Having rigorously mapped out your plan, you turn to the first element in your quest: identify the chef who has been giving lessons on the sly.

The first port of call for any seeker of mysterious knowledge? The internet.

You search for “Celebrity chef”...nothing. “Teach sydney lesson”...nothing. You look on craigslist but you cannot find anyone offering cooking lessons, unless they are talking about an oven when they guarantee *a hot time*. You return to Google and try “Coathanger fry-up big-wig chalk talk”...bingo, a link to gumtree.com.au. A bit of snooping about in the classifieds, and you have what you’re after: the address in Sydney of a top chef who gives *inconspicuous lessons to those with the need*...for mustard seed.

Sadly, the contact page has no extra information as to the identity of this mysterious chef — only annoying pop-up ads for poker websites, and bizarrely, images of cravats — but you’ve got enough to work on, for now. You log on to an airline website, book the first flight to Sydney, and print out your e-ticket. Almost at once, you notice there is something strange going on with the barcodes on the ticket: