

# Season's greetings

*A cornucopia of funkified thanks from a mixed-up turkey*



**JOSH WIMMER is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

Unless you've been living underground with your dead grandma, all y'all know Thanksgiving is coming up a week from today.

Mmm-mm-good. The J-Dogg loves no holiday better.

For one thing, I dig those costumes. Yes, this cat looks wicked-phat in a big, gray Pilgrim hat and those shoes with the buckles. I would like to wear my outfit to campus to show you, but I know I'd get those sorority girls so so hot, and their lovely houses would just burst into flames.

And I would not like that at all. I am not about wasting pretty flesh.

Another thing I like about Thanksgiving is the singing. My funkied-up self shivers and quivers in anticipation when I think of my family gathered 'round the piano for a few stirring renditions of "Be Thou My Vision" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and the "Theme from 'The Golden Girls.'"

Oooh! Lord, have mercy.

And probably one of my favorite parts about Thanksgiving is the giving thanks part.

Yes, folks, every year it is traditional for me, in the spirit of Thanksgiving, to devote an entire column to sending up shout-outs to all my people out there. Typically, this column is published a little closer to the holiday, but I'm not going to be here next Thursday, and neither are you, so we're gonna do it today.

## J-Dogg's 14<sup>th</sup> Annual Thanksgiving Shout-Outs

First, I want to thank my parents. Sometimes, I confess, I feel guilty for being a spoiled, worthless brat—but, OK, really I don't. Thank you for enabling me.

I want to thank the city of Lincoln for making P Street one-way again. Had there been any

oncoming traffic, I'd have turned directly into it twice just last week. It was only a matter of time before someone killed me, and as Brooke Shields says, when you're killed, you lose a very important part of your life.

I want to thank Gillette for my new Mach3 razor. Damn, if my face isn't smooth like an infant's ass.

The latest issue of Playboy deserves a shout-out for convincing me to purchase the Mach3. It also deserves mad props for the triplet Playmates from the University of Minnesota. I've had two potential job offers from the Twin Cities in the last month; maybe I'll move there after all.

And speaking of that state, I'd like to thank Pizza Patrol in Moorhead, Minn., because whenever someone asks me why Fargo—which is right next to Moorhead—rocks harder than Lincoln, I can tell them: "Because I can get pizza 24 hours a day in Fargo." I miss you, 241-9000.

I need to stand up in front of everybody and thank my Grandma Noni, because I still haven't written her a thank-you note from my birthday in August. Dear Grandma, Thank you for the \$15. I did not spend it on cigarettes, alcohol or hookers. Well, maybe on hookers. Love, Josh.

I want to thank the hookers.

On a similar note, I want to send a "Hell, yeah!" to my crew at Carlos O'Kelly's. Y'all are double-wicked. I need to single out Angela, who really is pretty cool for a white chick, and McGowan, who drunkenly promised to buy me a six-pack if I put his name in the paper. Rolling Rock is fine, dude.

(And those are the first, only and last requests I'll fulfill from folks who want personal nods in this space. The rest of you'll just have to suffer in wack anonymity.)

I'd like to thank my younger brother for still pretending to believe in Santa Claus so we can get

the extra presents every year at Christmas. Mom and Dad think you're pretty clueless, and that's why they keep you in the attic, but I appreciate it.

Cartoon Network, thank you for giving the Powerpuff Girls the airtime they so righteously deserve. Sigh... If they were real little girls, I'm sure I'd be headed for jail. Bubbles, Blossom and Buttercup, I love you like you were my own stepdaughters.

I want to thank the intelligent readers who've sent letters to the editor regarding my columns. Even if you disagreed with me, I've appreciated

your responses. I'd even like to thank the much larger group of unintelligent readers who've sent letters to the editor, especially those of you who misquote me or

cite my material selectively and out of context. See, over at the journalism school, they teach us to write for an eighth-grade audience. I used to question that, but now I understand why we do it. Thanks for restoring my faith in my education.

Many thanks to my editor here at the Daily Nebraskan for putting up with consistently tardy columns. Of course, the one time my column was in on time, you didn't look at it until the time I normally turn it in by, anyway; but nevertheless, I'm grateful for your patience.

And while I'm brown-nosing, I'd like to thank my Advanced Reporting professors—because it can't hurt. Naturally, I'd like to thank God, because I could never write this stuff without him. But I'm sure y'all knew that, because lots of people have stopped me and said, "Josh, your writing is divinely inspired. Or maybe that was Mohammed's writing. Anyway, nice work."

In the spirit of Will Smith, I'd like to thank me, because I couldn't do this without myself. Will Smith, by the way, appears on the cover of the latest issue of Rolling Stone. And my letter to the editor happens to appear inside that very issue. Coincidence? I think not.

Last of all, I want to thank my readers. If it weren't for you guys... well, I'd still get paid \$15 a week, I'd still date rich fashion models and The Artist would still want me to produce his next album.

That aside, though, you guys mean a lot to me. And those of you who are especially astute will notice I didn't mention the food as one of my favorite parts of Thanksgiving.

Well, it's probably my very favorite part of all, but I couldn't bring myself to mention it, since I'm not going home to North Dakota to join my family this year.

Nope, no turkey and mashed potatoes for me. No rolls and Jell-O.

Just hot dogs and homemade nachos, I guess.

Unless one of my readers, whom I just thanked, wants to invite me home with her or him. (Or her, please.)

I'm housebroken. I chew with my mouth closed, most of the time. I can even wear a tie, which I'll tie myself.

If you're interested, you can contact me courtesy of the Daily Nebraskan. Phone is 472-2588. E-mail is letters@unlinfo.unl.edu.

And babies, I'll even wear that hot-hot Pilgrim costume. Thank you.



MATT HANEY/DN

# Don't fear the reaper

*Concentrate on enjoying life every day*



**LESLEY OWUSU is a sophomore broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

Death is something we try not to think about. Let's face it, life is a mystery, and we are all on a search, looking for clues as to why we are put here in this world.

The only real certainty in life is death.

This time of year is a particularly sad time for me as I remember my dear friend who passed away five years ago.

My friend Yvonne was just 15 when she died rather suddenly. It still hurts to think about her death because she died so extraordinarily.

I met her when I was 10 and on holiday in Ghana, which is where she lived. We spent the whole summer together.

We did everything together. We were never apart. We had so much in common, and we had fun together.

We soon became like sisters.

As young girls, we did all the fun things girls do at that age. We enjoyed each other's company. We

often played with our dolls and watched cartoons together. We even tried to braid each other's hair.

Yvonne was so mature for her age, and what I remember most about her was that she was always so thoughtful and kind. She always made time for me even when she was busy.

Over the years, Yvonne and I always kept in touch by writing to each other and talking on the phone.

Every summer I would go back to Ghana, and she always welcomed me and made sure I had a good vacation.

We had planned to do so many things together when we grew up. We even imagined what our weddings would be like. She said that I would be her maid of honor at her wedding.

When I returned to England I always thought about going back to Ghana to hang out with all my friends and to see Yvonne.

One day I came home from school, and my mother told me that she had some bad news for me. She sat me down and told me that Yvonne had died.

My response was silence. I was in great shock. It felt like I had been shot or something. A great big hole remained in my stomach. That is the only way I could describe it.

Yvonne had died in her sleep. They never knew why or what from. There were no signs of illness. She had been very healthy. In fact, she could not have been in greater spirits before she died.

She had just been studying for a

test, and she had ironed her school uniform for the next school day. She went to bed, and she never woke up.

This is the way my friend left this world. In all her fears, she never thought about death. Why should she have? She was only 15 years old—just a child, taken away from this world for no apparent reason.

I can't to this day understand how it was possible for my friend to die so strangely. It still disturbs me.

I guess in this world things happen for a reason. I guess it was Yvonne's time to leave.

We will all have to leave this troubled earth one day. Some people are chosen to go before others.

It just seems so unfair that Yvonne's life was taken away from her at such a young age. I always ask myself, "Why her?" She never hurt anyone.

She was so intelligent and so innocent.

God puts us here for a reason, which is to live. It doesn't seem right that some people can never fully live their lives because it is cut so short.

Yvonne was the first person that I had ever known who had died. And I could never have been prepared for this.

How do you cope when you lose a loved one? I don't think there is any one simple answer for this.

When Yvonne died, I just could not cry. It was not that I didn't feel any emotion, but I just couldn't cry.

I felt the same way when my grandmother died two years ago. I

never really knew her, even though she took care of me when I was an infant.

I just felt deep sadness, loneliness and emptiness.

We all express our emotions in different ways when we are forced to deal with the death of a loved one.

When I was younger, the only thing I dreaded was dying. I hated to talk about death.

My brother, the great thinker he is, used to always evaluate our purpose in life, and he often asked me if I was scared of death.

Of course I am. For most of us, death is something we don't like to think of. But it is a reality.

I'd rather concentrate on living. Life is short enough as it is. That is why I try to enjoy it to the fullest. I try to appreciate every day for what it has to offer me, because life is too precious to waste.

I'm grateful for all I have, and I thank God for making me the person I am today.

When I was a little girl, a fortune teller told me that I was going to live a good and long life. She predicted that I would live to be 182 years old.

Imagine if this were true. I think I would be the oldest person who ever lived.

It still scares me to think about death. But as I have grown older, I have matured and learned to cope with many unexpected situations. I think that I am a strong person who can cope with almost anything—but not everything.

I still need a shoulder to lean on every now and then. I'm lucky that I have friends who I can always rely on.

Life is so unpredictable that any of us could die at any time.

I remember when I left to come to America. My friends in England told me that I was brave. They think that people die or are killed every day in the USA, which is true.

Some people in England have fixed images about America. For some strange reason, they think the States are full of drive-by shootings and street killings.

I could die anytime, anyplace and anywhere. It doesn't matter what country I am in. Some people are just unfortunate and are at the wrong place at the wrong time.

I took out a life insurance policy when I was 18 for my own protection. I'm young, but also very vulnerable. I'm not even 21 years old, and I know that I have so much more to achieve in this world. But anything could happen. I never would have predicted that Yvonne could die so young.

I'm just looking out for myself. I'm preparing for the unexpected.

Every day is a risk from the moment we leave our homes to go to school and work.

Life has no guarantees.

All I am certain of is that there is a place upstairs in heaven where God is taking care of my grandmother and my friend Yvonne and all those who have moved on. They will always be missed.