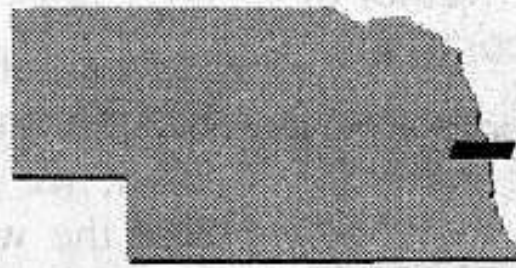


A Fresh Look At Nebraska



-Isms

By LuAnn Schindler

By LuAnn Schindler

Women across the country dread the season. Your significant other's attention is caught up in a sporting event. Nothing diverts his attention. He keeps his eye on the prize; he knows the good shot is near.

I wouldn't mind being a football widow; however, I can't belong to that group. I like the atmosphere of a football game on a crisp - and sometimes hot - autumn day. I long for bone-crushing, throw-'em-to-the-ground, smashmouth football. Nothing beats a Saturday filled with ESPN Game Day, a Husker game, and three additional games on TV.

Instead, I'm a hunting widow. Hunting season begins after football kicks off in late August. It's kind of like football. Hunters begin with little creatures like squirrels or prairie chickens. These animals resemble the non-conference game schedule: the critters you know you can handily defeat because of their size and their ability (or lack of) to hide.

After a month or so, you progress from small, innocent game to something a bit more challenging. You're ready for those conference foes that might make a splash. In reality, you will defeat them by at least 20 points. I'm talking about foes like ducks and wild turkeys. Sometimes, the enemy flies high; other times, he can't scramble. Kind of like a linebacker throwing the QB for a loss.

Then you are ready for the big game(s) of the season. It's time to go after Bambi, or the conference teams you battle late in the year. These are the games everyone enjoys watching on mid-November afternoons when a season is at stake, like Oklahoma v. Nebraska or Michigan v. Ohio State. You know, the BIG games!

Put in proper perspective, I shouldn't mind that during hunting season, life comes to a standstill. I anticipate any good game, just not grouse or pheasant.

When Scott scored a buck, I related it to football. Scott's the quarterback rifling the bullet through the air for a completion. Adrenaline races, and I'm positive if we were in a football stadium, the crowd would be cheering crazily. At the least, they'd do the wave.

Part of me doesn't understand hunting. You're in the hunt, like a team trying to maintain a successful season. You're attempting to annihilate the opponent, something like trouncing a team 73-31. You proudly sport the team's favorite color of orange; I prefer scarlet and cream. And you're still in the hunt for bragging rights over who earned the biggest trophy.

I'm growing accustomed to the game that I'm still learning. At least I'm learning the rules.

But for now, I'll stick with the game I was introduced to at age five, the game I used to keep statistics for and could name every player on the roster, the game where Christmas vacation occasionally meant Christmas in Dallas, or Miami, or San Diego.

Yup, I just prefer the game played between the goal posts, on a carpet of field turf, with 86,000 screaming fan(atic)s.....and a possible trip to a post-season game.

Contact LuAnn on Facebook, Twitter @luannschindler, or by e-mail, luann@gpcom.net.