From Penrith to Paris (extracts)

Katherine Elizabeth Clay

It’s crazy that you’re going to France next year.

No one wants you to go overseas, no one wants to say goodbye to a friend who is leaving.

I’ve never been a big fan of change, but I’ve come to realise... change is good.

For me, France is some European country on the other side of the world where people eat frogs.

But you’re going to live there for a whole year!

I don’t think it has sunk in yet.
I didn't feel as if I was overseas, even though my body was in a state of jet lag. Maybe because I didn't see the ocean from the plane.

Jet lag. Where I am in my cocoon and no one can touch me.
A dream state, where time and place do not exist.

No one is anything.
This is the very, worst hour of the day. Vitality.
Dull, gloomy. hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.

At this point, fragments of language drift past. Exits become sorties, streets become rues.
Then I forget the value of the words and I lose all understanding.

—James Joyce, Ulysses.
BUREAUCRACY: THE GAME!

START! INTERNATIONAL STUDIES OFFICE

Mr. Henri tells you to see M. Blanc

You saw the wrong professor. See M. Blanc

CHANCE

M. Blanc isn’t in on Friday. Skip a turn!

INFO OFFICE (has no "info")

Pay 180€

SOCIAL SECURITY

CHANCE

You had to queue for several hours to get a form. Skip a turn

FINISH!
You have obtained your carte de sejour. Play again in 6 months to renew.

BLOCK D
Pay 8€ for translation

BLOCK C
Wrong room. Return to start

BLOCK B
Bureaucracy for translation

PAY 180€

Social Security

Chance

You must translate your birth certificate. Go to block D

You have successfully enrolled. Go to the prefecture

You have not filled out the correct form. Return to prefecture (in 5 days)

You can’t speak fluently. Return to the country of origin (in 5 days)

Can’t understand. Break down in tears for three turns

International Enrolments: Attend open week until Tuesday to roll again!

Start!
Australia Day started with a bang. It was freezing cold, but we decided to have a BBQ.

Once a jolly swagman, camped by a billabong...

STOP SINGING!

Is that your national anthem? They sing it often at the rugby.

No! Although most people want it to be! It's about a man who steals a sheep, then jumps into a creek rather than be caught by the police.

You sing songs about criminals?!

We have strange traditions as Australians. Everything is the opposite.