

The Polite Monster



Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN

The Polite Monster

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



In a cozy valley dotted with wildflowers, there lived a monster named Monty. He was very large, with soft moss-green fur, small rounded horns, and warm amber eyes. But the first thing anyone noticed about Monty was his enormous white teeth, which showed in a gentle smile. Monty was the politest monster you could ever meet. He always said please and thank you, and he wrote thank-you notes for the smallest kindness.



Monty loved to bake cookies more than anything else. He wore a sky-blue apron with a special pocket for cookies and round wire glasses that made his eyes look extra kind. His big clumsy hands could mix dough better than anyone. Chocolate chip, oatmeal raisin, sugar sprinkled with cinnamon—Monty baked them all. He hummed happily as he pulled warm trays from the oven, wearing his red polka-dot oven mitts.



But Monty was very lonely. When he walked through the village, people saw his huge teeth and ran away. "A monster!" they cried, hiding behind doors and curtains. Monty sighed and went home to bake more cookies. "I only want a friend," he whispered. "Someone to share tea and cookies with." His small tail drooped, and he felt very sad.



One morning, Monty had an idea. "I will open a tea shop!" he said. "If people taste my cookies, they will see I am friendly." He cleaned a little shop with a red door and a bell that jingled. He set out cups, teapots, and plates of fresh cookies. He put a sign in the window: "Please come in for tea and cookies. Please." But nobody came.



Days passed, and still no one visited. Monty waited by the window, hoping. He dusted the same table five times. He baked more cookies than he could eat. He wrote little thank-you notes for the customers he hoped would come. "Maybe tomorrow," he said with a sigh. His huge teeth showed in a worried smile, but his amber eyes were sad.



Then one stormy afternoon, the sky turned dark and rain poured down. A little girl named Lily was walking home from her grandmother's house. She wore a yellow raincoat and red rain boots, and she carried a small brown satchel. The wind blew her auburn hair, and her blue ribbon flapped. She took a wrong turn and got lost. The rain was loud, and Lily was frightened.



Lily ran through the rain, looking for shelter. She saw a warm light glowing in a window. She pushed open the red door, and a bell jingled. There stood Monty, as tall as a tree and as round as a barrel. His enormous teeth gleamed in the lamplight. Lily's eyes went wide. She was about to run, but Monty spoke first.



"Oh, please come in out of the rain!" Monty said softly. "You must be cold and wet. I have warm tea and fresh cookies. Please, sit by the fire." His voice was gentle, and his smile was warm. Lily hesitated. Then she saw the cookies and the kind eyes behind his round glasses. She stepped inside, dripping rainwater on the floor.



Monty brought a fluffy towel and a cup of hot tea. He gave Lily a plate of chocolate chip cookies, still warm from the oven. "These are my best," he said. "Please tell me if you like them." Lily took a bite. Her frightened eyes grew bright. "These are the yummiest cookies I ever tasted!" she said. Monty's heart felt warm and full.



Lily and Monty talked and laughed. She told him about her village and her cat. He told her about baking and his dream of friendship. Outside, the storm raged on. But inside the tea shop, it was cozy and safe. "You're not scary at all," Lily said. "You're the politest monster I know." Monty smiled so wide his big teeth showed, but now Lily thought they were friendly.



Meanwhile, the villagers were searching for Lily. The baker with flour on her cheeks said, "She might be at the monster's shop!" The Mayor in his black top hat and purple coat led the way. They carried lanterns and umbrellas. When they reached the tea shop, they peeked through the window. What they saw made them stop and stare.



There was Lily, safe and warm, sitting on a big cushion. Monty was serving her more tea and cookies. Lily was laughing, and Monty was laughing too. The Mayor knocked on the door. "Lily! Are you all right?" he called. Lily ran to the door. "I'm fine!" she said. "Monty saved me from the storm. He is so kind!"



The baker stepped forward. She had flour on her cheeks and a curious look. "Did someone say cookies?" she asked. Monty handed her a warm one. She took a bite and her eyes went wide. "These are the best cookies in the valley!" she said. "I must buy some for my bakery." The Mayor tasted one too. He cleared his throat. "I was wrong about you, Monty," he said. "You are not scary. You are wonderful."



The villagers felt silly for running away. They came inside and filled the tea shop. They drank tea and ate cookies and laughed with Monty. The baker became his first regular customer. Lily helped serve, her yellow raincoat dripping by the door. Monty's tea shop was finally full of happy people.



From that day on, Monty was never lonely again. His tea shop became the favorite spot in the valley. Children loved his cookies, and grown-ups loved his polite ways. Lily visited every week, and they became best friends. Monty always said please and thank you, and he never stopped baking. His enormous teeth showed in a happy grin from morning till night.



The villagers learned a special lesson that stormy day. Never judge someone by appearance alone. A big green monster with enormous teeth turned out to be the kindest friend of all. Monty wore his sky-blue apron and round glasses, and his tea shop bell jingled merrily. So if you ever see someone who looks different, remember Monty—and say hello with a smile.