

The Route



“Are you sure we’re on the right Highway?” Ian asked.
 “Of course,” I replied, “I drew the map myself.”
 “Do you know which roads to take? There’s so many. Perhaps I should navigate?”
 “Come off it Ian!” I scoffed. “You got lost in the town **square**! I’ve looked at all possible **routes**, these are the only **rational** choices.”
 “Which town? Names are important, you know!” cried Ian, “Besides, I traced my way back eventually.”
 “I guess ‘not all those who wander are lost!’” Smirked Terry, but Ian didn’t seem to get the reference.
 Oliver started searching for something in the back of the van.
 “What’s up mate? What are you looking for?” Usain asked.
 “I’m looking for something we need on our road trip.”
 “Can’t you just chill out and enjoy the music?” Neil asked, a little irritated.
 “The music’s not important right now! It was the **only** things **in this box**! How am I going to enjoy a brew without it?”



The Map



“This map is awful!” Neil complained. “Since when have there been mountains in Kansas? Did you draw this with your eyes shut?!”
 “Are you saying I don’t have the map-maker’s touch?” I replied.
 “It’ll be a relief to get to the motel,” moaned Neil, “I hate having to do this in the dark.”
 “Just read the map!” I told him. “I’ve a feeling you’ll see just how **much of a cartographer** I am! This’ll get us to the motel with ease!”

