

# OPINION PAGES

## Our VIEW

### A walk in the park

#### Outlaw freshman permits for parking perfection

You are correct in thinking the parking situation on campus is a crock.

You are right to complain the university is not exploring possible solutions to the problem.

But you're wrong if you think the solution has anything to do with paving over more of the campus.

The Daily Nebraskan humbly submits the nasty medicine that can cure your parking woes; hold your nose: Refuse freshmen parking permits.

Freshmen, who are required to live on campus, do not need cars. This is demonstrable by the fact that they don't move the cars they park.

A Daily Nebraskan staffer performed an independent experiment in March, chalking the tires of 20 cars in the Harper-Schramm-Smith Complex lot. Two weeks later, 18 of them had not moved.

Nine out of 10 cars, parked more or less permanently in residence hall lots, is not the most efficient use of space, to say nothing of the cars themselves.

If freshmen newly arrived from the boondocks knew they had a year of carelessness ahead of them, they could plan for it, making travel arrangements for vacation on specially designed, ride-share Web sites supported by UNL.

The shuttle bus system would have to be expanded, of course, both in routes covered and hours of operation, but this should be done in any case.

And students who, as freshmen, learned to ride the bus, catch the shuttles and lock their bikes up will be less likely to require parking when they become sophomores.

Other universities have had success with such measures. The University of Texas at Austin has not offered freshmen parking permits for some time, and seems to have no shortage of incoming students.

And here's the best part, the spoon full of sugar to help the medicine go down: It won't affect you.

The earliest such a radical program could go into effect would be next year, when the current crop of cocky freshmen should be cocky sophomores.

All the more cocky for having a place to park.

“*And here's the best part, the spoon full of sugar to help the medicine go down: It won't affect you.*”

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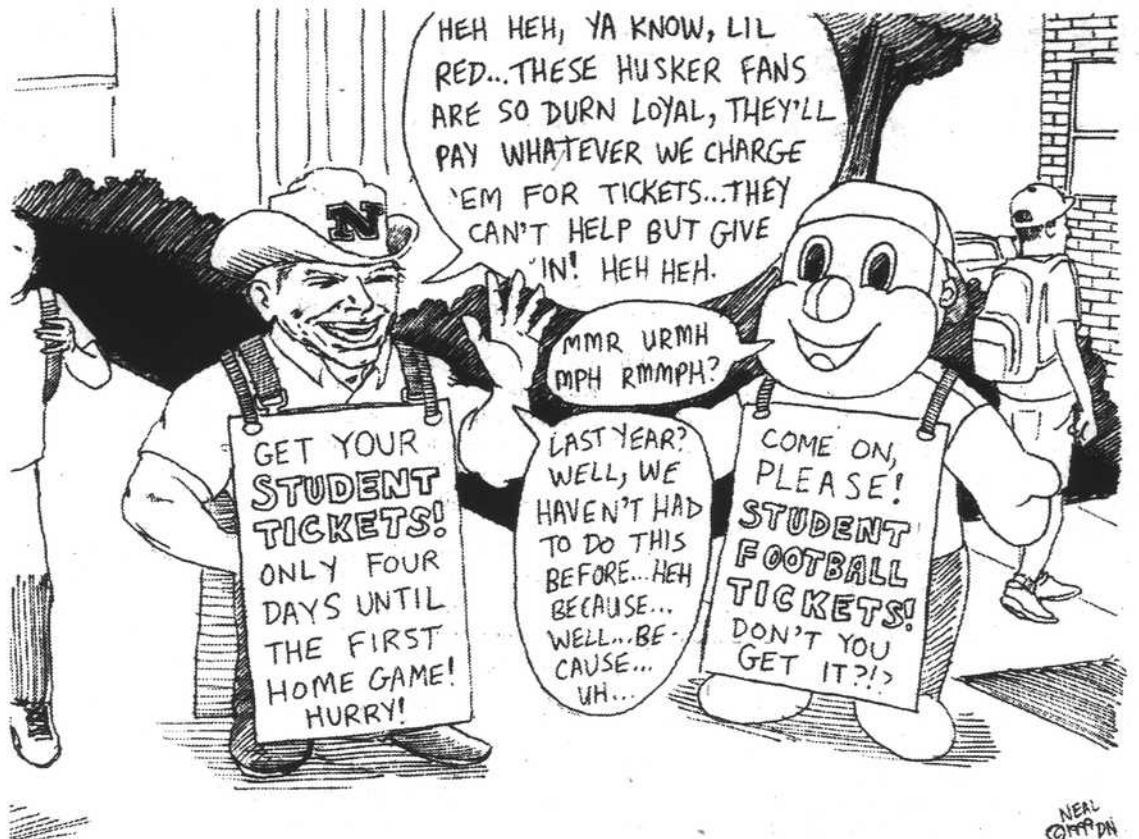
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## Obermeyer's VIEW



## Roommate wanted

Only the emotionally stable need apply



Life has become bleak and bleary. I can no longer eat my Fruity Pebbles as I choke back tears of utter sorrow and despair. There is nothing I can do except get over the loss of one of my roommates and find a new one!

There's no crying in baseball, so why should there be crying over one of my best friends leaving me alone to have pure, unadulterated fun with the remaining two "roommates o' radicalness"?

By the way, it's not like Melissa died or anything, but she is an auditor now, which is pretty darn close.

Let me give you a little taste of the situation I christened "The decision I made when I was thinking none too clearly."

This decision, folks, enabled me to live for the past two years in madness, danger and, best of all, nudity. This decision was to dwell with kind, simple folk that would change my life, (and occasionally my underwear), forever.

Once the quartet of Kara Mihm, Krysti Worster, Melissa Hamiel and myself was formed, we couldn't seem to get rid of one another, much like the rash on Krysti's nether region.

Melissa was the first of the litter that I met. She was wasted, and I had to fight her off at our house-warming party.

As she repeatedly tried to grab my buns, I called the cops and slapped a restraining order on her the size of South Dakota, where people like this come from.

We all know accounting majors are crazy, but this was nuts. Not a good way to be introduced to the ambiance of my new house. Or was it just what the doctor ordered?

Krysti was a breath of smoky, cancer-filled air when I met her. She was Melissa's friend from Nerdhart, which I took as a bad sign, but she was still grieving over the death of Kurt Cobain, and that's all I needed

to know. I instantly had someone to burn flannels, scribble lyrics on flesh, hate the world and feel lost with.

Her only "downfall" is the fact that she's a shopping whore. Shoes are her eternal weakness. They are the key to her heart, and apparently, the key to her ... we'll just stick with heart. If shoes were water, she would have drowned a long time ago in her room.

Kara is the last debutante I graced with my presence. I initially mistook her for a sorority girl who wanted nothing to do with a saucy vixen like me.

I didn't fit into her Gap glamour and glitz world ... or did I? Of course I didn't. But I did discover that she eats sorority girls for breakfast and soon a bitter, snide-comment-filled, who's-bitchier-than-who relationship ignited.

This connection of souls was built on a plethora of hate, but underneath the hate was a little love. Of course, the love shows only when Kara has been fed and burped, but it's there.

I can't really remember when and how I met myself. It was probably the first time I looked in a mirror, although it could've been the time when I fasted for a week and transcended into a spiritual realm more powerful than, well, a mirror I suppose.

Besides being in tune with myself, I'm also the messiest son of a bitch in the world. It's not that I'm messy, per se, I just like to leave things where they lie. Namely, the dishes.

As a unit we are strong, but when we are on our own, we weaken and catch colds like nobody's business.

Even when we stick together, the gods (of Nebraska) have played several mean tricks on us four frolicking beauts, and we've had enough.

Example: Of the two houses we've graced with our presence, two of those have been struck by lightning. You do the math — the odds are not in our favor.

Luckily, no one's appliances got damaged. Oh, wait! Except my stereo, my TV and I believe it was my answering machine that saw the light that night.

That's what I get for saving up my summer money and turning into a materialistic manicurist. I mean

materialistic maniac.

The second sequester of Satan happened a mere month ago. It was 4 in the mornin', and there was a crack of thunder so loud I soiled myself on the spot.

I got up to get a drink and, of course (?), Krysti and Melissa were sleeping on the living room floor. They were frightened as well, and then we smelled smoke. Not from Satan's pipe, but from Kara's "closet of doom."

The outlet had been fried and started an electrical fire that started a Gap-clothes fire that could have killed four girls and several rats.

We have also had several "harmless pranks" pulled on us by our "friends."

It's the timeless battle of girls against boys, and, unfortunately, the boys always win.

Let's see, we've had our porch swing and grill stolen, much to our dismay — although we don't know how to grill or swing.

Once, in the winter, our front door was blockaded by 20 or so old Christmas trees.

Forgetting about the other door to the house, we spent a long winter inside the house eating carpet and bugs, having nothing to drink but an abundant supply of water.

Perhaps the most "respectable" prank happened the night Kara and I arrived home in a stupor. Not necessarily a drunken one, but a stupor nonetheless.

As I went to flip on the lights, no light went on. Something wasn't right.

I figured it for a dead bulb until I tried a different source, and that too failed. This was no power outage, this was anarchy.

We concluded through extensive flipping of the light switches that the boys (i.e. Chris, Rupert, Brent) had taken out every single bulb in our two-story house, including the basement. Yes, they even lifted the refrigerator light.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that if one of you lucky ladies would like to be privy to this array of sordid torture, we are accepting applications to fill Melissa's position.

We just need a silly, sweet, emotionally stable roommate for once. Call any time if we haven't been evicted yet.

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