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# F R I C H

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## Reflections After Four Years at NHS

For the last four years of my life (give or take summers and weekends), every day I made that same journey to Niwot High School, a place that I have come to think of as a sort of home away from home. After this experience, and as I begin to move on to a new, different, exciting part of my life, I feel the urge to write something truly meaningful, full of insight and hard-earned wisdom. Unfortunately, this didn't prove as easy as it sounded, but here goes nothing.

High school may be one of the last times in our lives that we are given the opportunity to coexist with a large group of people who are all truly different. Think about it. While we may not be sure yet of what we want to do with our lives, every day we go to classes filled not only with people of our own social group and abilities, but with a true cross section of our population. Later in life, when we go to work as engineers or athletes or executives or whatever else, we will interact with engineers, athletes, executives, or whatever else. Here, we can get music advice from someone who will be a professional drummer, math help from someone who will be an engineer, and discuss current events with someone who will be a politician, all in the same class.

Directly related to this idea of the variety of people here at Niwot is the variety of people that we have become in our years here. Not that we were all identical as freshmen, but just looking at the senior class, you can see a whole lot more... identity about us. I mean, have you ever seen a freshman with dreadlocks? What about a freshman who's absolutely sure who their soulmate is or what they want to do with the rest of their lives?

Niwot High School, our experiences with it, and most importantly the people that inhabit it have played an integral part of the process that made us who we are. The years we've spent here will be part of us forever, and rightfully so. Due to its great impact on us, this kinda run-down, old building has become one of the most important places that we will ever spend part of our lives. To my fellow seniors, I say remember it well. Memories aren't formed by awards nights, final performances,

badly edited yearbooks, or even the occasional issue of an underground newspaper, because these things aren't what really matter. What matters is what you've learned here, not about math and biology, but about life, the world, and the people you share them with. I feel privileged to have shared this portion with you.

And to the underclassmen who will still be here next year, I say cherish it, because no matter how badly I want to get this over with, no matter how much I celebrate my hard-earned freedom from high school, I know that there are hundreds of things I would do, people I would get to know, activities in which I would participate, if I only had one more year here at Niwot, and I doubt I'm the only one.

$\pi$  John Nash  $\pi$

### Loose Ends...

Well, we managed to scrape by another year of FRICH. We hope you enjoyed reading it as much as we enjoyed putting it together for you. But now we have a few last things to say before we go.

First of all, *send us articles!* We need your precious writing to be able to fill these pages. The more people write, the more issues there can be. Also, the more there are to choose from, the higher the quality that we print. Everybody benefits when everybody submits!

Also, since FRICH is losing its entire senior staff, it needs new people to take their places. While we do have a skeleton staff set up for next year, if you would like to be the metaphorical organs and flesh of FRICH, send us an email at [submit\\_frich@hotmail.com](mailto:submit_frich@hotmail.com) saying so. Do you have the *guts*? (Oh, that was a horrible pun....)

Lastly, have you been to the FRICH website lately? It has all of the back issues and more! Coming soon: an online copy of the 2003 Senior Wills. If you didn't buy the physical thing, at least you'll be able to see what people left you without having to steal a copy from your friends.

I guess that's all we have to say. Farewell!

-FRICH Editorial Staff

## A Tradition that Must be Passed On

The year was the big two thousand, the place Niwot High. An idea was in the works. Joining together, a group of Niwot students, including FRICH founder Ben Franklin, would create a scheme so brilliant, so revolutionary, so... stupid it would bring the establishment at NHS to its knees and leave its mark on the local subculture forever.

"I was a freshman at the time," recalls one student, now a graduating senior. "These signs just started showing up. They said 'Vote for Cody Dawson.' Yeah, 'Vote for Cody Dawson.'"

That's right, led by Franklin and with confidence that was perhaps irrational, these students had set out to attain a simple goal: Get a non-existent person elected to the student council. It's unclear now who came up with the name, but these details mean little. What matters is what was accomplished. The application was no true challenge. After it was obtained, it was an easy task to find twenty-five student references, and a combination of sympathy and forgery made the teacher section no more difficult. An innocuous cohort attended a meeting in Dawson's stead, signs were posted, and

just like that, Cody Dawson was on the ballot.

Of course, as is the case with all secrets, the word got out. A few posters hung too publicly here, a few loose tongues there, and before they knew it Franklin and his co-conspirators were being threatened with suspension and the student body knew the truth of Cody Dawson. But that didn't stop him. Riding the newfound publicity, Cody Dawson had a real shot, and a last minute ban on write-in votes was probably all that prevented his election.

Though Franklin and the others are gone now, "Cody Dawson," an anonymous, typical student of NHS, is still here, popping up every now and then, in FRICH or in the Southpaw, or maybe in a conversation between seniors. It is sad to think that in a few days, the last students who were witness to the Cody Dawson incident will graduate. But hopefully, in the collective memory of the student body, he will live on.

π The Senior Class π

## THE MATRIX HAS YOU, NEO

Since watching the latest hit movie, Matrix Reloaded, I've been experiencing heavy paranoia. I mean, what if Niwot is just a fake universe used to keep us all under control? I know it's far-fetched, but go with me here.

Niwot consists of mostly upper-middle class citizens, many of whom work for a giant hardware company (the machines!) We're fed mainly by a little, local grocer who changes (upgrades?) quite a bit to fit the needs of the ever-weary patrons of the town. Scared yet?

Now, to focus on Niwot High School, students are given everything that they might need to survive: a new car every so often (the MACHINES!), a lofty allowance, promiscuous dancing, and liquor for those who are in to that sort of thing. Who would ever want to revolt from a world like that. Why, we're even given a sense of adversity ("Should I get the red Lexus or the white one?"), just like in the movie. Fortunately, we're treated better

than those poor movie people ("Oh, poo. I'll have to get both.") to ensure our maximum human fulfillment.

Now, I know what you're thinking. This is all just a bunch of bunk. Of course Niwot is just like the real world. It's free of poverty, just like the real world. It's 90% white, Caucasians just like the real world. There is no hate, just like the real world. Daddy will be there to catch you, just like the real world.

Whenever I think that Niwot might be fake and manufactured to subdue me from revolt, I just have to remember that I'll be getting a taste of the real world soon enough. After all, I'll be going 15 minutes away to CU in the Fall. Just like the rest of Niwot... 0100111001101001011101110110111101110100...

π Winston Churchill π

## Thirsty?

Summer vacation: that wonderful time of year when students cast off their 7:20 to 2:23 bombardment of information in the hopes of doing... nothing.

Of course, this is a conflict of words. Most of the high school students are planning on doing something this summer, whether it is a job, a camp, to hang out with a certain group of people, or to eat 70 popsicles in an hour and a half (and then have to inject yourself with insulin because your pancreas can't keep up). The issue is, really, that the dream of summer vacation has very little to do with what we actually do during summer vacation. It's a desire to have the right to do nothing rather than to actually do nothing. Nothing itself is quite boring after the first fifteen minutes of it, and by about seven days into it you're ready to go mad. Of course, going mad is a somewhat more basic issue in the struggles between desires and executions, as very few who want to go mad successfully do so, and some who desire naught but sanity find themselves slowly drifting into the insane. But I digress.

Summer is a similar principle, but not identical; summer is very much more like a glass of water. It is the best-tasting thing in the world when you're dying of thirst, but it's rather tame in the middle of it, and by the end you may even want to stop drinking it and go do something else, like snorkeling or baking. However, the thirst which summer is expected to quench is unquenchable, and therefore summer fails at its task and leaves us on the cracked surface of our desert prison.

Summer, the idea itself, is much more of a dream, then; it's not something we grasp but rather something we reach for. Like a mirage in the desert, it's not what we think it is by the time we get there and looks best when it's just where you can almost taste it; that cool, refreshing, juicy goodness which is summertime is best enjoyed when stared at from across a table, sipped in small quantities like Memorial Day and all the rest of the deluge of interspersed tease holidays that our school district dangles in front of us. That tingling sensation, that bird song of your heart which is Friday night before a three day weekend: that is summer vacation's thirst.

π Lazlow π

## SENIOR FRICHIE DEATHS

"... another one bites the dust ..."

### **Winston Churchill, Frank D. Roosevelt, Joe Stalin (Brian Calaci)**

Split into one too many personalities; lost control. Destroyed most of Europe in the process.

### **John Nash (Brian McKee)**

Regained sanity; lost creative drive.

### **John Q. Adams, Granola (Sam Schabacker)**

Got run over by a non-carpooling Republican who was enroute to an anti-Hippie rally in a gas-guzzling SUV, talking on a cell phone, eating a Quarter Pounder with Cheese as he threw the styrofoam container out the window.

### **Witch Baby, DiGi Charat (Morwynne Holmyard)**

Suffered massive hemorrhaging after receiving wounds from banging her head against the system one too many times.

### **Mrs. Earnest Shackleton (Liz Becker)**

Ate a hamburger. Exploded on impact.

### **Nikoli Nikolievich, Svidrigailov (Tom Noonan)**

Created a cybernetic xylophone, auto-pilot flying car, and an army of undead Furbies. Finally blew up in a spectacular explosion after blasting across the alkali flats in a jet-powered, monkey navigated...

### **Chester William Nimitz (Chris Picard)**

Suffered through third degree burns, whiplash, and gunshot wounds before drowning in a freak fire / violent, swirling windstorm / lockdown / flood accident.

### **Mother Cannabis, Jane Addams (Jessie Glasscock)**

Encountered a civilization dependent solely upon hemp. Died of joy.

### **Undeified Temple (Cecelia Berman)**

Drawings created too much sexual energy. Engulfed in the fires of passionate loins.

## Top Ten Senior Pranks that Will (Probably) Never Happen

10. Throwing orbs filled with distilled, non-toxic water.
9. An entire locker full of empty soda bottles. Wait, no, somebody tried that a couple years ago. The school's officials thought that empty plastic bottles might be a bomb and called the cops. The bottles got shipped to Albuquerque or something to be detonated.
8. Marbles, marbles, and more marbles. No seriously, like a ton of marbles, everywhere in the school. Then, just when you think you found all the marbles, you open a door and *wham!* there's all these marbles filling up the whole room, and they all come spilling out and run down the hall, and get into stuff and everything, and... yeah. It'd be *great*.
7. No prank at all. You see, 'cause nobody would expect it, am I right? They'd be all amazed and stuff, walking around saying, "Whoa... I was so expecting a prank."
6. Make an underground newspaper. Or if you hit a snag, like you can't think of a name of something, steal an already successful underground newspaper. That's what we did.
5. I've got it! Get drunk, break into the school and wreck all the ceiling tiles! Wait, no, they did that last year. They got caught too. Betcha didn't know why that group from the class of 2002 had to talk to Link Crew about making good decisions, did ya?
4. And then there's still more marbles! *BWA-HA-HA-HA-HAAA!!!*
3. Edit the senior fine list. Inform some unsuspecting soul that he owes \$927.50 for lab fees, transcript fees, graduation tax, locker rent, unpaid parking tickets, outstanding burlesque bills...
2. Pirate the intercom. But don't do something stupid like play heavy metal through it all day. Use it to call people out of class, announce tornado drills, etc. Hell, announce that we've gone to war with Russia and we all need to duck and cover, the nukes will be here in 15 minutes. It's the *intercom*, man, have some ambition.
1. Monkeys. What else do you need to know?

## Top Ten Things I've Learned From Managing FRICH

10. People are more likely to call you on a small spelling or grammatical error than on something like making up a Constitutional amendment. Then again, so are we.
9. Despite their promises, certain literature teachers will *never* submit articles.
8. Crime does pay.
7. 13,500 some odd copies for free... but when we wanna charge *one* dollar, it's nothing but bitch, bitch, bitch...
6. If you want them to read it, make it lewd. Watch - *SEX!*
5. Statistically speaking, only about 0.56% of the school's population submits to FRICH. That means that 99.44% of you have no right to complain about it.
4. People will tolerate socio-political commentary only as long as they still get their precious fart jokes.
3. "Wait a second... I can't put this on my 'Student of the Month' application, can I? Ahh, <censored>."
2. Nobody takes constructive criticism constructively if it's packed with biting sarcasm.
1. FRICH is not going downhill; you're just getting stupider.

### Disclaimer:

FRICH is a blind operation. As such, you don't know who is in it. You can guess, you can speculate, and you can even be relatively certain, but you cannot *know* who is in FRICH. Therefore, if you are questioned for names, you can only answer, "I don't know." If pressed for a guess, say someone whom you absolutely know isn't in FRICH and defend yourself later by saying, "It was just a guess."

If you are caught or killed, FRICH will disavow any knowledge of you or your operations.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, it would be:

*Please don't sue!*