History was such a fascinating subject- Using evidence and speculation to create a realistic tableau of long dead peoples and lost civilisations. It is within historians that we owe the future because they so effortlessly see the past.  
  
Within Lydia there was a well of gratitude for the shoulders of the giants she now walked upon. She was at a top college, top of her class and getting compliments on her flowery tops wherever she went (“Aww, thank you!”) but she did not feel **on top**. Her professor Henry Gatzberg was at the very forefront of the field, helping Lydia through her study of Consumption Through the Ages (A study on the relations between anthros and humans that promised to be an extremely important subject in dictating precedents for inter-species and species-specific legislature) and she had his continual support, high above the rest of her class. She’d even been elected valedictorian, clearly quite respected by her classmates to be allowed such an honour and one she did not take lightly.  
  
So why did she feel so nervous? The large elephant anthro had invited her to his office, on the very night before she graduated. A little chat? A discussion of where she would go once she had finished her major? Maybe a position at the university? The human woman did not know but still she showed up, knocking at his door.  
  
“I h-hope I can still make it to the graduation ceremony tomorrow…” Her mind turned to lurid drinks, maybe a frisky affair. She wasn’t wearing anything that might elicit that kind of reaction, a sensible black pencil skirt leading up from her pale legs to a plain shirt and cashmere blouse combo, but it was strange just how close the Professor had gotten to her. The elephant did look after her well- always pushing her to achieve her best and tutoring her whenever he could.

Even when the stress of her struggling social life and personal anxiety got the best of her, Henry (he preferred Lydia calling him Henry, a special privilege reserved only for her it seemed) was there to help pick her back up, encouraging her and helping to pay the rent of her student flat.  
  
“I understand my dear,” he had said the day after over a cup of steaming chamomile, “your mind is too brilliant sometimes. You doubt yourself when really you should take pride! And about the money, think nothing of it. What mentor wouldn’t want to help his student?” His smile had reassured her beyond any reasonable doubt. After years of being mercilessly shouted at and pushed to be ‘more social’ by so-called teachers, she had finally found someone she could truly fashion herself around.   
  
“Am I too early?” She asked outside the door, checking the time on her phone, not knowing that Henry was waiting eagerly for her, letting that slight insecurity flourish.  
  
Within Professor Henry Gatzberg there was a mighty hunger. It was common for the bigger stronger (and arguably superior) anthros to snatch up humans as meals, leaving many pink-skins too afraid to even attend his class. But that fear would always give out under the weight of his experience- his class was simply the best in the whole college and everyone knew it. It wasn’t that the other faculty members were trying to do better by their own merit, they were trying to match or outdo the elder pachyderm. But none could touch him and none could stop his most foul habit. Every year, he would take the best student in his class, cosy up to them and act as a second father to their growing mind until the time came to collect what was owed. He would pull them close and alone before devouring them whole, suckling down the very young person he had grown into a bright historian, maybe even better than him later down the line.  
  
“All that potential… It makes me drunk you know.” He spoke to Professor Mary Lockletter, a confident panther professor who headed up the Anthropology department. “Knowing that many years of delight and success have been cut short, have been used to fuel my body, it is orgasmic…” Even then his mouth was drooling fresh saliva like a babbling brook. Lydia might be the best meal so far- full of hope, very intelligent and so close to the life she deserves. It helped that she didn’t have many close friends, making the friendship between teacher and student even easier to consolidate.  
  
Now as he heard her waiting outside his office door, he could barely hold back his excited hunger. **GUULLOORSSHHH!** “Soon my dear stomach, soon we will both be fed…” He whispered before striding towards the door and finally pulling it open, smiling down at the woman who stood there in the corridor. “Lydia! So good to see you- I was almost worried you wouldn’t come!”  
  
Of course she would, the small woman was desperate for acceptance. Henry stood a good two feet taller than her, his body wide and beset with wrinkles from his long tenure at the college. His roly poly stomach pushed out the tight shirt and archetypal tweed jacket that just about restrained his jiggling pudge. He was big, as most elephants would and clearly happy with his size.  
  
“I w-wouldn’t miss this for the world, Professor!” Lydia greeted, a smile splashed across her lips and began pulling at the very corners of her face. It was so good to see him- such a breath of fresh air in her nervous life. “Sorry to keep you waiting, I brought y-you a gift for all of your help over these three years.” In her hand was the ornate box that Henry knew well- an expensive bottle of scotch. How many had he received over the years? And how many had been received from his tastiest students? Swallowing down his drool and his salaciously gluttonous motive, the professor stood to one side and granted her entry into his sanctum.  
  
“Why Lydia, you really didn’t have to! How thoughtful… Though you know better than to call me Professor. Makes me feel so old hahaha!” He pulled the box to his chest and watched as his prey slipped in through the door.   
  
“Oh, y-yes, sorry Henry, I really hope you enjoy the bottle. It was a limited batch, and seemed very suited for your fine taste…” Henry was eager to show Lydia just how fine his **taste** was. As she entered, Henry felt his stomach **buuuorble** hungrily. That would be the last time the cute little human would ever use that door, or any door for that matter, if you didn’t count the elephantine professor’s back door~.

“Please make yourself at home. I’ll keep it brief as I don’t want to take up too much of your time. I’m sure my *favourite* student has so many plans for a Friday night.” His head was turned away, hiding the grin that told a story. The story of a lonely girl whose only true friend was her professor, a man who had built her up and was already planning on how to knock her back down again. He predcicted the sigh, the gentle release of breath from her lips like it was the rising sun of a new dawn.  
  
“Don’t worry about that, Henry. I haven’t got any other plans, and besides, I love spending time with you!” There were two large leather armchairs sat around a roaring fire that Lydia soon slotted herself into. Her small frame seemed like it might slip into the fabric entirely. *Don’t let the armchair swallow you up dear Lydia,* the hungry pachyderm thought with an unseen lick of his lips, *that’s* ***my*** *job…* “What did you want to talk to me about, Henry?” She really was like a puppy, her bright eyes framed entirely on his behind the wide rim of her glasses as Henry sat in the armchair opposite her.  
  
“Lydia, have you enjoyed your time at this college?” He asked, pouring them both a glass of scotch. She didn’t look like the type to drink whiskey and even now the glass seemed so large in her small hands. Lydia held the glass tenderly while Henry swirled his around with his trunk, taking a neat sip before the woman spoke back to him.  
  
“Uhm, yes and no. It’s been an honour being taught by you, Henry, a real pleasure. Everything else… Uhm, not so much.” There was no humour in the statement or any kind of optimism. Henry’s heart sank. While he wished to devour this girl, it wasn’t out of spite or malice. There was certainly a predatory element (imagining her years of thrilling career success melting inside of him, mhmm…) but it wasn’t because he thought little of her. As a few tears dripped from her eyes, almost ruining her dramatic mascara, Henry reached for a box of tissues. “Sorry, oh gosh, I didn’t expect that question to make me… well, question so much…”   
  
“That’s alright my dear, I shouldn’t have asked such a personal question right off the bat.” He chuckled gently as she wiped away her tears. “You really are such a lovely young woman. So cute and kind. I really could… Hehe, I could just eat you right up.” Lydia of course only saw this as a compliment from her kind mentor and laughed back with him.  
  
“Aww well thank you Henry. I just wished other people could view me half as nicely as you do..” Pulling herself together, she sat back in the chair “Overall… I would say I’ve enjoyed my time at the college, yes. You’ve opened my mind to such big ideas and shown me such kindness.” Henry smiled, leaning in slightly.  
  
“Have I given you good food for thought?” She nodded back, seeming to not notice or perhaps ignore the way he was salivating.  
  
“Yes, that's a great way of putting it!” *You’ll soon be food for my thoughts…* Henry smiled, feeling his heart rate quicken as he imagined her small wiry frame completely engulfed by his chubby belly. Soon she’d be little more than- “Even in my shittiest moments, you’ve helped to make me feel better… I can really feel like crap, you know that well!” The professor smiled and nodded at this, stifling the urge to just stuff her into his mouth head first right there and then.  
  
“Oh I know Lydia. You’ve felt so shitty I’m surprised you haven’t been flushed away yet!” They laughed together at this. Henry was always jokey and playful, using colourful yet appropriate euphemisms, even now dressing up his own hunger with a fatherly nature. “I joke of course. You’ve done very well for yourself here, I mean valedictorian is not easy to earn! And you really have earnt it well my darling Lydia.” He smiled and patted her shoulder gently.  
  
“Thank you Pro-... Henry, thank you that means a lot.” She was relaxed, comfortable. The elephant could have asked for no finer mood to see her in, the light of the fire making her tears shed away her stress as if she was born anew in this office. “Now, why do you ask? If you don’t mind me asking of course. I just don’t want to waste any of **your** time.” She gestured to a stack of papers atop of his desk and next to it sat Lydia’s final paper (not that she knew that of course).   
  
“Ah well there is no better use of my time than speaking to you Lydia. After all, you’ve shown me a lot yourself- given me a lot to digest…” He chuckled. “Without your assistance and keen eye, I still don’t think I could have ever figured out Zoom lecturing or any of that fancy tech.” They laughed once again, silently sharing the same memory of Henry’s webcam hilariously cutting out mid sentence while explaining the ancient tribes of human-gulping jackals along the west coast of America. “And that is why I’m keen to offer you something substantial, something you’ve earned fair and square… How would you like to reside here at the college with me?” He left a pause, watching her face crumple with a mixture of doubt, happiness and confusion before dropping the big P word:  
  
“Permanently.” Of course Lydia didn’t put two and two together. No, no, her mind was too busy drawing up the idea that she had somehow actually earnt a job by her father figure’s side, maybe even taking over his tenure one day were he to pass away or find some other position. Rising to her feet she paced, one step, two step, back over her path while her eyes flitted across the room.  
  
“Oh wow, really? You don’t mean me? Surely this is just part of a process- you’ve got like twenty three other candidates outside the door, just waiting for the same question to be posed to them as well. Holy. Moly. No way…” There was a tinge of that nervous pause, a franticness that only made Henry hungrier. “Are you serious, Henry?” Now the twinkling gaze of hopeful optimism- a shade to Lydia that Henry hadn’t seen in some time.  
  
“Yes, yes I mean it! And you are the only candidate fit for the job.” He chuckled, getting up and giving her a tight squeezing hug. “It’ll be a bit of a squeeze at first but I have no doubt that in time you’ll take to the position quite nicely.” He gave her another squeeze around the midsection. “Might soften you up a bit at first but you’ll soon be nice and firm in the role I’m sure…” Now that long trunk reached down around her waist, seeming to coil around her stomach and though Lydia pushed the possibility out of her mind, she was sure he copped a feel of her flat ass. “Hohoho I can’t think of anyone better for this role, so what do you say my dear Lydia? Will you join me in a feast of the senses and a true hands-on experience with history in the making?” There was a slight fright in the way her chest rose and sank with each gasping breath but finally she nodded, her head almost ready to come flying off with the aggression of her movements.  
  
“Yes, yes, a thousand times yes!” Lydia managed to cry with what little confidence this interaction had managed to build inside her. Maybe it was the booze in her system or the way his arms were around her but he most definitely grasped her ass with the trunk. The long prehensile limb searched hungrily over her, making her blush, her breath trapped in her throat. What on earth was happening?  
  
“Well then Lydia, thank you again for your brilliant work. Let’s enjoy taking this to the next level eh?” WIth that the jaws that had whispered sweet compliments soon opened with new intent, their true purpose. They shifted down and quickly wrapped around Lydia’s flustering head, sucking on her neck and letting that tongue flick out along her shoulders while the trunk reached down to coil around her waist like a third arm. It pulled up right as the throat pulled down with a loud and satisfying **GULLOORPPP!**  
  
“H-Henry, professor, wait, can we please discuss this a bit further?” She whinged from deep within the tight throat of her massive educator, straining to try and get any kind of grip or edge she could push herself off to avoid this fate. But there was nothing anyone could do at this moment- this was a process Henry had been building up for almost three years now. **SLURRRPPPPPP!** Down went those small shoulders, his hungry stomach calling for her below. “This can’t be right, this can’t be…” Lydia groaned, feeling the hungry belly rumble below her, her head popping through into the caustic heat of that sweltering organ.  
  
“Mhmmmm….” Henry moaned around the sweet chest of his prey, his trunk unabashedly squeezing around Lydia’s rear now, using it as leverage to push her down and into the belly. She tasted lovely but the true satisfaction was knowing that with this act, he was removing her hopes and ambitions- that he and only he would stop her from going onto become a successful historian and the mere thought of that made his toes curl. **GURRRLLKKKK-GRUURLLPPP!** In went her breasts and now his tongue danced across her stomach, teasing her hips. She was his, now and forever, just as he always wanted for his favourite students.   
  
“Henry, please, certainly we can t-talk about this…” She doesn’t shout, she barely even struggles- still so afraid of letting her mentor down. That trunk squeezed her rear one more time before it was pushed past his grey lips and towards the warm centre. Lydia was now head first inside the massive gurgling organ, stinging juices began to shift across her face. “Gosh, it’s really not nice in here, not at all- I’d really rather continue the discussion outside of this tight space…” But her words would do nothing to stop Henry from tipping his head back and slurping down the last of her legs- **GLLRK! GRUULLPPP! SLUURRGGUURRRKKK!** Pausing for a few seconds as he let his stomach bloat out with her faintly stirring form, the wizened professor sat back in his armchair, the wooden frame creaking under his weight. “Henry?” She asked, her voice almost lost to the rancid **BLOOOORSHSHHHHHH** that caused the caustic gut to tighten around her, squishing her arms and legs to her chest before a belch rose up and exploded out over the scene left in her wake: ***HUUUAUURROORORRURURURUURRRPPP!*** The massive belch left Henry smacking his lips, a gentle hand rubbing around his belly in tight circles.  
  
“Mhmmm, what a perfect meal… You know Lydia, I’ve done this every year for fifteen glorious years and you are certainly the tastiest student I’ve ever had the joy of devouring…” He rubbed over the gut, watching as his beloved protege shift around inside the stomach. It was clear the knowledge that he had done this to so many others made the usually docile woman push and squirm around the tight confines of that elastic gut, the walls squeezing her at every angle and painfully bending her libs into horrible new arrangements- between her legs went her arms and her left shoulder was almost dislocated from the sheer pull. **Blooorrrossshhhh…**“Henry, please let me out. I really don’t want this position anymore…” She groaned as she felt her clothes beginning to become saturated with those horrible warm juices. While Henry was kind, his stomach was a bit ruder and spewed even more acids over her body until her skin began to tingle beneath the thick fabric of her outfit. “I’d rather we just stay friends, like we were before…” The jolly elephant laughed at this, smacking his gut to feel it jostle, the contents of it sloshing around the sides of the walls.  
  
“Ohohoho! But don’t you see, my dear Lydia- now we will always be together. You will remain with me at this college for the rest of time, your body fuelling mine. After all, my teaching of you has been fueled by students just like you.” He let his gut shift and sag, letting the belly roll with the idle movements of the prey inside of it. “You’ve seen my lovely well-fed body in front of class. Haven’t you always loved seeing me happy and full? Knowing now that my body is fuelled by loyal, hard-working students, doesn’t that just fill you with pride?” He looked down to his stomach with the massive bloated sphere **buuuuorbling** and shifting with the movements of both his body and the body inside of it.  
  
“I-I get that Henry but I really want to graduate! How can I commit to your teachings when I’ll be nothing but fat and gas-” Her desperate plea was ironically cut off by another heavy and horrible belch: ***BURUUAUURRLLLRPPRPRPRPRPPPPPPP!*** Lydia shuddered as the entire stomach around her jumped and squeezed her tighter, the air being blown out only made it harder to move and breathe inside of this hostile space.  
  
“Don’t forget shit, my dear- you will no doubt be a big lovely turd that I will have to keep some memento from. Not like I’ll be able to talk to you afterwards but really, you must see, this is for the best!” Henry held his gut on the sides with both hands, shifting it back and forth to make sure she was properly coated in the digestive juices. Slowly the older man got up, eager to get to the small bed he had set up in the adjacent room- primed and prepped for this very scenario. “Can’t you see I’m doing this to both protect my favourite student and keep you close forever? You are such a delightful conversation partner Lydia and a brilliant historian but the world outside is cruel and vicious. It does not care for your intelligence or your kindness, no, if you were to graduate and leave this place, it would eat you alive.” Pausing in his impassioned speech to let out a wet ***URROOROROP***, Henry blushed as the burnt fabric of Lydia’s shirt horking up into his throat. “Oh my, Lydia, have some decency in there!” He chuckled gently, rubbing the stomach as he spat out the acid-tinged fabric to the floor. “I don’t want to think less of you in this last moment my darling. If you could digest with the dignity I’ve come to expect from you, to melt down into nice soft turds, that would be most kind. You can help me- just as I have helped you…”   
  
This gave Lydia some pause. In a way he was right. Henry had given so much of his time and energy, even money, to the struggling student in her hardest times. It was through his gentle mentorship and help that she got to become valedictorian. A certain **guurgglooshhhh** that echoed inside the stomach reminded her that she wasn’t just in a stomach, but the stomach of someone who cared deeply for her. Even as the acids began to bubble and hiss more vigorously around the woman’s body, she nodded gently.  
  
“Y-you’re right. I’m sorry Henry. I… I should have realised that from the get go…” She kept these kind words going even as the stomach began to squeeze and shove, crush and cram deeper into the rising acids that were now up to Lydia’s chest. “Oh it’s starting to hurt now…” Henry patted his stomach as it began to roil and heat up quite a bit.   
  
“There, there my sweet. It will be over soon and everyone will still get to see you at Graduation tomorrow, don’t you worry…” He snickered gently, feeling the walls causing digestive chaos across her softened body. “And you are most forgiven Lydia, just know I do this for you, for your benefit…” Of course that didn’t stop the drool from falling across his lips. It was like he could feel the years of potential and happiness just melting off her bones as she began to digest full and proper. “I imagine you won’t add too much to my body like some of my other proteges but I have something I can take that will make sure I have a memento of your moment in the spotlight.” Sitting on the bed, he laid back, his gut sticking up as it burbled around its meaty prey.  
  
***RRRUUUUAURURRLLLCCCCCHHHHHHURURPPPPP!*** Another satisfied belch shook the glass display cases of the office, earning a hearty pat from Professor Henry. “Soon, all those opportunities you would have taken advantage of, would have excelled at, mhmmm, they’ll all be shit sliding out between my ass. I’ll make sure everyone can see you, my dear. You at least deserve a moment in the sun for all your hard work- though if you cause a stink on stage, I might have to remove you sooner than I hoped!” It was a good-natured tease, one that Henry wouldn’t give to the students he snacked on in his first years at the uni, merely devouring the slackers and layabouts. Now his gut was reserved only for the overachievers, the truly successful and brilliant.  
  
“Goodnight Henry, th-thank you for this opportunity.” Lydia spoke back softly but Henry was already asleep, snoring gently while his gut went into overdrive. The pain thankfully stopped as soon as it started to arise, blanketting her in warm gurgling oblivion. Lydia would not suffer but she would lose her pretty face, her trim figure and her sense of individuality as the acids turned her into an indistinguishable meat slurry. Deeper she would sink though the greedy elephant’s digestive system until Lydia was longer a ‘she’ and certainly no longer Lydia- **it** was nothing more than nutrients for the professor and waste that would soon be voided out from his bowels when he awoke.  
  
As Graduation Day crested over the clouds with a bright sun that helped the excited students feel truly special for this big day, Henry awoke. Grumbling to himself, scratching his stomach and letting out a noisy ***pPorfooROFRRORORMBLT***, he remembered why exactly that fart smelt so meaty.  
  
“Ahh morning Lydia, hope you slept well!” He addressed his much smaller stomach though it was still quite bloated with the contents of a digested human now weighing down his lower digestive system. “As expected you added very little to me but I can assure you that you’ll still get to make your speech today!” Dressing in his finest robes, the elephant headed down from the spare room towards the stage.  
  
“Oh Professor Gatzberg!” A voice called to him in the corridor and he turned with a smile. There stood Lydia’s parents- he remembered them from orientation and on a few Zoom calls he had taken to tell them of their daughter’s progress. “Sorry to bother you, I’m Tammy, Lydia’s-”   
  
“Lydia’s beautiful mother, yes and you’re John, her proud father.” He shook both of their hands, almost desperate to tell them how his guts had destroyed their beloved child but not yet, had to let it fester. “I must admit I couldn’t be prouder of Lydia. She really has proved to be quite the hardy student; fibrous and determined!” He rubbed his stomach ever so slightly.  
  
“Have you seen her by any chance, Professor?” The small man asked with a hopeful smile, holding a camera almost as big as his head. “Wanted to get a few snaps of our little girl in her gown!” Henry held back his smirk.  
  
“I’m sure she’s around here somewhere. You know how Lydia can be. So anxiously **swirling** around, just waiting for the moment to be **dumped** onto her.” He laughed gently, the two parents laughing back unwittingly to the comments he was making about her daughter. “I have heard she may cause a bit of a **stink** on stage…”  
  
“Why’s that then, Professor?” Tammy asked gently. “She said she was very happy here!”  
  
“Oh some students are just so hard to let go of- they want to stay here forever if they could haha. And I’m sure on a warm day like today, she’ll be **flushed** with emotions anyway.” They nodded in agreement. “If I see her, I’ll be sure to send her your way!” Luckily neither parent caught onto quite the extent of the subtle hints Henry was dropping, waving as they joined the other excited parents in front of the stage.  
  
Henry was up first: “Thank you everyone for coming to this most wondrous occasion. Today we honour our students by giving them the send-off they deserve- they have worked several years for it now!” The audience laughed, this joke dividing their minds while an assistant brought a strange glass tank onto the stage, placing it in front of the platform Henry stood upon. “Now to start us off, here is our valedictorian, Lydia!”   
  
Nothing, no sign of her outwardly which left the human audience looking around. Of course the other anthro professors were sat at the back, eager to see the part of every graduation ceremony that was always omitted from the process. Henry even joined in the act: “Lydia dear! Where are you?” He turned around before pulling his reinforced trousers down, exposing his grey chubby butt to the audience which quickly took a squat over the glass container.  
  
“Ahhh, here she is now! And what a speech she has planned for you all!” He grunted and the massive pachyderm’s digestive system grumbled in kind before his wrinkled cheeks were finally split by a massive brown turd of broken white bone and burnt hair mixed with singed fabric. A noisy ***FPPRPROROROORORORRRTTTTT*** sent the foul smell across the courtyard until everyone was left coughing as the first slug-like turd inched its way to the bottom of that translucent container. Broken ribs and cracked open shoulder blades clattered against the glass, brown smears appearing on the glass and clinging to some parts of the container, showing her poor parents every tooth in her mouth- now removed from her smile and coated in wrinkled brown crap.  
  
“Apologies folks, seems that Lydia is for once being a bit of a stubborn turd haha!” He laughed as he pushed down on the bulge of shit inside his digestive system, pushing the former student down with a stifled groan of pleasure. Coupled with the spines of her vertebrae rubbing up against the sensitive anus and taint, the elephant was soon moaning outright- taking even more pleasure as he farted out the digested wad of her skirt down into the growing pile below: ***ZRRRMRMMMpPRPRPRBRBHRHRBBLLTTT!*** Out came Lydia’s ribcage, her own arms stuffed inside as she had clung to her chest in those last moments in the foetal position. She had died painlessly and with the love of Henry even if it was a morbid sick love that clung to her like the shit clinging to her long leg bones, each **PLOORP**ing down to slowly build up the massive pile of brown and white. “Lydia was such a lovely student and now she can truly add onto history as one of our fine specimens!” He laughed heartily, pulling the microphone down to his winking anus as the last of her hip bones dropped down to the pile.  
  
“Oooh hold on folks, I think she has something to say!” He waited for dramatic effect, watching Lydia’s parents sob openly with many of the other humans having left or turned away. ***TTRRORRMRMRMRMRPRPRRPFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRP!*** “Oh Lydia, how foul! You know you have better manners than that!” The anthro faculty members began to move in, watching as Henry’s ass bloated with the shape of the woman’s skull, the anus puckering around it before it dropped down to join the rest of her digested form. As they began to cart away the steaming mess in the container, Henry plucked the skull from the remainders, greedily keeping it for himself. “A little memento to remember such a lovely student…” Wiping his ass with the application forms she had submitted almost four years ago, Henry would relax in his study afterwards, adding Lydia’s skull to a shelf in his office that contained many other human skulls in various states of destruction and decay. “Fascinating, your’s might be the smallest skull I have so far! But it contained the most intelligence, that’s for sure…” He smiled, turning to enter the History department’s specimen hall.  
  
There, sat in the middle, pride and place was the reconstructed skeleton of Lydia. The skull here of course was a fake plastic one but the rest of her skeleton had been cleaned, varnished and finally placed in the right places, stood up to her meagre height and displaying the label: “**Hardworking homo sapien student digested by local Pachyderm.”** Of course Henry made sure to remove any mention of the pachyderm being a professor- he had so many other students to enjoy over the years after all…  
  
Lydia may have been reduced to a displayed specimen and fertiliser spread across the campus’ botany patches but Henry would remember her for the rest of his days- both for her stunning intelligence and her delectable flavour~.