

Blight

“Laws are like sausages; it is better not to see them being made.”

—Otto von Bismarck

Late again. Five weeks of uni have proven beyond reasonable doubt that no matter how much effort one puts into punctuality, one’s plans are always foiled by an unworldly power—for example, should one leave plenty of time before class to grab a copy of *The Age* at Union House, it follows that one must be delayed by a tantalising and utterly irresistible packet of gummy bears on special at the Foodworks. With the crumpled paper wedged under your arm, you perform a small miracle in acrobatics dodging through scattered waves of students, finally making it to the rear entrance of the Copland Theatre.

Your initial delight at the lecturer’s apparent absence is somewhat diminished as you notice your friends stuck right in the middle of the theatre. You contemplate walking on people’s shoulders to reach them, but upon checking your pockets, you realise that you don’t possess a sufficiently large knife to be Crocodile Dundee. Instead, you slip into the nearest seat, smooth out the creased newspaper and scan today’s front page.

Girls beat the world to grab first gold. . . Work laws still disliked. . . Melbourne’s dams at 12% capacity. . . Fine, sunny, top 24.

Wary that the lecturer might soon arrive to cut short your reading, you quickly gloss over the paper so as not to miss out on today’s *Non Sequitur*. However, fifteen minutes and many more glossings later, the lectern is still empty and your fellow students begin to trickle out. Determined to learn something after having run so hard to make it on time, you stay firmly rooted in your seat. You continue your by now somewhat repetitive glossing until a short article you hadn’t noticed before catches your eye. Upon closer inspection, it appears to have been carefully glued onto an inconspicuous section of the paper.

Late last night, stand up comedian Mr Helliard was seen in a nature reserve licking what appeared to be a toffee apple. Our on the spot reporter Ms Albrechtsen was once again first on the scene, however, when she arrived she discovered something far more interesting than someone licking a toffee apple. There was a very rowdy bunch of people all centered on someone in a Mr Sparrow outfit, singing like a maniac. It was later confirmed to be a very poor rendition of various Ms Streisand songs.

In other news, standing next to a pigeon laden statue of Mr Washington a ravishing Ms Anderson was caught carrying a bottle of what appeared to be mineral water. She was later seen taking that bottle onto a plane. In a statement to the press, Mr Powell was forced to defend airline security who let her take the 'potential liquid explosives' onboard. Eventually, disgusted with the way that the press conference had centered on some celebrity, and not actually about real politics, he called the media all dogs and left in a huff with the parting words,

'Who the hell are all you people anyway?'

WOOF!

—Han Liang Gan