

“Are we going to fight or not?” screamed the Captain, now purple in the face. Mae's belly shrank back, and then her arms shot forward. In a moment Mae's face hovered over them.

“I'm getting bigger again!” Mae's head was pressing against the ceiling. Her shoulders strained against the metal roof beams and Mae sank to her knees. Her hands crashed down on the sticky tile floor. Her breasts hung above Sinar, ready to crush him for the final blow.

The ground shook and the store began falling apart. The Captain lost his balance and tumbled over. Sinar dodged rubble and falling food, especially giant drums of Pastro that were in the shelf above him. Mae stared down at them, the ceiling straining against her arched back.

“You two are the only ones left,” she grinned.

The Captain was about to shout a noble threat when an explosion rocked the store. Mae's face disappeared in a cloud of smoke. The police outside the store rushed in, blasting everything they could see.

“I knew we weren't doomed!” Sinar shouted. He grabbed the Captain's hand “Come on, let's get out of here!”

Mae reappeared out of the smoke, her eyes rolling in their sockets as she weaved and wobbled dangerously close to the Captain and Sinar.

“No fair,” she mumbled. A second explosion from a rocket knocked her out. Sinar dove as Mae's head hit the

shelves above him, sliding down the wall and burying Sinar in an avalanche of food.

Sinar heard guns firing. He saw Mae's dark hair, now plastered with sweat, tangled around his leg. Gallons of Pastro were leaking all around them, the bland paste swelling on contact with the air. The police were getting closer.

“Keep firing men!” shouted the police sergeant wearing a mirrored visor. “Let's get this done with.”

“Take her out!” Sinar yelled.

Plasma bolts sizzled past Sinar's head.

“Wait, wait!” Sinar screamed. “Hold your fire for a minute!”

The police didn't let up. They kept blasting ineffectively at Mae, who was beginning to wake up. Sinar hugged the ground as plasma bolts nicked his clothes and singed his hair. Hugging the floor, and searching for the Captain, Sinar noticed an open door.

Mae's fall had broken open the door to the break room. The door was swinging on its hinges, getting blasted into chunks by stray plasma bolts. Sinar crawled across the floor, his eyes stinging from the smoke and dust. Mae was still unconscious, leaving him enough time to get away. Reaching with his outstretched finger, Sinar tried to get enough of a grip on the doorframe to pull himself inside.

“Come on,” he said, inching closer. “Come on...”

The tip of his finger brushed the door frame. Sinar tried crawling closer, but his leg was caught. He looked back and discovered his leg covered in hardening Pastro. Mae stirred.

“My head...” Her hair was stuck in the Pastro too. She lifted her head, and Sinar’s leg followed.

“No...no!” Sinar crawled and scrambled, but the fake bread had congealed his leg and Mae’s hair together.

“Wait!” Sinar shouted.

Mae’s hair stuck her to the floor momentarily but quickly peeled off, taking some dingy tiles with it. Sinar flew into the air. Scrambling, he saw the Captain, the floor, and the roof flying further away. Mae stood shakily on her feet, trying to find her footing as she towered above the Ultra-Mart

“Fall back! Fall back, men!” shouted the policemen.

“Screw this,” Mae moaned. She turned and broke through the wall, with Sinar dangling and screaming as she walked into the street.

“Turn around!” Sinar screamed. “Put me down!”

“Which way?” Mae wondered, still woozy from getting hit in the head with a rocket. “Which way should...I...go?”

Gunfire broke out behind her. Plasma blasts zoomed past her head, renewing Sinar’s panic.

“Anywhere!” he screamed. “Just go! Move!”

“But I haven’t decided where to go. This world is just so big: I forget sometimes what it’s like to be small.”

“Never mind!” shouted Sinar, his arms flailing. “Just pick a direction and go!”

“But what’s out there?”

A plasma blast streaked past Sinar’s nose. “The harbor! Try the harbor!”

“Harbor...” Mae wondered. “With water, right?”

Sinar was so worked up, and had been upside down for so long, that he grew faint. “Yeah, the water...it’s awesome,” he said as he blacked out.

“Sounds great, come on!”

Mae stomped down the avenue, scattering the few prostitutes remaining on the streets and drawing stares from all the crumbling apartments. The police were still firing at her, but every few steps Mae stooped over to get another snack.

“Ooh, this one looks good.” Mae pried the roof off of a rusted car, revealing a group of screaming hobos, and quickly silenced them with a few gulps. She bit into another car, devouring it, passengers and all. Sinar dangled from Mae’s hair a hundred feet in the air, too unconscious to object.

People in the streets ran for their lives, disappearing into nearby buildings as Mae came within sight. However, once the shock of seeing a pink-colored, hundred-foot-tall woman wore off, almost all of them came back out to watch. Tenants poked their heads out of their shattered apartment windows and peered out of the alleys to see the naked giantess pass by. The police were hot on her heels, calling for backup and firing

rockets at her. The fight was more action than these people had seen in decades. Everyone who watched Mae pass by saw her as if she were walking in slow-motion, like some kind of shampoo commercial. Everyone who saw her wanted to see more. As the police careened past them, the people formed a small crowd in the rear and, keeping their distance, followed her all the way to the harbor.

Mae, dodging the odd plasma blast and rocket, snacked on whatever she could find: fire hydrants, café tables, neon signs, and anything else pretty. She pulled the Miracle Lamp out of the ground and bit it in half like a breadstick. She scared a sheet-meat vendor away, then grabbed his cart and drained the meat and lukewarm, grease-filled water inside. She munched up the cart like a handful of potato chips, then put the umbrella in her hair, just behind her ear. Mae wiped her face with a nearby restaurant awning and then swallowed the awning. By the time Mae reached the harbor she was chewing on a length of electric cable she had peeled out of the street. Slurping the cable up like a licorice shoelace, Mae bent over for a drink.

Pow! A rocket zoomed straight into Mae's back.

"Shit!" Mae hissed. "What the fuck, guys?"

"Direct hit!" shouted the police sergeant. "Don't let up. This bitch is going down, boys."

Sinar, meanwhile, woke up and tried to free his tangled leg. The Pastro binding his leg to Mae's hair was as hard as a rock. Every time he tore some off, more just seemed to grow in

its place. Suddenly, Mae jumped behind a building for cover. She moved her head so fast that Sinar blacked out again.

Mae jumped behind a building, but she slammed her body against the wall too hard. The brick walls started swaying back and forth. The police didn't stop firing more rockets at her, though. People streamed out of the building, screaming as the rockets tore up the walls and the apartment building started crumbling like a house of cards.

A cloud of dust rose from the collapsing building. Those who escaped ran in all different directions, screaming and shouting as rockets zoomed overhead and Mae's footsteps thundered in the street. Mae scooped up a handful of bricks to munch on and picked up a car. She peeked around the corner, took a bite out of the car, and threw it at the police. They fired back with a barrage of plasma bolts. A pattern emerged where Mae threw a piece of wreckage at the cops, the police fired back, and Mae scooped up some more rubble to eat. Neither Mae nor the police seemed to budge, but people who had followed Mae kept watching, mesmerized.