

Attack of the 50' Doormat

By

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"Beltane?"

"No, Samhain."

"But that's months away."

"No one likes a whiner."

"What will I need?"

"A pumpkin, a silver coin, and three black candles."

"And you are going to get me the incantation?"

"As long as you clean the cauldron."

"Deal."

4 months later

The moon high and waxing. The sound of the town reveling at the Courtwin Harvest Festival on the other side of the hill. Sophie stood, goose flesh standing up on her exposed arms. Around her, the coven bustled about, marking runes in the tilled soil, lighting candles, casting herbs.

A sweet older woman who worked the pastry stand at the Saturday Farmers Market tottered over and clasped Sophie's hands in her own. "Do you have your intention, dear?"

Sophie nodded.

Brynn poked her head up from a particularly intricate pentagram. "Did you bring your offering?"

Sophie looked down at the tote with the black candles, her great grandfather's 50 cent piece, and a rather lumpy pumpkin she had purchased that morning from Larry's Pumpkin Patch over on Stonehaven. She nodded again.

The older woman patted Sophie's hands. "Good dear," she tottered away.

Sophie was self conscious as she stood in the buff on a cold autumn night surrounded by women who she would never have guessed were witches 6 months ago.

After living her whole life in Courtwin, finding out Sally Wrightman who ran the bookshop on Front St. was a practitioner of the arcane was a hard pill to swallow. Not to mention most of her great aunt's bridge club and a handful of high school students. There were 13 of them. Women and young girls. Maidens, mothers, and crones. They were unassuming yet so powerful, and they were helping her. Little Sophie Gott. 4'11" and mousy at 26 years old. Always trying to make herself smaller to stay out of the way. To not be a burden. William had thrown that in her face when he broke up with her.

She had come home from work at the diner smelling of grease and a 14 hour split shift because Patty didn't show. She walked in and heard giggling. They were sitting on the couch she'd picked up last Valentine's Day when he canceled their day to work. The girl was blonde, stacked, and had legs for days. The deep rumble of William's voice still echoed in Sophie's mind.

"God you're gorgeous," as he ran a hand along the blonde's leg and up around a curvy hip, "you just fill up a room."

Sophie had tiptoed back down the entry hall and out the door. She fell asleep in her car in the driveway and woke up to William knocking on the window. They had a fight. He broke up with her. She got mad.

How could you get cheated on and still not be the one to end it, Soph?

She was so tired of it. Of sacrifice. Of not being seen.

The low hum of the chant started to grow in volume and Brynn approached for the offering.

Sophie stood as the three black candles were placed in the large pentagram and lit. The silver coin tossed over a shoulder into a silver cauldron filled with water and the pumpkin placed before her.

"Do you have your intention set?"

"Yes."

"State it."

"I'm not going to be ignored anymore. I'm not going to put myself down to be less work. I deserve to take up space."

"Good. Keep those thoughts in your mind. We are almost finished."

As the moon rose to its zenith, a flash of light that Sophie could only think of as an oil slick illuminated the circle here in the old field.

The chanting stopped.

Sophie doubled over. It hurt. It was like her body was being torn apart. She felt joints creaking, bones cracking and popping as they expanded. Her flesh tingled and hummed. *This doesn't seem right.*

She slowly straightened and felt the odd vertigo she always got on the Ferris wheel. She looked at her hands. At her legs. She was at least 6' tall. She kept thinking of her reason for coming out to the festival and walking here to the fallowing pumpkin field. *I will not be ignored.*

She shot up further. Her feet and thighs spread to the width of tree trunks. Her breasts were now the size of minivans. Her backside was large enough that each cheek was the size of a small garden shed. She kept growing. She felt powerful. Looking around she hazarded a guess she was about 30' maybe 35'.

I deserve to be seen. I am not a burden. She felt the buzz of flesh sensitive to the night air flaring away from her as hips, tits, and ass filled the field and she towered over the festival at a staggering 50'.

The witches scattered as she began to stomp toward the harvest festival. They watched in awe as Little Sophie Gott ripped a Ferris wheel gondola off the ride and began walking toward the highway as the screams of one William James and that blonde hussy from out of town reached them from the safety of their gondola on the chilly November breeze.