

JAY CRUISE

Just say 'no' to Contac buzz

Well, Doc, I guess you could say it all started when I was 7. Everyone said to stay out of the neighbor's yard, but I didn't listen. I thought those were just dog's eyes staring at me through the garage door window, but I soon learned the horrid truth. Oh sorry, Doc, I'm here to talk about my new problem.

My new problem started on Monday. I couldn't concentrate in class. People who just last week were happy to see me were now shunning me. No one wanted to eat with me or sit near me.

I guess I was in search of a quick fix. I just wanted to find an answer to my problem. I asked around to some of my more worldly friends. They told me where I could get some satisfaction.

The amazing thing to me was that I could buy it right in the Nebraska Union. On Tuesday, my friend guided me to the guy in the brown sweater.

It seemed like a lot of money at the time to spend on such a temporary solution, Doc, but my friend told me it would be worth the money.

I tried some, but I didn't enjoy it. If I was ever going to pursue my goal of world domination through election to political office, I would need to remember this. Voters frown on experimentation such as this.

It took a while to kick in, but when it did, I lost all self-control. I couldn't see straight. I was walking into door-knobs. Now I couldn't stay awake in class. Even my friends were laughing at me.

Tuesday afternoon, I went home and crashed. Doc, I slept for hours, and I didn't wake until some kind soul telephoned me to sell me studio time at Olan Mills, the nation's No. 1 photography studio. When was the last time I had my portraits updated?

Groggy, but unable to return to Never Never Land, I tuned in to Pres-



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ident Clinton's State of the Union address. Would there be any words devoted to me in his health-care plan, any dollars devoted to medical research to find a way to cure me of my new-found addiction?

Of course not. Tipper Gore just sat there and smiled, but she couldn't fool me. I could see in her eyes, she was on the same stuff I was.

I took another hit before I went back to bed, but it had the opposite effect, Doc. I lay awake for hours, listlessly rolling from side to side. What had I done?

The next day my co-workers were coming to me for advice. They had the same problem I did. Their eyes were red, their bodies aching. What could I do? Against my better judgment I gave them a free sample. Just this once, I said, and don't ever come to me again. I'm not going to be your supplier.

The next few moments were a blur. Out our tiny window of the basement of the Nebraska Union, I spotted the men in blue. In my mind, I could see the headlines already. We would get caught, and the party would soon be over. Doc, the cops could see what we were doing, and they just walked away! They didn't care!

We were all free to pursue our addictions now, right out in the open. We started passing samples around the office. They had such fancy names: Advil, Contac, and my fix, Actifed. Someone even brought in Halls cough

drops for chasers.

Now everyone I know is trying the stuff. It's all anybody can talk about, Doc. Why just tough it out with Kleenex when you can trip on Sudafed?

That's why I came to you, Doc. I plan on fighting this addiction. I've even devised a plan of action.

First of all, I'll need to cancel my world tour stops in Thailand. My agent will leak "anonymous" stories to the press about my cold-killer rehab sessions in a Swiss chalet. I know my fans will stand behind me; I just hope the Pepsi people understand.

After my recovery, I plan on hitting the talk show circuit. Sally Jessy, Montel, and Geraldo will be clamoring for the rights to my story. This will inevitably lead to an autobiography and an NBC movie-of-the-week deal.

But the big moneymaker will be my line of Plucky Placebos: All of the symptoms, none of the drugs. My ingenious invention will give cold sufferers the same loopy lightheaded feelings at a lower cost. The 1-800 operators will be working after midnight to field the incoming calls from infomercial viewers.

I'm sorry, Doc. I tend to hallucinate when I'm off the cycle for a while. Please, just give me one more Actifed. I'll deal with my addiction tomorrow.

Cruise is a senior advertising major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

JUSTIN FIRESTONE

Early to bed, forever to rise

I'm sure all of you have to get up pretty early in the mornings. I'm sure you all have different routines and patterns that you go through to get ready for school. So why do you want to read about what I do in the morning? Because I'm the columnist, and you're not.

The process of waking up is a monumental task for me. As a matter of fact, everything becomes a monumental task for me in the morning. Because waking up is such a huge problem for me, I've decided to break my mornings into three phases, each with several subphases. Maybe this plan will work for you, too.

Phase one: Becoming Conscious. Phase one is easily accomplished by setting your alarm at least a half an hour earlier than you want to get up. I want to be up by 8:30 a.m., so I set my alarm for 8 a.m.

The first time that my alarm goes off, my first thought is: "It cannot possibly be time to get up." I realize that it really isn't time to get up, because it's only 8. I hit my oversized snooze button, and exactly nine minutes later, my alarm goes off again.

This time, I'm actually aware of my surroundings, yet I have absolutely no will to wake up. I notice that I still don't have to get up quite yet, so I hit my oversized snooze button. Exactly nine minutes later, my alarm goes off again.

By now, it's 8:18, and I'm semi-conscious. I'm at the point where if someone would ask me who I was, I could definitely tell them I was Mr. Really Tired. Again, I hit my oversized snooze button, and at 8:27, my alarm goes off.

Now that I'm fully conscious, it's at this point when I make the most difficult decision of the day. Do I get up now to watch "Barney and Friends," or do I get that extra nine minutes of sleep that I like so much? Most of the



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time I decide in favor of the latter, and I really don't miss that much of the show.

Phase two: Getting Out of Bed. The main obstacle to overcome in phase two is that it's so much warmer in bed than it is out of bed. Again, break it up into smaller steps and it's quite easy.

I find it easiest to start with my feet. I need to mentally prepare for this, so I take a few deep breaths, count backwards from 10 and then stick my feet out. My feet tell me it's too cold, and they'd much rather stay in bed today. I know that I can't give in to their petty desires, or I'd be in bed all day.

Like most people, attached to my feet are the rest of my legs. These go next, and once my legs are out, it's smooth sailing. The only thing to look out for now is the voice that comes from my bed. It says, "Come back, Justin. It's so warm here." By the time my bed starts talking to me, I've usually got Barney on, and his singing drowns out the voice.

Phase three: Final Preparations. Once you're out of bed, the rest is academic. The toughest part of the day is over, and you can look forward to an afternoon nap when your classes are done. Phase three is when you shower, or if you get up early enough, when you bathe. Other mundane tasks, such as getting books and papers ready to take to class and eating breakfast, also fall under phase three.

Phase three is also the phase where a lot of shortcuts can be taken on the previous night. For instance, if you know that you're going to be in a hurry, you could take a shower or bathe just before you go to bed. Then, you could sleep in your clothes. You could also have everything ready to take to school, and you could eat a big midnight snack to curb your hunger for the next day.

After phase three is complete, all that's left is to get to class. When I finally get to class, I don't feel tired anymore. I wonder how I could have possibly been so tired. What usually ends my wondering is when I feel drool running down my cheek because I've nearly fallen asleep in class. Any notes that I've taken during this time are legible only to chickens.

Of course, none of this matters once I get back home. I check to see what interesting guests Oprah has on, and then I lie down on my bed. The next thing I realize is that it's dark. The next day, the cycle begins anew.

Well, that's how my mornings go. Some of you can relate to this, and others of you are "morning people." I hope that this easy three-phase approach to mornings can help those who need it. For you "morning people," tape Barney and Oprah for me; I seem to sleep through them a lot.

Firestone is a sophomore economics major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

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