

## **Robert Buggers Up his Experiment**

**by**

**e10**

Robert was in trouble, very serious trouble indeed.

He looked up at the ceiling as he lay on his back on the cool wooden floor. The trusses supporting the roof of the house stretched up to the attic ceiling's highest point, the area under which was the only place a person could walk without stooping. It was about a hundred and fifty metres above him.

Rolling onto his side, he picked himself up dizzily and looked around, his head aching somewhat with the sudden movement. He had to kneel and pause to let the blood return. As he was near a join in the floorboards, he decided to take a measurement, so he put his beside the small crevice-like join and began pacing perpendicular to the wooden slats to the next join. Twenty normal paces. Serious trouble.

After the stairs and their deadly fifteen metre drop had proven impossible, he had sat on the edge almost in tears at the hopelessness, wishing that just once someone would come up the stairs. Only now did he regret his regular shouting at whomever needed to interrupt him while he was doing his experiments in the attic. He would have given anything to hear the usually annoying clunking of footsteps ascending the impossible barrier before him.

His situation was desperate, and he needed to contact his family, so he went searching in less likely places. The attic was a mess and normally he couldn't see past the first layer of stacked boxes lining the walls. Now however, he was gaining a new perspective of the old dusty room as he followed its perimeter searching for a means of escape.

Exactly this was granted to him when a wash of warm, scented air hit him, enveloping him with hope. After a three-floorboard run he had discovered

the source of the sweet taste of freedom; a dusty, ugly black plate cut haphazardly into the floor. He screeched to a halt at its borders and peered down into the nearest of the two-metre wide square holes, relishing the warmth that emanated through it. The smell was familiar.

Gaping down into the darkness, his heart sank as he saw nothing. That is, the darkness in the vent was far down enough to indicate that he would never survive the drop.

Robert slumped and looked around him in despair, until he saw the light at the end of the tunnel. More correctly, he saw the object that was blocking the light at the end of the tunnel, the tunnel being the gap between a towering box and his mother's sewing basket, from which his saviour had dropped; a roll of cotton.

An excited dash brought him to it and in moments Robert stood behind the bale, shoving it until it faced his exit, and began pushing. He had a brainwave and yanked free the end as soon as he found it, thus unravelling it at the same time as he rolled it to the vent. This was not an easy task, and it was a full fifteen minutes before he had managed the two-box-length roll. The run back to the basket was much quicker, where he grasped the end of the cotton that he had unrolled, but his return became steadily slower as he had to pull an increasing length of the heavy cotton across the ground.

It slid easily through the square hole and he fed as much as he had unravelled down into the darkness as he was unsure of the depth of his travel. Moments later he stood on the edge, looking down into his destiny, adrenaline flowing and heart racing.

Blackness swallowed Robert as he shimmied down the cotton. He was not sure how long he did this or how deep he went as his eyes were closed the entire time, keeping out the thoughts of what might be lurking in the shadows. For this reason he received a shock when his feet touched solid ground and he stumbled back from the cotton, landing on the curls that lay below the dangling thread. His eyes of course blinked open and he lay for the second time on his back, this time staring at the underside of the grate, which seemed to be twenty metres or so above him.

Despite the welcoming warmth of the sweet-smelling air in which he was submerged, he did not wish to prolong his stay in the darkness, and he

jumped to his feet, whirling to look around him. Instantly he saw the grey; a dimness only fifty metres away. At first he bolted for it, but then halted as soon as he considered that he was running on pitch black ground that could have led to a deadly fall at any stage. He completed the remaining distance by scraping his feet along the ground and thus verified that the surface was solid.

Upon approaching the greyness he distinguished another grate; this one standing vertically and set in the wall of whichever room it led to. The question of which room it actually was, was the reason his heart began thumping in his ears in suspense as he dragged his feet over the last agonising steps, and the view that greeted him was no anticlimax.

If staring at the distant ceiling hadn't been awe-inspiring enough, the current view blew his mind. He had once been to the Grand Canyon, but it didn't compare. Neither did it have his stepsister sprawled across hundreds of square metres of its surface. He had never in his wildest dreams imagined that a human being could have appeared so huge and humbling. He felt like a speck of dust even just seeing her. She lay on her back, her head slumped to the side on the pillow, one arm flopped awkwardly to her side and the other resting on her stomach. Her thin silver silk sheet had been tugged by her kicking at some point in the night and reached only to one shoulder, revealing the white nightie loosely covering her chest. Here was his potential saviour.

The room stretched for miles in both directions, and the floor was a dizzying three hundred metre drop below. This resulted in his two-hundred metre stepsister being a full two-hundred and fifty vertical metres away, plus the mile that he would have to somehow cross to reach her. He only needed to reach her to be able to get her help, but at this stage the task seemed impossible.

Robert saw the ray of hope when he stuck his head through the grate, as it became clear that it was recessed into the skirting board, which as in his room several miles away, was a wavy floral pattern in heavy relief, providing him with an undulating, narrow path around the perimeter of the ceiling. Against the right wall stood a large bookcase with numerous soft toys that girls liked to retain long into their womanhood, and which would surely provide him with a route down to the beacon that was his stepsister lying unaware so far below.

His decision was a quick one and in seconds he was passing through his second square hole for the night and entered the warm realm of his stepsister's bedroom, reminding himself of the pleasant smell of which he again became conscious, realising instantly why it had been familiar. Thanks purely to luck, the grate had been cut into the skirting board where the wavy pattern was at its lowest, meaning that the entrance to the path cut into it for him was only a small jump. After three attempts he managed to get a decent grasp and heave himself into the ledge.

Robert's journey was as perilous as it was spectacular. He travelled with careful, nervous steps through the narrow ledge cut into the cliff of skirting board. To his left stretched away the canyon that was his stepsister's bedroom, and each moment on the less than metre-wide path threatened a deadly fall to the carpet amongst her strewn clothes hundreds of metres below.

Each rise in the floral pattern was about thirty metres long, at the end of which was a descent, interrupted by a mound that was probably the petal of a flower in the design, then a short jump over a thin crevice to the next rise. He stumbled several times before pinning himself to the wall and closing his eyes, slowing his breath while he heard the echoing breathing of the girl who lay completely unaware of the activity in her room. When he felt somewhat calmer he opened his eyes and again took in the view, not ceasing to marvel at the length of the undeniably graceful figure sprawled over the plateau of a mattress and draped in the silk sheet.

Resuming his trek, he found his pace again steadied and controlled, his momentary calming pause having had the desired effect. His progress developed so quickly that after what seemed only a few minutes he had traversed along the wall parallel to his stepsister's body from approximately the position of her feet almost to her shoulders, and as he glanced ahead he noted that the dim perpendicular wall had to be only a hundred metres away, with only half that to reach the first of the fluffy animals that had already fulfilled their function of being a much cuddled plaything by a young girl and would now be endowed with the function of allowing Robert to climb down them to the shelf on which they rested.

It was when he reached the corner of the room, the join of the two walls, that he discovered a major problem. The skirting board in which he hiked did not

line up with that of the perpendicular wall. His heart sank and his despair was hammered in further by a loud echoing wheeze from his stepsister's mouth as she shifted in her sleep, her arm falling to her side. It seemed to him that she moved in slow-motion. Even this small action appeared to Robert as a momentous and terrifying movement, and the slap of her arm on the mattress seemed to be an earth-shaking thunder, sending a chill down his spine as he saw a slow-motion ripple like a shockwave propagate over the sheet around her.

Forcing his attention back to the problem confronting him, he assessed the jump to the ledge on the other side. It would be nearly impossible even without the distraction of a three-hundred metre fall to his death onto a pair of his stepsister's underwear that had been tossed into the corner below. With dread he visualised his stepsister getting dressed and discovering a nasty surprise; or maybe cleaning up and not even noticing his body. Shaking his head to get rid of the horrible thoughts, he turned and considered other options.

The first was to yell at the top of his lungs, which he promptly attempted. His voice disappeared into the void and didn't even echo, and nor did his stepsister stir. Several more shouts brought the same lack of results.

It was a full ten minutes before Robert concluded to attempt the jump, his mind concluding to believe that he would inherit extra powers thanks to the adrenaline that would pump when he psyched himself up, which entailed several minutes of uttering 'you can do it' to himself.

When the moment of truth came he took several paces back and held his breath in anticipation before bolting. His foot struck the edge of the precipice and propelled him upwards, but in slow-motion he felt something yanking sharply at his shoe and his life rushed before his eyes as he was pulled out of the sky. Screaming in terror, his body was flung downwards and the floor became ceiling as he was inverted, his eyes fixed in horror on the distant, foreboding pair of underwear into which gravity was going to smush him. However it was the same yank on his foot and not a crushing of his bones in soft silk that was the next sensation that Robert experienced. His leg felt as if it were going to be torn from its socket and his eyeballs followed suit, his teeth clenching in pain.

With his screaming abruptly ended, Robert found himself dangling upside-

down. He had never been religious, but this he reconsidered when he lifted his head and saw that his life had been mysteriously saved by the thin air.

His head swimming with a mix of shock, confusion and a steadily increasing proportion of blood, Robert heaved himself upward, trying to right himself as he floated, suspended surrealistically in the top corner of his stepsister's bedroom. After several moments of struggling Robert swung his arm upward to try and grasp at his leg, but found his hand stuck by the same mysterious force that held his leg. He gasped, feeling a strange sensation. A spider web!

The confusion component of his thoughts vanished as he struggled, and in moments he managed to right himself by pulling himself upwards into a shimmying position, each movement of his hands requiring an arduous detaching from the sticky web. With little desire to remain swinging, he began climbing, finding that the fastest way was to simply pull himself up without worrying about unsticking himself. By the time he grasped the ledge on the wall that would lead to his saviour, he was so covered in web that he could barely move. The next minutes were spent painfully removing the material which resulted in overwhelming stinging wherever it contacted his skin, and the loss of several clumps of hair. The last piece was finally removed by pushing it hard against the grainy plaster of the skirting board ledge and prying his hand from the goo, leaving the life-saving web stuck to the wall. He would never harm a spider again.

Despite his new-found respect for his eight-legged counterparts he was not keen to meet one and quickly resumed his traversing over the terrain of the walls of his stepsister's bedroom. Thankfully he reached the first of the thirty-metre high soft toys quite quickly, and he considered which of the half dozen on the top shelf to use as his ladder.

The obvious choice became clear when Robert made out Mr. Bunny's ear leaning high up against the skirting board. Mr. Bunny was a much-loved rabbit who had accompanied his stepsisters in bed all the way into her teens, and moments later Robert was climbing down onto the soft, fluffy fabric which had no doubt been squashed up against her body for countless years.

The long, worn fibres bent at the slightest touch and Robert found it impossible to stabilise himself, and he was soon tumbling helplessly down the long ear, coming to a stop in the fluff at the base, out of which he quickly

climbed before more carefully descending the fabric to the solid surface of the shelf.

Relieved, he took a moment to pause before getting to his knees, nervous of the height, and peering over the edge to determine his next step. He had several options: the overhanging tail of an indiscriminate soft toy, a necklace hanging from a pin, and the cable of a small night light that sat at the end of the top shelf, its globe having failed years before. He decided upon the necklace, and traversed past three looming fluffy toys to the pin from which it hung. Its centre piece hung only a short distance above the shelf below and he was confident of being able to drop safely.

The descent was easy. With his stepsister's blurred silhouette enveloping his figure from below and her steady breathing increasing in both volume and proximity, he lowered himself backwards over the edge, placing his foot in the first rung, which was comfortably large enough. After several steps he heard a whoosh and a thundering thud, which meant that she had shifted in bed again.

Minutes later he reached the pendant of the necklace, which was a flat pink heart about three metres wide. He took a moment to sit on it and rest, imagining what the view would be like if it were in its normal position dangling in her chest, and shook the thought away with clenched teeth when he then visualised himself sitting on it, disappearing beneath her shirt.

The drop to the shelf below was not substantial at all, he discovered. It was three metres from the bottom of the heart at the most, though he was going to land quite near to the edge and ran the danger of plummeting to his death somewhere on his stepsister's bed below. Glancing down, he saw he was almost directly over her face, shuddering at the sight of her wide open mouth and the notion of him tumbling helplessly into it.

Forced to attempt the manoeuvre, he clung to the plastic of the pendant and slipped down to a lip in the hard material. As carefully as possible, he lowered himself until he held on only by his hands, and with a last glance below him he swung his legs and pushed backwards, releasing himself.

The short fall seemed to last a lifetime, during which he wondered whether it had been an optical illusion and the gap was thirty metres and not three. However, this was just his increased state of awareness, and his feet quickly

met the ground, albeit at an odd angle and he stumbled backwards, away from the edge. The fall had been somewhat lighter than he had expected, he pondered as he lay on his back, breathing quickly though quite enjoying the adrenaline thrill and sense of danger.

After another short pause he repeated his assessment of the potential methods of descent. This time he was presented with fewer options. The shelf below was full of memorabilia, mostly photos. There was very little leading downwards from his current ledge. His heart sank as he searched in vain.

Just as he was about to give up in despair he saw a possibility. Further along there was a paper photo sticky-taped to the shelf on which he stood, hanging down from it. Approximately below stood a photo frame on the shelf below, and if he was in luck it could be directly below, potentially allowing him to shimmy down the edge of the paper photo and climb down the frame of the other. Upon hurriedly reaching it his hopes were heightened as he saw that they were indeed aligned.

Perhaps overly enthusiastically he lowered himself for the second time over the edge of a shelf, gripping the edge of the photo as he did. It was not as easy as he had expected; he had real trouble holding on to the border, which was smooth on the printed side and rough on the back. Clinging on tightly while slowly letting himself slip down, he clenched his teeth as his muscles began to ache, seeing, but too concentrated to be aware, that he was sliding down the side of some anonymous friend of his stepsister; a girl in a skirt, past which he descended onto her leg. She was as tall as the photo - fifteen metres high.

By the time he reached the lowest corner of the print, clinging tightly to the friend's shoe, Robert was in pain. When his legs slipped beneath the bottom edge of the photo it was too much for his arms and he lost grip, screaming with terror as he began to fall out of control. His fear was unfounded as he instantly struck the top edge of the framed photo, his body slapping against the glass on the front, though his arms were now too weak and he couldn't hold onto the frame and he began to slide down the smooth, angled surface, silhouetted by the face of another young lady in the photo behind. His skin sweaty, he slipped down with a squeal, passing down over the girl's chest, past her stomach until he was a writhing shape between her legs. Finally he

hit the lower part of the frame and wearily stumbled off onto the shelf and falling in a heap on a firm yet spongy object.

His pause now was the longest of those taken on each of the three shelves he had by now visited as he caught his breath, lying on his back with the posed figures of countless charming young ladies in skirts and bikinis looming over him with their smiling, happy faces. His eyes went from picture to picture as he lay, realising how few of his stepsister's often very beautiful friends he actually knew.

With little time for looking at women, he grudgingly got to his feet, and gagged in disgust when he saw that the object he had been slumped over was a feminine hygiene product, shuddering at the idea of the future prospects of this accidental bed.

For the third time he leaned over the edge to contemplate his descent. The first thing he noted with relief was that the next shelf was the lowest and his last that he had to take on. The second thing he saw filled him both with hope and a sense of repulsion - it was a present that he seemed to remember was given to his stepsister as a joke from her friends; a G-string. It filled him with hope as it was a flexible and easy route down to the next shelf, but he shuddered at the thought that his stepsister might have already worn it.

*Desperate times call for desperate measures*, he told himself. *Beggars can't be choosers*, were the words recurring in his mind as he neared the pin that held the string to the shelf. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath before seating himself on the thick, circular elastic. Steeling himself for the embarrassment he wrapped his arms around the string and went over the edge.

Despite the danger to his life, Robert couldn't keep his mind off the grossness of the situation. He knew that the elastic around which his body was wrapped had probably been pinned tightly to her backside. His life depended on a single piece of string that had been wrapped around his stepsister's waist. Now he was lower and the fabric over which his body and face rubbed was probably full of her sweat. He felt he could smell her scent washing through him.

After a few agonising moments he met the sail-like front of the garment. He would have been pinned into the top and side of her crotch had she been

wearing it. He gagged once more in disgust and continued down the side, unwillingly imagining he was being wiped in the top of her thigh with the seam to which he clung. When the seam began curving inwards as he neared the very bottom of the crotch of the underwear, he was forced to climb into it as he could no longer hold onto the edge at the difficult angle.

Not keen on taking his time, Robert lay back in the inside of his stepsister's underwear and allowed himself to slide down it into the lowest point. Red with embarrassment, he tumbled out of the crotch of the novelty underwear, clinging to the lowest seam until he could steady himself for the short drop to the shelf below, after which he found himself among objects only marginally less demeaning. It was her makeup shelf, and he found himself dwarfed by tubes of lipstick and tubs of powder. Eyeliner towered over him menacingly from behind and the ten-metre high face of a model stared down at him from a box of hair-colour against the wall.

Now, in close proximity, the breathing of his stepsister became a loud, echoing, almost terrifying whistling from below. Picking his way through large beauty products he came to the edge of the shelf and looked down in awe.

Like a person about to parachute from an aeroplane or bungee-jump into a vast canyon, Robert found himself breathless and frightened as he looked down across the immense figure of his stepsister. Her face loomed dizzily far below and he felt a warm wash of air hit him, rising from the dark abyss between her parted lips. Beginning at her shoulders, her body seemed to stretch for miles from directly below him to the rolling hills of her curves on his horizon far away, the silk sheets draping down in valleys hundreds of metres long to either side.

He sat on the side of a pair of tweezers to catch his breath.

Robert had experienced something like this feeling before; it was like the time he had gone up in a small Cessna with a friend of his father and seen his own house. He looked out upon something so familiar, yet from such a different perspective that it was completely foreign and awe-inspiring. His thoughts took over him as he sat looking out over the surreal scene, the steady breathing of his giant stepsister echoing in the background.

It was more than ten minutes before he again had the energy to go on,

returning his mind to the task of getting to her ear. While pondering he had a brainwave and realised he might not have to get down there at all; she would find him just if he could wake her. Looking behind him he saw various cylindrical items of makeup that were potential projectiles if he were able to roll them off the edge.

All were standing however, presenting him with the challenge of first getting them onto their side. After only a brief straining push against the side of a tube of eyeliner he concluded there was no way he could do it on his own, but knew he could call on the law of leverage to come to his aid. He needn't even go to much effort to set it up, as there was a highlighting pencil lying parallel to the shelf edge just near the eyeliner, and a nail file sat close by, requiring only a brief struggle to heave it onto the pencil and shove one end of this makeshift seesaw against the low edge of the eyeliner.

He was quite pleased with himself as he surveyed the rig. Hopping onto the nail file just near the middle where it lay on the pencil, he tried not to think of how much of his stepsister's fingernail dust he was treading through as he began slowly walking away from the large black cylinder, increasing the leverage on it with each step. He edged backwards so he could see it, and was filled with hope when he neared the end of the nail file and saw the eyeliner wobble.

When he reached the very end the nail file was bent somewhat, using his maximum weight, but the eyeliner did not tip. He jumped slightly, wobbling to steady himself as he saw the cylinder tip slightly before returning to its upright position. Robert then jumped higher, making use of all his weight. When he came down the cylinder tilted markedly, its bottom end lifting off the surface and Robert's end of the nail file dropping to the ground.

He was too excited to think of the consequences, and while he had considered the law of leverage he had not considered one of his hero Isaac Newton's rather important laws, and his action resulted in the reaction of the cylinder swinging backwards momentarily before toppling down onto the other end of the nail file. Robert's end shot upwards; he with it.

His life flashed before his eyes as he flew. If looking over the expanse of his stepsister's bed was like his trip in an aeroplane, then this was like parachuting from it - without the parachute bit. With a blood curdling scream he plummeted outwards from the shelf, seeing the nail file, pencil

and eyeliner laughing at him in victory as they receded out of his view as he passed below the level of the shelf.

Robert tumbled as he fell and the world rotated around him. The shelf slowly panned out of his view as he turned, replaced by some distant pictures on the walls, and finally, to his horror, his inevitable destination came into his view, growing larger as he approached, accelerating towards her.

His eyes were closed as he hit, expecting to be splattered over her skin. He could imagine her waking to a tap on her chest and seeing his twisted and bend body sprawled just above her breasts, or maybe she simply wouldn't wake at all with the deadly impact of his body, and only find him in the morning, smeared unrecognisably from her turning over in her sleep.

His morbid visions were however not realised. His impact was slowed by a smooth collision with something fabric, which then gave way, letting him collide roughly into a hill of flesh that simply absorbed the impact of his tiny body.

When Robert shook himself out of shock he was in too much pain to be embarrassed. He lay propped against the inside of one of his stepsister's breasts and in the shadow of the other, which loomed over him menacingly, her nightie forming a loose tent-like ceiling high above. The ground below him heaved with each breath and he was stifled in the heat. In front of him rose her chest to her neck, after which there was a high vertical rise up to her chin, and behind him there receded a cave into the darkness of her mouth. As he looked up towards her face, grimacing with pain, the shadows under her chin danced as she swallowed in her sleep, the loud, wet slapping sound of her licking her lips sending a chill down Robert's spine.

His head fell back onto the skin of his stepsister's breast, creating a small wobble, as he winced with the aching throughout his body, which was not lessened by the heat radiating over him from the smooth skin on which he lay, somewhat sticky with perspiration in the large crease under her breast. His leg was tucked awkwardly underneath him and as soon as he struggled and straightened it, the aching was substantially relieved. He let out a gasp and fell back into her flesh. Robert must have lay there for five minutes, waiting for the pain to recede.

The heat radiating from her skin became the most overpowering sensation. He even sensed that his arm passed out of a shimmering layer of warmth as he lifted it from his side to wipe the sweat from his head, which was immersed in the heat seemingly cascading down in gentle, flowing waves from the peaks of his stepsister's breast rising high behind him. When the receding pain of his fall became less than the discomfort of being saturated in such overpowering heat, he propped himself up and sighed in relief as his head emerged out of the stream of warm, choking air.

Each movement required effort to peel his limbs from the sticky sweat that pulled him into his stepsister's skin, but he managed to stand up inside the accidental tent; the fabric ceiling made by her nightie softening the already dim light above. He had no wish to dwell and he immediately began making his way up her sternum towards her neck. He became giddier with each step as the surface below him slowly heaved with her breathing, and her breasts seemed to close in on him as they rose and fell. His figure soon appeared out from underneath the overhang of the nightie and as he trudged upwards over her skin the fleshy hills on either side of him gently sloped away until he was no longer in their shadow. In moments he was faced with the ridge comprised of her collarbone, which he quickly scaled before turning a right angle and trekking through the depression above it, parallel to her shoulder.

The drop that faced him when he looked from the edge of her shoulder to the pillow below was far less intimidating than those that he had already faced during the eventful evening and he slid down her skin with little hesitation.

His quick slide must have created a tickle on the skin of the sleeping giant as she twitched quite suddenly, throwing Robert awkwardly onto the fabric below as her arm swept violently across her waist, as if to brush away the annoyance that had penetrated into her dream. The movement resulted in the covers being hurled to the side, exposing the rising and falling curves of her body that stretched away for hundreds of metres. A whoosh of air hit him, at least providing a refreshing breeze.

He righted himself and began ascending towards his goal, her ear, while struggling through the cables of soft hair strewn over the silky pillow. In moments he stood below her giant ear, and without hesitation he cupped his hands and called her name.

There was no response.

He called again, again to no avail. His third attempt was a long 'cooee', which drew a response, but not the one he had hoped for.

Far above him there emanated a long, echoing groan as something once again disturbed the deep sleep of his giant stepsister. Her wide open mouth clamped shut for a second before falling open with a wet, slapping sound as her tongue relaxed. It was at this point that catastrophe struck. She turned over.

Robert watched in horror as her opposite shoulder rose over the horizon of her neck, and far to his side her breasts ascended high in the air and slumped heavily towards the ground as her body rolled on its side. Her face followed suit, and he could do nothing but stumble backwards, trapped in hair, while her open mouth descended towards his helpless body. The next moments were a blur for Robert. He fell on his back and looked up to see her lips from the side, dark in the dim light, become larger as they slowly fell towards him, a black cave looming between them. He was cast into shadow and was pressed on one side by tonnes of her soft lower lip, and immediately felt a powerful current of hot, sticky air push him back against her hair in which he lay, as his stepsister breathed out. There was a still moment while he was in the eye of the storm, before she breathed in again, and a hurricane of air whipped past his body, pulling him painfully from the hair and he came unstuck from under her lip.

Robert flew helpless into the blackness. His leg rang in pain as he struck his stepsister's lower teeth before he was plummeted into her tongue and sucked to her throat. His life was on a knife's edge. He became wedged in the hot, sopping walls of the prison. All he was aware of was a strange, almost hypnotically fascinating pattern of light shining dimly from between the long wide lips at the opening of the black cave, over the glistening teeth and dully lighting her wet tongue. It seemed to him in this moment of delirious panic, that it would have made the most beautiful photo in the world, though he had only a millisecond to enjoy it, because the entire cave shook violently around him, his world turning sideways as his stepsister sat up suddenly in bed, and from the depths of the blackness behind him rose a terrifyingly loud burst of force that threw him outwards like a bullet as she coughed.

Robert blacked out.

His next memory was of pain, a throbbing pain in his head. Opening his eyes contributed only the feeling of wanting to be sick, as he saw colours and shapes spin around him. As his consciousness returned he gained a picture of where he was.

His arms hung upwards, covering his ears, and in his vision were silhouetted by two giant, smooth, cream-coloured shapes that extended away for hundreds of metres and seemed to grow larger and smaller as the feet so far below, assumedly his stepsister's, took long sweeping steps on the carpet, producing resonating thuds. With a strain he lifted his head and beheld the surreal sight of his leg caught in a large hole in the lace of his stepsister's silk nightie, which hung loosely in front of the thigh on his one side, and was stretched snugly in a crescent over the other thigh, corresponding to her legs in mid-step. Her next step alternated the sides and caused him to swing wildly to the other thigh. Above this swaying plain of fabric were the curves of her abdomen, and much higher above the garment hung like giant curtains from her chest. From his position dangling below her crotch her face was invisible.

Even in his painful state he tried to work out how he came to be there, and from his scattered memories he concluded that he had been coughed into her lap after she accidentally breathed his tiny body into her throat. Where she was going was a mystery.

Adrenaline suppressed the pain in his head but could do nothing about the dizziness. Every resonating step his stepsister took caused him to sway violently from one side to the other. He was twisted and left and right and thrown back and forwards, and every time he was flicked backwards into the shadow of her nightie he caught a glimpse of the black, looming shape of her crotch clad in underwear so black that it lost all contours and form in the dimness and became an infinite void above him, beneath which her two giant thighs rubbed, shearing past each other with each step, threatening to smear anything unlucky enough to get caught between them; something like the tiny, helpless, male body dangling only metres in front.

It was somehow an awesome yet terrifying sight, and Robert couldn't help but look over his shoulder to stare up into it in the same way that a person climbing a cliff has to look down. A sudden change in direction tore his

attention away and the sight of his stepsister's giant bare foot stepping onto dimly lit tiles told him she was entering the bathroom.

The world was suddenly illuminated with yellow light and in several moments the thundering far below ceased. Robert was tossed forward one last time before decelerating to a gentle, upside-down swinging. Ten metres in front of him was a vast pink wall and he knew his stepsister was standing in front of the bathroom sink. When he looked upwards towards his trapped leg, he saw the overhang made by her breasts become larger in size as she leaned forwards. From either side her arms swung out in slow giant movements, and struck the surface of the bench high above him, which creaked loudly as she leaned on it.

For the first time in the short, violent journey, her face became visible and Robert looked up at the underside of her chin. Her arm rose to her throat, which she rubbed, unaware that the irritation that she had just coughed up had been her stepbrother. The other arm also rose, and he heard the trickling of water, after which he looked up at the underside of a clear glass ascending through the air hundreds of metres above.

The pain of being inverted distracted Robert and he began attempting to heave himself up into the lace of his stepsister's nightie just as her head tilted back high above and water spilled over her lips. Uncoordinated with sleepiness, water trickled over her cheeks and fell through the air. Some water dampened her silk nightie, but several drops struck the unlucky male struggling, tangled in the fabric between her thighs. Robert's attempts to right himself were dashed as he was struck, immediately drenched and thrown back to his inverted position.

When he managed to open his eyes he jolted in shock. Far above him, over the curves of her abdomen and hills of her chest, his stepsister was looking straight down at him with an open mouth and wide eyes.

The glass sailed dangerously past Robert as she dropped it in shock, though he didn't flinch. It was an eternity as he stared at the familiar yet giant face, she staring down at his familiar yet tiny figure, before he was cast into shadow, his heart racing as he cringed at the approach of her fingers.

After several moments of turbulent twisting in the heavy pressure in between

his stepsister's fingertips, his leg broke free and his stomach went to his throat as he ascended with dizzying pace. He was decelerated sharply and when the blood came back to his head he found himself looking up into the giant eyes of his stepsister. She spoke.

"Wake up, Robert, wake up."

Robert felt himself panting heavily.

"Wake up, Robert. It's only a dream."

He looked up into his stepsister's face. He was back in his bed and the familiar brown walls.

"The same dream again?"

His grunt and scowl answered her question.

"I'm sure the dreams will stop once you manage it."

"Manage what?" he grumbled rhetorically, as he knew exactly what she meant.

"Manage to return to normal. You'll do it, I know it." She had been supportive from the start, and he looked up past the brown walls of the box he had been living in for six months to her face, filling the entire sky, with only glimpses of the ceiling visible hundreds of metres above.

"Yes, I know, I'll manage it," he mumbled to himself, shaking his head as her hand filled his room, the fingers closing in on him, about to throw him into another day in a world in which he no longer fit. "I'll manage it someday."

THE END