

Direction

—Damjan Vukcevic and Daniel Yeow

After your lecture, you decide that you've had enough for one day and walk back towards the new Swanston Street tram stop. Expecting to find another death-trap of cars waiting to tear you apart, you instead find yourself outside the bleak, soulless world that is the Commerce Building. Remembering back to sunk costs, you decide that it would be best to cut your losses and use the Royal Parade tram stop on this side of campus instead, but somehow manage to end up inside the Physics Podium, back on the Swanston Street side.

Several more attempts to leave the campus also prove futile, and you realise that you are trapped in the compact area of the university. Deciding that the only solution is to eat some doughnuts, you head to Donut King for your favourite toroid. The soothing atmosphere and awkward tables of a deserted Union House allow you to contemplate, and you realise that something has gone wrong. The world as you knew it has disappeared, and has been replaced with a chaotic landscape where things mysteriously appear, disappear, and reorganise themselves. You shudder at the thought of what might happen if the triangle inequality no longer held.

As you eat your doughnuts, some dark figures sit down behind you and start muttering nonsense. You recognise one of the voices as the ticket inspector you ran into this morning, but there are several others that are unfamiliar. Thinking like a mathematician, you decide to label them with letters as you turn around to listen to them. Oblivious to your eavesdropping, they seem to be expending a great deal of effort to say something very simple, yet it all appears to have a common theme. You conclude that these are the conspirators who are wreaking havoc around the place, and decide that it is up to you to stop them. If only you knew in which direction they were heading.

A: So, what's up Doc?
B: Did you know that mathematics is the only true universal language?
C: No way, that's about as funny as a screen door on a battleship.
B: Screen door on a submarine, you idiot!
C: Whatever, either way, we must confess that your proposal seems less like science and more like science fiction.
A: Haha! Still waiting for E.T. to call? Idiot...
B: Great Scott! I think I hear something.
A: Huh?
B: That's it, that's it!
C: I don't understand.
B: You're not thinking fourth dimensionally! Those are primes! 2, 3, 5, 7, those are all prime numbers and there's no way that's a natural phenomenon! Almost as if it were the junction point for the entire space-time continuum...
C: ...or it could just be a coincidence?
A: Sometimes, I guess there's just not enough rocks. Seems like an awful waste of space.

Awkward silence... broken by the entry of a stunning female.

A: (wolf whistles) You don't know how hard it is being a man looking at a woman looking the way you do.
C: Oh come on Eddie, I caught you with your pants down. Is that a rabbit in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?
A: It's just a stick of plutonium.
C: (to B) Is he always this funny, or only on days when he's wanted for murder?
(to A) Plutonium comes in sticks?
A: Plutonium is available at every corner drugstore!
B: Are you telling me that this sucker is *nuclear*?

BANG!!

A: Yeow! Ow! My biscuits are burnin'! Fire in the hatch! Great horny toads, that smarts!

D walks in.

D: What in the name of Sir Isaac H. Newton happened here?
B: You just disintegrated Einstein!
(longingly) He was one in a million. One in a billion. One in a googolplex!
C: However, the destruction may be very localized; limited to merely our own galaxy.
D: 'Til death do us part! Well, you girls are dead. And I'm parting.