

Catch!

The silver bird soared at cruising altitude above the ocean of clouds, leaving a thin white trail of burnt engine fuel. An aluminium bullet that sliced through the trade winds with a thundering whirl, enclosing on its destination. Lowering from cruising altitude, the airliner prepared to meet the cloud layer. Descending.

Within the cockpit, two pilots guided the aircraft through the sky. The pair dependent on the assembly of switches, buttons, and dials to show the plane's health. Staring at the controls took its toll on the co-pilots when bags replaced their eyelids. Pilot Davis lukewarm coffee, half-drunk, rested by his side. The tiger rationed each sip, fighting the fatigue for the last two hours. A sentiment that could not be extended to the jaguar co-pilot who placed the empty coffee cup in the holder.

"I just don't know how you do it sir, I really don't," Tyler chuckled mid-sentence, wiping his lips in the process.

"Do what?" Davis replied in a raspy voice, keeping his back and head straight. The tigers' striped fingers sluggishly picked up the coffee cup, taking a tiny sip. "I do not understand your question."

"Nothing just, I'm just watching a pro" the jaguar grinned, leaning back into his seat with a sigh.

"Understood, now focus. You wanted to learn, well pay attention." Davis insisted blankly, his facial features unphased by the young pilot's compliment. "Check the fuel gauge."

"Yes sir," Tyler quickly replied, divorcing his back from the leather seating to face the two white arrows. His yellow eyes glued, fixated on the motionless arrows with a smile.

"Looking good sir, we got more than enough." The jaguar said, keenly turning to face the upright tiger.

"Excellent. What is the reading, and I mean in gallons?" Davis asked in a blank tone, facing the dials behind the wheel.

"Oh, well, it's between fifteen and twen-wait that can't be it," Tyler raised a brow, leaning close enough to slightly fog up the screen with his breath. Too focused on correcting his error, he was oblivious to Davis raising a brow in suspicion.

"Check again pronto, that was the reading from two hours ago." Davis demanded, subtly squeezing onto the wheel.

The jaguar was too fixated on the dial to notice the change in the tiger's composure, but his deep voice was a give away. This time Davis' robotic voice contained something abnormal, concern. Tyler's hopeful visage withered away as the tiger's movements quickened, flicking switches in a pace that challenged his stamina.

"Cap-?"

"Check the jet fuel, now!" Davis ordered the jaguar who looked to the Aircraft' Fuel System, overhearing the sound of his own heartbeat in the process.

"Yes sir, but why-" the jaguar replied, focusing on the immobile dials. A stark realisation struck him like a hammer, urging him to raise a finger and tap the glass. Hovering the trembling digit near the monitor, he delicately tapped the glass.

Dread replaced confusion when the two white dials rapidly descended, ticking down. Twenty. Fifteen. Ten. Lower and lower the snow-white arrow moved, approaching '0' before stopping. Tyler's heart dropped.

"WHA-!!!" The jaguar gasped, fighting to keep his fingers and arms steady as he quickly turned to face the tiger. Tyler's desperate eyes were neglected by Davis who directed his lips to the mic.

"Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! This is the 15:32 flight from Redrock County, we are running out of fuel. I repeat, we are running out of fuel!" The tiger projected into the mic, watching the fuel gauge and altimeter fall.

At first the tiger's demands were greeted with static until a deep-throated voice replied. Davis maintained his equilibrium, and concentrated on the fuel gauge.

"Request an emergency landing, fast!" The tiger quietly growled into the mic, showing his fangs as he listened to the panic in the ATC tower.

Davis pinched the bridge of his nose, exhaling in exasperation. The tiger straightened his posture, and pulled the mic closer to his lips. He had to act.

“Get it together, we don’t have time-!” Davis raised his voice, ignoring the flashing warning lights turning on.

“Focus.” The tiger said firmly to the jaguar who stopped to face the tiger’s unyielding visage. The flickers of bright crimson illuminated the tiger’s stubborn constitution.

“Now, prepare to lift the pl-” Davis insisted before a stuttering whirl came from the left. He had his suspicions, a theory he hoped was disproven.

“Sir?! Sir, what was that?!” The jaguar’s worry jumpstarted, left unresolved by the distracted tiger who turned to the right-side window.

Those golden spheres focused to the side of the plane, to the stuttering turbine. Its silver blades began to slugger, coughing its last breath of life.

Davis watched the turbine grind to a halt, and turned back to squeeze the wheel. The grip exerted on the wheel betrayed the tiger’s age, but he did not care.

“Tyler. Tyler, do everything I say, understand?!” He growled to snap the jaguar out of his worried trance with a nod. “Good! Now prepare to lift the plane, on my mark!”

The jaguar’s black digits wrapped around the wheel, ignoring his own racing heartbeat, and waited for Davis’ instructions.

“Three!” Davis growled, preparing to uplift the wheel from its cylinder casing. Like a reflection, Tyler mimicked the tiger’s action.

The orchestra of conversations infesting the cabin turned to screams as the right turbine grinded to a halt, tilting the plane off its axis. Their view outside shifted to face the ground, and to the array of scattered cities and towns below. Forced to stare at the world below and the fall that awaited them. One by one their claws dug into the seat’s fabric, feeling the plane fight for stability.

“TWO!” The tiger shouted, trying to drown out the passenger’s panicking cries.

Suitcases were launched out from the overhead compartments, landing on the aisle. Oxygen masks were ejected, dangling eye-level to the petrified passenger’s, and the seatbelt light blinked. Matters were made worse when the left turbine stopped abruptly.

The plane descended.

“ONNNNE!!!!” Davis called out, gnashing his teeth together as the co-pilots pulled onto the wheel with all their might. Uncaring for the muscular tension, the pair began to raise the plane’s tail, uplifting the nose.

Faster and faster the aircraft fell, picking up velocity as it succumbed to gravity. A true bullet pointed at the unsuspecting cities below. Millions going about their day, unknowing of the aeroplane firing towards them. On course for the city centre, the pilots fought to steer it away in hopes of a controlled crash. Yet, the metropolis was still in the middle of their trajectory.

“COME ON! COME ON OLD GIRL, TURNNNNNN!” Davis snarled in defiance to the aircraft, grinding his molars against one another. “UP, DAMN IT, UP!!!”

Holding the wheel upwards, the tiger looked ahead to the jaguar’s clenched maw. A pilot with decades left in his hourglass prepared for his unexpected end. The two battled for command with sweat staining their uniform.

It did not matter, gravity had control.

The passengers watched the plane divorce from the sky, passing through the cloud’s at hundreds of miles per hour. Men and women watched their lives flash before their eyes in a panoramic view. Fingers brittle and young wrapped around one another, interlocking as they all closed their eyes. Those by the window hesitated at first, catching a glimpse of a shadow engulfing the land, and a white furred surface.

“SIR, HECK, DAVIS! I DON’T THINK-”

“HOLD ON TYLER, WE CAN DO THIS!” The tiger leaned further back, pitching the nose up skyward.

Focused on their altitude, the pilots were oblivious to the silhouette behind. At least, at first.

It was when building-high white pillars arose, filling their windscreen. Snow-white digits with a black claw on each tip hovered around the descending aircraft. Each impossibly big structure kept their distance from the plane. Untouched.

Realising what those white furred pillar's were, Davis gulped. "Oh god." The tiger muttered, squinting to the furry fingers ahead, and to the district-wide palm underneath. Even with all their might, they could not refrain from landing the plane in the open-hand's grasp.

What caught Davis off guard was the paw descending at a speed that matched the aircraft. It waited patiently for them. A hypothesis confirmed when a deep but tender voice came from above.

"I'VE GOT YOU, I'VE GOT YOU!" Despite whispering, the mysterious titans' voice was comparable to shouting for the passenger and crew.

"WHAT WAS THAT!?" Tyler gasped, holding tighter to the wheel as he looked skyward. Still, the colossus' identity remained anonymous.

"Captain, land on here. Now." The voice ordered with a silky voice.

Davis had no other option, he knew it in his heart. He looked at the jaguar one last time before guiding the craft to the white paw below. The plane accelerated, and as did the giant hand.

"HOOOLD ONNNNNN!!!" Davis projected, grinding his molar's together.

Bracing for impact, the passengers leaned down, and grasped for dear life before the rear of the craft landed.

A shockwave resonated across the aeroplane as those tyres touched down, thrusting the passengers forward momentarily. The seatbelts tightened around their waist, catching the men and women quickly. Suitcases and bags that decorated the floor slid across the aisle. They began to twirl, sliding across the squish surface, and started to slow down. Each palm wrinkle was a bump that jolted the passengers as they passed over, whilst the dimpled flesh dragged the tyres to a standstill.

Completely disoriented. The passengers leaned up from their huddled state, rushing to inspect their fellow passengers. Unharmed. Except, what grabbed their attention was the white grass field they landed in. A snow-white palm surrounded the craft, dwarfed by its conjoined fingers. Just as that stark realisation was about to set in, that same voice called once more above.

"There ya go, safe. Hold on, the terminal isn't far." Their capturer spoke, this time with a harmonic tone as they watched their view shift to greet a wall of black fabric. His chest.

"Only a few steps. Until then, relax. Lupy's got you."

Holding onto their seats, the passengers' view shifted as the giant made pace, cautiously stepping over the landscape with subtle thooms. Despite the tread-prints that canvassed the terrain, those steps were enacted with restraint.

Inside the ATC tower, everyone dashed to the radar to search for the falling aircraft. Yet, there was nothing. Its green plane-shaped outline vanished. An enigma that was soon solved when a muffled tremor rocked the airport. The cause became apparent when a titanic outline was visible from the distance, enclosing on their location. As it took one last step, their gigantic visitor's features became clear in the sunlight.

They were level with a pair sneakers with rubber treads, connected to two muscular legs encased in black fabric. Alongside the pair of toned pillars, two stripes of icy blue ran parallel down their sides. Above Lupus's waist that same skin-tight material encased his muscular pelt, illustrating the wolf's chiselled body. On each side, two white stripes ran down his sides to greet his waist, connected to the blue lines. To his left, below his shoulder, a wolf mid-bark emblem was printed on the suit. Past his suit, a white wolf's visage loomed above, leaning down to greet the tiny structures with a smile.

They stared in its direction, witnessing a being subtly defy the square cube law. About to dash from their desks, the marching giant soon spoke.

"Is this yours? Sorry, no one else was around to help," Lupus announced to the toe-high airport, stopping several feet away from the terminal.

"Here, let me." The canine insisted.

The ATC tower went radio quiet, watching the canine extend two fingers to delicately uplift the aeroplane. With dexterity that betrayed his size, Lupus shifted the plane across the airport, and placed it down outside the terminal. An aircraft, a marvel of engineering, was nothing but a toy, yet it was held as if it were glass.

"There we go, sorted." Lupus leaned down, eclipsing the airport with his chest alone. Those sapphire eyes traced across the terminal, watching the thousands of eyes focusing on him.

“You guys gonna be okay?” he asked, resisting from swinging his tail in excitement. Even with the size-difference, the wolf paid attention to each individual. Nothing was *truly* small to the one-mile canine.

About to stand up, cheers erupted from inside the plaza. Thousands joined in applauding the mountain-dwarfing wolf who humbly stood up. The black fabric encasing his body wrinkled under the strain, and adjusted to Lupus’s new posture.

“Alright, you take care lil guys.” Lupus sung down, waving with a grin to the little creatures before turning around.

As passengers climbed out of the rescued aircraft, they watched the wolf stroll across the terrain. If they weren’t mistaken, they could have sworn Lupus height was diminishing. He was shrinking, returning to his eighty-three foot height.