Camille Meyer Little Meal

Q came back with Little Ann when she went down to collect the grapes. The dog outgrew the box she was brought up in but not the giants.

Q made lunch and left it on the counter until it was just right to eat. Little Ann's taste was not as particular as Q's. The dog waited five minutes for the lunch to cool and then the dog ate it all even though it was enough to feed a giant which Little Ann was not. Then Little Ann ran and hid in Q's menagerie on the mantel.

Q came in for lunch and found it was gone. The giant went into starvation mode. Q went on the hunt for Little Ann but the dog was just the right size to blend in with the menagerie. For many, many lunches the dog got away with it. But starvation eventually made Q sharp and that day was a very sunny day in Giant Land. With light, Q spied the one animal with flat eyes on the mantel. Q snatched the dog from the mantel and ate Little Ann for lunch.

Camille Meyer Slots

Potable water came from the reservoir at the end of the world so the giants collected rain water in tanks on their houses for bathing because giants were very clean people.

Now there came a time when the rain held off and the tanks got quite low. The giants rationed showering and for the first time ever, Giant Land began to stink.

Of all the giants Jug had the biggest hands. There wasn't anything she couldn't carry in them and there wasn't one giant for whom Jug hadn't carried something. At first the extra loads just made Jug weary. But then it started to make her cross and by the time the drought arrived, Jug was downright wicked but she kept it to herself. Jug carried some metal for the giant machinist and kept some of the scraps afterwards. It wasn't that the steel itself was sharp. It was the shape that it was made into that made the metal cut stuff down.

Jug took one look at the skies and knew the rains were coming so she stuffed all that hard geometry into the water tanks. When the tanks were full again, the shower ban was lifted. The giants got into their showers and turned on the water. Jug's metal washed out and cut the giants down to size and they fell through the holes in the skies.

Camille Meyer grew up on a farm in RI and is not the fairest of her parents' four daughters. She is trying to work that out here. She also solders and TIG welds her fiction. It's just a different sort of stylus.