As you gaze at the blackboard, the door swings open and quickly slams shut behind you. You spin around to see an enormous polar bear, collapsed on the floor and panting furiously. It eventually struggles up on its hindpaws and removes its large pink lab coat, placing it on the hat stand, only to reveal pink fur underneath. Staggering to the desk, the bear carefully dons a large pair of spectacles, and only then seems to notice you. There’s an awkward moment of chilling silence as you face off an evidently well-educated bear. You decide to show this Arctic visitor some southern (Antarctic) hospitality, and break the ice.

“Hello, I’m guessing that you’re Professor Undaberg?”

“Yes, I am indeed Professor Undaberg. Who are you and what are you doing in my office? Wait, your scent is familiar. Have we met before?”

You briefly recount to him the events of this morning, feeling your face turn pinker than his fur, as you struggle to justify your reasons for breaking into his office.

“Ah, I see. I am sorry that you had to see me in such a sorry state. I had to down my entire rum reserve to counter some antifreeze poisoning,” he leans in closer and whispers, “I believe that someone is trying to kill me. In any case, you are a most singular and resourceful individual, almost like an investigatory journalist. How much do you know about drop bears?”

“Drop bears?”

“Yes, the *Phascolarctos vertiginus*. A most curious species. Now, I’m no cryptozoologist, but we seem to be having a ferocious outbreak of drop bears in South Australia, and I trust that I might enlist your help.”

“Weell…”

“…done. Well done indeed! You’ve made a most excellent decision! You can start by helping me to figure this out.” Slamming down a series of pictures and grids, he winks at you, “And don’t worry about the pink fur. It’s not compulsory, but I’ve found it quite popular on the dance floor. Oh, and please call me Bundy.”