

# Go ahead and LET IT RIP



COLUMNIST  
Anna Woods

All I wanted to do was bowl, is that so much to ask? I was doing great: bowling a few strikes, catching a whiff of French fries every once in a while, and making fun of my boyfriend who clearly shouldn't be on a bowling team. I was having a great time and then, it happened.

It was a little stinker, I never thought this would happen, how could it? I am a lady, I shouldn't act this way, but I did. I let one slip. It was the oh so famous "silent but deadly."

Now, my boyfriend has definitely experienced some of my weird habits, but this was a new one. Most guys would be completely grossed out, but he knows better than that. The only reaction I got was, "Anna, that's disgusting. Like do you need to go to the bathroom?" and then he laughed. Apparently, my farting is hilarious.

And just to add to the audience of my silent show, there were four middle-aged men bowling next to me, and to my dismay, they couldn't endure the stench. After my third or fourth failure to hold in the evil, they literally asked to switch lanes. Yes, I cleverly pointed at my boyfriend each time he went up to bowl, but they knew it was me.

Although this should seriously embarrass me, it really doesn't. Maybe it's the tomboy in me. Maybe I am just extremely

comfortable with myself. I just don't see the problem with it. Sure, it's seriously disgusting and my grandma would definitely tell me I was being "unladylike," but I don't see why people cringe at the smell.

It is commonly known as "a fart." Does that word make you uncomfortable? It shouldn't.

This not so pleasant human function is one that no one can hide, because even if you hold it in, it's going to come out sometime. Whether it happens as you are dancing away to "Boys, Boys, Boys," by Lady Gaga, and the entire room backs away because you commit the ultimate passing-of-gas crime, the public fart, or if it's during the special intentions at mass, we are all criminals in this act.

**"Okay girls, let's get something straight. Everyone farts, including you."**

That is the most horrifying but wonderful part of it all: not only do we all let out a stench worse than last week's garbage once in a while, but we can't even control it.

Now, everyone knows the strange terminology used for farts. Its nicknames run from a toot, to a fluff, to "letting one rip," and many more. The best part is, farting is one thing everyone has in common. According to heptune.com, the average person doesn't fart just once, but 14 times a day! Now, there's a great dinner conversation. Think about it, "Hey mom, I farted above the average today!" I bet mom would be so proud.

Okay girls, let's get some things straight. Everyone farts, including you. Although ladies might be a little more polite about it (sorry boys, but farting competitions are not cute), we have the same gross, yucky habit that boys do.

There are definitely appropriate times to relax and let it loose, like in the safe security of your own bathroom. This is a wonderful place to let the air run free. On the other hand, farting during silent reading or during final exams is probably not the best option. If this scenario is the case, excuse yourself from the situation until the setting is more suitable.

Okay, so here is the D.L. on farting: you do it, I do it, all of us do it. Some people aren't shy about it and will let them rip anywhere and everywhere they go, others are quite shy

and duck into private places or sneakily walk away after doing the damage. But regardless, humans can't help but pass the gas. Public farting happens all the time, just as soon as a person relaxes, the gas starts creeping out.

So relax, let loose and let it rip. Life is too short to be embarrassed, so embrace it. I fart, and I am not ashamed. So next time you fart, don't play the blame game. Take pride in your fart. I promise, if you stand up and proudly say "I farted," you will lighten the mood in the room immensely.

## WELL, ONE TIME...



**Maria Corpuz, sophomore**

"I went to see 'Inception' with my two cousins and it was when there was a bunch of explosions. And I was like 'alright, I'll fart now, and no one will hear it,' but then it got quiet when I farted and the whole theater turned and laughed at me."



**Josie Bettger, senior**

"In fourth grade, I ate too much cheese and everyone called me farter, and I had a friend and everyone called her farter friend."



**Morgan Frodyma, freshman**

"I was next to this guy I liked. I dropped my pen. When I reached down to get it, I farted."

## STAFF INFECTION

SPREADING THE NEWS

### Introducing... THE INFECTION

#### Staff Editorial

We are not here to dish out the latest deets on the most up and coming band "The Infection." We are not here to warn you of the next highly contagious strain of flu. We are not here to complain about some strange and uncomfortable fad that we hope will pass on. We are here to explain the theme for the 2010-2011 issues of The Network.

And the theme is (drum roll please): Staff Infection!

We are talking about spreading the good word of the journalists. Our pulses are racing, we are itching to write, and we have been diagnosed. We, as the student newspaper staff, want to infect you, our wonderful readers (the students of Marian and the broader community), with an epidemic of news happening in and around Marian High School. We,

as the staff, have been feverish over uncovering the hidden details that make for really interesting stories. We want to make the news something people get excited about, something people want to read, something contagious.

We hope that people look forward to every issue this year. We hope that readers are addicted to the newest and most interesting stories. We hope that people are infected by the news, of course. We hope people's lives are tainted with excitement by the news and learn to love the lifelong infection it leaves in them. We have caught the staff infection, have you?

We would love to hear your feedback! Please leave us a letter in the comment box outside of Room 304 or e-mail us at

[netpaper@omahamarian.org](mailto:netpaper@omahamarian.org)

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*The Network* is a monthly publication of the journalism students at Marian High School, Nebraska's only Cass A, Catholic, North Central Accredited college preparatory school for girls. The Network is a member of the N.H.S.P.A., N.S.P.A., and the C.S.P.A. It is our goal to provide an accurate and informative news source for the student community. Opinions expressed on the opinion pages do not necessarily represent those of the entire community. Students, faculty, and friends are invited to voice their opinion in Letters to the Editors. All letters must be typed, signed, and sent to:

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**Jeff Hacker, science Teacher**

"The one thing I miss about teaching at a co-ed school is walking by students and dropping a "silent but deadly." The students would always blame each other, but never me."

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