

A great day

About three or four months ago I was talking with an old high school friend who now lives near Denver. We were talking about none other than Husker football. After a little discussion we decided we should try and get a group of people together and go to the Nebraska/Colorado game in Boulder this year.

I pretty much left everything up to him and his friends. Tickets, hotel and plans—all on their shoulders. All I knew was I was to arrive in Boulder a couple hours before the game to meet them and get ready.

There was only one other thing I needed to do, decide whether or not I was going to wear red.

My dad took my brother and I to Boulder years ago for a game. I honestly couldn't tell you the year or even if we won. There are a couple of things I can tell you however. We were decked head to toe in Husker red and for some reason, those Buff fans didn't really like us being there. Nothing horrible happened but we just felt unwanted.

What did we do about it? Nothing, other than after the majority of the crowd had left, we went around and gathered up stacks and stacks of those plastic cups used to serve pop in. We took them home which seemed weird because they had CU stamped all over them. Why would Husker fans be proud of drinking out of these CU Buff cups? I don't know, I guess we had free cups. I think my parents still use them to this day.

Anyway, this year I met my friend and his posse at the hotel. I had made my decision, I was wearing red and was going to wear it proudly. We proceeded to the Harvest House down near the stadium where we hung out with most, if not all of the Husker fans in Boulder before the game.

I ran into some people I knew from Imperial, Neb., and then something crazy happened. I was

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standing there and looked across the lawn and there stood one of my fraternity brothers from Missouri! What!?! He is a Husker fan but it was absolutely nuts seeing someone I went to school with, nearly 10 hours away.

Walking to Folsom Field, there was the occasional “go back to Lincoln,” yelled but other than that, the fans were fairly nice.

We found our seats and were ready to witness the final Big 12 regular season game of the year. It was so nice out, definitely not the kind of weather one expect in late November in Boulder.

We were happy when our beloved Huskers came away with the win but were a little leery of how the walk out of the stadium would go. To our surprise, everyone was really nice. We did hear some people yell “Texas is going to murder Nebraska.”

As a fan of the Big Red, I am not saying we will beat Texas in the Big 12 Championship, but I hope we can give them somewhat of a game.

Later that night, we found ourselves downtown near the restaurants and bars still wearing our red. Every establishment we made it to, we were greeted with, “good game today” or “good luck against Texas” or the best one of all “you Nebraska fans are some of the nicest fans we have seen in Boulder.”

What a warm feeling. Fans of different teams hanging out and having fun after the game. Something I did not see in 2005 when Nebraska traveled to Columbia, Mo., and got thumped by the Tigers.

I had the pleasure of being at that game and we were forced to leave during the third quarter because the fans wouldn't stop messing with us. Not to mention we were losing so badly we weren't going to mount the comeback. On the way out we were yelled at with some not so nice words.

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I just want to thank Buffalo fans and those fine people in Boulder with the way they treated us last Friday. A class act! The only real negative thing was the way they talked about Dan Hawkins.