

The Televerses

by

e10

There was a moth on the screen. Sylvia put up with it for a while, simply because she was too tired to get up. Only when it got to the stage that she was no longer watching the picture, but looking at the moth instead, did she rise in frustration to swat it. She picked up a magazine and hit the screen lightly. Expecting to have to wipe the screen of the splattered moth but seeing nothing on the glass, she looked at the magazine - but there was nothing there either.

Mystified, she glanced back at the TV screen and though she wasn't really looking at the picture, Sylvia thought she saw a fluttering shape and Richard Gere ducking in panic. She snapped to attention and stared at what looked like a moth as big as Richard Gere's head landing on a wall in the movie, but before she could see clearly the scene changed and Richard Gere's attention was back on Julia Roberts. Sylvia blinked.

I must be going insane. Sylvia thought. Or overworked. A giant moth would not have been out of place in *The Mothman Prophecies* (which is very good, by the way), but certainly did not fit in *My Best Friend's Wedding*. Sylvia tried to dismiss this strange image of the insect on the wall, but once again the presence of the moth - this time in her mind - prevented her from taking in the events of the movie. She rose again and moved closer to study the screen, as if it could provide some clue to her hallucination.

The television seemed quite normal. It looked like any other TV that Sylvia had encountered; admittedly its remote had some buttons whose functions were unknown to her, but she didn't watch TV enough to bother finding out. In fact, her last few rental apartments hadn't even had sets, but Sylvia and her flatmate Kellie had welcomed the luxury when they discovered that it came with the apartment.

As if on cue, Kellie was heard opening the front door and entering. She greeted Sylvia, whose attention was diverted from the enigmatic television set to her flatmate, with whom she would now proceed to gossip. Even though Sylvia found Kellie a bit light-headed and even ditsy, she was good to talk to and they got along OK. Kellie was an arts-and-media student - they were never reputed to be the sharpest of people, but she was nice and their conversation was always lighthearted - music and girlie things like boyfriends.

Sylvia went to bed with her mind on things other than televisions, and while she slept and her brain sorted out the day's memories, the incident with the moth was thrown into the memory junk pile.

A few days later though, she would remember the mysterious moth.

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It was Sunday afternoon, and after a week in the new apartment, Sylvia had decided she didn't like their initial arrangement of the decor (actually, an article on Feng-Shui in 'Cosmo' had inspired her to create some positive energy in the living room). She had removed several items on the sideboard and moved a sofa, and she was in the middle of moving the TV, when she noticed something odd.

As she stood above the old television, dragging it bit by bit over the carpet, her eye caught something weird. The screen seemed to wobble as she pushed the TV. Maybe it was loose, she thought. Sylvia got on her knees in front of the set and put her hands on the top corners of the blank screen, in an effort to push it back into place.

When she touched it though, her fingers pushed straight into the screen – it was made of jelly! She shrieked with the surprise, and this attracted Kellie to the living room.

“What is it?” she asked. Sylvia showed her what had happened, and when they touched other parts of the screen, they realised that the whole screen was made of this weird jelly. They discussed it and decided that even though this was highly strange and very irregular, they wouldn't worry about it because it was an old set, maybe all screens were built like that back then. Besides, it worked, and ‘if it ain't broke, don't fix it’, especially when you're on a budget.

And so the even more enigmatic TV set stayed where it was, the girls too afraid to move it considering the screen's lack of solidity. The room's Feng-Shui remained unimproved.

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The happenings concerning the TV set came to a boiling point a month later. Sylvia was on her way out and searching for her keys, when she came into the living room. She was bending over near the television looking for them when Kellie, watching TV while cooking noodles in the kitchen, whinged when she obscured the screen.

“Have you seen my keys?” Sylvia asked in frustration, ignoring Kellie's request to move.

“They're right here,” Kellie said and picked the keys up from where she was cooking on the bench. Sylvia groaned in annoyance while Kellie tossed them to her, in an uncoordinated effort typical of girls who don't play sport. The keys sailed past Sylvia's legs and Kellie cringed as she saw them heading straight for the TV set.

Sylvia whirled to see the keys strike the screen, then they appeared to pass right through it. Slowed only fractionally by the jelly screen, they careened right into the picture. Kellie had been watching 'Day's of Our Lives' and the keys slammed into the wall between the two characters. As the people would have been only ten inches high on the screen, to them the keys were giant and heavy, and they crashed through the wall, demolishing it and skidding out into a garden outside where they snapped two saplings in half and disappeared through a large hedge, which swayed with the

impact. The two characters were aghast and while the woman fainted, the man peered through the gaping hole in the smashed wall out into the garden in disbelief.

‘Disbelief’ would barely half-describe the state of Sylvia and Kellie. Sylvia whirled around to Kellie, to ensure that someone else actually saw what she saw, but Kellie’s eyes were still on the screen, glazed by the impossibility of what just happened. When Sylvia turned back to the screen, the scene changed to another one where there were two different people in a different place, and everything was back to normal. Soon after a commercial break came on.

The two girls did not speak for two minutes, their eyes glued to the screen which now displayed perfectly normal daytime television.

“That did happen, didn’t it?” Sylvia said to Kellie, who didn’t respond. When she shook herself out of the stupefied daze, she resolved to call a repairman.

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For the major part of the hours in which they waited for a TV serviceman to arrive, the girls sat mostly in silence. Only after two of these hours did Sylvia’s mind stray enough from the unbelievable event to realise that she had actually lost her keys and she would need to get them back.

At 6pm the repairman arrived, in good spirits to start with, but even more lively when he saw that his clients were two beautiful young women. Despite their obvious lack of cheer, he listened attentively to their story and showed a friendly smile even with the insanity of their claims.

“You’re not insane at all,” he said, “in fact, I bet I know exactly what type of tele this is...” and he requested to be shown the offending device.

“I knew it!” he said as he entered the living room, “It’s a ‘Segisant’! Haven’t seen one in years... an ‘e10’ model I believe. Japs made it in the early 80’s... great people the Japanese, but a bit crazy ...but great people” and he proceeded to relate the story of every Japanese person he’d ever met.

When his conversation returned to the TV set, he explained that the company who made it was called Segisant and that their product never sold well.

“It’s a different type of technology,” he told the girls who were overcome with all the new information, “instead of CRT –that’s Cathode Ray Tube– or Plasma or Rear Projection, this TV uses what they called a ‘Televerse’ technology. ‘Course the Japs didn’t call it that but I don’t know the Japanese word. Here’s how I understand it.”

He asked the girls (who didn’t know what CRT, plasma, or rear projection was) if they knew about parallel universes. They didn’t, but they nodded anyway.

“Well, they didn’t bother giving the technical explanation back in trade school, but they said that it was like...” and he racked his brain for the appropriate quote from the television repairman’s bible, ““Even if something has a one-in-a-million chance of

happening, in an infinite universe, it has to happen' ...and that's because infinity is heaps bigger than a million," he stated in a very matter-of-fact way.

"So that means," he continued, "that somewhere in this universe, or in a parallel one, there is a world just like this one but with slightly different things happening in it. In fact, somewhere out there, there are an infinite number of worlds just like this one, and if something slightly different happens on each one, then all possible events will eventually occur."

He saw that the girls' eyes had glazed over with the complicity of his statements, which to him seemed simple truisms. He requested a cup of coffee so that he could more slowly elaborate his points.

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As the repairman talked, Sylvia slowly got the picture of how the TV worked. The concept of infinite parallel universes, in which every possible event occurred at least once, was mind-blowing, but she accepted it for the moment. When he finished, she tried to sort it out.

"So," she said slowly to the repairman, but almost to herself as her brain worked, "if something happens on TV... like someone dropping a pen, the TV will actually show a world out there... where ...someone is dropping a pen ...?"

"Right, bingo!" He replied.

"But it's not happening though; someone is filming and acting it here on Earth," Kellie interjected.

"But with your TV," the repairman replied, "instead of showing actors, it automatically finds a world where that exact thing with those exact people is actually happening, and tunes in to that. I think they wanted people to buy it because the things on the screen would be real and not actors. I told you those Japs were crazy.

"Oh yeah, also," he added, "because the TV is kind of like a glass cabinet with your scene behind it, you'll never get reception problems and the screen will always be clear as day, even on Channel 31."

He could see that his explanation was not convincing, and he continued.

"If you have a scene with two characters having an argument, then you could find a world where there are two people with those exact personalities having an argument, and because they have the same personalities, then they will say the exact same things as the actors will. So all the TV does is find a universe that has the exact event that the actors are portraying and shows it on the screen as the event unfolds naturally. Then, after however long the scene would have lasted with the actors, it flicks to the next scene and a different world."

“OK, I’ll buy that,” said Sylvia, not understanding finer points but happy with the general concept, “but why is our screen made of jelly and why did my keys fall into it? And where are my keys?”

“Well... I’m sorry but your keys are gone. They’re sitting in a world somewhere, and the people who were on the picture at the time are wondering where the hell these keys came from. And as for your screen, that’s how it works, it’s all in the screen. Your screen is like a viewer that allows you to see the other universe but doesn’t allow them to see us – ‘coz if they could then they would see these people staring at them and they wouldn’t do what they would normally be doing. It’s just that the guys at Segisant couldn’t make it solid without ruining it.”

“So are the people on TV actually real?” asked Kellie, two steps behind in the conversation.

“Yes they are, real as you and me. But they’re not *in* the TV. Just imagine that your screen is a hole sitting in the air like a portal ...just like ‘Stargate’. You seen that?”

“So why did my keys smash through a wall?”

“Because here, your screen is only two feet across, but there, depending on the distance from the people, it might be two feet across if it’s close-up or it might be two miles across if its far away, like from a plane or something.”

The girls were even more confused now than when they had first seen the anomaly of the giant keys hitting the wall, and they ushered the helpful but overeager repairman out so they could forget about it; Sylvia’s keys were lost and there was nothing they could do.

* * *

The girls went to their rooms and stewed over the weird happenings, but when they came out at the same time, both having been struck by hunger, they discussed it further before turning the TV on and watching carefully. Despite their confusion, they were indeed intrigued, and very cautiously they poked at the screen.

It was strange – at a light touch it bent in and deformed just like jelly but with a sharp poke it split and allowed the object, a pencil, to pass into it. Upon withdrawal, the screen’s wound closed quickly.

The turned it on and tried this again. Sometimes the people would notice the pencils appearing out of nowhere; right out of mid-air, as Sylvia understood it. Their expressions would change and sometimes they would point it out, but in the very next shot they would be back to normal.

Eventually Sylvia’s curiosity got the better of her, and she phoned the repairman. He sounded annoyed at the late call, but was happy when he realised it was her and that she said she only needed to ask a single question.

“Well, why don’t you find the answer to that yourself? Try it – put your hand in and grab something. They can’t see the screen –or portal– when it’s closed, but if you poke a hole in it then it’s like... things can move both ways then.” And as an afterthought, he added “But remember, they’re real people on real worlds, and if you’re watching the news or something that’s not fiction, then the screen might actually be viewing a scene on Earth ...our Earth.”

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After a night of mulling over his words, Sylvia told Kellie the next morning, and she did not have Sylvia’s fear and hesitation. Turning on the TV, Kellie shut her eyes and thrust her finger into the screen as if testing cold water in a pool. She withdrew it with a yelp (but not of pain) and she looked straight to Sylvia, who said nothing.

An advertisement for office furniture came on, and with the stubborn bravado of a child she thrust her hand in and took hold of a desk chair, pulling her hand out in panic as if the TV were full of fire. The panic soon receded as she and Sylvia stared at a six-inch high office chair in Kellie’s hand.

Sylvia reeled but Kellie was full of adrenaline and her face lit up.

“I can’t take this,” Sylvia said, and headed for the door.

* * *

Outside, Sylvia’s head was swimming, and its method of coping was that of denial; she went about the business of replacing her keys with peaceful serenity.

A visit to the keymaker where she copied Kellie’s house keys, and a trip to an auto electrician to sort out new car keys calmed her down, and she didn’t even mention the strange and scary television that sat ominously back at the apartment to her friend whom she met for coffee.

It would be there when she got home though.

* * *

In a light-hearted mood Sylvia slid the new key into the lock but the extraordinary happenings inside rushed back to her as soon as she pushed the door open, and she walked into the apartment with a low centre of gravity.

Sylvia knew Kellie was on the phone as she could hear a one-way conversation, while she put her coat and keys down and put the kettle on. Kellie realised she was home and snapped to attention.

“Sylvia! Hey, I want you to meet someone ...this is Tom.”

Before Sylvia recognised the illogicality that Kellie had been have a *one-way* conversation to someone *in the room*, she turned around, instantly interested to see the man who Kellie seemed so keen to introduce.

Kellie was standing, but Sylvia saw no-one standing next to her, and she looked straight to Kellie with an open mouth that was about to question her, when her eyes fell on Kellie's outstretched hand, which was wrapped around the waist of a human figure.

In the first moments of a surprise, the brain scans through all the insane possible explanations of an event. Sylvia's mind came to the immediate conclusion that Kellie was talking to a Barbie doll, but this was disproved when the figure's arms swayed into motion, waving at Sylvia.

This was too much, and she dropped to the floor.

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Sylvia dreamed of a weird TV that things were jumping out of and attacking her, and then she fell into it and there was a rope and buildings and a big face in the sky...

* * *

She awoke to a strong smell and a headache. Opening her eyes, she saw Kellie's face peering in concern at her, she had something in her hand and as she blinked she saw it was a bottle. Kellie saw her peering at it.

"This was the closest thing to brandy we had." It was Midoori.

Lucidity crept insidiously back to Sylvia's head and she sat bolt upright.

"Don't be afraid," comforted Kellie, "you're just shocked, that's all. I'll show you... just relax... see? It's Tom Cruise." Her hand went to the sofa behind her and Sylvia's heart froze as she slowly brought it around, and in it was a tiny man about eight inches high. Sure enough, Sylvia saw a tiny head of black hair and recognised Tom Cruise instantly.

Her mouth was agape until she got the courage to speak, "You... took him out of the ...TV?"

"Sure, I put on Jerry Maguire. It works on videos too."

"And he's real?"

"Totally, see?" and Kellie held him closer to Sylvia, who reeled with caution. "It's OK, he won't bite, will you Tom?"

Sylvia jumped as a tiny voice squeaked out of this man that Kellie held in her hand.

"I'm not Tom. I have no idea who Tom is! My name's Jerry!"

"Don't you understand?" Sylvia lashed at Kellie. "That's not Tom Cruise, it's a real Jerry Maguire from another universe. He's a real person!"

Kellie tried to calm her and convince her it was OK; after all she told her, he was back in the movie in the very next scene – in fact when she rewound it to the scene that she took him out of, he was back again. She took Sylvia’s hand and slowly pressed the placid man into her palm.

Aghast, Sylvia looked at the person in her hand. Slowly, she came to terms with the reality. Her fingers wrapped around the waist of the tiny Tom Cruise. She could feel his chest heave and his arms lay idle over the top of her thumb and forefinger. He was light – he couldn’t have been more than half a pound, she thought, as she lifted him in the air and brought him to her face.

Her mind reeled as she turned him around in front of her eyes. He turned his head so he looked at her constantly and watched as she said ‘oh my God’ and other absent exclamations over and over again. Calmed and her thoughts in order, she lowered Tom to her waist and turned her attention to Kellie.

“What made you think of doing this?” she asked.

“I guess I just wanted to,” Kellie replied.

“But how did you know it would work?”

“On video? Well it worked on normal TV.”

“What?” Sylvia exclaimed. “I meant how did you know it would work *at all!* Don’t tell me you tried this on someone else as well!”

“Of course!” Kellie looked at her as if she was from Mars. “After I got that chair from the office ad there was a Nike ad and I got the bald tennis guy.” With that, Kellie pulled the front of her T-shirt open and reached into her top. She withdrew a figure much smaller than Tom Cruise – he was barely more than an inch high.

“Kellie!” Sylvia’s jaw dropped, as did Tom, who fell into her lap. She straightened herself out and retrieved the man. Kellie’s hand was cupped and the tiny man, who was barely recognisable as Andre Agassi stumbled around trying to keep his footing. “Why did you do this? And why did you put him down your top?”

“I just wanted to I guess... I couldn’t *not* try it. And he fits there!” the last comment referring to his being in her cleavage.

“Don’t tell me you got any more people –guys– out of that stupid TV and put them down your top!” Sylvia exclaimed, but before Kellie was about to respond her hand guiltily moved down to her crotch, and Sylvia stopped her with an outburst. “I don’t even want to know!”

She jumped out of her chair and thrust Tom Cruise at Kellie. “You have to put them back!”

“But I tried that too. They won’t fit, just like your keys.”

“So put them back in the same scene you took them from!” but Sylvia didn’t even need to hear a response; Kellie’s look told her she had tried that too. “Oh my God. What happened then?”

“Well, there were two Leonardo DiCaprio’s –coz I did that on ‘Titanic’– and they looked at each other for a while and they were real scared then the scene changed and it went back to normal.”

“Do you know that there will be two Leonardo’s wandering round in that universe forever now?” but Kellie looked blankly at her, oblivious and not concerned at all. “I wish I could think –or *not think*– like you! I really do! I’m going for a nap. My head kills, and it’s your fault!”

Kellie didn’t have time to respond as Sylvia stormed off to her room.

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Naturally she didn’t sleep a wink, and she only stayed in her room so that she wouldn’t see Kellie and the stupid perversions that demonic TV was creating.

As she thought about it, some thoughts rose out of the waters and jumped up like flying fish, soaring into her mind. She thought how she could use this TV and these thoughts excited her, but they were instantly quelled by the reminder of the impact on someone else’s reality that this surreal and evil television was making.

Driven to frustration by the thoughts swimming around her mind and her conflicting conscience, she got up to fetch some Panadol for the headache that brewed, instigated by her fainting earlier. When she reached the bathroom she heard Kellie’s laughter and her curiosity got the better of her.

Wandering into the living room, she peered towards the TV, which blinked away alone. She looked towards the kitchen but Kellie was not there, but another giggle gave her away behind the kitchen bench.

Sylvia took slow steps, backed close to the wall as she walked around the bench to find out what Kellie was doing. The sight that greeted her was Kellie sitting on the tiled floor, leaning against the cupboards of the bench, with her legs spread wide open. Sylvia’s gaze went straight there, where she saw frantic movement.

There were a dozen –more than a dozen– figures scurrying around in the open space between Kellie’s legs, and when Sylvia saw a tiny little frame an inch high and two inches wide, equidistant between Kellie’s feet, she realised that she had these tiny men playing a game of soccer.

She was so involved in the game that Kellie didn’t even notice Sylvia standing there, and she gave a small shriek of laughter when the miniature ball was pinged through the goals that were hidden from view under her skirt, and obviously hit her in the crotch. Sylvia watched as a man disappeared under Kellie’s short skirt and returned with the ball.

Only then did Kellie notice Sylvia and she looked up and smiled. It was clear that the latter was disapproving, but Kellie's merriness persisted.

"You're too up-tight Sylvia," she said, "don't worry so much. These guys are having fun. What's the problem?"

Sylvia didn't respond. In fact she did see the fun in it; she just couldn't bring herself to approve. A few moments later the ball rocketed past the opposite goals –Kellie's feet end– and bounced far into the kitchen.

"Could you get that Sylvia? I can't get up and it'll take one of them ages to run that far..." Kellie looked up at her, and the tiny men all stopped and looked up expectantly. Sylvia suddenly felt embarrassed, being looked at by so many people and she was in a daggy tracksuit. Her anger at Kellie returned and she looked away.

She heard a sigh and when she looked back one of the men was running halfway across the kitchen, she could hear tiny little playful shouts and jeers at the teammate and she felt sorry that she was being such a stick-in-the-mud. Crossing the floor, she dropped to her knees and picked up the tiny ball in her fingernails and it rolled into her palm. The man was still a foot from the ball, but now he was two feet from the game. Urging herself to relax and be nice, Sylvia reached down and picked up the man between her fingers.

It was a strange feeling, holding a person between her thumb and forefinger, but she had to admit, it *was* fun, and a smile spread across her face as she shuffled on her knees over to Kellie. With her knees on either side of the feet-end goals she dropped the ball back into play, and after giving a last smile to the man, whom she saw had a tiny '27' on his shirt, she leant over and delicately placed him back on the field. The men understood her change of mood and laughed and clapped.

She watched the game for a few minutes before leaving Kellie with a smile and an apology, which Kellie friendly dismissed. In her heart she wished she could be as carefree as Kellie. She was heading for her room in a slightly better mood when the television caught her eye and for the first time her fear of it gave way to a bit of curiosity.

Kneeling in front of it, she flicked channels and waited for five minutes before there was a scene with no people in it – an empty room. With a rush of adrenaline Sylvia shot her hand into the screen. It was an odd sensation; the 'jelly' split easily – like pushing through thick custard, and when her hand was through she felt cold on her wrist as if it were water lapping on her skin. She wasn't looking straight at the TV so she couldn't see properly where her hand was and she was grabbing around uselessly.

Kneeling down further to see better into the set, her grasp fell on a desk lamp, just as she saw the door swing open and the woman who entered jump in shock. Sylvia too jumped in fright and her hand shot out, a rush of exhilaration running through her body as if she had just streaked across a football pitch.

Instantly the gap in the screen sealed and Sylvia watched the woman stare straight out at empty space then faint. Had the scene lasted any longer Sylvia's rush of excitement may have turned to guilt, but the shot changed and the same woman now sat at her desk from a different angle, and the lamp was there again. Sylvia looked at the lamp in her hand. It was battered in her tense grasp, but it was a two-inch high lamp nonetheless. She let out a laugh of relief.

This time when she went to bed Sylvia slept quite easily, as some of her fears had subsided and her heart felt just a tiny bit lighter.

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It took only a few seconds after Sylvia awoke the next morning for the TV set to enter her mind, and her first reaction was again fear, but she calmed herself. Thinking of Kellie and her carefree attitude, she resolved to try to be the same – not just with the TV, but in life in general. Her thoughts strayed from the television as she daydreamed about what it would be like to be carefree, just as everyone does when they realise there is something lacking in their life.

Sylvia got out of bed, and her daydreaming had put her in a good mood, so for the first time she wasn't annoyed at Kellie's sleeping in, nor was she annoyed at the shoes left strayed in the hall or the mess in the kitchen. She put the kettle on and leant on the bench as it slowly boiled. Staring absently at the wall, she barely noticed the movement on the bench below her until she felt a tap on her finger and recoiled.

She got a shock when she looked down and saw the soccer team standing around waving at her just at waist height. Feeling immediately vulnerable, she covered her chest, which was clad only in a loose T-shirt, but in only a fraction of a second it struck her that she was being stupid – really, she thought, how well-dressed did she need to be in front of a team of one-inch high soccer players?

Breaking into a smile, she knelt down so she was level with them. Realising they were shouting to her, she reached over and switched off the kettle, which settled immediately, and she heard tiny little shouts of 'breakfast!'. She looked up and saw that Kellie had a baking tray laid out on the bench, covered in a tablecloth, and tissues were strewn over it that had clearly been used as blankets. In the centre was the lid of a coke bottle full of water. The fact that Kellie was being responsible was another point in her favour, and Sylvia warmed just a bit more to the lovable girl.

From the fridge she found a muffin and also replaced the water in the coke lid with milk and put them both in front of the men, who were appreciative and cheered, and her heart leapt. She laughed and leant over them, watching them feast, but soon noticed that one of the men was still waving and shouting and she turned to him. Seeing he had her attention, he pointed downwards at something.

Turning in that direction, Sylvia looked on the floor but saw nothing. She looked back at him but he shook his head and pointed again, this time she peered closely at the bench where he pointed but she was still mystified. When she looked at him she shrugged, but this time he pointed to himself and pulled at his shorts, then pointed back in the same direction. Sylvia clued on and looked at herself.

She got a fright to see that, sure enough, there was one of the players clinging to the top of her tracksuit pants – maybe the one who had tapped her hand earlier. Her palm rushed to her front to catch him if he fell, and with her other hand she reached down and plucked him off between her fingers. The signaling man clapped and the hungry others turned to watch. Some returned to eat but others clapped too.

Sylvia brought him to her face and for the first time she spoke to one of these tiny men, which possibly was a sign that she now recognised them as people.

“How did you get there?” she asked in a patronising but playful manner. The man held his head with a tiny smile and shouted something inaudible then kissed his hands and held them out to her. Sylvia couldn’t help but giggle, and feeling daring in her happy mood, she brought her fingers to her mouth and gave the tiny man a gentle kiss on his face. The onlookers cheered and laughed, and she blushed and put him down with a smile. He was number 27.

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While she drank her coffee at the table Kellie awoke and came in, and Sylvia watched while she went straight to the TV. Kellie knelt patiently in front of it and Sylvia couldn’t stand the suspense of not being able to see what she was doing, so she moved over onto the couch and watched from the side.

Flicking the channels, Kellie found a nature program and saw a shot of some trees. She was practiced and her hand easily slipped through. Sylvia stared attentively, but from the side Kellie’s arm was distorted, though she heard a ripping and cracking and her hand came back into sight clutching a giant pine tree, ripped up at the roots and now a miniature version of itself.

They both laughed. Staring at the tree in her hand Kellie said hesitantly and with an obvious bit of embarrassment, “It’s kind of... fun. Being so kind of, well, powerful I guess.” Sylvia leaned back on the couch.

Slowly, she replied to the statement, which both knew was revealing and quite personal in a way, “Well, that’s OK I guess. We don’t really get much of it anywhere else. Power, I mean.” She smiled at Kellie and in that moment both girls felt connected for the first time – even though they were OK flatmates, they had never been very personal in their conversation.

It was a small breakthrough in their relationship, and Sylvia confessed that she admired Kellie, her bravado and her carefree attitude – the latter two were displayed in this episode with the TV.

“It’s nothing, Sylv,” she replied with shining eyes, “have a go, it’s not hard at all.”

Sylvia replied that she already had last night.

“That was a desk lamp!” Kellie had obviously seen it sitting on the coffee table. “C’mon, you can do it. You just said you wanted to be brave.”

Comforted by Kellie's enthusiasm, Sylvia took a spot in front of the TV and Kellie sat and watched eagerly for something for her to take. Soon a car advertisement came on and a four-wheel-drive sat parked on top of a mountain while the camera swiveled around it from afar. "Take that!" Kellie urged, and Sylvia pushed her arm in and clasped it hurriedly. The shot changed only a fraction after she withdrew her arm.

She laughed with excitement and Kellie clapped. The vehicle was only an inch and a half long and Sylvia's thumb and forefinger dwarfed it. She hopped back on the sofa and plopped her trophy in her lap. "That's a great start!" Kellie said enthusiastically as she resumed her place in front of the set.

Sylvia was genuinely happy about her catch – there was no way she was comfortable with taking a person quite yet; she was perfectly content to stick with inanimate objects for the moment. She watched Kelly at work and thus didn't see the tiny man that had been driving the car tumble out of the door and into her lap, and she would never know, because in a moment she leaned forward to look closer at the TV, and the miniature man fell between her legs and the car rolled on its side, its door closing shut. Oblivious to the little person, Sylvia's legs absently clamped shut while she watched Kellie excitedly and the man's world went dark and very hot.

Perhaps if Sylvia had known about the person in the car, her spirits would have been dampened as her conscience whirled into action, but she didn't, and her attention was focussed instead on the lively Kellie and the television.

They chatted as Kellie waited patiently for interesting objects to pick up and pranks to play on people in the other worlds, which for the better part were smaller than the girls, but sometimes were bigger if there were extreme close-ups, like an ad for pimple-cream that showed a girl's face on the entire screen, and who jumped in fright when Kellie slapped her giant nose.

Ads were the best because there was the biggest variety. There wasn't much fun to be had on the nature channel; though Sylvia laughed when Kellie reached in and smeared the top of a snowy mountain with her finger, making it hundreds of feet shorter. They both knelt in front of the screen now and giggled together. Video clips were good too and there were often sexy guys dancing in them.

When Kellie saw a three-inch tall Justin Timberlake she had to reach in and grab him, with this time only a slight negative reaction from Sylvia, who told herself not to be so up-tight. Kellie squealed in delight and with no hesitation she pushed him straight between her breasts, to a groan from Sylvia. Kellie's attention soon returned to the television, but Sylvia's gaze remained on the pop singer wedged in her breasts, and she was still a bit dismayed despite her repeated efforts to relax her worries.

Her anxiety heightened as she watched; when Kellie leaned forward or clasped her hands, her arms pushed together and her breasts in the white low-cut T-shirt squeezed a bit and Justin Timberlake was pressed in between them, and once or twice let out a gasp. When she leaned back though, they separated with her movement and Sylvia saw the man fall bit by bit further between them.

Eventually Sylvia could see only the singer's head protruding from between Kellie's breasts, and she had to say something to her as she was completely inattentive and oblivious to the man in her cleavage. "Kel, I think you're hurting him," and even as she spoke Kellie leaned back to face Sylvia, her breasts wobbled and he disappeared completely.

"Oh, he's OK, ...aren't you?" she said as she delved into her breasts with her fingers and pulled the man out by his shoulders. He appeared dazed. "You're such a sweetie, aren't you little man? ...Do *you* want to hold him then Sylv?"

Sylvia objected but Kellie dropped him in her lap, and when Sylvia's hand was wrapped around him protectively she felt better, and her attention returned to Kellie's pranks. She accidentally squeezed him a couple of times when she laughed, but she realised that she was comforted by holding on to this little man and she held him closer to her.

She laughed and laughed as Kellie relieved surprised hockey players of their sticks and tapped their behinds with their own tiny sticks, and hurtled giant skittles into scenes of morning sitcoms to watch the characters startled reactions. They realised that the best things were anything with long shots, as opposed to really quick short shots like on videoclips, that changed too quickly before you had the chance to do anything. A soap came on and in that there were long dramatic scenes, in which Kellie had time to lift the skirt of an actress and watch the other characters run around in either panic or laughter.

They discovered too that if a scene changed while their hand was inside, it had no adverse affects; the people in the following shot would just see it appear instantly and be shocked even quicker.

The playful girl planted her hand across athletic tracks and watched the faster runners career straight into her palm and the slower ones at the back stop in horror. She shot her hand in to catch a tiny football in her palm and watch the bewildered players search the field for the missing object.

They giggled until they were tired and Sylvia got up. "I'm going to have a shower and get changed Kel," she said, her chest painful with laughing.

Only when she reached her room did Sylvia realise that she still held Justin Timberlake in her hand. She stopped to return him to Kellie but instantly realised the idiocy of that idea, and continued, closing the door behind her. She put the singer gently on her dresser and watched as he collapsed into a sitting position against a bottle of perfume.

She paused and hesitantly said "I'm sorry about this... you must be really confused," she realised immediately how obvious and stupid her comment was. "I mean, I'm sorry my friend pulled you out of your video and put you..." Her hand went to her breast.

The tiny man spoke but only when she lowered her head to him did she hear him ask where he was. She tried to explain as best she could, but he was bewildered by her response. Out of answers, she left for the shower.

* * *

Sylvia had almost forgotten about the pop singer on her dresser when she returned from the shower clad in only two towels; one of which was spent on her hair, so only the other covered her chest and waist. She saw him and felt a rush of embarrassment, but this was again quelled by the reminder that he was just a three-inch high man.

She told herself she had nothing to hide, but still remained very shy and almost asked him to turn away. She didn't though, and dropped her towel to the ground, replacing it hurriedly with underwear and a bra. Just as hurriedly she reached for a pair of jeans but her thoughts of Kellie and her carefree life snuck into her mind and she paused.

As if to overcome her fears she walked over to her dresser and stood in her underwear in front of Justin Timberlake, who was beneath her waist height and would have looked up at her huge body from just below her crotch. She slowly reached for him and clasped his body in her hand, righting him in her palm as she lifted his light figure into the air to her face.

She was about to speak kindly to him when he stood in her palm and shouted at her. She paused and he continued to abuse her with swearing and cursing. "Hey," she said, "I'm trying to be nice ...this wasn't my fault," but his verbal abuse continued.

Her mouth opened to apologise more but he shouted a particular phrase of abuse that instantly reminded her of an ex-boyfriend, and she thought of all her ex-boyfriends who had abused her in a similar way, and she realised that she didn't have to take this from a man standing in her palm. With a rush of adrenaline she did what Kellie had done, what she had always wanted to do with all the other boyfriends who had frustrated her, and planted the shouting man between her breasts.

She looked down at him but as she was not nearly as voluptuous as Kellie he simply stumbled uselessly between her breasts, supported only by the centre of the bra under his feet. She reached in with one hand and pulled open one cup of the brassiere and with the other hand she shoved him right under it then released the fabric, smothering him into her flesh where he could not move at all. Rubbing her hand over the lump she looked in the mirror to find that he was a barely noticeable protrusion.

Satisfied and excited by her bold move she pulled on a tight T-shirt and a bright skirt instead of the dull jeans, and went out to the living room. She felt exhilarated that she was talking normally to Kellie, who was oblivious to her hidden secret, and didn't even ask after his whereabouts. The feeling was thrilling and she knew she had to go out in public with the unkind man squeezed in pseudo-punishment into her bra.

Excusing herself, she left to do some menial tasks that didn't actually need doing, like grocery shopping.

* * *

The trip to the grocery store was the most thrilling grocery shopping ever. The products she was absently picking up never seemed so inconsequential, and she had never paid so much attention to the strangers she now stared at, while thinking of Justin Timberlake. It was exciting and Sylvia knew that it was in a sexual way. She knew because she had never so frequently rubbed her breast in a shopping trip as she did now.

* * *

Despite the experience, she returned Justin Timberlake to the TV set when she got home because she didn't want to care for him. She didn't care where she put him; the people were only vaguely his height and in fact she was pleased that they were slightly taller; in her mind the pop singer already represented every bastard boyfriend she had ever had.

She made herself lunch and assumed that Kellie was in her bedroom, as the shower wasn't running and she wasn't in front of the TV. After finishing she went to the bathroom and got the fright of her life when she swung the door open to see Kellie in the bath.

"Oh Christ!" she exclaimed and retreated, shutting the door behind her. Getting her breath back, with a laugh she said, "sorry Kel, oh my God, I didn't know you were in there!"

Kellie responded with a laugh, but only then did the irregularity of the scene hit her – Kellie had never had a bath here before... why now?

"Can I just get my makeup bag?" she asked, not intending to get her bag at all.

With Kellie's friendly affirmative response she slid the door open and saw immediately what was going on. "What are you doing?" she exclaimed. Kellie was lying in the bathtub, water with a thin layer of small bubbles lapping her breasts and one knee raised high out of the water. Kellie had known that Sylvia would have been disapproving.

"It's OK, they wanted to, I asked!" Kellie wasn't alone; the soccer team was there; half a dozen lined up on the edge of the bath looking up at the giant Sylvia, and the rest were dotted around Kellie's body in the water – floating under her raised leg and around her chest; one was attempting to climb her slippery breast and he slid off and back into the water as Sylvia watched. Some were almost obscured by the thin bubbles.

Sylvia was stuck for a reply for a moment, her inhibitions clashing with her desire not to care, and in this uncomfortable moment Kellie lowered her leg and raised the other in slight embarrassment, and the men under her knee swirled in the moving water and popped back up to the surface as others were caught by the rising leg and either slipped off or stuck to it.

“Oh, jeez Kel, ...OK, I’m sorry, but I’m really trying not to be up-tight,” Sylvia’s internal struggle was resolved, but she paused “but, well... where’s twenty-seven?”

Kellie smiled with glee as she understood Sylvia straight away. She turned to the men in the water around her and asked for 27, but she didn’t have to as he was already splashing like crazy after hearing Sylvia speak his ‘name’. So Kellie’s hand came up from beneath him and he swam in a dwindling pool in Kellie’s palm, from which water dripped down her arm as she raised it up to Sylvia. In doing so she sat up higher and her nipples rose from the surface, and the men on the bath’s edge cheered.

“Oh, shut up!” she giggled and when Sylvia had plucked 27 from her hand Kellie flicked the back of each man so they hurtled into the water in and around her.

* * *

Sylvia continued to hear Kellie’s laughter as she returned to the living room, the small man in her hand. They spent the afternoon together – as ‘together’ as any girl and a miniature soccer player can be; she lay and watched TV and played with him. He ran back and forth on her belly and clung to her finger when she held it above him, she toyed with him by tapping him from behind then he pretended not to know where it came from.

She was enjoying herself so much that she didn’t even mind when he climbed her T-shirt up between her breasts, then sprinting before she could stop him he reached the seam and doubled back and under it into her top. In fact she laughed, and made no effort to stop him while he crawled under the fabric towards her breasts. She felt the tickle of his hands and knees on her skin move down her cleavage until he reached the obstacle of her bra, at which point he changed direction and attempted crawling into the cup.

Her hand came up and she rubbed over the lump of his body and she knew she enjoyed it. She laughed and made herself a coffee while 27 was squeezed into her breast. It was obvious he was getting nowhere in the tight garment and by the time she lay down on the couch again he was back in the centre and she couldn’t feel him for a moment until she realised he had straddled the bra and was now below it, crawling down her stomach. Watching the tiny lump move under the fabric down her belly, she pulled the lower seam of the tight T-shirt up a tiny bit so part of her waist was exposed, and soon enough she saw him appear from under it.

He continued downwards and ran over her abdomen and into the dip in her crotch, which slightly excited Sylvia, but she stopped him from dropping over the edge of her skirt and between her legs; she wasn’t *that* comfortable and carefree yet.

The soccer player was full of energy and he ran all the way back up her middle again and onto her neck. She tried to bend her eyes down to see what he was doing, but when she felt him jumping against her chin she knew he wanted another kiss. She picked him up between her fingers and with a rush that reminded her of her first kiss back in high school, she brought him to her lips, but decided against it and placed him on the back of her fingers so he could kiss her instead.

He stumbled over her shaky hand and fell forward onto her lower lip. Holding himself up, he planted his head right in between her lips and she felt a tremble of excitement, despite the fact that this man was a mere inch high. Her lips inadvertently parted by a fraction as she kissed 27, and his head slipped more into them. Sylvia was enjoying the kiss so much that she stopped only when she realised that he was no longer standing on her fingers and that his body was supported in her lips, his head actually in her mouth.

She hurriedly withdrew him by the waist and looked at him in front of her eyes almost apologetically, but was relieved to see that the look on his happy face showed he needed no apology at all. She pressed him to her lips again before replacing him on her belly, her hands coming to rest on either side of him.

Staring blankly into space and dwelling on her strange feelings, it was several minutes before she looked back at him and saw he was leaning up against her thumb and drifting off to sleep, obviously worn out. Sylvia suddenly realised her own tiredness, and as delicately as she could, she slipped her hand under him and rose to go to her bedroom. He snapped to attention despite her gentle efforts, but when he saw her press a finger to her lips he knew she had only sleep planned he relaxed again, and by the time she laid him on a tissue on her bedside table he had dozed off again.

Sylvia slipped out of her skirt, discarded her T-shirt and lay down in her underwear, expecting only to lie in comfort and perhaps doze at best, but soon she drifted fast asleep.

* * *

When she awoke, 27 was the first thing that came to Sylvia's mind and she looked across to him on the bedside table, knowing she hadn't meant to sleep. Her head snapped up when she failed to see his tiny body in the tissue paper, and when she still couldn't see him she sat bolt upright and swiveled her legs over the bed.

Sylvia immediately regretted this hasty action because she realised that if he had have been around her on the bed, she would have smeared him to a pulp with her legs, and she jumped straight off the bed and whirled around to check it for stains, with a heavy heart. Finding none she breathed again, but finding no intact soccer player she remained tense.

No sooner had she stood up than she regretted this action too, because if he were on the floor she would have crushed him under her foot, but a search of the carpet eased her fears. She was still in panic and scanned the bed and bedside table. Even though she had been lying *on top* of the sheets, she delicately pulled them all off and shook them gently, but to no avail.

She was on the verge of real panic when she looked at herself, and her heart fell back into place with joy at finding the man. He was tucked into the top of her panties and had been using her as a bed and the underwear as his blanket. Her anger at him for causing her the anguish of thinking she had smeared him into a stain was completely drowned by her feeling of a kind of shy flattery when she saw him there, trying to get closer to her. She felt wanted and she liked it.

Bringing him to her face, her eyes showed this and he broke into a smile and waved happily. She smiled back, but out of the corner of her eye Sylvia saw her clock flicker to 4:00 and with a rush of realisation she remembered she was meeting a friend.

Exclaiming, she popped 27 onto her dresser and told him she had to go. She whirled around to her clothes on the floor but stopped and slowly turned back to the dresser. Asking almost shyly, she said, “ ...do you want to... come with me?” He jumped on the spot in an unobtrusive response. She checked herself and said, “I can’t... show you to anyone,” but in response he merely pointed.

In the same way that she had looked on the floor when his teammate had pointed him out on her tracksuit pants, she looked on the floor of her bedroom before realising that this man too was pointing to her pants – this time her underwear.

She understood and was about to say “No, I can’t,” but her inhibition was dragged away, screaming, by her new feelings, and slowly, hesitantly, she picked 27 up in her right hand and pulled open the panties with her left.

Stopped by an invisible barrier, her right hand shot to her face and she looked at him, making sure that she didn’t completely misunderstand him, but he looked at her expectantly and she lowered her hand again.

Like someone overcoming their fear and jumping off a diving board, she felt a rush of exhilaration when she released the man above her underwear, and it almost seemed as if he ‘plopped’ into her panties when his tiny body slid down the fabric and wedged into her skin.

She held open her underwear, staring down at him for what seemed like an age until satisfied he was OK, then snapped the elastic back into place. She stood there, thrilled, her mind swimming with good feelings and still barely believing what had happened over the past two days, before she came back to attention and went to get ready.

Sylvia was about to grab some jeans when she thought better of it, 27’s wellbeing in the front of her mind, and instead picked up the skirt she had been wearing. As she pulled it up she ran her finger over his body so as not to squash him with the skirt’s tight seam and felt a reassuring wiggle.

Leaving the house in a hurry she headed for the coffee shop to meet her friend.

* * *

This trip out into public was not quite as thrilling as her first with Justin Timberlake, because Sylvia felt as if she wanted to show the man concealed on her to people and not hide him. The excitement returned when she saw her friend though and when she sat down and crossed her legs, a spine-tingling rush of exhilaration went through her.

Her friend picked up on this immediately and she began to probe Sylvia for what it was – she knew straight away it was a guy, and Sylvia told her the truth, but only half

of it, and it was even more exhilarating to tell her that she'd met a man while he was actually there, squeezed into her underwear and her friend would never know.

When her friend asked what his name was, Sylvia recoiled and almost said '27' before realising she didn't know it. Her friend mistook the reaction for her being mischievous by not telling her, and laughed it off, to Sylvia's relief.

Her mind was elsewhere throughout the entire conversation, and several times she found her hand inadvertently over her crotch, her fingers caressing the tiny body which was barely detectable through two layers of clothing.

When Sylvia hugged her friend goodbye she became conscious of how 27 was being pressed in between the crotches of the two women and a shudder of almost sexual excitement went through her, but her eternally gossiping friend missed the subtle reaction and they parted happily.

* * *

Sylvia and Kellie had dinner together, which was unusual, but then again they had guests. The soccer team, which totaled eighteen players, ran around the table eating from both girls' plates, some of them playing soccer with a pea – an oversized and overweight ball, but the girls found it hilarious nonetheless. Sylvia asked where Tom Cruise and Andre Agassi were, but Kellie replied with a smile that they were in her room. Besides, they didn't 'play nice' like the soccer team did.

27 sat only at Sylvia's plate and the rest of the team teased him severely for it. The playful men took him by the limbs and tossed him into her gravy. Sylvia wasn't watching but Kellie laughed and she looked down at her plate, breaking into a smile. He was a sight, angry at first thrashing around in the brown slop, but when he saw the humour on Sylvia's face he played on it and started showing off.

Struggling out of the thick sauce, he dropped onto the table and chased after his friends, leaving a trail of brown spots on the tablecloth, but the girls shrieked with laughter, and encouraged even more, he set his targets on Sylvia and raced to the edge of the table, flinging himself at her chest before tumbling onto the girls belly and into her lap. On any other occasion the neat and often fussy girl would have snapped at someone staining her clothes but she plucked him, covered in gravy, from her skirt and without thought put him to her mouth and sucked the sauce from him.

The men saw this and immediately it was a slightly sobering thought watching their friend momentarily disappear into the giant girl's mouth because they suddenly realised their vulnerability to these women and their dependence on their kindness to them. Kellie shrieked with laughter though and being the kind, playful and gentle girl she was, there was not a hint of cruelty in her voice and the men's sudden fears subsided and they resumed their hilarity, their momentary hesitation going unnoticed by both the girls.

* * *

Kellie went to her classes on Monday, but Sylvia called in sick – there was no way she was going to work with all the happenings of the weekend on her mind, and

besides, she wanted some time with the TV by herself – she had still not yet taken her own person from it. Even though she felt comfortable with 27, she still felt anxious and even fearful of other people.

With the soccer players distracted playing games on the tiled kitchen floor and out of sight behind the bench, Sylvia knelt down in front of the TV set and turned it on. Flicking channels, she felt nervous and looked for something inanimate to take before starting on real people. Finding another nature documentary she slipped her hand in, feeling the now familiar sensation of the watery-custard screen, and took an entire pine tree in her grasp. Even though it was rooted firmly in the ground, it was only a slight effort for her to rip it out, its branches crushed in her grip and its giant roots stretching and snapping.

She realised immediately what Kellie had felt when she had done the same thing the day before; it was an enormous sense of potency, of power, and she realised it was the same feeling she had felt when she had shoved the rude Justin Timberlake into her bra. As she contemplated this, there came on some shots of waterbirds in a lake, and from one angle there was a bridge made of steel girders behind them, and Sylvia felt the need immediately to have a match for her pine tree.

Slipping her hand in, she wrapped her fingers around the structure, which would have been as wide as a baseball bat, and with a tug she tore at it. The TV volume was low but she heard steel whining and creaking, then a cracking as concrete crumbled and with another slight effort it was free and the bridge came sliding out of the TV screen, bringing with it an even greater sense of power.

It was heavier than anything she had yet taken, and was perhaps nine inches long. She brought it closer to her face and angled it up to look closer, but saw instead what she would have realised if she had taken even a moment to think. There were vehicles on the bridge, and in a fraction of a second a truck and at least half a dozen small cars slid down the surface, through the shadow of her fingers on either side and out the bottom.

Even though, being miniature, they dropped instantly and in almost zero time, it seemed like slow motion as Sylvia watched the truck tumble through the air and strike the inside of her breast. Out of the corner of her eye she vaguely saw cars falling straight past her chest, some hitting the front of her breast and bouncing over the edge of her loose low-cut T-shirt, and a couple bouncing past the truck and straight between her cleavage.

She wore no bra, and in this instant her free hand shot to her chest but it was too late to stop the large truck, perhaps two inches long and half an inch wide, from striking her opposite breast then sliding down her shirt. The two cars had already dropped lightly down and she could feel their tiny sharp corners as they stuck between her stomach and the T-shirt.

The truck was heavier though and it slid downwards through the fabric, parting it at the bottom and coming to rest on the top seam of Sylvia's loose, daggy, tracksuit pants.

Sylvia stopped, breathless and shocked. She felt immediately guilty at not having thought before taking the bridge (but in the back of her mind she was thankful that she had accidentally taken real people – that way she wouldn't have to steel herself up to it later).

Gathering her wits, she carefully looked over herself before making any movements. The cars seemed to be no more than a quarter inch long, and would be crushed at the slightest pressure from her. They were dotted over her and she noted where they were before moving.

Three were nestled near the truck on the top seam of her tracksuit, but it was very loose and they edged slightly under it. The two trapped in her T-shirt were still there, one was on the ground, its fall broken by the carpet but whose tiny occupants Sylvia didn't notice were crawling out, and the last was lying precariously in her crotch, prevented from falling between her legs only by a fold of the tracksuit material. This one she retrieved first, gently picking it up between her fingers and slowly outstretching her arm to the coffee table where she placed it delicately.

Her attention returned to the vehicles wedged in the seam. The truck was easiest to retrieve, it was large –at perhaps an inch long– and she picked it up by the trailer; its cabin hanging loose with a door swinging freely. Before placing it on the coffee table Sylvia looked closer and realised its driver was missing and her heart too missed a beat, but her concentration took over and she went to work on the cars.

Sliding her finger under the seam on either side of the first car which was distanced from the other two, it slid under the fabric but was caught easily between her fingers. When she attempted the same on the next though, her fingers pushed the loose elastic up and both cars slid under it and into her tracksuit bottom, and she didn't even get the one she was trying to grab.

Her heart missed another beat, and yet another when she pulled the entire seam up and didn't see the cars. Her hand slid under the fabric and she ran her finger slowly and carefully over the front of her panties and around her legs. The truck driver had slipped her mind, and she didn't even feel it when she smeared him against the inside of her thigh.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she felt a tiny object stuck on her pantyline, one of its sides pushed against the seam of her underwear and the other against the skin of the top of her leg. She gently picked the car up by its ends and it joined the other vehicles on the coffee table.

After not finding the other on or around her panties, moving slowly, she rolled back on her feet and pulled her tracksuit pants down further before resting again on her knees. Sylvia peered down at her crotch and saw nothing. Craning her neck even further, she saw a tiny speck of light in the darkness of the tracksuit right underneath her crotch. It was the car's interior lights, and it meant the occupants were trying to get out.

“Stupid!” she said out loud, blaming the tiny people. She pulled the tracksuit pants down even further and picked up the car, then scanned the fabric, seeing two of the

occupants trying to disentangle themselves from the soft fibres. Like a surgeon, Sylvia pushed her upturned fingernail under the first until he fell into the curved scoop, and was lifted to safety on the coffee table.

The second was scooped up easily enough, but Sylvia's nerves got the better of her and she trembled as she lifted him. The miniature body, four millimetres high at best, tumbled onto the front of her panties and clung desperately as he slid down. Luckily he caught hold of a fibre and stuck, halfway down her underwear. Sylvia saw him and this time he was delivered safely.

Without yet attempting to pull her tracksuit pants back up, Sylvia cupped her hand under her T-shirt and caught the two cars as she pulled the fabric away from her with the other hand. Quickly she put the car on the floor up on the coffee table and breathed a sigh of relief, slumping back into a sitting position. She would never know that the last vehicle's occupants had left the safety of their car and now were red stains on the bottom of Sylvia's underwear.

* * *

After emptying a jewelry box and replacing its contents with the unlucky bridge travelers, leaving their now empty cars on the coffee table, Sylvia sat down for a coffee to relieve the stress. She had trodden carefully over the boys' game while she had made it in the kitchen, and she realised that she enjoyed taking care of the tiny men.

As she contemplated this she knew she wanted to take more things from the TV, and now that she had taken people, she knew she wanted more. It was kind of motherly, she thought, but without the crying or nappy-changing. Or was it that she needed the sense of power?

Her thoughts unresolved, Sylvia decided to take a shower. She had a better idea and knelt down over the soccer team.

"Do you want to take a bath with me?" she asked daringly, with Kellie's spirit.

The soccer team paused and looked at each other, some turning their heads and others looking at the ground. Sylvia felt hurt and a lump came straight to her throat – they were happy to bathe with Kellie, but not with her. She had grown to think that these tiny men liked her, but now...

Through a small welling in her eyes she saw a tiny movement and she wiped away the moisture, doubly embarrassed by the rejection and now a tear. She saw that the movement was a couple of men pointing, and she followed their gaze, to one of the men who was waving one arm. She suddenly realised why they didn't want to join her in the bath and she spluttered a happy and relieved laugh, the lump in her throat washing away.

The man waving was of course 27, and she instantly knew that the others would not want to be with *his* girl. She felt even better, because now she knew he liked her and even his mates knew it.

The entire team cheered when she plucked him from the ground, both out of happiness that she was not hurt and out of manly encouragement for their mate.

* * *

Sylvia changed her mind and consulted 27 if it was OK to have a shower instead since there was only him and not the whole team. Encouraged by an affirmative response, she placed him on the bathroom bench before undressing, which she at first did with hesitation, but then relaxed.

Initially she held him at face height just outside of the stream; only a couple of times did she thrust him into the water – she was overly cautious and the water was only warm and at low pressure. Placing him on the small shelf, she turned up the heat and pressure and washed her hair, keeping regular watch on the man, who was playing around a bar of soap, to him the size of a family sedan or more.

Sylvia took the soap from him and rubbed herself all over with it before returning it and seeing him do the same with his soapy hands, and she laughed. When he held his soapy arms up to her, she moved closer to the shelf, then nudged her breast up to it. Pushing her nipple above him, he reached up in the light droplets of water that bounced off her, and rubbed her breast in a tiny playful attempt to wash her.

Instantly aroused, she shuddered and his tiny face laughed with pleasure as her nipple clearly gave this away. She crouched slightly and this time pushed her breast under the shelf, and without hesitation, 27 leapt from the flat ground and attempted to straddle her nipple. Luckily she saw this and righted him with her finger before he could fall to the ground.

Perched on her nipple and clinging to her breast, the tiny man attempted to continue rubbing her with soap while she held her other hand above him to shield him from the water. It was only seconds though, before a trickle of soapy water ran down her breast and swept him off, and straight into her cupped hand, which filled with the water. He laughed and shook his hair in the pool.

Seeing him soapy and still feeling aroused, Sylvia rubbed him in her fingers over her breast then looked at him. His face showing no displeasure, she continued, and he collected more soap as she wiped below her breasts with the tiny man, bringing him out for air in overly cautious intervals. She did this for several minutes over her chest and down her abdomen, before he signaled to stop and she had to check herself, reminding herself of his tiny delicateness.

Rinsing and kissing him, she turned off the water and placed him on the bench near his clothes. When she wrapped herself in a towel she placed him snugly in her squeezed cleavage and went to her room. She selected underwear by herself and put it on, but held up her other items of clothes for him to select from his vantage point on the dresser. He chose a one-piece skirt that barely covered her breasts and was very short; she would never have worn it outside a nightclub, but she was happy to satisfy his wishes.

* * *

When she returned him to the game Sylvia heard tiny shrill noises, which she realised were wolf whistles, and she blushed and scalded the men playfully. She made herself lunch, looking down every time she trod anywhere in the kitchen, not perturbed by the fact that the tiny soccer players between her feet paid less attention to the game than to the inside of her skirt above them, which they looked straight up.

After placing her prepared lunch on the table she went to bring the players to it, and realised she didn't know how to carry all the men, and wondered how Kellie did it. She asked them, and the ones that responded pointed to their chests, and Sylvia smiled at this.

"Kellie, you little..." but Sylvia couldn't think of a word for what she thought of her; she admired her but was not surprised by her overtness, and smiled at the idea of those men being tossed around by Kellie's huge bouncing breasts as she walked, "Well, I'm not going to do that," she said, and she cupped her hands together and placed them on the ground, while the team ran and clambered into her palms. The men were huddled together even in the wide space of her hands, and she wondered how Kellie could even fit so many man in her cleavage. "Does Kellie wear a bra when she does that?" she asked cautiously and the general response was a shaking of heads, to which Sylvia smiled. There was the explanation – only her tight T-shirt to keep them in.

During lunch the men played soccer on the table. Sylvia wondered how they could not get bored with the same game, but she found her answer when the ball struck her once too often. They were aiming for her cleavage.

"Oh, so that's your game is it?" and she returned the ball to them from her lap.

Soon enough they hit home; after all, the space between her breasts was probably bigger the size of their goals, just laid flat.

"OK, so who's going to get it?" she asked without embarrassment, because she and each of the men knew that after the incident of her asking for the bath, there would be no uncomfortable misunderstandings again, and a dozen hands shot up.

Dropping her fork, she lightly tossed the nearest man against her skin and he tumbled into her cleavage. She felt him wiggling around for a moment before the tiny ball rocketed out of her skirt and back onto the table, to a cheer from the men. She reached into her bra and pulled the man out by his legs before righting him in her fingers and placing him back on the table.

After several more 'goals' the men scoured her plate, then in only a few more minutes they were weary and sat down. Sylvia gathered them up, but seeing that their makeshift baking-tray-bed had been cleaned up she spread them onto her own bed on just a thin silk sheet, as they'd get lost in her doona, which she pushed onto the floor.

She however, resumed a spot in front of the television.

* * *

Seeing the jewelry box on the coffee table, Sylvia felt just a bit more daring, and she experimented a bit with the TV.

When there was a shot of a building, she poked her finger into a window, which shattered uselessly, too thin to cut her. The room's occupant reeled in horror before the scene changed. Flicking channels for more buildings, she saw an old-looking stone building, and she ran her finger over the delicate carvings, which crumbled, and over its roof, its statues and gargoyle-like sculptures snapping off and falling to the ground in slow motion.

This struck her as odd; the cars on the bridge had tumbled out quickly like tiny toy cars would, yet these stone blocks in the TV fell slowly to the ground just like a huge statue would in real life. She did some experiments, by firstly picking up a car from a freeway and dropping it back on the ground inside the TV. It sailed down slowly and crashed to the ground. Before the scene changed she pulled another car from the same freeway and took it out of the TV. It plopped instantly into her lap, and she made the connection that the car was more than a tonne inside, but less than an ounce outside.

She didn't understand the technical physics of why this happened, but it made sense. Seeing the scene hadn't changed, Sylvia returned the car to its freeway. As she changed channels she came across a news report and with a pang of anger saw four gunmen shouting and aiming at civilians, and despite the fact that she knew it had already happened, her instinct was to reach into the TV.

The first two came out in her hand but the other two fled and she had to retrieve them one at a time. When they lay sprawled, about four inches high, on the ground in front of Sylvia, two of them had lost their weapons and looked around in disbelief, ready to run, a third was lying in shock with his gun beside him but the fourth stood and aimed at Sylvia.

Panicking and in fear, he fired at her leg, and instantly she felt sharp pain, and instinctively she swatted at the man and he was thrown violently against the back of the sofa more than two metres away. His gun spun far into the air, striking a pane of glass with a tinkling sound on the other side of the room. Sylvia jumped up and ran to the bathroom in search of a Band-Aid.

Returning with a sting but more angry than hurt, she picked the tiny gun from the stunned man and grabbed him around the waist. The one who had fired was lying unconscious on the sofa, though she wouldn't have cared if he were dead, and she grabbed him too. She shoved them in an ice-cream box and went to search for the other two, who had fled.

Bending down with her face to the ground she easily spotted the first, who hid under a couch, and she reached in and dragged him out, kicking and shouting, but her tight grasp around his entire body silenced him and she felt only wiggling against her palm. She walked around the living room, scanning for the fourth man, her treading making thunderous terrifying thuds in the ears of the fleeing man. Soon she saw him running

for the hall, and in two steps she was on him and had flattened him under her palm, which she soon wrapped around him.

Thrusting them into the box with their comrades, she angrily put the box in a cupboard and shut the door, in an effort to forget about them. She had a cup of coffee to relax, and despite the event she was drawn back by the beckoning TV.

* * *

By the time Kellie returned in the early afternoon she had three large cars; four-wheel-drives about five inches long, doing stunts around the kitchen floor (just like in the ad she had taken them from) to greet the student and prove that Sylvia was relaxing and enjoying herself.

“Hey, *you’ve* had a good day!” exclaimed Kellie happily as she saw her friend proudly watching the vehicles from a stool on the opposite side of the counter. She was always enthusiastic and supportive. Throwing her coat down, she walked onto the kitchen floor as one car was doing a wide circle, and put her heeled foot right in front of it. It squealed to a halt and Sylvia saw the reverse lights come on as the driver attempted desperately to escape the giant girl.

His attempts were vain, because Kellie’s hand wrapped around it and lifted it high in the air, shaking the man to and fro, before her giant, pretty, but terrifying face filled his windscreen.

“And the driver’s even cute, too!” said Kellie, but Sylvia’s was not listening. Her mind wandered over what she had just seen and realised the enormous power that the girls had over these things; a car, normally large and imposing and at speed could smash a person to smithereens, had to swerve to miss this girl’s foot, and despite its engine and power, couldn’t even escape her grasp.

She watched Kellie turn it around in her hand, and it awed her just to think that this metal beast and its strong male driver were completely at the will of this girl, who was pretty, voluptuous, flippant, ditsy, clumsy and absent, but nonetheless dwarfed the car into complete submission, its wheels spinning uselessly.

* * *

While they sat and had coffee together Sylvia told Kellie of the happenings of the day (omitting her shower though), and Kellie toyed with the empty bridge cars while she spoke.

“If these are empty...” Kellie looked questioningly at Sylvia but didn’t wait for a response. Taking one to the tiles in the kitchen, she placed it on the ground, and obviously trying to hide her subtle excitement, Kellie pushed down on it with the toe of her shoe.

The car was flattened, and she looked to Sylvia with an eager look on her face. Sylvia remained silent, trying to discover her own feelings about Kellie’s action. As Kellie

went for another car, Sylvia slipped the truck and a car into her pocket, admitting to herself that she was excited by Kellie crushing the cars, and wanted to do it herself.

After noting Sylvia's lack of reaction, Kellie tried to excuse herself, but her flatmate brushed it off and continued her summary of the day, finishing with the gunmen, whom they discussed.

Kellie was ambivalent as to their fate, but Sylvia was still angry as she had *seen* them firing at the civilians, and it was she who came up with the idea.

Fastforwarding a taped episode of E.R., they found a scene with a cleaner in the background and stole his mop. Rewinding it again, they were interested to note that he had the exact same reaction each time they stole it, until they had four identical mops. Even though the men were only four inches high and the mops were five, the girls stood in the bathroom door as they got to work, stripped of their black suits and masks, and equipped not with an assault rifle, but with a mop whose effective area was not even measurable compared to the area of the bathroom.

Satisfied, the girls separated, for Kellie to have a shower and Sylvia to check on the team. As the bathroom door closed Sylvia could hear commands of "Eyes on the floor pal! If you don't clean, I'm going to... ..eat you!" Sylvia doubted Kellie's sincerity but the threat worked as she heard none afterwards.

Entering her room she saw the team jump to their feet, obviously bored. "Where's the ball?" Sylvia asked, and all eighteen simultaneously pointed to the floor beside the bed, "Oh well..." she said patronisingly and hopped onto the bed, kneeling up so the men tumbled into the indentations made by her knees. "C'mon, out of the way," and with that they scurried up the slope and to the edges of the sheet, and she flopped down on the bed, looking up at the ceiling.

Within minutes she felt tickling on her sides and looked to see the soccer players shimmying up the sides of her thin skirt that 27 had chosen. She soon found out where he was when she felt a strand of hair tug a bit, then tiny footsteps tickled her forehead. While the rest of the team gathered and sat on her stomach, 27 edged his way over Sylvia's face and lay below her mouth, which was slightly ajar, kissing her lower lip.

In complete comfort and near-bliss, Sylvia's tongue crept up and fondled her tiny soccer player's head, and he responded by trying to fondle it back, but their size difference prevailed and he tumbled over and she laughed at him, causing him to fall completely down her cheek. She picked him up and held him in her fingers, fondling his tiny body while she daydreamed.

Soon Kellie could be heard exiting the shower and again scolding the new workers at her feet, and Sylvia informed the players that it was time to get up. Before they could get anywhere though, she decided how to carry them and she sat up, the men tumbling and rolling into her lap; one fell over the edge of her short skirt so with her free hand she dropped 27 into her cleavage and felt in her crotch, retrieving the embarrassed player and placing him in the recession in the lap of her skirt. Edging off the bed she stood and held her skirt high, the men cradled in the silk, and Kellie wolf-whistling in fun at Sylvia's bare knickers as she walked carefully into the living room.

They sat afterwards and discussed getting a proper field for the soccer players, who were enthusiastic, but decided that even if they found a good sized one on the TV, it would be too big to pull out and impossible to carry, and even then the grass would probably die. Sylvia came up with the idea of using felt, just like on a pool table, and it would even be green. As it was not yet even four o'clock, Kellie went down the street to a fabric shop, while Sylvia stole six-inch high potplants from outside TV restaurants to put around the edge.

After some inaudible shouting and several minutes of a game of charades, Sylvia realised the men were concerned that they only had one soccer ball and if that was damaged or fell off a table there was no way of getting it back, so she found a sports' channel and in no time on came a game of soccer. She plucked ball after ball from the field, but only some were the right size, as it was a different distance from the camera each time she reached in. Soon the players had accepted five balls and rejected twenty-five, which Sylvia tossed off the edge of the balcony.

Kellie returned while Sylvia was attempting to decipher a second round of charades, and was getting frustrated. Kellie broke the end out of a pencil and dropped it onto the table with a small sheet of paper, and Sylvia looked up, annoyed at such a simple solution but smiled at Kellie's beaming face. A player took up the tiny piece of lead and drew a quick and obvious house.

"You want a clubhouse!" Sylvia exclaimed happily, and the men jumped in response. Sylvia looked at Kellie, who nodded and shrugged 'I guess so'. When she turned back, 27 had the piece of lead and had drawn a love-heart on the paper, at which Sylvia melted. She took the paper, folded it and put it in her top, then leant over and kissed the man.

With no more ado, they flicked through channel after channel until there was a full shot of a medium-sized building, which Kellie jumped to grab. It was surrounded by grass, and her fingers slid through the earth and underneath its walls. Tugging hard, it ripped away from the pipes and concrete around it and Kellie lifted it through the screen without difficulty. Putting it on the coffee table, they looked carefully and saw it was a one-story hall without a basement. It was perfect. Grass and earth clung to its foundations and Kellie groaned at the sight of the dirt under her fingernails.

There were only a few people in it, but Kellie returned them without concern, into the next shot that seemed an appropriate size. Sylvia spent half an hour cleaning it while the pleased men explored it. It was only fractionally disproportionate to them; the tallest player had to duck in the doorways and others had to watch their heads.

Satisfied exploring their clubhouse, Sylvia and Kellie set to work gluing the green felt to a large board, and by the evening they had a 'full' size soccer field, trees at each end, goals that Kellie had kept somewhere after the first day, and a clubhouse with a business card leading up to the doorway as it was an inch higher than the table surface.

For the rest of the week it was good. The team lived happily and played with the girls, while 27 and Sylvia got closer. She didn't ask what Kellie did with Tom, Andre, the

drivers whose three cars lay idle, or any other people she got. She would sometimes see movement under Kellie's shirt or hear a muffled voice, but she didn't mind. They fed and washed all the people, though the bridge people kept to themselves, and the bathroom floor stayed clean.

* * *

Friday night was strange. Sylvia had grown used to hanging out with the tiny men and not her usual bunch of full-sized friends. She was absent and untalkative, and dwelled unhappily on her thoughts; drinking not to have fun but because around these friends she now felt sad. A cute guy tried to pick her up, but she declined, thinking of the tiny soccer player at home, and she wished he was there.

She wished that he could be full sized, which made her wonder whether he would still treat her the same if he were, and she drank more. After more drink she decided he wouldn't, and she drank more. Eventually she had forgotten why she was drinking, and in her stupor it didn't matter anyway. To her friends though, they were happy that she was back to normal.

In the end she had a night to remember, despite not remembering it at all, though she didn't kiss any of the guys she danced with, because the alcohol affected her head and not her heart, which wanted only to be with the tiny Player 27 back home.

She returned home via a taxi she would not remember, and routine was the only attribute remaining that allowed her to ascend the stairs and open the door (though that alone took five minutes, as coordination is second only to your wallet to dwindle away when you start drinking).

Stumbling through the dim hall, she found a door. It led to the bathroom, she snapped on the light but by the time she was in there she had forgotten why, and slumped down on the closed toilet seat. Water, that was it, she 'thought', and reached over to the tap on the basin next to the toilet, but her hand rested on it uselessly as her head draped over the edge of the bench.

Looking down through blurred vision, she saw three of the gunmen, startled out of their sleep, jump to attention and pick up their mops; disciplined with fear after a week of threats from the giant Kellie who showed no sympathy for the tiny men at her feet each time she entered the bathroom.

The fourth though –the one that fired at Sylvia– looked up but ignored the girl's presence.

"Hey, get to work," Sylvia muttered, her eyes almost closed, the words coming out in a string of slurs, "or Kellie'll eat you."

Sylvia's head slumped but she absorbed the harsh abuse coming from the short-tempered man's mouth, who now stood enraged, pointing and shouting at the girl lying dazed above him.

"I'll eat you then," she declared with closed eyes. His verbal abuse continued while his friends tried to calm him, but it was too late, as the words seeped through Sylvia's ears and hit home, despite taking a long route.

"What?" she muttered, her red eyes opening to look at him. "What did you say to me? You... you..." Sylvia's hand dropped to the man, stripped of his gun and clothes but apparently not his pride, and despite her uncoordination he failed to avoid her fingers grasping his legs.

Sylvia rolled back to a sitting position, and very formally, with no emotion on her face, she executed his punishment, tilting her head back and lifting the man by his legs over her open mouth. Struggling, he waved and pushed against her lips, but it was more her uncoordination that prolonged his sentence, as her hand waved back and forth trying to find its target.

After being dragged over her cheeks several times, Sylvia found home and the man was pushed into her mouth, his shouts echoing until she closed her lips around his torso. Her tongue did the rest; squashing and pulling him in until his legs disappeared. Sylvia gagged but managed to swallow and the man slid down her throat.

An unknown sensation swept over Sylvia like a shot, and though she didn't understand the feeling and wouldn't even remember it, she sat up and glared down at the three remaining men, who looked on in horror. Despite still being drowsy and dysfunctional, she jumped to her feet, filled with energy and a sudden primal instinct.

Not controlling her own actions, but not preventing them either, Sylvia's teeth gritted together and her fists clenched. She stumbled an awkward step and with the next she brought her high-heeled foot down towards the men. They were tiny but not stupid, and they had dived out of the way as soon as she had taken a step and her shoe smacked loudly on the tiles.

Looking up at the giant stockinged legs of this enraged girl, her teeth barred, the men were terrified and bolted in all directions, though the door was closed and they had few exits.

Sylvia again stomped at a man, and again, but he dived out of the way of each uncoordination crash of her foot. She looked down and raised her leg above the man, dodging to and fro, and slammed down again ...a miss. The other two had found relative safety behind the toilet and under a towel, and watched as their comrade sprinted from the giant girl.

Turning his back to her was a mistake, and her next stamp was close enough to knock him onto his back, from which position he watched the underneath of the toe of Sylvia's high-heels fill his vision, blocking out the terrifying sight of her angry face high above, and coming down on him in a fraction of a second.

Sylvia stamped down on the man lying on his back, and she felt her shoe hit something softer than the tiles. Pausing, she looked down to see a red splatter on the floor around her toes as if someone had spilled some wine then she had stepped in it.

Her foot ground the already unidentifiable mess, but suddenly the primal sensation that had taken her swept away, and her drunken stupor resumed.

Looking down, she stated matter-of-factly that the men had to clean up the mess, and stumbled out of the room.

With fear their primary motivation, the remaining two cleaners had the floor spotless by morning, so not only would Sylvia never remember the event, but neither of the girls would discover any traces of it ever happening, and thus neither of them would know what malice they were actually capable of, given the 'right' conditions.

Slumping onto her dresser stool, Sylvia fell clumsily out of her skirt and ripped away her top, both taking several minutes, but couldn't undertake the task of removing her black bra. With eyes almost closed she slipped her jewelry off and threw open the lid of her jewelry box to return it with the rest.

"What the..." she mumbled completely incomprehensibly, as she saw the box was empty, but in the dim light her blurred eyes caught hold of some minute figures tumbling around in it as she held it to her face. "Oh, it's you," she stated drunkenly, before tipping what her mind was confused into thinking was 27 into her hand.

"I just want to..." she tried to say to him, but she didn't finish her sentence, instead falling onto the bed, clasping what she thought was her man to her heart and rubbing him in her breast like she often did, but in reality smearing the survivors of the bridge incident onto her skin.

* * *

Sylvia awoke late, with no recollection of most of the previous night, and a killer headache.

Wandering sorely out to the living room, she saw through red and painful eyes Kellie sitting at the TV struggling with something, and she flopped onto the sofa, groaning with her hangover.

After five minutes during which Kellie paid her no attention, she asked slowly "What are you doing?"

"I'm... trying... to..."

She waited, but Kellie, completely focussed, didn't finish the sentence. "What? Trying to what?"

"Oh, sorry," Kellie turned around to face her, "I'm trying to make a hole in the screen so they can see us. I can make a small one but as soon as I try to make it bigger it closes up," and she demonstrated. Pushing both hands through so the jelly wrapped around her fingers, she slowly spread her fingers out and the hole between them got bigger. Sylvia looked past her hands at the people who jumped in fright at the giant fingers protruding into their world each time a scene changed. Sure enough though,

when it got barely the size of a baseball, the mysterious fluid swarmed around Kellie's separated fingers and filled the hole in the middle. Kellie sat back, frustrated.

"Why?" Sylvia enquired.

"Well I don't know, it just does."

"No, I meant why do you want to do it?"

"Oh, well... I guess I just want to," that was her answer to everything, but Sylvia no longer criticised the reasoning. In fact this time she joined her.

"Why don't you use a salad bowl?"

Kellie looked at her dully, then realised what she was saying, and leapt to her feet. While Sylvia prepared herself some aspirin, Kellie retrieved a clear salad bowl and placed it on its side against the screen, then thrust it in until the jelly lapped around its edges. Now the girls looked at the people recoil in horror through the bottom of the bowl, and laughed with their success.

Sylvia imagined what they would see; a giant piece of glass hanging in mid-air, held up by the arms of a giant girl, who laughed a giant laugh far behind, almost in the distance. In long scenes they saw some people even approach and touch the glass, while others ran from the sight.

"We need something hollow now," said Kellie, withdrawing the bowl and allowing the tiny people to act out their lives in peace.

They racked their brains for something wide, and open at both ends. While Sylvia lay on the sofa too tired to move, Kellie took the bottom out of a small cardboard box, then covered it in glad-wrap that they could take off once it was in the screen. On the first try the glad-wrap burst with the pressure of the jelly, and on the second with reinforced glad-wrap, the box itself crumpled inwards.

Then Kellie remembered about a kind of baking tray that she had (but had never used) that made pies. It had a big hole in the bottom so you could push the pie out from underneath.

Excitedly, they pressed a bit of cardboard to the bottom, pushed it gently into the jelly screen just like the salad bowl, and Sylvia, slightly revitalised with enthusiasm, reached around it and withdrew the cardboard.

They yelped with glee. They had an open window into the little universes. At this moment Sylvia recalled the word the repairman had used, 'Televerse', and they laughed as they watched the people inside stop and stare out at them. This time though, Sylvia imagined, the sight would be even more amazing; they would see two giant girls, as clear as day, staring through a window in the air at them.

The people's reactions confirmed this, and the girls watched intently, laughing hilariously at every scene. It was a soap, but Kellie held the hollow round tray in place

even when the ads came on, and something unexpected happened. A commercial for an airline appeared, and before either of them could realise what was happening, the plane far away in the centre of the screen passed through the hole in the baking tray.

Kellie only noticed it had come into the room when it swerved to miss her face, and she shrieked and dropped the tray, jumping back.

“What is it?” Sylvia asked frantically, but the question was answered when the silver and white plane passed between her and a dark sofa which outlined its tiny silhouette. It was impossible to tell how big it was because she didn’t know how fast it was moving, and soon it flew passed the furniture and it was lost against the bright walls.

“Where is it?” they said simultaneously. They could hear its tiny shrill whine but the direction was impossible to guess.

“Open the door!” shouted Sylvia, as if it were a stray bird terrifying a house’s occupants. More likely, though, was that the occupants of the jet were terrified and their captain panicking. The airliner had flown into a nightmare; trapped in an enormous room with two giant shrieking girls running around.

Soon, after their frantic searching, Kellie shouted “There it is!” and pointed in the air near a wall. They both ran over to it, making the situation a thousand times worse as the terrified pilot now had to cower his plane from these giant obstacles. They waved at it and tried to guide it to the open balcony door, and as they stood, their faces either side of the airliner they finally gauged how small it was. It was tiny; barely half an inch long.

It was no wonder they had lost it, and soon they almost lost it again; Sylvia had her eyes on it as it slowly arced around the room but Kellie had lost it and was a step ahead and scanning the air for it. When its circle brought it towards the door, Sylvia thought it was over but it continued to turn and she shouted “No!” and with no thought she blew at it as if it were a toy sailing ship and her breath could guide it.

In reality her breath was an enormous gust to the tiny plane, and it instantly disappeared from her view and she searched aimlessly in the air. Kellie moved away and started searching.

“Quiet!” she said, then turned down the TV, listening for its engines. They both heard its tiny whistle inside the room, but neither could pinpoint it. It’s volume dropped and all of a sudden only Kellie could hear it. “It’s gone,” stated Sylvia, but Kellie shut her up. She could still hear it, but its whine dwindled; in a few moments the last tiny noise vanished and Kellie looked up.

“I could still hear it,” she said.

“Well I couldn’t,” replied Sylvia. They searched the ground, sofas, bench and table before concluding it was gone.

They sat for a while and looked at each other before bursting into laughter. Kellie got up to make coffee while they discussed how stupid they were to panic like that. When

she sat down and delivered Sylvia her coffee, the latter looked at her and jumped, pointing at her.

Kellie shrieked and stood up, thinking there was an enormous spider on her shoulder, while Sylvia regained herself and talked her down. "It's there!" she exclaimed when Kellie has stopped thrashing about, "In your hair!"

Sure enough, Kellie followed Sylvia's gaze down her long curly hair and saw the miniature aeroplane was caught in it and dangled helplessly over her breast; no wonder only she had heard it, she realised. It was so tiny that they didn't know how to take it out without damaging or completely crushing it.

Sylvia sat and watched as Kellie pulled her hair, strand by strand, out and away from the plane until it was suspended by only three or four. As delicately as she could, she took it between her thumb on its underside and her forefinger on its roof and yanked away the last hairs. It practically disappeared from view between her fingers, and Sylvia gasped at how something so large could become so small.

Quickly they concluded to resume their original plan to let it fly out the door (oblivious to the fact that there was nothing outside for it to do), so Sylvia pulled the coffee table over to face the sliding door, and Kellie gently placed the airliner at the opposite end, pointing straight out to the balcony. They sat down to watch it take off but waited an uneventful five minutes, during which the engines didn't even start.

"This takes ages at the airport," said Kellie, bored. Sylvia agreed and they left to take their showers.

An hour later Kellie returned, dressed, and remembered the plane.

"Hey, Sylv... it's gone," and she shut the door.

* * *

The girls would never know, but the plane had started its engines again, and largely undamaged thanks to Kellie's delicate caution, it attempted a take-off, which was successful.

However, upon attempting to exit the giant room, outside which the crew prayed there would be rescue, a slight breeze wafted in the door, and the miniature aircraft struggled in vain. It no longer had the power or momentum of its former self and the gentle wind ushered it back into the calm still air of the girls' vast living room.

After three attempts the jet banked away to find another avenue of escape. Passing two closed doors, it entered a third only to discover an empty room –a bedroom– with no exits. The pilot started a slow bank to leave the way it came but groaned in despair as one of the monstrous girls filled his windscreen as she entered clad in a towel, and to add a nail to the coffin she shut the door behind her.

Kellie was oblivious to the jet and this time didn't even hear it as she shook her wet hair.

The crew saw only the vast expanse of the girl's chest, hundreds of times bigger than their craft, bearing upon them at unavoidable speed. They struck her breast while the pilot was attempting to dodge, and the airliner was sent into a spin.

The tiny plane spun slowly in downwards spiral onto Kellie's bed while she put on her underwear. Even if she had have turned around before she sat down she wouldn't have seen the minute aeroplane, camouflaged by the pattern on her sheets.

Kellie put on her bra, oblivious to the fact that the half-inch long airliner she had only half an hour earlier tried so hard to save, was stuck to the fabric of her panties beneath her, and if the softness of the bed linen had minimised the damage caused by the enormous pressure of Kellie's body, then this slight reprieve was lost when Kellie pulled her jeans up tight and snug, turning the metal giant into a grey smudge of scrap in her pants.

* * *

Sylvia was pleased the jet was gone, but when she actually thought about it, she had no idea why they had shooed it out the window; it just seemed right. But then again, 'out of sight, out of mind' and her attention turned to Kellie, who sat opposite her in jeans and a T-shirt that barely attempted to contain her breasts. At least she's wearing a bra, thought Sylvia.

Kellie leant on her elbows, slightly bored, and Sylvia watched as horny members of the soccer team ran between her elbows at Kellie and attempted to dive into her cleavage, as her breasts hung ominously over the table's edge. Two made it, the third stopped mid-run to try again, and a fourth jumped but failed to make the grade, hitting the T-shirt's seam and falling over the table's edge.

Sylvia gave a small nod to Kellie and indicated towards her lap, the latter leant back and saw the fallen man. After picking him up she held him above her chest and dropped him neatly into her cleavage, surprised to see that two others were already there. Upon seeing the one still on the table run she picked him up too and dropped him straight in and crossed her arms. Her breasts squeezed together and tiny muffled shouts emitted from her T-shirt. She was bored.

"What's the matter Kel?"

"Dunno, I guess I'm just bored," but this time Sylvia knew that this wasn't a real reason. There was something else.

There were several more minutes of silence, during which Sylvia gently ran her finger over 27, who had been nestled in her panties since her shower. Sylvia was waiting for Kellie to say something, and she sensed the hesitation. Was it embarrassment that stopped her saying this, she thought, or was it something bad?

Then she hit her with it.

"I want to go in there," said Kellie. Sylvia looked at her and smiled.

“Why?” But she already knew the answer: I don’t know, I guess I just want to.

“I dunno, I guess I just want to.”

Sylvia played apprehensive, but she had been thinking about it too. After a pause, she became nervous that she was being *too* apprehensive, and that she might deter Kellie. She was about to open her mouth to point out that if their arms could go in, there was no reason why the rest of their bodies couldn’t, but Kellie beat her to it.

“I mean, if other people can come out, why can’t we go in?” It was different wording, but meant the same thing.

When Sylvia saw the tense look on Kellie’s nervous face, she realised there was no reason she should be holding back. “Sure Kel, let’s do it!” and with that the pretty girl’s face broke into a smile.

“I’ve been thinking, we need–”

“A rope.” Sylvia finished for her. Kellie smiled and said she thought she had some somewhere, but the speed with which she got it and it’s sparkling clean appearance told Sylvia this was planned. She laughed inwardly because she had bought rope as well.

Tying it to a leg of the sofa, Kellie laid it on the floor, dropping the loose end in front of the TV, before she hesitated. It had struck her that it might be dangerous, and she voiced these concerns to Sylvia. Firstly, how did they know they could pass through the screen unharmed to start with? Secondly, what would happen if the scene changed? And thirdly, what sort of programme showed shots long enough for them to explore without the scene changing?

Sylvia relieved Kellie’s fears by reminding her that the people they took out came out unharmed, so why shouldn’t they be able to go in unharmed? Besides, they could test by poking their heads in before they crawled into the TV completely. As to her second question, Sylvia concluded that if they were tied to the sofa, there was no way they could disappear. Her logic and reasoning was bad, but it made sense to Kellie.

With regard to the third question though, they racked their brains but couldn’t think of a show or movie that had a long enough scene. Sylvia looked at the TV guide for clues and read aloud each programme.

When she read ‘Sports World’ out, she dismissed it as she had never watched a sports programme and began to read the next entry.

“Stop,” said Kellie, “that’s it! When they show football games and stuff there is only one camera on during the whole game. That’s how I got the whole soccer team, it took ages but the screen just stayed on the field for the whole time, even after I’d finished and all the people in the crowd had run away.”

Sylvia realised she was right – she had never wondered how Kellie had got the time to fish out a whole field of players (nor did she know that Kellie had even scoured the bench as well, since there weren't eighteen players of one team on the field). The show wasn't on for another half hour, so they waited, and talked about what they would do once they were inside.

“We'll probably be huge!” Kellie exclaimed with a twinkle in her eye.

“We can't both go in at once though,” reminded Sylvia.

“I know... can I go first?” but she didn't need a reply, and continued. “Imagine all the guys in there, looking up and seeing me come out of nowhere! We'll look soooo sexy!” As she said that she stopped and looked at Sylvia, “What'll we wear?”

Sylvia looked back at her and said what she knew both of them were thinking, “something sexy,” and smiled. Instantly both girls jumped up and ran to their rooms to change, but being typical women they would be hard pressed to decide on an outfit with only half an hour before the show.

However, their enthusiasm gave them speed and in a record-breaking twenty minutes they emerged almost simultaneously to get verifications from the soccer team.

Kellie tapped on the clubhouse roof and wooed the men out; a command they would never disobey – though not out of fear like the gunmen, the halving of whose population neither she nor Sylvia had noticed during their showers earlier, but out of their desire to be in the giant voluptuous girl's good books, which would undoubtedly result in the pleasure of being immersed somewhere on her body some time in the near future.

Upon exiting their tiny clubhouse they were greeted by the wondrous sight of Kellie's huge breasts hanging only 'metres' above their heads as she bent over, ushering them out.

“Do you like what I'm wearing?” she asked with an expectant smile as she stood a step back and flung her arms to the side, showing it off.

Although they would never disapprove, the men cheered her white knee-length skirt, heeled sandals and pink striped shirt that had an open collar and whose buttons seemed as if they strained to keep the chest together.

She beamed and knelt down, pouting her lips at table height for all the men to run over and kiss. They crowded around each other and some even jumped on their friends' backs to plant their heads between her lips. She 'kissed' them back with a smack of her lips and bowled them over into a pile of bodies, at which she laughed. 27 was among them, knowing that Sylvia was comfortable with him joining his mates in showing affection to Kellie.

Kellie moved aside for Sylvia to show off her number, which was a very short dark brown skirt, similar dark brown high heels and a cream-coloured tight T-shirt, with

it's neck making a 'V' into her cleavage. The men cheered again, but she saw that 27 was less animated and picked up on his jealousy.

"Oh you poor little thing!" she said patronisingly as she bent over and picked him up. "Don't worry, I'm not forgetting about you, I just want to look good, that's all," and she pushed his tiny body to her lips before smiling gently at him. He was comforted, but his face remained grim until she dropped him between her breasts, at which he lit up and seemed cheered.

* * *

The two girls sat down and waited excitedly for the sports programme to come on; the first time in history that this would occur and probably the last.

They tensed up in anticipation as the introduction played, with shots of amazing plays, spectacular race-car crashes and fast guitar music playing in the background as the titles came up promising super action and high-speed. The intro came to a close and they held their breath – having never watched a full sports show they expected a game to come on immediately.

When the presenter appeared on the screen they slumped in anti-climax, and shouted light-hearted abuse at him to hurry up. Kellie reached in and poked him as he talked, causing him to fall from his chair to laughter from Sylvia. He stumbled about but Kellie reached in and drew him out of the television – he was big, almost a foot and her hand barely wrapped around his waist.

Holding his face in front of her mouth she shouted "Hurry up!" and Sylvia watched his hair blow back in her breath and laughed. Kellie shoved him back in the screen and he bolted off the set.

The shot of what would have been the presenter finishing his introduction to the programme held on the empty set for another agonising minute before it finished, and the girls breathed a sigh of frustrated relief. Of course they didn't know what was coming on because Kellie had interrupted the presenter's speech, and they soon saw it was motor racing, in particular Formula 1.

"What?" Kellie exclaimed. "You said it was going to be football!"

"No, I said it was going to be 'Sports World'. I never said football."

"Ohhhh!" Kellie groaned, as each shot of the speeding cars lasted no more than a fraction of a second. She shouted at the TV in frustration, "This isn't sports! It's just cars!" and slumped back on the sofa.

After a minute of annoyed silence watching the high-pitched cars speed around, Sylvia concluded that at least they could experiment and poke their heads in to make sure it was safe, especially if the shot changed.

Kellie agreed and got a tiny bit of enthusiasm back, and her face dropped its sulk. Dropping to her knees, she put her hands on either side of the screen and leant forward.

“Be careful,” said Sylvia, a bit tense.

Kellie’s forehead touched the jelly and she squealed with the sensation.

“What’s it like?” Sylvia enquired, but Kellie was too absorbed, and with a quick shove she slipped her entire head in and immediately laughed.

Her laugh came through above the sound of the cars and Sylvia realised it was coming through the TV’s speaker and not the screen. Kellie squealed and giggled and Sylvia could just see through the corner of the screen, which was blocked mostly by Kellie’s hair, and watched cars spinning out as their drivers lost control when they saw this girl’s giant head looming over them.

“This is so cool!” she shouted above the engines, “You *have* to try this! ...Sylvia?”

“I’m here!”

“Sylvia? ...Sylv?” and after the second word Kellie snapped her head out of the TV in panic. Seeing that her friend was actually there, she said “What is it? Why didn’t you say anything? I thought I was alone.”

“I did say something, but I could only hear you through the speaker,” and they realised the obvious; the screen didn’t let sound into the ‘teverse’ just as it didn’t let light in.

Sylvia sat on the carpet with her legs stretched out as Kellie resumed her laughing and giggling with her head in the television. What a sight, Sylvia thought. She didn’t notice Kellie’s arm creeping in, and it shot back out with a Formula 1 car the size of its corresponding Matchbox version in her fingers, its engine screaming and buzzing like a furious bee.

Kellie thrust it between Sylvia’s feet and exploded with laughter at her prank as its spinning tyres caught the carpet and it shot straight towards Sylvia. It careened under her thighs and Sylvia screamed.

“Ahhh! It’s under my bum!” as the car jumped the seam of her skirt and wedged between her panties and the ground. “Oh you bitch!” she screamed in laughter as it drove itself against her backside, its tyres spinning on the fabric of the inside of her skirt. She instinctively jumped and lifted her cheeks off the floor, but of course this resulted only in the car gaining grip as the pressure of her body on the ground was removed, and it shot even further up her skirt.

Sylvia dropped back to the ground and when it got stuck and its engine stalled, it was halfway up her backside and sat, pinned vertically between her skirt and panties. Kellie was helpless with laughter. It was stuck so tightly that it didn’t fall when Sylvia held herself off the ground with her arms, and she had to hop to a kneeling position

and spread her knees, teasing it out with her hand before it slipped out, slid down the inside of her skirt and popped onto the carpet.

She grabbed it in her hand and shook her head at Kellie with a smiling 'I'll get you back' look.

Kellie's giggling persisted even as she stuck her head back in the TV, and Sylvia looked at her backside poking in the air as the girl knelt, and contemplated shoving the car down her pants but gave up the idea, deciding she would bide her time and wait for a better opportunity.

Staring blankly at the screen, she unconsciously tapped the small car on her teeth and almost nibbled on its front end, as if she were biting her nails. She was daydreaming, and was so absent that she didn't notice the driver (stunned enough by the incident but now terrified by her huge mouth and thinking her nibbling would progress up the car to include him) as he undid his safety equipment and jumped in panic out of the side of the car. He hit her shirt on her breast, bounced into her lap then righted himself and climbed the inside of her leg, throwing himself over the other side to fall to the ground. He was running frantically and had made it almost two feet when Kellie pulled out of the TV, leaned back and sat down, her backside squashing him instantly.

"Do you want a go?" she said, and Sylvia accepted, not nervous at all after listening for five minutes to Kellie's elated outbursts.

* * *

Pushing her head through felt the same as pushing her hand through, Sylvia discovered, until the cool custardy substance passed her nose and she gagged, but the sensation was of a cool wash passing over her face.

She opened her eyes and almost jumped at the extraordinary sight. It was incomprehensible, and impossible to describe. There was a whole world, much smaller than hers, completely surrounding her. She hung in mid air, her head inches from the ground – or probably more like metres in this universe. The cars screamed towards her until after only a fraction of a second their drivers braked in panic, one skidding into a wall beside Sylvia, which almost made her jump out.

In the next scene that followed almost immediately the cars were racing normally again (until they saw her). She wondered how the TV knew what positions they were in, but realised that as the race had already been held, its televising was completely predetermined.

Sylvia lost herself almost completely in this world; it was an amazing feeling, but very disorienting when the shot changed and she looked at something new. In a short while there was a view from a helicopter, and Sylvia's head appeared high in the air, looking down; her hair swung down around her face and she felt herself fall toward the TV. She realised that since the camera was at a different angle, so was their jelly screen in this televerse and now gravity acted to pull her into the television.

The cars were much tinier from up there, and when she squeezed her arm in and reached down to poke them she accidentally completely crushed one with the tip of her finger. Her other dangling fingers careened inadvertently into a grandstand, which parted and crumbled, the spectators tumbling around her fingertips. She winced but the shot quickly changed and she was looking horizontally again, which was almost a sickening feeling as gravity jolted her around.

As she moved her arm about, she realised how slow and cumbersome her movements were, and only now became conscious of how much effort even blinking seemed to take. Her mind went back to her experiment with dropping the one car on the freeway and one into her lap and she understood that in here, she was a giant –or giantess, she thought– and that she would weigh an enormous amount and thus would move really slowly. She verified this when she looked about, and instead of her hair twirling to follow her motion, it slowly waved around and in long swings it wobbled to a stop as if someone had tied great shipping ropes to a moving crane.

The whole experience was sensational, and she began to giggle as Kellie had. She watched spectators spilling out of the stands in panic, only to instantly return to their seats as the shot changed, and again attempt to escape in exactly the same way.

Soon though a commercial came on and she found herself watching a new type of oil circulate in an engine, and she pulled her head out just in time to miss a descending piston.

“Wow,” she said, staring wide-eyed and exhilarated at Kellie, “that was good.”

* * *

After twenty minutes more of Formula 1 the presenter came on, back in the studio. Sylvia noticed from where she was having a coffee and called to Kellie, who came back into the room.

“After the break, we’ll take you on a bird’s eye view of yesterday’s offshore power boat racing at Eastern Beach from the Channel Nine helicopter, so stay tuned for high-power, high-speed action on open water...” and the presenter droned on as shots from wharves showed the large power boats, at least ten or twelve metres long, starting deafening engines with giant puffs of diesel smoke.

“Oh God! More racing,” said Kellie, “the only time we actually *want* to see football and they don’t show any!”

“Well hold on,” said Sylvia, “...he said they had a helicopter, and if they’re racing at sea then there won’t be any cameras on land – the helicopter’ll have the only one.”

“So?” said Kellie before realising that this meant the whole race would be one long shot.

After waiting impatiently through the ads, it took only twenty seconds of footage from the helicopter of the boats ready to start, the beach nearby, and the course around a

large bay that they were going to take before Kellie jumped to the floor in excitement, anticipating that they did indeed only have one camera.

However, she halted when the boats started with the camera looking down straight at them in the water “How am I going to get in?” she said almost panicking that she’d miss her opportunity, “It’s just water down there!” She slumped in disappointment.

Sylvia was about to suggest something when Kellie straightened up and turned around. Sylvia could almost see the light bulb appear above her head as Kellie’s face brightened, her eye twinkled and she jumped up and ran to her room.

Baffled, Sylvia called out, but in no time she caught up with Kellie’s thinking and smiled as she realised what the excited girl was doing. In a world record one minute flat, Kellie bounced out of her room in a black bikini, laughing that fate had caused her to find something even sexier than her first outfit.

She had stuck her head in when Sylvia tugged her shoulder, urging her back out.

“The rope!” she exclaimed and Kellie realised in her excitement that she had forgotten it, her face dropping in awe of what could have happened had Sylvia not remembered. Wrapping and tying it around her wrist, she slipped her head in, much more cautiously this time.

Kellie had not had Sylvia’s previous experience from a helicopter view, and didn’t understand that she would fall towards the TV, so when she slipped her arms in to join her head and shoulders, the rest of her body followed without invitation.

Sylvia yelped and dived to help her friend, but was too late and watched Kellie slip into the TV and tumble slowly, really slowly as she was now a giant, much heavier, version of herself, away from the screen until she landed on her back in the water with a splash that would have dwarfed a tidal wave. The lead boat, which the camera had been following, disappeared instantly and the two following it were upturned by the splash, but there were three far behind enough to be safe and at high speed they soon careened to where Kellie’s head was rising, and had to swerve the giant obstacle.

Sylvia watched as the tiny boats skimmed around Kellie’s neck and one hit her shoulder. The girl didn’t notice, her face first showing surprise, then as she blinked the water from her eyes and gasped a few times she saw the humour in it and laughed a huge, slow motion laugh with a beaming face.

She must be sitting on the bottom, Sylvia thought, since she could see her legs stretched out as if she were in the bath. One of the boats had stopped above the dark silhouette of her bikini bottom which lay in the water almost menacingly beneath it like a big patch of dark seaweed beneath swimmers. As she rose up on her elbows, a boat was sucked by the swirling water behind her arm and hit her bikini top.

Kellie looked down and saw it, and in no time her hand appeared in the dark depths and rose beneath it like ‘Jaws’. The sleek ten-metre craft fitted snugly into Kellie’s palm, its ends protruding only fractionally as she wrapped her fingers around it.

Holding it high in the air, she mouthed some words, but Sylvia didn't hear her. Of course, she thought, there was no audio as all you would be able to hear would be the helicopter. This made her conscious of the commentary, which she hadn't noticed during the car racing, but she now became aware that the man was monotonously commentating the race as if it were still going.

She was trying to figure this out in her head when she saw Kellie rise to her feet, the camera almost above her but at enough of an angle to see the remaining powerboats drifting helplessly into the swirling at her ankles, rained on by the waterfalls coming off the giant girl, who shook her hair and pushed it behind her shoulder.

Kellie stayed put but she slowly slipped out of screen and Sylvia realised the camera was following what the path of the boats would have been if the heavens hadn't blessed them with the giant bikini-clad girl.

Jumping to her knees she pushed her head through the screen in panic, but of course Kellie still stood there in the tiny televerse. The rope on her wrist dangled in the waves before it rose to the hole in the sky, through which Sylvia's head now protruded.

"Oh my God!" Kellie shrieked as she turned around to see Sylvia's head. "You frightened me so much! You look so awful, your head just floating there!" Calming herself, Kellie took giant strides through the water around Sylvia's head and looked at her from the other side.

"What is it?" Sylvia asked, trying to crane her neck to look behind her.

"You're... not there!" Kellie exclaimed, shocked. "I can see you from here," and she waded back around to face her, "...but not here!" as she stepped behind her friend's floating head, to stand where, in effect, she would be in her living room looking at Sylvia's behind.

"And the helicopter!" she continued, "it..."

"What?" demanded Sylvia, confused and almost scared.

"Well it was right behind your neck –where your neck disappeared– but now I think I've scared it and it's flying away... if the camera was on it, why isn't your head going with it?"

Pausing, Sylvia's mind whirled until she concluded; "because all this has already happened and it already flew around following the boats yesterday, and we're only coming in and affecting it now." To an analytical mind it would be an unsatisfactory explanation, but it was nonetheless vaguely correct and Kellie accepted it, absently reaching up to head height and pinching the helicopter between her fingers to look at it, as if it would provide more of an answer.

Sylvia's head slowly moved away, following the helicopter's original path, and Kellie snapped out of her concentrated thought, her determination to explore resuming. Just

as her arm dropped to her side, the helicopter in her fingers' engine stalled and as she set her course for land she flicked the craft away, and it tumbled and fell to the water.

Craning her head, Sylvia could see Kellie striding through the water towards the beach. There was a long pier in her way, and she knelt down to peer into it before deciding it was uninteresting and stepping over it, as the people on it ran in panic. In her second step her foot clipped it and the wood shattered, splintering straight through the middle and throwing several people into the water.

Kellie, mesmerised by her enormous presence in this tiny world, looked around her, dazed, as people fled the beach at her feet. Dropping to her knees, which sunk metres into the sand, she laughed and picked up a man, who was perhaps half of a Kellie-sized inch. Sylvia couldn't see what she was doing, because the course of the 'yesterday-helicopter' changed to follow the 'yesterday-boats' as they headed away from the beach.

Sylvia would never discover that Kellie, enchanted with her power, was picking up the beach-goers and stuffing them wherever she could. She dropped some people in her cleavage, then picked up more between her fingers and with a rush, held open her bikini bottom before dropping them in and releasing the elastic.

Smaller than 27 was to Sylvia, the people's bodies didn't even make a lump in the fabric as Kellie ran her hand over her bikini bottom. She swiveled around and sat down on the sand (on top of three or four tanning people, oblivious while they slept), and leant back on her arms as if she were sitting comfortably on a normal beach on any normal beach day. Of course the beach was far too narrow and while her hands fell onto a picnic area and carpark behind, her feet were in the water and swimmers could be seen splashing about in panic around them.

Sylvia's face came slowly around so she again could see Kellie, and she laughed and said "You look comfortable!"

"Oh my God Sylvia, this is... ..I've never felt like this before," and she stood, gazing around her with almost dazed eyes, "it's so... well, I dunno... you can do *anything*."

Her gaze fell on the docks a mile or two past the beach, but this distance took only a moment to cover with her giant steps. There was a container ship, that any person would look in awe at due to its immensity, but in little more than ankle deep water to Kellie, it barely was taller than her knees. She raised her foot out of the water and planted it on the solid dock, stepping up as torrents of water cascaded onto the men fleeing their trucks and forklifts, some of which were turned into compacted scrap metal when Kellie trod on them.

When she inadvertently crushed these things underfoot Kellie felt a rush of feeling that she had never known before they had been blessed with the Segisant TV, and it excited her. She thrived on it. Flicking her head around, she saw the rope she was attached to climb and disappear into mid-air, which meant Sylvia was facing the other direction, and she turned back and raised a foot over a dock building.

As if she were creating a masterpiece, Kellie rested her foot on its roof, before pushing down and feeling the steel bend and crumple under her, and she couldn't suppress a laugh of glee. At that moment she heard Sylvia call out to her, and she thought she had been busted, but when she turned Sylvia was only just coming into view, and held a camera in her hand; just one arm protruding through the invisible screen.

"Hey Kel," she repeated "I've got an idea... say cheese!"

"Wait, wait! Let me pose first," Kellie said eagerly as she scanned around her for something to pose with. She stepped back into the water and lowered herself to sit on a part of the dock that was mostly bare, except for three workers who were too slow to escape and were squashed under her bikini bottom, and a security booth that was flattened by her thigh. A truck was next to her leg and she picked it up, also raising one leg to put her foot on the giant cargo ship, before she came up with a better idea, "No, wait, wait! Just a sec!"

Kellie straddled the enormous ship, which sunk lower into the water with her weight. Balancing herself, she put a hand on her thigh and held the truck with just her thumb and the tips of her fingers, and tapped it on her cheek, making a spontaneous face as if she were thinking deeply.

Sylvia laughed and took the photo.

Kellie jumped to her feet, urging Sylvia to wait so she could strike another pose, this time at the beach. Striding out of the industrial area, she stepped onto a large road that spanned just over the width of her foot, heading back towards the beach.

Just as she neared the sand she spotted a bus and stooped down to pick it up. Treading onto the sand, she assumed a sexy pose and held up the crowded bus as if she were advertising a bar of chocolate, smiling teasingly to the camera. Her free hand fondled the rope that was tied around her other wrist.

Sylvia took the picture and her head disappeared as she slid back into the living room to put away the camera, and in doing so the commentator became audible as he listed what was to follow in the programme. Her face shot back into the TV instantly.

"Kel! Hurry, the ads are coming on!"

Kellie strode in panic towards Sylvia. They didn't yet know what would happen if the scene changed while they were completely inside, and she felt like a swimmer who has just heard someone shout 'Shark!'. With her head still in the televerse Sylvia reeled the rope in as if it would hurry Kellie up.

When she was almost within arms' length of touching Sylvia's outstretched hand, the ads came on. It all happened in the blink of an eye, but to Kellie the experience seemed to last a lifetime. The world around her instantly disappeared, and it tried to pull her with it. She fell backwards into the vanishing universe, but the rope tightened and held her to the invisible side of the TV screen.

It was as if she was being sucked out of a jet; it pulled on her and only the rope prevented her falling away. She was essentially hanging by it around her wrist – in her panic she hadn't even let go of the bus and now the pressure of the rope clenched her fist and she couldn't release the tiny vehicle.

Oddly, the rope was taut between her wrist and the screen, but back in the living room it lay coiled and loose on the ground, between the screen and the sofa – the screen was a barrier, through which the force of the universe being sucked away did not pass. Thus Kellie remained still just outside arms' length but dangled helplessly for this terrifying moment.

In an instant the first ad came on and the next televerse appeared. At this time Kellie was still dangling horizontally in the vacuum of the disappearing universe, and when the new one arrived she was effectively lying with her arms stretched out, one entangled in rope and the other clutching at it, just above the ground that now appeared, and she fell flat on her stomach onto the surface with a wince of pain.

The commercial was for a similar sports programme that showed motorcycle racing. Its first shot was –would have been– of a bunch of sleek high-power road bikes racing down a straight. On top of that straight now appeared a giant bikini-clad body, under which the leading bikes were crushed. The speeding riders following smacked hard into Kellie's side to yelps of pain from the distressed girl – they were at least two inches long, their riders three, and at their speed they hit with a hard sting.

The riders at the back of the pack had an instant to react to the extraordinary sight, and their natural reaction was to panic and fall off their bikes, which inevitably results in both bike and rider sliding separately along the ground for sometimes up to a hundred metres. And so, four of five tumbling and sliding motorbikes hit Kellie's side or wedged under her, as did their riders. Two slid between her bare stomach and the hard racetrack, while another slammed into the side of her pressed-up breast, a fourth wedging under her just above her thigh.

Wincing with the stinging, Kellie awkwardly rocked onto her hands and knees (still unwillingly clutching the bus), and she had risen to her knees before the TV cruelly again changed the shot, but the new ground was at a similar height to that of the previous shot, and this time she kept some balance and the vanishing universe only managed to push her back to her hands and knees, her legs splitting apart a fraction in the fall.

The new shot was much closer to the action; two riders daringly attempting to pass three others on the outside around a sharp bend. Leaning so far over that their knees touched the asphalt speeding below them, they would have no chance to alter their course when the back of Kellie's giant legs appeared in front of them.

On the inside, the first shot straight between Kellie's knees, but as she had fallen onto her hands, he clipped the bottom of her chest and it threw him to the ground, sliding into a wall, while his bike flew high in the air before crashing near him. These riders were almost a foot tall to Kellie and their bikes more than eight inches long, so not only did the impact hurt her breast but it gave Kellie a frightening shock.

The first bike on the outside struck her foot and was tossed high in the air, just as Kellie rose up, her hand instinctively bearing down between her knees. The second bike in the inside lane slipped through her knees under her fingers but her hand caught the third and while his bike was flung out into the wall, he slapped right into Kellie's grasp.

Disoriented and in shock, Kellie had almost lost her nerve when she felt a grip around both of her wrists and a jolt that dragged her to her feet. When she came to her senses her arms and face were back in the living room and Sylvia was struggling to drag her by the wrists through the television. Her fingers finally released the bus and the rider, and she clawed at the carpet, pulling herself back in.

Falling on the floor in a heap, both girls panted, catching their breath before looking at each other solemnly. When the terrified foot-tall rider got to his feet and bolted though, they couldn't hold it in and they laughed hysterically, as relieved people do.

"Oh my God," panted Kellie, "look at these! And here!" She looked at the red marks from the impacting motorcycles, and the red burn around her wrist as she loosened the rope. "Oh my God that was close."

"You—" laughed Sylvia, "...you should have seen your face when that bike hit your boob and flew in the air! And the other two coming through your legs!" It was clear that Sylvia had found the sight just as exciting as hilarious. Picking up the tiny bus, the tiny passengers thrown around inside, she laughed "And why didn't you let go of this?"

"Oh my God I didn't even know I was holding it!"

"Those photos are going to be hilarious. Look what you did to this thing!" and Sylvia showed Kellie the battered bus, which had been squeezed in her grip, some of its windows broken and its wheels bent inward. "Oh we have to keep this. Where is that bike guy?"

Walking to the kitchen Sylvia left the bus on the bench and saw the motorbike rider racing around the edge looking for exits in the cupboards. He still wore his helmet and Sylvia laughed. "Come here, you—" and she stooped to grab him but he bolted past her fingers, and being a foot tall he wasn't slow.

"Help me catch him Kel!"

Soon both the girls were chasing the poor frightened rider around the room. Kellie, still in her wet bikini, had him in a corner and was stooping, slowly approaching with open arms, when he dived and ran between her legs. Sylvia dived but missed and rolled around laughing. He saw an open door and disappeared into Kellie's room.

"Oh now we have him!" they exclaimed as they ran in after him. Sylvia shut the door behind her and Kellie turned on the light. Her eye caught a movement on the other side of the bed and she ran around while Sylvia dove on top. Kellie was on hands and knees when she shouted success, before losing her grip and he slid under the bed.

“He’s underneath!” and Sylvia jumped to the other side and stuck her head under the bed. “There’s so much crap here I can’t see him!”

Obstructed by shoes, clothes and boxes the girls lost the fleeing rider, and resorted to pulling each object out one-by-one. After five minutes the floor under the bed was clear and they were dismayed to find no rider. They searched through the junk, which they had placed on top of the bed, but after no success they concluded he had got away.

“How could he have...” Sylvia muttered, mystified. Then she noticed Kellie’s cupboard was ajar and the girls looked at each other.

Tiptoeing over, Kellie knelt down in front of the door while Sylvia waited with open hands. Inching the door open, she groped around with her hands before Sylvia saw her wrestle with something that jumped around wildly, then shrieked as the man shot out, straight in between Kellie’s knees. He smacked into her crotch and her hands fell onto him, pressing him to her before she wrapped her fingers around him.

“Shhhhh! It’s okay! It’s okay!” she repeated while the man kicked. His waist was gripped by her right hand and her left hand was cupped over the back of his head. She repeated her soothing as she lifted him up and pressed his head into her bikini top as if he were an infant. His golf ball-sized helmet disappeared between her breasts.

“It’s okay,” she repeated, swaying him side-to-side, soon pressing him so hard he had to stop kicking. “See? It’s okay, we’re not going to hurt you,” and she brought him to face her and flicked his visor up with the thumb of the hand that that was cupped around his helmet.

“Ohhhh, poor baby,” she said looking at him patronisingly before cradling him again and looking up at Sylvia with a laughing smile on her face. Sylvia rose and left, giggling, hearing more soothing from Kellie as she entered the kitchen.

* * *

Sylvia sighed with relief, her heart pounding with all the excitement and her throat almost sore from laughing. ‘I need a coffee’ she thought, and went to prepare one for her and Kellie.

Seeing the bus on the bench her quick eye saw that the passengers had cleared out.

“Oh Kel! We’re going to have to keep an eye out for those bus people now,” she called out, while she instinctively looked around her feet and over her clothes as she had grown used to in the past week.

When she retrieved the coffee from its spot on the bench (they no longer even bothered put it away), two tiny figures sprang up from behind it and bolted. Sylvia saw them and quickly cupped her hand over them. Dropping the coffee, she slowly lifted her palm and as the people ran out the small gap she pinched them between her thumb and forefinger – they were tiny; about half an inch high.

'Kellie must have been huge,' she thought as she peered at the tiny figures in her fingers. She felt a pang of guilt that they had to hide behind giant obstacles that, to her, were insignificant kitchen items, but she reminded herself that she was conscientious and took care of all the people that had emerged from the television. Of course she was overlooking the gunmen, and just plain forgot the bridge survivors whose smear had been washed off her left breast, unnoticed, in the shower.

Glancing around, she found a bowl sitting nearby, in which she dropped the people so she could attend to them later. She looked up at Kellie who emerged from her room wrapped in a towel, obviously on her way to the shower.

"Smells of salt," said Kellie, pushing her damp hair to her nose, "What'd you say before?"

"Oh, I said we're going to have to keep an eye out for the bus people now; it was on the bench but they're gone. Where's the bike guy?" asked Sylvia casually.

"I put him to sleep."

"You *what*?"

"Christ no! I mean he's sleeping in my drawer. What do you think I am?" Kellie retorted light-heartedly. Sylvia spluttered and laughed, apologising, while her friend disappeared into the bathroom.

* * *

After her shower Kellie returned to the kitchen in a pair of loose black panties and just a small singlet. Sylvia started; they had never worn only underwear in front of each other before, and she realised that this meant that Kellie was now comfortable with her. They were friends, not just flatmates or acquaintances.

She smiled, thinking that their morning's experiences really had bonded them in a way, and she appreciated Kellie's bold statement of friendship. She laughed out loud, and Kellie, who was putting the kettle on again for herself, knew exactly what she was thinking about and laughed too.

She bent over and leaned on the bench as she waited for the kettle, giggling with Sylvia about chasing the plane and the bike rider. A person whose hiding place she had disturbed ran in front of her arms in panic; not the safest escape route. Kellie noticed and casually picked the passenger up between her fingers.

"On the bench... that bowl," said Sylvia, nodding at the bowl in which she had put the other two escapees, indicating for Kellie to let him join them. Her hand had been right above the bowl to drop him in, but upon hearing this, with a smirk and in complete defiance Kellie tossed the man into her singlet and he vanished between her breasts.

"Why do you do that?" asked Sylvia in a tone that said it was a serious question, but without insulting Kellie. She expected to hear 'I guess I just wanted to' but their

friendship had developed enough by this stage that Kellie replied with more openness and honesty.

“I guess...” she began, and despite these words that also began the response Sylvia had originally expected, her hesitation told Sylvia that she was going to reveal something personal, “I guess I feel... wanted?” Her voice rose in pitch on the last word as if it were a question, as if she were asking her friend if it were OK to feel like that. She continued, and now it poured out as she elaborated on her thoughts “I feel... powerful too. I guess I want the guys to get close to me.

“It’s sexual, but without having sexual tension. There’s always sexual tension between me and guys because even if they aren’t attracted to me I still think they are. I hate it. Don’t get me wrong, I love having guys around and I want to feel sexy, but if guys you think are friends are just trying to get into your pants...” Sylvia remained silent for the moment, and listened.

“With the soccer team though, and *all* these little guys, I don’t feel uncomfortable at all and neither do they, you can tell, and its just fun. They get close to me and I feel good with them in my top, and noone gets hurt.”

There was a moment of silence during which Sylvia was mulling over Kellie’s admission, and during which Kellie was beginning to think that Sylvia had rejected her openness; embarrassment was just starting to creep into her when Sylvia finally responded.

“Well, noone gets hurt unless you start... bouncing,”

At that the girls burst into laughter; Kellie with relief and Sylvia with gratitude at the gateway Kellie had just opened to a close friendship.

Sylvia said she understood, but even though she was comfortable with all of the guys being around and on her and sometimes in her top, she really only felt the way Kellie did with 27. She too openly admitted that it was an exhilarating feeling having a man –or men in Kellie’s case– squeezed in between her breasts, and she also mentioned how she almost felt motherly when she took care of the tiny people. Kellie agreed.

They discussed their thoughts while preparing their well-deserved lunch, during which time Sylvia mentioned that despite Kellie’s nasty experience at the end of her trip into the TV, she still wished to go in, to which Kellie happily consented, but reminded her they would have to find some other programme with long shots, preferably outdoors.

* * *

Sylvia sat and re-read the TV guide over lunch, but to no avail. Scanning through the programmes, she found nothing that even hinted at having appropriately-long shots. Just before she was about to throw it down in frustration, her eye caught a tiny square in the corner, outside of the other programme listings.

“What’s Channel 31?” She asked Kellie, reading the small inset that had only a few listings without descriptions. She had never heard of it before.

“It’s the community channel, for news in greek and stuff. It won’t have anything good on; besides, the reception is shit. Noone gets a good picture.”

Sylvia’s mind recalled something the repairman had mentioned a week earlier... something about Channel 31 and its reception...

“No, the TV guy said we’d have perfect reception on all channels since it shows the real thing and not the TV signal,” looking at her watch, she noted that the guide said ‘Close’, which meant the station didn’t have anything to broadcast. Probably couldn’t afford anything to broadcast, she thought.

She was nonetheless curious, but Channel 31 wasn’t even programmed into the TV, and she had to tune it manually before she got an image. When she found it, the picture shot up instantly, without any fuzz or snow, just as the repairman had said.

“Oh my God,” she slowly said, cautiously but with building-up excitement, “look Kel!”

On the screen was a street, seen from a couple of stories up, and behind were buildings which they instantly recognised to be in their own city, and in the bottom of the screen cars moved back and forth and people crossed the road. Words moved slowly across the screen, listing the day’s weather report.

Sylvia realised instantly what it was – when there was no show to broadcast, the station simply connected a camera on the roof of their own building looking at the city, and repeated the weather all day long.

Both girls broke into a smile and looked at each other, realising that this picture would never change until the station came out of ‘Close’.

Sylvia jumped to her feet to get rope, but in her haste she failed to make another connection that would turn out to be very important; Channel 31’s camera fed straight to their broadcasting tower, so these images were live. That was easy enough to realise, but the realisation she missed, was the implication this had on *which* universe the TV would automatically display behind the screen.

* * *

Without delay, Sylvia straightened her clothes (the brown skirt, heels and cream shirt), securely tied the safety rope to her wrist and crouched in front of the television. Kellie’s previous ungainly entry into the TV world fresh in her mind, she planned her movements – slipping a leg through she made contact with the ground before rotating, pushing her behind in, her torso and head following (which was cramped and difficult) until only her other leg remained, which soon slipped through.

She felt dizzy when she looked up; dizzy with amazement. She stood alone in a world that was completely dwarfed by her. Looking down she saw she was standing on the

street and people scurried around her feet. She had inadvertently crushed a car but was too overwhelmed to pay it any heed.

Being on the fringe of the central part of the city, the buildings were quite large, but not enough to even make it past her knees. Stooping, she picked up a person and immediately made the connection that he was almost exactly the same size as 27 and the soccer players. This made her as tall as a forty-storey building.

Looking at the inner city, she calculated from the angles of the buildings that she was around ninety degrees from the centre, away from their apartment.

In fact, if Kellie, who was watching intently, had have got up and gone to the balcony she could have looked over the roofs of the buildings to the east and just to the left of the city she would have seen a figure towering over its surroundings. A human figure, but a ridiculously oversized one.

Of course it was Sylvia, and the realisation they should have made was that, being a live picture, the easiest and closest universe the TV would find to present the image, was naturally their own. And thus Sylvia was stomping through a tiny city, in a universe in which she thought her actions would have no consequence to their own, but, unbeknownst to either girl, they did.

* * *

Sylvia felt a rush of potency and power she could never have even imagined, not even with all the tiny people that surrounded her back in her living room. It was like being on an observation deck on a tall building; she could see for miles around her, and of course, there were tiny ant-like people and cars around her feet.

Instinctively she headed straight for the city. Not noticing the tiny threadlike powerlines that snapped on her ankles, she walked with giant steps along the road – without the kind of attention she would pay to the soccer players on her kitchen floor, and thus trod on several cars.

When she reached a park which she soon recognised, she realised what area she was in. She was amazed by the feeling of the giant trees in the large inner city park, brushing limply against her calves. Her steps were obscured by the foliage around her legs, and she trod on a man walking along the path and he was crushed under her toe, unnoticed.

Emerging from the trees below her, she stepped onto the road, on the other side of which stood tall buildings; tall enough that she could touch them without stooping, and when she walked towards the nearest perpendicular street she ran her finger along the side of one. Glass disintegrated and fell to the street, and the strong pillars between the panes snapped like matchsticks.

Hearing a noise, she turned around and saw Kellie's head appear in the air on the roof of the building where Sylvia had first entered (and from which Channel 31 broadcasted), and suddenly became conscious of the rope, which was near the end of its length, following behind her and leaving a trail of damage. 'Oops!' she said and

lifted it from the ground. Coiling it loosely over her wrist she noted that she had only a few metres left (which corresponded to several city blocks).

“I couldn’t see you,” explained Kellie, and Sylvia saw that Kellie faced slightly away and she wouldn’t have been in view on the screen. She replied ‘sorry’ and made her way back towards the direction Kellie’s head pointed, and Kellie withdrew back into the living room, satisfied now that her friend was back on the screen.

Sylvia was about to turn around to seek something to engage her, when a noise whined at her from below. Looking at her feet, she saw a police car about the length of a matchbox car, sirens blazing, and two men jump out.

The words on the megaphone they soon produced didn’t come close to reaching Sylvia’s ears, and she crouched to listen. Still hearing only muffled speech, she got to her knees, her foot sending two cars spinning away behind her. She laughed when she caught words like ‘yield’, ‘on their way’, ‘peaceful’ and ‘negotiate’ above the traffic noise of the largely unaware city.

Her clear disregard for their commands caused the police to draw their weapons and begin firing at Sylvia’s close face. Their bullets struck her cheek, and feeling the slight sting she reeled, and in shock, she swiped at the men. The first flew high in the air over the park she had just crossed and vanished from view in the trees hundreds of metres away. The second disappeared, hit by the car that was caught by Sylvia’s palm, sent tumbling into the trees.

Jumping to her feet she saw another two squad cars pull up together, but she gave them no time to act; crushing the first under her foot without hesitation, and kicking the second lightly, sending it spinning into a building.

Sylvia turned back towards the city, only to see tiny flashing lights scattered in every direction – dozens of approaching police cars. Already feeling guilty of having destroyed the last cars in her anger, Sylvia decided it was time to leave, and whirled back to the Channel 31 building, and from which the rope’s other end dangled.

Walking quickly but still enjoying her size (despite the small incident), Sylvia paid even less heed to her steps and caused more and more damage. Still she hadn’t realised that she was a giant in her own present universe. If she had, she might have taken more care, because when she approached the building, she exercised no caution whatsoever, and in the step that would take her within arms’ reach of her exit, a seemingly insignificant thread of wire snapped as her toe nudged the power pole it was connected to, and the building’s windows went dark as it lost power.

Kellie, watching Sylvia approach from the sofa in the living room, froze as she suddenly stared at a blank TV screen, covered in static. Her jaw dropped.

So did Sylvia’s giant jaw, when the rope she reached for suddenly dropped from the roof of the building to the pavement below, severed. Picking it up, stunned, Sylvia looked with blank eyes at its smoldering end, a light smoke wafting off it as if it had been severed by a lightsaber.

Sylvia suddenly felt light-headed. Panicking, she thrust her hand in the spot where the rope had been, but only hit the building and demolished rooms on the top floor, the tiny camera that had been pointing at the city smashing in the rubble. She waved about hoping to find the screen, but of course found nothing.

Her heart dropped and her head swam with the realisation that she was stuck and Sylvia trembled with the thought of living out her life alone in this tiny world.

Luckily for her, she was a calm and collected type of person, and just as she was about to break down and bawl, her brain gave her a quick shot of adrenaline and she regained some type of composure.

Of course she had absolutely no idea what to do, nor how it had happened in the first place. Her mind sifted through all the insane possibilities and systematically rejected those explanations that didn't make sense: Kellie had cut the rope – no, why would she do that? Besides, the rope was burnt. Kellie burnt the rope, no – even if she wanted to, why would she burn it and not cut it?

Through this subconscious process of elimination Sylvia gained no more insight into what had happened, and she was twice as confused. Collecting herself, she knew she had to think this through. Stressed, she sat down on a nearby building but of course its roof crumpled before she had even put her weight on it. 'Christ, I'm not even thinking at all' she said to herself.

Soon the sound of sirens was again heard, and she knew there was no way she could think with the added distraction, and she looked away from the city. On the horizon she could see paddocks, and without hesitation she made for them, desperately needing a quiet place to sit down and work out what to do.

* * *

In her dismayed state she no longer took any caution in her steps, and pedestrians, cars, trees and power poles were crushed under Sylvia's feet. When she reached the suburbs she no longer even bothered to stick to roads if they veered off her course, and as she walked through residential blocks, sometimes even houses were unlucky enough to find themselves under her high-heels.

When she stepped into a park she looked down for the first time in two suburbs, and saw a familiar sight – it was a unique statue, and in only a moment she remembered how she knew it.

"Peter," she said aloud. It was the statue she had come to know well as it was in the park opposite an ex-boyfriends house, in particular the abusive ex-boyfriend that Justin Timberlake had reminded her of.

Sylvia knew exactly what to do, and after glancing around her she saw the house with its green fence and red roof, over which she lifted her shoe. With a satisfying crunch, she pushed down and got even with Peter, the wooden house splintering under her foot. Before she left though, a tiny figure wiggled out from between the toe and the

heel of her shoe. Stooping over she recognised Peter as she picked him up between her fingers.

Remembering the pleasure she had derived from stuffing Justin Timberlake into her top, she pulled open her shirt and lifted an edge of her bra's cup. With the writhing man only inches from her, she stopped, surprised.

"27!" The soccer player was already in her bra. "What are you..." but before she spoke the words her mind flashed back, to when she and Kellie were parading their outfits before the men, and 27 getting jealous, and her comforting by putting him... yes, of course, by putting him in her top. She groaned. He had been there the whole time - through Kellie's whole ordeal, through lunch, and now through this.

"Oh my God I'm so sorry," she said to him, and he looked up at her with a questioning smile as if to say 'What for?'; oblivious to her predicament, "I'm going to have to leave you there for a while," and before he could respond with another look she released her shirt back over him.

Now she was distracted, and she no longer felt like making an effort to 'punish' Peter. Looking for somewhere else to leave him, she pulled open the front of her skirt, but changed her mind as she knew 27 enjoyed riding with her in there and she didn't want to spoil that by making the same experience into a punishment for her ex-boyfriend. She instead reached around and pushed him roughly under the heavy seam and into the back of her skirt.

In two seconds she had forgotten about him and had resumed her way. In less than five minutes she was outside the city limits and trod not on concrete but on earth. It was an open grazing type of area, and there were paddocks around her with small houses on narrow roads. The land was flat; plains that stretched away, interrupted only by smooth and low hills, and steep valleys with small streams that tore a winding rift into the flatness.

Sylvia stepped carefully into one of these, and as if to take shelter she sat down in the depression and leaned back, resting her feet against the slope on the other side of the valley. She was just below the level of the surrounding land and the wind of the plains drifted above her head.

She breathed a sigh of relief and pulled 27 from her top.

"What are we going to do?" She asked, not expecting a response, as people do when they talk to pets for comfort. "I just... I don't even know what happened."

As she mulled over it, some words of the TV repairman that she would otherwise have forgotten (and of course *had* forgotten), rose from the depths of her memory and came into her mind. From her phone call to him she recalled: "But remember, they're real people on real worlds, and if you're watching the news or something that's not fiction, then the screen might actually be viewing a scene on Earth ...our Earth." Suddenly it clicked.

* * *

Sylvia groaned with the realisation of what had happened, and went over it step by step.

The moment of shock when the rope was severed was played in slow motion in her mind, and as she remembered it, she became aware of things that had seemed insignificant at the time. Her foot knocking a power pole, the building's lights going dark, the rope falling to the ground. She had cut the building's power and their camera had gone off.

Now she realised why Kellie had been able to destroy the helicopter that had carried the camera following those boats and still return safely, but she hadn't. The broadcast Kellie had entered was of yesterday and thus couldn't be affected by what she did now, but Sylvia's broadcast was *live* and the universe the TV had chosen was their own – so when the station's power had gone out and the camera had stopped, the signal going to their living room had cut out, and the TV would have gone blank.

The last thoughts she said aloud to 27, and continued.

“So... if that camera comes back on... ...Kellie can watch it and she'll see me again and pull me out!” Sylvia was about to jump to her feet when another memory of the moment returned to her and she groaned in dismay; she had accidentally smashed the camera when she had tried to push her hand into where the rope had been.

She slumped back in dismay. It was late afternoon and getting darker, and her despair rose to the surface and she let out a whine. 27, who was cupped in her hand, saw this and jumped onto her shirt, lying flat on his stomach with his arms outstretched as if he were trying to hug her.

“Oh I'm so glad I've got you with me in here,” she said, her voice nearly breaking as she was about to burst into tears.

Killing the moment, a whirring sound appeared suddenly from above the plains behind her and a helicopter flew over Sylvia's head. It instantly saw her and spun around to face her.

“Can't you just leave me alone!” she sobbed in frustration, the intrusion of the machine adding the proverbial straw to the camel's back and causing her tears to flood. She caught its cabin between her fingers and flung it, but not before seeing it was a news helicopter, and her heart dropped even further when she now knew she was being shown on TV, a giant crying girl.

This caused a new thought to suddenly appear and she made a few connections in her head.

“If I'm on TV...”

Hurriedly, as if her idea would disappear, Sylvia reached down the back of her skirt and her fingers found Peter's figure in her panties. She had been sitting on him and he was battered and unconscious, but she hadn't retrieved him because she needed to ask

him a question, or anything of the sort. Instead she held him up next to 27. Verifying her thought, she tossed the man aside, not even seeing in the afternoon shadow where he landed.

He was almost precisely the same size as 27. This fact enthused her, and she jumped to her feet, her vigour renewed. Turning back towards the city, she knew what she had to do.

* * *

Sylvia's plan was simple; find her apartment, which she knew *had* to be there since she was certain she was in her own universe, find Kellie and convince her to turn on the TV. When she saw Sylvia as a giant –giantess– on the news on another channel she would reach in, Sylvia would see Kellie's giant face floating in front of a helicopter or something and she could escape.

The ingenious part (that she had needed Peter's tiny body to confirm) was that if she left 27 at the apartment, when she returned to the living room he would be waiting for her, full-sized.

With this thought in her head she strode over the land energetically, not noticing the increasing engine noises in the air behind her.

* * *

The afternoon was late and Sylvia could see red on the horizon when the pursuing military helicopters flanked her on both sides, one turning a wide circle to halt in front of her. She halted, and two more appeared beside it, all three aiming at her. She was aware of more tiny engines in the air behind her.

Instinctively she pushed 27 protectively down into her top. An amplified voice emitted from the front craft, shouting inaudible commands at her. Sylvia needed to get to her apartment, and side-stepped the military helicopters and continued. When she was beside them the nearest opened fire.

Flame spewed from a cannon on its nose and she yelped in pain. Spinning to face it, a single blow from the top sent it hurtling to the ground, where it exploded instantly. The blades had put a small cut on her hand and she held it tightly as she started back for the city with quickened and nervous strides.

Calculating where her apartment was, she made out in the dimming light a high building that she recognised, and altered her direction for it. By this time she was in outer suburbs, and each step brought destruction to any car or house in her way. She had not evaded the helicopters though, and they followed at a distance.

After only a couple of suburbs, Sylvia felt a breath of warm air brush past her waist, and though she didn't see the rocket, it's trail of white smoke, greying in the dusk, gave it away and in moments an explosion appeared on the side of a building ten blocks ahead of her.

She whirled in panic and the thin smoke broke into swirls by her movement. A second rocket flew between her arm and her body as she did so, but she didn't have time to thank her luck. She took a step towards the source of the rockets, but a white puff around one of the helicopters said there was more coming, and her instincts took over, throwing her to the ground.

Sylvia dropped onto an industrial building, flattening it. On her stomach, she lay behind a low, flat warehouse that provided cover from the helicopters. Clearly the attackers' intent was not to preserve the building, a small sacrifice in the scheme of things, as three rockets turned it into a ball of flame, its walls flying. Large aluminium sheets and steel girders struck Sylvia and scratched her skin. Stunned and bathed in heat, Sylvia scrambled to her feet.

Obscured by the pillar of smoke, she took two steps and found herself behind two of the unsuspecting attack helicopters. She grasped them from underneath and with a single clench they were squeezed into shreds of steel. She could hear more somewhere, but Sylvia took the opportunity to progress.

Relocating the landmark building, she was on her way when the whine of jets could be heard in the distance. Quickening her pace, she reached the building and located her apartment block near it. Crouching low on the street with her legs squashed between buildings on either side, she shouted hurriedly.

"Kellie! Kellie! Come out, it's me!" she was about to tap on the windows of their first-floor apartment when she thought better of it.

In no time an aghast Kellie stood on the balcony, overwhelmed by the sight of Sylvia towering above her. From her view near Sylvia's knees she could see her giant body rising up and over the buildings on their street. Her face looked down at her, shouting unbearably loud words at the stunned girl.

Kellie mouthed inaudible words, and Sylvia repeated panicked instructions at her.

"Turn on the TV! Turn on the TV!" Kellie, overwhelmed by the apparent loss of her friend and now shocked by her giant reappearance, took what seemed a lifetime to take in Sylvia's desperate commands, let alone comprehend what she had planned.

With the sound of the jets getting louder, Sylvia drew 27 from her breast and held him to her face, informing him she was going to put him down into the apartment and soon he would be her size. Before she could see his tiny head shake she thrust him down at the balcony. She released him as gently as she could, but he was being difficult; clinging to her finger and pushing away from the safety of the balcony.

"What are you doing?" she said in frustration, "They're after me!"

When she saw his clear opposition to the move, she brought him to her face. "Don't you understand? You can be full-sized again!" But this time she saw his head shake and his immovable look of 'No'.

Sylvia looked astonished, but it dawned on her that he loved the way it was, and didn't want change. Furthermore, memories of every bastard boyfriend popped into her head and she looked at 27, and her expression turned to a loving smile for this tiny man who showed her so much affection, even when faced with the possibility of resuming a normal life. Her heart leapt and she kissed him tightly.

The moment didn't last long as the jets above snapped her to attention. Stuffing 27 back into her bra she got to her feet, just as a friendly voice appeared near her.

Spinning, she saw Kellie's face floating in mid-air and realised her plan was coming into effect. Kellie had turned on the TV and slipped her head into what was obviously a news helicopter's perspective of the giant girl.

Only when she took a step towards her friend did she realise a hurdle; Kellie's face was much larger than hers and it occurred to her that she would have appeared as a midget on the TV screen.

"Oh no Kellie! You're the wrong size!"

The same thought had already occurred to Kellie and she shouted "I'm going to have to wait and flick channels until I find you at the right size!"

Waiting was the exact thing Sylvia didn't want to do, and at that moment Kellie's face disappeared and from behind it appeared a dot in the sky. The jet had already fired and it was only luck that Kellie had vanished in time for Sylvia to see the missile and dive out of the way. She struck the ground hard, crushing every vehicle under her, before scrambling to her knees, and instinctively looking for shelter she headed for the high-rises of the city.

When she had almost reached one, a missile whizzed past her neck and struck the building only feet from her face. The explosion sent her sprawling, and the back of her head struck a low building and her expression went blank as she lost consciousness.

* * *

When Sylvia awoke she felt many sensations. Foremost was her throbbing head. Next she became aware of the feeling of pressure all over her body, but not even pressure like water, but a cutting, sharp pressure, and when she tried to rise she realised its source.

Her mind went to children's stories of Gulliver's travels when she found that she was strapped to the ground with tiny cables. They were sharp and she felt a cut when she tried to move her arm.

She cried out in pain and opened her eyes. She was lying on her back, her head tilted sideways and she could see it was now dark and there were tiny soldiers circling her, military vehicles, bright spotlights and aircraft buzzing somewhere above her. Wincing, she attempted to break free but only felt cuts like paper burns.

Discouraged, she paused and studied the people in front of her face. At the same time that she realised one was a news cameraman, Kellie seemed to appear out of his camera, but she was much bigger than he was. Clearly she had been watching Sylvia wake and took the opportunity to see her.

Emerging from the invisible side of the screen, she stood and Sylvia saw that Kellie was as tall as her face and that the men around her were half-way up her knees in height. Kellie firmly held a rope that originated in the tiny camera, whose operator remained motionless – Sylvia remembered that Kellie would be invisible from where he stood, effectively where the girl's living room would be.

“Sylv!” As she opened her mouth, all the men around her spun around to see the giant (but *less* giant) girl, except those directly behind the cameraman, who looked around in puzzlement. They drew their weapons but Kellie took a step to either side of her and kicked the soldiers harshly, her foot sending them flying. “Sylv, stay there! When I can see you from above on the tele I’ll rescue you!”

With that she retreated back into the camera as more soldiers approached. The cameraman was oblivious to the event that had just occurred.

Sylvia waited and listened for helicopters; that would signal that there were TV cameras looking down at her and thus provide Kellie the opportunity that she had promised Sylvia.

Back in the living room, Kellie watched patiently with the sound down so as not to listen to the nattering of the reporters, and when a shot appeared from a helicopter that showed Sylvia's full body strapped to the ground she took her chance. On the screen Sylvia appeared about two feet long, so when Kellie reached in and snapped the first cable with the scissors in her hand, Sylvia's freed head looked up to Kellie's face, even bigger than she was, floating in the air.

She watched with adrenaline as Kellie's giant scissors severed the cables pinning her down, and at one stage her finger, the width of Sylvia's leg, poked down on the soldiers standing firing at her, and they disappeared into red dots on the tip of her finger. By this stage Sylvia was not perturbed by the violence, and when the last cable snapped she jumped to her feet and hugged Kellie's hand.

“Now we have to find the right channel to get you back the right size!” shouted Kellie before she slipped back and vanished in the air, the helicopter on which the camera had been hovering in her place.

Sylvia knew she had to keep moving while Kellie waited for the right moment. She looked at herself – giant searchlight spots lit up her body. In panic she felt her breast but 27 was there, safe and sound.

Seeing the soldiers around her feet, she realised one of her high-heels was missing, and crushed several in revenge with the toe of the remaining one. She saw the other heel lying in the middle of a street, but with no desire to retrieve it she ducked away and behind a building.

She tried to find cover there but soon realised that she would have to be in view for Kellie to find her on TV at the right size, so she stepped back into the open and waved at the hovering craft.

She was a sight – lit up by searchlights, standing feet apart, towering over some insignificant buildings as she shouted at helicopters floating around her face. Conscious that they were far too close she swatted at one and her movement caused a gush of air that sent it reeling back. The others fled in terror before turning back around to view her.

“That was good!” shouted Kellie’s face, appearing quite large out of the air, “but now you’re too small! Get closer!” and she slipped back to the living room.

Sylvia took a step towards the helicopter she had appeared out of, and instantly Kellie emerged.

“That’s it!”

She looked the perfect size and Sylvia ran to her and clasped her hand. It was such a relieving feeling but she didn’t relax; the helicopter, seeing the giant girl running for them, backed away and Kellie went with it, yanking Sylvia.

She stumbled but her grasp was solid and she threw her other hand up to Kellie, who grabbed it. Kellie’s face disappeared but her arms remained, pulling Sylvia as hard as she could back into the living room.

Sylvia tried to jump up; she stepped on a building, but even though it crumbled to the ground with her weight it was enough to propel Sylvia up to Kellie. When Sylvia’s head emerged into the living room she shouted with relief, and releasing Kellie’s hands, she dragged herself into the room. Kicking, her legs fell into the room and she collapsed on the floor.

“I’m going to take a hammer to that TV and smash it to pieces...” she stammered before her eyes closed and she passed out.

* * *

Sylvia woke in her bed, aching, but her pains were nothing compared to the joy and relief she felt to be back in her room, normal sized.

Kellie passed her door and seeing she was awake, disappeared and returned moments later with a tray of breakfast.

“Oh Kellie, you are the best friend I could ever want,” and she hugged the loving girl, knowing that their path to friendship was complete (and all it took was the destruction of a city).

Kellie held up a tiny figure, and Sylvia took 27 out of her hand. “And you, I love you so much!”, with which she kissed the minute man.

They talked about it, Kellie informed her that it was on the news all night, images of Sylvia trampling over the city repeated over and over again. Her giant high-heel was all that remained back in the city. She also mentioned that she had damaged several buildings and that repairs were already occurring to power lines.

Their street was barely damaged and Kellie had already bought supplies. They stayed at home the whole week, not even turning on the TV.

* * *

After two weeks Sylvia went out in public, highly disguised. She had no need though, because no one at all would believe that the endlessly talked-about giantess was actually a human living in their city – the media had concluded she had been an alien from a distant planet, who had strayed off course and onto our much tinier world, leaving only her giant ‘glass slipper’ which would one day slip gently onto Cinderella’s foot.

Even her own friends didn’t make the connection. ‘Oh my god that alien looked so much like you!’ they said while they gossiped frantically about where they were and what they had been doing at the time, and reassured, Sylvia removed her disguise of a shawl and glasses.

Some people looked at her strangely in the shops she went to, but it was merely a starting point for conversation when she saw their expressions and admitted she looked similar to the giant intruder.

When she returned to the apartment, relieved, she found Kellie sitting on the sofa, something obviously on her mind. Before she could ask what it was, Kellie spoke.

“I know you said you were going to smash the TV with a hammer, but before you do...” she said nervously, “...I found this old thing at my parent’s place. I thought if we taped something and then played it back on the VCR we can go back in but this time your accident would never happen again.”

Sylvia looked and saw a video camera in Kellie’s hand. It was silver and stylish and looked so new it sparkled. There was no way Kellie had ‘found it’ at her parent’s house.

Kellie was obviously expecting her to sternly reject any proposition to use the TV in any respect ever again, but instead Sylvia smiled.

She had bought a camera too.

THE END