

## Boy band members shock world with news of secret erotic relations

By Booms

Staff shut

Teenage girls around the globe shuttered today as members of the Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync revealed that they are actually secret lovers.

Justin Timberlake, of the band 'N Sync, and Nick Carter, of the Backstreet Boys, revealed their "dirty secret" on the popular afternoon television program "MTV Total Request Live" hosted by fellow teen dream Carson Daly. (The one who used to go out with Jennifer Love Hewitt.)

Backstreet Boys members Nick, Howie D., AJ, Brian and Kevin all stood somberly together wearing matching suede vests and phat white sneaks while Daly openly gaped as the floor of the sweet MTV studios located in Times Square became wet with pre-pubescent tears from the live studio audience.

And to think that just moments ago, everyone was grooving to the No. 3 video, Limp Bizkit's "Break Stuff."

'N Sync members Justin, JC, Lance, Joey and Chris, clad in matching sparkly silver suits (the ones the group just recently wore on the super-kool cover of "Teen Beat") also stood somberly, each seeming to know that the resounding lyrics of their new hit "Bye Bye Bye" were about to come true.

Justin, formerly known as the heartthrob of 'N Sync, with his cherub-like halo of curly blonde hair and wide, blue eyes (swoon!!!!), said he decided, after consulting his super-cute boyfriend, to make his sexual preferences known on "TRL" because it was something many of his fans are interested in.

"I've been watching myself being chased by this beautiful woman in our video which has been number one on 'TRL' for, like, 50 weeks or something and I just can't take it any more," Justin said. "Especially when in real life I'd much rather be chased by Nick (of the Backstreets)."

Justin also revealed on "TRL" that his hair is not in fact naturally curly, but is a perm.

Daly, who seemed a bit uncomfortable in the presence of the newly outed former teen heartthrobs, seemed at a loss for words.

"So, well, uh," Daly said, "Why don't we take this down to the street where we have our second runner-up of the 'Wanna be a VJ Contest' Dave Holmes ready to rock and roll."

Holmes, who was at the time of the announcement, surrounded by girls on the street holding signs reading things such as "Do me oh yea JC!" and "Take me from the BACKstreets!" really had the first hand word on the streets.

Jenny Bigbangs, 14, from Brooklyn, N.Y., expressed distast at the fact that her two favorite singers, Justin from 'N Sync and Nick, from the Backstreet Boys, were in reality swooning over one another.

"I mean, it would be OK if they were both swooning over me, and, like, wanted to have a threesome or something. But the fact that they want to... DO IT with one another, like, totally makes me want to take down all my posters of them and take their new CD to the trading place. Whatever," Bigbangs said, as she dropped her glitter-covered sign reading "I'm BUSTIN for JUSTIN," onto the litter-filled pavement.

After the final two videos on the TRL countdown ran - the Backstreet Boys' "Show Me The Meaning (Of Being Lonely)" and 'N Sync's "Bye Bye Bye," the channel went back to its regularly scheduled programming.

At a later press conference sponsored by MTV, Nick said he was confident the Boys would hold on to their fan base, especially now that he is openly gay.

"Hey, look at Ricky Martin," he said.

The boy bands' story is reportedly being considered as a possible plot line on the MTV sex-drama "Undressed."

# BOY CRAZY



Stolen Photo (thanks, Liza)

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Justin Timberlake  
'N Sync

The following is a brief list of events this weekend. For more information, contact the venue.

### CONCERTS:

Duffy's Tavern, 1412 O St.  
(402) 474-3543

Sunday: Phallic Fishbowl  
"Straw" Fest

Duggan's Pub, 440 S. 11th St.  
(420) 477-3513

Friday and Saturday: Motorhead

Knickerbocker's, 901 O St.  
(402) 476-6865

Friday: Shittiband  
Saturday: Harmless Hessians and the Hairsprays

Newman Methodist, 2242 R St.  
(402) 477-7899

Friday: Ministry  
Saturday: Meat Beat Manifesto

Royal Grove, 340 W. Cornhusker Highway  
(402) 474-2332

Friday: Chicken Fried Steak and a Lap Dance: \$4.99  
Saturday: The Jerky Boys

### THEATER:

Brass Rail, 1436 O St.  
(402) 474-5741

Friday: Reception for being Voted Hustler's Worst College Bar to Get Laid In  
Saturday: Pig Fest

Iguana's, 1426 O St.  
(402) 476-8850

Friday and Saturday: Slightly Overweight Sorority Girls Drink Themselves Pretty

Lied Center for Performing Arts, 301 N. 12th St.  
(402) 472-4747

Friday: Ballet de Booty with music by 2 Live Crew

Saturday: Off Broadway Performance of Madonna's "Erotica"

Lincoln Community Playhouse, 2500 S. 56th St.  
(402) 489-7529

Friday: "Mime Death Match"  
Saturday: Junior Actors League: "Dr. Suess and Charles Bukowski, A Meeting of the Minds"

Mary Riepma Ross Film Theater, 12th and R streets  
(402) 472-2461

Friday and Saturday: Foreign Films that Make You Question Your Sexuality  
Sunday: Nudie Movies with Subtitles

GALLERIES:  
Haydon Gallery, 335 N. Eighth St  
(402) 475-5421

All weekend: More Plains Art

Noyes Gallery, 119 S. Ninth St.  
(402) 475-1061

All weekend: More Plains Art

The Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, 12th and R streets  
(402) 472-2461

All weekend: "Bring Pens," "Stand Too Close to the Art" and "Book Bags Welcome"

### MISCELLANEOUS:

Daily Nebraskan, Room 20, Nebraska Union  
(402) 472-2588

All weekend: Evil snickers during discussions of how we can improve upon our political favoritism and other underhanded conspiracies

Lincoln Journal Star, 926 P St.  
(402) 473-7300

Friday: Take a Heroine Addict to Work Day

## UNL graduate is the 'bad' in Badazz, does dad proud

By Styles from "Teen Wolf"

What are you looking at dicknose?

For most students at UNL, operating a bait and tackle shop two miles from Memphis Lake would be a dream come true.

But for Dale "Double D" Davis there were bigger fish to fry.

He wanted to sell guns.

The 32-year-old self-employed entrepreneur graduated from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln with a general studies degree two years ago and joined the work force. It wasn't long before he realized there was something lacking.

"Well, I got the bait and tackle shop 'cause my sister got herself pregnant and couldn't lift the 5-gallon buckets of ice anymore," he said, itching something near his eye. "And it was really great for a while, I got to listen to the radio and shit, but you know, I don't like dealing with the type of people who come into bait shops, you know, uppity types."

So he gave it all up. Packed his clothes, tapes and boom box into the dodge hatchback his cousin traded him for a pair of stretch denim jeans and headed into the great unknown - back to Lincoln.

This time, however, Double D was armed.

"Well, I wrote me up one of them resumes," he said, pronouncing it "ree-zooms." "Boy, that thing made a big difference. Used to be I'd go to a place and they'd take one look at my feathered hair and Dusty Springfield shirt and send me packin'. Now I show them my resume and I aint thrown out so quick."

"Best part about it is the respect I get now, it's like I'm saying to the world, 'fuck me? No, fuck you!'"

It wasn't long before Double D was behind the counter of BadAzz Pawn Shop, 11th and D streets,

selling weapons he had so many times considered turning upon himself. It was quite an accomplishment and all of Double D's family were very proud.

"Who the fuck is Double D?" said his estranged father.

Never one to be selfish, Double D decided to share his resume writing gift with the rest of the world and has been offering seminars in Taco Bell parking lots and UPC-sponsored events ever since. He'll be featured in this spring's UNL Job Prom and said that along the way he's developed a formula for the perfect resume.

"Say you've got a van," said Double D, looking as serious as he did when he actually had a heart attack. "I mean, I'll put that sumbitchin' Dodge up to any fuckin' van anyway, I'll blow the doors off anything. For some reason though, having a van is kind like of a symbol of like, you know, sophistication, so just say you've got one."

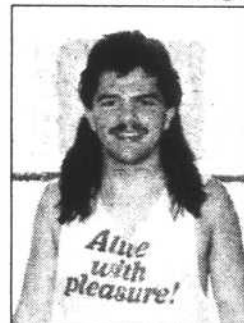
He pulled out his resume, which was scrawled with a crayon on a crumpled Burger King napkin housed inside his Velcro Rude Dog wallet, and started listing some of the things he felt got him the job.

"For experience I knew they'd want someone who sold shit before, so I put about how I used to sell shot-guns and crystal meth at Dirk's house," he said, now curiously scratching his inner thighs. "Then I thought about how not just any dumbass can sell guns, so I'd better show how I'm smart, so I just put that I'm smart."

Finally Double D said the finishing touch on the resume had to showcase his personal skill.

"I think that, like, if I was going to hire somebody, which hopefully soon I'll have my own gun business, I'd want to see an example of their ability to do stuff, so I put about how I can take a huge hit from a gravity bong and then burp pot smoke and say the lyrics to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' by Warrent, all at the same time," he said. "I mean, if that doesn't get 'em, like, I wouldn't wanna work for that pussy anyway."

When BadAzz Pawn Shop was contacted for comment by the Daily Halfasskan, they didn't know who the fuck Double D was either.



Double D

WEEKEND PREVIEW