

Silhouettes

—Tharatorn Supasiti

As you walk contentedly to your lecture, clutching your Big Issue with one hand and your sausage-stuffed stomach with the other, you feel at peace again, as if a blanket of irrelevance has hidden the perplexing thoughts you had before. However, just as you picture yourself settling into an extremely boring but curiously comforting lecture, your reverie is broken by the very relevant swoosh of a lab coat cutting you off.

Feeling rather disconcerted, you hesitantly peek inside the door to find the lecture theatre filled with people in lab coats, many of whom look somewhat familiar by now. You then realise, to your horror, that these familiar faces are not scientists you have chanced upon previously, but rather, the few of your fellow students who had bothered to turn up to the lecture, drowning in a sea of lab coats.

Unable to control your curiosity, you squeeze into the seat closest to the door, which, surprisingly, has not yet been taken. Your lecturer, short and stubby with a thick, fake-looking moustache and heavy eyeliner, strides in with a majestic air, and the entire room is moved to silence without him speaking so much as a word. You wonder if he is indeed your lecturer, as you do not recognise him at all, but that seems more likely to be due to your truancy than anything else.

He begins immediately, presenting with unwavering confidence a series of utterly incomprehensible slides.



