

Mark  
ALBRACHT

# Split personality

*Oh, to be able to be in two places at once. . .*

I feel like George Jetson. I find myself screaming "Stop this crazy thing!" nearly every day. I yell it loud and in all sincerity, but it's not a runaway treadmill that I want off—it's this crazy planet.

There is nothing so bad as wanting something you can't have, and a moon rocket out of here is certainly something I won't be getting soon.

Desiring unobtainables causes one to lose sight of real options. It puts delusions in people's naive heads that relief is just over the horizon, driving the Happy Winnebago of Oblivion. As irony more ironic than Alanis Morissette's fame would have it, I can't seem to heed my insight and escape my own delusions. It's not a moon rocket I want, it's a clone.

I went to the Starship 9 movie theater last weekend. The Starship makes an affordable (\$1.50) moon rocket for a couple hours a week. I saw "Multiplicity." It was a funny movie. More importantly, it was a movie that made me realize how much I want a clone.

Life has become an avalanche of "things to do" that have buried me more with each passing year. I'm no help to myself—constantly adding instead of subtracting activities. I don't know what compels me to do this. I'm not particularly masochistic, but I can't seem to help myself.



*"Desiring unobtainables causes one to lose sight of real options. It puts delusions in people's naive heads that relief is just over the horizon, driving the Happy Winnebago of Oblivion."*

This is probably how nervous breakdowns occur.

Mankind has created all sorts of inventions to simplify life and, save for the microwave oven, every one of them has succeeded in making life more complicated. The remote control for instance—genius in theory—gives the common man fingertip mastery of the machine that masters man. With cable television thrown into the mix, viewers widdle their lives away in a continual thumb-twitching surf. Instead of instantly recognizing that there is nothing worth viewing, they are hopelessly duped into believing that what they want lies at the next flip of the network. This activity only ceases when the device is inexplicably missing, whereupon the viewer huddles in a corner, whimpering like a beat puppy.

It seems that a clone is certain to be one invention that would join the ranks of the microwave. We would first have to get past the fact that this new technology will be brought to market by a team of mad scientists,

as it is only raving lunatics who attempt to create new humans. (Read: Dr. Frankenstein and Dr. Moreau) But once we are comfortable with cloning's origins, we can reap the benefits.

Michael Keaton handled his clones like an idiot. Instead of planning out ahead of time how he and his clone would utilize each other, he jumped right into the situation and let the madcap adventures ensue—which ultimately led to the creation of two more clones. He also had several unfair rules by which the clones had to abide, namely they were not allowed to have sex with Andie MacDowell.

If I had a clone, I would plan things out with him so that both our lives were simpler. If Andie MacDowell was my wife, I would let my clone have sex with her. He is, after all, me. And I wouldn't want him to think I was a jackass.

My clone would be useful right now by helping me write this column. It would go something like this:

"Hey clone, would you please help me write this column?"

"Sure, what do you need?"

"Well, I was hoping we could bounce a few ideas off each other. You know, create a creatively conducive environment."

"You like throwing around those big words, don't you?"

"Well I..."

"Create a creatively conducive environment? A little bit redundant, isn't it?"

"Well, it's effective in conveying meaning, I think. Besides, I like the alliteration of the hard C's."

"Alliteration? People don't want to hear that crap."

"I think they do."

"I don't like how you refer to me as *your* clone."

"But isn't that what you are?"

"It's too demeaning. I'd prefer to be known as *the* clone."

"The clone. Fine, whatever you say."

"What's all this flowery prose at the top supposed to be?"

"Flowery prose?"

"Relief is just over the horizon driving the Happy Winnebago of Oblivion.' How pretentiously cornball is that?"

"Maybe I don't need your help."

"You don't, huh?"

"No."

"Fine, jackass."

Of course, there could be one drawback to having a clone. You might not like him. Oh, well. Here's to staying on this crazy planet.

**Albracht is a junior philosophy major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

Jessica  
KENNEDY

# Fuzzy forever friend

*Teddy bears are better than boyfriends*

Even though I'm a "big girl" now, things still go bump in the night, hide in my closet and lurk in the darkness.

The magical "21" has come and past, and I'm still pretty sure that there are ghosts and goblins and ghouls out there in the depths of my apartment.

I cry at sad movies, moving stories and sappy TV dramas. I cry for good reasons and stupid reasons. I cry about personal crises.

And through it all, one person has been there for me unequivocally.

He's always ready to let me cry on his shoulder, squeeze him when I need a hug and listen to me howl and scream.

Oh, and is he a marvelous listener!

He never passes judgment, never interrupts and never corrects me.

The most important thing he's never done is let me down.

Even after 15 years of abuse, he still loves me.



*"I was turning 6 when Corduroy entered my life. And even at that young age, I knew we were meant to be."*

Granted, I've worn him down a bit; he's a little softer and definitely scruffier.

But he's mine, all mine.

I was turning 6 when Corduroy entered my life. And even at that young age, I knew we were meant to be.

My parents tell me that Corduroy almost didn't happen. They were just out of law school; struggling and poor. But when Dad saw Corduroy in the window of J.C. Penney's, he knew that somehow, I had to have that bear.

And have him I did.

Best damn present I ever received.

Corduroy is my teddy bear. Almost everyone has had a teddy bear at some time or another. And almost everyone knows the therapeutic value of such a beloved item.

He looks a lot like a fuzzy Butterball turkey. He stands about 18 inches tall and has a round butt like a weebil-wobbel.

Corduroy is the perfect size to curl around when you need to keep out all the evil and icky things.

You can always find Corduroy on my bed or nearby; I sleep with him almost every night. I sleep better on the nights he is with me.

It hasn't always been this way.

Sure, when I was little, Corduroy and I were inseparable. But in junior and senior high school, I was just too cool to sleep with my childhood teddy bear.

For a while, a tiny white bear took Corduroy's place. I thought—at the time—that it'd be cooler to snuggle with the bear my boyfriend gave me versus the one from my parents.

Then I learned that boys come and go, but teddy bears will never leave you.

On a whim, I decided to bring Corduroy to college. That decision has proved to be one of the smartest I've ever made.

I shudder when I think of all the things Corduroy has helped me through since I was a freshman. The boys, the jobs, the grades, the cold nights....

I worry about what will happen to Corduroy when I get married and snuggle with someone else every night. I suppose he'll find a home in my hope chest—alongside my "blankey" and my flute and my first doll.

Maybe I'll put Corduroy away until there's someone special to give him to—maybe a daughter or granddaughter or special friend.

I'm sure he'll be able to bring joy into another person's life someday.

But for now, Corduroy's still mine, and we have a few more crises to get through before he goes anywhere.

**Kennedy is a senior advertising and broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**