

# Graffiti

—James Zhao

Not wishing to leave the safety of the Richard Berry Building, you decide that checking Theatre A next door is a sufficient demonstration of effort at finding your class. You walk past and instinctively rip down a VATE poster, muttering about the shameless advertising creeping into every corner of society. As with the rest of the building, you find a dark, empty room — no lecturer, no Maths Olympics<sup>1</sup>, not even any first years struggling with  $\delta$  and  $\epsilon$ . Turning on the lights, you turn your head towards the blackboard, half-expecting to find another strange picture, but you are met with the not quite blank feel of a recently-erased blackboard. You can just make out the words “destroy” and “detessellate”, and hope that they were written by bored students rather than scheming conspirators. Turning back around, you see a suspicious pile of Undergraduate Handbooks on the lectern. Pushing them aside, you notice that someone has chipped something onto the table, rather clumsily but very, very violently, as if with a pick.

WOODY WAS HERE 2005  
760 110 333 106 620 175 325 136  
205 143 301 060 321 443 308 029

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<sup>1</sup>Google: “Maths Olympics”