

# Gotcha!

## Nerf Assassination game storms the dorms

College often makes about as much sense as a blind person taking astronomy.

A lot of things are crazy, wild and conventional. Like firecrackers going off in Love Library or a wedding being held during the halftime of an NU women's basketball game against Colorado.

Welcome to the next level of the bizarre ... "Assassination."

Assassination is a game that nearly all dorms participate in. Each "floor" holds its own game with the rules being barbarically simple.

No, it doesn't involve renting "JFK" and watching the shooting scene a dozen times in slow motion.

The rules are these. Keep killing the people assigned to you until eventually you are the only one left. Now taking into account that each contestant will be armed with toy guns, it seems like good clean fun.

It also seems simple to begin and end a game of Assassination in 10 minutes. Stick the entire floor of guys or girls in the dorm's basement and let them shoot it out. Sure a few things might get broken, but the game will soon be over and there will be only one left. No sweat right?

Wrong.

You see, the official rules of Assassination, at least for my floor at Harper Hall, say that you cannot "assassinate" anyone in the dorm. It has to be on either side of the railroad tracks, translation: on campus grounds.

Here's where the game becomes interesting.

Let me say right off the bat that I'm not participating in fifth floor Harper's "Assassination." Not only do I not have a gun that shoots "darts, balls or soft projectiles," but the day you see me chasing some guy through the Union, pumping out Nerf products while screaming "Your butt is mine!!!" you have



**Kasey Kerber**

*"... the day you see me chasing some guy through the Union, pumping out Nerf products while screaming 'Your butt is mine!!!,' you have permission to take out a real gun and blow me to kingdom come."*

permission to take out a real gun and blow me to kingdom come.

All this Assassination stuff does bring forth an interesting idea though. What if we instituted Assassination into certain aspects of society?

Sure, it's great with a bunch of dorm guys who are at times too drunk to realize how their "Nerf Equalizer" works, but why don't we try to put it in other areas that need a little more help?

Area No. 1 — Government. If you're like me, you get sick of all this mudslinging by politicians old enough to have personally written the Rosetta Stone. If they want to argue — let's give them a crapload of Nerf and turn the House of

Representatives into a certified "foam-war zone."

That would be beautiful! Five-hundred legislators seeking and destroying — diving over tabletops, ambushing each other and taking cover behind podiums.

While we're at it, let's throw in the reporters that seem to do little more than bring us "overdone" election coverage! Yes! That would be truly beautiful! Sam Donaldson chasing after Bob Dole with a Nerf Crossbow, his Rambo headband just barely revealing that bald spot.

Area No. 2 — Foreign conflicts. Finally, the answer to Bosnia! Take away those missile launchers and give them a few thousand "Power Ranger Ninja Dart Gun" sets! Oh sure, they'll complain that the Pink Ranger's colors clash with their camouflage pants, but give them five minutes and they'll be so tired, uninjured and overjoyed that they'll agree immediately to settle their differences and pool treasuries to buy the complete Nerf "Kill Everything" line.

Area No. 3 — College. Everyone agrees that our classrooms are too boring and do not promote learning. Well, give everyone a Nerf "Death Pellet Shooter," and that attitude will quickly change. When the professor gets boring — cock and fire!

I know what you're saying. Kasey, this is not fair to the professors! Fine, arm them with the ultimate — the Nerf "Kiss Yo Ass Goodbye" Magnus Gun with Tri-Pumping Pellet Chambers! Then let class begin!

Assassination is a game needed by all college students and the world. Just think of what it could provide! Just think of the doors it could open!

I know, it sounds corny, but hey, Nerf did pay me to say it ...

*Kerber is a freshman news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.*

# Space talk raises questions of belief

You would think that by hanging around someone for the better part of seven years and sharing a house for more than two, you'd really get to know 'em.

You'd think you'd know his favorite foods, his favorite beer, um, whether or not he believes in space travel.

I mean geez, we went through high school together, we've spent holidays together — cripes, I think I've even seen him naked.

Yeah, I thought we were pretty tight — more importantly, I thought him to be a sane human being.

But apparently that isn't the case because about two months ago he revealed a secret he had been keeping from me all along.

He said the United States space program doesn't exist.

A sincere statement, that, to this day, remains the most asinine thing I have ever heard.

Apollo 11? Never happened.

Apollo 13? Yeah right. Tom Hanks was more believable than Jim Lovell.

The Challenger explosion? C'mon, ever seen Battle Star Galactica?

And from what I've heard, there are more people out there who share his disbelief — more people than you'd think.

The night my friend hit me and the other three people in the living room with his little debate ignitor, it took me a good 10 minutes to stop laughing and say, "Shut up. How can you not believe that we've been in space?"

He stood his ground and calmly replied, "Can you prove to me all that stuff happened?"

At that point I was laughing so hard my face hurt. The others just looked at him — squinting in disbelief. I tried to form a complete sentence that would answer his question, but couldn't.

So he seized the silence to explain.

"You see, it was right during the Cold War," he said, intently looking around the room as if it was a campfire story. "The Russians had just said they went up there, so Kennedy thought it would be the best thing to do for the United States.

By this point, the heartfelt passion he spoke with lured me in, wanting to hear more from a man who, I'll admit, had about .001 percent of me believing him.

"So they paid NASA, this little company, to build a spaceship and to make it look like it went to the moon."

By this time my laughter had turned to anger, and I quickly piped up with proof I thought to be indisputable. "Oh yeah, what about the moon rocks and stuff they brought back?"

"You can get that crap out of your freakin' fire place," he said — now laughing at me.

Not likely, I thought, but he continued to press on.

"Um, OK, what about the cool space footage?"

"People can make a picture out of anything. A guy can put his



**Ted Taylor**

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head on a picture of a pregnant woman if he wants," he told us, shaking his head.

All I could muster was a dumbfounded "Hmm."

"There just isn't any proof," he concluded. "Star Wars had better footage than NASA."

And then, as quickly as it had started, the conversation ended.

He went upstairs and left r.e to sit there and think about what my virgin ears had just heard.

It wasn't that I really started to believe him, it was the fact I couldn't come back with any solid arguments to back my position on the topic.

So I stored the discussion away in my memory and we all went out together.

But for the rest of the night, I couldn't look at my roommate and best friend the same. I suddenly saw him as a man who had shattered a belief that was in the same ballpark with Santa Claus.

(Not to say there isn't such a thing as Santa Claus, kids.)

How could he do that to me?

He actually had the gall to tell me that Neil Armstrong landing on the moon — a piece of United States history that still brings goose bumps and a tear to my eye — never happened? (Well, OK, he never said it didn't happen; he just thinks it happened on a Hollywood sound stage.)

One small step for the silver screen, he says.

Since that night, I've tried to forget his horrible, devilish words, but every now and then, I'll be in the mood for a good roommate discussion and will hesitantly bring the topic up again.

He just tells me not to get him started — so I suppose that means he hasn't, which is understandable because completely wacky ideas like that can't just come and go.

So from now on, when I meet someone, the first question I'll ask is: Do you think space travel exists? Yes or No?

*Taylor is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan senior reporter.*

# Unwritten rules

## Tips on conquering lights and meter maids

One of my greatest accomplishments since I've been down here in Lincoln has been figuring out the traffic system. I don't mean just being able to drive in the big city of Lincoln. This means being able to get where you want to go with a minimal amount of frustration.

Granted, you can go with the flow and get there eventually. But it's more fun to beat the system. I imagine these beady-eyed traffic planners sitting up in their plush offices and inventing new, creative traffic plans designed to get the most people home the latest.

By this, I don't mean running red lights or passing ambulances. I'm a good defensive driver. I always look both ways, even on a one-way street. (Hey, don't laugh! I almost got run over on P Street once by a driver going the wrong way!) When I stop at a stop sign, I stop the full three seconds — in fact, I count.

Well, maybe not.

But I always slow down to the speed limit in a school zone. This is because there's always a speed trap set up in one at least once a week. The biggest speed traps are set up around Vine Street, Adams Street and 27th Street. So don't speed there. You only get one diversion class.

There are, to go with the laws of the city, some unwritten rules that make driving a lot easier. Let me share a few of the things I've learned living there.

First of all, the lights ARE timed on all the downtown numbered streets, and on P and Q streets. O Street is not timed. Avoid it at all costs, unless you like hitting on the opposite sex when traffic is stopped. Because you will have to stop at least five times before you finally get to go more than two blocks in a row without stopping.

Another small way to turn driving into a science is to watch the other light. When the opposite light



**Kristi Kohl**

*"... the meter maids WILL come anywhere from 10 minutes to 15 seconds before you come back to your car."*

turns yellow, it will turn red and your light will turn green in about 1.5 seconds — and you can time this so the light turns green as you reach the crosswalk. If you do this, you don't have to stop.

If it's still red, you slow down until it turns yellow. Then you can speed up, breezing superiorly by the jerk in the hot red Camaro who had to slam on his brakes at the stoplight because he was going too fast.

There's another method that I employ every once in a while. It's more useful because I am usually toward the back of the traffic line. If this is your situation, the WALK/DON'T WALK signs give you a good indication of how fast you need to go to catch the light.

If the WALK signal is on, don't worry. You'll have plenty of time, and if you speed up, you'll have to slow down for the traffic ahead of you. But if it's blinking, you need to hurry. How fast? It depends on the light. Some have 13 blinks, some have 10, and one I know only has four. If you learn this, you usually

can catch all the lights.

One of my greatest challenges was the block between 16th and 17th streets on D Street. Sixteenth Street is a timed street, but every time I turned the corner to go down D Street, the light would turn red halfway down the block. I would sit at the light forever, fuming. What made it worse was that I had a computer science class at this time, and I pulled several all-nighters at the lab. This meant that I would sit and wait while no cars came from the other way. It was TEMPTING to run the red light.

Anyway, this was the desperate situation that drove me to conquer the light. I began watching, and I learned The Secret. That light has only four DON'T WALK blinks, and they begin when the light on 16th Street turns green. So, if you can take the corner without slowing down or rolling, and accelerate from there, you can make it to the intersection in time to make it look good.

But, you can't do it all the time. So my final survival tips for you have to do with the inevitable. First of all, when you get to where you're going — don't leave the meter unplugged. And don't plug it for an hour and a half when you'll be gone for two. Because the meter maids WILL come anywhere from 10 minutes to 15 seconds before you come back to your car.

My last tip is this. Find a great radio station without any commercials. Oh, there aren't any? Well, find two or three so you can switch when the commercials come on. Or, invest in a CD player and some good CDs. For me, it's hard to be frustrated when I'm listening to "Fishin' in the Dark" or "Any Man of Mine." (You don't have to, especially if you don't like country.) But enjoy yourself. And drive safely.

*Kohl is a junior biology major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.*

