

# Ouch

## Real hazards can accompany Easter holiday

As Easter approaches, let me elaborate on some of the lesser-known hazards of the season. They're not as spectacular as firework burns on the Fourth of July or as dangerous as poisonous holly berries, but nevertheless, I think that it's my duty as a Daily Nebraskan columnist to warn you about these things.

The danger of overeating is present, as always. Marshmallow peeps, when eaten by the case, can do terrible things to your digestive system.

The Easter treat that got me, however, was the Robin Egg. (No, I did not come down with a terrible case of the runs.) It started in Super-K when my husband decided that he wanted a candy bar. I was describing in detail the nasty case of zits he would come up with when he saw the Robin Eggs. Sweet chocolate around a core of malted milk—that stopped my tirade instantly.

So we bought the Robin Eggs. On the way home, he was trying to open it without letting our son see or hear the crinkle of the package. He's become an expert at discerning whether things are "Tanny" or not.

So, I turned the radio up. Simple solutions ... as a reward, Shawn gave me an egg. Well, one egg is never enough. So I asked for another one. "What will you give me?" Shawn asked. I thought for a minute, then told him that I wouldn't wreck our car if he gave me one.

He laughed. "Tucker and I both have our seat belts on. And you forgot." I looked down—sure enough, I had forgotten. If my life insurance had expired, I still might have had a chance with that line of blackmail.

As it was, I offered him a kiss. It worked. But pretty soon, I needed another Robin Egg. So I offered him two kisses this time, but he told me that a million kisses wouldn't be enough.

"I'll cook supper for you to-



**Kristi Kohl**

*"Having recently taken a First Aid and CPR course, my first reaction was to jump up and down, splattering blood everywhere and screaming."*

night," I offered. He gave me one, adding, "It has to be a good one." That means no Tuna Helper. Now we were getting to the point where I wasn't needing Robin Eggs quite so much. But I agreed.

And that was how I ended up making steaks for supper. Now, these steaks come in a plastic package. Shawn's always using the scissors and never putting them back. OK, maybe I had just given Tucker a haircut. But anyway, the scissors weren't where they should have been.

So I used a steak knife to open them. Somehow, I sliced my index finger down the middle. Having recently taken a First Aid and CPR course, my first reaction was to jump up and down, splattering blood everywhere and screaming. Tucker's reaction was to laugh at Mom, and Shawn just stood there looking at me.

Finally I calmed down enough to say, "Get me a paper towel.

NOW!!!" So we wrapped my finger in a paper towel. Shawn had taken the same First Aid course I had. So he told me to go to the bathroom and we'd clean it up and put a Band-Aid on it.

"No," I told him. "You don't do that for arteries. Try to find my pressure point." We finally compromised by not taking the paper towel off so I wouldn't bleed to death while Shawn wrapped gauze and tape around my finger. It looked professional.

It looked like a finger splint, in fact. Except for the fact that it was crooked. I kept imagining telling everybody who asked the next day, "Yes, I broke my finger. Oh, no, it's supposed to grow back crooked."

But I kept it on. I wasn't going to go through the wrapping process again. The next time, I think Shawn might have taped my mouth first and then just kept going to keep me from offering my helpful suggestions — "Don't twist it so hard." — "It needs to be tighter." — "Now it's too tight."

The next day, I had to do my Daily Nebraskan column. It's kind of hard to type with a huge "cast" on your finger. A simple "t" ends up being "rtgy". So I had to learn to type with three fingers on my left hand.

At work, I kept bumping the finger on everything that stuck out. I kept looking, but the blood never did seep through. I guess I was lucky. Later, I looked at it and decided that I might not have actually hit an artery. But I'm sure I did hit two or three capillaries.

So, I credit Red Cross and our First Aid class with the cool, calm, competent way in which I handled my emergency situation. But I still believe in the maxim "Prevention is the best cure." So next time, we're getting two bags of Robin Eggs.

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

# Babies suck people into 'hogtied' love

WASHINGTON — I'm nothing like my infant-hating friend, Andre. But I must admit it: Babies suck.

They suck hard. Anyone who believes that women instantly find breast-feeding as pleasurable as a foot massage should note my agonized facial expression in a photo snapped at the "blissful" moment that my eldest first latched on.

But in time, mom's body adjusts and breast-feeding becomes a joy. That's more than you can say about some folks and infants. To Andre — who pleaded with me to use his middle name because disliking babies is worse than flipping the bird at Mother Teresa — "babies suck" has a harsher meaning. Having just split up with a marriage-and-infant-craving woman, Andre sees each baby's head-bobbing helplessness as a mask for its true identity — as the world's second-most ruthless being.

The only creature more ruthless is a woman trying to get a baby, Andre says. But women in the throes of "baby fever" — characterized by a compulsive search for commitment-and-a-kid — are encouraged in their madness by society.

"For women, the reckless pursuit of motherhood is noble," Andre says. "Men following their natural desire — for sex with as many women as possible — are the scum of the earth."

Painfully, he pauses. "Why do women find babies so irresistible?"

In truth, Andre, 38, is a sensitive and monogamous guy who happens to be bitter over the loss of a love. He fears he'll never find an infant-indifferent woman. "Of course you will," I insist. Silently, I affirm my private truth. You'll change. Because babies are irresistible.

Especially the one who at this moment is screaming upstairs because the perfectly nice young woman who's bouncing, burping and begging him to shush isn't me.

The second he appeared last fall, my son Skye — whose name means "unlimited possibility" and "the only name that both my husband and I could accept without killing each other" — bewitched me.

I mean, I love my husband. I adore Skye's brothers. But this baby thing is, well, a fever. Why else would someone who baptizes me in urine, makes deafening bird noises and represents decades of servitude enchant me so?

For five months, my daily schedule hasn't varied. Feed Skye. Change-bathe-dress-hold him. Kiss his toes. Stroke each palm's satin center. Suck in his fresh-baked fragrance. Start over.

I love it. Each morning, it's like Oct. 14 again, like the first time I whispered, "Look at you," and took in his silky beige skin and black patent eyes. Staring up at me from his crib, he grins. I



**Donna Britt**

*"Andre sees each baby's head-bobbing helplessness as a mask for its true identity — as the world's second-most ruthless being."*

soften away. This is how they hook you in.

I am being hogtied for the long haul. Second by adorable second, Skye is constructing an escape-proof edifice around me, a straitjacket from which I can never slip out. It's what keeps moms and dads there when their former babies sass them, fail classes or lose great-grandma's brooch. It keeps parents from going ballistic when they get the bill for "Booty in the House," the pay-per-view movie Junior secretly ordered from cable.

Which brings us back to Andre, and men's "real" vocation. That many guys, and even some women, feel more connected to sex — and careers and even TV — than to their kids seems proved by those who desert, abuse or contribute zip to their upbringing.

But I saw my husband's tears at Skye's birth. I've watched him waltz his son to sleep at 3 a.m. too many nights to doubt that he, too, is bewitched.

One day, Skye will seem more boy than miracle. Watching him, we'll still feel wonder and love, but they will have sunk too deep for everyday sharpness. Marveling less, we'll scold and worry more.

And we'll keep inviting Andre over. Weeks ago, he first visited the baby. Watching the two of them, I wondered who'd prevail — the gurgling infant or my wounded friend.

Skye went to work. After much slobbering, he emitted a series of burps and birdcalls before gamely attempting to nurse on Andre. Failing, the baby grinned anyway. Andre resisted.

Then he stood Skye up on his lap. Andre almost smiled as my son stretched out his arms, made two dimpled fists and balanced himself like a wobbly surfer riding a blue-denim wave. Helplessly, Skye bobbed his head.

And for a few moments, he sucked Andre right in.

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# Safety first

## Spring Break promises delight and danger

It's about this time each year that students like myself ask the same question.

No, it's not "Is there a 'reset' button for my GPA?" or even "When will the freakin' weather make up its mind?"

The question is inevitably — "How long until Spring Break!?"

Well, at the time I'm writing this column, there are exactly four days, four hours, 50 minutes and 35 seconds before my Spring Break begins.

Then again, for some of you Spring Break will begin a lot sooner. Maybe even after you're done with whatever class you're reading this in.

Therefore, I'm going to dedicate this column to the quest for the ultimate Spring Break, which is pretty much one in which you aren't killed, injured or jailed, or pierced or tattooed without your knowledge and/or consent.

The best Spring Break is one where you come back in pretty much the same shape as when you left.

This is not often easy, as many students' bodies do not take well to excessive drinking, dancing into an ungodly hour of the night, or accidentally turning yourself fire engine red by falling asleep on the beach, dreaming of drinking excessively and dancing into some ungodly hour of the night.

Yet not just students abuse their bodies during their vacation time and pay for it when they get back.

Take, for example, Harrison Ford. Remember the scene in "Raiders of the Lost Ark" in the marketplace when Ford was fighting off a mob of evil Arab assassins clothed in black? Suddenly, the crowd of people clears away to reveal a massive sword-wielding evil guy who looked as if he could slice and dice better than any Ginsu knife set.

Then you'll also remember when



**Kasey Kerber**

*"The best Spring Break is one where you come back in pretty much the same shape as when you left."*

Harrison Ford looked at his belt (where there was no sword), took out his gun and shot him.

It was by far one of the funniest scenes in the movie. Yet it was never supposed to happen in the first place.

You see, the movie script originally called for Ford to fight the evil sword-wielding guy in long, drawn-out hand-to-hand combat.

Yet Ford was sick at the time of the shooting and a combination of the flu and diarrhea kept him from performing a long fight scene. The script was changed and one of the most humorous Indiana Jones moments was immortalized.

What does this have to do with your Spring Break?

Plenty. I'm willing to bet a few boxes of Jujufruits that Harrison Ford wasn't exactly treating his body very well before that scene.

I'm not going to be your mother and tell you how to spend your spring break.

Yet I will give a little advice. Harrison Ford might have created a few extra million by making himself sick, but chances are, you and I will only make it harder to recover and save our GPAs while there's still time.

Even worse, we could do something extremely stupid that will make physical recovery impossible — or at least pretty damn hard. Like getting pregnant, contracting a disease or killing yourself or someone close to you in a "yeah, I was sober" driving accident.

An example that comes to mind is a commercial I see on TV at least 10 times a day. It has this guy who's walking through a Gotham-city-dreary-type-nightclub scene scoping out chicks and drinking beer from a green bottle.

The narrator says: "Tonight all I'm going to do is find women who look like trouble and flirt with them heavily."

I laugh every time I see that and continue the narrative for him. "Then I'm going to go to my doctor and find out what diseases I got from these women who looked like trouble."

It's a reality. Sex, drugs and drinking are pretty heavy dangers if not handled right. Forget rock 'n' roll; all it'll be doing is playing in the background.

When it's all said and done — you decide what happens over Spring Break. But use some caution, or you might find yourself with penicillin in one hand and Pepto Bismol in the other.

And no green bottle of beer or multi-million dollar movie will save you from either of them.

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

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