Pocket Monkeys

—Ray Komatsu

As you leave the container yard, you find yourself unsure about your next move. An hour ago, on
the brink of throwing in the towel, you’d pre-prepared the lambasting you be dishing up to Kekovich
for wasting your time. But what you’ve just uncovered deserves a few seconds’ consideration. You
spot a trendy cafe nearby and decide that a steaming cup of coffee and a newspaper would help
clear your head.

The first page of the newspaper carries the now prosaic headline - “Life, Liberty and the Great
American Gene” - subtitled with “Why your choice of jeans says a lot about your genes”. Honestly,
you wondered what all the fuss was about. Then again, this American gene could explain a lot
about some of the exchange students you met last semester...

The inside page catches your interest. Apparently George Bush was taking some time out of his
Presidency to come to Australia, citing the stress of office as an excuse for a vacation. Ah George,
you think, Australia has always been there when you needed it. A second home. Wide open space,
great scenery, and a native mammal that hops. What more could one want?

As you stare morosely at the empty cup of coffee on the table in front of you, you decide that it’s
time to make a decision. A breath of wind ruffles your newspaper and the pages flutter past each
other, coming to rest at the comics section. Your already precarious attention span has no chance.
Assured of the wisdom contained in “The Wizard of Id”, you muse that it would be extremely rash
to attempt to make such a momentous decision without consulting it. Before searching through the
section to find what you’re after, you guiltily take a perverse interest in one of the less high-brow
comics on offer.

(55,12) (144,13) (23,6) (138,14) (57,1)

(12,46) (84,43) (151,21) (112,26) (38,38)