

## THE PRAIRIE

I can't get to sleep  
I rarely get to sleep

When I do  
dreams that should have their  
own world  
drift into each other

The nightmare  
withers into comedy  
withering into  
darkness  
before it lights up  
again  
into whatever  
chance  
has it

But the day  
where I wake  
is defined

The day where I wake  
has no chance  
the traffic lights  
are never off  
even the ones  
in the eyes

Yet outside of these towns  
it's all so open  
so free

The sea is the sky  
the waves the clouds

the tide the wind-swept corn  
the islands the small  
and isolated white houses

But this sea  
becomes another dream  
as the passing station wagon  
with the family inside,  
looks at it  
with eyes  
conditioned to not perceive

Only the occasional killer  
the one who doesn't understand  
the kid who illegally drives  
his father's car  
off the highway  
and into the corn  
like a motorboat at full throttle  
with an exuberant cry to match

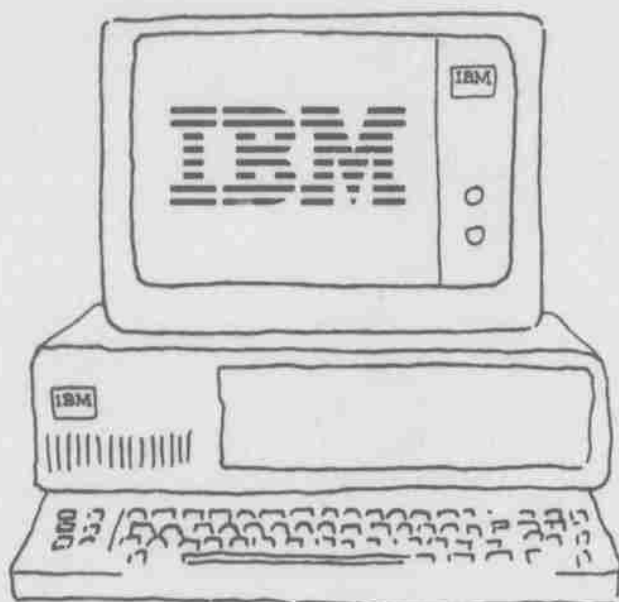
sees

I want to go to sleep  
where I can dream about  
the ocean

In the meantime  
I am reminded of where I am  
as a twister of black  
screaming crows  
dives then rises  
above the wreck  
of a station wagon  
and the remains  
of a young man's dreams

below

—Ken DiMaggio



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## Buenos Aires and Hello

By Craig Anton

It started out as a dare, then a double dare, then as a threat from my editor, "Find an abandoned sorority house this summer, spend the night in it, and give me a story!"

My editor, what a prankster, always testing me, always throwing me curve balls, just a guy with a malignant sense of humor. Ha, ha, ha, geez what a nut. I casually asked if he was serious. "Whadya chicken?" he asked.

"Well. . ." Suddenly it hit me. I fantasized about all the fun I could have; skateboarding down those long corridors, staying up past midnight to watch TV, and all of that underwear! Endless amounts of sheer silk just waiting like hidden treasure, waiting to be uncovered by me. Letting out a hysterical laugh, I thought to myself, "ATO's eat your hearts out!"

So on the evening of Sunday the 13th, I packed a limited yet resourceful survival kit and headed out for a destination unbeknownst to me. I always liked unbeknownst.

My first stop, 7-11. I grabbed supplies that would come in handy: one case of Twinkies, a six-pack of that new Cherry Coke, some spray paint, and one case of Twinkies. I like Twinkies.

The weather was starting to come in. "Oooh, thunder and lightning, this is going to be spooky!" I said to myself, but I wasn't afraid, I had my He-Man flashlight. I began to think about how many I's I would include in my story, I didn't know why, I guess I, oh. . . I don't know.

The evil house mother was there to greet me. She looked normal, and smiled a lot, but deep down I knew she was hiding something from me. What was it? Just what exactly did she have to hide? It was my job to find out. Just as she said goodnight and shut the door, a cold wind blew across the room, and then I found myself in complete terror. It was then that I realized the kind of living hell these girls had lived in. Yes, their house composite was missing.

I chose the formal living room as my base camp for its easy escape

possibilities. Inhaling four Twinkies, two Cherry Cokes and a wad of Hubba Bubba, I felt my blood sugar level starting to rise. I felt hyper. I felt the inclination for exploration.

On the first floor I could feel that girlish energy floating in and out of the small cubicle-like rooms. I could imagine those long study sessions, discussing everything from Plato to Peter, the Alpha-Magma-Gamma guy, "oooh, what a pledge pin!"

Suddenly I began hearing laughter in the halls from those silly little pillow fights. I began to smell a cluster of fresh cut roses for the homecoming Debutramps, and I could feel that nervous anticipatory energy found only on those intriguing candle passing nights. . . oooh, spooky!

By now the smell of female was driving me whacko, so I began with the second floor in my quest for undies.

Being fairly new at this large midwestern college, I never thought that something like this would happen to me. Y'see, it all started when I managed this tub and spa company in the Valley, and you can be assured that I was always on the ready with my soup starter or chicken boullion. But now here I was in a sorority house, alone, unprotected and not really dating anyone at the time — I just knew something sexual was bound to happen. It always does in the movies.

After searching every dresser drawer in the place, I was disappointed to find a surprising number of abandoned rosary's and empty Pill containers. The most amusing item that I came across, however, was a thin book entitled, "How to Buy Friends and Influence People at Parties," by Dale Fraternity.

I must admit, though, my biggest score came out of one of the corner bedrooms. I found a large red shirt belonging to the university football team. My mind began to reel — "Geez, a red shirt! A red shirt! I finally have a red shirt!" Then I stopped, and slowly thought to myself, "I wonder if I'll have to suit up this Saturday?"

It was then that a surprising wave of emotion overtook me. Stepping out into the hall I sat down on the top step of the winding marble staircase and a single tear did fall and touch the marble. Damn, my nose was running. Then tears from my eyes began to swell and empty onto my cheeks. I sat, head in hands, crying a little, thinking, feeling guilty, "Ah, these poor stupid kids! They are such simple quarry."

A change of heart, one might call it — kinda like the Grinch who ripped off Whoville, well kinda like that. What would I tell my editor? My readers? "Well, y'see, the door was locked, nobody home, I huffed and puffed but no little pigs, no housemother, no voluptuous playmate centerfold, no damn story." And so I'll just have to write it another time. Yeh, that's it, I'll have to wait for Peter the Alpha-Magma-Gamma guy to get caught with his pants down, so to speak. But right now I see it as a futile effort to slander and poke fun at the Greeks, it's just too easy. Plus, there are current events reshaping the very ground upon which we walk. Well, how would you like it if the NCAA came into your house and shoved an oscilloscope up your ass?

Maybe I'll do that story on Death Frisbee. I think they're still alive and kickin' somewhere.

Disgusted and depressed, I began to think about my ol' buddy Phil. Phil was an ex-biker, bartender, bookmaker that now worked for IBM. The corporation called Phil one day and informed him that they would soon be testing their employees for narcotics. They asked for a blood sample, sperm count and a urinalysis. Needless to say, Phil just gave them his underwear.

Reflecting on my ol' buddy Phil reminded me of Phil's brother Hal. Hal was a man of few values, like his brother, yet he lived by a credo spoken only in a drunken coma. The Credo:

Never kick a sleeping dog.  
Never sleep with a kicking dog.  
Don't laugh at those less fortunate than you. And —  
Thar ain't no such thing as "best."