

At the beginning of the year Ms Hardwick put out a call for interest in M.U.N.A. (Model United Nations Assembly). Although I am not normally one to show a great deal of interest in politics, I put my hand up and agreed to attend and represent the country of South Africa. Tran Quang and I were getting all hyped up and prepared for our trip to M.U.N.A. when we got called to a meeting that had completely crushed our enthusiasm. MUNA had been cancelled due to there not being enough delegations to make up the assembly. But the upside to it was the date had been pushed two months forward so it gave us way more time for preparation. Having waited the two months with our enthusiasm higher than before, we were just counting the hours down until Jim our sponsor would come and pick us up from school that Friday. He drove us to a small restaurant in Essendon where we once again we were waiting for the bus to pick us up and take us to Camp Getaway where it was hosted.

Waiting wasn't that bad, that's where we made our first country alliance with Russian Federation two of the most energetic girls I had ever met. (this was just a taste as to what was to come.) By the time we arrived at camp getaway it was pitch black and no one could see anything! We were directed to our dorms and told to find a bed. The organising Rotarians had decided an introduction was needed so all our costumes were put on and we all nervously walked into the debate hall where it was all set up in order of the U.N. arrangement. After everyone was introduced a block meeting was called. (That's where all the nations gather in their respected blocks and agree on the topic to debate on.) The African Block was made up of the most awesome people I had ever met! Once the debates were decided we were sent to bed... Well if you could call it that. The girls across the hall decided that they didn't like their room, so they'd invade ours turning it into a 48 hour party. (there goes saving energy for the debates.) At 7:00 the next morning breakfast was called and the debates were being prepared in a rush to try and persuade the Assembly and the Secretary General that we were right. Our first debate was condemning the decision by France to ban the wearing of full face veils by women. Great points were raised and France had their motion rejected by the decision of the U.N.

The debates went from 9:00am to 4:50pm by the end of the day most of us were just too tired to do anything until we were told that there was Karaoke and a Club styled dance in store for us. Having my embarrassing go at karaoke and almost falling into a fire place after crumping it was time to call it a day. Once again under the false impression that I was going to get some sleep the girls and the other rooms decided that we hadn't had enough fun so once again we had lost track of time and spent the whole night up socialising and stealing lollies from each other's secret stash. The last day of MUNA was unwelcomed by everyone, friendships made and alliances formed over the weekend we had all gotten too used to each other's company and was dreading the time we all had to leave. By lunch all the resolutions were figured out some passed some failed big time but there was still one thing on everyone's mind. "What happens when the whole United Nations declares war on

America?" Well we soon found out America had bribed the whole Western Block and absolutely crushed us poor Africans. Having finished up there was one last thing to do, announce the winner. With a certain degree of disappointment the Democratic Republic of Congo had won with Spain coming runner up. There was only one category left to win and that was best costume which was won by ME! Proud with my achievement we all said our goodbyes.(I think they were the longest hugs I've ever gotten from someone.) A massive thanks to Ms Hardwick and Jim the Rotary club sponsor for giving me the opportunity to attend such an amazing event. Going to MUNA was one of the best things I had ever done and would encourage everyone to give it ago you will never regret it!

William Hrvatin

Year 10

McCoy Barton