

The Vampire Diaries

—Corey Plover and Kevin Wald

Checking your diary you realise that it was coming around to your next class, and you decide to make tracks. Putting down the paper, you struggle to suppress a laugh as you see the latest novelty t-shirt being sported around town. *You can call me butter, 'cause I'm on a roll.* Classy.

Butter. Roll. Peanut Butter. . . you are suddenly struck by a recollection of the events of yesterday at the lunch stall, and the bizarre conversation with George Calombaris comes flooding back. Specifically, you recall what he said about celebrities getting cooking lessons on the sly. Thinking back to last night, you don't remember seeing any celebrity contestants — something you are certainly relieved about. Instead you were able to catch a glimpse of world-famous chefs in action, doing some *real* cooking.

However, you *did* briefly have your suspicions about that veiled Iron Chef. What does he, or she, have to hide? Maybe George's quip that a celebrity was secretly trying to win the competition wasn't that far-fetched after all. The chances may be slim, but. . .

All at once, you realise the gold-mine you are sitting on. Imagine finding out the identity of the Iron Chef an entire few days before any of your friends. The potential for gossip will be huge! Imagine the wonders this would do for your social standing; you'd be the coolest person on the *MasterChef* forums!

In a rush of enthusiasm, you plot out how to proceed. First, identify and locate the mysterious chef giving secret lessons. Next, convince him to divulge to you who the Iron Chef really is! Finally, and most importantly, bask in the vicarious glory of the gossip. It's so devious it just has to work.

As you get up to leave, gloating over the sheer ingenuity and unfathomable magnitude of your little scheme, you almost leave your diary behind on the table. Wait. . . is this your diary?

