

# Address Book

—James Zhao

Your crossword-solving rêverie is interrupted by the sound of rapidly approaching revelry. That's very odd; it's well past Moomba now, and there aren't any other street festivals for—

*WHOOOOOOOSH*

A tidal wave of lab coats bursts around the corner from Southbank Boulevard and surges towards you. You run frantically towards the Arts Centre underpass, but you are unable to avoid the churning wave front, and are carried up Swanston Street by the current. White coats shoot past you on either side, many more push you along from behind, and you are occasionally forced to sidestep mounds of scientists gasping for breath.

As you pass the State Library, you look to your right to see a crowd of panic-stricken onlookers huddled on the grass in an attempt to save themselves from being sucked into the torrent. Then, out of the corner of your eye, you notice a black object floating on the surface of the balding, bespectacled waves. You try to swim closer to get a better look.

Almost drowning yourself in the process, you finally get near enough to see what looks like a small, black, leather-bound book being passed from scientist to scientist. Strangely enough, no one seems to care about its contents, and watching it bob in and out of sight, you feel as if it is slowly escaping. You force yourself to work harder, and soon enough, the book is passed to one of the scientists to your left. You reach out your hand to receive it from her.

Opening it up, it appears to be an address book, but whoever owns it hasn't bothered to write the names under the correct letter. Hearing grumbling beside you, you turn to the right to see the rather displeased face of a scientist who was expecting you to pass it on. Without warning, he reaches out with a large, hairy hand and snatches the book off you, and in an effort to retain it, you manage to rip off the first page.

Hovering in a sea of white, you have little idea of where you are, but you can feel the flow starting to slow down a little. You take this opportunity to examine the page torn from the address book. The writing looks familiar, and the names seem to jog something in the back of your mind, though you can't quite work out what.

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| Andrew Theodore Oxley<br>Anne Emily Thompson<br>Beatrice Tamara Gould<br>Edward Earnest Norton<br>Eugenie Lauren Eyre<br>Henry Ethan Reeves<br>Louise Margaret Irwin<br>Peter Norman Osborne<br>William Sean Pearce<br>Zara Tiffany Robertson |
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