

The Bus that Couldn't Slow Down

by

e10

Kathy felt great. The sun was out and she was in a good mood and had nothing to do all day, so she lay on a banana lounge by her pool in a bikini, and even better, her powers felt strong; she hadn't felt this much energy in years. Maybe it was her current state of happiness that made the extraordinary gift she was born with especially potent today.

She lay in a state of playful restlessness, eager to make use of her supernatural talent somehow. The opportunity showed itself when an airliner flew miles overhead, leaving a white trail in the sky. She closed her left eye as she usually did, in order to lose the sense of depth, and held her hand up in the direction of the plane. She felt the familiar tingle as her powers came into effect and began to warp reality, and with a steady hand she gripped the plane by the middle and plucked it from the sky.

She giggled happily; she hadn't got anything that big to become so small in years – it was barely half the length of her finger. She split it in two and poured the passengers out onto her chest and rubbed them with laughter into her slightly sweaty breast. Kathy tossed the two halves onto the small table next to her and looked out towards the sea.

There were many yachts around and plenty of people on the beach. The large ferry was on the bay moving slowly across the water, and Kathy closed one eye again and the beach and sea became a flat painting, from which she picked up the ship between her fingers. When she brought it to her face it was a mere ten centimetres, and when she squinted extra hard she could see passengers tumbling up and down the deck. She placed it on her heaving abdomen for some use, but her sight was directed down to the beach, where she got a better idea.

Closing her eye, she steadied the ferry around the shallows of the beach and reopened her eye. The ship was now stranded on the sand, and she watched as curious and excited kids rushed over. It seemed that it was now about the length of a car and as high as the kids were tall, as they circled it in the ankle-deep water. Soon a girl had reached onto the deck and held a passenger in her hand – he would have been perhaps just a bit bigger than her palm. It wasn't long before a group of girls were playing with people from the ferry. Soon enough though there were some mothers arriving at the scene, who were bewildered at the sight of the vessel.

As Kathy watched she saw two guys walking along the beach who looked good to her, and within a moment she held them both in her hand. She put one of them in her bottle of water on the table just for fun and the other writhing man she put in her mouth and licked briefly before swallowing.

“Just be grateful I don't do that to you, Roger” she said to the boyfriend she kept around the house for company as he approached her. He was carrying a tray with a sandwich on it. “I guess you're just too useful.”

“Thankyou, miss,” replied Roger in his tiny voice. He was only about a foot tall.

“In fact, why don't I?” said Kathy out loud to herself. She swung her legs over the side of the banana lounge so they were on either side of poor Roger, and closed her eye, making him only palm sized, if that. She left him on the ground between her feet and stood up. He panicked and started running, but his strides took him only a few centimetres at a time, and Kathy simply stepped over him with a small step.

She got in front of him and knelt down so that he ran right towards her, but before he could change course she had pinned him to the ground with a finger. She took him back to her banana lounge, and lay down. Feeling mean, she held him by the waist and rubbed him up and down the inside of her thigh, before she opened her mouth and placed him on her tongue. When she closed her lips he was trying to hold on to her teeth, but she pressed him to the roof of her mouth with her tongue and he lost his grip, and with a giggle, she swallowed poor Roger.

Kathy was busy relocating the yachts from the bay into her swimming pool when she saw several buses slowly drive past in front of her house. She closed one eye and picked them up; they all ended up about the same size – around an inch long. She sat up and peeled the roof off one while the other two she put in her bikini top for safekeeping and held open the elastic of the bikini bottom. When she inverted the bus all the passengers fell in, and then the elastic snapped back and she laughed.

The second she opened and poured out on her abdomen and watched the tiny people try to stand up on her heaving belly, but most got trapped in her slight beads of sweat, and she simply wiped them off with her finger, which she then licked – it tasted salty, but she didn't know whether that was her sweat or the people.

She leaned back in the banana lounge and closed her eyes for an instant and started to doze. As she relaxed, she realised how hot she was, so she stood up to get in the pool. As she waded in all the yachts she had put there tipped to and fro in the water around her ankles. She was used to the miniature world that often surrounded her; her gift had been with her for as long as she could remember, and the tiny things she collected continually fascinated and excited her.

She began thinking as she swam through the pool; and reflected upon her apparently subconscious desire to live in a world much smaller than herself. Her house was almost a tiny universe filled with assorted objects from the 'real' world; she even had a small community populating her spare room, in buildings she had obtained for them. Kathy noted these objects as she walked back into the house, towel in hand.

There was a potplant on the balcony with a dozen bark huts sitting in the soil, about an inch high each. Scared people ran hurriedly into these as she strode past. A window cleaning hoist was halfway down the glass door leading into the kitchen and living area, Kathy's fingerprints left marks that the cleaners would have to ascend to and polish (they, along with all the inhabitants of Kathy's miniature world, were fed regularly by Roger – or 'had been' regularly fed by Roger. She would have to find a reliable replacement for him).

A fishtank near her television set was occupied by a large submarine, with divers swimming aimlessly (like goldfish) by day and allowed to rest by night. On the other side of the TV was an ant farm in which tiny miners with earth-moving equipment dug tunnels under the surface and others refilled the tunnels made the previous day. As she walked past Kathy noted an idle crew on the surface and walked over and tapped on the glass. The terrified workers jumped to attention and ran towards the nearest mine shaft to resume work.

Feeling like wreaking more havoc and terror, she opened the door to her spare room, her pride and joy, the town that had began anew in her own house. They had even opened a bank, with their own currency, she had found out by interrogation of an inhabitant. She looked around the room and saw the buildings, cars, buses that she had shrunk for the community. The people were around a centimetre high in this room.

She didn't have to provide them with much; only some flour regularly, and a tray of soil with shrunken fruit trees. Another pile of soil was in the corner, which they removed using dump trucks and distributed around certain areas where they grew grass that was eaten by tiny cows.

The window of the spare room was quite large and faced north, getting sun for most of the day, so their day lasted almost as long as the daylight outside did. There was water available through a modified sprinkler system, and for realism she even had Roger turn on another overhead sprinkler system every now and then to simulate rain. Kathy was contemplating installing a railway network so the people could get access to the pool, where she now had those yachts, and to the garden where they could go for picnics.

Kathy wasn't cruel to these people (often), in fact she regularly obtained for them items that they had requested through Roger, for example a soldering iron that was plugged into the wall outlet and a supply of solder that they drew into wires, with which they set up an impressive electrical network to power the array of electrical items that Kathy had shrunk for them. She was keen to see them prosper and grow (as a community, not 'grow bigger').

They were frightened of her however, for obvious reasons, and as she opened the door much activity ceased and many people rushed indoors. She trod carefully over some buildings and inspected the new developments

happening in the town – they had built a large fountain the width of three of her fingers and she was quite impressed, though it made her thirsty again and she turned around to locate the flatbed truck that followed her around with an iced drink on the trailer.

It was waiting, idling, at the door of the room, as it couldn't come in. It was about twelve inches long and the driver was perhaps three inches tall and therefore was far too big to drive on the roads of the town, which only catered for cars an inch long. It was there, but there was no drink on the tray, and Kathy felt a sharp rise of anger. She stormed over to it, snapping some of the solder wires and squashing two pedestrians under her foot, and stooped down to pick up the truck.

She grabbed it in one hand and lifted the vehicle to her face, and pulled the driver's door open with her finger. The man tumbled out into her palm, and she dropped the truck, which fell heavily to the floor and crumpled in a twisted heap. Kathy picked the man up out of her palm between her fingers and brought him in front of her eyes.

“Why haven't you got me a drink?” she demanded, ready to squish him, whatever the response, but he spoke quickly.

“R-roger didn't b-bring one!” he stammered, and Kathy immediately remembered poor Roger's demise and realised that of course there would be no drink on the trailer.

With a quick decision, she replied “You've got his job, now hop to it!” and with that she closed an eye and placed him on the floor in the hallway at a distance that, when she opened her eye, left him at a more reasonable height of about a foot tall, to perform these tasks. She swung back to her city of which she was a giant queen, and in that moment had a revelation, connecting the two events that had just occurred.

If she could make the truck driver bigger, then surely she could make herself bigger and be queen of a real city! She only had to close an eye and move an object further away to make it bigger, rather than the usual, whereby she pulled it closer to make it smaller. So if she could somehow move herself away... and she had a brainwave.

Walking back outside, Kathy closed an eye, and awkwardly, like a child taking a first step, she stared at her foot as she extended it in an exaggerated arc until it lined up with the other side of her banana lounge. Shifting her weight to that foot, she reopened her eye, and felt a rush of her powers working as they worked to put her on the side of the lounge chair just as she had visualised, and in doing so, she had grown. She looked back at her house and yelped with joy as she realised that she was level with the roof of the balcony; probably nine feet tall.

She skipped excitedly over to the edge of her lawn, beyond which her property sloped steeply to the road and then the beach, and again closing her eye, hovered her foot in front of the road. From her perspective, her already-enlarged foot was about the length of a park bench on the footpath, and sure enough, when she reopened her eye and shifted her weight, the poor wooden structure found itself crushed by the heel of this now-giant girl.

Kathy's heart started pounding. She felt light-headed, and she reeled with the disbelief of where she was... all these years she had the power to grow herself but didn't even know it! She looked around. The view was amazing. Even towering above the tiny city in her spare room couldn't have prepared her for being a real giantess in a real world. Her movements felt slow; it took every effort to swing her giant head to and fro, and her now ten-metre-long hair followed with a slow delayed swaying.

Looking down at her feet, she watched cars screech to a halt and people running, or stopping and staring. She kicked a car lightly and it was sent skidding over the road and rolled onto its roof. Kathy picked up a large station wagon with both hands, and tossed it at the bay and watched it fly in a slow arc over the water before hitting, with an enormous splash. If she did that at her normal size with a miniature car, it would have simply whizzed instantly through the air and landed with a plop; Kathy realised that everything was slower and more momentous at this giant size, and that gave her all the more excitement.

She began to take her first giant steps. Even the people who had stopped to stare started running, but in one step she was upon a couple of them and grasped one in each hand. They were at a size where her fist wrapped right around their waists, and Kathy held one up to her face, and with a rush of malicious passion she pushed his whole head into her mouth. He started

beating his arms uselessly against Kathy's cheek, but what actually stopped her from choking him with her tongue was a police siren.

A police car had pulled up, siren blazing, but the two officers could only stand dumbly, without a clue as to how to handle the situation ('giant women' had not appeared on that year's entrance exam). The older looking officer began shouting towards Kathy, and she absently dropped one of the civilians on the ground, treading on him as she took a step towards the car. She lowered herself slowly, the ground rumbling as she did, and knelt with a knee on either side of the car. As she did so, the younger policeman panicked, drew his gun and started firing randomly at Kathy. The bullets stung – this was the first real experience she had of a tiny person attempting to resist or harm her. They were like splinters and dug into her skin.

She yelped and dropped the remaining civilian, and with a swipe of the hand the officer was nowhere to be seen, as he was hit with such force that he flew instantly over hundreds of metres of water.

The remaining horrified policeman resumed his 'negotiation' but was backing away, scared senseless, at the same time. Kathy stood up, still stinging, and closed one eye and positioned her foot over the police car, shifted her weight and all of a sudden the vehicle was crushed by the sole of her foot. With this new increase in height, when she knelt down again to pick up the officer, he was barely the length of her palm, so she did so with only two fingers.

Kathy pinched the man around the waist in anger, then, with a fingernail, snapped his utility belt and his flimsy trousers ripped off with it, and she opened her mouth wide. He kicked wildly while she lowered him into her mouth, but his resistance ceased when she snapped it shut, pressuring him with her tongue. In an instant she had swallowed him, and her attention was back on her surroundings.

The possibilities were endless. She was like a kid in a candy store (almost too literally). When she stood up her feet took up most of the road now and there were no buildings in sight that were taller than her. With a pounding heart, she set off in search of some that were.

After only a moment of walking, Kathy realised that she wanted to be even larger. She performed her trick again, and now cars became the length of her big toe – they couldn't even escape her walking pace now. As she walked she crushed cars underfoot, snapped powerlines and upturned trees. She looked towards the bay and saw one of the popular bathing beaches, and in one step, she was there. Just standing there, she felt awesome; she could look down and see hundreds of people, less than an inch high to her, running frantically between her feet. It was very invigorating to her.

She slumped to her knees and leant over, picking from the sand as many people as she could and tossing them into her cupped hand. Kathy looked at the figures in her palm, and twitching with excitement, pressed them into her breast, rubbing and laughing almost hysterically with pleasure. People tumbled from her hand into her bikini top or down either side onto the sand. She pulled open her bikini bottom and dropped in as many people as were within reach, snapping it shut again and running her finger over the body-shaped lumps in the elastic.

Feeling curious, she scanned for the nearest girl, whom she identified because of her bright red bathing suit. She was running away, but in an instant was in Kathy's fingers. Kathy closed her eye and brought the girl closer to her face, so that she was bigger than the background, then reopened her eye and released her. Off balance and disoriented, the girl stumbled backwards and fell onto a car in the carpark, in which Kathy had released her. Her backside immediately crushed it and its occupants, as she also was now a giantess, but she was less than a foot high relative to Kathy.

She stood up dazedly and looked around in a dreamy state of disbelief. When she looked back towards Kathy she involuntarily began to run, but in doing so she trod on several people, then in her panic she tripped and ploughed into a building, demolishing it. Kathy laughed at the spectacle. She reached for the girl and wedged her in between her thighs, squeezing to trap her, while she picked up more people in both hands. She was about to begin playing with these, when she was distracted by more sirens.

This time, when she looked up, there were many more police cars on the roads coming towards the beach where she was, and she noticed specks in the sky some distance away. In a matter of seconds she saw they were helicopters; three coming from one direction and five in formation coming

from another. Dropping the people from both her hands, she grabbed the giant girl and tossed her aside, where she tumbled heavily over a block of houses, crushing them into rubble. Kathy stood up, and within a step reached the approaching cars. At her current height, they crumpled underneath her foot when she aimed and trod on them.

She bent over and picked several up between her fingers and discovered that she was able to crush the one and a half tonne cars between them. Kathy lazily dropped the remaining cars when she saw a marked police van arrive, which she picked up. Tearing the rear doors off, she peered inside to see a SWAT team of some sort fallen to the bottom of the up-ended vehicle. After tipping its contents into her palm, Kathy threw the vehicle aside, then tossed the dozen or so men that were sprawled in her hand into her mouth. She hardly let them struggle before swallowing them. By that time three of the choppers were upon her – they flew above her, encircling her head. She attempted to jump off the ground to reach them but they were too high. It was unknown to those inside the aircraft that Kathy could change her height at will, and in an instant they no longer flew over her, instead they hovered at her chest height, and to her they were now no more than an inch and a half long.

Two she swatted and sent tumbling to the ground, but the third she reached from below with her thumb and forefinger, and holding its body she raised the tiny helicopter to her face before squeezing and crushing it completely, letting the lifeless lump of metal fall to the ground.

Kathy loved this; she had never felt more powerful and invincible in her life – she could control an entire city. She laughed at the five more ‘copters on their way, and when she stepped towards them, three houses crumpled underneath her foot. Seeing that these helicopters were larger military ones with open doors in which soldiers sat, she pinched the tail of one and held it to her face, where she blew in one side and watched a dozen soldiers –to her only five millimetres tall– shoot out the other side and tumble hundreds of metres to the ground.

Tossing the empty vehicle aside, she reached and grabbed another; this time the soldiers began firing immediately. Kathy could feel the bullets hitting her, but they were no more than a light tingling at worst. Feeling cruelly playful, she opened her mouth and tipped the helicopter on its side with an

outstretched arm above her, trying to shake the men into her lips. Of course most missed and fell to the ground beneath her, but at least two landed on target but they were so small that she couldn't even tell they were in her mouth and she closed it, the men stuck underneath her tongue..

When she turned to the last three helicopters, Kathy noticed that they too were military, but they weren't as large and seemed slimmer; they carried no troops. She swatted one, but before going for the other two they began firing with machine guns on the front which almost stung Kathy's shoulder and made her wince, and then wisps of smoke appeared on each wing of both, and tiny rockets hurtled towards the bikini-clad girl. Four struck her on the arms and shoulders, and Kathy screamed in pain – they had exploded and created crater-like wounds about two metres across (or five millimetres to Kathy), out of which blood began oozing.

She slapped at the helicopters but hit only air, and had to stumble on several houses before she smashed the first to pieces and then the second only a moment later. She whimpered and held the wounds; she was angry and in pain, but calmed herself. After stepping over the houses and carpark she returned to the now empty beach and splashed salt water on her wounds, which helped despite the stinging, and washed her hands.

Standing up again to full height, her gaze fell on the city to the east, and that is where she started walking. Each of Kathy's steps covered several blocks, and with complete disregard she crushed dozens of houses underfoot. She stepped over the giant river that ran around the city, and the enormous cranes of the docklands merely scraped her knee.

She felt a huge thrill when she took a step into the city and the buildings which once had towered over her now seemed meagre – most were no taller than her waist. Her feet took up the entire width of each street and when she moved the tiny tram lines snapped like cotton, their electric current not even causing a tingle in Kathy's ankle. Her leg brushed against a building and every window shattered. When she bent over to look into the window of a taller building, her buttocks edged into the tower behind. Every occupant was shaken as the office building grumbled under the pressure; a few floors were pushed inwards and crumbled against the fabric of Kathy's bikini.

Staring into the building, she poked her finger at the glass, which disintegrated at her touch. The concrete pillars and floors crumbled like potato chips, and Kathy watched as the 'crumbs' fell to the ground so far below. When she looked down she realised that she had trodden on the city's trams without even noticing, and that they had been flattened without causing the merest of discomfort as bare feet on gravel would. She laughed – her wildest fantasies were fulfilled; and she had this potential the whole time without even knowing it.

Another thing she didn't know was that while she romped unhampered around this miniature playground of a city, fighter jets had been scrambled from the nearest air force base and were heading for her, armed and with orders to attack this giant bikini-clad woman who was causing so much wanton destruction. Kathy was in the middle of tearing the thin roof off a theatre at her old university just near the city when she first heard the whine of the jets.

With one knee in one square and the other on a large lawn, Kathy straddled several of the main buildings at the university as she knelt over the theatre. When she peeled the roof off, the two-hundred students below turned in horror to see the giant legs and crotch of the huge woman covering them in shadow, and her laughing face hundreds of feet above. Kathy dug her fingers into the concrete beneath the building and the whole theatre tipped and peeled from its base. It was barely bigger than her outstretched hand, but she steadied it with both, as it was shaky without its supports. As she picked up the building all the students tumbled down into a great pile in one corner.

Kathy hoped her old lecturer was amongst the people that fell when she tipped the building on its side into her bikini bottom, which she held open with her other hand. She dropped the flimsy structure and it crumpled like origami, then after a quick peek at the people in her crotch she released the fabric and rubbed her hand over it. In this time the whine of the jets above hadn't registered, nor had the sound of the missiles being released from their wings.

The sounds finally made Kathy look up, and she saw the jets above. Just in time, she stood and the two missiles that were aimed at her head now careered towards her knees. Since she didn't even know that there were missiles heading towards her, she was given an astounding fright when

suddenly one of the metallic projectiles shot straight between her legs and left a white trail of smoke that wafted towards her crotch. She yelped in shock and spun around but before she could react the second struck her in the back of her leg and she screamed in agony.

The warhead had exploded, instantly creating a wound in her flesh that made her stumble, crushing a building underfoot. Clasp ing her leg, she screamed in agony and was thus unaware that two more missiles were headed her way. As she inadvertently leaned her weight on the injured leg the pain tripled and she almost fell to the ground; as her head dropped in height a missile flew within inches (tens of feet) of the back of her head, but the second did not miss and a second wound appeared on her shoulder blade. Kathy again screamed.

She was disoriented and almost fainting with the pain – she could not think and her instant reaction was to get bigger, and that is what she did. With blurred vision she trod over several blocks, then in another growing step she strode over a suburb; she was now even more enormous. Somehow in her head it seemed that the pain should abide if she grew bigger, but her attempts failed her and she grew weaker both in her powers and in strength with each enlarging step she took.

Suddenly she no longer knew where or how big she was; everything seemed cloudy and she couldn't breathe – this is partly because her head was in the clouds and partly because she was fainting due to the thin air. This was a nightmare – Kathy couldn't see and she was falling to her knees, in pain and with no strength remaining. Hyperventilating, she realised she didn't know how to get small again and her brain panicked.

Next she was falling again, this time onto her stomach, she started crying. She was exasperated, panicking and faint and the whole time the pain of the charred wounds on her leg and back tore through her. Through her open eyes she saw buildings and things moving around. She was lying on her stomach with her head to one side and what she saw was an inner suburb street.

The sight that greeted the pilots of the jets, the population of the city and people from hundreds of kilometres away was unbelievable. This giant girl had crushed half a city in her fall. She was tens of kilometres long and lay over suburb after suburb. Her thigh had crushed half the city centre and the

remaining skyscrapers were only just comparable in size to her curved buttocks that rose above and covered them in shadow. People tens of kilometres away could see the towers silhouetted against the fabric and flesh of this monstrous woman. Her crotch pressed tens of once-huge buildings into flattened debris, and her legs and body crushed those inner suburbs that they lay on.

Of course Kathy was unaware of this – her nightmare was filling her mind with pain and she panicked more and more, crying and weeping, she couldn't bear the pain, it hurt so much, she couldn't move, she hated it, couldn't stand it, she tried to scream out but couldn't...

Suddenly she sat up, screaming. The pain was gone and the sun shone warmly on her skin. Kathy looked around her at her pool and the sea beyond and breathed a sigh of relief. It had all been a dream – or a nightmare, she thought to herself. Her heart leaped with this realisation and she lay back on the banana lounge, run-down with the horrible dream.

As she caught her breath and calmed herself she wondered when she had gone to sleep. Looking across at the small table next to her she saw two halves of an airliner – that must have been real then. This reminded her and she pulled open her bikini top and discovered a bus wedged into her breast. It all flooded back and she sat up and called Roger – to no avail.

“No, I wish that was a dream – I liked Roger,” she thought, “I shouldn't have eaten him.” As she glanced around she noticed a young man in her water bottle and remembered catching him. He was struggling to stay up in the water and with an unusual act of kindness that probably resulted from her horrible dream, she poured the bottle onto the ground and the man ran in panic towards Kathy's house, which was probably the last place he should run as her kindness probably wouldn't last.

Suddenly a quick whoop from a police siren jolted Kathy and she looked up to see a squad car pulling up to the beach where the now five-metre long ferry sat on the sand, a crowd still engulfing it. The police reminded Kathy of her adventure in growing, and she became curious. That is, she never actually had tried it, and if it had worked in the dream, maybe... just maybe... the thought of actually being so huge thrilled and excited her.

Kathy closed one eye and hesitated, then the curiosity and anticipation took over her and she took a step towards the other side of her pool.

THE END