

On Philosophy

—Adrian Khoo

Having cut down on your daily doses of the snooze button, you stumble out from the crowded Swanston Street train much too early for your first and only lecture of the day. Confronted with the choice between commencing work on your assignment due next Tuesday and checking to see if anyone has sent you any emails since 2:37 A.M., you opt for the latter and head for the Education Resource Centre. On arrival, you are incredulous and indignant to find all but one of the computers occupied with students who clearly have nothing better to do than to rock up at uni inordinately early and squander the university's precious bandwidth checking emails... You stride toward the seemingly unoccupied desk and are slightly annoyed to find that it is, in fact, being used: its current user has left a pair of fine looking bananas on the seat clearly marking their territory.

“But surely people who eat so healthily would have an equally healthy temperament?”, you reason, *“I am certain that the person using that computer won't mind me quickly checking my university email account. And maybe a few others.”*

Your infallible line of logic guides you gently down upon the vacant seat, accidentally striking the return key brings the monitor to life, showing a page with two columns of images and a small box at the bottom reading: password. You quickly realise that the pictures are elaborate clues to finding the password. Against your better judgment, you key the answer into the form, and press Enter once more.



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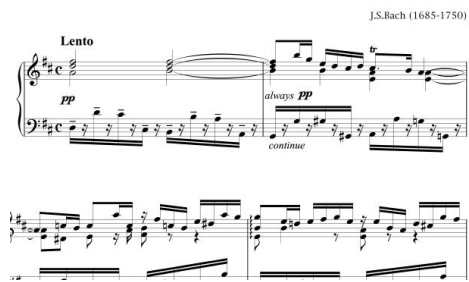
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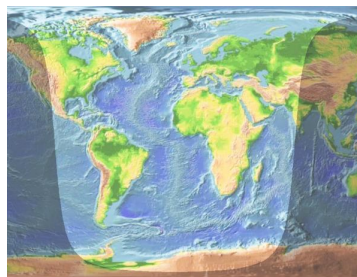
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