

## **Olympe the Mountain God**

Winter was approaching the small town at the base of God's Step Mountain. The air grew colder as the frosty winds became harsh, feeling as though knives stabbed against the bare skin of any who dared to walk outdoors unprotected. The coldest season of the year was especially dangerous for the thrill-seekers wishing to climb the mountain range that overlooks the town, but the greatest burden was on the mountain rescue team. With their hands full because of daring tourists, the team found themselves needing more and more staff to accommodate the demand for their work.

Despite having his shrink and growth powers for more than a year now, Everett, one of the senior staff working at the mountain rescue centre, found even himself unable to fulfil the demands of the cold hectic season. It was at this point that Olympe, or Olly for short, saw an opportunity. Being jealous of Everett's size-changing powers for a long time, witnessing him grow to towering heights near the mountain as he carried out his rescue duties, Olly dared to ask if he could participate in the rescue team's efforts.

Olly's motivations were not entirely selfish. He did indeed want to become a giant, experiencing the new horizons he always felt was out of reach. But his desires ran much deeper. For over the 20 years that he's lived, being the short man that he is at 5ft5, he had always been treated as inferior, brought up with a sense of inferiority that he could not be depended on. This was a perception he sought to change, to show the townspeople that he had something to offer. Perhaps this was why Everett gave in to his persistence, if not for the desperation of finding more volunteers.

A few days had passed since then. Mountain accidents were on the rise even in places that were expected to be safe, which was a testament to the ferocity of the extreme weather. After completing his basic induction training, Olly, along with Everett and another team of specialists, were on their way to respond to a helicopter accident in the Giant's Step Mountain range. As the team braced the bumpy conditions in the rescue team's snowplough, Olly did his best to contain his excitement. It was finally his day, he thought, to prove himself to the town and have them take in the sight of his giant body.

Everett, who sat across from him, couldn't help but look at the almost smiling man in scepticism. He scanned his eyes up and down the brown flame-haired man, dressed in his typical outdoor-wear

wrapped in a purple fleece, scarf and dark blue shorts. Olly's expression quickly turned to a puzzled expression as he looked around at Everett and the team. Their bodies were plumped up by the thick fluff of their blue winter jackets, as the loud engine ploughing through the walls of snow in the dark night was the only sound that could be heard. He raised his eyebrow and asked, 'Why you all looking at me like that?'

'Have you seen yourself, Olly?' Everett responded.

'Well, Ev, I know I'm really nice to look at, but I didn't think I had that much of an effect on you.' He said teasingly. Everett rolled his eyes and retorted.

'You know very well what I mean. You know how cold it is out there right? Or are you not taking this seriously?'

'I'm taking this plenty seriously.' Olly said, stretching out his arms towards Everett. 'You know how warm my body gets, I'm like a walking radiator. No matter how cold it gets I always seem to feel warm. Besides, even if I did feel cold, it's surely better than looking like Bibendum the Michelin man?'

'I told you not to call me that.' Everett replied, looking visibly irritated.

'Sorry, what was that, Bib?' Olly said teasingly. Before he could react, Everett's ears perked up at the sound of the blaring alarm within the vehicle.

'All right.' Everett said in a now serious tone. 'Get your gear ready, we're near the crash site. Olly, you're with me. The rest of you, it's quite volatile outside so remain here, prep the medkits. I'll bring them back safe and sound.'

Olly cheered then quickly feel silent when he got picked to go out, quickly realising it wasn't the appropriate time to look happy. The rest of the team looked concerned, but as it was Olly's first mission in the dangerous parts of the mountain range, Everett assured he had everything under control, giving off a reassuring smile.

The large vehicle's door opened with a big push from Everett's thick-coated arms. His eyes were met with the outer darkness of the mountain slope, thick layers of snow on the ground and the whistling howl of the cold breezy winds. He stepped out, his large boots making an audible crunch as his legs sunk into the snow covering his entire lower legs. He turned back to the door to help his shorter friend outside, trying to put the ridiculousness of his clothing out of his mind.

Each breath was met with the sharp cold filling their lungs. Everett's eyes squinted to scout his surroundings. He turned around to shout back at the crew, attempting to penetrate the loud gush of mountain air with his voice. 'All right, I think this is as good a place as any to shift sizes. You guys drive down a bit.'

The crew member by the door gave a thumbs up before proceeding to close it, followed by the large plough driving down the slope of the mountain. Once it was far enough, Everett turned to Olly, looking completely calm and not fazed even a little bit by the freezing temperatures. With a deep sigh, the tall mountain rescuer knew there was no going back with what he was about to do. He placed both his hands on Olly's shoulders, which only reached the middle of his chest in height. He looked into his eyes with a serious look. 'You remember everything I told you right? It might be daunting at first being huge so you need to be careful.'

'Yea yea, I get it. We've been over it so many times already.' Olly replied annoyed, feeling as though he was being treated like a child who didn't listen. Everett sighed again, tightening his grip on the shoulders.

'All right then, brace yourself. I'll make this quick.' Everett said.

Before Olly could say anything, he felt a tremor throughout his entire body, followed by a mildly painful aching in his arms and legs. They felt as though someone was pulling each of his limbs in all directions while his vision completely blurred into a kaleidoscope of colours. After 10 seconds of this, he finally regained his senses as the familiar black and white of the snowy night re-entered his vision. However, what he saw completely absorbed his attention as it was a completely new perspective he had never experienced before.

From what was nothing but the endless darkness of the winter twilight and ground of white, his new giant perspective was now met with the specks of light from the town at the foot of the mountain, glistening as though the stars had fallen to the ground. The mountain range around him was also reduced to that of rocky hills with the thick layers of snow nothing more than frost and dirt beneath his feet.

The sharpness of the cold air no longer affected his lungs, most likely from his excessive body heat emitting around him. His mind was quickly snapped back to the present as he flinched at Everett's hand touching his shoulder from behind. He turned, seeing the nervous look on the freckled face. Olly responded with a smile, trying to reassure his slightly taller giant friend now that they're both grown to a size where they could easily fit an entire car into a single hand.

As they were both faced each other, Everett gestured his hands without saying a word, bumping his chest then pointing towards the upper slope of the mountain. The reason for silence, as Olly learned his training, was to minimise any echo effects to prevent avalanches. The gesture meant they had to climb up further carefully towards the crash site.

Despite his light clothing, even Olly was surprised at how little the cold affected him. He initially thought he would deal with harsher winds at a higher altitude, but underestimated the heat generated by his body increasing. He was still in awe at his giant perspective overlooking the town on the mountain slope but kept focused on the task at hand. Olly and Everett hiked up the mountain with ease, covering strides that could have taken hours at normal size in a short few minutes. They trod softly as the large bootprints left gigantic trails, quickly covered again by the rapidly falling snow.

After a few minutes of searching, they finally reached the location of the last transmission from the helicopter. Below them, they found the wreckage and a bright red flare below. 'Ah, survivors!' Olly shouted, quickly putting his hand to his mouth as he impulsively echoed his voice. Everett wanted to put his palm to his face at the rookie's mistake but instead lowered himself in haste to grab the survivors as a wall of snow came crashing down from the mountain top. The naive red-haired trainee wanted to immediately apologise, but couldn't, knowing it would only make things worse. Everett wanted to grow themselves bigger yet didn't out of fear of causing more snow to fall down. Instead, thinking of the survivor's safety as a priority, he trod down the slope as lightly as he could, shrinking himself to half his giant size to increase his agility.

After the longest minute of his life, he rested himself with the survivors in hand. He reached a point the snow had stopped falling, which lucky for the town and rescue team's vehicle below wasn't any bigger. Due to his rush, Everett only just realised he was missing something. 'W-what...Olly? Where the hell are you?' He said not too loudly. He looked up into the darkness from where he came from, seeing no sign of his giant friend and rookie colleague, then looked to his hands containing the flustered crash victims. With a deep sigh, he attempted to reassure himself that Olly was at least big enough to survive anything that came down.

With those thoughts, Everett made his descent back to the vehicle to secure those he rescued, at which point he'd be able to recover Olly if he didn't come back down himself. Meanwhile, at a location not too far, a giant brown arm wrapped in a purple sleeve poked out a mound of snow. With a stubborn push and a muffled groan, and an absence of a single soul to hear or see, Olly emerged from the snow with specks of white covering his hair and face. The giant fiery-haired man slowly got to his feet, ruffling the snow off his hair and attempted to regain his senses. The snow that fell from the sky had finally passed and the air became much clearer. He looked down to the massive hole he created where he dug himself out, just then remembering the predicament he placed himself in.

He scratched the back of his head and mumbled to himself. 'Ugh, Everett's gonna be so pissed off.' Upon saying his name, it was only then he realised his absence. He scanned the area around him, thinking back to the last thing he could remember of the giant's figure running down the slope without him. He understood, knowing first and foremost that the crash victims come first, but it did sting a little bit to be left behind. Nevertheless, Olly had his new predicament to deal with of being left alone, a giant standing tall in the middle of the mountain range

It was at this moment an idea came to him in a flash. The person supervising him was gone, and now he was all alone, towering over the snow-covered trees and snowscapes. A surge of excitement filled him with glee at the thought of playing around with his new size unsupervised, like a child having a theme park all to themselves. He wanted to experience gianthood to the fullest. He looked down at the settled landscape of snow at his feet, something that would cover all his legs at normal size. Slowly slipping his wet purple shoes off, he let his warm foot dangle for a few seconds in the cold breeze. Then, he gently planted his soles onto the snowy ground, the cold sending a small

shock up his spine. However, his body settled as the foot quickly adjusted to the temperature, causing the snow around his heat-emitting skin to melt into a large puddle revealing the grass and rock beneath.

It was enticing to him the way the environment around his body was influenced and changed by his mere presence. He began playing more with the snow, experiencing the feeling of the snow as if it were a thick powdery substance disappearing beneath his soles, revealing more colours of green grass and grey rock through the dull sheets of white that reflected the light of the moon. As he slid his foot, however, he fell backwards with a loud yelping sound. The fall sent a minor tremor on the slope, following by the sound of a large stampede coming from the mountain top. The rushing noise that echoed in the cold night air was greater than the first time, growing louder with a familiar sense of fear as Olly had realised he caused another avalanche. He got to the ground to brace, hoping he did not endanger the town below.

A few minutes before, further down the mountain where Everett was, the team had successfully recovered the crash victims in the safety of the large snowplough. 'Right' Everett said, 'I need to go back and get Olly before he gets himself into more trouble.'

'Wait!' The female crew member said, stopping Everett in his tracks as he was about to leave the vehicle. He turned and walked towards her with an impatient look. 'Before you go, I need you to look at this.' She opened a thick black laptop, a durable piece of hardware used by the rescue team to collect scientific data. Everett leaned in beside her to take a look, his eyes widening in shock.

'This - this can't be right surely?' He said with a disturbed tone.

'It's the latest data from the meteorological centre, they only just sent it now. If their calculations are correct, we're heading for a 1-in-a-century snowstorm within the next few days' She said. Everett's face changed to one of great concern.

'If that's the case, we'll need to completely ban mountaineering and prepare the town. All right, in the meantime, I need to go back and g-'. Before Everett could finish, the crew inside the vehicle braced themselves to whatever they could hold onto, as a tremor shook the ground beneath them.

‘Shit, what was that?!’ One of the crew members shouted.

As the tremors stopped, Everett looked towards the door, realising what it might have been. ‘Oh... shit’ he said softly. He rushed out the door, hearing the thunderous roar of the falling wall of snow crashing down the mountain. ‘EVERYONE, HOLD ON!’ He shouted, as his body expanded on the spot as large as he could have grown in the time he had, shielding the vehicle by creating a wall with his arms and body.

Within just a few minutes, silence fell on the mountainside, with nothing but the gentle howl of the wind. On the upper-slope, a recognisable purple sleeve once again forced its way out of the thick snow-covered ground, followed by the rest of Olly’s giant body. Chunks of snow, ice and rock rained down from the tall man, while some of the snow on him had melted and soaked him in water. With his fast-beating heart, he gasped for air, and then looked at the trail of the destructive avalanche he caused. Because of the darkness and the mist created by the snow that fell, he could no longer see the bright sparkles of light from the town. However, the panic and destructive ordeal had left him in a disoriented and confused state. He looked towards the bottom of the mountain in shock, dropping his knees and holding his hands to his head.

As he sobbed to himself, he felt a moment of relief as Everett came to his mind. Surely he would have been there to keep them safe, right? Those were the thoughts that trailed his mind, but that didn’t change the fact he did put people in danger. It was at that moment a flash of images and voices assailed his mind, the voices of people he knew in the town.

‘Goddammit Olly, my house was destroyed because of you, wasn’t it?’

‘Olly, what do you think you’re doing, are you trying to kill us?’

‘For goodness sake Olly, when will you learn to know your place?’

More and more these voices came, the culmination of all the years he was treated like a child. The voices transitioned his emotions from guilt to annoyance, to anger. ‘Dammit!’ He said to himself in a growl. ‘I don’t need this town, I don’t need any of you!’ He wiped the tears from his eyes using his wet purple sleeve, got to his feet and slipped his shoes back on. With a newfound resolve, he

looked back in the direction of the town for, as far as he knew, one last time. His head then turned in the other direction, walking fast-paced, for fear of causing more tremors if he ran. It did not take long at his giant size to reach the downwards slope on the opposite side of the mountain, where his pace quickened. Each step brought on new feelings of emotional pain; half the guilt and the other of resentment. He had just begun the opportunity to prove himself to the town, yet after one mistake felt he could not face his neighbours within the community anymore, assuming none would give him the benefit of the doubt ever again.

He ran, as fast and as hard as he could with greater strides than he ever had, until at one point, he disappeared into the snowy mist of the winter twilight, crossing the icy tundra and deserted mountains. Being the athletic and endurable man that he was, the attrition had little effect on his above-average body temperature, allowing him to run for hours and covering hundreds of miles in relatively little time. Because of the misty dense atmosphere in the terrain lit only by the moon, he had no sense of which direction he was going. Deep down, he didn't care where he was. Going, as long as it was as far as possible to a place he couldn't be found. Eventually, just as he was bordering on fatigue, he came across an unrecognisable mountain range that looked impassible to any normal-sized traveller.

A glimpse of light caught the corner of his eye. Turning away from the mountains was the hue of orange and red on the horizon as the sun rose. With each passing second, the glistening icy landscape twinkled as it reflected the sun's shine, revealing a dazzling desert of white as far as the eye could see. The sight entranced Olly's mind. Being the small-town man that he was, always putting off seeing the world outside his little community, this was the most beautiful sight he ever laid eyes on. When he turned his head to look back at the mountain as its shadow stretched out on the flame-haired giant, was the way it glimmered a blue-like shine. Looking to the left and right of himself, the mountain range seemed to go on for miles to the point he could not see the end. The longer he looked at the mountain, the more his mind went into a trance-like state. An urge in his mind to tell him the same thing over and over.

'Climb it' his mind said.

Again and again the same words.



‘Climb the mountain. Climb it.’

Before he could even think, he stepped forward, his shiny purple shoes pressing into the mountainside. At his giant size, he climbed with ease, with large ridges and rocky points acting as footholds. Finally, with almost little effort, he reached the top where he could easily see the other side. His eyes widened with wonder at the sight of densely packed snow-covered trees that were twice as high as the houses in his town. In the far distance, patches of dark green and brown like a farm, yet surrounded by a landscape of snow. The finally, the enchanting mountain range that stretched for miles all around the area, making the land within look contained like the inside of a bowl. The sight overwhelmed Olly with a feeling of excitement, burning an unyielding warmth within that made him feel his guilt and troubles evaporate like ice in a fire. With a desire to explore, he carefully descended the mountain of ice and rock, making his way to the bottom.

Now at the base of the enclosing mountain range, the giant was met with huge trees, almost as tall as him, glistening with the familiar yet mysterious sparkle of white. His ears perked up to the sound of whistling birds and the rustling of branches as the wind blew through the forest. One sound that caught his attention, in particular, was that of rushing water, originating from afar within the trees. He jogged past the tree-line, with the vibrations and tremors pulsating through the snow beneath his feet causing an irresistible smile across his face. The sound of rushing water grew louder the further in he ran until sure enough, he came across a small lake where a stream of water gushed from the ridge of a grey rocky hill. After spending all night running and then the morning climbing the mountain, it only dawned on the giant adventurer just how much energy he’s used, running on endorphins and adrenaline. The longer he stood there, the more aches he felt throughout his arms and legs. He observed the stream in the lake more closely. The more tired he felt the more inviting it looked. With those feelings in mind, he threw his purple fleece and shirt, blue shorts and purple trainers to the side in excited haste, revealing his full dark brown body and well-defined abs.

Although it was in the middle of winter, Olly had no concern for the water’s temperature. His body was a natural emitter of heat affecting everything around him, and the water was no exception. The lake’s water did not become as hot as one would expect the comforts of a warm home’s bath to be, but it was warm enough to be comforting for the mentally and physically exhausted Olly. As he lowered himself into the water, its depth ran deep enough to submerge his giant body up to his abdomen. As he felt his body adjust to the coldness, he bent his head back against the rock, closed

his eyes and let out a deep sigh. He felt relaxed, lulled into a blissful trance as he heard nought but the sound of water running, branches rustling and birds singing until finally, sleep had found him.

With the snap of a twig, Olly's eyes shot open in surprise as he was pulled back from a deep and restful sleep. He perked up and tried to discern where the noise originated from, scanning the trees around him. It was at that point his eyes fixed on a small man to his left, dressed in basic brown cloth holding a large straw container big enough to hold with both hands. The man had brown skin as dark as Olly's, but with piercing green eyes, thick brown hair with a plait draped over his right shoulder and a patch of black hair around the chin. The man had a tattoo in brown-reddish ink below the corner of his right eye in the shape of a circle, surrounded by 7 dots. He looked back with a face reflecting the same shock and surprise Olly showed.

The air was filled with an eerie silence as the two eyed each other, not moving a single muscle as both the giant and tiny men encountered something they had never faced. The silence was broken at the sound of the large bucket dropping against the frosty ground with a dull thud. Their eye contact broke and the small man turned and ran as fast as his legs dared to go. Olly on the other hand was still stuck in bewilderment, unsure of what to do next. As he was focused on the smaller man when he woke up, he only just noticed the high-noon of the sun bearing down its shine directly above him, finding he slept for a good part of the morning if not evident by the feeling of being rested. He lifted his body out of the water, wiping the excess with his bare hands and letting the remaining thin layer of water evaporate against his skin. He then turned to his clothes, speedily clothing himself from head to toe to be prepared for any other passers in the forest.

Though Olly was ignorant of the environment around him and those who may inhabit it, he took consolation in his size that he could easily protect himself from any threats. Thinking back to the man, he was unlike anyone he'd ever seen before, deducing there may be others like him nearby. His suspicions were confirmed when he heard more rustling in the distance, as the sound of many footsteps echoed through the air. What emerged from the forest was just as he expected, as more than a dozen of similar-looking men and women, including the one from before, approached. The group was led by an older man carrying a long staff, but with long white-plaited hair and a greyish-white beard that reached to his waist. They all carried long sharp spears and were clad in the same dull-brown cloth the man from before had, except for the older one leading them who wore a silky smooth white dress, draping all the way to his ankles.

Olly was on guard, raising his fists in the air and attempting to look threatening as the armed group approached. They stopped just at the tree-line by the lake where they spent a few seconds looking at each other, with the tension filling the air. But then, Olly's expression turned from one of aggression to one of perplexing. The group laid down their spears to the ground, lowered themselves to their knees, bowing as low as their bodies would allow. Then the croaky voice of the older man echoed loudly across the lake.

'Oh wondrous God of the mountains, we hope we have not offended your majesty and disturbed your rest. Please have mercy upon our village.' As the old man finished his words, the group then chanted in unison.

'Have mercy!'

'Have mercy!'

'Have mercy!'

'Have mercy!'

Olly lowered his fists, scratching the back of his head wondering what to make of the situation until finally, he responded.

'Um, could someone maybe explain what the hell is going on?' The old man, still bent towards the floor crawled to the familiar man he first saw at the lake earlier. Using the end of his staff, he jabbed it into his side.

'Can't you see the mountain god is demanding answers? Go forth and answer him!' The croaky voice said.

Olly looked down with a raised eyebrow, no further away from his confusion than before as the man crawled towards him.

'Oh omnipotent great one, if you have any questions I will answer them.' The small man said as his voice audibly trembled in fear.

‘Right...first of all, why do you keep calling me god? Who are you people? Where the hell is this? Also can you look up, it’s hard to hear you with your face to the ground like that’ he said, completely lacking any self-awareness of his presence. There was a long pause as the tiny people bowed in silence, most likely as the man was trying to think of a response to the overwhelming amount of questions. He slowly looked up, his face displaying fear but something deeper, like an awe-inspiring feeling. His green eyes looked directly into Olly’s brown ones, catching him off guard until he heard the man with the strange accent respond.

‘We are the Fell Tribe, men and women of the mountains where we have lived for generations. Since our ancestors had moved to these lands, it has been foretold in the stories passed down for centuries that the great mountain god would one day descend upon us, to protect us against the demons of the snow.’ Olly’s face flushed as he listened intently, in particular upon hearing he had been mistaken for a god. ‘Long have we waited, and now here you stand in human form as one of us to bless us with your presence.’

A nervous smile appeared across the giant’s face as mischievous thoughts entered his mind. Back in his hometown, he was seen as a burden, someone who was smaller than the average man and never taken seriously. Now he felt elated, as though he won the lottery of life stumbling upon this mountain commune. ‘As punishment for disturbing your greatness during your slumber, the tribe has deemed it fit for me to become your attendant to tend to your every need.’ He continued.

‘Damn, tough rules you got there.’ Olly murmured.

‘Um, sir?’ The small man replied, looking up with a puzzled expression.

‘Oh I mean...’ Olly said, changing his voice to a more deep and assertive tone, causing the small man to recoil. ‘Very well servant, I shall er, allow you to serve me. What is your name?’

‘Issak, my god’ he replied.

‘Very well’ Olly continued in his commanding tone. He raised his head to look at the rest of the group, broadening his shoulders and crossing his arms. ‘I am Olympe, your mountain god, and I have come to present myself to you, my loyal followers. Obey me and I shall protect you.’ The

group got to their feet, raising their arms in the air with glee shouting his name in glory. While the giant stood tall in confidence, he felt his body tremble as he resisted the reverberation in his arms and legs from the rush of adrenaline. He was still lost in bewilderment, that he, a small-town nobody, had become revered as a god in the eyes of the people before him.

As the mid-afternoon came, Olly, or the god Olympe as he was known there, followed the group back to their village. The inhabitants could feel the small tremors shaking in the ground as the giant approached. Wherever he went, the crowds of onlookers would bow to his mere presence. As he looked around, the new mountain god found the infrastructure to be much different from what he was used to. The most basic of infrastructure with houses constructed from thick chopped tree logs, and a large farm, similar to what he saw from the mountain top, stretching outwards from the village. There couldn't have been more than a few hundred that lived there.

Some might assume this was beneath Olly, who relished in the idea of being served and worshipped by many. However, to be treated as a God in a small isolated community, far from his old life, this was his very own corner of paradise, an Eden of white snow and glistening mountains. He eventually was led to the village centre, an open area of cobblestone floor surrounded by wooden houses with straw roofs, and a Great Hall where presumably the old man, the village Elder, resided. Feeling secure and well-adjusted to the feelings of those around him, Olly lowered himself and sat it the centre of the town square. The tribesmen and women slowly encircled and approached the sitting giant, reaching out to touch the strange fabric of his clothing that they'd never seen before.

Olly sat as still as he could, not wanting to scare the curious masses away, indulging in their newfound curiosity. The sounds of chatter grew louder as the crowd felt more at ease, with the giant making himself look approachable sitting cross-legged and spreading a warm smile across his face. The large brown eyes began to scan the area around, looking for Issak. After spotting him standing formally upright outside the crowd, Olly slowly reached down and gently wrapped his log-sized fingers around the small body. Being handled was something Issak was not used to, and couldn't help but feel unsettled. However, he was situated on the palm of Olly's hand where he could steady himself. 'My god?' He asked, kneeling on the palm as steadily as he could.

'So, if I got this right, that old guy's like the mayor or something right? And that big building is his

house?’ Olly said, pointing towards the large building, longer in length than the houses with a glow of orange from the fires within.

‘I do not know anything of this “mayor” you speak of’ he replied, ‘but Master Shak is our wise and powerful elder who leads the village.’

‘So basically if I’m hungry he’s the guy I ask for some food, right?’

‘My god, we are all at your service. If you require sustenance, we will provide whenever and wherever.’

Olly was filled with delight, as one thing after another, he began to feel the inflation of his self-importance grow. He wanted to test just how far these people were willing to go for him. In a deep commanding voice, he said to Issak, ‘Go and bring me a bountiful meal to the lake, where I will bathe and rest.’

‘Yes, my god’ he responded, with little hesitation. Olly petted Issak’s head with the finger from his free hand, causing him to blush in surprise, before placing him down to the ground. Issak dispersed the crowd inspecting the giant god, giving him free space to lift himself up. Before turning to leave, he looked down at the crowd and smiled like a movie star, basking in the feeling of being like a celebrity. For the tiny villagers who didn’t know any better, they felt charmed and enchanted, feeling blessed to have been acknowledged by what they saw as a great deity.

Olly made his way back to the stream, a spot embedded in his mind as the crown jewel of his new paradise, and the first place of his encounter as a god. The pleasant sound of the water gushing from the rocky ridge enticed him to go straight in, throwing his clothes to the side and lowering himself into the water’s depths. Once again the cold water adjusted to his body’s warmth. The difference to his first experience however were his servants, waiting on Olly hand and foot. As his followers approached the relaxing giant, 6 of them walking two-by-two holding long sticks hooking large chunks of roasted and smoked meat, the smoke from the cook fresh from the fires still visible.

‘Hmmm,’ Olly said delightfully, as the smell of the spiced and marinated meat reached his nose. The giant picked up the sticks holding the meat with ease, lying back against the stream’s ridge. From the depths of the water, his two powerful brown legs emerged, resting on the edge of the lake

with his left ankle on top of the right. The toes flexed at the cold breeze brushing against the wet surface. As he feasted on the meat he held with his left hand, he snapped two of his log-sized fingers on his right hand, pointing to his feet as he looked at Issak. The tiny man bowed in response, then gestured to the other servants to follow him to where the feet were on the lake's edge.

A thrilling shiver was sent through Olly's spine as he felt the sensation of a dozen hands kneading against his sensitive sole flesh. What surprised him, even more, was the slightly warm wet sensations that followed, causing his toes to lightly clench in surprise. The tinies tribesmen and women massaged and licked away at the giant's soles, and what excited Olly wasn't what they were doing, but why they were doing it. They were not ordered to lick at his soles, but they wanted to anyway. To massage, to lick, to tend to him in every way, to taste, touch and smell their god was the privilege of a lifetime they would have begged for. It is they who are the ones who feel rewarded. As Olly lied there in his sacred lake, eating the food and having loyal followers express genuine love and affection for him, he was almost glad the stream next to him kept him wet to hide the tears that forced out of his eyes, because for the giant man, he felt the purest form of happiness he could have ever wished for in his life.

Upon swallowing the last bite of his meal, Issak broke away from the giant's feet and approached him on the side of the lake.

'Was everything to your liking, my god?' He asked. Olly perked up and wiped the water from his face, putting on his tough act.

'It was satisfactory, my loyal servant.' As he replied, he began to feel a slight sense of anxiety as Issak looked at him back with a confused expression, causing him to wonder if his act was slipping. 'Is something the matter, servant?'

Upon hearing the deep commanding voice of his god, he snapped out of his look and responded. 'Oh, no, my god, I was just wondering, isn't the water cold?'

Olly felt relieved, internally bashing himself for his paranoia. 'Of course not, for I am no mere mortal. Why don't you see for yourself? Enter the water and try it.' Issak was shocked to receive such an invitation, but was curious and saw no reason to decline.

He dipped his feet in the water as if to check it before entering. The lake had been known to be cold and for years no one dared to swim in it. Before he could go in, however, a force from behind pushed him right in, which was followed by a playful snicker from Olly. 'Gotcha,' he said. Issak felt panicked at first, thinking the water's cold would overwhelm him. He was however surprised instead, with the water giving off a pleasant warmth. To Olly, he was simply using his body's warm temperature to his advantage, but for Issak it was like a divine miracle, bringing life to the lake in the middle of a frozen forest.

'My god,' he said with adulation, 'you truly are extraordinary.' Olly hid his face with one hand, to look as though he was thinking, but in reality, was hiding a great blush from hearing Issak's affection directly. His expression changed as he heard a small growl from below and looked down towards Issak.

'Ah, apologies my god,' Issak said nervously. 'It seems even I cannot control my body.' Olly began to feel a bit guilty, realising they must have been hungry but were concentrating on serving him. He ordered the servants at his feet to stop.

'If you guys were hungry you should've said,' Olly said irritatedly, then pointing a finger in the air like a school teacher telling their students off. 'Listen, serving me is important, you need to make sure you're plenty healthy too, ya know. Er, what I'm trying to say is, a god has no use for servants that can't look after themselves. Yea, that's what I mean.' He looked at them intently, wondering if he got the message across. What he saw were sparkling eyes looking back at him in wonder. The servants all bowed to the ground and began to praise him.

'All praise Olympe, the merciful. We are not worthy. Thank you for caring about our health!' One shouted.

'Um, yea, I really am something, hehe.' He said proudly.

Moments later as the servants dispersed to tend to themselves, Olly saw Issak had stayed behind and stood at his place by the lake. 'Hey,' Olly said, 'I told you guys to go didn't I, don't you need to go eat.'



A nervous look overtook Issak's expression as he kneeled before the lake the giant rested in, facing the ground and didn't so much as raise his head. 'I am here for you and you alone, my god.'

'But I already told you didn't I, you should feed yourself first.' Olly said.

'I can't do that, sir.' Issak said. Usually, Olly would grow impatient at not being listened to, but a slight tremble in Issak's voice made him feel concerned at the back of his mind. The sound of crashing water took over as Olly's giant body moved towards the lake's side where Issak was kneeling. He leaned in his head inches away from the tiny man, resting his large head over his resting arms. Issak's head slowly raised itself, where his bright green eyes met with the giant orbs that looked back at him intuitively.

'All right,' Olly said in a calm and soft voice, 'tell me what's up.' Issak wanted to speak but his reluctance showed as he averted his eyes in a pained expression. Eventually though as the giant orbs of Olly's eyes showed his stubborn persistence, he tried to get the words out.

'It's the Elder, my god, For a long time now he has been hoarding the food in the stores, raising taxes on us and punishing us if we disobey.' Olly's face of curiosity transitioned to one of surprise as he listened attentively. 'And when you came, the Elder said if we did anything to anger him, Olympe the mountain god would punish us and our families, that your appearance was proof of his divinity as the chosen one.'

When Issak had finished speaking, he looked up to his god's eyes. He wasn't sure how to read his expression, causing him to have a growing fear inside of him that he made a mistake, or overstepped his boundaries. Olly didn't say anything. He rose from the lake, drying himself off and putting his clothes on, strolling back into the forest towards the village. Issak followed behind, taking glimpses at the giant's neutral expression and trying to discern what he was thinking, but to no avail. They reached the village where the passing tribespeople looked up with awe as the large stomping purple shoes carefully made their way through the wide village paths towards the town square.

The closer he got to the town hall, the more Issak would notice Olly's change in behaviour. His hands became tight fists, and the awe and excitement of the chattering masses died down as they

looked with fear at the expression of anger over the giant's face. The seismic footsteps came to half as he stood in the town square's centre, facing the glowing entrance to the town hall. 'SHAK!' He shouted, causing the small people around him to recoil and cover their ears. 'COME OUT NOW!'

The large wooden double doors opened, followed by the feeble old man surrounded flanked by two spear-armed guards walking out the building. After stepping out, he replied in his old croaky voice. 'Yes, my god, how can I be of service to you?'

Olly's angry eyes scanned the old man again, as he wore the same silky white clothes from when he first met him, compared to the common brown cloth he saw most of the tribespeople wearing. 'What do you think you're doing?' He replied in an angry but soft voice as if to desperately hold an eruption of anger.

'I'm not sure what you me-' the elder was cut off.

'Why are you keeping food from the people? Taking their money? Aren't you supposed to be protecting them? Feeding them?'

'M-my god, everything I do I do in your name. We own nothing. All the treasures and bounty of the forest are yours and yours alo-'

'SHUT UP!' Olly shouted, cutting the old man off again, but lowered his voice again as he continued. 'If you think you can steal in my name, you've got another thing coming.' The giant turned to the whispering masses that enriched the town square, watching the commotion with fear and surprise. 'Ok, listen up everyone!' He said, pointing to the elder. 'This man does NOT own you, and he shouldn't be taking anything from you in my name or not, as your god, I declare his reign to be OVER!' He turned back to the elder, who grew more nervous as his guards slowly paced themselves away from him, abandoning him. 'Right then' he said, looking down at the tiny man with contemptuous eyes. 'I think I have a fitting punishment for you.'

The old man began sobbing, thinking this was the end. Flashes of imaged ran through his mind. Was he to be crushed, eaten or worse? These were the scenarios he thought of. He watched frightfully as Olly began to slip his right shoe off, then plucking the elder from the floor and

dumping him in the shoe. He crawled to the toe end as the foot quickly entered back in, the smell of the old purple shoe completing invading his senses. Just as he thought he was about to be executed, he felt a small moment of relief as the soft sole rested above him, pressing down into the sole.

‘Right then, a day in there should do the trick. Think about what you did, k?’ Olly said playfully. The onlookers didn’t know what to make of this bizarre situation where their village elder, the person who led them for years and untouchable in power, had been dumped inside their god’s shoe like he was nothing. To be told the way they lived was wrong was a lot to process, but hearing their god declaring they all had rights to live and be happy and to not live just to serve, made the crowds of people ecstatic. Olly had not only been seen as a god now but a saviour to the tribe, as if it was fated for him to descend and free them.

For the giant, he didn’t know what to think. In truth, he was nervous and unsure if his actions would have brought much more dire consequences, but too angry to think he ended up winging it. At that moment he was at least hoping the elder had room to breathe, constantly adjusting his foot and lightly pressing on the body to feel he’s still alive. The biggest emotion he was feeling though, was guilt. Since he arrived in this place, the people fed him, worshipped him and showered their praise on affection. And what did he do? Nothing at all. His experience deposing the elder and seeing the expressions of joy and glee at the liberated people of the Fell Tribe made him want to see more of that. Upon finding his new determined resolve, he reached down to Issak and picked up the tiny who yelped in surprise.

‘Issak’ he said, forgoing his deepened voice and spoke normally. ‘Take me around the village, I want to start helping with people’s problems.’ Tears ran down Issak’s eyes causing Olly to be concerned. ‘I-Issak, what’s wrong?’

‘It’s just, you free us from the Elder and now you want to help the tribe. Your mercy knows no bounds’ he said sobbingly.

‘Ah well...ya know, no point in being you god if I don’t do anything right.’ Olly said.

‘Oh but wait’ Issak said, ‘we need a new elder.’

‘Huh, oh, well you can lead them then.’ Olly said, not putting too much thought into it. But for Issak, to be chosen to lead the tribe by their god was the greatest compliment he could have ever received.

‘Thank you my god, I will not disappoint you!’ He replied determinedly. Olly just responded with a nervous smile and a thumbs up.

For the rest of the day, Olly had been more productive than he ever had in his life. He began the day before as a god, milking it for all he could be served and worshipped. Little did he know he would end up being the giant handyman the next day, tending to the tribespeople’s every need he could help with. What seemed like difficult tasks to any normal person ended up being completed with the littlest of effort from the giant. From mending roofs, building and reinforcing the village’s infrastructure by giving them upgraded roads, in addition to helping them hunt game to make up for the food he ate before. His biggest achievement that day was probably ploughing the fields, as the unprecedented temperatures of that winter had made ploughing difficult and their less technologically advanced tools yielded to the harsh environment. By simply scraping his feet along with the fields and running his giant hands through the dirt, they were ready for sewing seeds in no time.

As for the elder, Olly put an end to the village’s barbaric practices of executing or imprisoning people for the smallest of crimes. The elder, released from his smelly sweaty prison inside Olly’s giant purple shoe, was ordered to live as a normal commoner and make an honest living. As the night came, the giant felt exhaustion from a hard day’s work take over his body, amplifying the pleasure and delight of the worship from his followers. With the sun gone, the fires lit the village square as the tribe’s nightlife with music and dancing entertained the giant. Only wearing his shorts and lying against a large wall erected solely for him to lean against, many volunteers could be seen kneading their bodies, arms and legs into every part of their god. From his abs, legs and feet, the light pressure from 50 pairs of hands pressing against his warm brown skin made his head feel light-headed as it relaxed him to his very core. Olly’s little time there had indeed created quite the transition of his feelings on the tribe, and theirs on him.

Not only was he a god now, but he could feel through their worship their adoration and affection, expressed through every push of their hands, every kiss and every lick. But there was still one

nagging feeling at the back of his mind that he couldn't dismiss. The fact he was still pretending to be a god, all thanks to Everett's power and a series of unintended consequences, was making him feel guilty. Perhaps it was partly from this guilty, he thought, that this was the reason he tried to repay their affection through good deeds. He wanted to address those feelings directly gesturing his followers to remove themselves from his body. 'Thanks guys,' he said softly, 'you guys should go and join the others, do some dancing and enjoy yourselves around the fire.' He turned to Issak and picked him up in his soft palm. 'Issak, can we talk alone?' Issak looked up in concern, wondering if something was bothering him.

'Of course my god,' he replied, 'I serve at your pleasure.' Olly smiled, getting to his feet and walking away with gentle treads into the forest. He kept walking until he reached an open space just by the stream. The faint sound of music and the distant glow of orange could be seen in the distance from the edge of the forest where the lively village was partying. Olly sat by a thick-logged tree leaning his back against it, then looking to Issak in his glowing green eyes. He sat there in silence for a few seconds, trying to think of the words to say. 'Hey, listen,' Olly said, his tone gentle and soft but with serious undertones, 'what do you think of me?'

Issak was unsure how to respond. 'My god? I, think you are powerful, and merciful, you are our god.' Olly sighed, then responded with his serious tone sounding more obvious.

'No, like, not what am I to you, forget the god stuff for a second, I just want to know, me as a person, what do you think of me?'

Issak stood there in his soft palm, raising his hand to his chin and looking blankly in the distance trying to think. 'Well, my god, when we first met, you seemed lazy, demanding, narcissistic maybe?' Each word was a verbal stab of a knife into Olly's heart, making him lower his head.

'Fair' He muttered softly.

'But,' Issak continued, 'after today, you were honourable, compassionate, loving, gracious and every second I think of you, I am filled with the warmth of the love I have for you. I am eternally grateful you came to us, for you will always be my god.' Issak lowered his head, kneeling in respect. He was wondering what was going through the giant's mind when he heard no response but

looked up to see a stream of tears gushing out his eyes. ‘M-my god, what is wro- WA!’

Olly gently wrapped his hand around the tiny man and held him against his warm chest. Issak didn’t feel a single hint of coldness from the wind whistling through the forest, as he was completely enveloped in the warmth of Olly’s chest. Neither of them said a word, with the only sound coming from Olly with the occasional sniffing as he cried, and the distant music and singing from the village. After a few moments, the hand-pulled back from his chest, causing the tiny Issak to hug against the giant chest to hang on. Issak looked up to the head above him, but find a giant hand blocking his view. ‘Idiot, don’t look at my face,’ Olly said angrily. From the surprise, Issak’s tiny body fell back and he smacked against Olly’s shorts in between his legs. ‘Oh shoot sorry, I didn’t mean to do that.’

Issak laughed nervously. ‘Haha, do not worry my god, I am unhurt.’ As he finished speaking, Issak felt something weird beneath his feet, bulging between the giant’s legs. When he realised what it was, his face flushed and his cheeks went dark red. He looked up to see Olly mirror his reaction, with a look of complete embarrassment.

‘Ah, um, t-that’s, I can explain!’ He said, stuttering and unable to speak clearly.

‘My god...’ Issak said, sounding timider compared to his earlier tone, ‘would you like me to... service you?’

Olly looked surprised, initially thinking Issak would feel disgusted. The pair were too embarrassed to look each other in the eyes, as their voices were audibly gripped with unease dealing with this new experience. ‘O-only if you want to,’ Olly said shakily.

Issak leaned in towards the opening of the shorts. ‘My god, would you be so kind as to open this please.’ Olly moved his right hand in slowly, gently pulling Issak back towards his stomach as he leaned his back against the tree. With his left hand, he finally freed the bulge trapped inside his tight shorts, lifting his rear slightly to slide his shorts down to his lower legs.

Issak began to feel lightheaded as Olly’s long brown meaty pole sprung to life as it was freed from the shorts. The air became musky with the giant’s scent and a summer-like heat wafted against

Issak's smaller body. The huge fingers released themselves allowing the tiny servant to move. Olly could feel the soft pressing of the tiny's hands and legs as he crawled towards the base of his erect cock. Issak's body ended up disappearing into the bush of blood-orange coloured pubes where he was able to hug against the base of the cock. He felt warm droplets of sweat brushing against himself as the smell intensified, causing him to enter a lustful trance. The cock throbbed as Issak started massaging his tiny hands and tongue against the sensitive base, causing the giant to instinctively clench his toes with lust. The touches of affection from the tiny servant send delightful shivers that reverberated throughout his entire body.

Issak continued by climbing the cock. He knew his god's body was naturally hot, but the throbbing meat that pulsed with lust brought it to a whole new level, making the surface of the skin he was climbing hot to the touch. Reaching far enough for his head to sit above the base, the pleasant smell made Issak much more eager to massage the tip. As his legs and arms wrapped around the cock securely, Olly couldn't help but subconsciously grab himself with the tiny. Gripping tightly but not too forcefully, he wanted to feel the tiny's body grinding against his sensitive skin. Almost as if his servant could read his mind, he rubbed as best as he could his limbs against the meaty pole, prompting a deep sigh of pleasure as the flushed face of the giant looked lost in the feelings of elation. The grip around Issak's body felt tighter as he lapped his tongue at the tip of the cock, the soft bulbous flesh shining with the layer of saliva and causing it to be more sensitive to the outdoor air.

The hand began thrusting slowly with Issak's body underneath. Olly kept his eyes fixed on the tiny, out of pleasure and concern. He found it exhilarating being served in this way, and not only that but for his affectionate servant to enjoy this experience. He did however wish to make sure the tiny was safe, so he did not grip too hard and avoided inadvertently causing harm. The continued licks and kneading of his legs against his cock flesh was more than enough confirmation that he was ok, causing Olly to dare to increase his thrusting. The thrusting accelerated to the point Issak could no longer keep licking, opting to hug and nuzzle himself against the wall of musky flesh as his body was used to massage the giant's cock. The skin became hotter and hotter as he attempted to brace himself, feeling his giant god was about to reach climax as his breathing became more erratic. And then, it came. Olly's back arched as he let out a long, deep sigh. His mind completely numbed as he felt the fluid surge through his erection, shooting his load against the side of his body, with some going onto Issak's face. The tiny could feel the grip loosen, causing him to fall gently onto the

giant's stomach. After sneaking a taste, he chose to wipe the remaining cum not being able to handle the embarrassment of tasting his god's seed. He could feel the stomach beneath him show the easing of Olly's breathing going back to normal.

Olly opened his eyes, looking down with his flushed red face and a satisfied smile. He couldn't help but snicker seeing his servant's slightly cum-covered face. He got to his feet, making sure to securely hold Issak in his palm, and made his way to the stream to clean themselves. The villagers didn't see Issak or Olly come back that night, but one patrol looking for them in the forest came back reporting they found Olympe sleeping by the lake, with Issak tucked under his giant hand against his chest. No one wanted to disturb them so they let it be, and so after a day of work, partying and pleasure, Olympe, the village and Issak slept the most blissfully they ever had.

Olly woke up to the bright sun bearing down on the forest. The stream in the distance, the birds, the soft wind, all sounds to remind him of the Eden he had found. After yawning he gave off a smile. 'Ahhhh, this is the life,' He said, holding an arm to his head as he lied against the tree.

'Oh is it?' Said a familiar voice next to him.

The voice struck fear and anxiety into the giant's heart. As he looked to where the voice came from, a dark shadow stretched around the spot he was in, as he saw a growing giant, pale-white in skin and hair and a displeased freckled face looking down at him. 'E-EVERETT?!' He shouted.

Everett, 10 times the size of Olly's giant form, leaned down and plucked his tiny friend from the floor by his legs, bringing him to his eyes. 'Do you have ANY idea the lengths I had to go to find you?' Everett's voice boomed throughout the forest with rage.

'I-I-I w-well I' Olly stuttered, unable to form his words.

'Shut up!' Everett interrupted. 'It's a rhetorical question, I haven't finished speaking. We had to use a satellite Olly. A SATELLITE! I had no idea if you were even alive. What do you have to say for yourself?'



Olly's face became overwhelmed with guilt, thinking back to memories where he would get scolded by the school's headmaster and feeling the same anxiety in this situation. 'I'm...sorry Ev. I screwed up ok? I couldn't face the town after that, and after you trusted me enough to grow me. I'm...so sorry.' Olly said with a trembling voice. Everett could hear and see the sincerity of his friend, though the biggest feeling was a relief to know at the very least he was safe. He let out a deep sigh and let out a warm smile, moving Olly from his dangling position and placing him on his soft white palm.

'You knucklehead, everyone was fine. You definitely caused a mess, which you're going to help me clean up by the way, but no one was hurt. I was supervising so it's my fault too. Anyway, I'd love to catchup but we need to get home quick, something's about to ha-OW!' Before Everett could finish, he felt a cluster of sharp pain like small pins where being stepped into the side of his legs. He looked down, seeing a group of people he was unfamiliar with attacking him. 'There were people here?' He said surprised.

He shrunk himself back down while holding Olly, making himself Olly's former size while his friend was now shrunk back to his original 5ft5 size. He saw the angry mob of the Fell Tribe surrounding him with spears and throwing rocks, shouting things like 'DEMON!' And 'MONSTER!'

Everett held his free hand up trying to calm them down. 'Er, I come in peace. I don't know what this guy has done but whatever he did I sincerely apologise.'

The giant pale man's words fell on deaf ears as rocks continued to be thrown at him. Then a green-eyed tribesman came forward. It was Issak, who stood between the enraged mob and Everett. 'Everyone calm down please! I'll speak to him.' He said to the mob, then turning to look at Everett as the giant continued to hold Olly in place. 'Forgive us,' he said, 'but will you please give us our god back?'

Everett looked down at the tiny man with complete bewilderment. 'God?' He asked. Then he looked at Olly in his hand, who looked back with a cheeky smile. Everett's eyes squinted with a look of suspicion. 'Ooooooolllyyyyyyyyyy,' he said with an irritated tone. 'What have you done?'

‘Ah well, you see I er, kinda came here and they thought I was a mountain god.’ He whispered, trying not to make the others hear. Everett stared blankly at Olly, his right eye twitching slightly. He then sighed, placing his hand on his face.

‘Ok everyone, listen up.’ He said, addressing the crowd massed around him. ‘Olly here is definitely not a god. We come from a town very far from here called The Giant’s Footstool. The reason Olly was big is because I have the power to shrink and grow. As you can see, he’s just a normal guy. Now I’m sure you’re all nice people, but we really have to get going.’ The crowd’s silence broke in chatter and gasps of shock. Olly was emotionally torn inside, looking at the tribe that adored him with the greatest love and affection now doubting him, thinking of him as a fraud and conman. What broke him the most was seeing his closest servant Issak, looking directly at him with a sad and pained expression, then looking to the ground.

‘LIAR!’

‘FRAUD!’

‘HOW COULD YOU?!’

Every word of anger was a direct stab into Olly’s heart. He closed his eyes, trying to shut out the voices from his head. The voices meshed with the ones he heard on the mountain range that day, but now he could hear the contempt outside of his head.

‘WAIT!’ A familiar voice shouted. Olly opened his eyes to hear the voice of Issak which broke the sounds of rage and anger to silence. He approached Everett, looked to Olly, then to the giant’s crystal-blue eyes. ‘How do you know?’

Everett looked back puzzled. ‘Pardon?’

‘How do you know he’s not a god?’

Everett’s confusion only grew, though he did become slightly amused at the idea of thinking Olly was a god. ‘Because he’s not.’

‘But you don’t know that, do you, the question is, what is a god?’ Issak continued, turning to the crowd and attempting to subside their anger. ‘Is a god all-powerful? Does a god have to be

immortal, or even a large giant? What does it take to be a god?' Everett didn't understand, but the passion with which Issak spoke captured his attention, keeping his eyes and mind hooked just as the crowd was. The tiny man started approaching the crowd, picking out individuals.

'Shirak, who was it that fixed your roof?' The man's face of anger turned to one that looked guilty, causing him to look to the ground in shame.

'O-Olympe,' he said quietly.

'What was that?' Issak said with a much louder voice, bordering on shouting.

'It was Olympe, Issak,' The man replied louder, as Issak moved onto a different person in the crowd.

'And you Felma, who was it who fixed your shop? And you Johan, who fixed your roof?' A pair who stood in the crowd also looked shamefully as they said the same name in unison.

'Olympe.'

'Olympe.'

'And finally,' he said, addressing the whole crowd, 'when we tried for many weeks to plough those fields when our tools broke, who ploughed and sewed them, and saved us from Shak bleeding us dry?'

The crowd shouted the same name in response. 'OLYMPE!' Issak turned back to Everett.

'So you see, he might not have been the god we were expecting. But in our minds, in our hearts, he is the god we got, and I am proud to call him as such.' Issak spoke with such determination and passion, bowing as he finished as the rest of the crowd bowed in response. Everett looked wide-eyed at the angry mob, astonished to hear what his friend had done in such a short amount of time. Another surprise was turning to see Olly still in his hand, sobbing from the heartfelt warmth that lit up inside him. Everett let out another deep sigh.

‘Oh boy, this is gonna complicate things.’ Everett said as Issak and the crowd lifted themselves up.

‘What’s the matter Ev?’ Olly asked.

‘What I was trying to tell you before. There’s a huge snowstorm coming, a 1-in-100 one. That’s why I was trying so hard to look for you. It’s set to happen sometime tonight, it could end up destroying the entire town if I’m not there to protect it, which is why I’m in a hurry to get us back.’

‘But wait’ Olly said with concern, ‘if that’s true, then who will protect this place?’

‘I wasn’t expecting to find anyone here. These mountains are supposed to be impassible, but to think a tribe lived here for so long is incredible.’

Olly sat on Everett’s hand thinking for a moment. He was guilty at all the trouble he and the crew went to find him, but he couldn’t just leave the people he got to know and cherish. The crowd themselves were clearly concerned, talking amongst themselves about what they were to do. Because of the isolated location they were in, sending in rescue would be too difficult, and there’s only enough time for Everett to get back to the village before the storm hits at his giant size. It was at that point Olly had an idea. ‘Ev’ Olly said, getting his attention, ‘Make me big again.’

The large freckled face looked back at him with a raised eyebrow. ‘Hey, don’t look at me like that,’ Olly said, ‘I’ll protect the town. So make me big, and go back to town and protect them.’

Everett wanted to strongly object, especially after what happened before on their joint rescue mission. But before he could say anything, he saw a burning resolve in Olly’s eyes, a stark contrast to the cocky laidback attitude back in the snowplough. After closing his eyes to go deep in thought for a minute, he opened them again and spoke just one word, ‘Ok’. Seeing the change and resolve in his friend made him feel he could properly trust him this time. The crowds gasped in awe as they saw the pale giant’s size stretch outwards, standing taller than the mountain ranges. He slowly leaned down, doing his best not to cause any accidental damage, and dropped the now giant Olly down to the ground, Everett then shrunk back to his smaller giant self. ‘All right, I’m counting on you.’ He said to Olly. As the brown giant responded with a toothy grin and thumbs up, Everett headed back up the mountain pass to protect the town.

Olly, now feeling more comfortable back to his giant size, turned to the crowd who looked further away. Everett seems to have made him twice the giant size he was before. As much as he wanted to play with his newfound strength, the tribe's safety had to come first. He scanned the area for Issak, seeing the tinge of green from below and picking him up. The huge fingers completely enclosed around his body and dragged him higher than the trees to his god's face. 'Ok then,' Olly said softly, not wanting to overwhelm the tiny with his louder voice, 'we need to focus on getting the tribe through the night.'

'Yes, my god,' he replied. 'What did you have in mind?'

'Hehe, no idea, I was hoping you had something in mind.' The pair looked blankly at each other, as Olly laughed nervously.

'Well,' Issak said, 'I might have something of an idea.' After explaining his plan, Olly reluctantly agreed, feeling it was their only option. Olympe and his followers went back to the village, spending the remainders of the day preparing for their plan and assigning positions for each person. The bitterness of the cold winds began to pick up as the sun was setting, signalling one thing; it was time. The roaring howl of the wind blew like a hurricane, causing the trees to dance ferociously against each other. As time was running out, Olly and the tribe got to initiate their plan. One by one, the villagers were placed in different parts of the giant's clothing and body. The plan, proposed by Issak, to use his warm body and giant clothing to their advantage, giving them shelter to brace the storm for the night.

About 15 people were able to fit inside each shoe and save enough room for Olly to keep his feet in. He'd have apologised for the smell and conditions, but it was certainly better than freezing to death. Shak in particular was not sure how he felt about being stuck back inside the familiar musk of the shoe he had been punished with. The soles pressed down on the clustered groups of people, as the feet radiated their heat against them, keeping them cosy. As for the rest of the villagers, many hugged against the large powerful muscles on his chest and belly, enclosed under his shirt and fleece to insulate the heat. With his new size, he only just had enough room around his body and under his armpits to shelter them. The last of the villagers, including Issak, were inside Olly's dark

cavernous mouth, bathed in the warm saliva and blanketed with his large fleshy tongue. This was certainly the most challenging event Olly had to go through, to keep as still as possible, to avoid accidentally crushing anyone in addition to keeping his mouth closed and not swallowing any of the tiny people inside.

Another dilemma was overestimating his resistance to the cold. Any normal person, including even Everett, had not been able to endure the frequent winter temperatures that came by every year. But this was no ordinary winter, and Olly was starting to feel the sharp pains of the icy winds stabbing at his exposed skin like knives. Nevertheless, he braced and endured as best as he could, hugging his arms against his chest to keep the villagers as warm as possible, closing his eyes and thinking of the bliss he felt at the stream. All around him, the winds shredded the buildings of the village, with the town hall's roof flying straight off. Trees uprooted, piles of snow covered the fields and hail rained down upon the land.

But the thing that got Olly through, was being able to concentrate on the sensation within his mouth. Issak approached the inner-part of Olly's right cheek, sitting and lying against it, stroking the sensitive slimy gums with his hand. The giant, feeling the hand, concentrated on it, focusing solely on the feeling of the tiny hearts beating against every part of his body. And with that feeling, it was as though the stabbing cold, the numbing pain and the vicious screams of the storm around him had gone away.

After the hours of the night had passed, Olly's frost-covered eyes slowly opened revealing a flood of light into his vision. As he tried to move his arms and legs, every joint in his body felt stiff. From what he could hear, the winds had subsided to its peaceful breeze, the trees were still, and the new thick layers of snow had settled. The giant's heartbeat steadily as he felt the relief of warm moving bodies and the vibrations of their tiny hearts still beating against him. He carefully lifted his shirt and fleece, as well as open his mouth and slipped off his shoes, causing the members of the Fell Tribe to awaken. Gathered around him, he stayed still lying on the ground, feeling too stiff to move.

Olly and the crowd looked around, seeing the devastation caused by the storm. But no tears of sadness, screams of shock or expressions of grief were shown. Instead, they all turned to the exhausted giant and bowed. This shocked Olly, considering the lies he put them through before. 'G-

guys, please.’ He said with a croaky dry voice. He coughed, clearing his throat to make himself sound clearer. ‘Raise yourselves, you shouldn’t be bowing to someone like me.’

‘But you are our god,’ Issak’s voice said from his right. ‘Look around, Olympe. These people are bowing not because we feel we have to, but because we want to. Every single one of us is alive because of you. So do you think, you could be our god just a little bit longer?’ The tribespeople raised themselves from the ground, approaching the giant and massaging against the huge brown walls of his legs and arms resting on the ground.

‘G-guys...’ the giant said with a trembling voice. ‘Thank you, I’ll make you proud.’ The masses of people then broke out into cheers of joy.

Though the loyal followers did their best to massage Olly’s limbs back to health, he ended up being too big for them to handle. But he still got to his feet, trying his best to help repair the village. As night came, Everett came back, surprised and relieved to find Olly and the villagers relatively unharmed. The sound of hammers against nails and saws against wood filled the village for hours. Though Everett came back to check up on them and take Olly home, they both ended up staying to help restore the village to its former glory.

Olly did eventually have to go, however. As he still had apologies to make back at his town for the destruction he caused. Despite the lies at the start, however, the tribe had declared Olly to be their guardian now and forever. Issak and Olly’s relationship though was a lot more personal. It wasn’t that of romantic love, but more of a divine affection Issak held for Olly, deeply rooted within his soul. They arranged to set up a meeting one day where Olly would invite Issak to his hometown, experience the outside world and offer tribute for what the Fell Tribe now describes as their eternal debt. One thing is for sure; whatever power that drew Olympe to the mountainous walls surrounding the tribe’s village, it was almost as if the encounter was fated to happen by divine power.

The end