

# Take names, remember masks

Now that I have graduated and can no longer be easily reached by the evil tentacles of this institution (kind of like Tom Cruise in "The Firm"), I feel that it is safe to tell you a tale of my freshman year.

I came to this university on a Regent's Scholarship (I was pretty damn smart!), with the hopes of being a Chemical Engineer (okay, so I wasn't so smart).

All I had to do was keep a 3.5 yearly GPA and all my tuition would be paid during my four-year stay (both the GPA and the four years turned out to be pretty laughable pipe dreams).

For reasons I won't go into here (namely, my less-than-dedicated study habits and my alcoholic roommate), I ended up with a 2.6 GPA after my first semester.

Okay. Fine. I wasn't quite screwed yet.

I got out the pencil and paper and figured that if I got a 4.0 for my second semester and then took 6 hours of summer school and got "A"s on all of those, I would have exactly a 3.5 GPA for the entire year.

So I got my act in gear (and moved in with a roommate whose drinking habits weren't so phenomenally constant) and really hit the books my second semester.

I got my report card, tore it open (actually, I peeled off those neat little strips on each side, but it sounds better if I say I tore it open) and found—that I had gotten a "B+" in one of my classes.

I told myself to calm down, I wasn't ready to grab my ankles for the university yet. I could still make it.

All I had to do was take 9 hours of summer school and make sure that I ace them all.

There was just one problem. I had planned on spending my summer in my wet, wild and sunny hometown of Grand Island.



**Joel Strauch**

*The only problem with this plan was I wasn't sure if my grades would transfer from CCC in G.I. up to UNL (Damn, that's a lot of acronyms!)*

Then I remembered that G.I. wasn't quite so far out in the backwoods that it hadn't heard of higher education (although some people there still think it means learning to read on a hill).

G.I. has Central Community College.

In addition to the world-renowned prairie pioneerland of Stuhr Museum and the most exciting horse races this side of Aksarben, G.I. is known for being the satellite site of the intellectual haven Platte Community College (but it's known as central instead of Platte because it's more toward the center—I told you I was smart).

I could take my classes from CCC, spend the summer at home and still keep my Regent's Scholarship (again, they don't just give that thing to dummies).

The only problem with this plan was I wasn't sure if my grades would transfer from CCC in G.I. up to UNL (Damn, that's a lot of acronyms!).

So, I went to the incredibly helpful, spontaneously polite Office of Scholarships and Financial Aid (I was a naive little freshman, and I didn't know yet that this office is run by the aliens from "V"—you know, the flesh-eating reptiles with the vinyl human masks).

This woman who worked there, who was maintaining an amazingly convincing facade of benevolence and understanding told me that yes, of course, my grades would transfer from CCC to UNL.

After all, they both have three letters, there's no problem at all, she said, as she smiled at me through two rows of gleaming canines.

If only I would have known to peel off that plastic mask, or at least to take down her name.

So I went home and took my three classes at CCC. I got an "A" in each class. And I got a letter from UNL that said that I had lost my Regent's Scholarship.

"There must be some mistake," I said to some guy in some office they connected me to when I called and started ranting. "I was told by the scholarship office that my grades would transfer from CCC."

"That's not true," he said. "But this woman told me that they would," I raved.

"Do you remember her name?" he asked me. I could feel the smile that crossed his face (or at least the skin-tight covering that lined his face).

I learned early on at the university that taking names is essential to combatting those lizard-like aliens that have infiltrated our great institution (but we also need to get organized and start storing food).

One other thing. Be careful when you try to take one off, those masks fit on very tight.

*Strauch is a graduate of UNL and the editor of the Daily Nebraskan.*

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