

Mass Migration

—Matthew Ng

It turns out that, incredibly, pot plants are not a particularly brilliant means of camouflage. It also appears that the *MasterChef* production team did not take lightly to random people dropping in to say hello. They didn't exactly invite you for a 'cuppa when they sent two gorilla-like men to manhandle you out of the building. They were particularly upset since they suspected you of sabotaging the montage and ruining the end of what was otherwise a successful night. They were also not particularly impressed by your claims that the Iron Chef was a cheating pseudo-Japanese scumbag who was definitely not giving it a fair shake of the sauce bottle. In fact, they didn't seem to understand the sauce bottle analogy at all — how very un-Australian of them.

Disillusioned and tired from the whole saga of being thrown out of the *MasterChef* studios and of a catching flight back to Melbourne to arrive home in a dejected mood. Nevertheless, with your addiction to *MasterChef* being as strong as it is, you find yourself tuning in to watch the special lunch-time Grand Final edition from afar. Well, not so afar — ironically, the Grand Final has also been relocated to Melbourne, by the cryptic instruction of judge Matt Preston...

You remain despondent as the colours of the *MasterChef* title sequence dance on the screen. The glitz and glamour of the show just seems so plastic and artificial now that you've seen the real thing. Since you already know that the Iron Chef is going to win through deceit, the whole ceremony is wasted on you. But one thing does catch your attention: in the background, there's a rather ugly mural of birds that you definitely didn't see yesterday...

