



THE
SUPPOSED
CONJURING
OF THE
CORNFIELD CREEPS

A KENDRA TEMPLES STORY

EVE HARMS

The Supposed Conjuring of The Cornfield Creeps

A Kendra Temples Story

By Eve Harms

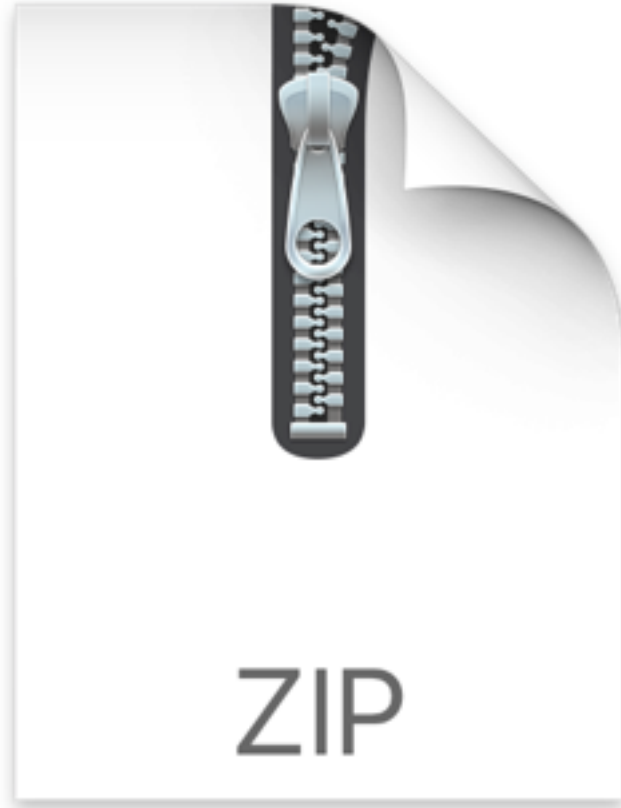
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For trigger warnings go to the last page or [**Click here**](#)

Don't miss the **bonus story** after The Supposed Conjuring of
the Cornfield Creeps!



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Have you ever practiced witchcraft?

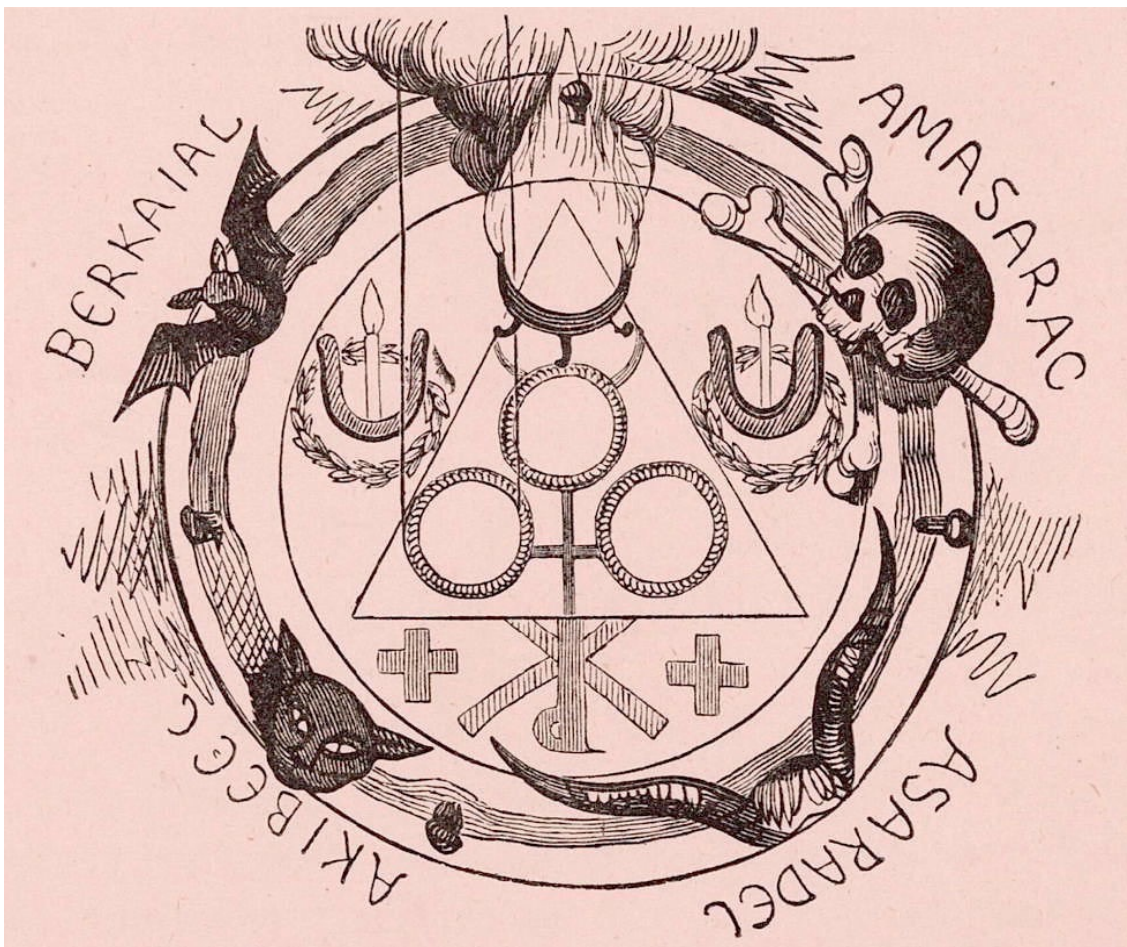
Posted by Kendra Temples on June 15th, 2016

You guys. Remember that book I'm writing, "Witches vs. Stitches", about witches fighting Frankenstein's monster army? Well, I've been researching magick (unless you're pulling rabbits out of hat at kids birthday parties, it's spelled with a "K" now), and man, this stuff is freaky. Weirdly enough, my local tiny library has a decent witchcraft section—not what I'd expect in the middle of Nowhere, Ohio. It makes me wonder if the crabby librarian Ms. Crandall is actually a witch herself, and the Jesus statue that's way too big for her desk is just her way of overcompensating. Maybe I should write her into my book! A librarian that dabbles in the Occult might just be what this story needs.

And I guess I've been dabbling in the Occult myself. I haven't tried any of the spells—yet—but after eating too much Taco Bell for lunch, I'm tempted to try the one for diarrhea in a 19th century grimoire I found called *The Long Lost Friend*. Sorry for the TMI! But if you've been following my blog, I think you should be expecting it by now. That spell is not happening anyway, I'm sure I could get my hands on cayenne pepper and rhubarb, but the spell calls for laudanum too. I looked it up, and it's a drink made of opium! I would never do drugs like that, so I'll just stick to Pepto-Abysmal.

Not all of the spells are for fixing digestive problems. I actually found

one for making a pact with Satan, in *The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts* by A.E. Waite, originally from a 15th Century grimoire (magick book) entitled *The Grand Grimoire*. If you think that's creepy, what you have to do is even worse: you have to make the symbol in the next image, forming the circle from human skin, and fasten the skin down by nails from the coffin of an executed criminal. And as if that's not enough, you also have to place a bunch of creepy objects around it: a parricide's skull, goat horns, a bat drowned in blood, and the head of a black cat who was fed human flesh. What a horrible spell! Do you think people actually did it? How desperate do you have to be to kill any innocent cute cat—or a bat for that matter?



Jesus, if my good-Christian mom found this blog post, with this satanic stuff—I'd be in big trouble.

To be honest, I'm kind of stuck on my manuscript, and I'm hoping reading these creepy books will give me some inspiration. I haven't found any spells for writer's block—but doing research usually gets my thinking juices going.

I have been writing though! Just not about what I'm supposed to. I had a nightmare about being chased in a cornfield into a void, so I'm working on a story about that. I'm not sure if you guys would like it, though—it's for the 5th graders in the creative writing class I'm teaching at the church. The dang kids won't sit still, and I'm getting desperate. Maybe giving them a little scare will shut their cute, little mouths long enough to do the classwork. Let me know in the comments if you'd like to read it.

Steeeeeve

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 16th, 2016

Some screenshots of my latest texts with my bf :)

Steve: Have you finished Dune yet?

Steve: I wanna talk about it

Me: Almost, but I'm getting distracted by Misery. It's so freaking good.

Me: I bumped into a pole while I was reading it, walking down the street. I can't put it down

Steve: You dork! C'mon Kendra, you know better than anyone else that the spice must flow

Steve:



Me: lmao

Steve: Sandworms are so much cooler than those creepy horror books you read

Me: Yea, sandworms are cool

Me: I guess I'm just a creep!

Steve: Have you read your class your story yet?

Me: Tomorrow!

Steve: What're their parents going to think when they find out their class is being taught by the sexy reincarnation of R.L. Stine?

Me: LOL

Me: They won't find out!!

Me: And R.L. Stine is still alive you dork

Steve: At least you're not going to bore them with something lame like Shakespeare

Steve: or poetry

Steve:



Me: You know I write poetry too, right?

Steve: 🙄

Steve: So when are you going to move to LA and become a famous writer?

Me: When are you going to buy me a plane ticket?

Steve: You know I can't afford that...

Me: I know

Me: That's why I'm saving up all my money from work

Me: But at this rate I won't have enough dough for years

Steve: You could get a second job?

Me: That would cut into my reading and writing time! Plus there aren't many jobs around here.

Me: Once I get that book deal, I'll use the money to move

Steve: Getting a book deal isn't realistic, Kendra. Do want to get out of that podunk town, or what?

Steve: I'm tired of hearing you complain about how bored you are. How're you going to write something good unless you get out of your hometown and have some life experience?

Me: Yea...

###

And that's my boyfriend Steve. Kind of a doofus, a teeny bit of a jerk, but I love the guy. Technically, I haven't actually met him IRL. We started getting romantic after he slid into my DMs on Twitter and we bonded over old pulpy Sci-Fi Fantasy novels. I wish he shared my love for horror too.

I do want to move to LA and see him. I think. Even though I'm bored as sin here, it's a big move, and I'm nervous about the idea. What if we don't

click as well as we do online?

Of course I want a book deal and be a famous writer. I kind of feel like I'll be ready to move when that happens. If I ever finish this damn book.

At least I have an unsuspecting captive audience of children to subject to my stories. And you guys like my blog, right? *Crickets*

The Cornfield Creeps Part 1

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 17th, 2016

So no one commented that they'd like to read my story, or commented at all, but I figured I'd post it anyway. I hope the kids like it, and you guys do too! I might add an extra surprise at the end, to really freak them out.



Long ago, before your great-great-great-grandpa was born, there was a witch, named Kendra, who lived in the forest next to the cornfield not far from this church. The witch mostly kept to herself, making bubbly potions and playing with her pet vole, but the townspeople were afraid of her strange ways. It was only a matter of time before they turned on her.

And that time came, when the villagers got sick from moldy bread. The baker was too embarrassed to admit he'd used spoiled grain and blamed the witch, saying she cursed the bread. A group of brutes stormed to the witch's home, but found it empty—she was busy foraging in the forest for potion ingredients. Enraged, the brutish townspeople trashed her home, slashed her pillows, smashed her many jars of dried herbs and pickled reptiles, overturned her cauldron, broke her furniture, and worst of all: they took away her precious familiar: the little field mouse named Voleson.

When the witch arrived home, she desperately looked for Voleson, her

only living friend. She fell to the floor among the pillow stuffing and broken glass and cried. After she was finished, the witch picked up a large piece of broken glass from the floor. Staring at her reflection in the glass, she used the sharp edge to cut across her finger, and bled on the shard. With an incantation, her tearful reflection shifted into a scene of the brutish villagers destroying her home and kidnapping her precious vole. Revenge. Revenge was the only answer to this violence.

The next night, the witch went to the cornfield that fed the village. She walked through the maze of tall corn stalks, whispering an incantation and spreading a mysterious powder on the ground. Some children of the town, playing in the corn, watched her, until she disappeared from sight, never to be seen or heard from again—except for the unexplainable whispers that swept from the cornfield each night.

Shortly after the night of the corn-curse, men in the village suddenly turned mad, their children went missing, and the vole population had an unprecedented increase, damaging the precious corn-crop. Some say it was a coincidence, but some say the cursed-cornfield turned the men into... Cornfield Creeps.

But that's only where our story begins. This story is about a boy named Sammy, about your age, who lived not so long ago. Every night little Sammy would fall asleep to the whispers of the wind rustling through the cornfield nearby—until the night they whispered his name. That night his eyes didn't close.

Sammy's father came home later than usual the night after. He smelled sweet and sour like the smell of rotten creamed corn and his body wobbled

like it was filled with the putrid goo.

His father never cooked, but that evening he insisted on making cornbread. His mom was delighted at this unusual behavior, but Sammy knew it wasn't like his dad. Maybe it wasn't his dad at all.

As his mom relaxed in front of the TV, Sammy snuck away from the glow of the screen to peak at his so-called dad making the so-called cornbread. His dad braced himself on the kitchen counter, leaning over a glass pan. His mouth fell open and drooped down, as if the jaw bone was missing, and disgusting creamed corn spewed out of his mouth and into the pan until it was overflowing.

Sammy gasped. His dad's neck snapped toward him while his body remained in position, like an owl spotting its prey. His face was twisted with a stretched smile, and his dangling jaw swayed from side to side.

"It's ready," he said, his voice low and bubbly, "And you're going to eat it!"

They Loved It

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 18th, 2016

My class loved my story! They totally freaked when I turned on the video of me in a melted Michael Myers mask, painted yellow, screaming “Eat it! Eat it!” And they thought me naming the witch “Kendra” was really funny.

Their screams were a beautiful mix of surprise, amusement and genuine fear. And I loved it. I love telling stories, sneaking the ridiculous thoughts that swim around in my head into other people’s brains. It’s kind of like mind control! And right after I heard their delicious screams and set them on their own writing, I got so inspired I banged out a few chapters of my own book! Am I some sort of fear-vampire who feeds on children's screams? I’m such a weirdo creep, ha ha.

I know scaring the kids isn't exactly in the lesson plan, but I have to keep things interesting somehow. Since the class is sponsored by the church, I’m required to incorporate a Christian element. Basically they write Bible fan fiction.

They must already have enough of the good ol’ book in their lives, because the class is pretty boring for them—boring until today's inaugural meeting of Kendra’s Secret Scary Story Club! I think I’ll do it at the beginning of each class to spice things up. And if can help bust my writers block, that’s a definite bonus.

I guess I was really into my writing, because I totally forgot to unlock the door before their parents got back.

Yeah, I decided to lock the door. Considering most of them consider Halloween the work of the Devil, their parents wouldn't be too happy if they walked in on me telling their kids creepy stories. And they weren't too happy about finding the door locked either. Especially this one kid's mom. She gave me an earful. "What kind of lessons are you teaching that you need to lock the door for? What if there was a fire?"

I don't think any of the parents are too fond of me, except Charlie's dad Glenn and my cousin Shelley. Her daughter Cindee is in the class, and she even calls me "Aunty Kendra." So cute.

Glenn is handsome but disheveled. Sometimes he smells sweet like bourbon—even before noon—but he's always been polite and friendly. Must be hard to be a single dad, and work as an exterminator for that matter.

And Shelley, well, she's my only friend and the closest thing to a sister I've ever had, and she even managed to stay cool after she popped one out at sixteen years old. That didn't win her any popularity contests around here, either.

I guess we're both kind of outcasts here.

You're All Going to Hell

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 19th, 2016

If you believe the sermon I just sat through, anyways. Pastor Williams has his moments, but this wasn't one of them — not for me anyways.

I guess I'm not such a great Christian because I don't buy this eternal suffering crap. Angels and demons? Sure, maybe. But burning in hell forever because you don't accept the big guy and his hippie son? What a bunch of bull crap.

Maybe I'm not a Christian at all. And why should I be? There are so many other ideas and beliefs out there. Why do you have to pick just one? Why can't I make up my own? Why can't they all be real? What's the point of going to church? What's reality anyways? It's probably all a hologram or something!

Oof, sorry guys. I get cranky and loopy when I'm hung over. All in all, I love our crappy little church—its foggy stained-glass windows, its overgrown brush, and its faded murals. I grew up with it, and it's part of what I call home.

I'm all hung over because I met up with Shelley at the lake last night. My mom was still awake when I came home late, smelling like beer and cigarettes, and she was pissed. She took away my phone and locked my account on the family computer. I asked her if I could use it one last time,

so I could email myself my manuscript to work on it later, but she wouldn't even let me do that! What gives? I'm an adult now! So what if I'm technically too young to drink?

She gave me that guilt trip again about "I know I'm not your real mom..." Geez. Is she ever gonna let me live that down? What's so great about being my "real mom" anyways? My real mom left me to die in a Walmart bathroom. I'm glad I've never met my real parents—they sound like total turds.

At least I didn't get the "If your father was still alive..." speech this time. And even though I got chewed out and lost my phone and computer privileges indefinitely, it was totally worth it. It'd been at least a million years since Shelley and I last hung out.

We dangled our legs over the dock and dipped our toes in the water, listened to the sound of katydids, gazed at the gorgeous stars, drank cheap beer, and talked about boys and life—it was kinda perfect.

She told me she has a thing for Glenn. I think he's a good guy but her taste in men has always been questionable, so it kind of makes me question my own judgment about him, ha ha.

It's nice to feel like I have at least one friend here, even if she's my cousin. She's one of the only people I can open up to. She gets me—well, gets me drunk anyway.

Steve gets me too—I think. But he's in LA. Someday I'll make it over there. I tried to contact him, but I haven't been able to reach him yet. I'm locked out of my Twitter account, because I forgot the password and it's

attached to an old email, so I can't DM him. I emailed him, but he never checks his email, so it could be months before I get a reply. And he doesn't know about this blog—no one does. Hopefully I'll get my phone back soon.

I'm getting the “wrap it up” signal and angry eyebrows from ol' Ms. Crandall the librarian so I have to log off. Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell you guys. I have to blog from the library now, because I got no phone and no computer. The library is 12 miles away and I don't have a car so I have to hitch a ride—or walk—both ways. The things I do for you guys! Until next time—stay weird.

I did a spell

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 23rd, 2016

Sorry I haven't posted in a few days, getting to the library isn't easy, and I've been feeling kind of down about everything. But I made the trek, because I had to tell you about my witchy escapades.

So, I was reading through a translation of *Grimorium Verum*, and right after I turned the page on a section for invoking demons to do your bidding (no thanks!), a folded up piece of paper fell out! It was a yellowed, torn out page from a book, clearly very old, and had strange symbols and Latin, handwritten in a gothic font.

After a little Google translate detective work at the library, I determined that the spell was for “manifesting your dreams.” I doubt these spells really work—or else we’d see wizards levitating and shooting bolts out of their hands everywhere—but I figured I’d give it a try. Maybe by using it to focus my intention, it will help me restart my manuscript, get an agent, and fulfill my dream of becoming a famous author who lives in glamorous Los Angeles. And if it DOES actually work, all the better.

The spell is pretty weird, and hopefully I did it right, because Google translate isn’t perfect. The first thing I had to do was get the ingredients. Salt was easy. For the green candles, I had to settle with these Green Apple Jolly Rancher scented candles I found at the dollar store—my least favorite

flavor, but I was short on time. Next, I had to get “virgin parchment”, which I guess is the skin of an animal that was a virgin, flattened into writing parchment. That simply wouldn't do! Animal sacrifice is off the table. I figured a piece of paper owned by virgin would be good enough, and since I'm not exactly a virgin myself, I had to swipe some from my classroom at the church. What could be more pure than pink, church-owned construction paper?

Next thing I needed was a quill made of the bones of a fowl, and ink made of an animal's blood, from a wound cut with a magic knife. So, I begged my mom to get us KFC for dinner the other night, and saved some of the bones. I was surprised she gave in, especially since I was grounded, but she must have had a hankering herself. For the magic knife, I just used a kitchen knife and wrote the magic words on with a Magic Marker—there wasn't anything special about it, it just says Magic Markers on the package, for some reason. I know, this was beyond jerry-rigged as far as witchcraft goes, but it's the thought that counts, right?

Then last night, after my mom was asleep, I went up to the attic and drew the magic circle diagram on the floor with chalk, and copied the symbols from the page inside of the circle, including a large pentagram. I salted around the circle and then placed the four Jolly Rancher candles. I lit the candles—I almost gagged at the artificial smell—and washed my hands and feet with holy water I got from the church. I was ready to enter the circle.

I sat down in the middle, took out the “magic” knife, and cut the tip of my finger into a glass with a little bit of water to make my ink. Humans are

animals, right? With the sharpened KFC chicken bone, I drew the symbol from the spell on the pink construction paper, and read the Latin incantation, calling upon archangels and spirits, while I thought about my hopes and desires.

And... nothing. The whole thing was very anticlimactic. No lighting strikes, earthquakes, or floating orbs of light. I figured it didn't work, and I was exhausted, so I blew out the candles, covered the magic circle with some boxes and went to bed.

It was fun to do, and maybe good research, but I doubt it will amount to anything. Even if witchcraft is real, my execution left a lot to be desired. I guess I can't call myself Kendra Temples, Witch Extraordinaire. Or anything "extraordinaire" for that matter.

Weird Dream

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 24th, 2016

I've had some freaky dreams, but this one belongs in the Kendra's Nightmare Hall of Fame alongside the hydra-clown and the velociraptor gynecologist. Consider yourself warned.

I didn't know I was dreaming because in the dream I hadn't left my bed, and I was still trying to sleep. I heard someone whispering my name. The voice flew into the open window, carried in by the wind, and echoed throughout the room, multiplying into a dizzying static.

I opened my eyes and it stopped. A shadowy figure stood at the foot of my bed. I could make out his stained T-shirt and jeans, but his face was a smudge of darkness.

I tried to get up, I tried to scream for help, but my paralyzed body barely quivered and only inaudible yelps escaped my throat.

He breathed heavily—slurping air—and threw my blanket up to expose my legs and bottom. The hot breeze blew in from the window and tickled my legs—it felt so real.

I still couldn't make out his face, but I could see his shining white teeth when he smiled and pulled down his pants to reveal a disgusting phallus. It was tapered and lined with rows of fleshy bumps going down the shaft. The

skin was a sickly jaundiced yellow. Sorry for the TMI guys, but it looked like a fucking corncob.

I thrashed, but the blanket was so heavy my limbs could barely move. The man peeled a translucent white wrapper off a stick of butter. The butter began to melt in the warmth of his hand and dripped down his arm as he took a bite of stick, staining his bright white teeth that shone out of his shadowed face. The butter spilled out of his mouth and on to his corncob cock.

I tried so hard to scream but I couldn't get one out. He crawled on to the bed and straddled me, hovering over me on all fours like a Great Dane trying to wake its owner. His hot wet breath smelled like rotten creamed corn. The butter dripped off his corncob phallus on to my stomach.

I mustered a scream one final time, every cell in my body calling out in a silent chorus of horror until the screech finally burst out with a column of fire. The fire shot out of my mouth and on to the creep, bursting him into a cloud of bloody popcorn and smoke. Did I just write creep? As in, "Cornfield Creep?" Good lord.

I sat up, covered in sweat, and the dream was over. The popcorn had disappeared and the window was shut.

Such a vivid nightmare—it must have been all of the witchcraft. I've learned my lesson, time to cut it out. No more spooky candlelit spells! And I'm definitely going to leave that episode out of the Cornfield Creeps canon. Maybe I should retire the story all together.

Well, the library is closing so I have to sign off—after I quickly send

Steve another email that he won't check, I still haven't gotten ahold of him. I swear Ms. Crandall was looking over my shoulder a few times while I was writing this. She must think I'm some sort of freaky corn fetish erotica writer. (No judgment if that's what you do.) Hopefully she'll still let me use the computer after I've defiled it with my nightmarish smut.

The Cornfield Creeps Part 2

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 25th, 2016

Zombies and monsters started appearing in Noah's Ark and the Garden of Eden, so I had to have a talk with my students about the stories they were writing. I threatened to disband Kendra Secret Scary Story Club if they didn't behave. They totally freaked out—because it's basically the best club ever—and promised to be good. I probably shouldn't have told them the next part of the story, but they begged me, and it was a real boost of confidence to have an audience that actually gives a damn. So anyways, here's part two.



Sammy ran into his room, and slammed the door behind him, but his father burst in before he could lock the door, knocking him to the floor. “Why so skittish, son? You’re running away like a little vole!”

Sammy looked up at his father, towering above him. The man had left a trail of slimy butter in his wake, and his eyes—they were bulbous, and yellow, and pulsating, and segmented like kernels of corn. He’d become a Cornfield Creep!

Sammy screamed, and the creep held him down to pour the uncooked cornmeal into his mouth. It flooded his throat, and he couldn't help but

swallow some. But it was... delicious! Sweeter than anything he'd ever had. He licked his lips, and the creep who was once his dad looked on with a smile. "It's good, isn't it?"

The creep handed Sammy the corn mush, and he took it. He couldn't help himself, and started to eat more, entranced by the corn. He only stopped when he started to feel itching all over his body. The itching was so bad he had to pull off his shirt, and he discovered his skin was covered in itchy red blotches!

Sammy screamed as fur sprouted from his body out of the red spots and his dad grew bigger and bigger. And the room grew bigger and bigger. And everything in it grew bigger and bigger.

Sammy looked at his hands and screamed again when he saw that they were turning into pink claws. "You're turning me into a vole!" he yelled, his voice raising in pitch with his shrinking size.

"Yes," the creep said. "You ate my corn and now I'm going to eat you!"



Sorry for the cliffhanger. You should've heard the kids groan when I ended it there. It was such a beautiful sound. I guess they're really into the story!

Actually, Cindee came up to me during class, while the other kids were writing, and took me aside to tell me a secret. The conversation went

something like this: "Aunty Kendra, I think my mom is dating a creep."

I asked her who. She said, "Glenn, Charlie's dad. I think he's a creep."

I told her that it wasn't a nice thing to say and that it'd hurt Charlie's feelings if he overheard us saying mean things about his dad. She grabbed my hand and broke out of her whisper. "No!"

She returned to her hushed tone and said, "I think he's a cornfield creep. Like in the story. He brought over cornbread and smelled sweet-and-sour. His walk was wobbly!"

I stopped her and told her it was just a story and made her repeat, "There's no such thing as cornfield creeps."

She said she understood but before she walked back to her seat she said, "But Kendra... the cornbread, I ate it."

Maybe she's a little too into the story.

I Was Wrong About Him

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 29th, 2016

When I got to the library this morning, the door was locked and there was a note pinned to it. The note read:

"This branch permanently closed.

(Sorry Kendra, I didn't have the heart to tell you.)"

On one hand: I was touched that cranky Ms. Crandall slightly cared about me. On the other hand: NOOOOOOOOOoo!

I still don't have a phone or access to a computer—the library is my whole world. My head raced with thoughts when I saw it: How am I going to chat with Steve? How am I going to work on my manuscript? How am I going to update you guys on my blog?

Well, you probably noticed that I AM posting an update, since you're reading it right now. Let me explain.

I was so upset to find the library closed, I decided to skip hitchhiking and walk the whole 12 miles home. But a beat-up sedan pulled up beside me. It was Glenn. He offered me a ride and I told him to buzz off, but he wouldn't stop following me, creeping alongside with his car. So I got in just to get him off my back. Trying to walk home was probably a stupid idea

anyways. Turned out getting in the car with him was a worse idea. Here's how things unfolded, to the best of my memory (which is pretty dang good):

“Why the bug up your butt, Kendra? You're usually so sweet,” he said.

I opened up to him about how my mom took away my phone and locked my account on the family computer and how the library is closed for good and how Steve will probably break up with me and how my writing career is now officially doomed. He smiled at me. “You can borrow my old laptop, if you want. I barely use it.”

“Are you serious?” I said. “That would be awesome! That's so nice of you!”

“No problemo, we'll swing by my house before I drop you off.”

A few minutes later we pulled into the parking lot of Harry's liquor store —also known as "Creepy Harry's Booze Shack" by the local delinquent youths. “What're we doing here? This isn't your house.”

“I just need to pick up something real quick.”

We walked into the store to the sound of a harsh electronic buzz. Harry looked at us over his car magazine full of busty models.

“Hi Glenn. The usual?”

“Yeah, the usual,” Glenn said. He turned to me, “You wanna candy bar something?”

“No thanks.” Did he think I was 12 or something?

Harry took down some clear bourbon from the shelf behind the counter and looked at me with a grin as he set it down. His eyes darted to Glenn as his tongue slightly peaked out, licking across his top lip. “She legal yet?”

Glenn chuckled and looked at me, expectantly.

“I guess,” I said. The fuck did that mean?

We road in silence until we pulled into Glenn’s driveway.

“Don't mind Harry, he was just joking, he's actually a really good guy,” he said as he cranked the parking break into position.

His house smelled like B.O., and dirty clothes and toys were strewn about the floor. The lights were dim and the blinds were closed.

“Where's Charlie?” I asked.

“He’s sick in bed. Chickenpox. Come on, the laptop is in my bedroom.”

I followed him into his bedroom and stood in front of his unmade bed, facing him with my arms crossed. He pulled the clear whiskey out of the paper bag and placed it on his dresser next to two glasses.

“You wanna drink?” he asked over his shoulder.

“No, thanks.”

“Suit yourself,” he said as filled his glass and took a sip.

“So, where's your laptop?”

“It's in the closet,” he said as he finished up his glass with a wipe across his mouth.

I stood there awkwardly while he rifled through the closet before emerging with a cheap-looking laptop bag he probably got for free at a convention or something.

“Here it is,” he said, holding it in front of him. “I hope it still works.”

I stepped forward and reached out to take it, but he swiveled around and placed it on the dresser next to the bottle, blocking it with his body.

“Are you sure you don't want a drink?” he said as he poured himself another. “It's the finest corn whiskey.”

He turned back around with a grin.

I stepped back. “W-What?”

“I know you've been telling stories about me to Charlie and the other kids.” He finished his drink with one gulp and threw the glass across the room.

“Stories? About you?” I stepped back again, and tripped on the edge of the bed, plopping down on the dirty sheets.

He was on me in an instant. He pushed me back on the bed and crushed me with his weight, one of his hands tightened around my shoulder, the other still held the bottle of corn whiskey.

“You love corn so much, Kendra. Why won't you try my whiskey?” he

said.

He put his hand in my mouth, parting my lips with his dirty fingers as he tipped the bottle and let the stinging liquid pour all over my face and over my clenched teeth. His sharp nails dug into my gums. I spit out the clear whiskey to scream for help, but he punched me in the head and wrapped a hand around my neck. He brought his finger up to his mouth with his other hand and made a series of shushing sounds, causing hot spit to drip on my face. I could feel his hard on, this disgusting creep was getting off on this.

I struggled and gasped, but I couldn't escape from his grip. He moved a hand towards his pants, still strangling me with the other to prevent me from screaming. He fumbled with his fly. Oh God. There was no freaking way I was going to let him take out whatever the fuck was down there.

"Dad?" Charlie stood in the open doorway.

Glenn turned his head toward his son. "Go back to bed, Charlie."

He'd loosened his grip just enough for me to pry his fingers from my throat and bite down on his hand. He jumped back and howled and I gave him a swift kick to the balls. Thank god for testicles.

I ran. I ran the entire three something miles home, never stopping. But not without grabbing his laptop on the way out.

So yea, I'm writing this post on a laptop I stole from a guy who just tried to rape me. How's that for dedication?

And I ALMOST got my phone back too. When I got home my mom was

in such a good mood, she'd made my favorite dinner (bacon mac and cheese with Hot Cheeto breadcrumbs) and was about to hand it over—until she got close enough look at how disheveled I was and smell the booze I was covered in. So still no phone.

I didn't bother trying to explain about Glenn, I don't know what he would do if I told on him, and I'm not sure anyone would believe me either. I guess I was right about being wrong about him.

My Class Got Cancelled

Posted by Kendra Temples on June 30th, 2016

Glenn told all of the parents about Kendra's Secret Scary Story Club and turned basically the whole town against me. Even Shelley. She wasn't too happy to find out the reason Cindee is acting so weird is because of my stories. So, yeah, I'm officially unemployed, friendless, and still freaking grounded like a child.

The Cornfield Creeps Part 3

Posted by Kendra Temples on July 2nd, 2016

Gary's Burger Shack had a "Help Wanted" sign in the window, and since I'm out of a job, and the Fourth of July fireworks stand is already staffed, I went over to fill out an application. Just as I was making headway with charming Gary Junior, I was ambushed by my former students. They were totally freaking out about the Cornfield Creeps.

I told them over and over again. It's just a story. You aren't turning into voles. Your skin is red and itchy because you have chickenpox. The hair in your armpit is early puberty. The Cornfield Creeps aren't real!

They wouldn't stop going on about the freaking Cornfield Creeps and asking me to finish the story, so I took them on a little illicit field trip to the cornfield to show them there was nothing to be afraid of—and to finish the story in a way that would hopefully calm them down. They seemed scared of being in the field at first, but then they started to relax—or at least be enraptured—as I officially began the final meeting of Kendra's Secret Scary Story Club.

I hadn't actually finished the story beforehand, so I had to make it up on the spot. Below is the story I told them, to the best of my memory.



The Cornfield Creep stalked toward Sammy, drooling yellow mush in anticipation of his rodent meal.

The sight made Sammy's stomach lurch, but that gave him an idea. He shoved his little half-human, half-vole hand down his throat, causing him to gag until he threw up the corn mush. It didn't taste good coming out, like it had going down—it was bitter, and putrid. As the vile liquid exited his body, his shrinking slowed until it stopped all together.

The creep lunged toward Sammy. "No!"

Sammy ran through the monster's legs, using his diminished height to his advantage, and bolted out the door. The TV flickered in the dark living room, and Sammy approached his mother, who sat on the couch, unmoving. "Mom, you have to help me!"

He shook his mom, but she didn't respond. Then her head dropped to the side. Her eyes and mouth were stretched out, with cornstalks growing out of them. She'd turned into a bag of skin, stuffed with dried corn, like a scarecrow. Sammy screamed, and heard the creep plodding toward him. He ran as fast as he could out the door.

He was blind with fear and didn't realize he had run into the cornfield, until he was surrounded by the tall stalks swaying in the wind. But he kept running. Perhaps this was the creep's territory, but it was also a good place to hide.

The corn whispered his name again, loud, so loud, the sound surrounded him. “Saammmyyyy.... Saaaaaammmyyyy.”

At first it made him even more scared, but when he listened more carefully, the whispers sounded friendly. Perhaps the corn had been trying to warn him all along.

“Tuuurrnnnn riight...” the corn whispered, and it directed him through the field until it told him to stop in a small clearing.

The field was now completely silent, and the tall corn stalks barely moved. Purple smoke poured through the stalks in front of him, until it coalesced into the shape of a smiling old woman in a hooded cloak.

“Who are you?” said Sammy.

“I am the witch who cursed the cornfield. But this curse has gone on too long. You must end it.”

“What? How can I?”

The witch pulled a magic wand out of her cloak and presented it to the boy. “Take this wand. When the monster comes back, wave it to activate its magic, and say ‘Begone, Cornfield Creep! The great Witch Kendra commands you, and your kind, to return to the holy void, forever!’ as you strike him with the wand.”

As soon as Sammy took the wand from the witch, she disappeared, leaving only wisps of purple smoke behind. The cornstalks rustled behind him. The creep. “Son? Where are you?”

The creep burst through the stalks and into the clearing, roaring with laughter. But Sammy was ready for him. He turned around and shook the wand in the air, and sparks flew from the tip. He said the magic words and ran at the creep with the wand, and when the wand touched the monster, it burst into an explosion of freshly popped popcorn kernels.

Sammy laughed in relief, and looked at his hands. They were human again. It was over, the curse had been broken, forever.

The next day-



So, I was going to end the story with the lamest possible ending a writer can pull: the “it was all just a dream.” I figured this would be the best way to really hammer in that it was all just make believe, and there was nothing to be afraid of. But before I could get to that part, the sound of a man running through the cornfield toward us—crunching and rustling and yelling—rang out nearby. The kids freaked out, and ran away! I would have tried to calm them down, but I was caught off guard and ran too. I did yell “AND IT WAS ALL JUST A DREAM!” but I’m not sure if that was very convincing—or if they even heard me.

I don’t know who it was in the cornfield, since I fled before I could find out, but they had absolutely terrible timing. It was probably just a teenager pulling a prank. I just hope the kids were satisfied with the ending and it calmed them down about Cornfield Creeps. Or at least that I didn’t make it

worse.

4th of July Blow Up

Posted by Kendra Temples on July 5th, 2016

You guys, I can't believe what just happened. I can't believe what I'm about to write. But while it's still freshly burned into my memory, here's what went down today—or I guess technically yesterday since it's past midnight now:

I knew I probably should've skipped the church's Fourth of July BBQ, but it was my best meal all year and I couldn't resist. I figured I'd just sneak to the buffet line, grab some food, and hide behind the tree on the other side of the church with Shelley, who'd mostly forgiven me for freaking out her daughter. I didn't want to see anyone from the town—especially Glenn—and they didn't want to see me either. But a girl's gotta eat!

And so, Shelley and I talked behind the tree with our ribs and macaroni salad. She told me her and Glenn were getting serious, and she really liked him. I shuddered and had a little flashback to the night he attacked me. I don't think I realized how much it affected me until that moment. I wanted to warn her about him, but she was starting to get into the nasty details of their latest date together, and I kind of zoned out. I couldn't really deal with hearing about that, especially knowing he was just around the corner, and I started to regret my stupid decision to come to the BBQ in the first place.

As I stared off into the distance, I noticed a small group of children

sneaking toward the church. I dropped my plate and walked toward them. I figured that whatever they were up to, it couldn't be good.

"Don't be such a prude, Kendra!" Shelley yelled after me.

They disappeared around the back of the church building. I followed, and found them huddling around something at the back of the building, just around the corner and out of sight from the festivities. I picked up the pace. "What're you guys doing?"

A few of them looked up from the huddle at me, including Cindee and Charlie.

"The creeps are taking over the town!" said Cindee.

Charlie chimed in, "My dad's been replaced by a creep! We have to stop him before he turns us into voles!"

I stopped. "How many times do I-"

They came out of the huddle, each holding sparklers, freshly lit with sparks flying out of their tips. I bolted toward them. "Stop!"

They ran around toward the corner, and I followed, catching up with them as we ran into the potluck. The first thing I saw when I turned the corner was Glenn squirting lighter fluid into the grill by the church building with a plate of corn next to him, ready to be barbecued. Fucking corn. I froze. He locked eyes with me. And I guess I must have distracted him, because when he noticed the small crowd of 5th graders running toward him screaming, "CORN! HE'S GOT CORN!" while waving sparklers, he fumbled with the bottle of lighter fluid, spraying it everywhere and all

over his clothes.

The kids yelled "Begone, Cornfield Creep! The great Witch Kendra commands you!" over and over as they threw their sparklers at him, activating the lighter fluid on his clothes with mini-explosion. The children screamed and ran away as the flames spread all over Glenn's clothes. He stumbled and fell backward, and ignited the overgrown grass surrounding the church. It burst into flames, and the fire grew rapidly along the edges of the building.

I instinctively lunged forward, but stopped myself. How was I going to put out the grow fire with... nothing? I turned around to see Shelley, my mom, Pastor Williams, and the rest of the potluck goers, standing still and staring at me—"The Great Witch Kendra"—in shock, jaws dropped.

"Don't just stare at me! Do something!"

That snapped them out of it, and they sprung into action, frantically looking for something to put the fire out and calling 911. The heat grew behind my back, and I turned around. Glenn stood in front of the flaming church, covered in fire with black smoke billowing behind him. His blackened face had a wicked grin, and he stared at me like I was a vole, ready to be eaten. I screamed, and ran as fast as I could away from him.

I could hear him behind me, chasing with deranged laughter. And it wasn't until I was inside, that my conscious mind realized that I'd run straight into—you guessed it—the freaking cornfield.

Stalks smacked my face, and cut up my arms as I pushed my way through them, trying to work my way deep into the field where Glenn

couldn't find me. His laughter grew, and I looked back to see him charging at me, punching and pushing the cornstalks to make a path, and igniting them into a rapidly growing wall of fire in his wake. The cornfield was burning.

I screamed again, sucking smoke into my lungs, and had to stop a moment to cough. When I looked up, he was almost to me. I turned and propelled myself forward with my eyes closed, leaping through the cornfield head-first, the leaves and stalks smacking against my face and body and getting caught in my hair. A desperate, high-pitched cry sounded behind me. "Kendra!"

I stopped. It sounded like a man in agony, not some sort of inhuman monster. "Kendra, help me! It's me, again! Help me!"

I turned around. The fire was concentrated in one spot, and he was no longer chasing me. He seemed human again, crying for help. But I turned and ran toward the forest, leaving him behind. What if he was still dangerous, and besides, what could I have done to help him by running into a flaming cornfield?

I reached the forest next to the cornfield, now well away from the fire, but I kept running, and running, and running until I got lost. I wandered around through the trees, not sure where to go, as I caught my breath. I half expected to find a witch's hut, but of course that didn't happen. Eventually, I got tired and plopped on to the forest floor, leaning against a tree. I cried, registering the magnitude of what just happened, as I heard fire truck sirens in the distance.

After night fell, I waited for what I thought was a couple of hours before walking home. I considered sleeping in the forest, but I could barely see, and the sounds of animals rustling and the owl screams freaked me out too much. I snuck into my house—it turned out to be empty. I figure my mom and a search party were looking for me. Either they were worried, or they wanted to burn me at the stake.

I decided to hide in the attic tonight, and sleep on the ground after I press post on this blog entry. That's where I am now, writing this post on a presumably dead man's laptop.

I'm not ready to face my mom. I don't know if I'll ever be ready. Maybe I'll never leave this attic. Maybe I'll die here.

Well, until then, I'm going to sleep.

Goodbye

Posted by Kendra Temples on July 7th, 2016

Well, it turns out I wasn't as sneaky as I thought. I woke up to the sound of my mom walking up the steps of the attic. I sat up in the satanic-looking magick circle I'd apparently fallen asleep on, and looked up at my mom. She shook her head and frowned at me. "Kendra, what have you done?"

She walked back down the stairs and didn't speak to me for the rest of the day. There were some people who DID want to speak to me though, a couple of cops. They gave me a hard time and asked me a lot of questions, but it turns out practicing witchcraft and telling scary stories—though frowned upon—are not arrest-able offenses. They probably could have figured out something to pin on me if they tried hard enough, but they weren't locals and didn't have any skin in the game. Arresting some random girl would just be more paperwork for them.

As far as I know, no one found Glenn—or his body. He just disappeared. But he must be dead, I don't know how anyone could have survived being on fire for so long.

The whole thing was weird, really weird. While deleting stuff on his laptop, I found a folder of vole pictures. It just doesn't make sense. It makes me wonder if that spell really did do something. Maybe it literally "made my dreams come true", in this case my twisted nightmares about corn-

monster-men. Or maybe it's all just a coincidence. He was an exterminator, after all. Maybe exterminators just have pictures of rodents on their computer. No matter what, you're not going to catch this former-witch casting spells, again.

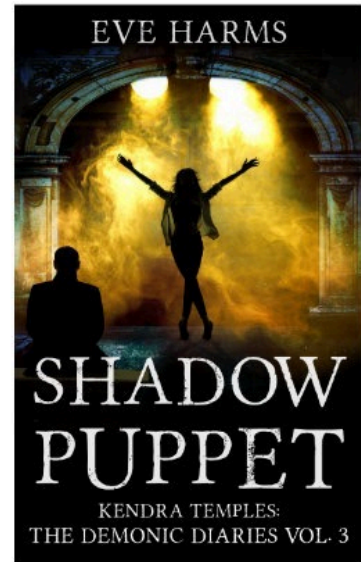
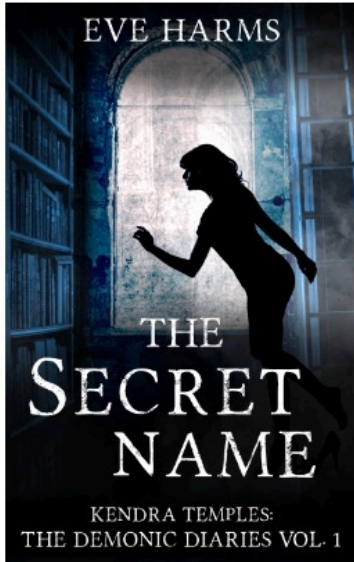
And my "dream" of moving to LA does seem to be coming true, also—without the rich and famous part. The next morning my mom finally spoke to me again. She said, "Get out and never come back," as she plopped an old suitcase down in front of me. Since she was speaking to me again, I took the opportunity to ask her, "Are Shelley and Cindee okay?"

"Shelley never wants to see or hear from you again," she replied. "And neither does anyone else in this town."

After I cried a bunch and packed up my suitcase with some keepsakes, clothes, and books, I checked my email again for the millionth time. Steve finally responded. We emailed back and forth, and he agreed to let me move into his apartment in Los Angeles. I still don't have money for a plane ticket, so I'm going to hitchhike across the country. Steve hates the idea, doesn't think it's safe, especially since I never got my phone back. But he didn't have a better plan, so I'm just going to go ahead and do it. I'm leaving first thing in the morning, before everyone erects gallows or shows up at my door with torches and pitch forks.

It'll probably be an uneventful journey, just long boring rides in boring strangers' cars, making boring conversation while I stare out at the boring landscape. But maybe it won't be—and I'll have something new to write about. I'll let you guys know, if I don't delete this entire blog first.

The story continues in Kendra Temples: The Demonic Diaries!



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– Laurel Hightower, author of Crossroads and host of Ink Heist podcast

Description for Book 1, The Secret Name

Working in a creepy mansion surrounded by old books is kind of my dream job, but this might be too creepy—even for me. They asked weird interview questions like “Have you ever seen a dead body”, I swear I heard a woman screaming last night, and I’m sure the owner is hiding something—like why he hired me as a librarian in the first place.

But I can’t quit now. If I miss rent again my boyfriend will finally kick ol’ broke Kendra (me) to the curb and into hobodom. Plus, it’s great inspiration for my writing. I just hope I don’t end up starring in a gothic horror story of my own... Anyways, I’ll update y’all here in my blog.

If you like a quirky heroine facing inexplicable horror, then read The Secret Name today!

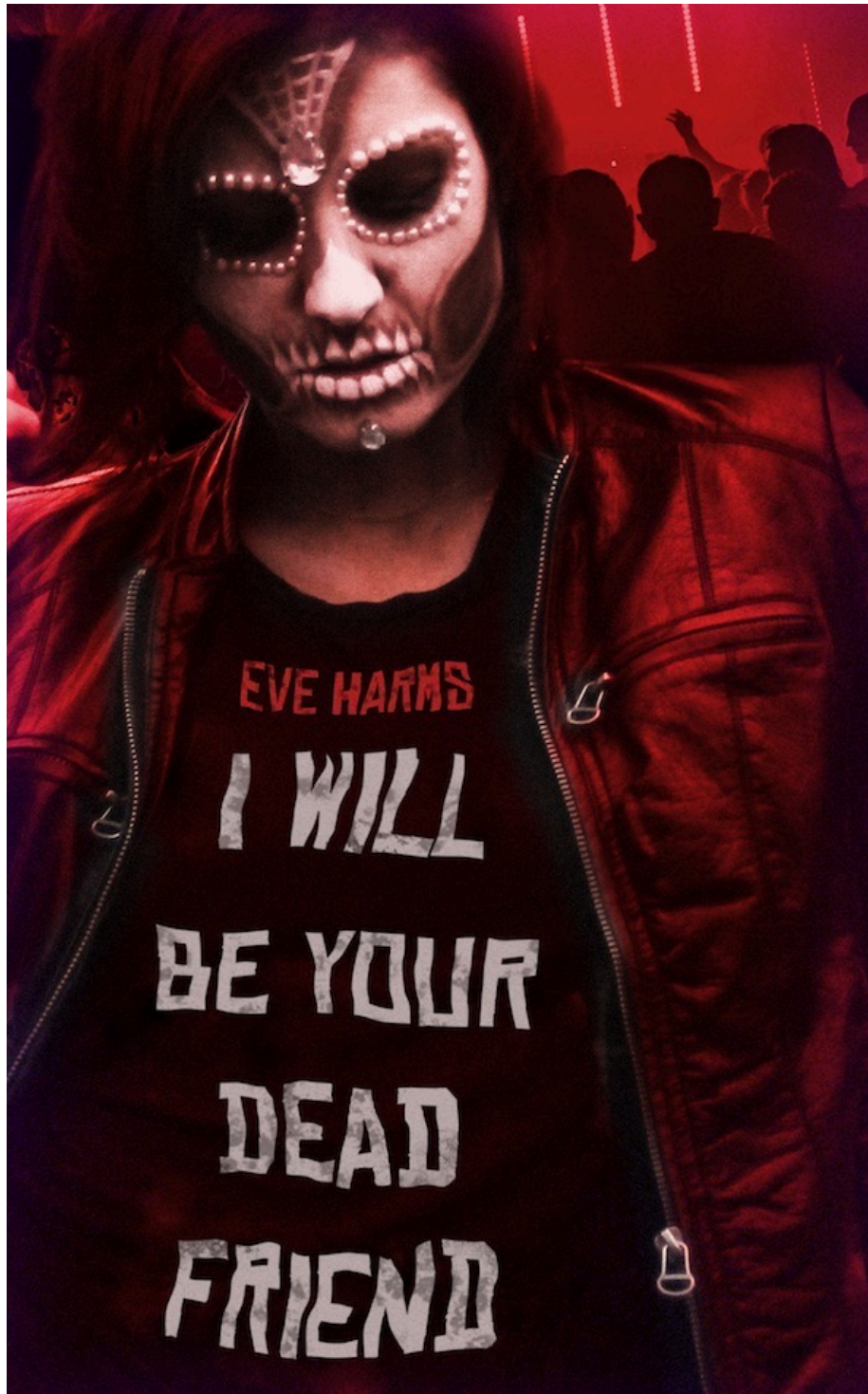
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Shadow Puppet

Bonus story!



I Will Be Your Dead Friend

By Eve Harms

I'll admit I was a bit drunk when I posted the ad offering to stand in for people's dead friends, but it wasn't the worst money-making scheme I've cooked up.

And when I woke up with a hang-over and 30 something responses, I nearly decided to trash the idea and go back to selling fake-weed to Middle Schoolers and scamming gullible do-gooders on GoFundMe.

But then I read the email: some girl offering \$1,000 to go clubbing with her and her friends for just one night. I couldn't resist—that's a lot of Middle Schooler's lunch money—and it would get me way past my next pack of cigarettes. Hell, maybe I'd even treat myself to a carton.

So, I agreed and gave her my phone number and address. She wanted to send me an "orientation kit" and some supplies. She'd clearly thought this through much more than I had.

The kit contained black hair dye, temporary tattoos, a tight red dress, bronzer, some make up with red lipstick to match and a very padded bra. I guess she thought from the photos that my tits weren't up to snuff. Well, the fifteen dick pic senders who wanted me to stand in for their dead ex-girlfriends disagree.

It even came with a lightly used designer purse filled with all the personal items you'd expect: crinkled up receipts, used makeup, a compact mirror, a driver's license, and more. Was this the dead girl's actual purse? Not that it mattered, I wasn't the superstitious type, the dead didn't need stuff — just like Granny didn't need those pearls that she was supposed to be buried with. They're probably still sitting in the window of that greasy pawnshop. She never cared enough to give me one measly birthday or Christmas gift, or even a card—she owed me.

I looked at the dead girl's ID. Jenna Sarley. She kind of looked like me.

Same height: short. 5' 2" to be specific. Darker skin, heavier makeup, and a few pounds more than me. Must've been the tits.

And then there was the manila envelope labeled "personality." It was full of photos of Jenna. Jenna at the club, Jenna at a festival, Jenna in a bikini at the beach, Jenna volunteering—building wells for kids in Africa or some shit. Pictures of Jenna with her preschool class, Jenna diving into a tropical waterfall, Jenna at a protest. I get it, I get it. She was a goody-goody and a party girl too. Isn't that nice.

There was also a handwritten note.

"Jenna was kind to everyone she met and always had a good time. She was outspoken but polite and cared deeply about social issues. She loved animals, and loved to dance, and she was known to have a few drinks. Here's a good Jenna story that should give you an idea of her personality. When Jenna was 12 she..."

Blah, blah, blah. So boring. I didn't finish reading it. How much did I really need to know about this girl to go to a club and get plastered with her friends? There were some other papers, but I didn't bother reading them—I had better things to do, like get high and verbally abuse preteens on Counter-Strike.

And that's what I was doing when I got the call. I was kicking ass in the game on account of the speed I found in Max's jeans pocket—he's my current boyfriend—and yelling through my headset at some kid's dad who I'd made cry. The dad cried, not the kid, though his kid was a little bitch too.

"What?" I said after picking up the call. I didn't like being interrupted, and a phone call was always an interruption.

"Where are you? You're late," said Kim, the best friend of the dead girl.

"Shit!" I said, "I'm actually on my way now."

I guess time flies when you're wasting noobs on speed and weed. I took another hit of the bong and headed out—fortunately I was already dressed in Jenna's clothes, had her bronzer on, dyed my hair black, cut my bangs and applied those cheesy temporary tattoos. No one could tell me I didn't

look the part.

I borrowed Max's car—he was too fucked up to notice—and headed to the club. Parking was impossible so I had to park in the red zone. It was pretty tucked away so I figured a ticket wasn't too likely. And if he did get a ticket, well I've kind of been wanting him to dump me anyways. He's hot, but a total asshole—and only dates me because I'll do things in bed that other girls won't.

I lit a cigarette to calm my nerves and walked toward the club's entrance. Kim was waiting outside, she was blonde and wearing a red dress that matched the cut of mine, just like she said she would. Her arms were crossed and she looked pissed.

"I'm Em," I said.

"You're not Em. You're Jenna, and you're late too. Jenna was never late."

"Shit, sorry about that," I said as I exhaled my Camel smoke in her direction.

She snatched the cigarette out of my mouth and threw it on the floor, snubbing it out with her red pumps. "And she doesn't smoke! Or swear. For the rest of the night you're Jenna, got it? So, act like her or you're not getting paid."

"Yeah, yeah. Got it. Loud and clear." What a bitch.

Her face softened as she took a moment to look me over. She smiled. "You really do look just like her. I mean, you are her, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Jenna," I said and plastered my face with a plastic smile that hurt my face.

"Let's start over, okay? I'm going to turn my back and you tap me on the shoulder and give me a big Jenna hug."

It was weird, but this is what I signed up for. She turned around and I tapped her on the shoulder. "Kim!"

She spun around. "Jenna!"

I gave her a big "Jenna" hug. "Yeah! It's me."

"Oh, we're going to have so much fun tonight Jenna! We've missed you so

much. All your friends are here and your boyfriend Tim, too!"

Boyfriend? This was going to be more interesting than I thought.

###

Tim was a good kisser. And I have to admit, being Jenna wasn't too bad either. Everyone seemed to know me, and they smiled when they saw me, instead of giving me a dirty look and averting their eyes like people did to Em. And the more I smiled back, the more it felt genuine. I could get used to this, being liked by people, I thought.

Dancing like I didn't give a shit was fun too. Normally, I'd be drinking in the back, making fun of all the sloppy idiots on the dance floor.

I jumped up on the go-go girl platform and began busting moves that I didn't know I had, swinging around on the stripper pole with a bottle of champagne from table service in my hand. My friends cheered for me and were quickly joined by the rest of the club-goers. I bathed in their gazes and cheers, drinking from the bottle as I bobbed my ass up and down in a fluid motion.

A techno remix of the song Dancing Queen came on, and forgetting that I hated it, I let it take me over. The beat and the voices ran through my body, through my limbs that swayed like branches in a storm.

Laser lights and fog penetrated me, and the crowd began to chant my name. "Jenna! Jenna! Jenna!"

I put my thumb over the opening of the bottle of the champagne and shook, I turned to the crowd and they raised their hands and cheered. They wanted it. They wanted me. I was wanted.

I let the champagne loose, making an opening next to the mouth of the bottle and squirting the golden foam into the crowd. They cheered and squealed and laughed. I poured the remaining champagne on my body as I worked my hips up and down, straddling the pole, smiling and laughing from the adoring crowd, high from the attention.

I raised my arms in victory as I scanned my loving audience. One smile in the crowd caught my eye: Tim's.

He made his way through the crowd and extended his hand to me to help me off the platform. He held my hand tight as he led me through the sweaty bodies, our flesh slipping and squeezing and sliding between them and their sweet, musky aroma.

Tim whispered into a bouncer's ear, and we were granted access to a room behind a door labeled "VIP." Em was never a "VIP," but Jenna was. Before I had a chance to take in the VIP lounge and its clientele, he pulled me through the door labeled "Staff Only" and into a dark stairwell. The door shut behind us and we were surrounded by blackness. I drunkenly fumbled around for a light switch, but Tim took my hand and guided it to his mouth, sucking on my fingers.

"Trust me," he said, as he led me down the rickety staircase into the unlit room.

Jenna trusted him. And I'm Jenna, so I trusted him.

He guided me through the darkness to a corner and plopped me down on some sort of cold metal surface. He began to kiss my neck as he pulled down the front of my dress, and stroked my breasts, causing goosebumps to form and my nipples to harden.

He began to run his fingers through my hair as we made out, and suddenly grabbed a clump of it, gently pulling on it as he pulled my dress further down my body. I placed my hands on his shoulders and guided him downward, as he finished removing my dress, until he was on his knees and I could feel his hot breath through my panties. He wiggled them off and tossed them to the side. I lifted my legs and rested them on his shoulders, and he dove in. His tongue, the way he worked it—it felt like heaven, like nothing I'd ever felt before. He was completely lost in me, and I was lost in the pure ecstasy he was giving me. No one had ever given me this pleasure before, this gift of transcendent passion. I'd never deserved it. But Jenna deserved it, and I was Jenna now.

As my body began to tremble with the impending climax, I imagined all the great things Jenna had done. That I had done. I remembered the sweat

that rolled down my brow as I built wells for communities in Africa, the joy in the faces of the children knowing that they'd have clean water to drink, and the high-five I gave one of my fellow volunteers after a long day.

I remembered the note one of my students wrote me, telling me that I was the best teacher in the whole wide world. And the feeling of wetness in my eyes as I tried to hold back the tears of happiness.

I remembered the eye contact I made with a homeless man as I handed him a sandwich. A moment of warmth and connection I'd never felt with a stranger before.

I was going to cum. My whole body shook and trembled. My hands pressed against the cool metal surface as the rhythm of his tongue built up my pleasure, like an electro song before the beat drops. My arms shook from my hands braced on the metal surface and I came—the best orgasm in my life—as my wrists were grabbed from both sides and pinned to the wall. It couldn't have been Tim; he was still going down on me. And it was two pairs of hands.

As my confusion began to break up my altered state of pleasure, I heard clicking. My wrists were locked into shackles that were mounted on the wall.

The lights turned on. I was surrounded by my friends—my expressionless, silent and staring friends. They were standing around a large symbol that was carved and painted on the floor in front of me. Behind them was a darkness that hid the vastness of the room.

"That's enough, Tim," said Kimberly who was standing ahead of the semicircle of the small crowd. Tim got off his knees and wiped my juices from his unsmiling mouth. He gave me a tired look before joining the rest.

"What the fuck is happening?" And those were my last words before the ball gag was stuffed into my mouth and strapped around my head.

The faint sound of thumping club music emanated from the ceiling, and the coolness of the basement chilled my naked body. My friends piercing gazes raised my heartbeat and increased my cries, muffled by the ball gag.

Was this some sort of prank? Was this going to end with us all smiling and laughing and looking forward to the premiere of a new reality show?

Or was it something more sinister? Was I about to be violated by a crowd of unfamiliar friends?

The echoing of clopping hooves filled the room. I swear it sounded like hooves. A large red cloaked figure emerged from the darkness, a hood completely shadowed its face. The figure's hands were joined under its sleeves, and its legs and feet were covered by the trailing fabric.

The figure appeared to grow as it got closer. It parted the semi circle of my friends who dropped to their knees. It must of been 8 feet tall.

It stood within the painted and carved circle on the floor and parted its hands, unfurling one out with its palm up. Its hands were soft and pale with impossibly long but perfectly manicured red nails, filed down to points. Was this a woman? On stilts?

The figure raised her palm and the kneeling devotees with it. She raised her head enough for the bottom of her face to come out of the shadows, revealing full red lips and a Disney Princess nose. "Is this the new Jenna?"

"Yes, Your Horridness," said Kim.

"I hope she's better than the last Jenna you brought me."

Kim swallowed and the cloaked woman clopped toward me. She stopped in front of me and sniffed. She crouched down so smoothly that it looked like she was shrinking, until we were face-to-face.

She looked at me with her huge red eyes—I couldn't tell if they were contacts or not—through blonde bangs. She reached one of her long red fingernails toward my face and scooped up a drop of my sweat before licking it and tasting it. My screams were muffled by the ball gag.

"She'll do just fine," she said with a long tooth smile.

She rose and turned to her followers. "Ready your cups and daggers."

As the cloaked woman walked to the circle, my friends each took out a small knife and a tiny cup. It looked like that cup Indiana Jones was looking for, but the size of a shot glass.

"Begin," she said.

My friend slowly came closer, each with a cup and knife, aimed at me, in hand. Their uncaring eyes and blades glinted as they got closer and closer.

They were so close that I could almost feel the heat of their bodies when the sound of a gunshot went off. The door was kicked in. It was Max with a pistol in hand. I was saved.

Max looked at me with a face distorted by anger. "I knew you were cheating on me! And where the fuck is my car?"

Jesus Christ. After looking around for a bit, seeing the fear in my eyes and the fact that I was surrounded by a crowd of knife wielding maniacs, the realization that I was in trouble—and not in some sort of consensual gang bang situation—finally reached his pea brain.

And just as I could see the recognition on his face, the door slammed close behind him. I looked to the cloaked woman, her arm was outstretched toward the staircase, but she was still facing and looking directly at me. Her cloak rippled and tore with the sound of gunfire. Her body didn't move, the bullet must've missed it. She clenched her hand.

The groaning and wailing of metal grinding and twisting filled the room. The staircase crumbled around Max like a tinfoil ball, its sharp metal edges impaled his torso, severed his right arm—it fell with a plop and clatter of the gun—and twisted his other limbs out of shape. He screeched and cried for his mother. With his last cry, the piercing cage moaned to a halt, and he was left looking like a scarecrow caught in a tree after a hurricane. His dead eyes hung open, forever staring into an abyss, as the drip drip drip of his blood echoed throughout the large room, now filled with the iron smell of blood and twisted metal.

I was so fucked.

"Cut the Jenna and collect her blood."

My friends slid their little blades into my wriggling body. One slipped into my shoulder, one slipped into my arm, one slipped into my ass, two slipped into my breasts. The soft spots lit up with pain. They didn't stick the

knives in deep, but they did twist them. The wounds radiated agony throughout my body and let out enough blood from each gash to fill their stupid fucking cups.

When each of their cups were full, they joined the cloaked woman around the circle.

The cloaked woman began to chant in some sort of ancient language as my friends raised their cups.

They began to chant as well, reciting a phrase over and over as they kneeled around the circle on the floor, and poured my blood into the little holes that lined it. They stood up and chanted louder and louder until the cloaked woman raised her hand, causing them to go silent in unison.

"Listen," she said.

I listened. It sounded like slurping. And then a low rumble. The cloaked woman squealed with delight. "Great job, Kim! You found a good Jenna!"

She laughed maniacally as the rumble grew louder and the symbol in the circle began to break apart. Its pieces slid away into the surrounding floor and created a large opening in the ground.

The smell of burning hair and rotting meat filled the room, causing everyone's eyes to water and cough. My friends blank expressions finally broke and turned to ones of disgust.

A woman's arm flopped out of the hole. No, two arms. Two left arms. No... More. The arms rose out of the hole — I could see now that they were all connected, melted together like my pyromaniac brother's G.I. Joes. It was a huge limb made up of a dozen arms, and it swung like a mechanical tentacle, pivoting on the many wrists and elbow joints, the fingers limp and swaying with the greater internal force.

A second arm of arms flopped out of the opening on the other side of the hole. The arms began to feel around wildly as whatever was inside the hole braced to lift itself out.

A clump of scraggly black hair appeared, covering a lumpy mass the size of a boulder.

As the giant head rose out of the hole, it revealed choppy bangs, and on the tanned lumpy flesh below them a smattering of eyebrows in all different directions contorted.

Three sets of human eyes followed, smashed together in a slight semicircle. And below them, human noses. Then three mouths melted together, with the ones at the sides rotated to form a smile of angry mouths.

A cluster of maybe 15 chins appeared, hanging off the bottom of the creature's lumpy face like warts or grapes. Some of them had faces attached to them as well, some with parts of the face nearly completely sunken into it.

Rows of large breasts hung off its chest, jiggling as it pushed itself out of the hole. Stretched out versions of her cheesy tattoos of birds, cherries and hearts speckled the thing.

And below the breasts was a nearly fully formed person, the back half of her body sunken into the creature, and her skin fused. Her neck dangled out along with the rest of her limbs and breasts, and her face was obscured by her black hair.

The creature's full body was in view now, having fully escaped the hole in the ground. Its legs were like its arms, made up of many human legs, its feet wide, made up of a fan of human feet fused together with red painted toenails.

The ground shook as it took a step toward me, the many limbs waving with the force. And then again, with a second step.

The head of the submerged body lifted and witnessed me with a dead eyed stare.

It's face. It was me. It was Jenna. The Original Jenna. It must've shared my recognition as its eyes lit up, and it shrieked like how the stuck-up popular girls at school would shriek when talking about kissing a meathead jock. I mean, like how my best friend and I shrieked when we saw each other for the first time after I got off the plane from Africa.

Its tongue wagged out as it squealed and its arms flailed widely in my

direction as the creature lumbered toward me, picking up speed.

The combination of Jennas—the Uber-Jenna—stopped about a half a foot away from me, lowering its mega head to meet mine, causing the submerged body of the Original Jenna to sweep against the floor and moan.

The Uber-Jenna's cluster of eyes scanned me, each darting in different directions and taking in every part of my naked body. I felt the sticky warmth of its panting as the many nostrils of its lumpy head twitched and sniffed.

My fear of being eaten or subsumed by this abomination was accompanied by a fear of choking to death, as my stomach jumped and vomit began to creep up into my esophagus. I closed my eyes, trying to push it back down. The creature sighed and groaned in delight as the vomit rocketed up, hitting the ball gag in my mouth, collecting in my throat and blocking my airways.

As I struggled to breathe, and my body trembled and my limbs shook, I felt the creature stand up straight.

Gentle hands wrapped around my head to remove the straps of the ball gag, letting a fountain of boozy-smelling vomit come out of my mouth. After a coughing fit, and catching my breath, I opened my eyes and lifted my head.

The dangling, partially submerged woman was in front of me. It had a gentle smile and a relaxed face. It locked eyes with me as it stroked my hair. I lost myself gazing into her eyes, she transmitted a calmness I've never felt, an absolute acceptance. The creature lurched forward and the hanging Jenna embraced me. Her naked flesh against mine felt so warm. My nerves settled and my body relaxed. My flesh began to feel like it was softening, turning to liquid.

I was melting into the creature, and with this realization came panic. I twisted my body to escape the embrace, but the pieces of my flesh had already fused with the Jenna. I could feel the tips of her fingers dipping into my flesh like pretzels into nacho cheese.

The Jenna turned her head and whispered something in my ear. It was in a language I couldn't understand, but hearing it caused my mind to settle and my ego to begin to dissolve. All I wanted was to join the Jennas and live together in perfect loving harmony. It was a level of group-self-love and acceptance that could only be achieved by joining my mind, body, and spirit with the Uber-Jenna.

The Original Jenna pulled her head off my shoulder and touched her forehead against mine.

Tentacles began to enter my third eye and braid themselves into the folds in my brain. New memories of my life flashed before my eyes: winning the presidency at my high school, helping a stranger change a tire, nursing that kitten I found in the gutter back to health.

The tentacles worked their way farther and farther into my subconscious, taking away every trace of Em. They extracted my old memories like rotten teeth: my mom telling me she never wanted me before she left for good when I was six, my Grandma embarrassing me in front of my family and calling me a liar when I told her what my Uncle had done to me, the teachers who told me they didn't read my papers before grading them because they already knew I'd never amount to anything.

And as Em's memories were plucked out, the sense of worthlessness and the self-destructive nature began to follow them. My whole nervous system lit up with electricity as the tendrils entered the core of my being.

They halted. The Uber-Jenna's tendrils recoiled and began to unwrap themselves, vomiting my memories and sense of worthlessness back into my head, filling me up with the poison of myself.

But I wouldn't let it take its love away. I concentrated my being, letting my mind heat up and grow tentacles of its own—tentacles with barbs and stingers. My tentacles wrapped around the tentacles with the Uber-Jenna pulling them back into me so they could work their magic again.

They tugged back with a stronger pull than mine, but not a stronger grip. As they retracted back into the Uber-Jenna, I held on tight and forced my

new psychic appendages into the vastness of the creature. I unleashed my weapons into the heavenly dimension of the collective love of Jennas inside the Uber-Jenna and coiled them around each Jenna of the past floating inside. I hugged them tight like a boa constrictor, crushing them, making their loving eyes wide with fear, and turning their angel songs into cries of pain. I pushed myself further and further into the Uber-Jenna, filling the beautiful void with myself—with Em—and destroying any innocent spirit living within it.

I emptied all my being into it until there was no love left, only me, only hateful, pathetic, worthless Em. I opened my eyes, all twelve of them, and I looked at my old body. It hung lifelessly from the shackles like a deflated balloon. I turned to look around the room.

My friends—no they weren't my friends—dropped their stupid little knives and cups and began to hold their heads and scream and cry.

"She's gone!"

"Jenna! Jenna!"

"The light is gone! The light is gone!"

"Jenna!"

The idiots reeled and lost their balance, falling on the floor, vomiting and croaking out death rattles. They fell and shook until their bodies were breathless. I turned to the hooded woman and looked down at her. She trembled and kneeled. "I'm at your service, hateful one."

"Gather others," I said, "And bring me an Em. I'm hungry."

"I will do nothing else until your request is filled," she said with a bow.

She gestured to the opening in the floor with her hand, now emancipated and bulging with black veins. She lifted her head, showing her face, the same black veins running through her cheeks and across her forehead.

"You'll want to rest, of course."

I waddled toward the hole, shaking the ground with my clumsy steps, feeling the sensation of all my new folds of skin rubbing together. The hole was warm, it was a perfect place to incubate, to seethe. I grunted as I

flopped my many limbs into the hole, my body followed, and I tumbled in.
The pieces of the lid joined back together and closed above me.

And it will stay closed until the blood of the next Em drizzles down from
the ceiling, giving me life again.

About the author



Eve Harms is a writer of freaky fun dark fiction, and student of the occult and esoteric. Her work has appeared in publications such as Vastarien Literary Journal, under Rayna Waxhead, and Creepy Catalog, under Kendra Temples. She currently resides in Los Angeles with her children's book illustrator wife and two cats. You can connect with her on [twitter](#) and [instagram](#) @eveharmswrites and she blogs daily at [eveharms.com](#)

Trigger Warnings

The Cornfield Creeps contains depictions of sexual assault/attempted rape, mild violence, mentions (but not depictions) of animal sacrifice, and strong language.

I Will Be Your Dead Friend (bonus story) contains graphic violence, depictions of sex, sexual assault, drug use, death, and body horror.