

Leg Hair Gods gain roaring devotee as lost razor leads to new outlook

By Cinnamon Dokken
Staff Reporter

I don't really think of myself as a hard-core separatist-feminist. So not shaving my legs this summer didn't start out as a case of, "I am woman, hear me roar, smell my sweat, feel my leg hair."

I honestly just didn't get around to it. My old razor had gone to the Hair Forest in the Sky, and I couldn't seem to remember that I needed a new one until I was in the shower. Dripping to the IGA in search of a new Daisy just didn't seem like a viable option.

So within a week I had stubble that could have shredded anything. My significant other (fearing for his safety, I'm sure) prayed to the Leg Hair Gods as a daily ritual. He would wave his hands in the air around my calves, close his eyes and murmur, "Gro-ow, Gro-o-o-o-o-w!" (Thanks, I'm sure that did the trick.)

I moved right along from stubble to fuzz, and began to view such progress as a kind of accomplishment. I even called home to tell my mom, whose only reply was a "Hmph! Gross, Cinnamon," before moving on to more important topics of conversation.

I took it in stride. By this time I liked my leg hair. I could deal with disapproval, with weed-whacker jokes, and with my sister, who took one look, wrinkled her nose and exclaimed, "Ooooo!" then shrugged with a "Whatever."

I was undaunted. I threw on a pair of high-tops, and with my best hairy-legged friend, went skipping off to the bars. We sat in Cliff's, and over kamikazes, discussed the advantages to having leg hair.

"It'll be warm in winter!"
"Yeah," she nodded, "and no more nicks and cuts!"

We ordered more drinks. A few smooth-legged women sashayed into the bar.

"Yeah . . . um . . . and our legs won't glare!"

The "smooth" women sat at the next table and crossed their silky, glaring legs, dangling high heels. We crossed our legs. Their mouths fell open in shock and disgust. We laughed and took off for O'Rourke's, feeling powerful.

Maybe it was that moment that I felt transformed, with newfound strength — a tough chick. I began to swagger. Sarah Connor became my role model. Bring on the terminators!



Brian Shellito/Daily Nebraskan

OK, enough already. You've heard me roar. But at least I didn't ask you to smell my sweat.

Humdrum summer tops what might have been

By James Raitt
Staff Reporter

Many articles in this section will reflect on the things that the writers did not do this summer. These will probably be situations where the writer was not able to go on that dream vacation that he/she wanted to go on or something that came up that ruined his/her summer.

In any event, I am not here to look back on one of the most boring summers of all time and start getting depressed for the enjoyment of you, the reader. There were many things this summer that I did not do, and I am glad about it.

So this is a compilation, a Top 10 list if you will, of the things I am glad I did not do or that did not happen to me this summer. In no way am I ripping off the idea of a certain late-night talk show host. Really, I'm not!

Here we go:

10. I'm glad I did not lose my swimsuit while diving off the high board at the swimming pool. (It always seems to happen.)

9. I'm glad I decided not to go to Sturgis on my Honda scooter. (Kind of a scary thought.)

8. I'm glad I did not go on that Greek cruise ship where the only lifeboat was outside the captain's cabin. (You know their motto: Captains and stewards first.)

7. I'm glad I didn't accept that vacation loan from waste dump

entrepreneur Ray Peery. (I always had a feeling about that guy.)

6. I'm glad I forgot my new video camera when I went to the Guns & Roses concert. (I consider myself very lucky about that.)

5. I'm glad that when we went on the family vacation I did not have to stay in the same hotel room as my great-uncle Stan "The Wind-breaking King of Milwaukee" Black. (But my younger brothers had to. Heh! Heh!)

4. I'm glad I did not mistake Crisco for my sun tan lotion when I went to the beach. (With the way the ozone's going I would have been a French fry.)

3. I'm glad I did not wear that tiger-striped G-string that my grandmother gave me in public. (I know it sounds strange, but she's 142-years-old and is getting funny in the head.)

2. I'm glad I did not take the all-expense-paid trip to Moscow that I won in a local cake raffle. (They ran out of cakes.)

And . . .

1. I'm glad I did not take Pee-Wee Herman up on that movie invitation. (Pretty self-explanatory.)

So there they are, the things I am glad I did not do this summer. Yes, it was a dull summer, but I feel pretty darn good about it.

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