

SENTINEL

Reject tradition, embrace Mordinity



ISSUE 2
DECEMBER 2020

Message from the Editor's Ghostwriter

I think it's safe to say that this year has certainly had its ups and downs, as pictured in this handy table:

Ups	Downs
Sentinel is back	Everything else



I feel the biggest takeaway from such a year is that we really take the little things for granted. Things like laughing as Yarra bomb their millionth house comp in a row, or complaining about how bad the Year Nines are at singing. Despite the massive Ls that we've been dealt, we've made it. We're bathing in the warm glow of the light at the end of the tunnel, and we can rest easy with the knowledge that whatever comes next will surely be an improvement.

More astute readers may have noticed the fact that we're releasing this after the school year has ended. Due to unforeseen circumstances such as MHS boys actually studying for exams, we discovered that the beautiful production schedule we had lovingly crafted had been ignored and left stranded, much like Tom Hanks in that movie.

Regardless, we pulled through. And thanks to, *ahem*, *the most glorious and organised leadership of our editor-in-chief*, you can now read the stunning final product.

Enjoy your holidays.

"Mehran Mejbah"
Editor-in-chief

Sentinel is Spreading

Now that Australia is nearly out of the woods with this pandemic, hope and optimism have been spreading throughout the school community. The mood cannot be suppressed, even by environmental duty. The “safe steps” out of lockdown aren’t the only thing that has lifted the spirits of men at the High. The last issue of the Sentinel was met with rapturous applause, and copies have been found in all sorts of unlikely places.

Walking home from school one day, I was astounded at what lay before me. As I was pottering around Woolworths, something caught my eye at the checkout stand. Situated in between Women’s Weekly and The Australasian Beekeeper was a copy of, you guessed it, the superlative sizzling sumptuous Sentinel!

I know what you’re thinking. Someone could’ve done a sneaky Woolies run at lunchtime and (after purchasing Better Homes And Gardens), filled the empty slot with a copy of Sentinel. Admittedly, I cannot prove that this didn’t happen. But it doesn’t explain the widespread circulation of this magazine. Pictured below are a few places The Sentinel has been found:



The Frankston line showed some love for Sentinel, with engrossed drivers accidentally bypassing stations for the 17th time this week.



Dictator Dan brandishing a copy of Sentinel in his latest press conference. Clearly all that time he’s taken off recently has been to digest the reliable information provided about the state of Victorian schools.

Sentinel is Spreading (cont'd)

The sheer scale of this distribution was, for lack of a better word, unprecedented. Greater Melbourne has been infected by this student-run magazine, with people everywhere flocking to read about student roastings and SRC skullduggery. Not many statements have been true, certain, or factually correct in these past few months, but one thing is clear: Sentinel continues to be the most trusted independent news source on Earth, and by popular demand, we're commencing plans of publishing worldwide.

(There may be some issues into our US expansion however, as Donald Trump has labelled us "fake news" for not recognising him as the 46th, 47th, and 48th POTUS. As a result, leagues of angry Texan soccer mums have been storming our US branch's offices, and we are currently having to divert 70% of our writing staff to form a phalanx outside the front doors, armed with pencils as sharp as our wits. They're blunt.)

The hallowed vehicle of our outgoing principal, Mr Ludowyke, was noticed with suspicious quantities of the magazine stored on board. I'm sure he has his reasons.



Students Arrested for Standing

1.49 Metres Apart

Sai Iyer, from the library computers of Alcatraz

As a society, we should be able to safely expect that everyone has a certain amount of common sense ingrained within them, and that adults are fully capable of making rational decisions. Unfortunately, as of late, that seems a hard ask.

In the early hours of Tuesday morning, Nicholas Phan, the school's junior pianist, was socially distant and scrolling mindlessly through his Reddit feed. Around 7:30 AM, as his train pulled up to Preston, CCTV cameras witnessed him commit a heinous act of villainy. Phan stooped to the lowest lows of morality in those gut-wrenching seconds. Worse than the thefts at Woolies, worse than the illegal trade of Flanno cookies, worse than missing Speech Night, worse than walking up the right staircase. Arguably a violation of every peace code in existence.

As the doors closed, Phan stepped ten millimetres closer to another student (who didn't ask to be anonymous, but I may have forgotten their name)

Now, that doesn't seem like much to your arrogant, pretentiously-blazered selves. But to sixty-five-year-old Darla Winston, this behaviour was blasphemous. Over the roar of a nearby gang fight, she called for Phan to "[expletive] off" multiple times, despite being three rows of seats away. While the rest of the passengers in her scope sight shifted in their seats, Phan stood firmly in his spot to face the music.

"I just had my headphones in, dude." he reflected from the cell next to mine, unaware of the lexical segue I used to transition into this recount. "The last thing I remember was getting tackled after she started shrieking, and now I'm here." I tried reaching out to Winston, though her incredibly poor ICT skills made it near-impossible to decipher whatever she tried to say. I presume it was something along the lines of "why's this edition of your [expletive] magazine late you [expletives]?". Again, too many obscenities to leave in. We, at the Sentinel, as much as we joke about the authorities, fear them greatly. (They've weawwy scawwy UmU.)

I attempted to track down the other guy, though my efforts remained in vain. After months of rowing to San Francisco, my goose chase ended with an Epstein year ten. He's either out or up there. I will find him. Right after I get released for jaywalking across the main road.

Do I regret being sent to Alcatraz to repent for my journalistic endeavours? You bet. Does Leo owe me bail? Yes, in copious amounts. Will he use the club budget to get me out? Odds not. Will I keep writing for the Sentinel? Yeah. I've got nothing better to do. I should mention this place has better wi-fi than T10, so there's that. Bright sides, Sai, bright sides.



MISSING



HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?
ANSWERS TO DIPLOMA POINTS

MHS Diploma Points have gone missing.

We are appealing to the whole school community to help us find where they have gone. Please search for them wherever you can(lockers, school microwaves, classrooms etc...),as students are worried and wish for their safe return.

LAST SEEN IN THE MHS MUSIC DEPARTMENT

**IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION
PLEASE CONTACT SENTINEL @sentinelMHS**

Why is Ludo Leaving Office?

When asking the average passerby what they think the most powerful person in the world is, they often reply with the President of the United States. Or If you ask an average anti-vaxxer, Bill Gates. But here at MHS, we know that our principal is the head of it all, controlling the school through the secret room T6.



My editor is yelling at me now, calling me a raving lunatic. But the evidence is there. While presidents come and go, Ludo has still been there, quietly pulling strings to relocate more of the world's wealth to be repurposed for his office's eleventh air conditioner.

It seems strange then, that someone would "retire" from such a powerful and profitable position. As part of my duty on Sentinel, I have collated some of the most ~~crazy~~ reputable theories from the world's most prominent commentators as to why Mr Ludowyke is retiring.

Jonathan Hubert - random man I met on the train

"Bro, what do you want from me, who is this "Ludo" guy, and why do you keep doing the Usain Bolt pose? This isn't even the Frankston line, I don't have any illicit substances to give you!"

Some MHS student, idk any of the year 9s

"To be honest, I don't even know what Ludo does. It's not like we have him as a teacher or anything. I sincerely doubt that Ludo is retiring because he is growing old, because it looks like a job with a lot of very cushy benefits. I think it's because Ludo has been running a money laundering scheme by selling illegal motorcycles. I've been seeing some very angry bikies going into his office, demanding a refund for their broken down Harleys."

Xi Jinping - leader of the CCP

"Jeremy Ludowyke is a very good man! He sell to me at good price! But people mad at Jeremy generosity to us. Jeremy leave and Jeremy scared. I tell him, "No worry, come to China". Instead, Jeremy come hide with my good friend, Lindsay Fox, and now sell me cheap trucks."

Sexy Man - theatre sports captain

"Yeah man, Ludo was just too intimidated by my big chad energy, you know? He was directing a tour and just so happened to enter A2, where he witnessed my greatness, you hear me? And he was all like, "Oh no, my ego is crumbling around me, I must leave" and he just...left."

The truth is surely out there, and you can be certain that Sentinel will find it.

Snoop Dogg to Head Music Dpt. in 2021

Due to coronavirus annihilating the school's music program for most of 2020, much speculation has been swirling among the student body about what music at MHS will look like next year. Many were concerned that the much loved/much loathed subject would be a shadow of its former self in the coming years, and that student participation would begin to wane. However, Melbourne High School has remedied this situation with the recent appointment of Snoop (Dogg) Dogg as the new Director of Music. The previous holder of this position was seen solemnly leaving the school grounds on Monday with his bassoon tucked under his arm. Following his recruitment, Mr Dogg then proceeded make a statement:

"Thank you my man, I am honoured to be chosen for the role. It's better than my pipe dream of workin' the Scoop Dogg ice cream parlour!"



Mr Dogg went on to say he would like students to refer to him as either Snoopzilla or DJ Snoopadelic. When asked about his intentions for next year, he was very optimistic:

"I heard yo fellas have a massed singin' or somethin? Yeah, that gonna change fo shizzle ma dizzle! I gotta new track out that e'rybody heard online. Other schools in the area ain't gonna cut it with the funky fresh rhymes of the Menulog rap. If those schools want delivery like a G, they about to get served!"

Sentinel understands that Snoop was attracted to the role after hearing that Melbourne high has one of the lowest weed usage rates in the country. He says he intends to create a hoe-bearing taskforce to tackle the problem.

Every Day is Leg Day for MHS Boys

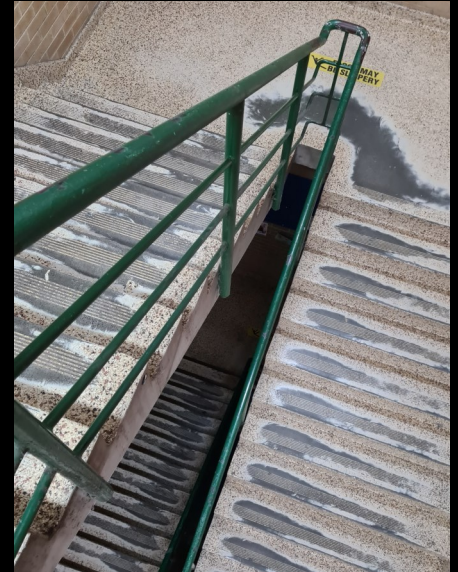
By Senior School Health Analyst Janindu Ashen Somarathna

A recent study by the Australian Students' Society on the prestigious Melbourne High School has revealed shocking statistics on the health and wellbeing of its students. According to the study, the boys of the South Yarra school have been observed to have almost Herculean physiques, especially in the lower body region. During physical examinations, 90% of the student body excelled in fitness tests that specifically demanded the power of the legs, such as the long jump, ergometer, and the infamous fifteen-minute run. However, this was not the most surprising revelation within the study.

“There appears to be some correlation between the staircases of the school and the heavily-built bodies of these students” said the head researcher of the study.

The study claims that the average MHS student climbs a total of 1800 flights of stairs on a normal school day, however despite the obvious change in their appearance, the boys themselves seem to be quite oblivious to this.

“Oh, really? I hadn’t even noticed they [the legs] had gotten that muscular,” comments one student, casually lunging and subtly flaunting his well-defined quadriceps.



“There’s no way I could be one of those strong jocks,” says another, sitting at his desk in the infamous chair-squat position, emphasising his buff hamstrings.

There have been a number of complaints from other selective schools, both in Victoria and from other states. They claim that the entire structuring of the school creates an overwhelming disadvantage, such as athletics, rowing, and water polo. MHS staff have dismissed these accusations, claiming that the boys are simply putting in more effort into their physical abilities.

“Maybe if they Honoured the Work a little more, they wouldn’t be stuck winning lawn bowls and fencing for the past five years,” snickered a member of the MHS sports faculty, who requested to remain anonymous.

However, this is not all the attention these boys have been receiving. It has been reported by many officers patrolling the city of Melbourne that the gaze of many have been directed towards these boys on trains and other public areas.

“I don’t know... there’s just something about those legs... something that’s just so... unusually attractive,” says a student from nearby sister school, MacRob.

Could the newfound muscularity of these boys mean the end of students without formal dates in the future? For now, only one thing is certain: the constant leg grind is real. As in, the efforts put into their legs. Chafing legs sounds terribly gross.

THE MOST SUPERIOR SPORT AT MELBOURNE HIGH

Throughout MHS there exist many feuds. Physics versus chem, French versus Jap, photography versus film crew, the list goes on. These mere squabbles pale in comparison to the true ideological conflict of the High: **which sport is the greatest?**

First, we have

the cricketers (i.e., the sweats of school). You best believe that when cricket trials are on, the school's on edge with the rivalry between the boys.

Next, the volleyballers. Now, they're pretty chill, not going to lie (as we, the Sentinel, strive to), but trust me when I say this: you don't want to be on the receiving end of one of those spikes—you'll be bruising for the next week. Ouchhh.



We also have the runners and the swimmers, who think they're the most elite because they're the fastest.

Moving on to the rowers and cross-country boys. They're getting, like, five hours of sleep per day, just to come to school for training. I can tell you now

from experience, on those mornings, your eyes are bright red, your skin is paler than Voldemort and well your hair is something else.

Then there's the soccer players, and even though I am one myself, you can't say we're not the best drama students – come on, the constant diving and improv is a talent in itself, so don't diss the sport - it's easily one of the best.



Most Superior Sport (cont'd)

Then comes water polo, whose team only decided to join so they could stand in front of the pool, shirtless, with their medals on, and have an excuse to post it on Instagram. But seriously, they do have some mad cardio treading water for so long. With all the pool water they choke on, it's the easiest way to lose your gag reflex, if that's your thing...



But when ball comes to thing you hit ball with, downball is one of the most competitive sports known to man – all the endless debates as to where balls land could go on for hours if it wasn't for the school bell mercifully breaking them up. Now if you're a downballer, you're one of a few types:

The absolute sweat: you sweep, and you find pleasure in sweating a chill game of downball at recess. Everyone is out there begging for you not to pwn them.

The piece of trash: you can't hit the ball and you can't last five seconds on court.

The arguer: YOU ARE LITERALLY THE REASON WHY NO ONE PLAYS DOWNBALL SMHHH. Stg no matter how obvious it was that you got out, you MUST defend yourself. Please stop. Please.

The memer: you just love pissing the sweats off. Good on you. The game is at least somewhat interesting because of you.

Tennis is next. If I'm honest, there's not much to say. The best thing I can think of is that y'all are just good with balls.

Finally, we have the rest of the smaller sports. These boys are one of two things: a) you're just elite in whatever this irrelevant sport is, or b) you're just hungry for diploma points.

Regardless of what sport you play, at Melbourne High, we have an absolutely insane community of athletes. Their dedication is unreal and practically unmatched by any other school in the state. Especially Suzanne Cory.

But time for the big reveal... What is the best sport at Melbourne High? Well it's clearly rugby. This is definitely not because my copy editor had me at Nerf-point. No, that's bad journalism. W-We at the Sentinel d-don't c-c-condemn that...

**MISCHIEF. MAYHEM.
MATHEMATICA**



HAIBO WANG

EDWARD SHIN

MATH CLUB

IF YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SCREWED BECAUSE OF YOUR EXAM RESULTS
WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT'S NEXT

Agreement Reached: Ludo Released

After days of tense negotiations between the CAVP (Council of Associated Vice-Principals) and the SPCC (Society for the Promotion of CAS Calculators) an official peace agreement has been reached by the two groups, marking an end to three weeks of destructive and bloody violence. Although the specifics of the agreement is yet to be released to the public, Sentinel's sources suggest that the SPCC's demand for CAS calculators in year 9 and mandatory use of Mr. Ganella's macros have been granted, but that corporal punishment will remain outlawed in the school for students at a C grade or higher. After eight days of captivity in the inhumane conditions of infamous PoW camp T4, MHS principal Jeremy Ludowyke has been released, thoroughly put out, but unharmed.

Three weeks ago, what would rapidly become the deadliest non-Cockhouse-related conflict in Melbourne High School's long history began when a group of maths teachers led by Mr. Ganella attempted to seize control of the school with an attack on a staff leadership meeting. Unfortunately for the SPCC, JSC Adit Sivakumar was attending the meeting, and with a rallying cry of "yeah the boys", faced down the attackers with minimal casualties.

This was not the end of the fighting however, with the SPCC barricading themselves in the maths staffroom, declaring their intent to wage a guerilla campaign against Ludowyke until their demands were met.

When the students unfortunate enough to be on garbo duty had scrubbed the blood out of the carpet, Mr. Sharp is reported to have suggested to Mr. Ludowyke that he really should have called the police. Ludowyke, hoping to avoid tainting the schools reputation, threw Sharp from the window of the turret and embarked on the so-far successful strategy of keeping things quiet by making a personal guarantee that anyone who allows the news to leak will lose all diploma points and get lawn bowls for weekly sport for the rest of their time at MHS.

Here at the Sentinel, we are feeling the pressure of the school's increasingly unstable political climate, with members of the VCE English faculty (now freed from the control of senior staff) allowed to fulfil their dreams of having our heads on pikes in the staffroom. Luckily, they're not very fast and so far, all but one unfortunate Sentinel member (may he rest in peace) has managed to stay one step ahead of our pursuers.

Student attitudes to the violence have been mixed, with one student commenting,

"The number of deaths is climbing a lot faster than I would like. But hey, look on the bright side, Ludo's so scared of assassination attempts (and who can blame him after the balcony collapse in Mem Hall last week) that he keeps his speeches sub-ten minutes. I never thought it was possible."

More to come as the story unfolds.

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