

Elitism

—Han Liang Gan

Finally, it's over. After two weeks of agony watching people in tight pieces of Lycra trying to run, swim and cycle themselves to injury faster than each other, it's back to life as you know it. The schoolkids are back where they belong, your favourite TV shows are back on the box, and, best of all, you no longer have to endure the taunts of those who holidayed whilst you suffered. All is right with the world.

At the Law School café, you sip your tea and relax in your chair. Leaves rustle in the breeze in the trees in the square across the road. Inhaling the soothing aroma from your cup, you feel utterly at peace with the world. Just as you achieve this rare serenity, however, a gaggle of snooty law students swagger past you with tall lattes and expensive clothes, each of them looking down their noses at you in condescension. Unconsciously, you sink a little into your seat, an ingrained inferiority complex kicking in. They seat themselves at the next table, ostentatiously placing their bags and mobile phones on it like peacocks displaying their feathers, and discussing topics about which you have no understanding, except an inexplicable feeling that someone, somewhere, someday, is going to end up a whole lot poorer because of it. Waves of bad karma flood over you, and the last shreds of your inner peace flutter away.

In a chorus of ring-tones which somehow manage to simultaneously beep their disapproval at you, the law students get up to go, each of them holding their heads just a fraction higher and striding just a little more pompously as they pass you. As you turn back to your tea, musing over whether the collective noun for a group of law students is a 'superiority', something jerks the back leg of your chair and there is a loud crash. You turn around to see that someone has tripped over your chair, and although managing to avoid falling over, has dropped a large stack of business cards at which the entire cluster of law students has stopped to stare. Instinctively, you leave your seat to pick them up.

The law students seem almost amused by your advances, and do their best to lead you on before dismissing you with a solid, communal rejection. You decide to pick up the cards instead. The crowd looks for a moment like it is going to rain hell upon you for taking other people's possessions, but then recognises that it is now superfluous to the story, and decides to leave you alone. Settling back into your seat, you notice a folded piece of paper concealed among the cards that looks like the result of a printer malfunction—but, of course, such things do not happen in the world of utmost indulgence that is the Law School.

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