

# 'If They Totally Get Their Way...'

## Future global history turns liberal, abandons Eurocentricity

This is part one of a two-part fiction story

Dec. 24, 2043—The red minivan pulled into my driveway at exactly 5 p.m. As it stopped, I could see the four bright shining faces beaming at me.

I was looking forward to my family's arrival for one reason: I wanted to see my grandsons. My son, I could put up with, but not as much since he married Hillary Clinton's look-alike. But he (and she) were worth it to see the kids—whose minds I hoped to salvage this year.

As I opened the door, my grandsons ran into the room.

"Hello, you little monsters," I said. "How are things with you guys?"

"They're fine," said the older, Ron. "School is tough, though. American history getting you, huh?"

"Don't be silly, grandpa," said the younger, Sam. "They don't teach that Yur — Yuri —"

"Eurocentric," Ron said. "They don't teach that Eurocentric stuff anymore. That wouldn't be culturally sensitive. No, Sam here is studying global history."

"I'm doing real good, too," he said. "We're learning about famous people and events and stuff."

"I remember doing just that," I said. "We learned about the Declaration of Independence and Columbus' landing in 1492, and about the Pilgrims coming in 1620 —"

"Oh, no," Sam said. "Those are under the bad events. Just a little number of people forced their beliefs on a big number of people. We study things like the introduction of welfare in the 1930s or Roe vs. Wade in the 1970s."

"Do you know what those were? Welfare made everyone lazy and Roe vs. Wade made it legal to murder children."

"Don't get mad at Sammy," Ron said. "He's just telling the truth. You're too far stuck in the past. Everyone knows abortion is a perfectly normal thing."

"You haven't been telling me much about yourself, youngster," I said. "What have you been doing?"

"Well, I'm starting to reach puberty and there's this guy in my math class that I think likes me."

Ron didn't get to finish his sentence because I was drinking coffee at the time, and I let the sip I had just taken fly across the room in a spray that caught there for a moment the sun's spectrum.

"Are you OK, grandpa?" he said. "Did (cough) did you just say a guy? I mean, it's his business and all, but you? . . ."

"Sure. It's perfectly normal, you know. Mr. Strocanoff said so in Human Growth. You know, most of the population will supposedly go both ways. You might even be one of us."

"By God, if you weren't only 12. . . ." I said under my breath. "So

what else are you doing?"

"Well, we're studying governments. I swear, grandpa, those Russians are so backward."

"Well, I used to think so when I was your age."

"No, you don't get it. They're all a bunch of pure capitalists. They're exploiting each other. I mean, they don't even have a national health care plan, since their Constitutional Court ruled that was best left to private business. And look at all the rich people there are."

"Well, if you were rich, you'd feel differently now."

"No, I don't think so. I'd want things to be like they are. Aren't you happy, anyway? You have Social Security and all that."

"Yes. For a few years, I had to depend on it. They fired me from my columnist's post for being too conservative. But now I write books, and boy, do they sell."

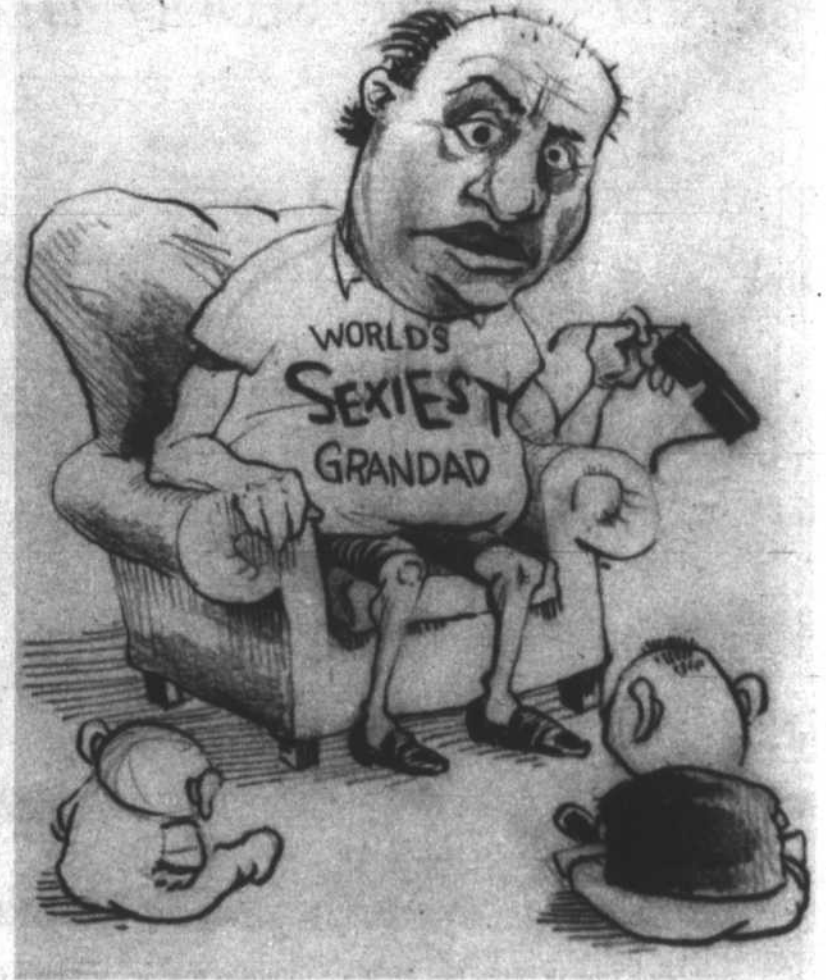
"Yeah, my teacher says it's 'feeding off people's fear.'"

"Well, let me tell you something. That 'fear' paid for your new bike this year, I'll tell you."

"Ron!" My son called from the other room. "You know better than to talk to your grandfather about these things. Go play outside or something."

"You know, I think I'll play, too," I said. "How about a game of baseball?"

Jan Calinger is a freshman news-editorial major and a Diversions contributor.



Brian Shellito/DN

# UNL Rodeo

is coming  
April 15, 16, & 17th.

ADULTS \$6.00 CHILDREN 6-12 \$3.00  
(CHILDREN UNDER 5 ARE FREE)

- Thursday, April 15th, is College Night, 7 p.m., \$1.00 OFF with Student I.D.
- Friday, April 16th, 7 p.m.
- Saturday, April 17th, is Kid's Day, 1 p.m., \$1.00 OFF all children 7 p.m., regular price

At State Fair Grounds Coliseum  
Dance following nightly.  
Advanced Tickets available at City and East Union, The Fort, and Gateway Western.

## Is There A Place?

Is there a place for me to rest, near your heart where love is best?

Will you be there when I shed my tears? Can you hold me to prevent all fear?

As time goes by will we ever be together, without having problems or changes like the weather.

Can I share my feelings without a doubt, in hopes that we can work them out?

Will you save me a place where no one's there, to show how much you truly care?

When things come down can I depend on you to always be there and see me through?

I care for you this is no lie, you are to me a sweet and special guy.

As time goes on there are problems that we must face but I hope near your heart I hold a special place.

Linda Kay Morgan is a junior broadcasting major and a Diversions contributor.

## Will It Be You?

I sit here wondering whether I'll find, someone who's willing to be all mine. Someone who will hold and squeeze me tight. Someone who will always treat me right. Someone whose feelings and laughter I can share. Someone who will always be there. Until I find someone for me, I'll sit and wait so patiently. I'll sit here for however long it takes, because I believe good things come to those who wait. I'll sit here hoping the next person's true. I can't help but wonder, will it be you?

-Kimberly Spurlock

## Together

Times are different and people's feelings often change, but my feelings for you will remain. We were once together, but although we're apart, you'll always have a special place in my heart. We're still young, yes, us two, but I know what I had was love for you. Maybe one day we can start once more and be together like we were before. Maybe someday we will both see that our love for one another was meant to be.

-Kimberly Spurlock

## Don't Touch Me

Don't touch my body cuz you might touch my heart instead  
a girl must be careful where she lays her head to sleep at night on a pillow of shame to awake in the mornin'

to awake to the rain to awake from a night of deep ecstasy to find what was two... might now be THREE three made from TWO yet TWO becomes ONE when ONE stays at home...

and ONE's on the run so, ONE stands alone while ONE goes free now there wouldn't be three, cuz this shouldn't be if she could foresee and say DON'T TOUCH... ME

-April Patrick