

Sonia
HOLLIMON-STOVALL

Parting shots

Reflections on column; graduating senior bids adieu



It's amazing how a rebellious freshman turns into a grateful, reflective senior. It's a long process, unfortunately, but long processes seem to be the only kind that teach us lessons.

When Doug Kouma, the DN editor, asked me if I had ever thought about writing an opinion column a year ago, I never thought that it would be such a rewarding experience, but it's an opportunity I never would have passed up — although I wonder what it was that prompted him to ask me in the first place. Must have been my big mouth in that class we had together.

One of the most important lessons I've learned is that asking for help is a sign of strength, not weakness. I've asked for a lot of help this past year, and to everyone who gave it, thank you. I especially want to acknowledge Peter, my

philosophy teaching assistant.

I've written about a lot of subjects over the past year, and what I had to say wasn't always popular but guess what — sometimes I wrote stuff just to make you mad. And it worked! So thanks for writing in — suckers!

When I entered the College of Journalism and Mass Communications in — oh well, the year really doesn't matter, does it? I was ready to take on the world. Fight every sexist remark and rock the collective world.

At this point in time, I'll be grateful just to make it through finals.

Don't misunderstand, there are still worlds to be rocked and I still plan to get to them, but now I have a different perspective on how to go about it. I mean, you don't need a water gun for everything ...

I can't believe that this is my last column. I feel as though I've been writing to a few thousand friends for the past nine months, friends that have a pretty good idea of who I am, because I think we've shared quite a bit. I hope that when you read my column you were able to relate to at least a few things I had to say. I hope you nodded your head in agreement or laughed at what a

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witty girl I am. If you didn't do those things, you probably tossed the paper aside in disgust — that happens when you read the DN sometimes, anyway, but you know what I mean.

If you're a freshman, or new here and just starting out, you have an idea of what you think is going to happen while you're here. The babe of your dreams you hope to meet, the grades you're going to earn. Here's some free advice.

Things don't always turn out the way you think they will. Not the most profound statement you may have ever heard, but still, it's the truth. When I was a pipsqueak moving into Smith Residence Hall a millenia ago, I never thought it would take me so long to get out of here, or that when I did, I would be doing it holding a baby carrier.

But then I think, if I hadn't taken so long to get done, I may never have had that class with Doug, and then I wouldn't have had the opportunity to broadcast my humble opinion to you all.

You lucky cats, you.

Before I make my grand exit, allow me to rub something in — I have a job! I have a job! I have a job! And guess what? It pays for child care. Hot dog!

Thanks, UNL. I hope that because of our acquaintance, neither one of us will ever be the same. Love, Sonia Ayanna Marie Marguerita Hollimon-Stovall.

Sonia Hollimon-Stovall is a graduating broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist. Good luck in life.

Kasey
KERBER

Somewhere out there

Spiteful vengeance blossoms from lost love



It's that time of year; flowers are blooming, pollen is painting the sidewalks and the birds are singing away.

It's also the time when love is in the air.

But it's not all rose petals, poetry and body chocolates.

No, summer also exposes the breed of men and women that can only be called ... the “X.”

Ahh yes, those reminders from our past when love was somehow lost. When hearts were trampled, feelings tattered and restraining orders issued.

It happens to all of us at some point or another. It's almost an unwritten rule that you must be dumped at least twice to find a decent relationship.

And if you want a “great” relationship, then make it four times. Oh, and for a relationship with “the one” — you must be dumped more times than a dump truck can dump in a week.

Now that's a tongue twister: “Can you be dumped more times than a dump truck can dump?”

Anyway, with each “dumping” you are left with something far more

than a crushed heart. You are left with a mortal enemy.

Well, most of the time. Some people manage to leave relationships as friends, but very few. The rest of us experience what I like to call “The X Factor.”

Now if you're not sure if you're experiencing “The X Factor,” ask yourself these simple three questions:

1. Did someone dump you or did you dump someone?
2. Do you avoid this person at all costs?
3. Did you key his or her car, place a strip of sandpaper under his or her car door handle with scotch tape and write “Pimp Daddy” on the windshield with a permanent marker?

If you answered yes for the first two questions, you're experiencing “The X Factor.” If you said yes for the third question — I'M GOING TO GET YOU DANG IT! IT STILL HURTS TO TYPE AND I HAVE TO LOOK THROUGH “PIMP” EVERY TIME I DRIVE TO CLASS!

When it comes to “The X Factor,” there are three ways to handle the problem between you and your ex.

First off, you can get along with limited contact. Next — you can get back together. Lastly, you can kill him or her and hope that no one discovers the body.

And since the last two options are either taboo or illegal, I advise the first option.

But be civil about it. “Limited



MATT HANEV/DN

contact” doesn't mean prank phone calls at 3 a.m. that say nothing more than: “Who's the plastic gal lying next to you?”

Let's face it, if you make a phone call like that then you're simply, well ... SICK! YOU'RE SICK AND I'M GOING TO GET YOU ONE OF THESE TIMES DANG IT! OH SURE, HIDE BEHIND YOUR FOOTBALL PLAYER BOY-FRIEND NOW, BUT HE WON'T PROTECT YOU WHEN FOOTBALL STARTS UP AGAIN! HA HA HA!

Oh yeah, the main point: Lost Love.

Well, basically I look at lost love as something we all have to put up

with to reach the final goal of true love. If we break a few hearts, have a few hearts broken or have to dodge a few cars that pull up onto a sidewalk, then that's part of the “healing” process.

But the point is to keep going: even if you don't manage to dodge too well.

Love is around the corner — somewhere. Just make sure she or he doesn't know where you park, live or eat.

Then you'll surely be safe. At least until football season starts.

Kerber is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.