

# Finding the perfect entourage

Columnist searches for yes-men, mad geniuses and trophy girls to watch over him



**A.L. FORKNER is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

**WANTED: One Entourage.** Must be a multiple member group to follow and hang out with local columnist. Experience preferred, but willing to train the right entourage. Apply in person, no phone calls please. Salary based on experience. EOE.

I couldn't sleep the other night. I just felt something was missing in my life.

Sure, I had the cool leather jacket, the tough-guy shades and the pearl-handled revolver in my shoulder holster. I even had the bitchin' moniker.

Something was still missing. After thinking long and hard, it came to me. I need an entourage. A pack of hangers-on that'll tell me how great I am while robbing me blind, the Kato Kaelin to my O.J., if you will.

All the really important people have them. Will Smith, Madonna, Shaquille O'Neal, John Shaft.

Not to mention my man Leo. No one knows how to strut with an entourage like DiCaprio. That cat has style.

Naturally, since I'm not quite as important as those people, I'll have to start out with a smaller entourage. Say six or seven people.

Then, as I gain prominence, I'll add yes-men and handlers as necessary. I'll do it by bits and pieces. A massager here, a drink-fetcher there.

With God as my witness, someday I will have a Leonardo-sized entourage. For now, I'll settle for an Allen Iverson-sized one.

At first, the ideal group will stand by me until I begin the days of self-abuse that inevitably come with the bizarre, rock-star lifestyle of a copy editor.

My entourage should stand idly by and watch as I destroy myself and my loved ones with a series of torrid affairs, binge drinking and weird religious cult activity.

They'll be loyal at first, then eventually turn on me and bleed me financially dry, leaving me a hollow, broken shell of a human being.

Such is the bitter fate of a copy editor whose wealth has been spent on the gratuitous lifestyle not afforded him by his higher-ups.

Exactly what kind of people should apply to partake in my posse? Here's a rundown.

First, and most importantly, a good entourage needs a tough guy. Someone to muscle paparazzi, parking valets and professors. A true intimidator with a single-minded goal of protecting me.

The right applicant will also need to be my personal confidant and be there when my life begins to spin out of control from a series of failed, but spectacular, flings with Victoria's Secret models.

I'll tell all my secrets to him and in return, he'll testify against me when I get indicted.

Ex-boxers will be accepted, but no former heavyweight champions. Ex-military/CIA/mercenary types preferred. Short-order cook skills a plus.

Must provide own weapons. Second, there has to be a money man. Hey, I'm a '90s kind of guy, so women are welcome to apply.

This person's primary responsibility will be to carry the bankroll for me, so the large wad doesn't spoil the lines of my Dolce and Gabbana suit pants.

Weasel-like types preferred. The money man/woman will also be in charge of doling out the swag to other entourage members, so honesty is a must. This person needs to be good with bills, Swiss bank accounts and money laundering.

Forgery and paperwork-alteration skills a definite plus.

Naturally, I need someone to act as a conscience. When I've drunk myself blind with Ripple, I'll need someone to guide my every move.

The ideal candidate should be much older, say 60-ish, and have a gravelly voice from years of chain-smoking induced by worry for me.

Of course, he also should take rejection and ridicule well, as I probably will dismiss his advice with a sloppy wave of my pinky-ringed hand.

Next, a good entourage always needs a procurer.

If it's 4 a.m. and I decide I need a chocolate éclair, a Ferrari and the March 1943 issue of "Reader's Digest," the right candidate can find them in a half hour.

Experience as a pickpocket or card magician required. Please bring references/rap sheet/police record.

Have you ever seen a celeb with a stain on their shirt? No. Know why?

Simple, all the

greats have a wardrobe person as part of their entourage 24-7. I can't be seen in two clubs wearing the same outfit. I have to have my leopard print news meeting gear, my vinyl budget meeting gear, my spandex coffee run outfit, my silk deadline garb and my cashmere driving-home-from-work stuff.

No entourage is complete without a good set of yes-men/women. At least two will be hired.

The right applicants will agree with my every word, no matter how stupid or insane I may be.

These people will also offer brilliant, well-thought-out plans I can immediately steal.

All applicants must submit to a psychological profile first. Back-stabbers need not apply.

I will also be hiring four trophy women. This position will be filled on basis of looks and brains.

The right applicants will possess goddess-like looks coupled with criminal-like minds. They should have a sexy smile that masks devious viciousness.

Trophy girls' primary responsibilities will be to obey my every whim, which they really

won't, and to paralyze enemies with overpowering sex appeal.

Some experience in killing a person with their bare hands a bonus.

Bathing suits will be provided.

As this is *not* Leo's posse, trophy men are not a prerequisite. I don't need any other men showing me up. Leo keeps them around just to show he's better looking than anyone he can find, or so it's claimed.

Of course, like most copy editors, I'll need a legion of bodyguards.

Large, hairy and slow-minded brutes. They should be capable of two whole phrases. "Duh, yes sir," and "Ahh, youse want me to break him,

boss?" Along these same lines, they should also be able to disarm, mangle or kill an individual in seven seconds using any available implements: fork, coffee cup, credit card, salad tongs, cattle prod or seventh grader.

In this time of constant communication, I need a cell-phone bearer.

Optimum traits are small fingers to hit those little buttons, multiple pockets for cell phones and the ability to talk on 24 phones at once.

This is an important role, as I'll need to be in constant communication with all the important people in Lincoln, such as maitre d's, newspaper editors and Danny Nee.

This person will need an assistant. A laptop holder. Naturally, since I'm a world-renowned journalist, I'll have to be able to check my e-mail at any given time.

The final member is probably the most important. The mad

genius.

What I'm looking for is a brilliant, inventive man with a grudge against society.

Preferably, one who has lost a child or wife to "the Man."

The mad genius' main duties will be to devise and develop ways for me to threaten society and peace-loving countries everywhere.

If I want sharks with laser beams strapped on, this person should be able to do it without breaking a sweat.

He should also be able to hook up my home theater system and steal cable, including HBO and Spice.

Fluency in German and willingness to tutor is a bonus.

I know that sounds like a small group. Like I said, I'll add more as needed. Until then, I feel this group should provide me with all I've been missing in life.

I have tentative plans to expand in the fall and add my own theme music and backup singers.

After all, every good columnist should have some.

"Who's the smart-ass hack that's a joke machine with no tact?" Fork!

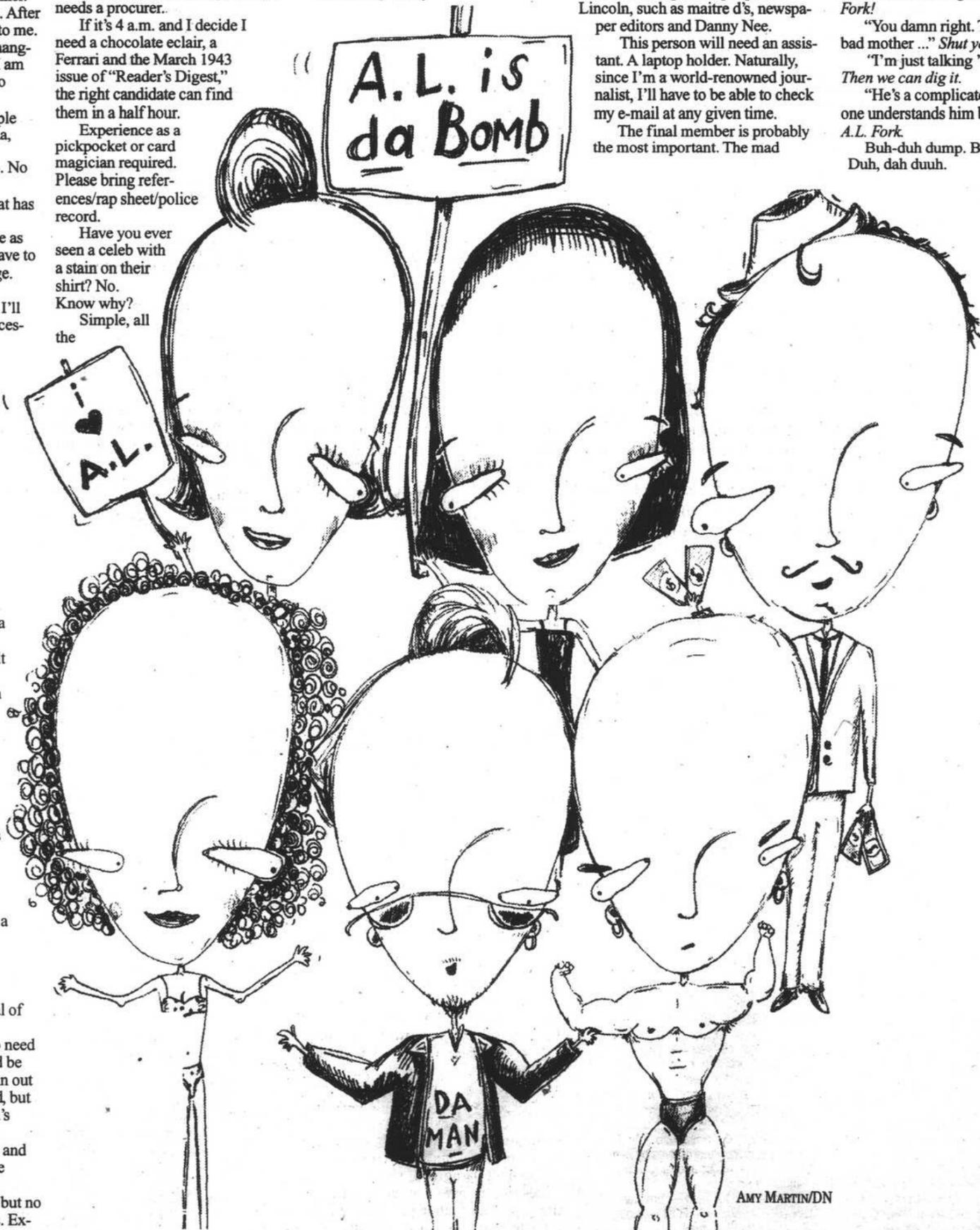
"Ah yeah. Who is the man that'll look like a fool to get a laugh?" A.L. Fork!

"You damn right. That Fork is a bad mother ..."

"Shut your mouth!" "I'm just talking 'bout Fork." Then we can dig it.

"He's a complicated man, and no one understands him but his mother."

A.L. Fork. Buh-duh dump. Buh-duh dump. Duh, dah duuh.



AMY MARTIN/DN