

All I could remember is that there was an accident. I didn't know when, how, or most pressing of all, *what* happened, but I knew that something did. That something was wrong.

The doctors told me I was fine. That I was healthy as a horse, I hadn't sustained permanent injury, and that I had nothing to worry about. That they were releasing me today. This should have put me at ease, but it only worried me more. Because I didn't know why.

I asked the doctors and nurses, but they either gave me a weird look, as if this was some bad practical joke I was playing, or just chuckled and said something to the effect of: "You're perfectly fine now, what's the use worrying?" And I suppose if you looked at the big picture, they were right. If you had your health, what reason was there to worry? Well, there was something worth worrying about. When I clambered out of the hospital bed and washed my face for the first time, the face I saw back wasn't mine. I just didn't know *how* it wasn't mine.

I suppose a normal person's (Though who's to say what is normal, could I really be normal at this point anymore?) reaction when they see something they shouldn't be in the mirror would be to scream, recoil in disbelief, something like that. But I couldn't. I just stood there, mystified. I put my hand up to the mirror, staring and studying for five minutes. Perhaps the reason why I was so dumbstruck, my reaction was so far from normal, is because I wasn't looking for what was wrong. I was trying to find what was right.

It was tan, I think. Perhaps with fur, or just enough of a beard to say it was fur? But again, that would imply that I'm not a girl. And looking in the mirror, I'm clearly a girl right now. And girls don't have beards. So it was tan, I think I'm sure of that. Perhaps that was the original color of my fur (or scales, I think I remember that it was fur, but again, these are scales I'm seeing, and I don't know how such a dramatic skin change could have occurred), or I had a lot of sun lately, hmmm... It was tan.

I knew I didn't need glasses. However, now I had glasses. But was that because I had contacts before, and I just don't recall? Maybe that was the accident, something that affected my eyes somehow, and since that's something so trivial the doctor's felt there was no reason to dignify my questions with a valid response. And that's what is making me remember things so different? That made sense, but...

But there was one thing, I was sure of. I mean, *really* sure of. Yeah, I know it's odd that I could be so hazy about the others. I thought that I didn't wear glasses, but I couldn't be sure. I was also sure I was not a crocodile, but again, who can tell? And if there's one thing a person should know, it's that whether or not they were always a woman, but again, it's all a blur. For as weird as this blue scaled face and feminine eyes hidden behind square frames was, the thing that I knew had changed was my snout.

Maybe I've always been a female blue crocodile with vision problems. And as the doctors said earlier, I have my health (and checking my medical records, insurance that implies I'm pretty well off financially), so as much as I should be in arms about all that, really, what was wrong? I wasn't too terribly attached to the wang or fur I'm pretty sure I had, so as weird as it was to say this (perhaps even rivaling the weird of this situation), even if this wasn't who I am, was it a big deal? Except for the nose. My nose was unacceptable. It was just far too large.

Such an odd thing to remember, isn't it? Especially when nothing else is clear. But one thought from my past sticks out, and flashed constantly like a neon sign whenever I stared at my reflection. This wasn't my nose. Even if crocodiles have proportionally larger snouts than whatever the hell I was before, this thing was a honker. The nostrils were huge, it bordered on bulbous-y, and when I used it to sniff, I was sure I could put a vacuum cleaner to shame. So because of this slight imperfection, I was questioning everything. I knew something was wrong. If not for my nose, I would not have been able to realize that something even happened in the first place. I probably would have gone the rest of my

life thinking I was born as a baby blue Nile crocodile (who went by the name of Denise, apparently) with bad vision. I would have lived my life, day after day, a big stupid grin on my face, just living this lie, being an impostor without an original, a silent simulacrum. Again, not the worst fate really, if not for this nose.

Unfortunately, I had no idea where to start looking for my real identity. It's hard to find any sort of clues on where to start searching for your old life when the only thing you know for sure is wrong is your honker. And even if it all began at the hospital, all the searching I did there was turning up bupkiss. After the second day of being confined to my hospital room (And I mean literally, after the first day of constantly snooping about they said I was going to get bed rest whether I wanted to or not.) and being fed drugged food (I think, I don't think my hand should be this cool and wavy), I was beginning to fear that it was perhaps some big conspiracy, the source and point of which I couldn't for the life of me put my finger on. However, it was on that second day that a break in the case occurred.

I was told that this was the day I was leaving the hospital, and that my husband was here to pick me up. This was something else I couldn't be sure of, but definitely didn't feel quite right at all. Husband? That was not only weird because I don't remember having one, but even more so because I began to suspect more and more every day that I wasn't a chick! But the icing on the cake of this half-baked conspiracy was not that I was sure I was a dude, and not gay, but when I saw him, I recognized him. Something in my brain began to tug, and quite hard, just like whenever I saw my own reflection in the mirror. It was a feeling of familiarity, but one that was in itself so alien I had no idea where it could stem from. What was worse was when he began to speak.

"Denise, you're looking great! Which isn't something you usually say to someone in a hospital gown, hahahah," he spoke in a voice all too recognizable, but different somehow. And also very annoying to me.

"Well, coming here sure did the trick," I half lied, or I think I did. You're supposed to be healthy when you leave a hospital, and I sure was that at least.

This was also the first time I noticed my own voice. Not only was my memory before the accident a haze, but the last couple of days were too (they probably put enough morphine in me to take down a bull elephant). And only now was I beginning to truly come to terms with my body. My voice was familiar, like his. So was my body. So was his. It was all so familiar, but all so wrong. What the hell had fucking happened?

"Denise, baby, are you alright?" Jack (That was his name, right? But how did I know that before I looked at the security badge on his suit jacket?) said, shaking me softly. I must have zoned out or something, because he looked quite worried about me. It was a look I was sure I'd never seen before, but again my brain screamed at me that I knew *of* it, somehow.

"Yeah, yeah. Thanks Jack. Can we just go home? I want to get out of here," I said, trying not to have a breakdown as the constant rush of *deja vu* rattled my brain.

"Sure, I don't like hospitals either. I already took care of the paperwork, lets get you dressed up and go home."

Jack drove me home in his, my, our? Yes, our, I suppose, car. I'm glad he did, because I wasn't in much a mood to drive. I was even more thankful that he didn't talk much while driving. He just liked to focus on the road (and thank goodness he did, he certainly wasn't the best driver in the world). So the long drive gave me time to clear my head, and collect my thoughts

Something had happened. Possibly an accident, possibly not, because really, if it was an accident, I'd think I'd remember it better. Wouldn't I? Either way though, an "accident" occurred before, or even while within the hospital. It left my memory before I woke up in the bed four days ago

nothing but an impenetrable fog, and the only thing I know for sure is that my nose is wrong. Everything else seems wrong too, but nonetheless creepily familiar. So I had to follow my nose.

"You have to do what dear?" Jack said as we drove through suburbia. A mother screamed at us as we drove by because he almost struck her while she crossed the street. I must have said that last part out loud. Oops.

"I need to, well, get some new panthose, yes," I lied quickly, trying to discreetly tear a hole in the inside of the right leg's sleeve, and then showed it off to Jack. I tried to look apologetic and embarrassed that it happened, but I knew I wasn't selling it well enough. Luckily for me, he bought it anyway.

"I keep telling you, you're better off without them, your legs look fine," he grumbled. This statement brought with it another great and disorienting wave of nostalgia, making me lose any bearings I thought I had. This statement, I know it was said before. I heard it in that exact voice too, coming from that mouth I was staring at. But something was wrong! I didn't know what, or why, but something wasn't working. Was it the statement himself, was he lying? No, Jack had said that before many times, in an attempt to stop me from wasting money on pantyhose. In fact it was something had turned into an argument more than once. But if I was so sure of that, why did this arrangement seem so incorrect? Why was his tone of voice like that? He seemed sincere, but at the same time, he seemed oddly sour. Could-

"Well, tomorrow's grocery day, so you can pick up some more then I guess. I know you've got at least one good pair left," Jack said with another grumble, interrupting my train of thought. I cursed silently and tried to get it on track again, but could not.

The rest of the drive was spent in silence while I again tried to collect myself. Before I knew it, or even odder, exactly when I expected, we were pulling into our driveway, the house I was sure I had seen hundreds of times before beckoning me.

Jack stepped himself out of the car, and got an antler stuck on the door frame. This stuck in my mind as quite odd (like just about everything else up until now). That had never happened before. In fact, he got them filed down so that that specifically would *not* happen. He didn't even care if his father said he looked like a nancy, he loved the convenience of not having to carry around a huge rack of antlers on his deer head. So if it had been that way for ages, why was he getting caught now? I shook it off. As one of the many mysteries piling up before me, this one was of the least importance.

After Jack freed himself of the car we went inside, my husband(?) holding the door open for me like a true gentleman (something I expected, but that phrase sounded weird in my mind). I walked in, prepared for the now commonplace feelings that I had seen this all before. I wasn't let down.

The decor, the furniture, the white walls, the shag rug. It was all so familiar. The odd thing about this familiarity though, was that it didn't feel wrong. It wasn't a slap in the face, a constant tug on my brain that made me question my own sanity. While everything else so far made me wonder if this was a very vivid and scary dream, the house... It just felt right. And I think, somehow, Jack knew that I finally felt peace. He was smiling in a relieved manner as he took me by the shoulder, giving a thoughtful squeeze.

"Now don't worry dear. I love your meals, but I know you're tired and just got back from the hospital, so I'll wait as long as you need to rest up. We're ordering in tonight, anything you want." He loved my meals? That didn't seem right, and why was there such an air of arrogance in his voice? No matter.

"Thanks sweetie. How about Chinese then?" I said, laying my head on his shoulder and squeezing his hip affectionately. As weird as this all felt, I was at least getting the hang of it. So much so that soon I would be fooling myself into thinking this was all natural.

"Oooh, good choice babycakes. I'll call Hu Man's now, want the usual?"

"Sure," I said, pretty sure that I knew the usual, and his too.

"Sweet. Why don't you get yourself comfy and I'll go take care of it for us." He gave me kiss on the snout and walked off, leaving me to my own devices.

The second he was gone and I could hear him on the kitchen phone, I made a bolt for the bathroom. I knew right where it was, across from the master bedroom, a huge beautiful tiled masterpiece, last door on the left.

In a moment, I was completely stripped down and staring at myself in the mirror again. I hadn't taken a good look at my whole body yet, and I knew the bathroom had two mirrors strategically placed so that you could see your back. So this was as good an opportunity as any. I touched my breasts, moved them about. I had done this before, I thought, but in such a way? My legs too, these smooth scales, covering my slightly flabby thighs. I hadn't just felt it all before, I'd seen it all before. But as if from some sort of third person perspective. These breasts, this tail, my hair, my tummy, my legs, my eyes, I knew it all, and so intimately, but in a completely backwards way. I pictured the body I was in like some sort of model, standing before me. Some sort of specter. Or perhaps I was the ghost, staring at it from afar, and that somehow felt more right.

And when all these feelings began to reach their breaking point, I looked directly at my reflection in the mirror again, at my nose. This exact angle, seeing my face before me, this was the most telling of all...

"It's such a big nose, it doesn't fit her at all. But if that's her only imperfection, then she's as close as any person's going to get." I mumbled to myself as I stared at her from afar, were no one could see me. She turned to face me, and though I know she could not see me, I stared directly at that nose as I did now. Some would call what I was doing creepy, but they could all go to hell. I would stare at her as long as I wanted to, society be damned. Heh, you know, some would say this is the kind of behavior a stalker would exhibit.

I had my back against the mirror, and I was sitting on the floor, panting and sweating bullets. What the hell was that? Some sort of out of body experience? Who was, what was I, what happened? Was that me? Was I looking through someone else's eyes, at me? I didn't understand, none of it made sense. The more things revealed themselves to me the more obscured it became.

I stood myself up shakily, and began to put my clothes back on. I had only now just realized that Jack was knocking on the door, telling me that dinner had arrived.

We made small talk at dinner. He talked about work, though in a weirdly mechanical sort of way (even though it all seemed legit), and I talked about world events, sports, that sort of stuff. It was weird. I could recall anything that was completely irrelevant with complete ease, while the mysteries like who I was and all that were beyond me.

The food wasn't very good, I didn't like the pea pods. I should have, I think, (/ should have? What did I mean by that, really?), but I didn't. He seemed to be enjoying his meal though, whatever it was. Said it was some of the best pork he ever had. My spouse doesn't like pork. I began to worry myself with that line of thinking, and tried to keep myself from going down that avenue again for the rest of the meal. As true as it felt, something was wrong here, and I wasn't about to submit to the illusion yet.

He suspected something was still wrong with me. After he cleared the dinner table, and I moved to the couch to watch some tv (America's Most Wanted, good stuff), he sat next to me and gave my shoulders a nudge with his dull antler.

"Something wrong? You're kind of quiet tonight babe." Was I quiet, was I quiet? Who am I really?

"Oh, sorry, just still drained. They call it bed rest, but I think it's anything but." We both laughed at my lame little joke, and I began to cuddle next to him. He was the most familiar stranger in the world. All of what was rushing through my head was enough to make me insane, and touching him just made it worse... But at least he was warm.

My big hand ran across his chest, exploring flesh in a way that was new to me, I'm sure. I rubbed his chin, he cooed, I knew he'd like that. He gave me a peck on the nose, and I almost melted. How can something so intrinsically wrong feel so right? I didn't move away from him like my mind screamed at me to do, but I did simply lay against him now. I was so tired, I just wanted this weird experience to end...

I was sitting on a couch, except in a different spot now. My perspective was entirely different now. What was going on? Was I the guy, holding his own dick, as he kept pressing the rewind button on the remote for his VCR?

"Oh man, that's hot," I mumbled to myself. I was panting, and give my balls a squeeze as the lithe feline did her gardening. I loved watching women when they didn't know I was there, and when I had them on video like this, I could repeat the experience, over and over again. I'd kiss the guy who invented recording stuff like this, if that guy was a girl anyway.

I continued to rub one out to the video of my neighbor shaking her rump in the air while tending to her snapdragons, but as hot as this made me, as usual it wasn't good enough to finish me off. So, I walked over, pressed eject, hid the movie inside one of my many hollowed out books (many people thought I was just well read, but less than half of these books were real, suckers), and took out my favorite. In seconds, there she was on the screen again. She was walking into the bank. She was enjoying an ice cream cone in the park while talking to one of her girlfriends. She picking out flowers at an open air market. This kind of stuff was weird and perverted and I knew it, but I didn't care. It was hot, and as she looked me in the eyes again. I always saw her but she never saw me. I came, that dead on view, bulbous-y nose in the forefront burned into my memory forever.

I woke with a start. Again, I was sweating bullets. I was back on the couch, clutching Jack, and panting like a dog in heat... Or well, a crocodile in heat. What the hell was that dream, why was it so real, and even amidst all my confusion, fear, and suffering, how was I so aroused? Jack was staring at me, a look of worry on his face. He clutched me close to his chest, and patted my back.

"Did you have a bad dream babe?" He said. I wasn't babe. I knew it. I was almost sure he knew it too. But I didn't care. The idea, of someone not seeing me, not knowing what I was doing or thinking was exhilarating. He was just like her, just like the crocodile I stared at for days on end. The only difference was, he was right in front of me and couldn't see me. And the rush that came from such a realization was maddening.

"No, a good one actually," I said as I plopped myself in his lap, telling the full truth for the first time since the accident. He couldn't see me, I might as well have been invisible to him. I was kissing him passionately before I knew what I was doing, and he was trying his damndest just to keep up. I quickly forced his button up shirt off like a wild animal, ruining quite a few of the buttons. He did his best to undo my bra and take off my blouse without ruining it. Soon we were both shirtless, and I was pressing myself up against him again, rubbing my front on his. He was trying to fondle my breasts, tweak and stimulate me. It felt so good, but not in the way that it should have. That wasn't who I am, I wasn't Denise. And his attempts to please her made it all the sweeter.

I ripped off his pants, a sizable bulge waiting beneath underwear. He wanted to help me remove my pants and panties, but he would have been too slow. I ripped them away and was soon on his lap again. I rubbed back and forth, doing everything I could to get more moans of ecstasy out of the poor fool. I grabbed him by the antlers, and licked up his nose. Oh, that got a moan out of him. I

knew he'd like me teasing that perfect little black nub. He was clumsily pushing down his own underwear when his deer dick finally pushed itself into view. I'd never thought of it as beautiful before, but I think I always knew deep down that it was. I pushed myself onto it immediately, feeling him impale me and begin to hump like it was his first time. Or maybe this is how Denise liked it, even better!

I began to ride the deer like he was some sort of bucking bronco, holding him by the antlers and squeezing my legs tight, causing him to moan like some teenager who just discovered masturbation. I looked around the house, to the bookshelf that was empty of all but a few books, to the box of tissues on the table behind us (good thing I noticed that, we'd both need to clean up after this), then back to Jack, who was staring me in the face. I saw my perfect little nose, watching my mouth open wide as I and he, she and I howled in orgasm...

As the euphoria from the sex began to fade, so did the haze that surrounded my life. I was Jack, a man who had a problem. A man who, despite having a loving, beautiful wife, could not stop staring at (as well as watching and filming) other women. My wife hated it. It creeped her out. So often we argued about it. She said it was weird, she asked if she wasn't beautiful enough for me, she told me it was illegal, it had to stop. And if it was the last thing she'd do, she'd break me of this habit, get rid of this urge.

I don't know why, but I guess she figured if there was a problem, it was with the body. Maybe a chemical imbalance, or maybe it was because as a guy, I just have to masturbate (it's part of our lifestyle). I don't know, but she was wrong. This is was in my mind, and changing bodies wasn't going to get rid of it.

I guess she did kind of win in the end though. The tapes were thrown out, and I was never going to be doing that ever again. All because she still thought I had no idea what happened, and even she herself seemed to be losing herself to the illusion of it all.

I never needed to pursue voyeurism again because really, who needs to hide in the bushes when you can hide in plain sight?