

Ministry

—Adrian Khoo

You are certainly glad you turned up in time to catch the second half of that class. The transition from trees to forests was truly...breathhtaking. But midday has just ticked over, and you don't want to miss the *MasterChef* announcement by a second. You race to the nearest computer lab, barge into a free spot at a terminal, and jump onto the *MasterChef* website, the URL ingrained in your memory from many, many previous visits.

404 Error Message.

Unsurprisingly, all of Australia is trying to find information about the competition at the same time.

You rack your brains for other ways to access the information. Surely, if someone was lucky enough to see the website before it went all *404*, they would be bragging about it... wait, that's it! Check the blogs and twitters!

You log into Twitter, and to your pleasure, the very first thing you notice in the Top Tweets is one about *MasterChef*.

And it's from none other than the baby-faced, media-friendly, tech-savvy... #KRudd.

Phwoar! Super excited @ what they've decided to serve up for the upcoming MasterChef series... a competition for the right to cook Kevin Rudd

You pause, utterly confused by what you have just read, until another tweet pops-up:

Damn that 140 character limit. I meant: the right to cook Kevin Rudd's dinner. It's gonna be huge!

This is big news! Hungry for more, you go on a Google spree — hell, you even stoop as low as Bing. You check possible mirror sites for the tiniest dash of information, and you keep clicking *back* in case you've missed something. As a last resort you jump to 4Chan, the bowels of the internet, and even there, all you seem to find are brief comments from others just as clueless as you: *Oh, no!, GG no RE!, this is so BS!* Funny how technology has altered language; everything seems to come packaged in little more than two letters — so economical, yet so utterly tasteless, like porridge.

Then, on a seemingly innocuous thread, otherwise filled with posts bitching about the lack of *MasterChef* news or the thematic choice of the contest, you find something that seems a little out of place:

H F I U R O F A P
R N Z D D A G O S
A R E I C E K N O
W S M E M W E I C
O N S C I A H S U
Y F I H U G T O L
Y L E W O R N I L
E F D R A A B T E

EDMUND	JOSEPH	EARLE	BEN	MALCOLM
ALFRED	BILLY	ROBERT	HAROLD	BOB
CHRIS	STANLEY	ARTHUR	JOHN	PAUL
GEORGE	JAMES	JOHN	JOHN	JOHN
ANDREW	JOSEPH	FRANK	WILLIAM	KEVIN