

Circulus in Probando

—Howard Tang

The door opens with a soft *click* and you step into the room, immediately shutting the door behind you. As you turn around to assess what confronts you, you suddenly realise that your plan isn't so well thought out after all. What exactly are you expecting to find?

Racking through the contents of the rooms you get a sickening feeling in your stomach that your highly illegal activity will prove fruitless. A wardrobe full of cravats, some books on ancient Chinese astrology, a homeopathy manual, and plenty of cookbooks; interesting, sure, but not exactly what you are looking for.

You start to feel as if the game is up for your little adventure, whose denouement is really threatening to boil over in a massive anticlimax. Or maybe there is no *adventure* at all. Maybe Tony Abbott is just a genuinely pleasant guy who wants to show his appreciation for the direction in which Kevin Rudd has steered the country. Maybe he just wants to give Kevin a gift for all his hard work? The greatest gift a man can give?

With your hopes sinking faster than the Melbourne Storm, you resolve to abandon your search. Just as you get to the door, you glance over your shoulder for one last gaze around the room. Cravats, of all colours and styles, lie strewn on the ground. Some of them are truly hideous. Fluoro green. Bright pink. One was even plain brown, with horrendous perpendicular lines, like some sort of Manila folder. Wait a second, that *is* a Manila folder! Back in the room before you can say "lame plot resolution", you find yourself in possession of a large, battered folder with a picture of the *MasterChef* judges on the front-cover. And so the week ends just like it began, with you gazing intently at a smiling George, Matt and Gary. You open up the folder, your hands shaking from the tension. Yet when you see what it contains, the only thing you can find to say is:

Prun?!