

ARETÉ

Monmouth University Honors School Newsletter

In loving memory of...

Jane Freed: a friend of the Honors School



Volume 8, Issue 1

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4 *A Celebration of Jane Freed's Life*

Megan Conrad

Jane Freed was a proud alumna of Monmouth University, an active member of the Honors Council, a supporter of both the Monmouth University Field Hockey team and the Honors School, and a friend of the University. She passed away on May 3rd, 2013. A memorial service was held on September 6th, 2013.

The program began on the Shadow Lawn, where a tree was planted in Jane's honor. Following the dedication of the tree, many members of the University and community shared remarks about Jane Freed. Remarks were made by President Paul Brown, Dr. Mitchell, Mrs. Reenie Menditto, and Jane's children.

Through these remarks, the friends and family of Jane pieced together the stories of her life for all of those in attendance, including Monmouth University Honors students, athletes, staff, faculty, and friends of the University. It was through these remarks that we learned about Jane's passion for education, which led her to Monmouth University. During this time, she studied with Dr. Mitchell, working on his books and excavations. She valued her education, and wanted to share these opportunities with other students. This is what inspired Jane to assist in creating an Honors school at Monmouth, as well as scholarship opportunities for these students. Through Jane's generosity Honors students were able to attend many events, such as the Back to School BBQ and the pizza party, and receive scholarships for their hard work on the thesis project.

The event had an overwhelming amount of support from members of athletics, members of the University, and members of the Honors School. Many of the Honors students were present at this event to pay respects to Jane and to thank her for all that she has done for the Honors School.

Jane Freed will always be a part of the Honors School and our campus. Her legacy has been embodied in the tree that was planted in her memory, but also in the seeds she helped plant in the minds of each and every Honors student.

PHOTOS COURTESY of Reenie Menditto (From top to bottom, Jane Freed; Freed with Former University President Paul Gaffeny; Freed with Provost Thomas Pearson; Freed with Honors School Staff; and Freed with daughter Liz Freed)



Jonathan Murray explores Unions in China

Jennifer Broman

Writing an Honors thesis can be one of the most daunting tasks of an Honors student's academic career. It is the prospect of this assignment that haunts Honors students throughout their first and second years—the knowledge that, at some point in the near future, they will have to begin this massive project called “The Proposal.” This will then lead to an even bigger project: The Thesis itself. The thesis project can be intimidating, even frightening. It is always encouraging, however, to take the advice of students who have experienced the overwhelming amount of work and intense emotions accompanying the thesis process.

Jonathan Murray is a senior at Monmouth University. His major is Business Administration with a Concentration in Finance. He is currently in the process of writing his Honors Thesis, while at the same time attempting to balance life as a student. While being a senator on the Student Government Association, serving on the committee for the Finance club, as well as working for the Office of Off Campus and Commuter Services, Murray has found a unique way of writing his thesis.

Murray described his thesis by saying, “My thesis is on Chinese Labor unions, and how the current labor union in China is not working properly to protect worker's rights. By changing the way unions are run in China to how they were in the US could fix some problems. Once this is accomplished I think this can help level the playing field for manufacturing around the world and possibly bring some jobs back to the US.”

Murray offered a bit of advice to current and future Honors students. “The most important lesson is to pace yourself. Don't let everything build up until before a deadline... this project can get out of hand if you let it, so it definitely helps to space things out; this way it doesn't seem so overwhelming.”

Murray also touched on the subject of the new HO-497 Pre Proposal class, saying that he would have taken it if it had been offered to him. He suggested that current Honors students consider taking the class because any preparation is

helpful.

Murray has been working with advisor Dr. Patrick O'Halloran (Economics, Finance, and Real Estate). Murray gives credit to his parents for being the most influential people in his life, stating that they work very hard and it is a work ethic he has picked up from them. He hopes to either work at the school for a while or work where he is currently interning. Eventually, his goal is to open his own business.



PHOTO COURTESY of Jon Murray

Erin Hawk, Assistant to the Dean, spoke of Murray as “honest, hardworking, extraordinarily competent, and very pleasant.”

Reenie Menditto, Director of Student Standards, Advising, and Services for the Honors School, stated, “(Murray) is always willing to come to our aid when we are looking for volunteers. Jonathan is my ‘go to’ guy when it comes to commuter Honors students.”

“My thesis is on Chinese Labor unions, and how the current labor union in China is not working properly to protect worker's rights. By changing the way unions are run in China to how they were in the US could fix some problems. Once this is accomplished I think this can help level the playing field for manufacturing around the world and possibly bring some jobs back to the US.”

6 Honors Thesis Experience

Andrew Colucci: Island of Nevis in West Indies

Ryan Murphy

Every Honors student experiences a certain level of anxiety, perplexity, or apprehension when it comes to the capstone Honors Thesis - it is just a universal thing that all Honors students have to stress over, right? Andrew Colucci, a senior Anthropology/Archeology student disagrees! Colucci is in the final stages of his Honors Thesis and recounts that when everything is said and done, it was not all that bad!

Colucci's project, titled "The Walls of Nevis," observes and analyzes British colonial fortifications on an island of Nevis in the West Indies. "Specifically, I will be using geographic information systems technology (GIS), as well as historical evidence and archaeological remains, to analyze the military fortification's combat effectiveness on the basis of design, armament, and garrison," Colucci comments. He further explains that GIS systems "are mapping programs used to better understand spatial patterns. Google maps and GPS are basic GIS systems."

When taking on the thesis, students are encouraged by the Honors faculty and staff to produce a novel project, regardless of the subject matter. Colucci not only succeeded in creating a unique project but also is now considered to be one of the foremost experts of colonial military fortifications in the British



PHOTO COURTESY of Andrew Colucci

Caribbean. Colucci states that there is little work done in this area, and he hopes to expand upon the subject by "demonstrating the use of GIS in both documentation of historical sites and analysis of existing archaeological remains."

Outside of this project, Colucci has also been putting together some research on the topic that is to be presented to the island's government.

Colucci also offers some advice to students who are either in or approaching the thesis experience. "Thesis work does not have to be hard. Every day I hear of the difficulties and stress that comes out of doing thesis research and writing. I know it is a cliché, but doing something that you truly love will make the experience an enjoyable one," Colucci advises. He also believes in the importance of getting to know one's thesis advisor on a deeper level. Colucci reports that his relationships with both Dr. Edward Gonzalez-Ten-nant and Dr. Richard Viet have been invaluable during his time at Monmouth.

Colucci plans to use this area as the topic of his Master's thesis, which he will earn in the Spring of 2015. Dr. Gonzalez-Ten-nant is also assisting Colucci in pursuing opportunities in Ph.D programs for Caribbean archaeology.

Professor Highlight: Dr. Christine Hatchard

Tara Egenton

Dr. Christine Hatchard of the Department of Psychology transferred to Monmouth University in 1997 as a Sophomore and was accepted into the Honors Program which later became the Honors School.

Today, she is an Assistant Professor at Monmouth University; the Department of Psychology's Field Placement Developer and Coordinator; and Director of the Clinical Psychology Research Center. Dr. Hatchard is also a licensed clinical psychologist with her own private practice in Eatontown, specializing in psychodynamic therapy and forensic assessment for sexual abuse civil litigations.

She is also the Executive Director and President of the Board of Directors for Making Daughters Safe Again, Inc. Her nonprofit organization provides training for professionals and support services for survivors of mother-daughter sexual abuse. She directed and produced the documentary *Who Will Love Me? Four Stories of Mother-Daughter Sexual Abuse*.

Dr. Hatchard began at Monmouth as a Biology major

with the intention of becoming a physician. However, a passion for Psychology was sparked while taking an Honors Introduction to Psychology class during her first semester.

"I found myself reading chapters ahead of time and was fascinated by the material," she said. "I enjoyed the Honors program's smaller class sizes and focus on student engagement. It was more seminar-style with in-depth discussion, which is a unique opportunity for an introductory-level general education course."

Dr. Hatchard believes her Honors thesis helped her gain direct admission from Monmouth to Chestnut Hill College's Doctoral program in Clinical Psychology. She presented this thesis with Dr. Stapley, Associate Professor of Psychology at the Society for Research in Child Development (SRCD).

She graduated in 2007 with her doctorate and accepted a temporary position as an instructor at Monmouth University in 2008 while she completed her postdoctoral hours required for psychology licensure. She was then promoted to Specialist Professor and then Assistant Professor. (Continued on page 7)

Happy Birthday, Monmouth University!

Carolina Carvalho

On Wednesday October 9, Monmouth University celebrated 80 years of education and leadership during its annual Founder's Day celebration. After nearly the entire faculty and the invited and honored guests and student leaders, including numerous Honors School students, were officially seated, our new and welcomed President Paul R. Brown began the convocation ceremony as he started with some opening remarks about Monmouth University's mission and leading role as a university.

During the celebration, the attendees were reminded of how young Monmouth is as a university and that it is growing greatly every year. One key example that was used to show how much the school exemplified its development is its leadership role during Hurricane Sandy. For the many people who were not able to live in their homes during this time, Monmouth's Multipurpose Activity Center provided temporary shelter, so much so that it was ranked as one of the largest evacuation spots in New Jersey. In addition, during this time, the University's Student Government Association created the Monmouth Hawks Fly Together for Relief Foundation and donated all its proceeds to the victims of Hurricane Sandy. The President of the Student Government Association, Kelly Craig, addressed the audience during the ceremony and reminded us all of the great resources and experiences Monmouth has to offer.

The Vice President for Academic Affairs and Provost, Thomas S. Pearson, recognized the student leaders and Honors School scholars of the school, explaining the role each student plays as an academic leader on campus.

The first of the two honorable awards during the ceremony was the "Distinguished Alumni Award" which was given to the talented and master sculptor, Brian Hanlon. Hanlon, who graduated from Monmouth in 1988, is more than an accom-

plished sculptor, as he has created more than 300 public and private art pieces since 1986 and is founder of Hanlon Sculpture Studio. The alumnus gave a moving speech, as he spoke briefly about his journey before, during, and after being a student at Monmouth. He thanked specific individuals from and outside the University who helped make his dream possible, especially thanking his family who were all in attendance at the ceremony. The second honorable award known as the "Conferral of Honorary Degree" was given to Mary Ann Christopher, an accomplished Doctor of Public Health. Her accomplishments include serving presently as president and CEO of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, which is "the nation's largest not-for-profit home-and-community-based health care organization," as well as being a leading national voice on a wide range of present health care issues. In the past, Mrs. Christopher was CEO of the Visiting Nurse Association Health Group. As our Founder's Day speaker, Mrs. Christopher discussed her field of work and the power one has in society. Mrs. Christopher emphasized within her speech that each of us as individuals is "a ray of light," as we can positively help and change not only another individual's life, but also our society.

As the convocation ceremony came to a close, under the direction of Dr. David M. Tripold, Monmouth University's Chamber and Concert Choruses sang a wonderful musical selection, "Credo," by Mark Hayes. Under the direction of Dr. David M. Tripold and the Monmouth University Chamber Orchestra's direction, Professor Michael Gillette and Assistant Conductor, Professor Bryan Jenner, all the faculty, honorees, and invited students all sang to Monmouth University's Alma Mater together as the 80th Founder's Day celebration came to a successful close.

Professor Highlight: Dr. Christine Hatchard

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"I did not realize how much I would love teaching," Dr. Hatchard said. "I was shy when I was a student at Monmouth and never would have imagined that I would teach here one day. However, I loved the professors as a student and I now greatly enjoy working beside them as colleagues."

Dr. Hatchard currently teaches Introduction to Psychology Honors among other Psychology classes such as Introduction to Clinical Psychology, Abnormal Psychology and Field Experience.

"The Honors classes are always enthusiastic and eager to learn. I try to help them understand the relevance of Psychology to their lives and future careers, regardless of their major."

Her advice to Monmouth's Honors students is, "Stay

focused on your goals, but also be flexible and open to new experiences and developing interests so that you don't miss any opportunities."

Dr. Hatchard also hopes that Monmouth's Psychology majors realize that they are part of a special department.

"The Department of Psychology prides itself on forming personal relationships with students and providing them with excellent research and internship opportunities. We consider it a privilege to teach and mentor our students," she said.

Overall, Dr. Hatchard feels fortunate to be part of the Monmouth community. "The University truly cares about its students and that is one of the reasons that I selected Monmouth as a student and work here today."

8 *Featured Events*

Welcome Back Barbeque

Sara Iantosca



The annual Honors School Barbeque took place on Thursday, October 3rd, 2013 and a great time was had by all! In attendance were current honors students, both first year and upperclassmen as well as a few alumni and several Honors professors. The raffle offered many fantastic prizes and students were excited to win. The food was great, the company was great, and the atmosphere was absolutely fun and positive. Smiles and laughs, stories and jokes, food and prizes, all in all a complete success! As a former Honors student, now a graduate student, I was very happy to see that the barbeque continues to be such a great success. Through my entire four years in undergrad I loved going to the barbeque and was excited to receive the invitation as an alumna.

National Collegiate Honors Council's Annual Conference

Kevin Holton

The Honors School of Monmouth University occasionally gets to take a portion of its core faculty and select students to various conferences throughout the United States. This past November, from the 6th to the 10th, a small group traveled down to New Orleans, Louisiana to the National Collegiate Honors Council's annual conference. The group consisted of Dr. Kevin Dooley, dean of the Honors College; Irene Menditto, Director of Student Standards, Advising & Services; Ryan Murphy, senior psychology major; and me, junior English major.

"It's always a good opportunity to discuss honors-related issues with a variety of people from honors institutions, such as program development and best practices," said Dooley, adding, "Plus it's always nice to spend a few days in warmer weather."

"I had such a fantastic time attending a conference with engaging students from all over the country, in a city that did not disappoint," Murphy said. "I felt privileged to represent Monmouth University on such a great trip."

Though our flight out was delayed by about an hour, we managed to land half an hour ahead of schedule, turning a three and a half hour flight into a just-tolerable three. We took a shuttle to the Sheraton, which was both where we would be staying and where the conference was being held. On the way, the soulful driver gave us a small run-through of the important sights to see and places at which to eat, incorporating the history of the area as a cultural melting pot as well as how such places fared after Hurricane Katrina.

Murphy found the area to be a thriving center for culture. "The culture of the city is completely unique. The food, music, and art were enough to keep the senses fulfilled for the entire duration of the trip," he said. "I loved walking through the French Quarter, eating Po-Boys, ordering coffee and beignets from Cafe Du Monde, and listening to the jazz bands up and down the streets."

"I think New Orleans is an awesome city," Menditto commented. "Talk about local color! All the food, all the art, all the people—it's fantastic."

Though we arrived late Wednesday night, the event did not officially start until registration the next day. The students were directed to a special presentation, where a police officer explained that you could drink anywhere at any time as long as you did not drive, and that the area, especially Bourbon Street, was notorious for both drunks and pickpockets. This was followed by the obligatory team ice breakers, though even the free coffee failed to warm many participants.

Many of the sessions that took place throughout the conference were geared toward very specific elements and audiences. For instance, a number of sessions were about topics such as retaining students from sophomore to junior year, the use of online courses in an honors school education, and how to justify the existence of these programs to school administrations. Others specifically listed "for small colleges" or "for students" in the program, so as to make sure no conference attendees wasted their time in talks that would not help them.

These sessions can help all honors students, but Murphy found them to be particularly insightful. "As the Team Leader for the Honors School Mentorship Program, the conference sessions on leadership and mentorship were extremely beneficial. It helped to bring more insight on our mentorship program—one that is very young but also very sound for this stage in the game," he commented. "I think these conferences helped generate some ideas that will lead to furthering the program's success in the future."

Dooley found the attendance rates throughout to be especially interesting. "You can get a room full of people who feel they need more upper-level honors courses," he said. "Maybe anywhere up to forty or fifty of them. It's an interesting problem that honors schools face."

He found the fundraising sessions to be the most informative and useful.

In addition to faculty-led talks, many students had the opportunity to present, some via poster sessions and others during idea exchanges. These ranged from discussing new trends in the film industry, the comic book as an informational medium, the way color affects the interpretation of art, and various other topics from a wide array of academic disciplines. I led an idea exchange on creativity in academia, starting up a dialogue on why there are not as many writers, artists, musicians and other creative-type individuals as there are STEM majors in honors schools, as well as how to close that gap.

"I was blown away by the [student] poster sessions," said Menditto. "It's also a good opportunity to take out students to an event where they can meet other honors students and present their work. Students need to know if they do this, we'll take them, and they have good chances of getting accepted." Dooley agreed, noting, "Conferences are important, especially for those in the school of science since they have to present as part of their theses."

Murphy went on to add, "Honors students—if you have the opportunity to attend one of these conferences, take it! You will not be disappointed. I am so grateful for the time I got to spend with Dean Dooley, Reenie, and Kevin in 'Nawlin's.'" This conference had two distinct guest speakers, the first of which was Ruby Bridges, who, as a six-year-old on November 14, 1960, was one of the first African American students to integrate a White school. She is the founder of the Ruby Bridges Foundation, which promotes tolerance and respect for all cultures through education. Bridges spoke not only on her experiences, but on how her teacher that year shaped who she would become both as a student and a teacher. By elaborating on what she thought at the time, such as "I hated that coat!" about what she had to wear for her first day of school, she brought a very human element to something many college students only know as a fact in history books.

She also recounted days spent on the playground looking for a friend, capturing one day in particular when a child said, "Mom says I can't play with you (Continued on page 10)"

10 *Featured Events*

National Collegiate Honors Council's Annual Conference

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because you're a n****r." She got straight to the heart of the issue by saying, "Babies are born with clean hearts. We take racism and press it onto our kids."

"Racism is a grown-ups disease," she said. "Let's stop using our kids to spread it."

Doooley greatly enjoyed hearing Bridges speak. "When you have such a historic city, it's easy to bring in local, nationally renowned people," he said. "It shows you not only what this country went through but also what the city went through. Issues of race are always compelling."

The second guest, who spoke the next day, was Taylor Branch, an author and historian known for his award-winning series chronicling Martin Luther King Jr.'s life, impact, motivation, and the history surrounding his efforts.

"Branch was interesting because he made Ruby Bridges's story seem more thematic," Doooley said. "It showed how what she was going through was going on throughout the country."

"Both gave such strong testimonies about their life's work on how to be more aware of racism in history as well as battling prejudice in contemporary society," Murphy said. "I think overall the audience was very inspired."

Menditto found this year's gathering held to the high standard past years' events have set. "Every time I go to a conference, it amazes me how many new ideas they are to talk about," she said. "I've been in honors for fifteen years and, every time I go, I learn something new. Things like this make you more aware of trends in our institutions."

Of course, there is always room for improvement, as Murphy notes. "The one thing I would change about the conference is the layout of the actual sessions; each session was 50 minutes long, but in that 50 minutes two topics (with two different presenters) are generally discussed, leaving presenters with only 20, or sometimes 10 minutes to talk about their idea, work, etc.," he said. "I felt like this was not enough time for the room to fully develop the conversation around each topic."

This was but one of the many conferences that take place during the typical four-year college experience, so be sure to get your name out there. Conference presentations are not just resume boosters, they are fun and typically set in great locations. If you are on your way to Niagara Falls for the NRHC conference this April, then you are sure to enjoy it. If not, be on the lookout for the next opportunity. (Photos on page 24)

The Innocence Project

Kevin Holton

Bey Hall's Young Auditorium was filled to capacity with students, faculty, and community members eager to hear Raymond Santana speak on September 12. Santana is one of "The Central Park Five," a group of young men between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who were wrongfully convicted of raping and assaulting a female jogger in Central Park in 1989.

After spending more than a decade in prison, he was exonerated by the Innocence Project, a public policy and litigation group dedicated to overturning the convictions of non-guilty persons through DNA evidence. This event was sponsored by the Honor School as well as the Department of History and Anthropology.

Erin Hawk, assistant to the Dean of the Honors School, advocates the interdisciplinary nature of Innocence Project events. "It's good for science students because we talk about DNA, law students because we discuss filing petitions, and many other students for many other reasons," she said.

The event opened with an introduction from Susan Douglass, specialist professor of the Department of History and Anthropology. "It is my distinct pleasure to welcome you all to a life-changing presentation," she said. "For the past several years, I have worked to bring members of the Innocence Project to campus to discuss their ordeals."

To date, the campus has only hosted a few Innocence Project exonerees, but over 311 people have had their convictions overturned. This, however, pales in contrast to the over 3,000 hand-written requests to have cases reviewed.

Professor Douglass then played a brief video from the

project's website in which a man named Brandon Garrett discussed the nature of false confessions, explaining how and why some people wind up giving them. These factors can range from something like the accused person being afraid for their physical well-being (some of these people report being threatened and intimidated) to not being allowed legal counsel, as well as being interrogated for long periods of time (a number of cases report ten- to four-hour questioning sessions).

With Santana, much of that proved to be true. After being pulled into a squad car with no explanation while walking down a street with his friends one afternoon, he was taken to a precinct where the officers asked him the same questions multiple times, insisting he was connected to the rape and assault of a young woman who was jogging through Central Park. His grandmother came to the station but she didn't speak enough English to understand what (Continued on page 11)



PHOTO COURTESY of
innocenceproject.org

The Innocence Project

Continued from page 10

was happening; an officer translated while walking in and out of the interrogation room, not allowing Santana to hear what his grandmother was being told or to speak with her directly.

After hours of officers yelling, laughing and blowing smoke at him, one began to lunge toward Santana at random or feign hitting him. "I was so scared," Santana said. "I thought, 'This is it.'" At that point another investigator came in, kicked out the violent one, and spoke calmly, saying he wanted to help Santana. While this tactic may be well known today, Santana thought he would be given a break and went along with what the 'nice' officer said.

Before long, he'd signed a confession full of details that the investigator provided and then was taken to another precinct to be recorded reading it on video. These two items proved to be the evidence that had him incarcerated—first in a juvenile facility, and then in actual prison.

Santana was 14 when this happened.

While there, he learned how the news demonized him and four of his friends who were also sentenced for the same crime. Labeled "The Central Park Five," they were painted as sadistic, out-of-control, urban terrorists, leading the other inmates to harass and attack them. Santana indicated that rapists are among the lowest social standing in prison and are often singled out for abuse.

After prison came parole, which involved having to get a job, be home by 7 o'clock, and attend sex offender meetings. However, he described his sentence as having been a "social death" and added, "We weren't supposed to make it out of prison alive."

Since he could not get a job due to his conviction and the immense news coverage, he "couldn't function after a while."

"The pressure was too much to bear," Santana said. "I lost all hope." He turned to dealing drugs to get by, though was soon arrested and incarcerated again.

While in prison, he engaged in weightlifting, recreational basketball, and earned both his GED and an Associate's Degree.

Four years later, DNA testing showed no connection between him and the crime, but his false confession swung the

appellate judges to allow the conviction to stand. Later, the real perpetrator, Matias Reyes, was caught when he confessed to that crime and a number of others. He had been a known and previously convicted rapist.

A year-long investigation was conducted proving the five young men had nothing to do with the crime, so a Nancy-Ryan document was issued, which overturned the conviction. Despite this, a lawsuit filed in 2003 seeking compensatory damages from New York has yet to be settled; the city insists Santana and his friends may still have had a connection, such as having set up Reyes to take the fall.

Sometime later, a young student named Sarah Burns approached the men to write a book on what happened because she was so angered by the news surrounding their conviction, release and lack of compensation. During this process, her father, filmmaker Ken Burns, asked to make a movie on the events. This film, entitled "Conviction," was first screened in Toronto and received a standing ovation from the five hundred people in attendance.

Santana was in the audience that day and notes that it was the "first time I was in a room with people supporting us."

A brief Q & A followed in which he discussed various topics, such as how he was still imprisoned when he lost his mother to cancer in 1993 and how many people from his family believed the media instead of trusting in his innocence. He also said what angered him the most was, "We couldn't understand how people couldn't see what was going on."

He closed his speech by saying that he has no regrets and would not do anything differently because, as painful as the events were, they made him the man he is today.

The average length of time served by people exonerated by the Innocence Project is 13.6 years, while the cumulative time is 4,135 years. The average age at conviction is 27, much older than Santana. Tens of thousands of cases since 1989 have had prime suspects that were pursued until DNA testing proved no involvement and 22% of cold cases from 2004-2010 were closed because of lost or destroyed evidence. These are just a few of the reasons that DNA testing and the Innocence Project are so important.

Anyone can help with this cause by reaching out to the media, doing their own research or going online to www.innocenceproject.org.

"After being pulled into a squad car with no explanation while walking down a street with his friends one afternoon, he was taken to a precinct where the officers asked him the same questions multiple times, insisting he was connected to the rape and assault of a young woman who was jogging through Central Park."

I Promise

Ashley Morrow

I Promise...

I promise...

to catch you when you fall...

to rise with you when we crash...

to hold your hand when you need it

and to be there on your last.

I swear...

I'll carry you when you can no longer stand...

I'll love you without doubt...

I'll believe in you no matter the odds,

Cause together we can face the World..

I desire...

to hear what You have to say...

to tell You all of these things and more...

for You to know that I love You,

and that I'll be there forevermore..

I don't need your name.

I don't need your number.

I want You to Heal, to Rise, to Succeed;

I need You to know that someone cares,

That You are unique, important, beautiful,

and that you will always have someone there.

To See

Carolina Carvalho

Referring to the novel, *Angela's Ashes*, by Frank McCourt:

How I wish to see,

Up in heaven: Margaret, Oliver, and Eugene

Their faces so soft, so bright

Oh how I wish to have height!

To be able to grab them from the angels above,

Would make Mam so happy,

Her happiness is the only reason I could think of.

But no, there would be more:

The sky would smile,

As they: Margaret, Oliver, and Eugene would all stay here for awhile.

Loving and playing as a family again,

My Dad would never have to drink then!

We would be able to have eggs, toast, jam

And finally eat a Christmas Ham.

But I know I can never see,

The only part that would make my family,

Go on living life happily.

Oh Margaret, Oliver, and Eugene,

How I wish to see.

Pheonix

Ashley Morrow

The head rolled over and over along the wooden floor as she watched. That was the last one she had, unsuperglued. Hatim laughed and cast away the body carelessly, moving on to her other toys.

She sat back, breathless, watching her beloved collection become demolished before her eyes. There was no fight left in her, only a wish that it could be stopped someday. Her only friend, Wakati, would be coming over later to sew back together the bits and piece she had left at the end of each week.

Suddenly the urge to cry came over her and she stumbled out the door into the barren living room. The sofa was in tatters, duct taped together by their mother, whom she rarely saw. The little tables at either end – made by their

father – were held up by the bears he carved into the legs. She couldn't recall the last time she saw him either. Continuing on, she burst into the bathroom as a waterfall of tears poured down her cheeks. No one was there to wipe them. Her big brother sat in their room breaking her toys. Ants marched over the sink in front of her, covering everything, even the towels. They would pick everything clean and disappear again, like having a thousand tiny puppies at your side, ready to carry it all away. Off in the distance, the telephone rang. But there would be no one to answer it – Hatim had already cut the cords. Only he could watch TV, call others, answer the door, turn on the lights, and go to sleep when he wanted. She could only sit by and watch, hoping he wouldn't get angry at her...

An ant nipped her hand and she glanced down. It looked up at her, wiggling its antennae. She smiled, (Continued on page 13)

The Sacrament of Lust

Kevin Holton

My back hit her door with enough force to rattle the frame as her crimson lips locked on mine. I was as surprised by the action as I was disgusted by the lingering taste of her chocolate martini. I began gulping nervously, sure there was too much saliva in my mouth. My head spinning from the drinks she'd bought me (my first legal ones, at that). I heard her key in the lock behind me, her eyes smoldering like two streetlamps about to burn out.

There was a creak and a rush of wind followed by my landing on her floor. Staring up from the ground, I smiled at her silhouette, outlined by a flickering bulb outside. An urban angel, I thought. Patron saint of brick and mortar. All I could see through my swimming vision was the fullness of her hair and breasts, both of which looked professionally designed. Her top clung to her luscious curves, the bottom flared, a tattoo of poison ivy around her navel.

She said nothing, but I could see her lace thong as she stepped deliberately over me. I floundered on the hard wood floor, my pulse quickening as she flicked her purse to the side, exaggerating the sway of her hips. She turned back and must've noticed the reverence on my face because she laughed – a beautiful yet harsh sound, like birds chirping in an industrial plant – and came back, curling her hand around my chin. I was pulled to my knees, every bit the image of desperate supplication, my face a few inches and one skirt away from something that had my brain screaming Yes and I'm not ready! She left a single finger in place, and either her will or her desire gave that finger enough power to lift me to my feet.

The next thing I knew, we were on her bed, lips pressing frantically together again. I swore that mine had been replaced with fish, flopping uselessly all over her face. I blushed, sure she was about to criticize, laugh at my helplessness and kick me out of her bed, but all she does is whip off my belt and yank my pants down. I remember thinking, At least let me take off my shirt. I had to say something. It's a complete violation of the "Man Code" to stop as I did, but I had to. Drawing back, I looked down at her; she lay in shadows on black sheets, hidden except for the moonlight that fell across her face, paper-white skin glowing as if lit from within.

"I'm Greg," I sputtered.

"Brandi," she said, that one word a hymn.

"I'm a virgin." It was as much an excuse as a plea.

"So?" She arched her back, breasts pressing up into the light while her face slid back into the darkness. I took a breath and dove down, ready for Saint Brandi to baptize me.

KEVIN HOLTON HAS WON AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE IN WRITING, AS WELL AS FOR EXCELLENCE IN HORROR, ROMANCE, SCIENCE-FICTION, AND FANTASY FROM ONLINE WRITING COMMUNITIES IN THE PAST.

Pheonix

Continued from page 12

laughing at its timing, bringing it closer. Sometimes she wished she could hug the tiny creatures.

A shout came from the other room as Hatim announced his leave. She glanced out the bathroom door, just in time to see the front door creak closed behind him, still giddy from the tiny ant's presence. Within moments she hears Wakati tap out their secret code on the backdoor to tell her she was there. Rushing to the door, she skidded to a halt in front of Wakati's face behind the mesh, makeshift fence backdoor.

"Chi," Wakati whispers. A grin slips across her lips, showing her glowing teeth. Chi opened the door quickly, her eyes not leaving Wakati's silky gaze, which seemed to wrap around her in an embrace. Wakati grabbed her hand and led them back to the crumbled remains in her room. A blindfold popped out of Wakati's pocket along with her superglue tools. "This won't take long," she smiled as she wrapped the blindfold around Chi's head. "No, not at all..." Chi listened while her best friend took the mess Hatim had left, and made something

new, reborn from the ashes of what he had left behind, the stuff he thought was useless. She heard Wakati open her closet and gather the countless other bits she'd saved for this day, shifting through the sea of broken hopes and beloved toys. She felt the heat from the glue gun radiate out, warming her cold hands. A napkin suddenly brushed her cheek, wiping away her earlier tears. Wakati's strong hand gripped hers before pulling away to work again...

When Wakati finally pulled away the blindfold, nothing was left in front of her. Chi stumbled up, knowing this must be a surprise and sprinted into the other room. The couches were makeshiftly sewn together, the duct tape beautifully turned into coverings for the arm chair. Extra pieces sat in the shape of flowers in the carved bears' hands on the tables. In the fireplace never used, behind the grates only she and Wakati could open, was a colorful phoenix, rising from the ashes, the pieces perfectly combined from Hatim's destruction.

The Clock Tower

Kevin Holton

Some have speculated that the manner in which one dies correlates to the treatment one is given in the afterlife. If this is the case, then my death will have me revered as a king. I have been allowed to pass this one message back to the human world so that they may be granted a glimpse of what I learned before I passed.

The earliest thing I can remember was falling. It's strange, but at this point I feel as though whatever I have done before, whoever I was and any memories I might have had are irrelevant. I do not know how I arrived in this place, but I found myself falling through a massive tower.

When I began my descent, I fell in a slow, soft manner, as if I were sinking into slumber. I was falling down the center of a massive tower. I remember the top was adorned with all manner of stained glass. Despite the beauty of the windows themselves, their images were monstrous. They depicted one of a distinct variety of creature that was wholly focused on controlling or consuming human life. I felt that my fall was slowed for the purpose of showing me such images, though I do not know what the purpose of doing so could be.

Once I had passed these depictions, I found myself speeding downward, faster and faster. The farther down I fell, the more the smooth granite and stained glass were replaced by machinery and crumbling brickwork. I fell down, past winding gears and humming bits of metal until, at a speed that should have killed me, my body slammed into the groove between two cogs.

The cogs snagged, attempting to crush me in their teeth. They were not successful. I felt an agony in my chest and was sure my ribs had broken, but I couldn't be sure. All I knew is that I was trapped. The machinery was not strong enough to kill me, but too strong to let me go.

I attempted to pry myself free, but I was unsuccessful. I pushed and pulled at the giant gears. I kicked, I writhed, I prayed—nothing worked. I tried for what must have been hours, if not days, to pry myself free. I gave up and waited, no salvation, not even the grim specter himself, came to free me.

Looking around, I had been whisked away into what appeared to be some massive clock tower. At no point did I see a top or bottom to the structure. I had no idea how large it was, but it was bigger than anything I've heard of.

Above me, I could see some of the mechanisms I'd fallen past. They had all stopped as well; a pendulum hung frozen at a thirty degree angle, gears of all shapes and sizes had come to a standstill and, from what I could tell, the entire tower had come to a standstill.

Craning my neck, I looked below me, only to see more of the same.

I saw the same thing while looking in opposite directions. I saw brick walls dripping with befouled oil. I saw a plethora of machine parts, intertwining pipes and clockwork. I suspected something within this structure controlled more than a simple clock face. I saw an infinite blackness beyond the parts that caused my heart to race.

Once, when I was a boy, I went hiking with a neighborhood friend in a local forest area. I slipped and fell into a hole that I had not seen while walking behind my friend. He had not heard me fall and thus assumed I'd abandoned him. I woke alone, in the dark, with no way out. I screamed for hours, sure that I was going to die, before someone found me.

That isolation, that helplessness, was nothing compared to this. At least, when I was young, I believed God would watch over me in death.

I had since lost my faith. If any god was watching over me, I suspect it would not be acting in my best interests.

I trembled with the near-certainty that I would never escape and took to counting the seconds in order to maintain my sanity, since there was little else I could do. After glancing at my watch—a new-looking piece with a gothic-styled analogue face—I shut my eyes, ticking the seconds off one by one.

It was an utterly mind-numbing process, but that was precisely what I needed. I clung to each number that I counted off, keeping my attention strictly devoted to this singular process. It was a desperate, miserable action that I could not avoid. Eventually, as I neared the one thousandth second, I looked at my watch again to be sure I was counting accurately.

It had not moved. I shook my head, sure that I'd misread it, but it had stopped.

I had looked at my watch, very briefly, while falling. Though I looked for only a second, I was sure it had been moving before.

Logically, one could assume that my watch had stopped, but I was something of an expert on such timepieces. I did not recall working with watches, but upon looking at my watch, I felt as though I were intimately familiar with the small device. The face was not cracked and the metal didn't show the slightest hint of gouging or scuffing, as one would expect from a collision. Despite my closest scrutiny, there did not appear to be anything wrong with my watch.

A thought crossed my mind. I shook my head, attempting to dismiss it, but it grew stronger and more persistent until I could not deny it: by some impossible means, my collision with the cogs of this tower—and my having stopped their movements—had halted the flow of time itself.

I laughed silently at myself, sure that I must have been trapped for far longer than I thought if I'd been able to imagine such nonsense!

Despite my attempts to deny it, my extended stay only confirmed what my addled mind had come up with. Though I could not know the length of time for which I was trapped, it must have been days, if not weeks. I didn't feel hunger or pain or the need to sleep. All sensation, all emotion aside from my desperate wish for freedom, had been reduced to nothing.

Then I heard something above me. It was the cry of someone who was experiencing absolute terror and absolute elation at the same time. Looking up, I saw a shape hurtling through the darkness. It was another man!

He plummeted past and crashed onto a horizontal gear beneath me. I bent my body and looked, sure that I'd find his head splattered against the metal, but he had survived as I had! I was sure

now that time had stopped because this man had not died—if time did not flow, then I could not imagine the cycle of life and death had continued either.

The man looked up at me and smiled, saying, “So it was you!”

“Me?” I inquired, keeping my voice. My instincts told me that remaining quiet was an imperative task, so I uttered, as softly as I could manage, “Me who did what?”

“You’re the reason time stopped!” He said it so plainly and with such certainty that I did not doubt him for a moment.

“So I was right,” I said quietly. He heard me nonetheless.

“You were right? You sure were!” His voice echoed across the walls. “All signs of aging have stopped! The Earth still spins, but the old and sick don’t die, babies don’t age and the babes stay perky and beautiful,” he chuckled. I heard something scuffling. I didn’t know what it was. “And the best part is that there are no consequences! I always wanted to try heroin, you know? Stupid, sure, but a bunch of my friends did it when I was in college. I shot up, did two, three, four doses, I was higher than God, buddy, and I didn’t even feel sick later! Can you believe it? And to think, people want me to help you get free!”

I wondered at this last sentence. Though I could not be certain whether or not I had friends and family beyond these walls, something told me that a rescuer had been sent for very impersonal reasons. I tried to grasp at why I felt this way, but I could not, as though the truth was hidden in the banks of a dense mental fog.

He had started to laugh, but his face suddenly drooped. He had heard the sound too. Before he could respond, a creature came fumbling from the darkness.

I saw it below me and gaped in abject terror. It was the size of a small car with the shape of something utterly obscene. It was a bloated, rotund thing with ten arms. Each arm ended with a hand that ended in talons. These appendages grabbed on to the machinery, using the gears as handholds to propel itself through the tower.

When the man below saw it, he screamed. He screamed so loud that I was sure no creature, living or dead, could have failed to hear it.

The beast wrapped a hand around the man’s torso, like an angry child grabs a toy, and then released its grips on the clockwork. It plunged back into darkness as the man continued to scream.

A moment later, the screaming changed. It was no longer the cries of a grown man afraid for his life, but the shrill wails of one who knows his life is being taken. A terrible ripping sound echoed from below. His screaming stopped. I did not know how, but my very soul knew, beyond any doubt, that this beast could kill regardless of the passage of time.

I clamped a hand over my mouth, terrified at the thought of the thing returning. I remained silent for a long time as tears rolled down my face.

As time passed, more people joined me in my damnation. I heard some land far above me, some far below, but they all met the same end. The clock tower beast would clamber up through the

mesh of pipes and pendulums only to ensnare a victim and fall to the bottom. I assumed, somewhere far beyond the blackness, the creature had some sort of lair. As this continued to happen, I began to smell the awful fumes of raw, shredded human flesh.

Because time had stopped, I was doomed to smell the remains of my fallen brothers and sisters for all eternity. Their corpses would never rot and never fade; my only hope was that the beast would grow hungry and feast on what was left.

With each life taken, I drew closer to a terrible realization. Though I tried to ignore it, the thought possessed my being, bit by bit, until I could no longer ignore it.

These people were coming here to rescue me. They needed time because they needed death. Without death, they couldn’t think of a reason to continue existing. They were suffering in the stagnation of a life without limits.

And yet, there I was, suffering the most of all for granting mankind immortality!

I do not know why, but I began to laugh. It was a tickle that started in my chest and worked its way to my throat. At first, I only chuckled. I tried to suppress it for fear that the beast would find and kill me.

The more I thought about the beast, about my temporarily immortal race, about the agony of freedom, the harder I began to laugh. It was the most singularly terrifying moment of my life; it was a glimpse into my mind, as though my body was warning me of the impending loss of my sanity. The sound reverberated through the tower, deafening me, yet still I heard the beast’s approach from below.

The harder I was forced to laugh, the more my mind disobeyed me and began to succumb. My terror was slowly changed into a beguiled sense of liberation. It was the full understanding of what my situation truly meant. Freedom brought people misery, so what must my entrapment bring me?

This is the thought that came to rule me. In the last seconds of my life, the singular notion that I was happier and freer than any other living being was the only thing I knew. Death no longer scared me; my destiny had always been to make others appreciate what they have. My end would return the blessing of death to mankind; with death, happiness would return to them.

This was my duty. It was my duty to make my kind happy and free. It was the only thing I had been created for. This is why I had been allowed to see the windows near the top of the tower!

To know death and limitation is to know the effort and skill required to accomplish something—and the act of defying death is what gives people the drive to do mostly everything! To think of all the people who exercised to prolong their life—but you cannot prolong a life that will not end! Writing a novel was once considered an impressive feat, yet if a person has one thousand years in which to do it, it isn’t nearly so! Religion would crumble—who fears a creator whom they will never have to face? Who would fear a decade in jail when one has a millennia to serve the sentence?

I knew with the most absolute certainty that death wasn’t a limitation—it was the ultimate freedom! This is why, when I saw the beast—when I felt more certain than ever that I was near to death—I smiled. It was coming for me. It set me free.

The Frost Bite

By: Kevin Holton

Ross Jackson stared out at the white-washed landscape; an icy gale screamed, hurling snow and ice at his team. He paid no notice. He was too preoccupied with the prestige that would come with their triumphant return home.

"Look, all I'm saying is that I'm glad to live in a world where we don't need to carry guns around anymore. Walking around without a weapon... it's liberating, you know?" said Joshua Newman from the backseat of their all-terrain Humvee. He seemed to be too large for their vehicle; at six feet four and nearly three-hundred pounds, he dominated any space he found himself in. That's ignoring the fact that he almost always had a shotgun, assault rifle or other such heavy weapons at all times.

"What are you talking about? We're all heavily armed. And not five minutes ago you said, 'I love my shotgun almost as much as life itself.'" James Wake smirked, staring at Joshua. James, conversely, was a wiry man who barely scraped five feet ten. He had his legs crossed beneath him and a belt of assorted grenades strapped to his chest.

"I said we don't need guns. I didn't say they aren't fun to have," he grinned, resting his hand along the barrel of his custom VT-19 combat shotgun.

The Humvee sputtered to a halt outside of a small metal tube that led to the International Antarctic Geological Survey Center. The frigid gray walls towered over them. Lisa killed the engine as Ross threw open the door, blasting the interior with snow. They clambered out and trudged carefully through the snow to the shelter of the enclosed entryway.

James looked over at Karen; her eyes showed fierce determination, but they also glistened with repressed anguish. They were a few feet behind the other five members of the squad.

"Are you ok?" He asked softly.

"Yeah, why? You wanna lecture me too?" She snapped. He drew back. "Save it, James. I don't wanna hear it. Don't give me that, 'You'll be ok, everyone lost family to 'em' crap, got it?"

Karen Jensen was the small arms technician; they hadn't found a single gun that she couldn't take apart and reassemble in less than a minute. She lost her temper just as quickly.

James glared at her, "Actually, no. I was going to say that it is ok if you're not ok. I was going to say that I'm here for you if you need to talk—though some of us didn't have family to lose. But you know what? Fuck you, Karen."

He stomped off towards Ross, who was working to cut down the door to the facility. She wanted to go after him and apologize but knew it wouldn't help. James had been an orphan up until the Newman family had taken him in while he was in fifth grade. He had no real family, and the only remaining member of his adopted family was right there by his side.

She covered her eyes. Guilt was the last thing she needed. "Pricilla... you were always so much better at this touchy-feely crap... I really should've listened when you gave me advice," she whispered. Pricilla Jensen had been bitten during a reconnaissance mission in the Swiss Alps and put down immediately thereafter.

"Almost got it. The power's been cut off, but there should be backup power to the research and residential wings. James, you and Joshua are going to escort Shadow to the data facilities to see what can be recovered. I'm going with Karen to the residential suite while Marcus and Denver are going to get the main power on."

"Got it," James growled, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"Hey, James," Denver's high-pitched voice barely carried over the wind. "Is it true that you had the highest kill count out of any soldier?"

"He has the highest," Joshua clapped a hand over his back. "This little weasel came close to killing me more than a few times, but he's sent thousands of those goddamned zombies straight back to Hell."

"And that's precisely why close only counts in horse-shoes and hand grenades," James patted the canisters on his chest.

"So you're the one who blew up the Golden Gate Bridge?" Marcus looked over.

James matched his stare. "Yup, that was me."

"Nice." His face couldn't be seen through his mask, but it was clear that he was grinning. James smiled back.

"How many did you kill in doing that?" Denver prodded.

"I don't know, honestly. At least ten, twenty thousand. Maybe more. We hovered over the center of the bridge in a helicopter. They were climbing all over each other trying to get to us, so it was hard to get a read on the body count."

Ross kicked down the remnants of the front door and motioned for the team to follow. They fell silent and drew their guns. They crept inside; the building was dark and cold. The screech of the wind through the open door echoed throughout the hallway.

"Ok, we're splitting up here. Keep your radios on and if there's any sign of trouble—"

"Come on, dude, we've been fighting this war for almost a decade. We know how to handle this. Besides, zombies are slow and stupid. All you have to do is point and click. As long as they're an arm's length away, we'll be fine. Let's just get this over with," Karen growled. She noticed James looking at her; she looked away, unable to make eye contact.

Ross glared at her. "Be careful- we're still not sure as to how many bogeys we might find here."

"Hold up," James called. He gave a package of remote explosives to Marcus and another to Ross. "Leave one in your respective bays... just in case." They nodded.

Marcus started off towards the maintenance bay. "Do you have any idea how to work a generator?" He whispered to Denver.

"Don't worry, I think I've got us covered," she laughed. Her voice still bore the light-hearted melody of one who hadn't seen bloodshed. Though she'd been at the forefront of the war, her role was always within the bases where she was stationed.

She never ventured beyond their walls. Her few friends were all kept safely within those confines as well.

Marcus had been a field “medic,” which meant it was his solemn duty to execute any and every bitten soldier he came across.

Ross and Karen tromped down to the residential suites. She spared a glance back towards James. He looked away, his countenance twisted by contempt.

“Let’s go,” James muttered. He led Joshua and Shadow towards the research labs.

“So, why do they call you ‘Shadow’?” Joshua looked over at the girl beside him.

“Why do you ask?” She said hesitantly; her low voice was barely audible.

He chuckled. “Look, I don’t care about what you’ve done; in times like these, only what you do matters. First we clear the world of the undead, then we rebuild it; it doesn’t matter what you did before. I’m just curious.”

She shrugged. “I’m quiet and can get in and out of anywhere without detection. If something needs breaking into, I can guarantee I’ll get you in, whether it’s a building or a computer.”

Joshua smirked, “Humble.”

“Fact,” she countered.

“Interesting,” James grinned. “So what brought you to the war zone?”

She rolled her eyes, “I got sloppy. Someone caught me rerouting troops from within the D.O.D. mainframe. They said I could be a soldier or be bait. My choice should seem obvious.”

“Why were you...?” Joshua squinted at her.

“Probably to ensure the zombies got distracted and went somewhere else, right?” James looked back. She nodded.

The group turned and walked into the main lab, where the computers were located. James and Joshua secured the room as Shadow took a seat in front of the glowing screens.

“We’re lucky the backup power kept these working,” James juttied his thumb towards her. She’d taken off her scarf and mask, exposing her angular chin, thin lips and pale neck.

Her fingers danced across the keys, the rat-tat-tat of her typing mimicking the constant gunfire that marred the better part of their lives. Sure enough, she’d broken through the facility firewalls within a few minutes. She thrust a flash drive into the USB port and began siphoning the data that had been collected, but froze.

“Hold on... there’s a file marked ‘URGENT’ on the desktop. Doesn’t look relevant, but you want me to examine?” she turned to the men.

James nodded. She opened it up to a series of video logs. She selected the earliest entry and hit play. It was dated from nearly seven years ago, towards the beginning of the zombie outbreak.

The screen buzzed, displaying the image of a well-groomed man with dark brown hair and a white coat. “Dr. Spaulding here; we recovered a few bodies from the ice. They appear to have once been zombified, but perished in the cold. The molecules in their brain burst as the water within froze. To

be safe, we destroyed the heads.” The video ended.

The second showed the same man, looking notably more disheveled. It was taken roughly three days later. “I’ve just been informed that our evacuation has been delayed by an ice storm. Not sure if we have the supplies to make it until the end,” his eyes darted about. He was scratching his neck profusely. “In case we don’t... I understand. Whoever’s out there, calling the shots... I forgive you... there are more important things to deal with than rescuing us. Just tell my family that I love them.”

James stared at the ground. Joshua watched him. Shadow clicked the third video, taken later in the same day.

Dr. Spaulding was wild-eyed and shaking. “We were wrong to bring them here, so wrong, so very wrong! It wasn’t just the water that froze- the virus froze too! It went into a dormant state, or something, became spore-like, and finally... it... it... evolved. The freezing made the virus more powerful, somehow.

“We breathed it in when we smashed the skulls. We’re all infected now. One already turned... We shut down the power, he’s locked in. The regular virus can live for a few weeks outside of a host, not sure about this version. It takes you over, you don’t have to get bit to turn, you just itch, itch, itch... then stop being human. The new strain... keeps the flesh from decomposing. These zombies are faster... Stronger... Deadlier... Please... if you’re watching this... run.”

The trio looked at each other. James’s hand flew to his radio and slammed down on the talk button. “Marcus, whatever you do, don’t-”

The lights flicked on and the ventilation system gave a dull hum. Stale air washed over them.

“What?” Marcus radioed.

“Shit,” James hissed.

“I don’t understand,” he radioed back.

“Let’s get out of here,” Shadow leapt up and started for the door when a figure blocked her path. It looked human enough- except for the blank, white, telltale eyes.

Joshua whipped out his shotgun, but the figure had already lunged forward, tearing out Shadow’s windpipe in an instant. It threw her to the ground, snarling as it ran at Joshua.

He fired, blowing off its right arm. It stumbled and fell, but lashed out with its remaining arm and caught his ankle. James fired, putting a round through the front of its skull, but the bullet missed its hindbrain. It sank its teeth into Joshua’s ankle before he could pull away. He screamed, aimed down and smashed its skull with the butt of his gun.

Joshua dropped to his knees, slamming his fist into the ground. James knelt beside him. Joshua was sure it was just the trickery of a frightened mind, but he could already feel the burning, festering sensation of the virus taking over.

The words “Man Down!” came through over the radio- someone else had been bitten too. James put out the same call.

“I knew I should’ve gone with semi-auto,” Joshua tried to smile.

Marcus rushed in. “You too?” He looked down; Marcus had fresh blood on his jacket.

James nodded, biting his lip.

“Hey,” Joshua thumped James on the shoulder. “We had

a good run, right? Besides, I kinda always knew I'd die during this war... Killing zombies was the only thing I was ever good at. There's no place for me out there. Get out there and live."

James gaped, "But the video..."

"I know, but I don't believe that. I won't believe that. Just go... alright?" He looked at Marcus, then handed over his VT-19. "Do it with this, will ya?"

Marcus nodded. James threw his arms around Joshua and squeezed him tight. "Wait for me up there... got it?"

Joshua nodded, "I'll have fresh coffee ready."

James choked back a cry and retreated to the doorway. "I'll miss you, bro."

"I'll miss you too." Joshua shut his eyes; so did James.

The roar of Joshua's shotgun echoed down the hall. James clung to the wall as he was wracked by sobs, hot tears spilling down his cheeks. Marcus laid the gun beside its fallen maker, grabbed James and ran to the entryway.

Ross and Karen met them there. They didn't need to ask what had happened.

"We're leaving," Ross growled. He started for the door.

"No," James's cracking voice stopped him. "You're leaving." He held up the remote detonator.

"James, come on... don't do this," Karen whispered.

"I have to. I'm ending this war in the only way I know how... I'm not letting some other team come back here and risk more deaths."

"You can come with us, blow it up as we go!" She yelled a

bit too desperately.

"No... I can't... the signal wouldn't reach in these conditions," he waved his hand at the snow-strewn gale, "and either way... I won't."

"Come on... he's made his choice," Ross said, gently taking her by the elbow and leading her back to the vehicle.

Marcus turned to James. "I'm sorry." His eyes shimmered.

"You didn't kill him," James gave a weak smile.

Marcus nodded and walked off. The three remaining members climbed in and began driving away. Karen pressed her face to the window, taking one last look at him before the snow blocked her vision.

Nothing could prevent her from seeing the wave of fire tearing across the ice. A tear slid down the side of her nose.

It only took them a few minutes to reach the military transport plane. They drove inside, shed their snow-gear and tried to relax as the plane took off.

"That... sucked," said Marcus.

Karen sniffed and nodded, falling silent for a few minutes.

Marcus scratched at his neck. "Is it just me, or is it itchy in here?"

"I'm itchy too," Karen nodded.

"Probably just from the cold," Ross said. "Slight frost-bite, you know? It's probably nothing. Besides, a little itchiness never killed anyone, right?"



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Oceanus: Ten days of research on the high seas

Peter Chase

I stepped through the metal door—no life vest, no helmet, the wind lying still for the first time in days. It was night and the deck of the ship was wet from the slosh of waves. Behind me the night-shift operator slammed the door, turning the latch-wheel to lock it. The lights were down as we moved to the rear of the ship, the sea flat. We quickly found ourselves at the aft of the ship, where Paul, one of the coring technicians, lowered himself to a prone, with head off the back of the ship. As I looked down I saw the single safety line, a metal chain, which he was not holding, sitting just above his head. As I watched him I noted his lack of a vest or helmet—requirements on deck. All it would have taken was a small wave, or sharp turn of the ship caused by a whale at the bow, then no Paul. I realized I was not wearing a vest or helmet either, and I found my hand firmly on the safety line.

Looking up I could see the clearest sky I had ever seen. The Milky Way was visible like a scar in the sky, and looking down I could see the sea lighting up. The glow of thousands of ctenophores, relatives of jellyfish, could be seen for meters down into the water, the disturbance of the ship's wake stirring them. Each one looked some three feet across, though I knew from experience the glow was much larger than the organisms themselves, each no more than a few inches long. It was hard to believe what I was seeing: the sky and sea coming together so perfectly in a spectacle I could not imagine was possible.

It was near the end of my ten days at sea, and I consider this instance on the night deck to be one of my fondest memories. My journey had started seven days earlier, over a toilet, sea sick beyond belief, questioning every decision I had made that had brought me there. Soon though the sickness faded, and I began to grow close to the work I was doing and to the people who were there doing theirs. We had set sea on the R/V Oceanus under the command of Dr. Clare Reimers, a Chemical Oceanographer, in an attempt to learn more about ocean sediments and their effect on seawater. Life at sea was a steep curve, and the danger of being on deck in twenty-foot seas quickly became my daily reality. It is hard for television to do justice to the fright one sometimes experiences or the speed with which one can look for a hold with an approaching wave. Equipment weighing in the tons had to be lifted off and on the ship, in all weather and conditions, at all times of the day. It could be three in the morning or two in the afternoon, but if the ship was where it needed to be, you were on deck. My memories are filled with swinging contraptions of metal missing my decapitation by mere inches, or rolling waves gliding over the deck, filling me up to the waistline. Going to sea was the by far the worst ten days of my life, but at the same time they were the most incredible ten days I have ever had. As much discomfort or anxiety as I may have had, when we made port in mid-August, all I wanted to do was sign back up for another run.



PHOTO COURTESY of: Peter Chase

“It was hard to believe what I was seeing: the sky and sea coming together so perfectly in a spectacle I could not imagine was possible.”

Internship with Barbara Buono

Daniel Roman

This summer I had the pleasure of interning for Barbara Buono's campaign for Governor. I learned more than I had ever thought I would about campaign life and politics in general. I made more relationships and connections than I thought were possible. Working closely with some of the most important political operatives in New Jersey was extremely valuable. The entire experience has reaffirmed my dreams of working in politics when I graduate from Monmouth.

I started my internship last May shortly after the spring semester ended. I was offered a position of fellowship with the campaign, meaning I would be working a full-time schedule of 40 hours per week. I immediately began working at the Passaic County Democratic Committee in Woodland Park, NJ. In the beginning much time was spent getting to know how the campaign worked and trying to get Buono's name out to the people of New Jersey. During the week we made calls to Passaic County and canvassed areas such as Clifton, Paterson, Haledon, and Woodland Park. Because New Jersey has so many Democrats, it was our game plan to try to get all of the Democrats on our side.

I learned a lot about the process. I never knew that there were different ways to try to persuade potential voters. I learned about the etiquette of canvassing and figuring out how not to get the door slammed in your face. I liked canvassing much better because you can have a more personal conversation with voters and react better. I also learned how to manage people in a campaign. My boss allowed me to be the supervisor to the interns. I had to distribute different tasks to different people and try to recognize everyone's individual strengths and weaknesses. Another very important aspect was learning how to deal with candidates. As an intern it can be intimidating to have to work with people who are famous locally and who have a lot of power in the Democratic Party. I learned to overcome my fears of meeting famous people in order to work with people such as Senator Buono, State Chairmen John Currie, Assemblywoman Shavonda Sumter, The Passaic County Freeholders, and many other locally elected officials.

The connections I made were invaluable. I developed close relationships with many locally elected officials, as well as many campaign operatives. My boss was also the Campaign manager for the Passaic County Freeholders race and was responsible for the field operations in the entire county. I also developed a relationship with the State Chairman John Currie. Chairman Currie was previously the Democratic Chairman in Passaic County, and was elected state chairman while I was interning. His office was in the same office I worked in. I also keep in contact with many of the people with whom I worked in the summer. I am hoping that all of the work I did in addition to the people I met will help me to secure more jobs in the future and to continue my career in politics.



PHOTO COURTESY of Daniel Roman
Barbara Buono, pictured next to article author
Daniel Roman

I had the honor of working under some of the most experienced political operatives in the state. My boss has been working in New Jersey politics for ten years, and understood the ins and outs of state politics. I also worked with the campaign manager of the Sheriff's campaign, who knows more about this state than anyone I have ever met before. They showed me the inner workings of party politics, especially how inter-party politics works. This summer there were many battles within the state Democratic Party as people within the party were divided between who should be the next Chairman. There was also fighting between the candidates for the Democratic nominee for the U.S. Senate Special Election. It was a perfect opportunity for me to see how party politics work. I learned a lot about who truly holds power in a political party.

This internship was an amazing experience. I would highly recommend everyone to do an internship in a field they think they would like to go into. Many people might say they do not have enough time, or they think they will not get it. I think if you want to be successful, you need to be able to take that first step and go wherever the internship takes you. I was able to meet many people I never thought I would by just being proactive. I also learned that hard work never goes unnoticed. I opened many doors, and found possible future employment opportunities by going to work every day and working as hard as I could for a cause I truly believed in. I am truly honored to have had this opportunity, and look forward to working with the amazing people I met in the future.

Summer Research at Monmouth University

Heather Siebert

This summer I participated in the School of Science summer research program (SRP) at Monmouth University. The summer research program at Monmouth is a twelve-week paid internship, which allows students to get hands on experience researching with their peers and faculty members. This program combines research with different social events such as weekly pizza parties, beach days and a kickball tournament. I was on the winning kickball team this year, along with other chemistry students. Our team, the Chemikazies, won the tournament and ended the biology department's winning streak. At the end of the summer, I presented my research along with other students at the summer symposium.

Throughout the summer I worked on a research project with Dr. Greg Moehring, the Chemistry department chair. Our project focuses on creating a compound in which two metal centers are connected by a chemical bridge called a ligand. One of the metals we are working with is rhenium with a +5 oxidation state. Rhenium (V) has a unique property called pseudorotation, which gives it the ability to bind with eight different substances. When pseudorotation occurs, the eight substances attached to the metal center rearrange in a specific pattern. This rearrangement occurs without breaking or forming any new bonds. The ability of rhenium to pseudorotate could be utilized to create a more efficient catalyst (a substance which speeds up a chemical reaction). Catalysis occurs in two complementary steps: oxidative addition and reductive elimination. Since catalysts generally exist in one static arrangement, they are better suited for one of the steps of the catalytic cycle, rather than the other step. Since rhenium has the ability to pseudorotate, attaching a catalytically active metal center to it could result in the presence of two different steric arrangements around a catalyst. This dynamic system could create a more efficient catalyst for both steps of the catalytic cycle.

After presenting this research at the summer symposium, I had the chance to attend the National American Chemical Society conference in Indianapolis. This trip was funded by the Chemistry department. I attended this three-day conference with two other seniors who were involved in the summer research program. We presented our summer research at the inorganic chemistry poster session during the conference. During my time in Indiana, I also visited Purdue University. At Purdue I toured the campus and talked to students about their graduate experience. This trip helped me decide on attending graduate school next year and working towards my Ph.D. I am incredibly grateful that I had the opportunity to participate in the summer research program for the past two years.

This program is exciting, and it helped me develop my research skills. It also gave me confidence discussing my research with peers and faculty. If anyone is interested in participating in the summer research program at Monmouth, I strongly recommend it. Information about the program as well as application details can be found on the School of Science webpage.

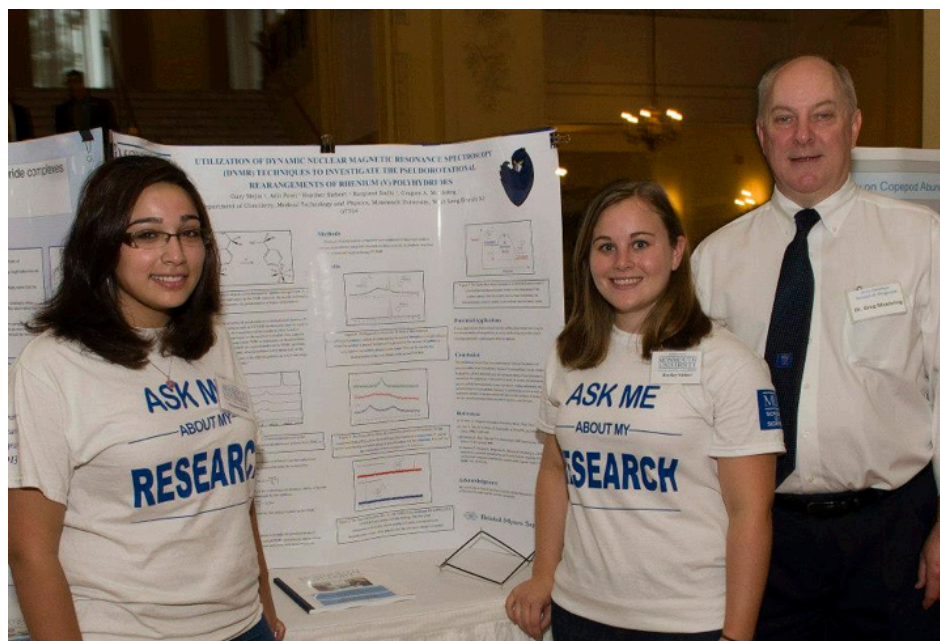


PHOTO COURTESY of School of Science
(Pictured left to right) Harpreet Sodhi, Heather Siebert, and Dr. Moehring

22 *Student Highlights*

Honors Athlete: Ashley Navin

Jennifer Broman

Ashley Navin is on the golf team at Monmouth University. She is a junior Software Engineering major, with a minor in Asian Studies. When asked how being an athlete in college contributed to her college experience, she replied, "I have a family away from home within my team.... I know I made friends for life within my team."

Navin says that being an Honors student as well as an athlete motivates her to do well as a student and to excel so that she does not lose her position. Her future plans include finishing up Monmouth's five-year Masters program. As for free time, Navin states that in the off-season she spends time with her friends and can focus on her work without worrying about missing classes.



PHOTO COURTESY of Ashley Navin

Sea Sharps Sail in Monmouth

Amanda Kruzynski

A cappella music has been sweeping the nation with movies such as *Pitch Perfect* and the a cappella competition show *Sing Off*. A cappella has now been taking over Monmouth with the group The Sea Sharps. Two senior Honors student Chelsea Barreto and Heather Siebert along with another senior Alexis Fox started the Sea Sharps last semester. Chelsea and Heather are Biology and Chemistry majors, respectively, with a desire to sing as well. They used their love of singing and their bond as friends to create the Sea Sharps.

The founders decided to start the group because there was not an a cappella group on campus. Chelsea was talking to Dr. Pedram Daneshgar about how he used to be in an a cappella group in college. When Chelsea mentioned that she wished there were one on campus, Dr. Daneshgar said he would be the advisor if she wanted to start one and the rest is history. They chose the name of the group because they wanted something fun, and they went through many different names before they decided on Sea Sharps. Heather and Chelsea give credit to Dr. Daneshgar for coming up with the actual name Sea Sharps. It represents the musical phrase C Sharps and the fact that Monmouth University is close to the ocean.

The all-female group currently has fourteen members. President Chelsea Barreto, Vice President Alexis Fox and Secretary Heather Siebert work with the group to learn songs arranged by members of the group. The group is gaining recognition on campus by singing the Star Spangled Banner at the Homecoming game October 19. Heather Siebert said, "Homecoming was a great way for us to come together and show the student body and others all the hard work we have been doing." In addition, the group has been working on songs such as "Radioactive" by Imagine Dragons. They are planning a concert for December 5 at the Lauren K. Woods Theatre. Rutgers' all male a cappella, Casual Harmony, will be joining the Sea Sharps for the concert. Chelsea Barreto is very excited about the concert and feels that the group has been working hard to make it a great concert for those who attend.

For not even having a year under their belt the Sea Sharps have been progressing into an amazing a cappella group. They will be competing against other a cappella groups in February at the International Championship of Colligate A Cappella. They will be competing in the mid-Atlantic region of the competitions against groups from universities in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland.



PHOTO COURTESY of Amanda Kruzynski

Sunrise Walk

Tara Egenton

Just after moving in Friday, August 31, about fifteen Honors students woke at dawn to see the sunrise on Saturday, September 1st. The students were accompanied by Ms. Reenie Menditto, the Director of the Honors School.

The brisk walk was refreshing and an exciting way to become closer to other Honors students. "It was a great way to start off the semester and it was one of those things where you probably wouldn't do it by yourself, so going with friends made it a great experience," Kristen Jezycki said.

When the Honors students reached the beach, they saw the red hot sun just peeking through the clouds. Suitemates Tara Egenton, Emily-Rose Touw, and Jenna Lally held hands as their toes touched the water.

Jessica Stanton saw it as a unifying experience. "Watching the sunrise had us thinking about the new chapters of our lives. We were about to undergo new beginnings and fresh starts together. Being able to do it with the Honors students the first morning created the unifying experience."

After the sunrise, Honors students were delightfully treated to Dunkin Donuts by Ms. Menditto, making the trip not only memorable but also a tasty reminder of what the fall barbeque would have in store. (Photos on page 24)

Board of Trustees Mentorship Program

Ryan Murphy

During the fall semester, the Board of Trustees and the Honors School collaborated to create a pilot mentorship program that paired an Honors first year student with a member of the Board. The program's initiative is that of any college-level mentorship program: give younger minds a role model that can help guide them through the ever-changing, complicated route through undergraduate studies.

Dr. Kevin Dooley, Dean of the Honors School, explains that each of the twenty first year students were matched with a member of the Board of Trustees based on interest and area of specialty. "While there are several mentors who have mentees that have no interest in pursuing a similar career path, the mentors can provide the students with communication skills, internship ideas, interview skills, and a general sense of professionalism," Dooley said.

Dean Dooley also commented on how he believes the program can not only benefit the first year students, but also the members of the Board. He believes that this opportunity will allow for the Trustees to "serve the University in a tangible way" and help them "understand the most pressing issues affecting student life."

Jamie Himmelreich and Faraz Jamal, first

year students in the program, both agree that they are excited to be given this opportunity to meet with an established professional to learn key skills that will help them in their current and future undertakings.

Himmelreich states that having a Trustee as a mentor gives her useful insight on college and worldly experiences that she might not have gotten elsewhere. "Personally, no one in my immediate family has ever gone to college or traveled to a foreign country so it was really positive to have someone to provide knowledge on study abroad and campus life," Himmelreich said.

Jamal has similarly positive sentiments about the program. He believes that learning from an experienced professional will lead to meaningful connections and lessons that, in turn, will help shape his career path. Jamal also believes that this program "shows that the Honors School is serious about helping its students gain a competitive advantage," which in today's job market can be invaluable.

Dean Dooley states that the success and future direction of the program will be evaluated at the end of the semester. As a graduating senior, I definitely wish that this program existed when I was a first year student, but, with only a touch of envy, I hope that this program has a bright and strong future to help guide the incoming classes of Honors students.

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PHOTO COURTESY of Reenie Menditto (Clockwise) Tara Egenton and her friends at the Sunrise Walk; the Honors Mentoring Staff; Jazz band on the streets of New Orleans; Ryan Murphy, Kevin Holton, Reenie Menditto, and Dean Dooley enjoying their experience at the NCHC, and cultural dessert of New Orleans



Living in Beechwood Hall

Rachel Dean

For most Monmouth University Honors students, the option to live in Beechwood Hall seems like an inviting and worthwhile opportunity.

A residence hall filled with like-minded students creates an encouraging environment, especially for those first year residents who are just beginning their experience on campus.

Some of the benefits that accompany living in Beechwood Hall are the computers and printer in the lounge.

When asked why she decided to live in Beechwood, Kristen Jezycki, said “I wanted to live in a suite-style living situation and have access to computers.”

Genesis Sanchez, a first year psychology major, said she likes living in Beechwood because of the comforting presence of Dean Dooley, Reenie Menditto, and Erin Hawk in the Honors Office.

There are plenty of resources within the Honors Office that are very useful to Beechwood students. If a student has a question or a concern, he or she can usually find an answer quickly and efficiently from a member of the well-experienced Monmouth faculty, especially in the Honors Office. Having a familiar resource so close to a dorm is not only helpful, but it also acts as a safety net of sorts, especially for first-semester students.

Beechwood Hall also has a mail room in the basement; students do not have to leave their dorms to pick up packages. In cold weather, the closeness

of the mail room with a care package from relatives is quite an appreciated convenience.

Matthew Fountain, a criminal justice major, lives in Beechwood Hall but is not involved in the Honors Program; however, Fountain still appreciates the benefits that Beechwood offers. “I really like how close Beechwood Hall is to the library and the Health Center; it’s convenient,” Fountain said.

The library offers a quiet and peaceful setting to complete work and has a large selection of books and movies. Its close distance to Beechwood Hall

makes it easier for Honors students to make the walk back and forth at late hours of the night after completing a long research paper or a lengthy presentation.

Ariel Guzman, a business administration major,

lives in Beechwood but is also not in the Honors Program. Regardless, he still enjoys the affable Beechwood Hall environment. “I love the people here, everyone is so friendly,” Guzman said. “I also really like my RA.”

Beechwood Hall certainly has a wide variety of benefits, as most of the students articulated. Its close proximity to buildings like the Health Center and the library and the comforting presence of the Honors Office are just a few of the resources that Beechwood has to offer.

“Overall, I just really like the environment here,” Kendra Harrington, a first year Health Studies major and Honors student said. “I’ve met a lot of cool people and I’m happy I made the choice to live here.”

“Genesis Sanchez, a first year psychology major, said she likes living in Beechwood because of the comforting presence of Dean Dooley, Reenie Menditto, and Erin Hawk in the Honors Office.”

On Borrowed Time

Rachel Dean

The Two River Theater Company is a well-known playhouse in Red Bank, New Jersey. So, when the opportunity arose to see the play *On Borrowed Time*, many Honors students were more than willing to make the trip. The play, which took place on September 26 at 8:00 pm, was largely centered on the story of a complicated relationship between a dying grandfather and his lovable and endearing grandson.

Directed by Paul Osborne and written by Joel Grey, the play confronted various moral and philosophical questions in an interesting and often humorous way. Jaclyn Griffith, a first year history major, was one of the many honors students that attended. "The set was beautiful and there was a lot of good acting," Griffith said.

Overall, most students seemed to be enthralled by the performance and had positive things to say about its plotline. "It had a great message," Rianna Rea, a first year International Affairs major said. "It conveyed the idea that family always comes first." Certainly, the theme of family was recognizable throughout the play. When Death comes to take "Gramps," the little boy Pud decides to trap Death in the large apple tree in the front yard of the house. After some arguing, plotting, and scheming, the characters eventually reach a rather painful compromise that acts as the concluding scene of the play. "I thought the ending was very sad and tragic and maybe a bit unnecessary," Griffith said.

Although the final scene of the play certainly did not present a storybook ending, it did offer a valuable lesson. "Overall, the play really stressed how important it is to make the most of life and connect with your family," Freshman Kendra Harrington said. "It was sad, but it was definitely worth watching."

Cultural Engagement: A Wilson Hall Mini Escape

Tara Egenton & Aashni Shah

On Friday, October 18, Professor Douglass's first year Cultural Engagement students had a mini-escape throughout Wilson Hall. The students were partnered together and given instructions to find particular locations in Wilson Hall. The challenge was, however, that the students were told to leave their cell phones behind in Wilson's board room and to discover the beauty of Wilson without technology. When students returned, they were instructed to describe in detail the locations they found, such as Pompeii's room and the grand staircase, in their journals. Professor Douglass related the activity to the current reading for the cultural engagement class, *Hamlet's Blackberry*, by William Powers. It is claimed in the reading that today's generation is too plugged in and cannot disconnect themselves to discover the splendor of life around them. The cover of Powers' book features the phrase, "Building a good life in the digital age." Student Jamie Himmelreich connected positively with the experience after reading select chapters of the book. "It was interesting to see different parts of the building that I might not have discovered if I had been on my phone and to learn the different names of the rooms," she said. "My favorite room was the Pompeii room because of the fountain and the mosaic tiles."

After the expedition, students were instructed to write a tweet about their experience from visiting these locations throughout Wilson Hall without the use of any technology. Many modern human beings excessively rely on their technological tools as a means for survival. However, as stated by William Powers in *Hamlet's Blackberry*, we need to "strike a healthy balance between connected and disconnected, crowd and self, the outward life and the inward one."

Domestic Violence

Kevin Holton

College is a difficult time for pretty much everyone. Between class, homework, clubs and other activities, it can seem overwhelming. However, some students face an additional burden: domestic violence. It can happen to any person of any age, race or creed, but it often goes undisclosed because those to whom it happens are ashamed or afraid of speaking out. Moreover, some people refuse to talk about the difficulties they face because they may feel there is no problem.

According to the Eve Foundation, "Domestic violence can be defined as a pattern of abusive behavior in any relationship that is used by one partner to gain or maintain power and control over another intimate partner." This can include physical, sexual, emotional or psychological attempts to control or hurt the partner.

Physical abuse is a more obvious example, including grabbing, hitting, slapping or otherwise hurting someone's body, including forcing him or her to use drugs or alcohol. Sexual abuse is less talked about, but includes any forced contact with a part of someone's body for sexual purposes, including demeaning actions or sex after physical violence has occurred.

Emotional abuse, which can be just as devastating as physical violence if it occurs over long periods of time, includes overwhelming criticism, name calling, interfering with the person's relationships with others or making his or her accomplishments appear insignificant.

Last but not least, psychological abuse can involve threats against the partner or his or her family, destruction of property, and forced isolation from work, school and social activities.

A survey of women's health from 1998 estimated that one in four women experience this in their lifetime, and the Bureau of Justice Statistics suggests 85% of DV victims are women (keeping in mind that this means 15% are men). Callie Marie Rennison, of the US Department of Justice, concluded that a minimum of 600,000 women and 100,000 men and a maximum of 6,000,000 of both may be exposed to DV each year. Women of all races are considered equally vulnerable.

The article "Dating Violence Against Adolescent Girls and Associated Substance Use, Unhealthy Weight Control, Sexual Risk Behavior, Pregnancy, and Suicidality" reports that one in five females face DV in high school. 40% of girls age 14 to 17 report knowing someone their age who had been hit or beaten by a boyfriend, says the Children Now/Kaiser Permanente poll. One in five teens have reported being physically attacked and 14% reported partners threatening to harm themselves or others to avoid breaking up, says the Oregon Law Center.

Many studies indicate that as a dating relationship becomes more serious, the potential for and nature of violent behavior also escalates.

According to Allstate Foundation National Poll on Domestic Violence, 74% of Americans personally know a DV victim, meaning it is highly likely that you do as well, though you may not know it.

Roughly three women and one man are murdered by violent partners every day. Most of these occur between boyfriends and girlfriends.

Due to the expectation that men are the "strong" partner in a relationship, they are less likely to report having been attacked, says Dutton and Nicholls. This is likely because they do not want to be seen as too weak to defend themselves or afraid of a woman.

Straus reported in 1997 and 1999 that societal norms actually support female-perpetrated abuse. Men and women tend to engage in equal levels of abuse and control, such as diminishing a partner's self-esteem, isolating that partner, being severely jealous and using children to control the partner, though men are more likely to be sexually aggressive, according to "Physical and Mental Health Effects of Intimate Partner Violence for Men and Women."

Unfortunately, only 20% of women and 10% of men, respectively, seek help from an outside agency, and an average of 34% do not seek help because they view it as being a private matter. 15% (Continued on page 33)

My Personal Story about Hurricane Sandy

John Dixon

It was a little over a year ago when Hurricane Sandy hit the eastern seaboard, causing billions of dollars of damage, over a hundred deaths, and insurmountable pain to all those affected. Millions of people each have their own perspective of what transpired during the initial stages of Hurricane Sandy; it is one of the most documented storms in history. I personally was severely affected by the events that occurred during a cold and windy late-October afternoon, although I must admit I fared far better than most people in similar situations. Sadly, every day blurred into the next after my house flooded. I didn't keep tabs on what days my recollections occurred. Most of my perspective holds some of my deeper thoughts about that time in my life. It was truly one of my more confusing periods, heightened by feelings of depression and a sense of escape. Here is just a small part of what I experienced.

I live in a small shore town called Point Pleasant Beach in central New Jersey; my house is literally a stone's throw from Jenkinson's Boardwalk. The town is divided by a set of train tracks; I have lived on the eastern side, on Lake Louise, for the entirety of my life. My family and I decided to stay home because we felt that the storm was being exaggerated by the news. We are a tough family. We do not like to leave what we worked so hard to attain. Hurricane Irene from the prior year left us skeptical about Sandy's true strength. We only experienced minor street flooding during the previous summer. My home was doomed to flood in Hurricane Sandy due to the fact that high tide hit when the storm was reaching its peak. Should I admit that one of New Jersey's few natural disasters had found its "perfect storm"? I remember how loud the wind was: it was like hearing screams. Tiles kept flying off and our repairs would not hold. Water rose over our bulkhead and began to engulf our backyard as we prepared for the ultimate conclusion.

I was playing videogames without a care in the world a few moments prior. The next moment I was running around the house disconnecting every appliance, computer and videogame console I could find. Water was rising in the front porch

while I was ripping our desktop PC from the telephone wire. I felt the cold water on my shoes; it was not rising fast but fast enough to destroy our first floor. As it rose to the top steps of our home's small back porch, it was time to give up and run up the stairs. My family and I just watched in awe as the water rose two feet in the first floor of our loving home. Dirt was combined into a colloid mixture due to the fact that the large plant pots in the room were suddenly floating. It took two or three days before the water lowered completely in my home.

Throughout the whole time fate kept testing and renewing my resolve. I do not recall whether we were able to gather supplies before the storm; unlike most families that were affected, we lived in a sense of luxury. There was this large generator that a family friend was kind enough to lend to us. His name is Mark Vigneri. Mark owned his own environmental cleanup company and had employed my father after he retired from being a patrolman in Roselle. His wife, Debbie, worked in Point Pleasant Beach's school system as an administrator. I have had the pleasure of knowing her since first grade. Now, please realize that having some form of luxury was not necessarily a ticket from escaping reality. My home was in shambles, there was still a river in my front yard, and I had two disabled siblings to look after with my distressed parents. One of the reasons we borrowed his portable generator was to keep my siblings busy and the rest of us sane. My brother is severely autistic; he drifts off and tends to lose touch with reality. We call it "self-talking": he repeats what he sees on YouTube and television. He is not stupid either; in fact, he is smarter than I am. He works well with computers and languages. My sister cannot speak and is mentally deficient; she was born with a neurological disorder and has the mentality of a very young child. She needs her Disney sing-a-long tapes to stay relaxed and happy. Personally, I felt that they would not adapt well to the horrible circumstances, but they acted so calmly. I was very proud of them. The reason I acknowledge their role is they were a large motivation for me to continue

on. There were times when I wished the tide would take me away, far away from the chaos. I did not realize the mental strain that the whole experience put on me until I got back to school. I was more concerned about surviving and helping my loved ones than trying to readjust to school. It has a numbing effect when I think about it—I get really fuzzy when I try to recall some bits.

I cannot attribute the survival of my mental sanity to pure drive and love. My family received aid from dozens of people, many of whom I will always lack the words to thank in full. I'm sure they understood how I felt by just analyzing the look on my dirty, unshaven face. Sometimes when you feel like you are at the end, no air left in your lungs, feet covered in muck and spilled oil, you realize that you can only articulate any appreciation as "Thank You" and a small, tired smile. It is not the utter lack of appreciation; it is simply a feeling that is difficult to describe. It is the feeling that gives you writer's block when you are trying to send a letter to a church group that sent you hundreds of dollars. There is a word you want to use, to make it perfect, to make your words sound thankful, not forced—a word you want to share but cannot think of. There was an instance in which my co-worker's father, Fred (who was a chef at the restaurant where I worked—it's still there, The Offshore, feel free to look it up) walked to my home to drop off food. He brought all the things my brother and sister liked! He helped us restart our generator when water diluted the gasoline. He saved my family from suffering without food. There is still a debt that I will never be able to repay. He was one of the first people who was able to reach us; I actually think he was the first.

Allow me to entice you with a story; it spans a single night. I think I remember it right. I remember when my family was huddled around the fire. We were cold and hungry. We kept the

My Personal Story about Hurricane Sandy

Continued from page 27

fireplace running for over a week at that point. It was a constant struggle to keep the fire going, as it was the only thing protecting us from freezing. The generator had gone out for various reasons, gasoline was one. There was a knock at the door. Two men and a boy were at the door, the boy looked about ten. A friendly prayer was sent to us. Apparently, my mother, in some fit of excitement, waved at them when there were passing by hours before yelling that she did not have any oil to keep the generator running. In an act of kindness, they returned with a gallon or two and some food. My mom cried. She let all the stress and fear out. She had suffered so much over losing all the material objects she loved. We had recently had the kitchen and living room redone. The ruined banana leaf chairs and alluring sky blue wall paint were reminders of the peace she lost. She never truly had a home she could call her own before. To this day she is still upset. The young boy and the two men were related to a girl I knew from high school. Her name was Kelly. We knew each other, but we were only acquaintances. She was in Ms. Bridge's Biology class during my junior year. They lived a few streets over, and their house flooded badly too. We talked and I offered Kelly's younger brother what little candy I had. It was only fair—they had sacrificed for us. It was still pitch black out when they left. I wished them safe passage.

Allow me to reiterate a key point, one that made me realize how horrible people can act when in a similar situation. If you present care and compassion to someone, do not expect it to be returned. Be even happier when it truly is reciprocated, not out of obligation but out of actual human decency. A day or two after the storm I was going door to door checking up on people I knew. Down a street a few blocks away from home, I saw a light. It was the home of someone I used to be close to, who had recently moved back to town. I

assumed she had evacuated. I felt it would be right to check on her, given how serious our situation was. I knocked on her door, and her step-father answered. In a very polite manner I asked him to tell her that I just came to check up on her. He said he would and, after a small conversation, I left. I was certain she was there, as I saw her Facebook status updates. I will never truly be sure whether it was done purposely but for Christ's sake at least ask how my family is doing when I see you in the hall. There were multiple instances in which I went out of my way to check on people from school. Some people did not respond to my calls or texts, and later in the day I saw that they were posting on Facebook saying stupid stuff about the power being out. I understand that there are countless variables. I counter that with a question: how, in a world where we are ever constantly connected to some form of technology, could one person not reply or approach me later on? We all lost something, and I had figured everyone was on the same page.

I admit that this is difficult to read. I actually wanted it to be written in third person. My memories are so spread out, and I did not want to be inaccurate. Something important happened to me right after Sandy happened. I realized how beautiful the darkest pit of depression could be. There was no power as far as the eye could see. I was living off other people's showers and clothes. I was lucky enough to groom myself once a week. There was disparity in my fractured home. There was something enchanting that surrounded me every time the sun set in the endless star-studded sky. To be surrounded by such beauty above made me feel at peace. I was not alone: the heavens were watching all those who found themselves in a tough spot. It was our guardian angel; the polluted waters meant nothing, the reported lootings meant nothing, and I had accepted the fact that I could, at any moment, lose my sense of home. I believe that every person holds the capacity to develop and nurture

hope. It could show when you are walking home with your father, in the pitch blackness, carrying valuable gasoline. It could show when you see a river, wild and violent, running down the streets you used to play on years before. Hell, in a more comedic aspect, it could help you when you are running into the water, only in your boxers, trying to save a sign from a family friend's business, only to realize it was a piece of driftwood.

So, so far I have covered a part of my actual circumstances, compassion, grief, and hope. I have yet to cover ignorance. People are not perfect, including myself. When school opened again I was not in the best state of mind. All the feelings I repressed (those that were expressed here) flooded into me and caused me to act erratically and bitter. Sandy had this weird effect on me: there was a delay in negative emotions. I snapped and snarled at people who had issues of their own, ones they felt uncomfortable talking about. I felt they acted rude but as time passes I have come to realize how inconsiderate I was being.

There is a lot more to the story than what I am writing here. There is still a solid half a year that I have left to write about. I felt it would be better just to focus about my initial feelings about the whole affair. I have to admit that the months following the actual hurricane were more difficult for my family. We were not able to get back home until June of the following year. I just hope that this leaves a good idea of what happened during my personal experiences.

*John Dixon is a First-year
Business student and a
non-Honors resident of
Beechwood Hall.*

Snow White's Discovery

Tara Egenton

It was the summer of my sixteen birthday and I was working my first minimum-wage job at the Garden State Discovery Children's Museum. I still remember just how nervous, yet excited I was for the new opportunity. I was dressed as Snow White for Gabriella's princess party: a perfect resemblance for a girl with short, wavy black hair and white as porcelain skin. I pushed a screeching laundry bin down the hallway of the museum and came upon the front lobby. I stood tall in my costume, ready to begin my first day as party hostess. I was prepared to collect armfuls of food and favors as I repeated to myself, "You can do this!"

Immediately, all of my anxiety escaped me as Gabriella's mother arrived and introduced herself to me as Arlene. I wanted to abide by the saying, "Don't judge a book by its cover," but as a naïve sixteen-year-old girl, I prejudged Arlene. "She's an airbrushed tanned, bleached blonde, pink highlighted, skinny mother," my mind whispered to me as I forced a smile. At sixteen, every extra dollar counted towards a car, gas money, senior trip and even proms. My coworkers' warnings suddenly rushed into my head. These were the types they had explained "are very superficial" and "never tip even five dollars". I gullibly believed everything they told me.

Yet, I kept my energy high for the sweet little girls that eagerly asked their parents to have pictures taken with me, realizing it was "the only chance ever to be with a real princess!" We continually laughed as we drew our imaginary princes and had glitter glue from our princess crowns stuck to our fingers.

I told Gabriella's friends numerous silly stories about the dwarves in the forest and the suppers we shared, until the princesses were finally dragging their parents out into the exhibits for playtime. I could not believe the countless hours of fun I shared with the girls. Yet, as I brought out the leftover food to Arlene's car, reality set in. I was frustrated again that after all my hard work, I was not receiving a tip.

As I swept the party room's floor and scrubbed the tables in my Snow White dress, my manager came in with a tiny pink envelope in her hand. "Tara, you really did a great job today. Your party mom told me to give you a raise because you were the best party hostess she ever had!" my mouth hung open as she handed me the envelope.

Having played the role of several hostess characters during my two year tenure at the museum, ranging from mad scientist to gourmet chef, that envelope with my name in beautiful script surrounded by three butterfly stickers has always reminded me of my successful first day as party hostess. As I peeled back the envelope, I discovered the sweetest card that read, "Thank you for a wonderful party, Tara!" with a twenty dollar bill inside.

As tears filled my eyes, I knew that Arlene demonstrated something I had been taught by my parents, school, and religion classes, but needed to experience myself to understand its full meaning. She showed me that kindness goes beyond appearances and to pass judgments off of other people's experiences was restricting my ability to develop my individuality.



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Andrew Musick '09

Tara Egenton

Alumni Honors student, Andrew Musick, was a Political Science major with minors in Sociology and Public Policy during his tenure at Monmouth University. Musick was not always positive that he wanted to take the Political Science direction; however, he did have a desire to work in the world of New Jersey politics or pursue a career as an attorney.

"I was inspired by my father, who was an attorney for the New Jersey Office of Legislative Services."

On campus, Musick enjoyed playing for the Monmouth Hawks football team. He made many of the closest friendships he has today while at Monmouth.

Musick's favorite professor was Dr. Nancy Mezey. He took classes with Dr. Mezey and she also supervised his Honors Thesis. She was a tremendous asset who helped him create a successful Honors Thesis.

"I always found her style of teaching engaging and she was able to present the information in a clear, effective and interesting way," Musick said. "Her classes were not easy but were that much more rewarding when you received a good grade."

Whether it was classroom exercises or just general conversations, Dr. Mezey "challenged me to think differently than I was accustomed to," Musick said.

Musick's Honors Thesis was about childcare policies in the United States and around the world.

"It may have been an odd topic for a college student to research, but, at the time, I overheard my neighbors discussing the different challenges, such as cost and the balance be-

tween work and family, related to childcare," Musick said. "Therefore, I thought it would be an interesting topic to see how childcare policies varied by country." The Honors Thesis made Musick look at the world from a different perspective. "It made me realize how different other countries and cultures are from what I was used to seeing," he said.

Overall, the Honors Thesis helped Musick improve his writing and research skills. "The presentation helped prepare me to give similar presentations to groups of all sizes during my career," he said.

Currently, Andrew Musick is a lobbyist with the New Jersey Business and Industry Association. He advocates on behalf of the business community before the New Jersey State Legislature.

Musick has three pieces of advice for current Honors student: work hard in class and focus on schoolwork; enjoy your time at Monmouth and create new friendships; and lastly, hold a broad range of skills and abilities.

"While focusing on your schoolwork, try not to stress yourself out too much. Enjoy your time at MU, make new friends, experience new things and don't be afraid to have fun," Musick said. "You would be amazed at how boring your life gets once college

is over and how much you would trade to go back."

However, Andrew Musick understands that having the highest grade point average does not necessarily mean someone is the perfect candidate for a career once you graduate.

He suggests current students cultivate "a broad range of skills and abilities. Part-time jobs and internships are a great way to prepare yourself for the real world. Employers seriously consider these experiences and are looking for candidates who are far beyond just book smart."



PHOTO COURTESY

of: Andrew Musick

Pooja Mevawala '12

Jennifer Broman

Dancer. Artist. Business Major. Honors Student. Monmouth University Graduate. Global Wealth Management Analyst. These are only a few of the titles Pooja Mevawala claims. Mevawala graduated from Monmouth University in January of 2012. She currently works at JP Morgan Chase as an analyst in global wealth management, working with management info systems and background analytical work.

When asked how she got the job she currently holds, Mevawala replied, "Networking at Monmouth University, Career Services, the Honors School, and working with some wonderful professors got my foot into the door at JP Morgan. Once here, being a part of the rotational program, taking on opportunities to get more involved at work, along with hard work and dedication, allowed my career to expand at JPMC."

As an Honors student at Monmouth University, Mevawala was involved with many different activities including the South Asian Student Association, the Economics and Finance Club, and the Writing Center. While getting involved on campus is not always easy, especially for an Honors student, it is something that Mevawala recommends that everyone do.

"Advice I would give is to take on every opportunity to get involved at school," Mevawala said. "This helps to build contacts and make yourself known, which is essential not only while in college, but also once you join the work force."

Mevawala's major was Business Administration with a concentration in Economics. She also has a Minor in Mathematics. She credits Dr. Steven Pressman (Economics, Finance, and Real Estate) and Dr. Robert Scott (Economics, Finance, and Real Estate) for helping guide her through her thesis process.

According to Reenie Menditto, Director of Student Standards, Advising and Services for the Honors School, Mevawala was an excellent student. Menditto said, "Pooja could be a poster child for the Honors School. She is smart, kind, beautiful, and sweet. Pooja was consistently on the Dean's List throughout her undergraduate career at MU. She lived in Honors housing for three years and was a familiar face in the Honors School Office. We were sad to see her go when she graduated but knew that she would be successful in whatever she chose to do."

According to Erin Hawk, assistant to the Dean, in 2009 Mevawala received two awards at the Honors School Annual Awards Ceremony. Under Professor Noel Belinski, Mevawala was awarded "Excellence in Academic Writing" for her paper entitled "Human Versus Nature." She was also awarded Highest GPA with a 4.0.

Mevawala has said that she is open to trying new opportunities in order to expand her career knowledge. She believed that hard work pays off in the end, so as long as you are dedicated to what you do and put your full effort into the tasks, you are on the route to success and accomplishments. She views herself as having set goals and is progressing to fulfill them.

"I am honored and grateful to have been an MU Honors student," Mevawala said in closing. "The doors it opened up for me and the opportunities that it gave were simply wonderful. They certainly helped to mold my future."

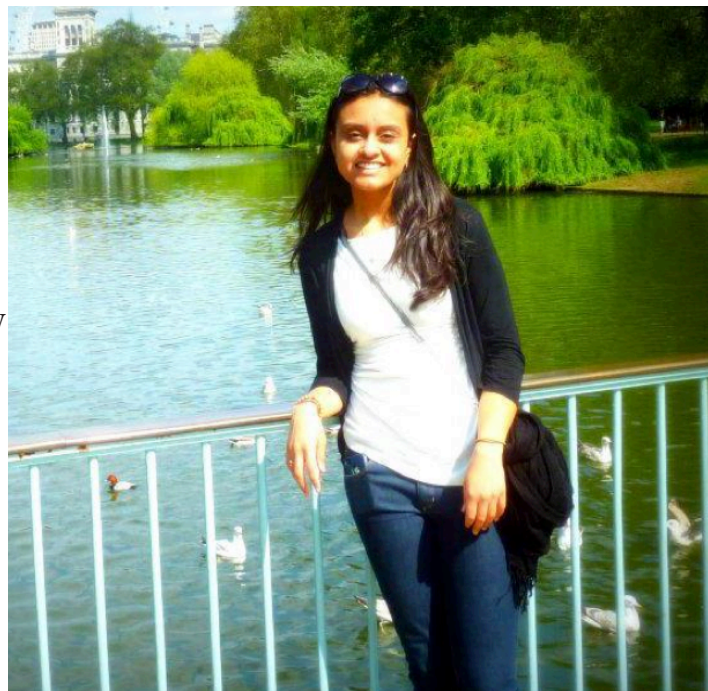


PHOTO COURTESY of: Pooja Mevawala

Dear Readers,

Thank you for taking the time to read this issue of Areté This semester the newsletter features a diverse array of articles anything and everything from short stories and poems to internships at the sea and with political leaders! We also hope that you take the time to read about the celebration of Ms. Jane Freed's life.

As new co-editors, we did not know what to expect; however, after seeing all the support from everyone in the Honors school, from the writers to the Honors staff and especially Dr. Fury, we could not be happier with being a part of this amazing experience! We look forward to working with you in the future!

Sana and Maria

Domestic Violence

Continued from page 27

of women feared repercussions for seeking help; 12% of all victims wanted to protect the offender and 6% felt the police would not do anything, according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics.

According to the National Coalition against Domestic Violence, 2007: 53% of victims of domestic violence were abused by a current or former boyfriend or girlfriend; 21% of college students report having experienced dating violence by a current partner; 32% experienced dating violence by a previous partner; 13% of college women report they were forced to have sex by a dating partner.

Among college students who were sexually assaulted, 35% of attempted rapes occurred on dates; 22% of threatened rapes occurred on dates; and 12% of completed rapes occurred on dates. 60% of acquaintance rapes on college campuses occur in casual or steady dating relationships.

Over 13% of college women report they have been stalked; of these, 42% were stalked by a boyfriend or ex-boyfriend.

Nearly one third of college students report having physically assaulted a dating partner in the previous 12 months (Break the Cycle, Inc., 2005).

As many as one quarter of female students experience sexual assault over the course of their college career (Break the Cycle, Inc., 2005).

Approximately 90% of victims of sexual assault on college campuses know their attacker (Break the Cycle, Inc., 2005).

College students are especially vulnerable to this. Because it is their first time away from home, they are beginning with a relatively small social network in their first year and thus making new friends becomes a high priority. Additionally, they may fear parents withdrawing them from school, not being able to afford supportive services, or the retribution from the assailant. In short, they may not seek help or know how to.

If you or someone you love has gone through any of the abuse factors listed above, or someone you suspect of being victimized seems unusually depressed, stressed or socially withdrawn, then it is time to reach out. Most professors and school services, especially the counseling office, are always willing to protect students from domestic violence. By working together, supporting one's friends and being vigilant, it is possible to reduce the number of victims and even save someone's life.

34 *Letter from the Dean*

Greetings everyone!

I hope that you have had a great fall semester thus far. This time of year is always exciting as we all get ready for final exams and at last, winter break. For those first year students, we all hope that you had a great first semester at Monmouth University. I know that I say this often, but I truly believe that one's first semester is the most important.

For those of you who have just completed your Honors School thesis, congratulations on a job well done. It is not an easy task to develop a research question, design a methodology, write an extended thesis project, and present among peers and faculty members. Right now, many of you may be thinking whether or not it was worth it. I can tell you from experience, IT IS! The thesis demonstrates to future employers, graduate schools, medical schools, law schools, etc., that you not only have a strong intellectual background, but a solid work ethic. Theses and dissertations are much more about determination and focus than anything else. So congratulations to you and of course your faculty advisor(s). Remember to thank them for all of their hard work.

One last thing. On Saturday, February 22, we will be having our annual Welcome Back basketball game in the MAC. So please look out for the date and the reminder. Like last year, we will be reserving a suite in the MAC for one of our home men's basketball games. It is always a great time as well as a potential networking event. Since we always invite recent (and not so recent) alums to join us, it can be a great opportunity to talk to some people who might be able to give to some guidance, or perhaps an internship. So please join us. It is a lot of fun.

Have a great holiday! Be safe and take care of one another.

Dean Dooley



THE HONORS SCHOOL FALL RESEARCH CONFERENCE

2013

Friday, December 13, 2013

8:30AM-1:00PM

WILSON AUDITORIUM

It is with great pleasure that the Honors School
presents its Fall Research Conference.

Student presenters include research in the fields
of:

**Anthropology, Art, Biology, Business, Chemistry, Com-
munication, English, Foreign Language, Mathematics, Psy-
chology, Software Engineering, Social Work & Sociology**

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