

The Secret Science Project That Almost Ate The School

By: Judy Sierra



I was grumpy, I was grouchy, I was slouching in my chair. I was thinking grim and gloomy thoughts about the science fair.

Miranda bragged her rocket ship could travel to the moon.

Alexander taught his hamster how to sing a tune. The ants on Mary's ant farm were growing corn and peas, and Kevin Fink was on the brink of curing a disease.

Miss Fidget looked me in the eye. I wished that I could hide. "What will your project be?" she asked. "It's a secret," I replied.

The secret was, I didn't really have a project yet. I needed an experiment that no one would forget, so I stayed up late and

found a great one on the Internet.

A Science Project fully guaranteed to win first prize. A substance so amazing judges won't believe their eyes. A mutant yeast with just a piece of dragon DNA. Professor Swami's Super Slime: Order yours today!

I sent the money instantly, then early Friday morning a box appeared - it looked so weird - with big green letters:

WARNING! Your Super Slime is sensitive, so handle it with care. Keep it safe inside this box until the Science Fair. Then feed it sugar till it swells one thousand times in mass. Stand back as it erupts into a harmless cloud of gas.

I popped the lid and gave the slime a teeny-tiny poke. It started getting bigger. It growled and blew off smoke.

It catapulted from the box and splattered on the floor, precisely as Sir Scratchalot stepped through the kitty door. He plopped his paws in mutant muck – he rudely hissed and spat. Yikes! The Secret Science Project ate my kitty cat.

Just then I heard my father's voice, "What's going on in there? Something in that bedroom smells like moldy underwear." "My science project's sensitive," I warned. "Don't make it mad." There wasn't time to stop the crime. The slime ingested Dad!

The science project looked at me. I thought I saw it drool. I tried to run away, but – YIKES! – it followed me to school. Miss Fidget shouted, "Eeew! What is

that big, disgusting creature?" The slime stopped short, and gave a snort, and ate my third-grade teacher.

"Sugar!" I commanded. "Feed that hungry slime some sweets." Kids reached in their backpacks and soon the air was filled with treats. As doughnuts flew, and cookies, too, and candy bars and gum, the bloated blob was quick to gobble every single crumb.

KA-FLAZZ! KA-FLAM! KA-FLOO!

It vanished in a stupefying burst of CO₂.

My project didn't win first prize, and that was fair...I guess... Miss Fidget kept me after school to clean up all the mess. And underneath the cookie bits and sugary debris, I saw a gloopy glob of slime and – YIKES! – it winked at me!