

A Note Regarding The Last Issue

While we thought the last issue was a much better representation of FRICH than the previous two, many of the readers did not. We received a lot of complaints about the amount of politics and communism present in the last issue. One such complaint has been published for your enjoyment. We have taken these complaints into consideration, and in the future, you will see whatever we choose is right to publish in the issues. Just remember our rule: if you don't like it, make it better. Don't like what's being published? Then write in to us. It's not that hard of a concept to grasp. There is also something else you should remember. Just because we say we will publish anything doesn't mean we will publish *everything*. We don't publish everything our writers write, so please, don't get upset if we choose not to publish your article; we promise, it has nothing do with you.

This issue has a broader variety of content, and we hope

you will enjoy the changes we have made. You will find rants about our school's numerous, albeit unknown, policies, about *Twilight*, about The South Paw (which many of the seniors may have missed), as well as a complaint about us. If you do not like this issue, too bad. The only thing you can do is to make it better. We take all articles under consideration, so please, write to us if you have an opinion to speak. We don't bite, we swear.

As for the website, it will be up and running shortly; hopefully, it will be ready by the time the next issue is published, but we'll see how that goes. You can still read everything online at the moment, just not what we didn't publish.

Thank you for your time.

π Averonalus Tint π

The IB Sign

Now, I usually reserve rants for things such as negrophobic black people and white sunglasses (thanks a bunch for stealing one of my favorite topics to whine about, Tint), but every so often something comes along that up heaves me out of my completely objective bubble of anti-cynicism and forces me to butt heads with reality. No, it is not the fact that the new Guitar Hero does not have a single Weezer song on it, it is that massive, glowing, pretentious, boisterous, child smashing epitome of grandiloquence that resonates in front of the facilities like a death ray that failed somewhere in the calibration phase and now only serves the purpose to royally piss people off as they walk into school every morning of their worthless petrified existence. Yes, I'm talking about that IB sign. Has anyone else seen how big it is?

I honestly cannot say what went through whoever's mind it is that is in charge of decorating the exterior of the school. I mean, it can't be a hard job. The school's got some red brick and a board that is delayed in relaying school events with letters just barely large enough to look fine from up close and blurry for those driving by, but really that's not all that bad. It was a good thing: we all showed up day after day and nothing had really changed, so this manager of our educational facilities' appearance had an easy job, and life was good. But one day, their dog up and ran away leaving a note that said, "You're too predictable and coming from a dog who only ever asks for food and water and the occasional belly scratching, that's a really sad thing to hear," so this person thought it was time for some change in their life. It

happened to be that day when someone else said that it would look really really obnoxious if the front wall had a giant IB sign on it, so the person said, "Hey, that's what I'll do: force everyone to suffer because my dog's a <censored>." This is the only possible scenario in which this glowing omen of Satan could have found its new perch, though the dog in this story may be substituted for any animal but a cat because no one likes cats, and they <censored> everywhere.

I really feel like I'm talking to a blank wall here, but in this case the wall agrees with every single opinion I have because I honestly don't believe for a second that there is a single student in this school that showed up last week and thought that it was "cool" or "nifty" that there was a gargantuan advocate of child labor out for everyone to see. I have a great idea, though. I mean really, this idea is going to absolutely blow your mind out of the pensive seas of existence and you're going to say, "Oh my <censored>, I have never heard an idea that awe-inspiring and truly profound!" Here it is: we do absolutely nothing! Because that's what we always do! Whenever something at this school comes along that we don't like, we <censored> and moan about it until nothing happens, and then we just accept it because that's the way this high school is. Want an example? When JFK was assassinated, what did any of you do? Also, let it be known that my computer's default font is not Times New Roman, so as soon as I am done with this sentence I plan on hurling it into the path on an oncoming freight train.

π Machiavelli π

Seating Utilities

Just recently, the overarching power and disagreeable standards of the current administration have come to light through their excessive use of force in demanding the removal of the couch which was emplaced in The Senior Pit. This unfortunate turn of events is reminiscent of the totalitarian rule of many of the world's dictators and raises several questions about the legitimacy of their rule. For instance, who elected the current administrators? I seriously doubt that anyone can remember the last time that our rulers were subjected to the need to answer for their actions to a decision by the people. For what reason are we being denied these most basic of rights? The unfortunate truth of the matter is that we, as a student body, are being subjected to the whims of an administrative body that is neither elected nor subject to review by their subjects. This leaves the door wide open for unilateral action that neither advances the educative ability of the school nor provides for the safety of the students.

This situation has been showcased most evidently by the issue of the couch in The Pit. In accordance with their need for more accommodating... erm... accommodations, the senior class decided to make their traditional abode more appealing with a seating utility for two and an accompanying footrest. Unfortunately, this contradicted the apparent school policy of "No student couches... EVER!" and caused its removal by the hall monitors. This illustrates a complete disdain for our needs as students, couched (no pun intended) in the excuse that it's for our "safety." Apparently, the senior class of several years ago threw a couch from the staircase of The Pit.

Firstly, that couch now sits in Mr. Rees' history classroom and shows no signs of having been thrown from a staircase or otherwise. As well, there are couches in the library which have never been used as weapons (at least to my knowledge). Secondly, what kind of idiot would throw their own couch off a staircase? And thirdly, even if it did happen, would you honestly expect it to happen again? These excuses are ludicrous. It is a blatant attempt to curb our rights as students to be able to enjoy our time releases and lunch periods and must not be tolerated.

π Marcus Aurelius π

Twilightis: You Will Die From It

There is a phenomenon that has struck our society as of late. A previously unknown medical condition called "twilightis" has become a disease of epic proportions. I, of course, am referring to *Twilight* and all of the other books by Stephanie Meyer. The release of the movie sent droves of love-struck women to the theaters. How did Meyer accomplish this? It's simple. *Really* simple. Her writing style is extremely simplistic and dumbed down, making it easy to read. This, along with a stereotypical love story, is what enthralls the vampiric groupies. Their minds picture the perfect romance as one with an "Edward" and fixate on nothing but that. The movie isn't even close to good. Nice vampires? That is ridiculous. Vampiric protagonists should either be Brad Pitt, Tom Cruise, or completely <censored> brutal. They should be tearing <censored> up, not being sissies. Yes, sissies, <censored> <censored>bags is something I can't quite say in a school paper, regardless of its underground nature. Friends, colleagues, and loved ones can fall under this trance. There are certain steps you can take to make sure that those you love do not fall into darkness:

1. Burn the books. There are four of them so far, so make sure you find all of them. Most followers own all four, possibly in triplicate. Burn them so that their evil is turned to nothing more than ashes.
2. DO NOT LET THEM SEE THE MOVIE. I repeat, DO NOT LET THEM SEE THE MOVIE. Studies show that the movie was enjoyed only by those who read the book. Not that they do not deserve to enjoy anything, just not that they should deserve to see such a terrible production. If they see it, they will believe that they are actually turning into a vampire. The afflicted will begin biting all of their friends, staying out of the light, and pretending to fly.
3. Chain them up at night. No joke. If they have seen the movie and still possess the books, you are in grave danger. The afflicted groupie will run around and start drinking the blood of animals, claiming to be a "vegetarian."
4. If your loved one has run off into the night with all the other vampire-wannabes, there is one final step. Ram a wooden stake through Stephanie Meyer's heart. It is believed that she is a vampire and is portraying them as friendly, so that one day she will be able to take over the world. If we all think that they can be good, won't we be nice? Easy food is what we will become.

Nothing is more terrifying than seeing someone you know under the thralls of such an annoying romance. If you begin to feel that you are becoming entranced, seek medical attention.

This medical announcement is courtesy of your friendly neighborhood physician, Dr. Godverdomme.

π Godverdomme π

The Good, The Bad, and the The FRICH

Here at FRICH, we found this editorial a bit lacking, so I took it upon myself to edit it and put in comments where I felt necessary. Any unneeded information is marked with ~~strikethrough~~, added information with an underline. I have added some comments throughout, which are in parentheses.

It felt as if I ~~were~~ was stumbling through a dark hallway as I was searching relentlessly for the secrets of FRICH. I sat hopelessly in ~~biology~~ Biology desperately wondering who and what is behind this infamous newspaper. Moreover, I reprimanded myself for taking on such an impenetrable task as I, a Niwot South Paw reporter, looked for the answers of our ~~arch-enemy~~ archenemy, FRICH.

I finally got some dirt on FRICH by the fifteenth interview (*Really? Exactly 15? Surprisingly nice, round number*); I found out the identity of the entire staff of ~~the~~ The FRICH. The mole must remain classified, but it was a start. I went around to many members asking about their underground newspaper, but tragically, I did not receive any replies.¹

Feeling as if I had received the coldest of shoulders, I decided to take on a new approach. I asked senior Valerie Hessler what she thought of FRICH. Valerie replied, "I like FRICH because it's better than ~~the~~ The South Paw." I thought that was blunt. "They can actually spell words correctly and finish articles without leaving sections off." (*As the latest issue of The South Paw has proven that it cannot, just take a look at the "Spill Over" page [the name is a joke in itself]*)

I guess one bad interview doesn't warrant an ~~over-arching~~ overarching conclusion about ~~the~~ The South Paw. I had to regain some dignity, so I went out for another interview.

Keely Kuhl looked nice enough. "What do you think of FRICH?" I asked.

"Um, I know it is a million times better than ~~the~~ The South Paw."

I had enough; I felt like curling up in a corner with a Costco box of Twinkies. (*Is this a measure of volume now, a "Costco box"?*) What is this institution I write for? (*The Niwot South Paw.*) Do we have no respect? (*No, you do not.*) No matter how much we improve our paper, will we always be inferior to FRICH in the eyes of the Niwot students? (*Yes, you always will be.*) Salty tears began to drip down my scruffy cheek. (*I highly doubt you can grow facial hair—your picture is obviously Photoshopped.*)

I began to think of things that ~~the~~ The South Paw actually does right. (*Haha...took a lot of thought, didn't it?*) There were three things that came to mind. We produce many more issues than FRICH with some irrelevant ~~spe4ling~~ spelling (*I understand the wanted effect of irony...but it just doesn't work*) errors.² The glory days of FRICH under Michael Arnold will *never* be restored.³ And finally, our issues actually go to the real press (*I would hardly call The Daily Times Call "the real press"*) and turn out like real newspapers, instead of printing on Daddy's new HP printer.⁴

There is no argument that a rivalry exists between ~~the~~ The South Paw and FRICH. But at the end of yet another dreary ~~Niwot~~ day in our antiquated establishment, it is great that we have ~~the~~ FRICH and ~~the~~ The South Paw both competing for Cougar pride.

I look forward to a clichéd and banal rebuttal ~~stock~~ chock full of trivial arguments.

π_siddhartha_π

¹ I am truly sorry, but I must point this out as a blatant lie. None of our writers were contacted by any writer of The South Paw. It is not nice to lie.

² Please correct me if I am wrong, but the last time I checked, 2 is not greater than 4. The issue published Monday was the second this year for The South Paw, and this FRICH issue is the fourth this year. Please, if you plan on making ridiculous assertions, ensure that they are correct beforehand. Oh, and due to the fact that your spelling errors are the things that are most complained about, I would hardly call them irrelevant. Furthermore, I'm not sure if you are aware of this, but it's not ironic when you make fun of your own weakness. That would be like Superman wearing a Kryptonite necklace; it just doesn't work.

³ True, they will not be. This is due to the fact that, on terms of FRICH's resurrection, we made the agreement that open bashing of The South Paw and Mr. Daly would not be present. If you wish us to return to the glory days of constant South Paw bashing, please let us know, and we will be glad to work out an agreement so that we can do this. There is also another shockingly horrid little fact about this point. How does this even come close to relating to The South Paw? Seriously? Saying that we will never be as good as we once were, and saying that that is something "The South Paw actually does right" is just a flawed argument. As a counter to this: the glory days of when The South Paw won journalism awards will never be restored.

⁴ Actually, it's Daddy's old HP printer. Oh, and just to be obnoxious, you do realize that the format (ledger paper) is part of our suave nature, right? If we were to print it like a "real newspaper," or had we not had an original layout, it wouldn't be FRICH. That, and it would cost more. We also fold all of our own papers and hand-distribute them. Nontraditional is good sometimes, like now.

How was that for clichéd and banal?

π Averonalus Tint π

11 Reasons Why FRICH Gets Respect

11. FRICH doesn't allow its writers to waste away in gluttony and shamefully eat Twinkies. It uses a Bowflex which helps maintain the pure sculpted image of the paper.

10. FRICH writers investigate assertively in broad daylight. They wear tailored suits and walk with dignity and confidence. Ever see a FRICH writer stumble? Didn't think so.

9. FRICH is original. Anybody can put words on thin grey paper. It takes testosterone to break out the 11 x 17 super-white paper. It says, "That's right reader, you deserve high-quality paper."

8. FRICH is also efficient. It gets the job done in four 8.5 x 11 inch pages. It gives you not just 10, but 11 reasons why.

7. FRICH writers receive no grade. When was the last time you gave a hundred percent to an English paper worth 100 points, rather than to writing rap lyrics or playing Halo for fun? It's a proven fact; work you *have* to do is less fun

than work you *want* to do.

6. FRICH's cheek is not scruffy, nor are its tears salty. It's clean shaven and bright eyed, like the paper it's printed on.

5. FRICH doesn't print clichés. FRICH isn't predictable. It prints words everyone can understand, not just the words they print on vocabulary expanding shower curtains. Banal sounds like anal.

4. FRICH is available online 24/7; it has no competition, nor does it rivals.

3. FRICH isn't petty, nor is it trivial. It's thinking exactly what you are. Last issue's poem come to mind?

2. FRICH is an acronym. And it's capitalized. What now?

1. FRICH gives you humor, satire, wit, and entertainment every 4 weeks. It doesn't expect you to have to read the same paper every day for a whole academic quarter.

π Doc π

Raising FRICH

FRICH, what happened? You used to be the monthly present to all us Niwotans. We would tear you open in a flurry to absorb your warm, chocolaty FRICHness. For us uptight, self-righteous, over-stressed, under-slept, caffeinated IB seniors (well, we were freshman at the time, but anyway), it gave us something we could sit down and discuss the hilarity of. To this day, I still remember my first article: it was a list of 99 reasons why The South Paw sucked. We were fortunate enough to have an espionage establishment in The South Paw that allowed FRICH to hand-distribute copies the very day The South Paw threw their copies in front of the classrooms like garbage, as is their tradition. That year was the best we had seen.

A year later, we were served up a lethal, *adventurous* swill about how to save itself that took up the entire issue, involving a refrigerator and a leather folder. The next year, it just disappeared! Gone! We never got to overrule Dr. Phillip Zimbardo with "Did you READ page 3, article 2?!" We never got to discuss with Rodriguez the implications of an underground newspaper. We couldn't see Hartman rip her hair out as we hoarded over the new edition.

But this year, we do. And what do I, now as an uptight, self righteous, over-stressed, under-slept, caffeinated IB senior, get to read? A bunch of communist conspiracy <censored> tearing down what we have rooted as our culture. Granted, Steve Jobs could shove all his "Save the Fly" bumper stickers up his proverbial territory and the tail pipe of Ralph Nader's Chevy Corvair, but that's beside the point. Also, Elvis already has to deal with the imitators; stop kicking a dead horse.

Although these particular parts of the recent edition did not follow FRICH format, it was encouraging to see several others that did.

"Why English Class is Pointless" is a textbook example of why FRICH was created. It finds a subject that bothers the readers and puts it into a format that will one day be supported by the thing it is tearing down. And "White Sunglasses"? It was a perfect article to understand what FRICH means. It takes a writer's own opinion, points out the stupidity of a cultural icon, gives a crucial counterargument, and finishes with advice for the people torn down by the writer.

FRICH, you have risen from the ashes of '06-'07 only to disappoint. FRICH is an open forum, but please, spare us the conspiracy theories, the politics, and the complaints of lower classmen activities (although the fact that it was written by a junior and *not* a senior qualifies it as genuine FRICH material). This is *not* a blog. So, for the sake of all the seniors, for the future of yourself (meaning *you* potential freshman and sophomore writers I have to shove out of the way to get to my locker in our ritual ground known as The Pit), and for the safety of the other underclassmen, can we all just get back to what FRICH was always about: enlightening our dull high school existence once a month, being our "counter-period"?

π Bleu von Marc π

Disclaimer:

Hey, it's your friendly neighborhood FRICH here. Did you like this issue? If not, that's a shame. If you were offended...well, you know the drill. As always,

PLEASE DON'T SUE!