

Composition A

—Muhammad Adib Surani

Now with a fez-like roll of bandages crowning his head, Bundy signals for you to explore Bordertown together. You soak in the the golden ambience of the place. Bordertown is worryingly beareft of life, but otherwise *bearilliant*. Even the *bair* smells honey-sweet. These bear puns are starting to pander to your proclivities, or maybe it's your proclivities which are pandaring to the puns? Whatever the case may be, seeing bears in the air no longer makes you stare.

A Koala in the air – like the one in front of you, however, is a whole other matter. It's not simply floating. It appears to be trapped in some infernal cycle of mid-air somersaults, rising and dropping against its will. Bundy firmly grips your shoulder and sighs.

“This poor fellow appears to be undergoing the process of dropbearification. It is, if you will – still a *droppelganger*. I had not expected the virus to be spreading so quickly. I can only hope that the townsfolk left for safety. We need to get going too.”

You see more droppelganger koalas as you briskly return to your car, your mind awash with grave and solemn thoughts of the whole of Australia, or possibly the whole world, infested by these ravenous beasties. Arriving at the car, you realise that what you assumed was a parking lot was simply large rectangles of colour painted onto the asphalt.

