Steve
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Hallowed eve

'Tis the season for ghouls, goblins, guffaws

I don't know about you folks, but I sure am looking forward to Halloween. I'm so excited, I'm even starting to lose control of my bowel movements.

Ever since I was a little kid, Halloween has been my favorite holiday. I have so many fond memories.

I remember my friends and me camping out in a tent in my backyard and devouring piles of free candy. I remember telling ghost stories with a flashlight under my chin in order to look more sinister. I remember my drunken father ruining my entire evening by doing his "patented belly-flop" on the tent and sending my friends to the hospital. I remember asking Mom why they were taking Dad away.

The great thing about Halloween is that it's not like other holidays; you don't have to be a kid to enjoy it. Some of my most exciting moments in life came as an adult during Halloween.

To me, the best part about Halloween is the haunted houses — and Lincoln has some good ones. The real entertainment of the houses lies not in the performances of the ghouls and goblins, but rather in the spontaneity of terrified youths.

I always try to make sure that I go with a group that has a lot of little kids in it. The reason is that little kids have no idea that these haunted houses are fake. They're willing to do anything to ensure their safety — even if it means head-butting a ghost in the crotch. I can see it already:

> *"I don't care if Mother Teresa is holding my hand, if she's in between me and freedom, she's getting trampled."*

Grim Reaper: "Welcome! I'm the Grim Reaper, and I will be your guide in the *(in a low, resonant voice)* HOUSE OF HORROR! Inside, you will see terror beyond your wildest imagination. But you *must* stay near my flashlight, for the demons inside can rip through a brick wall and devour an automobile, but for some reason they're scared of my key-chain light. So come, let us enter."

(Little Jimmy and the group follow the Reaper through a frail, creaking door).

Reaper: "This is the room of Tyra, an evil witch who used to fatten up little children and eat them. They were all about *(he points to Jimmy)* your size! *(Kneeling.)* What's your name little ... UMMPFF!"

(Little Jimmy begins head-butting and punching the Reaper in the groin until, eventually, the ghoul is reduced to a crumpled, shivering mass on the floor. At this point, the lights are turned on because the flashlight the Reaper was holding during the attack has been compressed into a fine powder. Also, the Reaper is in serious need of medical attention.)

I have no fear when little kids are present, but many adults do. Like the children, some adults also think that the houses are *really* haunted. Maybe they think that the house is set up by the same Gypsy spirits that frighten people every year; I don't know. But what I do know is that adults are just as fun to watch as the kids.

Males especially try to act macho in front of the children, but inside, they're just as terrified.

And because they're in the company of impressionables, they can't express their fear with conventional cuss words. Therefore they're forced to spontaneously create strange phrases that mean absolutely nothing to the sane.

For example, upon hearing a cricket chirp, Macho Dad can be heard shouting, "Holy Rat Mother of Wyoming!" or perhaps, "Great God of Puppy Crap!"

This isn't the case with me though. I'm fairly composed in haunted houses. Until, of course, I hear the chain saws crank up.

That reverberating chain saw noise terrifies me. I've been known to cause several thousands of dollars worth of structural damage to buildings after those babies get started.

I don't care if Mother Teresa is holding my hand, if she's in between me and freedom, she's getting trampled.

I think chain saws scare me so bad because they aren't meant to be started *inside* of buildings. I'd probably be just as frightened if I heard something equally foreign, such as a llama vomiting.

What would be ideal next Halloween would be a haunted house aimed at college students. After all, we're not typical people, so it only stands to reason that we have atypical fears. Here are some scary suggestions if anyone feels ambitious next year:

- Have Gov. Ben Nelson, dressed in drag, spring from a fold-out ironing-board cabinet and begin to dance the Macarena.
- Have the group of students ushered into a bare room, lighted only by a single naked light bulb. Suddenly, all the NU Regents appear with their arms outstretched like Frankenstein. In their hands is a new student-seating proposal for future NU football games. Upon close inspection, the students will find that the proposal calls for them to watch the games atop donkeys outside of the stadium.
- Have a big-screen TV set up to repeat Lil' Red's "bouncy dance" over and over until the students become so delirious with rage, they all have to be lobotomized.

Oct. 31 is going to be a great time. And while I'm reasonably sure that I can wait another week, I'm not so sure that my bowels can hold out.

Things may be getting scary a week early this year.

Willey is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Madonna and Child