

# Giant

By Lucy Tinapple

I hurriedly scamper over the rocks.

Scarcely stopping to appreciate the steep drops to either side of me. Wonderous natural phenomena become nothing more than an obstacle I must conquer to continue my climb.

Dimly, I happen to notice, that small rocks and pebbles lie strewn across the path. I kick at them absently and watch as they tumble into the darkness below.

On and on I bound, now vehemently sweeping small obstacles off my path, left right and center.

It is only when I am faced with an abrupt, precipitous drop, do I stumble to a halt and begin to take in the awe-inspiring scene I am in the midst of.

Overhead, a cavernous dome of grey stone stretches out, adorned with faintly gleaming stalactites. Intricate patterns of intertwining cracks and irregular cavities are woven together in a seamless masterpiece, almost as if a Giant has gently molded the ceiling.

To my left, ancient, freezing water trickles down a rocky outcrop, dripping on the floor in a pulsating rhythm. Splish, Splash, Splash; a Giant's drumming fingers on hard earth.

I take in the incredibly old rock formations that stand imposingly around me; twisting, liquified shapes in shades of purples and browns.

Mystical puddles, like a Giant's tears, are scattered over the ground to my left and right. Motionless, tranquil pools of stagnant violet water with shores of buttery white marble.

Nature has a certain spell-binding quality.

Nature, with its halls of marble. With its hollows of long forgotten fossils. Nature with its age-old tree roots, snaking down between the stalagmites, has wrapped me in its spell.

The Giant's spell.

Mist from the depths of the chasm rises and clings to my ankles as I sway on the edge of the abyss. One step over the edge and I'll fall. Fall from life, from reality, from the land of the living.

Here I am on the edge of a precipice, my future in my hands.

This leads me to reflect on humanity as a whole. How we are in a critical situation right at this very moment, standing on a rocky ledge over an inky black void.

We follow the every whim of leaders, advancing from one precarious position to another.

Never stopping to admire the view.

Never stopping to consider the consequences.

How far will humankind go until we reach the abyss? What will it take to stop us destroying ourselves, our planet, our future? Will we sway, undecided on the edge of the abyss or will we fall, quickly and quietly, unable to climb back up to reason, to sense, to hope for a better future?

And if we teeter on the edge, how will we ever get back to the start of the rocky road we came on? We caused so much erosion along the way. The small stones we kicked off the edge, rapidly turned to rocks and then boulders; problems we cannot even hope to repair.

Maybe we need a Giant.

A giant external force to send us soaring back to the beginning, where we listened to our conscience and our reason. Before our rash decisions landed us in our current corrupt and desolate world, full of harsh policies and conventions that we call reality.

We need a Giant to liberate us from our damaging societal pressures and rules. A Giant to pick apart the intertwining threads of capitalism and economics that manipulate our every decision, and replace them with simplicity and earnest, heartfelt kindness.

Natural beauty.

We need a Giant to wrap us in a gently rebuking hand, curl its tender fingers around humanity and bring us slowly away from the edge. Slowly back to our senses.

We need this Giant urgently.

I am sitting on the overhang now, my tired feet dangling over the edge, wondering if a Giant will come for me right now and carry *me* to safety.

But what about my journey? If a Giant saved me right now, would I have learned anything?

Then I understand.

Maybe it's time we faced our wrongdoings. Faced the inky black void we are in danger of falling into and found a way to get across to the other side.

If humankind could come together as one, maybe we could form a bridge *across* the abyss.

And then I realise; we, humanity, are the Giant.

We are a colossal creature that can create the change we call for.

We don't need a giant external force to bring us back to our senses. For our sense of reason belongs to us, our conscience belongs to us, our ability to change belongs to us, our future belongs to us.

Together we can get across this gap, and as one, see the abyss for what it is and appreciate the view.

