

Battlefront

—Han Liang Gan

With a few hours to spare before boarding, you head straight for coffee. Joining in the twenty person long queue of caffeine-starved businessmen and businesswomen, you spy a small commotion gathering momentum at a nearby fruit juice bar. It appears as though two Ku Klux Klan look-alikes with yellow fever are demanding to buy up all the bananas in the bar while issuing threats of litigation. Bemused, you watch on as the Chaplin-esque comedy unfolds. Eventually, the manager acquiesces to their demand, and you see the pair running off down the nearest stairs.

Nearing the front of the queue, you look about on the tables next to you and witness an IRC joust between a very patriotic, laptop-toting Australian and his New Zealander equivalent. You continue to spy on the conversation until you reach the counter and order your coffee. Seating yourself down, you patiently await your drug of choice.

After downing the last gulp of your diminutively sized cup of espresso, your brain switches into action. But of course! Those two yellow cloaked figures might just be the Twins that M warned you about. You quickly discard the emptied cup and race off after them. The adrenaline rush of your first bit of exercise after a month of lectures gets your brain switched into second gear, and you realise that there was a poignancy to the little tryst you witnessed earlier.

Aussie: Hey! It's a good for nothing Kiwi. You finished shagging your sheep already?

Kiwi: Why is it you good for nothing Aussies always assume we're sheep shaggers? :(

Aussie: Cos you are!

Kiwi: So maybe there around 5 percent of the population who are actually involved with sheep. And clearly the whole of NZ are sheep shaggers then.

Aussie: Well duh. :)

Kiwi: Do you guys even know how many dollars our sheep trade pulls in? Gazillions I tell you, gazillions.

Aussie: You know, this sheep thing is just an excuse to make fun of youse. Like us Aussies actually have more sheep than you Kiwis. We're even better at your speciality than youse are.

Kiwi: I give up. 100 percent of all Aussies make zero sense.