

The Last Resort

by
e10

There was something in the water at the Last Resort hotel. It happened so suddenly that no one even knew what was happening until it had affected all twelve hundred guests. But then again, no one even knew what happened.

People had started disappearing Friday morning. It went unnoticed until an extraordinary number of guests did not check out on time. At this point the clerks at the desk had gone to inform some of those that hadn't checked out of their lateness and subsequent penalty fee, but upon arriving at the rooms had discovered them unpacked with clothes still in drawers and on the floor, but otherwise empty.

The clerks had searched. There were a few people on the beach, but not many – far too few in fact, and there were no tours or any attractions that would cause people to leave the resort. By lunchtime it had been clear that there were far fewer people dining than should have been. When the cook did not arrive, there had been no doubt that something suspicious was at play.

Then one of the clerks had disappeared. The remaining one had run to the manager's office in panic, only to find the manager... well, *not* find the manager. He began to run. He had run around the resort, looking for someone, anyone. He could find no one at all, and that was the moment when he was the last person to become affected too. There was a sharp pain; then it was all over.

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Kate and Ella got off the boat, reassured by the pilot, who then putted back out towards the neighbouring island, that a bellboy would be down in moments to collect their luggage. It was a hot day, with not a cloud in the sky. They were in high spirits despite the tedious and long journey to the Last Resort, and sat down on the pier, chatting happily.

After a few minutes Kate realised that they had been waiting some time, and stood up, looking up at the resort for signs of the bellboy. It didn't

register that not only was there no sign of a bellboy, but no sign of anyone.

They concluded to leave their luggage; taking only their daypacks, and walk up to find the reception.

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None of the people -guests, staff, managers- had known where they were for the first few moments. They had been disoriented and confused and some had started to panic.

They had woken from the short burst of pain, and had found that the world around them was different. Bigger, and much scarier.

To be more specific, the world was unchanged; it was they who were changed. They had seen it instantly when they had opened their eyes to see some unnatural scene before them, for some it had been a ceiling seemingly hundreds of metres in the air above them. For others it had been giant fibres of carpet taller than themselves, and for others it had been the sight of a human being, hundreds of times larger in proportion to themselves.

The occupants of the Last Resort had shrunk. A mystery shrouds the causes of the phenomenon; perhaps it was something in the water as has already been suggested, or an unknown species of poisonous fish that was inadvertently added to the dinner's fish soup.

Whatever the cause, the people were no longer their original dimensions; originally six-foot-two, the first person to be affected, Toby Johnson had woken at seven a.m. to the sharp pain, to find himself belittled to a mere two millimetres in height. Of course he had no idea as to what had happened; all he knew was that all was not normal...

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Toby shot bolt upright and screamed. The pain had torn through his body like a cramp in every muscle – but in an instant, it was over. He slumped back to his sleeping position and reached across the bed to find his wife for some comfort, but his hand struck nothing. In his grogginess he simply attempted to reach further, but again finding nothing he slowly opened his eyes.

There seemed something odd about the ceiling, but his disoriented mind made nothing of it, until he rolled his head over and looked towards his wife. His head whirled with disorientation at the sight of his wife's sleeping face, which towered over his horizon in the morning light. Toby was a quick thinker, but nothing could prepare him for this. He jumped to his feet and stared, dumbfounded and on the verge of panic.

Looking around him, it dawned on him that he was no longer his normal size, and that his world now was much larger and more daunting than before. Running to his wife's face, he started shouting and waving, but as he neared her, her enormity dawned on him. He had covered what seemed like a great distance, but her face still loomed on the horizon. Resolving himself, he resumed his running.

It hadn't registered at first, but Toby noticed very quickly that he felt very light and energetic, and that he was actually travelling quite fast – relative to his proportions. He was never a great runner but now seemed to be taking long and fast strides (if he were normal height he would have been running at sixty kilometres an hour!).

All of a sudden he saw his wife's head, still a sizeable distance away, turn upwards in a restless sleeping motion, and her shoulder shifting; this was her hand coming up to her pillow. It landed heavily only a hundred feet ('relative' feet) in front of Toby, and he realised that this was where he should go; if she picked him up then he would easily get her attention. Toby had not yet gauged his obscurity.

He discovered more of his seemingly superhuman ability when he leaped from fabric of the sheet onto the side of his wife's palm (to him about fifteen metres high). It was still a great ascent, but he lightly made it into her palm, and sat to wait.

It was fifteen minutes before Lana Johnson's eyes slowly opened. She dozed for ten minutes more before even thinking about moving. When she did, she pushed the covers off with one hand and sat upright in her bed, noticing as she did that Toby was missing; most likely running on the beach.

Little did she know that when she brought her hand to her head and stroked her hair out of her face, the tiny crumb-like speck that tipped out of her palm was in fact Toby.

Hundreds of feet below, Toby tumbled through the air before striking the flesh of Lana's breast, which sent him bouncing further out into space. After hitting fabric, Toby somersaulted and rolled to rest, his body aching, but the fall did not harm him nearly to the fatal extent that one from such a height at normal size would have.

He sat up to discover walls of silk (though at his size, it was not quite as fine; each strand being the width of his arm) on either side, and upon looking up could see the rest of his wife's silk nightie, which rose up and over her breasts and disappeared behind them. He saw her hand stroking her hair, though only the very front of her face protruded past the front of her breasts.

He knew of course, that he was in his wife's lap, and that on two sides were her legs and on the other was her crotch, up which he began scrambling. Thus, he never saw her hand descending back to her lap.

Lana flopped back and her hand lazily dropped into her lap. She rubbed the silk of her nightie for an instant, never realising nor knowing, that in that tiny movement she smeared her husband into the fabric in her crotch, and Toby was no more.

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Of course Lana became affected only minutes later, but she was one of the lucky majority, who were not inadvertently removed from existence by a loved one, or even a giant stranger. Most of these survivors, numbering at least eleven hundred, bewildered and confused, slowly, over a whole day, had all made resolves to find help, and the only way was to leave their rooms.

Thus, a thousand or more two-millimetre tall people had been lightly and quickly running over the carpet, tiles, grass and sand of the Last Resort, in search of others.

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Ella reached the entrance first, while Kate sweated up the last few stairs. The doors opened quickly and just as quickly Ella realised the obvious – there was nobody there. The foyer was empty and no one stood behind the counter.

Kate arrived and they dropped their bags in the middle of the foyer. She rang the bell several times and they both waited for ten minutes. They went over their booking; Monday the 15th, boat at 10am, check in at 10:45. It was definitely the fifteenth and it was already past eleven. They were mystified – what could happen that would necessitate closing a resort –without locking it– with no notice?

As they discussed the situation they were oblivious to the activity on the tiled floor below and between them. A pattern was forming out of quickly-moving specks; and so oblivious was Kate that even before it began to form the semblance of a word, she turned away from the counter and the toe of her heeled sandals covered one small corner of the pattern. Suddenly the orderly specks diffused into chaos and dispersed in all directions. Kate and Ella walked back to their bags to sit down, and the patch where Kate had trodden was left with tiny red specks.

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Of course no one would have noticed the people on the floor between the girls if they had not been deliberately looking. In fact, very few people at the resort had realised what had happened to the people who were affected, before they themselves were affected. One of these few was Lisa Monroe, who had been swimming in the resort's pool with her boyfriend Josh Trevors.

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Lisa finished her lap and brushed the water out of her eyes. Turning around, she saw Josh at the pool edge on the opposite side of the empty outdoor enclosure. She paddled slowly and gracefully over to him and pulled herself up to plant a kiss on his cheek as he bent over to her, then dropped back, to rest with folded arms on the white tiled edge.

Josh knelt down in his shorts on the tiles in front of Lisa and began chatting playfully with her, as she began to stroke his knee with one hand. All of a sudden Lisa watched as Josh gasped in pain, and her hand, which was on his knee, fell quickly to the tiles and she saw him diminish, almost too quick for her eyes, and seemingly vanish.

She jolted, and in shock her eyes remained fixed on the point on the tiles into which Josh had appeared to vanish. After a moment she came to her senses and blinked her eyes out of their trance. She looked around her for an instant before returning her gaze to the spot on the tiles, where she

absently stared for another moment until realising that she was staring at something moving.

Lisa didn't connect the moving speck with Josh's disappearance at first; her brain told her that it must be a tiny bug of some kind – maybe one of those microscopic spiders that bring good luck. Something else in her heart told her otherwise though, and she craned her neck and peered at the object. It had four limbs less than a spider, and in a shock she made the connection.

She slowly and with unnatural caution moved her hand towards the speck which she now was convinced was her boyfriend, and with the tip of her still-wet finger she lightly touched the speck. It stuck to her finger and she brought it to her face. Studying it with extreme intensity she saw Josh –or at least a figure that was vaguely human but too small to verify– struggling, trapped in a pocket of moisture. Her brain went into shock.

After staring at him for at least five minutes, Lisa snapped to attention and looked up. There had to be someone who could help; she began to call out, but no one came. She attempted to raise herself out of the pool with one arm, keeping the finger with Josh on the end upright despite her trembling nerves, but she did not have the strength. The steps were at the other end of the pool and were no help. She calmed herself and spoke to Josh, reassuring him (with no audible response), that she would put him down, exit the pool and then carry him to safety.

Concentrating intensely, Lisa found a noticeable black dot on a tile and ran her finger next to it until the moisture containing her boyfriend clung to the tile and deposited him on it. In her mind, she photographed the spot and Josh next to it, then, keeping an eye on it the whole time, she leapt out of the pool onto her arms, water gushing off her, and spun around to sit on the edge, her legs still in the water.

Josh and the spot were next to her thigh, and she carefully lifted one leg out of the water and rotated herself, until it lay outstretched parallel to the pool's edge – the tiny person was now between her thigh and the edge, and what Lisa hadn't counted on was the water pouring off her thigh and spilling to the pool, carrying with it the tiny speck of a human.

She stared at the black spot in disbelief. Panicking, she scanned the edge and the water close to it. She tore her other leg from the water and knelt on the edge, peering at the wavy water. Just in her final moments of desperation she saw a speck; it was in arms' reach and in no time her

hand was in the water and had carefully scooped it up. Thankfully, in her palm was a pool of water containing a flailing body that she knew was her boyfriend, and she breathed again in relief.

Turning slowly from the water, she knelt on the tiles and poured the palmful of water onto the surface between her legs and watched carefully as the body tumbled to one side. Again she picked him up with the moisture on her finger, and carefully stood. She began walking immediately to the doors out of the pool area, her eyes fixed on the drop of moisture on the end of her finger, but as she walked her finger jolted slightly. After a few more steps, the drop dislodged and ran down her hand, Josh stuck in it. She panicked and rushed for something to hold on to. Her hand finding a banana lounge, she knelt down and awkwardly turned her whole arm around, and upon scanning her skin she found again the offending droplet, with Josh attached, on her wrist. As she reached for it, it slid away and she watched it run down her arm.

With quick thinking she held her arm low over the banana lounge, and when the droplet reached her bent elbow, it fell lightly onto the surface of the lounge. Relieved, she noted his position and assured Josh she would return, and stood to find something to safely carry him in. Spotting her contact lens case, she had barely taken two steps in its direction when the pain seized her, and she fell to the ground.

When she reopened her eyes, Lisa realised immediately that the same fate had befallen her as had Josh. She turned around to see the banana lounge that a moment ago she had leaned on, was towering like a giant sculpture, hundreds of feet in the air, with Josh stranded on its surface. It was only moments after Lisa had begun running towards this giant monument, that she saw to her right, the two giant doors of the enclosure sliding open and two monuments even more colossal than the lounge appear towering several kilometres away.

A mother and her daughter entered the pool area. With steps that could have dwarfed a town they strode towards Lisa; the girl almost treading on her as she moved to the pool. Lisa waved and shouted at them, not considering how miniature she actually was. She saw the mother drop two giant towels on a table, and headed for the pool with her daughter. In the short time that they were in the pool, Lisa ran back to the banana lounge, but even though she felt light and energetic and moved very quickly, her progress in the larger world was slow, and by the time the mother had finished her brief swim, Lisa was only a step closer to the lounge.

Lisa turned to see the mother's enormous bikini-clad body rising out of the pool seemingly kilometres away on the horizon on the other side of the pool, and in giant steps drew closer to the table beside Lisa. She tried running, but in no time the giant woman was upon her and almost crushed her underfoot as she took up a towel from the table. Between her feet, water poured down upon Lisa and she was thrown around by the giant droplets.

Soon though, the cascade ended and Lisa looked up, trapped in a drop of moisture like her boyfriend before her, as the woman tossed the towel aside and turned towards the banana lounge. Lisa screamed at the woman but of course, to no avail. She watched as the woman approached the side, then half turned and lowered herself backwards onto the lounge. There was nothing Lisa could do as she saw the giant woman sit exactly where Lisa had left Josh, and as if to add insult to injury, she wiggled her backside to become comfortable, smearing the man beneath her bikini bottom into a tiny stain in the fabric.

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Kate and Ella sat on the sofas in the foyer of the Last Resort, discussing what to do. Ella had the idea of trying the reception phone, but none of the internal lines yielded a response. She sat back down and they remained silently pondering their dilemma.

After several minutes, Kate reached down to remove her sandals, which were uncomfortable in the heat. She didn't notice the swarm of dust-like specks that again were making their way towards her feet. Leaning on her hands, with elbows on knees, she voiced a thought to Ella and they resumed discussion.

Had Kate looked down she would have seen between her knees another pattern forming, but she didn't, and when she shifted to stretch her legs out and lean back on the sofa, her foot brushed only millimetres over the top of the specks, which again broke into chaos and almost split entirely in all directions, before reforming underneath Kate's bare legs, to attempt to form the same pattern – a third time.

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The pattern was the occupants of the Last Resort, now miniaturised into obscurity, attempting to signal the giant girls who had walked into their

nightmare. The group of people, a thousand strong, were in dire straits and on the verge of panic. Twice now their attempts at constructing an S.O.S pattern on the tiles of the foyer had been thrown into chaos by a single unremarkable movement by a girl who was hundreds of times their size.

In fact the whole group was only kept together and given a purpose by a few strong people with leadership qualities, and even among those there was only one who was driven enough to strive for rescue. This was Damien Symonds, who himself had only narrowly missed obliteration after he had been affected.

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Damien and his business colleague John Palmerston had been sitting on the top step of the resort's sauna in towels discussing business, golf, yachts and anything else that wealthy businessmen discuss, when John suddenly gasped in pain and virtually disappeared. Damien started in shock and sat bewildered for only an instant before the same fate befell him too.

After the sudden jolt of pain Damien opened his eyes to a much different world, where the sauna appeared to be several miles wide and twice that long. He looked along the now giant wooden slats of the bench he had just been sitting on, in the direction of where his friend had been. Being a quick thinker, logical decision maker and extremely good under pressure, Damien's first resolve was to locate his friend, who, he concluded, must have undergone the same peculiar and unnatural transformation as he had.

He ran, with extreme agility and extraordinary speed, along the wood, until he saw an object few hundred metres away that he realised could be John, and his thoughts were confirmed as he neared him. John was on a parallel slat two slats away and seemed unreachable due to the vast gaps between the wooden boards, until after a few moments Damien made the mental connection between his new size and his newly acquired agility, and made the jumps with ease.

John was shaky and disoriented, but after some discussion and reassurance he quickly came around and was convinced that the two men had to do something – the first priority being to escape the overbearingly hot sauna.

As if in answer to their decision, the giant door of the sauna swung open and a huge rush of cooler air waved over them, bowling John over. In the doorway loomed a ridiculously huge female figure, and John, struggling to stand up, screamed in horror at the realisation of how miniature the men were compared to this human being. She was clad in only a single white towel from her chest to high on her thigh.

The pair was closer to the left corner on the upper step, and panicked as the woman strode toward them, but breathed again when she turned and sat in the middle on the lower step. John had turned around to say something to Damien, but the latter yelled and pulled him away and they both ran and jumped over a gap in the board, toward the rear of the room, stumbling as they landed.

John exclaimed, but as he got up and turned around he saw the reason for his friend's quick action; the woman had outstretched both her arms on the edge of the top bench, and Damien had seen the giant limb coming for them. The arm now lay along the slat that they had been standing on, and it was clear that they would have been flattened by her arm; it was scores of times wider than they were tall. Looking towards its source, it stretched for hundreds of metres, ending near the woman's head, which was tilted back on the top bench, her hair scattered and flowing over the wood.

In a split second Damien had concluded that both men should run for her, and use her exit to facilitate their own by holding on to her. After five minutes of running they reached the end of one lock of hair, and they knew that this was their best chance of escape. They approached the arm-width strands, but Damien's eyes caught the movement of her enormous head, and they dived, catching onto a strand each, before she raised her head.

The men swung wildly in the air as she looked up and fiddled with something on her towel hundreds of metres below. She then bent down and picked something out of her toe, and the businessmen were thrown over her shoulder as the hair dangled past her neck and near the ground. Had they know that the fall would not have injured them as it would have when they were larger, they may have jumped off then to safety, but the opportunity was lost when the woman again sat upright.

In doing so, her hair flopped against the front of her shoulder, and the men were swung hard into the flesh. John gasped and lost his grip, tumbling down her shoulder. Damien shouted out and watched as the

other man rolled down her skin, trying to grip the surface, until when he was almost too far to see way down on the woman's breast, he was caught in a drop of her sweat.

Loyal to his friend, Damien slid down to the end of the strand of hair, intending to go to John's aid, but while he searched for a way of reaching him, he saw the woman's hand rise from her side, and slowly come towards her chest. He was gasping in panic as he watched it approach his friend, but breathed again when she merely hitched the towel between her breasts.

Damien was feeling a wave of relief, until he saw the hand, finished with the towel make a quick motion and the woman wiped a bead of sweat from her breast – the bead containing John. Damien screamed as the man was wiped into a red smear on the woman's breast.

Before Damien even had the chance to think about escape, the woman rose to leave the sauna, and the man clinging to her hair felt a rush of relief, because it meant an exit from the now unbearable heat. He hadn't thought the plan through enough though, because as the cool air of outside rushed over him, he realised the first place a person would go after having a sauna – the shower. He panicked and looked around for somewhere to go; something to jump onto – he realised that if he could make it to the towel wrapped around her she would probably toss it aside and he could escape.

As if in response, before he could put this plan into action, the woman tossed the towel aside and stepped into the shower cubicle; Damien still clinging to her hair, dangling above her now bare chest. The water came on and rushed like an avalanche over the tiny man. He struggled for breath and clung with all his strength, but after only a few moments her was overcome and lost his grip.

He was tumbling in the cascade, disoriented and eyes closed. An observer would have seen a tiny speck come loose from the giant woman's hair, tumble between her breasts, hit by wave after wave, and washed down over her abdomen until it became stuck in her pubic hair. Damien struck something soft; more hair, and clung onto it for dear life. The water no longer saturated or bombarded him, and after opening his eyes he realised where he was.

After clinging for at least five minutes Damien saw the legs moving far below him; he was at a dizzying height and the ground moved below him

at a tremendous speed. Concluding not to look down, he did not see the giant pair of panties that were pulled up and over him, until the misty grey darkness enveloped him and he let go in relief, tumbling down a short distance before coming to rest, squished in between the soft fabric and her flesh.

The woman walked as Damien figured his escape. He first attempted to climb out between the strands of her underwear, but concluded he was not that small when he got his head stuck between the tiny cotton fibres. When she became motionless, he realised she was sitting because the angle he was at had greatly changed, and he made his way by squeezing and rolling against the material, to one side of her panties and found the elastic seam. However, he could not squeeze underneath it as the inside of her leg was pushing it down, so he reluctantly decided to climb for the top.

Holding the fibres of fabric with his back to her flesh, Damien slowly climbed to the top of the woman's underwear and was relieved when he made it to the seam. This time the elastic parted from her flesh much more easily and he squeezed underneath it until he rested on its top edge, panting, exhausted. The piece of elastic, which used to be insignificant, now was twice as wide as he was tall, he realised as he sat resting. The woman was luckily wearing a skirt, he saw from the loose colourful material gently weighing down on her flesh.

After regaining his breath, Damien climbed over the elastic and down the other side. If the anonymous woman had have taken off her skirt, she would never have believed the extraordinary sight (if she had have looked extremely closely) of a two-millimetre tall man climbing slowly down her underpants into her crotch, thought Damien. Then again, he realised, he would never have believed that he would be the man doing it.

When he was right in between her thighs and he could see her legs stretching hundreds of metres out into two vertical horizons and the sea and sky beyond, the woman put one knee over the other, and squeezed Damien in, stifling him, making the climb down a thousand more times tougher. Eventually he broke through her entrapping flesh into the hot cavernous gap underneath her crotch and between her legs, and slipped and dropped what he thought would be a fatal height, but surprisingly caused no injury.

Making his way on the inside of her skirt through the triangular shaped passageway underneath her folded legs, he eventually made it again to

sunlight, where he discovered she was sitting on a chair overlooking the sea. The skirt, he discovered, was long; long enough that it reached almost the ground, and by sliding down the inside he required only to drop another small distance to escape, which he executed hurriedly. Just in time he hit the tiled floor, as the woman stood, almost crushing him with her sandals, and left Damien relieved and exhausted on the ground.

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Thus the man narrowly escaped death, and soon he would meet up with more victims of the extraordinary phenomenon. Being of a courageous nature, with a strong instinct for survival, Damien would fall into a leadership role in the group, which grew steadily in size as more and more miniature people slowly made their way out of their rooms in search of help.

After finding other people in the same situation, the people stuck together, with safety in numbers, and when calm was restored -by people like Damien- to the large group that had convened in the foyer, search parties were sent out to find stragglers and other groups that had formed. One such was discovered on an upstairs dance floor, another in the kitchen – all central places where people instinctively headed.

Of course this happened over two days, as progress was extremely slow at two millimetres height. The tiny people had discovered that they were not hungry in the least bit, which was very odd but seemed logical considering the other extraordinary changes that had come with their new height, but food was brought from the kitchen bench anyway, by rolling a muffin off using a toothpick held high by thirty people.

It was Damien who had planned the distress signal to the girls. Their arrival was unexpected, as no one had realised that normal sized humans would not immediately be affected if they entered the hotel. He would have organised a bigger signal out of toothpicks if he had have had some warning.

It was almost chaos at first, trying to communicate orders to a thousand people, with two giant women towering over the panicking crowd...

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Damien turned as the shouts started, and the cause of the commotion in the people around him was immediately apparent. A great shadow

loomed in the doorway as the giant automatic doors slid open – it was a person; normal sized. The thousand-strong crowd all turned and stared from the where they were gathered on the tiled foyer floor, listening to Damien Symonds as he shouted plans and orders from atop a pen lid.

This giant girl strode in, wearing tight denim shorts and a bikini top. They watched as she searched for signs of people, who, little did she know, were standing nervously ten feet in front of her. The crowd panicked when she took a step in their direction, but calmed slightly when they realised she was going for the reception desk, which was only a few hundred metres away.

The tiny man's mind whirred into action – assuming she would not shrink, she would find no one here and leave on the next boat out. If the people could signal her and get her attention, she could take them back to civilisation, where scientists or God-knows-who could work out a way to return them to normal size. He shouted at the crowd, calming them and putting forward his plan, which was accepted with enthusiastic cheers.

The second girl appeared at the door while the crowd was running for the first. She too approached the desk, but a fraction closer and the crowd ran instead for her. Arriving at her feet, Damien quickly commenced barking orders to arrange the word 'HELP', and in several minutes they were half way there, when the girl, wearing a skirt hundreds of metres high, up which her crotch could be seen by the tiny people between her feet, turned around, and her sandalled foot came down and crushed some of the people trying to form 'P'. The crowd scattered.

After shouts and commands, Damien and a few dozen others with their minds set on the plan returned the crowd to order and they resumed the process, but the girl had walked over the gathered mob and had sat down on a sofa, as had the first girl. The crowd ran for the sofa, and within a few exhausting minutes had reached the bare legs of the second girl; the one wearing the skirt. After only a few moments the arrangement had commenced and the word was slowly forming, when the girl shifted and stretched her legs out. A giant foot swept only metres above the crowd, which again panicked, but order was again returned and the process begun afresh underneath her legs, which covered the people in shadow, looming so high above them.

This third attempt at the pattern was never seen though, because the girl, after only a few more minutes, stood up, almost crushing more people in the process, and left. The crowd was left speechless and demoralised, but

a new solution was instantly found, though without much thought. People, in a foolish effort to gain freedom through these girls who they assumed would leave straight away, ran for their luggage. On one side they saw a giant upright suitcase and on the other a huge backpack, and the divided crowd, now leaderless while Damien shouted in vain, ran in opposite directions for these giant vehicles of escape.

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Kate and Ella decided to go for a walk. There had to be someone around, and if not they could find a room and occupy it until someone arrived. They walked for ten minutes, and finding nobody, they returned to their bags in the foyer, with the intention of setting up in the presidential suite (without paying of course; the hotel was definitely going to pay for this stuff-up, they thought) and then finding a phone number for assistance or a boat off the island.

Neither girl noticed the additional weight on their luggage, though if they had have looked closely, Kate would have seen a slight discolouration on the top of her suitcase, caused by hundreds of specks scattered on its surface, and Ella would have seen hundreds more of these specks clinging to fibres of the fabric of her backpack. Kate pulled the suitcase; equipped with wheels on the bottom to the elevator as Ella hoisted the pack onto her back, with only several of the specks coming loose and falling to the ground in the motion.

Upon reaching the top level, Ella opened the door with the key she had taken from reception while Kate dragged her suitcase straight to the bathroom where she was desperate for a shower.

After closing the door, Kate noted the absense of a towels or soap, and pushed her suitcase onto its side on the ground. She noticed the hundreds of specks tumbling off the top and onto the ground in front of her, but didn't take any heed of the dust-like particles, and knelt down in front of the case, crushing tens of them with her knees as she did. The rest of these specks, which had clung onto the top, jumped or were thrown off when Kate slid the zipper around the edge, opening the case. Withdrawing only a towel, which she dropped in front of her, covering the specks, she rummaged for her toiletries then stood, undressed and threw her skirt and underwear on the ground. With a quick afterthought, she picked up the towel, onto which a dozen specks were clinging, and hung it closer to the shower.

She showered, washing off a few mysterious red spots on her knee, then, still dripping with water, she stepped out and grabbed the towel. Kate pressed the soft material to her face before rubbing it over her body. When she bent down to dry her legs and saw some of the specks that clung to the towel come unstuck and rub off onto the inside of her thigh, she wiped them with her finger and they smeared into those red spots that she had noticed on her knees. It seemed strange, but she simply wiped the marks off with the towel. She wasn't looking, though, when she dried off her breasts and from the towel more red spots appeared on her flesh.

Kate didn't take note that the dust-like particles from the top of her suitcase were no longer in front of it, but instead were over the lip and inside the case and on her clothes. Nor did she notice that they were scattered on the underwear at the front that she picked up, and upon pulling up the panties there were at least two dozen specks clinging to the fabric or tumbled into the dip in the crotch. She pulled them up tight and snug; a red dot appeared on the elastic seam, and several more appeared when she slid her finger under the elastic at the back to straighten the fabric.

Meanwhile Ella had thrown her backpack on the bed and had looked through the window at the magnificent view. Returning to her pack, the upper side of which was now down, causing most of the specks that were stuck to that side to be squeezed under it, she rolled it over – not noticing that dozens of specks had fallen off and onto the bed, the linen of which had a colourful pattern that completely camouflaged the presence of the tiny scattered particles.

She heaved it up, span round and plonked herself on the bed and sat the backpack on her lap. The specks beneath her were squashed under her denim shorts – most yielding to the pressure but some lucky enough to be between her cheeks where the weight did not bear down enough to crush the tiny objects. Ella leaned on the bag as she rummaged through the top, and it's surface was pushed right against her breasts. Needless to say, the particles there were rubbed off the pack and onto or into Ella's bikini top.

More however, were pushed against her abdomen and tumbled down her skin onto the top seam of her shorts. When she had found what she was looking for she pushed the pack aside and stood up, the shorts shifting and loosening as she did so, causing those dozens of specks that were balanced on the top to tumble into the shorts.

Kate however, had made a small discovery during this time. She had drawn the bra that she was going to wear out of her suitcase and was sitting down to put it on. After doing it up, she looked down as she adjusted the fabric, to find a tiny red dot on the silk near her nipple. There were more on her other breast as well, and she made the connection with the red dots on her skin earlier. This was mystifying. She looked closer and saw a pile of tiny specks –the same things she had seen fall off her suitcase– at the bottom of the bra between her breasts. She reached behind her back and undid the garment, and as she pulled it off the dozen or so specks fell down her chest and into her lap, where they disappeared between her thighs.

The bra contained specks scattered in the cups, but even more were stuck to her breasts. She noted that they became smears when she wiped them off with her finger, so the remainders she brushed off, to fall into her lap like the others before them. They rolled into the centre of the cup when she gently shook the bra, and after dampening her finger with her tongue she studied the tiny specks by sticking them to it.

Looking closely, she realised there was something odd about the tiny objects; they seemed to move –it was as if they had tiny arms that waved– but before Kate made any effort to identify these strange specks Ella called out from the other room, and Kate rubbed her finger with her thumb, smearing the specks into oblivion, and walked out; no longer interested in the odd miniature things.

Ella had discovered the spa. Located outdoors on the balcony, it overlooked the sea and was an opportunity too good to miss. She was standing on the deck on the edge of the hot spa when Kate arrived, and was in the process of taking off her shorts, underneath which she already had a bikini bottom. As she did, the tens of little particles that had fallen into the shorts from her bag tumbled out and onto the deck at her feet, or remained stuck to the fabric of her bikini.

She took a step into the hot bubbling water and squealed with glee – it was so hot she had to take it a step at a time, and after putting her other leg in she sat down on the deck right on the specks that were on the floor, with only her feet submerged. Many turned immediately into red dots on her white bikini bottom, but she only sat for a second and most became stuck to the fabric. She slid into the almost unbearably hot water, and they became dislodged and floated straight to the surface of the bubbling spa, so too did those specks that were lying loose in her bikini top after

having fallen from the backpack, and there soon were dozens of these particles being tossed around Ella in the turbulent water.

In only this short time Kate had taken cue and excitedly thrown off her underwear and now donned a red one-piece swimsuit. She scurried out onto the balcony and dropped into the spa, laughing. The two girls chatted and giggled, oblivious to the specks that occasionally were thrown at their bodies. After a while the bubbles automatically turned off, but neither really wanted them back on so the water remained still. Overwhelmed by the heat, Kate sat on the first step into the spa, so that only her lower legs were submerged and the water lapped in her crotch.

She was staring out to sea while specks, floating lightly on the water's surface, drifted into her legs and became glued by the moisture, and also into the crotch of her swimsuit, where they clung as if trying to escape the hot water. Ella was still in the water but had her head tilted back. Specks floated in the pool between her breasts.

When she sat upright, the particles on the now still surface were immediately obvious, and she commented on them to Kate, who exclaimed when she too saw the odd specks that had intrigued her in the bathroom earlier. Both girls scooped up some water containing the tiny offending objects, and Kate commented on how they turned to a red smear when squashed, which she demonstrated by crushing one between her fingers.

When they both studied the specks closely they agreed that they were alive and that they were some kind of tiny creature or bug. Ella was of the opinion that they were cute (in a tiny insignificant way) just like the minute spiders that bring good luck, however those are few and far between, and the fact that these 'bugs' were all over everything made them annoying. Becoming conscious of those that were stuck to her, Kate rubbed her legs with her hands, then splashed the tiny red smudges with water, and wiped her finger over the crotch of her swimsuit, where the resulting stains were not visible against the red fabric.

Ella too scanned herself for the offending creatures, and upon finding those that were nestled between her breasts, she attempted to scratch them out with her finger, but only managed to crush them all into paste in her bikini top.

After having relaxed, the girls again addressed the obvious problem of there being no-one around in the resort. They resolved to contact the

charter boat company and arrange to be picked up, and easily did so, by going to reception and obtaining their address book, scanning through it and ringing the company – who, despite their amazement at the idea of nobody being on the island, conceded to make the trip and pick up the girls, albeit on the next day as no boats were available.

Satisfied with this conclusion, the Ella and Kate returned to the presidential suite, dined on the sweets in the bar fridge, and resolved to get drunk on the alcohol also therein. Kate opened the chilled vodka while Ella searched for glasses, and they toasted the absence of people that resulted in their occupation of the luxurious presidential suite of the huge hotel.

In only forty-five minutes the girls were staggeringly drunk, having played a drinking game similar to truth-or-dare (but without the childish sexy undertones that come with it when played by teenagers at parties), whereby the loser of a dare or bet drank – although the winner had to drink also, which made winning the game absolutely pointless ...but then again, in sport it's not whether you win or lose, it's how drunk you get.

Kate's turn to dare came up, and upon noticing a whole patch of specks on the ensuite floor after having gone to the toilet, she dared Ella to eat the tiny creatures, which, they had drunkenly concluded, were good luck charms. Deciding that she could use some more good luck, Ella accepted, and soon had brushed the scattered bunch of moving creatures into a small pile, she knelt over and laughing as she did so, attempted to lick them off the floor.

She giggled and fell onto her face, squashing a few with her cheek. Wiping the red dots off her skin, she tried again, and this time her tongue licked over the whole pile and the tiny creatures stuck to it. Without closing her mouth, she stumbled up, stifling her giggling and displayed her tongue to Kate who was laughing and wincing in disgust at the unhygienic feat. She closed her mouth in pride at her effort, and swallowed. The specks were so small that the main lump went down her throat easily, but many others simply stayed in her mouth, stuck under her tongue and around her teeth, but she didn't notice and proceeded to give Kate her next dare.

They continued to play until both reeled and concluded they were ready to collapse, and jumped into the huge queen-sized bed (which still swarmed with the creatures that had fallen from Ella's bag).

Upon waking the next morning to headaches and hangovers, the girls packed together their almost untouched luggage and both had showers, wiping off their bodies the tiny red specks that had mysteriously appeared all over their skin while they had been in bed.

After waiting on the dock for only a half-hour, the boat appeared, and the pilot –mystified as to the absence of life at the hotel– steered them home.

* * *

Kate and Ella would discover more specks on their persons and in their luggage. These specks were of course the miniaturised inhabitants of the Last Resort, devastated and decimated by the two giant intruders who had unknowingly crushed hundreds of tiny people under their feet and on their skin.

After the giant girls had left, Damien Symonds and anyone who had not foolishly run for salvation onto the women’s luggage, searched the hotel for survivors of those that had. Finding only dozens, the group, miniaturised not only in size but now in numbers, set about their next plan. They no longer aimed for rescue, but for survival.

Several more visitors would come to the hotel, including investigative teams of officials and authorities, but none would find any clue as to the disappearance of a thousand people, because those people now hid from the giants rather than attempting to attract their attention.

Eventually the hotel would be left – empty and desolate except for a hundred or so tiny inhabitants, the ‘haunted’ building never again to be occupied by tourists. It would again flourish with life though; children would course through its halls, crops of wheat would be harvested in the lawns and towers would be erected from floors to benches.

Of course the children, such as those of Damien and the woman he would form a bond with (who, forever unbeknownst to Damien, had been in the hotel sauna just prior to being affected), would be as miniature as their parents, and the children’s children would be just as miniature, and so on.

And thus, through some freak phenomenon, a new species was born, which eventually would populate the Last Resort and eventually the whole island ...and perhaps, just perhaps would again play a part in the tale of humans – but that is another story, and only if someone wishes to listen, will it be told...

THE END