

The further adventures of Scott Carey By Paul Kennedy

I recall the title of a book – “Man is a Microcosm” – but I do not think when the author selected this title, that he had me in mind – Scott Carey, the incredible shrinking man.

Yet a few months ago, I was a man, newly married, happy and content; and now, insects dwarf me.

Only minutes ago, I almost fell prey to what seemed to me to be a gigantic spider, with fangs that could pierce my heart. I fought the beast with all my human cunning and strength – as no man has ever fought before.

I was David, and it was Goliath. Brave – no. I am a coward. After a battle royal which seemed to last forever, I vanquished my foe. Oh why did I not let that creature release me from my wretched existence?

I still cling to the hope that I would awake from this hellish nightmare, and would find myself in the loving arms of my beautiful Louise – my wife, my love, my life. Oh how I long for her sweet lips to press against mine.

My eyes swelled with liquid, as I was overcome with the greatest grief that I have ever felt. As the tears cascaded down my cheeks, I could taste the salt in them as they entered my mouth.

The familiar flavour reminded me of that fateful day on the oceans when this all began. I was standing alone on deck when our tiny craft was submerged in a silken gossamer mist. I recall how it felt on my skin – almost sensual.

How I curse that damn mist for stealing my life away from me. And secretly wishing that it had been Louise and not me on deck that fateful day. For such thoughts I deserve this fate.

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Sitting down, exhausted from my duel with the spider, I felt the world again growing around me.

Oh if there is a God, release me from this torment. I can take no more of this existence. Send me to hell if need be, for it could be no worse, no more horrid this futile life.

I could feel my garments (I am being polite – my rags) engulfing me. My surroundings blur – this is it, death is calling. I closed my eyes so tightly that it hurt. My head pounded, and I drifted into what I hoped would be a final and every lasting sleep.

I was shocked back into reality as my body felt as though it was being roasted like a Sunday dinner.

My eyes shot open, and I quickly absorbed my surroundings. I appeared to be caught in a huge net. Yet the gaps in the net were huge. I could easily walk through these gapping holes.

A great chill came over me, as the perspiration that soaked my body began to cool. The realisation that I was naked sent me into a spin. I became extremely self-conscious and desperately looked around for something to cover my shame.

What the hell – there is no one to see me. I burst into an uncontrollable bout of laughter – what a fool I was.

Heaven or Hades this was not either. I had shrunk even more. This behemoth of a net was really the rags that had once clothed me.

The despair that had haunted me had vanished like an early morning dew. A tremendous urge overtook me. Without a seconds thought I sprung through one of the large gaps and commenced to explore this new land of wonder.

Unlike “Alice Through the Looking Glass”, I had no White Rabbit to follow. And at any moment – it may be “off with his head”, as some unknown micro creature found me to be a tasty treat.

My thoughts began to wonder – at least Alice had cats and queens to talk to. I only had myself. Anything that I was likely to come across would probably devour me rather than enter into a lively debate on the state of the nation!

As I undertook my venture of discovery I became comfortable with my state of nakedness. I began to beat my chest like that Burroughs’ apeman – Tarzan. Where are my vines, and my Jane??? I would even have been happy to have a little monkey as a friend.

I continued to walk, having no idea in what direct I travelled; and not that it mattered.

Hunger and thirst had returned liked unwanted quests. I had no way of determining the passage of time. There was no day or night, just a dimness that never changed. What could I eat and drink? There were no Cafés or Malt Shops. My stomach roared as if it were the King of Beasts.

I longed for a porta house steak, with mash potatoes, greens and flooded in thick mushroom gravy. Washed down with a jug of the finest German ale.

To combat this new adversary, I lay down. Sleep quickly overtook me, and I dreamt deeply of my former life.

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I do not recall how long I slept – it seemed forever. When I awoke, I found myself floating, but falling. I had shrunk again. I was now truly a microcosm. I was too small to be noticed by even the tiniest bugged-eyed beastie. But also too small to inhale the molecules that make up the air we take for granted.

After all I have been through – to die because I cannot breath – what a pitiful way to go. Let me battle to the death one more monster.

I made my final peace and prepared to die.....

Like a piece of metal drawn to a magnet, I felt myself pulled to a circular darkish hole, many times larger than myself. Everything near the hole was absorbed.

With a great whoosh, into the hole I was swept. No sooner had I entered, than I was spewed out.

I landed on something fairly soft and what seemed familiar. My hands reached out to examine this substance. Could it be, no, but it was – grass, real grass. I pulled a hulk of grass out – ramming it up my nose. What a wonderful scent filled my nostrils.

I was alive – and air filled my lungs.

But where am I? Is it home? It cannot be, but it must be. Please let it be.

The sky, it was red and not blue. I hoped beyond hope that it was either sunset or sunrise. But I knew that neither was true.

Where in this mighty universe was I? What new adventure awaits me? Will I survive? Will I continue to shrink? Only time will tell my story