

Steve
WILLEY

Animal magnetism

Dates just really don't dig flatulence, funerals



While contemplating a topic for my first column of the semester, I had a million ideas racing through my walnut-sized brain. I wanted something timely, but it had to be newsworthy; something with bite, but it had to employ the type of journalistic ethics and integrity that my professors have worked so hard to instill.

Therefore, I'm going to use this column to publicly change my sexual orientation!

By this I mean I am no longer going to devote any of my time to pursuing human females.

I haven't decided as of yet what I plan to date, though I have narrowed it down to either a boa constrictor that lives in Omaha, or perhaps, Black Angus cattle.

Now you may be wondering why I'm making the switch from "Straight" to "Reptile" or, if you consider the cattle option, "Straight" to "Freakin' Sick."

The reason is that I'm simply not good at courtin' women. I'm terrible at it, and it has come time for me to accept this fact.

You see, I've realized that some people, no matter how hard they try, can't accomplish certain goals.

For example, my father has tried for years to master the stunt of shooting a wiener dog out of an exploding, portable toilet. As of 3 p.m. yesterday he has yet to be successful, and it is my belief that he never will. He's simply not good at it.

It must run in the family because this just-can't-win concept is nothing new to me either. I have failed Chemistry 109 not once, not even

twice, but three times! I'm convinced that no matter what I try or who I offer back rubs to, I'll never be able to obtain a grade higher than a 13 in that class.

Now it seems as if I've gotten myself into the same straits with females.

You should see me trying to meet women at bars or funeral parlors. I'm pathetic! Here's a typical conversation between myself and a potential female friend:

STEVE: "Uh-hi ... (Voice suddenly sounding remarkably similar to Pee-Wee Herman's) Your eyes are just beautiful! They look er-like ... Uh ... Lamont Sanford's."

WOMAN: (Pointing at my shirt) "UM, are you aware that you have a glass of whiskey in your shirt pocket?"

(Author's note: If any of you know of a better way to carry whiskey while holding a plunger in one hand and a bottle-rocket in the other, I'd like to hear it!)

STEVE: (Shocked that whiskey in my shirt pocket is a BAD thing) "OH! Uh ... Sorry. Say, I'd like to buy you a -HEY! (Looking around) WHO FARTED?"

There really should be a rule book to govern people who, like me, are terrible at winning girls over.

Maybe, if someone had told me that introducing a potential girlfriend to your probation officer wasn't a "good move," I might still be straight. Maybe, just maybe, if I was aware that blowing your nose on your date's blouse was improper, I could continue to date human females.

But for me, I'm afraid there's a perpetual hiatus. And don't think that I haven't attempted every option.

I tried the 900 numbers and that blue TV channel with nothing but words on it — they didn't help. Hell, I even bought the woman's magazine, Mademoiselle.

"Yeah," I thought to myself. "I can't lose now. I've got the enemy's play book!"

But the only thing I learned from Mademoiselle is that I'm not only terrible at picking out clothes, but I'm also apparently impotent.

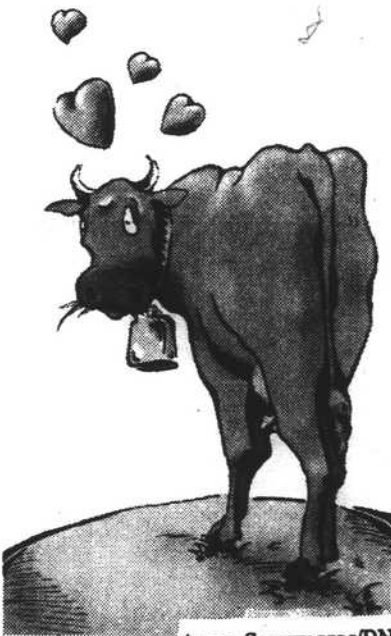
Trust me, my decision is the best for all of us. Because if I choose the Black Angus cattle, it'll be the first time in my life that I'll get to date a creature that weighs as much as me. And hey, I hear snakes are great lovers, or so my opinion editor keeps informing me.

But wait! The women of UNL win, too. Those who have opted to stay home on previous weekends because "that guy" is out there, can now return to their respective stomping grounds.

I assure you — you won't be approached by me.

Unless of course I mistake your belt for a snake, or your platform shoes for hoofs.

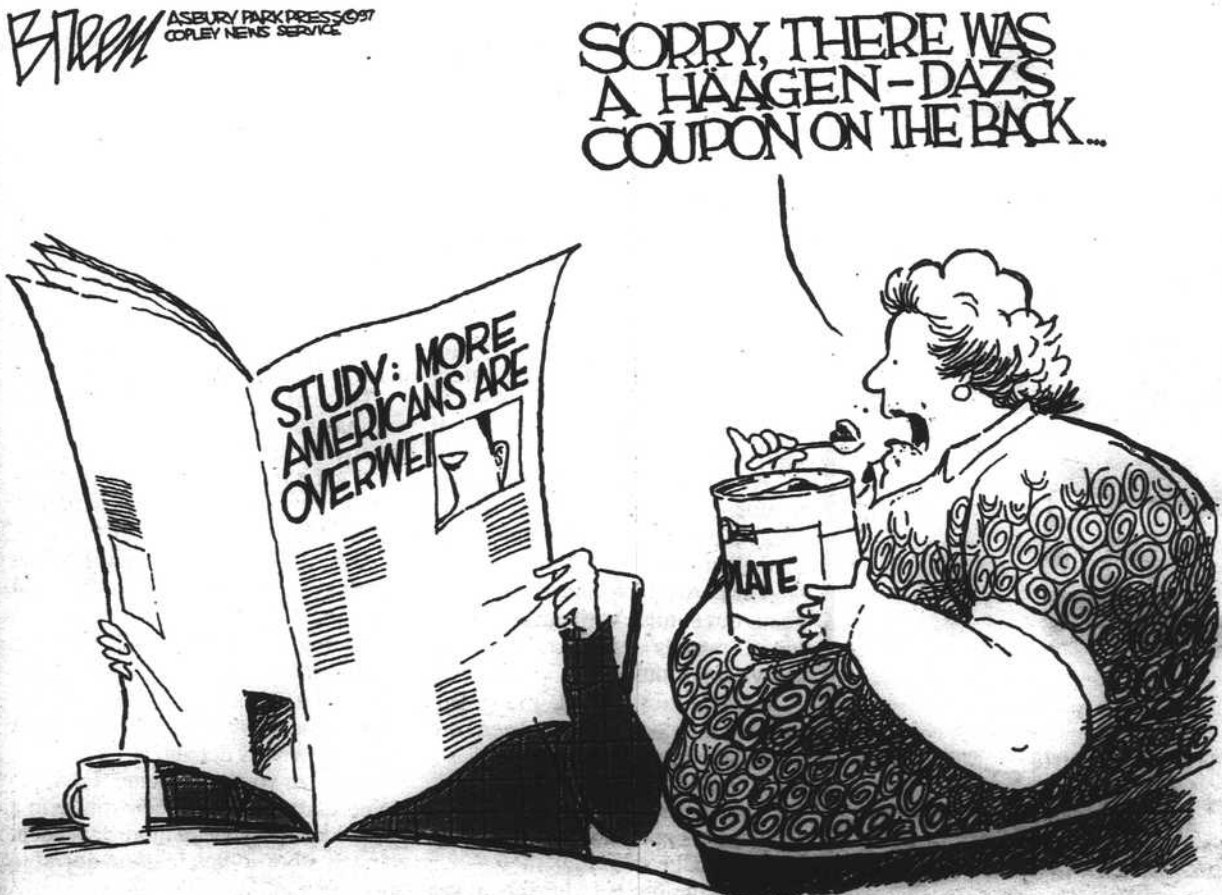
Willey is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



AARON STECKELBERG/DN

Cartoonist's VIEW

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