

Network Ten

—Yi Huang and Muhammad Adib Surani

Kicking back your chair in disbelief, you can't quite get over how good the next week is shaping up to be. A competition to win the right to cook dinner for the PM. Federal politics and cooking; the perfect match. Chef cooks Rudd dinner. Rudd imparts wisdom of earwax as a flavour-enhancer to chef. Food, for thought. Chuckling to yourself, you wonder why none of the gimps working in TV had thought of this idea sooner?

Your hunger for gossip temporarily satisfied, a hunger for some food develops to take its place. Perhaps it's time for some lunch?

As you make your way towards Union House, still mulling over Kevin Rudd's *MasterChef* announcement, you notice a large crowd of people convening on Concrete Lawn. Moving closer, you hear one of the organisers speak:

"Roll up! Roll up! Roll up for your free lunchtime roll! You cannot resist our peanut butter and jelly rolls!"

You race up to the stand. Curiously, you ask how much registration is.

"Registration is fifty cents! Sign up and help yourself!" Fifty cents? Money... for jam!

You frantically write your name on a green registration sheet before grabbing the five closest rolls you can see, as well as a napkin to mop up. As you walk away you're handed a small piece of paper. Contained is a brief rundown of the club, with several words jumping out from among them: small business... border protection... failed revolution...

You sigh. Another Liberal Party club. You suppose it's only to be expected as Liberals have recently taken over the Student Union, and everyone knows the vast majority of the other clubs are nothing but fronts for their politics. You've even heard rumours that MUMS is being pressured to add "STAY-AT-HOME" as a prefix.

Shaken, but not stirred enough to abandon your food, you sit down to enjoy your meal in silence. But as you take your first bite, you see that it wasn't a napkin you'd picked up after all.

