



“Stop! Kaylee, please! You don’t have to do this!” My mom pleaded, but I stomped down nonetheless. My foot crashed on the ground where she had been standing a split-second earlier. She leapt out of the way just in time. Safe for now, but next time she wouldn’t be so lucky.

My laughter echoed through the air as my body stretched upward into the night sky. Finally, I had the power I always knew I deserved.

“I’m going to crush all of you like the bugs you are,” I said to them. “You will all perish!”



“Cut!” The handler yelled, and I was snapped out of my fantasy. I really hated the handler; Karen, I think her name was? She seemed like a Karen, anyway.

“Kaylee,” she asked, “did you say something?”

“Umm, no,” I lied.

“Huh, strange, I thought I heard you say the word ‘perish,’” she said. “Anyway, it looked like you were mouthing some words, and you were kind of staring off into space for a while there. Let’s redo that last shot from the top. Remember, no muttering this time, just stand still, look into the camera, and smile!”

I rolled my eyes. *What a bitch, I thought to myself. I can't believe she has the nerve to talk to me like that.* I wanted to get out of there as soon as possible, though, so I resolved to put on my best fake smile and look into the camera.



This was back in early October, about eight months before the day that I grew for real. I was with my family, recording a Halloween promo for that stupid TV show. They brought a whole bunch of Halloween shit to the backyard: ghosts, skeletons, foam graves, all that dumb kiddy bullshit.

They needed a bunch of footage of us standing in front of the decorations. We'd stand there in one pose, perfectly still, for a couple minutes, and then they'd switch us around to another pose, and we'd have to hold *that* pose for a couple minutes. It was a huge pain in the ass, and the cheap bastards were only paying me a couple thousand an hour. It so wasn't worth it.

I'd been freezing my ass off out there for the last hour. It was only like 70 degrees outside, and it was raining too: I definitely felt at least five separate raindrops land on me. And the costume being super skimpy didn't help things.





For the record, I didn't get to pick out my costume or anything. They assigned them to us, I guess, based on the roles we plan on the show. I'm the 'bad girl,' so I wear the devil costume. Kayla is the little goody two shoes, so she wears the angel costume. (If only they showed what a bitch she can be when the cameras aren't rolling, ugh.) And if Mom has an archetype, I guess it must be 'huge fucking whore.' That would explain why she's wearing the costume that lets her show off as much square footage of her fake tits as she possibly can. I guess it's supposed to be off-brand Catwoman, or something? Either that or Elvira with a mask, who knows.

I needed to vent, but I didn't want to have to redo the shot, so I held my jaw as still as possible, clenched my teeth and said, "this fucking sucks."

"Hang in there," Mom said through her teeth. "It's only going to be another hour or so."

"Fuck," I said, "I hate Halloween."




**KAYLEE'S
HALLUCINOGENIC
HALLOWEEN**



“Cut!” Karen said. “I could see some lips moving near the end there. I know everyone is getting tired, so let’s take a two-minute break and then we can redo that last take!”

Ugh, not again, I can’t take any more of this shit... I thought to myself. But then I remembered, I had something on me that could make things more bearable. Earlier that day I found some edibles in Kayla’s room. And yes, so I was going through her shit, but that’s only because she took some of my shit first, okay?

Anyway, I took a few edibles before the start of the shoot and I wasn’t feeling anything. I wasn’t very experienced with weed, but I figured they just didn’t do much for me. *Well, I thought, guess I may as well take one more!*



I put the edible in my mouth, chewed it up and swallowed it. It had kind of a weird, gross after-taste, but honestly it wasn't that bad. I hoped that might make me feel more relaxed or whatever. But of course before I had a chance to mellow out, Kayla had to jump in and ruin things.

“Kaylee,” she said, “is that one of my edibles?!”

"It was," I said with a laugh. "Past tense."

"They're medicinal! You know I have anxiety!"

"Yeah, me too, that's why I took it."

"And you're not supposed to take the entire thing!"

"Joke's on you," I said, "I took like three of them before the show and they didn't even do anything!"

"Kaylee, you idiot! They can take like an hour to kick in!"

"Oh my god," I said to her, "you're always worried about something. It's gonna be fine."






“You’re not supposed to take that many. You’re probably going to get, like, weird hallucinations and shit. You know if you take more than...”

I forget what she said after that. To be honest I wasn’t paying a whole lot of attention to her little lecture. I was more concerned with the fact that she was about twenty feet tall, and was currently reaching out to grab me.


Her fingers closed around my waist, and she lifted me into the air. She was freaking huge now, and not just fat, like she usually was. She had to be close to fifty feet tall.

“Hey, Kaylee,” she asked me, “you know what? I’m not even that mad at you for going through my shit. It’s going to be worth it just to watch you freak out. You’re already starting to see shit, aren’t you? You’re looking at me super weird.”





I froze in terror as she lifted me closer to her mouth. I knew this was it. She was going to devour me. I felt her warm breath on my face as she raised me up to her gaping maw. "Hey Kaylee!" she said to me.



“Hey Kaylee!”

All of a sudden I was back on the ground, and Kayla was standing right in front of me, just a few inches taller than I was. “Kaylee! Man, you’re really freaking out, aren’t you? Your eyes are super dilated too. God this is so perfect, talk about instant Karma!”

I didn’t say much of anything, I was too busy having a mild panic attack to say anything coherent.



That's when Mom walked over, and I started freaking out even more. I was pretty sure the hallucinations were over, but Krystal looked like a giant! She's always been kind of an Amazon, but she looked like she had to be almost seven feet tall!

"What's wrong, Sweetie?" Krystal asked. "Are you feeling okay?"

Kayla couldn't help but chime in. "Kaylee stole a bunch of my weed candies and now she's having a freak out."

"Oh sweetie, that's not any fun." my mom said. "I'm worried about you... but we really need to finish shooting this promo. Let's just wrap that up and then you can go relax, okay?"

That's typical Krystal. Always a sweet and caring mother, unless it means jeopardizing her money.

She walked over to me, and stood between me and Krystal. "I'll keep an eye on you, Kaylee," she said to me. She was actually being pretty nice to me. But I couldn't get past the fact that she was easily seven feet tall. *Is this all just in my head?* I asked myself. She wasn't so big that it was obviously a hallucination, so I honestly wasn't sure, and that was just freaking me out even more. *Maybe it's just her heels making her look a little taller?* But her size seemed to keep fluctuating. It's like there was a kind of shimmer around her, and her size was constantly in motion.

Yeah, okay, maybe I had too many edibles. But it felt like there was something going on beyond that. I could tell she was growing for real...





“Okay Kaylee, are you ready to shoot *now*?”

Some part of me heard Karen’s voice... but not really. Not in the moment. It was like her voice was on Jupiter, the part of my brain that heard it was on Pluto, and the part of my brain that put words together was spread across the entirety of the Milky Way. Even when I understood that she was talking to me, and I figured out what the words meant, I had so many thoughts fighting for attention with each other that it was incredibly difficult to respond. The upshot was, I was borderline catatonic.


“Kaylee!” she said, as she walked over towards me. Her steps seemed so slow... It was like time itself had slowed down. She took one step towards me, then another, and... it seemed almost like she was walking in place. Like the very idea of her walking over to me, and actually getting to me, didn’t make sense. Like Zeno’s paradox, she could never actually arrive in front of me. And then all of a sudden, she was there.

“Kaylee! Kaylee, I need you to pay attention to me, okay? This shoot is very important, and... whatever your problem is, you need to get over it. Now. Okay?”

I looked into her eyes... Like, way deep into them. They were like Kaleidoscopes, shimmering and shifting. But in the ever-changing reflections, I saw Mom. She was growing taller by the second, and she looked angry.

Did Karen really not see her growing? How could she not see that? I couldn't help but look up at her. She was getting taller and taller, and she was staring down at Karen like the blonde was some kind of bug. How could I pay attention to anything else when she was almost as tall as the house? Part of my brain also registered that Karen was trying talking to me, but it was like an echo of a whisper.



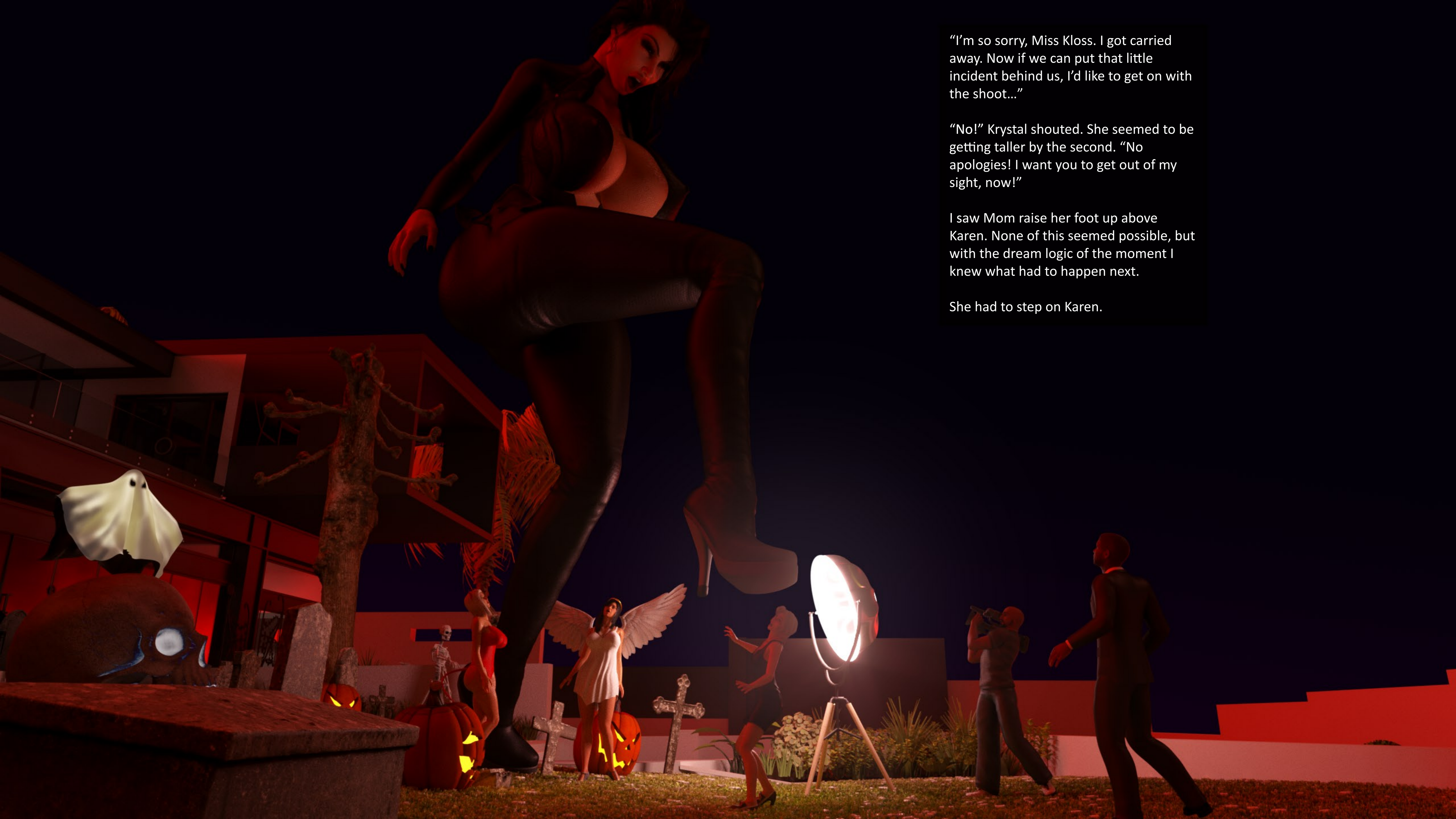


It wasn't until she started yelling that I really heard her. "Kaylee!" Karen shouted at me. "Karen, will you at least look at me for a minute?" Which I did. Even if it seemed insane to ignore the angry giantess that was towering over both of us.

"Look, Kaylee," she said to me, "you are acting DEEPLY unprofessional tonight. You have a very easy job, which you are being paid an absurd amount for. All I need is for you to actually do your fucking job for about an hour, so that I can do mine. Can you do that? Pretty please, missy?"

“How DARE you talk to my daughter like that!”
I looked up and saw Mom. She was absolutely
gigantic now; taller than the house, and her
voice was deep and booming. “You think you
can disrespect her? I can destroy you! I can
make sure you never work in this town again!”





“I’m so sorry, Miss Kloss. I got carried away. Now if we can put that little incident behind us, I’d like to get on with the shoot...”

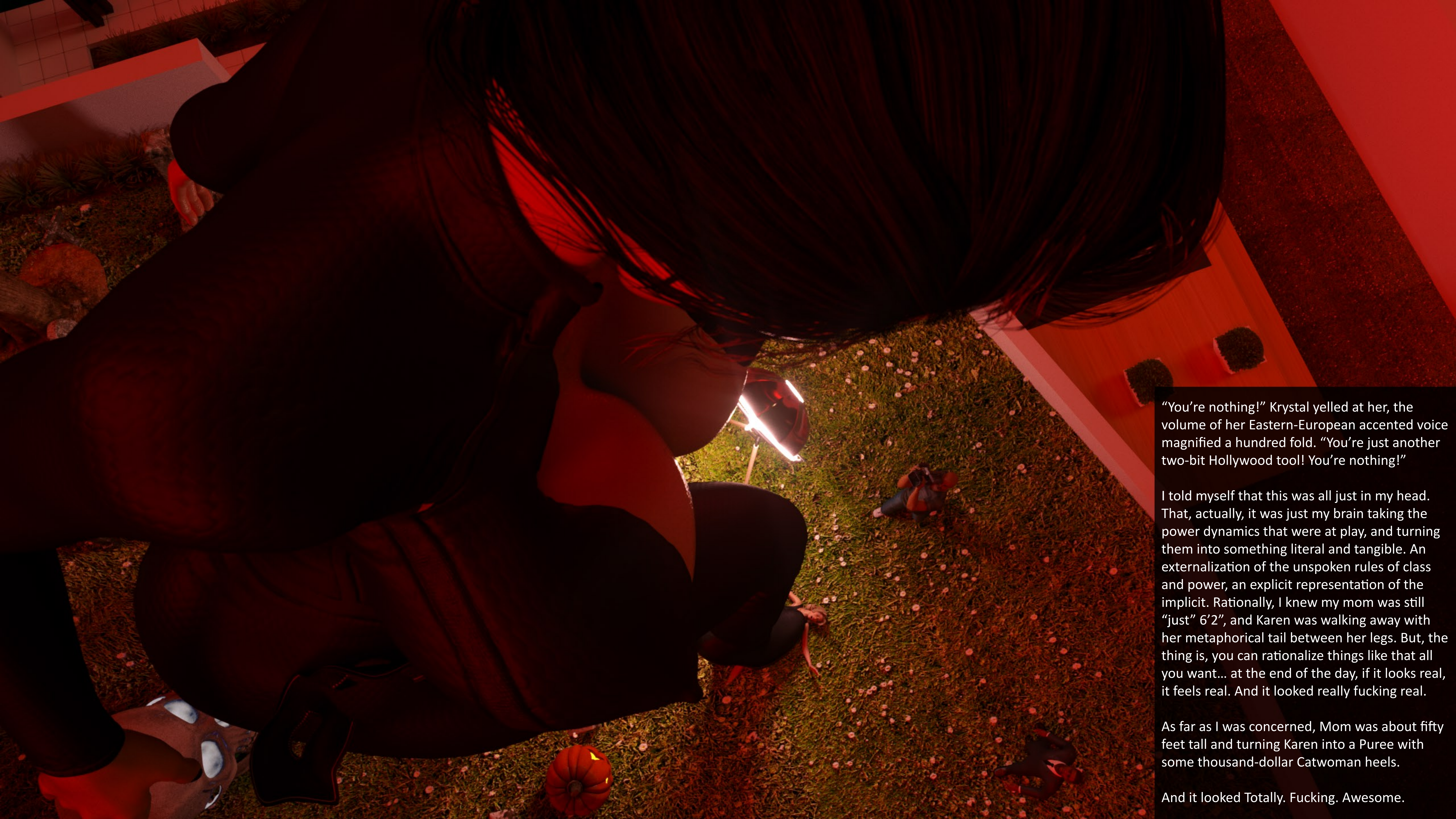
“No!” Krystal shouted. She seemed to be getting taller by the second. “No apologies! I want you to get out of my sight, now!”

I saw Mom raise her foot up above Karen. None of this seemed possible, but with the dream logic of the moment I knew what had to happen next.

She had to step on Karen.



And she did. I saw her foot stomp down on the tiny blonde, and I saw her twist her heel back and forth into the dirt. I knew that logically, this had to be some kind of hallucination, but it looked so real. It was like I could have reached out and touched them.



“You’re nothing!” Krystal yelled at her, the volume of her Eastern-European accented voice magnified a hundred fold. “You’re just another two-bit Hollywood tool! You’re nothing!”

I told myself that this was all just in my head. That, actually, it was just my brain taking the power dynamics that were at play, and turning them into something literal and tangible. An externalization of the unspoken rules of class and power, an explicit representation of the implicit. Rationally, I knew my mom was still “just” 6’2”, and Karen was walking away with her metaphorical tail between her legs. But, the thing is, you can rationalize things like that all you want... at the end of the day, if it looks real, it feels real. And it looked really fucking real.

As far as I was concerned, Mom was about fifty feet tall and turning Karen into a Puree with some thousand-dollar Catwoman heels.

And it looked Totally. Fucking. Awesome.



It was too awesome to be real, apparently, because a few seconds later I snapped out of the hallucination. I figured the drugs must have been wearing off, because I could see that Krystal was “only” six feet tall and Karen was walking away with her head down.




Even if I was feeling more lucid, though, that didn't mean my head had stopped spinning. I needed a break from everything, so I sat down in a secluded corner, which happened to be right next to a giant fake skull. My life was weird, but at least I could get a minute of silence.



...Or so I thought.

“Hey Kaylee.” It was Kayla’s voice, grating as always. “So the shoot is delayed until tomorrow. That means we have to do all this again tomorrow night. Of course I’m sure you don’t care, since you were just going to sit in your room and go on your phone like you do every night, but some of us actually have social lives.”



I wasn't going to take that kind of abuse sitting down. I stood up, but before I could tell her off I immediately realized just how with it I wasn't. I could barely stand, and the world seemed to be spinning around me. And... was Kayla getting shorter?



No, that's crazy. I was getting taller. I could feel myself growing bigger by the second.

"Kaylee, what the hell are you doing?" Kayla yelled at me. "You're too high up, what if you fall!" *I knew it! This time it wasn't a hallucination! This was for real.*

I was still really stoned. Without realizing it I started rubbing my hands on my chest, just taking in all the odd little sensations. The ribbing of the fabric felt so weird and bumpy. And my boobs... My boobs were...



They were so big! I just needed to take them out. I needed to see all of them. Boobs like that didn't deserve to be trapped in a skirt! A skirt is just a cage for boobs. They need to be free..

I looked down at Kayla, and finally realized how much I had grown. I had to be fifty feet tall. She looked absolutely terrified.

“Okay Kaylee,” she said, “I’m actually really worried.”

Of course, I thought, why wouldn’t she be? I was huge!

“Kayla,” Mom said, “you need to get off the skull!”

Okay, that last one didn’t make sense to me. Skull? I’m not standing on the skull! I guess they’re so terrified of me that it’s making them confused.



The sense of power I felt in that moment was completely overwhelming. Kayla, Krystal, the body guard and production guy; all of them were like bugs to me, and I could crush any of them in a single footstep. I was a fifty foot giantess, and they gazed up at me with sheer terror.



“Kaylee,” Mom said, “let me help you get down from there!”

“I don’t need any help, you bug!” I said to her.

“I’m really worried about you, Kaylee!” Kayla said.

“Well you should be worried about you!” I shouted back at her.

“Because I’m going to smash you under my giant ass!”





"I'm gonna do it! I'm gonna squish you with my butt!"

"Kaylee," Kayla said to me, "don't you even think about jumping down from there!"

I wasn't in a merciful mood, so I ignored Kayla's pleas of mercy, and I dropped my ass onto Kayla. Splat! With a single butt-drop, I managed to flatten Kayla and her bodyguard under my giant butt.





To my surprise, though, Kayla somehow survived my forty-pound butt landing on her.

“Kaylee get your nasty ass off my fucking face!”

So there I was in Mid-October, dressed up in a devil costume with my tits out in front of my mom, my body guard and a camera guy, sitting on Kayla's face. I mean, not sitting on her face like *that* or anything, but, like, still. Some people use drugs for years before they hit rock bottom, but me, it happened on my first time. I decided right after that I was never going to try drugs again, and I never did. The more you fucking know, right?

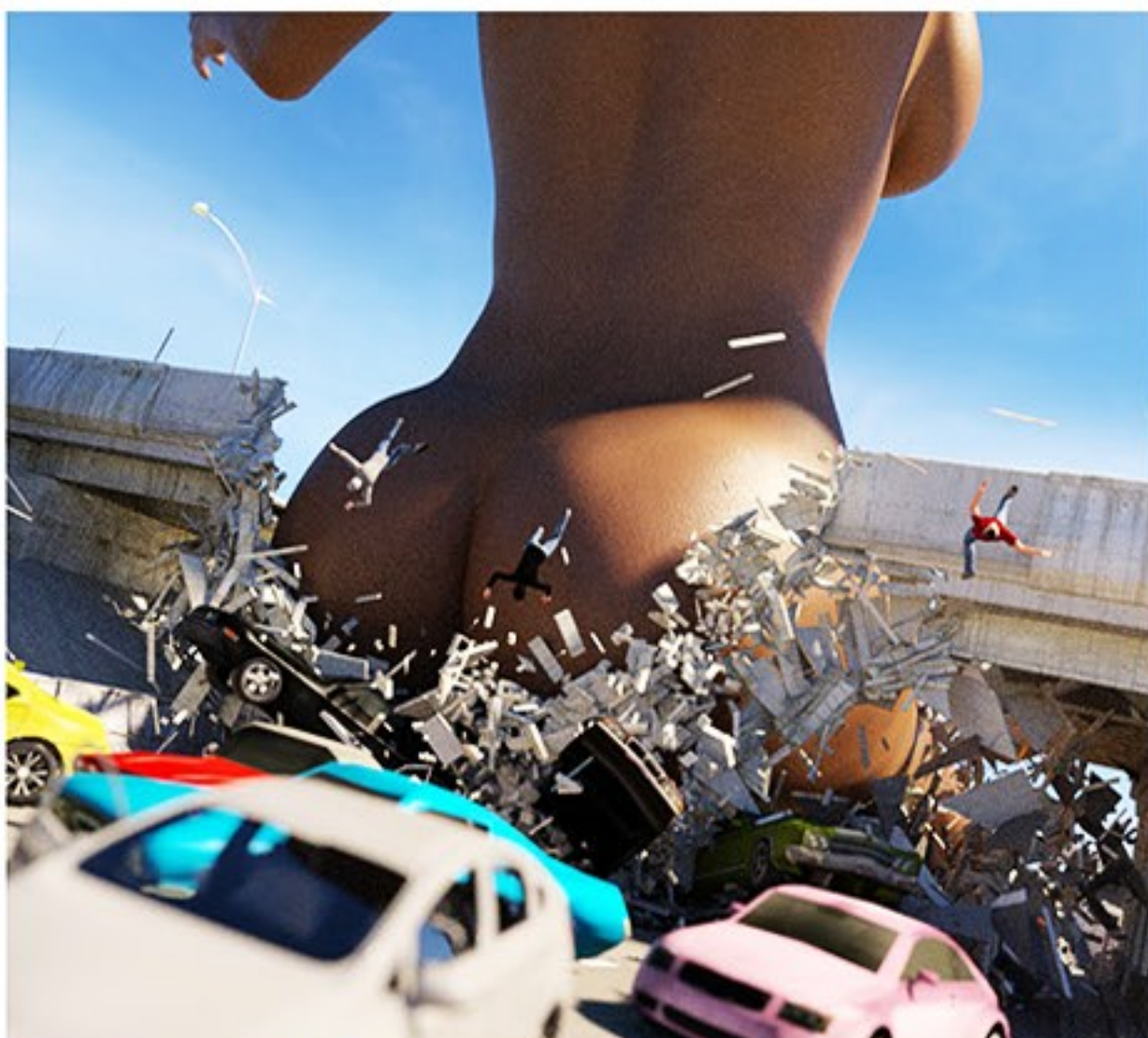
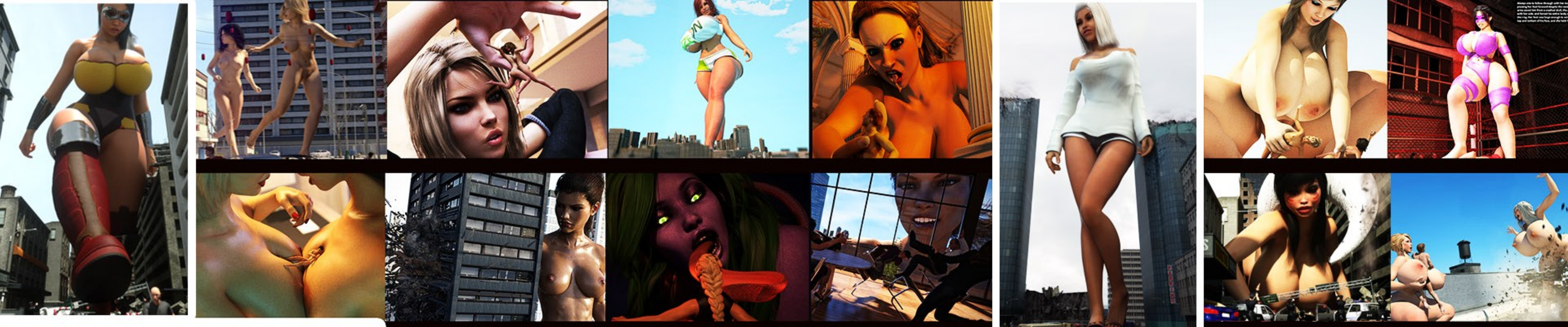
So what lessons did we learn here? First of all, if you're trying edibles for the first time, start out with a small dose. Remember that they can take as long as an hour to reach the full effect. And make sure you have a friend or family member who you can trust to help guide you through the experience. And, like, just don't do edibles. Beer is better anyway. And so is crack.

I forget where I was going with this. Umm... Happy Halloween or whatever, I guess.

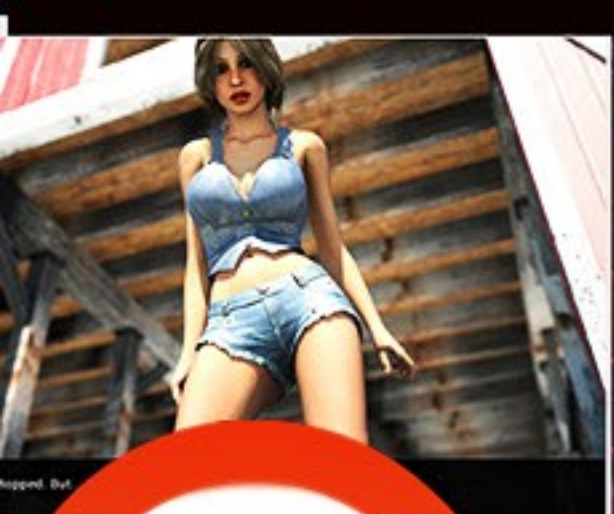
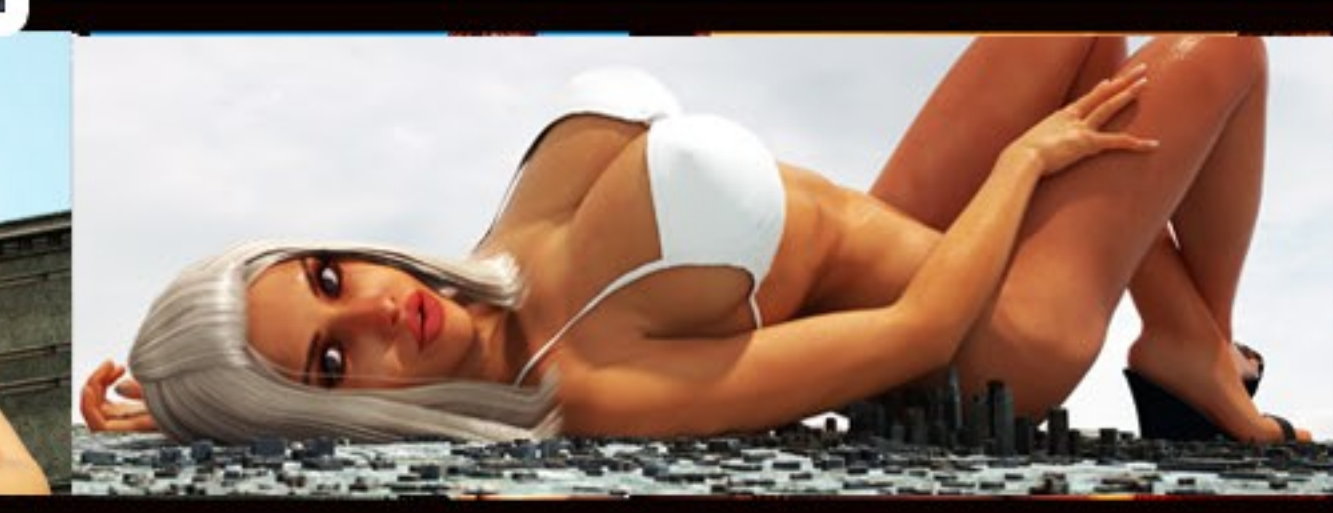
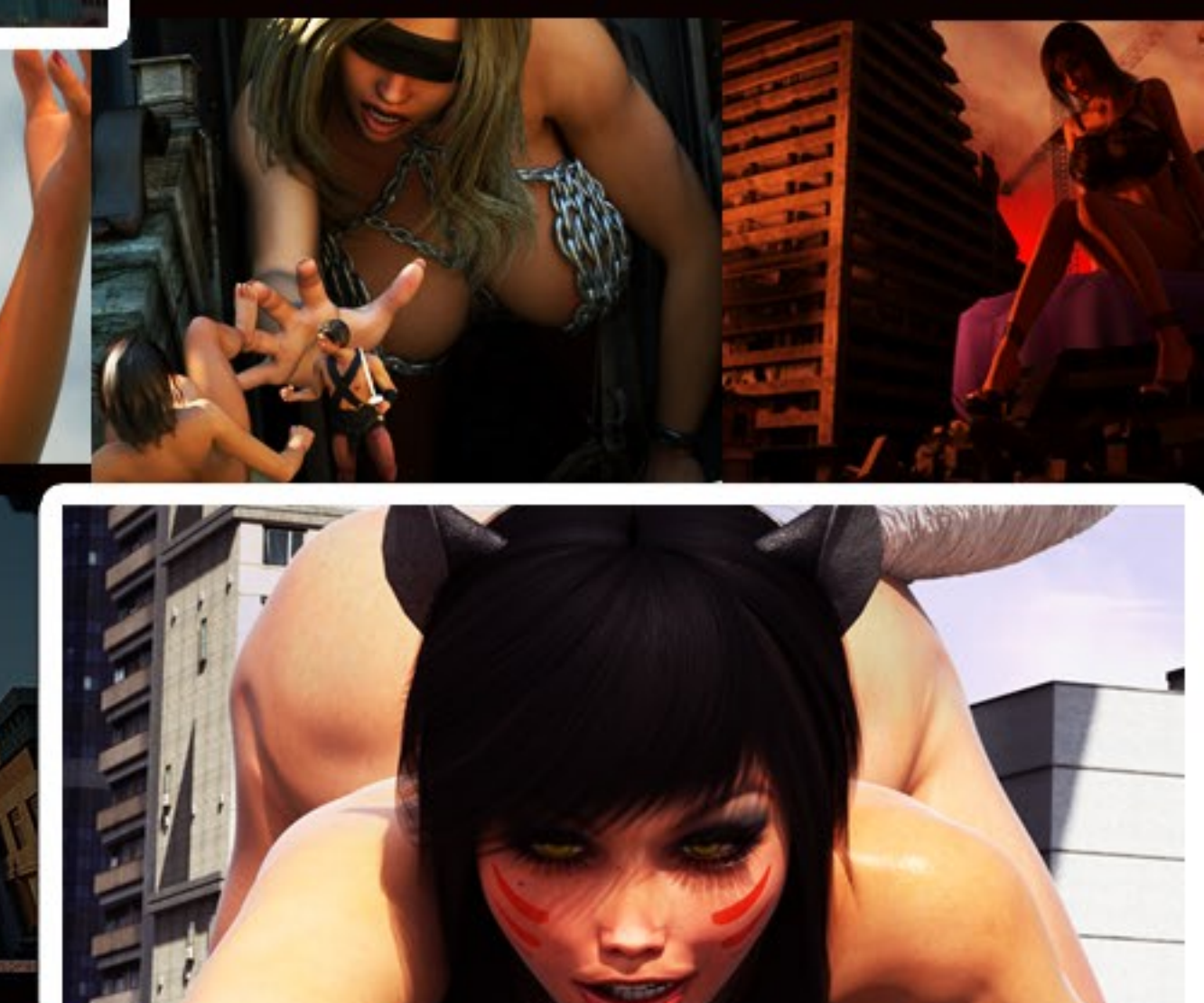


**“HAPPY HALLOWEEN
OR WHATEVER, I
GUESS!”**

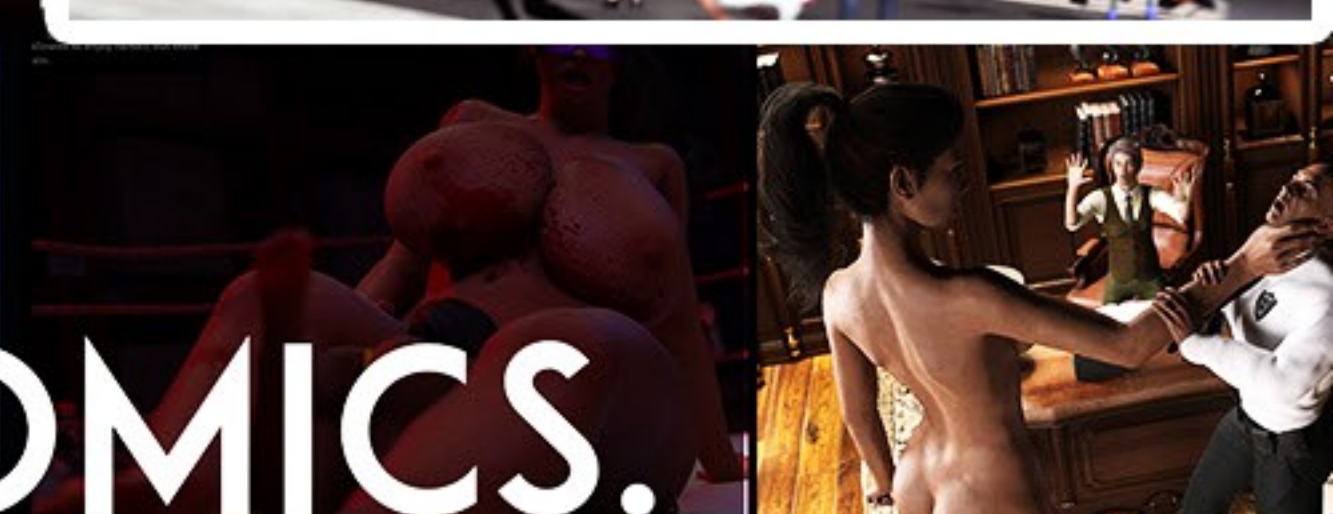
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