

Bar Codes

—Adrian Khoo

Having rigorously mapped out your plan, you turn to the first element in your quest: identify the chef who has been giving lessons on the sly.

The first port of call for any seeker of mysterious knowledge? The internet.

You search for “Celebrity chef” . . . nothing. “Teach sydney lesson” . . . nothing. You look on craigslist but you cannot find anyone offering cooking lessons, unless they are talking about an oven when they guarantee *a hot time*. You return to Google and try “Coathanger fry-up big-wig chalk talk” . . . bingo, a link to gumtree.com.au. A bit of snooping about in the classifieds, and you have what you’re after: the address in Sydney of a *top chef* who gives *inconspicuous lessons to those with the need. . . for mustard seed*.

Sadly, the contact page has no extra information as to the identity of this mysterious chef — only annoying pop-up ads for poker websites, and bizarrely, images of cravats — but you’ve got enough to work on, for now. You log on to an airline website, book the first flight to Sydney, and print out your e-ticket. Almost at once, you notice there is something strange going on with the barcodes on the ticket:

