

Pogonology

—Corey Plover

The newly formed team quickly moves on to their greater purpose: to stop Bin Drinken. With Rat leading the way, you soon arrive back at the entrance chamber. *But what now?* you ponder; the Teddy Bears have never met him before, so they can't exactly sniff him out. Just as you're pouring over this conundrum, Fate presents her solution: a familiar bearded figure strolls done a crystal balustrade a level above you, coughing a conspicuous 'ahem' to catch your attention. You look up and your gaze meets... *is that Osama Bin Laden?*

"Mr. Drinken, you can't do this to the Big Banana! Stop this, or B2 and I – we will."

Bin Laden descends a few more steps and you now see him wearing the Essendon Bombers uniform, with the team scarf wrapped about his head. He continues to stroke his beard sagaciously, and laughs, "Dear friends! Welcome to my new abode. Please, let us not dwell upon such formalities. Call me Ossie, Ossie Bin Drinken. Friends, you and I all know that Western government, Western culture, Western economy – all these things are failing. How will America face its crises on these three fronts? Will these troubles magically fade away when you sit down to your television dinner watching commercials of your puny President Obama urging you to bite through the financial crisis by purchasing Kellogg's Kredit Krunch? *No*, we must jihad against these things, and you must join my side."

The seven of you hear this impassioned speech and look at each other, shrugging at the suggestion.

"Well, no matter. Within hours, your precious Melbourne will be no more. As soon as I step inside this door, its crystal key lock mechanism will break apart and disperse. I bid you accept my hospitality, and farewell." With a flourish of his well-groomed beard, Osama – or rather, Ossie Bin Drinken strolls off. You get a sudden flash in your head and visions of bearded men appear before you – what could all this mean?

