

# Homer's Odyssey

—Sam Chow and Stephen Muirhead

It's morning again. The wind has grown restless, ferociously pounding your body, creeping into your coat sleeves. Shivering, you hurry across the road. A few youths are smoking, clustered on the side of the street, their sunken eyes following your agitated stride.

“Sam? Are you in? I've worked out who's behind it!”

Sam is halfway through eating a lamb chop, but at the sound of your voice he involuntarily sends what was in his mouth flying across the room. With a *sheepish* look, he licks his greasy fingers and picks a morsel of half-chewed lamb off the table, grunting as he devours it. This guy, literally, loves his lamb.

You tell Sam all about what you have discovered. “Junior”, the shipment of beef, “GWB”, Bush's vacation to Australia—it all pointed to one person. George Dubya Bush. And only he would have the audacity to try to Americanize Australia. After all, he probably thought Australia was just the 51st state. Not that our politicians thought otherwise.

Sam Kekovich just nods his head. “Strewth, me judgement was right. That bloody beef. Why won't everyone just eat lamb? You know it makes sense. I'm Sam Kekovich.” You stare at him blankly. Nothing made sense at all.

As Keko launches into another of his passionate tirades, you notice something in the corner of your eye: an unusual yet intricate etching, neatly carved on the polished surface of Sam's vast wooden desk. It appears to be some sort of maze, and to blank out waves of vitriol washing over you, you attempt to solve it in your head.

