

THE GIANT ?

Raymond Chen & Hal Ames



Chapter 1

It was seventh period. It was Mr. Thomas' Science class. They went to the laboratory to do experiments. The kids loved this class because Eric always made a change to the lesson, and no one ever knew what the result of his experiment would produce. No matter how hard he tried to make a mixture that would blow up, he was never successful. Usually, it would just make a big mess and then he would have to stay after school and clean the room.

Once, he mixed twice as much as the experiment called for and the room filled with orange smoke. It smelled so badly the children had to leave and go outside.

On this day, Allan and Eric were partners at the lab station.

They were supposed to be dissecting a worm, but Eric had a better idea.

“What if we take the guts and put them into a beaker. Then if we mix them up with some sulfuric acid, it might make something pretty cool. What do you think?” Eric suggested.

“That sounds like a good idea. It might really smell bad, and then we can get out of class again,” Allan laughed.

Eason overheard what they were talking about, “I'll give you my guts to add to your experiment, okay?”

Eric nodded in agreement.

The girls in the room all said “EW!” when the teacher passed out the worms to each of the groups. Of course, the boys just laughed.

On the board in the front of the room, Mr. Thomas had drawn a picture of how he wanted the worms to be dissected. He walked around the room observing what the kids were doing and noticed Eric and Allan’s work. He was impressed.

“You are doing an excellent job,” he commented.

When he left, Allan asked in a whisper, “Where are we going to get the acid?”

“Don’t worry, I saved some from last week. It’s under the desk in a box. I also have some baking soda. You know when they are mixed it makes a lot of foam,” Eric whispered back.

“I have some red candy. What would happen if we mix in the candy?” Allan whispered.

“Ooo, that would make it even better!” Eric spoke too loudly.

“What was that?” asked Mr. Thomas. “What would make it better?”

“Ah... If we could have more worms to dissect. It would be even better,” Eric thought quickly.

Mr. Thomas brought them two more worms.

“Here, this should keep you busy for a while,” he smiled.

Eric and Allan smiled at each other. Now they would have the guts from four worms to add to the mixture.

Eason turned around and handed his worm guts to Allan.

“What are you doing?” asked Mr. Thomas.

“I was just making sure I was doing it right,” Eason responded.

Mr. Thomas went back to reading a book.

Carefully, Eric reached down and got the acid. On the end of the table was the glass beaker. Allan slowly pulled it over in front of them.

Eric put the worm guts into it first. Then Allan added the red candy. They

began to laugh softly. Eason turned around to see what they were doing.

First Eric added the baking soda.

“Do you think you put in too much?” Allan was getting nervous.

“Naw, it’s just enough,” Eric said as he began to pour the acid over the top.

It began to bubble, and red smoke rose from the top. It smelled really bad.

Once again Mr. Thomas had to take the students out of the room and outside.

The fire department came to make sure everything was alright.

Eric and Allan were sent to the principal’s office and had two weeks detention.

The beaker with the mixture was put into a box to be disposed of later, but Mr. Thomas forgot about it.

A month later, something very strange happened. It was on a Friday night around 11:00 pm. The school was empty except for the janitor who was finishing his work and was getting ready to go home. The final part of his job was to do an inspection of the hallways. The last one was on the top floor where the science department is located.

He heard a strange sound in the lab. He looked in the window on the door, but it was too dark to see anything. He took his flashlight and beamed it into the room. Something moved away from the light.

“Those stupid kids. They are always trying to do things here at night. I’ll teach them a lesson,” the janitor said under his breath.

He tried to open the door, but it was locked.

“Ha, I’ve got a key. You can’t keep me out!” he yelled at the door.

The key turned in the lock and he opened the door. He flashed his light around the room. He didn’t see anything.

“ARG!” yelled the janitor as he was knocked to the floor. He tried to crawl away but whatever it was sat on him; he was unable to move.

“Get off of me, you big lug!” he said as he pushed to try and get it off of

himself.

Slowly the big blob began to completely cover the janitor until he could no longer speak.

Chapter 2

On Monday morning, when the teachers came to the school, they found the janitor unconscious outside of the laboratory. When he came to, he could not speak. He just kept pointing at the lab and his voice squeaked. He had a crusty material all over himself. He could hardly move.

“He’s going insane!” said one of the mental health teachers. “What happened to him?”

He had a panicked look on his face.

The paramedics arrived and took him away to the hospital. No one knew what happened to him after that. He never returned to the school.

Later that day, an expert in unusual occurrences named Raymond arrived to investigate what had happened in the school. He was an unusual individual. He was wearing a hazmat uniform. Over his shoulder he had a gun made of LEGO bricks. He had on a backpack with a long hose hanging from it. On top of his helmet, he had a bright light. On his uniform he had patch. On it was picture of Raymond wearing sunglasses pointing a LEGO gun at a large bug. Under it were the words, “Raymond for Hire”.

As he was looking through the school the headmaster approached him.

“What are doing here?” the headmaster asked.

“I’m investigating the problem you had with your janitor. I heard about it on the news. There is something strange here and I am sure I can find what it is,” Raymond said confidently.

“Let’s go to my office to talk,” said as he led Raymond to his office.

Raymond did not follow. Instead, he went up the stairs to where the laboratory was.

The headmaster looked and saw Raymond going the wrong way.

“Hey! Where are you going? I said we needed to go to my office!” he yelled after him.

Raymond ignored him. He had a mission and he needed to solve the problem.

When he got to the lab, the doorway was covered with caution tape. He pulled it down and walked into the room.

“You can’t do that! We put that tape up for a reason!” the headmaster yelled into the room.

Raymond turned to him and said, “I’m safe. I have my gun with me.”

“How can a toy gun protect you? That’s silly,” he responded.

“Watch this,” Raymond answered, and then he pointed his gun at the other side of the room.

Suddenly a glass bottle shattered.

“See, this thing works,” Raymond was proud of himself. “It is deadly up to a couple of kilometers. It can shoot over four hundred meters per second. That’s why you weren’t able to see the bullet as it came out of the barrel.”

Raymond searched the room but didn’t find anything unusual. He did find a beaker under one of the tables with a bluish gray liquid inside.

He picked it up and looked at it closely.

“This is a bit suspicious. Do you know what this is?” Raymond asked.

“We have some students in this class that like to mix things. It is harmless. They do it all the time,” the headmaster informed him.

Raymond set the bottle back where he found it.

After an hour Raymond took off his hazmat helmet and declared the room safe.

“I think for the moment everything in here is fine. Students can have class here. I will stay here just in case there is another accident.”

The headmaster was still not sure about allowing the students back into the

class but decided to listen to Raymond and open the room.

It was the last class of the day. Eric, Allan and Eason sat at the desk and talked about what had happened to the janitor.

While they were talking, Raymond walked into the room. He noticed the three boys sitting at the table where he had found the beaker.

“Hold on a second,” he said. “Do you boys know what is in that beaker?”

“What beaker?” responded Eric.

Then he saw the gun on Raymond’s back. The boys got scared.

“Don’t be scared, I’m here for your extra protection. I have never seen anything like what is in the beaker. Can you tell me what it is? There isn’t anything else in here that is suspicious.”

The boys looked at each other. They thought they were going to get in trouble.

“Ah, nothing. Just something we were playing with last week,” Eason answered, obviously afraid.

Raymond walked toward the desk. The boys looked petrified.

When he got to the table he took out a plastic car and put it into the bottle. Almost immediately the car melted and was dissolved into the solution.

“What kind of acid is in here?” Raymond asked.

They did not answer.

“I used to play with my chemistry set when I was little,” he said with a smile. “Come on. Tell me. What kind of acid is in there?”

Eric spoke up, “Sulfuric acid.”

“What else is in there?” he questioned further.

“Red candy, baking soda and worm guts,” Eric laughed.

“Hmmm, that is quite interesting. Do you know that when you mix sulfuric acid, baking soda, and sugar you can make a living thing? By adding the worm guts you may have created a monster!” Raymond informed them.

The boys were shocked, but actually pretty proud of themselves.

The headmaster came into the room. He saw Raymond talking to the three boys. He walked over to them.

“We have a good report. The janitor is going to be okay. He is a bit dehydrated from a lack of water, but he is going to recover. He keeps talking about a red blob that covered him and then went away. The doctors are evaluating him for hallucinations. He said it looked like a giant earthworm. Can you believe that?” the headmaster chuckled.

The boys just looked at each other.

“That makes complete sense,” Raymond responded, clapping his hands together.

“How does that make sense?” asked the headmaster.

“Just wait. I will answer your questions after the class has ended. I will stay here and observe until the class is over. If something happens I will be here to take care of it. I will report back to you if something goes wrong,” Raymond stated.

Chapter 3

Mr. Thomas started the class. He was standing beside an open window.

He spoke to the class, "Today, we are going to dissect a frog. You are not to do anything with the guts except compare what you see to your textbook. Now..."

Suddenly Raymond noticed something moving outside the window next to where Mr. Thomas was standing.

Raymond pulled out his LEGO gun. When he pulled the bolt back, the students looked back at him. They thought he was pointing the gun at Mr. Thomas. He fired the gun and suddenly Mr. Thomas disappeared out the window with a scream.

The sound of frightened screaming came from the room as the children ran to the window to see what had happened to Mr. Thomas. He was nowhere to be seen.

Raymond pushed the students aside and then he jumped out the window. He too disappeared.

Then they heard a noise that sounded like a gun shot. It echoed throughout the school. Every student in the school ran to the windows to see what was going on. There was red goo everywhere, Raymond walked up carrying a large red earthworm. Mr. Thomas followed him, covered in the red goo, dripping down from his head.

"I got him!" exclaimed Raymond. "The earthworm is dead."

He was really proud of himself.

The headmaster was not happy. His school was covered in the red goo and it would take a lot of work to clean it up.

"Don't worry, I will bring my crew and we will clean up the mess. I only ask that you take lots of pictures and have them published in the paper," Raymond responded.

"We need to publish the formula that created that thing so no one will do it

again,” the headmaster suggested.

“That would be stupid. If we publish the formula, every crazy student will want to copy it, and then I will be way too busy cleaning up the mess created by these monsters. It is best that it is kept a secret,” Raymond disagreed with the idea.

Eric, Eason, and Allan had a different idea.

What if they did the same thing with the frog guts?