

The Little Shrinking Lies

Ezekiel Jhio



In a peculiar little town nestled between rolling green hills, the houses were colorful and the people were mostly tall. Oliver stood in his sunlit kitchen, wearing a striped shirt and looking nervously at his mother. He wanted to avoid eating his broccoli, so he quietly whispered that he had already eaten a giant bowl of it for lunch.



Instantly, a strange tingling sensation zipped from the top of Oliver head down to his toes. When he looked down at his favorite red boots, they suddenly looked enormous, as if they had grown overnight. Oliver realized with a gasp that his body had shrunk by a full inch just because of the little fib he told.



Panic-stricken, Oliver waddled out the front door and down the cobblestone street to find his friends playing tag. When Tommy asked who accidentally broke the old man flower pot yesterday, Oliver quickly blamed a stray cat. With that second untruth, his height dropped again, and he was now barely taller than a tall blade of grass.



Now standing only knee-high to a golden retriever, Oliver struggled to keep up with the fast-paced world around him. Everyday objects like park benches and bicycle pedals loomed like giant monuments in a forgotten jungle. He had to dodge rolling marbles that felt like boulders and scurrying beetles that looked like prehistoric monsters.



Desperate to return to his normal size, Oliver sought the advice of the wise old clockmaker at the edge of town. The old man sat surrounded by ticking gears, listening patiently as Oliver confessed every single fib he had told that week. With each honest admission, Oliver felt a warm, bubbly feeling rise inside his chest.



To test the old clockmaker theory, Oliver decided to face a difficult truth about a broken window he was too scared to admit earlier. He stood tall—or as tall as his miniature frame would allow—and looked his neighbor straight in the eye to confess. A gentle golden shimmer enveloped him, and he suddenly popped upward, regaining two whole inches of height.



Encouraged by his progress, Oliver ran through the town square shouting out apologies and long-hidden truths to everyone he had deceived. He admitted to stealing an extra cookie, to not doing his chores, and to blaming his sister for lost toys. With every single confession, his clothes began to fit better as he shot back up toward his actual size.



By late afternoon, Oliver was nearly back to his normal height, standing proudly in front of the town fountain with his head held high. The heavy burden in his chest was completely gone, replaced by a refreshing lightness and a bright, genuine smile. His friends noticed the positive change and cheered for him, impressed by his sudden burst of honesty.



That evening, Oliver sat at the dinner table with his family, eating his vegetables without a single complaint or fabricated excuse. His parents smiled warmly at him, noticing how wonderfully bright and honest his eyes looked tonight. Oliver smiled back, realizing that telling the truth was the easiest and best way to stay big in a big world.



From that day on, the town of whispering roofs knew Oliver as the bravest and most truthful boy in the valley. Whenever a new child arrived in town and felt the mysterious shrinking tingle of a white lie, Oliver was always there with a friendly wink and comforting advice. Together, they kept the town vibrant, honest, and wonderfully tall.