

Sonia  
HOLLIMON-STOVALL

# Whipped cream and bikini wax

## Remedies for cabin fever require creativity

"Though the weather outside is frightful, indoors can be delightful." Rhyming the rest of that song was just too much work, so here's my message.



What are the two major things affecting our lives as students right now? Snow and school. Are either of those prospects even remotely tantalizing?

Not even. Want to hear something that is?

Spring break.

Ahhh yeah, now those are the magic words. Sandy beaches, parties 'til dawn and flirting with people you'll never have to see again in your life.

Unfortunately, it's not time to break out the bikini wax just yet, kids. It's not even February and we've got three long months to go.

Never fear, sweetlings — Auntie Sonia's got a cure for cabin fever.

One of the first things you've got to realize, especially if you're in a relationship, is that this is crunch time. On one hand, you and your baby want to snuggle up, but on the other hand, it's a little too close for comfort.



JASON GILDOW/DN

My advice — hang in there at least until Valentine's Day. It's such a shame to see all that lingerie in Victoria's Secret just hanging there, with no place to go, and no hope of ever finding a home.

Looking for a way to escape the

bleak Nebraska landscape? Head for the Rec Center — not only is it a great way to get your own butt in shape — you could be checking out someone else's in the process.

If a little self-rejuvenation is in order, turn yourself on with an

aromatherapy bath, complete with candles and a fairy-tale favorite like "The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe." (Sorry dormrats — you know the candle rules.) Not only will your senses get a lift but your spirit will too.

If "alone time" isn't what you need, get a tub of Cool Whip and some friends and play some games — sorry, the Cool Whip is for the hot chocolate. (Miss Hollimon-Stovall and the Daily Nebraskan are not responsible for whipped cream misuse.)

Videos are always an old standby, but who wants to just sit around? The biggest problem with February frenzy is being cooped up indoors — so go roller skating, have a pillow fight in the snow — anything that will make you laugh and get you through midterms will do.

And if you're looking for a good laugh in the wintertime, any Saturday night you can go downtown and watch all the morons traipsing from bar to bar without their coats on. I always get a kick out of that one.

So go forth, winter warriors, and make snowmen while you can, 'cuz soon there'll be finals, and you'll be trying to get a tan.

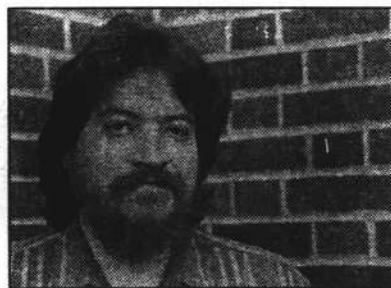
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Patrick  
MACDONALD

# Rent is due on the...

## Collapsed ceiling, kindness mark relationships

When thinking of a typical landlord, I often picture the large lady with the loud, shrill voice always demanding to know where the rent is.



Or perhaps he is a withered, old man — chain-smoking — banging on your apartment door at some odd hour querying you as to the strange noises emanating

from your domicile and "his" apartment.

I have experienced these types of landlords — and found other places to live as soon as possible.

I remember the calls to my landlord notifying him that the ceiling in my bathroom was about to cave in because water was leaking through the floor of the upstairs apartment.

My landlord said it would be "taken care of." Three weeks later, with half of my bathroom ceiling lying in my bathtub, the maintenance man appeared at my door and told me I should have contacted my landlord days ago.

I have certainly stereotyped landlords, but most are good people who try to leave you feeling as though you have some humanity left after paying your rent. They try their best to take care of your needs.

The only things they ask in return are prompt payment of rent and leaving the place in a reasonably clean state, so they don't need to have the apartment declared a federal



AARON STECKELBERG/DN

disaster area.

I have been a home owner. As a "landlord," I think of myself in the stereotypical sense.

I am sitting in my easy chair, playing a Nintendo game with my children. Imagine the following conversation:

WIFE: Honey, the garbage disposal is making that strange humming noise, and it won't turn again.

ME: (to myself) Why can't I just play this game with my kids without being bothered?

WIFE: We also had more plaster fall out of the ceiling in the basement today.

ME: I'll get right to fixing those. Why don't you make me a list of everything that needs to be fixed, and

I'll get busy making repairs? (Mind you, I never really plan to leave this chair.)

WIFE: I've made you a list, but they keep disappearing.

You get the idea. I am by no means any better than the landlords I have spoken of previously.

Recently, my family has fallen upon hard times, and we have had to rent a home. This was something we hoped never to do again.

In seeking the right place to live, price was of paramount importance. Rent in Lincoln is not cheap.

We have a very limited budget which resulted in a number of refusals to rent us a dwelling by several different landlords. They want to receive their rent in a timely manner. Not once did any of these

landlords go out of their way to help a family in need, until...

We found a young gentleman who took good care of his units, and unlike those previously mentioned landlords, gave us a place to live without making us feel less than human.

We know the sacrifice he and his family made on our behalf. He knew that we would not stay long, yet he was kind enough to give us shelter at a fair price.

He is the owner of a trailer park. The trailers, while not particularly new, are well-equipped and clean.

He and his wife rented our family a trailer based solely on us as people. It is unique by today's standards for someone to take you at face value, and with a simple handshake, make a gentlemen's agreement.

They are role models for anyone wanting to succeed in life — provide good service at a fair price, and always treat your customers with dignity and respect.

I will never be able to repay them for their kindness, not financially anyway. I can only hope that their trailers will always be full of people who appreciate both the condition of the trailers and the quality of their landlords.

To my favorite landlords, Steve and Michelle, all I can give is my sincerest gratitude. If anyone needs a place to live, Steve and Michelle recently had a trailer become open.

They will be the best landlords you ever had.

MacDonald is a freshman electrical engineering major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.