

Objets d'Art

—Matthew Ng

All along the road you see increasing signs of koalapsing communities and smell an ever-growing fruity scent in the air. You decide to detour into Belair National Park to get a feel for the environmental impact of the dropbears. An overturned truck bearing Cadbury's Caramello Koalas is a strangely poetic sight to behold.

"Professor? This morning, while I was driving, I think that I heard you mention Blinky Bill's name in your sleep. How do you know him?"

Bundy shifts slightly uneasily in his seat.

"He wasn't always so evil. Naughty perhaps, but sweet at heart. And he was my best friend during my postgraduate years," a beatific smile steals over his face as he continues to reminisce, "oh the trouble that we used to get into! Especially after I figured out how to fix my gummiberry juice – I used to jump up into the gum trees and we would chat up the koala ladies together." He chuckles for a moment, before drawing in a deep breath, "and we would have remained the best of friends, if it wasn't for..."

The conversation is cut short as your swerving vehicle screeches to a halt. As you recover from your befrazzlement, you notice a dent on the roof of the car. By the size and depth of the impression made, you estimate about 100 pounds of furry fury. Sucking in your stomach, and bearing in mind Bundy's injury, you decide that you'll be the one to check it out.

"You stay here Professor, it's okay. I'll wear the picklehaube."

As you predicted, a Koala – or rather, a dropbear on the roof of the car. Being weary of the 10-inch claws, you proceed to push it off the car. The bear is still warm to the touch, there is nothing heroic in its slaying. You spy an abandoned country chapel in the distance and hope to find a shovel in its sexton hovel. You find one after some rummaging, and walk away as the midday sunlight filters through the stained glass windows, throwing a most striking pattern.

