F. J. Bergmann - Maize

“Don’t let Sally get lost,” Dad warned Andrew. “We don’t want to have to look for you.” Grinning, Andrew took his little sister’s hand, and dragged her, whimpering, into the corn maze. Once in the center, he’d hide—and scare her until she wet her pants.

The maze design was a complicated, abstract doodle—until Andrew shoved the stalks aside to take a shortcut. The opening created the final stroke in the Sigil of Hastur. Bad luck that Andrew happened to cross the sacrificial nexus. The fiery blast flattened the corn rows; Sally ran straight back to her parents.

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