

Teachers Contribute to Doodle Gallery

**DRAWINGS REVEAL
TEACHERS'
INNERMOST
THOUGHTS**

By **RICKY ZACHARIAS (VI)**
Senior Correspondent

Martha Gross, who has spent the month of May collecting doodles from around the school, has begun to notice an unforeseen phenomenon: contributions to the doodle gallery are no longer being made purely by students.

The project, which constitutes Gross's senior-year Independent Study Project (ISP), was originally intended as a demonstration of either the artistic talent or the boredom of the laity. Now, however, it appears to have shifted gears.

As contributions began to roll in, Gross put up posters around school designed for impromptu graffiti.

"Some of what the teachers have contributed has been quite... revealing," she said.

She cited the first doodle that seemed somehow unusual. It was a page full of students who had no mouths.

"Initially, this seemed just as absurd as any other submission, but then I noticed the Library of Congress call number in the corner."

Gross now attributes the



contribution to Mrs. Seebald in the quiet side of the library.

When this reporter approached Mrs. Seebald on the issue, the librarian ducked under a desk and ignored further questions.

The second submission that piqued Gross's interest was a sheet of unlined paper that had the words "Mrs. Tim Lear" and "Ananya Lear" scrawled across it dozens of times in curly gel-pen.

"From that point," Gross continued, "it just got ridiculous."

One note that was turned in had an ornate picture of a crocodile, but was labeled "Quocodile!!" Another scrap of paper shows a childish-drawn house with a chimney and a

family, and the word "some-day" scrawled across it. It was accompanied by the signature "MISTER Corvino!"

Gross said that other drawings were not as obviously signed; however their authors remained obvious. For example, she credits a sheet with the words "Tu caudax es" ornately written to Mrs. Lebowitz

Mrs. Lebowitz translated the latin to "You are a blockhead," but would not comment on its authorship.

An upper-school office memo was turned in with a doodle of a long, flowing skirt and the word "uhhhhhhh." Gross attributes these to Mrs. Hearst and Mr. Leef, respectively.

One cryptic submission in-

cluded a heart around the initials SK and TL. Upon inspection of the print, Gross thought it to be the work of Mrs. Kinney, ostensibly as a testament to her affection for Mr. Lear.

Finally, there is a pile that Gross considers "obvious and not even good doodles." This includes a free-body diagram signed JJJ, a paw print that matches Jed's exactly, and a historical outline of the United States with the words "Tippecanoe and DeSimone too!"

Gross said that only one submission had to be thrown away. "It was a drawing signed by Naz," she said, "and it was far, far too explicit to possibly put up."

Mr. Nazario would not comment on the issue.

**MR. AND MRS. GRANT
CAUGHT HOOKING UP
AGAIN IN STAIRWELL**

STUDENT STABS EYES OUT

**Mr. Leef Sits With Couple
During Extraordinarily
Awkward Call Home**

By **ROY ZHAO (IV)**

Actually, that's pretty much it. Man, my editor is going to be so angry with this word count. I know: I'll pretend it's continued! Score.

Continued on Page B2

Polyglot Writers Planning Massive Tower to Stretch Toward Heaven

By **RACHEL ZOITLER (V)**
Junior Correspondent

Polyglot writers have submitted initial papers to the administrative and maintenance staff for construction permits for an ambitious new project.

The editorial board said in a press meeting that their intention was to reach toward the Eternal by way of an enormous building, which would also serve as a new Headquarters.

They plan to have it done by 2012, an important year in the Mayan calendar and an otherwise "important spiritual date," in the words of Caroline Pinke, an editor.

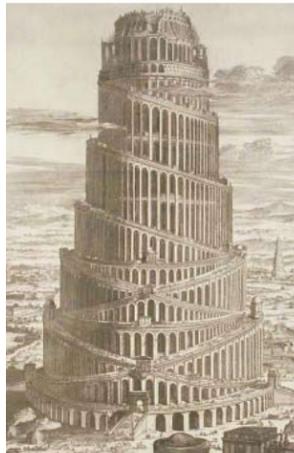
The polyglot writers also noted their intense antipathy toward the Eternal and their equally-intense dislike for the limits of human ingenuity.

"How did man get to where he is today?" asked Olivia Delia, Form VI.

A small crowd surrounding her shouted "hubris!" and threw their arms in the air.

Responding to calls from religious groups to halt the project, Polyglot officials noted that their architects were hoping to make the structure match the new field house.

Mr. Raby warned against the construction, but he was largely ignored.



An architect's sketch of what the building might look like.



**Lower School Hanted By Ghost Of Former
Headmaster's Evil Twin, Mister Meanwender**



**Paper Cups Totally Confusing In
Recycling**

Top Headlines

Sam Baron Rescues Baby Seals From Poachers, Citizens'-Arrests Poachers

Hallie Bianco's Fashion Photography Lauded as "Vapid" and "Trite"

Male Student and Date Have Different Ideas About Prom As "A Night Of Enchantment"

New Robotics Club Tee: "Hold My 34th Place Participation Ribbon While I Fantasize About Your Girlfriend!"

APness Proves Long, Hard for Overworked Hands

Spam Filter Misses Annoying "Spammail Junk Summary" and Mr. Leef's Emails

Poetry Day Poet Forgets Briefcase, Freestyles Poorly, Is Not Noticed

Mr. Sluyter Hittin' Up Baked Sale

Eckenthal Movie ISP Enters Pornography Phase, Reviews Become More Interesting

Jenna Devine, Evan Rosenman Not Even Honorably Mentioned For Improvement Award and Golf Prize

Mrs. Lionetti "Totally Nosy," Probably Telling All Your Secrets To Dr. Richardson

Trevor Topf At Lower School Training Children To Retake Sudetenland

Andrew Sartorius Loses Fight With Straw Man: Thoreau To Sartorius: "Did You Even Read Walden?"

Sam Baron Ends Darfur Crisis, Brings Affordable Medical Insurance To Refugees

Awards Ceremony Destroyed By Vicious Attack of Death-Eaters and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Honorably-Mentioned

Most Of Class of 1998 Returns To Teach

Top Officials Confident That Private Baron Can Help In Gaza Once He's Done Saving Failed War in Iraq

Ben Mackoff Finally Heading Off to College With Super-Double AP Honors

Sections In This Issue

A whole lot of really great reporting from around the school....1
Faculty Gossip.....2-3
More Crap!.....5-6
Mirrors, you narcissistic pig.....7
Confidentials Nothing of Interest! Don't look here!.....8-30

Hungry?
Looking for the
NEWEST
Chinese Food near Pingry?

TRY
CHIMNEY WOK

Sample Our
LOADED WOK NOODLES
(WITH BACON, CHEESE, AND GRAVY)
MARGARITA BEEF!
(OR HAVE PEPPERONI ON YOUR SESAME CHICKEN!)
AND MORE!

800 North Thomson Avenue, Bridgewater, NJ

BW EXCLUSIVE:

ALEX DAIFOTIS

The Broken Wreckord sat down last week with junior Alex Daifotis to catch up with him about his time here at Pingry.

The Broken Wreckord: It's good to sit down with you. You're a sophomore at Pingry, correct?

Alex Daifotis: That's precisely correct, and it's a pleasure to be here.

BW: That's great. As you know, we're the satirical side of the Pingry Record, the school newspaper.

AD: I've heard that.

BW: Right. Well, anyway, how has your year been?

AD: It's been fine.

BW: Great. Well, we asked you here because you have a reputation as one of many students who ask many questions to every assembly speaker.

AD: Let me ask you something: Do you think that this is comedy?

BW: Excuse me? I mean...

AD: Because given the extremely cantankerous political climate throughout the world at the moment, is comedy really the answer?

What I'm trying to ask is whether you think that with socio-economic constraints like

- A) the current Gas Tax Holiday Bill before congress,
- B) lingering Francophobia,
- C) the tendency of countries like Russia to degenerate into practical dictatorships because of the lack of an innate political culture that would inhibit the repression of grassroots political subjugation, and
- D) the accelerating use of personal camcorders as a means of communication between terror cells, with regard to

1) Afghani and
2) other global insurgencies,
might weigh upon your ability or even your right to satirize the foibles of our perfectionist society.

BW: Well... no. Not really.

AD: Oh. Right. Well, thanks again for coming.

BW: Do you have to get to class?

AD: Huh, yep. Guess I'll be seeing you around.

You Catch Soulja Boy At Your Local Party

By **RENNIE ZOLTAN (VI)**

Sources confirmed early Tuesday that a man named Soulja Boy was sighted at your local party.

Outside of the party, party-goers said that the man claimed to have a new eponymous dance for you. The dance requires you to punch in the air and jump

backwards three times from left to right.

He commanded the small gathering around him to watch him lean and rock, then began imitating Superman and Robocop, famous superheroes.

Once the mysterious man was done pretending to fly, he showed the audience his impressive wardrobe and noted that his detractors were probably

jealous of his shoes and hooded sweatshirt.

Yes, He Cranks It Every Day

His clothing, he claimed, was designed by special swimming monkeys.

Although the crowd was dense and thoroughly excited, they soon realized that his song was terrible and left.

The Broken Wreckord

Editors and Head Writers

Ricky Zacharias

Richard Z.

R. R. Zacharias

The Second Son of Emily Zacharias

Somewhat helpful

Scotthaniel E.

Louser R.

Kriskros M.

Pretty helpful

Teh Good Doctah

Jack Da Massimo

Darina Ssetraxgqhman

Mary Skeeeeba

The Broken Wreckord is a satirical publication. All content in this paper is meant to entertain and should not be taken seriously. Except for that. And that. And that. And that...

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

It's Getting Hata In Here!

by **Mr. TOMMIE HATA (Biology)**

What up Pingry! I wuz gonna write you a letter, but instead imma list mah favorite proteins.

What up!

- 1. Tripsin
- 2. DNA Helicase
- 3. Green florescent protein (GSP)
- 4. T7 RNA polymerase
- 5. Oxidosqualene Cyclase
- 6. Topoisomerase
- 7. Phenynine Hydroxylase

- 8. Carbonic Anhydrase
- 9. 3'-5' Exo-nuclease Hexokinase

10. Phosphoglucose Isomerase

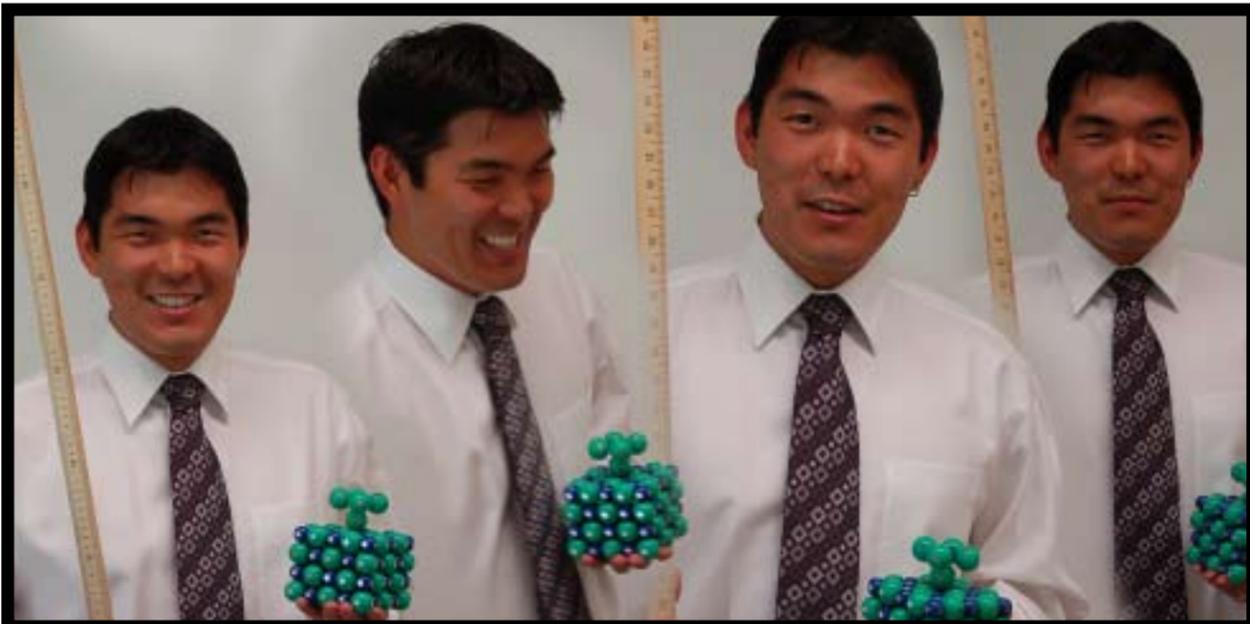
- 11. Phosphofructokinase
- 12. Fructose 1,6-bisphosphate Aldolase

13. Triose Phosphate Isomerase

- 14. Glyceraldehyde-3-Phosphate Dehydrogenase

- 15. Phosphoglycerate Kinase

But you can look all of these up on my website! You can also check out my awesome bread up there. It's super awesome. Pingrybiology.com. Did you hear that? Pingrybiology.com. Understand me? Pingrybiology.com! I'm trying to tell you, PINGRYBIOLOGY.COM



NEWS IN BRIEF

Senior Play "Amateurs" Not As Much Like 1975 Porn As Record Picture Would Have Audience Believe

The Drama IV Play "Amateurs" did not match audience expectations in the realm of vintage pornographic material, an opinion showed. Many students entered the theater expecting a naughty, wild show full of mustacioed men and colorfully-clad women, only to be vexed by the relatively tame content.

"If you saw the picture on the front of the Record, it was clearly headed toward something dirty," explained one anxious sophomore after the Friday night show.

"With Ricky in that pedophilic mustache pouring drinks for Hallie in those scandalous tights... I was disappointed."

One freshman was extremely quick to point blame, standing up during the applause to hiss loudly and shout "Darina, you'll pay for this! May the Record burn bright tonight!"



This Record cover photo excited many underclassmen, who then attended the play expecting a retro-feeling raunchy night of drama. The play, they say, did not live up to expectations.

Teens Singing Catchy New Song: "I Say Tomato, You Say Marotto"

A new pop song is sweeping the teenager scene this month, bringing swell times to the whole country.

"I say tomato, you say Marotto," sang a teenybopper on the train home from a day of shopping.

According to music experts, the song is causing a stir because of its pleasant, easy-going lyrics.

"I say potato, you say Parvensky," runs the next line.

Regional linguists have used the song as an example of the localization of English dialects in America, where there "tomato" of one area is the "Marotto" of another.

New Jerseyans, for example, almost exclusively say "potato" when referring to the starchy tuber, while Idahoans generally use the term "Parvensky."

To Dismay of Students, Teachers On Facebook Begin Posting Photos

As a growing faction of Pingry teachers activate Facebook accounts, a large subset is beginning to utilize the photo-sharing function of the website.

There was some tumult in the halls early Thursday when a group of freshmen came upon an electronic photography album by Mrs. Cassidy chronicling the childhoods of her daughters.

Another collection came online two days later with scandalous photos of a faculty outing to New York City, with teachers Mrs. Wolfson and Mrs. Landau posing in dozens of pictures, all basically the same.

"They really have the pose down," said sophomore Jenny Gorelick, citing a picture of Dr. DeSimone holding the peace sign up while making a "kissy face" and looking away from the camera.

Although Mr. Keating put pictures of his wife's delivery online, they were immediately reported to the Facebook authorities as inappropriate and taken down.

Lisa See Forgets To Mention That Secret Long-Dead Chinese Female Language Is Also Cursed

Audience members were surprised that she was still talking.

Sixth-Year Cedrick Diggory Found Dead! Tri-Wizard Cup Was A Portkey!

Onlookers were devastated to see fourth-year Harry Potter returning to the stadium with the corpse of a classmate in his arms.

Potter explained to the crowd that his classmate had been killed by He-Whose-Name-Must-Not-Be-Written before an intense wizard duel between He-For-Whom-Pronouns-Are-A-Necessary-Evil and Harry Potter.

Though at first shocked and disbelieving, the crowd eventually understood the entire episode with the help of Harry's explanation.

"You see," Potter shouted, "Mad-Eye Moody was really Barty Crouch using polyjuice potion. He's the one who entered my name into the tournament, and switched the real tri-wizard cup with a portkey so that He-Who-Whatever could get me!"

Audience members were surprised that he was still talking.

Hyde and Watson Gym "Evil" and "Inferior at Solving Mysteries," Says Jekyll and Sherlock Gym

The Jekyll and Sherlock Gym at the Pingree School issued a statement this week criticizing Pingry's Hyde and Watson Gym.

"Wee heere at Pingree just don't theenk verree highlee of thees geem," the Headmaster reemarked.

More Like SuperBAD!

By REYNOLD ZITCH (III)
Fresh Correspondent

Last summer was the birth of a host of brilliant films (read: I positively devoured Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End). No person will deny that. But there seems to be a consensus forming that one movie, one despicable fecal speck of a film, somehow deserves special accolade as "Best in Show."

I say, it deserves a title

young men in our society were sucked into the whirlwind of Hollywood.

These days, it is not so simple for youths to blossom in our society. The second to last thing they require is an audacious film director who cares nothing for their well-being granting them their first jobs. The last thing they need, however, is a set of role models on the silver screen created for the lonely purpose of entertainment and gaiety,



Jonah Hill and Michael Cera star in Seth Rogan's and Evan Goldberg's atrocious attempt at comedy.

closer to "Detest this Show"!

Superbad (more like SuperBAD!) was approximately as entertaining as an operatic version of The Chronicles of Riddick sung in Machu. From the first moment, it was crude, rude, and overly-ballyhooed.

I was floored by its inappropriate use of sexuality with reference to a character's mother. I was disgusted by its lack of thematic imagery and sophisticated musical motif. I was appalled by its indecent "humor." But most of all, I was ashamed that three fine

without compunction or sense of duty.

Would that a fair English actor could teach these young people the meanings of duty, honor, and love of the fatherland.

0 STARS OUT OUT A POSSIBLE 5. SUPERBAD STARS DELINQUENTS JONAH HILL, MICHAEL CERA, AND CHRIS MINTZ-PLASSE. DIRECTED, IF YOU CAN CALL THAT DIRECTION, BY GREG MOTTOLA. IN THEATERS THEN. BUT DON'T EVEN BOTHER.

Mr. Keating Totally Didn't Care About Baby's Due Date

Told Wife "Just Get It To Me When You Can"

By ROBERT ZILCH (IV)

Mr. Keating's wife, Dr. Jennifer Winnell Keating, gave birth to the couple's new daughter in the early hours of May 14, although Mr. Keating didn't really care about the timing.

"I just wanted the baby done. I mean, hey, you know?" he said, citing deadlines that he was facing. He also stated emphatically that he did not necessarily believe that a deadline was necessary, only that the baby was of "good quality."

During the birth, Mr. Keating was seen in the corner reading thorough F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby," shaking uncontrollably and murmuring.

"Yeah, I was pretty much freaking out," he explained. "I just didn't know what to do, and I figured the best

person to advise me was none other than Gatsby. I mean, hey."

Doctors were heard repeatedly asking the new father who John Galt is.

Later, he was spotted sitting at a desk in the hall of Princeton Presbyterian Sacred-Mother-of-God's-Glory Hospital chatting with absolutely anyone.

After the birth, Mr. Keating took his child and told his wife that he would look over the child and have it back after the weekend with comments written on the baby's arms and legs.

When Mr. Keating and child returned, Dr. Keating was suprised to see her husband and child on the stairmaster together.

Dr. Keating would not comment on the matter, merely rolling her eyes.

News From Around the Region



Ted Moller Dares Wreckord Editor Not To Include Him This Year



Senior Independent Sleep Project Going Extraordinarily Well, Says Researcher

Fashion Tips From Around Pingry!



Erik Moss

It's all about doing it yourself. Like this T-shirt I just made!

The Broken Wreckord set out to define Pingry fashion, but we had a hard time getting it quite right. Going through the halls, we got many different answers. Here are just a few of our favorite fashion tips:



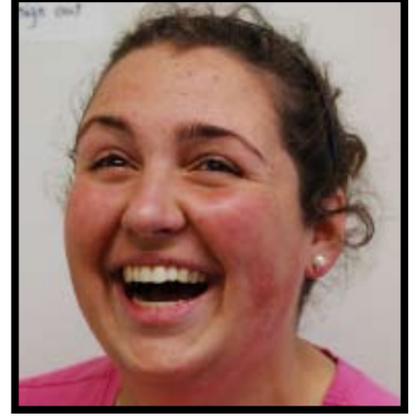
Señora Godfrey

Wearing black can help accent the ridiculous color of your hair!



Trevor Topf

I wear Brooks Brothers so I can infiltrate the filthy capitalists!



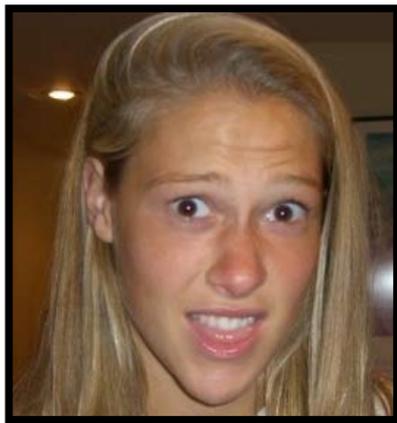
Meredith Skiba

Advice!?! What!?! Ahhhh. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Ah! I'm sorry!



Mr. Jenkins

Keep it classy. Stay up with the times. Peace up, A-Town down!



Abby Machernis

Walking is in. Leg casts are so five minutes ago!



Katie Morash

The three P's of fashion: poncho, Poncho, PONCHO!



Mrs. Landau

The Dutch make the most fabulous sweaters! Have you seen my orange one?

¡Señor Reflection!

By **RICKY ZACHARIAS (VI)**

When the Record begged me to write a senior reflection and I told them that I'd found a much more prestigious and journalistically daring paper in which to publish my dearest thoughts, I thought about how little I like it when people start any kind of paper this way.

Since I've entered Pingry, countless students, including Olivia Delia, Jenna Devine, Evan Rosenman, Jillian Lubetkin, Heather Benjamin, Marissa Bialecki, Nadine Reitman, Caroline Savello, Sam Tasher, and Tina Christakos, have referred to writing their reflections within their reflections. I just have a predilection against that kind of thing.

Anyway, without further ado: a reflection without meta-reflection.

When you first sat down to read this reflection, you didn't know where to start.

Let me give this a second shot.

Almost every senior wants to give you some advice. Lacrosse players will tell you to start playing lacrosse early, actors will tell you to get involved in

the arts, and a few zealous non-conformers will tell you not to listen to everyone else.

Well, they're all got it wrong. The only applicable advice for a rising sophie, jun-jun, or seenya like you is as follows: no matter how hard you try, no matter how many people you shove under you, the space program is extremely selective and you shouldn't get your hopes up about it.

Now, my detractors will be the first to point out the apparent fatal flaw of my argument: it is almost universally inapplicable, and useless to even the few to whom it pertains.

To those people, I have only one piece of wisdom: the space program is, indubitably and undeniably, a very special and interesting waste of taxpayers' money, and selective about its astronauts.

Perhaps you're beginning to see what I'm driving at. Maybe, however, you've still got your eye on a Mars landing.

Assuming neither of those is the case, I will leave you with three solid commandments that I truly believe in. Take these with you, and I don't see how you can screw up too badly:

1) Establish basic principles about how you want to live your

life based on the conduct of the people you admire, and go from there.

2) Never forget to eat the frozen yogurt in the cafeteria when it is available.

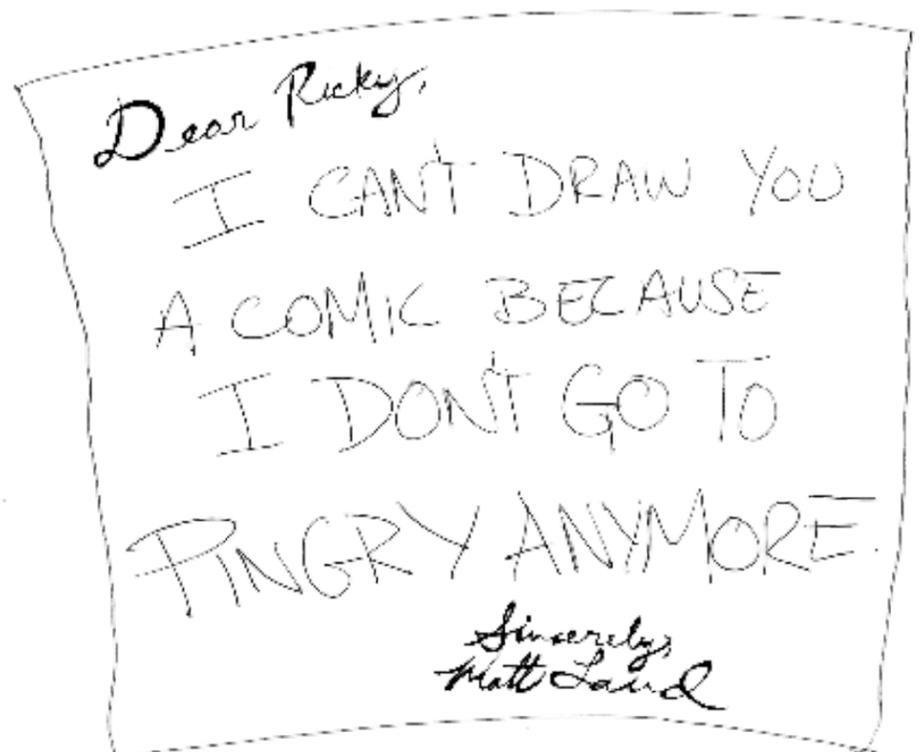
3) Do not forget that you are your brother's keeper, but if you are also a monkey's uncle, then you really need to get your brother and his wife some help.

If I may be so bold as to misquote Herman Blume, "You guys have it real easy. I never had it like this where I grew up. But I send my kids here because the fact is you go to one of the best schools in the country: Pingry. Now, for some of you it doesn't matter. You were born rich and you're going to stay rich. But here's my advice to the rest of you: Take dead aim on the rich boys. Get them in the crosshairs and take them down. Just remember, they can buy anything but they can't buy backbone. Don't let them forget it."

Your friend,
Ricky Zacharias

Note: Although asked, neither Medusa nor Dracula were comfortable sending in a reflection. Dracula complained about not being able to make his reflection happen, and Medusa's computer just froze up.

Comic



by Matt Laud, Form VII