

Slurs

—James Zhao

You hobble out of the bar still shaken by the experience. Never in your wildest dreams could you imagine Goldilocks being a hairy, burly bartender capable of taking down a bear with his bare fists. Trying to sheath this image, you focus on the sizable pre-imburement now lying in your bank account while motioning to a passing taxi. You slide into the back seat and direct the driver to take you to the domestic airport. Your mind slowly blanks as you stare out the windows at the passing traffic and buildings; and before long, you start going over the strange tidbits from Monday. Who are the Twins? What would any terrorist organisation want with the Big Pineapple? Maybe you're going crazy, and all these memories of mysterious cloaked figures and terrorist websites are just mere flights of fancy, brought about by Monday morning boredom.

In between reveries, you catch the taxi driver winking at you through the rear-view mirror. You pretend to take no notice while making a mental note to report him to the proper authorities, yet you doubt that they'll find a name like Comp Tusrattus on the database.

Twenty minutes later, you emit a small sigh of relief as the airport comes into view. As the cab comes to a halt, you see Mr. Tusrattus turn around with a massive grin on his face. "Don't worry about the fare; M, A and L send their regards. Oh, and when you arrive, ask for Goldilocks at the Sofitel. And take my name tag, the password hinted on the back will get you everything you need."

You stroll into the terminus, not entirely confident that this sheet of racial slurs will get you five star accommodations.

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A  J  A  B  C  E  S  D
A  A  L  E  L  R  A  R
R  N  F  T  A  I  R  E
O  E      T  U  N  A  W
N          Y  D      H
          E

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L  I  D  A  G  Z  L  O
U  N  A  P  I  E  I  C
B  J  R  P  P  B  M  K
R  U  K  L  P  R  E  E
A  N  Y  E  O  A  Y  R

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