

Kickbox

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George was still trying to get into the ring when the music stopped. He entered the ring to silence broken only by laughter. He jumped and taunted his opponent anyway, which made him a crowd favorite.

I made it to the ring without incident, which, at the time, felt like a major accomplishment.

The ring announcer told the crowd about the interests and hobbies of the two fighters. Willie liked drag racing and chasing women. Bob liked pain, the announcer said.

In the ring, two huge men from Gold's Gym (one of the event's sponsors) put me into gloves, foot pads, a waist pad and headgear.

While I was being dressed, I looked down at the announcer. He was ogling at the ringgirl and making lewd comments to the crowd.

This is the same loaded cretin who earlier, during one of the women's

matches, yelled, "That's 417 pounds of beef in there."

I looked down to the ringside doctor. He was drinking a beer.

At the other tables were the judges. One of them, Marvin, worked at Econo Lodge and got the job judging because he's "watched a lot of boxing and karate on TV."

Obviously, this was a class act. Worst of all, Willie was beginning to look a lot tougher.

Moments before the bell rang, I remembered my karate instructor's advice:

"Keep your hands up and head down. Keep your body at an angle so they can't get to your kidneys. Keep moving to lessen any blow. Look him in the eyes. He's probably as scared as you."

The bell rang for the first round. I planned to keep my distance and wear him down with kicks to the kidneys.

I roundkicked him and he didn't seem to care. Then he came after me. We began wildly flailing at each other's heads.

Willie said later that I clocked him sometime in the first 30 seconds. He said that I "got (him) good early" and that he "thought (he) was in trouble." He said he knew then he was in for a good fight.

After about 15 seconds of fighting, I had no idea where I was punching, or from where I was being punched. We were simply brawling — throwing anything as hard and as often as possible in the general direction of the other person.

Near the end of the first round, he hit me hard in the head a few times. I began backing up. I was starting to feel like I was losing.

The bell rang and I walked to the corner exhausted and scared. My two huge corner men gave me no advice. I think they were rooting for Willie.

They asked me if I wanted a drink of water. I nodded, and they squirted something at my mouth, which, because they didn't take out my mouthpiece, dribbled into a large puddle on my sweat pants. People ringside said I looked like I wanted to be else-

where.

The bell rang for the second round. I blocked both of Willie's first two kicks. Then I kicked and missed. We began brawling again.

After about 15 seconds, I was backing up with my head down and arms extended fully to keep him away. Then one of his punches landed hard and I felt most of my remaining energy, willpower and pride fall out my feet.

About 10 seconds later came The Punch.

Getting knocked out doesn't hurt that much because you're quickly unconscious. It's the smaller punches that hurt because you must deal with them fully awake.

If you ever have been losing a fight, you would know why in many war movies, people being tortured often beg their captors to kill them.

The Punch made more sound than it did pain. My ears rang on impact, much like they would had I set off a cherry bomb on my medulla. This, I assume, is why they call it "getting

your bell rung."

The ref helped me up and helped me to my corner after calling the fight. Within a few seconds I was coherent again, and nothing was broken.

Afterward, while being interviewed by DN Sports Editor Paul Domeier, Willie said emphatically that I "was a good fighter." He said he was getting really frustrated because anytime he "wanted to throw a kick," I "always knew it."

So maybe he was patronizing me. It still was nice. And no matter how flip I tried to take this thing, it still sucked to lose. I was beginning to think I was a little bit of badass.

I called my mom about 11:30 Thursday night to tell her I was all right. She was concerned about my future.

"You're never going to do something stupid like this again, are you, Bob?"

"No," I said. "I don't think I'm the fighting type."

"But what of it?"

SPORTS BRIEFS

Husker golf teams shooting for improved Big Eight finishes

Both the Cornhusker men's and women's golf teams will be trying to improve on last year's second-division finishes at this year's Big Eight golf championships.

Each team is competing today and Tuesday, with the men in

Leawood, Kan., and the women in Columbia, Mo.

Last season, the men finished sixth and the women were fifth in a seven-team race.

The Kansas women won the conference title last season, while

the Oklahoma State men won the Big Eight and national championships in 1990.

The Husker men's team has not won a Big Eight championship since 1937, and the women haven't captured the title since 1983.

Eight NU tennis players earn conference academic honors

Rachel Collins, Ann Flannery, Ildiko Guba and Nancy Tyggum of the Nebraska women's tennis team and Steve Barley, Karl Falkland,

Matthias Mueller and Jay Segrift of the Cornhusker men's tennis team have been named to the Phillips 66 Big Eight Academic Honor

Roll. Meghan Quinn, Andy Auch Moedy and Todd Broaderick received honorable mention.

Rec Scoreboard

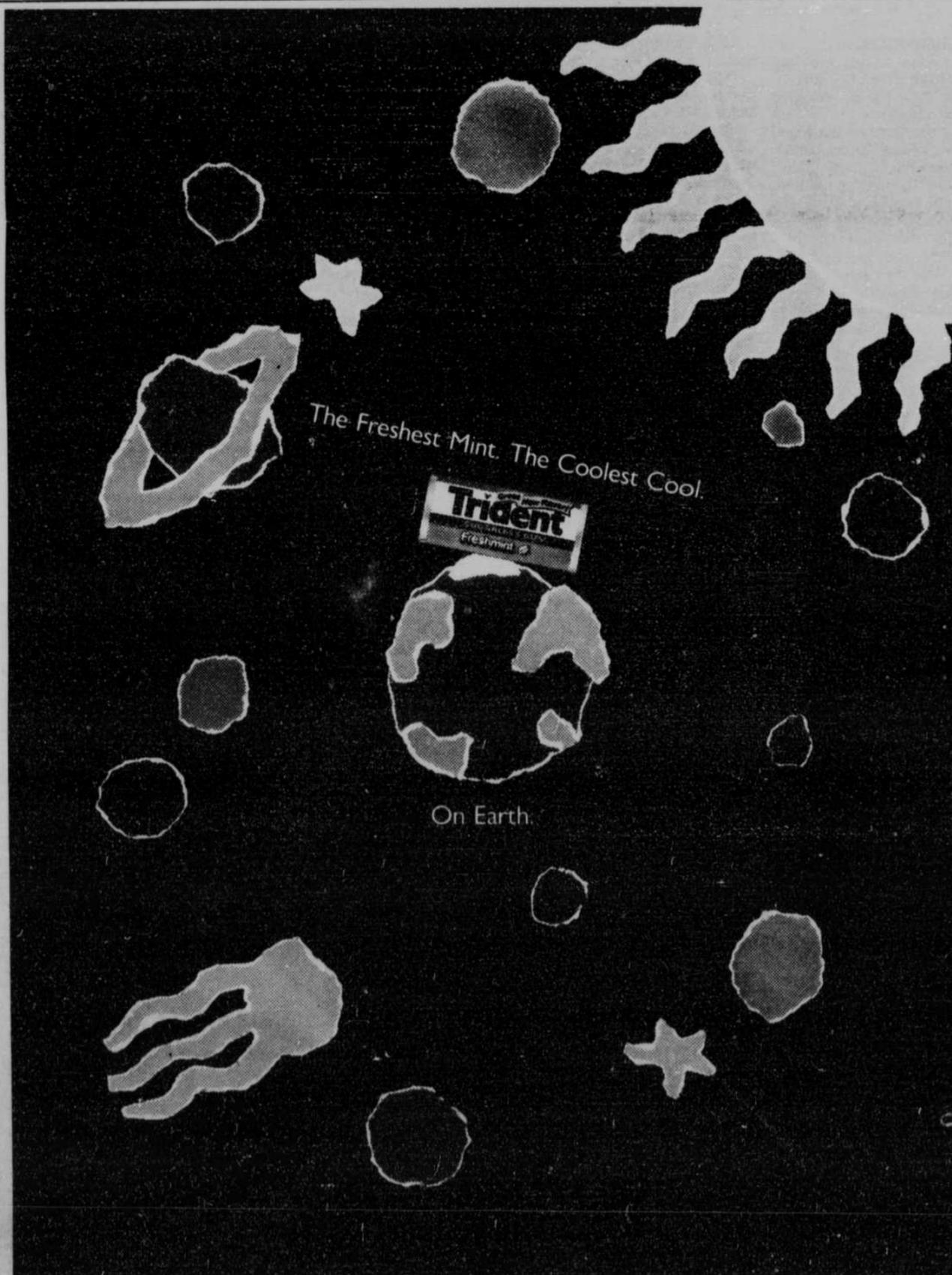
Results from Thursday's games.

Co-rec softball

A
St. Andrews Slicers 12, Chicks & Sticks 4; Law 44 3, ETC 2; Free Dirt 12, Sigma Phi Epsilon-A 11; Alpha Tau Omega/Alpha Phi 17, Gamma Phi Beta 9.

B
Beta Sigma Psi 17, Bruins 4; Ace in the Hole 13, Demon Bunnies 11; St. Andrews Slicers-Jantzi 9, The Trash-cans 2; Jagers 12, Big Sticks 4.

C
Abel 11&13 by forfeit over Abel 4/Sandoz 7; Lambda Chi Alpha/ and friends 13, Sigma Nu #2 10.



Baseball

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Anderson went 5-for-6 and scored four runs, while Corty Kulhanek went 3-for-5 with four RBI. DiGrandi, Gary Tackett, Bill Vosik and Jeff Rhein also had multiple-hit games.

Dave Matranga pitched 5 2/3 scoreless innings of relief for his seventh victory.

Just as quickly as Nebraska's offense crushed Kansas State with 12 runs in the fourth and fifth innings of the first game, the Husker offense disappeared in the second game, with two runs on eight hits.

Kansas State scored two runs in the sixth for the winning margin.

First game Saturday
Nebraska ... 101 661 012 — 18 19 2
At Kansas State ... 112 300 000 — 7 13 1
WP—Matranga (5-2). LP—Hipp (5-5).
N—Zajeski, Mosser (4), Matranga (4) and McKenna. KS—Hipp, Pedersen (4), Smith (5), Stewart (5), Hierhelzer (6), C. Wilson (9) and Ryan. 2B—N Anderson, McKenna, Rhein, Tackett. KS Culp, Hmielewski, C. Wilson, Rippelmeyer. 3B—KS L. Wilson. HR—N DiGrandi (1), Anderson (1), Tackett (4), Kulhanek (2). KS Rippelmeyer (9).

Second game Saturday
Nebraska ... 000 110 0 — 2 8 2
At Kansas State ... 110 002 x — 4 6 0
WP—Driskill (5-3). LP—Rutledge (4-4).
N—Rutledge, Matranga (6) and Arntzen. KS—Churchman, Driskill (6) and Ryan. 2B—KS Stroth. SB—KS Culp.

Softball

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Earlier in the day, Nebraska was stunned 3-0 by Oklahoma, which had lost all of its previous games.

The Sooners took advantage of two Nebraska errors in a three-run sixth inning in which eight batters came to the plate.

First game Saturday
Oklahoma ... 100 000 000 00 — 1 4 3
At Nebraska ... 000 000 100 01 — 2 8 1
WP—Skegas (12-6). LP—Haag (10-10). 2B—O Greene, Alameda. N Vucurevic, Cuddeford.

Second game Saturday
Kansas ... 000 300 1 — 4 7 2
At Nebraska ... 000 000 0 — 0 1 1
WP—Sack (12-0). LP—Bowie (8-9).

First game Sunday
Nebraska ... 000 000 0 — 0 5 2
Oklahoma ... 000 003 x — 3 11 0
At Lincoln.
WP—Frate (10-8). LP—Skegas (12-7). 2B—N Sloan. O Parr.

Second game Sunday
Nebraska ... 000 000 1 — 1 6 3
Kansas ... 000 000 0 — 0 4 0
At Lincoln.
WP—Bowie (9-9). LP—Williams (16-8). S—Skegas (3). 2B—N Trenka. 3B—K Spitaleri.