Now to prepare Sam for his interview. You’ve now realized what’s wrong with him—too much L.A. and not enough L.A.M.B. So quick smart you throw some lamb chops on the barbie, and watch him transform before your eyes, that laconic cadaver giving way to the bubbling, enthusiastic and passionate Sam you knew of old, infused with an impressive level of zeal and an equally impressive appetite.

He sits himself down in front of his webcam and completely blows the interviewers away, woefully lamenting this the biggest disaster to befall Australia since tofu, and appealing to all patriotic Australians, even tree-hugging, tie-dye wearing hippies, to come forward with information about the Australian scientist who’d worked out the genetic cure.

Sam concludes the interview by offering your number as a contact, seemingly unaware that this will result in approximately 6.6 billion prank calls. Sure enough, you instantly feel a vibration in your pocket. Skeptically pulling it out, your heart jumps into your throat—it was the phone you’d picked up days ago, left unsuspectingly on a tram stop bench. It was this phone that had started your whole involvement, and you’ll be damned if this phone isn’t going to end it.

“Hello?” You almost crush the thing, so tight is your grip. “Who is it?”

“Ja... it is me. Wait, no! Um...”

Then in a hushed and muffled voice, as if a hand has just been placed on the receiver, “But if I am not me, then who am I?” Silence, before the voice continues unmuffled.

“No, it is not important. This genetic lahm must be terminated. But if it bleeds, we can kill it, ja? So let’s do it, we do it now! I have information about ze pro-fess-or. I send you text, then we meet, ja? Ok. Hasta.”

The phone line goes dead, and a million questions flood your brain. That accent sounded contrived and insincere, but the link between the phone and this whole situation couldn’t be merely a coincidence. The voice had said they had information about the scientist, and at this point you had no reason to doubt it. A minute later, as promised, a text message comes through, but its light hearted message does nothing to ease the tension.

- He wondered why his act had been acting strange of late.
- He was surprised the girls hadn’t biased him today.
- He stood and watched as the lumberjacks passed ax.
- He was standing in the rain, and the light made him look vaguely drench.
- He was upset that everyone was backing away from him; not even a slunk would have this effect...