

# Test yourself

*Find out if you are living life to its fullest*



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I'm not getting any younger.

I came to this realization last night as I was typing a research paper. Not only was I getting extremely tired, but I had the screen set to 200 percent enlargement.

As I pondered the situation, I realized there are several things I just can't do anymore.

I can't drink all night and not get a hangover. I can't stay up for three days in a row. I can't fit into those Speedos.

Naturally, this has me concerned. It's got me a-wondering. Have I really done everything I've wanted to do in life? Will I ever come to a point where I say, "Damn it, I should have peed off the balcony?"

For Pete's sake, there are already

several things that I won't get to experience. Brett Butler playing in Dodger Stadium. Or hearing Stevie Ray Vaughn in person. Or touching my toes again.

So, I've decided to devote my life (what's left of it) to preventing others from suffering my fate.

I've developed this short test for you to check and see if you're living life to its fullest. Just read the following questions and add up your points.

## The Test

**Question No. 1:** For every state you've visited, add 1 point. Lived in, add 2 points. Been arrested in, add 5 points.

**Question No. 2:** For every sexual partner you've been with, add 1 point. Been with that were related to each other, add 3 points. Been with that were related to you, subtract 15 points.

**Question No. 3:** For every speeding ticket you've gotten, add 2 points. Every car wreck, add 5 points. Every rollover, add 10 points per revolution.

**Question No. 4:** For every competitive activity you are involved in, add 1 point. If you can get hurt doing it, add 3 points. If it involves line dancing, subtract 15 points.

**Question No. 5:** For every perfect attendance award you've received, subtract 5 points. For every year you were

on student council, subtract 10 points. For every teacher you've had an affair with, add 50 points.

**Question No. 6:** If you live in a residence hall, subtract 5 points. A greek house, subtract 7 points. A van down by the river, add 10 points.

**Question No. 7:** For every time you've gone bungee jumping, add 5 points. Gone skydiving, add 10 points. Gone Frisbee golfing, subtract 50 points.

**Question No. 8:** If you read my column every week, add 3 points. Read Todd's, add 5 points. Don't read the opinion pages because you're afraid of being offended, subtract ... never mind.

**Question No. 9:** If you first got drunk before the age of 18, add 5 points. Before 21, add 1 point. Before your little league games, add 10 points.

**Question No. 10:** If you drink Mountain Dew, subtract 15 points. Jolt, add 5 points. Unleaded gasoline, add 50 points and stop smoking.

**Question No. 11:** If you get your news from the *Daily Nebraskan*, add 2 points. From *The Chicago Tribune*, add 5 points. From *Weekly World News*, add 25 points.

**Question No. 12:** If you've ever been injured while playing sports, add 5 points. While watching sports, sub-

tract 10 points. During sex, add 50 points and call me.

**Question No. 13:** If you've had sex in your dormitory room, add 2 points. If your roommate was there, add 5 points. With your roommate, guys add 2 points; girls add 100 points and call me.

**Question No. 14:** If you're known by name in a bar, add 2 points. If they know your "usual," add 5 points. If they know your blood type, add 25 points.

**Question No. 15:** For every concert you've attended: if it was country, add 2 points. Rap, add 4 points. Rock, add 6 points. Jimmy Buffett, add 20 points. Backstreet Boys, subtract 100 points.

**Question No. 16:** For every one of the following you've attended during the last 12 months: if it was a funeral, add 5 points. Wedding, add 10 points. Exorcism, add 25 points.

**Question No. 17:** If your favorite TV show is "Friends," add 1 point. "Drew Carey," add 4 points. Anything on the WB network, subtract 10 points.

**Question No. 18:** If your favorite sport is hockey, add 5 points. Husker football, subtract 15 points. Stealing hubcaps of off moving police cars, add 25 points.

**Question No. 19:** For every foreign country you've ever visited, add 3 points. Every foreign person you've had sex with, add 5 points. Every foreign country you've been deported from, add 20 points.

**Question No. 20:** If you've ever had sex in a car, add 2 points. At work, add 5 points. In class, add 50 points.

**Last question:** If you've ever written a letter to the editor, add 1 point. Had it published, add 5 points. Misspelled the word "stupid" in the letter, subtract 1,000 points.

Got your total? Here's the grading scale.

## The Score

0-75: Does your Mommy still dress you, little fraidy cat?

76-150: You should move to Mr. Rogers' neighborhood.

151-250: You have an unnatural bond with Chandler, from *Friends*.

251-400: Equal to Dennis Rodman, during his San Antonio Spurs days.

400 and up: Two words: Tommy Lee.

If the results get you down, don't worry. You've still got time to improve on your score. Don't feel too bad. I scored a 187.

Oh well, being Chandler isn't too bad. At least I'm not Ross!

# Legends and legacies

*A fan prepares for the second generation of 'Star Wars' mythos*



**CLIFF HICKS** is a senior news-editorial and English major and the *Daily Nebraskan* opinion editor.

George Lucas made me a kid again last Wednesday.

It was about 8 at night, and I was down in the *Daily Nebraskan* taking a short break from work when I saw a message on my screen, informing me that the time had come.

Without delay, I rushed to the Web site in question, and some 10 minutes later, I went from mature college student to wide-eyed youth.

A little over a dozen of us were hunched around the computer screen as the theatrical preview for "Star Wars Episode One: The Phantom Menace" unfolded before our eyes.

For 2 minutes and 20 seconds, all my cynicism and entrenched bitterness with life was stripped from me, and I felt invigorated again. "Star Wars" just does that to me.

No one knew "Star Wars" would develop into the cultural phenomenon that it has become. It spawned a new generation of heroes, a new sense of cultural identity. Where the generations before us had Ed Sullivan and the Beatles, our generation has "Star Wars."

It's our legend.

Not everyone understands the fascination with Luke Skywalker, Obi-Wan Kenobi, Han Solo, Princess Leia, Yoda Calrissian and all of the rest, but most have seen the films and know the story.

Who hasn't seen 'em?

I was too young to see "Star Wars" when it opened. I was only 6 when "Return of the Jedi" premiered. I saw it at Indian Hills in Omaha where 8-foot-tall lightsabers flashed overhead.

Fast forward to January 1997—I was 20 years old, and the trilogy was back in theaters.

I started standing outside the Stuart Theater at least two hours before they started selling tickets. I think there were 60 people ahead of me.

That scene repeated for each of the next two films: "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Return of the Jedi."

As our generation has grown, the characters have become icons. There's trivia, books, games, comics and more. It all started with Lucas and a "campy space soap opera" called "Star Wars."

Everyone identifies with one character because they share some similarity with at least one of them.

My friend Joe is Han Solo incarnate, and most people, myself included, have seen a little Obi-Wan Kenobi in me, which is why these prequel films excite me so much.

We finally get Ben's story.

Obi-Wan is one of the main characters (played by the unequivocally cool Ewan McGregor).

And this time I'll be there from the start for the ultimate experience.

Because the first time I never really got to have the full "Star Wars" experience. It's like the difference between hearing Jimi

Hendrix on a recording and hearing him live.

There's something about that first time, when it's right in front of you, it lives forever. You're afraid to turn away, terrified you might miss something.

The Special Edition was similar, but I already knew the lines and lived the characters.

Granted, there were new things added, but I knew most of what was going to trans-

pire.

Maybe that's why I'm so excited about the new trilogy.

It's still five months away. Classes will be out, and I'll be there a few days early, standing in line.

I expect it will be like a Woodstock for our generation. Across the nation, small camps will be built outside of theaters days in advance, with fans waiting eagerly for the films to open.

More than 15 years have passed since the last "Star Wars" film. When "Episode One" opens, I'll be 22—'til the music starts. Then I'll be 6 years old again.

I've avoided reading any of the supposed "spoilers," reports that claim to have actual plot information, on the Web.

Lucasfilm has been very careful not to let information get out, but there's always the possibility that one of those could be real, and I don't want anything to be spoiled.

When "Episode One" opens next spring, I don't want to know what's going to happen. I want to be surprised by the plot turns and twists. I want the "live" experience.

I want to be there at the opening show.

My friends and I will probably be there a day or two before the show opens with our sleeping bags and a couple of days' worth of

food.

When John Williams' new score resounds in our ears and lightsabers slash across the screens, maybe we'll cheer, or maybe we'll just sit in awe, afraid to make a sound for fear of missing something.

And, of course, we'll be back for showing after showing. In years to come, I'll think back to camping outside the theater with friends, eagerly awaiting Lucas' masterpiece.

But, along with the memories, I'll be able to tell people in the years to come—I was there.

I was there when the next generation of mythos was born.

I was there for the films that will define the generation that follows ours, and that will fine-tune us, the populous that "Star Wars" shaped.

I'll remember.

I was there.

Five months and counting. See you outside.



MELANIE FALK/DN