

# THE BROKEN WRECKORD

Volume: We Dont Know Issue: We Just Don't Care

The Pingry School, Basking Ridge, New Jersey

October 2019

## “Student Wellness” Killing Pingry Culture

By LILY ARROM (V)

With recent changes in administration, Pingry's identity has been on the minds of many lately. To the outside world, Pingry is touted as a school of excellence and honor, founded by the pious Dr. John Pingry and upheld by the student-drafted Honor Code. However, deep in the collective heart of the community, everyone knows this is merely a front. Instead, it's all about the Pingry grind. Sad realities like sleepless nights and unbearably hot classrooms are Pingry staples near and dear to everyone who walks these labyrinthine halls. And, like a great many things in life, none of these problems exist unless people whine about them. After all, there is no greater mark of honor in our community than that of the fewest hours slept or the most sadistic course choices (all of which should be made very clear to the surrounding community). Suffering has always been the corners-

tone of Pingry, but times are changing. The infectious philosophy of “student wellness” is sweeping across the nation, and has finally reached Pingry's doorstep.

For those who are unaware, the downward spiral into softness all began about a year ago with the SAGE Dining upgrade. The pasta became properly cooked, panini press technology was enhanced, and Korean rice bowls became plentiful. This trend of comfort continued into the winter, which featured so many snow days and delays (partly thanks to Governor Murphy and his beloved “state of emergency” button), which were exorbitant even by private school standards. Some may have seen this development as a mere seasonal blip, but such an assumption could not have been further from the truth. Spring arrived, and Ms. Chatterji walked onto the Hauser stage to deliver what is now called “the morning meeting announcement heard ‘round the world”: the infamous reveal of an 8:30 AM sta-

rt time. Students reveled in the sheer thought of an extra twenty minutes of sleep, only to then stop and ponder: “Why does the administration suddenly care about us? I thought that wasn't their job?” The beginning of the end had arrived, and life would never be the same.

Fall 2019 has now begun, and slightly better rested students are beginning to notice more and more flagrant amenities. One particularly unsettling sight is that of the newly renovated freshman area, no longer the dark pit of candy wrappers and human suffering it was always meant to be. Such coddling is already warping the minds of Form III, convincing them that not only are they deserving of basic human rights, but also of luxuries like a plant wall.

Even some of the most basic hardships like the early Autumn heat are slowly being combated, what with Mr. Levinson's constant relaxations of the dress code for the sake of comfort. A new HIRT study has made a grim prediction of what Pingry will become in the next ten years of Levinson administration, summing it up as “year-round shorts, optional finals, and administration transparency; overall anarchy.” So beware, Pingry students, as the time-honored tradition of complaining is being ripped away from us. Pingry is no longer the hardcore institution it once was, and if Dr. John Pingry could see us now he would surely be disappointed.



Since when were these young children (III, ew) allowed to be happy?

## Additional News

Senior Citizens Mistake the BAC for Local Costco

Ian Dugan ‘19 Removed from the Buttondowns Cinematic Universe, Fans Outraged

Overly-Progressive Production of *Rent* Pushes Drama Department Back to Basics with *Our Town*

Wreckord Writers Begin to Feel Guilty About Mocking Lack of Air-conditioning, It's Just Sad Now

BAC Dumbbells Mysteriously Go Missing During Pajama Day Pillow Fight

Mr. Levinson Seen Exiting Faculty Bathroom With Red Eyes After Dramatic Shut-Down By Jessica Yatzvitzky (V) During the Fall Awards

Science Department Feuds Over Whether or not Crocs are Lab-Safe, Closed-Toe Shoes

Mr. Fahey Excited to Roll Out the Miller Bugliari ‘52 All-Campus Mosquito Net

Storm Area 51 HOCO Party Just as Confusing and Disappointing as the Raid Itself

Brian Li (VI) Passes Out Laughing at his own Joke: Luckily, a Brave CPR Racer, Sankar Gollapudi (IV), Comes to the Rescue

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## Steal Their Looks Pt. 1: Math Department Edition

By ASHLEY PROVOOST (IV)  
and SAM WEXLER (IV)



Calvin Klein varsity jacket, \$2,000



Ralph Lauren khakis, \$695



Yankees jersey, \$350



Trem

Price to steal his look: \$6780



Common Projects Sneakers \$475



Bottega Veneta sweater, \$980



Kiton shirt, \$995



Gianni shoes, \$1690



Balenciaga cap, \$450



Cartier sunglasses, \$1595



Gucci glasses, \$408



Mr. Barr

Price to steal his look: \$3808

# Trick-or-Treating Tips for the Aging Adolescent

By LILY ARROM (V)

With a chill in the air and a sense of spookiness settling upon the Pingry community, it's clear that Halloween is on its way. With the season comes the annual question: to trick-or-treat or not to trick-or-treat? The hustle and bustle of Pingry life typically makes it too easy to forego festivities for the sake of homework and after-school practices, but this year there is no excuse. November 1st has been declared a faculty-in-service day, ready to cushion you and your sugar-induced hangover. There is no better time to get back into the trick-or-treating circuit, but for some this may be a difficult transition. But worry not, dear reader, because you're about to learn some helpful tips from an industry expert.

## Lose the Shame, Get in the Game

If you think you're too cool to go trick-or-treating at the ripe old age of 17, then it's time to get over yourself. Sure, some people may see trick-or-treating as "uncool", but frankly there is nothing uncool about free candy. Free food is what drives the student body anyway, so why should Halloween be any different? It's just like the club fair, minus the spreadsheets and empty promises. Trick-or-treating should also be a social experience, so be sure to bring your friends along for the ride. Just be advised that, if they turn you down, it is likely time

for you to move on and find a new, significantly spookier clique.

## Dress for Success

When you go up to a stranger's doorstep begging for candy, it's crucial that you appear to have given an effort. This is especially important as you approach young adulthood, because the older you are, the higher standards people will hold for your outfit. In other words, you're going to need



to fully commit to a decent costume whether you like it or not. This roadblock gives you two options: actually have a good costume, or just wear a mask and try to pass as a fifth grader. The bar can be lowered a little bit with group costumes though, as coordinating with others is a recognizable effort within itself.

## Strategize and Dominate

The unsophisticated may see your age as something to make fun of, but remember that your age actually brings you plenty of advantages. Candy comes in limited supply, and swarms of small children will be ready to

steal it before you even ring a single doorbell. But with your Pingry intellect and BAC workouts, you can come out on top. Do some high-school level research and plan out the most efficient routes, especially in upscale neighborhoods teeming with king-sized bars. Also consider the benefit of joining some of Pingry's fall teams. Cross country could help you improve

but it's a real shame just how sensitive it makes us to the injustices of the real world. It may be scary, but remember: there is no Honor Code in the cold, hard streets of suburbia. It's the wild west out there, which is certainly no place for such a frilly way of life. If an unattended bowl of candy asks that you merely "take two," is there a test proctor present to enforce this? An honor pledge to sign, corroborating your law-abiding nature? No. Did you have nothing more than a SAGE-provided poptart for breakfast today? Yes. You deserve that extra candy and you know it. On the topic of self-care, it's also a great idea to let out that pent-up stress with some fun pranks. Stock up on toilet paper and Pingry-sourced chicken eggs so you can give your favorite teachers a lovely house makeover. You athletes out there could also impress your baseball coach's mailbox with some pre-pre-season batting practice. What are your teachers going to do, clean up their mess of a house the next morning? Of course not, they've got a faculty in-service day to get to. You don't.

**Pictured:** Lily Arrom (V), Doctor of Tricks and Treats, dons her academic regalia.

## Objects in the Hall Speak Out:

*What are your thoughts on the impeachment inquiry?*



## Abandoned Peach Tea:

Im-PEACH-ment? I LOVE giving people the gift of peachy flavor! I wish I could impeach everyone!



## Wastebins:

Uhh, we think it's a waste of time honestly. We like a man who's willing to get his hands a little dirty.



## Pensive Skeletons:

What has this nation come to?



## Queen Elizabeth Cutout:

You had this coming, filthy colonists. Miss me yet?

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# Josie's Declassified School Survival Guide: TikTokker Edition

By JOSIE ALSTON (V)

The popularity of TikTok has contributed to the Pingry community in many substantial ways, some of which I'm sure are not necessarily negative. The self-esteem of our once desolate and nihilist generation is no longer dangerously low. However, sophomore and freshman egos are too high for comfort. I am fed up. And kind of intimidated. I have decided that it is high time to shine a light on what is objectively the WORST consequence of TikTok, other than E-People: hallways have become filming studios. Have you, like me, ever tried desperately to navigate the space between the chem and physics wings through hordes of sophomores way taller and more athletic than you? I know you have. It is, unfortunately, a necessary evil. As a vertically challenged person (or VCP as we call ourselves in the community), not only have I had to wade through tsunamis of six-foot-seven lax bros, but this year I've had the added inconvenience of feeling obligated to wait politely while so-called musers TikTokkers feed their twenty-five followers with endless content consisting of them dancing the same dance to the same overplayed song time after time until they get it right. Well, suffer no longer, for I have devised an Eight Step Survival Guide™ for you, the reader, to educate yourself on how to survive the halls in the era of TikTok.

**Step 1:** Identify the TikTokker. You should do this from about ten meters away. They are easily detected by non-dresscode skirts and the fact that they're clearly way prettier than you. You should be afraid. What makes them most dangerous is that they know it.



**Step 2:** Approach the TikTokker. Walk quickly and with purpose. Bend your knees at a 90-degree angle, landing each step with a loud thump to accentuate your presence.

**Step 3:** Get the TikTokker's attention. The stomping didn't work. They don't care about your existence. They spit on peasant scum like you. To get their attention, scream "BILLIE EILISH ISN'T EVEN THAT GOOD!" How dare anyone speak ill of Queen B?

**Step 4:** Confuse the TikTokker. Now that you've been blessed by the TikTokker's gaze, make random spasmodic movements. TikTokkers don't understand motion unless it's pre-choreographed.

**Step 5:** Insult the TikTokker. Exploit vulnerabilities. The worst thing a TikTokker can be called is a Muser. Remind them that their beloved app was once Musically, infested by the likes of Jacob Sartorius, Matty B, and Baby Ariel. You'll know you're successful if "In My Blood" by Shawn Mendes starts playing quietly as the TikTokker sorrowfully lipsyncs along.

**Step 6:** Fight the TikTokker. Now that you've verbally accosted them, the TikTokker will step towards you, rhythmically of course. Use this predictability to your advantage. When they prepare to hit the woah, kick them right before they catch it. When they Git Up, hit down. Make sure you leave your TikTokker crying real fake tears.

**Step 7:** Distract the TikTokker. As the TikTokker does that weird thing where they shield their eyes with one hand to be "cute" and "shy," grab their hydroflask and throw it down the hall. The TikTokker will no doubt run after their precious. What will happen to the turtles?

**Step 8:** Run. Congratulations. You survived.

## Steal Their Looks Pt. 2: Math Department Edition

By ASHLEY PROVOOST (IV) and  
SAM WEXLER (IV)

### Mr. Leone - Casual



Louis Vuitton shirt, \$865



Fendi pants, \$850



Brunello Cucinelli shoes, \$995



Kiton tie, \$295



Price to steal his look: \$3005

### Mr. Leone - Formal



Fendi shirt, \$890



Prada pants, \$1120



Maison Margiela Tabi boots, \$965



Cymbals, \$530



Price to steal his look: \$3975

\*plus Emerson because his response was really good even though he didn't write anything else for us >:(

\*\*Well, Chris, not everyone is so lucky.

## Dear Wreckord Writers\*, What's Your Pingry Horror Story?

"A three-year-old sneezed in my mouth" - Emerson Lubke (V)

"On the first day of school of Sophomore year, I accidentally took someone else's backpack to class; they looked identical. I had to drop the backpack off where I found it, and wait for the other person to do the same. I retrieved mine at the end of the day." - Guan Liang (V)

"I had a nightmare that Pingry's best faculty were either retiring or getting fired. Come to think of it, I don't remember waking up..." - Noah Bergam (V)

"Probably getting an Alert Memo on my first test in high school. Really set the bar high for me." - Sam Wexler (IV)

"In Drama class last year we were rehearsing for our neo-futurist production and I was supposed to roll around on the floor James Bond style for a scene called Mission Menstruation. Every time we rehearsed I was wearing a dress or skirt and I got tired of not rehearsing fully so I could try to maintain my modesty. One day, I decided enough was enough. I did a big ROLL and flashed my whole class. Everyone saw my whole naked back." - Josie Alston (V)

"We've all heard them, early in the morning, shrouded in fog-- the frantic sounds of Finn, chasing thousands of honking geese across the distant fields. There have never been geese on the Pingry campus. What does he do all day? What mysteries lie hidden beneath that black and white fur?" - Natalie DeVito (IV)

"Being in the Friday night performance of Peter and the Starcatcher last year and watching it go off the rails just because of some flickering house lights. Techies did nothing wrong though <3." - Lily Arrom (V)

"The first day of sophomore year, I thought it'd be cool to get ahead of everything and see my bio teacher. I managed to get up and trip over one of those stupid loud metal chairs; it was only then when everyone was looking at me that I tripped over someone's bag and fell down face first. That's about accurate of how sophomore year is going." - Ashleigh Provoost (IV)

"I bought this low-quality prison jumpsuit off of Amazon for my homecoming costume. It was a big hit, but halfway through the night I boogied a little too hard and one of the buttons popped off - the farthest one down, right by my crotch. Ms. Mygas had to give me a bright red novelty pin to keep the costume together for the rest of the night." - Cal Mahoney (V)

"I don't remember much, but here's what I do know: last year, I saw Andrew Cowen ('19) running down the hall shirtless. I made eye contact, and I swear I fell into a state of catatonia for the following couple of minutes. My soul left my body, and I don't think I'll ever be able to see that hallway the same ever again. Sends a shiver down my spine just thinking about it." - Diana Severineau (IV)

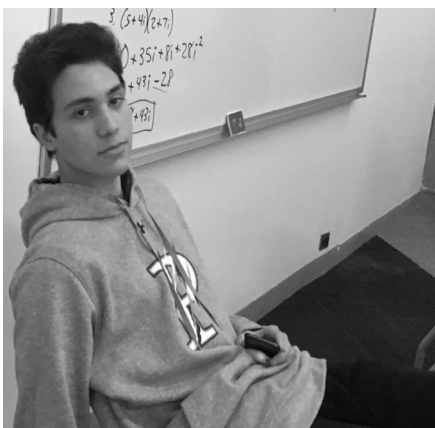
"Easy— don't have one :)" - Chris Ticas (V)\*\*

# A Conversation with Jonathan Marsico — Pingry Lifestyle Guru

By CAL MAHONEY (V) with  
Emotional Support from GUAN LIANG (V)

Recently, I had one of the greatest privileges imaginable. I had a conversation with Jonathan Marsico (V). I had originally approached Jonathan about three weeks ago, during the initial planning period for *The Wreckord*, and asked if he wanted to write an advice column for the upcoming issue- he denied this request. "I want to be interviewed," he demanded, both AirPods still blaring. I reluctantly agreed. Let me set the scene. That ambiguous, out of place math classroom, language wing, 9:50 am.

I could hear the JuiceWRLD before I opened the door. He was seated in the corner of the room, which smelled pungently of Old Spice, feet on the table. "Mr. Marsico," I greeted him. Before I could finish, he interjected with a "wait, wait, wait," pulling out a hairbrush and fixing his luscious locks. Several seconds go by of silent brushing. Then, "I'm ready."



**DISCLAIMER:** Neither *The Broken Wreckord* nor any of *The Broken Wreckord* enterprises do not encourage the diet disclosed. Please do not follow it; your life will descend into chaos.

**CM:** What do you think your dream job is?

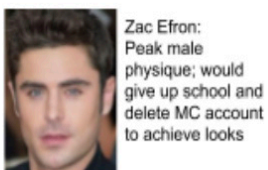
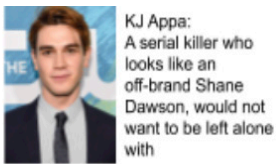
**JM:** I actually don't have a dream job. I have a dream place to be, which basically means that I will have a stable flow of income that happens to be VERY high while also doing the least amount of work possible. That is the ideal situation.

**CM:** Could you imagine an occupation?

**JM:** Well...I mean...if I'm actually doing work, then it wouldn't be a success.

This next segment of the interview I called "Rating Male Celebrities." The results have been organized here for your viewing ease. After we finished the ratings, I asked Jonathan where he felt that he stood in comparison to these men:

**JM:** I am younger than them, so I will die after them. That's my main advantage: my youth. I'm also better at Minecraft than them. But, they do have mad [women] and sizeably more money than I do.



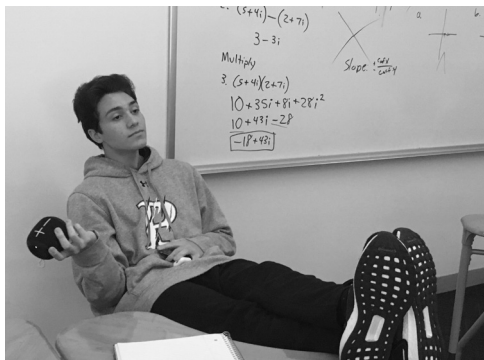
I felt at this point as though the interview had been pretty surface level, and really wanted to delve deeper into the mind of Jonathan Marsico. I wanted to see how someone of his caliber thought about things, interpreted things, viewed the world. But I had also been in a room with Jonathan Marsico for nearly 40 minutes. It was time for the speed round.

**CM:** Mint or mango?

**JM:** Mint is nasty, so I'd have to go with mango.

**CM:** What level membean are you?

**JM:** 2.



For all real numbers  $b$  and  $c$  such that the product of  $c$  and 3 is  $b$ , which of the following expressions represents the sum of  $c$  and 3 in terms of  $b$ ?

- A.  $b + 3$
- B.  $3b + 3$
- C.  $3(b + 3)$
- D.  $\frac{b+3}{3}$
- E.  $\frac{b}{3} + 3$

**CM:** This is a math question from the 2017 ACT. What is your answer?

**JM:** I have absolutely no \*\*\*\*\* idea.

**CM:** Do you want to attempt it?

**JM:** No.

**CM:** How far in debt are you?

**JM:** I owe Kate (Overdeck, V) ten dollars.

**CM:** Do you think you could owe people more money than you remember?

**JM:** No.

**CM:** Well, I've actually pulled my financial records from freshman year, and it appears you owe me \$254.63. What is your response to that?

**JM:** I don't think anything is ever going to come of that.

**CM:** So what do you think your actual debt is?

**JM:** Ten dollars.

**CM:** How many combs do you have?

**JM:** It is a *brush*, not a comb, it is a *brush*, and I have three of them. And they're *all* special and different and I need them.

**CM:** What part of a woman is most important to you?

**JM:** I feel like we all know the answer to that, loud and clear. There is no argument.

**CM:** Could you elaborate? What's your answer?

**JM:** I think, I think if I had twelve points...

I'll explain his drawing: If given twelve points, he split them into three categories: "Cake," "Top," and "Personality," which he respectively ranked a 6, 2, and 4. After he drew said incredibly misogynistic diagram that probably set back the feminist movement three years, I was really reaching my limit of how much Marisco I could handle.

**CM:** Okay, Jonathan. We're running out of time, and I'm running out of brain cells. If you could say one thing to the student body, what would it be?

**JM:** ...Don't meme on me. And always stay on the grind. You might take some 'L's, but it doesn't stand for loss. It stands for 'learning experience.' ...Don't take those Ls to heart. No matter what the case, when life just keeps chucking Ls at you and it doesn't stop, just know that every L makes you a little bit smarter, and every L teaches you something. Just because you haven't caught the W yet, doesn't mean you don't have something extremely valuable.

**CM:** .....Thank you.

Well, there you have it, folks. I sat down with Jonathan Marsico so you didn't have to. And I have to say, I truly learned some things about myself, about what really matters in life; the outside. I hope that you've all taken something away from this too; most importantly, what really goes on in the head of one of Pingry's most elusive and wise students.

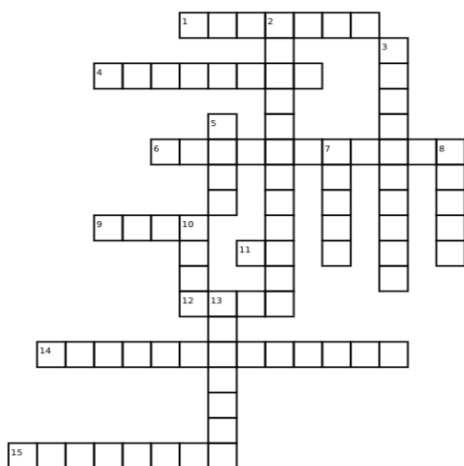




## The Fweshman Commons

To the wittle babies in ouw audience: gwab youw cwayons! It's time to get cweative! Hewe awe some of ouw intewactive pieces to captuwe youw wittle fweshman attention spans.

### Big Blue Crossword



#### Down:

2. A timeless Pingry girl's fashion staple, circa 25 A.D.
3. What Pingry strives for the most, no matter the cost
5. Prized possession of upperclassmen jocks
7. You never know when you have it even after 4 years
8. Class president; laugh made out of pure sunshine
10. Scary math teacher; possibly older than the school itself but don't ask
13. Every Pingry student must have these to properly enter society; a way to simultaneously divert and attract attention

#### Across:

1. Something you do for 45 minutes straight after your mini panic attack that morning; see also "death sentence"
4. Pingry's patron sports god
6. Mentioned at morning meeting without fail; shows you how smart we are
9. They'll get HURT if you compare them to real IRT
11. What middle schoolers take for granted
12. Yo + hoorah = Pingry spirit; see also immortal icon
14. Used in the Pingry competition to see who can wear the biggest whale/why save the turtles when you have a brand this big
15. Mr. Leone's Halloween costume; 2k18 edition

By DIANA SEVERINEAU (IV)  
and ASHLEY PROVOOST (IV)

Down:  
1. MEMBEAN  
2. BIRKENSTOCK  
3. EXCELLENCE  
4. BUGLIARI  
5. JUVIL  
6. JOURNAL CLUB  
7. LUNCH  
8. BRIAN  
9. HIRT  
10. TREM  
11. AC  
12. VINEYARD VINES  
13. AIRPODS  
15. KNUCKLES

Across:

By LILY ARROM (V)



Dear \_\_\_\_\_,  
teacher

After I spent countless \_\_\_\_\_ thinking about it, I  
\_\_\_\_\_ must inform you that I am dropping your \_\_\_\_\_  
class. It was a/an \_\_\_\_\_ ride while it lasted, but alas, I can  
no longer handle it. The sheer amount of \_\_\_\_\_ I've had  
to go through for a \_\_\_\_\_ % average is criminal. I really  
need to focus on my \_\_\_\_\_ studies right now, and staying  
in your class would require me to \_\_\_\_\_. I do not want  
this to happen, it would be \_\_\_\_\_.

See Ya,

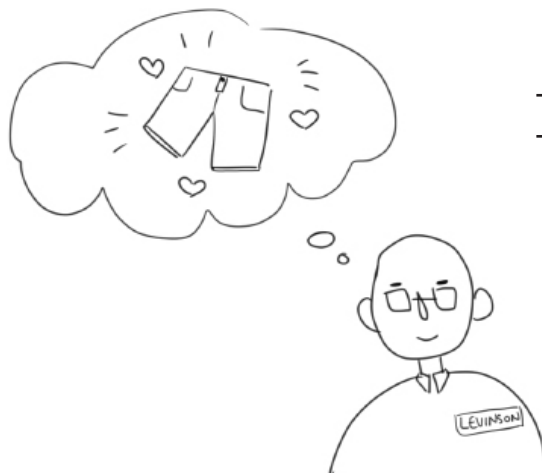
your name



"The Duality of Bear"



"Mr. Levinson's Mind"



## Coloring!

By MIA SHUM (V)

## Wreckord Investigates: The Keating Khronicles

By ANEESH KARUPPUR (V)

When students walked into class one sprightly October morning for their first period American Literature class with Mr. Keating, they assumed that it would just be a normal class. All was well until Mr. Keating failed to show up by 8:30 AM.

At first, the students were fairly unconcerned by it, and figured that Mr. Keating was probably braving the horrors of Hades (Princeton, New Jersey) on his bike; he would have to show up eventually. Besides the one kid who really wanted to criticize Ralph Waldo Emerson that day, nobody gave Mr. Keating's absence much thought. All the juniors went back to the cafeteria to avoid doing any actual work, only then to complain about the amount of said work.

What nobody realized was that Mr. Keating was actually in Virginia, advising various government intelligence agencies on the optimization of spy missions. In between discussion about how wonderful The Great Gatsby is, Mr. Keating provided details on how to collect confidential information from other governments, assume multiple personas, and infiltrate enemy bases.

The Wreckord's investigative reporting found that, under his pile of fourteen different pairs of biking shoes, Mr. Keating hides a journal of important observations in order to keep his skills sharp. An unnamed reporter distracted Mr. Keating outside the faculty lounge while another copied down some very insightful and fascinating observations from the notebook. These findings include shocking and scandalous bits of information, such as "Why do the freshmen keep complaining about one-page essays?", "How many boxes of leftover advisory donuts does it take for the freshmen to notice how gross they are?", and "Why didn't they let me put Venus flytraps in the plant wall to eat these annoying buggers?" When confronted with this information, Mr. Keating insisted that he had

simply overheard it in the faculty lounge, which initially seemed to be a plausible excuse. However, he then urged our reporters to turn out their pockets in order to prove that no bike reflectors or locks had been pilfered from the pile of papers on his desk. This English teacher clearly had something to hide.

Further evidence of Mr. Keating's double life as an intelligence agent includes his ability to change clothes before anyone notices. Mr. Keating has been spotted wearing his signature blue pants after a workout, but then has magically reappeared in a spotless, sweat-free suit for his English classes. His clothing has also been known to suddenly transform from a dress shirt and slacks into a tight biking suit.

Inside sources at the government revealed that Special Counsel Robert Muller and his assistant, Andrew Goldstein '92, took classes from Mr. Keating in interrogating people using Mr. Keating's signature technique. First, he waits for you to come ask him about your essay, and then bam - you're suddenly arguing about whether or not that movie you saw was actually any good. Government officials said off the record that Mr. Keating exemplified this patented technique while teaching the class to the FBI's top lawyers, veering randomly into a discussion about his college days and how rebellious of a whippersnapper he once was.

After managing to extricate themselves from yet another four-hour discussion about random topics, The Wreckord reporters were confident that Mr. Keating has some connections, and that Pingry students better watch their mouths. Especially those irritating freshmen who make it impossible to ask questions about an essay.

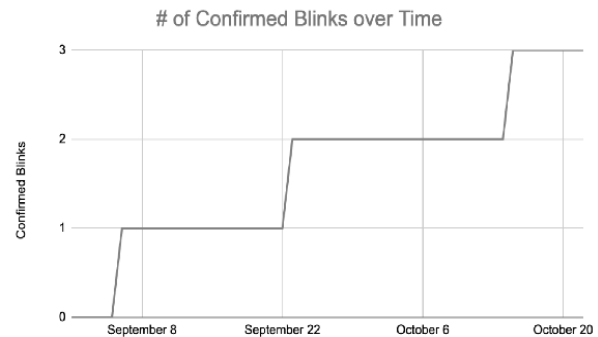


Found in the freshman commons.

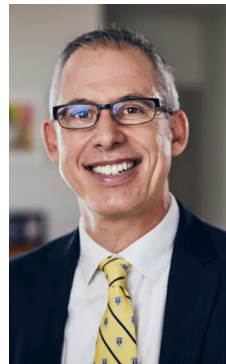
## Matt Levinson allegedly robot— has exactly three confirmed blinks since convocation

By CHRIS TICAS (V)

Matt Levinson, our new headmaster "head of school", has been a staple in our community for a few months now. What you probably haven't noticed, though, is that he doesn't blink— ever. The Broken Wreckord started collecting data on the new staff at our school after being tipped off by a cryptic message, which we were able to trace back to the history office via its IP address. The message was written in binary, however, we used the brilliant mind of Certified Genius™ Brian Li (VI) to translate. It read as follows: "Levinson. Never. Blinks. Not. Human." Upon receiving this anonymous tip, the Broken Wreckord independent Research Team (BWIRT) began keeping a close eye on Mr. Levinson, eventually witnessing him blink for the first time during his Convocation speech. The second blink was reported by a terrified freshman who saw it briefly after an accidental glimpse into the boardroom. Our current data set extends until October 15th, when we saw him blink for the third— and possibly final— time. Since his first appearance at Convocation, we have seen a number of odd behaviors, including but not limited to infrequent blinking, prolonged eye contact, and recurring disappearances from school grounds. We believe that Mr. Levinson is programmed to be afraid of both human contact and taking pictures— this fear, we assume, is meant to better mask his non-human qualities and preserve his identity. A source, who has decided to remain anonymous, also stated that they "saw Mr. Levinson plugging himself into the electric car charger." Although this statement has yet to be confirmed, it is plausible and strongly supported by our prior research. Upper School



students have also expressed skepticism about the humanity of other new staff members "maybe it's an SiRT (Secret Independent Research Team) project. I believe these new staff members are running off of an extremely advanced artificial intelligence software." We consulted Aneesh Karuppur, Quizbowl and IRT extraordinaire, with questions about a possible "SiRT" project— after which he ran away swiftly, without comment. Another student suggested that "the mechanical work could have been done by the robotics team." Since then, we have undoubtedly confirmed that the electronics behind each of the new staff members are far too good to have been masterminded by the Pingry Robotics Team.



We went to Mr. Levinson's office to take a statement, where we were greeted by his secretary, who said Mr. Levinson was busy "recharging" after an overwhelming day. One of our reporters even caught a glimpse of Mr. Levinson trying to get

an anti-bot CAPTCHA before giving up and retiring next to an outlet in the corner of his office Mr. Levinson or other androids, ahem, teachers, please contact us at 01001101 01001100 00111101 01110010 01101111 01100010 01101111 01110100.

## A Bold Pingry Take on Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs

By NATALIE DEVITO (IV)



By Natalie DeVito (IV)

After a series of intense conferences with AP Psychology students and hours of meticulous interviews, we at The Wreckord have attempted to outline the hierarchy of a Pingry student's needs. We learned about needs of all kinds, ranging from the primal necessity for dean-provided order, all the way up to the enlightening self-fulfillment found in generous grading and Ivy League merchandise. We intend this graphic to be a valuable resource, and we hope it will initiate some courageous conversations.

\*Don't know what this is? Try and read the Big Blue Bulletin for once, coward (unless EEE already got to your brain...).

## Finn's Doggy Diaries

By FINN THE DOG  
Translated By ANJALI  
KAPOOR (VI) and ASHNA  
KUMAR (VI)

I hid under the bleachers and surveyed my surroundings waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike. The hoomans were too busy eating and gossiping about the latest scandal at the food tent...all you need is a couple trays of pasta. So easy to manipulate! Meanwhile, all of the smaller hoomans were huddled on the bleachers above... an opportunity to instagram their white-out themed outfits, of course. And the Big Blue (Ugly) Bear... all alone... meandering through the parking lot... and directly across my line of vision! Check, check, and CHECK! My plan was working flawlessly. This was almost too easy. When the students burst out laughing as the other team scored yet another touchdown, I see my golden opportunity.

Let me explain. I used to be the school's hot-shot, the goodest boy ever. When I first arrived, kids from all over Pingry visited me just to give pets and belly rubs or take my picture. I even had souvenirs in the bookstore with my face on it! I was an A-list celebrity around here. But when homecoming rolled around, I noticed a giant blue fuzzy bear strutting around with his chest puffed out like he owned the place. — on my turf! The audacity! I know I don't have blue fur, but I'm way cuter than him! Furious, I gave him my best growl and bared my teeth — but he paid me no attention! How rude! All the tiny hoomans swarmed around him to give him a hug and get a picture, leaving me with no rubs OR pets. That was the final straw. This meant war. There could only be one animal mascot at this school and it was going to be ME! Soon, I began

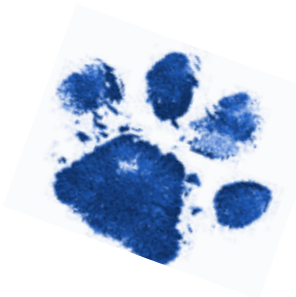


seeing his face everywhere. On the walls of the gym. On the backs of T-shirts. On the Pingry Instagram! He was stealing my spotlight, and I wasn't going to have it.

For the next several months I tracked his every move. I traced his scent, which vaguely resembled a boys' locker room. I followed his trail of blue fur. Strangely though, it seemed like he went into closets and didn't come out of them for months! I wondered what he was doing in there. Whenever he did come out, it was just in time for big school events...how convenient! He was clearly trying to steal all the attention and paparazzi when it mattered. Finally, I decided I would strike at Friday Night Lights, when I knew he'd be out of hiding. When all the hoomans were distracted, I ran full speed after the Big Blue Bear, just like I did while training with the geese. When he saw me running, he immediately took off in the opposite direction, though his face didn't look scared. Weird. I chased him right into the soccer storage shed and had him cornered.

I was about to pounce and finish the deed when suddenly, he began pawing at his head. Then, his head came entirely off! "Wait, no, please, have mercy!" he cried out. Big Blue WAS A HUMAN?! I took a few steps back. I did not see this coming. Big Blue was just a boy! A small blonde weeb! Ha! He posed no threat. This was still my animal kingdom.

With the bear finally out of my way, I began thinking...why stop at being the school's mascot? Why, maybe I should be the school's president and take down that caricature Brian Li once and for all. No, I should be the HEADMASTER! And imagine, not just my face on t-shirts... but a statue! Of me! It could replace the random hooman statue they have out front! And what if... what if I renamed the school FINNGry! Wow. Just imagine. I've already begun plotting on how to take down this new guy...so watch out Mr. Levinson, I'm onto you!



Left: Cool pic of me taking over the world. Follow me on Instagram.

## Thanksgiving Horoscopes

Which First Thanksgiving Favorite Are You  
Based on Your Zodiac Sign?

Manifested By Legendary Astrologer  
JOSIE ALSTON (V)

admit it. around this special time of fall we're all wondering the same thing: if i were present at the first thanksgiving, which iconic staple would i be? well, look no further, for i have summoned the stars and the spirits of Buzzfeed to deliver the most accurate answer to your questions based on your zodiac sign. thank me later.



Aries: March 21 - April 20  
waterfowl. bc u r yuck.



Taurus: April 21 - May 21  
fruit. congrats on having a stable diet. i despise you.



Gemini: May 22 - June 21  
berries. but the poisonous kind bc u r toxic.



Cancer: June 22 - July 22  
venison. those deer had it coming.



Leo: July 23 - August 23  
pumpkin. ur insides r ugly.



Virgo: August 24 - September 22  
squanto.



Libra: September 23 - October 23  
ham. peppa is quaking.



Scorpio: October 24 - November 22  
lobster. we get it you're bougie. your parents take you to europe every summer woww



Sagittarius: November 23 - December 21  
clams. bc ur slimy and u smell.



Capricorn: December 22 - January 20  
squash. it's not a sport. take that Buggleore



Aquarius: January 21 - February 18  
turkey. the biggest con of them all.



Pisces: February 19 - March 20  
william bradford. reconcile that.





# Fall Sports Photography

By ANONYMOUS



We passed the ball 20 seconds ago, Coach Bugliari!  
It's over here now! Could your eyes please move just  
a little faster than your legs?



QB: I wonder if this is gonna be an incomplete  
pass or a pick? Either way, we're not crossing  
the 50 yards line tonight lol.



Is it just me, or do the sunglasses  
make the coaches look like the FBI?



"Speaking of great football players...  
Aneesh Karuppur Form V"



Photographer: Aww you're so lonely :( Let me ac-  
knowledge you by taking a picture in your direction  
where literally nothing is happening.



Where's the camera? WHERE's the CAMERA?!  
Oh, there it is. Hey gorgeous, wanna grab a coffee  
with me \*wink wink\* \*finger guns\* ;). Gosh, I'm  
smoooooooooth~~~