

Small Man

by Stuart Millard

When Reg Cuff heard that Sandlewick's abandoned Tiny Town model village was up for sale, he sold his home and failing business and moved right in. As Tiny Town's resident giant, you could often hear him from the car park, stomping around the little streets and growling at plastic figures living out frozen snapshots of their lives. At first it must have seemed like fun, the little man that nobody noticed suddenly the lumbering master of his own kingdom.

He filled his days terrorising the silent inhabitants; crushing train carriages beneath his feet and yelling "God can't save you now!" through the roof of a weather-beaten fibreglass church. By night he curled up on the astro turf of the cricket green, finding comfort in the repetitive tinny mooing from the miniature farm he'd splintered with his fists.

Eventually, something inside him snapped. There's a loss of perspective particular to giants - everyone seems so far away when you're half a mile tall. He emerged naked from the boating lake like Goya's Colossus, standing astride the smashed up buildings and tearfully howling for forgiveness. "I'm not going to hurt you," he said, peering inside the tiny houses for a friendly face, but nobody ever came to the window.

