

RICHARD WRIGHT

# Winter brings sniffles, coughs

I'm sick of it all. I can't take any more of it. I'm sick and tired of being sick.

I can't leave the house without a small medicine cabinet in my pocket because of the sniffles, coughs and fever. I feel like a small pharmacy.

I can't sleep at night because I wake up coughing.

When I cough, it starts in my chest, scratching its way up my throat and making an awful sound.

I can't drink anything because each time I swallow, it's a new experience in pain.

I can't blow my nose because it's so sore, a soft tissue feels like sandpaper.

I'm not the only one who is sick. The whole family is a chorus of hacks, sneezes, coughs and clearing throats.

My daughter is on antibiotics and a decongestant for her cold, sniffles and cough.

My son doesn't nap well because he has a cough. Then when he doesn't get his nap, he's grumpy.

My wife has the heater on high and is always wearing a sweater at home because she's cold and coughing and sniffing all the time.

Even the cat has the sniffles to go along with his fleas.

I hate being under the weather. All you want to do is lie around and do nothing. Reaching for the television remote control is about all the effort I want to put forth when I'm sick.

Last week, as I was sitting on the floor in front of the toilet, sweating and waiting for the inevitable, I asked God to just let me die. Please let me go.

I don't know how many different kinds of pills I've popped in the last week. Big ones, little ones, white ones and red ones, all are supposed to help. They haven't.

The worst thing is the cough syrup. I can't think of a more disgusting taste than that of cough medicine,



**When I was sick over the weekend, I didn't care about the weather or the weekend. I just wanted to be left alone. That's hard when you have a 2-year-old.**

especially the cherry-flavored stuff. You'd think with technology the way it is, they could come up with a cough medicine that works that actually tastes good.

What I don't like about all this is that I never get sick.

At least, I didn't used to.

I look forward to the cool weather. I want to be outside. I never call in sick. I don't miss class because I'm ill. This year I've missed work, classes and felt miserable.

When we lived in Dallas, I'd laugh at those who thought 40 degrees was cold. I'd cherish the cool evenings and cool days. This is my kind of weather.

When I was sick over the weekend, I didn't care about the weather or the weekend. I just wanted to be left alone. That's hard when you have a 2-year-old.

My daughter doesn't understand when her parents are sick. When she is sick, it doesn't slow her down. It's hard to know when she is feeling ill. Except for one Sunday last month. And when children get sick, it can be scary.

Alley was fine until around lunch time, then all she wanted to do was lie around. After waking up from her nap, she was real slow. I just thought she was still tired, that she didn't get enough sleep.

Then she threw up on me.

Something was wrong. After taking her temperature, we knew she

was a pretty sick little girl. Her temperature was 104.5 degrees. Not good.

As I comforted her, my wife called the pediatrician. After describing the symptoms and the temperature, the doctor said she sounded pretty sick.

Oh really. Now tell us something we don't already know.

After a trip to the hospital, blood work — which a 2-year-old doesn't like, trust me — and a really big shot, Alley felt better and slept through the night.

I didn't go to school the next day. Since my wife makes more than I do, I stay home with the sick kids and play Mr. Mom. I kept an eye on Alley.

At the doctor's office later that afternoon, she proved to the doctor that her parents were liars.

Her temperature was back to normal.

"Really doctor, she was sick last night, really sick."

I don't know if he believed me or not.

Children have a tendency to scare their parents by getting sick without any notice. Then they can get well almost immediately.

I wish I was a child again so I could get well immediately. I'm already sick of being sick.

And it's not even December yet.

Wright is a graduate student in journalism and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

ALAN PHELPS

# Regents' choice keeps pants on

Well, it looks like those NU regents are up to their old tricks again, making big decisions as though they knew something about universities. Bad, naughty regents.

On Sunday, the regents picked out a new university president — Californian Dennis Smith — to guide the four campuses into the next century, or at least until someone holds a secret meeting.

The man I wanted for our leader didn't make the cut. The Associated Press reported over the weekend that Antanas Mokus, the president of Colombia's National University in Bogota, is looking for a new job. He resigned after mooning a group of radical students at the opening of an Oct. 28 art show.

Now there's a leader. He's not some pansy from California who promises to do this or that, blah blah blah. This is a guy who drops his pants when they need to be dropped.

Mokus was evidently giving a speech at the art show when a bunch of students began to heckle him. Of course he mooned them, as any university president with a little spunk would do. Take that.

Unfortunately for Mokus, the whole incident was caught on videotape by one of the students. Mokus' moon was soon shining brightly on television screens and in news magazines across Colombia, causing a national uproar.

Some Colombians wanted Mokus out, but others lauded him for standing up, or at least bending over, to the disrespectful students, who were part of an anarchist group.

I fall into the latter category. If it takes a grown man's behind to stir things up a bit, so be it. I used to think a good manager had to use a little elbow grease or maybe some leg work, but now I see that other body parts can be much more effective.

Mokus has shown an interesting and important side of his professional abilities. In these days of shrinking university budgets and belt-tighten-



**I used to think a good manager had to use a little elbow grease or maybe some leg work, but now I see that other body parts can be much more effective.**

ing, here's a guy who's not afraid to loosen the belt a bit.

But the Colombians let him go. His resignation was accepted Friday.

When I first learned of Mokus, I thought Colombia's loss could be Nebraska's gain. Mokus needed a job, the University of Nebraska needed a president. And the Colombian had mastered the perfect retort to any NU regent who might try to fire him.

The presidential search committee might make an exception to its deadline, I thought, for a man the caliber of Mokus. But alas, the process ground on, and Smith was given the nod.

I'm sure Mokus was furious when he heard the news. He probably went around Bogota, mooning innocent bystanders left and right.

"Bam!" he might exclaim as the trousers come down. "And here's one for you, señor!"

I wouldn't be surprised if Mokus mooned his way to Lincoln and straight to Varner Hall. If that guy plays his cards right, he has a chance to pull off the world's first coup de derriere.

That's when we'd begin to see some real changes around here. Got troubles with parking or a professor? Maybe you've been shut out of a class you need to graduate. Just talk to the boss and leave your problems behind.

And when those pesky regents decide to play administrator, Mokus is the kind of president to tell them what's what.

It's all such an easy, enticing dream to believe in. But there is a

chance things wouldn't turn out that way.

If Mokus had won the job of NU president, he might have been in for a rather quixotic tragedy, dropping his pants over and over again to no avail.

"Can't you see," he'd rant to the boardmembers, his screams echoing through Varner Hall. "I'm not wearing mis pantalones! Hee Hee!"

A few regents might be taken aback, sure. But at least one has seen it all before. One regent out of the bunch would watch Mokus with an uninterested eye, reach for a chocolate chip cookie and yawn.

"Really, Antanas," Rosemary Skrupa would say. "That's about enough."

And that's when the dream would come crashing down. That's when all the moons wouldn't really matter anymore, when the flags of rebellion would simply lie on the ground, torn and in shambles, like so many forgotten wishes.

Some say it's better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all. Perhaps that's true at times, but I think that in this case, losing Mokus would hurt too much.

Stay home, Antanas Mokus, stay home. Your country needs you and your talent. We here have straggled too far down the Dark road, an inky night full of shadows even the blaze of a full Moon could not penetrate.

Phelps is a senior news-editorial major, a Daily Nebraskan senior reporter and a columnist.

Where can you get this much food for \$2.99?

At Eggroll Palace, get a HUGE helping of Sweet 'N Sour Chicken with fried rice and egg roll. \$1.95 for Crab rangoon (6).

Pull up to our convenient customer parking lot or call for free delivery at 477-0963

Reunion • 16th & "W" on campus

**CHARTROOSE CABOOSE**  
FAMOUS STEAK SANDWICHES

15th & O St 475-3015

Present your Student ID and receive these Great Specials!

Free 16 oz. Drink with purchase of any 8 inch Steak Sandwich	Free Large Fry and 16 oz. Drink with purchase of any 9 oz. Double Steak Sandwich
--	--

Stop in and register for our CASH DRAWING **WIN \$200**

Room and Bored?

or

Room, Board, and a whole lot more...

**UNL RESIDENCE HALLS**  
A great place to be.

**Patagonia**

**STAY WARM, STAY OUTSIDE**

The Synchronilla Snap-T is a Patagonia staple. Original (11-oz.) Synchronilla pile is an excellent insulation layer: it's exceedingly warm for its weight, and it's quick to dry. Modified Y-Joint™ sleeves keep the waist down when your arms go up. Nylon Lycra® trim at the cuffs and hem dries quickly.

**THE MOOSE'S TOOTH**  
4007 O STREET, LINCOLN, NE 68510  
Winter Hours: Mon.-Wed. 10-7; Thur. 10-8; Fri. 10-6  
489-4849

Lycra is a registered trademark of Dupont  
Photo by CASEY SHEAHAN © Patagonia, Inc. 1992