

The Broken Wreckord 2003



THE ONLY PINGRY PAPER WITH THE GUTS TO TELL IT LIKE IT REALLY IS!

MARTINSVILLE? BERNARDS TOWNSHIP? WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?, NJ

MAY 2003

DELBARTON ADMITS GIRLS Mass Exodus of Females From Pingry

BY SUSANNAH BRAGG (V)
The Headmaster of Delbarton School, a traditionally all-boys private school located in Morristown, NJ, announced yesterday that he had finally decided to allow girls to attend the school.

On hearing the news, every single member of the female sex rushed out of Pingry's Martinsville campus to hightail it to Delbarton. A large mass of women subsequently formed around the Delbarton building, as teenage girls from all over the state gathered to chant: "Hey, girls,

get in line, Delby boys are really fine." Other cheers included "I love the 'Green Wave,' makes me want to misbehave" and "Delbarton is the place for me, Let's all join in jubilee!"

No small number of fights have broken out between students from Pingry and local all-girls school Kent Place. "You're ugly," shouted one Kent Place student to a Pingry girl. The Pingry-ite then replied, "You look like a man," to which the Kent Place girl retorted, "I don't like you." Hair-grabbing inevitably followed.

Susannah Bragg (V)



She'll bite for her man!

Delbarton males are frightened, to say the least. Unable to leave their school without being mobbed, many of the boys are attending religious services to pray for peace. The student body president made a brief statement that the



Susannah Bragg (V)

They're off to get themselves some decent boyfriends!

girls should "have no fear" for there is "plenty to go around."

Other boys have taken more precautionary measures, such as locking up windows and hiding in bathrooms. An underground movement for an escape route has also been showing grassroots strength. One of the renegades leaked that the movement, which

calls itself Operation Run Freedom Run, plans to "send out a couple of our guys to distract the girls with their hotness, so that the rest of us can make a break for it. We recognize that we'll have to leave a few men behind for the diversion to be successful, but that's a price we're willing to pay."

Meanwhile, a coalition of Pingry boys have embarked on a crusade to get their girls back. John Porges (VI), in a sacrifice for the good of the school, has taken to wearing lederhosen all day long and serenading passers-by with his rendition of "The Lonely Goatherd." Amit Kumar (V) has been walking around the

perimeter of the Delbarton mob, warning girls that he will soon stop accepting applicants for his prom date. There is little luck to be had, however. Even Eric Bergh (VI) struck out recently with his seemingly foolproof rendition of "Brown-Eyed Girl": two Balladeers were overheard telling him to "get some new songs. And our eyes are hazel, by the way."

Now that some of the confusion has died down, however, a substantial number of Pingry girls have decided to return. "I camped outside for three nights," relates a sophomore, "and all I got was a bloody nose from a fiery little Pingry Middle Schooler who mistook me for an Oak Knoll girl." A freshman girl even states that she doesn't "see what all the fuss over Delbarton is about. Pingry guys are just too darn hot."

"Our boys may be dysfunctional," says one senior, "but when it comes down to it, I just can't help myself."

'Joe Millionaire' Plotline Adopted

BY AARON SUSSMAN (VI)
At a recent assembly, Mr. Neiswender made a startling announcement that The Pingry School, a "private high school" in Martinsville, New Jersey, is in fact just part of a reality series. In actuality, our school is a struggling public school desperately in need of funds.

Since being lied to, students found it difficult to maintain their love for Pingry, especially after realizing that it is in fact a dilapidated shack split into two rooms for "readin" and "ritin." Students expressing dissatisfaction towards this revelation were criticized by some as being "shallow," despite the fact that five are already dead from falling pipes, exploding copiers, and exposure to a potent asbestos/pesticide/ricin combination that was used to clean the chalk boards.

One incredulous student asked Mr. Neiswender, "If we are a struggling public school

that is severely lacking in resources, then how do we afford to drive those SUV's in the parking lot?" Mr. Neiswender responded with a chuckle, "Why, those vehicles run on the crushed hopes of schoolchildren."

Along with this major news, it was also revealed that Mr. Rohdie is really a 5 foot tall Korean woman, that Jed is actually running both the school and the 7th Congressional District, and that the Broken Wreckord is in fact a humor newspaper.



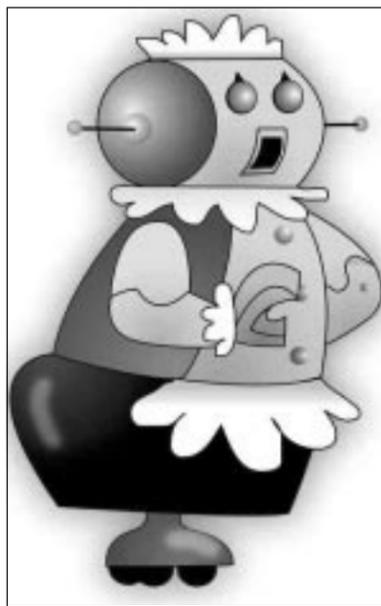
Adam Rohdie.

Assembly Speaker Clearly Having Nervous Breakdown

BY AARON SUSSMAN (VI)
This past Friday, Dr. Ed Tomlinson, chair of the Political Science Department at the University of Pennsylvania, delivered his lecture at assembly while clearly in the midst of a nervous breakdown.

What was supposed to be an oration about the effects of global, neo-liberal, free-trade policies in Latin America turned into a semi-coherent rant about topics such as the invasion of Panama, scrambled cable, Diem, socks with the individual toes, Rosie ("that damn robot from the Jetsons who thought she was so stinkin smart"), Pete Rose, and an inexplicable condemnation of bird feeders.

Dr. Tomlinson, a 50-year-old man with no hair, approached the podium appearing very pale and sweating profusely. After spending ap-



Instead of talking about what he supposed to, Ed Tomlinson babbled about Rosie the Robot and toe socks.



proximately seven minutes dabbling his forehead with his necktie, Dr. Tomlinson began his presentation: "Good evening. This is my third lec-

ture today, and only my second as myself. For my first lecture I was Henry Louis Gates Jr. I just arrived in Martinsville, NJ, an hour ago.

I came by sea turtle. Sometimes my hem comes loose. Who here has heard of NAFTA? How about the WTO? How about the FTAA? Smirk at my marmots. How about FIFA? How about WWF? That stands for World Wildlife Wrestling Federation. Panda Crunch!"

Dr. Tomlinson then spent nine minutes performing the "Panda Crunch" on what seemed to be an invisible opponent.

"In conclusion," screamed Dr. Tomlinson, "a global community must be willing to cooperate and remove all barriers, like the barriers that arise when a father throws his son out of the house because the son borrowed the car and crashed into a telephone pole when some jerk cut him off so it wasn't even his fault. Let's paint cabbages."

NO MORE CLOTHES • JED V. GEESE • & MORE

Sound the Victory Bell

Those of you who are now reading this paper and hopefully chortling to yourselves cannot begin to imagine the tears, sweat, brawls, and power struggles that went into making this issue. Old orders were torn down, dictators attempted to seize power, heroes were born....

Well, basically we couldn't get people to write. When one of our editors politely questioned a writer about the whereabouts of her article, she burst into tears and has since avoided looking any of us in the eye in the hallway. Another writer assured us, "Oh, sure, I wrote it weeks ago. It's really good, too. Like money." He then went to go "fetch it out of his locker" and proceeded to be absent for the rest of the week.

One freshman thought we were asking him to write for the Record instead of the Broken Wreckord and responded, "Come on, seriously, who wants to write for that? Oh, I mean..." He quickly scurried off and has recently been sighted hiding out in the catwalks of the new theater. He is incredibly hard to spot, though, as he has painted his entire body a metallic gray and spends most of his time creeping around, talking to his "preciousssss."

A number of Middle Schoolers seemed simply overcome with intimidation at the sight of us. In any case, they mumbled something in Latin and crumpled to the floor in little balls. Likewise, black market sales of garlic and holy water went up in the seventh and eighth grade, and teachers were urging their students to "Just say no!" to the Broken Wreckord. There have even been rumors of a PSPA vigilante movement that condones midnight raids to tear up any articles-in-progress in the Middle School. Headmaster Mr. Neiswender declined comment, but a number of parents have sprung up around the school disguised as students and trying to fit in with such hip language as, "Holla back, young'n" and "Man, you best stop mad dawging me or I'll bust a cap in your posterior."

After getting the poor little collapsed Middle Schoolers safely curled up on their couches with a good Harry Potter book, we embarked with new fury on our quest for writers. It was a virtuous crusade, one might say, but then again one would probably be wrong. Still, we battled to save Pingry students from their own procrastination and desire to do nothing.

Sure we encountered some dragons along the way. Our copy editing staff formed a rebel army to protest the "tyrannical, barbaric and downright mean regime" that forced them to write articles. Their cause soon deteriorated into infiltrating our office, sitting around, and eating Doritos, but they did, as a matter of principle, refuse to look at anything that resembled an article while they lounged around.

"You're tearing me apart!" cried our layout editor when we suggested he stop by sometime. "You people don't own me. I believe you may be the anti-Christ." He then dropped the banana he was eating, exclaimed "gosh dernit!" and became very sad. Things were never quite the same for him after that.

Luckily, all turned out well, for I stumbled upon a box of articles lying on the street. People seemed to be running as fast as they could from the box, cursing it and nicknaming it "Pandora's box—the source of all evil in the world." Being the naturally curious person I am, I summoned my courage, opened the box, and released the glory inside.

So after a period of strife and a lot of waiting, here it is for your enjoyment—the Broken Wreckord 2003.

—Susannah Bragg

We Have Guts!

Last year's Broken Wreckord was the first in nearly a decade, and its return seemed to be generally well-received. However, a lot of you completely missed the point of it.

I realized the problem when a bunch of middle schoolers approached me early this year. I was conducting interviews for Kids in the Hall when two little guys asked me, "Are you the kid who made that Broken Wreckord?" When I said yes, they added, "It was really funny."

FUNNY!?! I haven't been so offended since Peking changed its name to Beijing. Susannah and I put so much work into that paper, and you boneheads think it's funny?

It didn't take me long to realize that this problem wasn't confined to the pre-pubescent idiots who cut the lunch line and sit in the nose-bleed section of the auditorium. It seems that the entire school confused this for some kind of "humorous" or "satirical" publication. How could you be so freaking stupid?

Here's a newsflash: our articles are *not* funny, but entirely real and non-fictional. We employ only the most honorable student journalists, and your deplorable, selfish laughter insults their hard work.

Just look at the articles in our paper that were really true. For example, that one about Mr. DuBourg quitting. To those of you who thought that article was funny, let me ask you this: do you see Mr. DuBourg roaming the Pingry halls anymore? I don't think so. Serious, undercover news articles like these are simply not a joking matter.

How about the article regarding the coup d'etat? That came true, too—after all, I don't see Brian Martin around anymore, do you?

And the article about Trem eating the middle schoolers—that one was true as well. Don't try to deny it. The evidence is in Trem's belly: it's six inches thicker than ever before. Disprove that, you critics!

These are only a few of the countless examples of The Wreckord's thorough undercover reporting. See for yourself how right we are—if you carefully scrutinize last year's issue, you'll find that over 100% of the articles were entirely truthful.

To help this school's brainless student body better understand our mission, we've adopted a new slogan: we're the only school newspaper with the guts to tell it like it is. Get it? So when you're forced to choose between reading our paper and that other, phony one, we hope you'll choose the real deal. Up yours, Pingry Record!

—David Spett



HITS & MISSES

- Hit:** The Broken Wreckord has taken over the school.
Miss: Nobody cares.
Miss: Middle School secedes from Union.
Hit: Nobody cares.
Miss: Soccer team is deserted as students flock to join extreme ironing team.
Hit: New wing being built for the extreme ironing team.
Hit: There is finally a Quidditch team at Pingry.
Miss: It's a fictional sport.
Hit: Hot boys at Delbarton!
Miss: We already knew that.
Miss: No girls left at Pingry; i.e., nobody intelligent left at Pingry.
Miss: Geese ambush Jed and corner him.
Hit: Jed gets away from the geese and eats lots of goose poop.
Hit: New dress code abolishes all clothes in building.
Miss: Flip-flops still not allowed.
Hit: Robert Zacharias elected student body president.
Miss: Robert Zacharias elected student body president.
Hit: Aaron Sussman will fight to stay in office.
Miss: He was all too eager to show us his new briefs.
Hit: Big Blue has a girlfriend named Big Red.
Miss: She turned him down when he asked her to prom.

The Broken Wreckord



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What would we do without you?	Aaron Sussman
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DAILY LIFE AT THE SCHOOL WE 'LOVE'

Robert Zacharias (V)



The Middle Schoolers have gotten so tiny that we almost can't see them!

Dr. Dineen



Run! Run for your lives! Run! Big Blue is on the rampage!

Dr. Dineen



Practicing our telekinetic skills.



The track is the cool people's favorite hangout.

Nelson Lee (III)



One! Two! I can't go on...

Susannah Bragg (V)



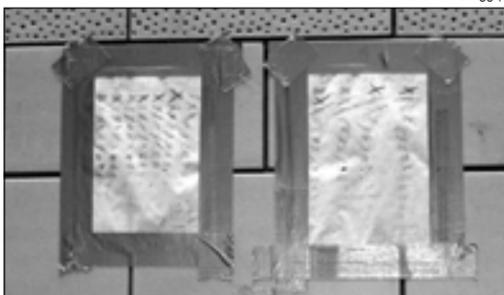
What is that ridiculous paper she's reading? Nobody reads that...

Nelson Lee (III)



"I'm gonna get me some Kibbles 'n' Bits!"

Susannah Bragg (V)



How many days till we're out of this jail cell?

Nelson Lee (III)



No one really knows whose baby this is, so you can buy it from us for the bargain price of \$15.

SAC IN CRISIS

BY JAMES SOMERS

A select few students and teachers were urgently called out of class this week for an emergency meeting of the Social Action Committee. According to one student, the classes left behind "didn't know what was going on," and were "scared it might be really serious."

Little is known about the meeting, except for the information leaked in an all-school handout, which read as follows:

"When the committee members finally settled down in the faculty lounge, the Head Socialite, Mr. John Neiswender, revealed the developing crisis. 'What we have here is a daunting task,' he explained. 'I went around the school, and you know what I saw? Half the room gasped, imagining the horrible possibilities. 'I'll tell you what I saw... People out of place everywhere! They just don't know who their friends are these days.'"

Mr. Neiswender declined an interview, saying only, "We made a plan. You guys will like it."

Luckily, though, Assistant Head Socialite Mr. Adam Rohdie was open to comment. "Well, the social situation is really getting out of

According to Mr. Rohdie, the plan involves creating a system to keep track of students' social status. Students will know exactly who their friends are, and they will be placed into rigid groups according to their social standing.

Moreover, students can improve their status through a variety of procedures, each worth a specific point value. Rohdie says focus is placed on "relationships that people have with members of the opposite sex, athletic ability, good looks, and a sense of



Jack Zoepfel (V) reels in horror

style" when it comes to ranking students.

There is even a prototype digital board that Apu and Mr. Hata are working on to post continually updated social information.

Asked in a survey to give their reactions to the new plans, an overwhelming 198% of students, teachers, and staff marked the box that said, "The whole thing is perfect." The 15 students who disagreed, all members of the Get A Life (GAL) group, said "our sys-



Sumeet Shah (V) holds his brain in awe

tem is better. We would have voted yes, but Mr. Neiswender said we couldn't be the top-ranked students."

The plan is expected to be implemented soon, with Social Awareness Aptitude Tests to be held in early March.

New Dress Code: No Clothes!

BY SUSANNAH BRAGG (V)

The administration made a drastic change in dress code policy last Friday when Upper School Head Mr. Adam Rohdie declared that all clothes would hereby be strictly forbidden in and around the school building. Signs have even gone up around the building reading "Get Naked or Get Out" and "Be in the mood, boys and girls, to be as nude as little squirrels."

After spending so much time measuring the length of girls' skirts and urging boys to tuck in their shirts, the teachers are relieved about the new change. "We were tired of having to judge students' attire on an individual basis," says Mrs. Patty Hearst, Dean of the Upper School and former convict of bank robbing. "This way, you're either naked or you're out of dress code. No more will students try getting away with flip-flops. I'd like to see them try. Bring it on, I say to any such rebels without a cause. Bring it on."

The decision came in a meeting of Student Body President Aaron Sussman's dress code committee. Unable to come to a consensus on flip-flops, the students chose to get rid of shoes altogether, but as one member of the committee put it, "Why stop there? No flip-flops? Puh. I say no shoes! No clothes! Our power stretches to the end of the universe!"

Drunk on power, the members of the committee then proceeded to rip off all their clothes and run around the school shouting proclamations of equality and liberation. The rest of the student body was slightly baffled and horrified by the sight, but in no time, more courageous students had shed their shoes and

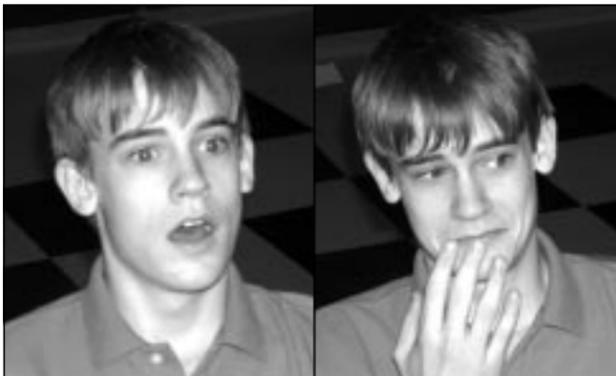
was punished for wearing a skirt on Monday asks, "What about our individuality? Are we not being deprived of an essential way to express ourselves?" Counters a freshman: "We're all equal now! Eat my shorts, seniors, I'm sitting on your couches. Hehehehe!" (This young man was soon picked up and hoisted out a

ents. Older students have since taken to wearing red and gold socks on their left feet as badges of honor to remember Harry. Many have even been heard shouting slogans like "Harry lives!," "Come on Mary, don't tarry, We can't let them bury Harry!," and "Harry is a berry!" (No one quite knows the origins of that last one, but it is effective nonetheless).

Teachers have also been complaining about a lack of focus in class. "There has recently been an increase in people diagnosed with ADD," says Psychology teacher Dr. Michael Richardson. "People just can't seem to pay attention in class lately."

Still, many have embraced the new direction the school has taken. According to one passionate sophomore girl, "this should be a democracy, a meritocracy. Now we are all on even ground. Look at our idol, Big Blue! Did he need clothes to succeed? I think not."

"If you think about it, clothes contradict everything the honor code stands for," says a representative of the honor board. "They are a way of hiding our true selves, keeping something private, deceiving others. Garments are only a mask to project a false image to the world. Thus, clothes are lies. Lies, I tell you! Burn them! Burn them to the ground and feel the warmth of truth and honesty."



Greg Selover (III) is shocked ...but pleased

sweaters.

The administration, which had committed itself to endorse the committee's ruling, had no choice at this point. Upper School Head Mr. Adam Rohdie announced that clothes "and whatever happens to be wearing them" would no longer be permitted in this institution. Jed the dog was soon placed at the front entrance of the building to scare off any students who tried to sneak in with a hat or a belt or other such contraband.

Though the new policy has been running smoothly for the past week, several people are still hesitant. One junior who

nearby window to tumultuous applause.)

One girl came to school in a scarf and tried to use the excuses, "I'm cold" and "It's snowing outside." Mr. Rohdie wasn't about to fall for that kind of jabberwocky. "These little tykes," he chuckled as he booted her out of the school. "Who needs them?"

A number of students have chosen civil disobedience. Seventh grader Harry Frotman refused to remove the sock he wore to school yesterday and, after surviving hours of grilling and mind games in Mr. Rohdie's office, the brave little soul was sent home to his par-

MIDDLE SCHOOL SECEDES FROM UNION; CIVIL WAR ERUPTS

BY ADAM GOLDSTEIN (III)

Following years of uneasy contact, a civil war erupted today between the Middle School and Upper School. This occurred just two days after Daniel Davidson, the Form II president, drafted his own constitution and urged Middle School students to "fight the oppression of Aaron Sussman and all his ilk."

Battles ranging from heated verbal exchanges to full-fledged physical clashes erupted throughout the school in the morning. Remy Dell'ermo (I) stood over the bloodied remains of Tomo Gibson (VI) and summed up his skirmish by saying, "He tried these crazy kung-fu-ish moves on me, and I was just like, 'Bam,' and he fell down and started bleeding. I was like 'Whoa. Stupid Yankee.'"

The war has not been bad for all members of the community, however. Joe Della Rosa (VI) has been filming many of the especially gory encounters for his new movie, "Uppa Skool." Members of Amnesty International are re-



Scene from the so-called "Battle of the Dining Room"

lieved to finally have something to talk about, and students who eat E lunch are happy to find food left over for them, unaware that they're eating blood-tainted Marinara sauce.

Meanwhile, those who do not want to fight have been left with few options. Robert Zacharias (V) has become the unofficial Upper School drummer, marching down the halls playing his bongos. Other pacifists have hidden out in the drafting room. "It's far enough from the action that we're pretty safe. Nobody goes here, anyway,"

said an anonymous source.

Middle Schoolers have begun seeking refuge at the Short Hills campus, fitting in almost naturally. However, some have not fit in as well as others. John Kolb (II) was easily discovered posing as a visiting kindergarten student when he told the teacher that he "imperatively needed to make use of the facilities."

The Middle School Constitution, which started the whole conflict, has received mixed reviews. Middle School Head Dr. Robert Macrae praised it as "a marvel of writing and a long-due document for our

little kiddie-widdies."

Upper School Head Adam Rohdie has been decidedly more critical, especially during his weekly Tuesday assembly speech. After reading the announcements this past Tuesday, he read the students the entire bible in four languages.

He finished the sermon by saying, "The lesson we should get out of this book is that the Middle School Constitution is a mistake, and we can all learn a thing or two from the situation ... or something. Have a great week."



An agonizing kick to the abdomen takes a soldier down.

FEATURES

A Restaurant Review Engel Dining Room Has Fantabulous Smorgasbord

BY DAVID "SUE ME SHAH" SPETT (V)

This past Wednesday, I took my father and my brother Snachin to the hottest eatery in all of Bernards Township: the Engel Dining Room. I knew the Dining Room would be great as soon as we drove up: it was so crowded that there was no parking at all!

The smorgasbord offered a plethora of choices. My father chose pasta with red sauce. I chose pasta with red sauce. Snachin chose pasta with red sauce and a piece of garlic bread.

The pasta was superlative and perfectly al dente. The sauces complemented it with the perfect blend of water and food coloring. After only a few bites, my appetite became sated, and I could not eat any more.

I did not have the garlic bread, but when Snachin bit into his, he cracked a tooth and began screaming and bleeding profusely. Frankly, he should have visited the dentist prior to feasting at the Engel Dining Room. I luckily saved the



MarissaDrell (V)

"I just looove this jar!"

day by giving Snachin my napkin to dab his wound.

To drink, I had the chocolate milk, which was fabulously piquant. It tasted as if the cafeteria staff had just milked the chocolate cow moments ago. My father drank the Big Blue Punch, which he found sweet and tangy.

For dessert, I had French Vanilla flavored frozen yogurt, which was splendid. It was so tasty, yet so uniquely different

from yesterday's flavor, Simply Vanilla.

Overall, the Engel Dining Room offers fabulous fare that can't be beaten anywhere in Bernards Township. It's certainly the best place to go on a date or with your peer group.

Ratings (on a scale from 1 to 10):

Food: 1,000,000

Décor: 100

Service: 99999

Cost/Person: Free

JED UNDERGOES GEESE-HATING CONDITIONING

BY AARON SUSSMAN (VI)

JED is a border collie recently hired by Pingry to work with the maintenance staff as a solution to the "Goose Problem." JED, whose name stands for "Justice Equals Death," has undergone a vicious training program which has transformed him into a "water fowl killing machine."

JED started out at a training facility in Virginia. Here, he was forced into a Clockwork Orange-type chair device and made to watch terrifying movies of goose violence, including footage of geese dismembering a puppy, geese lighting dog houses on fire, geese grabbing rawhide bones and then flying away, and one harrowing image of a goose inserting a chew toy into a dog's collar and causing the dog extreme distress when unable to remove it.

In order to learn discipline, JED was sent to a special school for gifted dogs. He did not get along with the faculty or his classmates. After a private meeting with the Dean of the school, Muffykins, JED emerged from the office with

blood stained jowls, howling at his defeated prey. JED also bit into the jugular vein and killed his acting Professor, Benji.

At Pingry, JED has already slain and consumed roughly three dozen geese, and two or

possibly three middle schoolers. Though many are pleased with JED's work, several found it disconcerting when JED, using his paw, carved the words "JED WANT BLOOD" into the sand on the softball field.

David Spett (V)



His looks are deceiving: JED has blood on his cute mind

Coming in the Next Broken Wreckord:

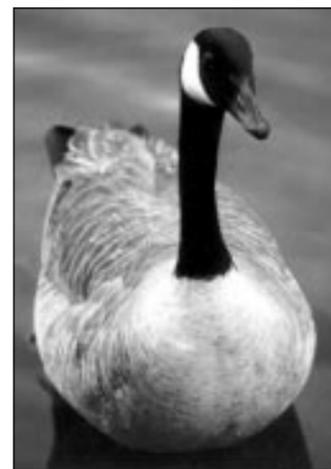
Q&A with Jed the Dog

AND

Q&A with the Geese



CANINE VS. CANADIAN: SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST



"If I could h*\$% anyone's leg in the school, it would be Mr. Neiswender's. I know he'd enjoy it."

"If that Jed thinks he can stop me from defecating all over the fields, he's got another think coming!"

A A R O N ' S N E E

(NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH)

BY AARON SUSSMAN (VI)

Bake Sale Goes Long Way in Funding New Wing

After realizing that construction of the new arts wing would be a major expense, Mr. Neiswender called an emergency meeting of the Community Service Club. "Look," said the headmaster, "we estimated our costs a little bit inaccurately, and it is up to you to raise some money to help the school out. I believe this can only be done with a bake sale. We need \$3,249,159.55 ... give or take."

"Let's make chocolate-filled puff pastries!" chimed in club President Edward Barsamian (VI).

The bake sale was wildly successful. Rice Krispy treats went for \$10,400 each, oatmeal-raisin cookies sold for \$20,000, and double fudge brownies were given only in exchange for donating a new level to the arts wing.

Editor of Broken Wreckord Lied to Again

Editor David Spett was told by Aaron Sussman for the fourth time today that the articles would be in his hand

"tomorrow."

"It is so funny," Sussman said to Spett over the phone, "you called me just as I was finishing my third article." Sussman was in fact eating cookie dough and watching American Idol.

Sussman's articles are officially a month and four days over deadline.

Respect Lost for Dr. John Pingry Due to Picture of Him Next to School Sign

"I knew he founded the school and everything, but I just kinda figured they named it Pingry after he died," says Morty Wackerman (V). "I mean, just calling the school your last name seems pretty dumb. I started the Anime Appreciation Club last year, but it's not like I'm gunna just call it the Wackerman Club," he adds.

Morty was even more disillusioned upon discovering that the new arts wing was to be named Neiswender City.

Giant Swastika Flag Confuses Many on Multicultural Day

Many were confounded by the presence of a large flag featuring a black swastika on the side of the stage during the recent celebration of diversity.

Though the flag was backstage, it was still visible to those sitting on the left side of the auditorium. The assembly was marked by traditional Indian and Irish dance numbers, an exciting hip-hop display, and the waving of a hate symbol from the Third Reich.

When The Broken Wreckord inquired about this oddly placed emblem, it was told, "It was a prop from 'The Sound of Music.' You know that. You were in it, and you are the only one who noticed it during the assembly. Now go away."

Sussman Leads School in Preemptive Mascot Stealing

Upon hearing speculations that Delbarton was planning to steal the beloved Big Blue costume, Student Body President Aaron Sussman launched a full student government invasion of the rival high school. The primary objectives were: destroying Delbarton's mascot-stealing capabilities, liberating the students from an oppressive student government, and preventing them from forming links with other mascot-stealing groups.

When Mr. Neiswender informed Sussman that he was violating many school rules, Sussman merely laughed at him and called him, along with

other dissenters, "a supporter of mascot-stealing." Very few students at Pingry support Sussman's actions, and many think that he has the ulterior motive of attaining the large beverage recourses of Delbarton's cafeteria.

In a recent poll, 98.8% of the students answered "no" when asked, "Are you pleased with Sussman's administration thus far?" One senior didn't find the option of "no" to be suitable, instead asking, "Why is there no option of 'He is an illegitimate, belligerent liar, murderer, and criminal?'"

School Divided Between 'Spitting Image' and 'Myndroht,' Claim 'Spitting Image' and 'Myndroht'

According to Myndroht frontman Ben "Thor" Grant, Pingry students are divided by their allegiances to either hard rock/alternative band Myndroht or punk-rock band Spitting Image. Andrew Heyman, singer/songwriter for Spitting Image, agrees, saying, "Yeah, that may be the only thing that we agree with MyndSUCK on ..." Spitting Image bassist Scott Simon adds, "It's like liking either Elvis or the Beatles. It can't be both."

Myndroht guitarist Alex

Levey concurred: "In the hallways, you can just feel the tension. It builds up like the rockin' guitar solo in Identity (an original Myndroht song). Man, Spitting Image sucks. More like [expletive deleted] Image, if ya ask me."

Asked which band he prefers, Melvin Hulvak (V) replied, "I don't know what you are talking about." Randy McSpackle (IV) had a similar response, saying, "Isn't Myndroht the one with the police tape around the big guy? Um, they're okay, I like their makeup." Hunter Pippy (VI) answered, "I like the band that sounds like Blink-182. It is funny when they choreograph their dance moves."

Spitting Image guitarist Dave Salerno is waiting for the chance to take on Myndroht in a battle-of-the-bands competition. Myndroht drummer Ben Rosenthal says, "Oh, bring it on. Let's just make sure that there is extra security before the school goes nuts over it."

Shirley Manzarek (V), after hearing about this possible school event, exclaimed, "Whatever."

Poetry Festival Scheduled On Same Day as Food Drive

In what administrators insist was just a coincidence, last

months' Poetry Festival happened to fall on the same day as the food drive, for which each student was asked to bring in three cans of food.

During the Poetry Festival, poets read from their published works, talked to the audience, answered questions, and held off death from starvation one day longer.

"I couldn't help but notice how emaciated they were. And I thought it was strange that

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OBJECTS IN THE HALL SPEAK OUT

BY ROBERT ZACHARIAS (V)

**A WALL (III)**

"Being a temporary wall really sucks. I have this feeling of not belonging that follows me around all day. [begins sobbing plaster tears]."

**A FIRE EXTINGUISHER (IV)**

"Someone touched me by accident three years ago. It was exciting. What is Iraq?"

**A STAIRCASE (IV)**

"I just have to be more careful in public places."

**A WATER FOUNTAIN (V)**

"I'm this conduit of life and nobody even cares. How completely unfulfilling."

NEWS BRIEFS

(WITH AARON'S NEW BRIEFS)

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Me, I Haven't Eaten in Weeks."

Teachers Offended by Student Government Announcement

This past Monday, Student Body President Aaron Sussman announced that "there will be a mandatory Student Government meeting this afternoon at 2:00. All are welcome." In a fury, several teachers walked out of the auditorium, complained directly to Mr. Rohdie, refused to talk to Sussman and gave him glares in the hallway, and decided to express to their classes of impressionable students how upset they were.

Though no one made it clear what the exact problem was, many have stated resolutely that "if anything should happen again that offends me ... well, you don't wanna know what I'll do."

When questioned about this, Sussman responded, "Whatever," and then went back to doing his work.

Senior Claiming to Have 'Senioritis' Feels Bad to Find Out Friend has Botulism

Maxwell Dooley (VI), a self-proclaimed victim of "Senioritis," has suffered over the last month from such symptoms as restlessness, lack

of motivation, no desire to enjoy himself, and a resurgence of a past ailment, the "Monday Blues."

After complaining about this affliction to his friend and classmate, Ricky Turner, Dooley "felt bad" to learn that Turner had been experiencing drooping eyelids, an inability to swallow, and paralysis of the respiratory muscles, all due to botulism.

"I thought my Senioritis was pretty bad," said Dooley, "I mean, sometimes I don't even take my backpack out of my car when I get home!" Dooley added, "But I guess Ricky's got it pretty bad too, with being unable to respirate [sic] and all."

Dooley's Senioritis has cleared up with the arrival of his ISP. Turner, however, will probably die.

Slogan for 2004 Prom: 'Condensing the Worst Aspects of High School into One Night!'

This past Thursday, the prom committee announced that next year's prom slogan will be "Condensing the Worst Aspects of High School into One Night!" The slogan is designed to go along with the recently-decided theme of "Awkwardness."

Students are, according to

one rising junior, "super-psyched" about this gala event, which is being touted as a "night of constant humiliation, despair, and self-doubt."

The perennial high school extravaganza will feature such traditions as rejection (before, during, and most likely after prom), extreme self-consciousness, ungainly dancing, embarrassment caused by parents, ill-fitting and uncomfortable outfits, crying in the ladies' room, and the ever-popular trip to Planned Parenthood the morning after prom.

Mrs. Cassidy has already begun making her annual prom announcements, saying, "Please don't forget to bring in your checks for this evening of existential nightmarish tradition marked by crippling depression, abject self-hatred, and unrelenting hopelessness."

Pingry Mothers Fill Voids in Lives with High School News

An increasing number of Pingry's mothers are discovering that high school news and gossip are just what they need to be fulfilled.

"After picking Lonnie up from soccer practice, I can't wait to hear about what is going on in school," says mother Suzie Witchly. "Of course I care about how Lonnie is do-

ing in his classes and everything, but I just love to hear the dirt."

Upon returning home, Witchly likes to call her "girlfriends," most notably Judith Banchi and Cynthia Kastrati. "Guess what I heard from Debby about Tommy Rossdale [Pingry's starting quarterback]! [inaudible whisper] [cackle] [inaudible whisper]"

"Ya know, I just want to know certain things," says Witchly, "like who's going to prom with whom, which teachers might be getting fired, who's gotten in trouble recently, ya know ... things to make me think I am still in high school and not leading this vacuous existence!"

When asked what makes high school life so interesting to her, Witchly responded, "Well, I have such great memories of high school. Going out with the girls, being a cheerleader, being Prom Queen ... Things sure were great back then ... Yup, they sure were." Witchly spent the next ten minutes staring longingly out the window. A lone tear rolled down her face. "They sure were."

Several Question Whether the Awareness Society Holocaust Remembrance Assembly Actually

Happened

Despite the laudations that the Awareness Society received for their moving tribute to the child victims of the Holocaust, several are skeptical about whether this assembly ever actually took place.

"Wait. You mean to tell me that several hundred students sat down in the auditorium and attended this assembly? I'm sorry, I just find that hard to believe," said one junior.

A senior claims that he toured the auditorium just two days ago and that there is no evidence that any people were in the room or that such a program was put on. Some doubters insist that all of these students must have been off campus during this hour time period, which would explain their absence.

"It's not that I am an evil, hateful ignoramus," said one doubter. "I'm just a little confused."



that one guy was just wearing a barrel. He claimed that it was a present from Pinsky, but I don't know," said one Pingry junior.

Dr. Susan Dineen, organizer of the Festival, claimed that the food drive had nothing to do with the assembly and that the food was going to needy families.

Poet Adam Mailer finished the Festival with a powerful piece entitled, "Please Help

What do you think of the war in Iraq?



SOME WINDOWS (V)
"I love my position here! I have this great view of the courtyard. Once a bird ran into me; that was neat too."

A TRASH CAN (VI)
"Once a liberal was thrown into me for expressing his views. That's the closest I've been to the issues."

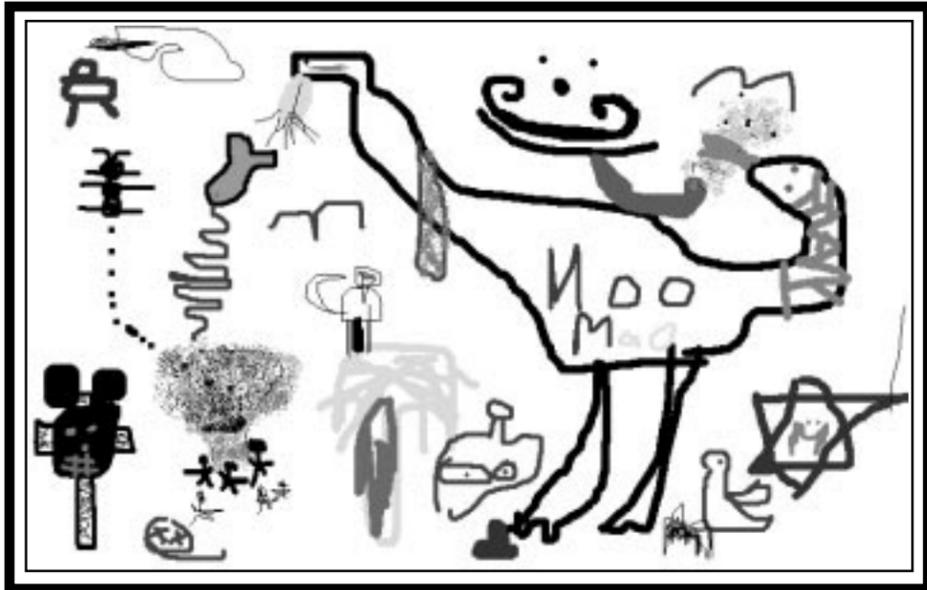
SOME MAILBOXES (VI)
"Yeah, we only get our news from the Record, so we're just getting over the whole Vietnamese conflict..."

A VENDING MACHINE (VI)
"Some guys tried to mug me once. One of them had a beard, so I assume he was a dangerous and despotic Iraqi."

S T U F F

AARON'S PHOTO ALBUM

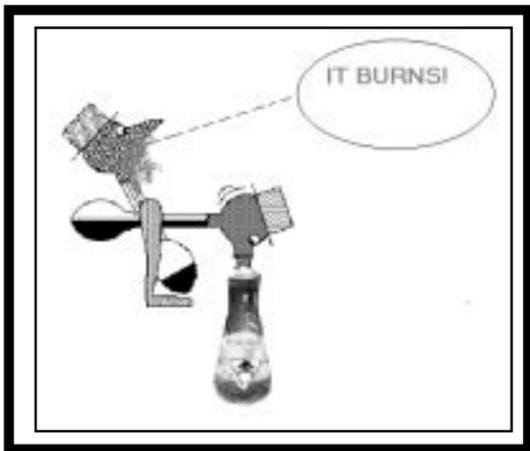
Hi, I'm Aaron, and these are my pictures. I sure do like pictures. I hope you like them too. The doctor didn't like the pictures, so he sent me to another doctor who didn't say anything to me about my pictures. He told my mom something later and I saw her crying. Now I live with the doctors; they are my new mommy. Here are my pictures:



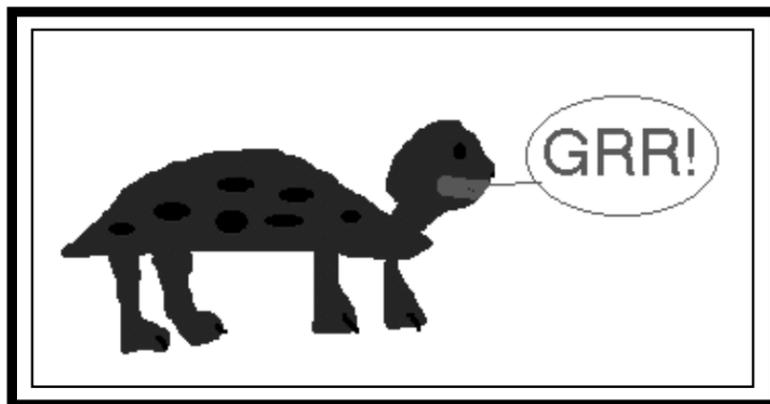
I drew this picture for a homework assignment. We were supposed to draw a picture of what our house looks like around Christmas. It's really hard to draw yelling.



This is my best friend, Wumple. He lives in the basement. He can't come upstairs because his eyes bleed on the rug. Sometimes we play Connect-Four. Sometimes the box lights on fire. Silly Wumple.



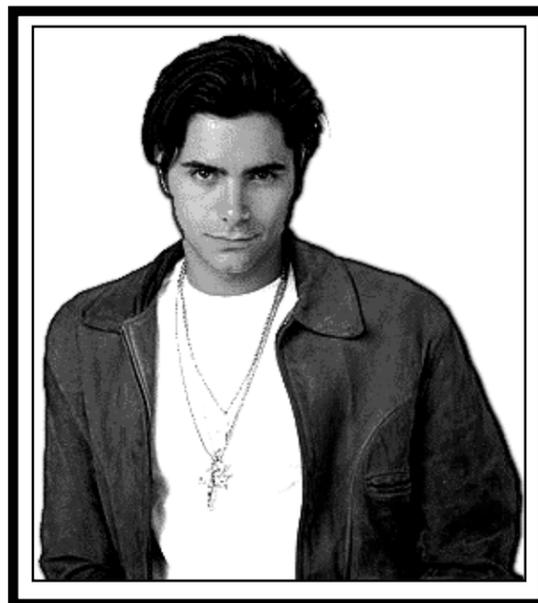
This is Petey. He used to be my pet bird. He talked. Sometimes he talked too much. I was sad when he died.



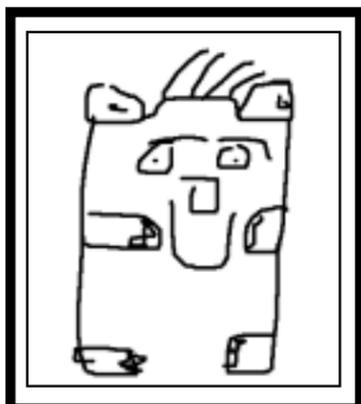
This is Shelly, my turtle. When he gets mad he hits the boys in his class and his teacher makes him sit by himself for the rest of the day and then he cries and gets even madder.



This is my doggie. His name is Rabies. He dresses up a lot. Sometimes he bites the kids at recess who make fun of him and throw rocks at him. He has to sit out a lot. He and Shelly are good friends.



My mommy told me that this is a picture of my real daddy. She says he left to go fight in the war and now is a short-order cook in Grenada. My daddy is cool. Almost as cool as my Uncle Fonzie.



This is a picture of me when I grow up. I'm gonna be a panda bear named Scruffy. This is Scruffy

Thank you for looking at my pictures. I like you a lot. I'm going to go take a nap in my box.

O T H E R S T U F F

Faculty-Student Look-Alikes

Recent DNA testing by our expert reporters uncovered that many members of the community are secretly related . . .

Photos by David Spett



Yvette Zimering (VI) and Mr. Neiswender



Ben Blonder (V) and Mr. Wang



Amit Kumar (V) and Mr. Rohdie
Such a good-looking display of manhood



Susannah Bragg (V)

Emily Majka (V) and Mr. Sluyter
The only two people in the school to be seen relaxing.



Aaron Sussman (VI) and Cal Rohdie
Like father, like son

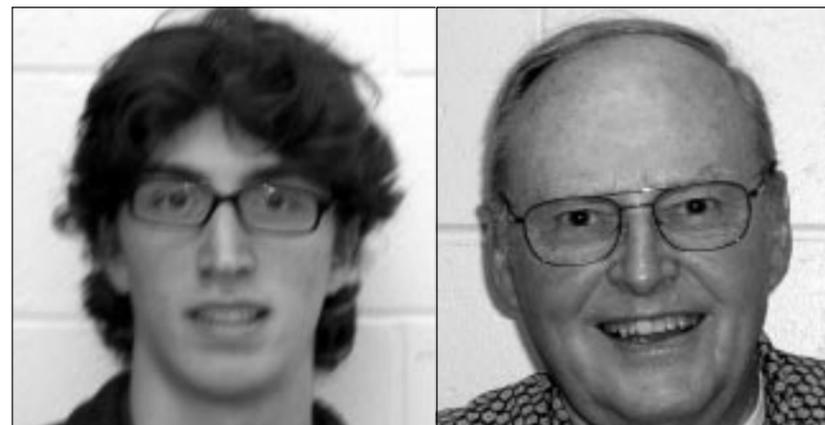


Courtesy of Yearbook

Doug Ellwanger (V) and Mrs. Landau
Look at that glorious hair!



Sam Tasher (IV) and Mr. Raby



Buzzy Cohen (VI) and Mr. Jaegar

A Bunker of Their Own

BY ROBERT ZACHARIAS (V)

Many members of the school community know about the new board room in the Arts Wing. This room serves as a meeting room for the Board and is used for this excellent purpose for at least several hours a week. Though it remains locked up and inaccessible for the remainder of the time, all of us here at Pingry recognize its immediate importance to the functioning of the school—after all, the Board was previously forced to meet in the parking lot at night using flashlights to illuminate school business.

Only a precious few outside the well-sequestered Board know that 300 feet under the Board room there is a specially designed Board Bunker built to ensure that the Pingry's senior leadership members will be able to direct all the vital functions of the school even during times of national emergency.

The bunker was designed by General Dynamics, Halliburton, and Bechtel in concert with the architects of the new wing at Pingry. As previously stated, it lies approximately 300 feet below ground level: exact numbers are considered "Pingry classified" information and are well-guarded secrets. Experts familiar with bunker construction believe that it probably has an approximately three foot thick pre-stressed concrete outer shell, then an insulating buffer including copper mesh to quell any EMF from nuclear activity, and finally a six inch steel sheath surrounding the "inner tomb."

The entire structure is suspended on heavy springs

(much like the defense base NORAD) so that in the event of damaging nuclear shock waves, the "inner tomb" will remain relatively stable and

wood leads one to believe that the room is very well-furnished with perhaps a wooden veneer on the inside of the steel sarcophagus. A hint of

Halliburton installed them at a cost of a few million dollars, which we were antsy about at first, but they said that every contemporary and tasteful

amazing experience."

Unfortunately, the Board member concluded, "The room is off limits to everyone but the Board members, so the

was supposed to have been used for teacher salary increases, professional development, other campus improvements, very, very expensive color printing for various Admissions brochures, and the like. However, this money was actually directed to the construction of the Bunker through a series of complicated accounting transactions involving tax law loopholes and known federal auditing oversights of nonprofit organizations such as Pingry. So through shrewd planning, the dream of the Board Bunker was realized, all amazingly surreptitiously.

In the event of a major (or even minor) emergency, and sometimes in the event of no emergency at all (such as when Board members wish to shelter themselves from school responsibilities), Pingry Board members have a place to go to be safe from all threats. We can rest assured that we will always have the capable leadership of the Board by our side, or perhaps even peering over our proverbial side and watching our every move.

When asked for a final comment regarding the Board Bunker, the previously quoted Board member stated, "I think this is a very wise allocation of ghost funds towards a vital interest of all the Pingry community: the protection and preservation of the Board. Oh, yes, I forgot to add that in the event of a national emergency, the Bunker will also be available to protect members of the country's leadership from any 'liberal' threats or contingencies they may face."



Susannah Bragg (V)

The nerve center of our school lies approximately 300 ft. below this innocent looking table.

occupying personnel will be able to continue functioning normally.

The Wreckord was able to gain access to the "inner tomb" by permission of the Board, with the condition that this reporter be blindfolded, wrapped in a blanket, with the lights in the bunker off, and restricted to only a 30 second "peek" of the facility. Even with these relatively tight controls, this reporter was able to tell that the room appeared exactly as any member of the Pingry community would expect.

A faint smell of expensive

burgundy in the air suggests the presence of a full service bar. Faint cigar smoke along with the distinctive odor of cedar leads this reporter to believe that in case of a need for long-term stays in the secured facility, there is a fully stocked walk-in humidor in the Board Bunker as well.

Speaking on the condition of anonymity, a Board member described the room further: "There are many flashing lights on control panels which are beautifully inlaid into the mahogany walls, though we are not sure about what they do exactly.

bunker has these types of lights, and what's a few million dollars here and there?"

"There is a small dormitory for executive naps, which Bechtel installed for us, and we find it very comfortable. They actually fit a state-of-the-art entertainment system into the pillow of the bed, which is quite an achievement. Plus, they did it for only a few hundred g's, so we would have been idiots not to take them up on that offer. It's really quite astounding to use the pillow; it directly affects your brain instead of going through the traditional senses, which is an

wonderment we feel when using our one-of-a-kind pillow system will not be available for use by other members of the Pingry community."

But where did the Board find the finances to bankroll this project? An inquiry into the funding of the Board Bunker led to an all too obvious conclusion. The capital drive that Pingry finished in 2000 had raised \$41 million, a highly publicized figure. The new Arts Wing was said to cost approximately \$12 million to complete. The remainder of the money raised in the capital drive—\$29 million—

Letter to the Editors of Vital Signs

We don't really know why this writer sent us a letter about Vital Signs, but we thought we'd humor him and print it anyway. We have the space. Nobody sends us any letters.

Dear Editors,

Readers beware! The latest issue of Vital Signs, while well-written and masterfully produced, contained fundamental flaws that should not go unnoticed. For one, I am deeply concerned with the direction the head editors are taking, appointing truly sophomoric nincompoops to the staff. Although some new writers, like James Somers (IV), may be swaggeringly profound, their sheer naivete and stupidity was seemingly



overlooked by the editorial staff. James has written only two pieces, both of which were atrocious. His first dealt with the Columbia space shuttle disaster and argued that the space shuttle program should be brought to a halt. Like most readers, I was thrown off by the beautiful rhetoric, but was later astounded to find that this was just a cleverly employed masquerade hiding tons of blatantly wrong opinions.

It's not only the newbies that get me nervous, though. Some of the more "respected" writers are catching on to the sophomores' conniving tactics, finagling sleazy opinions into pieces using excellent writing as a façade. To put an

end to this criminal misuse of the English language I sat pensive for days, eventually arriving at what I now deem the best solution.

Rather than making drastic changes, like slowing down or even stopping the publication of Vital Signs, the head editors should take the following simple steps to improve the quality of the magazine:

1. Eliminate bad opinions—using a simple screening process, those opinions which are wrong or slightly askew could be set aside, to be destroyed or put in a sister-magazine, Flatlines.

2. Change the layout to accommodate Step 1—instead of the usual 20+ pages, one to two should suffice.

3. Those seniors who planned on relieving themselves of their duties at Vital Signs by going to college should instead take a PG (post-graduate) year to continue their service.

These measures should be put into effect before the entire student body becomes infected with the radical and ridiculous ideas of current Vital Signs' writers. In the case that these changes cannot be swiftly implemented, a contingency plan — to be called "martial law" — should be enforced.

You're welcome for the ideas,

James Somers (IV)

RECORD PRINTS SCREAMING HEADLINE OF KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

BY ROBERT ZACHARIAS (V)

In the worst example yet of its habit of chronically late reporting, The Pingry Record printed a screaming headline reading "JFK ASSASSINATED IN MOTORCADE" in their most recent (May 2003) edition. The headline was barely noticed, however, as students and faculty members have become used to anachronistic and non-urgent screaming headlines in The Record.

The only comment the newspaper received regarding the headline was from a history teacher, regarding a factual error in the article and not the presence of the article itself. The article had stated that "Mrs. Kennedy was not present at the time of the assassination of the president," an obvious factual error, and it was this mistake (and not the 29-year tardiness of the reporting) that the history teacher noted when contacting the editor-in-chief of The Record.

According to the editor-in-chief, the article was printed so grossly late for the same reason that nearly all Record articles are printed late: a serious lack of timeliness on the part of the writer. The author of the article is the late Millard Borgusan '64, who had been given the assignment to write it in mid-December of 1963. Notably, even if he had written and handed in the article immediately, it still would have been late news at the time as former President Kennedy was slain on the 22nd of November 1963, and the word of that event spread almost immediately throughout the country.

Mr. Borgusan's article arrived at the Record Office two days before they went to press with their latest edition. They were desperate at the time for any material to splash on the front page since nothing actually notable had occurred in the school for several months, when fate knocked on the door of the Record office. It came in the form of a Mr. Ira Tannerman, esq., who introduced himself to Dr. Dineen as the lawyer for the estate of the late Mr. Borgusan.

He said that Borgusan had left an envelope marked "To be handed in to the Record," with implied instructions in his will for this envelope to be delivered. Dr. Dineen accepted the envelope, opened it, and found in-

would have been in 51st grade. This then had to be translated mathematically into a "form" number to match the Pingry convention, making Mr. Borgusan a Form 45 student. Following these calculations, The Record

David Spett (V)



Duh! We already knew that.

side the 29-year-old typewritten manuscript that Mr. Borgusan had written for The Record. She was delighted to find that it was almost exactly 500 words, the length of article that was needed to fill in the front page gap.

Dr. Dineen gave the godsend ("Finally, something newsworthy!") to an editor who entered it into The Record computers verbatim and placed it on the front page. There was not time to proofread the article, and it was never proofread by the author, so it consequently included several egregious spelling, grammatical, and factual errors, but still fit the 500 word requirement, which was indeed The Record's only requirement for printing it.

Unsure of how to write the byline, the editors quickly calculated that had Mr. Borgusan still been alive he

printed the error-laden Kennedy article with the byline reading "By Millard Borgusan (XLV)."

Mr. Borgusan's estate's brief comment on the publication of the article is reprinted here:

"Mr. Borgusan was known to procrastinate in his work and school habits, which never carried any real consequence in his life as he grew up to be a millionaire playboy living off of his father's money. But had Mr. Borgusan been alive to see this triumphal publication of his fine journalism, he probably would have said, before passing out from over-consumption of alcohol, 'I don't remember writing that article, and I only vaguely recall going to that school. Pass the opium, you dolt, or I'll throw a solid gold statuette at your knobby little head!'"

Investigation Reveals Missing Necessities in Art Wing

- Valet parking
- Gold statue of nude Mr. Neiswender donning fig leaf
- Restroom attendants to provide some of the services that Louis XIV must have enjoyed
- Bathrooms

New Athletic Wing for 2051

BY REBECCA SPEISER (V)

With the completion of the state-of-the-art Academic Arts Center, the school administration needed something new to build, and they decided on an athletic center. This new building, which might be finished by the time our great-grandchildren are born, will match the new arts wing in design and have areas for every sport imaginable — and unimaginable.

Traditional sports that require gyms will be featured on the lowest floor, where there will be 33 new gyms, all equipped with basketball hoops and bleachers. Fans and air conditioning will be installed in the ceilings to keep the gyms freezing cold, and the real wood floor will be kept in mint condition through the hard labor of many custodians.

On the second floor there will be an ice hockey rink and indoor squash courts as well as tennis courts. This way, all athletes can have access to more than the facilities they need.

The ice hockey rink will be iced over all year so that everyone can benefit from it. The squash and tennis courts will be in such abundance that anyone who wishes to play will have the opportunity. The designer

Susannah Bragg (V)



Andrew Werner (V) imagines he is skiing in the new athletic wing.

feels that "the plan we have laid out for this building makes optimal use of the space available and provides enough facilities for a school 25 times the size of Pingry."

The floor below the ground level will feature an indoor track. This will benefit anyone who ever feels an urge to run. In addition to the track, a bowling alley will take up the rest of the floor. There will be ten lanes and, while the nonexistent bowling team will get first priority, groups of friends will be able to rent an alley for a night at no charge.

On the ground level, a new trainer's room will be built, filled with every type of bandage imaginable. To the right of the trainer's room there will be two rock-climb-



You could look like this!

ing walls, and to the left there will be a room for extreme ironing team practice and another room for the skateboard team (Editors' note: guys, do we have these teams here?).

The top floor may have one of the best features yet: a holographic room that will simulate downhill skiing. It will allow participants to feel as if they are really rushing down the mountain at high speeds with the wind blowing in their hair.

On the roof there will be two turf fields to benefit those who want to play kickball, dodgeball, punchball, or any other childhood game.

The school is only allowed to have two single-stall restrooms in the new wing, but as one football player remarks, "Real athletes don't pee!"

The Wreckord has uncovered that the center was originally scheduled to open this summer, but the work stalled and construction lulled. However, it has picked up again and a new date has been set for the fall of 2051, certainly an attainable goal.

One freshman remarked that she "would have to come back for my 500-year reunion to actually see the building in working order!"

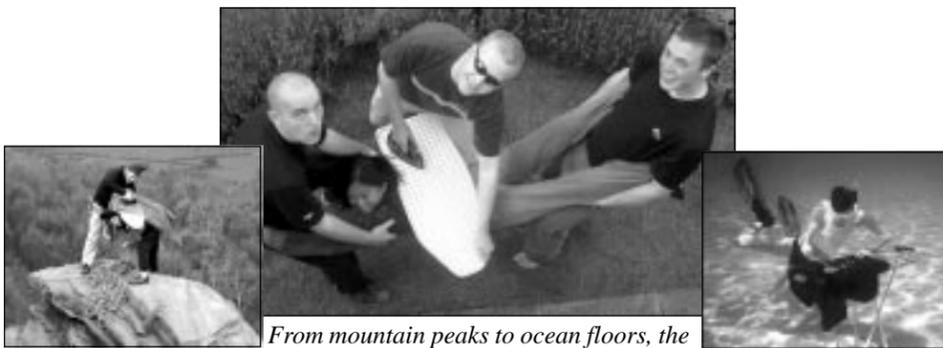
SUMMER IS HERE!

Students deal with the scorching heat as the year draws to a close.



Nelson Lee (III)

KRAZY SPORTS TAKE OVER THE SCHOOL



From mountain peaks to ocean floors, the bravest of men venture forth to iron clothes.

BY SUSANNAH BRAGG (V)

Extreme Ironing

Students have recently taken up the sport that has become an international phenomenon in the past six years: climbing to the top of a moun-

tain and ironing clothes at the summit. The official web site of extreme ironing describes it as "the latest danger sport that combines the thrills of an extreme outdoor activity with the satisfaction of a well pressed shirt."

Mr. Keating, the faculty

Susannah Bragg (V)



Eager students train for the extreme ironing tea in the hallway, as fans cheer them on.

advisor for this high-risk white-knuckle hobby, recently set a school record when he ironed his socks, ties, and sweater-vests 17,800 ft. above the ground on Mt. Everest. Team Captain Ed Barsamian (VI) and his fellow ironists have committed themselves unwaveringly to following Mr. Keating's example and, as one student puts it, "facing the only *real* challenge that remains in this world." The team has also been branching out by experimenting with Scuba Ironing, which takes place s

below sea level. Some students do not understand the sport. "Why?" they ask. "Does altitude contribute to flatter shirts? Is it more effective to press clothes in the mountain air?"

These students are clearly missing the point. "We do it simply for the thrill of having an unwrinkled shirt at the top

of a cliff," explains Ed. "Never underestimate the power of fresh laundry mixed with mountains. Oh, baby, is it extreme. Oh baby."

Giant Platypus-Throwing

The school Platypus-hurling squad was overjoyed to compete in their first throwing contest last Saturday. Students took turns flinging huge plastic platypuses by the beak as far as they could and brought home an array of awards for distance, style, and

sponded, "Oh." The sport has since enjoyed overwhelming popularity. As the movie "Dogma" reminds us: "Even God has a sense of humor. Just look at the platypus."

Mr. Neiswender, in an attempt to expand the school's horizons, has announced the addition the following "freaky-deaky" new sports for next year:

Goat races
Rabbit skinning
Trampoline
Mini-golf
Eat-a-thons

Nude Olympics
Longest Peel Potato Contests

Running while holding a sack of potatoes
Egg running
Egg throwing
Kite festivals
Toad Races (snails will compete if toads not available)
Gold digging
Reindeer Sledding
Sheep-herding
Mouse Races
Spitball
Musical freestyle—dancing with your dog
Googlewhacking



"Don't throw me!" says the platypus.

the overall jollity they displayed during the event.

Several students were aghast at the idea of chucking animal caucuses for pleasure and began a protest movement to stop the team from practicing. They were soon informed, however, that "the platypuses are fake," to which they re-



Go Idaho! Bouncee, Bouncee!



A little boy is ecstatic over his medal for competitive pumpkin picking, a future Pingry sport.

JOIN THE QUIDDITCH TEAM!

BY CAITLIN BERGH (V)

Have you been looking for a way to relieve all of that school-related stress? To add some excitement—perhaps even some magic—to your life? Well, I think I have the answer to your sleepless nights, a way to alleviate the stress of finals, APs, and overdue papers, the remedy to your long weekends of boredom and stress. Quite simply, the answer is QUIDDITCH! And now YOU have the chance to join the second Pingry Quidditch team in Pingry history.

Now you may be thinking, "Oh, please, not another sport!" I'm sure you've tried numerous sports and they just haven't provided you with the excitement and relief you are seeking. But this is no ordinary sport, where there are silly guidelines and rules. In quidditch, the NJ league of referees is surprisingly lenient regarding violent behavior or even use of magic spells.

Consequently, quidditch matches are not only entertaining, but also shockingly vio-

lent and even grotesque as players are walloped by bludgers, knocked out by an-



Break out the broomsticks, quaffles, bludgers, and the golden snitch. Quidditch is in season!

gry opponents, and even put under harmful spells. Quidditch is ideal for taking out all that pent-up stress and anger on the other team.

Now at this point, you are probably asking, "Well, where do I sign up?" and luckily, I have the answer to that, too. The second Pingry Quidditch team in Pingry history, (also known as the SPQTIPH) is open to all students regardless

of their quidditch or broom-flying experience. The team does require that each new

member be approved by the sorting hat (a magical hat that can read your mind), but about 1/3 of the people who try on the hat make the team. If the sorting hat sees that you truly intend to sabotage the quidditch team or you are actually a spy from an opposing quidditch team, you will not be allowed to join. Assistant Captain Susannah Bragg (V) regrets having to impose

these "cuts" but says, "its absolutely necessary to ensure the success of our team. Not everybody can be a winner." This spring, the SPQTIPH has begun training to enter into the New Jersey Quidditch Festival next fall, a festival that includes over 60 different NJ highschools in an all day tournament. According to Captain Oliver Wood, "We have to make sure we're ready for the NJQF in the fall." He adds, "I know we're just starting out, but a number of kids on the team have been playing on club teams for years and I think we have a lot of potential."

Over the winter, the quidditch members practiced their broom-flying skills in the upper and lower commons, dodging people and swooping under and over railings. Unfortunately, this resulted in several students receiving severe "broomburns" from the team members' brooms, which often travel at several times the speed of light. The Pingry Seeker, Larry Potter, also practiced his "snitch-



Reach for that quaffle, girl!

seeking skills" by chasing after a whiffle ball that asst. captain Susannah Bragg would throw into the air.

Now the team holds practices daily on the football field. Since the school does not yet have an official "quidditch world cup field," the football field is an optimal location where the team can pretend the field goals are quidditch goals. However, the quidditch practices have proved dangerous for people in the vicinity, as two Middle Schoolers were

chased around the entire school by rogue bludgers for upwards of three hours. Elana Wilf (V) "got hit in the foot by a bludger when I was running, and I had to sit out for a week!"

The quidditch team has drawn a significant following at their home Saturday games. SPQTIPH has brought back a greatly missed tradition of magic to the Pingry campus. "Its good to see people carrying brooms again" commented one sophomore, "and to see kids turning their friends into toads, to see people fighting over the dirt flavored jelly beans in their Bertie Bott's Everyflavor Beans bags at lunch. I've missed that." If you'd like to be a part of the team, it's not too late! Not only will you receive your own free Nimbus 2003 and quidditch instruction booklet, but you can also purchase the Pingry Quidditch sweatshirt, which says "Big Blue Bludgers" on the back. So sign up today on the Magical Affairs Bulletin Board and come support the team!