



THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE
MD STUDENT CONFERENCE
PUZZLES

Prologue

(Note: This is not a puzzle)

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

Jared glanced up at the wall. It was 10:43am. Which meant he had been waiting for... 43 minutes for the Dean to show up.

Tick. Tock.

Make that 44 minutes.

“Never known a doctor to run on time, but this is getting ridiculous...”

Fff-ding!

Jared bolted upright. Fortunately, it was just his phone. Hurriedly, he glanced at his messages and turned his phone to silent.

>7 unread messages.

>Heard you got pulled into the Dean's office again

>Bad luck, pal

>Hope she's in the better of her two bad moods

>Hey mate, you gotta check out this TikTok!

For the last time, thought Jared, I'm not getting TikTok!

>Mate you gotta pull your head in!

>Just heard the goss - what happened?

>You still coming to watch the game tonight?

Huh, I forgot that the game was on. Jared leaned forward — elbows on knees, as if in prayer — in the scratchy, threadbare chair of the Dean's personal waiting room. And just as he was about to tap out a response, the sturdy oak door guarding the entrance to the Dean's office swung open with rage.

“You. In here. Now.”

And like with the ferocity of a momentary microburst, she was there and then she was gone, cutting an open path for Jared to trudge towards his peril.

Shoot, Jared thought, she's in the worse of her two bad moods.

(To be continued...)