

F·R·I·E·N·D·S

"Who am I? Well, I'm not a silly pair of Tweedles who get all bent out of shape and tied up in knots if you don't know the proper way to say hello! And I'm certainly not a bunch of snooty flower girls who act like they're better than everybody else and whose only ambition in life is to look pretty. And I'm not some party animal Mad Hatter who likes to cheat at games and break other people's things just because he thinks it's funny. I'm also not a crazy white rabbit who never has time to visit and play and get to know me, when all I wanted to do was be his friend. And I'm absolutely, positively, categorically, not a big old nasty Queen of Hearts who bosses people around. Quiet! I'll tell you who I am. I'm Alice."
- Alice, Alice in Wonderland

F.R.I.E.N.D.S

"You beasts! But I'm not beaten yet. You've won the battle, but I'm about to win the wardrobe. My spotty puppy coat is in plain sight and leaving tracks. In a moment I'll have what I came for, while all of you will end up as sausage meat, alone on some sad, plastic plate. Dead and medium red. No friends, no family, no pulse. Just slapped between two buns, smothered in onions, with fries on the side. Cruella De Vil has the last laugh!"
- Cruella De Vil, 101 Dalmatians

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"Ah, Salaam and good evening to you worthy friend. Please, please, come closer – Too close, a little too close. There. Welcome to Agrabah. City of mystery, of enchantment and the finest merchandise this side of the river Jordan, on sale today, come on down! Heh, heh. Look at this! Yes! Combination hookah and coffee maker, also makes Julienne fries. Will not break! Will not! It broke! Oh! Look at this! I have never seen one of these intact before. This is the famous Dead Sea Tupperware. Listen. Ah, still good. Wait, don't go! I can see that you're only interested in the exceptionally rare. I think then, you would be most rewarded to consider...this. Do not be fooled by its common place appearance. Like so many things, it is not what is outside, but what is inside that counts. This is no ordinary lamp! It once changed the course of a young man's life. A young man who, like this lamp, was more than what he seemed. A diamond in the rough. Perhaps you would like to hear the tale? It begins on a dark night, where a dark man waits, with a dark purpose..."

- Merchant, Aladdin

F.R.I.E.N.D.S

“This is the story of how I died. Don't worry, this is actually a very fun story. And the truth is, it isn't even mine. This is the story of a girl named Rapunzel. And it starts, with the sun. Now, once upon a time, there was a magic golden, flower. It had the ability to heal the sick and injured. Oh, you see that old woman over there? You might want to remember her. She's kind of important. Well, centuries pass and a hop skip and a bump right away there grew a kingdom. The kingdom was ruled by a beloved King and Queen. And the Queen, well she was about to have a baby, and she got sick, really, sick. She was running out of time. And that's when people usually start to look for a miracle. Or in this case, a magic golden flower. Ahhh, I told you she'd be important. You see instead of sharing the sun's gift, this woman, Mother Gothel, hoarded it's healing power and used it to keep herself young for hundreds of years. And all she had to do was sing a special song. All right, you get the jist. She sings she turns young, creepy, right?

- Flynn, Tangled

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In many ways, the work of a critic is easy. We risk very little yet enjoy a position over those who offer up their work and their selves to our judgment. We thrive on negative criticism, which is fun to write and to read. But the bitter truth we critics must face is that, in the grand scheme of things, the average piece of junk is more meaningful than our criticism designating it so. But there are times when a critic truly risks something, and that is in the discovery and defense of the new. Last night, I experienced something new, an extraordinary meal from a singularly unexpected source. To say that both the meal and its maker have challenged my preconceptions is a gross understatement. They have rocked me to my core. In the past, I have made no secret of my disdain for Chef Gusteau's famous motto: Anyone can cook. But I realize that only now do I truly understand what he meant. Not everyone can become a great artist, but a great artist can come from anywhere. It is difficult to imagine more humble origins than those of the genius now cooking at Gusteau's, who is, in this critic's opinion, nothing less than the finest chef in France. I will be returning to Gusteau's soon, hungry for more.

Anton Ego, Ratatouille

F·R·I·E·N·D·S

This is Berk. It's twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village. In a word? Sturdy. And it's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes, we have...dragons. Most people would leave. But not us. We're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues. My name's Hiccup. Great name, I know. But, it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking Demeanor wouldn't do that. That's Stoick the Vast, Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes, I do. Oh and that's Fishlegs, Snotlout. the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut and...Astrid. This is Berk. It snows nine months out of the year, and hails the other three. What little food grows here is tough and tasteless. The people that grow here, even more so. The only upsides are the pets. While other places have ponies, or parrots; we have... dragons.

- Hiccup, How To Train Your Dragon