René Kaiser

Julian and the Hidden Worlds

Book 6

The Tiny Giant



Book 6 · English edition

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Maps · Doors · Worlds · Connections

Being Big Depends on the Place

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

After the Island of Borrowed Names, the sixth Atlas journey leads between grass blades. A dewdrop becomes a lake, an ant towers over visitors, and a giant needs help finding his way home.

Julian, Lio and Kaja meet Goran, the ant Ata and the dewdrop keeper Ume. The friends must adapt to different sizes. Ata's delivery and the beetles' drinking place belong on the map as much as Goran's urgent exit does.

The 25 chapters continue Book 5. Reading in order is recommended; important connections are explained again. The Atlas remains borrowed; Julian's compass with its ten stars stays home.

Changing sizes, talking creatures and boating on dewdrops belong to this imaginary world. They are not instructions for boatbuilding, water experiments or handling real insects. Adults secure boats, lines, building work and shore changes.

Read together and pause. Sometimes a small skill helps more than a large hand.

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CHAPTER 1

The Question Before the Door



Julian didn’t open the sixth page at once. He held his notebook beside it.

“How big will we be there?” he asked Goran through the little window.

The giant pointed to a red circle in the grass. “The entrance lock adjusts visitors to the place. You’ll be about the size of these pebbles.”

Kaja read the writing at the circle and confirmed his explanation.

“And getting back?”

“Through the same lock, as long as you don’t cut the red thread.”

Lio examined his paws. “I appreciate their present size.”

Julian fastened the return card to the Atlas edge. Kaja recorded the entrance rule in the envelope. She tied the red return thread to Julian’s table leg and guided it through the lock. Julian would take the Atlas. Kaja held the thread so it could unwind as they travelled.

They were still in Julian’s room. She checked its whole visible length. The first step must wait until the space beyond was clear too.

Julian read their three questions again. Goran described the dry circle and the place behind it. Kaja compared the signs with the Atlas instead of relying only on the little picture.

“Will my scarf be adjusted too?” Lio asked.

“Everything that goes through with you,” Goran said.

Julian packed Neve’s wheel. Compass, buoy, paper patterns and wick lamp could stay home. His yellow name ribbon stayed inside the backpack.

Kaja smoothed the thread. This was their connection to Julian’s room, with a job of its own.

CHAPTER 2

The First Step in Tall Grass



Kaja waited until Goran confirmed that the red entrance circle was clear. Then they went through one at a time. Julian put his foot on dry ground.

Grass blades became green towers. Behind them, a dewdrop shone as large as a lake. Kaja stayed beside the lock and checked that the red return thread could unwind loosely.

Goran stood before them. He was twice Julian’s height. Yet the black ant on the distant delivery route towered even over him.

Lio lifted one paw and carefully put it down again. “I should like to record that, at home, grass ends beneath me.”

Julian laughed. Then he examined the space beside the circle. A tiny crack in the ground could now be a proper gap for them.

Goran showed them the firm resting path. They would stay there first instead of rushing among familiar-looking blades.

Kaja held the Atlas at its adjusted size. The festival return card stayed safe at its edge. It reminded them of a question, but couldn’t replace a red thread.

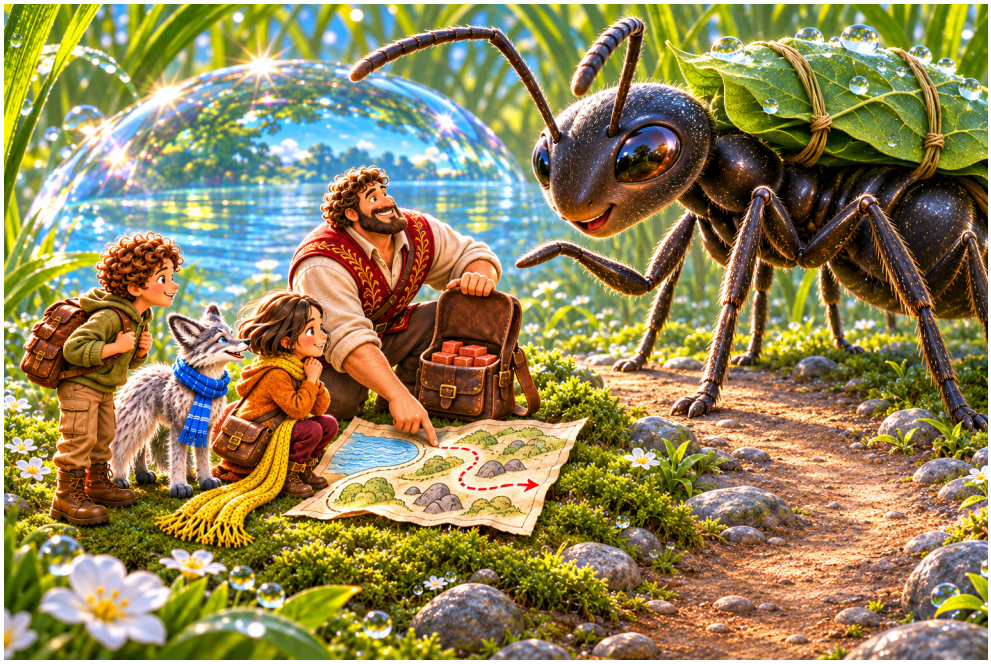
“Everyone still here?” Kaja asked.

Julian nodded. Lio moved both ears. Goran waited until all three had checked their new size.

Only then did they leave the entrance. The circle stayed clear behind them. The return thread ran without knots to Kaja’s own spool and all the way back to Julian’s table.

CHAPTER 3

Goran Tells Them About Up Above



Goran had broad shoulders and a bag full of tiny bricks. He came from a world where his strides crossed entire squares.

“I wanted to visit the grass door,” he explained. “Afterwards, I couldn’t find my home lock.”

Julian studied the Atlas drawing. All the size symbols had been squeezed into one line.

Kaja brought out the earlier door label: INTO THE GRASS WORLD. HOME TO PEBBLE CITY.

The second sign was missing.

Lio raised his nose. “The ant has already noticed us.”

A large black creature stopped before them. It carried a leaf and had very polite antennae.

“Visitors on the working route,” it said. “Please step aside.”

They moved to the firm edge. The ant continued with its delivery.

Goran watched. “I used to ask others to clear my path. Now I’m the one standing underneath.”

He sat on a firm pebble so they needn’t keep looking up while talking. His bag clinked softly. He had packed sample bricks before his journey.

“I was planning a wall at home,” he explained.

Here, every brick seemed tiny beside the ant’s leaf. Julian first recorded only the two places: grass world in, Pebble City home. Neighbouring pictures on a map didn’t mean equal sizes.

Kaja left room for the missing second sign. Knowing its wording from a register didn’t tell her where it had torn away.

Lio waited until the ant’s last foot cleared the working route. Then they continued.