

Somebody wrote a short story for this ~ I will post it here as well.

Dangling by a hair.

By R.S. Dawgstein

3/32. Three measured marks that demarcated three for a fraction under a denominator of 32, Dr. Iunno thought to himself. If he had chosen to lay down, he'd have only spanned across those three trenches engraved within the flat boulevard of stainless steel roadway. More marched in a line zooming off into the distance. By his estimate, the down-scaling was at a factor of 768.

They say, the red furred vulpine mused to himself, the observable universe is but a fraction according to best estimates. A past exercise of contemplation that blew the minds of the lesser. But what lay around him was truly mind blowing.

Where to go? He gazed out at the samples ahead in the distance. Instinct questing for shelter against the terrifying abyss that had engulfed his world of old.

Dr. Iunno hiked to the metal boulevard's edge, jumping up onto a curb of frozen glassy lava. Feeling a strange lack of inertia as he pushed through a soup of air seemingly as thick as a super critical fluid. How his lungs could even cope or function, he had no idea. Crossing a mere inch felt like a hike across 64 foot wide roadway. His red vulpine body went into an unsteady jig. Buffeted by stray currents of Brownian motion and stray gradient gusts drifting around the vaster than vast space.

Keep going, he thought to himself. Ahead, lay his goal. The flat parking lot of frozen lava glass that seemed several dozen yards away. A region where house sized objects, rough textured like wood and what looked like a solitary giant white parasol with ribbed threads for a sail lay akimbo.

His nudity and exposed red fur were evidence his clothing and overcoat did not survive the buffeting of that misdirected beam. An unauthorized Dimensionalizer test done without assistance.

Puff Odocoil, the lab's short horned cervine tech, had warned him to not do anything till he returned with verified test parameters. Dr. Iunno didn't like the bossy attitude of the new tech. With a first name of Puff, could anyone take him seriously? Unfortunately, vulpine curiosity had gotten the better of the doctor!

While the technician had been out of the lab, impatience had compelled him to set up the experiment. Along with hasty placement of few garden seeds and one dandelion seed upon a two foot diameter glass dais which had a short metal ruler embedded within it.

The machine had been aimed, set for slight enlargement. Unfortunately, parameters had been downloaded from a spreadsheet awash with overflow within that cursed program from Redmond; Microsoft excel. Data corrupted for both extreme under dimensionality and misdirected focusing as well. Right upon a professor standing over the dais.

Somehow, he had tumbled onto the dais instead of the lab's floor.

Feeling like he was on a flat desert playa upon an alien planet, a glance around reinforced the strangeness. Towering curves rearing up from the horizon like distant metal thunderclouds. The metal arms of the experimental machine..all under a sky of gridded lines, lead gray with multiple square white 'suns'.

I really did it. Shrunk to a wisp $\frac{3}{32}$ of an inch in height. Just like the stories of yore!

By then, he had hiked up up to the region of strange objects and stood near the giant parasol and finally recognized it for what it was. A dandelion seed.

Lying on it's side, the dandelion's 'parasol' was a set of fine finger thick white stalks radiating outwards for a span twice that of his extended arms. A curved pole a dozen feet long served as the 'stalk'. He came up to the stalk, placing his clawed fingers 'round it. Finding it as thick as a fireman's pole.

He looked at the oblong seed at it's other end. A foot or so wide and three feet long. Shoulder's shrugging, he gave in to feelings like that of a kit at a playground. He straddled the top edge of the seed, clutching the 'pole' and idly bouncing atop it. His tiny, bobbing mass enough to shift the seed and bend some of the dandelion parasol hairs ever so slightly.

At once, a booming shock wave echoed across the plain like a thunderclap. He clutched the parasol like pole of the dandelion seed. Legs gripped around the pole, rump atop the widened protuberance of seed like a narrow seat. His teeny tiny tail frizzled like a bottle-brush. Gazing far head, he noticed something. It may have been the consequence of his size being able to perceive the unseen, for ahead there was a flowing wave of current racing towards him!

The stormy air current had either been generated from a now active ceiling vent high above in the heaven of ceiling. Or heaven forbid, the opening lab door! Either way was moot. Within the vast room of the laboratory, disturbed air that was gentle in normal dimensions, was on his scale a mad tsunami of swirling fluid! A sub-current flowed across the dais like a mad surf wave. The current swept dandelion seed and Dr. Iunno, clinging to the stalk, up up and away into the heights like an out of control balloon!

Adrenalin fueled fascination and terror swirled around Dr. Iunno as he rose upwards, like being swept into the updraft of a thunderstorm! Seated atop the dandelion seed, legs curled 'round the stalk like a pole. A pole he now gripped as tightly as a tick to a hound dog. His ears pinned down while witnessing his skywards launch on a mere room air current! The dais became smaller and smaller till it seemed far far below. He was now level with the curved arm of a mountainous piece of machinery. The Dimensionalizer.

The dandelion parasol rose higher towards the gray textured ceiling. Coming to within few dozen yards of pitted, car sized cratered concrete that was ceiling tile. Like a high altitude balloon, his parasol of a dandelion caught another air current, drifting along a horizontal course father and farther away from the machinery below.

It was then that Dr. Iunno noticed the source of the disturbance that had erupted across the room. A rail thin cumulus cloud that hovered above the Dimensionalizer arm and dais. Cloud surfaced with a white overcoat draped over sea of yellow tan furred arms. Topped by head with sharp narrow ears and snout of cervine dimensions with two short spikes of horns rearing up from the summit.

It was that damn cervine tech! Puff whats-his-last name! Dr. Iunno thought to himself! Wait...what if I can somehow get his attention! I may be able to get him to reverse the program before he resets the machine!

By chance, the dandelion seed curved over the tech in it's slow course and slowly began descending towards the horned head, a rearing mountain of ear peaks and horns.

Dr Iunno's wisp of a tail wagged in the soupy air. There's hope yet! He gleefully thought to himself. The dandelion seed descended closer to the busy tech. The cervine engrossed with studying a display embedded within the arm beam of the Dimensionizer. A dandelion seed dangling high above a furred peninsula; Puff's downward pointing snout.

Dr Iunno noticed the dandelion seed's slow descent had come, as best as he could judge, almost level with the tips of the deer's ears. Ears like sharp, fuzzy elongated Matterhorn like peaks. Except these living peaks were slowly flexing like seaweed in the tide! The teeny tiny vulpine leaned over, giddy as he gripped the seed stalk in one hand and waved madly with his free arm.

He shouted down to the deer, "Puff!!! Puff!!! Up here!!!!!"

His ears felt the buzz of a shout and no cries. Had the vulpine thought about it more, he would have realized his vocal cords were far too small to even generate sound effectively.

"Puff!!!...Oh shit!" Dr Iunno's cry turned into a gargle as his grip slipped off the dandelion's stalk. His body took a majestic slow motion tumble off the seed that had been his only safe perch. Free of a vulpine payload, the dandelion seed ascended towards the ceiling.

Legs akimbo, he screamed a silent yell of terror as he fell! Time both slowed down and due to his wisp of size at a height of only 3/32 of an inch, his terminal velocity became a progressive inch by inch descent through air that was but a thick fluid of viscosity. Slowed by vulpine limbs spreadeagled, tail jutting out.

Below, lay a landscape rising up to meet him. A mountain range of living cervine. Twin peaked towers of horn rose higher and higher in front of him. Flanked by those Matterhorn mounts of ears and snowy fur. Below was a wind swept forest of beaten down pine trees, blown down and swirling atop a mound of skull. A vast jutting promontory of contoured textured white and yellow grass line snout loomed closer and closer. Contours dominating his field of vision!

Dr. Iunno sublimely wondered where he was going to land when a stray gust of air carried him towards a curved jutting ridge of tan strands atop the now too large to be seen head. A row of black spikes jutting out like a parade line, flickering madly about.

Descending, Dr Iunno witnessed the 'ground' rushing towards him. Instead of landing atop the bushy strands of tan, he landed atop the base where the curved, jet black spikes jutted out.

The abrupt cessation of visual movement was felt more than the sensation of landing atop it. Instinctively, the vulpine wrapped his arms 'round the base of a curved, black cylinder as thick as the trunk of a lodgepole pine. An ebony object forested within a row of others that jutted out in an upward curve horizontally out into space.

The vulpine felt the scaly roughness underneath his arms. His jolted brain feverishly coming to grips with his location within the wild contours of a cervine head. Where was he? And then realized this branch-less pine trunk was but an eye lash attached to the eyelid of that cervine technician.

Suddenly, the ridged, tan stranded firmament from which the 'trees' grew from...fell! Accelerated by a subbasement sheet orbicularis muscles deep underneath the deer's eyelid. A whirl of dizziness generated by a swift eye blink.

Dr. Iuonno almost lost his grip from the sudden downward jolt and accompanying upwards rocket launch that caused him to slide farther out along the pine tree of eyelash. Howling in the fluid silence, arms and legs in a death grip around the eye whisker.

Suddenly, the surroundings became unnaturally still, but for the gentle bobbing of eye whisker. He felt the black pole bending alarmingly under his miniscule weight! Legs gripped around the top as he hung on. That ancient mammalian instinct of being perceived by someone else washed over him like sour beer. The vulpine looked 'down' between his legs.

Across a space of a several yards and underneath a curved, ridge of living flesh coated in a hummock bush thick tan fur strands and where the lodgepole trunks of eyelashes sprouted out from; was a warehouse sized ringed dome of wet, bright white. Dominated by a capdome of curved glass glistening like pavement in the rain. Underneath the glass was an outer toroid colored in a ropey textured field of various shades of green and yellow. Pulsing in diameter. The toroid encircled a pit of black that seemed to drop away like one of those blue hole pits in the Caribbean sea but colored ebony instead.

The whole structure was not static, but roiled and rolled in yard wide jerks to and fro as it fixated on the wisp of a vulpine gripping an eyelash bent down and within the field of view of a probing pupil belonging to a green eyed cervine tech.

Panic and bile rose inside Dr. Iunno's throat as he realized the stillness of eyelid did indeed result from that mountainous living creature perceiving something dangling on an eyelash...his presence held the deer's attention. Now what?
