

# Colour-Blind

—Stephen Muirhead and Sam Chow

In the taxi on the way to the airport you struggle to contain your excitement. Sydney. The harbour city. Maybe you could buy some second-hand Olympics memorabilia! Maybe you can catch a double decker train! Maybe you could even drop by Sydney Uni! You've often heard how remarkably closely it resembles Melbourne Uni; same culture, same architecture, same lofty elitism. Their maths students society even has the same acronym and, as of last year, an identical puzzlehunt. MUMS, SUMS... you can only speculate what they are called down in Canberra.

You pull into the airport, pay your fare, and line up at check-in. Looking around aimlessly, your eyes snap back into focus as you see a highly suspicious group of five trench-coat-clad men, surrounding a sixth man carrying nothing but a small briefcase. On the side of the briefcase is clearly marked: SCRT MSG. Secret message? What secret message? And, more to the point, since when did skipping vowels jump from text-speak onto the side of briefcases?

As the men cross your field of vision — briskly and with purpose, like G-men working for the government or some other evil high-tech mega-corporation — you are able to make out the design on the other side of the briefcase. Could this be the SCRT MSG?

