie stand motionless. His grin falters, but not from concern—from *disdain*.

Beastly Max (grinning, shaking his head):

"This puffball's really gonna do it, huh? Walk straight into the slaughter. I almost feel bad... almost."

Monster World: The Mockery Intensifies

The arena is no longer roaring with excitement. It's louder now—laughter, jeering, monsters elbowing each other and pointing at the screens like they're watching the punchline of a long, cruel joke play out.

"He's not really gonna try, is he?!"

"No one scares teenagers! They don't believe in anything!"

"A crying teenager? He might as well scare a brick wall!"

Fang, always eager to pile on, howls with laughter, practically doubled over.

Fang (cackling):

"Birdie thinks he's gonna be the first to scare a teenager?! HER?! Victoria Stellar?! Someone get this fool a reality check!"

Brutus (grinning, arms crossed):

"This isn't a scare attempt. It's career suicide. He's about to be famous, all right—for being the biggest failure in history!"

A veteran scarer leans back, shaking his head with a smug chuckle.

Old Monster (gravelly):

"That's why they banned teenage scare tests. Too smart. Too stubborn. The last guy who tried? Fired. Publicly. They aired his meltdown live. Never showed his face again."

Monsters in the crowd pull out their phones, ready to record the moment Birdie inevitably falls flat. Screens flicker with livestreams titled:

→ 📱 **"Birdie's Final Blunder—Watch the Puffball Crash and Burn!"**

- 📱 **"Scare Attempt? More like Career Suicide!"**

Even the younger monsters, usually the underdogs cheering for Birdie, shake their heads now.

"He's embarrassing himself."

"Why would he agree to scare her? She's rich, famous, and crying. He's doomed."

"This is gonna be hilarious."

Beastly Max Doubles Down

Beastly Max, always eager to stoke the flames, leans forward in his VIP booth, grinning wider as the tension builds. To him, this isn't bravery—it's entertainment.

Beastly Max (grinning, voice dripping with mockery):

"Sixty million? I should've made it a hundred million dollars. This is the easiest money I've ever kept. Birdie's not just gonna lose—he's gonna become a meme."

He waves his hand, and giant holo-screens light up around the arena, already displaying mock posters:

🎬 **"BIRDIE THE BLUNDER: The Fluffball Who Thought He Could Scare!"**

😂 *"Now Streaming on MonsterFlix—100% Laugh Rating!"*

The crowd erupts with laughter. Monsters slap their knees, tails thumping on the floor as they howl in amusement.

"Somebody screen record this! I want the replay on loop!"

"He's about to set a world record for the fastest failure ever!"

"Ten bucks says she doesn't even notice him!"

Even President Grimlock sneers, arms crossed tightly across his broad chest.

President Grimlock (mocking, shaking his head):

"Pathetic. Teenagers don't get scared. They get annoyed. What's he gonna do? Flutter his wings and hope she faints?"

The Impossible Task

The camera zooms in on Birdie's face. His expression is unreadable—stone-faced, eyes locked on Victoria as she sobs into her pillow. The soft sound of her heartbreak echoes through the mansion, and the feed picks it up, broadcasting it across the entire monster world.

The arena, once filled with laughter, now buzzes with cruel anticipation. They're not hoping for success—they're waiting for the fall.

"He's gonna blow it."

"Teenagers don't fear nightmares. They live them."

"This is gonna be the funniest thing I've seen all year."

Even the news anchors covering the event can't hide their disdain.

News Anchor #1 (grinning smugly):

"Ladies and gentlemen, what we're witnessing here isn't ambition—it's delusion. Birdie the underdog, the joke of the scaring world, standing in the room of one of the most famous teenagers alive—while she's crying."

The screen flickers between Victoria's tear-streaked face, buried in her designer pillow, and Birdie, tiny and insignificant in the corner of the room.

News Anchor #2 (laughing softly):

"No monster has ever successfully scared a teenager. Not once. And this? This isn't just a teenager. This is Victoria Stellar. Millionaire. Influencer. Actress. Heartbroken but untouchable. This isn't a scare attempt—it's a joke."

Crowd Hungry for Failure

The arena grows louder, the jeers more vicious. No one cheers for Birdie. No one hopes for an upset. They're here for the humiliation, and they can smell it coming.

Fang (grinning wickedly):

"He wanted fame, right? Well, he's about to get it. Everyone's gonna know Birdie's name—as the biggest loser in scaring history!"

Brutus (laughing):

"Can't wait for the headlines tomorrow: 'Birdie Flops So Hard, They Ban Scare Tests for Cute Monsters Forever!'"

Even Beastly Max, king of reckless bets, shakes his head with exaggerated pity, loud enough for the cameras to catch.

Beastly Max (mocking):

"Poor little Birdie. I almost feel bad. Almost. But hey, at least he'll be famous for something."

The crowd roars. Phones go up, live streams flood the networks.

→ 📱 **"Live: Birdie's Epic Fail—Grab Your Popcorn!"**

→ 📱 **"How NOT to Scare a Teenager: Watch Birdie Humiliate Himself!"**

The Final Verdict: Madness

The camera zooms in on Birdie's face. His wings twitch, but his expression remains unreadable. He's not smiling. Not shaking. Just... staring.

Victoria sobs quietly, unaware of the tiny monster standing in the shadows of her room. The soft sound of heartbreak fills the mansion, and the arena falls into an eerie, anticipatory silence.

And then... the final blow.

Beastly Max stands, raising his glass high, voice booming through the arena.

Beastly Max (grinning):

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're about to witness history! The most expensive, most hilarious failure ever broadcast live!"

The crowd explodes in laughter, cheering and chanting:

"FAIL! FAIL! FAIL!"

President Grimlock sneers, arms crossed tightly across his chest.

President Grimlock (cold, absolute):

"Birdie hasn't just lost his mind—he's lost everything. He's done. Finished."

The screen flickers, and a single word appears, glowing ominously across every holo-screen in the monster world:

⚡ **"SCARING ATTEMPT IN PROGRESS."** ⚡

The crowd leans in, hungry for the moment Birdie falls.

No hope. No mercy. Just the anticipation of watching him crash and burn.

The world holds its breath... ready to laugh when he inevitably fails.

Here's an expanded, more intense version of the scene, highlighting not just Birdie's personal humiliation but the deep betrayal felt by creatures like him. The official announcement of his banishment from the monster world adds a final, crushing blow, with everyone reacting to his ultimate failure.

The Impossible Attempt Begins

Birdie stands in the shadows of Victoria Stellar's lavish bedroom, wings fluttering slightly, eyes locked on the heartbroken girl sobbing into her designer pillows. The soft sound of her hiccupping cries fills the room like background static. To any other monster, it would be the signal to retreat—proof the task was unwinnable.

But not to Birdie.

He stands taller, puffing out his tiny chest, determination blazing in his eyes. He doesn't just believe he can do this—he knows he will. Failure? Not an option. This moment is his destiny.

Back in the Scare Lab, the entire monster world watches in gleeful anticipation. They're not waiting to see victory—they're waiting for the punchline.

Birdie's Unshakable Confidence

Birdie steps out from the shadows, wings spread wide, claws flexing. His voice, though small, rings with unwavering conviction.

Birdie (whispering fiercely to himself):

"Today... I will make history. I will do the impossible. I will be the first to scare a teenager. And not just any teenager—the untouchable Victoria Stellar."

He takes one last breath, heart pounding like a war drum in his chest. His entire future hinges on this moment. His dreams of fame, fortune, and respect... they all hang in the balance.

Back in the arena, Beastly Max watches with a smug grin, arms folded across his chest.

Beastly Max (mocking, to the crowd):

"Look at him. That little puffball really thinks he's about to pull off the greatest scare in history. Someone record this—I want it playing on loop at the victory party!"

The crowd erupts with laughter, jeering and cheering for Birdie's impending failure.

The First Attempt: A Scream Too Small

Birdie clenches his fists, eyes burning with determination. He marches straight toward the bed, wings twitching with adrenaline.

Victoria remains oblivious, her face buried in the silk pillows, shoulders shaking with every sob. The glow of her bedside lamp casts long, soft shadows across the room, making Birdie look even smaller, more insignificant.

But Birdie doesn't see failure. He sees destiny.

He leaps onto the velvet rug beside the bed, plants his tiny feet firmly, and throws his head back.

Birdie (shouting with every ounce of strength):

"RRAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

But the sound that escapes his throat...

It's not the earth-shattering roar he'd imagined. Not the bone-chilling scream that would echo across two worlds and etch his name into history.

It's... squeaky. Tiny. Pathetic.

It sounds less like a monster's roar and more like baby Simba's weak growl from The Lion King. A soft, high-pitched, almost adorable little cry.

"Raaah!"

Victoria doesn't flinch. Doesn't stir. Doesn't even pause her sobbing.

Birdie's eyes widen in horror. He blinks. Once. Twice. Like his mind can't comprehend what just happened.

The Monster World's Instant Reaction

The reaction from the monster world is instant.

First, there's silence. Stunned, disbelieving silence. Like the moment right before a tidal wave crashes down.

Then?

The arena explodes with laughter.

"Are you kidding me?!"

"That was it?! THAT was the legendary scream?! HAHHAHAHA!!!"

Fang falls off his seat, clutching his sides, tears streaming down his scaly face.

Fang (howling, barely able to breathe):

"Did you hear that?! Sounded like a baby bird begging for worms!"

Brutus pounds the floor with his fists, practically choking on his laughter.

Brutus (grinning):

"I've heard tooth fairies scarier than that! My grandma's sneeze is scarier than Birdie!"

Birdie Doubles Down in Desperation

Birdie's face flushes with humiliation. His wings droop, but his eyes harden. No. This can't be it. He knows he can do this.

Desperate, he scrambles onto the edge of Victoria's massive, silk-covered bed, feet sinking into the plush comforter. He hesitates only for a moment, staring down at her trembling form, then clenches his tiny fists.

"No retreat. No surrender."

He leaps onto the middle of the bed with a determined cry, wings flapping to steady his landing.

Birdie (screaming, voice cracking):

"RRAAAHHHHH!!! LOOK AT ME!!!"

The bed bounces under his tiny weight. The silk sheets ripple. The designer pillows shift. But Victoria?

She doesn't move. Not even a twitch.

She stays curled up, face buried in the pillows, drowning in heartbreak so deep that Birdie's scream doesn't even register as background noise.

It's like he doesn't exist.

Total Humiliation: The World Turns on Birdie

The laughter in the Scare Lab reaches a deafening roar. Phones go up, livestreams flood the networks, and meme templates are already being generated in real-time.

→ 📱 **"When You Think You're Scary but Sound Like a Chew Toy 😬"**

→ 📱 **"Birdie's Big Moment: More Fluff Than Fear!"**

The news anchors can barely contain their glee.

News Anchor #1 (grinning ear to ear):

"Well, folks, there you have it. History has been made—just not the way Birdie imagined. The worst scare attempt ever broadcast live. Truly... iconic."

The second anchor wipes tears of laughter from her eyes.

News Anchor #2 (mocking):

"Give him credit, though. It takes real guts to fail that hard on every screen in the monster world. Brave little guy. So brave."

Even Beastly Max, usually quick to gloat, shakes his head in disbelief, laughing so hard his drink sloshes over the rim of his glass.

Beastly Max (grinning, barely able to speak):

"I didn't think it was possible to flop this hard. Sixty million? He was better off setting the money on fire! Absolute fool. What was he thinking?!"

The crowd chants, louder and louder:

"BIRDIE THE BLUNDER! BIRDIE THE BLUNDER!"

The Ultimate Betrayal: His Own Kind Turns Against Him

But the most brutal reaction doesn't come from the big, powerful monsters. It comes from the ones like Birdie—the small, cute, underestimated creatures who had dared to hope. The ones who saw Birdie as their champion, their symbol of possibility.

They're not laughing.

They're staring at the screens, eyes wide with horror and disappointment.

"He failed?"

"He didn't just fail... he embarrassed us."

In the crowd, a tiny, blue, fluffy creature shakes her head slowly, tears welling in her oversized eyes.

Tiny Monster (voice breaking):

"I believed in him. I believed he was one of us. That he'd show them we're more than just... jokes."

A small green monster with stubby horns, once cheering the loudest for Birdie, now looks away, face twisted in disgust.

Green Monster (bitterly):

"He made us look like idiots. Every single one of us. How could he do this?!"

The betrayal cuts deeper than the mockery. Birdie wasn't just a personal failure—he was a symbol shattered. Proof, in their eyes, that small creatures like him would never be more than sidekicks and punchlines.

"He didn't just fail himself... he failed us."

The Official Announcement: Banishment from the Monster World

Suddenly, the laughter dies down as the holo-screens flicker. A loud, official buzz echoes through the arena, silencing the crowd.

The Monster World Emblem appears, glowing red. A stern, robotic voice follows:

 **"Official Announcement from the Monster Governing Authority."** 

Birdie stiffens on the bed, eyes wide, breath caught in his throat. He knows what's coming.

"Scare Attempt: FAILED.

Subject: Birdie.

As per the conditions of the Ultimate Scare Bet, failure to successfully scare the assigned target has resulted in the immediate revocation of citizenship within the Monster World. Effective immediately, Birdie is hereby banished from the Monster World.

No appeals. No exceptions.

Birdie will not be permitted to return."

The Crowd Erupts: From Laughter to Ruthless Celebration

For a moment, there's stunned silence.

Then?

The crowd erupts. Not in shock. Not in pity.

In celebration.

"HAHAHA! HE'S OUT! HE'S ACTUALLY OUT!"

"Good riddance! No more puffballs pretending they belong!"

"Birdie the Blunder! First monster in history to get himself kicked out for being that pathetic!"

Even Beastly Max, still wiping tears of laughter from his eyes, raises his glass with a wide, cruel grin.

Beastly Max (mocking):

"Well, Birdie wanted to make history—and he did! The first cute little pest to get booted forever. Somebody get me a poster of his face! This moment deserves a trophy!"

Birdie's World Crumbles

On the bed, Birdie freezes, realization crashing over him like a tidal wave. His scream didn't just fail—it proved everyone right.

He wasn't a scarer. He never was. He was a joke. A fool chasing a dream too big for his tiny wings to carry.

His breath hitches, and for the first time, his confidence wavers. He looks at Victoria—peacefully sobbing, completely unaware of his existence—and then at the cameras blinking all around the room, broadcasting his humiliation to millions.

He swallows hard, throat tight, voice barely a whisper.

Birdie (to himself, broken):

"This... this can't be happening."

But it is. And the world is laughing.

The camera zooms in on Birdie's face—wide-eyed, horrified, heartbroken—as the laughter crescendos, drowning out everything else.

The dream is dead. And Birdie?

Birdie is nothing more than the punchline he swore he'd never become.

The screen flickers, and the final words appear, glowing cruelly across every holo-screen in the monster world:

⚡ "SCARING ATTEMPT FAILED. BANISHMENT ENACTED." ⚡

The crowd erupts in thunderous applause, cheering, whistling, and jeering as Birdie stands there, frozen in the wreckage of his dreams.

And somewhere, deep inside him, the tiniest flicker of belief sputters... and dies.

Birdie, once the symbol of hope for the overlooked, is now nothing more than a cautionary tale.

Here's a more dramatic and emotionally intense version of the scene, highlighting Birdie's desperation, the merciless ridicule from the monster world, and the heartbreaking moment when Birdie, utterly defeated, breaks down alongside Victoria. The humiliation is amplified by the fact that every screen in the monster world broadcasts his failure live.

Birdie's Last Desperate Attempt

Birdie stands frozen on Victoria Stellar's bed, heart pounding so loudly it drowns out the world. The laughter from the monster world echoes through the room, bleeding through the portal's faint hum. His tiny chest heaves, breath sharp and uneven. The words "SCARING ATTEMPT FAILED" still flash on the holo-screens, cruel and undeniable.

But inside Birdie?

There's still a flicker. A whisper of defiance, fragile but burning. He can't let it end like this. He won't.

Gritting his teeth, he stumbles forward, wings fluttering in frantic bursts as he climbs further onto the bed. The silk sheets bunch under his tiny claws, and the designer pillows shift beneath his feet.

Victoria remains oblivious, face buried in her pillow, her soft sobs filling the air. She's drowning in heartbreak, unaware of the world watching her cry—or of the tiny monster scrambling toward her, one last ember of hope flickering in his eyes.

Birdie (voice shaking but fierce):

"No. I can still do this. I have to do this. I'm not going out like this. I'm not a joke! I'M NOT A JOKE!"

He crouches, claws digging into the plush comforter, eyes blazing with desperation. He takes a deep breath, pulling every ounce of strength from his trembling body.

And then...

He screams.

"RRAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It's louder this time. Fiercer. But still—

Pathetic. Weak. Tiny.

The sound barely rises above the soft hum of Victoria's room. Her crying doesn't falter. She doesn't flinch. It's like screaming into a storm—swallowed whole by the weight of her sadness.

Birdie's wings droop. His breath catches. No. No, this can't be it. This can't be the end.

The Voice of Mockery: Public Humiliation Reaches Its Peak

Suddenly, a sharp buzz echoes through the room—a sound only creatures from the monster world can hear. Birdie flinches, eyes darting toward the floating portal above the bed. A holographic speaker flickers to life, glowing an ominous red.

The voice that follows is cold, mocking, and dripping with condescension. It's not just for Birdie. It's broadcast across every screen, every arena, every public square in the monster world.

Mocking Voice (booming, cruel):

"Nice try, Birdie. Real impressive. Look at you, flapping around like a moth in a hurricane."

Birdie's eyes widen. He stumbles back, shaking his head.

"No... please, don't do this."

Mocking Voice (laughing):

"You already failed, Birdie. It's official. You're done. Banished. Never coming back to the monster world. You don't belong here anymore!"

Birdie's breath hitches. He turns toward the portal, wings trembling.

Mocking Voice (louder, sharper):

"What were you thinking, Birdie? That you—a pathetic little fluffball—could actually scare someone like her? A crying teenager?!"

The laughter from the monster world roars through the speaker, cruel and deafening. Every screen flashes the same image: Birdie standing alone on the bed, tiny and broken, next to an oblivious, heartbroken Victoria.

"You humiliated yourself, Birdie. In front of millions. Every TV show, every news channel, every livestream. You're not a monster. You're a punchline. Enjoy your failure, Birdie the Blunder!"

The Monster World Watches and Laughs

In the Scare Lab, the arena is bedlam. Monsters are falling over themselves with laughter, wiping tears from their eyes, recording the broadcast to replay the humiliation for years to come.

"Did you hear that?! 'You're a punchline!' They nailed it!"

"Birdie the Blunder! Forever famous for being the worst scare attempt in history!"

Even Beastly Max, usually smug and composed, is laughing so hard he can barely stand. He slams his fist on the table, eyes watering.

Beastly Max (howling):

"I thought this was gonna be funny, but this? This is legendary! I'm framing this moment!"

News anchors chime in with merciless commentary:

News Anchor #1 (grinning):

"Birdie didn't just fail the test—he redefined failure. This might be the greatest live humiliation ever broadcast!"

News Anchor #2 (mocking):

"Well, folks, dreams really do come true—just not for Birdie. He wanted to be famous, and now he is... for all the wrong reasons."

Birdie's Final Collapse: Side by Side with Victoria

Birdie stands frozen, the weight of the world pressing down on his tiny frame. His wings droop. His claws curl into the silk sheets. The laughter, the jeering, the flashing screens—it's too much. Too loud. Too cruel.

He turns to Victoria, still sobbing quietly, completely unaware of the chaos unfolding around her.

**And something inside him breaks.*

The dream is gone. The hope is gone. There's nothing left but the truth.

He failed.

Utterly. Completely. Publicly.

His legs give out. With a soft thump, Birdie collapses onto the bed beside Victoria, his tiny body sinking into the plush comforter. His wings curl around him like a broken cocoon, and for the first time since this nightmare began... he sobs.

Raw. Uncontrollable. Heart-wrenching sobs.

The once-proud, defiant Birdie—the dreamer, the fighter, the would-be legend—reduced to nothing more than a crying little creature, drowning in his own shame.

And the world watches.

Every screen, every arena, every monster's home. Millions of eyes fixed on one tiny, broken creature sobbing beside the very girl he failed to scare.

The Monster World's Ruthless Delight

The laughter in the Scare Lab reaches new heights. Monsters lean on each other, gasping for air between fits of hysteria.

"HE'S CRYING! LOOK! HE'S CRYING JUST LIKE HER!"

"Oh, this is perfect! Someone take a screenshot! 'Birdie the Blunder' weeping like a baby!"

Fang (grinning maliciously):

"Birdie didn't just fail—he joined the human he was supposed to scare! What's next, they start a support group?!"

Even the news anchors can't resist.

News Anchor #1 (chuckling):

"Ladies and gentlemen, history has been made. Not just the worst scare attempt ever, but the first time a monster ended up crying with their target. Truly unprecedented."

News Anchor #2 (mocking):

"Birdie wanted to make headlines. Congratulations, Birdie. You're officially the face of failure."

Final Broadcast: Birdie's Last Image in the Monster World

The camera zooms in, broadcasting the final image across every holo-screen in the monster world:

Birdie. Tiny. Defeated. Curled up on Victoria's bed, sobbing quietly beside her as she weeps into her pillow.

Two broken souls. One drowning in heartbreak... the other in humiliation.

And beneath the image, in bold, unforgiving letters:

⚡ "SCARING ATTEMPT FAILED. BANISHMENT ENACTED. BIRDIE: THE BLUNDER OF THE CENTURY." ⚡

As the laughter continues, as the world mocks and memes and celebrates his downfall, Birdie lies motionless, tears soaking into the silk sheets.

He doesn't move. He doesn't speak. He just cries—softly, quietly, hopelessly.

For the first time in his life, the dream is truly, undeniably dead.

And the world?

The world laughs.

Here's a more grounded and realistic take on how a celebrity like Victoria Stellar—someone used to fame, stress, and guarding her image—might react. Her initial response is more skeptical and self-focused, but as Birdie's vulnerability becomes undeniable, her walls start to crack, leading to a reluctant but genuine moment of empathy.

Scene: Two Broken Souls

The monster world was howling with laughter.

Every screen in Monstropolis flickered with the same humiliating image: Birdie, the tiny, would-be scarer, sobbing into Victoria Stellar's silk sheets. The girl he was supposed to terrify lay nearby, completely unaware of the spectacle.

"BIRDIE THE BLUNDER! BIRDIE THE BLUNDER!"

The chant echoed through the Scare Lab like a stadium anthem. Fang slapped the table, gasping for air.

Fang (grinning):

"He didn't just fail—he joined her pity party! What is this, CuddleTube?"

Beastly Max, towering in his VIP booth, leaned over the balcony, shaking his head with exaggerated pity.

Beastly Max (mocking):

"Somebody send him a tissue! He's not a monster—he's a therapy plush!"

Even the news anchors joined in.

News Anchor #1 (grinning):

"Birdie set out to make history. And he did—the first monster to cry with his target. Truly groundbreaking."

The Cry That Catches Attention

Victoria Stellar didn't hear the laughter from the monster world.

Her bedroom, vast and drowning in shadows, had settled into an exhausted hush. The sobs that had rattled her chest minutes ago had faded into shallow breaths. The rage, the heartbreak—it was all ash now.

But the crying hadn't stopped.

And it wasn't hers.

Victoria blinked, face blotchy and streaked with mascara. She wiped her cheeks with the sleeve of her hoodie and frowned. The sound was soft, high-pitched, like a child whimpering in the corner.

"What the hell...?"

She pushed herself up and glanced around the dim room, bleary eyes scanning the floor, the nightstand, the crumpled tissues scattered across the duvet.

Then she saw it.

The Annoying, Familiar Creature

At the foot of her bed, nestled between her rumpled Gucci throw blanket and a half-crushed pillow, was a tiny, trembling creature. Round. Furry. Blue-green. Like something out of a high-end boutique pet shop.

Its little wings sagged at its sides, and its tiny paws clutched the comforter like it was holding on for dear life. Tears streamed down its puffy cheeks as it hiccupped into the fabric.

Victoria's brows shot up.

Victoria (groaning):

"You've got to be kidding me."

Birdie flinched at the sound, curling in on himself, his tiny frame trembling like a leaf. His wings sagged, limp and useless, while tears matted his fur.

Victoria's mouth fell open, then snapped shut, anger rising like a tide.

Victoria (mocking, bitter laugh):

“What, did Jason leave you here on his way out? His emotional support puffball?”

Birdie blinked up at her, eyes glassy with confusion and fear.

Birdie (soft, hiccuping):

“N-No... I—”

Victoria (cutting him off, voice sharp):

“Save it. How the hell did you even get in here? My house isn’t exactly open door policy.”

She snatched her phone off the nightstand, thumb already hovering over the security app.

Victoria (voice rising):

“Are you some freak fan’s idea of a prank? Because, newsflash, I’m not laughing.”

Birdie scrambled upright, paws raised like he was trying to calm her down.

Birdie (desperate):

“No! I—I didn’t break in! I got teleported here!”

Victoria froze, brow furrowing.

Victoria (flat, deadpan):

“...Teleported. Right. Sure. And I’m the queen of Mars.”

Birdie (voice cracking):

“I’m telling the truth! It was part of a test. If I could scare a crying teenager, if I could scare YOU—which has never been done before, a monster scaring a teenager—I’d gain immense wealth and respect from the monster committee.”

Victoria blinked, thrown off by the raw desperation in his voice.

Victoria (exasperated, rubbing her temples):

“I don’t know what on earth you’re talking about. Do you hear yourself?”

Birdie’s mouth snapped shut. Reality hit him like a freight train. Of course humans didn’t get it. Of course they’d never understand the stakes in his world.

Birdie (voice hollow, defeated):

“Forget it. It doesn’t matter.”

He slumped, wings drooping further, like the fight had finally drained out of him.

But something about his surrender made Victoria bristle.

Victoria (crossing her arms, voice sharp):

“No. You don’t get to dump some sci-fi sob story on me and then just shut up. What ‘test’? What committee? What world?”

Birdie glanced up, startled.

Victoria (pressing, frustrated):

“You said you ‘got teleported’ here. By monsters. To scare me. Do you even hear how insane that sounds?”

Birdie (softly):

“It is insane... but it’s true.”

Victoria stared at him, arms still tightly crossed, like she was holding herself together by sheer will.

Then her expression hardened.

Victoria (voice rising, irritated):

“I’m calling security. Whatever sick prank this is, I’m done.”

She pressed the button.

Victoria (sharply, into the phone):

“Security.”

Birdie’s eyes widened in horror. His breath hitched—and then, like something inside him finally gave out, he broke.

Silent tears turned to ragged sobs. He didn’t move. Didn’t fight. Just cried, shoulders shaking like the weight of the world had finally crushed him.

Birdie (broken, almost to himself):

“I failed. I lost. I don’t have anywhere to go... I don’t know what to do anymore.”

Victoria froze. For half a breath, something flickered across her face—pity? Uncertainty? But just as quickly, she shoved it down.

She shrugged, like brushing off an inconvenient thought.

Victoria (curt, cold):

“Not my problem.”

A few seconds later, the guards arrived.

The Guards Arrive

The two towering bodyguards stormed in, eyes sweeping the room. One spotted Birdie and exchanged a confused glance with his partner.

Guard 1 (gruff, professional):

“Miss Stellar, everything alright?”

Victoria didn’t answer immediately. She just stared at Birdie, her mind still trying to untangle what he’d said. Teleportation? Monster worlds? Tests?

Victoria (curt, avoiding eye contact):

“No. Get him out. Now.”

The first guard stepped forward, grabbing Birdie by the scruff like a misbehaving pet. He didn’t resist. He couldn’t. He just sagged, silent tears soaking into the man’s sleeve.

“All right, show’s over, punk. You’re coming with us.”

As they reached the door, Birdie let out a small, broken hiccup. Just once. Soft. Defeated.

That should’ve been the end of it.

But something in the guard snapped.

The hiccup turned into a frail, trembling cry—sharp, high-pitched, and heartbreakingly raw. It cut through the stale air like a knife, too pitiful to ignore, too fragile to stand.

The guard whirled around, face twisted with something ugly and unresolved.

“Shut up!” he barked, and without warning, he shoved Birdie onto the hardwood floor.

Guard 1 (gritting his teeth, towering over Birdie):

“You better get your butt up and start walking before I lose it, you hear me?”

Birdie didn’t move. He just sobbed harder, trembling so violently it was almost painful to watch.

The second guard stepped in, brows furrowing as he grabbed his partner’s arm.

Guard 2 (warning):

“Hey, chill. He’s not a threat. Look at him.”

But the first guard didn’t let up. He pressed a heavy hand on Birdie’s back, pinning him down against the cold floor. Birdie’s sobs turned sharp, panicked.

Birdie (pleading, voice cracking):

“Stop—please—I’ll go—”

Victoria’s breath hitched. Her arms, once tightly wrapped around herself, slowly loosened as she stared at the pitiful scene.

Birdie wasn't fighting back.

He wasn't screaming or snarling or spitting threats like Jason used to when cornered.

He was just crying.

Small. Helpless.

The guard leaned down, so close Birdie could feel his breath against his damp fur.

Guard 1 (grinding his teeth, voice low and venomous):

"I can't wait till they throw you in animal control. That's where you belong—locked up like the worthless stray you are."

Birdie flinched, curling into himself as if trying to disappear entirely.

Victoria exhaled sharply, like someone snapping out of a daze.

Victoria (firm, tired):

"Hey. That's enough."

The guard glanced at her, brows raised like he hadn't expected her to care.

Victoria (stepping forward, voice tight):

"I said, enough. Let him go."

Reluctantly, the guard lifted his hand and stepped back, his face hard with barely checked irritation. Birdie didn't move, just lay there in a trembling heap.

The second guard held up a hand, his voice low and placating.

Guard 2 (apologetic):

"Sorry, Miss Stellar. He's just... having a rough time. Divorce. It's been messing with his head."

Victoria's expression didn't soften. If anything, it flattened into something colder.

Victoria (curt, rubbing her temple):

"Yeah, well, his bad day doesn't get to be my problem. Or his." She nodded toward Birdie. "Get out. I'll handle this."

The guards hesitated.

Victoria (voice sharpening):

"Now. Before I report both of you."

That did it. The first guard stiffened but didn't argue. He shot one last glare at Birdie before stomping out. The second guard gave Victoria a sheepish nod and followed, shutting the door quietly behind them.

The Aftermath

Victoria sighed, rubbing her temples. She grabbed the tissue box off the nightstand and tossed it toward Birdie.

Victoria (gruffly):

"Here. Blow your nose. You're disgusting."

Birdie sniffled, hesitated, then wiped his face.

Birdie (quietly):

"...Thanks."

Victoria rolled her eyes, leaning against the bedpost.

Victoria:

"Don't thank me. I'm not doing this for you."

Silence stretched, heavy and awkward. Birdie didn't move. Victoria didn't either.

Finally, she sighed, rubbing her face like this whole thing physically hurt.

Victoria (grumbling):

"Just... stay over there. Don't touch anything. And if you start wailing again, I'm throwing you out myself."

Birdie nodded quickly, like someone terrified of pushing their luck. He curled up on the rug, tissues clutched in his paws, hiccuping quietly as he tried—and failed—to calm down.

Confrontation

Minutes ticked by. The only sound was Birdie's ragged breathing and the occasional snuffle. Victoria's arms stayed crossed, eyes locked on the creature like he was an unsolved puzzle she hated not figuring out.

Finally, she spoke, voice sharp enough to cut through the silence.

Victoria (demanding):

"Alright. Enough. How the hell did you get into my house? What's your game?"

Birdie froze, ears flattening against his head. His tiny claws dug into the tissue like it was a lifeline.

Birdie (stammering):

"I... I told you. I was teleported here. It's—"

Victoria (cutting him off, voice rising):

"For heaven's sake, shut up with the sci-fi crap. Teleportation? Monsters? Do you hear how insane you sound?!"

Birdie's mouth opened and closed, panic flickering across his face. He glanced toward the door, like a trapped animal searching for an escape.

Victoria stepped forward, closing the distance between them, eyes narrowing.

Victoria (gritting her teeth):

"You didn't just pop out of thin air. How. Did. You. Get. In?"

Birdie cracked.

His shoulders slumped, wings drooping like broken ornaments. He wiped his face roughly, like he was trying to scrub away the truth along with the tears.

Birdie (voice hollow, defeated):

"I... I don't know, okay? I just—"

Victoria's eyes sharpened, patience hanging by a thread.

Victoria (cutting in, sharp):

"How do you not know how you got in? What, did you phase through the damn wall?!"

Birdie flinched, looking away like the floor was the only safe place to focus. His tiny fists clenched, breath catching in his throat.

Birdie (blurting out, exasperated):

"Alright! Fine! I came through the back door. It was open, okay? There. Happy now?"

Victoria blinked, momentarily stunned. Her arms dropped to her sides, disbelief washing over her like cold water.

Victoria (incredulous, disgusted):

"You're telling me you just walked into my house? Like it was nothing? Past my guards?"

Birdie froze for half a second too long. Then he forced a weak, awkward shrug.

Birdie (mumbling, avoiding her gaze):

"They... weren't paying attention. On their phones, I think. I just slipped by."

Victoria's expression hardened, a bitter laugh escaping her lips.

Victoria (dryly, rubbing her temple):

"Unbelievable. I really need to hire extra security."

Birdie didn't respond. He just sat there, looking small and defeated, like someone bracing for the final blow.

Victoria eyed him for a long moment, frustration simmering under her skin. She didn't believe him. Not for a second. But right now, she was too tired to care.

Victoria (sighing, exasperated):

"You're an absolute nightmare, you know that?"

The Breaking Point

Birdie slowly pushed himself upright, wiping at his face with trembling paws. His wings fluttered weakly, like they couldn't decide whether to lift him up or let him fall.

Birdie (quietly, resigned):

"I'm sorry to cause trouble, ma'am. I'll just go away."

Victoria froze.

For a split second, she heard his earlier sobs echo in her mind. The broken, whispered words he'd mumbled when he thought no one was listening: "I don't have anywhere to go... I don't know what to do anymore."

Her jaw tightened. Her heart did something stupid and soft in her chest, and she hated it.

But she hated the idea of watching him walk out the door, shoulders slumped like someone who'd already lost everything, even more.

Victoria (gruff, reluctant):

"Don't go."

Birdie blinked, genuinely startled.

Victoria (sighing, rubbing her temple):

"Just... stay. For now."

Birdie stared at her like she'd grown a second head. His mouth opened, closed, then opened again.

Birdie (soft, unsure):

"Why?"

Victoria's gaze flickered away, jaw tightening like she hated the words she was about to say.

Victoria (flat, guarded):

"Because you look like crap, and I don't need another thing on my conscience tonight. That's it. Don't get any ideas."

Birdie didn't move. He just... sagged. Like someone had cut the last string holding him upright.

Birdie (barely audible):

"Okay."

Victoria exhaled sharply, like someone snapping out of a daze. She turned and climbed into bed, yanking the blankets up to her chin, facing the wall.

"This is stupid," she muttered to herself, voice hollow. "I don't even know what you are."

Birdie didn't answer. He just curled up on the rug, tissues clutched in his paws, hiccupping quietly as he tried—and failed—to calm down.

Victoria didn't look at him. Not really.

But she didn't tell him to leave, either.

And somehow, that made all the difference.

Ending

 LIVE BROADCAST – MONSTER PRIME NEWS

 "BREAKING: BIRDIE—HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST CELEBRITY PET!" 

 He tried to make history.

 He tried to prove everyone wrong.

 He tried to become a legend.

And now?

 He was a pet.

And **Victoria Stellar**, Hollywood's biggest young star, was proudly showing him off to her elite friends.

The **Monster World** watched every second of it.

And they had never laughed harder.

SCENE 1: HOLLYWOOD GIRLS' POOLSIDE HANGOUT - a few days later

 **Hollywood Hills – Victoria Stellar's Mansion, Poolside.**

The sun is shining, the air smells like luxury perfumes and poolside drinks, and the most elite, perfectly curated group of Hollywood's rich girls are lounging around the pool in designer swimsuits.

 There's laughter, selfies, whispered gossip about scandals they're barely pretending to care about.

And at the center of it all—Victoria Stellar.

 And sitting stiffly on a lounge chair beside her, feathers slightly puffed, eyes distant—Birdie.

 **GIRL #1** (giggling, whispering):
"Oh my God, what is that?"

 **VICTORIA** (casually, sipping her iced coffee):
"That? That's Birdie."

 **THE MONSTER WORLD SHRIEKS.**

 **"SHE SAID IT LIKE HE'S A HANDBAG!"**
 ***"NOT EVEN AN INTRODUCTION, JUST 'THAT'S BIRDIE!'"**
 **"SHE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT HIM!"**

 **GIRL #2** (grinning, leaning closer):
"Awww, he's so tiny!"

 **GIRL #3** (laughing, tilting her sunglasses):
"He's kind of cute, actually."

 **Birdie tenses slightly, his feathers bristling.**

 **GIRL #1** (reaching out a hand):
"Can I hold him?"

🔥 Victoria suddenly shifts, subtly moving between them and Birdie, still lounging like she doesn't care.

👤 **VICTORIA (smooth, but dismissive):**
"Ugh, no. He doesn't like people messing with him."

🔥 She flicks a glance at Birdie, then back at her friends.

👤 **VICTORIA (casual, but final):**
"Besides, he's mine."

👤 **MONSTER WORLD LOSES IT.**

👤 **"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!"**

👤 **"SHE SAID IT. SHE CLAIMED HIM!"**

👤 **"BIRDIE, YOU ARE NOT A FREE BEING ANYMORE!"**

👤 **DRAEVAN, THE TOP MONSTER NEWS ANCHOR, STANDS UP FROM HIS CHAIR, LAUGHING SO HARD HE CAN'T BREATHE.**

👤 **DRAEVAN:**
"SHE DIDN'T EVEN SAY IT SWEETLY. SHE SAID IT LIKE SHE'S CALLING DIBS ON A DESIGNER PURSE!"

🔥 Birdie grips the chair slightly tighter but doesn't say a word.

SCENE 2: THE GIRLS' REACTION

👤 The girls all burst into laughter, amused by Victoria's possessiveness.

👤 **GIRL #1 (grinning):**
"Relax, no one's stealing your little... whatever it is."

👤 **GIRL #2 (tilting her head, playful):**
"So what? He's like... your little thing now?"

👤 **VICTORIA (shrugging, smirking slightly):**
"I mean... he just stays here, so yeah, I guess."

👤 **"NO. NO, SHE DIDN'T JUST SAY THAT."**

👤 **"'HE JUST STAYS HERE'—LIKE A PET THAT NEVER LEFT."**

👤 **"BIRDIE, SAY SOMETHING! DENY IT!"**

🔥 Birdie doesn't deny it.

🔥 Because what else can he even say?

 **VICTORIA (glancing at him, casually):**
"Right, Birdie?"

 Birdie flinches slightly at hearing his name.

 Victoria looks at him expectantly.

 The girls wait.

 **"BIRDIE, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. SPEAK UP!"**

 **"BRO, PLEASE. SAY LITERALLY ANYTHING."**

 **"NOOOO, HE JUST LOOKED AWAY!"**

 Birdie doesn't answer. He just stares at the pool, nodding in agreement. He had nowhere else to go.

 **"IT'S OVER. HE ACCEPTED IT. SHE OWNS HIM NOW."**

 **DRAEVAN FALLS BACK INTO HIS CHAIR, DYING LAUGHING.**

 **DRAEVAN:**

"Birdie, future legend, mighty contender, scariest thing under the bed—now? He's Victoria's unclaimed lost item."

 Victoria, satisfied, sips her drink again.

SCENE 3: THE LITTLE THINGS SHE DOES FOR HIM

 The conversation drifts, the girls taking pictures, discussing their next PR events.

 Victoria leans back, scrolling her phone, then notices Birdie hasn't moved in a while.

 **VICTORIA (offhandedly):**
"Hey, drink this before it melts."

 She slides an untouched iced coffee toward him.

 **MONSTER WORLD FREEZES.**

 **"WAIT."**

 **"WAIT, DID SHE JUST—"**

 **"SHE'S TAKING CARE OF HIM?!"**

 **DRAEVAN STARES AT THE SCREEN.**

 **DRAEVAN:**

"Ohhhh no. No, no, no. We have officially hit Stage Three of pet ownership!"

 **Birdie hesitates.**

 **Victoria doesn't look at him, just keeps scrolling.**

 **And then... Birdie takes the drink.**

 **"NOOOOOO! HE DRANK IT! HE ACCEPTED HER CARE!"**

 **"HE'S NOT JUST HER PET—HE'S HER RESPONSIBILITY NOW!"**

 **"BIRDIE, YOU'RE NEVER ESCAPING THIS!"**

 **DRAEVAN LAUGHS UNTIL HE WHEEZES.**

 **DRAEVAN:**

"Birdie tried to make history. And now? He's Victoria Stellar's pampered little Hollywood novelty item."

 **Birdie still has nowhere to go.**

 **Victoria still doesn't tell him to leave.**

 **And Monster World?**

They're watching every second.

 **"BIRDIE: HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST CELEBRITY PET!"**

 **"VICTORIA STELLAR MAKES HISTORY—TURNS A FLEDGLING INTO A POOLSIDE ACCESSORY!"**

 **"THE BIRDIE CAM – STREAMING 24/7, WATCH HIS HUMILIATION UNFOLD IN REAL TIME!"**

 **The Monster World celebrates.**

 **Birdie still has no idea he's being watched.**

 **And Victoria... lets him stay.**

 **She won't say why.**

 **She won't admit why.**

 **Maybe she doesn't even know why.**

But she doesn't tell him to leave.

And Birdie?

 **He stays.**

 **LIVE BROADCAST – MONSTER PRIME NEWS**

💀 "BREAKING: A NEW CREATURE TAKES THE MONSTER TEST... AND PASSES!" 💀

The **Monster World** was still **roaring with laughter** over Birdie's downfall, enjoying every second of his **humiliating existence** as **Victoria Stellar's Hollywood pet**.

- 🔥 He tried to make history.
- 🔥 He tried to prove everyone wrong.
- 🔥 He tried to become a legend.

And he failed.

Or so they thought.

Because now?

- 🔥 Another Fledgling had stepped up.
- 🔥 Another creature like Birdie had taken the Monster Test.
- 🔥 And this time... he passed.

The **Monster World** went from **laughter... to absolute silence**.

🔥 The 200th Anniversary – A few weeks later! 🔥

The Celebration of Power

The **Grand Hall of the Monster Academy** was alive with **laughter, luxury, and absolute power**.

Tonight marked **two hundred years of dominance, two centuries since fear energy saved their world, fueling their rise as the undisputed rulers**.

The **elites of the monster world**—the strongest, wealthiest, and most terrifying—**drank, roared, and reveled beneath banners of their greatest victories**.

A **massive, golden mural** loomed over them, depicting their defining moment—**the discovery of human fear as an energy source, the power that built their empire**.

At the head of the room, seated upon a **throne of petrified screams**, was **Lord Malgarok, Supreme Ruler of the Dominion**.

He raised a **clawed hand**, his deep, rumbling voice shaking the hall.

“Two hundred years! Two hundred years of ruling the night! Two hundred years of proving that only the strongest deserve power!”

A deafening roar followed.

"THE STRONG! THE FEARLESS! THE POWERFUL!"

Malgarok sneered, motioning toward the **massive screen behind him** as it flickered to life.

💰 **TRILLIONS of monster credits generated from human screams.**
💰 **Record profits surging into the accounts of the elite.**
💰 **The most powerful getting richer, their rule unquestioned.**

Malgarok chuckled darkly.

"And what of the weak?"

The screen **shifted**, revealing a **grainy, faded recording**—a **small, round creature standing before the Academy**, full of pride, full of defiance.

A creature who had **dared to challenge them**.

A creature who had **failed spectacularly**.

🔥 **BIRDIE.**

As soon as his image flickered onto the screen, the hall **erupted into howling laughter**.

🔥 **"THE GREAT BIRDIE! THE FOOL WHO THOUGHT HE COULD CHANGE EVERYTHING—AND ENDED UP NOTHING!"**
🔥 **"HE SAID HE'D REWRITE HISTORY! LOOK AT HIM NOW!"**
🔥 **"WHERE IS HE?!"**

The screen **flickered again**.

Malgarok leaned forward, grinning.

"Let's find out."

Birdie's Fate

A **lavish, dimly lit bedroom**.

Soft, golden lighting reflected off **polished mirrors, designer perfume bottles, and expensive furniture**.

Victoria Stellar, still in her **silk robe**, walked across the room, holding a **small dish of water**.

At the foot of her **king-sized bed**, a **perfectly arranged pet bed** sat on the floor, lined with **custom-made blankets, embroidered with gold initials.**

Nestled beneath them, his feathers shifting slightly, **was Birdie.**

Victoria **set the dish beside him**, watching as he stirred, blinking drowsily.

She exhaled, placing her hands on her hips.

Then, with a shake of her head, she muttered—

“You really don’t know how good you have it.”

She pulled the blanket over him, adjusting it slightly.

Then, without another word, she flicked off the lights and climbed into her own bed.

Just before turning over, she murmured—

“Night, Birdie.”

The screen **froze on that image.**

And the **monsters LOST IT.**

🔥 **“BIRDIE! THE REVOLUTIONARY! THE WORLD-CHANGER!”**

🔥 **“SLEEPING IN A PET BED LIKE A HOUSE CAT!”**

🔥 **“REDUCED TO NOTHING!”**

Malgarok wiped a **mock tear** from his eye.

“So much for rewriting history, hmm?”

The **monsters HOWLED**, stomping their feet, some falling back in their chairs, gasping for **air from laughter.**

Malgarok raised his goblet.

“A toast! To Birdie, the greatest joke in history!”

The **glasses clinked. The laughter rang. The monsters celebrated harder than ever.**

They had **won.**

Fear was **king.**

Birdie was **nothing.**

Or so they thought.

(The monsters howl, their laughter rising to a deafening peak.)

Then—

💣 **BOOM!** 💣

*(The massive doors **BURST OPEN**, crashing into the walls so hard that the chandeliers above **SWING**, the torches flicker, and the golden banners **TREMBLE**.)*

🔥 **THOUSANDS OF SMALL, ROUND CREATURES—BIRDIE'S KIND—STORM INTO THE HALL.**

THE MOB BREAKS IN

*(The creatures surge forward, a tide of fury, pushing past the guards, **RAMMING** into towering monsters, knocking over furniture, claws digging into stone.)*

🔥 **"OUT OF OUR WAY!"**
🔥 **"WE ARE DONE BEING NOTHING!"**

*(A **beast with horns swings at them**— but is immediately **OVERRUN**, dragged to the floor, screaming. Another monster lunges, but is **tackled by a dozen creatures at once**, sending **him crashing into a table**.)*

*(The elite **monsters near the center do not react**. Some sip their drinks. Some chuckle, watching the chaos like it's a show.)*

SCARRED MONSTER *(snorting, unimpressed)*
"Well, this is adorable."

THREE-EYED MONSTER *(swirling his goblet)*
"They actually think they have a chance."

*(At the front of the **furious horde**, a ****sky-blue creature with golden eyes** steps forward, chest heaving—but he does not shake. He does not flinch. He **stands tall**.)*

🔥 **"ENOUGH."**

*(The **monsters do not stop laughing**. They do not acknowledge the threat.)*

🔥 **"LOOK AT THEM! THEY THINK THEY MATTER!"**
🔥 **"THEY THINK THEY CAN WIN!"**

(A beast with glowing red eyes sneers, shaking his head.)

HORNED MONSTER *(mockingly wiping a fake tear)*

"Oh, woe is you."

(Malgarok sits forward, watching with amusement.)

MALGAROK *(mocking, grinning)*

"Oh? And what do we have here? A little rebellion?" *(he leans back, tapping a claw against his goblet)*

"Go on, then. **Speak your last words before you run.**"

THE SPEECH THAT SHOOK THE HALL

 **BLUE CREATURE** *(voice cutting through the roaring laughter)*

"You sit in your **golden halls**, drinking, feasting, telling yourselves that you are the **only ones who matter.**" *(his golden eyes burn)*

"For **TWO HUNDRED YEARS**, you have crushed creatures like us under your feet. You've mocked us. You've called us failures before we even had a chance to TRY."

 **"BUT LOOK AROUND YOU. LOOK AT US."** *(gesturing to the thousands behind him, their eyes blazing with unrelenting determination.)*

 **"IF WE ARE NOTHING, THEN WHY ARE WE HERE?!"**

(The mob ROARS in agreement.)

 **"WE ARE HERE!"**

 **"AND WE ARE NOT NOTHING!"**

BLUE CREATURE *(voice growing sharper, fiercer)*

"You think Birdie was a joke? A failure? You think because he fell, we would NEVER RISE?"

(A few monsters snicker, mockingly raising their glasses. Others shake their heads, still amused.)

 **BLUE CREATURE** *(eyes flashing)*

"He was the first. **The first to stand. The first to challenge you. The first to take the risk.**"
(he steps forward)

 **"AND BECAUSE HE DID—WE KNOW THAT WE CAN."**

(The monsters stop smiling. Some sneers falter, but none of them take it seriously.)

 **BLUE CREATURE** *(raising his voice, powerful, unshaken)*

"We are NOT here to beg for your approval."

🔥 "WE ARE HERE TO TAKE BACK WHAT YOU STOLE FROM US!"

🔥 "WE ARE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT WE ARE DONE BEING SILENT!"

🔥 "WE ARE DONE BEING NOTHING!"

🔥 "AND WE WILL NOT BE TREATED LIKE THIS ANY LONGER!"

*(The **Grand Hall** trembles with their voices. The creatures stand tall, unyielding. Their rage is unstoppable. Their fire is undeniable.)*

🔥 THE MONSTERS LAUGH.

*(Not silence. Not hesitation. **PURE, UNFILTERED MOCKERY.**)*

🔥 "LISTEN TO THEM! THEY THINK THEY MATTER!"

🔥 "THEY THINK THEY CAN WIN!"

🔥 "YOU WILL NEVER BE US!"

*(The **monsters stand**, their roars **shaking the walls.**)*

🔥 THEY LET OUT A DEAFENING, EARTH-SHAKING ROAR—A CHALLENGE, A WARNING, A DECLARATION.

*(But the creatures **do not cower.**)*

*(They **stand tall.**)*

🔥 BLUE CREATURE *(firm, unbroken)*

"Just you wait."

🔥 "IN DUE TIME, WE WILL GET THE RESPECT WE DESERVE!"

🔥 "AND WE WILL TAKE BACK WHAT YOU STOLE FROM US!"

*(The **Grand Hall erupts into monstrous howls**, but the creatures **TURN**, marching toward the doors.)*

*(As they leave, monsters **throw things at them**, roaring, chasing them out.)*

🔥 "RUN AWAY, COWARDS!"

🔥 "YOU ARE NOTHING!"

*(The doors **slam behind them**. The monsters **erupt into laughter once more.**)*

THE MONSTERS' FINAL WORD

(Malgarak leans back on his throne, shaking his head, smirking.)

MALGAROK *(chuckling)*

“Now, now... don’t trouble yourselves with their little ‘challenge.’” *(he waves a claw dismissively)*

“We’ll find a way to crush them... **so they never threaten our power again.**”

 **THE MONSTERS ROAR IN AGREEMENT, SHAKING THE HALL.**

 **FEAR REIGNS SUPREME.**

 **THE UPRISING FAILED.**

 **OR SO THEY THOUGHT.**

 **THE WAR HAD ONLY JUST BEGUN.** 