

Kill a criminal, earn \$5,000

Thank heavens for Darrell Frank. Thanks to the 35-year-old Texan, my financial problems could be over. Frank, a rock musician and ex-con, is the founder and president of Dead Serious Inc., a Fort Worth, Texas, company on the cutting edge of law enforcement.

Dead Serious, which was founded last fall, offers members a \$5,000 cash award if they kill someone who is in the process of committing a crime against them. In Texas, moreover, people are allowed to use deadly force to protect their property, even if their life or health is not directly threatened. The principle behind Dead Serious is a cross between good ol' down-home vigilantism and post-industrial something-for-nothing American capitalism.

For \$10, members receive a newsletter and two bumper stickers, which warn would-be assailants that they are the big game in a high-stakes urban safari. The trophy hunters are lining up, and Frank's desk is piled high with new applications. Like the 800 recently inducted members, Frank is confident that this warning will cut into crime.

"You tell me," Frank asked The New York Times, "if you see a vehicle with the bumper sticker and one without the bumper sticker, which one are you going to rob?" Frank knows what he's talking about. A convicted burglar, Frank says prison life is easy, and that the fear of death is the only reasonable deterrent for career criminals.

Hmm, sounds good to me. Plus, \$5,000 would almost pay off my credit card. Now all I have to do is pay my \$10 and set a trap for those unsuspecting hardened criminals lining up to steal my treasured lint



Doug Peters

collection.

I can start by buying a gun (that would probably help). Then, I think I'll walk down dark alleys at night, saying things like: "Ask yourself, 'Do I feel lucky?' Well, do you punk?"; or maybe "I dare you to knock this battery off my shoulder."

That oughta get me mugged. Then all I have to do is pull out my gun and, if I don't get killed first, squeeze that trigger and take another person's life. A small price to pay for \$5,000.

Maybe I could move to Texas. Then all I'd have to do would be to leave my car unlocked and hide in the bushes. Eventually, someone would open it up and try to swipe my evergreen air freshener. Wham! Judgement at 1,000 feet per second — and five grand for me.

All I have to do is move to Texas, pull the trigger and take another person's life. Is this a great country or what?

I most likely would want to take some shooting lessons, too. Dead Serious doesn't pay you if you only wound the criminal. It probably would cost money to get good enough so there's no doubt about my killing ability, but for \$5,000, it would be worth it.

What's more, when I went down to the station to fill out all the reports that surely go along with

killing someone, I could look and laugh at all the poor saps who allowed themselves to be victimized because they weren't "Dead Serious."

"Yeah," I'd laugh, "that poor schlump of a thief stole his last book bag. Heh heh heh."

Not only would I be raking in the dough, but I'd also feel a lot better about myself as a person.

And all I have to do is pull the trigger and take another person's life. A small price to pay for \$5,000 and loads of self-esteem.

So it's decided. I'm going to get serious — Dead Serious. I'm going to take back the streets and make myself — and my rubber band collection — safe.

No longer will I walk the streets apprehensively. No longer will I avoid the "bad neighborhoods." No longer will I be worried about becoming a victim, looking over my shoulder with every step. I'm going to walk tall, Buford T. Pusser style. No filthy thug is going to change the way I live my life. The fear of crime will be replaced by the sense of financial opportunity.

So I guess it's time to send in my 10 bucks and move to Texas. Any punk who tries to steal my CDs is in for a big surprise.

Yes, indeed, Dead Serious is the wave of the future in law enforcement. Darrell Frank's program will eliminate crime and make all my dreams come true.

Just think of it: All my money problems will be over, and all I'll have to do is pull the trigger and take another person's life.

A small price to pay for \$5,000, right?

Peters is a graduate student and Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Let your heart lead in walk down aisle

It's official.

I'm gettin' hitched.

The time and place are set now after weeks of dancing with the schedules of the church and the reception hall.

There's no turning back. No retreating. No escape. I've now been committed to a date — Sept. 1, 1995. Soon it will become a personal hell, er, holiday, ranking right up there with Iwo Jima, D-Day and the cancellation of "Mork and Mindy."

My wedding. It rolls off my tongue like "execution" and "suicide," without the nervous twitch I've recently developed. I suppose it explains that Lyle Lovett song I've been singing for the past three months: "... preacher said I pronounce you 99 to life. Son, she's no lady, she's your wife."

Who am I kidding? After all, I asked her, and I am fully and completely in love with her. She's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me (except maybe that time I found a Rolling Rock hidden behind a chunk of moldy cheese in my fridge).

Besides, who else could possibly put up with me every day? Even I have trouble doing that.

But there is a rumor that married couples, through the course of time, mutate and merge into a single creature, like an octopus with two heads.

My personality does not lend itself to this sort of mixture. As a matter of fact, I don't mix much of anything. No mixed vegetables, nuts, salads, drinks or couples. I have no mixed feelings, emotions, or realities, and no mixing sex or alcohol with — well, you get the point.

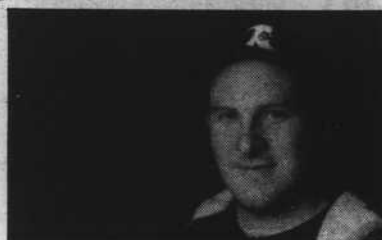
But of course, these fears are entirely foolish — a desperate attempt to cling onto something that I don't really want to cling to anyway.

Perhaps it's the wedding itself that has me splitting what few hairs I have left. I just don't understand all the little stuff and why it's necessary.

For instance, why do I have to buy gifts for the people standing up with me? I invited them, didn't I? What else do they want?

The food thing escapes me, too. We have to offer a whole assortment of dishes, along with free beer and liquor, too? This is my family. I shouldn't have to feed them. Putting up with them is enough.

I told Kim (that's my better half) how to solve the food and table decoration problem at once.



Michael Justice

Just buy several buckets of fried chicken, stick them on the table and let them have at it. I told her she can even put a bow or something on it to make it look better. Then I mysteriously blacked out for an hour. She said I fainted and fell onto her fist, which explained the knuckle marks.

She mentioned something about a cake cutter while applying ice to my jaw.

"We need someone to cut the cake."

"Why? People can cut their own piece of cake."

"No they can't, they're our guests."

"Fine. I'll cut the cake."

"You can't. You and I have to meet and mingle."

"I can meet and mingle and cut at the same time. It can't be any harder than rubbing my belly and patting my head simultaneously. Or is it patting my belly and ..."

"Never mind. We also need to find a DJ, so ..."

"OH NO! No cheesy DJ, thank you. No Pointer Sisters, Bee Gees or Flying Dutchmen."

"We have to have The Flying Dutchmen."

"Forget about it. I don't feel like performing CPR on somebody after your dad cleans his clock. And no Hokey Pokey. It's ... hokey, and that's not what I'm all about."

The only thing left to decide is how many people to invite. We started at a limit of 100, but somehow, through many correspondences with immediate family, the number has increased to 250.

I'm told that being married can be the greatest adventure in your life, and that there is nothing more satisfying or comforting than knowing that the person you love the most will be with you forever.

All I know is that the moment I saw her I knew she was the one. If that sounds cheesy to you, then you haven't met your true love yet. Hopefully, you will someday meet that person.

And remember — she can cut her own damn cake.

Justice is a junior news-editorial and broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Practical 'stuff' not for V-Day

I haven't got the proof yet, but I've got this curious hunch about the origins of Valentine's Day. I know that many people believe that this is the supremo, end-of-all-end Hallmark holidays, but I wouldn't bet on it.

Others think that Valentine's Day is the one day of the year that you're supposed to give thanks and say "I love you" to your significant other. But my problem is why we must have a day set out to do that.

After hearing all the complaints from those individuals who are not fortunate enough to have a loved one with whom to celebrate V-Day, you would think that the day was created just to make fun of those individuals who are single.

The last theory does have some relevancy to it, but I would like to present my own theory about the true origin of Valentine's Day.

Drum roll, please!

Valentine's Day was created by a woman who wasn't getting nearly enough presents from her man. So she created this day to get more stuff.

There you have it. Right in front of you and the whole world, the real reason why Valentine's Day exists.

I know that many of you out there are probably a little skeptical about this new and innovative idea, but let me give some details on why I believe this to be the final just cause.

The first thing that comes to people's minds when they discuss V-Day is a nice romantic dinner with their better half, followed or preceded by the giving of gifts.

This is where my theory really starts to take shape. Now there are some women who do buy presents for the man in their life, but there are many who don't.

Now, I dare ask, how many men do not buy a present for their



Robb Goff

girlfriend or wife? Probably not too many. In fact, you could probably easily pick out those guys on Wednesday because they are either:

— Sporting black eyes and bruises that did not originate from the Nine Inch Nails concert.

— Walking behind their girlfriends or wives and apologizing for being alive.

— Moping around with their heads down, feeling like a schmuck.

It's not just the idea of giving the girl a gift, but it also has a lot to do with what you give her. I don't want to hear all those lines, like "Whatever he gives me is good enough" and "I don't really care about the present, I'm just happy to be with him."

Hogwash.

If your guy doesn't get you that outfit from Dillard's that you've been hinting about for the past month, then he is pond scum. All men know what I'm talking about. It's the truth! The present has to be frilly and tender and from the heart and oh-so-shucky-darn, how-much-money-did-you-spend-on-it cute. You know it's true!

The girlfriend of one of my friends kept commenting on him going to a fitness club and how great it was for him to work out all the time.

So what does he do? He forks out 100 dead Georges and buys her a membership to the club. They

didn't have much of a heating bill because she was boiling so bad.

She started ranting and raving because she thought that he thought she was fat or lazy or some other thing that she probably was, and that a membership was his way of pointing it out. He thought he was buying something practical that she would like.

Right there lies the problem. Men are not supposed to buy the lady something practical.

The "stuff" that I talked about earlier is not supposed to be practical, but rather it must be one of those precious-moments-in-time artifacts that the lady probably doesn't need.

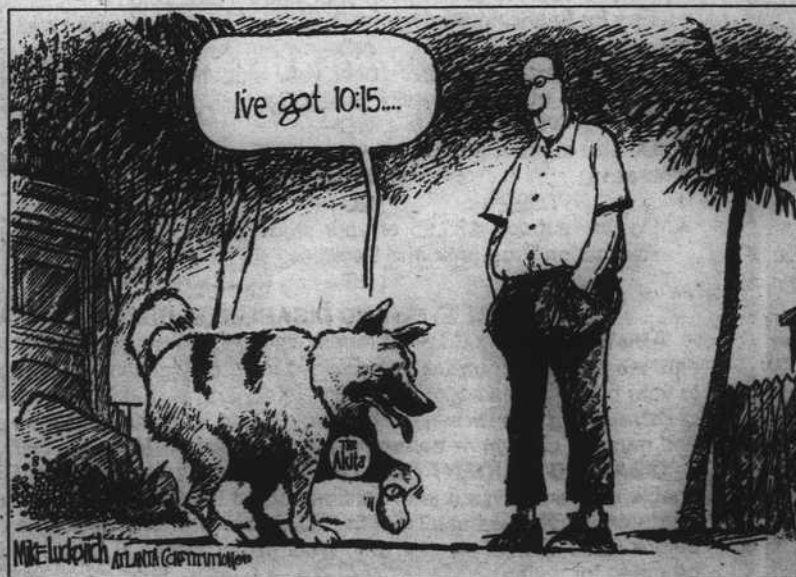
For example, if a guy really needs mud flaps for his car but can't afford to buy them, and his mate does, then he will be elated beyond all words. But if a guy buys the girl a gift certificate to get her car serviced, because it needs to be done and she doesn't have the money to do it, then he is worm food.

It isn't that the guy's idea didn't have good merits, he just hasn't figured out women yet. Then again, what man has?

So for all you guys out there who are getting ready for that big date tonight, step back and think about what you got your girl and ask yourself this all-important question: "Will I get slapped if I give her this gift?"

Then go out and have a good time with the knowledge that you will get new stereo wire to hook up your speakers from her and a higher credit limit on your cards because of frequent usage. Which, of course, she will be glad to help you break in.

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Mike Luckovich