

# Snapshots

—Joanna Cheng

You realise that you've been sitting at the café for quite a while now, but just as you are about to leave for the sake of your thinning wallet, you notice that seated among the patrons nearby are none other than Eddie McGuire and Germaine Greer. Fully aware of Australia's pathetically low celebrity per capita rate, you decide to take advantage of this golden opportunity to try to eavesdrop a little.

However hard you try, though, their conversation is submerged beneath other people's chatter. Your instincts tell you that there are probably many more people like you hidden away around the place, all eavesdropping on Eddie and Germaine, but you dismiss this as the unfounded speculations of a wandering mind. Before you remember to reproach yourself, however, your mind drifts off again, this time idly wondering whether Germaine's had any work done. The distinct lack of frown lines has prompted more than a little whispering amongst the tables around you.

From the expressions, or lack thereof, on their faces, you can see that they're rather unimpressed by something or other, and decide they are probably just whining to each other about the ordinary things everyone has to endure that seem to be magnified tenfold when it happens to celebrities. Suddenly, they both stiffen in their seats, obviously alarmed by something. You see in the distance a large man in a lab coat trying desperately to hide behind a very small tree, and failing miserably. It seems that Eddie and Germaine have seen him too, as they hurriedly rush off in the opposite direction, casting frequent panicked glances over at his lack of a hiding spot.

You breathe a sigh of relief as they leave, not having envisaged how tiresome celebrities are in prolonged doses. Looking over at their vacated table, you notice that Eddie has left a large suitcase under his chair. Under the distant yet watchful eyes of the man in the lab coat, who appears to be happily munching on a large sandwich, you give in to curiosity, and examine its contents: some loose change, a Collingwood scarf, the remains of several destroyed cricket balls, and some snapshots from the capitals of the world.



14° N



70° W



45° N



5° E



22° S











121° E



52° N



23° E

 <p>51° N</p>	 <p>73° E</p>
 <p>33° N</p>	 <p>166° E</p>
 <p>33° S</p>	 <p>75° W</p>
 <p>38° N</p>	 <p>0° W</p>