

1-1-2009

The Elephant

Rachel Fernandez
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Fernandez, Rachel (2009) "The Elephant," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 6 , Article 8.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol6/iss1/8>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

The Elephant

Rachel Fernandez

The irresistible aroma of spring penetrates my every breath. This spring the fever has been noticeably more powerful than in the past, making it much more difficult to overcome. It is passing now and soon I will begin a search for my master, the only man who understands my moods and actions. The havoc I wreaked today was purely accidental; it is simply that when mating season arrives, I lose all control of my senses. In the past, my master had put me under restraints, but this year he was careless with the chains and I was able to break free.

Lines of worry are beginning to crease my brow, for as I am enjoying this tasty morsel, crowds of people have begun inching closer. Fear fills their watchful eyes as they examine every bite that I take into my mouth. It is unfortunate that my great bulk instills so much terror in their hearts. They do not understand, as my master does, that I am harmless unless provoked. On the contrary, it is I who feel desperately inadequate in dealing with them. My apprehension is with merit, for on many an occasion I have been witness to the senseless slaughter of my brethren. Their instruments are powerful and leave us with no defense.

The crowd inhales and maintains the silence as their leader crouches to take better aim. I understand what is about to happen, but realize that resistance would be futile and only succeed in legitimizing his action. Finally, the loud roar emanating from his instrument of death shatters the stillness. In less than an instant, the pellet has pierced my temple. The pain is unbearable and quickly brings me to my knees. The saliva flows freely from my mouth as the second explosion strikes the same target with excruciating accuracy. As I rise, in an attempt to restore my last remnants of dignity, a third shot quickly ceases my effort. I trumpet for the last time and fall helplessly to the ground. The agony continues, for the knives of men slice indiscriminately into my flesh. The leader approaches and fires countless rounds into my already stinging body, inflicting more and more pain. This torture lasts for what seems an eternity, but as suddenly as it began, the pain ends as I breathe my final breath.