



**All quotes, events, and references are utter hogwash. Don't believe a thing we say.*

CHOATE PARTNERS WITH SPRITE, LEADS TO A NEW SCHOOL SONG

By *Pep C. Co, Prefers Starry to Sprite (What's Starry Anyway...)*

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary to examine the hidden connections between moral union and financially motivated corruption, the powers vested in the people, given in part by government and in part by the transformative effects of education, decent and common respect to the shared knowledge of all parties requires a direct declaration of causes of concern and objection among the populace motivating such public contrary action.

We, *Lorem Ipsum**, today bring to the concern of the Choate student body the details of a secret business deal that is as sinister as it is mysterious. Unlike some of the more major corruption headlines in recent memory, this does not strike directly, implicating the government or military. Instead, the true scale of this betrayal will bubble up, ultimately revealing a devilish adversary in a most unlikely place: the soft drink industry.

Following a successful campaign of partnerships with high-profile athletes at the Olympics, the Coca-Cola company has turned its attention to a perhaps larger part of their target demographic: the student-athlete population. As part of this deal, the Choate community has



agreed to change their color scheme to red and white, and exclusively carry Dasani and Sprite as a beverage option in the School Store. Most flagrantly, Choate has partnered with the Jingle-Writing Team to create a new song praising the company's many products.

Now, it is no secret that companies often engage in partnerships with institutions in order to sell their product; brand deals are a powerful weapon in the modern advertising arsenal. However, many in the Choate faculty have expressed concern over

exposing young minds to the complexities of the business of athletics. Adam Smith Jr, the head of the Economics Department, said in an interview, "It's just so dangerous to involve them in the real world like this. They sacrifice so much of their time and energy on top of practice, and what's their ROI? Even as one of the youngest professors in the HPRSS Department, my first-hand experience and lessons from my father are enough to show me that this should have never been allowed."

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*Lorem Ipsum** reached out to Coca-Cola CEO P. E. Per, Ph.D, for comment, but she declined. In *Lorem Ipsum**'s storied tradition of non-partisanship, no opinion shall be given on the morality of this new venture for the Choate Rosemary Hall community. The new song lyrics have been included at the end of this article, and readers are encouraged to make their own judgment.

Lyrics:

To our drink made out of lime rinds,
Come and drink a cooling sip!
'Til the belches loud at length
resound,
And nostrils petrify!
Then Fanta sip,
And Coke can sip,
This is a branded deal!
So we hail our soft drink rulers,

'Tis to them our bucks belong!
So pay more Coke!
And Sprite, Fanta too!
Far from the NCAA the regulations
don't count!
Next to the wild boar,
Renowned will Sprite be!
Bubbliest in the land,
Every thy reach expand,
Until all schools sell the drink!
Buy Sprite!

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE BOAR IN THE ATHLETICS CENTER

By Screamin' Possum, A Student by Day and Furry by Night

Reporting live from the Athletics Center at 2 a.m., I had the dubious honor of interviewing none other than the taxidermy boar who, as you may have heard, comes to life after hours. The boar, whose general attitude could only be described as "perpetually disgruntled," had plenty to say.

Let's start with a hot topic: how do you feel about the new dining hall?

BOAR: It's bittersweet. My good friend, Bullwinkle Swamp Donkey—though you probably know him as the moose head—is living in the construction zone. He says the sawdust has none of that *je ne sais quoi* (don't ask me what that means, he's the guy who spent a trimester aboard in France) that

EGAS Dining had. Anyway, the new dining hall better have some room for us. All this talk of "modern" and "sleek"—where's the love for the classics? Taxidermy needs a place too, you know!

Are you excited for Carr Hall to be completed?

BOAR: Sure, I guess. But Friar Tux Funkyfeathers (the taxidermy penguin in the science center) and I were talking, and honestly, we need a new friend to hang out with. You ever try to hold a conversation with a stuffed penguin? It's impossible! Guy's seen way too many *Fast & Furious* movies. I'm at the point where all my internal dialogue has completely morphed into Vin Diesel's voice. It's exhausting. We're thinking maybe the archery team

could hook us up with a squirrel or something? You know, a little friend who could spice up movie night. Fast and Furry-ous, anyone?

Anything you'd like to tell the Choate student body?

BOAR: Yeah, for starters, just because I don't move during the day doesn't mean I don't have feelings. You all rush past me like I'm invisible. I've got personality, stories...*history*. But no, everyone's too busy avoiding eye contact. Is it the tusks? Is it the cold, lifeless stare? Look, I know I've got RBF (resting boar face), but come on! Show some respect! And, hey, just because I'm "inanimate" during daylight hours, doesn't mean I don't want non-taxidermy friends. Break the stigma, people.

These were all the questions I could squeeze in before the clock struck 3 a.m. and the boar lost his magical

animatronic abilities. If you have more questions, he's available from midnight to 3 a.m. daily—so feel free

to sneak out of your dorms and pay him a visit.



WI-FI GOES DOWN ACROSS ALL DORMS: STUDENTS DISCOVER THE ANCIENT PRACTICE OF CONVERSATION

By Dot Combs, Your Average Internet Enjoyer

In an unprecedented event that some are calling “The Great Silence,” Choate Rosemary Hall’s Wi-Fi has gone down across all dormitories, plunging hundreds of students into what can only be described as the Digital Dark Age. Early reports following the catastrophe suggest panic, confusion, and an alarming spike in the use of previously extinct words like “Hello,” or “Hi.”

The blackout began at approximately 11:30 p.m. on the 28th of September—a Saturday night, where sleep is instinctively restricted—and with students initially believing the issue to be related to their devices. It was reported that a flurry of calls regarding the issue clogged Choate’s IT Help Desk that night. But soon, the horrifying truth spread: the Wi-Fi

wasn’t coming back—at least, not anytime soon.

“I opened my laptop, and the little bars and Wi-Fi signal thingies weren’t there,” said Brian Raught ’28. “I-I didn’t know what to do. It was so dark and scary...”

Without access to TikTok or Instagram Reels, technological devices became rendered useless. In desperation, students began turning to each other for guidance. Some

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senior prefects, who had once heard tales of human interaction from their sociology classes, suggested trying something unheard of: talking to one another.

“At first, it was awkward,” said Slea E. P. Deprived ’27, who was mentally recovering from a 20 minute conversation about the weather. “But then, people started like...making eye contact?”

Study lounges once filled with the gentle glow of blue screens now echo with sounds not heard since 2008: the sound of conversation. Scholars have identified this as an ancient ritual involving vocal cords and hand gestures, traditionally practiced before the advent of the skull and sobbing emojis. Some dorm residents even reported “laughter,” (/ˈlɑftər/ - n.) which—after rigorous investigation—has been confirmed



as a natural human reaction to humor. Choate Rosemary Hall has issued a statement promising that technicians are “working around the clock to restore our prime source of brain nourishment.” But for now, students must endure their time in this desolate Wi-Fi void by bonding over

such obscure practices such as talking, thinking, and the occasional board game.

When asked if the experience had changed her, Lona Wolpha ’26 said, “Yeah, I guess. But as soon as Wi-Fi’s back, I’m never talking to anyone again.”

SECRET TUNNEL FOUND BENEATH HILL HOUSE, LEADS TO MIDNIGHT SNACK STASH

By *Anonymous Coyote, Always on the Prowl (Be Careful At Night!)*

Last Saturday night, Lorem Ipsum reporters interviewed two key witnesses, both involved in the rumored Tuck Shop incident, who spoke on the condition of anonymity.*

Chronic Lee Online ’25: It all started when I was scrolling through my TikTok feed at about 1:00 a.m., my usual late night hobby. All of a sudden, I hear a collective choir of sniffing coming from outside. “Does anyone smell that?” they all said in

unison. No, but I definitely heard that.

I crept into the hallway to see a symphony of greasy kids slinking up to the elevator. “The smell,” they moaned, “I smell it. I smell it.” At that point, the only thing I could smell was B.O. and unwashed clothes, kind of like going to a rave full of skunks. But then, they all stuck their fingers in between the elevator doors.

Somehow, the doors opened, and one by one, they dove into the shaft like little dolphins. I dashed to the elevator, but by the time I got there, all that was left was the faint scent of burnt plastic. The only thing I could do? Jump in right behind them.

Note: At this point, Lorem Ipsum’s Zoom free trial expired, so reporters were unable to finish this interview. Sorry.*

Local Oldies but Goodies | 5



SAC Dweller '28: My parents forgot to pick me up from Choate, so I sat in Tuck to wait for them. I must've fallen asleep or something, because sometime later I found myself waking up to a primal scream coming from the Tuck kitchen. I

crawled under a table for cover just as the door to the mailroom hallway blasted open. "Free food! Free food! Free food!" was all I heard.

I heard loud bangs, and then the sound of a sink running. I didn't dare to move; this was an invasion

on a scale unlike any Choate had ever seen, even including The Bathroom Ant Invasion. Amongst the grunts, crashes, and roars, the strangest sound I heard was sizzling, like something, or even someone, was being deep-fried. Finally, there was a horrible crunching noise, like something was being crushed between teeth or something—hell if I know. I think I fell asleep again. I woke up because my parents had called to tell me they had arrived. Shakily, I stood up. Tuck was devastated. There were ketchup packets, EXPO markers, and onion rings smushed onto the floor. There was also a faint smell of skunk, but there was no trace of the invasion otherwise. Then, I turned around and saw these gory words on the wall, written with red marker: "Hill House Snack Stash!!!"

Don't tell Dr. Smufiyard and Ms. Smurfilliot, but if I knew they were going to steal food, I would've joined in. I would do anything for some curly fries. I can just imagine the seasoning, and when you add ketchup with a little mayo, and...

REAL WORLD APPLICATIONS: STUDENT CLAIMS THAT CAMPUS PATHS FORM AN ANCIENT SYMBOL FOUND IN A MATH TEXTBOOK

By **TinFoilTimmy313** 🧐, *Owner of an Underground Bunker (It's Worth More Than the Endowment)*

The following is adapted from a cut episode of the seminal History Channel classic *Ancient Aliens*, a documentary program attempting to

prove extraterrestrials responsible for the construction of historic monuments. Although the episode was ultimately scrapped in favor of

an investigation on the Pyramids of Giza, Lorem Ipsum*, in the spirit of open journalism, has included a modified version of the screenplay in

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this edition.

HOST: Welcome to *Ancient Aliens*, the only show that battles the politicization of academia in order to uncover the *true* history of the world. Today by special request we're staying local, and uncovering the *real* origin of a mysterious connection between the paths of the Choate Rosemary Hall school and an ancient book of dark magic. Stick with us, and you'll stay glued to your screen. Onward, to knowledge!

TITLE CARD: ANCIENT ALIENS
(Editor's Note: Unlike in the version of the show now on air, the original title sequence exclusively featured textbook depictions of the building of the Wonders of the World with alien heads Photoshopped over the builders' faces.)

HOST: Today I'm here with Johnny Smith, a freshman who contacted us after a recent string of inexplicable events. Tell us Johnny, how did it all start?

JOHNNY: Well, the first thing I heard about was the incident in the Science Center. Two weeks ago at School Meeting, the Science Department announced that the building would be closed for the day 'cuz of SRP activities. I'm pretty new here, so I'm not sure what that means, but I was suspicious. And later that day, I noticed a strange glowing light coming from over there!

HOST: What happened next?

JOHNNY: Well, then I really started to pay attention. Back home in Roswell, we don't let a thing like this go, ya know? So I asked around, trying to find anyone else who noticed this. I didn't find anyone, but I overheard a government teacher who was eating lemon meringue complaining that there was a loud mechanical noise right outside his classroom. He blamed it on the Facilities team, but I wasn't convinced.

HOST: And how did you find out about the symbol?

JOHNNY: That night, I fell asleep doing my geometry homework. In my dreams, I had a vision of a tall gray man, who took me above the clouds and drew out all of the paths with his glowing finger, or whatever you would call it for an alien. That morning when I woke up, I marched right to the library and spent hours there. In the very last section I checked, I found an old, tattered math book on ancient Egyptian arithmetic. They talked about a spiritual symbol that could reveal the secrets of the universe.

HOST: And it matched up!

JOHNNY: Yes! I'm a long-time fan of your show, so I knew I had to go to the authorities immediately and be prepared for them to want to *lie* and *deceive* to protect their herd of sheeple. I ran all the way to the Head of School's house, but I couldn't get in. In pursuit of the truth, I broke in through a window and shook him awake, but he didn't listen! All he

did was call Community Safety and kick me out!

HOST: And then you contacted us. Don't worry, Johnny, our team is on the case. We will—

(At this point, a passing teacher unexpectedly approaches the camera crew.)

TEACHER: Excuse me, who are you? This is a closed campus, how did you even gain access! And Johnny! Where have you been this morning? You're supposed to be in my class! We're learning 3-D shapes today.

JOHNNY: Ma'am, what's that symbol on your paper? I knew you were part of the cover-up!

TEACHER: Johnny, whatever do you mean? This is a pyramid! Which you would know if you hadn't been so late. And talking to a stranger no less!

HOST: Excuse me, ma'am. Johnny, do you mean to tell me this mysterious symbol is a pyramid?

JOHNNY: Well, how was I supposed to know other people have heard of this? We just started the unit today!

(The transcript ends here. The production notes, also procured by Lorem Ipsum, include a final section recommending that this episode not be produced. Scrawled over this addendum is a note reading "new episode idea: Egypt?")*



RISE AND SHINE DELINQUENTS: A THURSDAY DETENTION STORY

By *Anonymous Coyote, Found Its Prey and is Back for Seconds!*

Every 7:30 a.m. on Thursday, Choate's best class-skippers and Starbucks-goers gather for their weekly ritual: Thursday Detention. Traditionally this was held in the Humanities building, but Choate has modernized Thursday Detention by hosting it in the Lanphier Center instead.

Some students expressed excitement to participate in this tradition. Freshie Waters '28 said,

"It's actually my first time living this essential Choate experience. Yesterday, I missed three classes for this; totally worth it to come here!"

In fact, a majority of students are there for unexcused absences. "I slept for 30 hours straight and missed four classes and my sport," said Jackson Jackson '27. "In my defense, I was up really late before that." When asked why he had been up so late, Jackson refused to

comment, though he did point this *Lorem Ipsum** reporter to a hooded figure in the corner.

"Why I'm here?" said the figure, grinning. "You wouldn't get it. But I'll give you a hint. I was in the Tuck Shop... last Saturday night." He refused to comment further and instead directed this reporter to the other side of the room, the section for students who have broken bounds.

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“I mean, I don’t even think I should be here. I was just buying supplies at Walmart,” Dell Aporter ’27 said. “Jackson told me we needed onions, starch, glue, and flour for something he was planning, so I went out and got it. Next thing I know, Community Safety is pulling up and dragging me back to campus. They didn’t even let me—!” At this moment, every student hushed Aporter very loudly, after which Aporter refused to comment.

Mr. Densley, the faculty supervisor, didn’t seem to notice anything unusual about this Thursday Detention. “They’re always whispering about something in the corner, and sometimes they get together and do a little chant and start beating their chests. I think they’re really bonding with each



other, and these bonding exercises seem great!” he said.

Sure enough, the students had gathered in a circle and started to chant, joined even by Waters. Mr. Densley was impressed by how

quickly Waters had bonded with the group. “It’s just a really friendly group of people; really, they’re just having fun, and I don’t see a problem with that.”

DINING HALL IS SET TO BE DEMOLISHED: THE TEMPORARY DINING HALL IS HERE TO STAY

By Mead E.M. Rair Chikin, A Scathing Food Critic (And They’re Not Ashamed)

In an unexpected turn of events, Choate Rosemary Hall’s administration has announced that the newly-renovated dining hall—which has been under construction for what feels like decades—is set to be demolished before it even opens. Instead, the temporary dining hall will become the permanent dining location on campus.

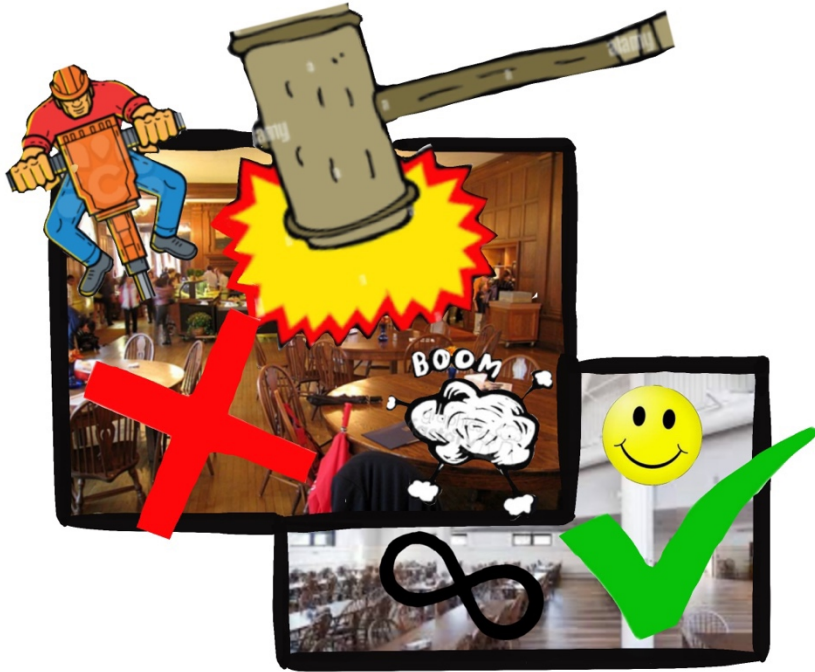
“We hear the students loud and clear,” said Mr. Perry Pacifist, Chair of the Dining Hall Remodeling Committee via a solemn Vimeo video. “What they want, above all

else, is consistency. What better way to provide that than by making the temporary dining hall a permanent experience? Students have grown accustomed to the cramped seating, the chaotic lines, and the exciting, unpredictable food options. Why take that away?”

Reactions to the news have ranged from bewilderment to outright despair. “I thought the whole point of ‘temporary’ was that it would like, you know, end,” remarked YumYum Hungryboi ’26 while in the 200 person line for

unseasoned steak. “This dining hall makes me nostalgic for the days when we could at least sit while we ate.”

Choate officials explained that the decision to demolish the original dining hall was based on “student demand” and “monetary responsibility.” From what has been heard, spending millions of dollars on a state-of-the-art facility that could feed the entire student body comfortably was deemed excessive, while continuing to shove hundreds



of hungry students into an essentially enlarged food truck was hailed as an “eco-friendly, minimalist solution.”

“This is the future,” Mr. Pacifist continued after a brief coughing fit. “The renovated dining hall was simply going to be too luxurious. Who needs space when you can enjoy the thrill of eating standing up, or on the floor, or even

outside amongst the mosquitoes? And let’s not forget the food. We figured that students love surprises, and what’s better of a surprise than biting into a chicken patty only to find out that it’s actually a bean-and-tofu obelisk?”

Some students have rumored that the school is scheming to keep business at the Tuck Shop up and

going, since the number of orders at the shop have significantly increased since the opening of the temporary dining hall.

“My son has been in school for 3 weeks, and the one time I check his Choate card ID balance there is nothing left! If 900 dollars can’t last 21 days at Choate, I don’t know what can,” exclaimed Mrs. Rager, a mother who came to visit her children.

For now, students can look forward to many more semesters of their beloved temporary dining hall, which, as the administration gleefully announced, will continue to offer the same delightful features: lines longer than the Great Wall of China, seating for approximately a dozen people, and airplane budget food.

“I guess we should’ve expected this,” sighed Senior SpringofDespair ’25, poking at what seems to be a concoction of cold curry, beans, and lentils. “At this point, the only thing ‘temporary’ here is my hope.”

IN DEFENSE OF SKIPPING BREAKFAST: WHY TEN MORE MINUTES OF SLEEP IS HEALTHIER

By Anonymous Coyote, Are You Its Next Victim?!

Everyone’s been there. You set three alarms the night before school. When the first alarm’s traumatizing ringtone wakes you up, you inevitably turn it off and fall back asleep. And then you sleep...and sleep...and sleep, until you realize

it’s 8:03 a.m. and you have 12 minutes until your A block class. But don’t let your peers shame you into thinking this is wrong! In fact, a study by the Health Center recently proved that those sweet extra ten minutes of sleep can significantly

improve the emotional and physical health of students.

Overall emotional health increased by 18% across all participants. “There’s a mental reassurance for the student since they believe they got the maximum

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amount of sleep they could get,” explained Dr. Deedee Doofus, who co-authored the study. “We call this sleep-maxxing. You see, when students sleepmax, their aura points go up, and they’re left feeling skibidi for the rest of the day.” Scientists also observed a phenomenon called selective sleep valuation: 89% of students surveyed claimed they would rather lose out on 10 minutes of sleep at 3:00 a.m. than at 8:00 in the morning.

The study found improved physical health in participants, especially in two muscles: the bladder and the legs. Choate bladders have seen a 10% increase in tensile strength and a 15% increase in flexibility, which scientists related to the act of holding urine for an additional 30 minutes. After sleeping an extra ten minutes for one month, students who had previously gone to the bathroom four times a day only

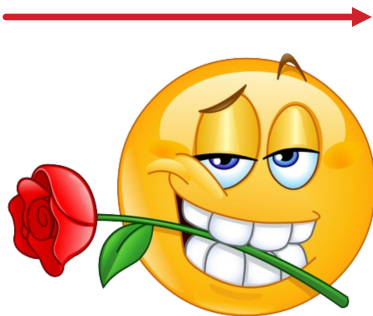


needed to go twice despite similar levels of water intake. Teachers praised the change, with one commenting, “It’s just, like, magic. Kids used to leave my class all the time to pee, and now they only go when there’s a quiz!”

Students also noted an increase in leg strength. Jimmy Giant '25 said, “I love sleeping in because I can get in my monthly leg day

when I power walk from Hill to Science in just fifteen minutes. Sometimes, I even start jogging, which is my seasonal cardio.” *Lorem Ipsum** wholeheartedly encourages its readers to adopt this healthy habit. So make sure to set your alarms for 7:40, 7:55, 7:59, 8:02, and even 8:13 (if you are up for a real challenge) tomorrow.

Let's play a little game...



By **Kedward Kullen**, A True Romantic



Wiggles (and Free Blocks) | 11



You're a creative person who loves to build things, whether it be an art sculpture or a robot. You are extremely intelligent and have lots of good ideas. People trust you to give them advice whenever they need it. You might seem quiet at times, but others actually find this to be one of your best characteristics and spend time with you whenever they want a chill, relaxing time. You often read the news and listen to podcasts.

You have a knack for destruction and will end up in jail at some point - likely for murder. There is a strong sense of evil deep in your heart that you have not yet gotten the opportunity to unleash and are waiting for the right moment to strike. You are practically the definition of a red flag, and the more people get to know you the more they avoid you (a good decision on their part). You love to watch action movies and you always mix candy into your popcorn.



You are a well-rounded student and are excelling in all of your classes. You have only As and A-pluses, and participate in sports, choir, and numerous clubs. You finished your community service over the summer, and have ambitious goals set for yourself. You crave academic validation. Though you may seem like a "perfect student" from the outside, you struggle with procrastination and your intense workload, and sometimes end up scrolling through TikTok when you're supposed to be working. You end up with an average of 3 hours of sleep per night.

Your actions are often overlooked, and you blend in with the crowd. You're probably a middle child, or at least a younger one. Most people don't know you well enough, but the ones that do find you boring and annoying. Sorry to break it to you.



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There's no easy way to say it; you're lazy. You live by the words "work smarter not harder," and are always taking shortcuts. You're also a picky eater: the type of person who orders a burger, and holds the lettuce, tomato, onion, pickle, and all the condiments. You love sitcoms, especially *The Office*.

You're a very sweet person who is constantly smiling. Other people just seem to get along with you right away, and they find it so easy to love you. You are the "mom friend" in your social circle and always know how to make someone's day; your friends feel like they can come to you for anything. Your favorite show is *Gilmore Girls* and your favorite color is green, yellow, or pink.



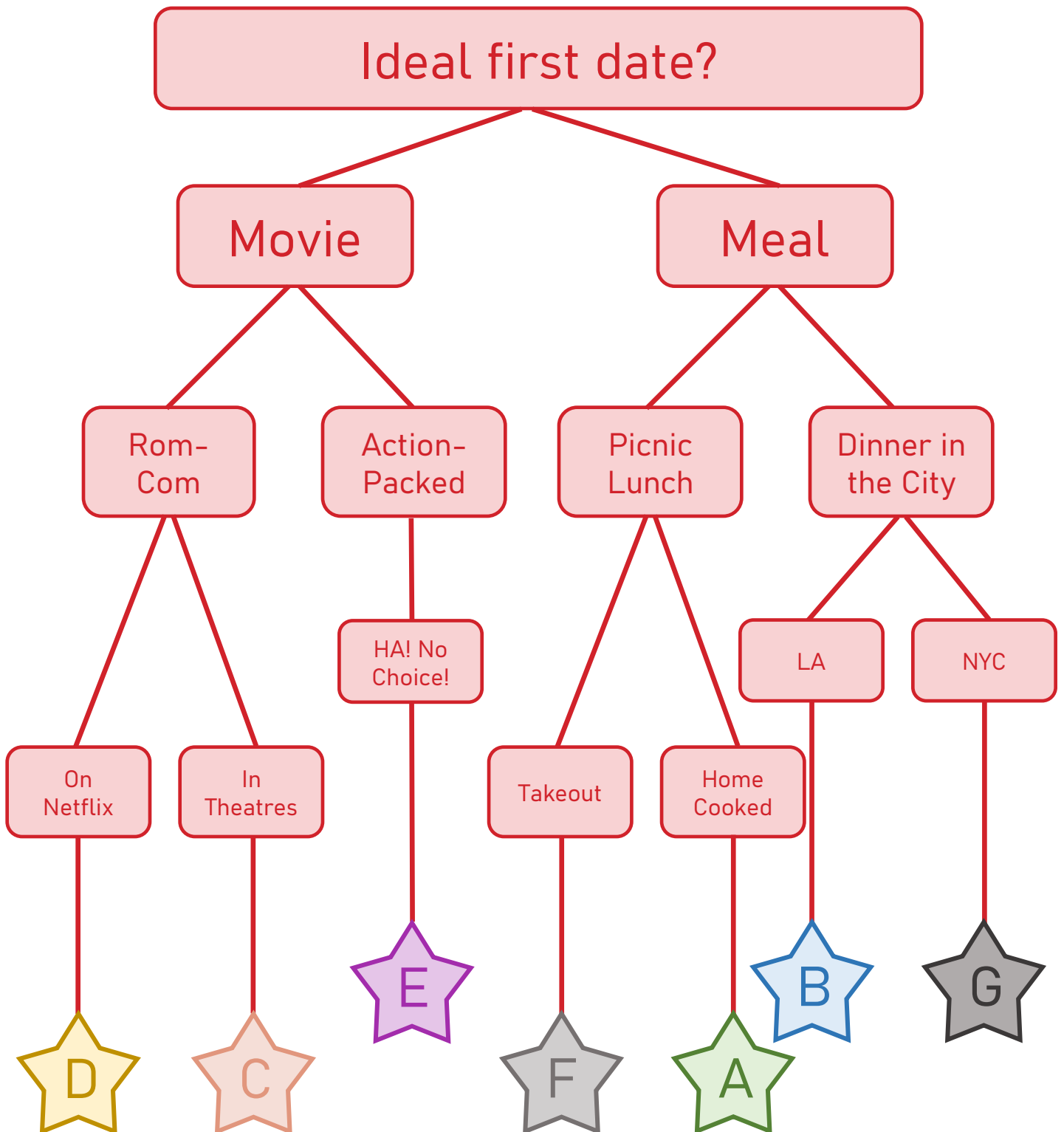
You are the life of the party. When you walk into a room, the mood is instantly lightened. You are super outgoing, love talking to people, and love being the center of attention. You might have some enemies, but you know that "haters gonna hate," so you don't let it stir your confidence.

Now that you've read the options you can:

- Compare them to the free block(s) you currently have.
- Follow the game on the next page to find out what free block you *actually* are.
- Do both!



Wiggles (and Free Blocks) | 13



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WHICH DRESS TO IMPRESS THEME ARE YOU?



Wiggles (and Coloring!) | 15



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(Outro Music: Let's play a little game... just between you and I...)

