

# Could I ask you questions?

By CATHY RIELY  
Staff Writer

What are people's reactions when a strange man walks up and pries into their lives and personal belongings? My assignment this week — to find the answer to that infamous David Letterman question — "whatcha got in the bag?"

My mother warned me never to talk to strangers, so I was thrilled when a kind, but possibly misinformed, soul offered to help. (Did he really know what he was getting himself into?) His job, the notorious Mr. Curious; and mine, the inconspicuous reporter who is furiously taking notes while hiding behind a potted plant.

Apprehensive at first, I was starting to get into the spirit of things. Armed with a tape recorder, Mr. Curious and I headed over to the Blocker Building with our adventurous and inconspicuous staff photographer. Our job, to capture the excitement of the event, on tape and on film. And that we did.

Our first victims, two women innocently chatting outside the Blocker Building.

"Hi there. I'm Mr. Curious and I was just wondering if you girls are just standing around waiting for class, or just standing around talking for the hell of it, or what?"

"We're just standing here talking." (so what's it to you?)

"Those are really nice shoes — did ya'll buy those shoes here in town or did you buy those shoes in Houston or something?"

"Dallas." (they looked like they were from Dallas)

"What's that ribbon thing stand for there?" (a sorority insignia of sorts)

"It's to remind me to wash my clothes. Really we should go." (definitely annoyed)

"Are ya'll busy — do you have to run off right now?"

"Yeah, we do."

"Well it was really nice talking to you — my name's Mr. Curious and look for it in the Battalion — okay?"

"Sure." (these girls obviously thought Mr. Curious was trying a new pick-up line)

On to our next prey...

"Hi there. I'm Mr. Curious. Are you just kind of sitting around waiting to go to class or what?" (I want to know what the "or what" could be)

"Uh — yeah." (these words, accompanied by a nervous giggle, lead me to believe that this was not a speech communications major)

"Do you sit out here a lot?"

"Uh — no." (need I say more)

"On days like this I would think you might go inside or something. It's not exactly the

sunniest day or anything."

"Uh — I'm just waiting to go to class." (either this man is nervous, or has a remarkably small vocabulary)

"What class?"

"BANA 217."

"Are you a BANA major or a business major or..."

"Looord no."

"What are you majoring in?"

"Ag. Eco." (I rest my case)

Now we move on to a more serious sort.

"Hi there. I hate to bother you when you're in such a serious mood. You look like you're contemplating something serious. Mind if I ask you what it is?"

Are those 501's by any chance?"

"Uh — no, they're not. They're just plain old blue jeans."

"What is the polar bear? (instead of an alligator) What store has the polar bear?"

"I really don't know. I got it for a present."

"Your mom gave it to you, right?"

"No, actually I think one of my aunts did this time."

"What's your major by the way?"

"MBA." (the man has an MBA and all his relatives dress him)

Now we've finally found someone who can b.s. as much

"I'm just kidding." (he finally admitted to us) "My shorts — where did I get these? — a place in the mall. What is this for?" (the first person to question our motives)

"This is for the Battalion."

"Pat Magee's, Pat Magee's."

"Nice shorts. You ever been to Hawaii?"

"Nope — never been."

"Well, why are you wearing a Hawaiian shirt?" (the b.s. begins)

"Why am I wearing a Hawaiian shirt? Hawaii is — is a state of mind, you see. It's in your heart, okay? And you can take just a little piece of Hawaii with you wherever you go. This is just an outer manifestation of some inward, you know, mental content. It's obvious." (it's getting deep)

"It's not exactly a Hawaiian kind of day though."

"No — but as I said — the weather is an outward manifestation of God's mental content, not my mental content. My mental content is Hawaii; it's beach, it's windsurf, it's women, it's this t-shirt."

"Okay, a question for you." (to his friend) "Is he always this full of shit, or is this just for me?"

"I believe it's just for you."

"Well that's nice to know."

This next query probably started a fight.

"Hi there. I'm Mr. Curious and I'm just out here asking people questions today. I was wondering, have you two been dating long?"

"A little while, well about two months."

"Two months, that's pretty good. A nice-looking young couple. Do you ever plan on getting married, or is that too far in the future?"

"We haven't thought about it yet." (but you can bet it's going to come up in conversation soon)

Finally, our last victim.

"Hi there. I'm Mr. Curious and I'm out here asking people questions today. I was wondering if you'd mind if I asked you a couple of questions."

"Not really." (as he's running to get into the building)

"Are you on your way to class?"

"Yeah — I'm going to English right now."

"Is your last name really Eagle or is that just..." (referring to the cadet's nametag)

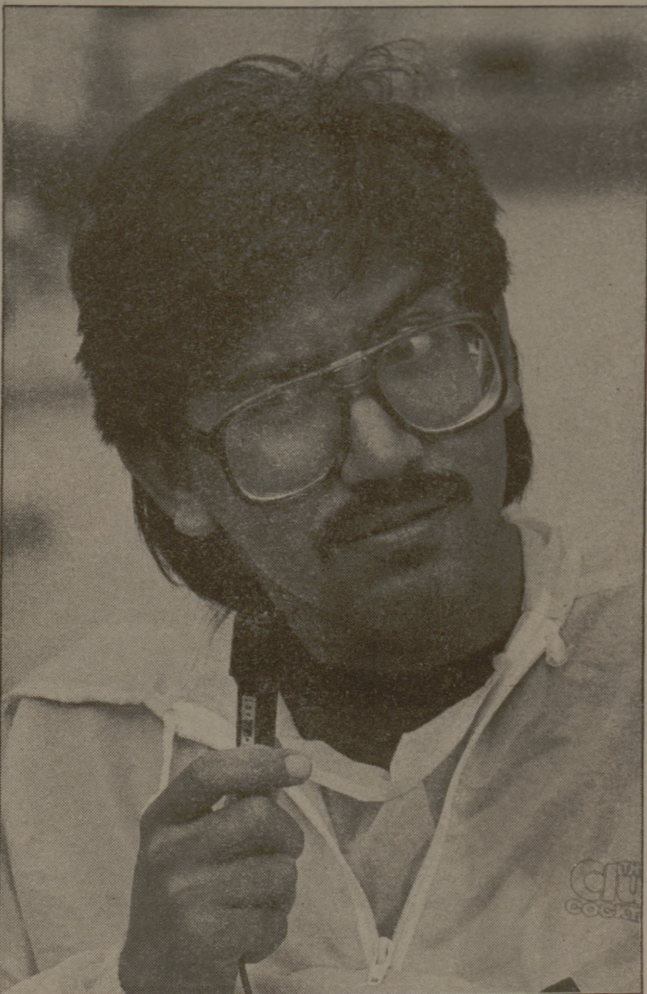
"That's really it."

"Is that an Indian name?"

"English."

"Well, that's really interesting. Thanks a lot."

And thanks to all the wonderful people who helped out — and remember, it's all in fun. ♪



Mr. Curious

"Uh — we're doing some accounting research. I'm just thinking of something we have to work on."

"Looks like a lot of numbers there — looks like you'd have to be pretty serious to do all that stuff. I'm Mr. Curious and I just thought I'd ask you a couple of questions. Those are really nice shoes — where'd you get those shoes?"

"We got 'em in San Antonio."

"We got 'em in San Antonio?"

"Of course — I always have my mother come pick out my stuff for me."

"That's really nice to know."

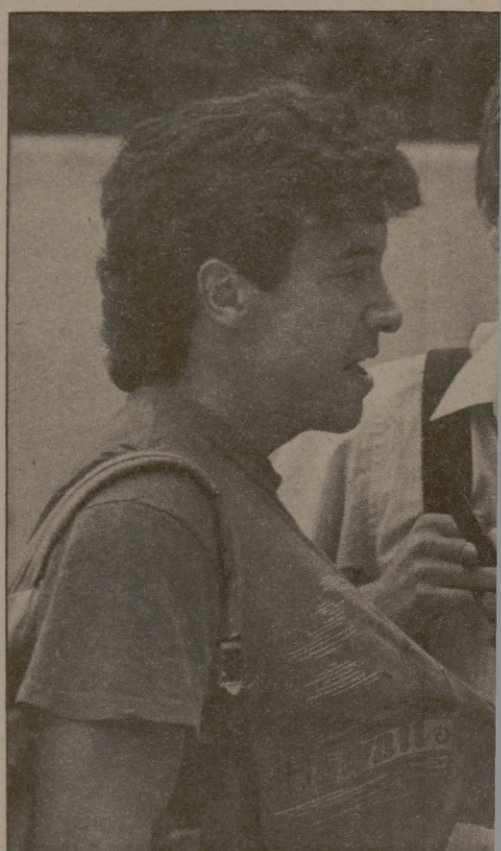
as Mr. Curious.

"Hi there. I'm Mr. Curious and I'm just out here asking people questions today. So, if you don't mind answering a few questions..."

"No problema, no problema."

"First of all, where did you get those shorts?" (some sort of large birds print)

(It was at this point that our victim began chattering in several different languages, or so it seemed. After five minutes or so of non-communication, it was finally determined that we were being had. Our victim only spoke one language fluently, English.)



Expanding on the re