

## 236 Years of Boredom

by

e10

I get bored. Very bored. After 236 revolutions around this pissy little sun of this cruddy planet with its arrogant wankers of inhabitants, I get a bit bored. So maybe I should be able to have a bit of fun every now and then... noone will notice. Much.

My ship is posted in a stationary orbit over a patch of ocean just off the southeast coast of a place the humans call 'Florida'. I am virtually invisible; the only instrument that is able to detect my cloaked ship is, by my guess, one hundred and fifty-four years away from being invented on Earth. So I can play any prank I like, provided my superiors don't find out (I mean, how could they? Who cares about some stupid backwater planet in the corner of the galaxy anyway?). This particular prank took place towards the end of the human year 1998.

I reckon what I did was pretty funny; I saw on my image-screen a black shape floating under the surface of the sea almost directly beneath my ship's orbit. It was a submarine. I had seen many before, but this was at a time when my boredom was becoming almost depressing, so I aimed a particularly devious (but not destructive) weapon that I had constructed at the underwater target and let loose. Around the submarine on my screen a spherical hole momentarily appeared, within which the water had seemingly vanished, before more water came crashing down to fill the gap. Once it had all settled, the black shape was no longer visible until I zoomed in another 65 times magnification. Sure enough, there it was in its proper relative proportions, but let's just say, not quite the same stature as before. Enjoy the story, I certainly did...

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"I'm going back in," said Kate with a hopeful look in her eyes, "Anyone coming?"

There was no response from any of the other three on the beach. *Lazy bastards.*

"Come on... please?" she pleaded.

"No..." Sarah slowly responded, "...too nice..." she muttered as she rolled over in the beautiful warmth of the summer sun on this gorgeous Florida day.

"Fine." Kate replied. She was too restless to waste her day lying inanimate on the sand, too energetic. She ran down to the waves and slowly waded in. The water was cool but by no means cold - she didn't understand how the others could be so apathetic as to waste opportunities like this to get some exercise in such a fun and beautiful environment. She dived over a small wave and felt the water quenching the boiling sun on her back. She stood up to push back her hair but her ankle knocked something, probably a rock, so she tried to stand up on it so as not to get bitten by a crab, which hide around the edges of rocks in the sand.

Her foot slipped off the object - it was no rock! She jumped, thinking it was some creature, but slipped over and almost sat on it. It was metallic, she could tell, so her panic subsided. It was partly afloat, and the next wave carried it even further in towards the shore. A protrusion on the top scratched her leg as it glided past, and when the white froth on the surface subsided she could see it was black and long. As it drifted closer to the shore she followed it and soon the protrusion broke through the water. On the tip were some tiny poles and a number was painted on the side. Kate grabbed the protrusion and yanked the object through the water, and as she reached the shallows the thing slowly emerged. She released it when she could pull no further -it was extremely heavy- and stepped back. *A miniature submarine!* she exclaimed to herself.

She stood over it and stroked the metal - cold and hard. It sounded hollow when she tapped it with her fingernail. The length had to be six feet long, but the hull would be only about seven or eight inches high and the conning tower which had scratched her thigh was only a few more inches again.

"Hey! Have a look at this!" she shouted up the beach. A few bodies rolled over and glanced in her direction. One propped up on her elbows to look, and then all three decided to go over and investigate.

"What is it?" asked Amanda.

"It's a tiny little submarine!" shrieked Sarah. Emily looked on with wonder. They all crowded around the belittled machine and tapped and prodded it, rocking it gently.

"Who would make this?" queried Emily - she was the most curious of the group. Being a science student she was always the most factual and naturally investigative. "It's too heavy to be a model,"

"Why thankyou, miss miniature-submarine-modeller-of-the-year 1998," retorted Amanda sarcastically.

"Yeah? Well what do you think it is?"

"I don't know, and I don't care either," said Amanda as she wandered, disinterested, back to her towel.

Kate was not going to let this go. She persuaded the other two of her friends (with not much effort, because Emily and Sarah were just as keen) to help her drag it back to the car. They had to take several breaks as it was very heavy and quite hard work. Loading it into the boot of Emily's station wagon was difficult, but they managed to do so, and after calling the sulky Amanda, headed back to their beach house, which was on 'loan' from Kate's family for the two weeks that the girls were to be on holiday.

After reversing the car as close to the lower door of the two-storey beach house as possible, the girls, with Amanda's unwilling help, managed to lay the strange object on the floor of the downstairs room, which only contained mattresses and other assorted junk like beachballs. Tired, Sarah and Amanda went to the showers while Emily and Kate continued to inspect the vessel. After half an hour of inconclusive discussion of the origins of this enigmatic object Emily went, frustrated, to play cards with the other two showered and relaxed girls.

*Where did this come from?* Kate asked herself for the hundredth time. Other obvious questions plagued her also. *Who made it? And why did they leave it, or how did they lose it?* After sitting silently for a few minutes, hearing only the chatting of the card-players upstairs, Kate noticed something strange. One of the miniature pipes was rotating and its little head came to rest pointing towards her. She didn't like this. Standing up, she headed for the stairs but paused as soon as she was out of sight; and peeked back at the miniature sub. Its little periscope searched after her, but obviously couldn't see her. Soon a tiny scraping sound could be heard and a hatch popped open on top of the conning tower.

*Oh my god!* Kate almost shrieked. *Those are tiny people getting out of the hatch!* There was no way this was possible - *but it would explain the appearance of this strange thing - it was shrunk! No, you idiot, it's not possible.* Her mind was whirring with these 'possibilities', most of which were not possible at all, according to modern science. She suddenly planned some action. When there were about eight or so tiny figures on the small platform atop the tower she jumped into the room, and in two steps had crossed the floor and firmly planted her finger in the hole from which the miniature men had emerged.

The people went into a panicked chaos, they scrambled around Kate's finger for refuge, even attempting to plunge off the side of the tower, only to be foiled by the giant darting hand that pushed them back.

"Stay!" Kate pleaded, while at the same time shouting for her friends to come downstairs. They arrived promptly at her frantic calls and crowded around her. It was several seconds before any of them caught on to what was happening in the scene.

"Oh my god... are they real?" stuttered Sarah. Her eyes were glazed as she stared down at the tiny men.

"I don't know..."

"What are they?" queried Amanda as she peered curiously over the shoulders of the crouching girls.

"I don't know," Kate repeated, "I think they're men."

"No, that is not possible," stated Emily firmly, "It's impossible. They have to be toys."

"Do they look like toys to you?" retorted Kate as the men cowered around her finger. Sarah was the first to make a move. She delicately reached down and picked up a figure with her forefinger and thumb. It squirmed and beat against her thumb, making a nice tickling feeling.

"It's a man," Sarah felt a rush of excitement as she spoke the words. She held him close to her face, he was real, for sure. Her heart beat even faster. Soon all three of the other girls were concentrating as they picked up tiny men of their own, and Sarah, with a nervous and hurried decision, swiftly dropped the figure between her breasts and motioned towards the miniaturised vessel as if she were placing her small man back there instead. *This one's mine... the others can't know.* Luckily, she was wearing a bra so the sailor was going nowhere. It was a loose fit and there was a large gap between her breasts; he would be able to breathe easily. She made a subtle movement and felt him bounce back and forth with the jiggle. That comforted her. She would get to him later in private.

Meanwhile, Emily was incredulous. There was no way possible that this tiny figure sprawled on her palm was a living being, let alone a sentient one which could pilot a submarine! Yet despite all reason there was, nonetheless, a minute person. She replaced the man on the tower and looked at the others. Kate was staring at her little man also, but Sarah seemed to have put hers back. Amanda had knelt down and had a man between her fingers. She wasn't too amazed - Amanda never had much concern for anything but herself. Suddenly her face resolved into a smile.

"Hey," she joked, "this has got to be the fastest a guy has ever got into my pants!" and with that she pulled open the front of the red bikini she wore, dropped the white-clad sailor in and snapped the elastic back in place.

"Don't!" screamed Kate, "That's a real person there!"

"Yeah, a *real* one-inch-tall person," she joked as she rubbed her crotch where the tiny lump squirmed in her pants.

"Seriously! Don't!" screamed Kate.

"Geez you're a pussy," said Amanda lightheartedly while she reached in and removed the pathetic little man. She placed him with a kiss back on the sub. Kate pulled her finger out of the hatch and let the men return to safety, and her finger had turned blue without her noticing.

After a short discussion the girls decided they would eat lunch and then decide what to do with the strange submarine and its contents. All four headed up the stairs to the kitchen and dining area and left the men to their own devices.

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*Sweet fuckin christ!* Thought Captain Hayward of the US Navy. He didn't know whether he was awake or just in a dream (but it was more like a nightmare). It had to be that he was dreaming - but everything seemed so real... but it was simply impossible... *then again, when one is in a dream he does not know that he is actually in a dream.* At least he had his proper mental capacity, though he shouldn't after what he was going through.

After the blackout the sub had immediately plummeted, as if the water around it were less dense, relative to the submarine. Once the captain had righted it in the water and set its course everything had seemed normal, until the satellite navigation had proclaimed that they had hardly moved in position at all, even after half an hour at full power. He resolved to head toward the Florida coast at periscope depth - from there he could see any obstacles and navigate using the coast, back to a port where he could repair the sub's navigation and also communication systems (which had been damaged by the blackout - whatever that was). But he had only sighted land after several very long and nerve-racking days, and when he did, enormous waves had started pushing them in. *Tidal waves!?! Maybe there's been some sort of global disaster! It's not our communications that are down, it's the rest of the worlds!* This certainly would explain part of their predicament - nuclear bombs had detonated and the electromagnetic pulse had disabled communications and caused the blackout. *That still doesn't explain our lack of speed!*

It was useless to try and reverse out of the waves' push, especially with the submarine's apparent lack of power, so the captain had decided to let the sub be beached, or at least float to shallow, calmer waters, but suddenly there had been a huge knock on the hull. *Rocks!* Hayward had thought, but years of experience had told him otherwise - something softer. From then on the sub had been buffeted and banged and the men thrown around ceaselessly until it came to some sort of rest. He had come to his senses and realised that they were no longer in the water. *What had happened?* He had then cautiously raised the periscope to survey their surroundings.

He had seen walls. *Someone has captured the sub!* But who would dare, and how would they, capture a US Navy vessel? Turning the periscope, he had viewn strange objects - a beach ball in the corner, seemingly enormous in proportions... was this a prank? It couldn't be. The periscope had shown giant mattresses and an

enormous door, and... *Oh my god!* An immense thigh... and he had centred the view on the giant female body to which it was connected. *Impossible!*

The next few moments were a blur - he had concluded to go outside the sub with a group of men and determine what was really going on... but when he had opened the hatch a rush of warm air had hit him and he had found he could no longer speak... the air had felt light somehow, and he was dizzy...

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May I just interject here and clarify what the good Captain is on about? All the air within the sub had been 'cropped', I like to call it, by my Cropping Ray. That is, it had been 'shrunk' along with the men inside the sub. Everything inside was the same as before, relative to the vessel and its contents, and naturally the men were able to speak, and the engines would work, etc... but as soon as normal air, which to the miniaturised people would be far less dense (that is, more spread-out), came through their vocal chords they would no longer be able to send the vibrations necessary to produce sound across it. If they tried really hard they may produce a squeak, but no more. That explains the Captain's observation of his lack of ability to speak. Anyway, back to his story...

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When Hayward had come to, he realised where he was. Many months at sea made a man keen to get some sex with a girl somewhere, but the Captain for some reason did not find this situation quite as tantalising as it would appear. He was stuck, bouncing between the enormous breasts of a giant, moving girl and was being pummelled by her jiggles. As soon as he became oriented he steadied himself against the bra that held him and assessed the situation. She had very nice and smooth skin, *good sized tits too... well, they would be a good size if I were the right proportions to make use of them.* She had brown hair, a nice chin, and a floral dress or skirt that rose above him, and those were the only of her features which he could determine.

He saw a swirling ceiling above the girl's head as he was thrown about with her whirling movements. She ate a meal, crumbs of which fell down heavily onto Captain Hayward, and talked with other females in the room, obviously dining also. They talked about the sub and how they found it, which explained a lot to the secret listener hidden in the bosom of one of the women. Something had happened to the ship to make it shrink in some way, though he couldn't conceive of anything earthly that would.

The girl who had him in her makeshift, though quite cosy, confine seemed nervous in some way. *Perhaps that's because she has a one-inch-tall man sitting between her tits.* It was no accident he was there - he knew that and was worried.

*What does she want me for?* Soon after the meal she left the room and the lack of talking indicated she was alone. The Captain watched her face lower and look down her cleavage straight into his eyes. Then he saw her shoulders move as her hands came up to her breasts, and squeezed. He was squashed in by huge amounts of flesh... struggling to breathe as she rubbed, it was warm... she started to sweat, and he was being squeezed and contorted and squashed. He tried to move but incredible forces held him in.

Very soon the turbulent motion ceased and without delay two giant fingers plucked him from his place and thrust him onto a hard surface. He dizzily tried to stand and was confronted by a bewildering sight. Huge amounts of space around him. For a normal person it was just a room, but to Hayward the ceiling was hundreds of metres above him and the floor hundreds below. Walls were kilometres away. He looked at the enormous woman in front of him. Her movements were seemingly normal, but from his perspective they were giant, powerful, wild manouvres. She was removing her summer skirt, the top few metres (centimetres, rather) of which the Captain had already identified from his original position. With the spectacular manouvre complete, the woman threw herself on to the vast expanse of the bed in her bra and panties and sat up, looking straight at Hayward on the dresser.

He wasn't thinking quickly enough - he should have run, but maybe it was all his months at sea that stopped him. A beautiful, undressing woman was just not something from which he had ever concieved to be running away - despite her apparent size difference. Her hand swooped towards him and he was caught. She was sweating. Below him her legs came together and he was released into her lap, confined as he struggled to prevent himself from slipping through the gap between her thighs and the soft white silky material of her underwear. Giving up, he lay back and relaxed in the cove and looked up at the woman removing her bra. She stared down at him with frustration while she fumbled at the back, but then relief as the huge expanse of material came off. *They certainly are nice breasts*, thought Hayward, even though he really could only see them from below.

With his inevitable erection he suddenly realised the immense heat. Not only was it an extremely hot day -it had to be thirty or more degrees centigrade, at least- but this woman was sweating and trembling and her body was boiling to the touch, which the Captain of course could not avoid. After a few seconds of seemingly endless motionless suspense a hand covered him as it scooped him up. He became disorientated as he was roughly flown downwards through the air with fingers pressing him on both sides, until he was stopped dead near her calves. Her left leg loomed beside him, but it became just a vast area of skin as she pressed him firmly to it. *Weirdo!* he thought... *at least she takes care of her legs well.* He couldn't see nor breathe, just felt smooth skin and sweat as he was pressed into the flesh and

rubbed by her fingers up the leg, dragging him over her calf and beside her knee, and through her inner thigh, and back down the warm, tender flesh. Each time she changed the direction in which she pushed him he gasped for air. Soon he was cooled by a rush of sweet air as he was flung upwards, still between the trembling fingers, but was again caressed by steaming sweat as he was rubbed up and down her chest, and past his familiar place between her breasts, and over them, and around, and every direction conceivable until he was sick with the turbulent movements and coughing with exasperation. Only then did it cease and he got some rest.

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*Ohhhh my God!!!* Sarah was absolutely exhausted. The idea of a tiny little man with which to toy was exciting, but actually having one was exhausting; she was sweating and shaking after she had 'used' him. It defied all logic that there should be a one inch man lying in her hand right now as she sat almost naked on the bed, but she certainly wasn't complaining.

She sat paused, panting, getting her breath back for more than a minute before concluding to take a shower. The poor man was covered in sweat. She removed her underwear - the only clothing remaining, and hopped into the en suite where she turned on the shower and grabbed a towel from the cupboard. She placed the man in the indentation in the tiles where soap is put and laughed as he slipped over and stumbled on the slippery surface. He stayed there while she showered, until she picked him up and rubbed him over her soapy body just for fun. She rinsed him off under the warm water and replaced him in his niche, but he remained adamant to keep on his sopping uniform.

The girls were going out tonight for dinner, submarine or no submarine, and Sarah wanted this man on her the whole time. She squeezed him into her bra as she dressed, but only after drying him a bit with her hairdryer - she didn't want to get chafed by the wet material. After completing the arduous selection of clothing, Sarah slipped on the tight sweater she had decided to wear and patted the man who was firmly pressed into her left breast as she left the room.

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Amanda didn't feel like going out. She didn't want to eat the greasy food they would serve in the stupid typical coastal-town restaurant, and she was feeling tired from the day under the warm sun, so she opted to stay at home while the others went to dinner. That seemed to be fine with them.

Five minutes after the three girls had left, Amanda became restless and bored - as usual. She wasn't amused by very much at all and had a very hard time keeping occupied with tasks; she was inexpressably lazy also. A girl very difficult to please. And so it was, that she set about annoying and taunting the 'tiny people' in the stupid toy that Kate had found, to keep herself from utter boredom.

She tapped on the side. Rocked it a bit. Fiddled with the tiny poles on top. She sighed. *Nothing to do...* she flicked on and off a cigarette lighter that was nearby, then as she was thinking about other things, waved the flame around the bottom of the ship. She was kneeling there, wasting the lighter gas on the sub for no reason, for five minutes, until a tiny scraping noise could be heard. The hatch opened and a little man popped out, coughing and spluttering. Amanda immediately realised what she was doing and flicked off the lighter, just as a second man crawled out the top. She looked at them, and, as if a light bulb had just appeared over her head, lit the flame and again waved it under the submarine.

As the spluttering sailors clambered out she picked them up with her free hand and dropped them into her lap, where the skirt which she wore collected them between her legs. Soon she had scores of tiny men, and after a few more minutes there were no more climbing out of the hatch, so she decided that that would be enough. What could she do with them though? *What does one do with a hundred men?* She could think of many witty remarks she could make, if there were someone to hear them - of course she didn't consider any of the men to be 'someone'. They weren't human.

She looked at them. Some tried to clamber out of the hollow her sagging dress made, but of course the silk was too smooth and the slope of her thighs too great for any of them to meet with success. Picking one up in her fingers, she wondered what they really were. She put him in her mouth. *Of course they're not human.* She could feel him squirming against her tongue. Amanda didn't like science type things, and she wasn't good with maths. He was pushed back and forth as she rolled him around her mouth. Either way - she didn't care who made them or if they were real. Eventually she plucked him out. *Uuuugh!* He was all wet. She dropped him back in her lap and wiped her fingers.

Holding her skirt above her waist she carried them upstairs, where she put them all in an icecream container and left it open. She lay back on the couch, again bored, and looked at the container on the coffee table next to her. Always had she craved attention from the boys - at school, at university (that was half the reason she even bothered going), and secretly she loved to flaunt her excellent body, even though she liked very few of the males with whom she flirted. She casually dropped her hand in the box and grabbed with two fingers a few of the men crowded inside. Looking at them writhing in her fingers she pulled up her skirt with her free hand and placed them on top of her panties.

"Run free, little men," she joked to herself, though her mind was on other things while she vacantly stared at the frantic men on her abdomen. She was pleased with her body and admired it as the sailors moved around. They tickled, especially when they ran onto her flesh and around her belly-button, but one slid off her side and between her thigh and the couch. *Crap*, she muttered as her hand went down to her buttocks to fish him out. Meanwhile the other two who were frolicking on her skin decided on similar manouvres. One went down the other side and the other fell down the middle. She sat up and absently removed the latter from where he was lodged between her thighs, and had to shift her weight to retrieve the one she sat on.

Replacing them in the box she carelessly rested her head on her fists and sat swaying back and forth on the couch, looking down into the box full of men. It was nice to have all these little 'people' at her whim, even though they really were only one inch high. It wasn't the attention she was after, but she liked any attention nonetheless. She stood up and towered over the container, flaunting her enormous size to the little sailors. It felt good to have so much power over these creatures, whatever they were. She picked up the plastic bucket and placed it on the floor and stood over it, gaining even more height. Amanda loved it. Power.

Kneeling down and picking up a man, she squeezed him between her fingers a little. His mouth opened wide and as she applied a little more pressure a tiny squeak came out. Amanda put him back down, and did it to another. They were alright - not hurt at least. Soon she held half a dozen or so in her hand and cupped it so no light could get in. It felt good to her to be able to have such an effect on them without hardly an effort from her. It is, and was, the dream of every human being that ever existed - to have power over other people, or a machine, like a car, or even just over ones own life.

She became more enthused. Soon she knelt, legs wide apart, over the container and laughed at the people. Picking up a handful she thrust them down her pants, letting the elastic snap back in place. She ran her fingers over the tiny bodies in her underwear. Next she grabbed more handfuls of men and squeezed them all into her bra and around both her breasts, until there were no more figures in the bucket. She stood up and felt her body - tens of people just *stuck* to her. There was no more 'attention' anyone could ever get. She sat down and stayed still, enjoying her new feeling of empowerment. Soon the others would return, and she could walk and talk, *and noone can possibly guess how powerful I really am!* she thought to herself, deluded as all people who beget power are.

After the others came home, talking and laughing, they all went separately to bed, and Amanda decided not to remove her 'captives' just yet, so she kept her underwear on and went to sleep, with masses of squirming bodies pressed into her.

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Captain Hayward was getting used to his position. He realised fully his situation and now was trying to discover ways of escaping and then somehow returning to normal size. It seemed impossible, he was forever trapped in the flesh of the huge woman's breast. The only time during the night out at the restaurant which he had some fresh air had been in the toilet.

She had removed him from his perch under her bra and whispered to him (even though he couldn't respond):

"Alright there little fella?"

"Are you talking to me?" a response had come from a neighbouring cubicle. The enormous girl had paused in fright, then replied jokingly:

"No, I'm talking to the one-inch tall man in my hand."

"Wow, don't we all need one of those," the anonymous voice had joked, "much easier to manage!"

When they returned home she went pretty much straight to bed, but not before putting Hayward in a glass on the bedside-table. No way of escape there, so Hayward made a pillow of his jacket and went to sleep.

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Amanda awoke to a tickling of her stomach. Face down on the pillow she groggily opened her eyes, and remembering the last night's events, propped herself up on her elbows. On the sheet underneath her was a miniature sailor trying to escape. Without the hundreds of tonnes of flesh impeding his progress, he jumped up and ran, but Amanda simply picked him up and replaced him in her bra with the others, which seemed like a much smaller crowd than the night before. Perhaps more had tried to escape.

She rolled over and sat up. There were still men in her pants and lots in her bra, but she could feel tiny bodies writhing beneath her, and she had to shift her weight to pick them out from underneath her. Between her legs were men running to and fro, but she picked them up gently and dropped each one back under the elastic. She got on her knees and threw back the covers to reveal tens of men who had tried to escape during the night, and whom she promptly proceeded to return to their confines until she could see no more hiding in the sheets.

With a full complement, Amanda headed off to the bathroom to have a shower. Removing the sailors was far more difficult than putting them in, she had to take off her underwear and pick them out of the panties one by one, but eventually all of them were off her body and in the basin. She looked at herself in the mirror. *Perfect body... oh wait, there's another one*, and she paused to pluck the

remaining man who was stuck to her, under her breast, and continued to admire her body. She leaned on the bench and looked down at the tiny people in the basin. *I wonder how I look from their vantage point?* She bent down and tried to imagine herself from the men's perspective. *How sexy would I be!*

She had her shower, then emptied a makeup bag, which she proceeded to fill with little men. Soon she held a hundred people in one tiny package in her hand. Clad in her towel, she calmly walked out of the bathroom and back to her bedroom, with her friends knowing nothing of the contents of her little material bag.

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Amanda was in the shower, and Emily couldn't wait for her to finish to ask to borrow her spare pair of sunglasses. Emily wanted to go for a jog *now*, not in two hours when she would finally get out of the shower. *Well, she wouldn't take two hours, ...but still, noone could say that Amanda was one to have just a quick shower. 'Quick' wasn't in her vocabulary.*

Emily nicked into the bedroom opposite hers to get the sunglasses. Amanda's sheets were untidy, as always, but Emily wasn't going to neaten them. *They're her sheets - her problem.* She was halfway through the room when she noticed next to her foot on the ground a tiny white object on which she had almost trodden. *How did that get in here?* It was one of the 'things' from the model submarine, and it tried to run around her foot. She stooped down to pick it up from the floor so far below her. She studied it; she was still mystified as to its origins, let alone what it actually was. *It can't be human, though it must be sentient, if it pilots a submarine...* her analytical mind was whirring with possibilities as she stared at it between her fingers. She had to study it, privately, without Kate crapping on about it being a real person, so she grabbed the glasses and went back to her room, the tiny person hidden in her cupped hand.

She had an idea which would prove its sentience, or lack thereof, so on her way out she picked up the novel she was reading - Frank Herbert's *Dune*. She had always been a sci-fi reader, but of course when it came to one-inch tall men she was stubbornly sceptical. On the porch she bent down to tie the laces of her shoes, placing the book and man on the ground, when she heard Kate on the balcony above.

"Going for a run?"

"Uh... yeah," she shifted her body to hide the book and the tiny person, the possession of which Kate would be sure to oppose. The book also would cause suspicion. *Why take a book for a jog?*

"Wait - I'll come along," Kate called down. *Shit! Busted!* thought Emily, but then she had a brainwave... *Kate just had breakfast.*

"I'm going for a swim down there as well," she replied. *Hah! Suck that, bitch! She can't come now because she just ate and if she came she'd have to go for a swim!* Emily didn't really consider her a bitch, that was just an expression.

"Oh... I just had breakfast, so, you know, you're not supposed to go in the water after you've eaten, so I'll stay here,"

"OK, see you," replied Emily triumphantly. How clever was *that!* She was proud of her quick-wittedness. But the things she was carrying would certainly cause some suspicion. While doing stretches she subtly tucked the thick book under her lycra top - she would be facing away from the house so Kate wouldn't see that... but the sailor... she couldn't hold him, he'd be shaken to death, if he really were alive, that is. She quickly made up her mind, and put him in her mouth.

Waving a backwards goodbye at her friend on the balcony, she jogged off in the direction of the beach, pressing the man to the roof of her mouth with her tongue. As soon as she was over a small hill and out of sight she opened her lips and let the man fall into her hand. She removed the uncomfortable book and proceeded at a walk, the sailor safely in her palm.

Upon reaching the empty beach she sat down on the sand which was just beginning to warm in the morning sun. She opened the book; it came to page two hundred and fifty-seven, and laying it on her legs, she stood the man in the middle of the page, bent down to him and said in a low voice:

"Do you understand me?" There was a nod in response. *Well! We'll see about that.*

"Do you understand English?" Again a nod. *He could be just moving his head for any reason. Let's see, shall we?*

"What's your name?" He shook his tiny head, and she could just see his minute mouth opening and shutting. She gestured at the book with a pointing finger. "Show me,"

The little man turned and looked at where he stood, and his head looked to and fro at the text: *'Most intruders here regret finding the Fremmen!'* and he realised what to do. He pointed at the 'M' of 'Most' and Emily nodded. Then a 'c' which he found in a nearby sentence. It took him a while to find a 'k', but eventually he spelled 'M-c-k-i-n-n-o-n'.

"McKinnon?" Emily said. She couldn't believe it. A sentient, english-speaking, one-inch tall man stood typing his name on the book in her lap! She stuttered back, "F-first name?"

Slowly but surely came the reply 'a-l-i-s-T-a-i-r'. *Alistair.*

"Who are you?"

*American.*

"No, who *are* you? *What* are you?"

*Lt. in U.S. Navy.*

"That's your sub? A two metre long sub with tiny men aboard?"

*No. Something happened.*

"What happened?" He shrugged his minute shoulders.

"Are the rest of the crew in the sub?"

*Other girl has crew.* Emily realised how she had found this man - Amanda had the crew, and this one had escaped! This man was a real person, and as he had said, *something* had happened. She didn't know what or why, but it had happened. Suddenly she felt a huge pang of remorse for this poor person.

"What would do you like me to do?"

*Save crew.*

"What will you do then? Who's your leader?"

*Don't know. Captain missing.*

"Oh, no... one of us has him?"

*Yes.* It couldn't be Amanda - or else he would be with the crew. It must be Sarah. Kate wouldn't do something like that, *she's too compassionate*, thought Emily.

Just as if on cue, she heard voices behind her. Quickly, she tipped the man into her lap and pushed him down between her legs and out of sight, and buried the book under the sand next to her, noting the spot where she could pick it up later. She turned around and saw the three girls dragging the heavy sub down the dune to the beach.

After a brief period of nervous conversation, Emily ascertained that Kate had persuaded the other two to release the sub back into the water, as if it were a fish or some captive creature. Its essence was, according to Kate, to be in the water, so there they must return it. Emily was satisfied with this, except for one part, it didn't have its crew. *No wonder Sarah and Amanda were so easily persuaded - they already have what they want - their own little men!* Somehow she must rescue the sailors from the girls and get them back in the sub... that was their only hope. She thought about it - if they notified the authorities the men would only have to go through more torture, so she resolved her plan. Men in sub, sub in water. That was what she must do.

Luckily for her scheme, the tired girls decided to dump the sub where Emily sat and have a rest before dragging it all the way down to the water. Kate went back to lock the car and go for a walk, and Sarah lay down in her bikini, on a towel she had carried over on her shoulder. Amanda wore a single piece bathing suit and was standing up tying her hair back. *Ah ha!* thought Emily. She had with her, a towel over her shoulder, and while she used both hands to tie her hair, she held a makeup bag between her legs. *A makeup bag at the beach? Even Amanda wouldn't be that stupid!* Emily watched out of the corner of her eye as Amanda finished, retrieved

the small bag and nervously, glancing at the other two girls, hid it under her towel. She hesitated, then went down the sand to the water.

Emily glanced at Sarah lying on the other side of the sub. She was dozing already under the warm sun, and Emily remembered her own tiny man whom she was hiding. Upon opening her legs she discovered him on the sand beneath her. She picked him up, leaned over and placed him on the conning tower of the sub. He gave a wave and opened the hatch, but saw what Emily was doing and waited. She reached for the makeup bag and hurriedly unzipped it, revealing the scores of sailors in there, they looked up at her and she couldn't believe she held so many real people in her hand. Kneeling on the sand she placed the bag sideways on the conning tower. Men tumbled out and scampered down the hatch, while Lieutenant Alistair McKinnon of the U.S. Navy helped them in.

Watching the men, one or two of them limping, Emily remembered the Captain. She looked at Sarah, laying there peacefully, hiding a secret somewhere... *but where?* It seemed impossible, finding one lone man, somewhere in the possession of a girl hundreds of times bigger than he.

"Sarah," said Emily. She had to confront her.

"What is it, babe?" she replied casually.

"I-I need the man back. In the s-sub." she nervously stuttered. Sarah turned her head over slowly and looked at her. "The man you have. F-From the sub."

Sarah looked abashed and sullen, and then, without a word, mortified beyond imagination, reached with two fingers down the front of her bikini bottom and retrieved a white-clad man. She placed him in Emily's outstretched palm, from where he was returned to the top of his ship. Emily sighed.

"Now let's never speak of this again,"

Both girls lay down on their backs and closed their eyes. Soon Amanda was back and found an empty makeup bag on the sand. She looked at Emily, then Sarah, then back to Emily. She was outraged, but obviously could say nothing whatsoever. When Kate returned from her walk she convinced the others it was time to push the submarine which had caused so many strange events, back from where it had come. This time Amanda was a little sulky, not surprisingly, but took part nonetheless.

The girls pulled the vessel through the water until they were up to their necks, and the waves no longer pummelled them. From here the submarine was able to battle its way back out, and they felt it moving away under their fingertips.

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Captain Hayward turned the periscope around toward land. He could see the giant, swimsuit-clad bodies underwater behind him slowly turning away. It was an

amazing experience - he wasn't hurt but he definitely wouldn't want it to happen again, but then again, could he help it? How could he get back to normal? The questions plagued his mind as he commandeered his ship back into the deep blue sea.

\*\*\*

Now this is where I come in. I hope you enjoyed the story, but of course every story needs a conclusion. Hayward and his tiny sub didn't just sail away into the distance, a miniaturised and very alone vessel.

I'm not a nasty prick - well, yes I am, I did shrink them in the first place, didn't I? Even so, I'm not an *evil* nasty prick, so I aimed my Cropping Ray back at the sub, but set it to 'De-Cropping Mode', and fired. The submarine soon filled my screen and huge amounts of expanded water splashed around it. I zoomed out, and there it was, back to normal. A few bruises, three twisted ankles and a broken leg were the only bad results of my prank. Anyway, I'll leave you with McKinnon's post-prank observations. Ciao...

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Alistair McKinnon awoke with a jolt. He had blacked out again, the same as when the sub lost power the first time, which led to all the horrible events that had happened. *Well, they weren't that horrible*, he thought. He always looked forward to getting into bed with a girl or two back at a port, so what did it matter if they were just a bit bigger? They *were* very sexy, and the one who had rescued him *was* very nice...

He coughed, and found that he had his voice back! He talked, and heard himself speak! Maybe the submarine was no longer a tiny model in some girls house.

"Hey! We can speak again!" he shouted to his mate nearby, who was a little shocked at the blackout.

"What?"

"We can talk!"

"What the fuck are you on about?"

"Don't you remember not being able to talk?"

"Mate, get some rest." his friend replied. It was just a quick loss of power, nothing serious, he stated. Though there were some 'unexplained' injuries, including a broken leg, Lt. McKinnon found that noone to whom he spoke about the matter remembered having a *first* blackout, nor the alleged time in between. He failed to

mention the giant girls though; he thought that if noone remembered anything it was better to keep the secret with himself.

THE END