

# Kitty

—Alisa Sedghifar and James Zhao

Making your exit around the back of the tables serving the lunch, you ponder the words of George Calombaris. Another *Celebrity MasterChef*? You must admit, you would have preferred to see real chefs, but you can't help but wonder who the contestants might be.

Meanwhile, you notice that the cute little cat that usually naps in the sun on Faraday Street is sniffing around the food scraps — not surprising, given the jars of peanut butter and jam discarded haphazardly on the ground.

Compelled by an unknown force, you approach the cat tentatively, and pat him softly on his fluffy little head. He begins to purr hypnotically, and as you feel yourself overwhelmed by waves of cat-induced inanity, you overhear distinctly feline voices drifting in from nearby.

“HAI”

“CAN HAS STDIO?”

“I HAS A KITTEH”

“IM IN YR PUZZLE”

“GIMMEH NAME”

“LOL KITTEH IN MAH ANSWER R KITTEH IN MAH NAME”

“UPZ KITTEH!!”

“IZ KITTEH LIEK 9? GTFO”

“KTHX”

“VISIBLE ANSWER”

“KTHXBYE”

Snapping out of your trance, you notice that the kitty has wandered off, having kindly released you from his otherwise inescapable grasp. Where he once so cutely sat lies a shopping receipt, discarded from the lunch stall. Could this be your chance to catch the Liberals red-handed, rorting the Union like back in '03? Picking up the receipt, you are disappointed not to find evidence of a thousand dollars' worth of bread, jam and peanut butter purchases. In fact, it's not a receipt at all, just a mysterious envelope, with SCRT MSG scrawled on the front. Opening it up you find two suspicious collages of photographs. Though, you must admit, you cannot wholly see the point of them.



