

# Bastioned Misarrangement

—James Zhao

Over the last hour or so, you and Sam had slowly worked out a plan. To be more precise, you'd worked out a plan, and Sam had interjected with cries of "beaut", "little ripper" and just occasionally "pig's arse!". He'd then proceeded to take all the credit.

George Bush had landed in Australia this morning, ostensibly under the guise of a "vacation", but you suspect it's more to assess the efficacy of his genetically modified steak. Obviously Bush's visit is big news, and later that day he was holding a news conference. All the media would be there: TV stations, radio, the Chaser boys. It was the perfect opportunity.

Therefore, you and Keko are now standing outside the studio where the conference is scheduled to take place. The place is swarming, but Kekovich's notoriety clears a path to the back door. You duck inside, expecting to find a studio-esque interior, but it looks more like a castle. Sam is clearly not impressed at this observation: "Bloody Michael Caton, that banana-bending galah. Sitcho shoulda given the part to a real Victorian, like me!"

Ignoring Sam for now, you see that most of the floor space in the room is covered in large piles of wood and metal, which you soon realize are components of various siege weapons—on any other day, you'd think they had to be props, but these are incredibly realistic. You recognize the arm of an enormous trebuchet floating in a sea of ballista bolts. Digging around, you find a leathery, dust-covered book, apparently filled with coordinates for aiming the siege weapons under which it was buried.

One page especially strikes your attention. The script is delicate and wispy yet utterly authoritative, and your hyperactive imagination concocts a vivid and unsettling image of a ghost of an ancient general dwelling within the body of a modern artist—or as Sam insightfully describes it, "Reminds me of me cousin Elle, once removed". You had better do as the page commands.

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