Holiday Supplement to the Daily Nebraskan

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You can always tell when you see a mismatched pair of shoppers in a mall. They're usually married, for example. Only a bond as strong as marriage or parole can make a person who doesn't like to shop enter a mall.

The ones who like to shop run from store window to store window with a wad of credit cards clasped in their sweaty palms.

The ones who don't like to shop follow their fanatic devotedly, staring morosely out windows at the free world and wishing they could sit down for a while.

To non-shoppers such as myself, the most frustrating thing about those

who like to shop is when they don't buy anything.

It's bad enough to waste an entire other option.

bought a single thing, it's as if someone had spent six months training for

it. Or better yet, start in October and

to the "get in, go down every aisle in every store, eat some overpriced mall food, go to a movie, go through every store again in case you missed some-

For those who don't like to shop, there are ways to combat shopping

is popular, but during the holiday season malls only pipe in the Christ-mas standards, so it's not much of a

Shopping for yourself is OK, for a while, but it gets old when you run out of money.

"Confuse the clerk" is a favorite game of mine. Try making up a for-eign language, or asking for some-thing that doesn't exist.

For example, "Excuse me, do you have any door-handle fluid?"

Don't misunderstand me, I'm not against Christmas shopping, and I don't dislike people who shop, when they're not shopping. But I take of-fense at those who give the kind of gifts that keep on giving, like venereal diseases or a video cassette re-cording of the "Smurf's Christmas."

But if I'm faced with the decision to shop or do something else . . . anything else ... such as being boiled in tar, I'll take the

