Melbourne University Puzzle Hunt 2008

A surge of adrenaline bursts through your body as you type as fast as you’ve ever typed in your life. Bush’s prepared speech was predictably bland. You’ve just made it a little less so. Let the teleprompter do its worst!

Minutes later, despite the thick glass of the studio, the bedlam is clearly audible. You allow yourself an indulgent glance out at the live audience before making your escape. You’d counted on the crowd being shocked, and you weren’t disappointed. You hadn’t counted on sections of the audience having brought along home-made apple pies to give to Bush, pies which were now being hurled towards the stage.

The inhibition of the crowd breaks in surges, and as a cigarette is thrown on stage, first the tail of a stage curtain, then the tail of Bush’s sleeve, proceed to catch fire. Some mug takes the opportunity to yell, “Watch Out, Bush Fire!”—a pun he’d clearly been preparing all year. Wanting to save this moment for posterity, you grab at a Polaroid camera which was opportunistically placed on a nearby table, and happily snap away.

Polaroid pictures in one hand and dragging a newly-found and once-again-lamb-feasting Kekovich in the other (you suspect his lamb distraction is the only reason you were able to pry him away from the action), you dash out the building and disappear into the crowded streets, grinning rosily at everyone and everything. Only when the Polaroid pictures start to take shape does the unease return. These definitely aren’t the pictures you took.

Monica

—Adrian Khoo