

# The Osbourne Supremacy

—Corey Plover

You race after Kekovich as he rounds the nearest corner, making sure that you'd picked up your steak before doing so. After all, a good old fashioned chase makes anyone hungry. Hot on his trail, you career around a bend, and spot him striding purposefully towards yet another BushGAS station. Thankfully, he hears you calling him, and charges back towards you. But before you can even catch your breath, you find yourself pinned to the wall, Kekovich's *beefy* hand firmly grasping your neck.

"DROP THAT TUCKER, NOW!" he screams in your face.

"... What?" you stammer in reply.

"DROP THAT PIECE OF STEAK! DROP IT!"

You let the uneaten steak that you're holding fall to the ground.

"DID'JA EAT ANY OF IT?"

"No, no, no, I didn't get a chance... Can you let me go?"

"Sorry about that mate, but next time make sure you eat nothing but Aussie lamb. Strewth, I could go some right now."

Just as you're thinking that one's devotion to lamb can sometimes go too far, Kekovich launches into a nonsensical rant; an elaborate conspiracy theory involving an evil takeover plot, imported petrol and, somewhat incongruously, genetically modified prime rump steak. Apparently Sam Kekovich has also read about the discovery of the American gene, and is convinced that this gene has been genetically implanted in the steak being sold at a discount. Your rudimentary understanding of basic genetics leaves you a little confused, and something in his earnestness makes you glad of the incomprehension. Better just to sit back and let it wash over you. Too intimidated to question or object, you let him finish what he was saying.

By now Sam has turned from you, gazing out at unseen enemies. You're just about to make an inconspicuous exit from the scene when he turns back towards you and asks, in a manner strongly suggesting that you have no say in the matter, for your assistance.

"Onya mate, I can see you're keen as mustard. Sorry for being such an ear basher, but we got some real hard yakka ahead of us. For starters help me figure what this piece of paper is on about. I managed to grab it from those drongos, right before I served 'em one of me lamb-*chops*. Come to think of it, this all reminds me of the good old days ..."

- A snowball's chance in hell (7, slang)
- Canine Blvd. (6)
- Tigger's best friend is an apple (8)
- Would have gotten two under par if he wasn't feeling off-colour (5)
- Sir Jackdaw and Sir Raven (7)
- Gambling is such a depressing pastime (5)
- Got a furuncle trying to peddle goods (5)
- Physician's physical strength (6)
- Cygnet chick (4, slang)
- Steve Dore loves this Sesame Street monster (6)
- Feline got dealt blackjack (6)
- "Call me Leo. I'm a professional shingler" (5)
- Mr Woods' golf shirt (4)
- His electromagnetic equations contain no  $\pi$ 's (7)
- Escarpment blasted by B-52s (5)