

Valentine - Terror



Devin glared at the substitute teacher. His real teacher, Miss Ross, was nice and didn't make the class do dumb stuff. But this substitute, Mrs. Massey, was totally unfair!

"I hate her and her dumb projects," Devin told his pal Jack. "No way am I going to cut, colour, and paste lame lovey-dovey valentines."

"Why not?" Jack asked as he cut a heart-shape out of blue paper.

"Because my Mom already bought a box of valentines from the store. There's even a valentine for the teacher. Only I'm saving THAT for

Miss Ross when she comes back. "

"That's cause you're teacher's pet," Jack teased. "You were mad when Miss Ross got married and even madder when she went on a honeymoon."

"Take it back or I'm going to make you eat that paper," Devin threatened.

"Like you'd have the nerve." Jack laughed. "You're such a wimp. If you hate Mrs. Massey so much, go tell her. But I bet you won't."

Devin gulped. He looked at the substitute who sat at Miss Ross' desk, in Miss Ross' chair, writing with Miss Ross' pens.

And suddenly a WILD idea popped into his head. Mrs. Massey wanted him to make valentines. So that's exactly what he'd do.

"Instead of 'Be my valentine', I'm going to give Mrs. Massey a 'Beware!' valentine," Devin said with a wicked grin. "That'll show her."

Devin sorted through coloured papers on his desk, looking for the PERFECT paper to make the valentine. But all he had were green, pink, and yellow. Way too nice.

"Would you like to use my special paper?" a soft voice asked.

Devin looked over to the next desk and saw Yuliya offering him a silver wrapped box. Yuliya was new at school and so shy she NEVER spoke to anyone. Everyone knew she lived in the weird Wildmare Mansion and no one was brave enough to be her friend.

But Devin was feeling brave and reckless, so he took the box from Yuliya. Inside were sheets of the most unusual paper he'd ever seen; black-claw scratches around the edges and small blood-red drops splattered on a bone-white background. There were even matching envelopes.

"Cool!" Devin said. "Where'd you get the box?"

"I found it." She pushed back her red hair and smiled shyly. "In my attic."

Devin shivered and decided that Yuliya must be very brave to go into THAT spooky attic. He thanked her, and then begins to draw the most WICKED valentine.

First he drew a picture of Mrs. Massey. Only instead of a mouth, he gave her sharp fangs. And her body was shaped like a spider, with six hairy arms and two big slimy red eyeballs. Her lizard tongue whipped out like a rope and gross warts covered her face.

Then Devin wrote the poisonous words: "Don't be mine, Valentine! BE-WARE!"

He didn't sign his name. Instead, he hid the valentine in his backpack. Then during lunch while Mrs. Massey was away, he snuck back into the classroom and slipped the valentine from his backpack, placing it on the teacher's desk.

"There! That'll teach HER!" Smiling to himself, Devin started to leave...only suddenly he heard a strange noise. PLOPP! FIZZLE! GRRRR!

"What was that?" he murmured.

Turning around, Devin stared a weird dark bubbly blob that floated over the teacher's desk. It was the size of a baseball and getting BIGGER. It swirled, squawked noisily, and grew bigger than a basketball. Fuzzy floppy legs popped out of the ball--SIX of them! Then a long green tongue whipped around the swirling blob and two bloody slime-eyes blazed evil in a wart covered face.

"My valentine!" Devin shrieked. "Come to life!" Terrified, Devin turned and raced for the door. But the slick green tongue slithered ahead of him, wrapping around the doorknob, and locking it. "LET ME OUT!" Devin screamed as he banged against the door.

The spider-like blob just laughed and jeered, "Be-ware, Valentine!" "I am NOT your valentine!" Devin shouted, horrified as the monster grew larger than a desk. Sharp fangs oozed with dripping slime and six creepy legs crawled closer.

"Be mine, be mine, Valentine," the monster chanted. "Be mine..."

"Go away!" Devin cried, ducking behind a counter and trying to hide. But one hairy tentacle leg found Devin and grabbed his ankle, wrapping it in a death-grip and dragging Devin across the floor---towards the oozing sharp fangs!

"NO! HELP!" he sobbed, trembling with terror. "Don't hurt me!"

"Be mine, yummy valentine!" Snorts and slobbering sounds bubbled from the monster, and the fangs drew open wider.

Devin fought back; hitting, kicking and squirming, but he couldn't break free. And he was being pulled past chairs and desks, headed right for the monster's deadly mouth!

"Be mine, be mine, valentine," the monster chanted. "Be-ware!"

"HELP! Someone help!" Devin hollered.

He reached out and grabbed onto his own desk, but the monster was stronger. And Devin couldn't hold on. He was going to be a monster snack and there was nothing he could do to save himself!

Then he saw Jack's desk and remembered that sloppy Jack never put away his things. So Devin lunged toward Jack's desk and grabbed the scissors. Then he reached down, aimed the scissors carefully, and sliced the hairy spider leg that held his ankle.

The monster let out a blood-chilling roar of anger and pain as Devin broke free. Red eyes of fury blazed revenge and Devin scrambled to run away. But there was NO place to run. The monster had grown to fill the ceiling, the hairy arms fanning out towards Devin.

"Be mine, be mine, Valentine," the monster's fanged mouth chanted.

"NO!" Devin shouted, wishing he'd never created the ugly monster. "I made you and I can destroy you!"

Instead of going to the door and trying to force it open, in a wild panic Devin bolted for the teacher's desk. Jumping over and jogging around deadly spider legs, Devin lunged for the desktop and grabbed the unusual black and red envelope.

Then before the monster could stop him, Devin ripped the envelope into tiny pieces. Poof! Swish! Whoosh! In an instant, the spider-monster vanished.

Then Devin dumped the torn valentine into the garbage--where it belonged.

And a short time later, his classmates and substitute teacher returned to the room. Everything was back to normal, except Devin, whose heart still pounded from fear.

He looked at Mrs. Massey and decided she wasn't so bad, certainly nicer than the six-legged, slimy fanged monster. And when Mrs. Massey went around, handing out valentines for each of her students, Devin actually smiled at her.

"I made a special valentine just for you," Mrs. Massey said with an odd gleam in her eyes. Then she handed Devin a white-bone coloured envelope with blood-red drops and black-claw scratches.