

Passport

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It is widely acknowledged that there is a strong positive correlation between the confusingness of a supervillain's lair and his calibre. Hence the labyrinthine interiors of Blinky's tree koalafy him quite clearly as an evil mastermind of the first class. Endless and repetitive rooms stretch out in fractal-like corridors, indistinguishable save for the numbers on each door. You toy with the thought of suggesting to Bundy that you split up, but realise that doing so will probably separate you forever. Bundy has been in the lead, and he seems to stride through the maze-like passages with uncanny confidence.

"We are exceptionally close," and seeing your raised left eyebrow, Bundy continues, "I have been tracking his scent ever since we arrived. We are definitely nearing a place in which Doctor Bill spends a great deal of time."

Bundy stops dead in front of one particular door and looks to you to retake the lead, after all – you're the one with Bismarck's pickelhaube. Gently prying the door open, you see that you've wound up in Blinky's study. There are hints of his recent presence, like a still-warm cup of eucalyptus tea, a half-opened tome on gum tree deforestation and a crowbill quill resting over an opened diary with still a sizable drop of ink nestled under its nib. The room is eerily clinical. There are no idiosyncratic trinkets nor childhood mementos, just neat piles of books, a sofa, a writing desk and a single chair. You leaf through the diary and realise that the only entries are the words: "NEVER doubt, Green Patch is greener." etched on every page. You pass the Moleskine pad to Bundy and see his face morph into a mask of agony.

"Hey Bundy, what's wrong?"

"This, all of this... this is all *my* fault!" he slams his great white paws on the desk, and you hear a small click amidst the dramatic outburst. "I never did finish my story. For you see, Blinky and I were the greatest of chums until that fateful day I joked that Greenland is greener than Green Patch Hill. Expecting him to appreciate my wonderful sense of sarcasm, I was shocked and slightly amused to see him annoyed! Something clicked inside of me then, and I goaded him about this for the rest of that day until he exploded in a fit of rage and ran off."

You notice the now-protruding drawer in the desk dislodged by Bundy's slamming, and pull out what appears to be Blinky's passport. Curious, you flip through the pages and become lost in thought. In the background, you can still here Bundy rambling.

"... And I never saw him again. But I didn't know. Who could have foreseen that my joking needlings could have instigated such darkness in him? I just did not *know*..."

But you are no longer listening.

