



Monster Friends

By: Melina Parker

My name is Athea Roseana, I am one of the first humans to be accepted to a monster school. Monsters decided in the early years to leave humans alone and make their own society. Their community was located on large Island in the bermuda triangle, with many different types of terrain, from desert to snowy biomes. Coincidentally it was very similar to the human society in many ways; they had cities, transportation, and even schools! Anyway, back on the subject, today is my first day at Michana Vanuas High, one of the biggest and most recognized schools in the monster world. In a way, me and the other humans going to monster schools are kind of like embasaries between humans and monsters.

On my first day, I saw so many different types of monsters; from the classic werewolves, and vampires to driders, tieflings, and many types and classes of demons! Before I had come to the school, I studied books from the monster world so that I would be able to understand the many diverse cultures in the school. As I walked the hallways to find my locker, after receiving my schedule from a very angry looking orc (though it was always hard to tell), I noticed most of the monsters were moving away from me, and other's whispering to their friends or sending me glares. As I passed a group of succubuses, I caught what one of them said, "they should have never let a human come to this school. She is probability just trying to spy on us so that she can kill us all". I stopped paying attention after that, so many negative thoughts had started to flow through my head *'maybe I shouldn't have come, maybe I should just stay with the other humans, no I have to do this I need to show that humans want to make a change and want to make a combined world where everyone can live together. I will not give up!'* with that last thought I found my locker. After placing the books that I would not need for my classes on that day in to it, I closed my locker and started my way to my first class.

~~~~~one week later~~~~~

It has been about a week since I started going to the monster school, and my experience has not gotten any better. I have tried many times to approach some of the monsters to make some friends and either they ran away from me or just ignored me. I have also noticed the rumors have gotten worse. They started off that I was a spy collecting information on them and now they say I am plotting to disrupt their society so that the humans can takeover. Though they have not even tried to find out if it is true or not, the witches could cast a truth spell on me and find out. No one seems to want to do that, they only want to believe that I am bad and that I don't belong here. I hear a group of monsters passing. By the sound of their footsteps, I think it was a satyr, a drider and a couple of monsters wearing shoes. As they passed by, I caught a bit of their conversation. "This is so infuriating! They still . . .", "I know they really thood..." I decided that I should just let their conversation be. It was none of my business, and even if it was about me, there is a high chance that it was more derogatory talk. I just really wish someone would just step up and talk with me. . .

~~~~~time skip to lunch~~~~~

I walked to the roof to eat my lunch away from everyone else. When I reached the edge of the roof I glanced over, feeling the wind flowing through my hair. As I glanced around at the people below I noticed a group of seemingly popular monsters, though it was always hard to tell, every monster's strengths were acknowledged and no one was really held that much higher than others. In some ways everyone is popular, so what I mean when I say they seem popular is that all the other monsters seem to know and like them. As they walked around the courtyard, people greeted them and seemed to want them to sit with them or stop and talk with them. Most of the group did stop and chat with some of the monsters, while some of the monsters in the original group seemed to be looking around for something or someone. Whoever or whatever they were

looking for did not seem to be in their view as they got the attention of the rest of the group and shook their heads. Since I was so far away I could not fully see their expressions but they looked a little dejected. I decided to move away from the edge to finish my lunch, so that I would not be seen and ‘validate’ the rumors of ‘the human spy’.

~~~~~time skip to after lunch~~~~~

As I walked to my last and least favorite class, history, several thoughts raced through my mind. The first is that the teacher, a one hundred-thousand year old vampire named Mr. Victor Trevalensva, really does not like humans and I don’t know the reason for it. When I turn in projects he gives me horrible grades even if I did the same amount of work or even more work than the other monsters! The second and most important thought is what he teaches. In basicity, the monster history says that all humans are evil and not one tried to help the monsters. I know for a fact, from many sleepless nights of indepth research and hours following family histories, that this is not true. There were plenty of humans that helped monsters both in escaping the human world and helping when they found an injured monster in the woods. There are even monsters and humans that fell in love and those couples’ descendants are alive to this very day, many in powerful positions in the monster world (like the monster King Vlad Davac who ruled in the late 18th century, he was the son of a human woman and a vampire male)! Though the most damning flaw in their history is the removal of the times that THEY attacked human villages and slaughtered them with no rhyme or reason that I could find( example the west wood massacre, where an unknown group of monsters killed hundreds of camping traders)! I could go on and on with specific events and moments that have been edited or even fully removed from any text and history book, but now is not the time for that.

I watched as Mr. Trevalensva, screeched a piece of chalk over the blackboard writing a question about the first technological advancement that was mixed with magic called magi-tech, which was the Themon M-wave Communicator (TMC for short) made by the great grandson of the wizard Merlin, named Jazuka L. Goldvan.

“Now can anyone answer this question? Miss Ruinstone why don't you try it.”

“Uaaa I don't know, some old man who died a long time ago, or something.”

“Wrong, yes it was an old man and yes he died a long time ago but I wanted details and you should have been able to answer if you did the reading last night, which apparently you did not, now can anyone else answer? Any volunteers?”

I look around and notice that no one was raising their hands, with a sigh I raise my hand, not expecting to be called on.

“Yes, Miss Roseana, can *you* answer my question?”

Some of the monsters snickered and smirked. With a sigh, I answer the first question I was ever asked. “The first magi-tech was the Themon M-wave Communicator, made by Jazuka L. Goldvan, the great grandson of the great wizard Merlin.”

As I glanced around I saw many of my monster classmates with looks of surprise or fear. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a werewolf boy looking at me. He looked to have black or dark brown hair, long fuzzy ears, bright gold eyes that seemed to glow with curiosity, and admiration. I could not tell much about his body-type besides that he seemed to be on the lean and muscular side, meaning he was more than likely stronger than the big bodybuilders of the school (besides the Orcs, they are really strong!). *‘but why is he looking at me in that way? Why isn't he looking at me with fear or hate like all of the others.’*

I was brought out of my thoughts when the Mr. Trevalensva cleared his throat, “vell you got the answer right, what does that say about the rest of you? She does not even need to know this, and she not only answered the question but gave the creator and another poverful figure in his family, and none of you vho should knov vis, could ansver. Vout does vat say about all of you?”

After that question the entire class went silent.

~~~~~time skip to the end of class~~~~~

I left quickly after the bell singled the end of the class and Mr. Trevalensva gave us our at home reading assignment. As I walked to collect some of my items from my locker I heard loud running footsteps “hay, wait up!” I ignored it because it was most likely not meant for me.

“Athea! I said wait up!”

With that I absolutely froze. No one, with the exception of teachers taking roll call, has ever said my name in this school. The footsteps came to a stop behind me. The monster seemed to be panting behind me like they had just ran a marathon. I slowly looked behind me and saw the wolf boy from history leaning over with his hands on his knees. I watched as he stood up to his full height, which looked about 6 feet, he looked me in the eye and *smiled* at me. It had been awhile since I saw a smile directed at me that did not hold some kind of malicious intent.

The wolf boy then reached over and placed his hands on my shoulders and grinning said, “That was so cool! You must really like history! Oh! I forgot to introduce myself! Hi! My name is Brian, Brian SchwarzerWolf, nice to meet you, Athea! Oh! Oh! The others want to meet you too! We tried to find you earlier but we couldn't but now they can! Come on, let's go!!”

As he said that he started dragging me away. In shock, I stammered out “where are we going?”

“To see the others of course! they really want to meet you!”

As I was dragged along I saw monsters looking at me and the wolf boy in shock. Seeing this I started to feel bad because he probably will lose some of the respect of the other monsters in the school.

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because no one should be treated like you have been doll.”

An 8 to 9 foot red skinned demon with yellow eyes, spiky black hair, and one broken horn; dressed as a bad boy punk who gave off those bad boy punk vibes said, “and we think your cool and we want to be your friend!”

I turned my head to look at the speaker and saw a happy looking female drider with gray skin and long wavy pure white hair. She seemed to have two sets of welcoming amethyst eyes with bio-luminescent spots of the same color on her cheeks and her black spider body. She was wearing a white shirt with a navy blue spider on front. I finally looked around the group. There was a tall teal fading to light green skinned orc (maybe half orc) with small tusk that could only be seen when he smiled (which he was). He had short slightly slicked back black hair and calm yellow eyes. He was wearing a clean white t-shirt and tan pants. A small but friendly looking goblin stood nearby him. His light green skin and short fluffy dark black hair was clean and he looked like he was a bit of a troublemaker with his dark hoodie, many pockets and sparkling yellow eyes full of mischief. Standing on my right was a red and black scaled naga. His human torso was on the taner side with red eyes and black hair. He was wearing an open black jacket. Adjacent, was a nyad with shimmering long dark blue hair (which like with most nyad's, her hair was always wet and dripping) and aqua colored eyes. She wore a light blue shirt with a gold collar and cream pants. She seemed to be staring at me with friendly curiosity. Finally, the last

monster of the group was a vampire somewhere on the younger side, 75-105 years. He had short fluffy black hair with a white streak. He was on the taller side probably a couple inches shorter than the orc, with pale skin and deep ocean blue eyes that seemed slightly hypnotizing. His ears were somewhere between an elf's ear and a human's ear and he was wearing a long black cloak with an old victorian pendant holding the long standing collar. I could not see his shirt but from what I could see, he was wearing a pair of black pants and large “monster” boots.

I looked around the hall at all of them with a confused look and said “that is nice, but who are you all and what is the real reason that you are all talking to me?”

The drider grind and said, “I am Amora, the punk demon is Castiel, the half orc is Fjord, the niad is Nixi, the naga is Kage, the goblin is Zack, watch out for him he is a prankster and a flirt. The gloomy vamp is Leo, he might look upset but he really is nice and you already know our wolf boy Brian!”

Then Leo looked at me with a bored look on his face but a kind look in his eyes “and why we are talking to you is because we want to get to know you. We really don’t care for what others think. We actually want to understand who YOU are not what others say you are. Then maybe be your friends.” I looked at them and saw sincerity in their eyes and for the first time in a long time I smiled among friends.

Interview with the Author

Q: What made you decide to write a fictional story?

A: I feel more comfortable writing in fiction, people can better imagine through a fictional lens the issues that I want to raise.

Q: What would you say are some of the themes present in this piece?

A: Prejudice, how society's dominant narratives impact the way kids are perceived by one another in schools, how a few people willing to look past their prejudices can make a difference in the lives of others--bridging belonging.

Q: What do you feel are the biggest issues teens face in schools today?

A: While prejudices have died down a bit, they are still present. People with power impact how we see one another, when they say damaging things or promote a dangerous narrative it has a real impact. People don't understand how mental health issues manifest. We all need different things to be successful, not a one size fits all approach.

Satyr
/'seɪtər/



Succubus
['sʌkyʊbəs]

Druider
/der-ɪdər/



Naga
['nægə]



Tiefling
TEEF-ling



Nyad
ni-ad



Orc



Goblin

Or-k



['gäblən]



Werewolf
['wer,woolf]



Vampire
['vam,pī(ə)r]

