

A BOOK FOR ADULTS

THE ELEPHANTS UPSTAIRS



BASED ON A
TRUE STORY

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Thank you so much for
coming over to my apartment.

Listen for a second.
Do you hear that?

Silence.

Isn't that such
a beautiful sound?

Aren't you glad
that it's quiet now?

You know, it wasn't
always this way.



Once upon a time,
you see,

a couple of elephants
moved into
the apartment
upstairs.

I never met them,
I could just hear them.



**I could hear them
moving their trunks and boxes.**

**I could hear them
assembling and
arranging furniture.**

**I could hear them
banging nails
into the walls
until all the hours of the night.**

**I thought the noise
would be done
once they
finished moving in.**



But oh,
how I was wrong.

They bought a powerful subwoofer
for their entertainment system
and really liked
watching action movies
with a lot of car chases.

And explosions.



**They copulated
like rabbits.**

**Massive,
gigantic,
non-furry,
and not particularly cuddly
rabbits.**

**Really loud
rabbits.**

**Sometimes,
multiple times per day!**



They began hosting
late night parties,
inviting all of their
elephant friends,
and blasting insufferable
EDM (Elephant Dance Music).



And as elephants are
well-known
for not sleeping,

they'd wake up
a few hours later,

stomping around
their apartment,

fresh as trampled daisies.

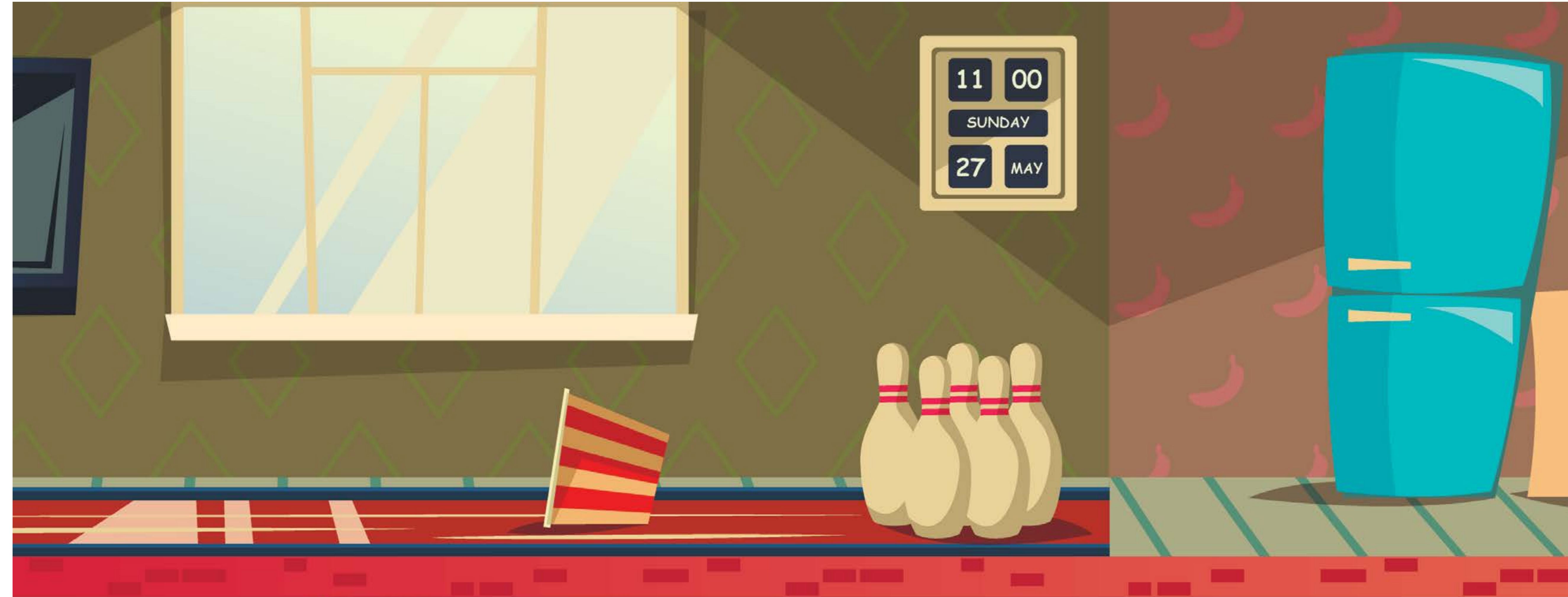
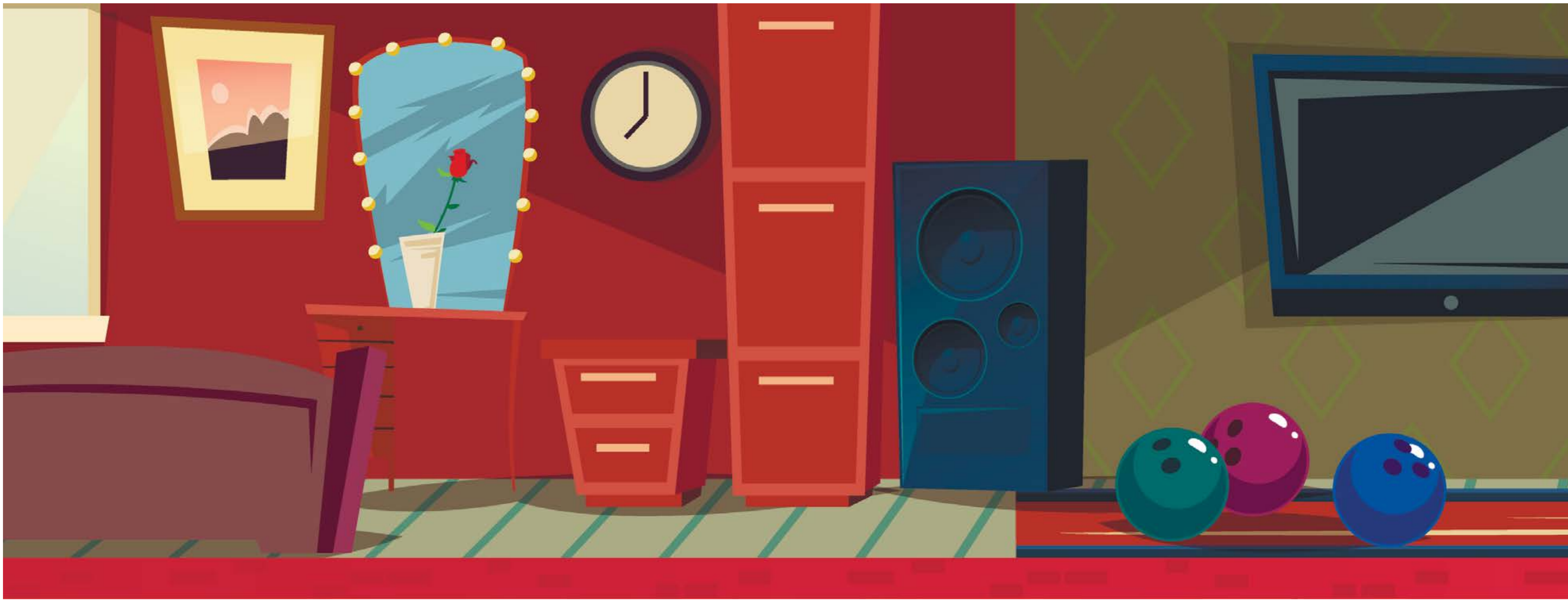


Even their hobbies
were loud
and annoying,

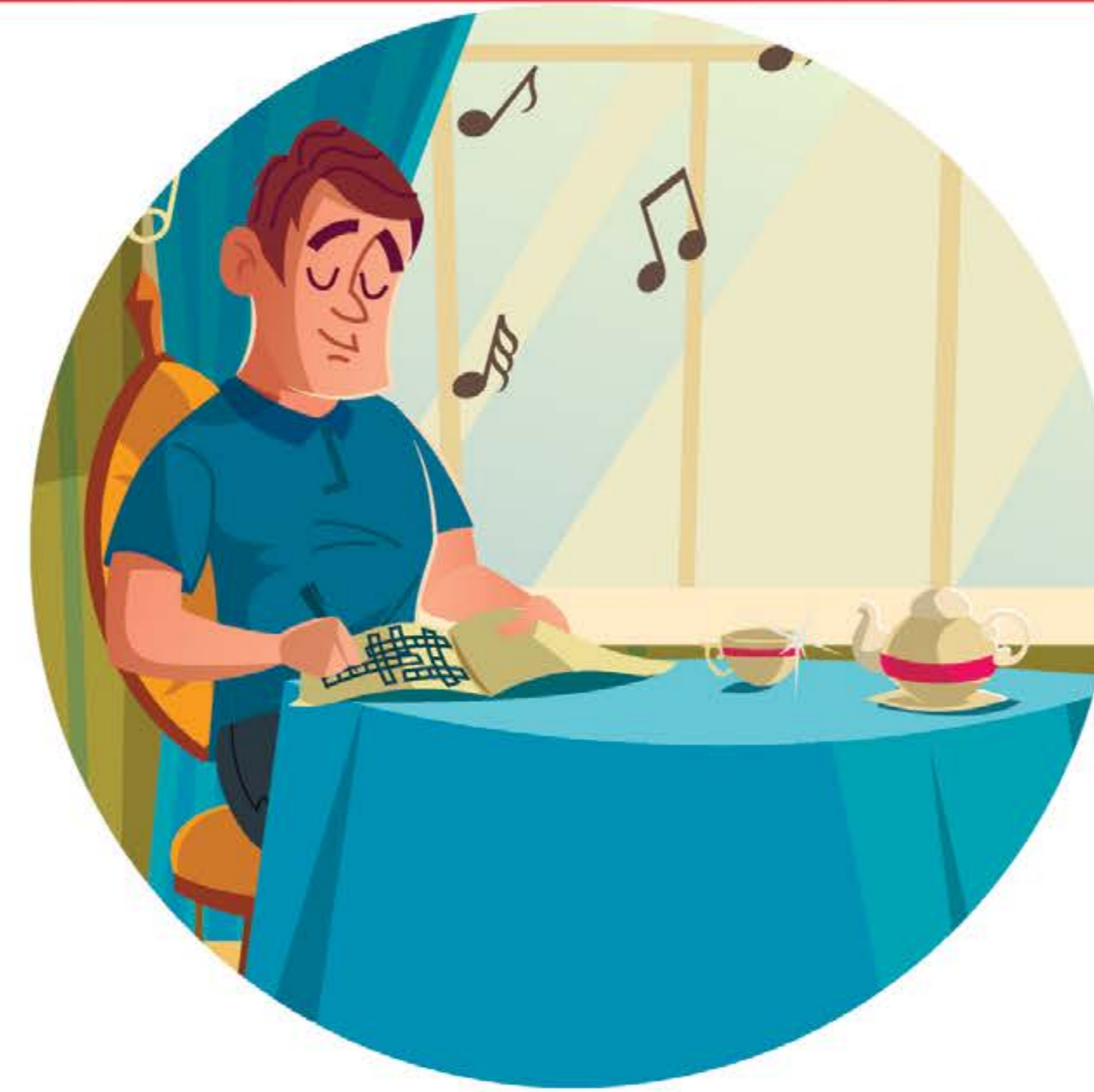
not taking off
a single day

from being
very
very
boisterous.

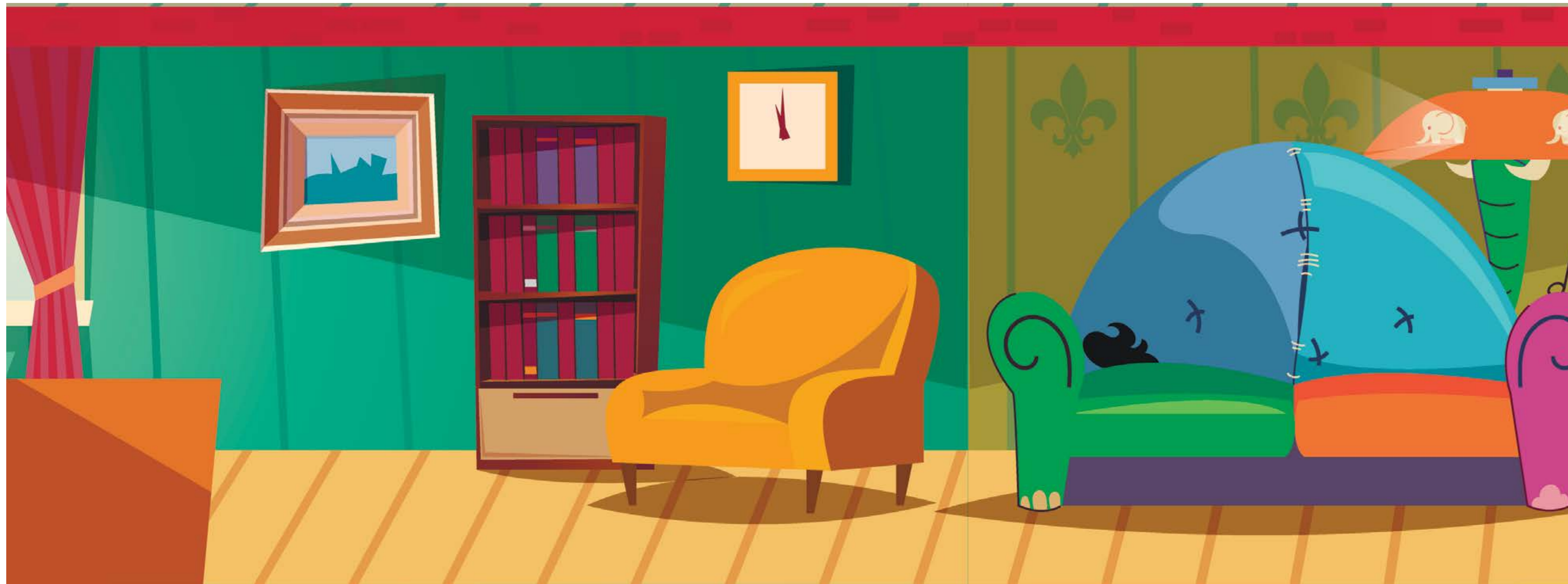




One day, they just disappeared.



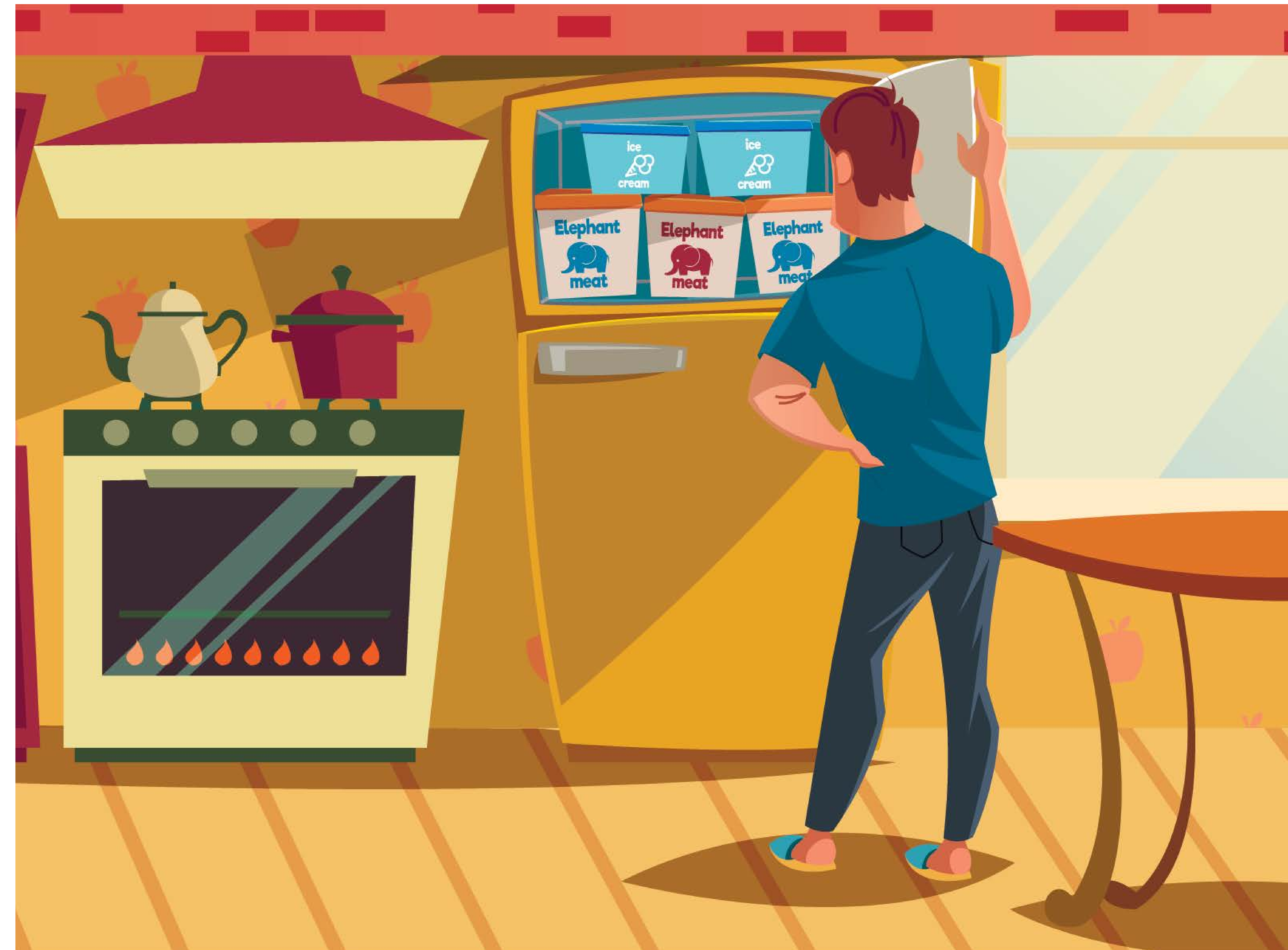
None of the neighbors saw anything.



I hope they moved
into a nice house

somewhere
far away,

in the suburbs.



But I really appreciate
the quiet.



Would you like another pastry?

They are homemade,
and quite delicious,

if I can say so myself.



Dearest Reader,

There is no one in the right here.

The elephants upstairs were inconsiderate neighbors.
Don't be like the elephants.

The narrator is a remorseless murderer who just
wanted some quiet.
Don't be like the narrator.

The author decided to make light of the gruesome
practice of elephant poaching,
which currently kills thousands of elephants a year,
none of them living
on the fourth floor of a walkup in New York.

Don't be like the author.

And you, my good friend, are horrible for
not closing this book

as soon

as you realized that the narrator
killed his upstairs neighbors
for some peace and quiet.

You are also a terrible person
for thinking that
his actions were justified.

Be a better person.

Donate to the African Wildlife Foundation.