

This is a fascinating new venture! Fresh paper, pen ink, I'm ecstatic to report my findings in real time.

Up ahead... It looks like the head of a creature is sweeping the treetops. Oh! It seems I've come across a new humanoid species? The way it moves, perhaps a naga of sorts? No—the specimen turned around and I can see a full torso on display. A fine member, this fellow has! Pardon.

I think he's spotted me.

Currently—I am writing from the grips of the curious giant as he examines me. Such intelligent eyes, and tongue speaking in murmurs I don't understand. He seems just as curious of me, as I am of him. Though those wide-set nostrils of his keep huffing at me, I'm sure it's customary among his kind.

Continued: I might have been wrong! It's hard to write among a slurry of drool like this, but the fellow's sucked me into his cavernous mouth, shifting me side to side, but never chewing. I assume it must be a display of dominance, or perhaps it's just curiosity. But it's hard to track my writing, since I watched my lantern get pushed over the bobbing edge of his massive tongue and down, deep out of sight. A telling belch wafted the light of flames up that cavernous throat before the light died, though.

There's movement now.

I'm hopeful he'll recognize I'm an equally intelligent species, and not food to prey on. But I find myself ever closer to the cleft my lantern disappeared down. And it becomes increasingly hard to write as his bulging uvula smothers the back of my head. I notice an entrance under me, or more of a chute, I suppose. Only lit when his lips part to smack me backwards. The reality is hard to confront. I'm a giant's living bolus.

Currently, thermal drafts from nearby lungs are slowing my descent into the GI tract of the giant. I'm being swallowed, muscles crimp and roll me deeper into the body of this titan and it's nearly too cramped to write.

Now I rest, nestled at the bottom of a hollow stomach. That of a starving body. No wonder he was desperate enough to eat me, but the acids here seem more equipped to break apart plants, I only assume because my cotton garbs are the first to start disintegrating. The rest of my skin just tingles, irritated. But I'm surprised to be holding up well. The stomach still treats me like food, and I don't expect I'll be let out. Do I dare explore the sphincter at the bottom end of the chamber?

I do. Or, I did. Like receiving an unceremonious full-body kiss, I was pinched into a rugged flesh tube that found a way to contour every budging part of my form. And guess what! I found my lantern. Even now as my elbow nudges into the villi of what I know is a ginormous tract of intestine, I should not be able to write coherently, or consciously. There's a surprising amount of oxygen here, and I wonder if it's due to, what I presume, is his plant-based diet. Perhaps mostly algae? What a gut biome! I feel myself getting tugged along, you can feel it in subtle lurches from the lining around you, then suddenly shunt you forward with the kind of vigor you've got to conform under. Incredible.

Now, I've been inching along for what feels like hours. Confident in the amount of air here, I attempted to get some shut-eye. It's simply not possible here, not in constant peristalsis, when my lamp keeps getting nudged out of eyesight only for me to catch up to it later, bumping my forehead against its stagnating blockage.

Luckily, or unluckily, the environment's changing. Gradually less rugged, it looks like a dead-end ahead

if I wasn't so wise. I assume the upcoming segment may be the last, and I wasn't expecting to make it this far. Is this my fate? What I'm reduced to? I've only one reassuring thought, and it's that nothing seems like it will be waiting on me, up ahead.

Now this is interesting. It's like an organic echo chamber of groans and a low pulse on the other side. I've been squeezed into what seems to be the first section of his colon... Now that reality is hitting me, I'd be more panicked at the thought of being crapped out, if it wasn't equally fascinating. I must be the first person to experience such a thing. I'm lucky I'm not a plant! It looks like this section ascends much like a human's bowels, but I'm stuck here at the bottom in a puddle of residual goop. I wonder if I'm even big enough for his intestine to recognize I'm here? How will I be passed upward?

Update: Forcefully! My, when you put up a fuss to get peristalsis's attention, you really command it! The lurch was like an earthquake, or perhaps more like being shot up a volcano. Except with nothing propelling me, except a vice grip from tight muscles rolling through like a steam-train. I'm surprised my lamp is still alight! There seems to be trace amounts of methane keeping it alive, probably not good for me. Now I'm looking over an expansive tunnel I know to be the traverse colon, feeling a little loopy. Not sure if I should bumble along to my freedom, or let nature do the job. Perhaps his body does sap some energy, because I'm feeling winded in this tunnel of winds.

I'm confident in his biology to take me where I need to go.

I woke to a blinding darkness, that of my lamp dying out. But there was a blink of light ahead? Blue, daylight—a color I'd forgotten existed, amid a world of fleshy pink. It really is a world, I'd say. Leaves one feeling like an explorer blazing a trail through new territories. I digress—light keeps winking ahead, and I know the outside sits beyond. I can smell it in the air returning oxygen to my lungs. Earthy and clear, instead of this fetid stagnant humidity. I barely realized I'm facing downward at an angle, my view blocked by a bend ahead. I'm guessing I've reached the descending colon, and his body is deciding whether or not to spit me over into the rectum. It's tighter here, and he seems to be struggling with it. Perhaps those clutching grips and blinks of daylight are him attempting to pass... gas? Poor brute doesn't know I've made it this far, I'll bet.

And now, his body relaxes, maybe giving up, but it lets me slide ahead through an open passage with a waiting chute of baggy, unoccupied flesh. It cups me smoothly, wetly. Now there's REALLY no elbow room to write, or light to see by. But there's this subsurface scattering of light from beyond his pinched sphincter, which I can see the shape of just ahead. It tenses, relaxes, and—light! Beautiful light, such a glorious thing given my circumstances. My eyes burn a bit from adjusting to darkness, but I can see earth passing outside—below. Gravity handles me different, and I think the ass I'm trapped in is squatting, triggering muscles from behind to crimp, hold my legs in place while my face is crinkled over by a titanic asshole. Now I can see the patch of dirt below, where he plans on disposing me. It gets tight, he struggles with my undigested shape, remaining clothes creating drag along the inner sphincter. It takes a long time, but slowly, I dangle free from the clutch of cheeks hanging above me, and the rest comes easily as I slide out, tumble over air escaping with me, and hit the mud. Properly looking like what I'm supposed to. He's satisfied, because this lad rises back up in confidence and stomps away. Likely never going to know the adventure he sent me on. And... It would seem some of my clothes that were left with him.

- Shortcake's big idea.

I'm a scientist. Or goddess, both synonymous to me. I created the contraption that can minimize my peers down to the height of my thumb. They're eager to be guinea pigs, and I'm lucky their interest in exploring frontiers is their driving force. Maybe it helps that my eyes are so lustful and hips inviting, or perhaps when you're that small, a looming naked torso seems like the most desirable space to take up. That's impossible for me to say.

- Mawplay

-Unbirth

Teamwork Researcher

- Lamb and Shortcake collaborate on field study, to see how long it takes prepared, shrunken participants to pass through the digestive system—when it's actively engaged in coitus.