

“Nevermore”- A Monster  
Carnival Fan Fiction by  
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...

“It’s here, it’s here!”

“Can we go, Mom?”

“Please?”

“I’ll do all my chores, Dad! Please?”



The triumphant sounds of the children cheering echoed throughout the town. In the little town of Sanguenera, there were not that many special occasions the whole town celebrated. Sure, there were the holidays- the colorful lights of Christmastime and the aroma of candy teeming through the air in Halloween were always a pleasure. In actuality, the big event of that year of 1936 was the carnival that decided to visit Sanguenera that July.

The clamber and clatter of innocent footsteps ran and walked down the dirt road and towards the edge of town, where the carnival is being held. Circus music echoed in the air and laughter was abounded. People of all ages went about the carnival. The kiddies enjoyed the carousel and the carnival games that were set up in the fair. The teenagers preferred the Haunted Lab, even though not all of them are that brave. Couples paired up to go on the tunnel of love, and some of their lovey-dovey attitudes brought dismay to the ride operator who had to constantly spoil the romance to remind them of the rules. And the whole family enjoyed the Ferris wheel, taking them up into the skies with such a gentle motion that makes those who enjoy the height more appreciative of the view.

However, the centerpiece of the carnival was an extravagant red and yellow big top, a triangular flag at each of its posts. Besides the Ferris wheel, it is one of the first attractions that catch the eye. The music was especially prominent there and it continued to swell throughout the carnival.

Right nearby the big top was a small carnival game. “Dunk the Bird Boy” was painted in light blue over it. A small water tank was set up and next to it a target. And there on the seat connected to the target was a young boy. The whites of his eyes were pitch-black and the pupils were white, with a purple iris separating it. He had dark skin with sopping wet black hair- and feathers. His nose was long and pointed as if it were a

beak. His soaked small black-feathered wings drooped down a little as he sat there, waiting for the next normal one to dunk him in again.

He looked up at the myriad of people roaming the carnival. A cunning teenager looked at him and paid the game operator a dime. The carnie gave the teenager a bucket of three baseballs. The teen looked up at the Bird Boy again and then aimed at the target. Upon throwing, the ball flung across the grass, yet missed the target, hitting the wall with a loud thump. The Bird Boy smiled a bit. *Good thing this guy is a poor shot,* he thought, *I get to be dry for another minute!*

However, just as he thought that, the teenager threw again, very close to the target, yet missing. The bird boy flinched a little. Okay, maybe this boy isn't as weak as he had originally thought. The teen, growing more frustrated, aimed the baseball again right at the target, then threw again,

The baseball hit the target with a clang and the seat under the bird boy collapsed, him falling into the water. Once again, it was freezing cold, but at this point, he was getting used to it. He broke through the surface of the water, gasping for air. Times like this make him wish he'd be gone out of this carnival, but he has to stay because this carnival is the only home he has. The carnie gave the teenager a stuffed teddy bear and the prideful teen walked off with the stuffed animal and gave it to a young teenage girl, likely his girlfriend. Bird Boy saw the fair girl smile with her peachy lips and mouth the words "thank you" to her boyfriend. He continued looking out into the crowd as he climbed back onto the seat, waiting for the next person to dunk him again.

The bright sun began to set, turning the azure sky rosy overhead. The youngest children and their parents went home, while the teenagers stayed to enjoy more of the carnival. The carnie running his game looked at the Bird Boy and sighed.

"Okay, Bird Boy, you're done for the night- the freak show is coming up, and you should get ready for it," he said.

The Bird Boy despised the word "freak". Just because he is part bird doesn't mean he's a freak... can't he just live among society, just like anybody else would? He sighed to himself and got off on his feet. The grass around the tank was wet from him being dunked in multiple times, and the carnie led him to the big red and yellow tent.

The tent was made up of a wide open space, cages surrounding the circle. Freaks just like him were found there, some wild ones bound in cages, while others showing off in a ring outside the cage, like the Strongman. Bird Boy sighed and sat on the swing set up in his giant birdcage, waiting for the ringmaster to open the tent.

Despite him thinking of the freaks as moneymakers, the ringmaster was still the only carnie to treat the “freaks” at least more positively. He was a tall, slim man with a black coil of hair on his head and a mustache and beard bearing on his chin. He had on a tall black and scarlet top hat and wore a red, gold and black ringmaster’s outfit. His cape was also gold and red and it almost reached the floor, but it stopped just two inches above it. As a result, the young raven boy found himself quite admiring the top-hat fellow.

The ringmaster went up and checked all of the cages and talked to the fellow freaks in them. He then approached Bird Boy and smiled.

“Good evening, Bird Boy!” he greeted, “How is my favorite bird doing today?”

Bird Boy smiled a bit. “I’m doing fine, Ringmaster Allan.”

The ringmaster laughed a little and sighed, “I saw you over at the dunk tank from the tent, my raven boy. It must be cold in that water!”

“Yeah, it is, but I found a way to deal with it after a few dunks,” the Bird Boy replied.

“Well anyways,” Ringmaster Allan concluded, “Put on a good show tonight, my raven boy! Good luck!”

“Thanks, Ringmaster...” the Bird Boy said.

The ringmaster ran off to check on the other cages and rings that surrounded the inside of the scarlet and yellow circus tent. A few minutes later, the ringmaster finally looked up and approached the tent doors and unclasped the clasp, letting the curtains fly and the flood of carnival attendees enter the freak show.

A variety of people of different ages wandered the freak show, and Bird Boy, sitting on the swing in his enormous birdcage, watched. The townspeople wandered the freak show, and whenever they saw Bird Boy, they’d flinch at the sight of his beak-like nose, yet at the same time stared in wonder of the fact that he had wings. With that, Bird Boy sighed- he can’t actually use his wings, for they wouldn’t move.

Once the show was all said and done, the curtains were closed once again, and as the moon reached its peak, all of its guests left as quickly as they came. The operator went over to the Bird Boy.

“Well it’s about time for dinner, Bird Boy,” he said, opening the gate. Bird Boy looked at the exit out of the cage and got up off the swing.

On his way to the dining area, he realized that he wasn't all that hungry tonight. He was more tired than hungry, in fact, so he looked at the woods nearby by the carnival and walked over and sat by a tree.

At night, the woods were a dark and cryptic place that mere mortals have a difficult time trying to venture to. The trees' branches twisted above, almost blocking out what little light the moon gave, and the leaves were such a dark shade of olive green that it was almost indistinguishable from the branch on which it hung.

The young bird boy decided to sit and rest under the tallest tree in the area he was in. He sat down and let his still cold wings rest. It was there that evening when he found himself fast asleep, dreaming of being accepted into society.



The peeking sun of dawn woke up the slumbering Bird Boy. Blinking, he opened one eye, then the other. As soon as he got up, he was startled that the sun's tangerine glow was staring back at him. Quickly, he got up and looked over where he came from. Immediately, he ran.

The grass under the bird boy's clawed feet rustled as he ran back to the carnival. He's late, he's late....

Raven finally saw the clearing and then stopped right at his tracks. He then stopped and gasped in dismay of what he saw.

The carnival was gone.

All of it had been packed away overnight and the freaks were sent off on their way on to the next location, all without him. The bird boy had completely forgotten that the previous day was the last day at this location. Shaking, the young raven boy called out: "Ringmaster?! Ringmaster, where'd you go?" The only response the poor boy had to this question was the beginning of the morning birds' songs.

The poor raven boy then tried to see if he could find the tire tracks of the trucks that carried the carnival away overnight, and he tried to follow them into the still-night side of the sky.

The tracks were hard to follow. The breezy winds were beginning to cover the treads of the tires, yet the bird boy tried to follow them anyway. After more running, he found himself by a farm.

At this point, the bird boy started to become exhausted. He was still getting cold from the dunk tank that he fell into the previous evening, and that was the only sign of the carnival left upon him. Even Ringmaster Allan forgot about him, but after some thought, the bird boy concluded that a missing freak really is no big deal to him.

The bird boy knew that his attempt to catch up was fruitless from the very beginning. But why did he try to run anyway? Why did he chase after something impossible? He assumed it was always just some strange habit of his to try for such petty things, such as being accepted into society, and not treated like a freak. He once lived in a society of freaks, so he at one point could at least fit in. However, that society vanished in the blink of an eye.

Accepting he was alone once again, he ended up sitting against the edge of the barn and decided to watch the pigs at the pen. Most of the squealing little oinkers were still asleep at this early hour, but there were a few that stirred in the pen. The restless piglets chased each other in the pen, toppling over each other, giving out joyous squeals. The bird boy laughed a little bit at the adorable sight. Seeing the pigs is slowly keeping his mind off the carnival that left without him.

Suddenly, he thought he saw something when he looked away from the pig pen. A figure was walking towards him, silhouetted by the dawn's blinding light. Behind the figure were more. The bird boy stood up, confused at the sight. The townspeople all crowded around him. Startled by the crowd, the bird boy cowered. A flash of a camera went off in his eyes. Blinking, he rubbed them.

Then, someone among the crowd of townspeople approached closer to the bird boy.

"Hello there," the man said, smiling, "who might you be?"

The Bird Boy went silent for a long time, his hands shaking. "I-I-I'm known as the Bird Boy. I haven't got any other name than that."

The feathered child winced again, in worry of the crowd's reaction. However, he realized that their reactions were not of fear. They were rather of curiosity. The man approached the bird boy again. "Why are you out here, all alone?"

"I-I don't know if you remember me, but I-I came from the carnival that was here the past four days. I fell asleep and-and they forgot about me and they left me here..." the bird boy began to weep, "I tried to follow the tire tracks, but I ended up here...please don't hurt me... I only want a home."

The man raised an eyebrow. "Hurt you? Why would we hurt you?"

“Because I’m a freak... and I’m outside of my comfort zone... being around you all...” the bird boy replied, frail.

The gentle man paused. Sighing, the man bent down to the boy’s height and looked at him. “Don’t be afraid- we won’t hurt you. After all, you haven’t done anything wrong. You’re welcome to stay in town as long as you need.”

The orphaned boy’s eyes widened. “R-really?”

The man nodded. “I’m the mayor by the way. It’s nice to meet you. I’ll be happy to show you around town.”

The bird boy grinned, “Thank you so much!”

At the mayor’s decision, the bird boy noticed a couple of murmurs inside the crowd. His smile faded a bit- he knew that not everyone was going to like him at first sight, but at least he was welcomed. The mayor led the way away from the barn and into town at last.

The mayor introduced, “Welcome to Sanguenera! I guess you did kind of see it while you were in the carnival. It’s a nice town, isn’t it?” The bird boy nodded. “As the mayor, I wish this town to be as great as it can be! That’s why the carnival was brought here in the first place, for every one of all ages to have a day of fun! And it seems that you all had succeeded! It was all worth getting pied in the face-”



“May we not talk of the carnival that orphaned me?” the bird boy asked.

“Oh, I’m sorry!” the mayor apologized, “I guess I’m one to say without thinking...”

The mayor continued the tour that he never really started in the first place. The young feathered boy was introduced to a variety of hot spots in the town, which weren’t really that many. On the streets were a mix of horse-pulled vehicles and motor-powered vehicles, although the motors began to slowly replace the equine –powered transportation at this point in time. An apothecary and a horse re-shoeing shop shared a block of land, although the two buildings were separate from each other.

The mayor told the new bird in town that the apothecary is run by the gentle Dr. Dan, and the horse re-shoeing is run by Gabriel “Honest Gabe” Linkin. The bird boy looked through the glass windows of each of the shops and saw the two men in their

workplaces. Dr. Dan was in his forties at this point in time, and his hair was slowly graying. Dr. Dan looked up and greeted the bird boy with a slight smile and a wave.

Honest Gabe however, reacted the opposite way. He gave the bird boy a deep scowl and a piercing stare with his green eyes. The bird boy flinched, but didn't want to show that he was scared.

Suddenly, Dr. Dan exited his shop and approached the bird boy. "Now who's this?" he asked the mayor.

"He's the Bird Boy. Remember that carnival that passed through here for four days? The poor fellow here got left behind, and he needs a home..." the mayor sighed.

"I'm willing to provide for you a place to stay here in town," Dr. Dan offered.

The bird boy looked up at Dr. Dan with a sigh of relief. Muttering a thank you, the bird boy entered the apothecary with the kind, graying doctor.

The scent of a strange mix of vanilla and chemicals met Bird Boy's beak-shaped nose. Various bottles and medicines and pills stacked the shelves of the apothecary's workplace, and there were other such strange sights.

"Welcome to my Apothecary, Bird Boy..." the kind doctor said, smiling, "You know I could always use an extra hand in here. I'll just have to teach you how."

The bird boy was excited for this new job opportunity, and Dr. Dan was delighted to see the present grin on the boy's face.

For the rest of the day, Dr. Dan showed the bird boy the ropes on the main compounds he uses and its properties.

"This here," Dr. Dan pointed out, showing him a bag of an odd white powder, "is truth serum, or Sodium thiopental. It has many uses. Medical doctors use it as an anesthesia when one is about to undergo surgery. Also, in a small amount, this compound can actually make one more prone to one's commands. For example, police officers can use this to get the truth out of a criminal who is hesitant to say anything."

"Like hypnosis?" the bird boy asked, curious.

"In a way, yes it is. As I had said, doctors and police officers find this really useful, so don't be surprised if you see them in here requesting such a thing." Dr. Dan cracked a smile. "Now over here, we have..."

Dr. Dan's tour of the apothecary was interrupted by the orange-haired man from the horse re-shoeing shop. Dr. Dan awkwardly stopped his tour and looked over at his neighbor. He tried to greet, "Hi, Honest Gabe-"

"Who's tha new lad?" Gabe asked, glaring at the bird boy.

Pausing for a moment, Dr. Dan replied "Have you not heard this morning? This is Bird Boy, and he's going to help me with my job-"

"What, that little bird? You mus' be jokin', Doctor. A monster doesn't do well with medicine," Gabe snapped.

Dr. Dan flinched for a moment at Gabe's reply, almost like he took it personally. Annoyed, he sighed, "No one knows until they are taught, Honest Gabe. And that is exactly what I'm doing: teaching him."

"What, so more people flock to your apo-schmecary to see a circus reject while few visit my horse re-shoeing now-a-days?" Gabe brought up.

Dr. Dan shrugged, "Technology is marching on, Gabe. Maybe you can try remodeling your place to meet today's standards."

With a huff, Gabe, once again glaring at the bird boy, said, "This bird boy is gonna bring nothin' but trouble to Sanguenera! Just ya wait an' see!"

Gabe left the apothecary, slamming the door behind him. Dr. Dan sighed and shook his head as Bird Boy decided to hide behind his leg.

"We're gonna close for the night anyways..." Dr. Dan observed, looking outside, "It's getting late, and you need some rest."

With that statement, Bird Boy was led to Dr. Dan's apartment, a quiet place with the basic essentials of a kitchen, a dining table, a bathroom and a bedroom. However, in the corner of the bedroom was a desk with papers all over the top of it.

"Please excuse the mess, Bird Boy; I wasn't really expecting a visitor," Dr. Dan sighed.

"It's okay, doctor," the Bird Boy said, looking around, "I'll just sleep on the sofa."

"Good night, Bird Boy..." Dr. Dan with this goodbye went into his room and shut the door.



Bird Boy, now alone in the living room, took the time to think. He thought of Gabe's cold words and how they exited his mouth. Hatred. He remembered how some of the crowd that first saw him murmured amongst themselves and had a dirty look in their eyes. Prejudice. He thought of the carnival that abandoned him. Careless. Finally, he thought about the doctor's unusual kindness and how he was actually welcomed into the town.

Hope.



The next day fared on like the previous had, with Dr. Dan showing the bird boy more of his medicines upon his cabinet. Bird Boy tried to keep his attention on the R<sub>x</sub>-labeled bags and bottles, but the thoughts of the prejudice he had received distracted him. At one point, Dr. Dan noticed Bird Boy staring off into space and stopped for a moment.

“Bird Boy?” Dr. Dan asked, “Are you okay?”

The young feathered boy snapped out of his daydream and looked back at the kindly doctor, “K-kinda...”

Dr. Dan sighed once again, “Don't let what the people in town say bother you... I don't want you to get nervous about it, too. Honest Gabe had always been not the nicest fish in the pond. He's just getting tempered because the change of the times is causing his business to fall apart.”

Bird Boy nodded at his explanation. Gabe did have a reason to be in a bad mood, albeit inexcusable, but that still didn't answer the question as to why some of the townspeople looked at him funny and talked about him behind his back. Sure, they never spoke out to him like Gabe had done, but it is more terrifying to be unaware of what others are thinking to him.

The day dragged on like any other day would in the shop, and the apothecary was just about ready to close. Dr. Dan roamed around and closed the lights and blinds of his beloved shop and took the bird boy home.

As they walked down the street, Dr. Dan and the Bird Boy noticed an odd sight. Standing on the sidewalk in front of his horse-re-shoeing shop was Honest Gabe again.

He had a stern look upon his brow and it was clear that business didn't fare so well today. Bird Boy hid himself behind Dr. Dan, who shook his head and sighed.

"It's getting late, Gabe. You should start heading home, you know," Dr. Dan noted to the dishonest man.

Honest Gabe lacked a reply. Instead, he was standing, still staring at his shop. When he did turn around eventually, he gritted his teeth at the sight of the black-feathered boy. Murmuring under his breath, he finally walked the sidewalk down to his home not too far away.

After a brief confused look, Dr. Dan led the Bird Boy back to his apartment to stay another night. With another long day gone, Bird Boy tried to go to sleep on the couch in Dr. Dan's apartment. However, he found himself unable to sleep, thinking about why Honest Gabe had been such a strange man. With these thoughts, he was no longer tired, and he decided to take a walk to clear his mind. He knew where his apartment was, so he won't get lost. Getting up, he exited the apartment and got out onto the sidewalk.

It was a brisk and cool summer night, with the nocturnal breezes tickling the Bird Boy's nose. Hardly a cloud in the sky, the moon was able to shine in its full glory, giving off a luminescent glow off of his black feathers.

Five minutes into the walk, Bird Boy looked up and sniffed something odd. It smelt like someone was burning coal for their fires, but it is too late in this summer night to start one up. Then the smoky scent continued to grow stronger, the air felt warmer, and in the distance, Bird Boy saw an orange glow. His eyes widened- a fire had broken out! And it looked like it was near the apothecary! He ran to the site of the flames and gasped in horror at what he saw.

There was Honest Gabe's Horse Re-shoeing Shop, engulfed in a fiery inferno. Terrified by the sight he saw, he ran as fast as he could to get away. The fire department's alarms blared in the night sky, and Bird Boy saw all the apartments and houses light up one by one as the townspeople were awoken by the loud blaring they made.

Still running, he climbed up the stairs back to Dr. Dan, who had woken up as well.

"What's going on, Bird Boy??" Dr. Dan asked, concerned.

The Bird Boy stammered, "I-it-it's Gabe's shop! It's on fire! Don't worry- the apothecary is safe- it's far enough away to not be burned too!"

Dr. Dan's eyes widened at this revelation. He put on a light coat and his hat and went out with the Bird Boy to investigate.

The townspeople also crowded out in their robes, light coats and hats on to see what was happening. As the firemen worked hard to keep the flames from spreading anywhere else, Dr. Dan looked in horror and prayed that the flames won't hit his precious apothecary. The camera flashes contrasted against the fire and the moonlight as the moment became immortalized in photography. When the fire was finally doused, there was nothing left of the wooden shop but ashes, horseshoes, and the smell of smoke in the air.

The mayor, in his bed-ropes and sleeping cap stared at the remains of the shop in deep horror. "How could this have happened??" the mayor shouted, "I need answers!"

The townspeople began to murmur amongst themselves. The once quiet town had now become a site of a dreadful, yet not deadly, fire. Gabe, amongst the townspeople, was stared at, recognizing that this was his shop that was engulfed in the flames.



However, the concern to go back to sleep became more important in their minds than to stay, so the townspeople slowly dispersed from the site of the fire, including Dr. Dan and the Bird Boy. For the rest of that night, the town slept in an uneasy slumbering silence, waiting to discuss the issue in the next morning.



When the sun rose again to begin another day, the townspeople gathered in the streets in front of where Gabe's horseshoe shop once was. An overwhelming aroma of fear swept through Sanguenera- a feeling that the quiet town was not really that used to. The murmurs that began the crowd's gathering evolved into sheer panic in their voices and tones.

The mayor eventually stood upon the podium and tried to calm the crowd down, a serious and stern tone in his demeanor and diction.

“To my town of Sanguenera, I ask you to settle down and hear me out. As you are all aware, unfortunately, a fire had broken out last night here at Honest Gabe’s Horse Re-Shoeing Shop. We must be grateful that no one was hurt, but that doesn’t excuse this act as crime. At this point, I ask you all to offer suspects to me.”

Gabe stepped forward. “Ah know who coulda done it: the Bird Boy! He’s new in town and ah don’t believe he e’er liked me. Besides, ah found a feather by my shop the night of the fire!” he promptly held up a black feather to prove it and the townspeople gasped.

“Thank you for your tip, Gabe. Bird Boy will be classified as a suspect. Anybody else has any ideas?” the mayor asked. The response was dead silence- there was nobody else they could think of that could’ve done such a thing. “Very well then, the Bird Boy is our prime suspect. Before, the town was nice and quiet. Now, fire had broken out, and I fear for the town’s safety. So to Bird Boy, wherever you are, you’re a suspect. Turn yourself in, or we will find you.”

The crowd looked amongst themselves to check if the Bird Boy was among them- and he wasn’t. Dr. Dan was also glanced at, but knowing his all around kindness, they disregarded him as a suspect at all.

“Of course, it had to be him!”

“Where is he though?”

“Dr. Dan should know!”

Dr. Dan spoke the truth in that he also had no idea where the Bird Boy went. The Bird Boy was next to him one minute, but when Gabe stepped forward, he was gone in a flash. He knew in his heart that the Bird Boy was innocent... but he shook at the thought that he was the minority.

With this outcry, the town volunteered to search for the “criminal” and spread out all over town to try and look for him. The cops roamed the streets and the townspeople kept an eye to the ground for any of the poor Bird Boy’s black feathers.

Sanguenera was gripped by a plague of fear.



*Oh, why did I run?*

The Bird Boy kept on asking that question as he stood right by the bell on the bell tower. It was just like when he was trying to run after the truck that took his carnival away from him - he was running after something impossible to catch up to. Now, he's trying to run away from something impossible to run away from. Without peeking down from his corner, he heard the chatter of the townspeople as they searched for him.

He knew that this was going to happen- he knew that he would be the one who was going to take the blame as soon as that fire broke out. He's the new bird in town, the only thing that had changed in Sanguenera besides the rise of motor vehicles on the roads. He knew that he was inevitably responsible, even though he's not.

Who in Sanguenera would do such a thing? Bird Boy noted that the Sangueneran townspeople are not the type of people to do criminal work, for the most part. The only person he could think of that could do it is Gabe himself, but that theory is thrown out of the window when Bird Boy remembered that it was Gabe's shop that was set on fire in the first place.

Was that fire even an act of arson?

Maybe the fire was an accident. Maybe there was a faulty wire somewhere in the shop. Maybe someone improperly disposed a match. However, the townspeople decided to take the opportunity to claim it was arson and put the blame on the "suspicious" Bird Boy.

He nibbled on the bread that he had packed with him as he left to go up here. But he knew that no matter how hard he would try to hide, he would eventually be found.



The days wore on, with no sign of the Bird Boy, or even his feathers on the streets. The townspeople grew more restless as the days dragged on, and found themselves rechecking the spots they had checked before. The townspeople were

starting to wonder if the Bird Boy had left town, but they denied so, since the Bird Boy had nowhere else to go.

One day, a girl, about 12, stepped forward in front of the townspeople. She hid a medal under the top of her dress- she had always worn that medal ever since she won a spelling bee, and took good pride in it.

“We tried a lotta places!” the girl said to the crowd. After a pause, she said, “Have ya ever read *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*? In it, the hunchback hid in the bell tower of Notre Dame, away from society’s sight! Has anyone checked there yet? Maybe Bird Boy’s there- he’s no different from that hunchback, except he’s ugly on the inside too!”

The townspeople, taking notice of the girl murmured amongst themselves and realized that they hadn’t thought of it. As a result, the cops in the crowd and that girl ran up the ladder of the Bell Tower, to finally try to catch the “villain”.

At the sound of the footsteps up the ladder, Bird Boy’s eyes widened in terror. He tried to escape, but not before the police grabbed hold of the suspect’s arm and pulled him back. Promptly, the Bird Boy found himself cuffed by the officer and the ones inside rejoiced. The newspaper photographer joined in on the action and had everyone smile for the camera. However, Bird Boy’s misery was still apparent in the photo.



The girl got down from the bell and returned to her grateful parents. As the cops came down with the Bird Boy cuffed and in custody, the townspeople rejoiced and applauded the cops for another job well done. They observed as Bird Boy was put in the backseat of the police car as it drove off to the station.



Poor Dr. Dan saw it all from his apothecary. The Bird Boy was such a nice assistant- and he was really shy too. He would never think that the Bird Boy would ever do such a heinous crime such as that of arson. No he wouldn't. He couldn't.

The poor Bird Boy was discriminated just because he's the new bird in town and... he was a monster too. Dr. Dan sighed, and in his private study, shades drawn, he looked at the goat tail that he was born with.

With the revelation of the Bird Boy's status as an even more obvious mutant than Dr. Dan was, he was just about ready to come clean. The townspeople well respected him- and since they welcomed Bird Boy, why can't they accept him too?

However, that fire that shone like an early dawn that night changed everything. Of course it was the monster that was going to be framed. Of course it was...

Dr. Dan heard someone enter his apothecary and Dr. Dan immediately hid his tail and went back out. There stood the mayor, who was restless during the time that they were trying to find the Bird Boy.

"Oh, Mr. Mayor, this is a surprise!" Dr. Dan started.

"Dr. Dan, may I have a word with you, please?" the mayor replied.

Dr. Dan knew that the mayor was going to talk about the Bird Boy with him, with the news that he had been arrested and charged with arson. Nodding his head, he and the mayor sat down.

"Look, I know how close you were with the Bird Boy, and I'm sorry this had to happen. However, you can't always judge a person by their cover..."

Dr. Dan frowned. That was exactly what the town did- they judged the bird boy to be the arsonist just because he's... a monster. He knew that the mayor was being a hypocrite with this statement and that he was actually wrong. However, given his authority, he didn't say anything.

The mayor continued, "He was going to be welcomed into town. He was going to be just like everyone else, but he blew it upon himself. The fire ruined his chances. That day when I first met him, I said that we won't hurt him because he hasn't done anything wrong. Well... now he has, and he has to pay the price for it."

The doctor, without a word said, simply nodded his head. The mayor sighed and stood, "Thank you for understanding, doctor... have a nice day."

The mayor stood and left him. However, Dr. Dan still didn't understand.



The Bird Boy looked at the shadows of the bars that sprawled upon the lonely, dirty floors, then at the source of those shadows: the iron bars that separated him from society. He had encountered these bars before- but this is the first time he's actually seen them. Here is that wretched and cold barrier between him and the ones who turned against him. He hadn't even seen Dr. Dan ever since this all happened.

This was a lonely feeling indeed. However, it's not like the type of feeling he had previous times he was lonely. This time, he knew that he had someone but they all either turned against him or just couldn't see him.

One of his feathers had fallen to the cold ground of the grey prison cell. With a huff, he picked up his feather and played with it for a little bit. Looking up, he noticed that there was a sturdy cop that stood by his cell door. Bird Boy then asked, "How long'm I gonna be in this cell?"

"Until the town decides your fate," the guard replied, curtly.

Of course it'll be in the town's hands about what happens to him- and he knows what had happened last time the town was in control. With this thought, he clenched his feather and shook in fear.



"My town of Sanguenera, can I have your attention, please?" the mayor asked to the townspeople who had gathered on a commercial corner of the once quiet town. The townspeople shut up amongst themselves and looked at the mayor. He then continued: "Thank you for your attention. As you know, we gather here today to discuss the issue of the Bird Boy. As we all know, he is the prime suspect- and likely the one responsible for the fire, but the question is of his fate. What'll we do with him? Now, I had a talk with the burned down shop's owner, Honest Gabe, and he's agreed to speak with you all today. At this point, I ask him to stand here and let him say what he has to say."



Gabe stepped out of the crowd and stood in front of the frame shop that stood in this business corner.

“To my fello’ Sanguenerians, thanks for list’nin. Ah know well that my shop is burned down, and ah’m unhappy to say that that building stood for well 15 years before ev’rything happened. Although y’all may not think o’ me as the bes’ man in town, ah’m still a Sanguenerian at heart.”

“Ah love this town, an’ ah don’t want anythin’ to happen to it no more. As long as the Bird Boy’s in town, these businesses on this street are still in danger. How are we gonna live in peace if this menace is still around!? How are our lives still gonna ever live normal lives if a villain is still here!? This Bird Boy is a firebug, an’ he’s prob’ly plotting his next attack as we speak! We should exile him from town; let him be someone else’s problem! I love this town as much as y’all do, now tell me: are you willin’ to protect it from ‘nything like that night, an’ make sure it ne’er happens again?”

Gabe had a pretty successful effect on the townspeople, and as a result, they agreed with him in thinking that the bird boy should be banished. Gabe grinned at this outcome as the newspaper photographers came over and snapped a photo of Gabe in front of that very frame shop.

“Thank you for these words, Gabe. We will put them into consideration in our decision,” the mayor sighed. The outrage in the crowd intensified against the Bird Boy:

“Banish him!”

“Did he ever even belong here at all?”

“Exile the Bird Boy!”

“Extinguish the FireBird!”

“Save our town!”

“He doesn’t belong here!”



The outrage eventually became so out of hand that the mayor had to speak out in order to calm down the crowd. "We will proceed with the exile tonight."

The townspeople dispersed to their homes to prepare themselves to become an angry mob.



That evening as the moon still shone in its full glory, the angry mob gathered in the town's center and then they walked on to the police station. Each and every one of them had a fierce look in their eyes and a set goal: to drive the Bird Boy out of Sanguenera.

After about 5 minutes, they gathered around the police station, where the cops stood with Bird Boy.

The rakes and signs in the skies gave off the most threatening shadow he'd ever seen; it was a shadow of pure hatred and spite. And there he saw it: one of the signs called him a freak. He despised that word so much that he gritted his teeth.

The cop looked down at the Bird Boy. "It looks like you've been exiled, Bird Boy. Have a nice life."

"B-but I'm innocent!" the Bird Boy cried out. Ignoring the Bird Boy's outcry, he unheld him and the angry mob began their pursuit. Struck with an overwhelming dread and fear, he ran.

The mob made great pursuit after the Bird Boy to make sure he's out of town. Bird Boy ran down the commercial corner. He ran past the ashes of the Horse Re-Shoeing Shop. And finally, he ran by the Apothecary. As he passed the apothecary, he saw the kind doctor, looking back at him with that frightened and saddened look in his eyes before looking away, too hurt.

Bird Boy and the mob ended up on the grounds of where the carnival that abandoned him once stood. These were painful grounds to walk upon: he's finding himself back where he started. After all this time, after all this effort of trying to fit in ... it all amounted to nothing.

Nothing.

Finally, they arrived at the city limits, where Bird Boy kept on running. The townspeople stood on the town's edge, still shouting and waving their signs and rakes.

"Don't come back!"

"Go away!"

"We don't want to see you freak ever again!"

The Bird Boy, as he ran, eventually became nothing more than a black speck, running away from the place he tried and failed to fit in to.

There goes a dream, shattered by the horrendous normal ones. The very same people who dunked him at the carnival are now exiling him for doing something he didn't ever, and wouldn't ever do. Doused by tears, the Bird Boy ran on to nowhere.

The angry mob at the city limits rejoiced at the sight of Bird Boy's disappearance and then put down their rakes and signs.

"Normalcy is restored!"

"Our town is safe now!"

"We're free!"

"No more burning buildings!"

With a happy grin on their face, they left the border, unaware of who they had created.



20 Years Later

"It's here, it's here!"

"Can we go mom?"

“Please?”

“I’ll do all my chores, Dad! Please?”

A pair of siblings begged their parents to let them go to the carnival that had come back. The last time Sanguenera hosted a carnival was 20 years ago, when the Bird Boy had come to town. Now, it has returned, and the siblings were eager to join in the fun and festivities.

“Well... okay. You two can go, as long as you do your chores!” the mom finally agreed.

With this, the two children rejoiced and ran off to get ready. The mom sighed, “You know, you still have plenty of time. The carnival is not opening until tonight.”

“Bubby and I just wanna see it!” the sister replied to her mom, “Bubby said he’ll give me a teddy bear when it opens and we win!”

They dashed off down the sidewalks, as well as other townspeople, who looked in awe at the carnival that pulled up at the same spot it did all those years ago. The music already chimed throughout the town and more flocked the streets, eager to join in the festivities that evening.

“It looks like fun!”

“I can’t wait!”

“What can go wrong? It’s a carnival!”



Today was the day. This is it.

Ringmaster Raven, with his mask on, paced inside his circus tent. Everything has to go perfect today. This is the day he had waited for after many years. He looked at the large sign that read “Ringmaster Raven’s Circus of the Bizarre”. Yes, it was a lot of hard work, and a lot of chemical work, but this is the day. This is the moment when Sanguenera will be under a great shock of fear.

The carnies will be monsters. All who live here will pay for what they and their relatives did to him. He will get his revenge indeed.

The Chemical X is all set in his monster-izing machine hidden in an animatronic raven. Soon, everyone will be not only his pets, but his monstrous pets indeed.

Nevermore people will underestimate him. Nevermore he will be taken lightly. Nevermore the townspeople live in happiness knowing what they have done.

The carnival may be back, but now, there is a new Ringmaster in town, and he had become the villain that people of Sanguenera thought he was.

