

Conspiracy Theory

by

e10

I only glanced back because I noticed something odd about the way Eliza was walking. Realising it was the fact that she held her towel rolled up awkwardly in her hand and not slung over her shoulder, I concluded that she had something wrapped up in it, and lowered my book. Smirking since it was probably alcohol she was hiding, I leaned on the balcony and called down as they approached.

“What have you got there?”

“...Nothing,” came the guilty reply. Now it was clear she was hiding something, and this was confirmed when I glanced at the face of her friend Clara, which betrayed a smile that was so strange I lost my train of thought and was left silent as they disappeared below the balcony and entered the house.

Moments later their footsteps could be heard coming up the stairs, and I turned to peer inside but saw nothing, as my eyes couldn't adjust after having been glued to the bright white pages for so long. Still curious, I spoke through the wire door into the darkened room, making first a bit of idle chit-chat.

“So how was the beach?”

No reply.

I heard a door click, and after thirty seconds of waiting I concluded they had gone into their room and I turned back to my book, shelving my prying until later when I would press the two some more.

After twenty more minutes of comfortable reading on the balcony, the sun, the gentle breeze and the laziness got the better of me and I drifted off to sleep.

* * *

I woke with a start and heard my book drop to the ground. My heart was beating, and my head felt heavy with frightened thoughts, and I knew I must have been dreaming something strange. I tried to clutch at the images to remember them, but like most of my dreams they quickly escaped as reality entered and I saw I was still on the balcony. Only the position of the sun had changed.

After several more minutes, hunger triumphed over my laziness and I concluded to get up. Before reaching the kitchen I was distracted by a laugh coming from the closed door of the girls' room. I wandered over and put my ear to the door.

There were no voices for a while, though I heard movement and squeaking as someone sat on the bed. Then I heard something along the lines of:

“This one's cute!”

“Here, give him to me.”

Naturally my curiosity was raised by such a cryptic conversation, and I took several quiet steps back before inventing a reason to bust into their room, then walked to the door with louder, audible steps and did so.

I was greeted with a small shriek from Clara, a venomous look from Eliza, and the sight of the first girl, sitting with her legs out on the floor, hurriedly swinging her leg around and clamping it down on the carpet in front of a long, darkish object, then pulling her short skirt over to fully conceal it.

Without even getting the chance to explain my imaginary reason for having thrown the door open, I was shooed out by angry screams from Eliza.

Outside the door and having survived Eliza biting my head off, I wondered what her friend had been trying to hide. If it were alcohol,



I wouldn't have thought she would have made such a big fuss about concealing it. Then again, it was fairly similar to a bottle of black Galliano, which looks like this:

http://chancellorscellars.com.au/images/gallianoblacksambucabottle_sml.jpg

Not fussed, I went to make myself some afternoon tea, and once again heard laughing from their room while I sat on the couch eating. I watched TV for a while, and was intrigued by a car show enough that I didn't notice the girls entering the room behind me and preparing some food. When the programme ended I watched the ads blankly until the opening credits for some hopeless soap opera came on, and was about to change channel when I was commanded not to do so.

Once again not at all fussed, I saved both my thumb and the remote control a bit of wear and tear by accepting Eliza's demand and leaving the soapie on. The couch was 'V' shaped with a right-angle in the middle (making it impossible for anyone to watch the TV straight-on but very practical for four people to get drunk and play videogames) and they sat on the opposite side with their plates on their laps.

Naturally I was bored after about fifteen seconds, and my eyes flicked over to the girls to note that in the same amount of time they had become completely engrossed in the show. Without turning my head, I looked sideways to check out Clara, since she had a good body and I didn't mind having a perv every now and then. She wore her skirt and a bikini top, and of course my gaze went directly to this.

I would have been content with this brief image, but as I was about to glance back at the television my eye was caught and I focussed on her breast. Her top was light blue, and there appeared a tiny spot of dark blue and white to indicate something small protruding, but it was in the wrong spot to be her nipple. I stared for a moment, before frowning with confusion when I distinctly saw the dark and light patch move.

"Oh my God!" interrupted the disgusted shriek from Eliza as she had glanced around to see me in deep concentration on her friend's breasts.

I opened my mouth to retort but was slightly stunned by having seen the moving lump under Clara's bikini top, and couldn't find any words. They rose and left the room, not without bombarding me with menacing glares.

As usual I was not too fussed and I realised it had been a win-win situation for me since I had got a good perv and now had the TV back to myself. In search of a show with a few boobs, I flicked around the channels but paused momentarily on the news, which was a special report and caught my attention. As the newsreader spoke I read the text scrolling at the bottom of the page, which stated:

NAVY SUBMARINE MISSING AT SEA

This was of course very big news, and my thumb relaxed on the remote control as I sat up to pay attention. After a few minutes I realised they had very little information on the story, as the newsreader began repeating the same details, which were that a giant *Ohio Class* submarine had been 'lost' while undertaking a training operation in a secret location off the coast. It had obviously been a little *too* secret as they now couldn't find it.

* * *

After another hour of television I resolved to head over to the pub, where my mates, who were also holidaying nearby, would already be hitting the drink. When I heard voices from the rear patio I wandered outside, and saw the girls in the spa. The bubbles were not on, and as I mumbled a 'hi', my gaze went downwards into the water, where I could see a hazy, shimmering outline of their bodies.

Eliza's friend Clara was clearly wearing a light blue bikini, but in front of her body there was a thin flickering of darkness that made it look like she had a long, thin, black shape in her lap.

I think that when Eliza saw my gaze, she was about to snap at me again, but upon seeing my puzzled look, she instead turned quickly to Clara. It looked as if she nudged her under the water, and I saw the coloured shapes in the water in front of Clara shimmering as she responded. Even though I was looking into wavy water, I am certain that Clara took hold of whatever the black shape was, widened her legs, then slotted it through her legs and onto the seat. She then clamped her thighs back together and her legs concealed

the black object. In this time, Eliza had reached out of the water and hit the button for bubbles, and in a moment the entire spa was an opaque white and the action below the surface disappeared from my sight.

I walked away followed by glares, not for the first time that day.

* * *

I have a wild imagination, and as I walked to the pub (since there was no way I was going to drive considering the state in which I expected to be coming home), my mind wandered and for the first time I came up with the whimsical idea that would end up preoccupying me for months and cause me to write this story. The thing was, was that over the next few days, more and more events occurred to begin convincing me that this flight of the imagination was actually true.

I think I must have stumbled onto the idea like this; I was thinking about the black object the girls had hidden from me, and the oddity that it had looked like they had had a long black object with them in the spa. This reminded me of a toy I had had as a child; a foot-long submarine that anyone can buy for about two dollars in a toy store. Of course this reminded me immediately of the submarine lost at sea, and it's not difficult to see how they became connected in my mind.

My imagination wondered if the black object and the lost submarine were one and the same. This is an insight into the rubbish that my mind wanders onto while I have too much spare time. I daydreamed that somehow, the navy submarine on a training mission had run into some unbelievable and magical force that had caused the entire ship and crew to be reduced to a foot and a half long, and drift to the shore hundreds of miles away. It could have been aliens, it could have been a mad scientist with a shrinking ray, it could have been a traitor on board who sabotaged the nuclear drive and caused the ship to become radioactive and mutate ...in which case I would have to warn Eliza about the radiation. I didn't think that was very likely, so I didn't bother going back to do so.

My random thoughts led to Eliza and Clara sunbathing, then wandering to the surf to cool down, then coming across the thin black submarine at their feet. One of them bends down to pick it up, and the hundreds of men inside are shaken about furiously inside the tiny, thin hull, while the giant girl

outside isn't even aware of what she's holding in her hands. It reminded me of submarine movies, where the boat is shaken around by blasts in the water, and the men have to scurry around closing valves, which always seems to repair the problem.

I wondered if submarines had windows. If they did, the men inside would have looked out to see two vast, tanned faces peering down curiously at their useless craft. What if the men hadn't even stayed in the submarine? The girls could have waded into waist-deep water, and had tiny one-centimetre-tall men splashing in panic around their legs. I like the idea of Clara bending over in the water and unknowingly having miniature sailors climb over her and into her bikini.

I fantasized about Clara for a few minutes, before returning my daydreaming to the topic, which I was enjoying since it was intriguing, and I still had a kilometre and a half more to the pub.

What if the two girls hadn't realised that it was a real submarine, and thought it was a toy? Men could have been spilling out the top in panic while it lay between their feet, and Eliza and Clara would have stepped around the normally huge vessel, crushing tiny men into the sand without even knowing it.

No... they wouldn't even bother bringing it back to the house, let alone hiding it if they thought it were a toy.

That meant that they knew it was real! I wondered what they were doing to the tiny men inside (or no longer inside) the lost submarine, knowing that they were real people. Eliza and her friend could do whatever they wanted to the poor little men. Maybe they were torturing them! They could be teasing them or putting them down each other's tops. I suddenly remembered the twitching lump in Clara's bikini top, and for the first time, the scary thought crossed my mind that this whole idea could be true. I paused, my heart beating as my brain tried to sort it out.

No, it couldn't possibly be true, I concluded. It was too far-fetched.

My mind was on beer when I arrived at the pub a few moments later, which had been spent dismissing the ridiculous thought.

* * *

The boys and I had a respectable evening at the respectable establishment. We had chatted amusingly about current affairs and became acquainted with some local and very charming people, whom we invited for drinks and discussed politics with witty yet informed commentary.

These were the events that my heavy and aching head filled into the empty spaces where the memories of the previous night should have been. I stunk like crap and my clothes were sticky; I must have got drenched in beer. Maybe a girl had thrown it on me – it wouldn't have been the first time.

My stinging eyes forced themselves shut and I drifted back off to sleep for a while, before the desire for water drove me out of bed. I stumbled into the kitchen, where I found some life-saving Coke, and fell onto the couch in the sunroom, which looked out onto the patio. Moments later my eyes had their way again and I dozed off.

* * *

If anything were to scare me into believing the impossible idea that I had had the previous evening, it would be this dream.

I don't dream often, either that or I don't remember them. Either way, dreams are not very important to me. They are just scattered thoughts; fragments of rubbish memories that the mind sorts through.

This dream was different though. I had never before experienced such a realistic and vivid occurrence. It sends a chill down my spine just thinking of it. The word 'dream' is nowhere near adequate to describe what I saw while I slept.

My eyes blinked open to a blurry and indistinct sight. There were vast areas of cream and blue and shadows; completely unidentifiable. It was the pain of holding my lungs that told me I was underwater. I felt too that I couldn't move. Something was pinning me from both sides. I looked up, or I should say, I 'saw' upwards, since I didn't do the looking. I wasn't controlling my body. It wasn't even mine – I don't know whose, but in dreams you sometimes just know stuff, and I knew it wasn't mine.

When I saw upwards, the large patches of cream in my vision joined, and high above there was a bright light which sharpened the image as it silhouetted an unmistakable shape. I was looking upwards into a girl's body. This vision lasted only a millisecond, as whoever was controlling my sight shot their head back down as if in fright. I was frightened too.

I was struggling against the pinning on my sides, which I still hadn't identified. From the shaking, panicking vision I saw patterned shadows that made me start with shock as I realised I was pinned in between the toes of a human foot. The toenails, as wide as a small car, were painted pink. Suddenly I felt a rush of relief as the pressure released me and I became free.

Every single sensation in this dream remains with me to this day. I now rapidly floated upwards. I was a strong swimmer, and desperate for air, I surged upwards. The water was strong though, and sideways currents pushed and pulled at me. Frantic, I struggled and kicked, but was swept into one of the walls of the cream colour, and felt a cold smoothness against my body as I rose up the inside of the giant leg.

These desperate moments seemed like an eternity. I knew that if the currents pushed me further I would be swept right into the inside of this faceless girl's thighs and trapped under her crotch, which would be my doom as I ran out of air.

To my luck (or to someone's luck, as it was only a dream to me), the random currents in the water slowed and I continued my rise, dragged along the smooth white skin. I struck the lowest edge of a vast blue bikini bottom and tumbled over as I rolled up past it, lifted by the precious air in my lungs. I think I blacked out in the last moments as I rose up before a giant, curved abdomen.

The next thing I experienced was vision returning to me, as my relieved body spluttered and coughed. The person, through whose eyes I saw, shot their gaze immediately into the sky. In my dream I reeled with shock, though my host stayed dumbly, because while he looked up past two impossible immense breasts, protruding out in a giant overhang, to an anonymous face peering down with a strange and frightful smile, I looked up into the same face and saw Clara.

With this terrifying yet awesome vision, I barely noticed the giant girl's arm moving, tens of metres to my side. In moments I felt the same sensation of rising, though I was still floating, kicking in water. My gaze immediately dropped and saw cupped fingers forming a huge pool around me. Exhausted, I felt myself struggling for the side where I could touch the bottom, and in seconds I was standing on the shaky ground of her skin as I was elevated, the scenery changing at a sickening speed.

The water around me swept with turbulent waves and I was carried back into the pool in her hand and again had to struggle to keep myself afloat. In dreams you never feel real senses; you just know they're there. Again, this was different, and I actually felt a hot and moist air envelop me. When my vision again pointed upwards, I looked directly into Clara's face, and it was her breath that was washing over me.

I heard a voice, but was too frightened to listen to the words, though their source made itself immediately apparent. Behind the girl's giant face appeared a figure, a female figure, taller than the tallest possible structure ever to be conceived, towering so high behind Clara's smooth features, that my eyes had to adjust to bring the giant body into focus. It was Eliza.

While adrenaline was rushing through my host's body, I on the other hand was stunned. I could only sit back and watch like a spectator, and experience his panic and his sensations as a useless third party. I saw through frantic eyes as Eliza's figure doubled in size when she bent over above me, helpless in the swimming pool in Clara's hand. I could only wait while her giant arm began to fill my vision, until I felt an unbelievable squeeze on the sides of my body as she pinched me between her thumb and forefinger.

Lifted into the air, water drained off Eliza's fingers and fell the hundreds of metres to the ground below as I again felt the horrid rush of an accelerated elevation. I was brought just under her chest, and I looked up at her all-too-familiar face from an impossible and unimaginable point of view. Reeling, I tried to wave in panic, to get her attention so she could recognise me and save me, but even if I could have controlled these arms, they would have had no chance of escaping the immense pressure of Eliza's fingertips.

I don't know how long I stared up at her face, glaring down with her unlimited power over me. The next thing I was aware of, was being accelerated towards the ground with sickening speed that made me black

out. She hadn't dropped me though. I only felt the enormous pressure of her fingertips release me when I had already stopped. When my host looked back up at her, we stared together into her impossibly giant, stooping body, clad in a dark red bikini that dripped with water.

I was rained on from all sides as her body rose, making me giddy with her size as her face rushed back up into the sky. At her full height, she looked down at me, and my heart suddenly went cold with fear just looking at the expression on her face. I saw her leg begin to move. Her thigh cast a shadow on the other thigh as it raised, and I in turn was cast into shadow as her foot blocked out the sun so high above. My host began scrambling, but could only manage to kick helplessly backwards, and I was left stranded on my back. It seemed like an eternity as I stared in horror up at the dim underside of Eliza's bare foot, until finally it became bigger as it began to descend and my heart stopped altogether. In my vision I saw the bottom of Eliza's toes filling my vision, before it went completely black, and even in my dream I was filled with sudden, piercing, excruciating pain.

I sat bolt upright in fright and panic. Sweat poured from my face and I think I screamed. I don't know why, but my head shot to the side and my eyes looked straight out the window onto the patio. The first thing that I saw were two bodies; one in the pool, and the other, clad in a dark red bikini and sopping with water, standing beside it, one foot forward, grinding side to side as if she were extinguishing a cigarette. The entire events of my dream rushed through my shocked mind and my jaw dropped in horror.

I flew from the couch and flung the door open, shouting in vain.

"Noooo! Stop! What are you doing!" could have been my words. Both girls jumped in fright at my insane intrusion, but I ignored them and stumbled towards Eliza's feet, dropping to my knees on the decking before her. She reeled in fright and stepped away.

I think I stared in horror at the spot on the ground where her foot had been for about a minute while the two girls stayed silent with shock.

"What are you doing?" I again stuttered.

“Ahhhhhh...” began Eliza. I couldn’t tell whether she was using caution because she thought I was crazy or because she needed to find an explanation.

“What have you done!” I uttered, staring at the spot.

“Nothing.”

“Well...” I began, lost, “what...”

“We’re having a swim,” interjected Clara uselessly.

“Your foot!” I exclaimed to Eliza.

“I’m just brushing off ...some crumbs,” she said in a strange tone, which could have been of incredulity, or it could have been... I don’t know.

I looked up. Following her pointing finger I glanced to the side and saw a half-eaten cake on the coffee table next to the banana-lounges. It was a cheesecake, with what appeared to be cherry-filled jelly on the top. Staring slowly back down at the ground, I saw the similarity to the red smear on the ground before Eliza’s foot.

Stunned yet silenced and very confused, I slowly got to my feet and held my painful head as I stumbled back inside.

* * *

Regardless of how realistic it was, a dream is still just a dream, I told myself as I lay down in bed.

I was reeling from the whole experience and still far too churned up to attempt to sleep again, and I lay there relaxing for an unknown time. Once my head was a bit straighter I concluded that what must have happened was that I had unconsciously seen the girls out there in the pool through half-open, dozing eyes, and the image had somehow made it into my dream. This was not an unreasonable thing to assume; it had happened to me before – once, for a whole day, I had several strange words in my head, which with my wild imagination I assumed to be some telepathic sign, until I heard

them later and realised that it was just a strange band name that I had heard while the radio of my alarm clock was waking me up.

I was calmed by this rational explanation, though the image from underneath Eliza's foot and then the sight of her grinding the red crumbs beneath her toes still sent a chill down my spine.

No, I was definitely right. Everything I saw in the dream was simply a combination of the crazy idea I had been dwelling on the night before, and the sight of the girls outside. Nothing went unexplained.

I got up, and wearily though relieved, went outside to the patio, where the girls immediately looked at me expectantly and with concern.

"Sorry guys, about, ahhhh.... rushing out and shouting like an idiot," I began, "I was having a bad dream and must have thought it was real. I was like... hallucinating."

"You drink too much," said Eliza.

"That's OK," said Clara somewhat more comfortingly. She sat on the lip of the pool, and as she said this she swung her legs up and out. I froze. Her toenails were painted *pink*. There was no way I could have seen that from the couch in the sunroom. My jaw dropped as I looked at her toes, and almost felt as if were trapped between them ...again.

"Are you OK?" said Clara, interrupting my shocked trance.

"Um... yes," I stammered, my rational theory dealt a devastating blow, "I just still feel a bit crook. Gotta go."

I left, head swimming.

* * *

The television brought me no solace. The first item to appear was a news report on the still-missing submarine.

I watched carefully, in an attempt to get solid details to rationalise my idiotic thoughts, but the report was vague and sketchy. There were no Navy

representatives to comment, and no solid information whatsoever. My situation wasn't helped, and soon enough, not unpredictably, my mind wandered again to my improbable daydream.

I visualised the two girls playing in the surf in their bikinis. Perhaps the tiny submarine had touched one of their legs. They had yelped, thinking it was a fish or something nasty, while the captain far below ordered an emergency surface, right into Eliza's and Clara's grasp. Or perhaps it was already on the surface. Perhaps men were leaving it in small brightly-coloured dinghies, and the girls had only to wade around, collecting the men who floated helplessly around their legs.

If that were the case, then surely they could have missed some, and they would have been washed up on the beach.

Even at this early stage, I was so convinced by this insane idea, that I left the house and walked down to the beach, assuring myself that I was only going there to relax a bit. However my eyes were on the ground the entire time. I jumped and ran when I saw a small, circular orange object in the sand near the water, but was disappointed to find that it was a bottle cap. I darted and gawked when I saw a tiny movement beside a sunbathing girl's thigh, but was told to 'piss off' and had to resolve to the fact that it was a billowing scrap of seaweed.

I returned home, dissatisfied and unsure.

* * *

Perhaps to the luck of my sanity, I received an unexpected visit from my good mate. This entailed beers, which entailed talking crap and playing videogames, which distracted me from my strange experience and tumultuous thoughts. It benefited me further, in that after this relaxing drinking session I was able to consider the occurrences with a calm mind.

That is, *much later* after this drinking session, because directly afterwards was a trip to the beach with the rest of the blokes and some perverting on hot girls, trying to pick them up, then more perverting. This in turn was followed by dinner at the pub, accompanied by drinking at the pub, when we saw some of the hot girls from the beach, and more efforts to pick them up.

After the previous night's binge, I was unable to drink enough to get completely blind, so I had to settle with 'embarrassingly drunk'. This was not *all* bad, since it allowed me to actually remember the girl I ended up scoring, who was a fox. I didn't go home with her, but it was a successful night nonetheless.

The stumble home reminded me of my thoughts during the stroll to the pub on the previous night, and with the numerous beers under my belt and having forgotten the realism of my dream that morning, I laughed at myself for having had such a silly idea.

In fact, when I arrived home and saw the girls accompanied by some more of their friends (most of whom were quite good looking), all acting quite drunk, my fears were forgotten as I realised my very first assumption as to the identity of the mystery object was probably correct. I motioned to join the girls in their small party, and despite Eliza's predictable objections, they were happy to have a bloke around to impress, and allowed me to stay.

Furthermore, after only several minutes of convincing, they revealed the alcohol they had been drinking. Guess what it was... Black Galliano! This verified how much of an over-imaginative idiot I had been.

I got stuck into the bottle with them, as they had only got through half and were already drunk. It was a good couple of hours, especially when all the girls decided to change into bikinis and jump into the spa, into which one of them poured a cupful of detergent, turning it into a volcano of bubbles.

I left for a moment to get changed myself, and by the time I had grabbed a cold beer from the fridge and slid into the spa with the girls, they all seemed a bit different; a bit quieter, like a group of people who were talking about someone just as that person enters. It was as if they were keeping a joke from me, and their jokes and laughter became a bit forced since they were nervous about something.

However, I was not going to find out what it was, because the combination of the hot spa and numerous beers got the better of me, and it took only a momentary pause to relax, and I fell fast asleep in an elegant position; my neck bent backwards with my head on the decking and mouth wide open, probably snoring.

The uncomfortable position woke me slowly and my eyes peeled open. It must have only been an hour or less that I had been asleep, as it was still dark and I could hear the murmuring voices of the girls. They were no longer laughing ridiculously, and seemed quite subdued. I don't know why, but somehow I felt it appropriate to maintain the heavy breathing of sleep; I guess I was curious and just wanted to hear their conversation for a few minutes.

Risking a peek, I opened an eye a crack, but saw that there was a mountain of bubbles in the middle of the spa, and all the girls had moved to the other side together. I could see only the tops of some of their heads over the foam, so I shut my eyes to listen instead.

“They’re so cute!”

“How many are there?”

I couldn't identify the voices, even Eliza's, since they were murmuring, and I couldn't even hear clearly over the bubbling of the spa. Not only that, I couldn't make out who was talking to whom... I could be completely mistaken with what I've written here, and in fact, in retrospect I think my imagination might even have filled in some of the gaps.

“You've dropped one.”

“Where is [he]?”

“On your arm.”

“Where did you get them?”

“At the beach.”

“How many are there?”

“Don't know, but don't lose any.”

In hindsight the biggest mistake I made, which could have proven or disproven my crazy theory and saved me all the months of frustration of simply not knowing, was that I drifted back off to sleep. If I had have lifted

my head and stood up to glance over the mountain of bubbles, I would have been able to find out what these girls really were talking about and whether or not they really were tossing about dozens of miniature men in the spa around them.

I have even tried to visualise what it would have looked like; their shocked faces staring at me while Eliza yelled out in fury at my intrusion, maybe one girl with her hands open and tiny figures in white cowering in her palm, maybe another with a man or two pinched between her thumb and forefinger. Clara might have been dropping more men into her bikini top, and a couple of the other girls would have followed suit, pulling open the elastic and dangling the sailors above their chests before letting them slip into the wet prisons. I can imagine the sailors tumbling from their bodies and struggling in the turbulent water to crawl back onto their skin; grabbing hold of the fabric of their bikinis, or their long hair, or whatever else they could hold onto.

But then again, maybe they were sitting there trading Pogs. Who knows.

My next memory is of being woken up by Eliza in the quiet of the early morning, when the group of girls had gone to bed and only I remained in the calmly bubbling spa with its mountain of concealing bubbles. My hands were wrinkled like prunes from the water. I thanked her for waking me and stumbled off to bed.

* * *

By the time I woke the next morning the bunch of young ladies were gone; Eliza and Clara too. I assumed they had gone to the beach.

I was feeling good, as apart from the hazy memory of the girls' strange conversation the night before, I had completely discounted my crazy idea. Thus, I decided to have a bit of hair of the dog and grabbed a nice cold beer from the fridge, inwardly scolding myself for starting so early, and took my book to resume reading on the balcony. Later that morning though, I was to be thrown again into doubt and fear, when the beer and sun got the better of me; I drifted off and had a second dream.

I shook. Everything was shaking. Even in the dream-state I could sense a stomach-wrenching bouncing. I tried to concentrate on seeing something,

but it was as if my eyes were pressed shut. In fact my entire body was pressed. My legs and arms were spread wide and I was suspended in the air; pinned against something.

When I heard laughing female voices, muffled in the distance but somehow all around me, I knew that I was again dreaming the frightful experience of one of the poor men.

I felt him struggling, pushing against the force that was pinning him -us-down. It was cyclic; bearing down excruciatingly for a moment then relieving the pressure for another. Each time the tight pressure lifted, my limbs surged and pushed, trying to escape the next crush. It was hot; unbearably hot, and damp. My entire body was soaked in the dampness that washed over me each time I was squeezed.

I don't know how long this lasted, but I clearly remember that suddenly, the indiscernible red-pink glow, that I had thought was just the blur of closed eyes, opened up with a flash of light. All at once everything became frantic as I realised where I was and thrashed out to get a hold of something in panic. The flash of light had lit up a crevice; inverted, as the wide end was at the bottom. I had been wedged at the top, and my struggling had inched me downwards. The walls were... fabric. The red glow came from a dull source of light filtering through the giant wall of one side, extended in all directions. The other 'wall' was curved, and the source of the cyclic, tumultuous shaking became clear as with even a split-second glance I recognized the unmistakable curve of a female backside.

I had been pinned between the vast, pink fabric of a skirt, and the hot, humid, elastic material of a giant girl's damp bikini bottom, feeling the excruciating crushing as I was trapped high on her cheek while she walked.

I was not rewarded with much time to consider my situation, because as the world around me opened up I came loose and gravity became my enemy. I found myself clinging to giant, damp fibres of the underside of this girl's bikini bottom, and looking down gave me a heart-stopping, frightening view of the backs of her legs, stretching a deadly height to the ground far below, racing by as each footstep covered what looked like a city block.

With the dream's frightful realism, my arms ached with every turbulent shake, and in moments they seemed to go limp, and my stomach rushed to

my mouth as I dropped. Reality seemed to slow down as I fell, limbs writhing and clutching at nothing. My gaze was straight upwards as I saw the enormous backside recede into the air above me, the cavern in her skirt lit up in red and pink.

Fate was on my side, or the side of whoever's life I was experiencing in my vision-like dream, as my body was jerked roughly as I was caught on some small protrusion of fabric on the inside of the girl's skirt.

Now that I was able to see out from under the lowest edge of her skirt, the view of the world became completely different. It was incredible. The familiar world I knew was now hundreds upon hundreds of times bigger. It was, and still is, indescribable. As I dangled underneath the seam I could see out into the environment around me. There was a road behind us with cars the size of cities, and trees that soared into the sky with unimaginable heights, and my eyes went wide as I saw a girl, for the first time a complete view of a person, walking behind us. She was astronomical. I remembered being awed by the largest buildings in the city, towering so high above me, and now I looked upon a smiling, curvaceous girl in a short, thin, see-through skirt and a tight, pink T-shirt, whose legs would have dwarfed those very buildings, striding happily with steps so momentous that my heart stopped in awe. She was enormous. I can't even begin to describe this sight. Beside her was another, and I saw another flanking us on the other side as I turned my head.

It was a different sight, however, that was to scare me the most. With the incredible giant beauties around me, I had not paid attention to the surroundings, although they had seemed familiar. I felt myself clutching at the strands in which I was caught, to get a better grip. In doing so, my gaze turned forwards, between the girl's giant legs sweeping back and forth, towards the inside front of her skirt. There, as her leg went forward and pulled the low edge of the skirt upwards, the forwards view between her knees opened up and I caught a glimpse of something, of which the person whose life I was experiencing took no notice, but which stunned me to the core.

I saw myself. The sight lasted only a fraction of a second, but the image was instantly burned into my mind like a photo being exposed onto photographic paper. The terrain before the girl's feet sloped downwards towards a dark cavern that was the garage under our holiday house. Above this were the

long, thin, parallel lines of the railing on the first floor balcony, and I can describe with exact detail what I saw behind them. My body, my real body, was normal sized; that is, I was as big as the girls. My head was tilted back and my mouth open, eyes closed. On my chest lay an upturned book, pages flapping, and my arm hung at my side, a familiar green beer can lying on its side on the floor below my open hand. The thing that struck me most about seeing my own body was that I looked frightened.

I was.

In the next few minutes I saw every accurate detail of our own house, or should I say the floor of our own house, since I was tucked safely, cowering in the seam of the girl's skirt, and could only see the lower half of every room. However I saw everything through stunned eyes. I couldn't believe what I had seen.

My focus was returned to the reality of the dream when the echoing conversation of the omnipotent girls grabbed my attention. I was looking down at the vast floor of Eliza's room, with female clothing the size of tennis courts at the giant feet of my captor. This time I remember the exact words. On the other hand, I don't know whether any of this happened at all.

"I think we better take it back."

"And do what with it?" That was Eliza's voice.

"We can't keep it." There were only two in the conversation. I am betting this was Clara.

"Of course we can. Who's going to know?"

"But if they're real--"

"How can they possibly be real?"

Both girls went silent for a while, and then they left the room. The journey took me over the kitchen floor, then out the back door onto the rear patio, along the pool deck and to the concealed grass area behind the pool. I don't know where the other girls were. The only other giant legs I could see were those that had to belong to Eliza.

Below me the feet stopped. In a giant, slow movement the backs of her calves became larger as she bent her knees. The vast creamy skin of her legs approached me as I hung helplessly above it, but just as it seemed I was going to be struck they receded and the world shook as I was swung around and tipped over. When all became still and I was left hanging by my arms from the inside of the skirt, with a thin crevice of skin below me, I realised that Clara had lain down on her stomach on the grass. I now dangled from the inside back of her skirt, above and between her legs that were firmly pressed together. As I groped at the threads above, I turned around and was able to see behind me her two giant, smooth legs stretching back into the distance, their curves rising and dipping like mountains, and ending miles away with a pair of pink sandals inverted with their soles pointing at the sky. In the opposite direction, the giant round profile of her thighs receded into the dark cavern from which I had come.

I soon found myself dropping, my host having concluded that this was a chance to escape. Striking the inside of her thighs painlessly, I was wedged between the smooth walls of skin. With a bit of struggling though, I came free by planting my hands against the soft curves rising on either side of me, and lifting my feet out of the thin split below. My host was agile, and within moments he discovered the fastest way of moving was to keep all four limbs pushing against the giant girls thighs, and thus not fall down between them. Soon I was making my way down between her legs towards her feet, where I would surely find escape.

Only seconds later, however, the bright white skin around me suddenly went dark with shadow and I stumbled in fright and fell back into the crevice, looking straight up, my heart stopped with fear as I once again looked up the towering body of a giant Eliza. She was staring straight back at me, and as I gazed into her terrifying expression I became frozen, and this time could not even attempt to get her attention, despite knowing full well that she couldn't recognise me anyway. My *real* body was lying asleep on the balcony.

I heard Eliza say something to Clara, but even though I stared at her giant moving lips, I was too scared to hear it. In slow motion and with a terrible feeling of déjà vu, her body became larger as she bent forwards, me staring upwards with an open mouth and craned neck. Panic took over me and I began thrashing about wildly, attempting to move and escape, but in seconds, through blurred vision, I became aware of the giant columns that

were Eliza's fingertips piercing the crevice on both sides of me. My helpless body fell further between Clara's legs as the gap was widened by Eliza's fingertips, but this provided no hope of a getaway as her huge, inescapable fingers caught me.

My chest was suddenly restricted painfully, though not directly from her fingertips, as I realised that she had only just got hold of my clothes, and I now dangled helplessly in the air as she pinched the back of my jacket with the tips of her red-painted fingernails. I kicked and struggled, but my arms hung uselessly and limp as she lifted me with stomach-heaving speed into the air, and I found myself looking at a sight that was somehow comical and terrifying at the same time; when I looked down, I saw both my feet and Eliza's feet next to each other at the same size. I felt like I could lift my head and tell her off or push her out of the way. It was of course an illusion of depth-perception, and in actual fact her bare feet were hundreds of metres below mine, and when I lifted my head all I saw was her chest hanging over me, and her face with its chilling expression gazing down at me from above it.

The next minutes could have been an hour for all I know. The tightness around my chest restricted my breathing so much that I think I could have been going in and out of consciousness – or should I say, my *host* was. In reality I was fast asleep, safe on the balcony. Through my dim vision I saw Eliza's chest, clad in her bikini top, sink past me as she raised me to her face. She held me directly before her mouth, which I saw moving but could not make out her words.

“You... little man... escape?... think I might... so cute...do with you?” As she spoke her giant lips opened and closed slowly and momentarily, revealing the dark, deadly cavern behind them. My vision span as my head rolled back and forth.

Suddenly I felt myself descending, and with my head hung forward my gaze was directly at the ground. I saw Clara's vast body beneath me. She had rolled onto her back and now stared up at me with a smile on her lips. I swayed back and forth in the air, and my attention was caught by the slow, heavy movements of Eliza's huge legs as she kneeled to the ground. Her knees came to rest beside Clara's upturned face, with several tennis courts of space between them.

I hovered between Eliza's fingertips for what seemed like an eternity, above Clara's face. Helpless, I stared at her, my face asking for mercy, and I watched her expression change. Her eyes seemed to relax and close slightly, and her jaw fell open.

Suddenly I was moving again, and instantly I began to panic again as I realised what was happening, and what strength was left in me began kicking and struggling, but despite my efforts I continued to descend straight towards Clara's lips. In slow motion I swung down in a long arc until the giant girl's mouth was below me; as wide as a swimming pool. I sunk beneath the level of her curved pink lips, and I writhed in vain but had no chance of reaching her teeth either side of me to stop my descent. I looked down in panic and saw only blackness below me, with four rows of teeth pointing down into it. Her tongue quivered and retreated, waiting for my body. I looked up, terrified, and saw the two walls that were her lips begin to close, shutting out the light, and suddenly I was falling, released from Eliza's fingertips. I hit blackness.

Screaming with fright, I fell out of the deck chair, my book flying from my hands and the already-spilt beer knocked from the balcony. I reeled with the shock of normal vision, before flinging the door open, bounding inside, several of Eliza's friends who were watching television jumping with fright at my intrusion, and bursting out the door onto the patio. I bolted along the pool edge towards the rear garden and over the edge of the decking two bodies came into view as I reached the grass area at the rear.

"Stop! What are you doing?" I yelled. Clara was on the ground on her back and Eliza knelt beside her, something concealed in her hand. The pair froze with shock. I repeated my outburst.

Both girls were sullen and silent. I must have been a frightening sight, yelling and shouting, crazed from the reality of my dream.

"What have you done?" I yelled rhetorically. My gaze went to Eliza's hand, in which she was concealing something. My eyes went wide, ready for the horrible truth. I pointed at her hand and stuttered at her to open it.

Slowly, carefully, Eliza turned her hand over. She had something balled in her fist, and with agonising suspense her fingers crept open. I think I stumbled forward, my gaze fixed on her palm.

As her red-painted fingernails parted and opened, I saw it... it was a gummy bear. I froze out of shock, probably simply because it wasn't what I had dreaded.

“W-what’s that?”

“It’s a... gummy... bear,” said Eliza carefully, placing her words gently as if she were talking delicately to somebody who was not quite with it. I’m sure I wasn’t. She must have been scared by my crazy outburst, regardless of whether she had just fed a tiny man to her friend or not.

I stared further until she slowly turned to her side and brought around an object beside her. My gaze finally left her palm in order to see this new item, and I recognised a bowl from the cupboard. As she turned it towards me I saw red and yellow and orange; more gummy bears. I stared, and verified that every tiny object in the bowl was a gummy bear and not a miniature man.

It was my turn to shrink in another sense, as I shrank away, almost shivering. This time Eliza was too stunned to tell me I drank too much and I saw the girls’ shocked faces recede as I stumbled back towards the house.

* * *

Fifteen minutes later I was in my car, sweating and probably in no state to drive, heading back home.

I slept a dreamless sleep for hours thereafter, and the following day there was a short news bulletin stating that the lost submarine had been found. I scrounged and grabbed at the remote control to tape it, but only got the last minute of the report, which was sparse at best. There was a short clip of crew members stumbling off the submarine at some unknown port. Some seemed bruised, other limped, all were shaken. I swear, after having watched this several-second clip over and over, that one man, slightly hidden behind some comrades, is covered from head to waist in some kind of pink material looking like glossy paint. In my mind I have tried to suppress the notion that this is Eliza’s lipstick.

This news item was the only one to have addressed the return of the submarine. The event seems to have been masked in the media. It stated somewhat ambiguously, that two sailors were listed as 'casualties' and one was missing. Even now I can't help think of my two dreams.

I researched a bit and found out about a theory called the 'Philadelphia Experiment', which you can type into Google to find a million sites explaining it. Basically the Navy was meant to have developed some way of teleporting ships, and bent space-time to send a cruiser on a long voyage in an impossibly short amount of time. I thought about this, and wondered whether the same thing had been performed on the submarine, but with adverse side-effects. This would explain the media cover up.

There is simply no way to tell what really happened.

I'm sorry that there is no climax or conclusion, but this is basically the end of my story. A week later when Eliza returned from the rest of her holiday she forgave me straight away when I explained that I had had a fever and had been to the doctor. The second part was in fact true, and I myself began to accept the first part and slowly forgot about my delirious ideas.

After all, everything that I had seen in my feverish dreams was easily explicable as fragments of the images I had seen through dozing, half-open eyes, coming together to form a ridiculous story, based on the impossible idea I had daydreamed a couple of days earlier.

There is one more thing though.

Several months later, I sleep-walked for the first time in my life. I have never done this before. I don't know how it happened, but I woke up in the laundry, lying on my stomach next to a pile of clothes. Something had guided me there. The light was on, and as soon as my eyes focussed, I realised I was looking at an item of Eliza's clothing, and sat up in shock. I ran to get my camera, and managed to take one photo before the racket I made woke up my folks.

Here, on the following page, is the photo I took.



Make of it what you will.

THE END