

Final Destination

—Han Liang Gan and Howard Tang

“Your CityRail train is now arriving at Central Station.” And you were thinking the Melbourne transport system was bad. . .

Today is the day of the preliminary competition for *MasterChef*. Here you are: exhausted from your efforts to identify the Iron Chef, demoralised from your failure to do so, and late as anything for the next stage of your not-so-flawless scheme. As you try to squeeze your way through the dense Sydney crowd, and make your way out of the train station, you begin to realise that if you couldn’t get him to come to you, perhaps you should go searching for him yourself. You plan out your next course of action in your head: get directions to *MasterChef* studio — check; hail a taxi — check; get stuck in dismal Sydney traffic — check; get dismal Sydney roadrage — check. . .

After what feels like an aeon and a half, you finally arrive at the *MasterChef* studio. You see a long queue of individuals in front of the studio entrance — this must be the live audience. They all appear to be holding tickets, and you don’t have one. Uh oh.

From the corner of your eye, you spot a postage delivery van parked near the entrance. You see a large unattended trolley of mail. This may be your only opportunity, so you seize it; with the sprightliness of French frogs fleeing from imminent amputation, you leap into the trolley before anyone notices. Never did you anticipate that you will ever be *delivered* to your quarry on a silver platter.

You wait in the trolley for what seems like another aeon and a half. Then, you feel it move into the building. Success!

Tentatively, you take a sneak peak through the mass of envelopes. You spot the kitchen stadium, and you catch a glimpse of the contestants preparing for their next challenge, one by one as your trolley passes by: Jamie Oliver complaining about the lack of organic ingredients; Gordon Ramsay huffing and gruffing as usual; George Foreman charging up his world-famous grill; Nigella Lawson flirting with judge Gary Mehigan, while lopping the ends off stems of celery in a not-so-innocent manner. . .

The trolley comes to an abrupt stop, and you hear fading footsteps as the postman returns to his van outside. Still uncertain whether the time has come to emerge from hiding, you decide to wait a little while longer, and preoccupy yourself with a sneak peak at all the fan mail.

10³ kg

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SAVINGS

Four empty boxes for the answer.