

# Malevolent Maine

## Episode 1: Potato Gremlins

---

Malevolent Maine is a horror podcast, and may contain material not suitable for all audiences. Listener discretion is advised.

---

The odd.

The strange.

The unexplained.

Ghosts. Cryptids. UFOs. Demonic possessions. Some call it the supernatural or the paranormal. Some claim there are forces outside our understanding working just beyond our ability to perceive them. Many denounce these as superstition and the product of an overactive imagination.

But what if they are real? What if, hiding just beneath the surface of this ordinary, mundane world is something else, something that can't be defined by logic and reasoning, something... malevolent.

We investigate the paranormal, the eerie, and the abnormal in the great state of Maine. Lots of people have a story they can't tell because it is too wild, too illogical, or just too unbelievable.

Well... we believe you.

This is Malevolent Maine.

---

**INTRO**

---

Welcome to Malevolent Maine everyone. This podcast sprang from the popular blog we started exploring all of the paranormal and supernatural happenings in our home state. We here at Malevolent Maine are not paranormal investigators, per se. We consider ourselves more paranormal investigative reporters. We're more *Unsolved Mysteries* than *Ghost Hunters*. At our core we're storytellers and believe there are many stories that fall through the cracks of everyday life.

Maine has a long history of the unexplained. Maine was established as the 23rd state as part of the Missouri compromise in 1820, but its story begins long before that.

The earliest inhabitants, from around 5000 years ago, were known only as the "Red Paint People" for the reddish clay they used to line the graves of their dead. Little is known about these people, though they were likely descendents of Ice Age era hunters. We do know they were prolific hunters, fisherman, and boat builders. We also know that the red clay they filled their graves from had to have some special importance to them, but whatever meaning it once held has been lost to time. However, similar cemeteries have been found all over Europe.

There are many questions that remain about the Red Paint People. Graves have indicated that they traded with other groups thousands of miles away and contain types of stone carvings not found anywhere else in Maine. The red clay that filled their graves in large quantities isn't native to Maine. That means these early people hauled long distances to bury their dead with it. Perhaps, most mysterious about these people is that no one knows where these people went or why they disappeared. They seemed to be a thriving early civilization that simply disappeared.

Maine has a long, proud history of indigenous people. Two of Maine's oldest and largest tribes - the Micmacs and the Abnakis - still survive to this day. There are many stories of Abnaki "river people" - strange fish-like humanoid creatures - still

told around campfires. And there have been Micmac kukwes (kook wess) sightings all over the state.

Long before Columbus "discovered" America, Lief Ericson and his Vikings sailors came to Maine and attempted, unsuccessfully, to set up a settlement here. And the Popham Colony, founded by the British colonist, George Popham was founded just two months after the more famous Jamestown in Virginia, was located in modern day Phippsburg, Maine, though it was abandoned after only fourteen months. What about this hardy land made colonization so difficult? Could it have been the things only whispered about or hastily scrawled down in journals that prevented the explorers from establishing more permanent settlements? Could something have been actively working to drive them away?

Maine has a dark history of paranormal events. It is often cited as one of the most haunted states. Maine ranks 5th in the nation for UFO sightings. It is often cited as a probably home for Bigfoot, with a Class A report of a possible sasquatch encounter in Oxford County happening as recently as the fall of 2020.

Things happen in Maine. Unexplainable things. Things that defy conventional wisdom. Things too bizarre to be believed.

And yet...

We believe you.

We've listened to the stories, read the reports, interviewed the eye witnesses, and held the mysterious objects left behind. We've dug deep into the histories and corroborated evidence. To put in plainly, we've done our homework, and the only conclusion we can reach is that there is something... some force... something of things malevolent in the state of Maine moving just out of reach.

At Malevolent Maine we hope to focus a spotlight on these seemingly impossible stories. If we pull back the veil and stare

deeply into the abyss maybe, just maybe we can make sense of all the unbelievable strangeness lurking just beneath the surface.

Then again, you know what they say about staring into the abyss and it staring back...

A word of warning before you join us. Once you hear these stories you'll have no choice but to believe. Once you start believing in something *other* out there, you won't be able to go back. There is a darkness out there flitting just beyond the peripheral, but once you see it, it cannot be unseen. These stories are unsettling, many of them are disturbing, and quite a few of them will stay with you, haunting your memory. Not everyone is cut out to handle the unseen truth, and we respect that.

But if you're ready for the truth, then we're glad to have you with us. We're safer together.

One last note before we dive in. We strive for authenticity here. We have done copious amounts of research, checking historical documents and eyewitness accounts. We only share what we believe to be true. However, at times we have had to change the names of our sources to protect their identity. Many who have experienced the unexplained know the scrutiny they will face if their story comes to light. When asked, we've done our best to protect these individuals.

So, if you're prepared, let's dive into our first story.

---

Heads up, MMers. This story comes to us from a new listener named Andrea who comes from all the way up in Aroostook County. She asked us not to say the name of the town where she lives but it's nestled in a bend of the St. John River. She comes from a long line of potato farmers and her family has planted acre upon acre of them every year. At a young age she was warned by her grandmother never to go out into the fields during the nights

leading up to harvest. Andrea told us that she listened to her grandmother for most of her life and avoided the fields after sundown until she was maybe nineteen or twenty. That year she and her friends stayed out just a little too late one night, partying around a bonfire in a remote part of the woods.

It was the usual stuff, rock n roll music, cheap beer, cigarettes, and teenage angst. Andrea says there was nothing remarkable about the party or the night in general. Just a typical Saturday night up in the County.

When the fire grew low and the good times began to die down, Andrea parted ways with her friends and headed home, cutting through the potato rows. The moon was just bright enough for her to avoid tripping if she walked slowly. Suddenly she heard a whistling shriek. She stopped dead in her tracks as small shadows skittered in and around her legs.

She panicked and began to run, more shrieks erupted as she ran. She stumbled and landed face first in a large mound of potatoes that had been freshly dug up. As she scrambled to pick herself up her hand found what felt like a potato but it had a strange leathery outer shell, and was warm to the touch. Upon picking up the object there was a symphony of shrieks and strange chattering sounds. She clutched the odd potato-like object to her chest and ran back towards her house.

As she neared her house she turned back and saw several small creatures with large eyes following her. She quickly entered the house and locked the door. The next morning the only evidence of the creatures was a series of scratches on her front door no higher than her knee. And, of course, the now cold object she had picked up. It wasn't a potato, nor was it a rock, she has no idea what it was but she has come to suspect it's an egg of some sort.

This was nearly twenty five years ago, and though she's never seen or heard those strange creatures again, she still keeps the

object as a reminder of her strange encounter in the potato fields on dark night.

And she never, *never* goes into the potato fields on the nights before a harvest.

If you are ever in northern Maine during the potato harvest, make sure you stay out of the fields at night, you never know if these little creatures will be around!

Stay safe out there, Maine!