



Michael Matthews  
'03M.S.



Julie Terrell '04

**Mary Allen '00** (management) is living in Carson City. Mary works for the state of Nevada in the Division of Health Care Financing and Policy.

**Aaron Fricke '02** (logistics management) has joined Brownstein Hyatt Farber as an associate in the litigation group. Most recently, Aaron was an associate at Maupin, Cox and LeGoy in Reno. He received his law degree

from the University of Notre Dame Law School. Aaron is a member of the American Bar Association, and he served in the U.S. Navy from 1994-96.

**Michael Matthews '03M.S.** (secondary education) recently received the University of Nebraska at Omaha Outstanding Teaching Award, which honors distinguished teaching in the classroom. Michael is an assistant pro-

fessor in the Department of Math, College of Arts and Sciences. He is involved with several initiatives targeting the content knowledge and pedagogy skills of Nebraska teachers. Michael holds a master's of science and a doctorate in mathematics from the University of Iowa.

**Julie Terrell '04** (animal science) has joined the accounting team at the Bosma Group, P.C.



## Kickin' it with K-von | Schehera-DAD

As kids, my younger brother and I asked far too many questions, and our parents' methods of dealing

with this differed. My mother would encourage us to conduct our own research, an academic approach that required effort on our part. While factual, it deterred us from bugging our mom, which was perhaps the desired effect.

My father, on the other hand, would never admit to not knowing an answer. Unbeknownst to us, he would simply just make something up. This led us to believe Dad was a wealth of information on just about any subject.

"Dad, why is the sky blue?"

"Because God painted it with a giant brush."

"Why do boys and girls have different parts?"

"Girls used to have one, but when they put on a dress it fell off." The horror! My brother and I vowed to never try on Mom's clothes; the risk was just too great.

Similarly, when it was time for bed, our mother would give us good reason to get our rest, yet we would defiantly refuse ... and that is when Dad would come in the room. "If you don't want to sleep, you don't have to ... just close your eyes very tight so the sleep can't get in."

Now that sounded like a fine idea. Most nights we were treated to a bedtime story. We were all in the same configuration: my brother and I in our bunks and my dad lying on the floor looking at the ceiling, as he spun crafty tales in the darkened room.

Always a new story, always fascinating, and always ending just too soon, leaving us wanting more ... like a real-life Scheherazade, the wily Persian storyteller from "One Thousand and One Nights" who kept herself alive by basically inventing the cliffhanger ... but better. He was our very own Schehera-DAD!

His stories were bold, exciting, full of plot twists. Some tales were scary and mysterious, while others were educational, teaching us the pitfalls of human ego and greed. I came to believe I had the coolest dad in the whole world. In comparison with my school friends, I found that, while their fathers may have read a story to them here and there, my dad was the only one to actually make one up each and every night, reciting it with no text to draw from. Can you imagine the creativity and ingenuity that took? And, they were good stories.

One of my friends wasn't so sure. As I retold one of Dad's masterpieces about an ex-Green Beret who fought his way through the jungles of Vietnam armed only with bow and arrow and a large hunting knife, my friend interrupted ... "That's Rambo."

Indeed it was, but how did this young man know my father's fierce tale of the great John Rambo?! "Because it's a movie, you idiot," was his reply. I was astonished.

Had my father been so humble that he sold a number of his tales to Hollywood to be made into blockbuster movies? This was unbelievable. We were always so poor; what was he doing with the money? Boy, was Mom going to be mad when she discovered this new tidbit of information.

It was not long after the Rambo discussion with my friend, that I put it all together, had an aha! moment, and realized that my dad was no Scheherazade, and these were not his stories at all. In fact, this was why he had such strict rules about not letting us watch any R-rated movies. It had nothing to do with the questionable content. His censorship was in place so he could continue watching the movies himself and retelling them to his mesmerized audience of two.

Although the jig was up—as it had already been for the Tooth Fairy and Santa—even as a kid you know that sometimes it's best to feign ignorance, keep your mouth shut and continue to be on the receiving end. That night, I let Dad tell us his newest story and enjoyed it as always, without objection. "Goodnight boys, and if you behave, tomorrow I'll tell you the story of RoboCop."

"Sounds good, Dad. Can't wait!" Then with a smile, I rolled over and closed my eyes tight so the sleep couldn't get in.

*K-von '03 (marketing) is a Nevada alum and comedian. Currently you can see his videos and tour schedule on [www.K-vonComedy.com](http://www.K-vonComedy.com) and Facebook.com/KvonComedy*