

Bungeeee

Terrifying experience is a lesson learned

There are very few experiences in this world that produce both terror and excitement at the same moment.

Personally, I can only think of two: 1) Having Herbie Husker tell you that he is going to spank you with a roll of Gouda cheese, and 2) Bungee jumping.

Sadly, I can't speak from experience about the first part, but I happen to be somewhat of an expert on the latter. That's right, I have bungee jumped.

With the support of my "friends", I boldly strapped a rubber band to my ankles and was ruthlessly pushed off a 300 foot suspended platform.

If you people get nothing else out of this article, I implore you to remember this: Bungee jumping is an expensive, yet EXTREMELY effective method of curing constipation. Depending on the person, it also has the potential to be tremendously embarrassing as well.

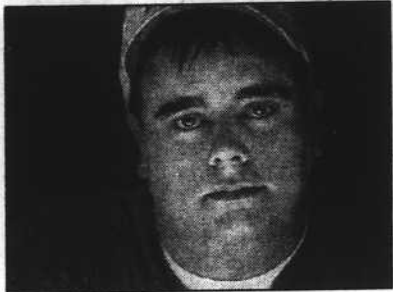
I bungee jumped in Florida, but many Nebraskans got to experience the same rush at the recent Nebraska State Fair. Watching those people jump brought back many painful memories.

I probably wouldn't have jumped, if the bungee guide hadn't let me go for half-price. They were slow with business, and the guide said that he would reduce my cost if I jumped.

Apparently, fat people splattering draws business like you wouldn't believe; nonetheless, I accepted the half-price offer. If I was going to die, by God, it was going to be with dignity, pride, and as little cost as possible to myself.

And if there's one thing my dad always said, it was "never spend a lot of money on death."

(My dad loved to create his own adages. His favorite being, "Never pass up the opportunity to submerge your nose in mustard." For a complete listing of his proverbs, send \$9.95 to me in care of the DN. You won't know how you survived so long without them.)



Steve Willey

"When you eventually stop bouncing, the guide permits you to hang upside down for what seems like eternity, but in actuality, is really only three days."

The worst part of bungee jumping was signing all the forms. Thousands of pages of disclaimers were thrust in front of me, each casually mentioning that "In the event the jumper vomits up his spleen" the company is not liable.

I was going to die, and the bungee company knew it.

All I could think about was my poor, old, gray-headed mother, and how disappointed she'd be upon hearing the news of her youngest child.

"Mrs. Willey, I'm sorry, but your son has been in an accident."

"SO!"

When my time came to jump, I was more nervous than the next leader of Israel. The guide hooked the cord to my feet, and seated me in a tiny metal cage attached to a crane.

When the three hours it took to get a stronger crane passed, I was lifted slowly into the air. I tried to hide my fear but the guide saw right through it.

Maybe it was the slight quiver in my legs, or perhaps it was the puddle of urine that gave me away; nonetheless, he could sense I was terrified.

As we approached 300 feet, the guide quickly instructed me on how to jump. "Bend those knees, extend your arms, and for the love of God quit peeing!" I couldn't help it.

When I finally got the courage to be pushed out, I experienced a feeling unlike any I have previously encountered. I could fly, no small feat for a 300-pound man. But for the life of me, I couldn't understand why the crowd was laughing.

I later learned that when a person willingly jumps from a very high platform, they tend to emit a very unusual sound.

It's not a scream. It's more of a muffled noise, not unlike the sound your dog makes when you accuse it of cheating on its taxes.

If a person could somehow learn to recreate this sound on demand, they would undoubtedly enjoy a lucrative career performing at weddings in the South.

When you eventually stop bouncing, the guide permits you to hang upside down for what seems like eternity, but in actuality, is really only three days.

This can be dangerous for the novice jumper. The sudden rush of blood to the head can cause the inexperienced to become woozy and likely to chant incoherent statements such as, "I am the puddin' girl."

When your senses return however, you are quickly reminded of the euphoria you have experienced.

I doubt I will ever bungee jump again, but I highly recommend it to anyone who is constipated and/or a thrill-seeker.

One jump was plenty for me — I'm moving on to Herbie and the Gouda.

Willey is a junior ag-journalism major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



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Passions.

Do you have any?

Do you remember what they are?

All too frequently, people put aside their passions. Living day to day, working nine to five, bringing home a paycheck, running errands and studying don't leave much time for other pursuits.

Try as I do to not forget my passions, they do slip away from me.

It's so easy to tuck away passions on a high shelf of our consciousness while questing for professional and personal success — or just caught up in the business of life.

A passion is the fuel that feeds the fire. It gives you the motivation, the support or the escape to continue on your path.

But there are little passions, as well as the big ones. I am not only talking about passions that consume your life — like solving world peace or finding a cure for cancer.

These little passions stir something within you, too — desires, wants, needs. They are merely small fires that light the way.

A passion is something that makes your eyes light up when you see, touch, do it.

It warms the heart and makes you feel good all the way to your toes.

A passion gives you goose bumps when it's "right".

It can be magical.

It's a thing that you love to do.

My passion is the theatre.

Everything about it intrigues me — the sets, the acting, the staging, the audience, the writing.

I am an avid consumer, but my passion does not drive me to be a participant.

But I also love music — classical music. Sure, I like today's music. But I don't connect as well with it, not in the way I do with the music of



Jessica Kennedy

"Starting now, you and I will stop trying to put out our small fires. We shall promise ourselves that we will act upon our passions more frequently."

Bach or Beethoven or Brahms or Mozart.

The complexity of harmony and melody and everything else is so stimulating. Classical music touches my mind and my emotions.

Another little passion for me is taking nature walks. Each on its own (nature and walking) is nice, but there is something very spiritual about walking in an environment without cars or pavement or hustle and bustle.

You get the distinct feeling that you're being "allowed" in on this big secret that the trees, birds, animals, grass and bushes all know.

I have a whole slew of passions that I ignore, for a variety of reasons. Like singing. I love to sing, but I'm sooo bad at it that I refrain,

except on rare occasions.

And I love to write, but other than papers for class or my weekly column, I don't write. I think I've written three poems since junior high school creative writing, four journal entries and no short anything.

My excuse is not having enough time.

How many passions do you squelch because you "don't have time" or just keep putting them off?

Did you know that the original definition of passion was "agony?"

Very interesting ... I suppose there's something to that.

If you were possessed with an all-consuming and burning passion that you couldn't escape from, I'm sure life would be agony for you.

But with the little fires that burn within, well, life would be agony without them.

So how about making a resolution? Starting now, you and I will stop trying to put out our small fires. We shall promise ourselves that we will act upon our passions more frequently.

We shouldn't feel guilty about occasionally indulging in things that make us feel whole. When something speaks to you, as a passion frequently does, then do it.

It doesn't have to require a major restructuring of the way you think or live. But a little behavior modification might be good. Allow time for those fires that light up your eyes and warms your toes.

So when it warms up today, I think I'll put my Meteorology aside and head for the park.

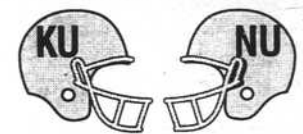
For a little passion break.

Kennedy is a broadcasting, advertising, integrated studies/public relations major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



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