Further Directions

—Han Liang Gan

While the road to the underworld might be paved with door-to-door salesmen, the path to any sufficiently mysterious apartment is inevitably paved with people who give bad directions. Despite your best efforts, you are lost deep in Melbourne suburbia, somewhere between the Eastern Freeway and Woop-Woop. You silently curse the mobile phone that threw you on this fruitless errand; and while you’ve been staving off the fatigue with 15-minute powernaps, sleep does little to alleviate your pangs of hunger.

You park alongside the curb, step out and glance around for a street sign. Unfortunately, the nearest one appears to have been vandalised. Instead of having just one street name, several signs have been welded onto the same post. You take all the names down, jog back and allow yourself a quick flick through the Melway before concluding that it isn’t going to help you figure out where you are.

Briscoe Court, Monkhouse Drive, Rawdon Hill Drive, Langdale Drive, Cobblestone Green, Circle Ridge, Granton Avenue