

# Kingfisher

—Sam Chow

Still crouched behind the shipping container, some nearby voices come into earshot. They seem to be discussing a recent shipment, and you lean closer, straining to catch what they are saying.

A couple of minutes later and you've just struck gold. That large shipment of beef, part of which you're now crouched behind, had just come in that morning, directly from Texas, and under the instructions of someone called 'Junior'. The steaks have now been sourced, which means you can report back to Keko and forget this whole tomfoolery. By now the voices have gone, and you stretch your legs in anticipation of the rest of a steak, beef, petrol, lamb, and most of all Sam Kekovich free week.

The container you are behind is one of the ones adorned by a mural of a cow. But just as you're about to head towards freedom, you notice that this container is a little different from all the others. In the top left corner, where every other container had labeled with the owner of the crate, there appears to be a little sketch adorning it, as if someone who was top loading the container got a little distracted. The picture is far too small to make out so you pile up a few discarded cardboard boxes and scramble up. The sketch is in two parts, the first clearly depicting a petrol station, and the second a half eaten steak. Meters off the ground, musing over this unexpected raising of the steaks, you notice a further intriguing addition to the company sign, some minor vandalism. Where it originally had said 'AWB', presumably the company which owned the shipping containers, someone has used a thick black texta to draw a black line through the 'A' and subsequently replaced it with a 'G'.

Suddenly a gust of wind blows the boxes over, your arms flail about, and you only just manage to grab the top of the container. Struggling to pull yourself up, you eventually clamber over the edge and sit panting on the top of it. Regaining your breath you notice that the top of the container has been painted in an unusual manner, stark black and white, a perfect eight by eight grid. Close by where you're sitting, a carefully positioned rock pins down a piece of paper, and scrambling to your feet you pick it up. Could this note hold the key to the shipment?

An easy dozen  
Game of the Century  
The first of eight  
Presidential foil  
On the road  
A lucky seventh  
The chosen one  
Just my day  
Cramer was right  
A false match  
Book search  
A long life  
Nothing left  
Good friends