

# Cell phones and bikers and lines, oh my!

*Campus holds many dangers for students year-round*



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The hunt for knowledge is once again on. The mass pursuit of higher learning is burning brightly all across the nation as students from kindergarten to those in loftier stations of learning head back to the proverbial schoolhouse to acquire skills that will prepare them for the real world. Many are eagerly anticipating the start of the annual learning process. I, on the other hand, am not as anxious as others. Although the start of a new scholastic year holds many promising things, I tend to be a "the glass is half empty" type of guy.

Just like most students on campus, I'm looking forward to old friends, Husker football and binge drinking. But beyond these things, there are few nuances of school that get me fired up.

In fact, there are numerous entities of college that strike fear into any student's heart.

The first and foremost of these: the dreaded line.

Admittedly so, the man that invented the line was a genius of his time.

He not only came up with the revolutionary idea of organizing the huddled masses into a strategic series of bodies that virtually eliminated survival-of-the-fittest tactics, but he got people to listen to and even follow this harebrained scheme as well.

While he arranged everyone single file, he undoubtedly slipped to the head of the line, because even the innovator of one of the most often used organizational strategies hated waiting.

Because of this clown we can all look forward to lines for parking, books, financial aid, food, beer and the corresponding lines at the bath-

room. Patience is certainly not one of my virtues; the simple act of walking is a daily annoyance. I'm not talking about your mere walk around the block. This is a 10-mile trek we all make solely to learn.

Simply getting to class requires all too much time and energy. Slacker, lazy, maybe even slothful — all would apply, but who hasn't whimpered about the fierce walk around campus?

I feel like the mailman. "Rain, sleet or thirteen inches of snow," I'm hiking from parking lots that are nautical miles from my nearest class in a futile attempt to get my money's worth from this university.

Cellular phones are yet another thing that unnerves me.

It's not necessarily the phones themselves, but rather some of the people who own them. Anyone who has a cell phone on their person must realize that there are innumerable ways that they can annoy the hell out of any and all around them.

For instance, there is the guy that lets his phone ring like it's his job.

This guy is somewhat of a para-

dox; he carries with him a portable communication device so anyone can reach him 24-7, and yet he refuses to use the phone for the sole purpose for which it was intended.

As the endless ringing brings me out of my skin, everyone around is placing bets on who will be the first to tackle this guy, snatch his phone from its holster and propel the annoyance to the floor, silencing it.

To the guy who struts down campus chatting away on his cell phone while casting condescending looks to passers-by — why?

There should be a five-day waiting period followed by a thorough background check for anyone wanting to purchase a cellular phone so we can eliminate this problem.

Bikers are the scourge of campus. You have your pedestrians, your bicyclists and your bikers. While the first two are harmless if unprovoked, bikers, on the other hand, pose a far greater threat.

They are the equivalent of a coked-up truck drivers, wielding their larger modes of transport carelessly.

They uncontrollably weave in and out of crowds of unsuspecting

pedestrians, often clipping them with book bags or handlebars — sometimes even running directly into them.

*Note to bikers:* Take your cute little shoes, the matching gloves, and the strap around your right leg that keeps your pants out of your 600 gears and slow down, Chief. Don't be in such a hurry to get to class; the university is already stealing your money, so get over it.

The next time one of these deranged cyclists clips me, there is going to be a hell of a lot more than a 15-yard penalty.

I've had all summer to dream up retaliatory acts against this gang. Baton swings, elbow thrusts and forearm shivers will all be levied.

At the very least, I plan to issue the guilty parties with precise and unexpected shoves, placing their awkwardly balanced bodies off their high-priced street cruisers and firmly on their asses.

Now, I may be placing a bull's-eye on my back after saying all this, but I'm comfortable in the fact that while I'm on the ground and they're on two wheels, leverage and gravity are on my side.

# The dating main

*College ruins relationships, so you might as well not even try*



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Are you sick and tired of all these talk show hosts giving advice on topics they have no clue about?

Too bad, because it's my turn. For some reason, everyone I know always comes to me about problems with their love life. I don't understand it, because I'm the most terminally single person who has ever lived.

But this isn't about me. I'm here to guide you through your troubles. Today, I'm going to focus on what college does to relationships.

Guys — obviously, I sympathize with you, but keep this in mind. I can't change what will happen, but I can at least warn you.

If you have a girlfriend, dump her. It'll make things easier in the long run. You won't call her as often as you promised. You won't write her. Ever. And who wants to carry on an e-mail relationship?

No way, dude, I love her. I'm going to call her every night.

That's what they all say. To be fair, you will call her often. At first. Then you'll get the phone bill. When the choice is eat or call, you'll choose the Big Mac every time.

OK, you may be right. But I'll write her. That doesn't cost much at all.

Son, no one writes anymore. Welcome to the '90s.

E-mail is cheap and fast.

Let me put it to you this way: Rush Limbaugh courted his third wife via e-mail.

Need I say more?

All of those are good reasons, but that's just the tip of the iceberg. You are going to meet more beautiful women than you have ever seen in your life.

Girls who remind you why you're glad to be male will suddenly be

flirting with you. And most of them will have just broken up with their boyfriends. (Keep reading.)

Suddenly you will be presented with a difficult decision. Cheat on your girlfriend, or tell a gorgeous girl you're not interested.

Trust me, it's not a hard decision to make.

If you spend every night sitting in your room on the phone, or in front of a chat screen, you're missing out on a major part of college — partying.

I'm not just talking about the "Animal House" drunken orgies (although those have their positives). I'm also talking about the silly little freshman mixers and "suitcase" dances held in the dorms.

If they're so silly, why would I want to go to those?

Two words. Eligible freshmen. Those are all good reasons. But my girlfriend goes to UNL. So I won't have any of those problems.

You poor bastard. Dump her before she dumps you.

See, there is a strange phenomenon that affects freshman women. Your little snookums will hook up with some hunk of beef she meets at the rec center.

If she doesn't and stays with you, then she obviously hasn't grown out of high school, and she'll drive you nuts.

Great. Now that I'm single, all the girls have lost interest in me. What's that all about?

Another interesting side effect. As soon as you dump your girlfriend for another woman, the other woman loses interest.

Then why did I dump my girlfriend in the first place?

Simple, you had to. She was about to dump you.

So now what do I do?

Keep in mind this is the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. You can't just ask the pretty girl in class out to a movie. After she sees the results of the background check, you're going to be turned down.

Instead, you've got to become friends with the girl. How good of friends should you become? Well, when she tells you that she could never date you because you're too good of a friend, then you know you've gone too far.

What if I want to ask out a girl

from work? Warning! Warning! Danger, Will Robinson!

A little-known secret is that most women have a sexual harassment subpoena in a shoulder holster waiting for your tawdry offer of a date.

Of course, it can be avoided by firing the person first, then asking her out. (Actually, that's been done and the woman is suing the boss.)

Ladies ... If you have a boyfriend. Dump him.

As you've already seen, he's cheating on you. Besides, the jerk's not going to call as often as he said he would. He doesn't write. Ever.

And do you really want to date a loser that sends romantic e-mail all the time?

Yeah, what a loser.

What do you do if your boyfriend goes to UNL? Dump him quick.

How can you go out with that cute guy you met at the rec center last week if you're still dating lil' Ricky from high school?

Good question.

Boomer was kind of cute. But what if the guy I'm interested in has a girlfriend?

That's a good thing. That means that he must really like you for you, and is not just interested in a physical relationship.

Boomer just broke up with his girlfriend for me. That's good, right?

Poor misguided girl. No, that shows he can't commit to a relationship.

Are all college relationships this difficult?

Hell no. You've got it easy. Let me explain how good you've got it. Imagine two people. A guy and a girl. On a scale of 1-10, the guy is an 8 and

the girl is a 3. The guy walks into a roomful of women. Walks out with zero dates. The girl walks into a room full of guys. She can leave with dates, phone numbers and cars, if she wants.

So, whom should I date then? That's an easy one to answer. You should date an experienced college man, say a junior.

He should be able to communicate thoughtfully and clearly. You know, like they taught me in journalism school.

Lastly, he should be knowledgeable about relationships. In fact, he should be able to write a 30-inch story about relationships.

Hey, wait a minute ... I think I might just know where you can find a guy exactly like that.

