

The Science Project

By Dreamtales

“Mollie? What’s all this junk doing in the living room? Didn’t I tell you I’ve got guests coming over tonight? Bobby’s gonna be here, and Sally and Frank too! I want this stuff cleared out NOW!”

Mollie, a studious looking 9 year old with bright blonde hair done up in pigtails, winced as the high pitched tirade poured forth from her overbearing older sister. All about her, strange looking metal boxes were stacked high, surrounding a large cylindrical glass cabinet that looked like a gigantic seven foot tall test tube. She was bent over one of the boxes, twisting wires into place, and sighed as she looked up from her work.

“Gloria, come on! This is my big project for the science fair next week. You know I’ve been working on this thing for a month. Can’t you guys have your parties someplace else for once?”

Gloria huffed, twisting her picture perfect cheerleader face into a frown. “Oh god! Why Do I have to have a little dork like you for a sister? All you ever do is stick your nose in a book or spend your time trying to string a bunch of stupid wires together. Why can’t you be more like me?”

Mollie muttered under her breath. “You mean a mindless bimbo with an IQ of 45 and a life’s goal of making the Dallas Cowboy’s cheerleader squad?”

“What did you say, Mollie?”

“Er, nothing Gloria. Just trying to get this last wire in place.”

Gloria walked over and stood above her little sister. The 18 year old high school senior was wearing her favorite “little miss cheerleader” outfit: tight fuzzy sweater to highlight her perky breasts, short pleated skirt to show off her well toned legs, and bright blonde hair pulled back in a pert pony tail. Mollie heard her approach and turned to stand up. Gloria purposely came right up and glowered down at her little sister, using her standard tactic of intimidating her with her height and size. Mollie had to look almost straight up at her sister’s angry face - the scrawny little pre-adolescent barely came up to Gloria’s shoulders.

“Now look, Mollie. You know when mom an’ dad left for the weekend, they put ME in charge. That’s ME and NOT you. Understand?”

“Ummm... yeah Gloria.” mumbled Mollie.

“So if I ask you to do something, that means you DO it. And I don’t want to hear any

back talk.”

“But I didn’t ...”

“Never mind. Just get this junk cleaned out of here by six o’clock!”

“Gloria! Come ON! I just finished putting it all together!”

“I don’t care. It’s gotta go!”

Mollie stopped, holding her chin in thought. “Well, okay I’ll do it. But can you do me just ONE little favor? Pretty please? I want you to help me try it out first.”

Gloria looked suspiciously at the odd contraption. “What’s it supposed to do?”

Mollie smiled sweetly and opened the door to the glass cabinet. “Here. Step inside and I’ll show you.”

“Oh, no! I’m not falling for that. There’s no way you’re gonna get me to go in that thing!”

“What’s a matter, Gloria? Scared?” teased Mollie.

“Don’t be silly.” Gloria shrugged her shoulders and strode inside the cabinet, as Mollie closed the door behind her. “Go ahead! Stupid thing probly doesn’t do anything anyway.” She glared out of the box at Mollie, waving a finger at her. “And this better not take long. As soon as we’re finished, you get all this stuff outta here, understand?”

“Of course, dear sister!” called Mollie, smiling sweetly as she flipped a few switches on the boxes. The room started buzzing with a low humming noise, a few red lights blinking on the circuitry. The little girl picked up a remote control device and walked over to the cabinet, smiling as she looked up through the glass at Gloria.

“And hurry up! This glass box is giving me the creeps. I get claustrophobic, y’know!”

“Hmmm... (giggle) Lemme see if I can do something about that.” Mollie twisted a little knob on her remote. The little boxes suddenly came to life, filling the room with blinking lights and strange electronic beeping sounds.

Gloria, a bit spooked by the sudden activity surrounding her, took a step backward, bumping into the back of the glass case. “Mollie? What are you doing? Why are all those lights going on and off? And I’m tingling all over. I think this machine has a short some place - this stupid thing is shocking me!”

“That’s OK, Gloria. (giggle) That means it’s working. You’re ‘sposed to tingle a little.” Replied Mollie, her eyes shining merrily.

“Mollie. W-what’s going on here? I don’t like this. What’s this thing supposed to do?” Gloria was starting to look a little frightened, and was pushing on the sides of the glass tube.

“Just wait - you’ll see.” Giggled Mollie, giving her remote another twist. “You’re not gettin’ scared are ya?”

“N-no! I’m just...” Gloria was pushing on the door to the tube, but it was bolted shut from the outside. “Hey! You didn’t say you were gonna lock me inside! You just let me outta here!”

“Now you have to be patient, sis. It’ll be just a little while longer.” As she spoke, Mollie walked over to the tube and climbed on top of a chair. She squinted at a vertical column of numbers running up the side of the tube, then she mumbled to herself as she made a note in her pad. “Let’s see... that says you’re five foot 3 inches tall...”

“Mollie! Quit this - now!” Yelled Gloria, glowering through the glass. “And besides, you stupid dummy, your tape measure is wrong - I’m really five foot seven.”

“Not anymore.” Said Mollie, giggling merrily as she twisted the dial once again.

“What’s that supposed to mean? Mollie? Hey, stop it! I told you to quit making me tingle like that!”

Suddenly Gloria stopped yelling, and looked at Mollie with a strange expression. Something was strangely different - her little sister suddenly seemed much... bigger. For some reason, she was now only a few inches shorter than herself! And as Gloria looked down at herself she noticed something else. Her clothes were different - bigger, roomier, her skirt starting to slide down her hips. Even her shoes were too big for her. And the glass tube was definitely bigger, much roomier than before.

As the realization slowly dawned on her, Gloria erupted in anger. “Mollie? What are you doing to me? How dare you use me for an experiment? I’m warning you, you little...”

“Did you call me little?” asked Mollie, raising her eyebrows teasingly and giving the dial a sharp turn.

Suddenly Gloria tingled all over, letting out a shrill squeal as she jumped involuntarily, frightened by the shock. She tripped on her oversized shoes, and fell to the floor, landing on her hands and knees. Cursing, she struggled to her feet, then cursed again as her skirt slid down her legs and pooled on the floor. Gloria just stood blinking at herself for a few seconds, unable to comprehend what was happening. She was now barefoot, her sweater hanging down halfway to her knees, the sleeves almost completely covering her arms, leaving only her fingertips showing!

She heard the bright sound of giggling and looked up to see Mollie pointing at her and laughing merrily.

“Hee hee! Who’s little now, Gloria?” called Mollie teasingly.

Gloria stood up and glared at her little sister. She was so angry it hardly registered that Mollie was now about four inches taller than her!

“Goddamn you Mollie! You think this is funny? I’m gonna kill you when I get out of here! You’re gonna wish you never thought of this! You stupid brat, I’ll...”

But Mollie just ignored the muffled threats, humming merrily as she checked Gloria’s height on the scale and jotted it in her notebook. She didn’t need a chair this time - the top of Gloria’s head was just below her eyes.

“Hmmm... (giggle) You sure do make a cute little sister, Gloria. But I think I’ll just try to make you a little... cuter!”

This time the tingling sensation stopped Gloria in mid sentence, as Mollie gave the dial a healthy twist. Gloria backed away from Mollie, now frantic to escape, desperately pushing against the sides of the tube, but to no avail. She heard Mollie’s bright giggles above her as she struggled to force open the door, shivering with the strain. As the tingling intensified, she had to stop a few times to adjust her clothes as her now hugely oversized sweater fell off her shoulders, the sleeves now completely covering her hands - it now looked more like a long dress than the short top it once was. And Mollie let out a squeal of delight as Gloria’s panties slid to the floor, pooling around her ankles. As Gloria struggled desperately, she felt her bra straps slide off her shoulders, catching on her hips.

“(hee hee) You’re so funny!”

Gloria spun around to yell at Mollie, but stopped in mute shock. Standing where her little sister had been was a now huge young girl, towering over her. Gloria’s mouth dropped open as she saw that her head now came well below her little sister’s chest!

“Hey, shorty!” teased Mollie. “How’s it feel to be a little shrimp?”

Gloria was about to protest, but suddenly caught herself, knowing that there was nothing she could do - she was now completely at her little sister’s mercy. Realizing the utter futility of further struggle, Gloria made a sudden decision, and walked to the edge of the glass. There she just stood, looking up at Mollie’s grinning face, pulling her huge sweater around her as best she could. She took in a deep breath as she thought through her next move.

“Mollie?” She said in a little high voice. “Mollie, I’m sorry if I’ve been a bad sister sometimes. I know I haven’t always been nice to you.” She looked up, blinking her eyes

and pouting, trying her best to look forlorn and helpless. "Can you please forgive me?"

But Mollie was busily checking the height gage, leaning over and squinting at the numbers, then murmuring "Three foot two." as she scribbled in her notebook. Then she spun around and looked down at the little figure clutching her oversized sweater. Mollie giggled as Gloria's bra finally slipped off her hips, sliding down her legs and dropping to the floor.

"Yes, my dear little sister. Did you want to say something to me?" Asked Mollie.

Gulping down the last of her dignity, Gloria again tried to put on her best "frightened child" look, desperately trying to appeal to Mollie's sense of fair play. "I-I just said how much I love you, Mollie. And how much I want to be a better sister." She theatrically huddled under the thick folds of her sweater, looking forlornly down at her bare feet. "I know sometimes maybe I haven't been fair to you. I'm g-glad you made me little like this. Now I know I've learned my lesson. I've learned a whole lot, so when you make me big again I'll be really nice to you."

As she listened to Gloria, Mollie seemed to change her demeanor. A reflective look, a look of compassion, passed over her face. After a long thoughtful pause she said. "Really? You really mean that, Gloria? You're actually glad I made you little?"

Gloria soberly nodded her head, blinking her eyes innocently.

"Good! Then you'll be even happier when I do this!" cried Mollie, laughing and giving the dial a sharp twist.

There was a little squeal, then Gloria's head disappeared, the sweater dropping into a fuzzy pile on the floor. As Mollie watched, the little pile began moving, with squeaking noises coming out of it. After a few seconds, she saw Gloria's tiny head pop out, followed by her little arms. Pushing herself to her feet, the little naked teen, now barely the size of an infant, ran across to the edge of the tube and began pounding her tiny fists against the thick glass, screaming at the top of her tiny high voice.

"Goddamn you, you fucking bitch! I'll fucking kill you!"

Mollie just knelt and laughed at the sight of her tiny naked sister's tantrum. She had to really crane her head down low - Gloria now stood well below Mollie's waist. She listened to the high pitched stream of invective, watching the little naked figure dance around, frantically hopping up and down. She bent down low, bringing her head way down to sight across the top of the little figure. Then she pulled out her notebook again.

"Hmmm... That's eighteen inches tall."

The deep sound of Mollie's voice snapped Gloria back to her senses. Suddenly she realized her situation - she was shrunk to the size of an infant, stark naked, completely

exposed and helpless before her giant little sister, her nudity making her feel even more defenceless. As Mollie made notes in her notebook, Gloria ran over and desperately rummaged through her huge pile of clothing for something - anything! - that could cover her little nude body. The sweater was gigantic, like a huge tent - the skirt, too - even her shoes seemed almost big enough to curl up inside! Finally she dragged her huge panties from under the pile, fashioning a sort of bandolier style toga from the frilly white lace undies. She looked up to find her sister's huge face staring at her, lit up in a bright grin.

"Why, what a cute little outfit, Gloria." Said Mollie, savoring the exquisite look of fear in her tiny audience's face. "You look just like a little baby doll."

Summoning all her courage, Gloria stepped forward to face her sister, who now loomed above her, the size of a three story building. Pulling the huge panties about her as best she could, she cleared her throat and called out in a little, frightened voice.

"Mollie?" Gloria was shocked and mortified at how high and tiny her voice sounded - like a little child's!

"Yes?" Mollie was giggling, rubbing her hands with glee.

"Mollie, you know I wasn't serious before - but I am now." She stopped, clearing her throat again, nervously setting her shoulders before craning up her neck and resuming her heartfelt plea. "I know you don't think I'm a good sister to you. And I know I haven't been good to you before sometimes, but... please... I just want you to let me go. I'll do anything, anything if you just get me out of here!"

There was a long pause, then Mollie said. "Anything?"

"Anything!" said Gloria, with all her tiny heart.

"Hmmm..." said Mollie, crossing her legs and settling down on the floor. "Let me just think about this a minute..." She made a big show of cupping her chin in her hands and looking off in the distance. "You did say... anything?"

Gloria just stood and nodded her little head, clutching her huge panties, her little face a model of seriousness.

"All right, then." Said Mollie, leaning forward with an eager grin. "Get down on your knees."

Mollie smiled approvingly as Gloria slowly dropped to her knees.

"And bow down to me."

The little figure touched her forehead to the floor.

“Now stand on your head.”

Mollie giggled as Gloria awkwardly raised her little legs, her huge panty dress sliding off her little frame and bunching around her head. She fell over a few times, each time quickly recovering and placing her head back on the floor, launching her legs skyward. Doing a handstand was much more difficult than she had imagined, her little bottom shivering with the strain as she struggled to keep her balance. After a minute of giggling at the antics of the little figure, Mollie called out again.

“Okay, now hop up and down.” Gloria obediently jumped to her feet and began hopping frantically, her miniature boobies bouncing up and down with the effort.

“Just your right foot now.” “Now just the left.” “Now dance the watusi.” “Now...”

“Goddamit! You bitch!” cried Gloria, suddenly snapping and rushing against the glass, pounding her fists and screaming at her giant sister. “That’s enough! I’m not taking this any more! Now I swear either you make me grow back right now or else...”

“Uh oh! Too bad. And here we were almost finished - I was just going to stop shrinking you.” said Mollie, smirking as she twisted the dial. Gloria was so incensed she hardly noticed the tingling, barely registering the change as she quickly dwindled to the size of a child’s doll. She was hopping up and down, squeaking at the top of her tiny lungs, the panties dropping from her tiny body. Mollie watched for a while, fascinated by the miniature figure, but soon grew bored - Gloria’s voice was now so high and soft, she could barely understand a word she said.

Then Mollie leaned over and tapped on the glass. The booming taps sounded like sledgehammers to the tiny figure. “Gloria. I want you to stand with your back to the wall, right over there. I need to measure your height.”

To Gloria, Mollie’s voice now had the authority of a godlike command, the deep loud booming sound easily drowning out her high pitched squeaks. Instantly stopping her tirade, the tiny nude meekly ran over and lined herself against the wall, standing up straight, her tiny rear pressed flat against the glass as Mollie checked her height. Mollie reached out a finger the size of her head and held it next to her, reading the numbers.

“Thank you Gloria. Very good - that’s ten inches tall.”

As Mollie scribbled in her notebook, Gloria ran over and called up to her. But she was so tiny, her voice so high that now only the faintest hint of sound filtered through the thick glass. Mollie finished up and was surprised to see her tiny sister looking up at her, hands cupped to her mouth, soundlessly yelling her heart out. Mollie had to get down on her hands and knees to look into Gloria’s eyes. After trying and failing to understand a word she was saying, she addressed the tiny nude figure.

“Gloria, are you telling me you don’t want to shrink any more?”

The tiny figure nodded her head.

“And you want me to let you out?”

This time Gloria’s head bobbed up and down in frantic agreement.

“Well, I guess you’ve been a good little girl. Maybe I should let you go.” Mollie chortled as the tiny figure dropped to her knees, bowing low several times, then shaking her hands in heartfelt gratitude.

Mollie stood and unlocked the door, swinging it open. The tiny figure scampered out the door, running as fast as she could. Once clearing the door, Gloria ran a few feet then stopped, unsure of what to do next. Everywhere around her were huge, otherworldly objects - chairs the size of multi-story buildings, magazines as big as a squash court - the living room transformed to a vast landscape more reminiscent of Monument Valley than a familiar domestic scene. The prospect of running off into that huge unknown space filled Gloria with stark terror. Who knows what dangers lurked in the vast darkness under the sofa? Even the smallest family pet - and luckily they had none - would now loom over her like a terrifying monster from a ‘50’s science fiction movie.

Gulping down her fear, Gloria realized that, though she had escaped her glass prison, she couldn’t get free of Mollie. Tiny, naked, and completely on her own, without help from her now gigantic little sister her very survival was in doubt. Reluctantly, but egged on by her stark fear, she ran back to Mollie in a desperate plea for help. Mollie had taken a few steps across the room - each the equivalent of a 20 foot leap to Gloria - and so Gloria had to scamper across the room after her, the thick carpet coming up above her ankles like high prairie grass. Finally she reached two giant shiny black objects, her little sister’s patent leather shoes. Each of Mollie’s huge feet looked the size of a VW beetle.

Mollie stood looking down at little Gloria, watching in amusement as the tiny doll sized nude scampered about, unsure of where to go, then finally ran back and stopped at Mollie’s feet. As Mollie smirked down from above, Gloria craned her head high, then started hopping up and down, frantically waving her arms and making little squeaking noises.

Giggling, Mollie bent over and addressed the tiny figure. “Where’re you going, Gloria? Don’t you want to get ready for your party?” she called teasingly. Gloria tried her best to answer, shouting with all her might, but still her voice was just too faint to hear. Mollie tried kneeling down, but the little figure’s voice was still too faint. Finally, Mollie had to lie down on the carpet, her head right on the floor, just inches from Gloria’s tiny naked form.

“Mollie!” came the tiny high voice. “Please! Please help me! I want to grow back!”

Giggling, Mollie reached out a huge index finger and tapped Gloria with it. It was the

size a tree trunk and its appearance caused the tiny nude to jump in the air with nervous fright. She ran backwards for a few steps, then stopped and slowly, cautiously crept forward towards Mollie's huge leering face. She was shivering in fear, doing her best to hide her nudity, her tiny hands covering her doll sized bush.

"Hee hee!" giggled Mollie. "So tell me, 'big sister' – how do you like my science project now?"

"I-it's a really good project!" squeaked Gloria, trying to keep a placating smile on her tiny frightened face. "The best!"

Mollie grinned and rose to her knees, watching as Gloria's tiny face followed her every move, finally having to crane her little heads almost vertically to take in the view of her enormous little sister. Mollie paused for a few dramatic seconds before she turned and casually started to disconnect the wires on her machine. It took only a moment for the tiny nude to scamper over to her, waving her arms and squeaking in her faint voice.

"No! Stop! D-don't take it apart!"

Mollie put her hand on her hips and shook her finger teasingly. "Jeez, Gloria, you keep changing your mind! Didn't you just tell me to get rid of my science project?"

"N-no, I didn't! I mean, y-yes I did!" Squeaked Gloria. "Er... I mean, y-you can do anything you want with it, b-but first just - PLEASE - make me big again!"

Mollie leaned down until her huge face loomed over Gloria's frightened form. "Oh, so you want to get big again? You silly little thing! Don't you know?"

Gloria was almost too frightened to ask. "K-know what?"

Mollie burst into a wide smirk. "This machine just makes things little. Making 'em grow back again is next year's science project!"

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