



Simon's guide to buying a sofa from IKEA

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Hello, my name is Simon, and I love IKEA so much I want to marry it. Can you believe the prices on glass tea light holders? Seventy cents. That is fucking unbelievable. I will get ten.

Here is my simple step-by-step guide to buying a sofa from IKEA. Some people may think that purchasing a sofa would be a simple exercise, but with determination and a little planning, you can ensure that it is a painful process.

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Step 1

Ring David at 7:40 a.m. and ask him if he will come to IKEA with you. It is important to ring this early because David will be disoriented and agree to anything.

Step 2

Ring David again at 8:05 a.m. to check that he got up, because getting to IKEA early is imperative. This twenty-five minute interval will ensure that if David did get up he will be in the shower when you call. Ring David again at 9:15 a.m. to inquire where he is and ask him to get you a large latte on the way. If he declines, tell him not to be a selfish prick and remind him of the time you fed his fish while he was away six years ago.

Step 3

When David arrives, inform him that you are taking his car because it is bigger. This is also the time to inform him that you are buying a sofa and

he will need to rent a trailer on the way. Now that David is at your place you can get ready at your leisure. As you just put the clothes you want to wear in the dryer, he will have to wait an hour anyway. Make him useful during this time by having him edit a website you are working on about Australian architecture.

Step 4

On the way to IKEA, complain about David's choice in music. Demand a better selection. Make David pull over and tune his stereo to your iPod's iTrip and play eighties dance tracks, such as "Big in Japan" by Alphaville, loud enough for cars around you to hear. Sing the chorus. If you get the words wrong, explain that's the way they are in another version.

Step 5

When you get to IKEA, do not go straight to the sofa section. Follow the path IKEA has set for you to take, and stop and look at every item. Point out the price and compare each product by cross-referencing it with the IKEA catalogue. Remember to stop at each location and consult the "You are here" diagram before progressing. Inform David every two minutes of your exact location in the store by marking your journey on the IKEA map with your IKEA pencil.

Step 6

At the sofa section, sit on every couch and pretend you are watching television. Make David sit next to you, like a couple. Also, whenever David is more than five meters away, call out questions such as "What is the foam density of that one?" loud enough for those in a thirty-meter radius to hear. Consult with the staff about every couch. Researching sofas on the Internet before you go will enable you to discuss frame warp and fabric weave. Asking about color choices and availability will involve looking through large sample books. Consult David on each swatch.

Step 7

Once you have made your selection, do not leave the store. Purchase a coffee table and shelf unit and tell David that he will help you put them together when you get home. Also purchase lamps, glass tea light holders, cutlery, ice cube trays, cushions, stackable boxes, an ironing board cover, a quilt cover set, and a rug. Make David carry everything, explaining that you need your hands free to write on the IKEA product slip with your IKEA pencil.

Step 8

Before leaving, inform David that you would like to try the famous Swedish Meatballs at the IKEA restaurant. If he states that he will wait in the car, explain that you are shopping together, not one person shopping and the other waiting in the car. Discuss the meatballs on the drive home.

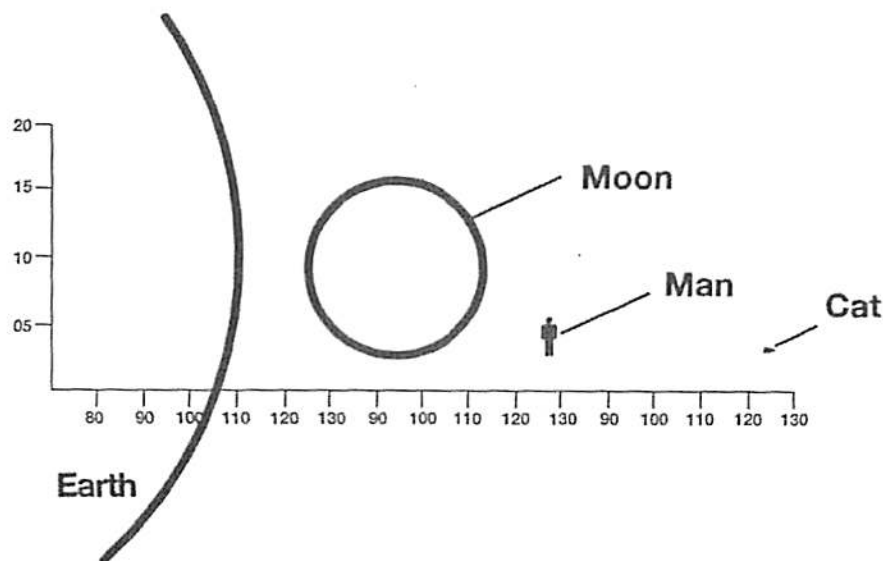


Interview with Flight Commander Thorne

Flight Commander Thorne has been part of three successful space missions, including the recent delivery of new flannels to the International Space Station.

Thank you for joining us today and congratulations on your recent successful mission aboard Discovery. Could you explain to us what it was like to be in space?

Yes, I can. It was a lot smaller than I expected. I used to try to take in the fact that earth is spinning around a tiny sun, which is just one of billions in a tiny cluster that makes up just a bit of our Milky Way, which is one of billions of galaxies with billions of billions of kilometers between them, and I would get massive headaches and overwhelming feelings of insignificance with bouts of depression that ultimately led to the breakdown of my third marriage, but when you get up there you realize that there is not that much to it.



How long does it take to reach your mission destination?

Good question. Contrary to popular belief, distances in space are pretty close—rockets are seriously fast, so it takes only about 12 minutes to get to the moon and an hour or so to Mars, etc. It was assumed the distances were greater because of our mistaken calculations in regard to the size of objects in space. The moon for example was thought to be 384,633 kilometers away due to the calculation of it having a radius of 3,476 kilometers, but in fact, it is only 16 kilometers up with a radius of 2.3 kilometers. I myself walked the complete circumference of the moon in under an hour, and that included stopping often to look at interesting rocks. If I throw one of the rocks out into space it will travel through the void for eternity. I usually do this three or four hundred times each visit. Sometimes I spit on the rocks first, knowing my DNA may travel to another world countless light years away and fertilize a new beginning for mankind.

Could you explain the functions of your suit?

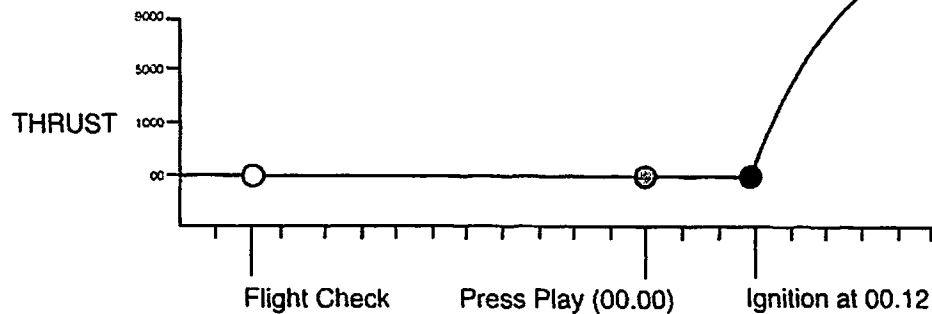
Yes, the suits are pretty cool, aren't they? They may look uncomfortable but are actually like wearing a large fluffy quilt and can be put on or taken off in under thirty seconds. I quite often wear mine around the house when I am ironing, mowing the lawn, or popping down to the shops to get some milk. The controls on the front may seem complicated but simply control the bass, treble, and volume of the built-in MP3 player.

How do you prepare for each mission takeoff?

We try to get a good night's sleep beforehand, making sure everything is packed and we haven't forgotten anything. Once the ignition spark hits twenty tons of solid rocket fuel, we can't turn around and go to the shop. On one mission, no one remembered to bring cigarettes, so the whole trip everyone was bitching and grumpy—I had a packet in my suit, but I had to hide them and only smoke in the toilet or everyone would have wanted

Timeline for Ignition of Booster Rockets

Graph assumes correct volume and bass levels have been set



them. Music is also very important, we strap in, run a prelaunch flight check, then press the ignition switch, which hits us with 9,000 G of thrust at exactly twelve seconds into the Linkin Park track “With You,” which is fed at full volume through our helmet speakers.

As commander, you must rely on a dedicated and highly skilled crew to ensure each successful mission.

You would assume that wouldn't you? You would think that a team would support their commander and encourage his leadership and support his decisions, wouldn't you? You would expect there to be no bickering about little things or saying stuff behind people's backs, wouldn't you? Good teamwork comes from listening to your commander; that's why there are ranks. Some people just do not understand that there is no “i” in team. I tell them that the word “team” stands for “terrifically exciting aims met” and had T-shirts made, but they didn't wear them.

Thank you, Commander, for taking the time out of your busy schedule to come and talk to us today. Is there any last message you would like to give to our students?

No problem, I wasn't doing much today. Well, if there were one message I would like to give to the kids of today, it would be not to do drugs. They

may seem fun at the time and yes they may enhance sex and make music sound better, but they can be expensive unless you know the right people, so you would be better off buying books and pens and stuff. Space may be big, but it's nowhere near as big as your potential if you have pens and other writing implements that you may need.

NASA Space Facts

The sun is twenty times brighter than a sixty-watt light bulb and generates twice the heat of a potter's kiln.

Russian astronaut Mikael Novas has been living on the ISS for eight years and collects erotica.

You can make your own rocket fuel at home using a three-to-one ratio of chlorine and brake fluid.

Space shuttle *Endeavor* contains living quarters for eighteen people and features a gymnasium and squash courts.

Due to the shuttle taking off in the Florida swamps, several hundred ducks are incinerated during each launch. NASA employees often eat them following a successful takeoff.



Missing Missy

I was up all night in tears

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I am not a big fan of cats. I do not hate them; I just have no interest in them whatsoever. If I visit your house, I do not want to pat your cat, sit on the couch where it has been, or have you make me a sandwich after patting it. I didn't want that sandwich, anyway. The Maxwell House coffee was bad enough, and when you smelled the milk to see if it was still OK, despite being a week past its use-by date, I saw your nose touch the carton. I actually rescued a cat once. I was walking across a bridge, over a river that was flooding, when I heard mewing and saw a frantic cat being pulled along. I picked up a fairly hefty branch and threw it over the rail to where the cat was. I did not see it after that, but I am pretty sure it would have climbed on and ridden the branch to safety.

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From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 9:15 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Poster

Hi. I opened the screen door yesterday and my cat got out and has been missing since then so I was wondering if you are not too busy you could make a poster for me. It has to be A4 and I will photocopy it and put it around my suburb this afternoon.

This is the only photo of her I have she answers to the name Missy and is black and white and about 8 months old. missing on Harper street and my phone number. Thanks Shan.



From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 9:26 a.m.

To: Shannon Walkley

Subject: Re: Poster

Dear Shannon,

That is shocking news. Luckily I was sitting down when I read your e-mail and not half way up a ladder or tree. How are you holding up? I am surprised you managed to attend work at all, what with thinking about Missy out there, cold, frightened, and alone . . . possibly lying on the side of the road, her back legs squashed by a vehicle, calling out, "Shannon, where are you?"

Although I have two clients expecting completed work this afternoon, I will, of course, drop everything and do whatever it takes to facilitate the speedy return of Missy.

Regards, David

From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 9:37 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Poster

yeah ok thanks. I know you dont like cats but I am really worried about mine. I have to leave at 1pm today.

From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 10:17 a.m.

To: Shannon Walkley

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Poster

Dear Shannon,

I never said I don't like cats. Once, having been invited to a party, I went clothes shopping beforehand and bought a pair of expensive G-Star boots. They were two sizes too small, but I wanted them so badly I figured I could just wear them without socks and cut my toenails very short.

As the party was only a few blocks from my place, I decided to walk. After the first block, I lost all feeling in my feet. Arriving at the party, I stumbled into a guy named Steven, spilling Malibu & Coke onto his white Wham "Choose Life" T-shirt, and he punched me. An hour or so after the incident, Steven sat down in a chair already occupied by a cat. The surprised cat clawed and snarled, causing Steven to leap out of the chair, slip on a rug, and strike his forehead onto the corner of a speaker, resulting in a two-inch open gash. In its shock, the cat also defecated, leaving Steven with a wet brown stain down the back of his beige cargo pants. I liked that cat. Attached poster as requested.

Regards, David

A SHANNON PRODUCTION

THE INTERNET IS A PLAYGROUND 119

From: David Thorne
Date: Monday 21 June 2010 10:28 a.m.
To: Shannon Walkley
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Poster

Dear Shannon,

It's a design thing. The cat is lost in the negative space.

Regards, David

From: Shannon Walkley
Date: Monday 21 June 2010 10:33 a.m.
To: David Thorne
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Poster

Thats just stupid. Can you do it properly please? I am extremely emotional over this and was up all night in tears. you seem to think it is funny. Can you make the photo bigger and fix the text please.

From: David Thorne
Date: Monday 21 June 2010 10:46 a.m.
To: Shannon Walkley
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Poster

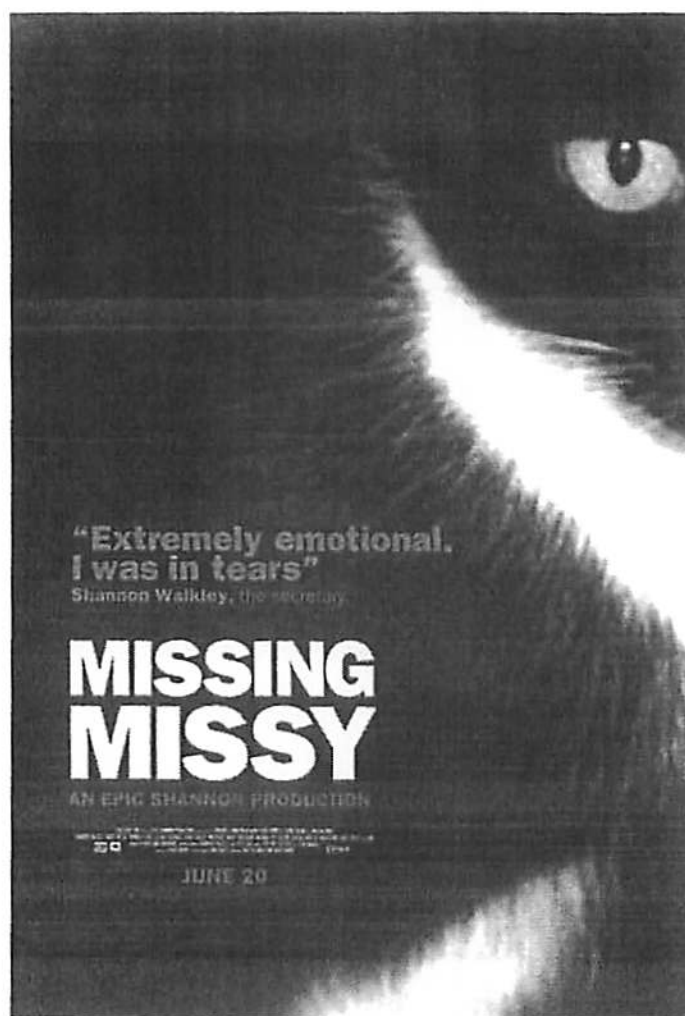
Dear Shannon,

Having worked with designers for a few years now, I would have assumed you understood, despite our vague suggestions otherwise, we do not welcome constructive criticism. I don't come downstairs and tell you how to send text messages, log onto Facebook, and look out of the window. I am willing to overlook this faux pas as you are no doubt preoccupied with thoughts of Missy attempting to make her way home

across busy intersections or being trapped in a drain as it slowly fills with water. I spent three days down a well once, but that was just for fun.

I have amended and attached the poster as per your instructions.

Regards, David



From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 10:59 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Poster

This is worse than the other one. can you make it so it shows the whole photo of Missy and delete the stupid text that says missing missy off it? I just want it to say lost.

From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 11:14 a.m.

To: Shannon Walkley

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Poster



From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 11:21 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Poster

yeah can you do the poster or not? I just want a photo and the word lost and the telephone number and when and where she was lost and her name. Not like a movie poster or anything stupid. I have to leave early today. If it was your cat I would help you. Thanks.

From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 11:32 a.m.

To: Shannon Walkley

Subject: Awww

Dear Shannon,

I don't have a cat. I once agreed to look after a friend's cat for a week, but after he dropped it off at my apartment and explained the concept of kitty litter, I kept the cat in a closed cardboard box in the shed and forgot about it. If I wanted to feed something and clean feces, I wouldn't have put my mother in that home after her stroke. A week later, when my friend came to collect his cat, I pretended that I was not home and mailed the box to him. Apparently, I failed to put enough stamps on the package, and he had to collect it from the post office and pay eighteen dollars. He still goes on about that sometimes, but people need to learn to let go. I have attached the amended version of your poster as per your detailed instructions.

Regards, David

LOST



MISSY THE CAT

MISSING FROM HARPER STREET
ON THE 20TH OF JUNE

CONTACT 0433 359 705

From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 11:47 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Awww

Thats not my cat. where did you get that picture from? That cat is orange. I gave you a photo of my cat.

From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 11:58 a.m.

To: Shannon Walkley

Subject: Re: Re: Awww

I know, but that one is cute. As Missy has quite possibly met any one of several violent ends, it is possible you might get a better cat out of this. If anybody calls and says, "I haven't seen your orange cat, but I did find a black-and-white one with its hind legs run over by a car. Do you want it?" you can politely decline and save yourself a costly veterinarian bill.

I knew someone who had a Basset hound that had its hind legs removed after an accident, and it had to walk around with one of those little buggies with wheels. If it had been my dog I would have asked for all its legs to be removed and replaced with wheels and had a remote control installed. I could charge neighborhood kids for rides and enter it in races. If I did the same with a horse, I could drive it to work. I would call it Steven.

Regards, David

From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 12:07 p.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Awww

Please just use the photo I gave you.

From: David Thorne
Date: Monday 21 June 2010 12:22 p.m.
To: Shannon Walkley
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Awww

LOST



**MISSY THE CAT
REWARD OFFERED
\$2000**

**MISSING FROM HARPER STREET
ON THE 20TH OF JUNE
CONTACT 0433 359 705**

From: Shannon Walkley
Date: Monday 21 June 2010 12:34 p.m.
To: David Thorne
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Awww

I didnt say there was a reward. I dont have \$2000 dollars. What did you even put that there for? Apart from that it is perfect can you please remove the reward bit. Thanks Shan.

From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 12:42 p.m.

To: Shannon Walkley

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Awww

LOST



MISSY THE CAT NO REWARD

MISSING FROM HARPER STREET
ON THE 20TH OF JUNE

CONTACT 0433 359 705

From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 12:51 p.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Awww

Can you just please take the reward bit off altogether? I have to leave in ten minutes and I still have to make photocopies of it.

From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 12:56 p.m.

To: Shannon Walkley

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Awww

LOST



MISSY THE CAT

MISSING FROM HARPER STREET
ON THE 20TH OF JUNE

CONTACT 0433 359 705

From: Shannon Walkley

Date: Monday 21 June 2010 1:03 p.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Awww

Fine. That will have to do.



Hello, my name is Lucius,
and I'd like you to sign here,
please

I am probably the best courier in the world. If you have a box and you want it to go somewhere, I will come and get it and take it there instead of you having to do it yourself. You have to pay me to do it, but it saves you time, so it is worth it. It doesn't matter what kind of box—once I delivered a box full of bolts, which was really heavy. I am very strong, though. They were saying, "Wow, that box looks heavy," and I replied, "No, it's light for me."

PICKUP & DELIVERY LOG

8:30 a.m.

The first pickup and delivery of the day is always the best. When I am driving to collect the first box of the day, I try to guess what color it will be and what will be in it. If the tape on the box is the kind you can lift and put back, I have a look. Sometimes there is food in there. I don't eat it, though, as that would be against the Courier Code. Once, there was a whole box of sandwiches to be delivered to a work function, and they wouldn't have noticed if I had eaten one, but I didn't. I took a little bite out of each one, but that is allowed.

9:45 a.m.

YES! It was a brown box! I knew it would be a brown box. I have definitely got psychotic powers. I have guessed the box would be brown eight hundred and forty times in a row, which proves my powers are probably the most powerful in the world. I have to keep my powers a secret, though, as the government would want to control someone as powerful as I probably am. I would have to live my life on the run, never settling down in one place

for long. The government would probably hunt me down and fifty of them would point their guns at me, and I would concentrate, and the guns would float up in the air or turn into sticks, and the men would say, "He is more powerful than we thought possible." I pulled up around the corner to have a look inside the box, but it was just books, which was disappointing.

10:30 a.m.

I delivered the box, and the girl in the front foyer signed and printed her name. Her name is Kate, and I could tell by the sexy way she signed that she thought I was one of the top five best lookingest guys in Adelaide and wished I were her boyfriend. I was telling her about my psychotic powers and was going to ask her out, but she said she was really busy and had to get back to work. I will see her again later today, though, as they are regular clients. I will write her a poem during my lunch break. On the way out the door I took a couple of photos of her on my camera phone. She looks a bit surprised in the first photo and blurry in the second, as she was getting out of her chair as the door closed. I will use the flash next time. It is somewhere in Settings. When anyone has a problem with their phone they always get me to fix it because I am like a computer genius. I am probably the biggest computer genius in the world; I just can't be bothered learning all that stuff.

11:15 a.m.

Stuck in traffic on my way to the next box pickup. I feel it might be brown. I like to listen to music while I am waiting and have all the best albums recorded onto TDK Cassette, including *Arrival*, *Super Trouper*, and *Warterloo*. When I make the final payment on my delivery van in fourteen years, I am going to have a CD player installed. I saw them at Kmart for only \$49.95, so am saving for one. When I am waiting in traffic I turn the music up as loud as it will go, and all the rattles in the van vibrate along to it; it is like my van is dancing. Sometimes I become lost in the beat and imagine that I am Paula Abdul, dancing with the cartoon cat on the stairs in that music clip where she dances with the cartoon cat on the stairs. I am also probably one of the best singers in the world, and when my friend Jedd is

in the van, I say to him, "Make me that beat already so I can destroy it with my unstoppable flows," and he does.

12:45 p.m.

Eight hundred and forty-one! It is a big box too. Priority pickup from one hospital to another. I should not have looked inside that one. I will deliver it after I finish my lunch break and sponge wash. I always keep a wet sponge in the back, and I park the van, undress, and sponge myself down so that I am clean and refreshed for the rest of the day. I stopped off at Target and bought cologne and a suit I am going to wear for Kate. I have also written her a poem:

"Kate" By Lucius

*I delivered you a box today
It was brown with clear tape wrapped around it.
I am in the back of my van looking at photos of you
Imagining you opening the box
Wondering what is in it, because I didn't look.
The tape was like that when I picked it up.*

3:20 p.m.

I have just left the hospital; they were quite rude. A nurse said that she was going to ring my boss, and I told her, "He might be the boss of me, but I am the boss of my life," which was obviously too philosophical for her, because she just stood there looking at me. She was completely pored. If I were a Transformer she would be so sorry. I took a whole bunch of latex gloves while she was not looking and am on my way to pick up a box to be delivered to the company that Kate works for. I have a strong feeling that this box will be brown, and I will drive really fast to get it to her quickly so she sees how professional and efficient I am. I am probably the best driver in the world, and if I were a racing car driver I would be world champion.

3:50 p.m.

Eight hundred and forty-two! I had to climb six flights of stairs to collect the box, but I am very fit and athletic as I own a trampoline and do four hours of air running every night. Air running is where you jump really high and then run as fast as you can in the air. It is very good for the vascular system, and often my neighbors will come out to watch me. If it were a team sport I would be captain. I am on my way to deliver the box to Kate. I can't wait to see her, and I bet she is as excited as I am. I have changed into my suit and put on cologne. I will stand very close to her so that she can smell it. I have cleaned the van up a little bit, as I will ask her to come for a ride. Also, I read somewhere that girls like it when you ask them about themselves, so in addition to the poem, I have compiled a list of questions for her to fill out about where she lives and what she does.

5:10 p.m.

I am on my way back to the depot because my boss rang and said he needs to see me immediately. Probably to give me a raise or promotion. I delivered the box and Kate absolutely loved her poem; I read it out to her and she was speechless. There were tears in her eyes, and she was shaking, so I could tell she was overcome with emotion. She couldn't come for a ride in my van because she had a dentist appointment, but I could tell she wanted to. She asked me my full name and then repeated it to someone on the phone, so I know she feels the same way I do if she is telling her friends about our love. I will buy her lunch tomorrow and surprise her by taking it in and eating it there with her. I will say, "Special delivery," and when she asks what it is, I will say, "Me. And a Subway footlong."



Tom's diary

a week in the life of a creative director

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Hello, my name is Thomas, and I run a design agency. You have probably heard of me, as I am known as the Design Guru of Adelaide. Everybody calls me that. You can call me Tommy, though. Or the Design Guru of Adelaide, if you want. Just try it and see how it sounds. No? OK, I wasn't asking you to call me that; I was just saying most people do. It's not a problem—Tommy, then. Or the Design Guru of Adelaide if you say it a few times in your head and find you prefer it because it rolls off the tongue quite well. OK, Thomas, then.

.....

Monday

10:30 a.m.

At work early this morning because I started writing a novel last night and am keen to check if any publishers have e-mailed me with expressions of interest yet. I am about halfway through, and so far it is brilliant. It is about a guy who runs a design agency during the day but at night is a karate soldier with psychic powers. And can fly. And has lots of girlfriends. I am currently looking through photos of me for an appropriate one to use on the cover. One that says "creative genius" but at the same time "Hey." I will probably use the one where I am sitting on a chair, as it will remind people of that statue where the guy is thinking, called Guy Thinking. Or the one of me on the beach, because my hair looks great and I am not wearing a shirt, which will sell books.

12:30 p.m.

Have just ordered a new MacBook Pro because my current one is almost six months old and I cannot be expected to play Solitaire at these speeds.

Staff complained about the speed of theirs when they heard, but I spend four to five hours each day sitting behind them watching what they do and have witnessed, firsthand, Photoshop running fine on the Macintosh IICI they share. I just upgraded it to 8 MB a few years ago and am far too busy to be dealing with their petty issues.

1:30 p.m.

Spent the last hour writing another chapter of my novel. It now spans several millennia, from the nineteenth century to the twentieth, due to the main character being immortal. Having him first jousting redcoats then, later in the novel, time-traveling robots, provides contrast and a break from the parts where he has a lot of girlfriends.

2:30 p.m.

Have been sitting behind the staff having brilliant ideas. I think of things all the time that are brilliant. What is it called when you are a sideways thinker? I am one of those. I usually have about ten sideways ideas per minute. I should probably sit the exam for Mensa. I am just too busy. Just this morning, while shaving my back, I thought how great it would be if my shaver had an MP3 player built in, as I was in the mood for a bit of Seal and that would have made the four-and-a-half-hour process more enjoyable. I would call it the Rave'n'Shave.

3:30 p.m.

Heading out for a drive shortly to buy a kite—they are a great way of meeting new friends. I have a meeting scheduled but have told the secretary that if the client comes in before I get back, to talk about me and say, "I am surprised you managed to get an appointment with him, as he is in high demand and is known as the Design Guru of Adelaide."

4:30 p.m.

Got back in time for client meeting. We agreed on a package that saves me 20 percent on local calls, so it has been a successful day. Heading home because I am exhausted and *Jumper* is on cable.

Tuesday

12:30 p.m.

Just got into the office, as I was up late downloading the iPhone developer's kit. I played a lot of *Space Invaders* on my Commodore 64 when I was young and have a brilliant idea for an app that will make millions of dollars. It is a bit like *Space Invaders* but more like *Frogger*. With a Braille touch screen for the blind.

1:30 p.m.

Spent an hour writing another chapter of my novel. The main character now works as an international fashion model. And has the ability to transport himself to any location on the planet as long as he has been there before.

2:30 p.m.

Since my creative energies are too large to be tethered to one discipline, in addition to becoming a famous author, I have decided to win *Australian Idol* this year. I have my first singing lesson in half an hour. My voice is like one of those mermaids that sings to sailors as they crash onto rocks. But a man version, with a deeper voice, and legs. Although I have the look they are after and perfect pitch and tenor, it makes sense to get a few pointers from a professional beforehand.

3:30 p.m.

Have decided not to win *Australian Idol* this year as I am too busy.

4:00 p.m.

Long day. Heading home after I send out an e-mail to all staff reminding them to refer to me as the Design Guru of Adelaide and describe working with me as "inspiring" when they talk about me with people at the pub or during family dinners.

Wednesday

11:00 a.m.

Late one last night. Decided to go to the pub and stayed for a few drinks even though everyone I knew was leaving when I got there. Guys are uneasy being around me with their girlfriends because they know the ladies are thinking about me naked. Probably lifting weights or dancing. Luckily, there was a girl at the bar by herself, so I sat down and talked to her about me. Surprisingly, she had not heard of me even though I am very well known and people refer to me as the Design Guru of Adelaide. Unfortunately, she had to leave before she could finish reading the news clippings about me that I keep in my pocket, but she did agree to give me her mobile number, 0123 456789, so will ring her tonight and talk about me then.

1:40 p.m.

Staff member just mentioned that eight years ago I said, "I have full-body cancer with only one year to live, and that's why everybody needs to work quicker." Told them that I never said that and to stop making things up. Anyway, I was talking about another guy who had cancer. He is dead now, so they should show some respect.

2:00 p.m.

Leaving early today to ring the girl I met last night. She will probably want to meet for a drink or come over to my place, so I need to collate the photocopies of news clippings and magazine articles about me into a scrapbook for her and shampoo my chest. I also need to make a mixtape of my favorite songs. I know most of the dance moves to *Disco* by the Pet Shop Boys so will start slow with that before popping and locking for her with some Depeche Mode.

Thursday

9:30 a.m.

Early night last night. Walked into the office talking on phone, telling client I appreciate him for saying I was the most creative and brilliant person in Australia, when the phone rang. Explained to staff that my phone is one of the new iPhones that rings while you are on a call to let you know that someone else is calling and they just haven't heard of it yet. Because their phones are old. And I got cut off at the same time it rang. That's the only reason I stopped talking and looked surprised.

10:30 a.m.

Finishing up the final chapters of my novel. It is now set in a post-apocalyptic future where the polar ice caps have melted, water covers the planet, and people live in floating towns.

11:00 a.m.

I have a meeting to go to in an hour and need to go shopping for something nice to wear, as my green trucker hat does not go with any of my canvas shoes. I should start my own T-shirt company because I have lots of brilliant ideas for T-shirt designs and people would be happy to pay upward of two hundred dollars per shirt if they knew I had designed it. Like Ed Hardy. Except I would have cats on mine because cats are very popular. I would sell them online, and every time someone googled my name it would come up with my T-shirt company and they would buy them. I should also make a website where people can buy my semen. Women would pay thousands for my semen. Because of my creative genes. Like one of those racehorses or a cow with award-winning udders. I would do that if I weren't so busy.

4:30 p.m.

Have just gotten back from a four-hour meeting with a potential client in regard to designing a business card for them. I am very excited about where this could lead, as they are the eighteenth largest supplier of gravel in both the east and east-west suburbs of Adelaide. I will send them a quote in a

few weeks, since they take a long time to write. I could tell they were impressed during the meeting, especially when I explained the need to incorporate cats into the design, as they continually rose, in a manner that can only be described as lengthy standing ovations, then sat down again when I kept talking. One of the female clients was very attracted to me, so I spent an hour showing her color photocopies of my Smart Roadster specs and explained what all the graphs meant. I will send her an e-mail now and tell her my last girlfriend died of cancer or something so that she knows I am available and will attach a photo of me sitting in my car. And one of me wearing jogging shorts so she knows I am athletic.

4:35 p.m.

Heading home, as I am exhausted both physically and mentally after two client meetings in as many months.

Friday

10:30 a.m.

Walked in and had an argument with the secretary. I do not see why I have to justify myself to her. It is my business and therefore my company Visa card. I do not appreciate being questioned. Obviously there has been some kind of mistake and we have been charged \$29.95 per month by teenshemale.com in error. It is not her job to ring the bank and question the purchase when I told her I would take care of it even though I am extremely busy.

10:35 a.m.

Have put a password on my computer. Used a random selection of 128 numbers and characters so as to make it impossible for the secretary to guess. Will not write it down anywhere, in case she finds it.

1:30 p.m.

Completed my novel. It is without a doubt the best book ever written and will become a bestseller within weeks. This will mean that I will be very busy

doing promotional tours and replying to people who have written thanking me for sharing my gift, so I will need to tell my staff that I will not be here as often to give them the creative guidance they rely on me for. This will be upsetting, but they have to understand that I owe it to my fans to do book signing tours and appear on *Dancing with the Stars*.

1:35 p.m.

To celebrate the completion of my novel, I invited the staff over to my place to listen to stories about me, but they all had prior plans.

2:00 p.m.

Heading home and calling it a week. It has been a very busy one and therefore productive. Next week is going to be extremely busy as I have decided to write a musical based on my life story. Probably with cats in it as cats are very popular.



Roz
loves Adelaide and
owns a plain

Roz Knorr, a pseudonym I will assume unless she is part Klingon, does not like Adelaide. Or perhaps it is just me. She certainly doesn't like my writing and seems to have missed the point that there are plenty of other writers discussing sweatshop children and how man has ravaged Mother Earth. Sometimes it is nice to have a pointless distraction. We can't spend every waking hour kissing trees and throwing paint at women wearing fur coats.

From: Roz Knorr

Date: Monday 12 October 2009 11:56 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Adelaide loser

Only in a backward town like Adelaide would you get dickheads who would write crap like you. You cant even write well. Thats the result of the sub standard backward schools in Adelaide. Writing about monkeys and children starving. Spend a few nights with the Salvos feeding the homeless so you can write about that and at least people will go to your site and learn something loser. Little dick typical male. Face it when it comes to Adelaide it is full of dumb backward hick arseholes that are totally devoid of social consciousness or culture.

From: David Thorne

Date: Monday 12 October 2009 12:38 p.m.

To: Roz Knorr

Subject: Re: Adelaide loser

Dear Roz,

Thank you for your e-mail. I apologize for the delay in replying. As you mentioned, Adelaide is a tad behind other cities in regard to not only consciousness and culture but also technology. Your e-mail was received by Adelaide's only computer, a 386 housed in the public library powered by a duck on a treadmill, before being relayed to me by Morse code. Should you wish to contact me direct next time, my home number is dot dot dash dot dash dot dot dash.

Regards, David

From: Roz Knorr

Date: Tuesday 13 October 2009 9:18 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

Typical coming from such backward piece of crap city like Adelaide. You just proved my point. LOL! Your reply shows what a backwards hick you and everyone who lives in Adelaide is. I have homes in Hong Kong, Britain, Paris, USA, & Hawaii, as well as Australia. I grew up in a house with 11 servants & a chauffer. And honey I have friends living in Laurel Canyon, & California who earn \$400,000 a day in rock & roll. Poor Adeliade. No culture and no class. Be careful not to be a victim of a hit & run. Accidents happen all the time, so much cheaper in Adelaide. One phone call . . .

From: David Thorne
Date: Tuesday 13 October 2009 9:51 a.m.
To: Roz Knorr
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

Dear Roz,

Thank you for your concern and kind offer, but I should be fine for the moment in regard to monetary-based injuries. Recently, I set up a stall at a women's golfing convention with a banner stating "Punch me in the head for one dollar." I made eight hundred and thirty dollars that day. Tax-free. With the money raised, I intend to buy a bigger stall for next year's convention.

It must be nice to own several homes all over the planet. For many years I dreamed of experiencing the culture of Paris, until I realized there would probably be a lot of French people there. They should do something about that. Contrary to your statement regarding Adelaide having no culture, though, there is actually a large and thriving artistic community here, but very little art is produced due mainly to the artists spending all their time displaying their scarves to each other and attending gallery exhibitions for the free alcohol and food, and the chance to wash their armpits in the venue's bathroom.

Regards, David

From: Roz Knorr
Date: Tuesday 13 October 2009 2:14 p.m.
To: David Thorne
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

You wouldn't know a thing about culture being from Adelaide. You are a bunch of inbred filthy convicts and are all a bunch of no hoppers. I won't even quote you how much money I make from my busenesses that I have in New York, Britain or Japan.

From: David Thorne

Date: Tuesday 13 October 2009 3:02 p.m.

To: Roz Knorr

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

Dear Roz,

Actually, while Adelaide may commonly be referred to as the “murder capital of Australia” due to having more serial killers per capita than any other city in Australia, it is ironically the only Australian capital city not founded by convicts. Adelaide is also referred to as the “city of churches” due to the fact that there is a church on every corner. It is not surprising therefore that Adelaide also has a long history of child pedophilia. Another common misconception is that due to Adelaide’s high number of churches, the city must be a very religious one. In fact, the number of churches is only necessary in order to cope with the number of funerals as a result of the number of murders that take place here.

You are also mistaken in regard to Adelaide containing no hoppers. I myself regularly hop. I am, in fact, the founder of the Adelaide Hopping Club, an organization that meets each Tuesday to hop. We have so many members that it is often standing room only at the meetings. Which is obviously not a problem.

Recently, we have been planning an event in which we intend to hop nonstop from Adelaide to Sydney to raise not only awareness for the sport of hopping but also funds for a new charity we have set up called The Roz Knorr Hopping Foundation, which will provide poor people with no legs a single artificial leg and accompanying hopping instructional video inspiringly titled “Never Give Up Hop.”

Regards, David

From: Roz Knorr

Date: Wednesday 14 October 2009 11:16 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

You wouldn't know the first thing about charity or giving back to the community. People from Adelaide don't do anything for the underprivileged in society. Go read Naomi Klein's 1999 book "No Logo" and join the ant-globalist movement & start defacing corporate posters in public places with political statements, or visit a sweat shop with 7 year olds in Mexico & blog about it. Until then you are just another selfish parasite taking from this planet. Watch your back. I leave for New York in my private plain this afternoon so I don't have any time for anymore of your pathetic hick town nonsense.

Goodbye David.

From: David Thorne

Date: Thursday 15 October 2009 11:55 a.m.

To: Roz Knorr

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

Dear Roz,

Thank you for excellent suggestions. Unfortunately I cannot afford the airfare to Mexico and even if I did, I do not know any seven-year-olds to take. It's a pity, as I have heard that you can get really cheap soccer balls there. Coincidentally, I too have a private plain. It is actually more of a field but, going by the number of backpackers discovered buried in the area, quite private regardless. I was sitting in the middle of it reading your correspondence regarding poorly written books and eighties political statements when I realized you raise a valid point. I organized a garage sale in which I sold my neighbor's outdoor furniture and used the proceeds to move to Nimbin. I spent today rubbing my body with

crystals, dancing to Fleetwood Mac, writing poetry about rain drops, and braiding my leg hair to form rope, which I have used to construct dream catchers to sell at the local commune shop. As the commune rejects the concept of money and accepts only happy thoughts in exchange for goods, I am writing this using my laptop powered by karma as an alternative energy source. This e-mail is being sent with an attachment of love.

Regards, David

From: Roz Knorr

Date: Friday 16 October 2009 10:41 a.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

Dangerous ground loser. You do not know who you are dealing with.
I know a lot of people.

From: David Thorne

Date: Friday 16 October 2009 11:09 a.m.

To: Roz Knorr

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

Dear Roz,

Yes, I realize you must know many people. I calculate the six real estate agents, pilot and co-pilot of your private plane, your rock and roll friends making \$400,000 a day, plus the eleven servants and chauffeur makes a total of twenty-two. I am assuming the chauffeur is the person you intend to have me run over by, if not, then twenty-three. This total does not, of course, include the people you know from the Salvation Army, anti-globalist movements, sweatshop owners, the shop assistant

at your local XXL Golf Pants'R'Us, or members of the K.D. Lang Fan Club.

Regards, David

From: Roz Knorr

Date: Friday 16 October 2009 2:01 p.m.

To: David Thorne

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

E-mail me again and you will be sorry. Bye.

From: David Thorne

Date: Friday 16 October 2009 2:07 p.m.

To: Roz Knorr

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Adelaide loser

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