

Lego Town

On Saturday evening, William felt like breaking things. He had just finished building a huge Lego town. The town had a gas station, a police station, parking lots, stores and even a town hall. And then William demolished everything he had built in a couple of minutes.



Mum was watching him at the door and shook her head. Dad was also watching him at the door and shook his head. Even his sisters were watching him and shaking their head.

“If they keep on shaking like this, their heads will come off,” William thought and unscrewed one Lego man’s head.

Once tired of breaking, William sat on his bed and started to think. He thought how building things was fun but breaking them was also fun. Which was more fun then?

While thinking like that, he felt he was beginning to grow. The walls of the room disappeared and all of a sudden there was a big city all around him, with skyscrapers and bridges.

William stood up and grew so tall that the tallest buildings were barely up to his knees. He stepped on and the houses that got in his way shattered into pieces. The bridges crumbled like spaghettis and trees were uprooted from the ground.

People were running in two directions and cars escaped to side streets.

The further William stepped, the higher the houses grew. At some point it seemed to William that it was him who was diminishing. Finally William was the same size as all other people. He was standing in the middle of a road and looking around him. The cars and people kept on running somewhere. Why then? And all of a sudden he heard steps. These were steps of a giant. William looked up and saw a giant approaching him for far way.



Bump! Bump! And the houses kept on falling down and the trees were breaking. When the giant reached the TV tower, he twisted its top down to the ground.

“Help!” people shouted. “William is coming!”

“I’m here!” William tried to shout but nobody heard him. The giant William kept on coming closer and closer. The small William was thinking that he should hide somewhere. But where? The giant could demolish his shelter by a single footstep.

Then the small William had an idea. He took an elevator to the rooftop of a very high building, took off his white T-shirt, tied it onto a stick and twirled it above his head. When the giant William got to him, he stopped and looked at the small William.

“What are you flailing your hands here for?” he asked, smirking.

“Don’t you know then?” the small William asked. “When somebody waves a white flag, you can’t kill him. In the war they waved the flight flag when they wanted to have a truce and hold negotiations.”

“What’s there to negotiate?” the giant asked. He bent down and grasped the building.

“Please don’t!” the small William pleaded. “I am you, just small.”

The giant took a closer look at him and recognized him. “Indeed!”

He took the small William into his hands and raised him up to the eye-level.

“Do you want me to squeeze you a bit?”

“No, don’t!” the small William argued. “Don’t squeeze

me! I have a full stomach.”

“Or how about twisting your head off?”

“Please don’t do that either!”

“But I feel like breaking things!” the giant roared.

“Why don’t you build something for a change?” the small William suggested. “This is also quite exciting.”

The giant William gave it some thought and put the small William back onto the rooftop.



“Indeed, why don’t I build a new town?”

Everyone was happy that the giant decided to stop demolishing and started building instead. There were fireworks all over town and people were cheering. The festivities went on until the morning.

The small William woke up in his bed and thought how on earth he had ended up there. Just a moment ago he had been standing on a rooftop of a high building.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and the sun was shining from the window. On the carpet, there was the demolished Lego town and a Lego man was standing on the roof of a high building that had somehow been left untouched. He was holding a stick with a tiny white T-shirt tied to it.

