

*Heather*  
**LAMPE**

# Of little resolve

## *If you reach for the stars, you get sore arms*

All I wanted to do was get some gas and grab a candy bar. When I go to the gas station, I don't want any interaction, any conversation. What I want least of all is advice on manicuring techniques.

"That comes to \$10.50."

I hand the man the money. He grabs my hand and begins to examine it.

"Miss, do

you chew your nails? Because I know of a fabulous enamel polish that keeps you from biting while strengthening the nail. It's displayed over there, next to the beef jerky."

"No, thank you," I mumble, pulling my hand away. "My parents had me declawed as a child. I was ruining their drapes."

He looks at me strangely, and I walk out.

For me, it's just another reminder of my lack of self-control. I have a habitual, addictive, nervous sort of personality. My oral fixation and my nubby nails are just the beginning.

My lack of self-restraint makes it necessary for me to write my list of New Year's resolutions three months ahead of time — to ensure that I

"*I have a habitual, addictive, nervous sort of personality. My oral fixation and my nubby nails are just the beginning.*"

cover everything. The following resolutions I would like to dedicate to all the Jenny Craig dropouts of the world. I know your pain.

No. 1: I resolve to eat one healthy meal in 1997.

When you're trying to dig yourself out of the fiasco your life has become, start slowly. Don't aim high. You've proven you can't succeed. If you write the resolution list of an achiever, you're bound to slit your wrists (and then you will have failed resolution No. 28).

If you're not sure you can manage to eat one healthy meal in a year, resolve to eat a carrot. Even if you have to eat it with dip, you will have succeeded at one resolution.

No. 2: I resolve to dust the exercise bike once a month.

OK, lets face it, I'm not going to actually get on the bike. The seat hurts my butt. And when I pedal, I can't hear the TV. I manage to scrape

the film off my furniture once a month, so why not include the exercise bike?

By the way, exercise bikes also make lovely planters. Just hang a couple of ferns off the handles, and display a philodendron on the seat.

No. 3: I resolve to never cuss in Portuguese.

Again, if vulgarity is your vice, make your resolution is something you can handle. Pick a language you don't speak. Control your potty mouth in another tongue and maybe next year ... Ahh \*@#&\$#@!!!! ... OK, maybe not.

No. 4: I resolve not to get caught gossiping.

I hate tight-lipped people. What's the fun of having people around if you can't talk about them? You might as well move to Antarctica.

If you're a gossip monger like me, don't even try to stop. The

hushed whispers of good gossip is like the sound of the tap to a drunk. Instead, resolve not to get caught. You're just a gossip, not the devil. You don't want to hurt people. There's nothing worse than talking about Marge's bad perm and then finding out that Marge bludgeoned herself with a curling iron because of your snickering.

There are many other resolutions befitting losers like me. The key is to choose resolutions that can be achieved. Don't resolve to lose 10 pounds. Resolve to gain 10 pounds. If you're like me, you've done it every other year.

You know you can't live on bean sprouts and tofu, but doesn't a Little Debbie sound good?

I'd like to end this column with a few comforting words for my fellow underachievers: Everybody has faults. Some people gnaw on their nails. Some people devour Ding-dongs. Some people get off the couch only to go to the bathroom. I say high-achieving people invented New Year's resolutions to humiliate the portion of the population that considers ketchup a food group.

When New Year's rolls around, forget the resolutions.

Resolve not to resolve.

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*Brent*  
**POPE**

# Happy go Grumpy

## *The good, the bad and the airport — a case study*

"It was the best of times; it was the worst of times." I'm sure that Charles Dickens didn't have airports in mind when he wrote that sentence, but I think it still applies, because

airports are both the happiest and the saddest places in the world.

And why shouldn't they be? Everyone there is either saying "hello" or "goodbye" to

someone. But it runs much deeper than that. Everything that happens in or around airports or airplanes makes people either as happy as Michael Jackson at the children's zoo or as sad as Homer Simpson when he found out the buffet at that seafood restaurant wasn't really "all you can eat." (DOH!)

Here are a few examples:

You just landed after a long flight. You are either: (1) happy to eat something other than "airplane food" (where bland is a popular flavor), or (2) angry because a hot dog and a frosty beverage at the airport costs more than your plane ticket.

Your friend from out of town just arrived after his flight. You are either: (1) elated to see your old buddy from high school, or (2) sad

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that he's just as annoying as you remembered. (For example, he still thinks that farting in a car and not rolling down the windows is funny.)

You just checked into your hotel room by the airport. You are either: (1) in a good mood because there's nothing better than a shower and a change of clothes after a long flight, or (2) in a bad mood because the luggage handlers screwed up and your clothes are halfway to some remote Pacific island. (Although, if they happened to end up in the hands of the Skipper and his Little Buddy, it would almost be worth it, wouldn't it?)

You are coasting along at an altitude of 37,000 feet in a commercial airplane. You feel either: (1) giddy that you have a window seat and the captain keeps telling you about neat things you can see outside, or (2) pissed because you would need some really powerful binoculars to see anything that's over 30,000 feet below. (Unless the captain happens to point out Rush Limbaugh's ego or his gut, but you can see those things from pretty much anywhere on the planet.)

You are using one of those moving walkways that allow you to travel quickly across the airport. You

are either: (1) enjoying the fact that you can walk at just under the speed of light, or (2) lamenting the fact that you forget to slow down at the end of the walkway and are now skidding across the airport carpeting on your forehead. (I always use the old "I was just practicing the STOP, DROP and ROLL technique in case I catch on fire" excuse.)

You are on a flight where there is NO SMOKING. You are either: (1) enjoying the fresh air, or (2) nauseous because the guy sitting next to you has armpits that are "smoking" in their own special way and there's nowhere to go.

Nobody really knows why these things happen, but they do. And if you don't believe me, then take a look at this study completed just a few weeks ago: It was a psychological study of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs done by computer experts. It was designed to show how each of them would respond in certain situations. There was one particular situation where they were offered a free plane ride, and all they had to do was show up at the airport; 99 percent of the time, the only ones who showed up were Happy and Grumpy. You can't argue with statistics.

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