

“I’ll have what they’re having” - NYT “The only Fake News that does it right” - Fox “I can’t believe I assumed all that tuition was going to the BAC...” - Moms
“It’s not vaping, but it’s cool enough for us” - Sophomores “Cult-ish, yet Cute” - Oprah “The best satire since the Pingry Record” - Record Staff

“Plan C” Prevents Teen Pregnancy at Pingry

By RYAN FUENTES (VI)

No, it’s not abstinence. It goes without saying that at traditional public and inner city schools, teen pregnancy is not only okay/accepted, but to be expected. After all, one can only ask so much of dirty street people! But institutions like Pingry work hard to maintain their 100% college-bound, 0% pregnant student demographic. Now, how do we do it?

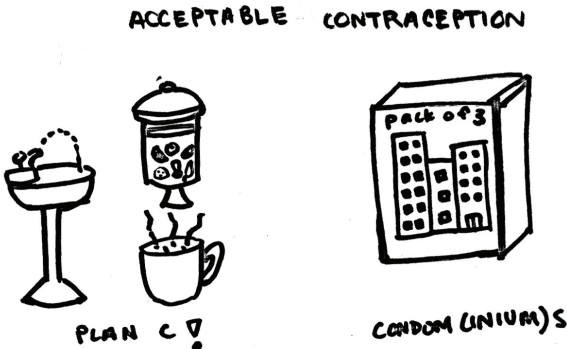
At such an egalitarian institution, we can acknowledge that rich kids are just as libidinous as poor kids. Which is why administrators have implemented “Plan C” to keep our kind from getting knocked up too young.

What is Plan C?

A little “something special” that gets slipped into the coffee machines, water fountains, and fruit water station. It contains some of the same chemicals found in Plan B (the morning after pill), but with much more, stronger, and less tested ingredients. Most students don’t even realize they’re on it, making it a seamless, consensual, non-controversial process. The best part is, it’s locally sourced in America – well, South America!

Why now?

Traditional contraceptive



methods employed by the school — including exiling pregnant teens to Greenland, whisking them away to the nunnery, or forcing

“Traditional contraceptive methods employed by the school, including exiling pregnant teens to Greenland, whisking them away to the nunnery, or forcing them to drop out of school and marry an Arabian prince, have all proven reasonable, yet outdated solutions.”

them to drop out of school and marry an Arabian prince — have all proven reasonable, yet outdated solutions.

Abstinence, or Plan A, has also been reportedly taught in 10th grade health class. However, it seems that asking kids not to have sex whilst forcing them to do CPR on/ make out with surprisingly muscular manikins is extremely counterintuitive.

An In-Depth Personal Response

The Wreckord interviewed a local senior, whom we will refer to as “Cupcakke” for privacy’s sake. Cupcakke explained to us the delicate nature of her romances.

“My boyfriend and I do it everywhere,” she said, “under the bleachers, in the bio lab with the iRT flies watching, backstage during ‘Seussical the Musical,’ onstage during whatever the Middle School play was, under the stage extension during the candle lighting of the Winter Concert, in Hostetter Gallery during ‘Night of noise,’ etc. – we’re very spontaneous like that.”

I then asked her if she had used protection.

“Well, I can’t just be carrying around boxes of condominiums.”

“I’m sorry, did you say condominiums?”

“Whatever they’re called. I wouldn’t know.”

Cartoon by Rachel Chen (VI)

Big Blue Caste System to Unite Entire Community

By MIRO BERGAM (V)

As of the 2018-2019 school year approaches, the administration is implementing a new system of membership for its enrolling students, titled the “Big Blue Caste System.” As stated in an email introducing the system, Pingry hopes that “The Big Blue Caste System will unite the Pingry community in important ways, by acknowledging and accepting the many differences that makes each student in the Pingry Community entirely unique.”

The tiered program is outlined below.

Standard Membership

This package offers the same **Pingry Experience™** we all know and love, featuring a selection of enriching classes, Sage Dining lunch, and an array of athletic and extracurricular offerings.

“My Mom Works at the Bookstore”/“My Mom Works at the PSPA” Membership

These memberships are a small step up from the Standard Membership, and include slight price cuts on all bookstore costs, as well as all the **hot gossip** and **insider information** from the other moms who work at the Bear Pause or are on the PSPA.

“They Let Me In To Play Soccer” Membership

This program offers the added bonuses of team trips to Europe, a deluxe locker room, a team bus with your picture on it, and Mr. Bugliari as an advocate for you to the college of your choice.

Requirements:

Unwavering adherence to the participation policy

“I Donated To The Blueprint For The Future Campaign” Package

The benefits of this package not only include your family name mounted on a plaque in the BAC, but also a faculty member of your choice **will be forced** to tattoo your family name on a visible patch of their skin (with your preferred font). Every late or absent you accrue will be immediately **absolved** by Ms. Peake.

Child of a Board of Trustees Member Package

This highly exclusive package includes many unique bonuses in addition to all the benefits of the previous packages. Teachers will refer to you only by the title of your choice, including but not limited to “Sir”, “Madam”, “Prince”, “Queen”, “King”, “Emperor”, “Empress”, or “My Knight”. They will pause their lesson and bow before you when you enter a room. You are **automatically invited** to every reception that takes place in the O’Connor Boardroom, regardless of what event it is for. Finally, you are given **significant preference** in the application processes for clubs like Honor Board and Peer Leadership, and you are automatically granted the Advisor and College Counsellor of your choice.



Science classrooms doused with holy water and set on fire. “What else is new,” says Dr. Kirkhart

New Honor Code violation: not returning borrowed pencils

Civil Rights Controversy: Senior tells underclassman to “know his place” on school bus

Study finds U.S. Government models its bureaucracy off of the Pingry administration

‘Who Done It?’ Female Coin Who Taught You Financial Literacy Found Slain Behind Jersey City Quiznos

Student Decides Cheeto Fingers Explain Why Girls Don’t Like Him

By RYAN FUENTES (VI)

An area male student has finally come to a decision as to why girls do not like him: his fingers are always covered in Flamin’ Hot Cheeto dust.

“Girls never talk to me, and when I try to touch them with my big orange fingers, they always shriek and run away. Finally, I know exactly why.”

It certainly wasn’t because of the fact that he was randomly grasping to touch girls he did not know.

Of course, it also couldn’t have been the 50 extra pounds he had put on while eating all of those Cheetos.

Or the time when a group of girls caught him in the Astronomy classroom making out

with a skeleton. No, because necrophiliacs are – let me hear you say it – Not. Creepy.

Speaking of not creepy, it could not have been that time he lowered his selfie stick under a girl’s dress to snap a quick pic, before posting it on the dark web for his North Korean hacker friends to see. Because who wouldn’t want a boyfriend who is part of a larger international community? Score!

And if anything, his multiple personality disorder is a HUGE plus. Any girl would swoon for the chance to date someone split between the personality of a quiet, angsty teen and an angry, kleptomaniac possum – now that’s what I call a real man!

Area females will not be



able to resist this obvious ten, especially now that he has tamed himself from Flamin’ Hot Cheetos and switched to Cheetos Classic. And get this: he washes his hands not once, but TWICE every day – one time right after he gets up, and again right before he goes to bed. That’s hygienic af. Even the freaking Queen of Eng-

land has been quoted saying she would gladly share a bath with this man. But only if that sleazy Kate Middleton doesn’t beat her to it!

With the cheeto situation resolved, area females, yourself included, will have to fight for his attention. I recommend you get started on those love letters ASAP!

Editorial

Graduation: The Basics

So, we’ve made it this far, Seniors. There’s just one thing left: graduation. Here’s what you need to know to get through unscathed.

Look your hottest.

You’ve spent 4 years going to 8 am classes sleep-deprived, bundled in multiple layers showing no skin, and just feeling plain grungy. It’s time to remind people that you’re not just some random bucket of filth. Take off the glasses; it doesn’t matter if you can’t see. Put on high heels; if you can’t walk, stumble. Maybe when Mr. Conard gives you your diploma, drop it and then do the classic “bend and snap.”

Be sensitive to feelings, human emotions.

Some people will be feeling all the feels. Others will remain the cold, emotionless drones they always were. And don’t be insensitive by telling the couple who plans on staying together in college (despite being like 3,000 miles apart) “as if,” or “like that’ll last.” You may watch their relationship crumble, but do it in silence.

Confront your enemies.

The reason you haven’t yet confronted said enemy is not because you love taking the high road. It’s because our grade is small, and these things affect everyone. You’ve been forced to channel your anger into Squash / some other contact sport. But you won’t be seeing said enemy again, so now is the time: blame them for stuff that happened in Middle School, accuse them of crimes for which you have no evidence. Just let it all out.

Make sure you talk to the smartest kids.

You may not have liked this person in the past (on account of his/her arrogance and annoying nature), but let’s face it: he/she is gonna be loaded one day. So, it’s very important to leave a strong last impression. Networking!

Stick close to your core group of friends.

Now is not the time to tell the girl you’ve had a crush on for the past four years that you are in love with her / casually drop that you would be totally down to run away together. There is a 0% chance it will work 1) because parents and teachers do not provide a romantic setting in which to profess one’s love for another 2) you’ll soon realize she’s not as cool as you thought – and that you’re cooler than you thought.

– *Ryan Fuentes*

I Met the Ghost of John Pingry, and He Kept Telling Me to Kill

By RYAN FUENTES (VI)

There I was, sitting in a library cubicle, being a good and wholesome senior boy actually doing schoolwork – reading the Sparknotes summary for Macbeth right before the pop quiz that the other class had just taken and warned me about. My apathy towards Macbeth and numbness to any story about mass murder meant I was of course asleep in no time. But before I knew it, I felt something extremely cold and instantly awoke. It was the damned ghost of John Pingry!

There was nobody else in the library, which told me that Reverend Pingry had come to see me. Well, there was that and the fact that his cold, dead face was looking right at me.

Being myself, I instinctively looked to fill the awkward silence with whatever random and irrelevant sh*t first popped into my head.

“Wow, this is such an honor. I wrote you a card on your birthday, and



the school gave me a piece of cake. It was so so good, but

I have to ask if vanilla was actually your favorite flavor. Because something tells me that…”

“Kill.”

“Huh.”

“Kill.”

“Who?”

“Kill them all.”

“You look a little pale.”

“No survivors.”

“You know who you remind me of? Lady Macbeth. And the Lorax.”

“They all shall pay.”



“They already pay a sh*t ton for tuition. And now you want me to kill them all?”

“They all shall pay for their sins.”

“Is this about the new squash courts? Because I agree, they are a little obnoxious and the squash kids in particular…”

“Kill them. Kill them now.”

“I have track practice in 10 minutes, and Coach will make me run laps if I’m late.”

I glanced at the painting of him on the library wall. I had to make sure it really was him and not my late grandfather – who did not look at

all similar but had angrily sworn that he would haunt me in the afterlife. But then again, the old bat never could keep a promise, not to any of his wives or even me, for that matter. I couldn’t remember receiving any such preconceived notice of haunting from Reverend Pingry, but there he was!

“Kill.”

I had seen enough. I wasn’t about to become the Garden State Killer just to please some dank/ugly ghost floating around the library. I chucked my pocket bible at him and made a run for it.

Opinion: P-A PAin

By AMI GIANCHANDANI (VI)

The all new Pingry announcement system has completely revolutionized and fixed a drastic problem persistent in the lives of all Pingry community members: single source information. The success of the system has prompted praise and gratitude towards the administration. Instead of being notified about a snow day by your home phone the night before, the new system alerts you through the following media: home phone, cell phone, fax machine, text message, imessage, facebook message, instagram post, facebook post, carrier pigeon, hologram, and email. In addition, the seniors even get a personal messenger sent to their house prepared with a song. The Pingry Parents association commented “Before this amazing technological revolution, I would only find out about the snow day once, but now, finding out in 12 different ways has really opened

the doors of possibility.”

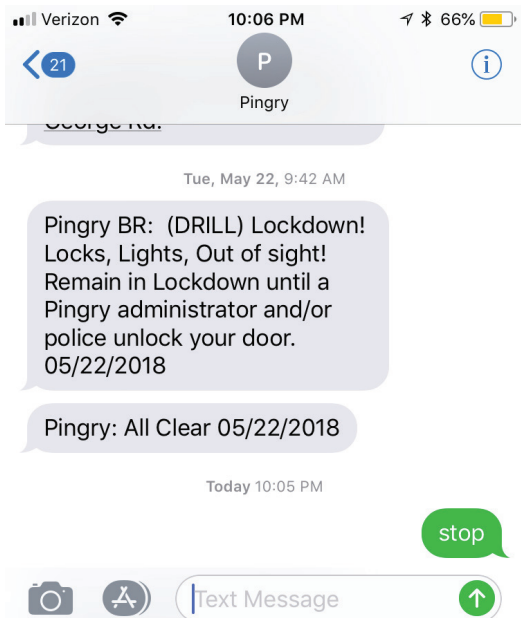
The administration has also noted that the student feedback of the system is impeccable. The advent of the system was inspired by the fact that students have their phones on them all the time. For example, during lockdown drills and other similar drills, students are actually more likely to read their texts on their phones than listen to the blaring announcement across the PA system. An anonymous sophomore commented, “I love the system because if I’m in the bathroom for excessive amounts of time, it would be hard for me to hear the announcement, but if I have my phone with me (among other things) in the bathroom, then I won’t be left out of the drill or be faced with a real emergency.”

The only backlash against the system came from eager students who wanted to learn more about the Pingry community. The freshman class, motivated by FOMO, all

signed a petition to increase the number of alerts received by students. Earlier this year, Career Day speaker Dr. Jennifer Hartstein enlightened students, revealing that each time you receive a text, dopamine is released in your brain.

Freshmen, juniors, and seniors, looking for a safer way to release more dopamine in their brains, agreed that getting more regular texts from Pingry would be the best solution. The petition included a drive to have administrators

like Dean Ross, Dr. Dinkins, and Ms. Chatterji send out hourly texts on the progression of their days. Texts from them would include: personal life developments, comments after meetings with annoying students, and what their dinner plans are. The student body as a whole agrees that the full potential of the announcement system has not yet been reached and is pushing to increase the use and enjoyment of being a part of the Pingry community.



The Broken Wreckord

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Disclaimer: This is a satirical paper, and the articles are (not meant to be taken completely seriously).

Now that Ryan and Alyssa are graduating, the Broken Wreckord is going on an indefinite hiatus. Bye. Hopefully some other (competent) students will come along one day and revive it.

This is a Pingry tradition that dates back to 1942.

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Exposed!

What Your Pingry Fashion Mistakes Say About You

wearing lightweight rain jacket indoors



- "if stomachs are just food babies, then I'm on birth control"
- *it wasn't even raining*
- who you really are = unclear
- Skinny Pop = sustenance
- once had existential conversation with a mannequin at Bloomingdale's

in possession of IRT* shirt



- "actually it's iRT, not IRT"
- will not speak to the unenlightened
- this lab is your home now, and these fruit flies are your family.
- "Humanities iRT projects? How cute!"
- "AP Bio projects? How cute!"

wearing sweatshirt of college You. Are. Not. Going. To.



- always making confused political statements.
- has been "done" with high school ever since getting "real world" job at Starbucks
- wants to fight you - just to feel something, anything
- counterculture is my culture

wearing a skirt that is dress code length or longer



- rules are made to be broken followed religiously
- will report dissidents to the KGB
- was once a person
- secretly kinky

wearing a t-shirt from pingry drama productions



- Has done unspeakable things in BOTH dressing rooms
- *everyone dies of plague* "The show must go on"
- gallops dramatically between classes
- thinks real life is a movie, talks into nonexistent camera
- screams "Why is everybody looking at me?" *nobody is looking, ever*

*Independent Research Team

Weber Investigates: Why is it so Hard to Print at this School?

By ALEXANDRA WEBER (IV)

It is the end of the 2017-2018 Pingry school year, and I still find myself pondering the Pingry printing system, or what I like to call the PPS or the PMI (Pretty Much Impossible). I love this school, I really do. It has been my second home for about eleven years, and I am forever grateful for that...but the PPS—it's—well, grueling. I tested out just how terrible this system really is and the results were catastrophic, even earth-shattering. I tried to keep an open mind, but I ended up leaving the experiment with tears streaming down my cheeks and my head hung low. How could somebody be so cruel?

Let's take a little detour. In the 2002 London Marathon, Lloyd Scott decided to run in an antique deep sea diving suit. Why he did it—no one knows, but what we do know is that it took him 5 days and 8 hours

to complete the Marathon, forcing the London Marathon to implement new regulations requiring all participants to finish the race in 24 hours. How does this pertain to the printing dilemma, you might ask? Well, let me tell you. According to my data, Lloyd Scott could have "run" 4.75 London Marathons in the time it takes Pingry students to have a printed piece of paper in their hands. I was intrigued by these staggering statistics, so I decided to take matters into my own hands.

On Tuesday February 6th, I met with world renowned Dr. Printsmith to pick his brain on the grueling PPS. Dr. Printsmith (Dr. Print for short) said, "I have heard some complaints about the PPS. It has come to my attention that to actually print at the school, you need to follow many long, grueling steps, and most of the time that doesn't even

guarantee you'll end up with the damn piece of paper!" Dr. Print took time to meet with Annie Smith, a current sophomore, and analyzed the PPS in action. This is what he noted: Step 1. Needs Pingry ID, and if not, you cannot print. Step 2. Save the document as a PDF. Step 3. Wait for it to download. Step 4. Open Gmail account. Step 5. Drag the PDF into the draft email and send it to uniflow@pingry.org. Side note-- who is this Uniflow we speak of? For all the students know, they could be sending their work to a random person sitting in a dark basement reading all their assignments and essays—one word: creepy. Step 6. Click send. Step 7. Walk to either of the two printers at the school. First option being the printer in the bowels of the school, tucked away in the senior area, or the one sitting right on top of Mt. Everest—in the library.

Step 8. Walk to the printer (we found that the closest location to the printer still takes 17 hours to reach). Step 9. Swipe ID card. Step 10. Look at screen to see if the PDF you sent is there, if it's not then... well, you're screwed. Step 11. Walk another 17-82 hours (depending on where your final destination is) back to your desired location. Step 12. Hand it in.

To make a long story short, Dr. Printsmith was so disturbed by his analysis that it is rumored he actually fled to a beach in South America to live a nice print-free life. Before he left, I asked him to leave us with final thoughts, and he said, "Kids, print at home." I know my opinion is not as valued but I agree. I'll leave you with something I felt perfectly pertained to our dilemma: "The struggle you're in today, is developing the strength you need for tomorrow."



Caution: This printer may seem sexy, but it's EVIL.



"IDENTIFY:" Public Printer Demands Private Identity of Citizens. Research suggests that printing at Pingry is harder than passing through U.S. airport customs.

“Jumanji!” Yell Terrified Seniors While Running from Middle School Stampede

By RYAN FUENTES (VI)

It all started when senior Sarah was watering turnips in the school garden for the Green Group. “I was watering turnips,” she explained. Suddenly, she heard a thumping beneath the soil. “I quickly realized it could not be the turnips,” she said, “which are in fact quite zesty but have never actually thumped.” She combed through the soil, uncovering a centuries-old wooden box labeled “Jumanji.” Naturally, she brought it inside and

began playing with some friends. “I’ve seen the movie, so I can’t say I didn’t know what was going to happen,” she shrugged, “But anything beats going to comp sci.” She then proceeded to high five her bffs, one responding “Isn’t that the truth,” and the other saying “Oh, yes.” But just hours before, they were in no position to joke around. In true Jumanji fashion, they were forced to fight off a lion, bats, evil vines, and even an old English hunter who later turned

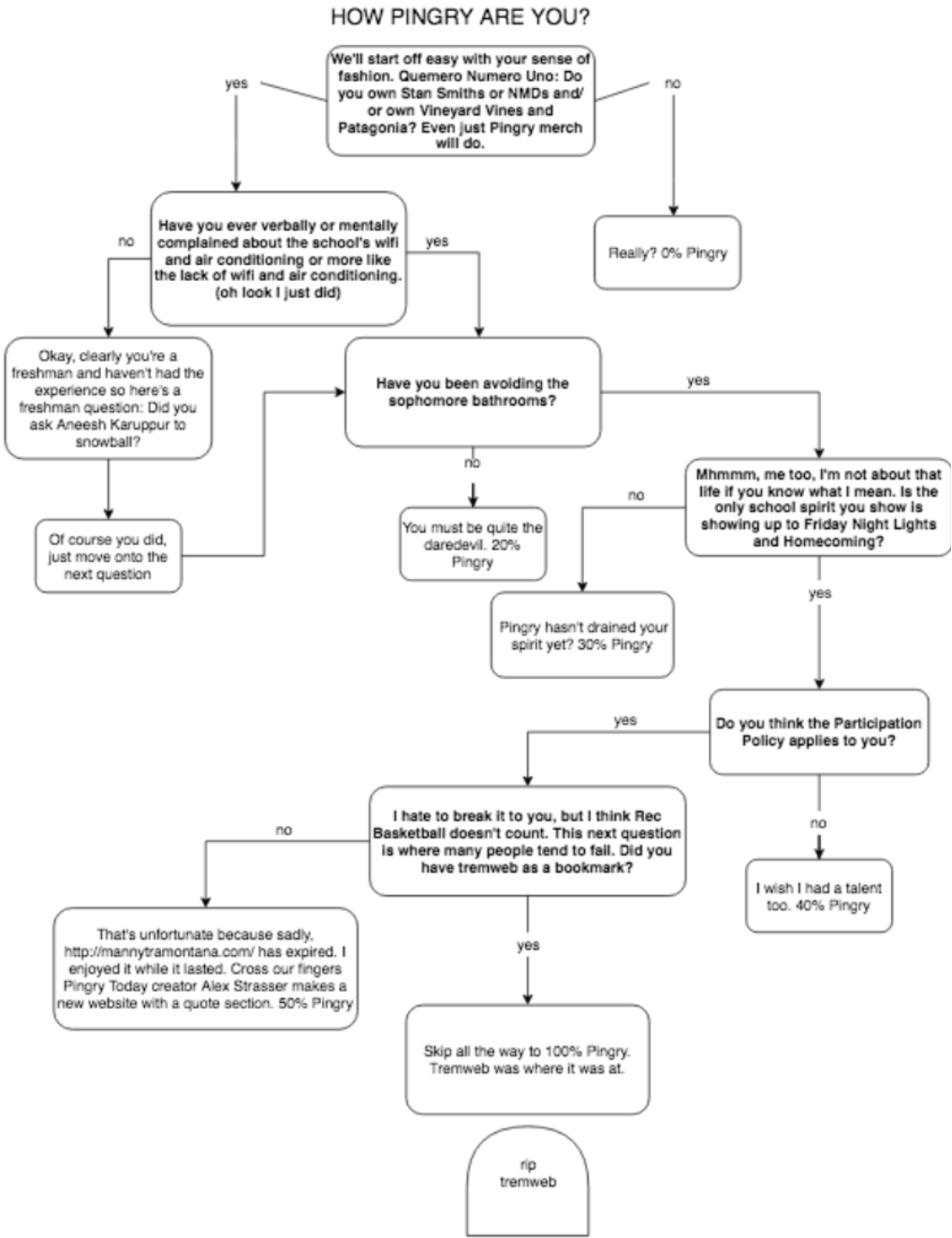
out to be Mr. Peyton. The real trouble came when one of the girls rolled a three, and the board game responded: “Don’t be fooled, it isn’t thunder. Staying put would be a blunder.” Suddenly, they looked at the clock. It read 11:05, which meant it was time for the middle school lunch. A stampede of ravenous children, several foaming at the mouth, broke through the doors from the middle school and raced towards the cafeteria. Sarah knew that one bite could be disas-

trous, let alone getting run over. “Even if you survive the cooties, I heard feline AIDS was running rampant among them. It was then that I knew we had to go.” They ran away, screaming “Jumanji,” and escaped just in time. Even after they finished the game, they realized they needed to put the cursed game somewhere safe. So, they tossed it into the donation box by the community service bulletin board, wedged in between Jenga and a ruffled Monopoly box.



Google Images

Take Our Quiz: How Pingry Are You?



A Tribute by Grace Wang (III)

Karuppur Interprets Market, Incorrectly

By ANEESH KARUPPUR (III)

New York, NY – Wall Street analysts are in a frenzy over the stock market boom and the subsequent drop in early May. Some may claim that the sharp decrease was due to lower unemployment and an overall stronger economy, which could lead to inflation. However, the true reason is that the Pingry community stopped buying stuff after the holiday season, causing the sudden downturn. Additionally, the same analysts confirmed that the stock index increase had been caused by holiday shopping by members of the Pingry community. For example, Apple (AAPL) posted an impressive revenue of about \$230 billion for 2017. It has been confirmed that \$229 billion of the revenue is from Pingry students who bought or received an iPhone during the holiday season. Clear evidence of how much the Pingry community contributed to Apple’s stock price increase can be seen by the sheer number of iPhone Xs that have been spotted around the halls.

Starbucks (SBUX) posted an earnings increase of 2,000% after releasing their new “Trem Signature” roast. Many students aspiring to emulate the superhuman mathematical abilities of the math teacher purchased the coffee, but were unable to replicate his capability. These students ended up \$37,000 in debt after buying tons of bags of the special beans. Strangely, orangutans reportedly stole shipments of the coffee in an effort to improve their integration skills. Elsewhere in the food industry, Panera Bread reported healthy earnings after becoming the official sponsor of the award-winning Pingry Robotics team. The battle for the sponsorship was between Panera and Chipotle, but poor burrito-making skills put Chipotle out of the running. Panera recently announced plans to repurpose the computer science room into a small Panera restaurant for easier access to the students that make up so much of their revenue. The popular streetwear brand Supreme has reportedly reached a \$1 billion valuation. This is quite extraordinary for the upstart company. Supreme executives have confirmed that much of the valuation is because of Pingry. A huge stock of merchandise has been produced in anticipation of the clothing that Pingry hypebeasts will be buying and reselling for quintuple the price. Mr.Conard, the Headmaster of the school, helped boost Macy’s fourth quarter sales to \$5.28 billion with his unsurprising purchase of 500 artisanal bowties in various colors to add to his already impressively large collection. Macy’s thanked him for his loyalty by promising to replace their star balloon in the annual Thanksgiving Day Parade with a giant bowtie balloon. And that wraps up this issue’s market report. (Note: Most of the figures quoted in this article are entirely and hopelessly inaccurate.)

Runner-ups to “Class of 2018 Favorite Foods...”



Pizza Boyz

“We haven’t seen these folks in a while, have we, boys? It seems that now they can drive and stuff, they don’t want delivered pizza anymore.” :(



Martinsville Deli

“Classic consumerism these days, all these franchises and big corporations taking over mom and pop stores like us! Kids just don’t understand.”



Panera Bread:

“Seriously? You would choose an ugly fatty burrito bowl over fresh, clean, nutrient-rich, responsibly-raised sandwiches? Food as it should be™, bitches.”



Origin French Thai: “Hem hem.

“Oui, c’est vrai qu’on ne choisit pas Origin Thai... But whatever.”

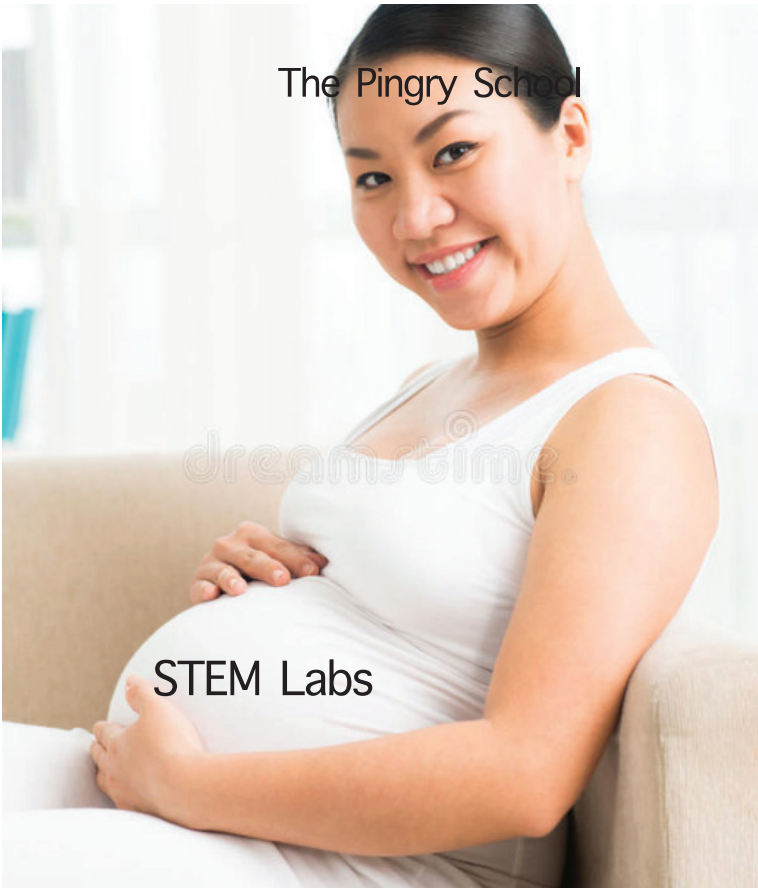
Pingry Pregnancy Rumors Confirmed?

By JOSIE ALSTON (III)

Speculation surrounding The Pingry School’s pregnancy has come to an all time high as the school’s water main broke on January 23, 2018. Pregnancy rumors first came to light this fall when the school rapidly gained over 1,000 pounds of canned food items and 1,795 pounds of candy. Many believed that the abnormal food cravings and weight gain were symptoms of a potential pregnancy, but the rumors were quickly rebuked by Pingry administration who claimed that the food would be going the food bank and “the Keeping the Kids Safe parade in Newark,

NJ,” respectively. However, gossip still circulated, and on January 23, the school’s water main break confirmed long harbored suspicions that the school is indeed expecting yet another science wing. As written in a statement from the school, “I apologize for keeping everyone in the dark through all the suspicion. As open as I like to be with everything that goes on here, my pregnancy is a journey I have to take on my own. I knew that if I had made myself vulnerable to the student body, we would all become way more stressed than we already are, which is seemingly impossible. I am looking forward to the future

with my unborn wing and could just explode with joy.” At the end of the statement, there was a link to a tear-jerking video entitled “To Our Science Wing,” that documents the majority of Pingry’s hidden pregnancy. After watching the video, biology teacher Ms. Mygas claimed, “I’m just so excited for this new journey. I think a fresh, state-of-the-art science wing would make a great addition to the Pingry family. It’s about time.” It is unknown when the science wing is to be born. However the school will be going on leave after finals and is expected to return this coming September.



Google Images

‘Who Done It?’ Female Coin Who Taught You Financial Literacy Found Slain Behind Jersey City Quiznos



squandering her money on drugs, high-priced male escorts from South Jersey, and expensive name-brand pet foods like Purina Dog Chow. Meanwhile, she couldn’t even pay her mortgage or put food on the table for her kids.”

An autopsy report also showed she was high at the time of her death, which explains her mid-night munchies and desire for her favorite mesquite chicken sandwich.

She is survived by her two children, twins Nickle “Nick” and Dime “Diane” Coin. Apparently conceived during a summer fling with an ATM in the early 2000s, they have never known their father. It is unclear where they will now go.

The investigation into her death is ongoing.

By RYAN FUENTES (VI)

Pennywise Coin, a 35-year-old mother of two, had just walked out of Quiznos on Sunday, mesquite chicken sandwich in hand, when she was suddenly plowed down by a fast moving pickup truck. Now, authorities are calling the hit-and-run “no accident.” “It appears there were many people who would have liked to see her

In Memoriam: Mrs. Coin had suffered from chronic self-described “lifestyle debt” and had made many enemies over the years.

gone,” said the Hudson County District Attorney at a press conference. “For one, there is Pennywise the Clown, who resented the fact that both public figures shared the same name and reportedly has said ‘there can be only one.’ Then, there are the loan sharks who were dismayed by her teachings on safe-money practices. Finally, we are looking at the Colombian drug car-

tels, of which Mrs. Coin was a longtime patron.” Pingry students, and seniors in particular, know Mrs. Coin through her performances in financial literacy videos, implemented into the curriculum by Mrs. Kelle Leonhard. We tried to reach out to Mrs. Leonhard for comment but were too intimidated, so didn’t. In Mrs. Coin’s videos, she explained the main

features of banking and encouraged her students how to properly budget their money. “She often took the optimistic viewpoint, telling students it was never too late,” said one Senior, who saw Mrs. Coin as a hero and role-model. Indeed, Mrs. Coin’s optimism could be seen in segments like Dealing With Debt In a Crisis, where she explained: “So what do you do

when debt begins to spiral towards a figure you’d rather not know about? Well, there are a few things you can do to get back on the right road!” But, according to former neighbors who chose not to be identified, her own life told a much different story. She never did seem to find the “right road,” one said. “She failed to follow her own teachings,

How do you feel about the Chipotle Burrito Bowl being named the Favorite Food?



Dean’s
“Did Panera Bread really say that? HA! Clean? Fresh? Nutrient-rich??? Yeah, right. A bunch of hypocrites. What the senior class really needs are 100% organic, all-natural, Non-GMO smoothies.”



Gabe’s
“Ice cream AND savory comfort food? Where can you go wrong with Gabe’s? I’m a little offended. I thought those Pingry punks always liked us. The free samples end now, kiddos.”



Starbucks
“Yeah, whatever. Who needs the Class of 2022? We operate 26,696 locations worldwide! A Starbucks a block. No one needs you, Pingry. Just saying.”



O’Bagel
“We all know who would be chosen as the favorite breakfast food. That’s right – yours truly.”

Photos from Google Images

Class of 2018 Tackles ISPs Without Passion

By ALYSSA CHEN (VI)

The Independent Senior Project, or ISP, is a quintessential Pingry milestone and is required of each graduate. Each year, seniors escape the monotony of private education to travel to Aruba, Turks and Caicos, Europe, and Gabe's, chalking it all up to "independent learning" and "self-driven education." In this spring's issue of the Wreckord, we will be highlighting a select few senior projects we feel truly represent the values of the school and the Class of 2018.

Vée Kay

Vée Kay, a longtime enthusiast of photography and travelling, spent the month of May exploring the culturally rich and educational destinations (and beaches) of Hawaii, Cancún, Orlando, Barbados, and Fiji—in that order, thank you very much—and taking very artistic photos that are not at all taken on solely iPhones. Inspired by family vacations in previous years (and, of course, the upcoming Kay Family Vacation to the Maldives in the summer), he spent three to four days in each destination—sorry, “cultural site”—bar-hopping. Wait—he meant to say “visiting museums and historical locations.” Although Pingry doesn't offer compensation for funds needed for a student's ISP, Kay assures the Wreckord that his own “Fun Fund, May 2018,” managed through his larger trust fund, more than covers the expenses.

Deliverable: Kay displayed his photos and, more importantly, his incredible

tan lines in the art gallery last Tuesday.

Ahr Tzee

Forever pursuing the city aesthetic, though a suburban girl herself, Ahr Tzee took the NJ Transit from Summit every day (including on Saturday and Sunday) to the New York Penn Station in order to visit “hipster” (i.e. the most popular) cafés and “aesthetically pleasing” (i.e. the most crowded) museums in Manhattan. Or rather, just the lower half of Manhattan—according to her abstract, she never went past 90th St. What an urban girl. In addition to pestering the entirety of the NYPD for directions to this soft serve place or that “crêperie,” Tzee violated many pedestrian traffic laws in her pursuit of the perfect “city-girl!” mid-street photoshoot for her revamped Instagram. She also took flash photos of every painting, sculpture, and vaguely-urban-looking person she saw in the MoMA, the Whitney,



It looks like a stock photo, but Vée Kay swears he took it.

and the Met.

Deliverable: Tzee splashed a few paint marks on a canvas, hung it in the art gallery, and called it “Urban

Inspired: An Aesthetically Pleasing Reflection of My Month in Manhattan.”

C. Anna Bises

Anna Bises spent the month “j chilling, ya know” in the “music studios” of Pingry, “recording” new “experimental music.” Expanding upon her previous knowledge of “hit” music, she worked tirelessly, but without “straining herself,” on recording “guitar and vocal tracks.” She also spent much time listening to 60s music, which she bluntly said was especially influential in her musical “experiments.”

Deliverable: Bises held a private “session” in fourth practice room in the music wing basement.

Draco S. Nake

For his ISP, Draco Nake interned at a tech startup called “Nothing To See Here,” a very “not sketchy*,” “not-for-profit*” firm dedicated to “creating the perfect AI glasses*.” In his proposal, Nake stressed very often the

added multiple times that the firm is “honest” and consists of many “honest, hard-working folks. The kind you find here at good ol’ Pingry.” After being reminded by Mr. Benoit that overemphasizing the “honesty factor” of a startup seems tacky, Nake continued to add more examples of the “pure and wholesome honesty” that occurred in the office, just for good measure.

Deliverable: Nake wrote a blog called “Step 1 to Retiring Early: The High School Internship (Not that I got paid or anything).” The Wreckord tried to access the blog, but was bombarded with hundreds of ads. Nake wrote in an apology, stating explicitly that “All proceeds from those ads will go to charity, I swear.”

*It must be noted here that the Wreckord's expert investigators have found information leading one to think otherwise, but further investigations must be held to further investigate.

Toad Ollie W. Erking

Toad Erking, in his rather short ISP abstract, reports working “very hard” and being “very productive” in the entirety of the month. Although teachers and students alike report never seeing Erking at school, he claims to have come in “every weekday, five hours a day, for every single day of ISP—seriously.” According to Erking's proposal, he supposedly worked on “some computer science stuff”



Tzee is about to Cha Cha back to suburbia.

(quoted directly), like “learning more Java” and “creating a few programs” under the supervision of “the Computer Science folks down at Technology.” Among the places Erking has been spotted during working hours this past month—including the Bridgewater Commons, Gabe's, that one boutique in Martinsville, and the laundromat between Panera and Chipotle—not one has been near the tech lab, or at Pingry at all. We tracked down Erking and asked him a few questions on his ISP, considering how vague his proposal was. “Well, you know.” When further questioned, he said, “Well, that's not true at all! I worked very hard on my ISP for the first day—I mean, the entire time!”

Deliverable: Erking unfortunately was not able to produce a tangible deliverable. According to him, this was because much of his “work” was “conceptual and learning-based.” However, he will be presenting his work by himself in the multi-arts room next Friday. This is probably to ensure a zero-person audience, since

everyone will be on break at that point.

Annie Mae

Annie Mae decided that her dream to learn Japanese would no longer be just a dream, as of ISP month. In her proposal, she wrote, “This is a New Deal I'm making with myself. Stop dreaming, start learning.” The Wreckord really can't make this stuff up—that's actually what Mae wrote.

In addition to “using Duolingo a bunch,” she also described an “intensive immersive experience” she had “fully prepared and planned” using “special resources and websites.” When one reads further, though, it turns out that these “special resources” actually just refer to myanimelist.net and crunchyroll.com. In her ISP abstract, Mae wrote, “My mother [the notable Mrs. Fannie Mae] had wanted me to intern at the local mortgage firm, but I decided to spend time pursuing my biggest passion: watching anime—I mean, learning the Japanese language and culture.” According to her friends, Mae “practices Japanese” everywhere: in classrooms (using the projectors), at home on her living room couch in front of a TV, and at school with friends who are also “fans of learning Japanese.” Although “all anime shows were watched using English subtitles,” Mae claims she “learned a lot from the immersive experience.”

Deliverable: Mae will be putting on a showing called “Gems of Japanese Culture” in a math classroom.

Student Who Climbed to Top of Clock Tower Shocked to see World Beyond High School

By RYAN FUENTES (VI)

Basking Ridge, NJ – It is not clear why the sophomore had climbed to the top of Pingry's clock tower, or how he got there.

At approximately 1:00 pm EDT, middle schoolers who were inconveniently playing Powerball at the school's main entrance heard screaming from above: “Freedom! I see freedom!” Many glanced up to see a hazy figure standing at the triangular edge of the clock tower. They resorted to panicked squeals and instinctively started running around

in circles. One was reported whelping, “The prophecy has been fulfilled! All hail Zorp!”

As it turned out, this was not the second coming of The Savior. The sophomore, looking out into the countryside from his unique vantage point, had apparently spotted the Manhattan skyline in the distance. This seemed to confirm rumors that, indeed, there existed a world beyond Pingry.

The confirmed sighting of New York City, the Atlantis of New Jersey suburban high schools, sent mass shock throughout the Upper School.

The Wreckord spoke to a junior, who explained what this realization meant. “I once heard someone suggest that the Earth was round, but I thought he just meant it was full of fat people. I had always learned that if I drove past the Starbucks at Liberty Corner, I would fall into the abyss, or something.”

We wondered how any modern-day institution could be so isolated, insular. We ventured into the school's library, only to see that all books – including those on real places like New York City – were deemed fictional. It

was a sloppy feat, considering all that the librarians had done was draw a large red X over the “non” in the “nonfiction” section.

We spoke to a particularly eager senior who, having figured out his life story whilst writing college apps, was eager to give us a very eloquent version of it. As a child, his grandmother had told him countless stories of magical places like New York, and even unmagical places like Canada. He said he might even have gone there as a baby, but his long-term memory had been clouded

by a potent combination of Fortnite, sleep-deprivation, and something strange in the school's water fountains.

I then asked him about recent school field trips like the Senior Retreat. “We went nowhere.”

Confused, I said “You must have gone somewhere.”

“We went to some mountains in Pennsylvania.”

He was right. That is nowhere.



















Our reporters tried to speak to the sophomore who was atop the clock tower, but we were unable to find him. Maintenance people from the school had spotted him up there, tazed him, and then dragged his body back inside.

Despite numerous requests for information, our reporters have only been told the student has not been seen since.

Understanding a Pingry Student’s Mood Through Moodlets

Moodlets describe how a Sim is feeling and are based on the his/her daily choices and interactions. If your Pingry friend is like your Sim, the following moodlet chart will help advise you on how to best deal with them on a daily basis. Unedited from the original game.

Moodlet (+/- points)		Causes	Explanation
Technophobia (-10)		Using electronics	“For some Sims, using technology is an unsettling experience”
Fiendishly Delighted (+15)		Watching Sim Suffer, Trolling, Donating to Undermine Charity,	“Sims of the evil persuasion take pleasure in the misfortune of others.”
Failing (-40)		Bad Grades	“(Sim Name) was given a great educational opportunity, and he/she is on the verge of squandering it!”
Thespian (+10)		Fake passing out	“Dramatic acting always has a place in everyday life.”
Amour Perfume (+10)		Perfume	“I will make you love me through persistence!”
Grungy (-5)		Grunge	“Yuck! That layer of grime growing might mean it’s time for a bath or shower.”
Hydrated (+30)		High water need	“So many Sims pay close attention to nutrition, sleep and exercise. (Sim Name) has his priorities straight: hydration is paramount!”
Exhausted (-50)		Critically low energy need	“At this level of sleep deprivation, even the floor looks like a good bed to this Sim.”
Had a nice nap (+15)		Napping	“Having a great, refreshing nap may be just enough to hold back the onset of sleep.”
Enemy! (-10)		Enemy	“The presence of garbage would be preferred to that of a hated enemy!”
Enemy! (+10)		Enemy	“Ha! Enemies are pathetic. The mere sight of such pitiful mortals brings joy to your Sim.”
Overworked (-10)		Working hard	“All work and no play makes it so that (Sim Name) needs to lay off putting in all the extra effort.”
Smarter Than Your Average Cow (+10)		Cow	(Sim Name) is my name, Tic-Tac-Hoove is my game.
Got in trouble (-5)		Deviant behavior	“Getting in trouble is no big deal... as long as it was worth it!”
Fight the power (+15)		Deviant behavior	“Keepin’ the man off your back never felt so good. Sock it to him!”
Mentally ravenous (-15)		Critically low brain power	“Brain... burning! Must... meditate! Regain precious, precious... brainergy!”

The “Snowball” Effect: Catfight Turned Mystery Murder

By VICKY CHEN (V)

Pingry’s Snowball Dance 2018 event was one for the ages. However, the thumping dance floor quickly turned into a crime scene after a body was found behind the coat check area. Because Verizon took over the previous venue, Dolce, the event was now held at The Westin in Morristown, NJ. Shortly before “Maybe I’m Crazy” played through the speakers, a freshman trying to beat the coat retrieval line left the dance early to gather her belongings. However, when the lady working the coat check went to retrieve item #467, there it was: the body. The identification of the victim remains classified for now.

So far, there is a short list of possible culprits. Could it have been the barefooted girl the victim accidentally stepped on with her heels? There is a precarious stretch of time during the Snowball dance in which about half the women on the dance floor have their shoes off, but half have them on. These times of dance floor Darwinism could surely turn a stepped-on sufferer to seek revenge.

Perchance the victim and the perpetrator were wear-



ing the same dress - a teenage nightmare! Besides some initial frustrations and awkwardness, it should have turned out to be no big deal though. She probably wasn’t the killer, but she is kept on the possible culprits list just in case.

Maybe the culprit was the woman manning the photo booth. The victim could have been taking up much too much time in there, insisting on the low quality pictures that come in not only color, but also black and white, with props, and without props. Everyone knows the slightly grainy lens inside the booth has a magical ability to make everyone look fantastic, but perhaps it just got tiresome for her to see their peace signs time and time again.

It is also possible that the victim was the one that requested the long slew of indistinguishable EDM remixes that played throughout the night. This, of course, would mean there would be a plethora of attendees seeking revenge. The fourth Steve Aoki song would have been enough for ANYONE to start going after the requester.

Another possibility remains. The victim could have cut the murderer in line for the dumplings. These culinary delights served in those adorable takeout boxes would be enough to tip someone over the edge. The victim could have gotten away with the last couple veggie dumplings, but not for long before the perpetrator fought for revenge.

The question of why the victim was left at the coat check location in particular is still unanswered. Perhaps it was to spite the new venue’s long, single file lines, in which one received a small blue ticket stub. Gone are the days of simply dropping all your personal effects on the floor of Dolce.

Photo above from Google Images. Info on left from sims.wikia.com.

Captions by Ami Gianchandani (VI), Photos by Bruce Morrison



“That one’s gonna hurt later.”



“And that’s concussion #20.”



“You’re beautiful.” “No, you’re beautiful.”



“You better duck.”



“You can break your own ankles, or I can break them for you.”



“They’re definitely scared because I have a head band.”



“Squat and reach, that’s the technique.”



“Aaand... do the floss.”