

KATE PEISTRUP

Plant-free diet proves difficult

It had been happening slowly. Our friendship, I mean. I needed acceptance and understanding, they needed water. I longed for a kind ear when my heart was heavy, they longed for potting soil. Sure, a philodendron won't drive you home when you're incapacitated and lying spread-eagle on the median of westbound I-80, but it's the tough love that gives the most.

The longer I lived with Marv and Anita, the more I began to feel a part of their world, like I was one of them. Then a few days ago, I came home to find my personal trainer hacking up a zucchini.

"Herr Petersen!" I shrieked, "Look at your hands, the hands of a murderer!" I turned and ran from the kitchen. As I passed Marv on the way to my bedroom, I could only hide my face in shame.

Later, well after the heated words had been exchanged and the appendages flailed, Herr Petersen explained that the diet of any star columnist was based on vegetables. They are rich in necessary vitamins and minerals and will give a woman a bosom like Liz Taylor's.

Despite all his evidence, I could not be swayed. I could not sacrifice my cellulose brothers even for the sake of the almighty D cup. I told him that I read somewhere that Styrofoam was very high in fiber, to which he only smiled.

Reaching into a large carpet bag, he pulled out a large book with strange gold lettering. "The Carnivore's Cookbook," it was called. He turned the yellowed, decaying pages and showed me some of the recipes.

"Tooth soup," I said thoughtfully. Herr Petersen assured me there was a wide variety of healthy, exciting dishes for us to try. I thanked him and we went to the recreation room to catch a sit-com and enjoy some bacon malts.



Even with a meat-only diet, ethical dilemmas abound. Many animals are fed plants, and to eat these animals would be in effect approving of the slaughter.

But late that night, when I was somewhere between the sleeping and waking states, chilling thoughts crept into my brain. Is there really any way to maintain a truly plant-free diet? Flour, sugar, coffee: Did anybody really think about who these foods used to be? Was she a tall, wispy stalk or a short bean that never got asked to the prom?

Even with a meat-only diet, ethical dilemmas abound. Many animals are fed plants, and to eat these animals would be in effect approving of the slaughter. Will the tyranny of the food chain never cease?

It seems that the only way a plants' rights activist can eat with a clear conscience is to stalk the brutal killers in the wild, perhaps letting forth a barbaric howl as a squirrel's hide is filled with lead shot.

Thus my new persona was born. I am Florascurge, defender of the immobile and oxygen-producing. For several days I neglected all my other duties to construct my costume.

It was after midnight on the fourth day when I staggered to the bathroom with my vestment. Tying the third sleeve into a decorative knot just above my navel, I surveyed my work. Though not as intimidating as the traditional spandex of other superheroes, I found terrycloth to be more than flattering in bodysuit form. I fiercely arched my eyebrow and tested my primary superweapon. The ultra-bionic projectile spitwad shattered the mirror, and I erupted into triumphant laughter. My first foe to defeat was Russ'

IGA, produce peddlers extraordinaire. I had seen with my own eyes the corpses stacked one on top of another, categorized and cruelly priced, each according to some demented idea of "value."

I decided I would sneak in at night, jimmying open the door with any number of tools from my utility holster. Upon my arrival, however, I found the store to be open 24 hours. Clever weasels, they were. This was going to be far more difficult than I had anticipated.

I stepped through the power-assisted door, feeling the chill of tangible evil. The store wasn't very busy, and I slipped unnoticed through the aisles.

I could smell it even before I reached it. The sharp stench of dead onion. The first thing I saw was an old woman, shaking a cantaloupe, squeezing it to see if it was "good enough." I grabbed it from her gnarled grasp.

"I'll give you a proper burial, my friend," I sang, not able to keep the emotion from my voice. I turned and marched proudly from the store, and I could sense the eyes of the employees on me as I fairly shone with goodness, and I hoped that no one would be blinded.

I carried the little body back to my yard and knelt. I dug a small but decent grave and stayed by the site 'til morning.

Peistrup is a sophomore English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

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RPAT

Applications are now being accepted for positions on Racial Pluralism Action Team (RPAT).

RPAT is:

- An advisory group to the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs on matters of race and diversity.
- A group which promotes cultural awareness and racial understanding.
- A group which co-sponsors the annual diversity retreat and the diversity mini-conference.
- An advocate for those who feel that they have been discriminated against or the victim of some racial attack.

For an application, come to 124 Administration Building or call 472-3755. The application deadline is Wednesday, September 15 at 5 p.m.

RPAT meeting Tuesday, September 14, 4 p.m. in Nebraska Union.

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