

Behind the Trench Coat

By Cameron Black

The other day I met my peculiar neighbour for the first time. I only ever saw him when I returned home from my bike ride. He walked in front of my house with a big duffle bag, a worn-out fedora, and a heavy-duty trench coat. We never spoke until he came knocking at my door.

‘You know computers?’ He asked.

‘Yeah, I used to teach kids.’

‘You know Wi-Fi then?’

I nodded and he started walking.

The dragon’s den appeared untouched, in contrast to his rustic front garden. He led me into his living room where his couch was still in its plastic and TV in its box.

‘So how do I get Wi-Fi?’

‘Do you have a modem?’

He glared.

‘Phil was right about you, okay you can go.’

‘Wait a minute, whatever Phil said about me is not true! Phil is a gossip, and we had a falling out when I told him what he needed to buy for his Wi-Fi. He hired Telstra and that ironically cost more than what I suggested.’ The man laughed.

‘I have a spare at home you can use, and I can call one of my sons to help set-up your living room.’

‘No, just you.’

When I returned to his home, he had disappeared.