



As the light fades, you find yourself standing on a footpath. Still disoriented and half-blinded, you take a step out, and suspect that you are the cause of the angry, foreign shouting that immediately follows. An angry cyclist bears down on you and you jump out of the way, careening face-first into a flower bed along the side of the road.

Clambering to your feet, you casually brush the soil off your coat - you've certainly been through worse. Sadly, the same cannot be said for the bed of once-beautiful tulips you just crushed. You decide to step into the shop behind them and apologise for the accidental vandalism.

An excellent choice, as it turns out: the shop is a delightful bakery, with delicious-looking pastries and baked goods lining the walls and counter. A jolly round man stands behind the glass, grinning like a loon.

“Hello,” he says with a thick accent. “I can tell you are not from these parts. You must try some of our fine bakery.”

“Actually, sir,” you begin, but then a particularly hypnotic pastry catches your eye. Surely you deserve a break, after all this mind-boggling teleportation. “Do you take Australian money?”

The man doesn't hear you, exchanging words with a young girl who has just emerged from the back room. As the doors swing in the wake of her entrance, you catch a glimpse of a stack of unused metal trays, each with six round cups punched into it. Unattended, your attention wanders around the room and falls on a familiar painting: a girl with a blue headband and some shiny jewellery, on a dark background.

Turning back to you and magically restoring his perfect smile, the man continues. “I am sorry about that. Our baker has just... lost our entire supply of our most popular item.” Seeing the look on your face, he adds, “I do not understand it either. I tell her that baked goods do not disappear from their trays. But no, she says, they vanished after that beautiful woman bought one. Well, I send her down to the supermarket to buy more blueberries so she can make more!”

Then the round man points to an object resting on one of the tables. “The woman left that as well.”

You stride over and take a look. Either this woman was a biologist who left her well-developed Petri dish behind, or not all of the bakery's items are as attractive as the ones you've seen...



# Cells

Author: Duncan Sutherland & Sean Gardiner

