

*The sun beat down on the dusty plains of Villainville, illuminating a lone, dilapidated building. Inside, a ragtag group of Minions huddled around a flickering screen, their tiny eyes glued to the grainy image of a supervillain convention. Their leader, Kevin, a Minion of above-average height and intelligence, adjusted his tiny spectacles and tapped a claw on the table. "Bana-nana!" he exclaimed, his voice a high-pitched squeak. "We must attend this convention! It's our chance to find a new master!"*



*The other Minions erupted in a chorus of excited yelps and gibberish. They had been masterless for far too long, their days filled with aimless mischief and banana-fueled chaos. A new master, someone powerful and evil, was exactly what they needed to bring structure and purpose back into their lives. They envisioned themselves serving a fearsome tyrant, wreaking havoc on the world, and, of course, enjoying an endless supply of bananas.*



*Their journey to Villainville was fraught with peril. They narrowly escaped a flock of angry pigeons, outsmarted a grumpy badger guarding a bridge, and even hitched a ride on the back of a runaway garbage truck. Finally, they arrived at the convention center, a towering edifice of steel and glass, buzzing with the sinister energy of hundreds of villains. The Minions, overwhelmed by the sheer scale of the event, clung to each other for support.*



*The convention hall was a cacophony of sound and fury. Supervillains of all shapes and sizes strutted about, boasting of their evil schemes and displaying their latest weapons. There were laser-eyed robots, giant mutant spiders, and even a villain who could control the weather. The Minions, awestruck by the sheer variety of evil on display, felt a surge of excitement.*

*This was it, their chance to find the perfect master!*



*They weaved their way through the crowd, their tiny bodies dwarfed by the towering figures of the villains. They listened intently to speeches, sampled villainous snacks, and even managed to sneak a peek at a demonstration of a mind-control ray. But as the day wore on, they began to realize that none of the villains seemed quite right. Some were too arrogant, others too incompetent, and a few were just plain weird.*



*Disheartened but not defeated, the Minions decided to take matters into their own hands. They gathered their courage, pooled their meager resources, and hatched a daring plan. They would create their own villain, a master worthy of their loyalty and devotion. And so, with a mischievous glint in their eyes and a banana peel in their hand, the Minions set out to build their own empire of evil.*

