"GOODTHINKING" ENGLISH DEPARTMENT ENDORSES NEWSPEAK

By Charisma Ink Meme, Renowned Occultist

A mysterious poster sporting an illustration of Big Brother from George Orwell’s 1984 was recently spotted in the basement of the Humanities Building. Underneath the Brother’s face and various comments supporting “English Socialism” as a political movement, the poster included the following phrase in small text: “Via upsub, in 1 yp 1st quarter EngDep makes fullwise Newspeak education.”

After spending approximately half an hour alongside other Lorem Ipsum* editors with the dictionary found in the back of 1984, one of our reporters, Minnie True ’25, was able to provide an approximate translation of the memo: “all English classes will be taught in the 1984 language starting next year.” Given that Choate’s English Department has long served as an institution centered around creativity and freedom of thought, Lorem Ipsum* reporters were greatly surprised by this message. As the team completed their translation, however, they were ambushed by one of Minnie True’s identical quadruplets, Minnie Love ’25. Love, who snuck out of the Humanities Basement’s shadows and introduced herself as a “Vanguard of English Socialism” to the team of investigators, declared all of the members of the Lorem Ipsum* email list “under arrest for doubleplusungood oldthink and thoughtcrime.”

"I DIDN’T SIGN UP FOR THIS,” CLAIMS STUDENT, APPALLED AT SELF-SELECTED COURSELoad

By Will D. Borr, Music Major

Fifth form student Emma Kettle seems to have it all: a good GPA, a solid friend group, and a lack of Thursday detentions. However, according to her, this means nothing.

“I’m taking five honors classes and six in total. Am-Studs is kicking my ass,” she told reporters as she speed-walked to her fifth class of the day. “I’m actually working on a proposal to make English honors classes, though, so next year I’ll have six honors. I’m literally screwed.” When asked why she doesn’t just drop some honors classes, she responded that “academic validation” was the only thing keeping her afloat. This course load is also what keeps her from having the free time to visit the Choate Counseling Office.

During a visit to Emma’s dorm room, Lorem Ipsum* reporters were able to get a better understanding of her dire situation. Her trash bag was overflowing with the unmistakable Lanphier Cafe compostable coffee cups, each sticky with a bit of caffeine residue.

"I didn’t sign up for this," claims student, appalled at self-selected course load
contd. from pg. 1

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT NEWSPEAK

As it turns out, our team of reporters and masthead members were not the only ones to have been whisked away by Choate’s new Vanguards: several Graphics and Layout crew members of SciTech, The Artist, and Voices reported that their Copy Editor brethren had mysteriously gone missing. Lorem Ipsum* was tipped off by an anonymous witness that “small freshmen in dark cloaks nabbed several Creative Writing faculty from their cozy Office nooks late at extra help last night.” More than a couple Choate graduates working in humanities-related fields disappeared from the tents of Alumni Weekend. Eventually, after the alleged arrest and containment in Memorial House of 199 current and former members of the Choate community, Lorem Ipsum* reporters suspected that the English Department may have been pinned by the Vanguards as a gross committer of “thoughtcrime.”

Emmanuel Goldstein ‘83, who was accosted by Vanguards at his home in New York City during Alumni Weekend, gave an exclusive interview to Lorem Ipsum* reporters while in captivity on Memorial House’s Garden Level. After explaining his “perfectly nice life working in the city with his husband and children,” Goldstein declared: “I quite frankly have no idea how [the Vanguards] found my address and got a Day Permission to kidnap me” and “I would like to go back home now, please.” When asked about his knowledge of the book 1984, Goldstein stated that “someone once told me I shared a name with a character in there… but I still don’t understand what about that merits a bunch of fourteen-year-olds making everyone scream at me for two minutes each day.” The interview with Mr. Goldstein ended when two Vanguards dragged him out of his Mem House Single prison cell and placed him in front of the group of Choate community captives. They painstakingly handed each captive a script of some sort, set an iPhone timer, and told them to “yell like your life depends on it. This is the therapy that our Wellness program never gave you.” Lorem Ipsum* Book Informant Minnie Peace ’25, sister of Minnie True and Minnie Love, recognized this screaming ritual as the Two Minutes’ Hate, and noticed that English Department Faculty were placed at the front of the crowd, clearly under surveillance.

A few days after the initial mass kidnapping, murmurs of resistance began to populate the Garden Level. Then, five days into captivity, several Vanguards expressed resentment towards the policies of English Socialism. In an anonymous interview with Lorem Ipsum*, one of these Vanguards questioned her purpose within society: “Like, it’s cool that we get to wear cute uniforms and yell at our English teachers, but why am I always in charge of guarding Emily Wilson? Wouldn’t it make sense for her to be translating The Odyssey into Newspeak in an office where she has, like, dictionaries and stuff?” The new arrival of thought criminals from outside the Choate community such as Emily Wilson, Jhumpa Lahiri, and the ghost of F. Scott Fitzgerald, who were all called upon to translate their most famous works into Newspeak, led to significant overcrowding in Memorial House.

When Fitzgerald broke the only Memorial microwave while trying to make popcorn, Minnie Love was forced to contact the Choate Fire Department. “By Big Brother, we need to get the microwave fixed,” she reportedly stated. “Not having food to eat will definitely inhibit the ghostly Fitzgerald from translating Gatsby into the greatest language ever… the everlasting tongue of IngSoc.” Following a thorough investigation, however, Nichols House Fire Captain Understudy Minnie Plenty ’25 declared the presence of “authoritarian fairy lights” in the Garden Level to be a “flagrant violation of fire code.” Upon realizing that they had broken a rule, the Vanguards of English Socialism dispersed, burning their uniforms out of shame and releasing all hostages from Memorial House’s Basement.

After the Fire Department Incident, Lorem Ipsum* was unable to find any trace of the Vanguards’ presence aside from a number of embarrassed-looking freshmen. Our Academic Journalists, however, are hearing rumors of an underground Geocentrist Society beginning to exert influence on the Science Department. Galileo Galilei ‘23 has already been provided with a bodyguard detail in preparation for future upheaval.
“I DIDN’T SIGN UP FOR THIS,” STUDENT CLAIMS

The only clear surface was her desk, on top of which were five stacked textbooks, her iPad, and an open binder of notes. As Emma rushed through overdue Calculus BC homework, she complained to her roommate about her classes and how hard each and every one of them were. “I didn’t sign up for this,” she confessed to reporters. Emma refused to elaborate further on this statement, covering her face with her hands until reporters moved on to another question.

Lorem Ipsum* wanted to find out more about Emma’s odd behavior, so reporters had a chat with psychology teacher Dr. Roit. Dr. Roit is one of the newest additions to the Choate faculty, joining as a transfer from Deerfield last year. “We have found that this phenomenon, known as Academic Amnesia, affects more than half of all Choate students,” Dr. Roit informed reporters. He explained that Academic Amnesia is a specific type of amnesia that affects memories related to academia. “Our brains compartmentalize parts of our lives into different sections of the brain,” Dr. Roit explained. “When we are too involved in one section of our life, our brain will intentionally forget memories in that section in order to conserve space for others.” Essentially, someone whose only purpose in life is school will often forget things related to it. This includes homework, tests, and sometimes—as in Emma’s case—entire courses. When given a quiz about her freshman year World Religions course, Emma failed to remember who Jesus Christ was.

Dr. Roit is currently asking the Choate Administration to add non-school-related activities to the day of a Choate student. The schedule included in his written proposal leaves the daily class and sport times unchanged while mandating other activities, such as underwater basket weaving. Dr. Roit assured us that, although day students would likely not leave campus until 11 PM each day, this would improve the memory and mental health of the average Choate student.

However, this movement is not without pushback. Many students on campus have taken to social media to argue against Dr. Roit’s initiatives, claiming that his ideas will not help, but will actually hurt Choate students. Cassidy Grant, a Student Council leader, stopped by the newsroom to give her take. “You see, if all Choate students are required to take part in these extra-curricular activities, there will be more competition in college admissions,” she said, “The beauty of Choate is that there are many random and niche clubs to be a part of that really strengthen your application.” When asked about the content of these clubs, and if she actually enjoys the ones she is a member of, Cassidy declined to comment and ended the interview.

Overall, it seems that Academic Amnesia is somewhat of an epidemic at Choate. In a survey conducted by Lorem Ipsum*, nearly 1 in 4 students reported they had experienced the syndrome at least once during their time on campus. There is no denying that it is a problem which must be solved, though there is much disagreement on the best way to go about it. Lorem Ipsum* reporters will continue to update as the story progresses…unless they forget.
Right after an intense late May humid heat spell and against all scientific probabilities, snow has curiously began falling in Wallingford, Connecticut. As temperatures drop and small flurries turn into storms, local weather stations have fallen into chaos. Meteorologists try to calm the masses, claiming that they will still be able to attend their water park escapades and beach days in the coming weeks.

Choate is doing no better. As they try to convince themselves that summer is not going back into its hidey-hole, Californian students have been seen making interesting fashion choices. Wearing tank tops, jean shorts, and even swimsuits, they have all begun to look as if they walked off the set of Netflix’s hit show Too Hot To Handle. When East Coast natives express concern, the students claim to be completely fine; however, they struggle to form complete sentences due to violent shivering and are often different shades of blue and purple. Sources revealed that the swim and dive teams had issued a request to the Dean’s Office stating that “Students from California, as well as others who desire to do so, are permitted to wear their swimsuits to any and all commitments they wish. This measure is being taken in order to best prepare our athletes for meets as well as promote the familiar sense of being home during the difficult winter term.” It is unconfirmed if the Dean’s Office has accepted this request, though much of the swim team have already been seen in swimsuits in their classes. Sacro Mento ‘25 stated at a school meeting “I just miss the warmer weather and dressing for it helps with homesickness, because after all cold is just a mindset. Seasonal depression is a real issue, and this is my way of combating it.”

Earlier this week, reporters learned that Sandy Sunshine ‘23 was sent to the health center when she turned a deep shade of purple after making 23 snow angels in her bikini. “I didn’t think making snow angels in a bikini was such a huge deal, but my prefects got all worked up and Community Safety dragged me to the health center.” Serpentine Sweetheart ‘22 has repeatedly told reporters that nobody has any reason to worry, though the student body seems to believe that the assurances are counterproductive. The Health Center has seen an uptick in anxiety-related visits from East Coast and international students.

As a result, a petition headed by Holly Frost ‘24 has been proposed to the Student Council, and is set to be voted on in their next meeting. Concerning the Californian students’ choices of winter attire, the proposal gives students punishments if they are seen outside without a jacket, and even offers stipends for jackets and layers for those that don’t already have them. With hopes of a normal summer creeping around the corner, it seems the Californians will be able to hold out this spell of odd weather in their short sleeves. As warmer conditions hopefully arrive, campus-wide concern for our Californians shall soon subside.
School Store Ramen Heist Occurs

By Anton Čn Leopold Dvořák, Jester-in-Training

Local authorities are warning store owners across the Northeast to tighten up security in response to a heist at the Choate Store this Tuesday afternoon. CCTV footage released by Choate Community Safety shows four masked individuals dashing into the store, scrambling to gather all packs of Top Ramen into their backpacks, and sprinting back out.

Many students were appalled to hear that the thieves’ had chosen to steal the supply of Top Ramen. “I’m surprised that they chose to target our lifeblood, our absolute essentials, our student resources instead of, I don’t know, the $555 Standard Chair or the $495 Automatic Swiss Watch,” said Checkanne-New Doll-soop ’24.

A representative from the JC has shared the following statement:

“While the thieves’ actions are nothing short of criminal, we are pleased with their exemplary behavior and willingness to comply with current COVID protocols by entering the store with masks and following the guides on the floor for entry and exit. However, their blatant disregard to comply with our “backpacks outside policy” just may offset their COVID safe actions. The JC will be taking appropriate measures and corresponding consequences will be issued to any offenders of this policy, including the thieves of the recent school store heist.”

This heist is the newest occurrence in a recent worldwide pattern of events targeting stores that stock Top Ramen, specifically the chicken flavor, though experts are still unsure as to why this may be. Keen-eyed store owners have begun to notice that replacing other flavors of Top Ramen in their stores, such as Hot and Spicy Beef, decreases their likelihood of becoming a victim to nearly 0... but they have also found that their sales have fallen to a similar number.

A representative from Nissin, the manufacturer of Top Ramen, released the following statement:

“The recent chain of break-ins targeting Chicken flavored Top Ramen has caused a worldwide imbalance in the supply chains of our various noodle flavors. As store owners scramble to obtain and protect their stocks of chicken flavored ramen, flavors such as beef and shrimp have begun to reach the end of their shelf-lives in warehouses and stores. We offer our deepest condolences to those inconvenienced and hope to reestablish harmony as soon as we can.”

The shortage has become so intense that eBoar, Choate’s very own online resale platform, has seen countless recent listings of half-finished or even cooked chicken ramen going for thousands of dollars. This heist has been an economic disaster for ramen aficionados worldwide - many people have sold their own clothing and hygiene products in an attempt to obtain a singular pack. Some who couldn’t afford full packs are able to obtain flavor packets for a fraction of the cost. Cup Noodle ’23 was seen trying to sell his collection of recovered Apple Pencil tips and food from the dining hall in hopes of one day being able to afford his very own pack of ramen.
The first thing that Choate sees walking out onto the Deerfield Day football pitch is Deerfield’s sparkling soulful jade orbs staring back at him, deep and orbular and… breathtaking. Almost immediately, he feels his breath run out from his chest like someone who’s been chased for miles. The two teams kneel at opposite ends of the field, ears flooded by the chants of the crowd. Everyone knows how much of their notorious rivalry hinges on this yearly match and how the tension crackles between the two men on the field.

“CHOATE, DESTROY DEERFIELD!” Their zestiness surges at each other, sending a thunderclap only them two can sense.

The game passes in a blur, players tumbling into each other and knocking elbows. For the entire game, Choate and Deerfield’s ocean-blue and forest-green orbular balls are locked on each other, something electric passing in between them every time they sweatily bump into each other like two doors fighting for dominance. Even after the game’s over, Choate’s heart beats erratically every time he catches a glimpse of Deerfield’s sweat-soaked jersey and the tousled, yet perfectly coiled sun-shade golden blond locks that fall when he takes off his helmet. Must be leftover adrenaline, Choate thinks to himself.

Choate returns to his locker room and congratulates his team. When everyone has left the locker room, he finds his body heading towards the opposite end of the hallway. The green Deerfield door insignia glares down at him, almost warning him to leave while he still can, but when he knocks, a soft voice calls, “Come in!”

He opens the door and peeks in and sees Deerfield with his back towards him. He goes up and gives him a squeezing back hug. His humongous arm muscles flex. “Hey baby,” he says. “Hello, boyfriend!” Deerfield says.

“Oh my god, my enemy-in-public-lovers-in-private boyfriend! I missed you so,” Choate whispers. His long shiny silky black curly locks fall against Deerfield’s eyes and blind him momentarily. Luckily, Deerfield’s eyelashes are so long and voluminous that his precious chartreuse-colored orb-ball-cornea-irises are safe.

Deerfield’s dimpled cheeks are tinged with a slight blush. Choate leans deep on his elbow and flashes a cocky smile. Deerfield’s fingers reach up and thread themselves through Choate’s silky, fluffy locks, which had always had a tousled look that contrasted with Deerfield’s perfectly styled golden blonde hair. In fact, everything about them contrasted. Choate had thought Deerfield dressed like a preppy, British schoolboy, while Deerfield had thought Choate dressed like a trash bag. Choate had thought Deerfield was a rich, pretentious, spoiled, little brat, and Deerfield had thought Choate was a stupid, trashy, good-for-nothing loser who was going nowhere in life. However, they eventually both recognized the one thing that bonded them more than anything else; at the end of the day, they were both just a couple of rich, entitled trust-fund boys. That’s what had brought them here now: blue and green, gold and white, mixing as if they were one and the same.

But suddenly, Deerfield pushes off Choate’s strong, broad chest and turns away, looking down bashfully. “I-I must go,” he whispers. “I’m sorry, but I just can’t do this. You boar me to death.”

Choate’s shocked pearly, aquamarine, cerulean, sky-colored pupils widen and

A NOTE TO THE READER:
This article’s author, Little Meow-Meow Kitten ‘24, is a former dedicated Choate News Staff Reporter. They were instructed to write about the sports events and sense of Choate-Deerfield rivalry present at Deerfield Day, a command they followed diligently (as you will soon read below). However, their report was cut by the News at their most recent masthead meeting for being “off topic” and “inappropriate for the eyes of our donors.” We here at Lorem Ipsum* have seen its potential and decided to salvage it from the Newsroom Dump. Please enjoy.
An Honest Review of Footloose By Someone Who Has Never Seen A Musical In Their Life

By Chuck Vadkha, Hates Singing

Walking into the PMAC, I sat down, ready to experience another one of the Choate Theater programs' triumphs. After watching the masterpieces that were Twelve Angry Jurors and Everybody earlier this year, I expected an experience of a similar caliber walking into Footloose. Unfortunately, I was instead met with a loud, shaky mess that has shaken my once rock-solid faith in the Choate arts program.

To be quite honest, the acting in Footloose was quite good. I was impressed by the reverend’s passion in his first monologue, where he condemned rock and roll music as spiritual corruption (one of the only good messages that could be taken by this show.) However, the horrid singing and dancing that preceded his speech was still stuck in my brain, preventing me from even being able to enjoy it. The shock at immediately being assaulted by loud music the second the curtain went up stayed with me throughout the show.

Although I could possibly forgive the music on its own, what absolutely cannot be forgiven is the horrendous dancing that accompanied it. Who would think that a safe, small town like Bomont would be plagued by so many dancing hooligans? The worst perpetrator of the bunch was the annoying teenage protagonist, Ren. He moves so much throughout the show; it’s like he can’t stand still. The only character I could really sympathize with was the Reverend. During the play, he prevents the raucous youths from holding a dance party by passing a local law against dancing. Seeing him stand up against these teens was the best part of the show. The Reverend is a great role model, and it’s a shame he didn’t get more time on the stage. He’s right; dancing has no place in Bomont, and certainly no place in the Paul Mellon Arts Center!

I learned after finishing the show that Footloose was what audiences considered... a musical. Or a stage play with songs. What an atrocious concept! Why ruin the sanctity of human speech with... with these loud sounds? Belting loud tunes about dance is not what human vocal chords were made for. Overall, Footloose was a loud, overly tacky fail at an attempt at theater. By the end I certainly wanted to cut footloose; as in, cut loose the feet from the actors’ bodies so I never have to watch them dance again.
<3 horoscopes <3

By housewife4libras, FBI Junior Recruit

~ Leo ~
This week, anything is possible. Put some extra ‘pep’ and blissful ignorance in your step. If you do, your @ss will get as fat as the stack of impending assignments on your Canvas page. Just wait—good things might come to you if that Term-End Experience doesn’t get you first.

~ Aries ~
How’s the weather down there? Nice and breezy? Must suck to be 5’2” and unable to reach anyone’s standards. This week, lower your anger levels; they overshadow your height just a little too much.

~ Sagittarius ~
Sagittarius, you are the 2nd-most iconic fire sign (sorry, it’s the truth). Embody your inner Nicki Minaj. Don’t hesitate to climb atop the chapel and let everyone know just who you are by screaming: “He asked my sign, I said a Sag’. I’m a star; Sheriff badge.” The barbs will thank you.

~ Aquarius ~
Hey, Romeo, sometimes love just isn’t for you. This week, the stars advise you to get someone’s attention in a new way. Ever heard the term, gaslight? No, probably not. Do some research; wikiHow and Urban Dictionary know everything you’ll need. Once you master this skill, gatekeeping and girl-bossing will come easily.

~ Libra ~
Try silks. You can reenact that one scene from Rio. Or, you could try that one Rebel Wilson Pitch Perfect scene. However, ripping your pants in front of everyone and their mother at an all-school meeting might not be the best way to get your crush’s attention.

~ Gemini ~
Gemini, spring term has been hitting you hard, hasn’t it? The stars know what you are up to. More specifically, they know of your late-night attempts to booty-call your 3rd-grade crush. We could pretend that everyone has been through that, but let’s be real here; you are just a creep. Take your much-needed trip down memory lane into the Science Center pond instead. Who knows though, it’s never too late for some things.

~ Scorpio ~
This week, we’ll make it short and sweet. Honey, stop psychoanalyzing Red (Taylor’s Version); Stop. Now. Get some help. You’re in math class, not a Wattpad fanatic. Even if you were, when’s the last time you saw a Scorpio with a love interest?

~ Pisces ~
Quit whining. (Want a longer horoscope? What are you gonna do, cry about it?)

~ Cancer ~
Spending a little too much time with Spotify? This week, stop sharing your listening activity. The stars can’t handle seeing you tap into that “sad music to scream during your one free period of the week” playlist anymore than Frank Ocean can fully support your broken love life.

~ Virgo ~
Put some spice into your life this week. You are blander than a saltine cracker. This week, kick back, relax, and turn your friend group into a walking “Real Housewives of Wallingford.” The campus is boring. Give us some excitement or else we’ll have to keep relying on very non-Choate affiliated Instagram accounts for fun instead.

~ Taurus ~
Queen Elizabeth is a Taurus. You should be praying for your future. We’ve already lost Betty White and Bob Saget, and she could be next. Watch your back this week; things could get dicey.

~ Capricorn ~
You are really in need of a change in personality. Try embracing your inner MAV. MAV knows everything. MAV knows you. MAV knows your mom. MAV even knows the Omicron bacteria fostered in Mem.
As one of Lorem Ipsum*’s stalwart Literary Interns, I went through the library’s dusty racks and found Snow Country by Yasunari Kawabata. I will now point out several important things that I have noticed about this book.

I suspect Shimamura visits the hot spring many times, not to see the woman of his dreams, but because he really likes the towels they provide - his wife hides all the clean ones away from him at home. Even though the family owns many towels, she only cleans 2 of her favorites. One for sunny days; one for rainy days; none for her dusty, crusty husband.

I think Komako decides not to go visit Yukio, not because she is deeply in love with Shimamura, but actually because she cannot afford turning back to face the wind and have her makeup all ruined. As a geisha, Komako spends years of her life putting on the perfect amount of foundation and blush to accompany her performance. She has been so immersed in that world that she cannot comprehend human emotions. Yukio and Shimamura cannot probe into her heart, but wet mascara sure can.

Shimamura definitely refuses to grow a beard because it reminds him of the grizzly bear he saw on his hikes. On multiple occasions, Shimamura is described enjoying the calm presence of the woods. However, although the story is told from the third-person, Shimamura’s perspective dominates the work, so it is plausible that he leaves out embarrassing details of his hike. As a chunky man, I think Shimamura is the most concerned with showing his masculinity, which would be severely undermined if he fails to fight a grizzly bear. From what I remember about grizzly bears, their fur is extremely daunting. It must have left such remarks on Shimamura’s mind that he would be reminded of the bear if he ever sees any trace of brownish hair.

Overall, Snow Country is a snowy book about a snowy country. The Sparknotes were quite entertaining.
Fashion Column

By secret cosmo enthusiast, Worm Counselor

The newest hot girl tips are in! Read carefully, lest you girlboss too close to the sun with those serves!

Instead of Bean Boots for hiking, try moon boots! Get cool and colorful by defeating summer seasonal affective disorder (totally a real thing).

2000s are out - GOODBYE! Instead, let's get futuristic. Metallics, sequins, and fringe are in. Start thinking space cowboy.

Instead of Choate pajama pants, try a groutfit, AKA gray outfit. You can never go wrong with a trendy sweat-suit moment!

Think outside of the box with a reasonably sized backpack. We know that totes are in, but your shoulders will thank you in the future. Maybe Vera Bradley or Jansport?

Instead of a Choate *insert team nobody really cares about* beanie, try a top hat! So everyone can know how highly you think of yourself.

Instead of a Little Black Dress, try neon monochrome. With 80s arcade print. It’ll work great for Garden Party.

In terms of nail color, try PMAC Bronze by Sally Hansen. It will distract your classmates from the fact that you haven’t seen the light of day in a while. They don’t need to know about your hermit tendencies!

Instead of the Aritzia Super puff, try a puffer scarf. Stop trying to be like everyone else, and switch it up. Trend starter!

And last but certainly not least, try wearing a base layer, like an undershirt and long johns. Getting ready for New England Summer xx
Yeah, the issue’s over. Too bad. Cry me a river. Want more? Come back next year.
Have a good summer, squirts.

xx your masthead