

ISSUE NO. 1 2025



The Sentinel

SINCE 1937



FORRET TURNED ME TO A
SUPERHERO

Message from the Editor

New Year New Sentinel

What happens when you cross a satire paper that barely edges the thin line between witty humour and will-almost-get-you-expelled levels of offensiveness with the vibrant lives of MHS students?

You get the Sentinel.

Your teachers may tell you that boredom is not good for you, but boredom sparks innovation, and innovation is what brought the Sentinel to life. The Sentinel Student Satire Paper was born in 1937, when a couple of MHS students bored by writing scientific analysis reports every night thought, *Hey, what if we started a student-run satire paper?* And suddenly, boom, the Sentinel was born.

For the next couple of decades, the Sentinel brought a new hope to the dull lives of MHS students oppressed by Geo CATS. The members of the Sentinel worked together to create unparalleled pieces of literature that could rival the popularity of Harry Potter whilst also trying not to get expelled for writing ‘overly offensive stories’ (including a politically controversial article about the Spanish Civil War in 1939 that landed the writers in federal trouble, which we will not talk about).

Unfortunately, the Sentinel gradually vanished into the pages of MHS history after the 1900s, and did not make an appearance again until last year when our former president Chairman Chen revived the Sentinel and brought salvation to MHS. However, due to unforeseen circumstances (namely the entire Photoshop and Design Department ghosting us for two full months) we were only able to release two issues last year. But this year, now that we have (totally legally and ethically) ‘disposed of’ those problematic individuals, we will be releasing many more issues for 2025.

So, take a step back from the History CAT you’re grinding right now, take a break, and have a read (and a few laughs) of Sentinel 2025 Issue 1.

Yours Sincerely

Hengning Zhang
Sentinel President 2025

A Trip to 7/11

Whether you're a senior student or a freshie year 9, following a gruelling double math period ruining a fine Friday afternoon, nothing hits harder than a trip to 7/11. There is something so good about the succulent Slurpees, the satisfying Snickers, or the pastries and coffee that nobody buys. Maybe it's the overpriced drinks in the back which are only touched when the Slurpee machines are busted, or the completely irrelevant dairy section being the secret sauce to attract MHS mosquitoes to the fluorescent light of 7/11. Good luck avoiding a line, the 7/11 next to the station is quite spacious, with plenty of room for students and the public alike, bags and all. If it isn't the collected CO2 which kills you, it would be the glares which the employees give you as you pour yourself a cup of frozen goodness while trying to max the drink-to-air ratio of the shoddy machines. A haven for all sorts of tomfoolery and mischievous behaviour. It's all fun and games, until someone decides to tarnish the vision, extinguishing a lamp lit by learning.

The incident occurred the day after chorales, Forrest's cheers could be heard all along the river, earning them scornful looks and such disdain that even the sight of blue would send any staunch Yarraman into a state of uncontrollable rage whose actions would earn them 525600 minutes of detention. The mood was tense, and everyone was an opp(onent) when the finals bells rung. Doors fly open as the waves of sweaty kids flood out the gates and into the public eye, ready to commit atrocities and defame the great school's name.



Figure 1: A coveted, SUCCULENT Slurpee.

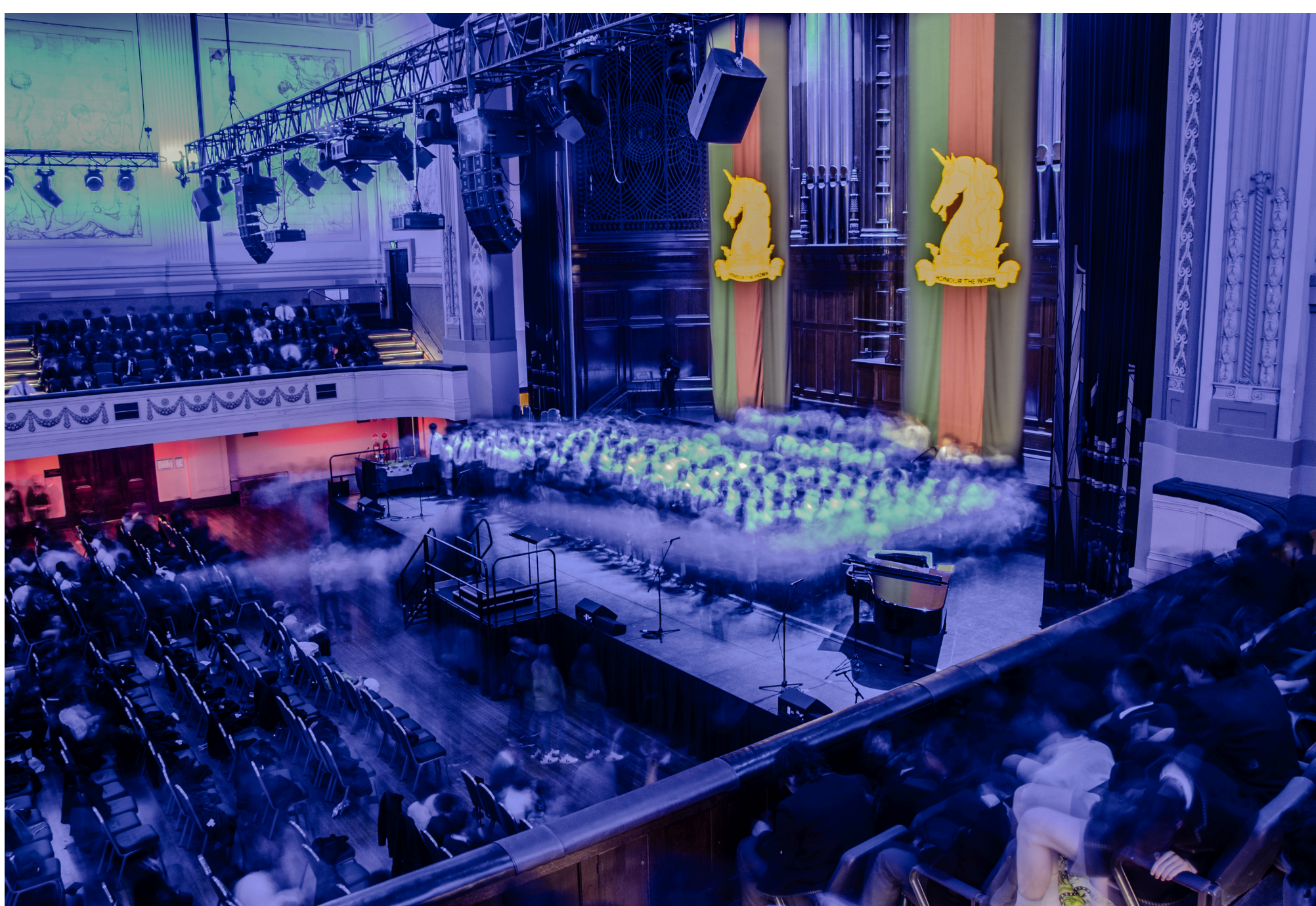
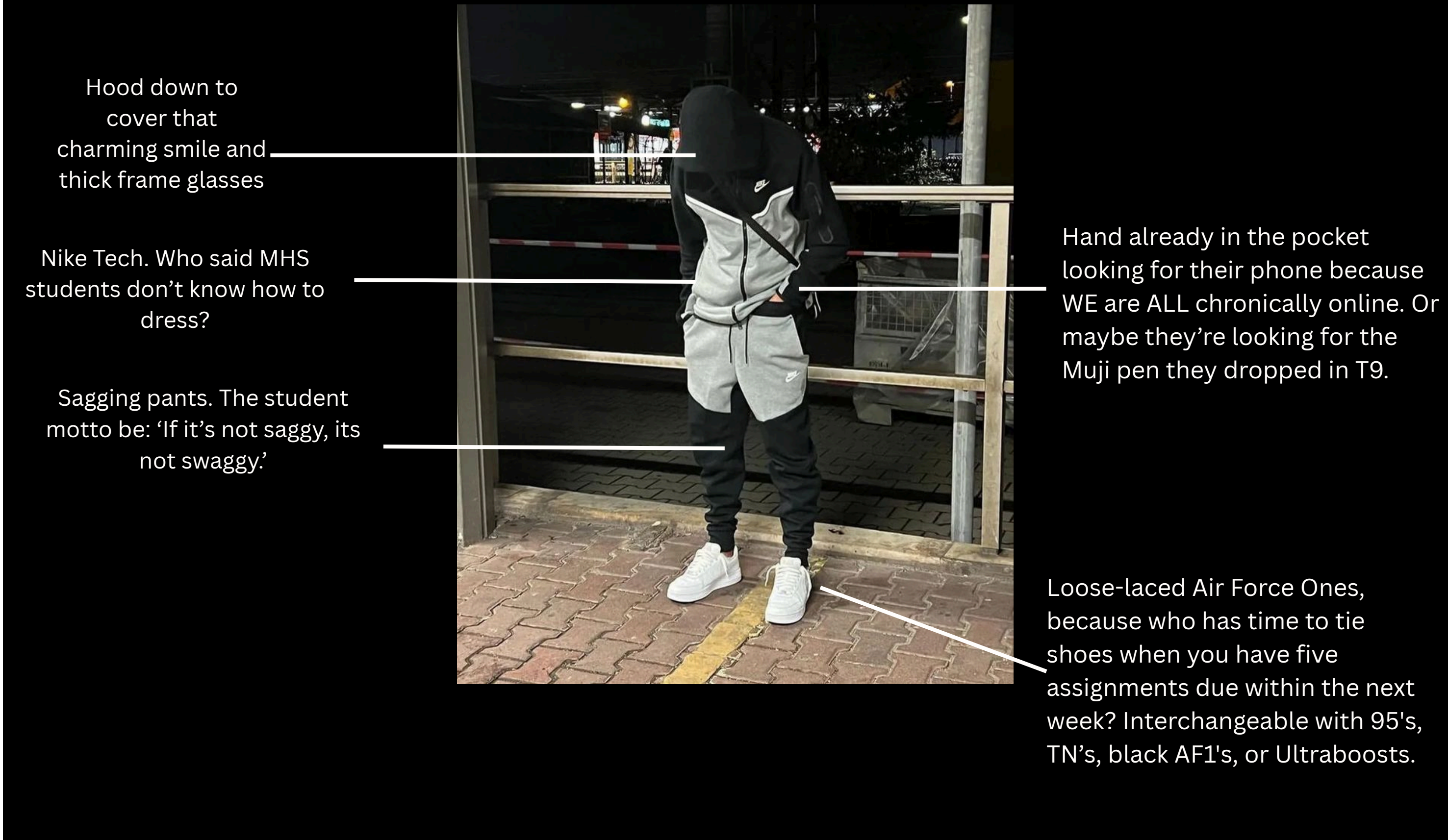


Figure 2: The Blue Wave

Some instantly went home, to Melbourne Central, to a gang fight, but all had one lingering thought, should I go to 7/11? Eventually, one group had decided to act on this primal instinct, and dove into their gluttonous desires while committing many other vicious sins. The Big-Delinquents stomped their way up the hill and into the little corner shop to begin their tyranny.

Figure 2: Diagram of the average MHS student



With sagging pants and black hoodies, the miscreants had approached their first obstacle, the massive line. The poor students were packed like sardines, being a public nuisance with their clunky low-quality bags and worsening the B.O. already present in the building emitted by certain individuals. Targeting the aisles, the hooligans careen through the Sour Patch Kids and Cherry Ripe, breaking every Kit-kat bar on display before arriving to the back freezers. The cashier was oblivious to the situation, being drowned in change from soy-boy cash payers to see the chaos being caused. Admiring (racking) the drink selection, the big burly boys marched onwards, tripping on Advil and steamrolling pubescent year 9s looking for a quick snack, before finally crashing into main event, the Slurpee Machine. Churning with frozen slop and artificial preservatives, The Big-Delinquents drooled over the machines, awaiting the moment the cold sweetness will hit their tongue, exploding with flavors and hydration so euphoric that bland water could never satisfy again. Fiending over flavoured ice, each boy grabbed a cup, ready to empty the machine's whole load.

The fever dream which followed involved lots of swearing, screaming, felonies and explicit details which I cannot mention. The icky sticky Slurpee syrup coated every surface, instant noodles crushed to bits, donuts mushed into faces, the whole 7/11 yards. "What are you doing?!" the cashier bellowed, their voice heard throughout Toorak Road. The ringleader panicked and fled, destroying displays and shoving junkies out of the way to escape the wrath of a franchisee. His squad of goons fled along with him, leaving a poor lad behind, who was getting too comfortable with the sandwiches. Hitting the crusty ground running, he attempted a mad dash before tripping over his own sag, collapsing at the feet of the police in his dishevelled state, losing all the little aura he had remaining. They were in fact, not a jet all the way.

DÉJÀ VU CLUB

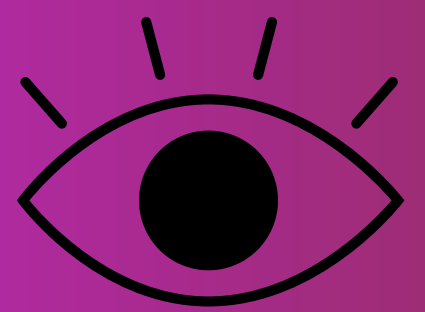
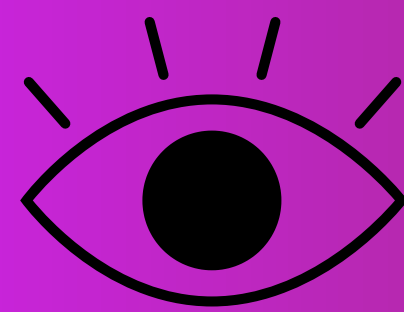
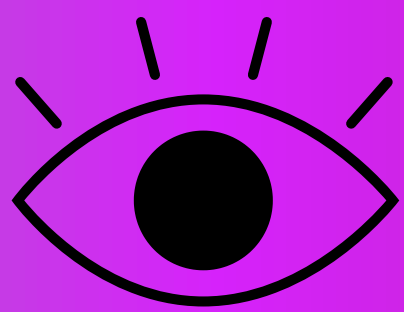
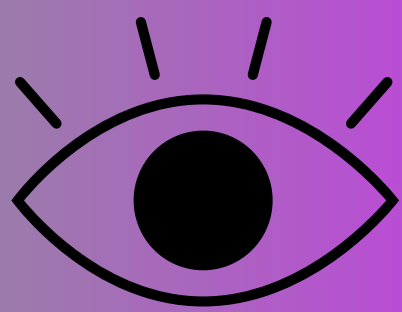


EVER FEEL LIKE THE LONG DAYS AT MHS START TO FEEL REPETITIVE? LIVING THROUGH THE SAME THINGS OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN? NEED A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SPICE UP THE DAILY SLOG?



DÉJÀ VU CLUB

IF YOU FEEL LIKE THE LONG DAYS AT MHS START TO FEEL REPETITIVE, AND YOU'RE LIVING THROUGH THE SAME THINGS OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, DÉJÀ VU CLUB IS A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SPICE UP THE DAILY SLOG. DÉJÀ VU CLUB IS A SPACE FOR MHS STUDENTS TO BREAK UP THEIR DAILY ROUTINE WITH SOMETHING DIFFERENT EACH MEETING, FEATURING KAHOTS, BLOOKETS, QUIZLETS AND KAHOTS!



FIND OUT WHO YOU REALLY ARE WITH DEEP VENTURES INTO THE MINDSPACE, AND ACHIEVE TRUE ENLIGHTENMENT THROUGH METAPHYSICAL THOUGHT EXPERIMENTS DURING A RANDOM LUNCHTIME OF THE WEEK, IN T???.

DÉJÀ VU CLUB

"You can't do squats and you can't do push-ups, I've seen dead people more fitter than that"

-Mr McGann

"If you don't be quiet you will be shot"

- Mr Pask

"We definitely made the right choice accepting the Year 10s into MHS. The Year 9s on the other hand, we might've made some mistakes."

- Mr McNeal

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

“I marked your tests watching the footy on the couch last night”

-Mr Huysing

“Push a little harder. You may get that instruction some time in your life and I suggest that you do. Make of that what you will.”

- Mr Dowling

“I will sing baby shark a-do-do when they walk into the examination hall”

- Mr Mallet

“No cap, mum's soul or whatever"

- Mr Leong

Camel-Riding, Garlic Football, **Mathletics** new additions to Weekly Sport program

Just this Wednesday, when a privileged senior student was walking out of the school gates, he was greeted with the sight of a fair-sized train of camels entering the grounds, nonchalantly munching on stalks of grass. He assumed he was hallucinating and continued walking towards South Yarra.

In fact, these camels are one of three new additions to MHS's Weekly Sport Program, alongside Garlic Football and Mathletics. This astounding release was revealed by the Department of Sport last Friday afternoon.



Figure 1. The camels have been caught frolicking in the sandpit down at the hockey pav

The new additions are revolutionary ideas for a school system and highlight what some would call the school's obsession of being the first to do things. With the release of important information for each of the new 'sports', many students have expressed interest in them. This may be because two of them, Camel-riding and Mathletics finish at the revered time of 1:45. While the school does have a tendency to engage students in wacky activities, they also seem keen for excuses to be rid of us early. "I mean, we can't have it go on too long. Camels are pretty expensive to rent," says MHS's newly hired camel professional, Cameron L. ("Call me Cam"). Now, it seems students wobbling around on desert animals will have to join excessively big stairs and geography teachers yelling at 120 decibels under the heading of 'daily life at MHS'.

Mathletics has also naturally attracted lots of demand across all year levels. This comes to no surprise to anyone at the school, given the students' inherent interest in mathematics and any related activities.



Figure 2. An oddly shaped rock that one of YOU may be living under

“It’s a great way to relax and de-stress mid-way through the week”

- Guo Tiaotang

Across the room, three anonymous students were vigorously typing numbers while staring intensely at their screens, sweat beads forming on their foreheads.

However, is this just another progressive step on the fine line between innovation and insanity, or have the school finally gone too far this time? Many are questioning whether these new ‘sports’ will add anything to the school’s already extensive extracurricular program. The sports department have been accused of making a typo in the name ‘Gaelic Football’, but these allegations have been denied by the new Garlic Football coach, Carl Ick.

“What do you mean, gaelic football? Haven’t you heard of garlic football? Living under a rock, I swear, all these kids.”

- Carl Ick

He then returned to carefully scrubbing several cloves of garlic with a damp rag, ending the conversation. Further investigation into Ick’s background has revealed his address to be somewhere on Mount Durd Durd, not quite underneath a rock but close enough. Needless to say, the legitimacy of this new sport is doubtful.

If this continues, ‘Honour the Work’ may very well become ‘Honour the Quirks’ as the extracurricular programs at MHS become more and more unconventional. But for now, we can all at least enjoy the 1:45 finishes.

S.I.G.M.A.

Sleeping Interest Group MHS Association

MHS is renowned not for its superb academic performance, nor its supreme level of extracurricular involvement, but rather for its students' profound lack of sleep. Despite countless research from a source called 'Common Sense™' clearly displaying the harms of such behaviour, yet no one student has done anything about this existential threat. **Yet.**

Average MHS Student (3 hours of sleep)



But this is changing NOW, with the introduction of SIGMA. Together, we will help YOU learn how to sleep, how to have an HEALTHY sleep schedule, instead of sleeping every day at 3am (no matter how good you believe it is), and finally, the OBJECTIVELY best way to sleep in class without getting caught.

So what are you waiting for, my fellow sleep-deprived patients of terminal insomnia? Come join us SIGMAs on our venture towards utopia full sleep ahead!

**First meeting: 31st April
2025 1:59am**

Contact Tristan Truong on
Microsoft Teams for more
information.

Disclaimer: we genuinely made this before the REAL sleeping interest club was erected, and we are not affiliated with them in any sort of way.

Library “Award” discontinued

The Library Award is no more.

After decades of prestigious work, dark rumours have emerged. Due to “lack of funding” received from the current administration, sacrifices had to be made. A rich history of blood sweat and tears are to be thrown away, at the expense of budget cuts and corporal greed.

Our sources indicate that the tinkering of school pipes and toilets are the main culprit to the cancellation. It seems that Melbourne High School's “shadow panel” has sacrificed Melbourne High School’s proud history for hygiene.

Independent investigators, hired by the Sentinel's non-existent budget, have confirmed rumours of an upgrade to “mystery” bathrooms. These mystery bathrooms, thanks to the leaks of an insider, have luxurious facilities rivalling the toilets at home. Such bathrooms are hidden around the school, and only MHS elites have exclusive access to this. Meanwhile student and staff toilets remain in their usual state.

This all happened covertly under our noses, construction and maintenance of these off-the-record bathrooms were only possible thanks to the ignorance of the common student. Sentinel strongly urges all students to be vigilant of any anomalies and to immediately report this to the 24/7 Sentinel Rapid Response Team.

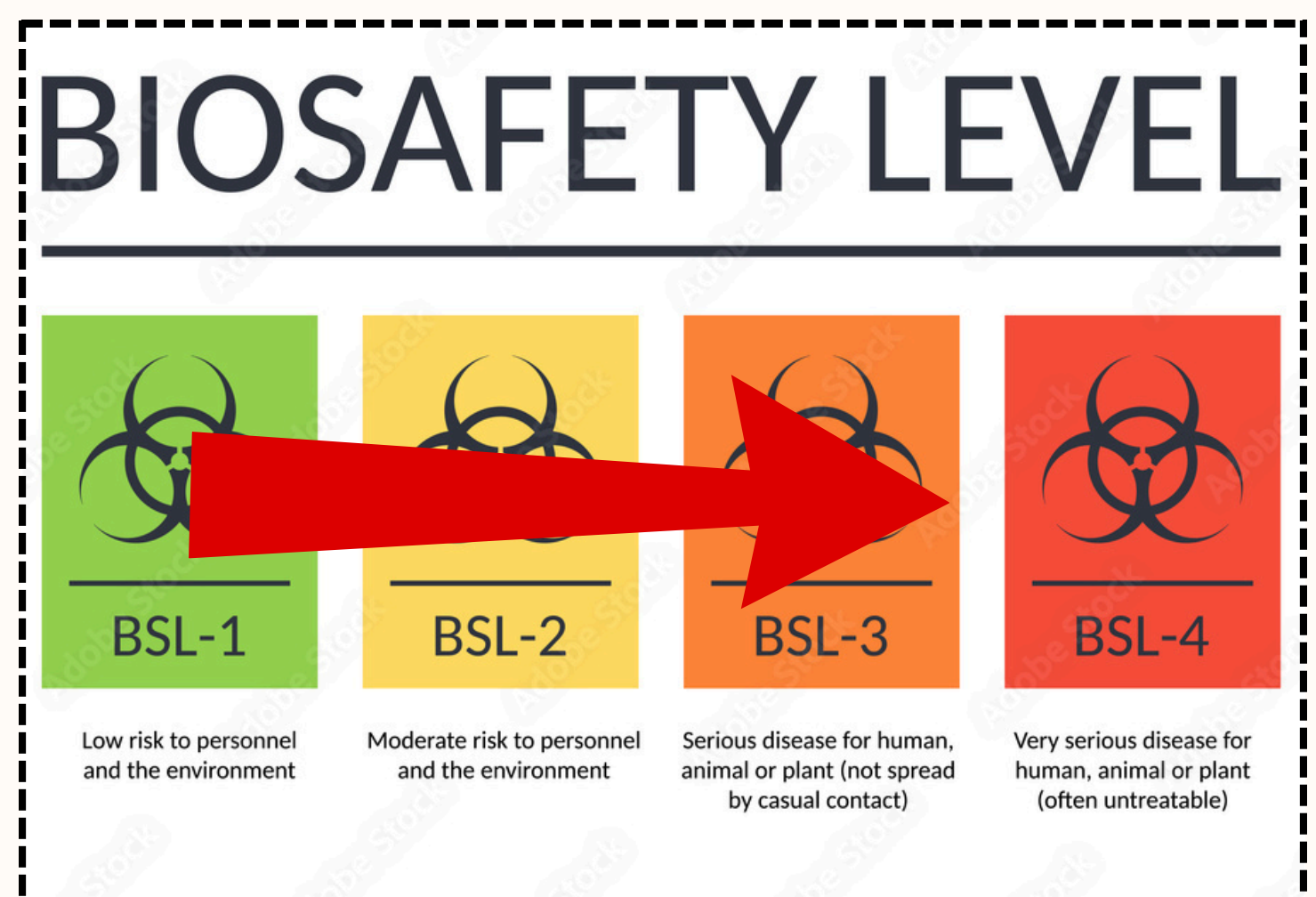


Figure 1. MHS toilets have reached a record high Biohazard Threat Level of 4!

The discontinuation of the Library Award has come as a shock to Anonymous Ngyuen, the fan favourite for this award. Upon contact, he burst out into tears upon contact with our Sentinel staff.

Further questioning of Anonymous led us to discover the extreme daily life of his. They have to endure most of the day without food. Their sleepless nights are due to catching up to their assignments as they spend their afternoons surveilling Microsoft teams. It is no surprise that achieving a library award is much harder than a dux award.

“I have spent too much time on this award,” said Anonymous. “Arriving at school early, missing out on lunch and recess, being chronically online checking the library teams page...”

More disturbingly, an independent, solely student led “Library Award Program” has been discovered. This special program has been established ever since the library award has been implemented. Former library award winners provide free seminars and workshops for aspiring “young Library Award winners”. Unfortunately for us, this program has been shut down as a result of this discontinuation, leaving a dead trail of paperwork behind.

The fanatical obsession towards our library raises concerns towards the school’s hierarchy. Does the library ultimately pull the strings? Is there a cult-like following in our school? Our seemingly innocent library staff denies any accusations. Who would even suspect them? Fortunately, the library seems to be on the side of the students. We appreciate the hard work by our library staff to cater to each of our needs.

Maybe next time, think twice before bringing food to the library, or to boot up “unblocked games” on your laptop... Still worth the risk.



Figure 2.
Honour the Duke or the Duke will honour you.

“I haven't said this in 26 years, but shut the f*ck up”

-[REDACTED]

"You’re the ugly version of your brother!”

- Mr Huysing

“You'll become history in a minute”

- Ms Capon

[REDACTED]

“Gooooood boys.”

- Mr Grant

"Since you guys were young, I knew you guys yearned for the mines"

- Mr Herden

[REDACTED]

"Study of informal Australian language in VCE English Language. Ensh*ttification was the 2023 word of the year. "

- Ms Sheko

“Longer is better, for all sorts of reasons”

- Mr Dowling

NEW STUDY SHOWS MANY STUDENTS LIE IN SPORT ASSESSMENTS

A sting operation conducted by teachers at a prestigious Melbourne school found that many students have given incorrect information on their sport assessments (15 min run, Swimming trial, athletics assessment). The teachers conducted this using timed CCTV footage and then compared the times in the footage to the students' given data.

"I haven't seen my wife and kids since we started the operation 4 months ago, but it's worth it, we hate these kids."

Sources close to the school have revealed that 75% of students lied about their athletic performance. Parents were immediately notified of the hoax, and makeup assessments have been organised. Students were outraged by the news of makeup assessments.

"We did a bloody maths and English test to get into the school, so what if we can't swim or run more than 1 kilometre,"
a year 9 student was quoted saying.

"I kid you not, I was in the air for 4 minutes, I did NOT take 4 minutes to swim half the pool lane,"
another year 10 student was quoted saying.

Parents reportedly did not care about the news of assessments.

One student's proud father was far from impacted by the news.
"The only exercises my children need are textbook ones. They're GONNA need to learn how to RUN if they don't do them questions!"

However, not all students were as angered by the news.

An anonymous Year 11 AGL interviewed by the Sentinel stated,
"They should see how many kids from Como lied, maybe they'd find out why they always come last."

For those curious, the average 15-minute run was originally recorded at 3.1km, however the sting operation reduced that average to 2.5km, and this is when you have the cross-country kids doing it as well.

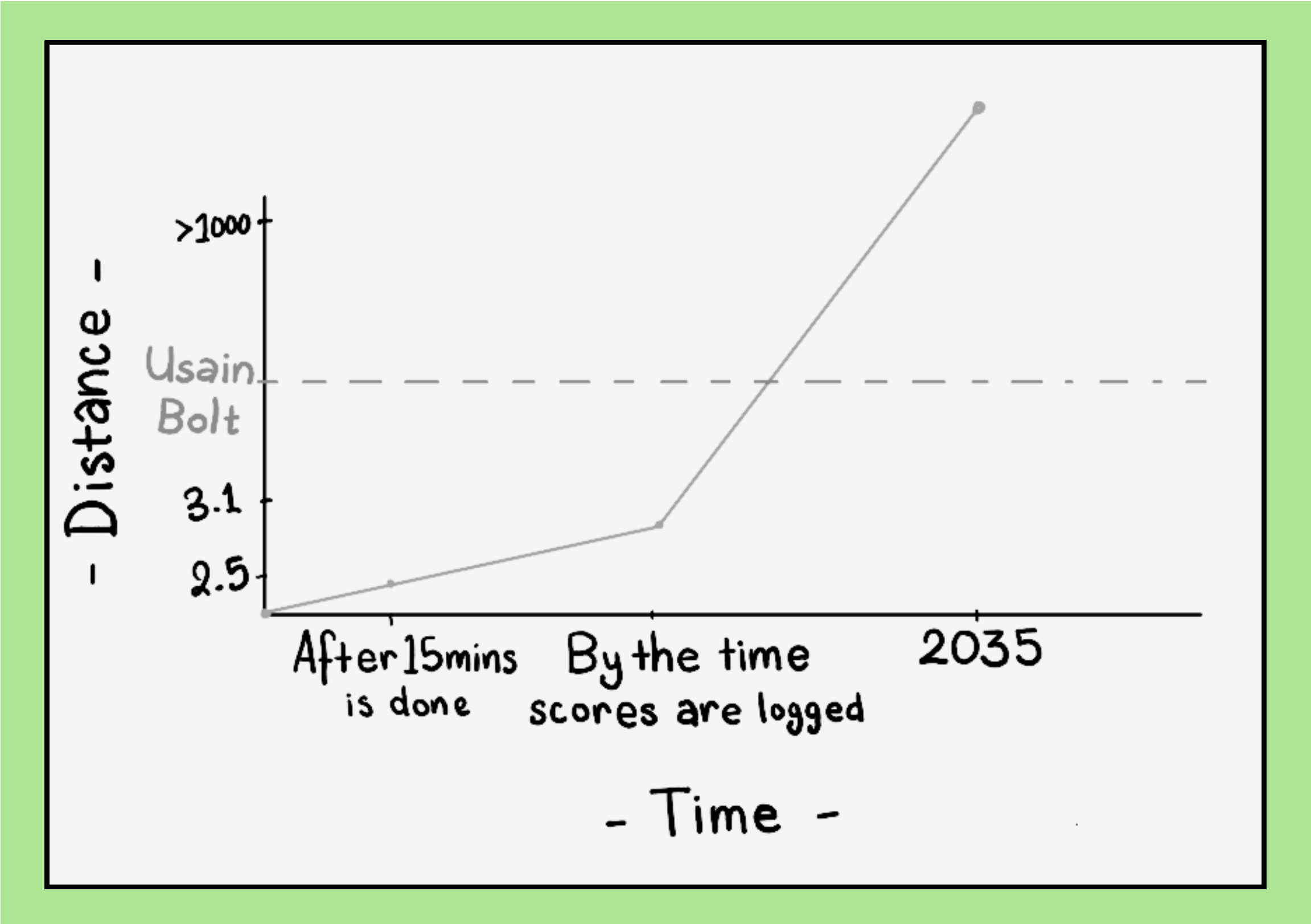


Figure 1. If this reported rate-of-increase continues, students will be 5 times faster than Usain bolt in 2035!

Many other schools have taken to clowning Melbourne High School on social media, with a certain private school’s debating team during the A-grade debate final mentioning that Melbourne High Schools team

“Can’t even tell the truth about their athletic performances and can therefore not be trusted.”

They were swiftly disqualified and started whining about a “re-evaluation,” the spoilt brats.

All in all, these turns of events were quite shocking and really goes to show what too much pressure on academics, lack of sleep (waking up at 3:52) and having to put in as much effort into physical activity. Oh yeah and most of them can’t sing so there's that as well.



NARCISSISM CLUB

Do you believe humility is an option?

Struggling to bring up your latest achievement in every conversation?

Then the Narcissism and Bragging Club is for YOU!

For many, joining the ATAR Factory on the Hill is a humbling experience—but not for all. You're not alone. I, the supreme leader of the **MHSNBC (MHS Narcissism and Bragging Club)**, once found myself in this situation before. Despite starting 14 clubs in the last month, getting straight As in all my subjects, and even submitting my Geo CAT on time, there was still a hole in my heart. In my infinite wisdom, I decided to do what I did best: start a club about it.

The mirror: a narcissist's best friend.



At the MHSNBC, we share one common goal: to support those suffering from success. Our cabinet (consisting of me, myself and I) is committed to teaching all the tricks of the trade, from organising workshops about **humblebragging** to inviting prestigious guest speakers to reveal the secrets of **aggressive self-promotion**. Don't miss out on this opportunity and join the MHSNBC!



MY name could be on YOUR award!

"Because boasting is better." – Me

First Meeting Details

Date: 32nd of June

Location: T99

Contact Mike Mi on Teams for more information.

“How can I get Sachit and Aditya confused? After all, Sachit is much more good looking.”
-Mr Ahern

"You like freshly squeezed? Don't get excited..."
- Mr Dowling

[REDACTED]

“If I catch you playing video games in class, I’m gonna tell your parents you were watching porn in class.”
- Ms Petrie

"Until you're 18, you have no rights!"
- Ms Dutta

“Be gentlemen, not genital-men”
-Mr Huysing

[REDACTED]

“You were born off a chemical spill in Altona, 1953”
- Mr Keat

“Go back to where you came from!"
- Mr Grant

SHOCKING!

House Free Choice Conductor Found Alive Underneath Hockey Pavilion

On Thursday last week, an anonymous student retreated to the crawlspace underneath the hockey pavilion when they were shocked to discover one of the free choice conductors living there, surviving off misplaced lunches, tap water, and still wearing a black suit and coloured tie. While dishevelled, the conductor seemed to be perfectly healthy when examined by the school nurse but strangely was trying to avoid being seen by others.

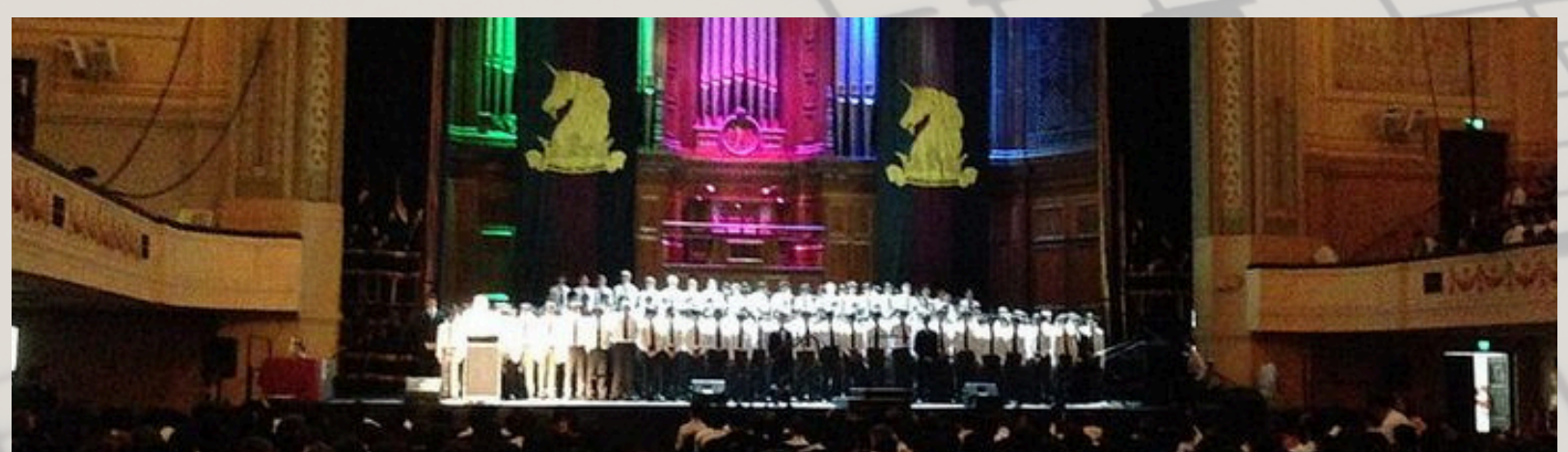


Figure 1: The crawlspace under the hockey pavilion

When friends and relatives were interviewed, all of them maintained that the last sighting of him was either before or during the Chorales competition, and that they hadn't seen him since. Somehow, none of them had bothered looking for him or had notified the school, who also didn't notice a missing student (despite their very strict regulations regarding student leave).

The anonymous student was questioned on his involvement with the conductor and his situation, but repeatedly avoided the question, hiding his identity and maintained that "I was hiding from the geography teachers." The student promptly ran away at the sight of an atlas.

The shocking security footage from inside Melbourne Town Hall shows a large piano falling from the sky and crushing the conductor, creating a crater in the stage just after the conclusion of the song. However, not a single person appeared to notice the piano nor that the conductor had been beneath it.



Figures 2/3: Moments before disaster (that no one noticed)

Following the release of this shocking footage, the conductor was taken in for questioning. After an advanced interrogation session with the SLCs, the conductor revealed the truth of the story.

“It was only meant to be a promotion for my house’s merch”, he testified. He explained that the plan was for a striking death to be staged, involving a fake piano and a trapdoor, only for the conductor to rise back to life while wearing a branded hoodie and pants. However, the plan went wrong, as it seemed not a single person cared about the accident.



Figure 4: Artist’s depiction of the house Merchandise

“There were 4 accomplices underneath the stage to help me, but in all the confusion they somehow misplaced all the house merch. I didn’t know what to do, so I just ran away.”

– Anonymous Conductor

After running away, the conductor made the bizarre choice to stay hidden, to keep up the illusion that he really had died. According to him, *“It would’ve been too much of a shock to my family, and I didn’t want them to feel betrayed by me.”*

A testimony from his applied computing teacher says that he was avoiding his term 1 assignment, which was 2 weeks overdue.

Unfortunately for the conductor, he never knew that no one had noticed his disappearance. The accomplices remain anonymous, with the conductor unwilling to provide any more details about their identity. With the conductor now back at school, the community is completely unfazed by his reappearance despite a welcome back party, which the conductor confessed to having orchestrated himself.

“We would like to thank the our house’s free choice conductor for his contribution to the house, despite a not-so optimal score in the competition. He was such a big part of our house’s spirit, and I can’t believe he’s still going to continue being a big part of our house’s spirit. I couldn’t imagine our house bearing such an unbearable loss, and we are incredibly blessed to see that he is still alive. His charisma, charm and good looks are the lifeblood of the house, and we look forward to working with him in future endeavours.”

– Anonymous conductor

**Are you bored with
regular interest
groups?**



**Are you tired of
EVERYBODY being in
RIG?**

**Do you crave something
more... Niche?**

*The Most Meta
Group at MHS!*

Well Then You Need:

THE INTEREST GROUP INTEREST GROUP

*The only club at MHS specialising in the formation and
appreciation of obscure interest groups!!!*

Every Thursday in T80

Contact The Sentinel Team for More Info

“I'm sorry, but you bunch are a real bag of d*ckheads.”

-[REDACTED]

“I called Scott Morrison a d*ckhead”

- Mr Mallet

“Where did you get that haircut from?”

- Mr Keat

[REDACTED]

“As much as you think your belly dancing will be a success...”

- Mr Dowling

“Massive. You can relate to massive can't you?”

- Mr Dowling

“If the government does a bad job, they get a kick up the you know where.”

- Mr Dowling

“You can kiss yourself in the mirror tonight, clean it first.”

- Mr Dowling

[REDACTED]

Space Camp Finally Earns Its Name - Annual NASA Field Trip Goes Wrong as Melbourne High Students Become First Highschoolers in Space

Melbourne High's Space Camp (possibly the only tour with space in its name to never have left the Earth) has long been one of the most egregious misnomers in a school which, it seems, doesn't know how to name anything... But that all changed last year as, in a shocking turn of events, Space Camp finally got airborne.

Yes, that's right; Whilst it may appear that there was no Space Camp 2024, do not be fooled. We at The Sentinel are proud to report that (though our source wishes to remain anonymous), we can finally reveal the events of last year's disaster-class.

So, here's the brief: Whilst touring a live launch site, a group of four Year nine students 'accidentally' pressed all the wrong buttons, arming the craft for launch with the tour group still inside. The rocket, a SpaceX Falcon 9, with a Dragon capsule atop, had just been prepped and fuelled for a launch set to take place only minutes later at the time of the incident.

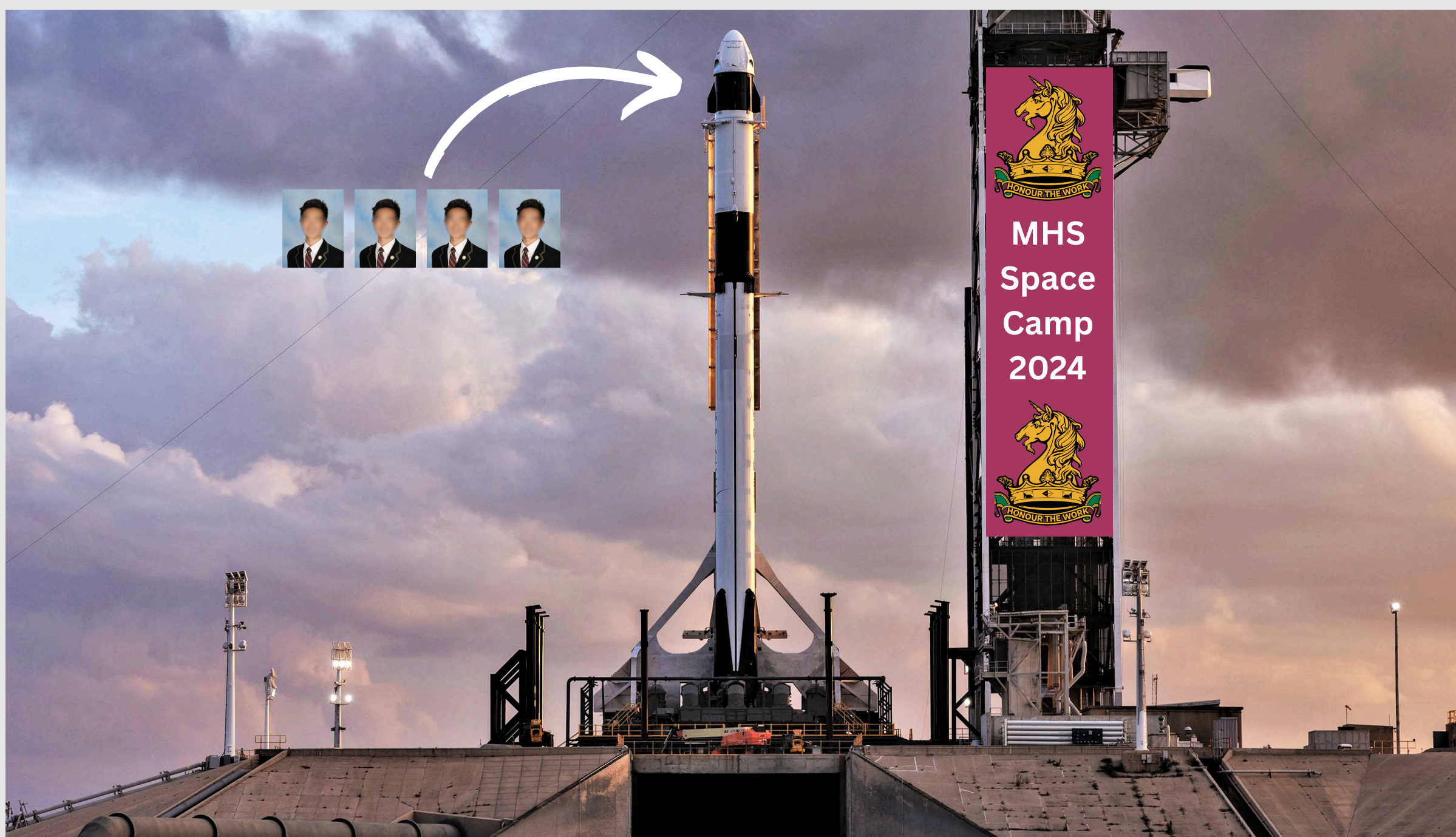


Figure 1. The Falcon 9 with four MHS students inside, the camp's banner mounted on the launch tower.

Receiving instructions via a radio-link, the students managed heroically to pilot themselves to the upper atmosphere, bleeding off the last of the fuel before parachuting safely back to Earth. In the process of burning of the fuel, the capsule flew through the Troposphere, Stratosphere and Mesosphere, and even, briefly travelling exactly three metres above the Kármán Line, technically, ‘going to space.’

Speaking on the events, one of the astronauts set to launch that day expressed only admiration, stating that it was just ‘a miracle they managed to get it off the ground at all, let alone back, without exploding or crashing...’

Other’s, however, were less generous. When The Sentinel approached NASA Director, Janet Petro on the events, she voiced her disappointment as to the student’s being let near the capsule in the first place. A fair question, Director...



Figure 2. Janet Petro, the current NASA Director.

But what of the students?

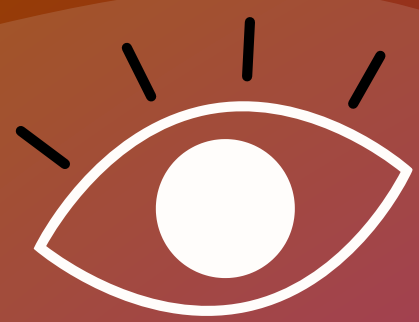
Well, following the safe return of the would-be astronauts, the incident was kept hush-hush, presumably in order to protect the ‘trade secrets’ and reputation of America’s most illustrious...

As such, details on the fates of all those involved are scarce.

Still, we can confirm that all the students are safe and well, having returned to their lives at Melbourne High. So look around carefully, next time you sit down in class. You never know who you’re next to...



Figure 3. Typical MHS Students... or astronauts in disguise?



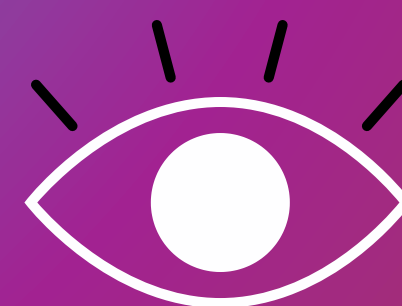
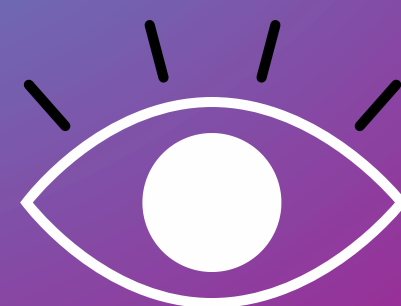
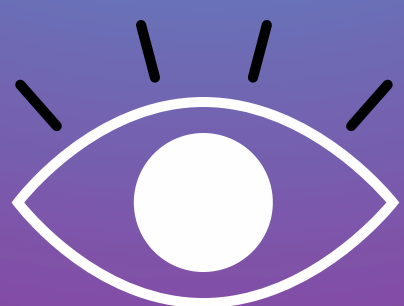
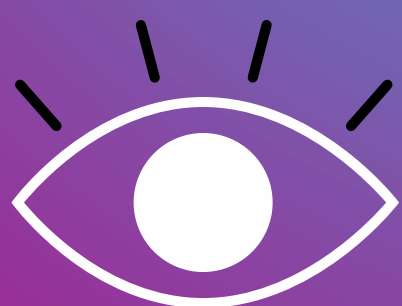
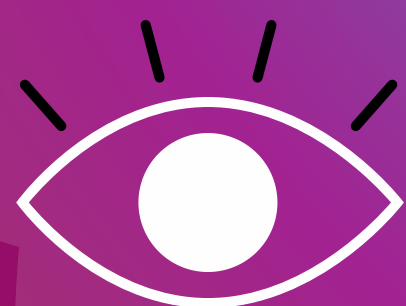
DÉJÀ VU CLUB

EVER FEEL LIKE THE LONG DAYS AT MHS START TO FEEL MONOTONOUS? LIVING THROUGH THE SAME THINGS OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN? NEED A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SPRITZ UP THE DAILY SLOG?

DÉJÀ VU CLUB

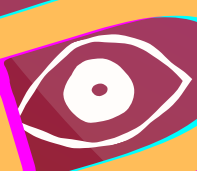


IF YOU FEEL LIKE THE LONG DAYS AT MHS START TO FEEL MONOTONOUS, AND YOU'RE LIVING THROUGH THE SAME THINGS OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, DÉJÀ VU CLUB IS A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SPRITZ UP THE DAILY SLOG. DÉJÀ VU CLUB IS A SPACE FOR MHS STUDENTS TO BREAK UP THEIR DAILY ROUTINES WITH SOMETHING DIFFERENT EACH MEETING, FEATURING KAHOTS, QUIZLETS, BLOOKETS AND QUIZLETS!



FIND OUT WHO YOU REALLY ARE WITH DEEP VENTURES INTO YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS AND ACHIEVE ABSOLUTE ENLIGHTENMENT THROUGH METAPHYSICAL THOUGHT EXPERIMENTS DURING A RANDOM LUNCHTIME OF THE WEEK, IN T###.

DÉJÀ VU CLUB



Surviving a Day at the Castle on the Grill

A first-week MHS experience that involves classic MHS shenanigans, nearly being suspended, and staredown battles with Bill Woodfull.

Ah yes, recess is over and you're trying to find where your next class is. You were following one of the guys in your class two seconds ago but a mob of Year 10s rushing to get to their class before the bell rings so their geography teacher doesn't crash out on them for being 0.017 seconds late cut you off, and now you find yourself lost amid a sea of black blazers and white shirts. You know there's no point in trying to find your classmate, because everyone around you looks the same, quite literally.

You would've opened up your laptop to check Compass, but alas, your good fortune brings you to the realisation that your battery is fully dead. You rush to your locker and after two unsuccessful tries manage to open the lock. You fling open the door and nearly fracture the skull of the guy walking past you. You grab your cellular device and open Compass. As usual, the MHS Edustar internet is slower than people who somehow manage to fail the 15-minute run. After what seems like 2 hours, your schedule finally pops up and you are enlightened with knowing that you now have a double English period in T19.

Now to find where T19 actually is.

Let's be honest, you're not exactly the best at finding rooms. To be fair, this is your first week here after all. Even this morning you spent the best part of an hour searching for your form room. To you it's kind of like navigating the Paris catacombs, but about a thousand times worse. Now that everyone's cleared out of the hallway, you take a good look at your surroundings and try to find which way to go.



Figure 1: Standard MHS hallway without the swarm



Figure 2: A Cellular Device



Figure 3: Portrait of Bill Woodfull

Then tragedy strikes. A teacher suddenly spawns from around the corner and starts walking towards you. That's when you realise you still have your advanced calculator in your hand. Your locker is two metres away from you, and you know you won't be able to cover that distance in 0.5 seconds, so you improvise and simply drop your phone into your shorts pocket.

And then you take the next logical course of action.

You pretend to analyse a portrait of Bill Woodfull hanging on the wall.

You try to act as inconspicuous as possible, which might've worked better if you weren't the only guy in the hallway right now. You can feel your device clearly outlined in your pocket. Damn it. You know you should've tried harder to convince your parents to spend 20 extra bucks buying a new pair of shorts instead of the second-hand pair that was three sizes too small. It was way too tight on you. It clearly outlined your phone, along with other things.

You stare so hard at Bill Woodfull that you're risking staring a hole right through his face, but you can feel the teacher zeroing in on you. The steps edge closer and closer and you feel her hand clasp on your shoulder. You say a silent prayer to the SLCs to be merciful on you and turn around to face the teacher – or rather, a prehistoric fossil that seemed to have stepped out of a museum. (To be fair though, it is a pretty accurate description of a good proportion of MHS teachers.)

“Why are your socks black?”

You let out a sigh of relief and before they have the opportunity to commence a yapathon about MHS dress codes and how not abiding by them is not honouring the work, you mumble an incomprehensible apology somewhere along the lines of “Yes ma'am sorry ma'am, my bad ma'am, won't happen again ma'am,” and make your grand escape down the hallway (which would've been more majestic if you didn't trip over the pencil some kid left lying on the floor).

By some stroke of luck, you somehow manage to run right past T19, and make it into the room just precisely 0.018 seconds after the bell rings. Then you find out that your English teacher is also quite susceptible to crash outs from kids being a fraction of a second late to class. Maybe skipping the double and camping in the bathroom scrolling reels would've been a better idea than going through this whole ordeal.

When the bell rings and the entire school stampedes out of the building like fans at a football game, you look back and brace yourself for four years of ~~suffering~~ happy times at the Castle on the Grill.

Thank you for reading...

THE SENTINEL

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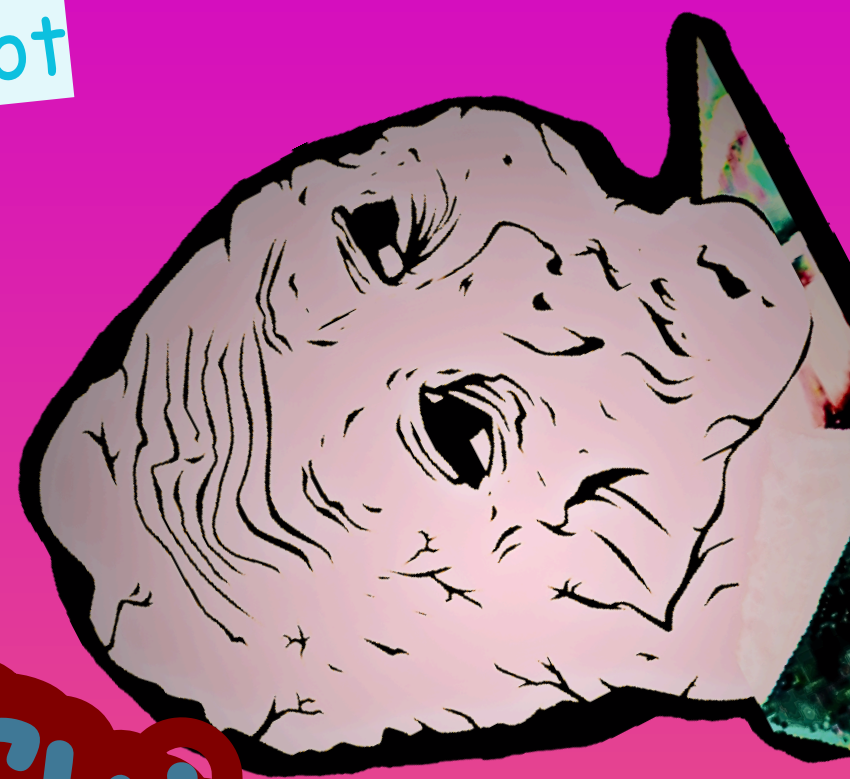
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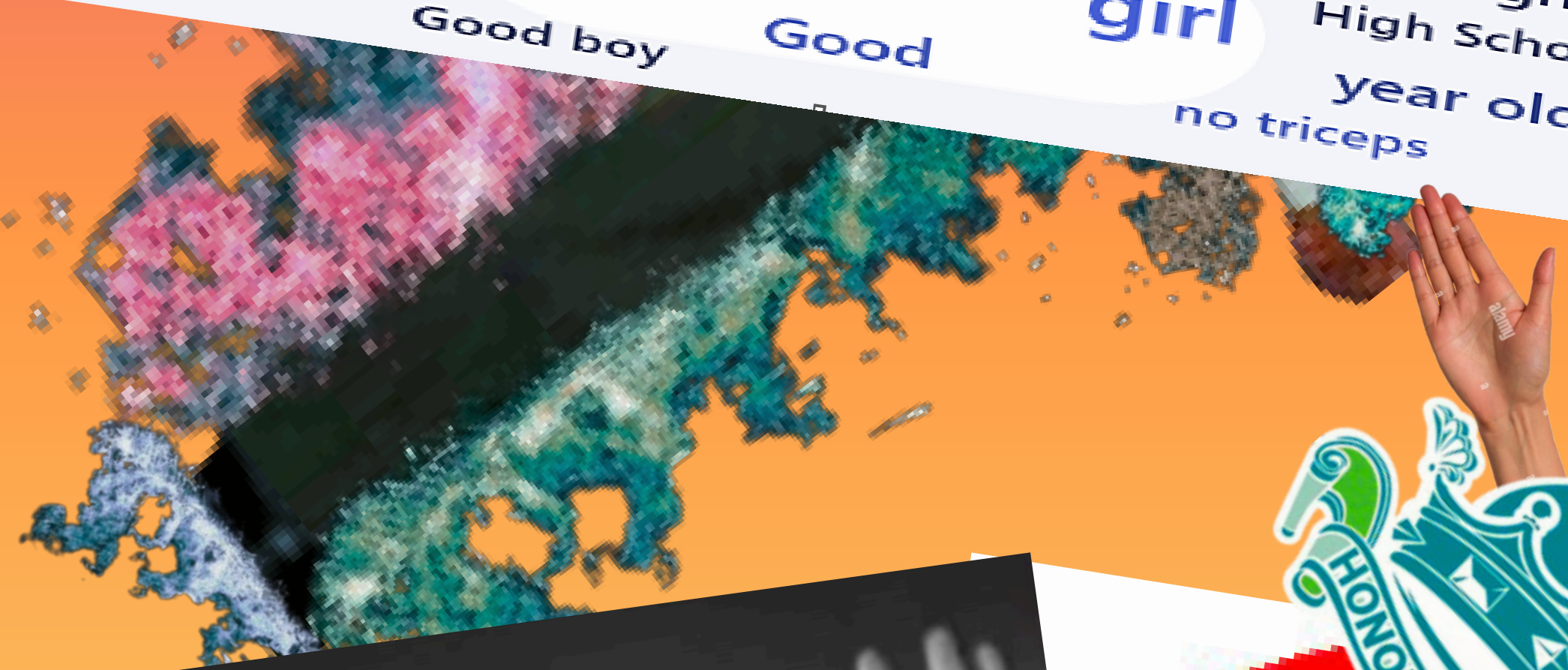
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