Fall 11-15-2017

“A Blood Offering to Slenderman”

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Memorate

Informant:
Abby is sixteen years old and a sophomore at a public high school. She is a friend of Sophie Foskett’s, and grew up near me, though I only knew of her growing up, as she is quite a bit younger than me, and I wasn’t close to her family. She is part Samoan, and previously attended a school that focused on the arts. She is outgoing and talkative, and likes video games a lot. She’s also a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Context:
I had spoken with, Karen, Sophie’s Mom, about coming to West Jordan to collect some Slenderman Folklore from her kids and their friends, so she had informed them all and arranged me to meet with them after school. I agreed to pick Sophie and her friend Abby from school with my wife, and had been chatting with them comfortably on the drive home. I had heard on the phone from Karen that Abbey had a story to tell about receiving a scar because of Slenderman, and she had shown me said scar on the drive home, and before telling me about Slenderman. This story was collected after Sophie and Abbey had both told me about who Slenderman was.

Text:
“Okay, so. Uh, it was during the, Slenderman craze, I was sleeping on my desk, and, you know, about sixth grade, people are going crazy ‘bout it, and, I feel somebody grab my arm, and face it upward on the table. So I see two pairs of hands on my arm, another ar--another hand with a, tiny little knife. And they’re actually digging in right here [she gestures to the scar on her arm], and they twisted it around to get some blood out. So, after that, about a week later I, look into my locker, and I see a note that says ‘thank you for giving us a sacrifice.’ And it had this little squiggle on it [shows me the picture of slenderman she had drawn on her hand before we started].
Me: Slenderman drawing?

Abbey: mmm-hmm.

Me: So, they just took your blood for Slenderman, huh?

Abbey: Yeah. They took my blood for Slenderman, and. Don’t sleep in class! [I laugh, and so does Sophie] Don’t sleep in class! [Sophie laughs again, and so does Abbey]

Me: You ever find out who it was, or why they did it?

Abbey: uh-uh [negative response]

**Texture:**

Abbey was clearly excited to tell this story, using the drawing she had already shown me on her hand, demonstrating how the other kids had grabbed her arm, and showing of her scar. It seemed pretty obvious to me that this is a story she had told many times before, and although it is a pretty dark story, she was clearly going for comedic value, repeating her “don’t sleep in class” moral when she saw it got a laugh. It didn’t seem to bother her that it had happened anymore, and she was more than willing to ham it up to get some laughs.