

Elephant Memory

BZZZZ BZZZZZZ BZZZZ BZZZZ

My alarm woke me startlingly loud in my awkward sleeping position. I huffed in bleary, sudden confusion, flailing, reaching, only for the device to be somewhere on the floor. My ears curled close with irritation, my leg banged heftily into the wall, until I managed to slam a button and silence the damn buzzing.

It took maybe thirty seconds for me to register having done that with neither hand. I sniffed thoughtfully, shifting my back and hips and rear to try and find some form of comfort and figure out what smelled so weird about this morning. I'd been up studying history almost all night, I'd just tumbled onto my bed at five AM, fully clothed, and yet I felt breezy and exposed and tight.

"Uuurgh, I shouldn't really pull all nighters...." My mellow voice grumbled, I wiped my brow then flinched at the hefty brown grey thing obscuring my vision. It was branch like, with leathery skin leading to four pudgy digits, nails broad and shallow, each flexing as I stared at it.

"...the hell?"

I grabbed the weird mutant hand with another matching weird mutant hand, and a strange tentacle that joined the scrum, and my nose itched. That confirmed it and I lurched upright, banged my head on the bed board and collapsed with a mighty thump, staring at my arms, trunk, and the grey mountains that lay beyond them.

My rear and legs were against the door. Which was weird both because the door was about six feet away from my bed, and because another set of hefty grey legs were flailing midway along as well. Between the four cylinders of heavy leathery muscle lay a chubby hillock of a belly, marked by two small bouncy mounds. Even closer to me, just below the shoulder, a significantly larger, bouncier pair of grey melons wobbled as I reacted poorly.

A thunderous inhuman bellow escaped my trunk, I lurched with all of my limbs and felt a rain of bricks and mortar bounce of my leathery hide. Sounds of cars, students and alarm greeted my massive ears, along with pleasing scents of grass and trees.

It took a moment longer to register that I was apparently a large elephant lady halfway out of my dorms wall, my colossal rear occupying most of the demolished bedroom beyond. That realization came around the same time as other passer bys began to notice, and I struggled to right myself, sturdy legs denting a wall inside until the sky was up, grass was down, and awestruck bystanders were below my height. While I was sitting down. (edited)

In fairness, they were mainly staring at below my shoulder level too. I released another astounded toot and hugged my newly acquired bosom, wincing slightly as I caught my trunk

between the two mammoth mammaries. I was tough enough that it didn't hurt, but the sensations were nearly overwhelming.

So much was different. I was a girl. I was an elephant. I was a monster. I was naked- except for some quickly tearing materials of my old clothes. I was huge, more than double a man's height if I were to stand. I was halfway out a building- which I probably couldn't exit any other way, to be fair.

Oh and I had an exam this morning.

"Shit!!" I rumbled, stumbling to my feet in a series of small earthquakes and impromptu demolitions, rear flicking the hole wider with ease as I stepped free. I need to get breakfast, get a bus, and revise more points of the punic wars ranging from 300 to 100 bce- I wouldn't get on the bus, I was naked!

One struggling salvage of my crushed bed later, I donned an impromptu poncho and dawned that I had another, larger issue with public transport.

"Urk- well, you'd better handle speed alright!" I ordered my truck sized hindquarters, hefted my tiny backpack, and took off jogging.

In terms of history, the time an elephant lady stampeded through Oxford was likely to be well remembered through much of the twenty-first century, but honestly I thought I did rather well. I stopped at red traffic lights, indicated with trunk and tail, and only knocked over seven signs and one lamp post. I even managed to order a small ton of carrots before I made it to the exam hall and settled down to work.

"What kind of Animal did Hannibal famously use to cross the alps?"

It was pretty easy all told. Maybe studying all nighters improves the memory after all.