

Elephant's Foot

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Character:	ZedaphPlays , Grian
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by [Sixteenthdays](#)

Summary

[GRIAN]

So this is a... statement? Given by- okay, so the audio quality on these gets pretty bad at parts. There's a lot of distortion, so apologies in advance to any future listeners. Point is, I can't make out the name. I think it starts with a Z? The box they were found in had been in storage since the seventies, so who *knows* how old they are.

Anyways, uh, that's all from me. Statement begins?

Notes

okay this fic is FULL OF FUCKED UP TEXT. this is an intentional choice and it's not meant to be comprehensible in-universe (grian can't tell what's being said either) but it's all *technically* legible for lots of fun bonus information. however, i know some people will have trouble with that, so this fic will have a second chapter where the whole thing is just given in plain text, for the benefit of the screenreader club as well as people who simply don't want to read an entire paragraph of upside down text. i don't blame you.

[Listen to this fic here!](#)

Statement:

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



[Click]

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This is tape one of my recorded investigations into what I have decided to call the Inexplicable Mousehole. Or the Mystery Mousehole. Name still being workshopped, but I think I might be onto something. Myself, of course, being Dr. Zøpædø/ kəs, for the scientific record.

So, for my own future reference, because we are approaching this *scientifically*: just now, while I was sweeping up the laboratory, I came across this... gap, in the wall, right at the baseboard. It looks like a mousehole.

There aren't any mice in here, obviously. At least not other than lab mice! This entire area is kept *extremely* sterile. And to be honest, this doesn't much look like an animal chewed it anyways. It really looks more like... like a Looney Tunes conception of a mousehole, you know? All perfectly round, way bigger than it should be. Measurements show it's seven and a half centimeters wide, ten centimeters tall. Mouse holes are normally measured in millimeters, so I feel confident in saying this hole was not, in fact, made by mice.

Initial qualitative observations are as follows:

When I shine a flashlight down the mousehole, I can see ~~for about two meters/ by my estimation~~ before/it vanishes/ into the darkness. ~~it's a hole in the wall that's open to the next lab.~~ ~~It's a hole in the wall that's open to the next lab.~~

When I lie flat on my stomach I can stick my arm down it to the shoulder, and it seems to go straight back into the wall further than I can reach, making it at least... a meter deep, likely further. Which is especially noteworthy, because I requested the building plans from the main office, and there *should* be less than half a meter of wall space between my lab and the next one. I should have been able to touch drywall easily.

I haven't reached any conclusions so far, but from my preliminary investigations, this may well be a genuine spatial anomaly! It's now, er- oh, goodness, it's late. Lost track of time. I'll begin experimentation tomorrow.

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[?????]

Tape two, day one of proper experimentation, this is *very exciting*.

I decided to start by rolling some ball bearings I had around from a past project down the hole to see if I could gauge depth by how long it took me to hear an impact, so I could begin mapping the area behind the wall based on that data- because it's seeming evident to me that I am in some way dealing with an ~~extradimensional space~~.

I flicked the first ball bearing down and listened to it roll. It rolled for a minute and twelve seconds before I stopped being able to hear it at all. I noted this down and prepared to repeat the experiment, but before I could, I started hearing the sound of it rolling again- much clearer, and coming from behind me.

The ball bearing bumped into the back of my shoe.

I turned around, and that's when I saw the second mousehole.

The second mousehole was not there yesterday. I know, because as soon as I found the first one, I did a thorough sweep of the room to ensure there weren't any others. The second one is almost directly opposite the first- offset by two and a half centimeters- and has the same dimensions.

I'm sure I don't need to say that this is an *extremely* exciting development. It appears whatever this anomaly is, it must be progressing, or developing in some way.

I borrowed a twenty-five foot measuring tape from one of my lab neighbors, and I ran the whole thing into the first mousehole, but there was no sign of it emerging from the second mousehole.

I can only conclude that the space behind these walls is very large.

I wonder what would happen if I made more holes?

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I have so much more lab space now!

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Tape... seven? Tape seven! Observations!

I now have several experiments set up to run permanently to study the apparent transfer of objects and energy between the various gaps in the walls. There *is* a definite loss of speed and velocity between entry and exit, as well as a notable time delay even when objects enter traveling at high speed, which still implies far more space than I have yet to map.

There's so much about this anomaly to study, and so little time in the day. I don't even remember when I last slept at home.

One of my colleagues stopped by this morning. Apparently I've been making quite a bit of noise in here, which I hadn't been terribly aware of, and there have also been some strange effects on some of my neighbors' walls and doors. I'm not certain whether that's related to my work in here, but it's definitely an avenue I ought to investigate. If this anomaly is somehow spreading, that adds an entirely new dimension to this situation.

I offered to explain my experimentation to my visitor, but she left awfully fast. I guess she was busy. And I probably look frightful, with the amount of work I've been doing.

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[?????]

Tape seven point five. I realized after my last recording that I probably ought to go home and... you know, take a shower, sleep in a bed, that sort of thing. Good science takes a healthy body and a sound mind!

However, there's been a... hm. An unexpected development. A few, actually.

I think there's something wrong with my face? It's hard to pin down what. I'm still extremely handsome, obviously, but... hmm. There's something. My teeth? I think it might be my teeth. My eyes, too, there's something... and I've got a headache, too, though that's probably just the sleep deprivation.

Now, I don't think this is a *problem*, per say. Definitely not anything worth stopping my research over. Certainly not. But I do think I'm going to start taking photos of myself regularly. For documentation.

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they're getting bigger! and spreading and spreading! I need to be careful not to step in them now, hahahaha. this is fantastic news. I think I'm really making progress here, before long I'll be able to properly see what's behind the walls that lies beyond

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[?????]

Tape... twenty? I don't think I've talked enough about the colors yet. They're really extraordinary. I think they started leaking through not long after the mouseholes first appeared, but I just couldn't see them at first. My eyes hadn't adjusted enough yet, you know. But they're on everything now,

like oil slick stains, and they glitter. Really fascinating! I think it must be something to do with interaction with light. Now, the question is, are they truly non-physical? Is this a mutative effect? Radiation, maybe? Or a substance, like some sort of gas or liquid that's interacting with physical objects?

I think they're starting to drip out into the hallway, too. Hopefully the janitor isn't mad at me. Though, come to think of it, I haven't seen him come around lately. Is it a holiday? I'll have to check that later. At least I know whatever effects it may have are fairly harmless, given I've been exposed more than anyone, and I'm *perfectionist*.

Which brings me to my next point. I'm considering an expedition. The holes in the walls are certainly big enough to walk through, now. I'm thinking if I grab some rope as a byline to find my way back, and set a timer for... let's say five minutes? I should be able to gather far more data and maybe even gain a ~~better understanding~~

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[?????]

An absolutely fascinating discovery today! One of my lab benches is no longer level with the floor, and I have no idea why! All the legs are still the same length. The bench has the exact same proportions as before. And yet, somehow, it's now off-level with the floor? I wonder if this reinforces my theory of radiation. Maybe there *is* some fundamental damage being done, on a material level we don't even understand?

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Hmm. Ladies and gentlemen, we've got a conundrum on our hands.

Went to go talk to my colleagues in the neighboring lab spaces to consult them about the anomaly as well as ask about any influences they've been experiencing on their own workspaces. However, I have made two unexpected observations.

Observation one: The effects of the anomaly have spread much further into the hallway than I had anticipated. The gaps are appearing and spreading all along the walls, and along the floor, too. I almost fell right down one when I stepped out my door!

Observation two: All of the labs in this wing of the building are empty.

I'm not sure where everyone's gone. Maybe they evacuated due to the anomalous effect? I can imagine not everyone would be so keen to work in close proximity to an open extradimensional gateway, though if that's the case, I'm very surprised that nobody came to alert me.

I can also see some yellow caution tape down at one end of the hallway, blocking off this block of labs. I wonder if some accident happened, and that's why everyone else seems to have evacuated? Or their access was blocked off, somehow?

Hypothesis: there was some sort of accident overnight, and everyone who was out of the building is currently unable to get back in. Meanwhile, I've been sleeping in my laboratory, so I've been unaffected.

If that's the case, there's nothing to worry about. They'll be back as soon as whatever the issue is is cleaned up. And in the meantime, I've got all these new doors to all this unused lab space going to absolutely *criminal* waste *anyways*, so

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Tape 11114-somethinb...

Good news! I found some of my colleagues

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You know, I really do think I could spend the rest of my life here. There's no limit to what I can discover! How many projects I could set up inside a space that breaks the laws of physics? How *does* this space break the laws, exactly? What rules of it own does it follow? Are there any? If so, how? If not, *how*? How could this space be used to facilitate constructions that would be impossible anywhere else?

So many *questions*. It's so lucky I've got ~~all the time in the world~~ to try and answer them!

My primary laboratory space has been primarily subsumed at this point, so finding things has become slightly more difficult, but I've also gotten far better at navigating. I don't know why I was ever worried about falling in. It's really just efficient to utilize it. I don't know why it took me so long to figure that out!

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[?????]

did they evacuate the whole complex?

my head hurts

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Tape/1938/42

This is all so interesting

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[GRIAN]

And that's it. Not much to say on this one- we can't validate anything without any surviving identifying information. We weren't even able to track down where these events might have taken place. There are hundreds of private lab spaces in the UK, many of which have gone defunct since the 70s.

There was also a bundle of polaroids at the bottom of the box these tapes were found in. A few of them flaked apart into colored paper when I touched them, but some were intact. Most of them are very grainy, but-

Well, I'm not surprised he had a headache, I'll say that much.

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Chapter End Notes

this fic as always based on [chrisrin](#)'s au, and specifically go look at their [art of distortion!zedaph](#) because it was living rent free in my brain the entire time i was writing this. also look at [this art](#) by cynosaur, and i've also got an accompanying short character study [here](#) to go along with it.

had so much fun with this. for anyone who's read house of leaves it may not surprise you to learn i read it about a month ago and it had a major impact on how this was written. i love epistolary nonsense so much.

Supplemental:

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

[Click]

[GRIAN]

It took some messing about and some help from Impulse because he actually knows more than two things about document preservation, but I managed to get one of the more, uh, crumbly polaroids flipped over and under a bright light without *too* much trouble.

There were words on the back, in what must have been the scientist's messy, disconnected scrawl. It's- difficult to describe *why* his handwriting was so hard to read, and I'm sure if anyone saw *my* handwriting they'd accuse me of hypocrisy, but there was something about it. Something about the way the font and the capitalization and even the color of the ink changed at random... Let's just say that I think I understand why he took all his notes verbally.

Well, I've managed to make out what it says, I think. Just right across the back of one of those headache-inducing photos, the words *Oh, maybe I'M the Anomaly!*

And then, in smaller, even worse print: *Further research is required.*

Ominous, if you ask me.

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Chapter End Notes

All supplementals written by Cowriter Zeph

LEGIBLE version



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[?????]

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[?????]

[Tape thirty-something...?]

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[did they evacuate the whole complex?]

[my head hurts.]

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[Tape 193842:]

This is all so [interesting!]

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[GRIAN]

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