

Fathers are to DADS as Mothers are to

—Corey Plover

As you touch down in Sydney, you feel a slight grip of apprehension. What exactly are you planning on doing when you arrive at this address? Barge in and demand to know the chef's clients? In that case, you'd better start working on a story, because unfortunately unless the holes in your jeans can pass off as *designer* you doubt you'd be convincing as a potential celebrity client.

Collecting your bags at the carousel, you notice that the dark-clad men from Melbourne are also waiting for their suitcase. Sure enough, after a few seconds it pops out wrapped in what must be several hundred layers of protective plastic. Whatever is inside this thing sure seems important. Your detective skills on high alert, you are tempted to shadow the men for a while, just for kicks. But it doesn't take long to recollect that you have much, much bigger fish to fry.

Jumping into the back seat of a taxi, you race off into the city. Wanting to push things forward, you politely ask the driver to speed up.

"Sorry mate, max 'undred on the motorway. Per'aps you can 'ave this to keep ya busy."

He opens the glove cabinet, picks up a magazine and tosses it at you. You pick it up, before realising with horror – or perhaps with glee, but not without a universal and understandable level of awkwardness — that it is a certain *gentlemen's magazine*, featuring pictures of semi-naked women. As you hurriedly close it and meekly place it to one side, a piece of paper flutters out of the pages, and you cannot resist seeing what it contains.

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NONAGON, OCTOTHORPE, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, RAPTOR, REVELATION, SECRET,
SHERWOOD FOREST, SINISTER, SONNET, STUART THOMAS, VOLLEYBALL

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