

# SENTINEL

EDITION ONE | 2013







Take care.

**GARNIER**



# CONTENTS

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message from the editor

*page 2*

team & contributors

*page 2*

student-shushing spree shocks school

*page 3*

mr. roberts: drug dealer?

*page 4-5*

year 9 has morning glory

*page 6*

teachers on twitter

*page 7*

the station master

*page 8-9*

teachers demand cleaner students

*page 10*

life cycle of a major student run facebook group

*page 11*

eight famous men you didn't know attended mhs

*page 12-13*

loo reviews

*page 14-15*

journey to the centre of the junior social

*page 16-17*

school assembly siege continues

*page 18*

afterword

*page 19*

# MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

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I never really know what to write in these kinds of spaces. Do I talk about how amazing this year is going to be? Should I try my best to convince you that Sentinel won't be crap? Do I crack a few jokes and hope to earn your approval?

A majority of you should already know what this is and what we do, but for those of you in Year Nine, or if you're a new student in a higher year level, then I'd like to welcome you.

What you hold in your hand is a testament to student initiative and ingenuity. What you hold in your hand is a remnant of the once good time when people would use ink to print things on paper, which would then be distributed for others to read. What you hold in your hand is a copy of Melbourne High School's very own student publication: Sentinel.

Welcome to our first edition of 2013, which will hopefully not be our last for the year. Some of you may be aware of Sentinel's languid history – occasional, unreliable and simply disappointing. We're not going to promise you a level of production that rivals Time Magazine, or Mr Ludowyke's weekly column in Ours, but we will promise you a level of dedication that reflects how much we love this school; from the students and the teachers, to the canteen food and the poop that stains the bowls of our toilets.

We want to remind you that Sentinel is our publication as much as it is yours. Our pages are open to your words, so long as they meet a standard of literacy and basic grammar that exceeds that of a late night inebriated Facebook status. Our office doors are always open for those who are keen to discuss various topics and issues within the school, and I, personally, am all ears.

To be honest, we're all excited and extremely nervous about what lies beyond this page. There will be, without a doubt, criticism of our content. To those detractors, we challenge you all to a fight to the death. To the rest of you, we hope you enjoy what we have to offer.

Cheers. ■

- Michael Nguyen-Huynh  
Sentinel Editor-in-Chief

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## TEAM & CONTRIBUTORS

Editor-in-Chief: Michael Nguyen-Huynh

Writers: Nahed Elrayes  
Austin Bond  
Owen Pethica

Layout Editor: Vincent Chu

Resident Artist: Elliott Bolt

Teacher Liason: Mr. Mahoney

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**I'M OLD SO I CAN GET AWAY WITH BEING ECCENTRIC - MR. GANELLA**



# STUDENT-SHUSHING SPREE SHOCKS SCHOOL

**T**error has struck the hearts of the students of Melbourne High, following the rise of a horrific ‘shushing’ epidemic, perpetrated by the school’s librarians.

Teenage boys sit nervously in the library, guarded and on-edge, not because they might be looking at photos of Mila Kunis in a bikini, but because if they make even the slightest of sounds, they would become a victim of the traumatic onslaught of a jolly, well-read woman politely telling them to be quiet.

*This is a library, young man!*

Senior students complain that the blanket of silence is an impediment of their ‘civil liberties’; that they should have the right to talk obnoxiously about how much they slay, and occasionally discuss relevant schoolwork.

The school administration’s official policy on this travesty is that students who want to talk can simply spend their study periods in the dining hall, but what of those who require the services of a computer in conjunction with their discussion?

While the GLC is a possible alternative, it is not a reliable with one, with the possibility of scheduled classes hampering with students’ desires to partake in technologically assisted discussion.

The librarians themselves are, of course, simply doing their job to the best of their abilities. When they’re on order to maintain silence in the library during study periods, how are they to determine which students are actually discussing work, and which students are using that as an excuse in order to continue their

conversation on the firmness of their pectorals?

Perhaps the only reasonable solution is to section off half of Mr Frencham’s media room and allow students to use it as an academic conversation area, or maybe the solution is to simply deport the librarians back to Mexico.

Regardless, either scenario is better than the current standstill between exasperated students and an administration that clearly has our best intentions at heart. ■



**A HERO ALWAYS PULLS OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE - MR. FAIRLIE**



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**Br**

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# MR ROBERTS: DRUG DEALER?

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**B**eloved science teacher and chrome dome, Mr Roberts, is reportedly in talks with producers at the ABC to write and star in his own television series.

The hour long action-drama, tentatively titled *Breaking Naughty*, will detail the exploits of mundane science teacher Barry Black (played by Roberts), who is driven to make and sell crystal meth in order to support his family, after being diagnosed with a terminal illness.

Roberts says that he was partially inspired by the hit American television show: *Game of Thrones*.

“Just watching that show, and specifically witnessing the scene in which the main character, Ned Stark, is beheaded at the end of the first season, really inspired me to do something with my life. That something will be an action-packed television show about cooking meth. By the way, that scene is a massive spoiler for those who haven’t watched it yet. You should probably blank it out or something. I don’t know; I’m not the editor. I’m just bald.”

In preparation for his role, Mr Roberts has embraced the technique of method acting, and has begun making his own crystal meth.

“It’s actually quite fun,” he said, in regards to the production and distribution of the illegal drug, “The guys down at Mentone Station are really supportive of my endeavours.”

“The secret ingredient to some good quality meth is love, and methylamine extracted from siphoned aeroplane fuel.”

Anticipation for the show is high, with a

majority of Australians expressing severe disappointment at the state of our domestic television programming. Indeed, a recent survey discovered that one in ten Australians preferred turning off the television and watching the dull, empty screen, as opposed to watching the 7PM Project and Carrie Bickmore’s dull, empty eyes.

Carrie Bickmore declined to comment. ■



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**IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL PUT YOU IN A CAGE AND TEASE YOU! - MR. REILLY**

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# YEAR 9 HAS MORNING GLORY

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**N**ah, don't mind me. I'm just gonna lean against this side of the door; spoke the physical gestures of a Year Nine student on his first day.

Reports confirmed that the new student put his thick headphones on, rustling his fingers into his styled hair as he did so. He then proceeded to pensively stare out the window, with his hands deep in the pockets of his fully-buttoned blazer; any deeper and his hands would have been giving a lecture on the meaning of life.

*Do I look like an anime character? I'm pretty sure I look like an anime character.*

"Now arriving at, Caulfield," spoke the robotic voice from above.

*Holy shit, I'm almost there!*

Sleep-deprived from the typical holiday routine of watching YouTube videos until dawn, thoughts of first impressions anxiously raced through his head.

*Alright, just play it cool, man. Is my tie too loose? Maybe it's not loose enough.*

He looked at the businessman in the suit walking in through the door.

*Hey, he thought, I'm also on my way to the city wearing a suit, but guess what? I'm a kid and I look just as important.*

The student then coolly veered his head towards the other window to assert that he didn't give a shit about anything.

He could feel it all now: the glory as his mother took him to a restaurant to celebrate, the sense of victory over teachers that never acknowledged his genius, the satisfaction as all of his classmates awkwardly tried to contain their jealousy.

Nope, he wouldn't have to worry about try-hards and posers anymore, and no more year sevens. Damn, those fuckers were cringeworthy.

He could expect professional standards set by the best secondary teachers in the state, like that maths teacher, Mister Kite or something. Reputation-wise, this school had it all.

Suddenly, he had to wonder how girls would react when he found a way to tell each and every one he met that he went to Melbourne High School.

*Hey, how ya doin'?*

Through his black thick-rimmed glasses, he winked at the Indian schoolgirl who stood on the other side of the carriage.

*I don't know if you noticed from the blazer I'm wearing, but I'm smart, and deep as well; one of those equations-on-the-window type of guys.*

The girl looked away. Probably just shy. Definitely just shy. He took a deep whiff into the late-summer air, inhaling the scent of the season of his life.

*These next few years, I'm gonna get laid like crazy. ■*

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**I DON'T FLOAT. MOST GUYS DON'T. GIRLS DO, 'CAUSE THEY'VE GOT BOOBS - MR. BEDIER**



# TEACHERS ON



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What's happening?

140

Home

Tweet



**Stewart Keat** @KeatKat Casual dress day again. UGH. So happy these kids don't have to pick their clothes every day. #tacky #flannel #swagis4boys  
1 minute ago via web



**Terry Riley** @TerryRiley Am I using this right?  
4 minutes ago via typewriter



**Terry Riley** @TerryRiley This isn't where I parked my car.  
5 minutes ago via typewriter



**Terry Riley** @TerryRiley Google, fetch my car.  
6 minutes ago via typewriter



**Jeremy Ludowyke** @jezzdog69 cal realm?  
10 minutes ago via web



**Janet Prideaux** @grammar\_queen Just gave the Literature kids a 10,000 word essay. LOL. #yolo  
10 minutes ago via web



**Michael Connell** @westwingfan1 Video projector broke down. Might have to actually teach a class now... #fml #worstday  
11 minutes ago via web



**Jeremy Ludowyke** @jezzdog69 e front entrance of the school, did you ever ponder that your relationship with your fellow teachers would transcend the bounds of the physi  
11 minutes ago via web



**Jeremy Ludowyke** @jezzdog69 It is wonderful to see so many of my peers utilising the power of social media to connect with one another. When you first walked through th  
12 minutes ago via web



**Michael Roberts** @NoHairDontCare selling meth text me  
20 minutes ago via web



@sentinelmhs

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# THE STATION MASTER

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**T**here is a page dedicated to him on Facebook, with an impressive fanbase of over 800. The online wall is adorned with praise from countless members of society who have met him or been in his awe-inspiring presence. Almost everybody has a tale of how they've accidentally forgotten to touch on or top up, and were then graciously granted safe passage out of the kindness of his pure heart. His aviator sunglasses are a thing of legend, up there with the fountain of eternal youth, the Holy Grail, and a good physics teacher.

Of course, I'm talking about the man himself: Damian Nugara. He's an immediately recognisable icon, not only to the students of Melbourne High School, but to the people of South Yarra.

Fortunately, I've managed to catch up and have a chat with Damian one morning in early

February. We're seated outside the local Brumby's. The area is a no smoke zone, but he lights up a cigarette anyway and casually eases into the conversation. He is truly the master of his own domain.

While some people may have shuddered at the thought of being interviewed by a student magazine that was almost sued a couple of years ago for rating local schoolgirls, Damian jumped at the idea of being involved with the school that he professed to adore. By the way, we rate Damian a solid 11/10; would fare evade again.

## **Tell us a little about your life.**

*Well, I came to Australia in 1985. I worked at the RACV for 17 years, then I chucked it up and travelled for a year around the world. Then I came back and joined Metro, and now this is my sixth year.*

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**WE'RE DOING AN ORNITHOLOGICAL SURVEY, OR AN 'ORNY' SURVEY - DR. STIGLEC**



**The one thing that many MHS students have noticed about you is your trademark aviator sunglasses. Would you like to explain them?**

*[Laughing heartily] The reason I wear them is because I had a cataract operation. After I got them operated, [the doctor] asked me not to focus on the sun with my eyes. So that's the reason I wear them, not because I want to look fashionable or something. It's purely because of my cataracts.*

Of course, while it did start off as a medical requirement, the aviators soon attained immediate popularity, being his trademark sign of cool.

**How long have you been working at South Yarra?**

*Four years.*

**What's it been like?**

*You've got to take the bitter with the sweet, you know? You get good customers and you get bad customers. My policy is that God gave me two ears; one to take in and one to let out. [Laughs]*

**How about Melbourne High School students?**

*Melbourne High School students are not a problem at all. I know all the kids here. The teachers know me; they come and stand here with me. But you get one rotten bloke wherever you go. They're shit, but you can't help it. I give these kids a big margin, you know? But if you go over then I get pissed off.*

Damian is referring to an incident that occurred a few years ago, regarding a student

that verbally attacked him. He tells Sentinel that he had reported the incident to the principal, but the student was never caught.

*All you guys are the cream of society, and I find that 70% of the school is Asian...*

**Right, how does that make you feel?**

*I'm bloody happy about that! [Laughs] I'm proud of it!*

**What's the one thing you'd like to say to all the students at MHS?**

*I think you're all exemplary students. I have a lot of respect.*

At this point, as we draw towards the end of the interview, the Brumby's store owner comes out and confronts Damian. Asking him to put out the cigarette, Damian apologises, yet continues to smoke as the store owner returns to the store. Once again, he is truly the master of his own domain. ■



**I'LL THROW YOU OUT THE WINDOW, I MEAN IT! - MS. JOHNSTONE**

# TEACHERS DEMAND CLEANER STUDENTS

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Students and teachers alike will face complications in 2013, due to an on-going face-off between state teachers and the Victorian government, which has yet to fulfil its promise of weekly deodorant shipments to staff.

On the 6th of February, Rod Laver Arena was tightly packed with protestors from dozens of high schools state-wide, featuring such slogans as ‘Give me Axe or give me the axe!’ and ‘Smaller class. Better pay. Cleaner armpits.’ printed across picket signs. This is following the government’s threat to take the shipment dispute to court, after another 24-hour work ban was planned by the unions.

At the forefront of these protests are the staff



of Melbourne High School, with 30 representatives coming together from every faculty - mostly the P.E. and I.T. Departments.

The overall level of school hygiene is reportedly so low that teachers have resorted to hosing down students, as well as holding classes in the pool, in order to maintain lucidity whilst teaching.

English teacher Mrs Grimwade fainted and, as a result, received seven stitches on her forehead after a student decided to raise his hand and ask her a question.

“The other day, I had to bring a clothespin for my nose,” said Mr. Pritchard, raising his voice above the crowd chants. “The instant I walked into the gym, it snapped in half and I had to go back to the heat outside.”

“Once again, Ballieu has failed to deliver on his word, and it’s just disappointing.”

School principal Mr. Ludowyke also made an appearance, confirming that the new selective entry exam would include such questions as *How often do you shower?* and *Is your body a wonderland?*

Reporters later entered the school in order to investigate, though as of the time of publication, their bodies are yet to be recovered. ■

Pictured left:  
Former Victorian Premier Ted ‘I have no idea where your Lynx is, I’m not withholding’ Ballieu

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**YOU ARE SUCH A FASCIST, I’LL SLAP YOU! - MS. BEKOS**



Facebook is for many things. It's for keeping in touch with friends who don't actually care about you. It's for you to help cure cancer by liking and sharing. It's for you to stalk your crush and hope that if you like enough of their photos from 2 years ago, they will immediately fall in love with you. But MOST IMPORTANTLY, Facebook is about feeling connected with your peers, so let's talk about that, eh?

### **PART 1 - CREATON**

So you're browsing your news feed, looking at things that aren't news, when suddenly your friend has added you to a Facebook group. In the description it says *'your voice will be heard!'*

A more accurate description would be *'Your rants will be skimmed through and the piss will be taken'*

### **PART2 - SUCCESS?**

Well how about that? Posts are piling up, pointless arguments haven't escalated into angry pointless arguments, and while the student cohort is powerless to change most of the things they complain about, at least they are united in stance. What could go wrong?

# LIFE CYCLE OF A MAJOR STUDENT RUN facebook GROUP

### **PART 4 - CENSORSHIP OR BUST**

If it's over, than it's over... no cool quote can change that. If the admins can bring in extra measures, it can still continue, but it's not the same. It's harder to get posts up, and there's far less piss-taking. Oh well – they can always wait a few weeks, prepare a few memes, slap on a different name and try again.

### **PART 3 - THAT ONE GUY**

He just had to insinuate that that teacher was a lesbian. He just had to go on an expletive-filled tirade and challenge another student to a fight at Mentone Station. 1v1. He just had to verbally threaten the kid whose only crime was disagreeing with him. There's always that one guy, and while his actions have gone against the school's ethos of reason and responsibility, so have the actions of the countless students who have like and enabled his behaviour.

### **BONUS - FAKE ACCOUNTS**

Who is this mysterious attractive girl who sent you a friend request? She has no background, she has no connections, her profile picture hints at Moderate Safe Search and she only speaks in various combinations of *'ILY LOL JKS BABE'*. Is she a teacher? That would make sense, considering she has no friends. Is she a spy from another school, jealous of our witty Facebook banter? Or is she a lonely little bot, after a virtual boyfriend? One cannot say for sure, but it sure is fun mocking the students that befriend her.

He's crossed the line, which means one of two things, both of which involve Dr Prideaux making everyone feel guilty at assembly.

# EIGHT FAMOUS MEN YOU

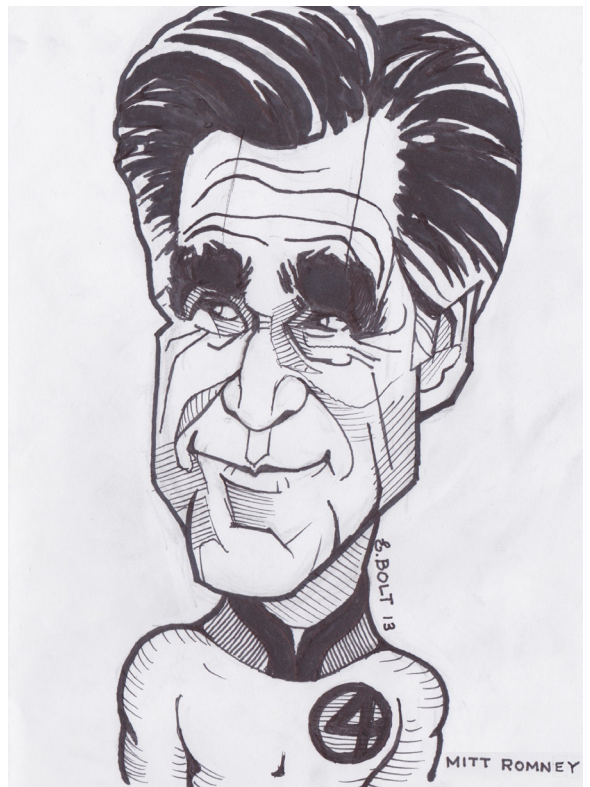


**W**e all know about Lindsay Fox and Ruslan Kogan; former students of Melbourne High who have moved on to bigger and better multi-million dollar enterprises. But for every obscenely rich man who has his face on the side of the A-building, there are countless others who have slipped through the school unnoticed, and have become infamous in their later years. In this segment, we present eight such men. Some are great, some are truly evil, but what they all have in common is the fact that they all passed through our hallowed halls, regardless of what their Wikipedia pages may say.

◀ **Vladimir Lenin** gained popularity in his SRC campaign with the slogan, “Peace, land and cheaper canteen prices”. He tried to overthrow the staff by infiltrating them with communist agents like Mr Mahoney and Mr Reilly, but his vision died as soon as he graduated and was replaced by ‘oriental’ SRC dictators.

**Mark Zuckerberg** managed to hack the school portal and dominate the debating club by talking way too quickly for anyone to understand. He spent most of his time trying to invent something that would reduce everyone’s study time and lower state standards, so that he could get a 99.95.

**Mitt Romney** was an active member of Students Alive before enthusiastically taking the initiative to create SOFA. He signed up for the Asian 5, and then decided to be an arts student in Year 12, before switching back to the Asian 5. Romney was a well-regarded captain of Forrest, then Como, and then Forrest again.





# DIDN'T KNOW ATTENDED MHS

**Barney Stinson** refused to wear shorts and always wore a full blazer. He proposed the Year 12 Suit Up Day to the SRC, which eventually became known as the formal. He was known for his antics around Melbourne Girls, and occasionally Mac.Rob when he wanted a challenge.



▲ **M. Night Shyamalan** was absent when he was awarded the Attendance Prize, and the administration was shocked to find out that he was never there at all.

**Jeff Winger** was expelled when it turned out he had faked his entrance exam results. He subsequently had to enrol for four humorous years at Frankston High School instead.

**Dr. Dre** was a hardworking and diligent student. He received his doctorate from the University of Chicago after studying at ANU. His Marxism thesis entitled "Elites by Dr. Dre" referenced Lenin, and was inspired by his time in Mr. Mahoney's classes.

◀ **Hitler** was disappointed to discover that he had received a study score of 32 in Art. He awkwardly avoided Jew Crew and was known during his years of teaching for inventing the 'knee-high grey socks or straight to detention' rule.



# LOO REVIEWS

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If you're like every other student in the school (which I assume you are, because you wouldn't want to stand out, you hipster doofus), then the toilets are probably your best friend.

Didn't do the homework on time? Go to the toilets and sit out the period. Hungry, perhaps? Go to the toilets and eat the second lunch your mother packed for you. Need to take a crap? Go to the toilets, and well, you know...

But in this day and age of overwhelming choice, it's become hard to simply decide which toilet to use. Luckily, out of the kindness of our heart (and not because we ran out of ideas), we've decided to compile a list of the best and worst toilets in the school, so that you don't have to. We hope you get a lot out of this segment, and please, remember to flush.

## WORST TOILETS:

*BACK OF THE T-BUILDING  
NEAR LISA THE NURSE'S OFFICE*

Honestly, this place is an okay location for pooping, or it would be, were it not for the fact that one of the cubicles has a broken lock, and both have direct windows to the ground-level outside. So, unless you're an exhibitionist who enjoys people watching you poop, I suggest you find another place to discreetly excrete.



*N-BULIDING  
MUSIC CENTRE FLOOR*

It's a shame, because this location had so much potential to be such a great toilet block. From the isolation, to the natural lighting, as well as the occasional orchestral accompaniment provided by the Music Centre, much like Adele's several ex's, we could have had it all. Unfortunately, these toilets are ruined by two things. The first is the door, which gracefully glides for 90% of the way, before slamming shut with more ferocity than Mr. Pask towards a gum-chewer. The second is the curse that is responsible for causing every student who uses the toilets to forget how to flush. It's either that, or there's a serial pooper who likes to showcase his work to others. Ugh.

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**I WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM IF I WAS A WOMAN - DR. PRIDEAUX**

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## BEST TOILETS:

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### A-BUILDING BOTTOM FLOOR

Clean, ventilated, silent; going to the toilet here is like making love to the perfect woman. The relative isolation of the location makes it perfect for students who are wagging class, or have an explosive case of diarrhoea. For the classy gentleman who prefers the call of the wild, solace will be found in the stalls' beautiful mahogany wood doors.



### A-BUILDING ELEVATOR

Nothing beats the comfort of urinating in a steel box that repeatedly thrusts up and down. Going to the toilet in an elevator is less of a bodily function and more of a journey into the depths of one's soul. Privacy may be an issue, but it's far outweighed by the transcendent sound of urine splashing on stainless steel.

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**YOU'D BE HARD PRESSED TO FIND A MAN MY AGE, WITH A BODY LIKE MINE - MR. MAROTOUS**

# JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE



**Y**ou close the door behind you as you arrive home; you're overexcited and the door bangs as it shuts. Pacing your way awkwardly past your mother, she places a pile of freshly pressed laundry into your outstretched arms. Finally, after a seemingly never-ending day of school, you're back at home, in the alpha-sanctuary that is your bedroom. You lean back against the wood and exhale loudly. Cracking a smile, an enormous sense of joy overwhelms your body as your mind fills up with prospects of the night's antics.

Fifteen minutes later, your gleaming wet awkward mid-pubescent frame stands over your carefully selected apparel, laid out on your bed in the manner that a mercenary would prepare his weapons. After all, you are going to slay tonight.

You don the shirt; mother dearest's really gone to town on this one, I mean, these cot-

ton fibres are absolutely *gleaming*. It hugs your baby fat like your father's brother hugs your mother after one too many drinks. You do the buttons all the way up, especially the top one, so that everyone is aware that you're a totally carefree fashion victim. Chucking on the closest available garment that resembles a pair of jeans, you bend down and lace up those Vans that you've worn out on purpose in the hopes that they'll look respectable; they'll definitely start taking shape when the soles go, bro.

In the bathroom, you apply the finishing touches to your luscious locks. Right before you step out the door, you spot a bottle of your father's chemist-brand aftershave. Hardly containing yourself, you apply about half the bottle to every patch of exposed skin you can find, and then some.

Already intoxicated by the alcohol percentage

**WHY WERE YOU IN THE TOILET FOR SO LONG? DID YOU TAKE A MAGNIFYING GLASS IN WITH YOU?  
- MR. MAROTTA**



# OF THE JUNIOR SOCIAL

---

of that bottled swine stink, you stumble out bravely. Your mother braves the prominent pungency just long enough to primp your collar and kiss you on the cheek, leaving a lipstick stain that will last well into the night, of which you shall remain forever incognisant.

For only the third time in your entire life, you endure the dangers of public transport and the realms of greater Metropolitan Melbourne alone. It's the second time without the protection of your school uniform, and for the first time, you are beyond the temporal safeguard that is 5PM. Glances of strangers are both dodged and awkwardly met. Fist fights with homeless men are avoided. Lovely work, pal.

It's bang on six thirty, and at last the imposing figure of Melbourne High School looms before you, punctuating the South Yarra skyline. You take gleeful steps through the front door, flashing the ticket that you were twelfth in line to buy to the thoroughly disinterested SRC attendant.

Strutting into the foyer, head held high, you scan the crowd for lusting women. Sadly, you appear to have landed dead in the middle of a sea of teenage boys; worse yet, you only know two of them. Commiserations, comrade.

Turns out your mates went ahead and got La Porchetta without inviting you. You feel pretty marginalised over the whole ordeal, and you're definitely resenting your mother for making you settle for those two muesli bars, which are promptly thrown in the bin.

You spend the first hour huddled in your platonic circle – it offers you protection against the cold, harsh reality of the outside environment. Eventually, you muster up the courage

to stray from the pack; to go against the grain.

The doorway into Memorial Hall beckons: you can definitely make out the bass line of that new Guetta single as it echoes through the fabled halls. You cross the threshold, and are immediately blinded by lasers, strobes and all manner of unnecessary shiny things.

What comes next can only be described as a frenetic montage of dancing, wondering limbs and girls with poor dental hygiene. All the while, the past principals of Melbourne High School, who live on for eternity hanging from their portraits around the hall, watch on in horror as their sacred ground of learning and academia is desecrated by a Year Ten breakdancing poorly around a circle of Mac. Rob girls.

You retain consciousness beneath the overwhelming glare of the midday sun. Awash with an odd sensation in your gums, you investigate with your tongue, only to discover that you're missing a tooth. The sound of rushing water and the smell of third world countries notifies you to the fact that you're lying beside the Yarra River. How did you get here? What happened over the course of the night?

Checking your phone, you notice eighteen missed calls from your parents; a record, narrowly beating seventeen missed calls the time you fell asleep behind the couch. And though the dread slowly rises from the pit of your stomach, and your mind fills up with assorted ways that your parents can and will punish you, you can't help but smile.

Congratulations, friend, you've survived your first Social. ■

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**I'LL INVAD *YOUR* PRIVACY - MR. CROCKET**

# SCHOOL ASSEMBLY SIEGE CONTINUES

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Foreheads are sweaty, fingers are tapping and the mood is grim. Seven minutes past the recess bell, hope appears to have run out for Year 11 and 12 MHS students.

Following their subjection to the heat of a blazer in a crowded hall on a sunny day, a tedious musical item, a rambling speech, as well as a dozen final announcements that nobody related to, the official regime decided to declare a complete blockade of students from leaving the hall.

Although reporters are forbidden to enter the scene, numerous tweets from inside have confirmed that the regime aims to hold them indefinitely until negotiations are met, which on the part of the students, entails that they quiet down, sit up straight and “stop being a bunch of disrespectful dolts.”

This blockade follows the student’s non-violent protest of the rambling speech, which consisted of three minutes of ironic clapping and a standing ovation.

Rebel forces have responded with less subtle tactics, such as loud and gutturally obnoxious noises from an anonymous student, but this has only served to worsen the plight of the general population.

President Obama has announced his solidarity with the protestors in a press conference; he is rumoured to be providing the rebels with really annoying people via the secret school tunnels, in the hopes that liberty without compromise can be achieved.

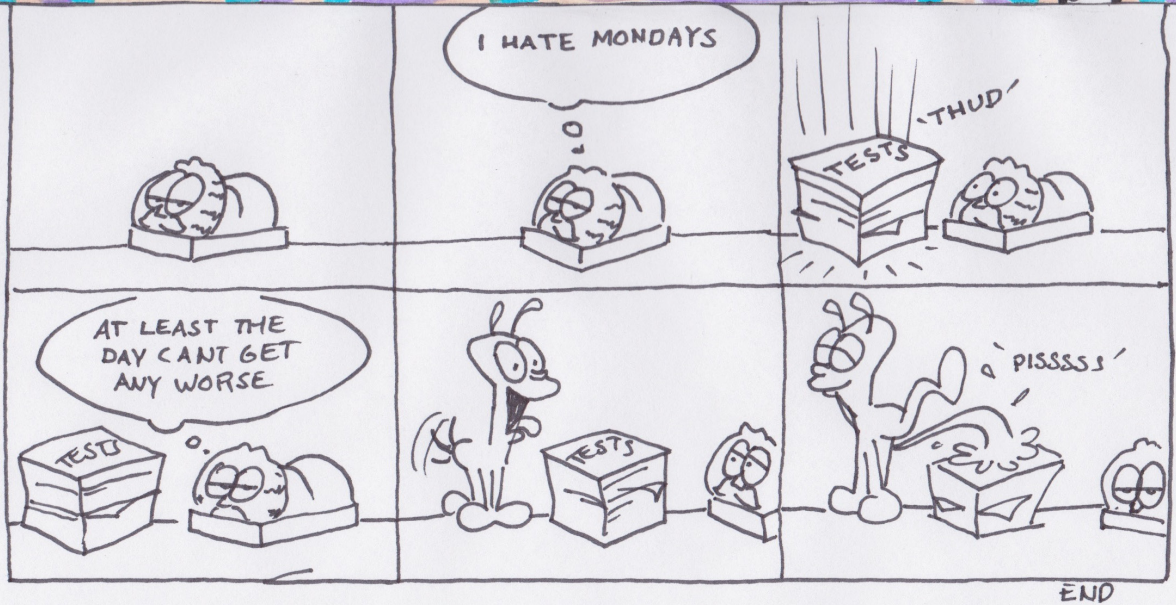
Until then, the doors will remain closed and tightly monitored, denying students their basic rights to food and an empty bladder. ■



*Demonstrators outside Memorial Hall violently protesting the release of innocent students.*

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**WE ALL KNOW YOU HAVE A CRUSH ON MS. RADISIC - MR. FRENCHAM**



## AFTERWORD

Sentinel wouldn't be possible without the support and contributions of numerous members of the school community.

**Vincent Chu**, our layout editor, has tirelessly managed to work on the edition whilst juggling his Forrest Vice-Captain commitments, waterpolo training and a first year-uni girlfriend.

Year 10 **Elliott Bolt** has impressively stepped up to the plate as our resident artist; providing incredible illustrations for this edition (and hopefully more to come).

Our head writers, **Austin Bond** and **Nahed Elrayes**, this being their first year involved in the publication, have proved themselves to be solid and reliable members of the Sentinel team.

We'd like to talk about **Owen Pethica**, but he's a member of the SRC now, and it's kind of like Romeo and Juliet, where Owen is Juliet and Romeo is a bunch of guys with bad breath.

Last, but definitely not least, since he's bigger than all of us and could probably beat us in a fight, is our teacher liaison **Mr. Mahoney**, who keeps us on the right track and ensures that what we publish is fit for human consumption.

Thank you to all. ■



**Before Ms. Petrie**



**After Ms. Petrie**



**METHODS  
NOT EVEN ONCE.**