

# Inch Tall

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## Chapter 1: My Father

My father was born out of a crocodile's penis. He looked exactly as he does now except he was only an inch tall. My grandfather found him in the swamp and took him home because he had mistaken my father for some sort of weird one inch monkey with a tiny dick. At this point my father was 92 years old and my grandfather 34. My father looked exactly as he does now but was still only an inch tall.

When my grandfather found my father, he picked my father up and placed him in a brown paper bag. The bag was empty but smelled like onions because earlier that day it was used to hold my grandfather's lunch, an onion sandwich. My grandfather lived through the Great Depression and used to eat shit like that, poor people's food. This is why my father loves onions and usually smells like them.

When they arrived home my father instantly started pissing on the dishes, yelling wildly. He was fully naked and had a tiny penis. My grandfather wanted to get rid of my father, since he wasn't potty trained, but my grandmother wouldn't allow it because my father was only an inch tall and she was afraid that he would be eaten by some kind of wild beast. She was a very nice lady. She didn't realize the trouble my one inch father could cause.

My grandfather, annoyed at my father's existence in his house, would constantly try to trample my father underfoot. My father was quick and wily however and managed to avoid my grandfather's comparably giant feet and boots. My grandfather would curse and growl while chasing my father throughout the house, trying to stomp him as if my father was a gay baby turtle. My grandfather would set

up traps in the house as well, meant to destroy my father's body. Death for my father is what my grandfather wished for, but my father was too clever. He would wait by the traps until some other creature got caught and then rape the still warm creature, using its blood as lubricant when necessary. My father's sexual appetite was insatiable, and he would bang whatever he could. My grandfather would find him, fucking dead animals, mostly rats, mice, and squirrels, that were ensnared by the traps meant for my father and would try to stomp the one inch bastard, always failing.

My grandmother loved my father. He was her favorite pet. My grandparents didn't realize that my father had a human mind and so they treated him like an animal. He shit in a match box filled with sand and slept on the foot of the bed. He never wore clothes nor learned to talk or read. Though he came into the house unaware that shitting and pissing on the floor was unsavory, he learned to shit and piss in a match box filled with sand. My grandmother potty trained my father by beating him with a Q-tip whenever he soiled some part of the house. My father learned quickly to do his business in the match box, lest he be struck by a Q-tip.

This did not keep my grandfather from trying to kill him though. My grandfather, frustrated that he had failed to stomp my father on numerous occasions, while my father still soiled the floors of the house, was now hell bent on destroying my father, like the coyote with the road runner on that cartoon. My grandfather was obsessed with destroying my father. It was a matter of personal pride.

Over the next fifty years, my grandfather would try to kill my father in various ways, always failing. When in front of my grandmother, my grandfather would act cordially towards my father, but once her back was turned he would throw things at

my father meant to crush the tiny naked one inch man. My grandfather would try to spill scalding coffee on my father, try to feed him rat poison, try to slam doors on him, all sorts of shit. My father was too fast though and evaded capture and destruction. My father was a great inventor as well. He made all sorts of shit out of common household objects that gave him an edge. Many times he fashioned tiny wings out of tin foil that gave him the power of flight. With the wings he would fly to the highest points inside the house. My grandfather couldn't find him at these times and believed that my father was inside a wall somewhere. Because of this, my grandfather would constantly fill the walls with poisonous fumes, in an attempt to poison my father. Handling these fumes on a constant basis eventually gave my grandfather dick cancer and he died frustrated and with a destroyed cock that was black as coal and smelled like rotten liverwurst. My grandmother took care of my father until she died of the poisonous gases as well, contracting cancer all over her body, especially her tits and pussy. My father got cancer too, but he slept for five months in a solution of salt and whiskey. He was better after.

After his parents died, my father stayed in the house and lived with some rats. He wanted to get inside their furry pussies but they were too big for him to rape.