

monga

the monash gazette

#01, 2014





*We know the cover is different. It may seem deep and dark but...
It's quite simple, really. Diversity. It signifies how
there's many sides to a person, a story
and usually it's the ones you expect the least from.*

*So we decided on our own special project - Human of Monash,
centered around our theme - diversity. It's not just the photos, the
stories speak for themselves.*

*Coming in at week 3 and producing something within our
personal standards was a challenge, but we made it anyway!
Here's hoping you enjoy this issue as much we did in creating it.
[#braindamage](#) [#thatsallfromus](#)*

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HUMANS OF MONASH

While deliberating on a suitable theme for our magazine, we all agreed that we wanted something that celebrated the diversity on campus our university prides itself on. Not just by country of origin or ethnicity, but simply as human beings.

What better way to showcase this diversity than our very own "Humans of Monash" project inspired by the Humans of New York project initiated by Brandon Stanton? Code named HIMYM (now you know what we meant!), we set out to explore what goes on in the everyday lives of Monashians; you, me and us. We were blown away by the stories we heard and here's hoping you do too!





"I cry a lot during sad movies; I sob and literally pour my heart out, especially during movies or even advertisements that have helpless old people in it. Old people are my weak spot."



"But what I said didn't exactly make sense."
 "well, it made sense to me."
 "In that case, I should be an artist."



"How long have you both been friends?"
 "It's been over a year now."



"Do you wish to be a model?"
 "Who knows? I'm very indecisive."



"My passion...? Probably music. I like classical. Chopin. Yeah, I can play Chopin. I've been playing the piano for a long time."



"I love my days at Monash while doing my Masters. I get to learn so much that cannot be taught during undergraduate years."



15th of March 2014 was no Saturday to catch up on sleep. 184(!) first years gathered at Monash University Malaysia at 7.30 a.m. for the Orientation Bash. The weather was surprisingly excellent with minimal haze despite the hazardous situation the day before. Breakfast was provided to

THE FACILITATORS BROUGHT UP THE HYPE BY CONFIDENTLY PROCLAIMING, "MY TEAM WILL BE CHAMPIONS TODAY!" OR EVEN "WE'RE SO GOING TO KICK YOUR ASSES LATER!" TO THEIR COMPETITORS.

decided to get wet and there's those who were thrown into the sea. A few went "NO NO NO I don't want to get wet!" voluntarily surrendered their phones and wallets before being thrown in (*such lies!*). Some others who were more bold and brave walked into the waters themselves.

BY EMILY CHOONG \\ PHOTOS BY TAN WEN JIE



energize the students for a full day of fun and activities organized by the Activities Department of Monash University Student Association (MUSA).

Before heading to Bayu Beach Resort in Port Dickson, ice breaking games were held at the field where students were split into 14 groups. This allowed students to bond (*and make new friends!*) with their teammates and facilitators. Things started heating up as teams began identifying their competitors (*pfft, naturally*)

After having a hearty lunch buffet (*yum!*) upon arrival, we headed to the beach full of excitement to begin the series of telematches, tug of war and volleyball. Despite the short rain in the middle of the competitions, the teams insisted on proceeding with the games (*sportsmanship right there!*).

No Orientation Bash is complete without some fun in the sun! While some sat around soaking up the rays from the beautiful sun, others

Apparently, the best way to not get thrown in is to be one safeguarding your friends' devices from the perils of salt water (*true story*).

Dinner was a full-spread buffet comprising a massive variety ranging from a salad bar to lamb and a table dedicated to all sorts of desserts. The feast ended with a thank you speech from MUSA President Ivan Lim and the presentation of prizes to all groups for a job well done.

Hi Monashians, I was a tutor at Monash for six months and have been a teaching associate at the University of Southern California for a year now. I love teaching and helping students, so here's my attempt to do that for you awesome Monashians all the way from LA!

BY SHA-LENE PUNG

10 FACTS YOUR TEACHERS DON'T ALWAYS TELL YOU

(BASED ON MY EXPERIENCE OF DEALING WITH ABOUT 300 STUDENTS, AND FROM BEING A STUDENT MYSELF!)

WE'RE HUMAN.

Shocking, I know! Being a lecturer or tutor does not suddenly make us robots immune to worldly forces. Being polite and appreciative goes a long way to set you apart from everyone else. I'm not saying you have to bribe your teachers with Starbucks and nasi lemak packets filled with love, but I'd say there's a strong correlation between being a good student (who gets good grades on all on your own) and showing thanks.

One of my best students gave me a Lego torchlight and another rock star baked me muffins – and I'd already given them A's before I ever got their thanks.

WE LIKE TO HELP STUDENTS WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES.

If you hardly ever show up to classes but email your teacher 12 hours before the exam desperate for tips on what to study, can I just say you have really thick skin? One time I had a student who asked for my advice and then wouldn't take any of my suggestions because I basically wouldn't do her work for her.

TEACHERS AREN'T EVIL.

We don't actually want anyone to fail the class. It's just more paperwork for us! Kidding, we really don't want anyone to fail. Your success is our success!

JUST BECAUSE YOU SIT AT THE BACK OF THE CLASSROOM DOES NOT MEAN YOU SPONTANEOUSLY DEVELOP POWERS OF INVISIBILITY.

Whether you're playing Candy Crush or Whatsapping your friends about how boring the class is, we can actually see you looking at your phone under your desk or inside your bag.

As a tutor I sometimes sit at the back of lecture halls to monitor what the students are up to on their laptop screens or phones, and I just have to say you're wasting a ton of money to be on Zalora or ASOS during class time.

MORE HOMEWORK FOR YOU IS EVEN MORE HOMEWORK FOR US.

Are you hating on that 3,000-word essay you have to write? What about grading 300,000 words' worth of essays in two weeks, and writing feedback for each paper? Then scaling the grades to make sure you're being fair?

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE WHISPERING DOESN'T MEAN NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU.

You know those annoying people in the cinema who talk when the movie's on? That's you, in a lecture hall or tutorial, when you whisper with your friends and bother the other people around you. Not only are you making a bad impression on your teacher, you're also getting blacklisted by your peers – no matter how cool they're trying to seem.

WE WRITE YOUR RECOMMENDATION LETTERS.

Whether you want to get into graduate school or dive into the job market, you can't get anywhere without strong references and recommendation letters. If you've been a generic student, you're going to get a generic letter. Don't be burning those bridges you need for the future.

IT'S NOT COOL TO TALK SMACK ABOUT THE FACULTY ON SOCIAL MEDIA.

You never know who's going to read it and tell on you, or take a screenshot and share it!

WHEN WE'RE ON A DEADLINE AND THERE ARE 200 TESTS TO GRADE, YOUR HANDWRITING MATTERS.

Please don't write chicken scratch, thank you.

ALL WE WANT ARE PEACE, LOVE AND RAINBOWS.

Lecturers and professors choose to teach because they genuinely enjoy the work and want to help students. Trust me, it's not for the fame and glory. So make a teacher's day better and do or say something nice! :)



Why science? Were you simply curious while watching forensic documentaries and TV dramas? Or was it simply because your typical Asian parents wanted you to? Whichever it may be, what did you feel that first moment you stepped into Monash University Malaysia to pursue science?

For me, I was filled with awe and pride at the opportunity to study at such a prestigious university, determined to work hard and succeed. Everyone around me was filled with passion, ready to take on the challenges to be thrown at them. At university, a new chapter in life was about to be unveiled; a new opportunity start anew and meet individuals of different races, cultures, religions and backgrounds.

As science undergraduates, I am sure we all experience that phase when we attend lectures in high spirits and curiosity levels are high on the bell curve. We are excited about exploring different fields previously paved for us by the famous scientists who have relentlessly dedicated

their lives to research. We begin to appreciate the contributions of the different bodily organs to our daily survival. Caught in the midst of all of the knowledge being input into our systems, we forget to realize the weeks are passing by.

Towards the middle of the semester, the initial excitement has worn off and we're dragging ourselves to lectures; heavily crammed backpacks and steaming coffees in hand. Dark circles, bad hair, hunched backs and bulky textbooks start appearing on most science students.

Good grades, good sleep or good social life. Which should we sacrifice to succeed?

While the laboratory may seem tedious and mundane for some, I find comfort within. We learn how to decipher experimental procedures under guidance, as well as communicate better with peers. I commend the lab demonstrators for their dedication and patience in dealing with our incessant queries in our drive to obtain perfection. Despite the complaints, we enjoy conducting our experiments and

BY BRANDON LILACFLARE



CONFESSIONS OF A SCIENCE STUDENT

improving ourselves, resenting the times we need to work on the lab reports. We are enslaved to our laptops and computers, scavenging for supporting articles for assignments and reports. We panic at results that do not correspond to theory, frantically searching for an explanation and even tweaking the data when necessary.

DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES!

I am sure many of us can vouch for the intense workload we have, challenging our skills at time management and prioritizing. We take deadlines for granted, leaving presentations, assignments and reports until the eleventh hour, anxiously reviewing data, analyzing literature and above all, trying to stay safe on Turnitin (a software that checks for the level of plagiarism, a serious offence at Monash).

As the workload intensifies, friendships are tested, as many fail to recognize the hard work individuals put into reports, “borrowing” them for “referencing” purposes. Most times I feel obliged to help fellow science students, and am left disappointed when the effort is not reciprocated.

People begin to sideline you when they realize you don't want to “lend” them your work, hating on you for no particular reason. I have been in many situations as such and these are moments when you are frustrated by being made use of.

With final exams round the corner, I'm sure most of us are stocking up on caffeine and snacks: fuel for the many late nights in store. The initial laziness rapidly morphs into denial before finding ourselves in a major crisis, unless we start studying right away. After twelve weeks of sheer hard work, the final grades are an indication of the effort you have put in.

**“YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW”
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE WITH THAT.**

There are times we simply want to give up, afraid of not being good enough to be a part of this experience. Preserve on. I am truly grateful to be blessed with a great group of friends who motivate each other constantly.

Believe me, the last thing you want is to be surrounded by negative friends. My friends are a source of inspiration. We share the same drive, passion and altruism spurring us to reach greater heights, create and be a part of future scientific breakthroughs.

With passion and faith, nothing is impossible.

Fellow university mates, cheers to our remaining semesters in Monash University.





"I actually miss learning and being in the atmosphere in general. A part of me wants to return to academics, but the other part feels like it's time to earn money instead of just spending it."



"I secretly want to be a doctor, because that's what my father wanted me to pursue as a career... But I've never had the knack for that because business was in my blood more... I kinda regret not fulfilling his wishes."



"I'm going to cut my hair; like Andrew Garfield. You've seen it, right? Will I look good in a crew cut?"
 "But your hair is pretty bushy"
 "I know my hair is bushy, but I want a crew cut!"



"When I was younger, my mother used to give me herbs when I got sick, and they tasted awful. I became a pharmacist because I wanted to formulate better tasting medicines."



"Tell me something not many people know about you."
 "I can be an extremist at everything. I love passionately and I hate passionately. I think I'm a hopeless romantic. I know it's kinda embarrassing to admit that out loud, but yeah."




"Happy Birthday!"
 "I didn't expect them to surprise me. I was sitting at the cafeteria doing my work and they told me to meet them here, then I saw the cake for me. I was shocked."

MONASH REVOLUTION

Phrase of the night: *Everybody f/ing jump!*

WORDS BY AMIRAH AIDURA // PHOTOS BY RICE|PHOTO



Boy did we jump. In fact, I jumped so much, I ended up walking like a duck from sore calves two days after. The cause to my worse-than-a-12-km-run muscle ache was none other than Monash's infamous campus party, branded this semester as Monash Revolution.

Looks can certainly be deceiving; the canopy set up behind the Monash Sports' Centre may *look* like a normal canopy, but it was a true dark horse. It was equipped with music-festival level lighting (*even better than Laneway Singapore's Cloud Stage*), booming speakers and an entrancing digital backdrop- all elements to make the 4 hour rave a memorable experience.

Pre-party grounds were filled with a crowd busy mingling and taking selfies while Slaxdan provided the perfect background music on the Red Bull truck. It was looking good, my stomach was filled *just* right for an evening of dancing by a Ramly burger and my adrenaline was spiked from a cocktail of Sprite, Red Bulls and bass-y music. Come 7pm and the first of four DJs took stage.

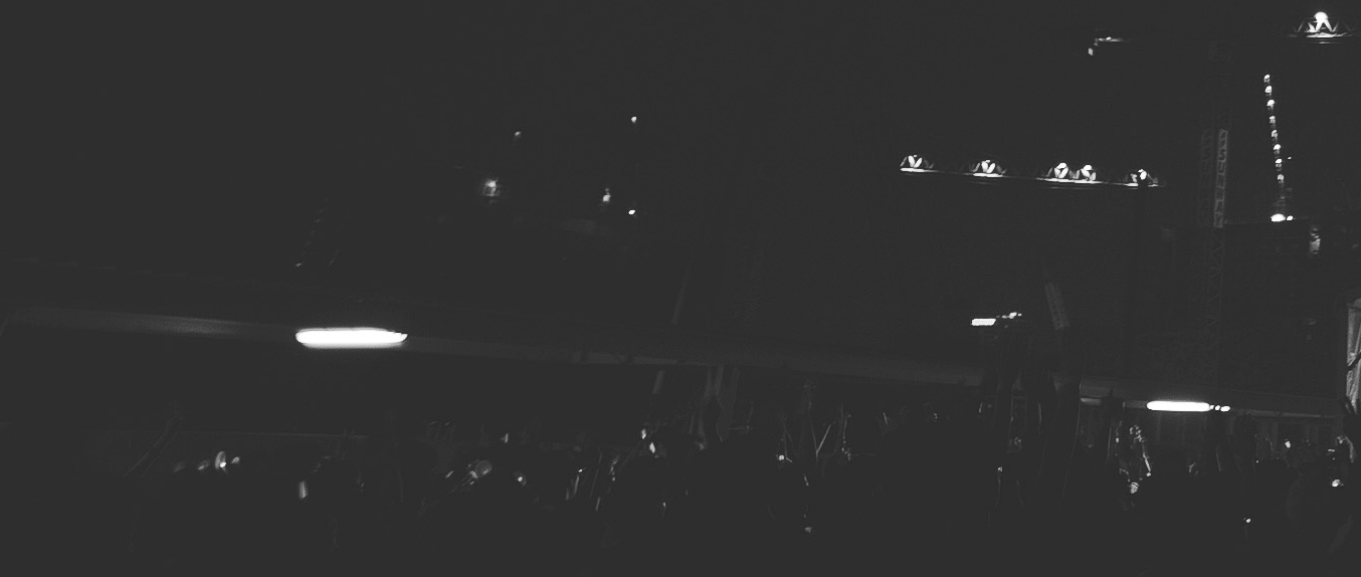
Derealshit was the most indie of all four- his beats were something straight out of my soundcloud playlist. His tracks were leaning towards progressive-house and whilst I personally enjoyed the latter half of his music while I mingled, my friends on the dance floor begged to differ. Derealshit's set lacked 'drops' they said, even though he clearly builds up for one! This definitely left them feeling frustrated and unsatisfied, especially for those who are more used to mainstream, radio-friendly EDM.

B.A.T.E (Brains & The Eye) took the stage next.

OHMYGOD IS THAT ETHAN FROM JINNYBOY (YES IT IS!). The lighting and the digital backdrop really worked with B.A.T.E.'s track list, and it helped that the duo were really interactive. B.A.T.E. was the first to really encourage the crowd to jump, kick starting a night of sore calves! That wasn't the only thing encouraged – male stripping and the 'helicopter' were seen largely throughout their play time. I thoroughly enjoyed their music and was pretty ecstatic to find out that these boys were the rising stars of the Malaysian DJ scene (*they were really good!*).

2nd hour in and we were *really* feeling the heat. There was no ventilation and little wind, we were a mass of hot sweating bodies and it really felt like we were going to die of heat stroke. Right as EVA T began, the water guns followed suit. *WATER, WATER FROM YOUR FRONT, SIDE, LEFT, RIGHT, NOWHERE WAS SAFE*. All of a sudden, I couldn't enjoy the music – it was all about protecting my phone. I didn't give up though, so I wrapped up my expensive piece of technology in my skirt, finding a compromise and enjoying the cooling effect from the torrent of random water attacks instead of going *OHGOD CAN YOU STOP. WE HAVE PHONES*. There's only so much you can care about when EVA T is right in front of you.

I missed EVA T the first time she came, so I was pretty happy that she graced Monash



again in one year. She lived up to expectations because BOY, did she know what the crowd liked! She did the honours of starting of her set with a classic: Greyhound by Swedish House Mafia, which helped set the tone for her session. She regularly pumped up the crowd by playing popular, recognisable tracks and mixing them up to fit her style.

The absolute highlight for me was when she played Nirvana's Smells Like Teen Spirit and Benny Benassi's Satisfaction! The snippets weren't played for long, but it made me really, insanely happy. EVA T herself didn't engage the crowd like B.A.T.E. did, but she did something very different- she utilised an additional instrument. This instrument made EVA T at the turntable look tiny in comparison, and had a booming bassy voice that was frankly irresistible. He helped with the cohesion of her track list and hyped up the crowd when appropriate. I *really* enjoyed EVA T and I was sad when her set ended, but I wasn't sad for too long-Goldfish and Blink were next.

Goldfish and Blink are true veterans of the Malaysian EDM scene and have recently gotten signed with Hardwell Publishings (WOWOWOW). They were the headliner for 'The Party' in April 2013, the very first and ground-breaking Monash party, and I was more than happy to see them again. True to their adrenaline-pumping, high octane musical style, I enjoyed *every* second that

they played. It was absolutely amazing. Just like EVA T, every once in a while, they threw in non-EDM music and mixed it up to their liking. I still remember singing my heart out to Batsille, Florence Welch and Coldplay, going into a jump-frenzy whenever the beat dropped. It was just so good. What really made my night though was that it wasn't just us who weren't getting enough of this duo, but that Goldfish and Blink were so feeling the crowd that they played not for an hour... but an hour AND A HALF. I was in ecstasy (*not on, just in*).

Truly, a very solid SALUTE to the organizing committee of this student-initiated event! Thank you for the food (*it ran out fast: too many dined and dashed*), thank you for the counter heat-measures, thank you for running perfectly on time, the list goes on! This event was extremely well-executed, and most importantly, you have proved to people that you can have a good time without substance abuse and that you can party safe. For future events though, a warning that you may get wet at the registration counter and providing zip-lock bags for phones would really help! Fans for ventilation and speakers at the back could also be considered for crowd control and for better sound distribution, mids and the trebles were less enjoyable at the back. That being said though, gripes were few and far between.

Bottom line: 'Twas the best event of the semester, hands down. [#proudmonashian](#)



5 MINUTES WITH

...Goldfish & Blink, (GB) no stranger to any Malaysian. The largest DJ duo (recently signed by Hardwell) in Malaysia came by Monash Revolution to close the show with a sick set and we managed to get a quick chat with them but we forgot to ask if Goldfish was named after his pet goldfish...

how long have you known each other?

GB: About 16 years now.

what are your real names?

G: Alvin

B: Hoe Yin

where have you guys played before?

GB: All around the world, really. We recently came back from last year's world number 1 club in Brazil called Green Valley.

if not djs, what would you like to be?

G: A fashion designer.

B: Basketball player.



INTERVIEWED BY EMILY CHONG

who/what is your biggest inspiration?

G: At the moment, Hardwell. He really inspired us.

B: We were previously big fans of Swedish House Mafia now that they've disbanded. So, Hardwell inspired us to be who we want to be; good DJs and good producers.

G: He's also our friend whom we met and is a really amazing guy.

where would be your dream place to dj?

GB: We have two places actually; Ultra Music Festival and Tomorrowland. We love festivals because they have a different type of energy.

favourite malaysian food.

B: Chicken Rice

G: Asam Laksa

coffee or redbull?

GB: (simultaneously) Coffee! We are big coffee drinkers, particularly black coffee.

if you were to own a brand of headphones, what would you name it?

GB: Sennheiser. That would actually be the brand we want to own because they're the best headphone makers. Or perhaps a Goldfish & Blink or GB brand.

do you believe in love at first sight?

G: Of course! Don't you watch movies?

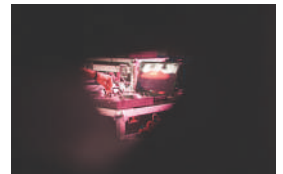
B: I believe so too. If you see something, you like it, you'd go for it and it becomes your love.

give a shout out to monash!

GB: We love Monash! It was fucking mad last year. We are so happy to be back and be a part of Monash Revolution. There's a lot of energy and people who are up for EDM. Fucking amazing crowd! We've prepared a lot of new music and mashups and are really amped up to play for this.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF RICE|PHOTO





"The kids in my primary school didn't like me then because I was a fat, nerdy girl with braces. In junior high, my mom enrolled me in a personality development class which developed my social skills, table manners and make-up skills, which



helped me a bit. In senior high, I really liked this guy but he said we could never be together because I was fat. That really broke me. I then went into a strict diet stage where I wouldn't eat and did Muay Thai boxing. Looking back, I was thinking why I tried so hard to impress people. Today, I've stopped trying to do that and just be myself."



"Live with no regrets. I'd be braver, take more risks. There's one thing I would never want to lose and those are my friends, especially the close friends. They've stayed with me through the good times and the bad!"



"Do you think it is a successful project?"
 "Yeah! Because we have an awesome leader!"
 "How does it feel like to achieve success?"
 "We felt handsome and proud. And how all 'leng chai' should feel."



"What is your lifelong dream?"
 "I've never thought of that.
 I live in the present
 because it's more exciting."



"It's 3:15pm now. What are you doing out here playing Frisbee?"
 "I'd rather play Frisbee than going for classes"
 "What class are you having now?"
 "Maths tutorial!"

Dealing with Change

BY PAMELA CHOO

I am always afraid of something; whether it's not living up to certain standards I want for myself, or having to part with my best friend who's leaving the country. I have come to realize that I... was afraid of change. And that realization came when one day, someone said to me that change is the only permanent thing in life. People will always come and go, situations will change; sometimes over a period of time or in a sudden, drastic way. It will be hard initially, but ultimately, we have to accept that we will always go through change. The moment we accept this, we learn to appreciate all that we have in the present; we learn to embrace life in a way that makes it seem beautiful.

“Fortune favors the brave.”

Latin Proverb

BE BRAVE TO MAKE DECISIONS THAT MAY SCARE YOU.

There will be times when we are faced with and something might hold you back. You feel afraid of not being able to succeed in the job you applied for, or you start to second-guess your choice of college major.

Have a little faith. You will never know until you try. Take a day out to reflect on your choices and take that first step. If it doesn't work out, have the courage to start over or make changes that will bring you closer to what you truly want.

LOVE DEEPLY AND WHOLE-HEARTEDLY.

In any situation when you have fallen in love with something or someone, love deeply. It might change you, but that isn't necessarily a bad thing. You learn more about yourself when you fall in love.

I fell in love with writing and playing music, and it has become a place for me to be completely honest and to figure out issues that I've been struggling with. Music allows me to be creative and express myself when sometimes I feel like I can't.

Don't be afraid to love someone or something, because they might help you to learn something about yourself that you never really knew before.

Honeydew you love me?



WRITE OR TALK ABOUT IT.

When I go through something new that scares or overwhelms me, I write about it. I write about all my doubts and fears, and my feelings about it, and it almost always makes me feel better. It also helps to talk about it with someone you trust; perhaps even a complete stranger. You might come across a different perspective towards the difficult time you're facing, and you may come out feeling more positive and energized about the new situation or challenge.

I see that upsets you.



LETTUCE discuss this further.

BE PATIENT AND BE KIND TO YOURSELF.

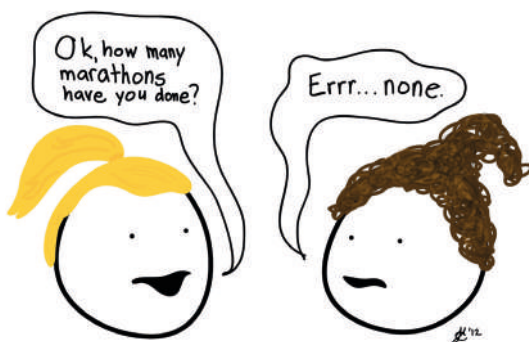
Change can take a while to get used to, so give yourself some time and space to be alone if you need to. If you have had a whole day of feeling down, don't beat yourself up over it. We are human, and we can only handle so much.

Allow yourself room to be sad that someone you really care about has moved away, or to feel nervous about starting a new job. You are you, and everyone deals with change differently. Build up your strength and courage at your own pace, and everything will fall back into place in due time.

WHEN FEELING SCARED OR ANXIOUS, EMBRACE HEALTHY DISTRACTIONS.

I've found that distractions can be a good thing, as long as you know how to control them, instead of the distraction controlling you. When I'm caught in the midst of an issue and I've been thinking about it for longer than I would like, I do something to distract myself.

I take a few hours out to bake, get on my stationary bike for half an hour, or go for a walk. Getting some fresh air and sunshine is good for the soul, too.



EXCHANGE EXPERIENCE

BY DON ANTHONY

This is not a fairy tale. There are times where I could honestly say that I have feared for my life. But through those times I've managed to poke my head through the murky unknown and into the wonderful sunny tropical country that I can gladly call home.

My name is Don, and I am an ambassador, an adventurer, and an engineer. Today I tell you of my experiences in this wonderful country called Malaysia. I have been in Malaysia for about ten weeks and I've experienced food, people and environments in that time, all of which are quite different to that of home. Home for me is Melbourne, Australia.

I would say the biggest contrast I have experienced between here and back home is the climate. It's not that it's not as hot back in Australia, but the humidity here in Malaysia makes this tropical island different to Australia. After some time, it gets easier, but there are still those days where you just can't stay out of an air-conditioned room for very long.

Being a student in Malaysia proves to be much more affordable than being one in Australia. The Malaysian currency has been one of the things that have allowed many adventures to be had here.

Even having to pay for meals has proved to be much easier in this country in comparison to Australia. That coupled with the wonderful diversity of Malay, Chinese and Indian food has made the food experience in this country one of the greater things to enjoy on a day-to-day basis.

The cultural diversity I have managed to witness here in Malaysia is always something I can come to appreciate. Granted we do tend to have quite a vast range of cultural diversity back in Australia; but the extent to which the culture is expressed here has become something you can stare at with fascination, delight and admiration. This ranges from the Hindu culture seen at Batu Caves, to that of the Muslim people at the National Mosque and Islamic Arts Museum, as well as with the Chinese Buddhist Temples or the Catholic Churches and Cathedrals that I have visited in my time here in Malaysia.

I've managed to travel to different towns and tourist attractions so far in Malaysia, such as Taman Negara and Melaka, which show just how beautiful a country like Malaysia truly can be. I've also witnessed this during my visits to some of the surrounding islands such as the Pangkor and Perhentian Islands. Malaysia has also proven to have a wonderful city life following my explorations around KLCC and other areas of Kuala Lumpur, not to mention the brilliant nightlife the city has to offer.

What I've seen so far in Malaysia has been nothing short of amazing, I can only imagine what other wonderful experiences I'm bound to encounter as I further continue to explore and uncover the beauty of this wonderful country!

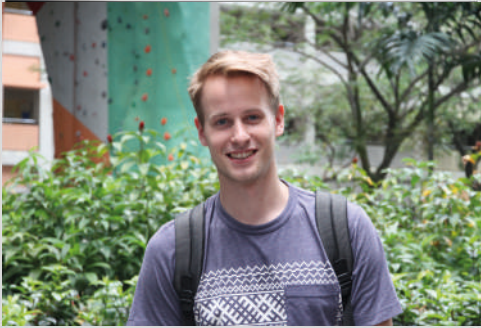




"What do you like about this game?"
"It reminds me of liquid buoyancy and I love liquid buoyancy!"



"I would like to try cross-dressing one day. See if people would buy what I wear."



"I don't get how iced Milo is really warm at the bottom yet really cold at the top. Also, I have plenty of Milo packets in my fridge."



"Yes! I love fried ice cream!"



"How pro are you at pool?"
"I'm still learning."



"Whether a 'po-tae-to' or a 'po-tah-to', it is still a potato at the end of the day. They make fries."



Twenty eight days, 8 departments, 1 team, 1 car. Team Monash Alpha Group of 8, that's what we call ourselves. There's nothing particularly special about us, we're just ordinary university students. We study hard, play harder. Yet we had one thing in common: victory. Our goal: build a car and represent Monash University at the Shell Eco Marathon in February 2014. We succeeded in designing and building the car in less than 28 days, before shipping it to Manila where the competition would be held.

The last few days before the competition, everyone experienced mixed feelings. I could hardly sleep; my mind racing with thoughts of our performance at the competition. Despite being in the midst of the Chinese New Year, I was the least interested in the celebrations. My team-mates felt the same. Endless discussions, on the experience ahead of us, later, we arrived in Manila.

After being greeted warmly at the airport upon our arrival, I felt a great sense of welcoming from the Shell staff. The tense atmosphere within the team lightened up, as we walked around the town near our hotel, as well as the area where the competition was held: Luneta Park. At the Park, we were reminded of the scale of the competition we were facing as we watched the competition being set-up as well as the country flags being hoisted. The leisurely walk soon turned into a reconnaissance mission to plan our winning strategy.

Day 1 of the competition was more stressful than a final exam. We made allies, and identified potential competitors. Everyone was mostly friendly, sharing experiences and knowledge. Opening the crate containing our car we were relieved to know our car compared well with others, despite being completed in less than a month. As the days wore on, we became more worried about passing the technical/ safety

inspection, as many parts of our car weren't fully completed. Two days later, we completed everything and rolled out the car to the inspection area. Despite passing the inspections for weight and dimensions, we failed those for the brakes, steering and seat-belt. We were devastated. After all the hard work we had put in, positivity was low.

WE SET ASIDE OUR DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISCUSSED IMPROVEMENTS.

Regardless of the disappointments of the previous day, we kept ourselves composed as we carried the school's name as a professional team and fixed our mistakes. Our efficiency levels increased exponentially and by early evening, we had managed to fix all known problems. With assistance from the very dedicated Dr. Kenny, our brakes went from zero to hero in less than a day. The moment we passed the 20 degree slope test for brakes, we shouted and cheered; some of the inspectors even clapped for us. At the design test stage, the inspectors were impressed by our solutions to the design errors in the steering system! They even called in more inspectors to verify, as they couldn't believe how well we had fixed the errors. When we overheard him saying "That is impossible, I don't believe it", we were elated.



WITH THAT, WE JOINED THE 50 TEAMS OUT OF A 130 WHO PASSED THE INSPECTIONS.

Our work was not yet done. We still had engine tuning to maximize our fuel efficiency. That night, as we worked, I felt that the team was more than just a team. Despite running on less than 12 hours of sleep over the past few days, our support group remained with us. The next day, we woke up feeling motivated, but I was feeling especially tense as it was

race day for me. When it was our turn at the urban concept race, we rolled the car to the pit, filled the tank and finalized last minute inspections, before being pushed to the starting line. I started the engine and waited for the lanes to clear. With tension building, I watched for the handler to wave the green flag.

AND THEN I WAS OFF!



As car accelerated to 30 kmph, I felt a sense of achievement; not just for myself, but our team as a whole who put in days and nights of tireless work. It was a euphoric and emotional moment. As I communicated with the rest of the team over the ear-piece, I could sense their worry at the condition of the car. After all, we were simply second year students who had made a car in 28 days! Despite the fuel running out after I had completed 7 of the 10 required laps, we felt a huge sense of achievement!

After further engine tunings, we went for a second run. Our results were on the best of 5 runs, so we still had a chance. This was when the situation got worse. The 2nd run was worse than expected. We managed only 5 laps before fuel ran out and I had to be pushed off the track by marshals. We tuned the engine again, but due to time constraints, we were allowed one final try.

This time, we did slightly more than 7 laps, but still far from the 10 lap minimum. We were disappointed, but accepted the results as we cleared out.

The next morning, we boarded the plane as we said our goodbyes to Manila. We left, regretting our inability to return home with the trophy, but we returned as proud Monashians. We left Manila proud that we came close to completing the 10 laps and being placed either 1st or 2nd, seeing as how many other cars did not pass inspections and only 1 completed the 10 laps.

Nonetheless, lack of sleep, the bonding as we faced difficulties together, the impact we made at the competition as first timers, racing regardless of our troubles on the track, made the entire competition a worthwhile experience.

**FAILURES WILL BE FAILURES,
BUT THEY WILL SERVE AS LESSONS
TO US AS WE ARE DETERMINED TO WIN!**



"Do you play badminton a lot?"
 "Not really"
 "Who are you waiting for?"
 "My friends; some went for meetings, some went to eat."



"I'm South African. People always think I'm Australian. When they ask why I'm white, I just reply saying I stay in the shade all the time."



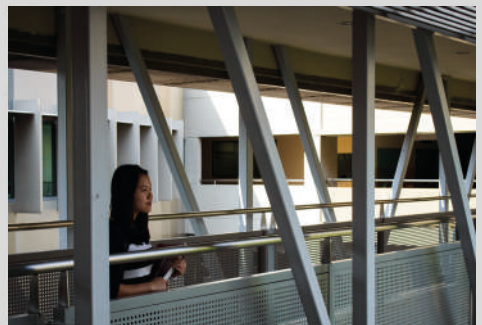
"I feel very uncomfortable living in a place for more than 6 months at a time. Maybe because I've been travelling since I was a child- so I adjust really quickly but I don't want to stay there for long."
 "So how long have you been here at Monash Malaysia?"
 "3 years."
 "How is that working out for you?"
 "Oh, it's torture."



"What do you love about cats so much?"
 "There's no reason to love anything."



"I think Malaysian students are incredibly smart and are absolutely brilliant. Perhaps they could try to look at things with different lenses next, for everyone's story is different."



"How I feel about studying here at Monash? Stressful. It is like a big twist in life and it is very different. I have to be independent in everything"



"It takes me 7 minutes to get from Monash to Sunway Pyramid with this!"



"I would be terrified if I were to drive in Malaysia. I can't stand traffic jams."



"A true teacher will always be happy when he is teaching, no matter what."



"I find that one of the best ways to get to know this city and its people is to walk, take the train, the bus and just observe - the ordinary will reveal itself."



"First though as I stepped into Monash today? Well, I have assignments due, and I need to get my hair and nails done for Monash Cultural Night!"



"I don't have time for proper lunch!"

“you’re studying IT?”

“why IT?”

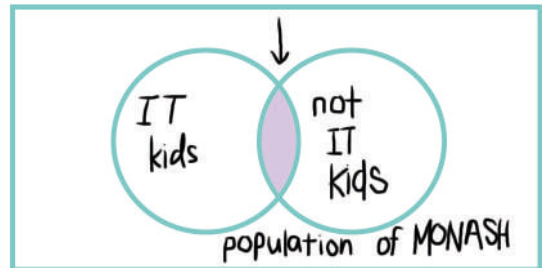
Why? Well for some of us, it’s because we have an actual, legit interest in all things computer. Some of us are interested in programming, how a computer works, while others are interested in software development or the applications of information technology (IT). Then there are the ones who wanted to do engineering but did not make the cut (*they excel in the course btw*). There’s also those who did not know what to do in life (*i.e. me*) and decided to hipster-up, go against the grain and delve into the deep unknown: computer science.

P.S- THINGS YOU LEARN IN COMPUTER SCIENCE/IT SYSTEMS ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM COMPUTER ENGINEERING, ALTHOUGH I FIND THAT ONLY MY ENGINEERING COUSINS CAN UNDERSTAND THE PAIN WE ENDURE. WE LEARN HOW TO SOLVE PROBLEMS AND WRITE PROGRAMS/SOFTWARE (OR SOME SEMBLANCE TO IT). THEY LEARN HOW TO BUILD THE DAMN COMPUTER!

“Can you fix my PC?”

If I had a ringgit (not dollar, let’s be realistic here) for every time I get asked that question, I’d be rolling in money like Daddy Warbucks. Here’s my standard answer – No. Here’s why not. This Venn diagram (*don’t we all like one of these?*) easily disproves this common generalization.

The intersection constitutes the population of students who *can* actually fix your computer. In layman terms, not all IT students can fix your PC but there are some who can. Inversely, it is not only IT students who can fix your computer; there are other kind souls in Monash who takes interest in fixing computers (cough...computer engineers... cough).



“My laptop cannot connect to the Wifi, can you fix it?”

Well... Sometimes. We can change your proxy or DNS settings (*network lingo garble, don’t mind it*) but what we can’t do is fix the WiFi for you. Remember when the WiFi reached the “maximum capacity login”? Or when it was incredibly slow at the start of the semester? We can’t help you make the WiFi speed faster or solve the connectivity problems. The most we can do is offer emotional support at such desperate and painful times, because we live on the internet too, we know them feels.

“Do you have a course in Microsoft (MS) Office?”

OR

“Can you teach me how to use Microsoft Powerpoint?”



We *do not* have a courses on “MS Word/Powerpoint/Excel 101”. I find it amusing how people think we have actual units that teach you how to *use* software. Well, as a matter of fact, we do, but these software are usually ones to aid us in our units and are not as conventional as MS Powerpoint. We learn how to use data mining tools like WEKA and Integrated Development Environment (IDE) software like Eclipse, Aptana or NetBeans and such. It’s safe to say, I would not use such software unless I *really* have to (damn assignments!).

“Got job *ah?*”

Contrary to your beliefs, most generic articles about the “top ten most desired graduates” always have computer science/IT on their lists! It is comforting to know that all the perseverance through the tough times will eventually pay off, and quite lucratively as well!

You know what they say: if you’re an accounting graduate where jobs are scarce, you can at least work as an auditor. Likewise with IT graduates- if you can’t find a job, you can always be a programmer. People always need programmers (or so says all the articles floating around Facebook).

“IT got girls *meh?*”

I heard IT guys are prettier than the girls.”

Yes there are, there are a small percentage of us, but we exist. Albeit, such occurrences are as rare as a unicorn sighting. It is not uncommon to see one girl surrounded by a throng of guys in the school of IT, neither is it uncommon to attend a tutorial class to only notice you’re one of two girls halfway into the semester (true story bro). However, I’d like to think that we are *still* prettier than the guys.

“Whoa, the school of IT still exists?”

Yes it does, it was a discipline but now we have enough students to be considered as a school! Go first years! We walk among you, we breathe the same air, we eat the same crappy Lunchbox food and we’re always there... watching... but disappear when your PC needs fixing.

Stahp. Pls.



BALAKARTHIK BALARAVI PILLAI

A FEW MOMENTS WITH MR &

SA

(SCHOOL OF ARTS &

A 1. People like David Beckham and Ryan Gosling that can pull off the whole comfortable yet stylish look, regardless it being in a suit or even something as casual as sweat pants and a tee shirt or a tank top.

2. "Oh, you guys have it smooth and easy there. All of you always look chilled. It must be fun eh...?"

3. A good pair of shorts, a polo tee and flip flops.

4. A good fitting suit that goes along with any formal or casual shirt, a pair of jeans that looks good with anything, and the biggest must have accessory would be a watch!

5. Leather trousers (unless you belong to a biker group, or you're a hairdresser or it's some sort of fetishism you're into)

Mr & Ms SASS was organized to allow students to display their creativity in terms of fashion. Organized by the School of Arts representatives, it aimed to bring out the fun and outgoing side

- Q**
1. *What/who inspires your fashion?*
 3. *What is your most comfortable outfit?*
 5. *What is a fashion no-no to you?*

& MS

SS & SOCIAL SCIENCES!

of students through their elaborate and flamboyant outfits. We managed to pick their SASS-y brains a'lil and hopefully gain some fashion tips (*kinda sick of the shorts + slippers combo zzz*)!

2. What is the typical reply you receive from people when you tell them you're from SASS?

4. Name 3 pieces of clothing/accessory that every girl/guy should own.

Q

1. Well, before I looked to the Internet for inspiration, I dressed according to my instincts... and that didn't work out so well. So I've got to thank the Instagram profiles of fashionable individuals that I stalk late at night. Eventually, I learned how to dress according to my body type – something I find really useful.

2. It's more or less of, 'oh, you definitely look like an arts student'. Most of the time I just hope it's said in a positive context.

3. Anything that involves no bra and sweatpants. Sweatpants are universal. They are for everything. As for the bra, anyone who wears one would know what I'm talking about.

4. A good pair of leather shoes; practical ones can go through anything and still accompany you years down the road, a watch you can trust to keep your life on track and a white blouse; although it's high maintenance, it can make any outfit look effortless.

A



ANIS NADIA JILID

5. Crocs. I don't think I'd ever consider purchasing those for myself.

TO THE END OF THE EARTH

BY HELENA DODGE-WAN // PHOTOS BY PAUL KOH @ KEZERK IMAGING

Asked to describe my recent trip to Antarctica, I'm often at a loss for words. How does one accurately describe the majesty and beauty of the world's coldest, driest and most barren continent?

As one of three winners of Prudential's PRU4Antarctica contest, we were given the chance to join the International Antarctic Expedition 2014, led by Robert Swan OBE., one of the leading figures in polar expeditions. The first man to walk to both the North and South Pole, Robert Swan now runs a company called 2041, specializing in sustainable development, climate change awareness and leadership development. Together, they also champion the Antarctic Treaty for the continued preservation of the Antarctic wilderness.

After more than 24 hours spent on cramped planes and transit in Rio de Janeiro, we were glad to finally arrive in Buenos Aires to catch a quick night's sleep before the flight to Ushuaia, the southernmost city in the world and main port for ships heading into the Antarctic. Stunning mountain vistas and a bird's eye view of the Beagle Channel accompanied our turbulent flight. Robert Swan himself and the rest of the 2041 team greeted our safe arrival. The chilly air and blustery winds were reminders of just how far south we already were.

Our days in Ushuaia were spent on short nature treks, rope technique training and multiple safety briefings from the 2041 team. Sustainability and leadership talks were also a key part of the itinerary. On our last day, we hiked up Martial Glacier overlooking Ushuaia and the Beagle Channel. Along the hike, Robert Swan pointed out that the rock that we were hiking on was once covered by glacial ice that has been quickly receding for the last few decades.

The following day, a sense of excitement and trepidation was palpable in the air as we made our way to the docks to the Sea Spirit, our home for the coming days. The entire team eagerly boarded as it began to snow. After lots of photo taking on the upper decks, we received our briefing from the ship's crew in preparation for the crossing of Drake Passage and the rest of our journey.

The mere name of the Drake Passage is enough to strike fear into the hearts of most sailors. Calm as a lake at times and extremely treacherous at others, the Drake Passage is the stretch of ocean connecting the tip of South America and the northern point of the Antarctic Peninsula. For us, the crossing was two days of what felt like being inside a washing machine.

Despite the relatively mild weather conditions, many team members were confined to their beds as the ship heaved and swayed, as the rest of us watched albatrosses and petrels fly into the unending horizon of ocean. It seemed incredible that previous intrepid explorers had crossed this lonely, frozen expanse of sea in nothing more than wooden sailing ships!

AFTER TWO DAYS AT SEA, LAND WAS SIGHTED; A MASSIVE ICEBERG TOWERING LIKE A WHITE BEACON.

Fortunately, we were blessed with a cold yet clear, sunny day and soon, more icebergs were sighted. That evening, we were treated to a spectacular sunset among the spits of land that make up the beginning of the Antarctic Peninsula.

The next morning, a sunrise over snowcapped peaks accompanied our delicious breakfast buffet as we made our way into the Lemaire Channel. Narrow, iceberg-filled and covered by staggering cliffs on both sides, the channel required careful and precise navigation from the ship's fantastic crew. Once we left the claustrophobic beauty of the Lemaire Channel, the boat slowed to a stop, safely in a bay of icebergs, also known as an iceberg graveyard.

In groups of 8 including a guide, the team boarded the Zodiac boats. Our first stop was a Gentoo penguin (*Pygoscelis papua*) colony perched atop a rock formation.

IT WAS A GLEEFUL MOMENT, AS THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME MANY OF US HAD SEEN PENGUINS!

Leaning over the side of the Zodiac, we could spot the penguins zooming through the crystal clear blue waters. Further on, a huge Crabeater seal (*Lobodon carcinophaga*), lay on an iceberg amidst its own poop. We circled it from a safe distance, watching it excitedly until the smell became too much for us to bear.

The second half of the day was spent at Port Charcot, the bay where French Polar explorer Jean-Baptiste Charcot spent a good deal of time during his multiple Antarctic expeditions. Here we practiced rope techniques to prepare for the upcoming glacier hike and got to see more Gentoo penguins abound. Sitting in the snow, I watched these adorable and awkward creatures at home in their colonies, seemingly oblivious to our presence.

On day eight, we enjoyed the sun as we visited Estación Científica Almirante Brown or Brown Station, one of the summer research stations operated by Argentina. Unfortunately, as winter was soon approaching, the base had been closed for the season and the only occupants left were more Gentoo penguins.

The rest of the day we hiked amongst the stunning landscapes of Skontorp Cove, Paradise Harbour and Neko Harbour and got the chance to view huge glaciers of ice and snow, perched on the edge of Antarctic land. Watching chunks of a thousand year old glacier calving into the sea was an all too clear reminder of global climate change.

That night we camped in the snow on Rongé Island. Armed with only a shovel, a couple of sleeping bags, thin mats and a tarpaulin, we set up camp by digging through the snow. We shaped out a hollow and built low walls to protect from the crosswinds.

Huddled together, we gazed up at the night sky and drank in the utter silence of Antarctica.

The next morning, we awoke to the sounds of birds flying overhead and penguins in the distance. As the sun rose, we packed up watched over by sleepy seals. Back on the ship, after a hearty breakfast, we headed back to our cabins to catch up on some sleep. However, the sleep was short-lived as the crew sighted humpback whales not far from the ship.

The number and close proximity of the whales warranted another trip in the Zodiacs. We bundled back up in layers of fleece jackets and waterproof clothes and hopped on board the Zodiacs. Our guide drove through choppy seas to a small cove where a humpback whale was swimming idly. We turned off the motor and watched patiently as the whale cautiously approached the Zodiac.

The whale circled our boats for over an hour, diving under and between the Zodiacs, demonstrating a quiet playful curiosity. Enthralled by this astounding animal, we got sprayed multiple times by the whale's blow-hole! The whipping winds and the dropping temperature was nothing compared to the experience of being a hand's reach away from a whale. Our guide remarked that in all her years guiding in Antarctica, no-one had ever gotten so close to a whale before.



After that mind-blowing experience, we hoped to spend the rest of the day calmly absorbing all the amazing memories of the morning. We were wrong.

AS SOON AS WE GOT BACK TO THE SHIP, WE WERE TOLD THE POLAR PLUNGE WAS UP NEXT!

Polar plunges may seem like an insane idea to most. A group of supposedly sane people voluntarily jumping off a perfectly warm safe ship into the frigid ocean wearing nothing but a basic swimsuit. And for what? Major bragging rights and the coldest minute of your lifetime!

Surprisingly, more than half the team eagerly lined up to take the polar plunge. One of the last people in line, I almost lost my nerve a few times as I waited for the others to take the plunge. In nothing more than my Monash t-shirt and a thin pair of yoga pants, I jumped off the Zodiac into the -2°C ocean. The shock of the cold did not hit me immediately but as I came up gasping for air, I swallowed a huge mouthful of salty Antarctic water!

As the cold hit me, I paddled out to the support boat to swim back as fast as I could, after which I spent several hours thawing out in the ship's hot tub.

Orca whale (killer whale) sightings greeted us the next morning as we reached the Gerlache Strait. Our last hike took place at Brown Bluff, a glacier on the side of a tuya (or flat-topped volcano). Covered in ice and snow, the hike up Brown Bluff was a team challenge requiring coordination to avoid slipping and sliding. The view from the top made the trek worthwhile. In the distance, dark clouds were rolling in and we could sense bad weather closing around on us, as we hurried back to the ship.

The next two days were tense as we sailed back across the Drake Passage. We held our breath until we reached the safe shelter of the Beagle Channel and Cape Horn. Soon enough, South America was visible on the horizon and we sighed in relief.

Our ship was lucky to be given permission by the coast guard and lighthouse operator to get within 2 nautical miles of the Cape Horn memorial. Looking out as we rounded Cape Horn, everyone reflected on the life-changing experiences over the last week. Reminiscing about penguins, we left Antarctica behind us bittersweet, as we began to formulate our future plans towards environmental awareness and preserving the Antarctic continent.

A special word of gratitude to Robert Swan, the 2041 team and Prudential Malaysia. I am forever grateful to have been given this experience of a lifetime!

A CATEGORY 12 STORM ON THE BEAUFORT SCALE WAS HEADING OUR WAY.

One of the worst storms of the season, it was bringing ferocious winds and extremely choppy seas along. The captain and crew powered the ship as fast as possible to get out of harm's way.

Before we left the cover of the Antarctic Peninsula, we made one last stop to E-Base near Bellingshausen Station on King George Island. E-Base is an educational base set up by Robert Swan and 2041 with the aim of educating people around the world on the importance of sustainability and renewable energy. Despite being on the Earth's most remote continent, the E-Base is fully powered by renewable energy. Due to weather and time constraints, we weren't able to disembark.

"If Antarctica were music it would be Mozart. Art, and it would be Michelangelo. Literature, and it would be Shakespeare. And yet it is something even greater; the only place on earth that is still as it should be. May we never tame it."

- Andrew Denton



the importance of

INFORMATION LITERACY

aka a small reminder of how not to look undeducated

Imagine this scenario: you're randomly scrolling through Facebook, Twitter, or any social media website when you come across a seemingly normal update from a friend related to a current event – be it a natural disaster, a recent happening on the political scene, or even an upcoming haircut promotion by Kim Jong-Un & Co. (by the way, it's totally free if you live in North Korea).

Something about the post catches your attention. It appears to be a titbit of fact, a statement or two that you've never seen before. It makes sense to you, or you might happily agree with it – so you make a mental note of it in your already over-cluttered brain (assuming you're a normal university student), and, if you feel socially responsible, you re-post it to let your friends know. Job done, you resume your nonchalant surfing.

Except that the statement you've just accepted as fact... just isn't.

In an age where anyone can make their thoughts known to all via the I.T. megaphones we know as Facebook, Twitter, Reddit, Friendster (wait, what?) among others, it has become a walk in the park to disseminate both information and misinformation to the general public. While this is harmless most of the time, information abuse can have national-level consequences, and one does not have to look back very far to see such examples.

A recent case in point: the still-unsolved mystery of Flight MH370. The many false

leads on the unfortunate aircraft's whereabouts, posted on social media websites, as well as reported on reputable news channels, only served to bring unwanted confusion to a case already full of it. I echo a sentiment mentioned before; only because this author feels that not everyone has yet to learn this: what if you were one of the close relatives of the missing passengers, forced to endure an emotional roller coaster of hopes rejuvenated and dashed again – simply because a few social media users wished to seek attention?

Even more disturbing though, is the possibility that the ramifications of this social phenomenon may not just be confined to the present.

A little more than three years ago, we as a nation were gripped in the fears of radiation poisoning due to the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster. The fallout from this tragedy was both figurative and literal, with a tsunami of anti-nuclear false information having spread like wildfire throughout social media at the time (the author has also heard reports that Bruce Banner had resurfaced immediately after the event).

There is, however, a fairly large wrench in the works. Three years on, a recent poll by the American National Science Foundation has shown that barely 15% of Malaysians have an accurate understanding of what radioactivity is. It is an interesting, yet disturbing statistic given that our population should have a more complete understanding of such a relevant topic in order to have a strong stand on it.

While the author does not refute the need for a high level of caution to be exercised in dealing with nuclear technology, as well as the truly harmful effects that come with its abuse, with the public perception of nuclear power having been severely, and perhaps exaggeratedly, dented by this event, the pace of nuclear power-related technology has been markedly slowed. Furthermore, this comes at a time where a source of carbon-free energy needs to be developed as soon as possible to counteract our emissions of climate-changing greenhouse gases.

The above two examples are only two of countless instances of how misinformation plays a major role in our daily life, albeit a negative one. This is where information literacy steps in.

So what exactly is information literacy? Contrary to initial perceptions, high-IQ characters are not necessarily information literate. Neither is your walking encyclopaedic friend who seems to have every little useful (and also useless) fact crammed inside his/her head. In layman's terms, an individual who is information literate has the skills and ability to retrieve, use, and most importantly, discern correct information. In short, it is to have a degree of informational common sense.

Hence, allow me to point out the by-now elephantine question in the room: How can one try to be more information literate?

Whether we know it or not, we have already learnt to be somewhat literate, information-wise, with our tenure in the academic world (the author is basing this on the assumption that the reader is among the 0.01% of students which has at least an inkling of what college coursework is). This is especially apparent whenever one embarks on the mystical quest of penning a university assignment. As one provides citations and references for an assignment, he/she must distinguish the

incredible sources from the credible sources which can be used. Is it but a small progression to employ the same frame of mind to whatever statement or factoid that pops up in social media?

A post on social media gets its fuel from the people who like, promote and share it, and the parties who wish to further their social standing by hook or by crook understand this fact very well. All it takes is for them to craft a post that is either outrageous yet somewhat logical, or so relevant as to not be ignored, and half of the job is done for them. For example, how many spyware or virus warnings have you received that you have, with some digging on Google, found to be untrue?

The hope of this author is to see a society where such posts are instantly made to be dead in the water by discerning social media users; all it takes is for each user to execute a simple background check to ascertain the veracity of the post.

Then again, it is also a tad negligent to discount the emotional aspect of the situation. This author recalls a quote by Henri Poincaré, a French mathematician, physicist and philosopher: "We know how cruel the truth often is, and wonder if delusion is more consoling". Or, to put more simply as stated by Gloria Steinem: "the truth, once found, will set you free, but first it will more than likely piss you off".

With that in mind, it can be seen that we may be equipped with the tools necessary to discern the right from the wrong, and the fact from the fiction. However, without the motivation to use them, we are but back to where we started. To conclude, we arrive at a point before one even begins to delve into the issue of information literacy. Here the author would like to leave the reader with a question: will you find the truth, or yours alone?



"What do you enjoy about playing this game?"
"Playing with friends!
We can't be studying every day!"



"What's the difference between a student
and a lecturer?"
"It's all about a change in perspective and
an increase in responsibility."



"My dad's an aeronautical engineer and my
mom's a mathematician. Logic's a pretty big
part of my life; buying this outfit required
a lot of internal reasoning!"



"I believe in karma. My parents' divorce was
a significant event in my life, but I believe
there's a reason everything happens."



"What motivates you to work out?"
"Self-satisfaction"



"I'm playing a guitar without a string.
1 string missing is still kinda weird."



"People think dancing is about the beat but it's not. It's about expressing yourself and it especially helps if you don't know how to convey yourself in words. Just combine sound and expression!"



"What were you staring at?"
 "I was staring at some of the bracelets."
 "Are you thinking of buying it for someone special?"
 "Nope. Nobody in mind."



"3 things I always say to my friends who want to start working out: research, apply and modify. Remember that no one else knows your body better than you know it yourself!"



"I used to party a lot and now I've stopped, but people still think that I do."
 "So why did you stop?"
 "Well, because I started at Monash!"



"What's the best thing about your other half?"

Sis #2- It's definitely her good personality
 Sis #1- Hmm... my sister may seem confused, but is surprisingly observant. She makes wise decisions and even secretly protects me even though I'm the older one!"

Since their debut at the conference in Vancouver, Canada in 2012, the Monash Model United Nations (MUN) Society has been sending a delegation to the World MUN conference held annually, and the 2014 conference in Brussels, Belgium, was no exception. The World MUN conference, rightfully called “the Olympics of the MUN” is the only MUN conference which may submit opinions and ideas to the United Nations itself.



OF CHOCOLATES, TRAIN RIDES AND WORLD MUN 2014

BY NAADIA BUHARY

PHOTOS BY IRAD NARUKAYA



Twelve of us would be representing Monash University Malaysia in Brussels from the 17th-21st March 2014.

Seventeen hours, seven movies and two flight changes later later (Doha- Brussels was on the Boeing 787 Dreamliner! Woohoo) we arrived in Brussels, greeted by freezing temperatures! Brrrr!

This year over 2000 delegates, from over 60 nations, would be discussing topics as diverse as state building in Africa, the use of drones, access to finance in post- conflict areas, global entrepreneurship, causes of health disparities, access to health care as well as the current situation and future of refugees.

We were privileged to use venues such as Egmont Palace and The Hotel for the conference. Despite the name, the Palace is no longer inhabited by royalty, but is used frequently by the Council of the European Union (EU) for meetings. Imagine how we felt sitting in the very same seats as the President of the Council and other global policymakers, and writing on the very same tables where significant international decisions are made? It's indescribable. We were part of the history, while hoping to make history.

My co-delegate Agnes and I were discussing ethnic conflict. Over five days of sessions, we explored the definitions, causes, impacts and solutions to ending ethnic conflicts existing around the world. After hours of intense negotiations and discussions convincing other delegates why the Swiss model to approaching and tackling ethnic conflict was useful, the committee reached a consensus.

AT THE FINAL SESSION, ALL CARDS ON THE TABLE, THE DOORS ARE LOCKED AND VOTING BEGINS.

No discussions, just voting. After an intense couple of minutes, one of the resolutions we were signatories to were passed with a large majority. Yay!

That brought the official debate to an end and it was time to move into the countless selfies and groupies! This year's conference was special whereby delegates could send chocolates, flowers and notes to other delegates; open opportunities to subtly hint to those hot guys/girls you've been eyeing the whole conference. A few delegates sent cheeky notes to the committee chairs as well (*you know who you are!*)



Being my first MUN conference, I would be lying if I said I wasn't overwhelmed at first by the expertise of many of the delegates, the process, as well as the intense preparation required before and during sessions.

DISCUSSIONS PROGRESS QUICKLY AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'RE INTO MODELLING WORKING PAPERS AND PRESENTING RESOLUTIONS.

Yet, you learn to adapt quickly as the debate evolves and before long you're merging allied blocs and garnering support for working papers over quick lunches and coffee breaks. Switzerland was successful in merging with and being part of 3 of the 4 resolutions presented. It was a wonderful sense of accomplishment.

It wasn't all hard work though. There were plenty of opportunities to mingle with other delegates at the social events arranged. Global Village held the night before the first conference session brings together a myriad of cultures with delegations presenting food, clothing and even performances from their home countries.

The other social events were themed: comic book heroes, where most delegates dressed up as their favourite comic book characters, and cabaret night featuring fun and energetic performances! We were blown away by some of those sequences. Wow, just wow!

IT WAS GOOD TO SEE EVERYONE LETTING THEIR HAIR DOWN AFTER SOME PARTICULARLY INTENSE SESSIONS, TO HAVE A SUPER TIME!

We spent the final weekend exploring the sights and sounds of Brussels and the Belgian countryside. Thank God for superbly efficient train and tram systems! Bruges is a beautiful scenic city in the Flemish region of Belgium, where we visited a food festival, sampling some of the country's iconic dishes, as well as the local cuisine.

NOTHING BEATS THOSE AMAZING BELGIAN WAFFLES COVERED IN CHOCOLATE, CREAM AND STRAWBERRIES!



Not to forget the chocolates. Oh those chocolates! They were everywhere; all sizes, all flavours...the choices were endless. I spent countless minutes trying to decide which ones to get. To heck with it; in the end we just got them all!

Despite all the hard work, the conference is an enjoyable experience. It was a super learning curve; helping to hone debating, negotiation and networking skills. The conference is a great way to make new friends from across the world, all sharing the same enthusiasm for international issues. I got interested in MUN as it is my dream to work for the UN in the future and these conferences provide useful insight into how the UN actually functions.

It was a truly unforgettable experience and hopefully I will get an opportunity to attend a few more!



ARTWORK BY ELLYSHA NUR

1 WE HAVE ONLY ABOUT 15 CONTACT HOURS PER WEEK

“So you’re paying RM 15,900 to study 15 hours per week?” Minus that thought, this is definitely one of the best perks of being in the SASS. Most of us have at least one day off in a week to get our shit together (if we adjust our timetable properly that is!).

3 WE DO NOT, I REPEAT, DO NOT DRAW

Arts: subjects of study primarily concerned with human creativity and social life, such as languages, literature, and history (as contrasted with scientific or technical subjects).

So, no. We don’t draw, or create sculptures for our grades. Heck, I can’t even draw to save myself!

9 THINGS YOU MAY OR MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT THE SCHOOL OF ARTS

.... BECAUSE WHAT YOU THINK YOU KNOW ABOUT US MAY NOT BE THE TRUTH.

WE’VE GOT GOOD LOOKING AND SUPER COOL LECTURERS! 2

Like, have you seen the amount of posts on the Monash Confessions page last year for Dr Jonathan Driskell? And in case you need any justification of how cool and great the lecturers in the SASS are, please, do yourself a favour and just enrol into any of Dr. Helen’s, Dr. Moore’s or Dr. Yeoh’s units.

HEATED DISCUSSIONS IN EVERY TUTORIAL 4

To stay low profile is to participate in tutorial classes. You stand out if you play dumb or remain silent the whole way. No joke.

5 WE ARE TOTALLY OVER ALL THE DIFFERENTIATION, INTEGRATION, & CALCULATION MUMBO JUMBO

$$F = ma$$

$$E = mc^2$$

$$y = mx + c$$

$$a^2 = b^2 + c^2$$

What? What? What? Oh right, we don't care.

Don't take us wrongly, just because we are totally over such formulas and calculations does not mean that we are not capable of doing it.

We owned Mathematics in high school; we can totally do it all over again!

7 GRADED TUTORIAL ASSIGNMENTS DO NOT EXIST

You're right. We don't have to do any tutorial work.

What we have are weekly readings, and no, they're not one or two pages long. They can sum up to at least 200 pages per unit by the end of the semester.

So please, save yourself, don't ever label us as super free students, unless you want a huge stack of readings thrown at your face.

8

ATTENDING LECTURES ARE CRUCIAL

No such thing as "yes, you're right" or "no, you're wrong" in the SASS. Everything your peers or lecturers say, or most of what they bring up in lectures are all acceptable if justified and supported with evidence. It's all about the perspective and the angle. So yes, if you think reading slides thoroughly before assignments or finals will save your ass, think again.

ASSIGNMENTS BASED? FREE HDs! 6

What do you even mean by free HDs? Are you mad? I'm pretty sure as hell you've heard of the phrase "no free lunch in the world". Same theory applies here, no free HDs in the academic world.

Yes, most of our papers at finals are of the value of peanuts. That is because we actually work hard, carrying huge bags under and over our eyes the entire semester (or Week 5 onwards) to get our 30%, 40% or sometimes, 50% assignments done!

SASS IS VERSATILE

9

SASS may be a small school, a tiny community and a world of its own but this school is made up of a variety bunch of pretty damn proud and capable people! Your nationality, sexuality or hipsterity doesn't matter here. In fact, we totally welcome and appreciate it!

BY JOELLE CHEW

BEING DOUBLE DOUBLE



“Whoa... Wait. What?!”

“Let me get this straight – so there are two of you?”

I get that a lot. Or shall I say, *we* get that a lot. By “we”, I mean my twin sister and I.



I know what’s going on in your head right now. You are mind-blown from the bombshell I just dropped (...unless you are friends with or know other twins, I am truly sorry for not being sorry because this is the kind of fun only twins get to have!). Your excitement and anticipation is growing. Your mind is swelling with questions.

I hate to break it down but the truth is, I never really understand the hype. In fact, I think I might have taken it for granted. The reason why I can never probably understand how awestruck people are when I say I have a twin is because my family and friends have always normalized the fact that my sister has been five minutes older than me for 21 years,

and inevitably I normalize it too. So allow me to clarify the myths and reality of having a real-life doppelgänger.

WHAT IS IT LIKE BEING TWINS?

To put it simply: it’s being born with a best friend. Growing up, everyone acquaints themselves with plenty of other people before meeting their best friend, while I have had the privilege of not needing to do that. My sister has always been there, the only person who knows me best, besides myself.

It’s nice never having to go through the first and biggest moments alone; having a buddy to do everything with, and always looking forward to share something with someone who will genuinely listen to you and get excited with. It’s having someone who understands you and

your quirkiness that other people can't possibly fathom. It's being there for each other inevitably through the good times and bad times.

It's fighting about the pettiest, most trivial issues. We just end up not talking to each other for hours or days, nothing big. The longest time lasted three days, which was the quietest three days ever. It's gaining instantaneous attention like a celebrity for standing out, having a sister who is only five minutes older, which could turn out be quite amazing.

IT IS HAVING ALL THE FUN OTHER SIBLINGS COULDN'T.

We look like each other without even trying. Our mum said shopping for clothes was easy as she just needed to get two of everything in a different colour, as we usually donned similar hairstyles and accessories to match when we were little.

The highlights of our childhood were definitely those moments we met new people; trying not to snicker before the person becomes nonplussed upon realizing that we are two sisters who look very much alike

(FUN FACT: MY SISTER AND I ARE FRATERNAL TWINS - WE JUST FOUND OUT A FEW YEARS BACK OURSELVES - BUT WE LOOK SO ALIKE THAT WE ARE OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR IDENTICAL TWINS!)

We successfully tricked teachers on the first day of school, fooled teachers and classmates when we were in different classes by switching identities for a day, and best of all we swapped passports and breezed through both local and overseas immigrations as children.

The last time we swapped identities was in college, when I tried to sit through my sister's math class, but the numbers and equations made my head hurt (you obviously know the subject I loathe most).

After 15 minutes, I stood up, meekly apologized to her lecturer saying I was her twin, which got the whole class erupting into fits of laughter because they knew all along.

WE ARE TWO VERY DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

Just because we look alike, it doesn't mean we are alike. We are two separate entities who like different things and have distinct interests. To be honest, my sister and I are the opposites of each

She is the extrovert – bubbly, outgoing, confident, talkative. Being the introvert I am, I'm nothing like her. I have been the painfully shy, awkward one outside my comfort zone while she took the lead in making friends for the two of us up until our early adolescent years.

My sister is the cool, jock-like geek, a huge Star Wars, Marvel and DC, football and Formula 1 fan with an immense love for cars like our dad. I love anything artsy – nothing like either my mum or dad, unfortunately – from music, films and literature over an array of genres to architecture, art and photography. coordinated wardrobe. She can cook and bake, and I'm just not born for the latter which is ridiculous, because generally, people who can cook can bake as well.

My sister has creativity in her blood while I practically have none; her typographies and doodles are so good it's a shame she's about to be a law graduate.

She is the strongest girl I know, physically and emotionally, never letting her emotions get in the way while I spell vulnerable in all aspects. She is the most calm and collected person I know, while I'm the last person you should consider listing as an emergency contact (I kid you not).





But, of course, we do have common interests. The both of us are passionate about reading, cooking and coffee just to be brief. The beauty of our differences lies in how we share and celebrate them. I influenced my sister in listening to music she thought she'd never learn to love, reading books and watching movies that she categorized as 'too deep' for her understanding. She got me into all her crazes, though I'll never be as enthusiastic as her. We may not come to terms with similar points about everything, but we do reason with and try to accept each other's perspectives.

DO YOU READ EACH OTHER'S MINDS?

It's practically the golden question for twins. Yes, we can read each other's minds but only to a certain extent, reason being we know one another best so our actions and behaviour are predictable. However, I would like to point out that it is more to how we can feel each other's emotions. Emotions prevail, people.

QUESTIONS LIKE "DO YOU LIKE THE SAME TYPE OF GUYS, WANT TO GO ON DOUBLE DATES, GET MARRIED ON THE SAME DAY AND/OR TO A PAIR OF TWINS, LIVE NEXT TO EACH OTHER..."

...no, no, no and no. That's just creepy. Also, like everyone else, we would want privacy and personal space despite how clingy we are to each other. My sister once said even the mere suggestion of living right next to her would cost me to be shot with a bazooka.

WE ARE INSEPARABLE. SERIOUSLY.

It all boils down to the twin attachment, the kind of closeness I can't describe to do it justice. We spend most of the time together but before we turn in we would spend an hour or so talking in the dark, wrapping up the day, even though we may no longer share a room. Usually we simply trash talk, but it's always the deep conversations that are the most refreshing. We do everything together, while the thought of doing something without her would be just odd.

People always ask us how we would deal with the inevitable separation all siblings are bound to encounter. We would shrug, brush it off, and say we'd only know when it happens and that we would learn how to deal with it.

Coming to terms with my sister leaving to finish her last year of university in the UK last September was the most emotionally challenging thing I have ever gone through. It was just as hard for her too; leaving home for the first time to a foreign city of unfamiliar faces across the world. To everyone's surprise, I managed to keep my composure right up to her last night at home and the quiet ride home from the airport with a vacant space – her space – at the backseat.

EVEN WRITING ABOUT THIS NOW HURTS.

There is still a void within, a hollow emptiness that could never go away. But distance is merely an issue. My sister and I have been working with the different time zones and our respective academic timetables. We still keep each other in the loop despite being more than 6000 miles apart. Thank God for technology! We are constantly entertaining (more like annoying) each other over Skype and social media.

This is simply the start of our existing relationship merged as adults; a test run for what lays ahead. I never once doubted the special bond I have with my sister because I know she will always be my other half.

SHE IS MY BEST FRIEND, MY PERSON, MY SOUL SISTER.

WE WILL CONTINUE CHANGING, GROWING AND DEVELOPING DIFFERENCES, BUT THE NATURE OF OUR SISTERHOOD REMAINS.



"It was my 1st opportunity when I joined the MDFC club. A friend of mine was really interested in dancing and asked me to join her. And I agreed. I had nothing to lose, instead, I'll be able to learn something new. So why not? That was how I got on the bandwagon. And since that day, it has been one hell of a rollercoaster ride!"



"University is all about finding yourself, your own personality. And one way to figure it out is by learning many different things, opening yourself to all possibilities."



"What is this all about?"
"Slack line. It's fun. It's part of the rock-climbing club, and to train our balance when we are up high."



"Rate your waffles from a scale of 1-10."
"9.9"



"What were you doing with a big board around campus?"
"I was helping him, because his car was parked far away"



"Have you been in basketball competitions?"
"Yes, plenty. I've won before, but I was not always the winner."

trapped /træpt/

verb

1. Prevent (someone) from escaping from a place
2. Have (something, typically a part of the body) held tightly by something so that it cannot be freed

Scrolling down the Facebook newsfeed on his phone, “10 Reasons why Anna Sun should be your best friend”, ‘Anna Sun, the model to look out for’; geez, this woman is everywhere on the Internet isn’t she?” he grumbled to himself. He glanced back at his writing pad and at the pile of crumpled sheets in the bin next to him.

Sighing, he looked around. The weather was cool and a gentle breeze carried the scent of freshly-cut grass. He suddenly noticed a woman sitting next to him on the bench. She turned to him and smiled, “You look stressed. How about I tell you a story?” He turned towards the woman in disbelief. Who in their right mind would listen to some random stranger rant? She gave him another dazzling smile.

BY POTATO THE HUMAN

He was taken aback by her exotic beauty: smooth olive skin, round honey brown eyes, full pink lips and a perfectly shaped nose. If perfect and flawless people existed, here was living proof! She didn’t look a day after 20, yet her eyes portrayed a different story. There was pain, lots of it.

“Just listen to me.” Taken in by her charm, he nodded absent mindedly.

“When I was younger, I wasn’t normal. I had more girl-friends than guy-friends; I had a problem. I was always too shy to talk to boys. I stand too close to them and I begin to stutter. I was popular among the girls; I’d help them shop for the right outfits and discuss fashion and make-up. However, there was one girl I considered a true friend. We’d

confide in each other, and share happy moments together. She wasn't some nerdy girl; she was voted the hottest girl in school every year. She'd wear baggy clothes and still look amazing. She was the envy of every girl at school. I was proud to be her pillar of strength; to be someone important in her life. Her name was Erin."

"One day, she called me, telling me the school's hottest guy had asked her out. I couldn't have been happier. My best friend had discovered love. I'd read about it but had never experienced it. This was a moment to cherish."

"Because of my fear of guys, I had never given this guy, Kyle, a second glance. Yet, Erin made it her mission to introduce the two most important people in her life to each other. I tried to avoid every meeting, but Erin's disappointment spurred her on. Lady luck was on her side and I bumped into Kyle one day at school. For the first time, I saw him up close and was rendered speechless by his perfect jaw-line and tousled hair, but those piercing blue eyes took my breath away".

"My life changed that day. I felt a constant need to see him and be around him, to an extent Erin felt uncomfortable. Yet I faltered at every opportunity to speak to him. After what seemed a lifetime of failed attempts, I eventually did. The three of us became close friends and they would confide in me and I'd offer advice. That's when I realized I had fallen in love...with Kyle. With my best friend's boyfriend, as cliché as it sounds."

She gave a sad smile. "This story is far from cliché." He was confused.

She sighed, "I'm just... Different. I started caring more about my appearance around Kyle; obsessed with every stray pimple that popped on my face and I went through great pains maintaining my flawless skin. I started dressing more provocatively and eventually Brittany noticed the change. I yearned to confide in and confess to her of the true reason behind the changes.

I couldn't. At 16, my name was Ryan. I was a boy."

He was speechless. She... was a boy?!

Reading the shock on his face, "Don't get me wrong. I was popular, but Kyle had stolen my heart." He stared speechless at her, waiting for her to continue.

"I wanted to tell Erin that I was in love with her boyfriend. I wanted to share with her my joy because I had found love. Yet, I couldn't. How could I? She would have treated me like a freak. I was confused and lost. I didn't believe I was gay. I was just trapped: a girl stuck in a guy's body. I couldn't believe this was happening to me!"

"As the years passed by, life went on as usual. I remained close to Erin and Kyle, yet kept quiet about my true feelings. I wasn't happy and I was hurting. I could never be with the person I truly loved. I tried forgetting Kyle; dating other girls, but it wasn't normal. I had only one person on my mind: Kyle." "I started feeling suffocated by my surroundings and I couldn't continue like this. It was either coming clean to taking my secret to the grave. Unable to see how devastated my parents would be by my revelation, I chose death."

"I decided to take sleeping pills. That way, I'll fall asleep and never wake up from my slumber. Just at the moment I was about to swallow the pills, Kyle called. He wanted me to be the best-man at his and Erin's wedding. Heartache or eternal slumber? Clearly you know the decision I made."

"Once they departed on their honeymoon, I felt loneliness and emptiness like never before. The desire to live my life as a girl was too strong. I wasn't going to spend the rest of my life in regret. I packed my bags and left. I was 22."

"I underwent a sex-change operation. Due to my feminine features, the operation was easier. It was hard and painful, but it felt right; free of the haze suffocating me. The moment I walked out into the open, I didn't feel trapped anymore."

"Enjoying breathing in the air of freedom, I saw myself staring at me. It was a missing person poster. Worried, I looked around me, in case I was noticed. I stopped when I saw my reflection for the first time. I didn't look the same

anymore. There was nothing and no-one to remind me of the past. It was time to move on."

"I came from a wealthy background; everything handed to me on a silver platter. The initial stages were hard, trying to adjust. I stood my ground and survived. Four years on, here I am. What the future holds is a mystery, but I'm here now, in the present, happy."

She broke off, leaving me dumbstruck. Breaking the awkward silence, she stood up to leave. "I've just revealed my biggest secret to you, make good use of it." She walked off to a nearby limousine, smiling back as she walked away. That was when he realized. She was Anna Sun, the world's biggest and sexiest supermodel.

Grinning, pen poised, he delved into his writing pad, mind whirling with ideas.



KNOW YOUR MUSA 2014





(1) Seong-Shik – School of Science Male Representative (2) Andri – School of IT Male Representative (3) Yolanda Wang & Natalie Tan – Vice Presidents (4) Tasaddak Muraza – MUJSS President (5) Nazrul Hafiz – School of Pharmacy Male Representative (6) Charles Yong – School of Business Male Representative (7) Seong Han & Kelly Anggani – Activities Chairperson (8) Chua Wen Shyan – MUPA President (9) Aschel & Sarah – Heads of Clubs & Societies (10) Ivan Lim – MUSA President (11) Christopher Choo & Shareena Gill – School of Arts Representatives (12) Khoo Vincent & Olga Scarlett – Welfare Officers (13) Elynn Goh – School of Medicine Female Representative (14) Rui Jian & Jia Li – Treasurers (15) Jonah See – School of Engineering Male Representative (16) Caroline Chng – School of Pharmacy Female Representative (17) Merciana Yong – School of Engineering Female Representative (18) Shannon Francis & Sze Lyn – Wom*n Officers (19) Lydia Wong – General Secretary (20) Rosiana Natalie – School of IT Female Representative (21) Kah Yen – School of Business Female Representative (22) Helena Dodge-Wan – School of Science Female Representative (23) Hazel Hah & Rachel Yap – Publicity Officers

WHAT IS MONASH UNIVERSITY STUDENT ASSOCIATION (MUSA)?

MUSA is an organisation run by students for the benefits of all students in Monash. The organisation represents the students and acts as the means of communication between students and the administrative authorities of the university.

Here are the faces of the people you can disturb the living shit out of if you come across any trouble ... or you could just say "Hi!" to if you see them walking around, they don't bite (I think).

WHAT MUSA DOES:

(Aside from all that is known)

MUSA provides subsidies or reimbursement for students who are representing Monash University Malaysia at competition or conferences!

MUSA funds events initiated and organised by Monash students; provided the event is beneficial to the students of Monash, such as the likes of Monash Revolution.

MUSA support students who are called for the APC hearings (where students face the risk of getting expelled by Monash due to failing more than 50% of their credit points).

In the case of any harassments, complaints, safety issue and safety issues, students are encouraged to approach MUSA with proper evidence for actions to be taken.

WHAT MUSA CAN'T DO:

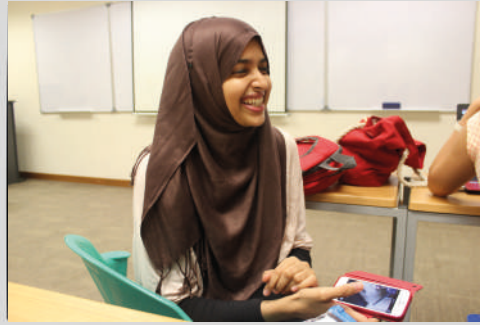
MUSA has no authority to dismiss any lecturers/tutors you're unhappy about at Monash. But fear not, you've got SETU every semester to voice out your thoughts anonymously! (If you don't know what that is check your student emails!)

MUSA unfortunately does not work under the Facilities & Maintenance Department. You may inform us of the broken facilities, but we are not able to buy or replace them. However, we will definitely try our level best to push the administrative staff to attend to the issue!

Yes, we do have smart engineers and IT students in MUSA, but the sad truth is we are not capable or allowed to fix any facilities that do not belong to us like the printers or internet. What we can do is to pressure the departments involved for answers and to get it fixed as soon as possible.



"I never thought I would come to Malaysia because I didn't think of stepping out of my comfort zone. Now here I am and I believe that I can do anything I want."



"If you could be a Disney character, which one would you pick?"
 "Winnie the Pooh, definitely. Because he's so cute, sweet and chubby like me. Apparently people find him stupid, but I'm not stupid!"



"What makes the perfect rock climbing partner?"
 "Someone whom you can click, communicate and curse with!"



"Watcha doing there?"
 "MEOW! I'm doing my big business here hello? Privacy please?"



"There was this student I taught a long time ago. He never finished the semester. I think I only remember him being in class for 6 or 7 weeks, then he never appeared again."



"He was always pulling a lot of stunts in class; coming in with slings on his arms, and plasters on his face; but he was intelligent. So at the end of the semester, I asked some students what had happened to him, and they said he'd dropped out. I found out later, that his mum and dad had recently separated and the mum had left the country, leaving him completely, on his birthday."

contributors

(in no particular order)

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special thanks

jeremy choy of rice/photo

as cheesy and cliché as this may seem,
this magazine would not have been remotely possible or
as beautiful without the help of our contributors.

here's a shoutout to them:

thank you for all your hard work, effort, patience (putting
up with our constant badgering!) and most of all, your time
(Monash assignments, CRAY!).

cheers and here's to the next semester!

PHOTO CREDITS

10 Facts Your Teachers Doesn't Tell You - Pg 5

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Confessions of a Science Student - Pg 6 & 7

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COMING SOON

THE

PROCRASTINATION

ISSUE

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