

Gigantic Journalism

By: Manno

“You must be some kind of genius making that.” He flinched; the camera's shutter dilated in response to the curl of the giant rabbit's bus-sized finger.

“Careful now. You'll give me a swelled head!”

“You're right. It's big enough as it is.”

Angela giggled heartily. “Ha. Right. It's the rest of me you should be worried about, you know.” The gravelly rooftop released a drawn out groan in response to the enormous set of calico-furred arms resting upon it.

“And the camera?”

“It's nothing special. I'm sure you've known for a while that nobody has any use for giant cameras, no reason to build them, and most importantly, the right resources-to-patience ratio. I kill all three of those concerns with a pair of tweezers and access to as much scrap as people decide to throw away.”

“Hard not to know I suppose.” Marcus paused. “But who made the tweezers?”

“I did, thank you very much,” Angela rumbled dispassionately. His humor disappeared. “And yet even with that knowledge, still people don't think. They never have about giants past the 'oh no, they'll step on me!' phase.”

Marcus thrust his hands in his pockets. The meek mongoose barely scraping past a decidedly unmasculine 6 feet in height had admittedly borne thoughts that lined up perfectly with what Angela was saying, albeit in the past. Nowadays her careful step didn't worry him—if anything, the most he worried about was his choice of clothing so that his look didn't call to mind a hot dog in a bun. He just *hated* when she called him a sausage.

Marcus' sleek features furrowed curiously as he listened. If he wasn't feeling short enough on any given day, the overpowering presence of his massive friend never failed to make him feel even more diminutive. She was a calico rabbit and, like roughly 30% of the population, towered over him at a whopping 10 times his height. He liked to muse that accounting for volume, giants constituted something much closer to 90% of the population, but he felt like he was the only one who found that thought funny.

“It feels like I'm the one interviewing you at this rate. It's... fascinating. Learning about you, I mean.”

The weight intensified as Angela leaned forward. Marcus noted quite pointedly that she loomed with an unexpected effectiveness. Even her... It was as though her gentle demeanor was not only acknowledged, but used as a concealed weapon.

"I'm frankly delighted you think so, Marcus," Angela tilted devilishly. "You see, I've been searching up and down these streets for big talk. Interesting things. A collage of words for a colleague of mine." She nodded. "I'm not satisfied having the best I can do be expertise in aerial shots. You can't write a blog off just pictures, can ya?"

The once-watertower-now-sippycup fit neatly in her hand, echoing hearty sloshes as she brought its contents to her lips. She awaited his answer without any further prompt, knowing it would be far more interesting that way.

"Look... You know that's not what you're asking." He struggled *mightily* for a way out, visibly and through his obvious hesitation. His quest for words ultimately failed.

Angela's ploy prevailed.

"Don't think I've forgotten why I came here in the first place," Angela sang.

"Not even for a second..." Marcus shook his head. "Well... Okay. Just so you know, though, the 'perspective of a normal guy' isn't all that hard to come by. It doesn't have to be me..."

Angela purred. "No. However, it's your perspective I'm looking for, Mr. Superintendent of... what was it again? Residential renovations? No? No wait, yes, that's got to be it! I mean, you've got to look at it from my point of view. The point of view of a photojournalist, and a *giant* photojournalist at that."

"If you ask me, your 'point of view' is a bit hard to match," Marcus jabbed, sticking his hands in his pockets. "Heh, see? I can be funny too!"

"Yeah right. I walked into that one myself." Angela giggled, waving a hand in front of her as if to disperse her own mirth. "Anyway. All kinds of movements are made every week to accommodate for us and the average person—of the average size—barely realizes it. Where does that leave people like me?"

The mongoose deliberated. A hard spot, no doubt.

Suddenly, a set of white-furred fingers slid forward, engulfing a large section of the roof. He jolted awake from his thoughts with a soft yip; the broad hand's size alone was more than enough to prompt him to take a few steps backward to make some space. He didn't need a reminder that the damn thing could hold a water tower like a cup, let alone one like this!

"Climb on, won't you? It can't be comfortable like this."

Angela's soft voice was disarming. It took the mongoose some time to summon the courage to look up past her fingers, or really anywhere that wasn't the tips of those cute black claws that rivaled the size of his head. Above, his glance was met with fixated eyes—round pupils bathed in irises the color of spring roses set on that familiarly pretty, distant face. He could get lost in them, literally and figuratively. Her features were as cunning as they were friendly, sleek and angular, but her intent was always clear in the puffing of her soft cheeks and the roundness of her eyes when she chose it to be.

Nodding, Marcus took a few less-than-eager steps forward, finding himself between two fuzzy fingertips that rose to his waist even lying flat on the ground. He lay a hand on one, noting its

impeccably forgiving texture. “It’s... like a giant marshmallow,” he said with a nervous laugh.

“The rest of me’s like that, too,” Angela assured. “God you’re adorable. Hurry up and get on!”

A series of wild nods formed Marcus’ response as he wiggled awkwardly in an attempt to clamber onto the nearest finger. Said finger, fuzzy and padless, began to curl at his touch, pushing him by the rump until he tumbled into her wide palm. His thin, noodly tail wagged from side to side as if to help flagellate him back into a proper sitting position, back against the base of Angela’s massive curled finger that could now easily pass for a single bar in a gargantuan cage.

“Comfy?”

“I’m trying...” Marcus admitted. Any and all expectations of things that could go miserably wrong buzzed around in his head like a swarm of gnats. He supposed he was living proof of the layman’s most common reason that giants struggled in any facet: Fear. Angela was the most reasonable and kind person he knew even among his like-sized friends, and yet here he was cowering like a lost kitten, even if only in his head and for a short few moments.

As always, Angela took to rule number one of giant-little interaction: Consent. Nowadays it was an implicit thing, but that had taken time. Picking somebody up without their say-so was the no-no of no-gos. That didn’t make it any less worrying of an experience for Marcus, though, who found himself trying not to peer between her fingers to see how far down the grey sidewalks stretched.

The platform of her palm finally docked just beneath her chest. Angela giggled at the flustered reaction that ensued once he looked up before relocating to the neckline of her carrot-emblem tee.

Angela took to a full stand, then eased into leaning backward. She found it comfortable—and convenient—how easily the worn-down factory rook supported her stature. It was an impressive smokestack of a bygone age, now a signature pillar of the past enclosed by a moat what was now only soot and dirt. Long-lost symbols of the old industrial era like these littered the town in droves, forming whole hives of useless land that nobody had bothered to take down properly. They had been closed off years ago to the public, but as giants began to mingle from abroad, those that grew to live here—like herself, Angela mused pensively—took to them as hangout spots.

That kind of activity caught the public eye. The ensuing discussion on what was and wasn’t suited for folks of the larger scale ended up boiling down to one of two options: Sit down and let petty politicians decide what was right, or make their voice heard.

Giants, of course, have a very easy time being heard.

Marcus thought long and hard over her words, seeming to deliberate in much the same way as she during their shared pockets of silence. He was as close to a politician as her circle of friends got, and frankly, he knew she wanted to keep it that way. He also imagined the feeling was mutual, no matter how normal she might look and how approachably genial she was in reality, and that was likely due in part to a little’s easiest view of her being filled with an avalanche of snowy paws that effortlessly filled up an entire street lane.

“See where we are?” Angela said. Her long, pointed ears flicked at the flecks of shattered silence. “This is why you’re valuable, Marcus. No matter what people say, they still worry about who we are... And

what we are, really. Can I blame them? No, but I *can* make an effort to make them less worried.”

The mongoose's head slunk and his eyes rolled to their top rims, as if hiding some ulterior thought. “You *do* do a good job of that...” he mumbled.

“Mm? Say something?”

“Huh? Oh, I, um—” Marcus bit his tongue. “If I did, wouldn't you rather it be about your interview?”

“Hmhm...” Angela's smirk tore the sky open in a blaze of creasing, furred lips. Damn it all, she was gorgeous. “You're right. I suppose if you had something sweet to say, you'd have the balls to just do it.”

“Maybe one day.”

Angela shook her head, loosening her ears somewhat so as to avoid striking something with them.

“By the by, next time you're in city hall, tell them that 'the giant' is thankful for the privilege of using their old, obsolete projects. You can forward that for me, can't you?” She wagged her watertower cup with her wrist as if to toast before raising it to her lips. A bulge of water trickled down her fuzzy neck with a dull echo.

When she set it down, there were those good few moments of hesitation, the very same look one would have when trying to figure out where to put a bottle on a full dinner table, before plunking it snugly onto the nearest roof.

“It's only for a sec,” Angela assured preemptively. “Or however long this ends up taking us. Now then, Mr. Superintendent...”

“Aw, come on, don't call me that,” the little thing squeaked.

“I'm gonna call you that until my questionnaire calling you that. I'm doing you a favor by keeping you anonymous, you know!”

“But you don't have to include our conversation word for word—”

Marcus found himself shushed by a curl of her massive thumb. It puffed into him with pillowy force. Oh god, it wasn't unpleasant. He was almost dejected with it eventually left him to resume its relaxed position.

“You know what I said about you being adorable earlier? I stand by that.”

Marcus felt his heart skip multiple beats.

“I don't need a lot from ya,” Angela continued. “Just let me ask you a few questions and you can go right back to 'sausage.’”

Damn it. He couldn't help a laugh. “Come on, one day without that? Just when I thought I was gonna go home clean!”

“Hee. Sorry.” Her voice dripped with liquid charisma. “I’ll treat you to lunch after. That’ll make up for me being a shit.”

Marcus trembled. Trembling? He shouldn’t have been trembling, but her tongue had such an insane composition of silver that it barely mattered anymore whether she was multiple stories tall or not. He let loose an internal charmed sigh, but the only thing he let her see was a simple nod. “That sounds perfect.”