

# Pocket Monkeys

—Ray Komatsu

As you leave the container yard, you find yourself unsure about your next move. An hour ago, on the brink of throwing in the towel, you'd pre-prepared the *lambasting* you be dishing up to Kekovich for wasting your time. But what you've just uncovered deserves a few seconds' consideration. You spot a trendy cafe nearby and decide that a steaming cup of coffee and a newspaper would help clear your head.

The first page of the newspaper carries the now prosaic headline - "Life , Liberty and the Great American *Gene*" - subtitled with "Why your choice of jeans says a lot about your genes". Honestly, you wondered what all the fuss was about. Then again, this American gene could explain a lot about some of the exchange students you met last semester. . .

The inside page catches your interest. Apparently George Bush was taking some time out of his Presidency to come to Australia, citing the stress of office as an excuse for a vacation. Ah George, you think, Australia has always been there when you needed it. A second home. Wide open space, great scenery, and a native mammal that hops. What more could one want?

As you stare morosely at the empty cup of coffee on the table in front of you, you decide that it's time to make a decision. A breath of wind ruffles your newspaper and the pages flutter past each other, coming to rest at the comics section. Your already precarious attention span has no chance. Assured of the wisdom contained in "The Wizard of Id", you muse that it would be extremely rash to attempt to make such a momentous decision without consulting it. Before searching through the section to find what you're after, you guiltily take a perverse interest in one of the less high-brow comics on offer.

(55,12) (144,13) (23,6) (138,14) (57,1)



(12,46) (84,43) (151,21) (112,26) (38,38)