

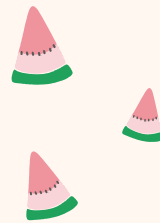
MONTHLY BITES

Halfway - 17th June
ADSA Convention - 3rd - 9th
July
MIPS Cup - 5th August
Dental Ball - 12th August

ASSASSINS - TRUST NO ONE

Assassins officially started on the 18th April. Rules and safe zones have been changing as numbers decrease. For now, go get your watermelons y'all!

The winner (i.e. last man standing) wins a free ticket to this year's Dental Ball. May the odds be ever in your favour!



APRIL RECAP

April was a busy month, with events like Cairns Clinical Cocktail party, Beer Mile, Trivia Night and Mental Health Week filling students' calendars.

Thank you to all of the students who were involved in organising these events, as well as those who participated.

If you missed out on attending one or more of these events, keep an eye out for them next year!



Winners of Trivia Night!



At Cairns Clinical Cocktail Party 2017



Beer Mile 2017

Assassins: A bit of Sass and a bit of Sin

By Chrispha Cristy - Year 2

It has been nothing short of savagery. For 3 weeks, our campus grounds have been littered with betrayal, booby traps and some hardcore socking. Competition is fierce and everyone has put their metaphorical life on the line for that elusive free dent ball ticket. A recently diseased assassin writes to us from the grave of murderous days gone past...

TARGET 1: She was in my year, blue eyed and charming. She walked out between lectures, unsuspecting and pure. Yet I was there, lurking in the shadows of the sliding doors of A3. Spotted: her walking back in. I socked my hand. I took her life. TARGET 2: She was in the year above me, a mix of cultures, beautiful, ethnic and determined. Spotted: her walking up towards dent building. She was close to the doors. I was near the elevator. Time was short. I socked my hand. Two more steps and she would be safe. I was too quick, she was too unaware. I took her life. TARGET 3: She was two years above me, mysterious and perplexing. She was my biggest challenge yet. This time, I knew it required every ounce of stealth I had.

I did my research, I did my waiting. I failed to assassinate. As my inadequacy flashed before my eyes, my own mortality confronted me. My killer revealed himself to me by accident. Suddenly, my target was forgotten as I spent the next few days looking over my shoulder. Yet, he corned me at last. It was a compulsory HS session at the birdcage. I couldn't leave or Felicity won't give me my preferred 5th year placement. And we all know there's only one way in and out of the birdcage. But you know, sometimes, life imitates art. And just how the good guy always seems to impossibly escape out of the clutch of the bad guy: I escaped out the fire door (there's a fire door?!). I ran for my life, I ran for that dent ball ticket. It was no use. He socked his hand. He took my life. Victorious as he was, he got killed less than 5 minutes later. By another assassin, but by his own sock. Never let your guard down, the game never ends.

However, it should end soon-ish or the winner will only get a free ticket for next year's ball. So get assassinating peeps! Or not, you know, just carry around a watermelon instead. And why were all my targets girls? We need more guys in this degree.

If you would like to contribute to next month's edition of MONTHLY BITES, send your short entry to nausheen.mohamedmuhajir@my.jcu.edu.au. It can be a photo taken with our JCU DSA filter, your funny assassin attack or something you heard in the corridor!