

Memoirs of an Editor

I have a little over 200 words to express my sentiments of leaving...so I will try to be as non-verbose as possible. As I prepare myself to leave this school, I think back on all the things I wish I would have done differently and how, if I had the chance, I could have made my high school experience much better. Unfortunately, my high school expiration date is quickly approaching and I must say goodbye to the antiquated halls of this establishment. The last thought I wish to pass on to my fellow classmates is to do what makes you happy. This advice has helped me through all of my troubles, as it has many of my friends. Do not worry about what anyone else will think—it is just a waste of energy. Try to do what I have not accomplished; graduate without re-

grets, enjoy your time with your friends, as I guarantee you that you will suddenly realize around this time of your senior year that your time is limited with them and overall, be a decent person to others. If you can do this I promise you your high school experience will be complete and you will look back to it as one of the best times of your childhood, despite the hardships you will most certainly face in the coming years. As I will never see many of you again, thank you for an awesome experience at this school, and enjoy your lives to the fullest. And, for nostalgia's sake, thank you for your time.

π Averonalus Tint π

School Buses: A Necessary Evil

It's big, it's yellow, it smells. It's the bus. A form of transportation for the freshmen, some sophomores, and the inadequate upperclassmen that have yet to have their licenses. Do not misunderstand: we bus riders are somewhat grateful for the free ride to school, paid for by the taxes from adults with no children, but drastic changes are needed to mend this system.

First, there are the bus drivers. They come in many varieties: suspected pedophiles, pedophiles, general creepers, and obese men in their late forties with nothing better to do. Then there is the mentally unstable/suspected crack addict who talks to herself. Observing this rare species, one can see the way she watches each individual exit the CarbonMobile, then snaps back to watch the next person. The only possible solution to the dilemma of creeper drivers is to fire them all, and in their places hire Italian male models for driving and female models for in-ride attendants who, in turn, would serve breakfasts of espressos and omelets. Problem solved.

Then there is the matter of space. There are some buses where everyone is practically sitting on another's lap, exceeding the legal capacity. There is many a stop that requires its own bus, but has not received this luxury. The simple fix to this is to replace all of the proverbial crap wagons with Greyhound buses. Think of this: spacious aisles,

beautiful interiors, comfortably upholstered seats that won't stick to your legs in the heat, storage compartments underneath for backpacks, and of course, large windows to escape out of when the mentally unstable/suspected crack addict stated above crashes the bread loaf. Honestly, how many average size high school students can actually fit through the emergency exit window? And a bathroom! What uses it could be put to! A vomit receptacle for those who shove their breakfast down their throats too quickly, as well as a convenient place to put that kid who passes gas not so discreetly as he walks up and down the aisle. Also, fear not about the cost of toilet paper: simply use the most recent issue of The South Paw.

The last issue that must be paid attention to is the color. The buses literally look like taxis from hell on steroids. What about a sleek black with metallic racing stripes? Or a sophisticated Kelly green with "NiwoT = Sexy Beasts" in silver lettering? We do, after all, represent a magnet school with the self-righteous IB program, successful sports, and a great music department. These are just a few major things about our school that entitle us to driving in style.

So, next time you ride the bus, remember that this flawed system is wrong. Ask yourself, "Is this what I *really* want my bus riding experience to be? Should I *really* be so thankful for smelly vinyl seats, cramped space, and the color of puke and Velveeta?" The answer is no and we must call for a change. Because yes, we can.

π Fortis Vegetus π

Just Another Thing That Pisses Me Off

When I get home, I usually go to facebook, sign on, check out my notifications, messages, bumper stickers, and whatever else I have that is worth looking at. Then, out of sheer boredom and with the intention of procrastinating as much as possible, I just scroll down the news feed and read whatever pops out at me. Usually it is someone's conversation with someone else and I am forced to sit through it...feeling more and more like a creeper every post I read. This article stems, however, from a certain quiz and its outcome.

One such day, I was scrolling down my news feed and there was this huge picture staring up at me. The picture was labeled "my future tattoo" and it was of music notes with peace signs in them and flowers with "All You Need Is Love" weaving in and out of the notes. This particular person who is apparently planning on getting that tattoo is the epitome of the one thing I absolutely detest about a good percentage of our generation.

This just so happens to be when people are like, "Oh, peace. I love peace! Peace, peace, peace," and every <censored> thing they wear is covered in peace signs and Beatles lyrics and Gandhi and John Lennon quotes and recycling signs and the like. I don't care how "in" it is to be peace/environmentally conscious, it doesn't make you a good person to wear those things.

You don't believe in anything like that. You know what? Those shirts you wear and those bags you carry around were probably made in *sweatshops* in *Asia* by *underpaid* and *overworked* children who can't afford to eat a full meal a day. How's that for peaceful?

I'm not saying that I am a completely good person who is always conscientious of the conditions and situations of others in the world, but I certainly don't go out of my way to try and force my apparent "good person-ness" on the world.

Hey, instead of just carrying around a <censored>ing bag that has a recycling sign on it surrounded by, "All You Need Is Love," why don't you, maybe, try actually recycling something?

You should not go around getting tattoos of peace signs or tattoos saying, "Be the change you want to see in the world," thinking you are original and helping someone. The people of Darfur who are being systematically raped and killed on a daily basis don't give a <censored> what your tramp stamp says and neither does anyone else.

π Bob the Builder π

The Deaths of the Greats: Senior FRICHies

Ever wondered who we really are? Well, here is your chance. According to FRICH tradition, we must release the names (and deaths) of the senior writers from this year. Sit back and enjoy.

Averonalus Tint (Austin Leseux)

Wandered off into oblivion, trying to find a suitable replacement for the hole left in his life when he lost both his friends and FRICH in the move to college. Never seen again.

Beast From The East (Varun Varada)

Never wrote anything; stoned to death by a pack of ravenous freshmen.

Machiavelli (Jacob Cooper)

Rode his horse off into the sunset (and by horse we mean car and by sunset we mean tree).

Marcus Aurelius (Nick Pascucci)

rm -rf *'d his brain after IB tests to make space for college and subsequently went into a coma. Never recovered.

Fermat LT (Ryan Kuczka)

Divided by zero, found infinity, stuck in L'Hopital with indeterminacy.

Katow-Jo (Garrett Behringer)

Died after consuming large amounts of dairy products. He thought he had outgrown his allergy. He hadn't.

Doc, Wing Commander (Tyler Vaughan)

Killed by Erin Browne in an epic fighter jet battle.

Mr. Linguini

Managed to swallow a three-foot-long spaghetti noodle, but choked to death on one of those obnoxious little ice cubes that fast food places put in your beverages so you can get one wedged in your throat while you try to drink.

Dr. Strangelove

Killed in a doomsday machine accident.

Bleu von Marc

Died in a bow hunting accident. Upon shooting a bear in the shoulder, he and his hunting partner, James August, fled the scene. Mr. von Marc was a faster runner than Mr. August, up until a sudden asthma attack resulted in the mauling of the stumbling, sputtering satirist.

Godverdomme (Nic Rozek)

Last spotted in his mountainous home after defeating a bear in hand to hand combat. The other bears caught wind of this and shot him in his sleep.

Socratez (Tate Shibles)

Laid down too fat a beat and was crushed by the subs in his headphones.

51 Reasons FRICH Is Still Alive

For its 51st issue I decided I'd look back through the histories of FRICH and find out how it's still alive and well. (A look back through the archives at the finest lines and the greatest observations of almost ten years of FRICH.)

51. Finding weaknesses and exposing them.
50. The lists that even people with ADD (*Ooh shiny!*) can finish.
49. Being unafraid to "go there."
48. Giving students valid excuses for nearly ten years.
47. Flaunting superiority over The South Paw since Issue One.
45. Never cutting corners. Upgrading to four pages from the original two.¹
44. Getting students to jack off their brains.
43. Not condoning bad ideas/defiance, rather reflecting upon various techniques for doing so.
42. Providing an open forum for arbitrary ranting.
41. Being honest (otherwise known as: funny because it's true).
40. Finding the occasional real life application of something we've learned in school.
39. Putting out more issues than The South Paw each year with no class time and fewer writers.
38. Perpetuating the beef between Macs and PCs (while still managing to attract readers who use Linux).
37. Doing things we said we probably shouldn't do.
36. Supporting the average and deflating the egos of the popular/those with a 4.7 GPA.
35. Finding 51 reasons is no walk in the park; perseverance.
34. Reading a decade worth of FRICH for this list.
33. Already finding replacements for next year's legacy. (The three juniors that are actually liked.)
32. Challenging the minds of the student body. See 33. Think you could find them? Now that is a challenge.
31. Putting juniors in their place since...well when did juniors first come into existence?
30. A wicked sweet website! Check it out at www.frichonline.com. Want this article to be funnier? Read issues 1- 27 on our website.
29. Turning truth into laughs.
28. Do you know how babies are made?
27. Pointing out how you would love to walk into a clean restroom but you neither wash your hands nor flush the <censored> toilet.
26. Only writing one article about band geeks in a decade of FRICH. (Automatically getting ten percent of students on our side)
25. Can you really trust Student Council?
24. We are all naked under our clothes.
23. Publishing on 4/20. Twice.
22. Sex sells.
21. It's free.
20. Cultural diversity. You terrorist!!
19. Senior Wills. (Hah...not.)
18. Brevity.
17. Completeness.
16. Nowhere else in the halls of Niwot High School will you find a more reliable and formal newspaper.
15. FRICH is an acronym. Check out the history on the website if you don't know what it is. While you're there, write something in.
14. Giving FRICH haters no excuse for hating. If you don't like it, change it. See 15.
13. FRICH refuses to outsource. Except one editor is Indian. Um...we'll get back to this one.
12. We have people everywhere. Watch your back, South Paw.
11. Having no agenda except to produce laughter and thought.
10. PENGUINS!!!
9. Suggesting better use for everyday things. Why put books in your locker? When it gets hot this summer and they turn on the furnace a chicken will cook up nice.
8. Finishing this list at 2:00 in the morning.
7. There are two reasons in this list that are the same.²
6. Refusing to throw this paper on the ground at your feet like The South Paw.
5. Accepting French people. Okay, that's a lie.
4. Brightening your day with our bright white paper. Refusing to use low quality newspaper.
3. Refusing to call terrorism a "Man-caused disaster." These people are bombing innocent people and we're worried about being politically correct? Not.
2. FRICH would never leave you.
 1. What would Niwot be like without FRICH? It would be like a movie with no plot. It would be all boring and everything. Like Luke without Darth Vader. We'd all just sit around playing with our light sabers.³

π Wing Commander⁴ π

¹ Yes, we realize there's no number 46 but we gave you two reasons in number 45, so we technically didn't cut that corner.

² Psych! Having its own, professionally written Wikipedia article.

³ Oh we did it again, see number 49.

⁴ Erin, it's not who you think...

I'd Appreciate It if the Editors Didn't Force Me to Come Up With a Title

Well now that we have made it to the last issue of the year I believe it is time for me to express my true feelings on several things at this school, things that I have sat rather silently with and abided by for the better part of 748 chrogons (where I'm from a year that is equal to 187 chrogons, do the math). Now, as I am a senior and, by definition, lazy, I have completely neglected to come up with a creative way to present this list of grievances. I would go with a list, as my prompting suggests, but FRICH listing must be done in a very specific manner that involves only one or two sentences. As it is, I wish to write more. So as a tribute to a prestigious classmate of mine, I've decided to copy (more or less) the format of Brown's Beefy Bullets. This is because Erin Brown actually wrote something that was funny in The South Paw, and that is problematic in terms of the very existence of our universe. "Why all this praise for Ms. Brown?" you may ask. Well maybe she is secretly on this staff, maybe this has secretly been her as a double agent writing for FRICH all along! No, that's totally preposterous, and you as a reader were an idiot for just thinking that (But seriously, why would she constantly misspell her own name? Plus my name was given two pages ago, so if you're a good little reader, you should have already seen that). Anyways....

- The bathrooms at this school are festering with disease. If you have used our school's public facilities (I would highly recommend never doing so), you will have noticed that there are approximately 3,289 ways they could be improved (I felt listing them would be a bit too extensive). Just about anywhere else, bathrooms are better and less likely to start the next outbreak of an animal

induced flu (for a place crammed with so many people an effort should be made to reform our facilities so that when used one doesn't have to worry about salmonella).

- Nobody at this school seems to really care about school. I know this sounds lame, but it's true. I mean if you really don't care that much, then what the <censored> are you doing here? Some people come here and honestly waste four years of their lives. If you graduate saying that you had a miserable experience here then that's really your fault. Most of you anyway (I don't mean to anger those who have faced extensive hardships) have nothing to be complaining about. (That kind of makes this article and publication seem hypocritical, but it still needs to be said and we're just having fun so that doesn't count.)
- The sprinklers at this school are inefficient and terrible. I cannot count how many times I've seen them watering cement. (It does not grow! It's not alive!)
- In the latest issue, The South Paw had a photo on page three that looked like it was taken with a phone and then run through the wash before it was put on the page (and I don't want to hear about your less-than-par editing program; we use the same one. Regardless, for the past four years it has been the same mistakes over and over again. Either find a new program or just learn to use the one you have.)

The other main reason I didn't go with a list is because I really only had four things to talk about. Oh, and since I was too lazy to submit my senior will too, I'll just take the liberty of writing it right here. I leave my long-winded cynicism and expressions of malevolence to whomever feels they can take up the task of writing for FRICH next year. If for no other reason, do it just because you want to. RIP, Kegan.

π Machiavelli π

Disclaimer:

Hey folks...it's been a long year. After having read (or not) the multitude of articles we have published, we hope you feel they have not been a waste of your time, but rather a worthwhile allocation of it. If this is not the case, we fear that we have wasted about ninety hours of our time this year (ten hours per issue, nine issues), as well as the multitude of hours you (collectively) have spent reading them. If you have enjoyed our work, we thank you for your readership and hope that you will continue to enjoy what your fellow classmates have to say in the years to come. At this point, we have attempted to ensure that you will have FRICH to brighten your day next

year. If you do not see it, it means that our successors were lazy, and you may have to take the initiative to write in and continue the legacy...sorry about that.

We apologize for anything that may have offended you this year, but we do ask that if you plan to criticize, please write it in a form of an article, so that others may see and possibly get the courage to write in too. This has been a great year. Thank you all for making this possible. Oh, and next year, if FRICH offers Senior Wills once more, please don't wait for Student Council to get involved to submit them. As always,

PLEASE DON'T SUE!