

Land of the Giants

by

e10

“Ooh I almost stepped on a house!” said Lt. Forster as she alighted the steps leading down into the green landscape.

“Oh my,” murmured the accompanying young trainee, who tucked back a tool hanging from her belt so she could stoop down and study the trees around her feet, a flock of thumbnail-sized birds rising up through her legs as she disturbed them. Through cracks in the forest canopy she saw glimpses of men scurrying around her feet, “they *are* small!”

“You’ll see smaller,” warned the superior, snapping trees as she waded towards the object that loomed over the tiny landscape; a long, sleek, shining object with stubby wings and dark, cavernous bowls at its rear, which were the reason for their presence on the planet, or more accurately, the malfunction of which was the reason for their presence on the planet. She continued, “once we had to repair an FP-94 that had crashed on this giant red planet with people about three mil tall. You should have seen it. You had to stoop to breathe because the air was so thin at head-height, and I was swatting at flies all day long until I realised they were ships attacking me!”

The younger showed her appreciation for the story with a mumbled ‘wow’ while she stepped carefully through the trees, picking her steps by nudging her toes through gaps in the thick canopy, her senior showing much less regard; flattening forest giants with each pace.

“You’re late!” came a friendly call over the landscape, emanating from the shadow under the immobile ship towards which the women were heading.

“Oh boy that voice sounds familiar,” shouted Forster in return as she brushed past a low-sitting cloud, dashing its plump shape and wafting it away in swirls.

The trainee looked on as a slim figure rose from a reclined position on the jungle and greeted the other with a hug and much laughing. The pilot, whose ship she and Lt. Forster were there to repair, was very attractive, and the younger girl watched with admiration before pitching in when the other two women had finished their embrace.

“Wow, there aren’t many women Scouts!”

Lt. Forster turned to the trainee, grinning.

“And if Major McGill had have known it was Andrea we were coming out to help, he would have come himself instead of sending us!”

The trainee introduced herself as Jenny to the attractive woman, who was obviously an old acquaintance of her superior, Lt. Forster. They informed the younger girl that they had been in training together, and then chatted, filling in the past years discussing how Andrea had trained hard to become a Scout and explore and document new worlds, and how Forster had ended up in the interplanetary repair crew, rescuing stranded Scouts and repairing broken-down ships.

“Nice accessories!” laughed Forster at the men dangling from the belt of her friend’s black, skin tight uniform with its yellow badge signifying her rank.

“Well, you *do* have to collect samples ...only cute ones though!”

The young women laughed and chatted before they were interrupted by a call on Forster’s radio, who communicated for several moments before returning her attention to her friend.

“Sorry, but we have to make this quick; Jimmy Cooper is stuck on some planet and needs help.”

“I went to Scout training with him,” chimed in Andrea, before describing her ships problem to the repair officer and her trainee.

“That shouldn’t take too long; I’ll get some of the boys to do it,” replied Forster as she took her radio and called their ship that dominated the horizon

a few metres away, informing them of the smaller Scout ship's problem and what tools the mechanics would need.

Two hours later, a blue glow emanated from the sleek silver ship's conical thrusters and the pilot thanked the mechanics, who had taken many sideways glances at her slender figure while they had worked, embracing her friend in farewell before the giant repair ship, the *Sauveteur*, rumbled and soared into the air, its destination another stranded Scout on a foreign planet far away. In moments the view from the ship's windows was again the black of space, and they were on their way.

* * *

Jim Cooper soared at incredible velocity through the solar system, his computer's scanners recording the orbits and rotation speeds of the nine planets and their moons before there was a loud beeping and flashing of lights on the dials in front of him.

His spirits instantly lifted. The alarms signalled that there were radio and microwaves emanating from one of the planets, thus indicating sentient and advanced life. He had not discovered anything sentient in months; despite the adventurous nature of his job it was often dull recording only animal and primitive forms of life. A sentient race spiced things up a bit.

The third globe from the sun was the source of the radiation, and Jim set his course for this planet, calculating a travel time of one hour. Tuning into the waves, the ship's computer deliberating momentarily before deciphering them as sounds and pictures, and at the push of a button some of these images flicked up on the glass of the canopy.

Jim Cooper exclaimed. He may as well have been watching an old two-dimensional film from his own planet. The beings in the square screen were identical to his own people. Through the selective process of evolution, the sentient races he discovered almost always appeared humanoid; differing only in size, depending on the size of the planet on which they lived, and small variations such as hunched backs, extra digits or hair colour (and quantity). These beings, however, were identical. He even blushed at the sight of young women wearing short skirts, which were far too revealing to be permitted in his own culture.

As he hurtled towards this world, Jim allowed his computer to select a piece of populous land that was in darkness in order to cloak his entry, and selected to have the ship hover twenty metres above the ground, at which point he would take over the controls manually. He pondered how he would introduce himself to the foreign beings. Usually he preferred a grand entrance; landing in a busy part of a populous city and throwing the doors open to see the shocked expressions of the people outside.

Standing from his seat in the small cockpit, Jim donned his survival belt, just in case. From it hung various defensive devices such as a stun laser, stun gas, stun grenades, stun pills and a condom in case he got lucky. Resuming his seat, he watched the brilliant blue and green planet come into view, his craft careening for its dark side.

In moments the familiar red and yellow flames of an atmospheric entry whipped around his cockpit, the air becoming slightly warm before the climate control kicked in and washed a cool scented breeze into the cabin, the ship shaking roughly the entire time, but the advanced design of the craft dulling the turbulence to a mild bouncing for the comfortable pilot. Jim's excitement heightened at the sight of lights and the whistling of air around the ship, the lonely silence of space disappearing behind him.

The engines grumbling with the reverse thrust, the ship slowed quickly, and as the lights became larger Jim sensed something odd about the planet. He trusted his computer, rightly so, and allowed it to hurtle the craft towards the ground with its command to halt the craft at twenty metres. In moments though, he panicked as buildings came into clear view in front of him, while his craft travelled far too fast, and covered his face in preparation for a crash landing.

Gritting his teeth and clenching his fists, Jim Cooper awaited his doom.

With a gentle deceleration, his craft levelled out and came to a smooth stop, its engines purring with the easy task of hovering in the air with a calm rocking.

Jim's breath stopped with surprise, and his adrenaline gushed away. His eyes blinked open and he raised his head, arms dropping slowly to the side.

"What the..." he stuttered at the sight that now filled his vision.

From one corner of the glass canopy to the other stretched the out-of-place sight of a pair of thin, smiling yet extremely oversized lips, from which soft and sensuous words of an alien tongue washed over and through Jim's craft, the canopy fogging up in the stream of hot breath. Around the red lips was an inconceivably giant face, a pair of blue eyes with lashes half the length of his arm staring down into the cockpit.

Jim screamed in fright. He had never seen anything so big before. In his travels he had discovered giant races of beings twice his height, but none had been big enough to be immune to a good dose of stun laser. Now, however, he was faced by creatures that might have only yelped had he turned even his ships lasers on them.

It was not for no reason though, that Jim Cooper had graduated as one of the best Scouts in his corps, and his quick wits kicked into action. Whirling, he scanned the sky around him and grimaced to discover four more immense faces peering down at him. He was the centre of attention of a group of females stooping to look at his alien craft, and his sharp eye noted the bright colours of their lips and the careful patterns of their hair; they wore makeup not dissimilar to the females of his own planet, and were going out for the evening.

With no escape above him, the giant women's energetic chatting reverberating through his ship, Jim glanced at the glass panel between his feet that gave him a useful view below the ship. His computer had not been wrong; it had guided him to a position twenty metres from the ground as he had programmed – he had simply not been aware that the inhabitants were forty tall. In the glass portal he saw a ring of giant feet in pointed shoes, but in between these was a space many times the ship's size, and with this room to manoeuvre as his goal, Jim hit a button that allowed manual control of the craft and kicked a pedal, dropping the ship from the sky.

The faces above assumed a shocked look as they ascended away out of Jim's view, their bodies rising up around him as his ship fell from their waist height down between their bare legs and towards their ankles. This time Jim had no time to blush as he looked up the short skirts of five towering figures. Forcing his gaze away from the unbelievable sight, he looked ahead of him at the trunks of ankles that blocked his path. The gaps between the feet clad in bright red, black and dark blue shining shoes were far too small for his

ship to pass, and he rotated his craft in 360° looking for an escape. The cream-coloured towers spun around him dizzily, until finally he saw a giant foot shift and a gap between the legs of one of these giant women open up.

Slamming a pedal, Jim's ship rocketed instantly between her calves, and burst into the world outside.

He became aware of a multitude of people. He was in the midst of a crowd, and giant legs moved back and forth, making a tumultuous and dangerous path for his speeding ship. He dodged one way, then back again, turning his ship to and fro to avoid oncoming collisions, all the while attempting to ascend out of danger, but each time being forced back down by an obstructing body.

Then, in slow motion, as he turned a corner around the hip of a giant skirt and was forced lower by a swinging arm, he found himself in a dead end; surrounded by legs on three sides. With no option but a collision, Jim's eyes became wide as his ship careened straight for a light green expanse of some kind of floral pattern; the fabric of a building-sized dress stretched between two tower-like legs.

Into this wall of material pierced the sharp nose of Jim's ship and he became aware of an immense ripping sound, and with a jolt his craft was slowed as it passed through, a layer of dress wiping over the glass canopy. For an instant, the craft was inside the dress, its nose pointing at the inside of the fabric of the back side, and Jim jumped in fright at the proximity of the giant thighs on either side of his long ship. Again a ripping sound could be heard as the ship's nose pierced the fabric, and his canopy was again enveloped in the light green material as the craft squeezed through, and as he emerged into open air Jim turned, heart racing, to see the hole in the middle of the back of the giant, surprised girl's dress, singed around the edges by his ship's engines.

When he returned his gaze to the ship's path Jim jumped in fright and yanked at the controls, pulling the craft out of the path of five long bough-sized fingers, red nails protruding from the ends, swiping in a giant, destructive arc at his craft. He was fast, but not fast enough, and as his ship turned it was glanced with a hard jolting hit from the little finger of the giant being that was attempting to grasp it. Warning lights flashed in the canopy

and Jim pulled upwards out of the reach of the huge people, but struggled as his engines began losing power.

Looking for a haven away from the crowd, Jim flew as high as his failing engines could handle, before seeing a dark area behind a towering fence and allowing his damaged craft to coast for this seemingly safe shelter. The thrusters gave a final effort in reverse to prevent his craft smashing into pieces on the ground, but the deceleration was not enough to eliminate a hard knock that bounced Jim roughly.

As the man behind the controls passed out of consciousness his computer automatically activated an emergency beacon, and moments later, millions of miles away, another computer began informing the man behind its controls, that Jim Cooper needed help, and soon, a rescue crew would be on their way.

* * *

Kate locked her car and crossed the road towards the university. Despite the discomfort of having to wake so early for an eight o'clock lecture, it was convenient to be in the city early enough to get a good parking spot. It was only a couple of hundred metres to her lecture theatre and she walked briskly, though she slowed when she glanced over a short fence into the small courtyard outside one of the university's buildings.

There in the centre of the green, neatly cut grass square was a shining silver object that stood out distinctly, and Kate's curiosity was taken by it. Making her way through the gate, she doubled back and walked into the courtyard to the unidentified object, standing over it with her feet on either side. Still unsure of what it was, she stooped down, steadying herself as she wobbled with her shoulder bag putting her off balance.

Kate grasped the foreign object in her hand, lifting it gently from the ground, where there was a small indentation. It was surprisingly light, and upon inspection as she brought it to her face it appeared to be a toy of a spaceship. It was slender and long, with stubby wings on its sides, roof and underside, and silver bowls at its rear. Kate peered down into a small glass cockpit as she turned the ship over in her hand, and watched a small figure of a man slump back and forth, strapped to a chair.

“Oh, how kitsch!” said Kate out loud. It looked like something out of a low-budget nineteen-fifties science fiction movie. There was no point in leaving it there or chucking it out, so Kate stood and pulled open her bag to take the spacecraft with her. Her bag was cramped with books and clothes for her yoga class however, so she glanced over herself and concluded that the ship would suit her jacket pocket, and unbuttoned it. Holding her coat open, Kate pushed the craft back-end first into her inner breast pocket, in which it fit snugly, and buttoned it up again, pressing the helpless spacecraft tightly against her chest.

Turning, the young woman resumed walking and soon forgot about the seemingly insignificant object that was trapped on her person, unwitting to the fact that she had a real man in an advanced spacecraft tucked in her jacket and pushed up against her breast.

* * *

“So, what’s old Jimmy Cooper done this time?” asked Major Monty McGill of his ship’s pilot, who had been waiting at the helm of the *Sauveteur* when the emergency beacon message had arrived.

“I don’t know,” replied Bill Hawke, firing up the rescue ship’s engines, “we’re only picking up his beacon. He hasn’t contacted us at all.”

Major McGill became instantly concerned. This could mean his old friend, one of the best Scouts in the navy, could be injured or in danger. However, his crew had done their job with practised efficiency and he could not ask them of any more haste. In moments his team of five mechanics, two pilots and trainee were safely on board and the ship’s engines grumbled as it left the surface of the planet with its tiny inhabitants, the grateful and beautiful Scout giving a quick wave as she stood by her repaired craft, wading through the trees at her ankles.

The second pilot, Lt. Forster, resumed her seat beside Hawke, and the pair prepared for their light-speed flight to the source of the emergency beacon in an unknown solar system millions of miles away. After half an hour the ship was prepared and had a clear trajectory, and the crew felt the familiar press of extreme acceleration.

* * *

After three lectures Kate had forgotten about the small spacecraft in her jacket pocket, and only remembered it when she removed her coat in the women's change-rooms of the university sport centre. She pulled it from her jacket, which she hung on a hook above, and held the ship in her hand, deciding what to do with it.

Unbeknownst to her, her gaze was returned by a figure looking up at her from between her fingers, which were wrapped around the glass canopy. The man trapped in the silver metal ship in Kate's hand was thrown around and hung upside-down, strapped into his chair as the unknowing girl toyed with his spacecraft.

Still unsure whether she should bother keeping it or not, Kate placed the ship upright on the bench below her, and it rocked onto its side in the gap between wooden slats as she pulled her yoga clothes from her bag; a thin sports top and a pair of tight shorts. She slipped out of her skirt and threw it in her bag, but after taking off her shirt, Kate had a strange, discomfoting feeling of being watched; she narrowed her eyes at the innocent looking object below her, and tossed her bra over the silver toy ship, the man inside it becoming bathed in the dull whitish glow of gently diffused light, the giant above him still mostly visible through the foot-wide holes in the garment's lace.

The spacecraft ended up in Kate's bag amongst her clothes, wrapped in her brassiere. It stayed there during the yoga class, was taken out briefly as she redressed, then stuffed back in with her sports clothes as she prepared for her next lectures. Her bouncing steps were transferred to turbulent jolts to the man who was trapped inside his ship in the bag hanging from her shoulder, as she walked the several blocks to her friend's inner suburbs terrace house, where she had an afternoon appointment to work on an outstanding project.

"Hi Liz!" she said sweetly as the heavy green door of the old house swung open.

"Hi Kate!" returned the other smiling girl as she invited her friend in.

* * *

“Come in Major Cooper! Come in Jim!” repeated Major McGill for the umpteenth time in just as many minutes. They were approaching the solar system from which the emergency beacon emanated, and could easily lock onto its location, but as yet still had no communication with the stranded Scout whatsoever.

The Major’s concern for his friend increased as they hurtled towards the solar system, until finally there was the relieving sensation of extreme deceleration, softened by the advanced ship into a gentle pulling feeling. A quick check of their position told him that they were beside the seventh of nine planets, but his efficient crew were ahead of him, and didn’t need to be told to make a course for the third, from which Cooper’s signal originated.

Almost instantly as they resumed a cruising speed, Major McGill received a reply on the communicator.

“Cooper!”

“McGill!”

“I can’t see you, Jim,” said the Major, his voice full of concern, as he stared into a black screen, dotted only with small patches of red and yellow. They appeared to be reflections of Jim’s craft’s panel dials on the inside of his canopy, indicating that there was no fault with the communicator, but that Jim was in darkness. “Turn on your cockpit light Jim!”

“McGill! I have to warn you!” said the stranded soldier, ignoring the request.

“Are you OK Jim?”

“McGill, listen to me!”

“Are you OK Jim?” repeated Major McGill, his concern for his friend admirable but in this case hindering the important message. “Turn on the cabin light!”

His friend finally conceding, the crew of the repair ship *Sauveteur* saw their screen light up and the man’s face become visible, carrying a frightened expression. He turned around, looking behind in worry. The observers tried

to figure out what he was looking for but saw only darkness behind him; the camera pointed from his dashboard up at his face, and showed the rear of the canopy, which was lit up by reflections of the inside of the cockpit, its background filled by blackness.

“Monty,” began Jim Cooper, now looking into the communicator, “you have to listen to me—”

Suddenly the image became much brighter, and some of the crew had to briefly cover their eyes, reopening them to see the man on the screen turning around in panic, the view of the canopy behind him filled with bright light. McGill jumped with shock and exclaimed for his friend, whose arms came to his face as the image began shaking. There were a few brief seconds as the man swung from one side of the communicator screen to the other, rocking and jolting like a rag-doll, in which there was a split-second, confusing glimpse of some strange image in the window behind him, before there was a hiss as the communicator cut out.

The crew of the *Sauveteur* sat silent and sullen, their faces showing expressions of shock.

* * *

“Oh my God!” squealed Kate, jumping with fright when she opened her bag.

“What is it?” asked her friend quickly.

“Nothing... I mean... my clothes are glowing,” she replied, staring with an extremely puzzled look down into her bag, in which her yoga clothes were stuffed. On the top, her shorts showed a strong glow, as if there were a torch shining up from underneath them. However, Kate did not have a torch.

Her university friend Liz came over and observed as Kate delved her hand into the bag, rummaging under the shorts until her fingers grasped the offending object, and retrieved the long silver ship, from the cabin of which shone a light that was overpowered by the room’s bright illumination.

“I didn’t know this thing lit up,” said Kate to herself, turning the spacecraft over in her hand “where do the batteries go?”

“What is it?”

“Oh,” she replied, returning her attention to her friend and thrusting the object in her hand toward her, “it’s a model spaceship. I found it outside the law buildings this morning. It looks like something from the fifties.”

Liz brought the ship to her face to study it, and being a student of media and film she admired its kitsch-appeal; looking like a lava-lamp.

“Ooh I like it,” she said, pointing it directly at her face and closing an eye to visualise it soaring through space with bad special effects and cheap pyrotechnics shooting out behind it, “and look, there’s even a tiny man in it. He keeps bouncing back and forth.”

“I don’t like him – he should be screwed to the seat so he doesn’t move. It looks too... realistic.”

“No, I like him, he’s cute,” she said, staring closely into the small pilot’s frozen face, before planting her fingertips on the glass canopy, attempting to pry it off, “does he come out?”

“Don’t think so,” mumbled Kate, her attention on her books, which had been her original objective for opening the bag. Soon she convinced Liz to begin work on their project, and the helpless man inside his equally helpless spacecraft was saved as the giant fingertips released from the canopy, leaving blurred fingerprints bigger than small meteors on the strong glass. The view was still clear enough however, to see the world spinning around him, a giant face far above, behind a pair of huge, overhanging breasts, looking towards a towering figure a few metres away, bigger than a building. The man was soon falling, his ship coming to rest with an oddly familiar yet twisted view. He was accustomed to a compelling view from his cockpit, of his ship being launched between two giant metal rails on either side pointing out into infinite space, but now the craft sat between two giant cream coloured beams, the giant girl’s legs, pointing out into a vast yet closed room, with the figure of another beautiful and giant girl sitting straight in front of him.

Liz dropped into the sofa, letting the silver ship fall into her lap, its thrusters tucked under the seam of her short skirt as it pointed out between her legs, and she ran her finger over its hull; toying with it as she chatted to Kate, who

took notes as they generated ideas. If Liz had have known that there was a man inside the ship, she might not have played with it so carelessly; throwing him about inside the cabin as she absently ran its nose back and forth, gently tickling her leg while she pondered. The man was subjected to a jolting that was beyond any turbulence experienced in space travel, when the girl tapped his craft on her chin, giving him an awe-inspiring view of the drop into her chest as she did so.

Inside the toy in her hands, the pilot was desperate and had begun waving to get her attention, in a vain attempt to stop the violent knocking, but as he looked up into her lips and over her nose high above him, her eyes were cast away into the distance and his yelling and waving went unnoticed.

* * *

Sue swung open the squeaking gate and in her high heels, clicked up the short path to her terrace house. Sliding her key into the heavy green door, it swung open and she heard voices as she entered, heading straight for the kitchen to unload the shopping she had bought after work.

She saw her flatmate sitting on the living room sofa out of the corner of her eye as she grunted through the hall, but didn't take notice of the other person, whose voice was female. It took Sue ten minutes to sort the shopping and get herself a drink, and while she poured it she heard the clunk of something being dropped, and her flatmate could be heard saying 'oh, you forgot this', but by the time she entered the living room, her flatmate was handing a silver object through the half-closed door, and she saw a glimpse of a female figure who was just leaving.

"Oh, hi Sue," said her flatmate, turning. Sue replied cheerily and they chatted for a few moments, sitting down in the living room to exchange the day's gossip.

"Well, I might as well go and get changed," concluded Sue at the finishing of her drink. She got to her feet and made her way up the carpet stairs to her bedroom, and had opened her cupboard, thrown off her jacket and slipped out of her skirt, swapping her tight shirt for a loose T-shirt, before she walked around to the other side of her bed next to the window to deposit her jewellery in its box, and paused with a startled expression, for the first time noticing the large foreign object resting obtrusively on the floor at her feet.

* * *

The *Sauveteur* hurtled towards the solar system's third planet, its crew members for the first time faced with an unknown situation; having handled mostly regular repairs of malfunctioned spacecraft their entire careers.

Major McGill returned to the bridge with several objects in his hands.

"Take these," he said, extending these items to the two pilots, who turned at his voice. Looking to his hands, the pilots saw laser pistols, and glanced with concern at their leader, who reassured them quickly; "just in case."

"What's the plan, Major?" asked Lt. Forster.

"Private White is homing in on Cooper's signal, and Private Jones is running the footage through the computer again, trying to figure out what we just saw. Soon we should know where Jim Cooper is, and what we're up against."

Soon they indeed did, and the repair ship's computer plotted an entry into the planet's atmosphere, that would guide them to the coordinates from which the emergency beacon emitted. In several more moments there was the usual warmth and red flashes of atmospheric entry, and the whistle of air on the ship's disc-like hull. It was daylight below them, though the sun was low on the horizon thousands of miles away, and where the ship guided them would be in darkness in several hours.

"Anything on that communication yet, Jones," said McGill into the intercom.

"Almost there," came the mechanic's reply. The major requested his pilots to steady the ship several hundred metres from the surface and cruise at this safe altitude in order to gain a view of the surroundings and what they were up against.

"We have an aerial view now, Major," said Forster, bringing a detailed image up onto the large screen in the ship's bridge.

“What is going on here... what was Jim warning us about?” mused the leader as scenes of completely normal buildings and peaceful parks sped under the ship, increasing in resolution as they descended, to show individual people minding their business. It didn’t seem the kind of place to pose a threat to a trained Scout whatsoever.

“What altitude are we?” asked McGill of his pilots, but they were interrupted by an urgent call through the intercom.

“Major! Major!”

“Yes, Jones?”

“You have to see this! I’m sending it to the bridge’s communications screen!”

The major waited in anticipation but was distracted by the increasing size of the landscape on the screen before him.

“What is our altitude?” he repeated more urgently, but just as the pilots replied, citing an impossibly low figure, the screen divided into two, displaying the enlarging images below the ship on the left, and bringing up the image sent by Jones on the right.

“Good God,” stuttered the Major, echoed by the two pilots. The still image showed Jim Cooper, blurred with motion, and behind him in the glass of the canopy was the sight of an impossibly disproportionate female face, frozen in mid-speech and giant eyes seemingly piercing the room in which silent observers sat with open mouths. “They’re giants.”

His realisation was verified as the figures zipping through the aerial view became impossibly large for the altitude at which the ship was meant to be flying.

“Major!” exclaimed Hawke, the pilot, when from the cockpit window it could be seen that there were buildings higher than they were.

“Ascend!” he commanded, intending to reach a safe level above the giant surface.

When the ship had soared for several moments and had begun coasting above the rooftops of the enormous buildings, the tri in the cockpit took a moment to breathe deeply and look towards each other, sharing their shock. In seconds, five frightened mechanics and the young trainee arrived at the bridge, waiting for reassurance from their leader.

“What do we do, Captain?”

“Find Cooper, that’s what we do.”

* * *

Jim Cooper had been toyed with for an hour. He had been rattled, shaken and spun, and was now bruised, sore and fatigued. He just wanted the giant girl, in whose hands his spacecraft was a mere plaything, to stop. His waving had been useless and his shouting unnoticed. After his brief communication with his friend and potential rescuer, Monty McGill, he was hoping and praying that he and his crew would not befall the same fate.

Thoroughly exhausted, a wave of relief washed over him when he saw the giant figure of the other girl, in whose possession he had first found himself when he had come to, rise to leave, thus hopefully signifying the end of his torture inside the vessel that was being absently toyed with by the other colossal female. From between the huge, curved cream legs that extended outwards, he saw the other woman collect some books and make for the door, before his world inverted itself as the girl, in whose lap his ship idly sat, stood to her feet, presumably to accompany the other to the door.

He had been forgotten, and his ship soared helplessly through the air in several terrifying seconds, until Jim was thrown by a horrendous jolt, and a clang rang out as his ship impacted with the floor. All its electrical systems failed instantly, and the vessel rolled to its side, Jim suspended by his waist in the chair. Looking up, Cooper’s view was along the floor, and after hearing some words echoing down from high above, it was filled with a giant foot, four times the length of his own body, clad in a pink open shoe of some kind; a sandal. Jim craned his neck to the side to see it stretch upward, a ring of light glowing around a huge calf that cast him in shadow, and high above were the thighs from which he had fallen. The rest of the girl was hidden behind the overhanging skirt, up which Jim could see her giant, white underwear high above him, until a face rose over this vertical horizon and

her torso followed as she bent over, an arm outstretched downwards. The trained Scout cringed at the huge open fingers rushing to his ship.

After several tumultuous moments he found himself looking into the skin of different fingers clamped over his canopy, as his ship changed hands back to those of the original giant female. It was at this moment that he saw, with a sinking heart, that along with all the other electrical equipment on his ship, his emergency beacon was no longer blinking. He was lost to his friends.

* * *

“How do we get in there?” demanded Major McGill of his pilots, who could not yet answer the question. They hovered before the building, from which the emergency beacon of their lost comrade emanated. Behind them, the vast street was mostly empty, but occasionally a giant person walked past, not noticing the out-of-place spaceship flying through the air.

“Up there,” pointed Hawke, indicating a glass panel, a window of some kind, that had a gap large enough to fit their ship with some careful manoeuvring.

“Try to find something else; somewhere on the lower level,” replied the leader, reminding his pilot that the beacon was much closer to ground; only twenty metres or so – twenty of *their* metres that is.

After circling the building, which was clearly separated by a solid wall from its identical neighbours, the *Sauveteur* returned to the open window, its crew nervous.

“How do we do this, Major?” asked Lt. Forster as they approached the cavernous gap at his command.

“We find Cooper, and hope we don’t meet any of those giants.”

“And if we do?”

“We hope they like us.”

The words were not reassuring, and the crew’s agitation did not lessen as the craft fell into shadow, passing closely through the large beams of wood that

bordered the entrance into the building. Their eyes were wide with wonder as the scene inside opened up. It was clearly a room serving as personal quarters; there was a bed not dissimilar to those used by their own people, covered in an expanse of pink cloth, and several pieces of furniture adorning the room. Scattered on the floor were pieces of intimate female apparel larger than small ships, making made all aboard the *Sauveteur* blush. Lining the walls were images; photographs a storey high with faces of young attractive women, and adorning one of the pieces of furniture were dozens of colourful bottles, each one bigger than a man.

“It looks just like my own room,” stuttered the young female trainee from behind the group of entranced mechanics and soldiers.

Sightseeing was not their primary objective, however, and the major’s attention turned to the door hundreds of metres away. It appeared closed, but he ordered the pilots to investigate, upon which they discovered that it was slightly ajar, but would have to be opened towards them.

Just as McGill began resolving how to open the door, one of the pilots exclaimed.

“Major! Jim Cooper’s signal just disappeared!” Hawke was not wrong, and if they had have listened carefully, they may even have heard the clang that caused it downstairs. The pilot immediately began trying to reach the stranded man through normal communication, but to no avail. The major knew there was no time to be wasted.

“Jones, White, Smith! Go and prepare some explosives. Hawke, land us behind that bed until we’re ready to blow the door open.”

The crew complied, and in minutes the ship was safely concealed behind the looming pink bed, and beneath it, cast in its darkness, was speeding a small cargo trolley that hovered only metres above the carpet, carrying two men and a small load of explosives toward the distant door that was visible through the wide crack under the bed and past several obstacles of giant women’s clothing.

It was at the instant that the floating trolley was passing underneath the overhang of pink fabric out into the light of the bedroom, that the door broke open and an enormous figure thundered with petite steps into the room. The

woman looked completely normal except for the clothes that she wore, and the two men on the small contraption froze in shock as they looked up for the first time at an amazingly enormous creature, while they were outside of the ship, exposed and in danger.

Jones was first to react and spun the unmanoeuvrable machine around, while Smith stared wide-eyed up the legs of this giant female, her thighs falling into darkness underneath a short skirt that was longer than most buildings were high. Small ships could have fit into the shoes that she slipped off her feet, and from the relative safety of the darkness under the bed the two soldiers watched in awe as the giant skirt fell from her waist, plunging momentarily until it crashed heavily on the ground. Soon after, an immense garment passed overhead as the female removed her shirt and tossed it onto the bed above the tiny observers, and the two men almost choked as they looked up at the towering, curvaceous figure of the giant girl in her underwear.

Seconds later her chest was donned in a different, looser garment, but her sky-high legs remained bare as the immense female stepped towards the little men on the explosive-laden trolley, and their hearts rose to their throats in fear. The girl's next step fell to their side and they breathed a sigh of relief, but as she disappeared behind the bed above them, they watched in horror as her feet, visible under the overhang of fabric stretching around their horizon, stepped with ship-length strides directly towards the spacecraft lying hidden and trapped by the huge girl, with their crew trapped inside it.

* * *

“What the...” mumbled Sue.

Her mind raced through the possible explanations of there being a strange looking object squatting on the floor at her feet, which had most definitely not been there when she had left that morning. Could someone have left it there for her... was it a present? Who would leave such a strange present? Liz was out of space in her room, and needed to put something in Sue's room. No... that didn't make sense. Had it flown in through the open window? No... that was ridiculous. Maybe it *had* been there when she left that morning... maybe she was going mad.

All of the explanations were equally as nonsensical, and Sue frowned, clueless and very curious. With further investigation her first priority, she bent over and looked more closely at the strange object.

It was roughly circular in shape, eighty centimetres in diameter, and had a very smooth, seamless, grey surface, interrupted only by some strange painted symbols along two sides, and at one edge were bluish panels that looked like windows. On the opposite edge protruded several cylindrical barrels. It looked like something out of *Star Wars*.

The visual inspection provided no further clue as to its mysterious presence, and Sue reached down, grasping the object near the ‘windows’ and near the barrels. It was surprisingly light, she discovered as she lifted it from the ground.

“What are you?” she asked the strange silver object, not expecting an answer. Flipping it over, her hands clasping the sharp rim of the disc, she exclaimed when she saw the underside. There were three legs with flat feet protruding from the object, and in the centre was some kind of hatch leading into the seemingly hollow insides, with inverted steps disappearing inwards, “it’s a spaceship!”

Sue flipped the newly-identified object upright and held it at arms length, looking at it with an enlightened perspective, although its presence in her room remained unexplained. A thought popped into her head – maybe it was a prop for one of Liz’s film projects. Except for the fact that it was in her room and not Liz’s, the explanation was perfectly reasonable.

Still somewhat curious, Sue sat on her bed to look more closely the detailed model. The windows seemed interesting, and she turned the spaceship onto its rear end then lowered it between her bare legs, clamping her thighs on its roof and underside to hold it still, the sharp edges of the small staircase pressing into the back of her smooth thigh. The windows of the ship pointed straight upwards, and soon there appeared a giant face directly above, staring down into them as Sue peered curiously inside.

“Ooh”, she whispered at seeing tiny figures of people behind the small panels of glass. They were very lifelike, and Sue tapped on the window, her hands free with the spacecraft supported between her clamped legs. She almost expected a reaction, but laughed at herself for being so idiotic.

Interested in the other end, Sue relaxed her legs and rotated the ship around until the little cockpit pointed through her calves at the floor between her feet.

At the rear end were silver bowl-shaped pieces of metal, and Sue ran her finger over one of these before yelping with pain and drawing her hand away with fright. It was hot; very hot, and far too warm to have been heated by the sun through the window alone, and Sue now looked at the object between her legs with fright and shock. Her theory that it was a prop belonging to Liz now came into doubt, but all remaining explanations seemed too impossible.

“What *are* you?” she repeated, this time much more seriously as she took the ship in her hands and held it again to her face. When her eye was caught by movement underneath it and she saw the three legs and the stairwell retracting into the hull, her mouth dropped and she stared in silence. Turning the bottom upwards into the light, her brow furrowed at the sight of a seamless surface, the legs vanished, the locations into which they had disappeared completely unidentifiable. No model could look like that. A scary suspicion crept into Sue’s mind.

Suddenly there was a gentle throbbing sound, and Sue held her breath. She turned the ship around in wonder, and her eyes went wide as she saw a light blue glow from the silver bowls at its rear. Before she had time to react, there was a jolt and the spacecraft attempted to leap from her hands.

Without knowing why, Sue felt compelled to keep the small ship in her control, and she did not release it. It pulled strongly against her arms, but the powerful intergalactic engines were no match for the slim girl’s grasp, and the spaceship struggled like a dog on a leash. It pulled harder, but Sue’s grip tightened. One hand was wrapped over one side, and her other hand was clasped over the cockpit windows. She bit her teeth and winced as the ship groaned under the strain, and as she tightened her grasp even further, her fingers sunk into the strong yet highly flexible metal of the hull, and made fingernail-shaped indentations into the cabin.

* * *

“Stop! Stop the engines!” shouted a horrified Major McGill as the ceiling bent inwards, creaking and squealing as four giant spikes pierced into the cabin to screams and yells from the crew inside.

Hawke reacted and halted the struggling thrusters, yielding to the overpowering giant girl who held their ship in her hands. There was a shocked silence in the cockpit as the crew of the *Sauveteur* clung to the straps that held them to their chairs, while the inconceivable view out of their windows rotated around them, the ship shaking turbulently, until their vision was filled with the giant, beautiful, yet threatening face of the woman upon whose whim the people in the ship's lives depended.

"She knows." There was no longer any hope that the woman could be thinking that their ship was a harmless model or plaything.

"What do we do, Major?"

The question went unanswered, and the silence endured under the piercing gaze of the giant eyes that peered into the cockpit.

"Jones, Smith!" commanded the Major, ignoring his pilot's question and directing his voice into the radio. "Drive the trolley out into the open."

"We'll be seen, Major!" replied the shocked voices of the two men outside the ship, hiding under the city-block sized bed.

"Get off it and run as soon as it's out," said the Major calmly, before adding, "hit her foot."

The listening crew understood his plan. He intended to get the giant woman's attention with the explosive-laden trolley, then detonate it in her hand. The people present turned silently at their leader and looked at him with concerned expressions.

* * *

"Ow!" The sharp jab on her foot distracted Sue from the unbelievable object she held; a craft that appeared to be some kind of real ship – or else some kind of ridiculous and elaborate prank.

She looked down between her feet, but with the monumental discovery that she had just made, the oddity of the sight drew very little surprise. As Sue reached down, the short, hovering piece of equipment and its payload were

wrapped completely in her fingers and lifted easily off the ground, but her gaze was not in her hand, but on the ground where movement caught her attention.

* * *

“Oh no,” said Forster, the people in the cabin of the trapped rescue ship watching from their vantage point in the giant girl’s lap, as they again fell into darkness when their windows were filled with the giant chest of the immense female as she bent her body to pick a second object from the ground. With the trolley in one hand, the second object could only be one of Jones and Smith.

“Hold it,” said the Major, “don’t detonate. I repeat, don’t detonate.”

* * *

Sue stared in silence. She had almost expected to find one. Her mind was accepting the impossibility far better than could have been anticipated of anyone who were to discover a spaceship full of minute yet seemingly real people.

“What’s your name?” she said. Her mentality was very youthful; she simply accepted the fact that she held a two-inch tall man between her thumb and forefinger, and was in the process of making friends with him, just as a child would, where most adults would plainly reject the impossibility. She repeated the question.

The man did not answer, but Sue found herself distracted by a tickling on her foot. Glancing down, she saw a second man standing centimetres from her toes, and intermittent small red flashes as he fired some kind of hand-held weapon at the smooth skin of the top of her foot, soon aiming higher and taking on her ankles.

Sue dropped the trolley onto the sheets beside her and bent over for a third time, her breasts pressing hard onto the ship in her lap, and with an open hand the second man was lifted from the ground by her fingers over his waist.

Sue now directed her question to two men in her hands.

* * *

“Forster! Start up the translator!” commanded Major McGill, before directing his next statements into the radio. “Jones and Smith. Stay calm. We’re going to try and translate.”

The universal translator was the most useful tool of a Scout, but a repair ship was only equipped with one for emergencies such as this, and the crew were not experienced with its use. It was an amazing learning machine. By analysing speech patterns, intonation and even the pheromones of the speaker, it could make accurate guesses as to the meaning of unknown alien tongues, though was limited to use on species that had voice boxes akin to those of humans.

It became operational to catch a repetition of the giant woman outside the windows’ statement, and being a very basic one, its translation was simple and accurate.

“Tell her your names!” shouted McGill, relaying the verdict.

Outside, two frightened men uttered their names in tiny voices to the huge girl who held them in her hands. From inside the cabin, a wide smile could be seen on giant lips above. McGill breathed a sigh of relief, and gave the command to disarm the bomb.

Now came a tricky part. It was easy enough to translate *from* the alien tongue, but translating *to* it could take days upon days for the universal translator to learn the language. It could only say words that it had already heard in use. Nonetheless, McGill began with the basics.

“What is your name?” he said clearly in his language into a microphone on the control panel. Moments later there rung out a metallic voice from the ship’s loudspeaker as the translator translated his request, and fired the exact same words back at the giant woman outside as she had spoken moments earlier.

* * *

“*What’s your name?*” came a tiny, metallic voice from the ship in Sue’s lap, and she jumped in surprise. However, her cool head was the reason she was not already running around in panic, and she responded calmly.

“Sue.”

There was a long silence before she decided to resume questioning, this time aiming her voice at the small ship in her lap, lowering the men in her hands.

“Who are you?”

There was another long silence but no response.

“What, are you like aliens or something? Or some secret C.I.A experiment gone wrong?”

“*Aliens.*”

Sue reeled with the discovery. She had just discovered a race of tiny aliens. However her curiosity had been fed and was now hungrier than before.

“How did you get here? Why are you in my room? Did you crash here, or are you looking for something? But then, why me?” her questions got broader in subject matter as she spoke, “Why do you look like we do... I mean why don’t you have green bodies or something?”

There was yet another long silence, and Sue became slightly impatient at the wait, not realising that every word she spoke had to be learnt and translated by a device that had never heard English before.

“*We looking for... aliens,*” finally came the reply, and Sue only now got the notion that the beings did not speak English; at least, not well.

“Well you found one!”

“*We don’t... looking for... Sue.*”

Sue attempted to decipher the strange words. She tucked the man in one hand into the fingers of her other hand with his friend, and lifted the ship from her bare legs so that she could look down straight into the cockpit and

see the people that she was speaking to. For the first time she saw movement in the figures inside, as the one in the middle made some kind of gesture; probably a greeting. Sue felt odd, and replied with an awkward 'hi' and a small smile. She saw the man who gestured lean over and speak into something in front of him.

"We looking for... aliens."

"But I *am* an alien!" replied Sue with frustration, before something dawned on her, "...to you."

She looked back down at the tiny man.

"Do you mean you're looking for *other* aliens ...like you?"

"We looking for other aliens... like we."

"You're looking for your friends!"

"We looking for friends," replied the ship, its artificial voice sounding almost triumphant as Sue understood.

"Where are they?"

"Here."

Sue's head shot up as she looked around her, but her room seemed otherwise normal.

"What am I looking for? Another ship? Hang on... are these your friends?" she said, suddenly realising that she was still holding two men that may have been the friends they were looking for, but there is one gesture that transcends all of space, and her question was answered by the shaking of a tiny head inside the tiny ship, and she voiced his response, "no."

"No," echoed the ship, *"we looking for... another ship."*

"In my room?"

"No."

“In my house?”

“In your house.”

Sue’s face rose as she stared blankly around her. Despite the impossibility of the situation, everything now seemed to make perfect sense, given that she had to take all of this information with a grain of salt.

She hopped to her feet, ready for action, her instinct to help these people never coming into question. When she got to the doorway, however, she hesitated and glanced back at the silver spaceship on her bed and the two figurines of men next to it, and the thought crossed her mind that she should keep them a secret.

Reaching a conclusion, Sue quickly strode back to her bed and lifted her sheet, tossing it lightly over the ship and the two men, hiding them in her linen.

* * *

“What is *this* thing?” squealed Kate, jumping as she felt herself sit on something. She reached underneath her backside as she propped herself up in the front seat of Kate’s car and withdrew a silver object from the folds of her dress, draping over the seat beneath her.

Kate sat down in the driver’s seat and looked across to the object her friend held in her hand.

“Oh... no idea. I found it this morning but have no idea why I kept it. It looks like a model spaceship.”

Kate dropped it between her legs as she reached behind her to grasp her seatbelt. It remained there as she bent over and retrieved her handbag, which she dropped in her lap over the seemingly innocent ship, which disappeared completely from view under it. Kate rummaged for an item of make-up in order to perform the final touches before she and Kate went out to meet friends. The spaceship was forgotten for the time being; Kate realising only later that she was holding it for no reason, and dumped the craft and its helpless pilot on the floor behind her seat, in darkness without power, and

moments later as the cavernous vehicle stopped and the giant girls departed, in silence too.

* * *

“No, of course I haven’t seen a spaceship!” replied Liz with a puzzled expression, not associating her flatmate’s quite ridiculous question with the seemingly normal occurrence of her having seen an apparently toy spaceship only an hour earlier, and furthermore wondering why she was running around in only underwear and a T-shirt. “Why would you possibly ask that?”

“I really can’t tell you right now, but I need to know if you’ve seen a spaceship, and if you see one let me know.”

Liz’s expression turned from puzzlement to ridicule, until she saw the serious expression on her flatmate’s calm and controlled face.

“You’re serious.”

“I’m serious.”

“Well, what does it look like?”

For the first time Sue was stumped. She had glanced over the house under the assumption that the missing spacecraft would look similar to that under her covers, but now she realised she didn’t know. She left her stupefied friend as she bounded up the stairs, closing her bedroom door behind her.

“What does it look like?” she relayed to the ship that was basked in light as she threw off the sheets, standing over it in her underwear.

She received no reply, so she knelt down beside her bed and lifted the ship from the sheets, rotating it around until the cockpit faced her, its tiny crew bathed in an awe-inspiring view of her chest as she did so, and planted it back on the soft fabric. She noticed that the men were not yet back in the ship, where she assumed they ought to be (without wondering why they were outside of it in the first place), and she reached over and clasped the closer in her hand, wrapping her fingers around him so that only his head protruded from her fist. The other ended up in her other hand in a similar

fashion, and before her face she held both the men, staring into the small windows of the ship to gain the attention of all present.

“Does it look like this ship?” she asked, unwittingly yet cleverly wording the question so that the high-tech translator in the rescue ship could answer with its extremely limited vocabulary.

“*No.*”

“It can’t be bigger. Is it smaller?”

“*Smaller.*”

“How small?” her question could not be answered, and she was responded with silence. Forgetting the men in her fingers, she held her hands before her, indicating a size a bit over a foot long, “this big?”

“*Smaller.*”

“This big?” she asked again, moving her hands to a length just over half a foot. She was responded with silence, since her tiny counterparts had not yet learned the vocabulary to confirm this. Luckily she answered for them; “yes?”

“*Yes!*”

Sue looked at the length between her hands and grimaced. It could be difficult to find at such a small size. Running to the door with enthusiasm, she had to turn back when she realised she still held the tiny men in her hands, having given them a sick-makingly turbulent ride as she hopped about energetically. Dropping them on the bed, she ran again to the door but spun around for a second time, and too hurried to go back again to hide the small guests, she flicked the nearest garment on the ground into her hand, and tossed her nightie over the ship. It covered the spacecraft completely, and she bounced quickly down the stairs.

Liz was about to reject Sue’s urgent question a second time, when she realised suddenly that she had, in fact, seen a spacecraft the size her flatmate was indicating.

“Oh my God, yes, I have seen it. How did you know about *that*?” she said, confused as to why Sue was concerned about a plastic toy that a friend, whom her flatmate didn’t even know, had found on the street. “What, has someone lost it?”

“Yes,” replied Sue slowly not telling the complete truth but not lying either, before continuing eagerly, “where did you see it?”

“My friend Kate had it.”

“Who’s Kate?”

“What’s this about?” asked Liz, now somewhat suspicious.

“Nothing. I can’t tell you.”

Now Liz was completely suspicious, and a frown appeared on her face. Sue saw this and reacted, pleading with her flatmate, but this only made it worse, and Sue knew there was no winning this argument.

“OK, I’ll tell you, but be warned...” Sue paused. She knew that her flatmate might not accept the oddity as easily as her typically calm and collected mind did, and she knew that however she tried to explain it, she would sound insane. “Wait here.”

Liz sat still on the couch in complete bewilderment while she waited for Sue’s enigmatic return. Upon her reappearance at the lounge door, she heightened Liz’s suspense by gliding in slowly, her hand cupped around something small, and sitting down gently beside her, as if she were about to break some bad news.

“What is it?” asked Liz with concern.

“That spaceship... was real,” began Sue, but while her flatmate was absorbing this and before she could break out into laughter or begin scoffing at the ridiculous statement, she quickly took Liz’s hand and pulled open her fingers, and opened her fingers above it. Into her flatmate’s open palm dropped two small, living objects, about which Sue made her next statement. “It belongs to them.”

Overcome with far too much information at once, even in these two short sentences, Liz stared down into her hand blankly, then jumped as if Sue had stuck her with a needle. She screamed and tossed the small creatures off her palm like she would a poisonous spider, reacting by attempting to scramble away, resulting only in a short bounce on the sofa. The two men came off second best, one falling into her lap and the other down beside her thigh, but both tumbled underneath her as she jumped.

“Liz! Careful!” yelled Sue, yanking her up flatmate by the arm. In panic, Liz did not resist and she lifted herself from the couch. From inside her skirt tumbled the figure of a man, who landed on the soft cushion next to his comrade below. Sue scooped up both men protectively, while Liz stared wide-eyed.

* * *

It took Sue two cups of coffee and fifteen minutes of comforting before she could hit Liz with the reality by bringing down the big ship, placing it on the girl’s bare knees. She stared at it for several minutes in silence, during which the crew inside made the untimely move of opening the gangway on the ship’s underside.

Liz yelped at the touch of something sharp prodding the inside of her thighs. Sue leaned over and looked, lifting the nose of the craft, which her flatmate was unwilling to touch, and realised what was going on.

“Relax; they just want to get back on the ship. Stay still.”

Sue produced the men and reached over, tossing them lightly into Liz’s lap, who shuddered at the tiny footsteps on her crotch. The men needed no asking, and they immediately turned away from Liz’s towering body and stumbled down the slope of her crotch and into the valley between her legs, supported by the fabric of her dress. They ascended the fabric outwards towards her knees, and met the gangway into their ship halfway along her thighs, hopping nimbly onto it and disappearing up into the craft, to the relief of the giant girl who was so unnecessarily afraid of the tiny beings who had much more to fear from her.

“So...” she began slowly, “these guys have lost their friends, and that ship that Kate had earlier... was it.”

“Yes,” replied Sue, not wishing to put her friend under too much pressure all at once. It could not be accused of Liz that she was unwilling to help; after coming to terms with the situation, her first instinct too was to assist the tiny people.

“I’m going to call Kate,” she said.

* * *

“What!” Kate yelled into the phone, trying to block out the pounding music in her other ear. “What?”

The voice on the other end, identifiable only by the fact that the phone had lit up with ‘Liz’ on its screen after having vibrated in her jacket, fizzed and crackled uselessly.

“We’re at Icicle!” shouted Kate. “Do you want to come?”

Kate struggled for several more minutes attempting to hear the fuzzy voice on the other end of the line, until giving up and hanging up the phone. She glanced up and scanned the club for her friends, as she didn’t want to stay all that long since she had to work the next day, and she was the designated driver.

* * *

“She couldn’t hear a word I was saying,” said Liz, turning to her flatmate as she put down the phone, “she was at a club.”

“Which one?” asked Sue urgently.

“Icicle, I think.”

“We have to go there and find her.”

“Why?” burst out Liz, “why can’t we just wait until tomorrow?”

“You said yourself that she thought it was a toy. What if she throws it out with the little guy inside, or gives it to someone else ...or worse?”

* * *

Jim Cooper looked up in horror. Suddenly his world turned from the dark, quiet shadows in which his craft inconspicuously sat, to a tumultuous, writhing ride of crushing death. A giant foot, equivalent to the length of his craft, slammed down in the dark landscape beside him. It was clad in some kind of strange sandal-like footwear; various straps leading over the huge female foot in such a random pattern that could not be practical; instead had to be fashionable. So it was, that a giant and fashionably clad foot, slammed down beside him.

Jim yelled. The people somewhere above him had no idea as to his presence, or that of his ship, which rolled around helplessly about their stomping feet. The landscape in which he found himself was in fact simply the foot space for rear seat passengers in an old model car belonging to a young university student, but to him it was a deadly arena in which he found himself a helpless toy of the pounding feet above.

* * *

The girls fell haphazardly into the rear seat of Kate's car, bouncing everywhere, their feet stomping in the foot space as they hopped in and shuffled along the seat.

"Ooh I keep stepping on something!" exclaimed Erin.

"Don't worry about it," said Kate from the front, the only person completely sober in the car of five young women, "it's probably just my street directory."

"No," uttered her friend, struggling with her seatbelt as the other girls wiggled, struggling with their own seatbelts, "it's something bigger."

Erin reached down into the dark valley where her and her friend's feet lay, and groped around for the mystery object. In seconds she grasped it, and brought it up into the light.

"What is this?" she asked Kate, who as yet had no idea what she had found. Kate did not respond as she had begun chatting with Kate in the front, and

Erin turned the unidentified object over in her hands. As it was dark, it was not at all clear what the cold metallic object could be. Not all that interested, she tossed it into the lap of her friend in the neighbouring seat Leanne, who was chatting across to Rebecca on the other side.

Leanne did not pay attention to the distraction until she had finished her words and looked towards Erin, her hand going to her lap and grasping the ship, helpless pilot inside, which was tickling the inside of her thigh with its cool surface.

“Don’t ask me,” began Erin before her friend could even enquire. The man inside the craft being tossed between these giant, quite silly and completely unaware girls, was in a state of utter terror as he looked out of his cockpit, which was wrapped in the four giant black stripes that were the inside of the girl’s fingers, at the world that consisted of giant bare legs and enormous faces looming above, spinning around him violently.

“Well you can have it.” The poor man’s world tumbled again, as Leanne tossed it back onto Erin’s thigh, from which it tumbled down underneath her skirt.

“I don’t want it,” she said, and with a hand wrapped around it she lifted it out, and with a non-sober giggle she turned to the third girl in the back seat, who was busy concentrating; tapping away at something on her mobile phone, and planted the helpless spacecraft nose-first between her breasts, pushing down gently on its thrusters. The man inside fell into darkness, hearing only the huge, hilarious giggling echoing from somewhere above.

“Yes, very funny,” said Rebecca, smiling but still concentrating on her phone message while the other two laughed. When she finished she turned her nose down to herself and pulled the craft from her cleavage with two fingers, stating the often repeated question of ‘what is it’ as she looked at the small dark object.

It was become unbearable for the tiny man, who was seriously contemplating breaking his first survival rule by leaving the craft.

“What’s funny?” asked Kate from the front, and she was answered by more questions of what the object was, to which she replied, “oh that thing? Throw that out, I don’t even know why I’ve been holding onto it all day.”

“What, out the window?”

“No-one will see. Just toss it out.”

Rebecca complied, winding down her window. The ship was fast in her solid grip while she hung her arm out loosely, the cold night air whipping into the car. She turned to her friends for confirmation since she was not used to littering out car windows, but instead let out a shriek of shock.

“My God!” she yelled, and three people simultaneously responded, but the fourth, Kate driving, was reeling from her own surprise as a car flew by at speed. Rebecca’s hand was empty as she brought her arm quickly into the cabin, holding her wrist as if it had been knocked.

“What is it?” repeated the other girls urgently.

“Someone... just... took it!”

The culprit car sped off ahead, and the passengers in Kate’s car looked at each other in bewilderment.

* * *

“Got it!”

“Get it?”

“Got it!” repeated Sue triumphantly, drawing her hand back into the car. She held the object in her hand up to her face and peered into the shiny cockpit closely, and upon seeing the figure of a man she whispered over the entire craft, “you’re safe now.”

* * *

It was only when they returned home to their terrace house that Sue and Liz realised how unbelievably fortunate the outcome had been; not only had they spotted Kate’s car by ridiculous chance and saved the poor man just as he was about to be doomed, but they had rescued him in a manner that meant Kate and whoever else had been in her car would never be the wiser as to the

existence of the tiny man inside the ship they had almost unknowingly destroyed.

Sue caressed the small ship in her hand as she carried it upstairs, kneeling down on the floor where she had left the large ship, and deposited the recovered craft next to it. Almost instantly there appeared several figures from underneath the former, and she marvelled at how small they were as they walked past her knees, in and out of the shadow of her body, to the other ship. Sue picked one up to study him more closely and try to communicate further, but when he didn't audibly respond to the questions she washed over his tiny body, she let him be and deposited him beside her leg.

After fifteen minutes of watching the action below, Sue was hit by a sudden pang of fatigue, and she stood with feet either side of the people and the small ship, before concluding to go to bed. Not greatly concerned with privacy, she tossed off her clothes and slipped into bed in her underwear, leaving the light on for the people, but she had no trouble in getting to sleep and in moments was dreaming of tiny humans.

The next morning, Sue nearly stepped on the small group of people huddled around the silver object, but since she was running late for work there was no time to marvel, and she let them be.

That afternoon, she arrived home and her floor was bare. The whole episode had lasted no longer than twenty-four hours, and Sue shook her head, wondering if it had happened at all.