

# BALL BEARINGS

VOLUME 4 // ISSUE 3 // SPRING 2013



uncovering  
**PHOTO-APP  
OBSESSIONS**

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PAGE 14

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RICHMOND HILL  
EXPLOSION SURVIVORS  
PAGE 26

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**NOT PICTURED:** CATHERINE GREIS & KARINA LOZANO

# BALL BEARINGS

VOLUME 4 // ISSUE 3 // SPRING 2013

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## editor's note //

Controversy, disagreement, conflict: three powerful words that we try to avoid at all cost. We don't talk about controversial topics or disagreements in fear that we might be pinned for starting the very conflict we were trying to run from.

I think it's something that women especially are taught from the time we enter the world. "It's not ladylike," or "be gentle," are things we hear in order to meet the expectations placed on our gender. These phrases become lies that prevent us from ever confronting each other. Instead, sometimes girls decide it's best to gossip with other girls that aren't involved in the situation – because that always works out so well ... not.

I've interacted with enough men to know that the phrases "be a man," and "fight it out," are fixed into their memories from the first moment they encounter a fight with their brother or a bully in school.

But I think both of these are poor ways of settling the differences we so often don't know how to deal with. Instead of running away or being on the attack, what if we approached conflict as a necessary means of moving forward in our relationships?

What I've found is that often times we are so afraid of conflict or offending someone's views that we go to the other extreme and completely remain silent. I know I've been guilty of this. You're looking at the master of people pleasing.

We might scream our stances from the rooftops or from within the confines of social media, but we wouldn't dare talk about controversial topics such as politics, religion, or social issues face-to-face with someone who blatantly opposes us. After all, we might disagree and that might force us to see the world through someone else's lens for once.

While working on this issue I've learned how freeing it is to engage in conversation with others who disagree with me on loaded topics. Is it uncomfortable? You bet it is. But, in the process we stop hiding and we start acknowledging that we're not all cut from the same mold, and that it's OK to agree to disagree.

It's not worth living to please others so that you don't step on their toes. Sometimes when we approach conflict or controversy in a healthy way, we leave room to grow in honesty and authenticity with one another.

As you flip through these pages and read about religious controversy (page 22) and gun control issues (page 34), I think it's the perfect opportunity to begin discussing these sensitive topics. And as you begin to take these steps, maybe you'll be inspired to make a bold decision like Walk the Moon's bass guitarist Kevin Ray did early on in his career (page 31).

Whatever it is, I hope you walk away from this issue realizing that our differences don't have to be what separate us. Instead, they can be the very things that move us toward a solution.



TAYLOR ELLIS  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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## WHAT'S ONLINE

### FOOD AT YOUR DOOR

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OUR FAVORITE  
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FROM THE VILLAGE.

### GUN CONTROL

LEARN MORE ABOUT THE  
IMPORTANCE OF GUN  
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AN INTERACTIVE GRAPHIC.

### BUCKET LIST

DON'T LEAVE MUNCIE  
BEFORE CHECKING OFF  
A FEW OF THESE  
MUST-DO ACTIVITIES.

before graduation //

# THE MUNCIE BUCKET LIST

WHERE TO SHOP, EAT, LISTEN AND EXPLORE IN MUNCIE BEFORE YOU GRADUATE

**B**etween job applications, résumé updates and trying my hardest to focus in capstone classes, being a senior puts a lot of things in perspective. As graduation creeps closer, my appreciation for Muncie, a city I've listened to people groan about for the past four years, is suddenly growing.

STORY // MICHELLE JOHNSON

PHOTOS // STEPHANIE TARRANT

Compared to metropolitan areas, Muncie

may not seem like much. However, do a little digging, and you might discover there are plenty of exciting things to explore. Because let's be real — college is so much more than getting a degree and preparing for the future, it's about experiencing your surroundings and evolving within them. Here are 10 places to start crossing off your Muncie bucket list.

## FOOD



**CAMMACK STATION, 9200 W. JACKSON ST. //** Driving down West Jackson Street at night, you can't miss this illuminated eatery covered in vintage, neon gas station and Coca-Cola signs. This 50s-era diner offers a nostalgic atmosphere, which reminds its elderly regulars of simpler times. The menu offers twists on American diet staples: burgers, coney dogs, chicken and pasta salads, chili, Blue Bell ice cream and malts and shakes. Select items are given old-timey first names, including Virgil's fried smoked sausage and Myrna Jean's grilled chicken, while the breaded tenderloin is recommended to first-time customers. If you're craving dinner and dessert, make sure to bring more than \$10 with you; the diner's a la carte sandwiches start at \$6, and they only accept cash.

## SHOP

**MAIN STREET FLEA MARKET, 1710 E. MAIN ST. //** For those with a keen eye for treasure hunting, a quick trip to Main Street Flea Market can easily turn into a full-day outing. This spacious concrete warehouse, which one customer described as looking like Fort Knox from the outside, is a hub for vendors eager to sell anything from vintage clothes and ornate jewelry to furniture, guitars, bikes and pocket knives. Thrift-seekers sick of rummaging through their grandmother's attic can find heaps of trinkets and collectibles at fairly low prices.

## FARMER'S MARKET, LOCATED IN MINNETRISTA'S ORCHARD SHOP PARKING LOT //

The Farmer's Market at Minnetrista is worth waking up before noon on Saturdays during the warmer months. A slew of vendors gather from 9-12 a.m. to sell their seasonal produce, sweet jams, fresh breads and even homegrown catnip — all for a fraction of the prices you'll find at chain grocery stores. During the winter months, the market moves inside, adding cooking and canning workshops into the mix.

## FAIR FOOD OUTSIDE MUNCIE MALL, LOCATED IN THE JC PENNEY PARKING LOT //

Ever wonder where fair food vendors retreat to after summer festivals come to an end? One in particular is spending the off-season outside Muncie Mall's JC Penney, serving the same classic, fried, sugary treats you continue to crave during the winter. After a long day of shopping, customers can snack on corn dogs, fried Oreos, funnel cakes and freshly squeezed lemonade. But get it while you can, the stand plans to close at the end of May to travel to other fairs.

## SAVAGE'S ALE HOUSE, 127 N. HIGH ST. //

Replacing a long lineage of failed businesses since 2009, Savage's is finally doing things right for the 100th block of High Street. In white block letters the building reads "beer, food, wine," which is exactly what you're going to find here. Although Savage's beer selection can't compete with the Heorot's, what happens in the kitchen makes up for it. Serving fresh, hot food until 2 a.m. most nights, Savages' selection of burgers, wraps and appetizers go beyond the normal bar eats. The patty melt with a black bean burger is a personal favorite, alongside a handful of dill chips.

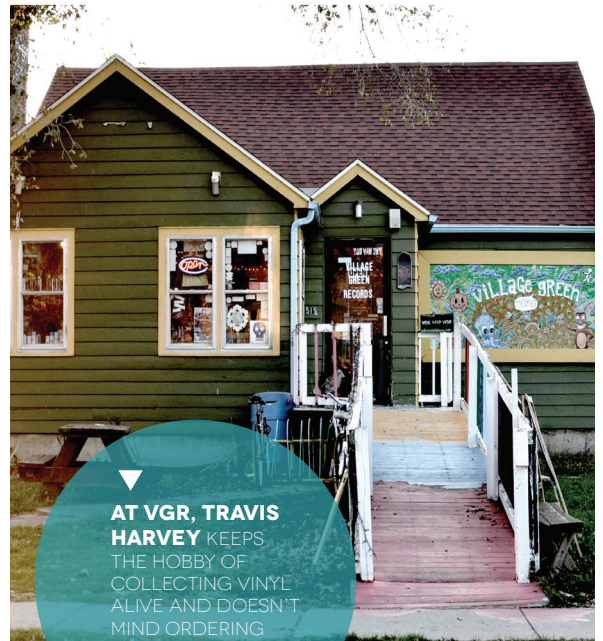
## TUPPEE TONG THAI, 310 W. MAIN ST. //

As a dingy, white brick block of a building on Main Street, I'm sure Tuppee Tong is avoided by many based on appearance. But if you focus on the menu rather than the stuffy interior and leaks in the ceiling on a rainy night, you won't be disappointed. This family-owned and operated establishment prepares fresh, authentic Thai cuisine daily. Your portion of Pad Ki-Maow may not look like a lot at first glance, but the mound of flat noodles and sautéed vegetables in a spicy garlic sauce seems endless after a few filling bites.

## LISTEN

### VILLAGE GREEN RECORDS, 519 N. MARTIN ST. //

You can't miss the kelly-green house decorated with bright murals at the corner of Martin and Ashland. In addition to the racks of new and used vinyl, CDs and merchandise, Village Green Records is one of the best places to listen to live music in Muncie, and the shows are always free. Each year, Village Green hosts both local and touring acts of all genres during day-long music festivals that celebrate National Record Store Day, the Fourth of July, and the beginning of the school year. (While you're at it, stop in and say, "Hey," to my oversized cat, Boris, who lives there.)



AT VGR, TRAVIS HARVEY KEEPS THE HOBBY OF COLLECTING VINYL ALIVE AND DOESN'T MIND ORDERING SOMETHING THAT'S NOT IN STOCK.

## ENJOY

### THE SILO BUS, TRAVELS FROM CLEO'S TO COLUMBIA THEATRE //

The Silo Bus transports students from The Village bars to the downtown bars, but in my experience, it was more than just a bus ride — it was another party. As 20+ intoxicated college students piled on the bus, the free ride quickly turned into a dance party as riders stumbled back and forth. It may be difficult to differentiate the vibrations of the bass from bumps in the road and you may question your safety, but it's one hell of a ride.

### PRAIRIE CREEK RESERVOIR, 5 MILES SOUTHEAST OF MUNCIE ON BURLINGTON ROAD //

Who says there aren't beaches in the Midwest? During the warmer months, you can escape with a 20-minute drive to Prairie Creek for a daytime picnic or swimming session. Developed in 1954, the man-made attraction includes more than 2,000 acres of land and water. The beach is open from Memorial Day to Labor Day, offering countless fun-in-the-sun activities such as fishing, biking, hiking, boating and sunbathing.

### MINNETRISTA, 1200 N. MINNETRISTA PARKWAY //

With its name meaning "a gathering place by the water," Minnetrista offers a place to learn about historic Muncie and unwind among 40 acres of gardens and wildlife. As the former location of F.C. Ball's home, president of the Ball Brothers Corporation, Minnetrista now offers art exhibits, gardening and crafting workshops, and annual outdoor events. Weather permitting, the Minnetrista grounds offer a serene spot to run, bike ride and de-stress.



# OUT OF THE ROUGH

STORY // ANDREW MISHLER  
PHOTOS // BENJAMIN DEHR

BALL STATE WOMEN'S GOLFER AUTUMN DUKE PERSEVERES AFTER THE LOSS OF HER FATHER AND SHOOTS HER BEST SCORE AT THE CARDINAL CLASSIC.

**A**utumn Duke placed a tee deep into the ground, her Titleist ball lightly sitting on top of it. On the ball was a red-and-white flower, the same symbol she had used since her dad introduced her to golf over eight years ago.

Autumn, a senior on the Ball State women's golf team, was set to tee off on Saturday morning of Sept. 22, the first day of the Cardinal Classic at the Players Club in Yorktown, Ind. She had already done this in 29 other collegiate events before.

Although experience may have been on her side, Autumn faced adversity on this day which no experience could prepare. Six days prior to the Classic, on her 22nd birthday, Autumn's father, Larry Duke, died after being injured in a motorcycle accident. Autumn is one of Ball State's team captains and is known by her coaches and teammates as one of the most determined and poised players. No matter who it

was, Autumn was a rock for the people around her.

"She's a very strong person, and she doesn't always like to show her emotion to the entire team," says Autumn's teammate, roommate and best friend Sarah Westaway. "And I know that before, being her roommate, that's just her personality. She's [a] very strong leader. She's extremely driven."

However now, more than ever, she needed the people around her to be that rock in her life.

Larry wasn't just Autumn's father. He was her swing coach, and the one who had introduced her to golf in the 7th grade. He was, a "friendly giant" and a man who "would do anything for anybody."

He was the one who had pushed Autumn to play college golf and become the player and person that her teammates look up to today.



As Autumn approached her ball and looked down the fairway, she realized that for the first time in her life, she was golfing without her dad.

Despite this reality, she was comforted with her family, team and faith at her side.

Autumn would soon find out how even with the loss of the most important man in her life, she would never be alone.

### GROWING UP

Before she even started playing golf, Autumn grew up immersed in athletics. Living in a condo in Geist Reservoir for most of her childhood, Autumn became a nationally ranked rock climber and committed figure skater.

Larry introduced her to golf in the 7th grade, and immediately she was hooked. Her natural talent was enough to convince her family to move to Hamilton Southeastern so that she could pursue the sport at a public school the following year.

“My last year of homeschooling, I kind of got a spark for golf,” Autumn says. “And it was like I didn’t want to do any other sports anymore. I wanted to take lessons and get really involved.”

Autumn quickly became one of the best players on the team. As a sophomore she attracted the interest of Ball State coach Katherine Mowat while she was recruiting former Ball State golfer Brittany Kelly.

“I already knew about [Autumn],” Mowat says. “People were talking about her.”

As Autumn continued to improve, the conversations she had with Mowat became more serious.

Eventually, she signed on with Ball State. Through the next three years, she became one of the best players on the team and was named team captain during her senior year in 2012.

Along with her talent, Autumn was chosen because she knew how to make her teammates believe in themselves, even before her father’s death on Sept. 16, 2012.

### THE ACCIDENT

Autumn was at Starbucks with her mom when she received the call.

Her dad was seriously injured. He lost control of his motorcycle while he was in a memorial ride with his friends in Story, Ind. and was tangled in the bike as it flipped three times. At first, he was going to be airlifted to a Louisville trauma center to save time, but he was re-routed in the air to St. Vincent’s hospital in Indianapolis.

A flurry of phone calls began. Autumn talked to her uncle, her boyfriend, and finally her grandparents — all of them just looking to get more information. Eventually, everyone ended up in the waiting room at the hospital.

The doctors called Autumn and her mom into her dad’s room. A chaplain stood by, a silent sign of the severity of the situation.

As she entered the room and saw her dad lying under a white sheet, his chest rising up and down, the doctor in the room began to explain how Larry had suffered a “very bad brain injury,” even though he was wearing a helmet. As the conversation developed, eventually the words “we’ve done all we can do” were spoken.



TOP: AUTUMN DUKE PRACTICES HER MID-RANGE SHOT AT THE GOLF RANGE.  
BOTTOM: AUTUMN DUKE AND HER TEAMMATES CHIP DURING PRACTICE.





▼  
**AUTUMN  
DUKES'S FATHER**  
ENCOURAGED HER  
TO PERSONALIZE  
HER GOLF BALL.

At 3:07 a.m., in the early hours of Autumn's birthday, Larry was pronounced dead.

Autumn spent the next two days with her family in Fishers, Ind. Meanwhile, her teammates gathered together to console each other. Instead of just grieving over the loss of a friend's father, many were grieving over the loss of a personal friend as well.

Once Autumn returned to Muncie, she sat down to talk with Mowat. Even though it didn't seem like golf mattered at all in the moment, the team still had a tournament to play in four days. Autumn needed to make a decision: Would she play?

"She wanted to play as an individual," Mowat says. "But I told her that if she was going to play, then play in your position. She had earned that."

After a viewing on Wednesday and a funeral on Thursday, Autumn decided she would play in the Saturday tournament.

"The big question [for Autumn] was, 'Oh my gosh, what's it going to feel like to for me to stand over a golf ball with my dad dead?'" Mowat says.

### THE TOURNAMENT

Autumn and Mowat both wanted the tournament to be normal, with just one condition: Autumn and Westaway would play together.

Before play began, Westaway embraced Autumn, unsure of how Autumn would play one of the most mentally challenging sports on a day when her mind was already challenged.

With her golf club in hand, Autumn turned her attention to her ball.

Feet set. Knees bent. Head down. Hips turned. Now it was time to swing.

As soon as Autumn's driver met the ball, it was just golf. Just like Larry had taught her.

Usually, Autumn was one to remember every shot she took, even if she had to recall the third shot on the 4th hole while she playing on the 17th. She was always critical of herself.

This time though, she couldn't remember the last shot she took. Her body and mind were numb, taking her thoughts out of the tournament. All she could do was guide each ball into each hole in as few strokes as possible. That was all her mind would allow.

That tunnel-vision approach came through for Autumn. By the end of the Cardinal Classic, she had recorded a score of 153 — 5th place out of a field of 74 golfers. Somehow, in spite of the circumstances, Autumn had shot her highest finish ever.

### STILL GROWING

Nearly five months after Larry's death, everything Autumn had to endure is burned into her memory.

And even as she relives every moment, tears never well up in her eyes. With a calm candor, she describes how her knees buckled and her face become ghost-white as the doctor told her and Judy that her father was brain dead.

Even though she will never forget that traumatic day, she moves forward by holding onto her faith and the memories of her dad.

"A lot of it I feel like is having faith and believing in God, because there's not a day that goes by where I don't think my dad is in heaven and I won't see him again one day," Autumn says. "Those two things keep me going."

# OUR TIME HAS COME

PRO SOCCER TEAM  
COMES TO INDIANAPOLIS

STORY // LEEANN WOOD  
ILLUSTRATION // WILLIAM STARK

own by two, a teammate passes him the ball. He freezes not knowing what to do.

This is not his usual position, but William Stark is in the perfect spot to score. Stark pulls back his leg back as defenders close in on him, and he strikes the ball. He watches as the goalie leaps to block, but the ball soars high over the goal.

Though Stark felt he let his team down, his coach encouraged him to keep trying and to never give up. He displayed this same perseverance in helping bring a professional soccer team to Indianapolis.

In the summer of 2011, Stark joined The Brickyard Battalion, a support group that was campaigning to bring professional soccer to Indianapolis. Excited by this opportunity, he assisted the group by making graphics for fliers and merchandise to increase awareness. His involvement with the group led the Ball State senior to create his own affiliate group, Cardinal Calvary, on campus. The group had its first meeting on Feb. 4 and will continue to have bimonthly meetings on Mondays in Bracken Library.

On Jan. 16, the soccer rallying paid off. Indy Pro Soccer announced on Wed., Jan. 16, that they had finally reached their goal of bringing a pro soccer team to Indianapolis.

Stark hopes Cardinal Calvary will not only support the Indianapolis team, but also the Ball State women's soccer and other local teams. The group will meet to play, watch and find new ways to promote the sport.

Stark would also like to see a group of fans from Ball State at every home Indy Pro Soccer game.

Peter Wilt, the president of Indy Pro Soccer, supports Cardinal Calvary and all other affiliate groups around the state. He thinks they are a positive addition to the soccer community.

"They are the best sales people we can have and on game days they are literally creating the environment that makes soccer so special," Wilt says. "They'll make it a hard place to play for visitors and a welcoming place to play for the home team and that's critical in every aspect for the team's long-term success."

The team, whose name is undecided, could hire a coach as soon as April 2013 and will start their roster beginning in November for the 2014 season. More than 1,700 eager soccer fans have already bought season tickets since the team was announced.

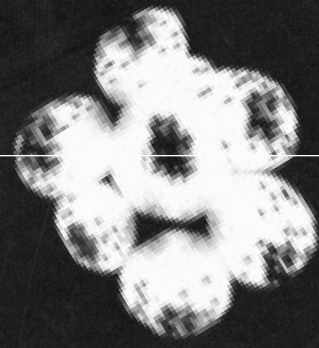
Stark is excited for Cardinal Calvary to spark enthusiasm for the upcoming season and for the sport of soccer in general. He hopes to see the Indiana soccer culture grow as a result.

"Now it's up to not just the Brickyard Battalion, not just the owners, it's up to the people of Indiana," Stark says. "It's up to the college students of Ball State University, IU, Purdue and all those other ones to go down to go to these games and to make it fun because that's what it's going to be. It's going to be fun!"

Fans can vote for a team name at [Indy-prosoccer.com/nametheteam/](http://Indy-prosoccer.com/nametheteam/).



# EAT *this not* THAT



STORY // ALEXANDRA HOLDER  
ILLUSTRATIONS // ANNIE GONZALEZ

## ATRIUM

Stir-fry makes it easy to get the servings of vegetables and protein your body needs in a delicious way. However, it can be a slippery slope if you make the wrong decisions. Quick tip: The bulk of your meal should include vegetables, with one carbohydrate and protein source. You only need to double protein if you are seriously active. Lo Mein noodles are high in fat and contain mostly refined carbohydrates, meaning they do not give your body any lasting energy. Egg rolls, although small, are deceptively high in fat, sodium and calories. Make healthier meal decisions on campus with these staples and add whatever veggies you like.

### EAT THIS

Fried rice: 204 calories  
Shrimp: 90 calories  
Spicy Szechuan sauce: 74 calories

Total calories: 368  
Total fat: 10.5g  
Cholesterol: 200mg  
Sodium: 1,155mg  
Total carbohydrates: 33g  
Sugars: 7g  
Protein: 24g

### NOT THAT

1 vegetarian egg roll: 200 calories  
Lo Mein noodles: 279 calories  
White rice: 380 calories  
Beef stir fry strip: 168 calories  
General Tso sauce: 123 calories

Total calories: 1,150  
Total fat: 37g  
Cholesterol: 60mg  
Sodium 2,280mg  
Total carbohydrates: 166g  
Sugars: 33g  
Protein: 40g



## NOYER

When dining in Noyer, it may be convenient to reach for fried mozzarella sticks or onion rings for a side. However, a hearty salad can make you feel just as full without the fatigue and “too full to function” feeling that follows fried food. If you want to eat a hot sandwich, try grilled chicken on sourdough, instead of a traditional cheeseburger. Grilled chicken is low in saturated and total fat and high in protein, which will keep you full longer.

### EAT THIS

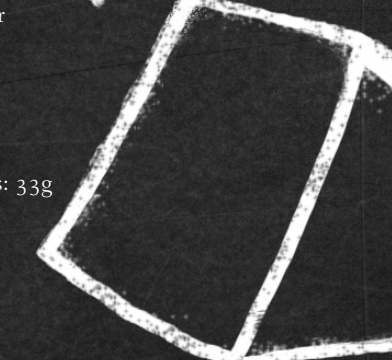
Sourdough bread: 124 calories  
Provolone cheese: 82 calories  
Grilled chicken breast: 93 calories

Total calories: 299  
Total fat: 9.5g  
Cholesterol: 65mg  
Sodium: 550mg  
Total carbohydrates: 23g  
Protein: 26g

### NOT THAT

Single cheeseburger

Total calories: 349  
Total fat: 17g  
Cholesterol: 45mg  
Sodium: 670mg  
Total carbohydrates: 33g  
Protein: 20g



## WOODWORTH

Spinning Salads might seem like the healthiest choice at Woodworth, but it's possible to create a salad that has a high calorie count equivalent to a greasy cheeseburger. High-fat dressings, cured meat (such as pepperoni), and any breaded topping (such as croutons) should be approached with caution.

### EAT THIS

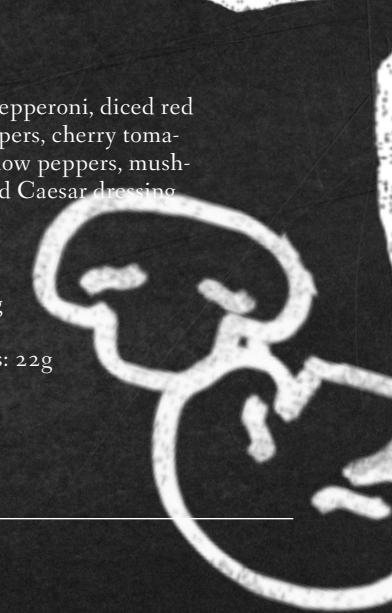
Feta cheese, grilled chicken breast, broccoli, cucumbers, cherry tomatoes, mushrooms, green/red/yellow peppers and raspberry walnut vinaigrette dressing.

Total calories: 312  
Total fat: 20.5g  
Cholesterol: 50mg  
Sodium: 375mg  
Total carbohydrates: 6g  
Protein: 14g

### NOT THAT

Parmesan cheese, pepperoni, diced red onions, banana peppers, cherry tomatoes, green/red/yellow peppers, mushrooms, croutons, and Caesar dressing.

Total calories: 703  
Total fat: 58g  
Cholesterol: 700mg  
Sodium: 1,270mg  
Total carbohydrates: 22g  
Protein: 19g



## LAFOLLETTE BREAKFAST BUFFET

Our brain and muscles need energy and fuel to function properly, especially first thing in the morning. It is important to choose foods that offer the body energy instead of depleting it.

Oatmeal is a good source of protein, fiber, complex carbohydrates and iron. The soluble fiber in oatmeal absorbs a considerable amount of water, which significantly slows down your digestive process. The result is that you'll feel full longer.

On the other hand, bagels contain refined carbohydrates, which turn into sugar during digestion, causing blood sugar to spike and then drop. This leaves you feeling hungry faster with zero energy.

### EAT THIS

Omelet with melted cheddar cheese, diced tomatoes and mushrooms  
Oatmeal with vanilla yogurt, blueberries and strawberries

Total calories: 367  
Total fat: 19g  
Cholesterol: 320mg  
Sodium: 1050mg  
Total carbohydrates: 25g  
Protein: 23g

### NOT THAT

Blueberry bagel with one cream cheese cup  
Scrambled eggs and two slices of bacon

Total calories: 615  
Total fat: 28g  
Cholesterol: 460mg  
Sodium: 690mg  
Total carbohydrates: 62g  
Protein: 27g

### EAT THIS

Turkey Gobbler  
(Turkey, honey walnut cream cheese, tomato, cucumber and spinach)

Total calories: 381  
Total fat: 12g  
Cholesterol: 51mg  
Sodium: 880mg  
Total carbohydrates: 62g  
Protein: 21g

### NOT THAT

Boo Radley  
(Turkey, avocado, bacon, spinach, Swiss, tomato and mayo)

Total calories: 495  
Total fat: 25.5g  
Cholesterol: 51.5mg  
Sodium: 1,031.5mg  
Total carbohydrates: 66.5g  
Protein: 28g

### EAT THIS

Bison Burger

Total calories: 614  
Total fat: 28g  
Fiber: 2g  
Cholesterol: 0mg  
Sodium: 0mg  
Total carbohydrates: 38g  
Sugars: 0g  
Protein: 52g

### NOT THAT

Buffalo Breath Chicken Salad (Full Portion)

Total calories: 1,575  
Total fat: 119g  
Fiber: 10g  
Cholesterol: 392mg  
Sodium: 4602mg  
Total carbohydrates: 66g  
Sugars: 18g  
Protein: 57g

### EAT THIS

Chicken Breast Pita

Total calories: 300  
Total fat: 4g  
Fiber: 2g  
Cholesterol: 60mg  
Sodium: 630mg  
Total carbohydrates: 43g  
Protein: 22g

### NOT THAT

Gyro Pita

Total calories: 560  
Total fat: 29g  
Fiber: 2g  
Cholesterol: 70mg  
Sodium: 1,110mg  
Total carbohydrates: 49g  
Protein: 23g

THE CUP

SCOTTY'S  
BREWHOUSE

PITA PIT



“I DON’T WANT TO BE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, BUT I’M ALSO NOT TRYING TO STAND OUT.”

### WHAT HE’S WEARING

Shoes: Vans  
Socks: Dockers  
Jeans: Levi’s  
Vest: Gap  
Sweatshirt: Target  
Tie: Goodwill

## MEET: CLINT KEARNEY

**YEAR: SOPHOMORE**  
**MAJOR: HISTORY EDUCATION**

### FAVORITE PLACE TO SHOP

I like going to Goodwill the first Saturday of the month for the 50 percent off sale. I’ll go in the night before and hide stuff in suitcases until the next morning.

### SIGNATURE LOOK

I like pairing colors that no one would think of, and I like a lot of layers.

### FAVORITE ITEM IN YOUR WARDROBE NOW

I have these awesome pairs of Levi’s that have bright stitching and are bright when I cuff them to show my socks.

### DREAM CLOTHING ITEM

Redwing boots. They’re super sturdy, and some are steel-toed.

### ESSENTIALS EVERY STUDENT SHOULD HAVE

A good pair of jeans and boots that will last a lifetime.

### WHAT SETS YOU APART?

I collect a lot of things — a lot of pieces like ties (50), watches (7) and socks (30).

### WHAT MESSAGE ARE YOU TRYING TO SEND OTHERS

“Live everyday as if it were on purpose.” It’s a quote from “Hitch.” I just want to add some purpose to the day with my fashion.

# MEET: SAMANTHA WILSON

**YEAR: JUNIOR**  
**MAJOR: FASHION  
MERCHANDISING**

## **FAVORITE PLACE TO SHOP**

I go to Goodwill and Salvation Army first. Definitely Forever 21 for more mainstream stuff. I really like boutiques, too.

## **SIGNATURE LOOK**

I would say hippie/grunge. I love baggy clothes and earth tones – not a lot of bright colors.

## **FAVORITE ITEM IN YOUR WARDROBE NOW**

I wear this gold and black collar necklace from Forever 21 literally everyday with every outfit.

## **DREAM CLOTHING ITEM**

I have been obsessed with the Olsen twins for a long time, so anything from their fashion line.

## **ESSENTIALS EVERY STUDENT SHOULD HAVE**

Cable knit sweaters and a good pair of jeans

## **WHAT SETS YOU APART**

I've been in two sewing classes now and I'm learning to make my own clothes, which I like because they'll be one of a kind.

## **WHAT MESSAGE ARE YOU TRYING TO SEND OTHERS**

I want to tell people to be themselves. I'm not big on labels; I'm not big on brands. Just be who you are and people shouldn't care about your clothes.



“FASHION IS IMPORTANT BECAUSE IT SHOWS YOUR AUDIENCE WHO YOU ARE AND YOUR PERSONALITY WITH JUST A FEW PIECES. YOU GET TO EXPRESS YOURSELF WITH IT AND THAT'S WHY I LOVE IT.”

## **WHAT SHE'S WEARING**

Dress: Forever 21  
Cardigan: Goodwill  
Shoes: Etsy  
Necklace: Flea Market  
Shirt: Hand-me-down  
Shorts: Salvation Army

# YOU'RE SO VAIN

YOU PROBABLY THINK THIS STORY'S ABOUT YOU, DON'T YOU?

IN AN AGE OF INDIVIDUALISTIC TECHNOLOGY, HERE'S WHY WE'RE SO OBSESSED WITH SNAPCHAT AND INSTAGRAM.

STORY // JOE RULEY    PHOTOS // BRIANNA EIKENBERRY

**S**martphones give users the ability to capture a moment anywhere and at anytime. Whether capturing a puppy or one of your best friend's recent bar-crawl adventures, which then ends up on BSUMakeouts' Twitter feed, apps like Instagram let users instantly share their photos with anyone via social media. And if the moment is a little too risqué to be included in the social stratosphere, Snapchat allows users to share photos only for a few seconds before they disappear. But what makes narcissistic apps like Instagram and Snapchat so popular? Or in Snapchat's case, what is it about a photo that goes away after a few seconds that makes us willing to take embarrassing photos of ourselves?

## INSTAGRAM

American culture is highly individualistic. According to Dr. Melinda Jo Messineo, chairwoman of the Department of Sociology and associate professor of sociology, social media helps us tap into that individualism by giving us the opportunity to present the best version of ourselves to others. Along with the desire to present this best-self image, the United States puts a lot of emphasis on a Hollywood lifestyle.

"...You have this drive for individualism and this very strong celebrity culture and now you have a technology that makes it possible for individuals to be mini-celebrities," Messineo says.

Because Instagram users can follow your photos, like them and leave a comment, it can elevate your social status.

Instagram also fulfills some of our basic human needs. Through users commenting and liking photos, the need humans have to belong is fulfilled.

"We are always seeking points of comparison," says David Austin Chapman, assistant professor of the Department of Counseling Psychology and Guidance Services and interim director of the M.A. Social Psychology Program.

What Chapman means by this is that we constantly compare ourselves to those around us. It's in our nature to see how we are doing compared to the rest of society. Through Instagram, we get photographic evidence of how we match up to the world around us.

## SNAPCHAT

Fun fact: the creator of Snapchat originally had every photo ever snapped sent to his phone so he could personally view them. Don't worry; he can't do that anymore. However, photos are still kept on Snapchat's server, so technically they never fully disappear. With Snapchat, they only stay on your phone's screen long enough for your friends to have a good laugh.

Snapchat is also popular because it doesn't leave a viewable digital footprint, which Messineo says people are starting to become more sensitive to.

Through Snapchat, we can take photos of our weird and crazy ways and only let the people we choose see them for a few seconds before it disappears. In other words, college students can send drunken photos without worrying about them being recovered — unless, of course, the receiver takes a screenshot. This comes as a relief for those who want to preserve their online reputation and avoid damaging repercussions.

Apps like Instagram and Snapchat are popular because they tug at the strings of our sociological and psychological being. They also make us feel important or like we belong. However, even though they meet our fundamental human needs, we still might want to be mindful of what we broadcast to the world.





## WHAT YOUR FILTER SAYS ABOUT YOU

### 1. AMARO

THE '50S IS YOUR FAVORITE DECADE.

### 2. RISE

YOU'RE OPTIMISM RADIATES LIKE THE SUN.

### 3. WILLOW

YOU WISH YOU WERE THE STAR OF A FILM NOIR.

### 4. KELVIN

YOU'D RATHER LIVE IN THE DAYS OF PEACE, LOVE AND WOODSTOCK.

### 5. SIERRA

DAYDREAMING IS YOUR HOBBY.

### 6. LO-FI

YOU PREFER CLASSICS LIKE FRANK SINATRA OVER DRIZZY DRAKE.

### 7. EARLY BIRD

YOU OWN COWBOY BOOTS AND A SPITTOON.

### 8. SUTRO

YOU LUST FOR A MAN LIKE EDWARD CULLEN.

# GET FIT **TECH TOOLS**

Sometimes it's hard enough just to get up and go to the gym. So why make your workout any more challenging than it needs to be? Here are some of the hottest gadgets that can make reaching your fitness goals a little bit easier—no gym required.

STORY // KALEIGH SHEAHAN  
PHOTOS // PROVIDED

## 1 WACKIEST

### **TREKDESK**

**PRICE:** \$500

For those trying to sneak in a little cardio between business calls, the TrekDesk is for you. The treadmill is equipped with many features to enhance your workspace: adjustable desk height settings, scratch-resistant surface, filing organization and even cup holders.

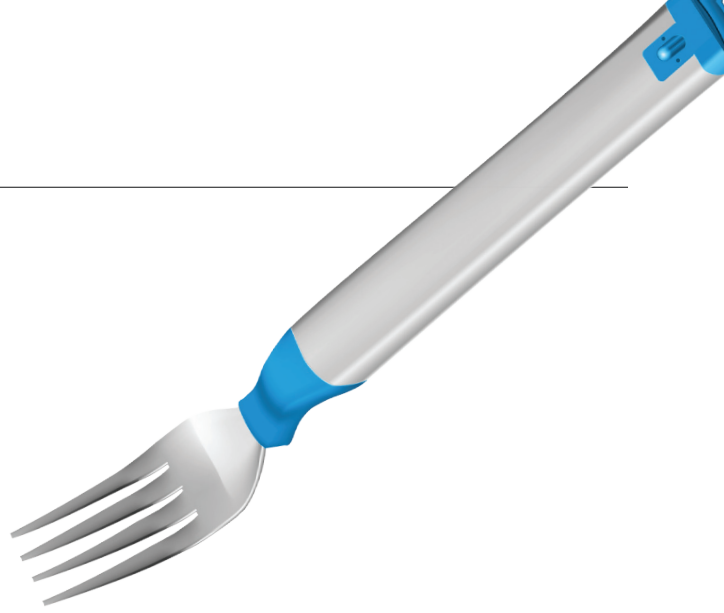


## 2 COUCH POTATO

### HAPIFORK

**PRICE:** \$99

If you're looking for a way to improve your health, but want to skip the gym, the HAPIfork might do the trick. This kitchen utensil was originally designed for medical use to inhibit weight gain, put an end to digestive problems and reduce the risks gastric surgery can cause. The fork records how long it takes you to finish a meal, how many bites you take per minute and the average interval between your bites. It also uses light indicators to warn you when you're eating too fast.



## 3 CARDIO

### TIMEX MARATHON GPS

**PRICE:** \$125

You don't have to run marathons to love the Timex Marathon GPS. This watch allows athletes to track their speed, distance and energy expenditure. It also has one of the highest ratings based on its affordability and high-quality features. It does all the work for you — well, all but the running.

**KEY FEATURES:**

- 8-hour battery life
- Records up to 30 workouts
- GPS enabled
- Automatically records lap splits
- In-workout alarm capability

### UWATERG4

**PRICE:** \$60

Wish you had some musical motivation to help you power through those last few laps in the pool? Now it's possible. The UWaterG4 is a walnut-sized waterproof MP3 player. Its small size allows you to clip it on your goggles, cap or suit and not have to worry about those chunky armbands and waterproof cases. It's even equipped with a flotation device, just in case it falls off while you channel your inner-Michael Phelps.

**KEY FEATURES:**

- Waterproof guaranteed (up to 10 feet)
- 4GB of memory (about 1,000 songs)
- 6-8 hour battery life

## 4 WEIGHT TRAINING

### MOTOROLA MOTOACTV

**PRICE:** \$199

This GPS watch and MP3 player replaces the need for a personal trainer by calculating the data of your workout while recording songs that help you push through your hardest reps. After recording the data from previous workouts, the MP3 player can create a personalized playlist based on the tunes that help take your workout to the next level.

**KEY FEATURES:**

- Touch screen
- Downloadable data capabilities
- GPS enabled





# insomnia cookies

▼  
**WALKING IN**  
THE VILLAGE AT NIGHT MIGHT SPARK A SUPPRESSED APPETITE WITH SPEEDY, LATE NIGHT OPTIONS LIKE INSOMNIA, GREEKS, AND PITA PIT.

## TASTES OF THE VILLAGE TO-GO

STORY // AISTE MANFREDINI & JESSICA KNOX PHOTOS // STEPHANIE TARRANT

From the gooey warmth of fresh-baked cookies to the mouthwatering taste of gourmet pizza, The Village offers endless flavors to hungry taste buds. Best of all, these irresistible tastes will personally come to you at your own convenience.

### INSOMNIA COOKIES

#### MARKETING MANAGER//RENEE SARNECKY

##### HOW WAS INSOMNIA COOKIES DELIVERING BUSINESS FOUNDED?

Seth Berkowitz started this in 2003 out of [his] dorm room at UPenn, and from there it just formed into Insomnia Cookies. Now we open up two stores a month on or around college campuses like Ball State and IU.

##### WHY DID THE COMPANY COME TO MUNCIE?

I think we're bringing new life to Muncie... to the whole downtown area. It's bringing people back again and making them more excited to be down in The Village area.

##### WHAT WAS OPENING DAY LIKE?

The first day that we opened we did about 175 deliveries. On average, we bake about 3,000 cookies a day, and that's not even including the brownies and all the ice cream.

##### WHAT MAKES INSOMNIA COOKIES UNIQUE?

I definitely think the late night aspect is what makes us stand apart. We're open until 3 a.m. and the fact that we also deliver until 3 a.m. is a lot different than your typical bakery. The cookies are kept in a warmer so even when we deliver they're going to be moist and fresh — they're never just sitting around.

##### HOW INVOLVED IS THIS BUSINESS WITH BALL STATE?

We do a lot of work with campus organizations and working with the community. We do a lot of charitable donations and in-house donation days to help different organizations raise money. A big part of what we do is working with those organizations and getting them cookies for events and helping students out.

## PITA PIT

**MANAGER //**  
**TYLER HURST**

### HOW WAS PITA PIT FOUNDED?

The Pita Pit was started in 1995 in Ontario, Canada by two gentlemen looking to offer a healthy late-night alternative to McDonald's and Taco Bell. The first Pita Pit in the United States was located in Syracuse, N.Y.

### HAVE THERE BEEN ANY CRAZY FOOD DELIVERY MOMENTS?

We get all kinds of crazy stuff. People answer their doors with nothing but their underwear on and think we're the cops when knocking on the door. People often try to tip with alcoholic beverages or other illegal substances when they don't have money for a tip.

### WHAT MAKES PITA PIT UNIQUE?

We offer a lot more vegan and vegetarian options than most restaurants anywhere. The pita bread itself is a great option due to the low-carb ingredients. Most of all, customers get to customize their pitas anyway they'd like.

**DRIVER //**  
**JAKE LEWIS**

### WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE THING ON THE MENU?

Chicken Souvlaki: Greek-marinated chicken inside a pita with custom toppings.

### WHAT IS YOUR MOST MEMORABLE FOOD DELIVERY EXPERIENCE?

During on semester there was a guy who opened the door for a delivery and had a friend next to him passed out on the floor, he was so hammered, just drunk and naked. Once, someone also offered us shots at the front door.

▼  
**EVER WAKE UP**  
AND FORGET WHERE  
ALL YOUR SINGLES  
WENT? NO, YOU  
DIDN'T DREAM  
THAT CLUB LULU,  
BUT AT LEAST YOU  
REMEMBERED TO TIP!

## GREEK'S PIZZA

**MANAGER //**  
**BRYAN BURKE**

### WHO FOUNDED GREEK'S?

Chris Karamesines founded Greek's in 1979.

### DOES DELIVERY GENERATE MOST OF THE INCOME FOR GREEK'S?

We still depend on in-house orders instead of delivery.

### MOST POPULAR ORDER?

A large pepperoni pizza and breadsticks. Strombolis (pizza shells) are also a popular choice.

### WHAT MAKES GREEK'S PIZZERIA UNIQUE?

Our food is fresh every day; the dough, sauce and all the quality ingredients are made fresh. The atmosphere also helps people notice the history of Greek's and reflects the tradition of the business.

### ON AVERAGE, HOW MANY PIZZAS DOES GREEK'S MAKE A DAY?

We make about 40 medium pizzas and about 75 large pizzas on busier nights.

## JIMMY JOHN'S

**DRIVER //**  
**CARSON ROYER**

### WHAT DO YOU DO AS A BUSINESS TO ENSURE "FREAKY FAST DELIVERIES?"

With the fact that the sandwiches don't need time to cook or anything, and that our delivery area is small, most orders get delivered within 10 minutes of ordering. There's also pressure on the drivers to be fast.

### IF YOU WERE TO RECEIVE A TRAFFIC TICKET, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR PAYING IT?

There's a timer on the computers in the store that records how long each delivery takes, and there can be repercussions if it takes too long. If I were to get a ticket, it would be my responsibility to pay it, because the "official" position of Jimmy John's is to not rush the deliveries while driving, even though the managers make it into a competition based on speed.

### WHAT IS YOUR MOST POPULAR ORDER?

Probably the No. 4: Turkey Tom or No. 9: Italian Night Club



you can handle the truth

# FLYING SOUTH WITHOUT LEAVING HOME



**BETHANY GUYER**

**MAJOR:**  
TELECOMMUNICATIONS

**YEAR:**  
SENIOR

**FUN FACT:**  
I'VE MEMORIZED THE  
PERSONAL LIFE SECTION  
OF MANY CELEBRITY  
WIKIPEDIA PAGES.

**FOLLOW BETHANY**  
**@BETHANYFARTS**

**ILLUSTRATION //**  
**STEPHANIE**  
**MEREDITH**

The words “spring break” embody a multitude of feelings and images. Some picture warm beaches and tropical locales, while others might cringe thinking about the crazy college mistakes they made within the walls of some sleazy tiki shack. No matter what your history is, if you have spent a Spring Break taking refuge from the cold Midwestern weather in the sweet warmth of the South, you are better-off than many of your peers.

That’s right, a lot of people cannot partake in wild spring break adventures and must suffer in silence at home. If that’s you, don’t let the week pass you by. When you drive to your frigid hometown come March, be prepared to live that week to the fullest.

Your first priority is to stock up on proper refreshments, which will require a blender and ample amounts of ice and tequila. Trust me, everything in your boring neighborhood will seem more interesting after a few margaritas, and if not, there’s always the chance you will curl up in front of a space heater and pass out. Your skin will probably look like fresh sizzling bacon, but at least you’ll be a trendsetter.

Which brings you to your next Spring Break activity: tanning. Who doesn’t want to arrive back at school with a sun-kissed glow? Well if you’re staying at home, you have to get crafty, because the sun tends to hide behind cement-colored clouds during March. Want an alternative? Set up a lawn chair on your porch or deck and allow the snow-covered ground to reflect what little sunlight breaks free from the sky onto your pale, translucent skin. This may not be a model situation or even a good idea, but it’s your only option.

Finally, spring break would not be complete without fun times with friends. Invite others to join you for some margaritas while tanning on your porch. It won’t be a bustling beach party, but you could charge your friends a cover and make a little extra cash. And if there’s no one around, just do what many lonely people do – make some friends on the Internet. These days, plenty of websites allow you to pretend to be cooler and less awkward than you are. So take a swig of your drink and high-five your computer screen, because this year’s spring break at home will be the best of your life.



## narrative of a news nerd

# IN DEFENSE OF HONEST JOURNALISM



**STEPHANIE TARRANT**

**MAJOR:** PHOTOJOURNALISM  
**YEAR:** SENIOR  
**FUN FACT:** I AM THE REIGNING QUEEN OF CHILI, SOUPS AND DIPS.  
**FOLLOW STEPHANIE**  
**@STEPHTYRANT**

**ILLUSTRATION // RICARDO LOPEZ**

For some reason when I'm back home, the blue-collar response to a degree in journalism means, "Oh, so you want to be on the news."

I cringe every time I hear it.

The thing is, I don't think the junk they watch is newsworthy, let alone journalistic storytelling at all, and I could never see myself working in broadcast.

I think back to '96. I was six years old, I rode bus No. 6, and my kindergarten teacher told me I was going to be a writer. I never forgot it.

Fast forward to 2009. My high school yearbook staff named me journalism nerd of the year, and now I'm looking at my last two semesters of news and journalism courses. As photo editor of Ball Bearings, photojournalism is exactly what I want to be doing.

When I'm writing or shooting, I look for details and what makes the story important. Yet, as I continue refining the way I think of news, I can't help but question the news values defined by professors in class.

Proximity. Impact. Conflict. Timeliness. Prominence. Emotion. Uniqueness.

What about precision? Informative and thought-provoking? Shouldn't those be somewhere?

I constantly think about what mainstream media and local newspapers cover as news. The first time I saw the comparison of TIME magazine in the United States to the covers of European, Asian and South Pacific versions, I was shocked. Why? The U.S. editions featured completely different types of stories.

For example, the cover story of the U.S. edition in December of 2011 was about "chore wars" between husbands and wives, while Europe, Asia and South Pacific versions featured a cover story titled "Travels Through Islam."

Then I think of how these stories are covered, and wonder, "Why are hard news stories so difficult to read?" Journalists hold a responsibility to inform and teach. I think about my future in journalism, and the present day news coverage is not efficient, accurate or honest. I find myself questioning my confidence in the current world of journalism.

After the Sandy Hook shooting, I realized how easy it must have been to broadcast the fabricated stories of locals in the area, simply because we wanted to hear an immediate explanation. Social media fixates on who can tell the story first, allowing anyone with Internet access to become a citizen journalist.

We're living in a scary place where the need for immediacy trumps the value of accuracy, where television station ratings and revenue dictate content.

Am I the only one left who really wants to know why gun control agendas are being pushed so quickly? Does anyone still question the war on terror? Is anyone concerned that our generation will have to pick up the pieces of the current debt crisis?

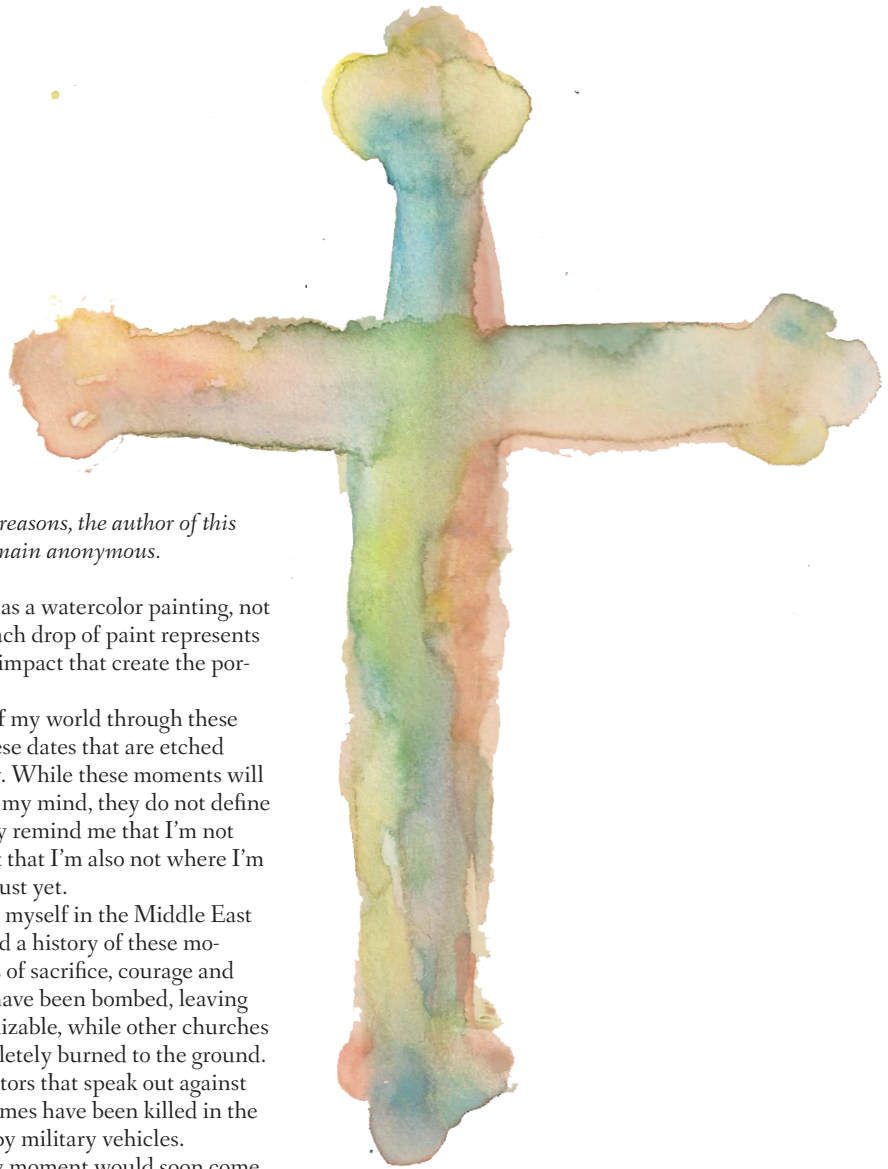
We are a civic-minded, quick and connected generation. The more we shift our focus toward the Kardashians and away from intellectuality, the more unaware our society becomes. Let us not forget to educate ourselves, and as journalists, educate others.



# MOMENTS OF **IMPACT**

A MIDDLE EASTERN STUDENT FACES PERSECUTION FOR HIS CHRISTIAN FAITH WITH PERSEVERANCE, IN HOPES OF FINDING A NEW LIFE WHERE HE IS ACCEPTED FOR WHAT HE BELIEVES.





*Due to personal reasons, the author of this story chose to remain anonymous.*

envision my life as a watercolor painting, not yet complete. Each drop of paint represents the moments of impact that create the portrait of my life.

I make sense of my world through these moments; by these dates that are etched into my memory. While these moments will forever linger in my mind, they do not define me. Instead, they remind me that I'm not where I was, but that I'm also not where I'm supposed to be just yet.

Christians like myself in the Middle East have experienced a history of these moments: moments of sacrifice, courage and loss. Churches have been bombed, leaving bodies unrecognizable, while other churches have been completely burned to the ground. Christian protestors that speak out against these horrific crimes have been killed in the street, run over by military vehicles.

I knew that my moment would soon come, where I would also be unjustly punished simply because my beliefs didn't reflect those of the world around me.

And when I was 15 years old, I experienced one of these unforgettable moments in Egypt. The memories still surface, reminding me of Thursday, Oct. 18, 2003, the day that everything changed.

I slowly crept forward to the edge of my cold, metal chair as I felt my teacher hover over my shoulder.

He shouted my name, sending shivers up and down my spine.

The eyes of my 80 classmates all shot up at once. I could feel their gazes fixed on me from all corners of the room.

“Why aren’t you finished?” my teacher demanded.

“Just five more minutes and I’ll be done,” I replied in a hesitant tone. “We still have 25 minutes of class left.”

“How dare you even answer me!” my teacher shouted.

As I felt my body tremble with anger, deep down I knew why he was doing this. In a sea of Muslim students and professors, my Christian name identified me with one of the earliest Christian popes in our country, threatening everything my teacher stood for and every religious principle the Middle East was built upon.

Before I even had a chance to put my pencil back on the paper, my teacher struck me across the face.

Nobody moved, nobody even tried to help me. Eighty students just watched as tears streamed across the hot-pink handprint he had tattooed across my cheek. For the next 20 minutes, my teacher and his colleague kicked me, punched me and cursed my family and my faith.

In that brief moment, all of the Christian values that my parents taught me since I was young didn’t seem to add up. I didn’t understand why the merciful God I had read about in Bible stories would let this happen. I couldn’t make sense of a world that hated me simply for what I believed.

When I returned home, my mother and I immediately went to the police station to file a report. However, the police officer warned us that if we went through with the report, it would look as if I was trying to start a fight between Muslims and Christians. The consequences of this could mean that I would be sent to National Security, a place known for interrogation and torture. My friends and I knew it as a place where you could be “banished behind the sun.”

After hearing this, I decided not to file the report. I walked out of the police station feeling defeated and helpless, as if the bruises covering my body were invisible to the unjust world around me.

From that day on, I vowed to keep my head down and my mouth shut for the next two years of high school until I could get out of that place. I needed a fresh start — a chance to set my life into a new direction.

So at the age of 17, I packed up my former life and headed to my country’s capital to attend col-

lege, where I would study electronics engineering. I thought if I separated myself from the pain with enough miles, that maybe the memories of persecution and isolation would fade into the distance.

But I couldn’t have been more naïve.

Once again, my name plagued me, giving others a perception of my identity before I even opened my mouth. My physics teacher watched as I tirelessly worked to achieve an A in his class, yet failed me on every assignment, while giving my peers As. I failed his class five times, which set me back two years from my original graduation date.

My dream to receive a degree and flee to a place where I was accepted seemed nearly impossible.

These moments of impact kept coming, knocking me down and further away from the new life I was desperately searching for.

And then on Dec. 8, 2008, I received a call saying that my friends’ bus, which I was supposed to be on, had crashed in the middle of their trip, leaving 13 of them dead. Three of those students were my best friends—literally the only people in the world that I felt I could count on to understand my plight. If I hadn’t felt isolated and alone before, I was now helpless.

Ten months later, my mom passed away after three years of health complications. With my siblings in distant countries and an even more distant relationship with my father, I felt like I was burying my mother alone as I stood within a crowd of people in front of her tombstone.

The last picture I have of my mother is during one of her weakest moments. She was so sick that she could barely move without losing her breath. But, as she tried to walk through our living room, I remember her stopping in front of a picture of Jesus that we had hanging on our wall.

“God, I’m in so much pain,” she said while choking through her words. “But thank you anyways, God.”

In that moment, I wanted to be thankful despite my suffering, just like my mom. But for now, it seemed unrealistic.

I had lost my education, friends and now my own mother. I had lost everything but my faith.

Denouncing my faith was never an option during these dark times. I knew that’s what my persecutors wanted from me, and I wasn’t going to let them win. But slowly I began to believe that I was who they said I was: a failure, an outcast, and even lower than the animals. God quickly became the target of my bitterness and anger because I had been taught that he would never forsake me, yet he had never seemed further away.

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## **“I REALIZED THAT WITH A SINGLE STAMP ON A PIECE OF PAPER THIS WOMAN COULD BRING ME A STEP CLOSER TO THE LIFE I HAD ALWAYS DREAMED OF.”**

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With nothing left to lose, I began to look for a way out of the Middle East. If I didn't escape, I feared that I would continue to spiral into despair and isolation.

And that's when it happened: The moment that saved my life. On April 28, 2010, I walked into the local U.S. Embassy and submitted my application for an American visa, knowing that the chances of a Middle Eastern 21-year-old male actually receiving one weren't likely. As the woman reviewing my application began to question me about my paperwork, it became even clearer that I was going to be denied.

The woman reviewing my application stared at me inquisitively for a few seconds and my heart felt like it was going to beat out of my chest. Suddenly, I realized that with a single stamp on a piece of paper this woman could bring me a step closer to the life I had always dreamed of.

Her mouth began to crack into a smile as she grabbed the stamp and looked down.

“Your visa has been accepted,” she said.

Tears began to fill my eyes and all I could seem to say was, “What?”

My history of suffering slowly began to make sense. I couldn't understand before, but now I knew why God had let my teacher fail me five times over the course of two years. The only reason I had been accepted for the visa was because I still had one year of undergraduate study left. Without failing my physics class, I would've already graduated and been denied the visa.

The pain had a purpose.

On June 8, 2010, I boarded a plane to New York City. I arrived at John F. Kennedy International Airport with only \$1,070 to my name and no clue how to get to my assigned destination of Wildwood, N.J.

As I stepped out of the airport and onto the crowded city streets, I never felt so overwhelmed,

yet so hopeful for the new life that awaited me.

Wildwood is where everything changed for me. I got a summer job and became close friends with a group of Ball State students who were there on a mission trip with Campus Crusade for Christ (CRU). I'm not going to lie and say that I didn't suffer working below minimum wage jobs and 16-hour days, but it was also where people finally accepted me and gave me the love I had been searching for.

The following summer, I joined my new friends back in Muncie, Ind., where I live today. I finally had the new life I had been waiting on for years.

My circumstances here are far from perfect as I compare my life to those around me. I am a full-time student at Ivy Tech and I work full-time as a patient transporter in order to pay for my classes. I don't have a family here to help me with my finances; therefore I can't afford Ball State. I sleep very little in the midst of trying to balance it all.

I say this to acknowledge that my life is still very painful. But in these moments, I think about the millions of people that are still going through persecution, and then I'm reminded of how blessed I am.

Time has taught me that without my moments of pain, I wouldn't know how to persevere. And without feeling like an outcast, I wouldn't understand that it's OK that I'm still different from those around me. And without being beaten publicly, I wouldn't understand what it was like for my Savior to be publicly killed on a cross.

Maybe these moments of impact aren't always there to improve our lives, but God uses them to improve our perspective. Maybe they're meant to prepare us for the moment that changes our life.

My life isn't what it once was, but it's also not yet where I want it to be. And although I could count the many years of persecution as my demise, instead I count it as the beginning of the portrait of my life, not yet complete.

AFTER AN INTENTIONAL EXPLOSION PHYSICALLY TORE AN INDIANAPOLIS COMMUNITY APART, NEIGHBORS UNITE, LOOKING TOWARD RECOVERY.

# blown to pieces

STORY // LAUREN HARDY

PHOTOS // KALEIGH SHEAHAN, INDIANAPOLIS STAR & WTHR CHOPPER13

A single tear slides down Emily Koerner's cheek as she stands on the pieces of broken glass, mounds of dirt and piles of hay that lay where her house used to stand.

She breathes in the piercing winter air and thinks about the familiar smell of cake that used to linger in that exact same spot. But memories of the explosion, which killed John and Jennifer Longworth, injured 12 others and caused roughly \$4 million in residential damage, are all that come to mind.

Emily, who is a 20-year-old traveling missionary, has visited the lot six times since Nov. 10, 2012, the night that forever changed the Richmond Hill neighborhood landscape and the lives of the people who call it home.

Months have gone by, but for Emily, the images of what happened that night stay with her, even though she doesn't like to think about it often.

"I've tried to keep my life as normal as possible since the explosion," Emily says. "I don't like to talk about it. You're actually only the second person I've allowed to interview me."

At first glance, as we pulled into the neighborhood on the south side of Indianapolis, the Richmond Hill community Emily grew up in looked like any other standard American community.

Earlier that day at Starbucks, Emily reminisced about her childhood, laughing at how the neighborhood boys would chase her and her friends with squirt guns and water balloons around the houses that led to the community pool. Now, walking through the bulldozed lots, that bubbly personality has vanished.

The Koerner's, who custom designed and built their home in Richmond Hill in 2000, were one of the first families to live there.

"Even at a young age, there was always this amazing community," she says.

Looking down Fieldfare Way today, the epicenter of the explosion, in the middle of the neighborhood, it's hard for Emily to picture such a carefree time.

Cinder blocks, pots and pans, children's toys and random clothing items litter the cement foundations of the more than 30 homes that have already been demolished. Burned-out cars lie in shambles in a few spots, making the site seem ghost-like.

"All I know is that the Lord protected us," Emily says. "No, restoration won't happen overnight, but we've experienced something no one else has, and that has united us."



**THE HOME  
EMILY KOERNER**

GREW UP IN WAS  
JUST ONE OF THE  
MORE THAN 30  
HOMES THAT WERE  
TORN DOWN DUE  
TO DAMAGE.



▼  
**REMNANTS  
FROM THE  
BLAST**

STILL CLUTTER  
THE DEMOLISHED  
LANDSCAPE  
OF THE  
RICHMOND HILL  
NEIGHBORHOOD.



**AROUND 10** on the night of the explosion, Nov. 10, 2012, Emily pulled into 8332 Alcoa Drive and walked inside to find her mom, Vicky, getting ready for bed and her dad, John, sound asleep in the loft. After brushing her teeth, she sat on the downstairs couch to watch the final scenes of the movie, “The Last Song.”

Fifteen minutes later, a deafening boom shredded through and violently shook the house. What she thought was thunder, Emily quickly realized was something else as she looked down to discover she was covered in glass. On the house’s main level, the TV had cracked; the glass table had shattered; drywall lined the floor from the house beam, which had shifted from the blast; kitchen cabinets and broken dishes laid strewn across the floor.

“Every window in the house broke, except for the six I was sitting under, which also happened to be the closest to the explosion,” she recalls, shaking her head in disbelief.

Now sobbing, Emily pulled the lime green blanket off her body and started to walk on the broken shards of debris that were scattered across the living room floor. From her backyard screen door, which had also blown in, she noticed a nearby house was leveled.

The horror of that moment is still hard for her to describe: fire raging, sparks and debris flying, sirens blaring, people screaming and crying, the smell of smoke spreading thick in the air. As her mother remembers, “It was like a war zone.”

During this chaos, Emily’s brother Michael, who was turning onto their street when the explosion happened, ran toward the explosion site where he heard screaming from the house next to ground zero. There he found a little girl covered in blood — trapped by 3-4 feet of debris from a wall that had blown in.

A million things ran through his mind as he tried to figure out what was happening: Were a series of bombs being set off? Was it a terrorist attack? Who else was injured?

But he didn’t panic. With the help of another man, the 17 year old rescued the girl before responders were even on the scene.

“If there were heroes in this, the neighborhood [and] the neighbors were them in my opinion,” says Kevin Bacon, deputy chief of Emergency Operations for the Indianapolis Fire Department. “I don’t think we will ever know how many acts of heroism and kindness they did for each other.”

According to Bacon, despite the fact that no one knew for sure what was going on, the Richmond Hill community was not only cooperative, but also appreciative and helpful.

“You realize this is the worst time of these folks’ lives,” he says. “They could have been a very hostile crowd, and they were not.”

In the months since the explosion, which investigators say was orchestrated by Monserrate Shirley, Robert Leonard and Mark Leonard to collect nearly \$300,000

in insurance money, the recovery process is still in its early stages. Some houses have yet to be demolished as families negotiate with insurance companies.

Yet in this waiting process, the community remains optimistic, even creating a Richmond Hill Facebook support page, where residents can share information, start prayer chains, discussion boards, etc.

“Good things came out of this, even though it’s been a really awful situation,” says Morgan McClellan, a Franklin College student whose family’s house was severely damaged.

The McClellan’s house did not have to be demolished, but they’ve felt the burden of that night in a much different way. According to McClellan, her family felt

“it was like a war zone”



▼  
**THE EXPLOSION**  
KILLED JOHN AND JENNIFER LONGWORTH, INJURED 12 OTHERS AND CAUSED ROUGHLY \$4 MILLION IN RESIDENTIAL DAMAGE.

guilty that they still had a home over the holidays. This helpless feeling, as she describes it, was experienced most on Christmas morning. Although they were able to open presents and keep family traditions alive, so many others in their community could not.

The Koerner’s are just one of the many families who couldn’t spend the holidays in their own home. On Dec. 4, 2012, Vicky and her son, Michael, watched a demolition team tear down their home. In 2000, it took nearly five months to build, but on that day it took only 50 minutes for it to be leveled.

“It was two-fold,” Vicky says. “When you are seeing 11 years of your life being demolished in front of you, it’s very sad. But we’re thankful to be alive. The things we couldn’t replace we have, and that’s our kids.”

Similarly, throughout this entire experience, Emily has not preoccupied herself with thoughts about the physical possessions they have lost. She says the only thing that mattered to her that night was that her family and neighbors were OK.

Though the majority of the community has healed physically, it’s the emotional scars that have left a deeper impact.

On Thanksgiving 2012, Emily drove to Kroger to buy the ingredients for the corn casserole and pumpkin pie

she was in charge of making for the family dinner. She approached the checkout lane and handed the cashier her card, not thinking anything of the trip. But as she watched the canned corn, vanilla, cinnamon, herbs and other spices ride down the conveyor belt, her eyes filled with tears, and she collapsed onto the floor.

Nearly everything the cashier had scanned would have been in the pantry of her old house. It’s little details like these that remind Emily of home, causing her to grieve. Even the new residence her family leases is a daily reminder that things will never be the same.

Rachelle Vaughn, Morgan McClellan’s sister, doesn’t know if there will ever be a “normal” for the neighborhood again. Everywhere she looks is a reminder of what’s been lost.

However, despite the many hardships they’ve faced, the McClellans, Koerners, and the entire Richmond Hill community is slowly recovering, finding comfort in sharing one another’s sorrows. They recognize, even after this story has faded from the headlines, the recovery process will linger on.

“It’s not that I can’t find comfort in the new house, it’s just that when something is ripped away from you, it takes time to re-establish that comfort,” Emily says.

The Koerners are still negotiating with the insurance

company, but they hope to rebuild in the exact same spot by March. According to Vicky, the family chose to stay because of their community, which has pulled together as a result of this disaster.

On Dec. 22, 2012, two days after Shirley and the Leonard brothers were arrested, the Richmond Hill neighborhood organized a Luminary Walk, which they plan to do again on the one-year anniversary of the explosion.

For many families, it was their first night in the neighborhood since the explosion. Though it was a solemn event, the walk was a symbolic way for them to come together, look at the damage and begin to find healing.

Starting at the neighborhood park, Michael, Emily, Vicky and John Koerner, along with around 70 people grabbed a white sandwich bag to carry with them. Each bag, including those lining the walk's path, held a little candle. Though the sun was fading fast, the parade of candles lit up the darkness that had started to swallow the neighborhood.

As the walk ended back at the park where it began, neighbors joined hands around a heart of candles for a moment of silence.

At the heart's center were two special candles, in memory of the Longworths.

After a minute, the crowd began to sing Silent Night. The lyrics "all is calm; all is bright" began to hum throughout the neighborhood, perfectly symbolizing the hope that flickered in the community that night.

The explosion may have been filled with desperate screams and chaos, but for now, silence and peace had taken their place. For Emily, restoration and closure started to seem like more of a possibility.

She glanced into the distance as they sang, seeing the sign that now hangs over the neighborhood's swing set where she used to play. She read the words "United We Stand," and felt comfort knowing that as Richmond Hill's journey of healing continues, their lives will remain tethered in a way like never before.

▼  
**AROUND 70  
RICHMOND HILL  
RESIDENTS**  
PARTICIPATED IN A  
LUMINARY WALK  
TO REUNITE AS A  
COMMUNITY ONCE  
AGAIN.

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**“WHEN SOMETHING IS RIPPED AWAY  
FROM YOU, IT TAKES TIME TO  
RE-ESTABLISH THAT COMFORT.”**

—EMILY KOERNER

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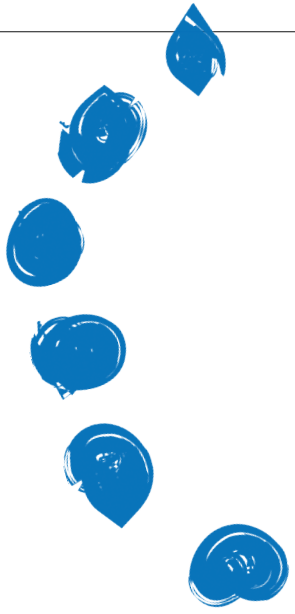


# SHOOT FOR THE MOON

BSU ALUMNUS TAKES A CHANCE AND LANDS CENTER STAGE WITH BAND.



WITH TRIBAL PAINT STAINING HIS SWEAT-RIDDEN FACE, 26-YEAR-OLD BASSIST KEVIN RAY SMILES AS HE LOOKS OUT INTO A CROWD OF FANS, FRIENDS AND FAMILY. AS THE LAST NOTE OF THE SONG REVERBERATES AGAINST THE WALLS OF THE DELUXE THEATER IN DOWNTOWN INDIANAPOLIS, THE AUDIENCE ERUPTS WITH APPLAUSE.



**RAY NEVER THOUGHT** his band, Walk the Moon, would play to sold-out crowds, be featured on MTV's "Unplugged," and perform live on "Late Night with David Letterman." But, just a little more than two years after graduating from Ball State, Ray joins his band on their first-ever headlining show in Indiana.

"You all have no idea how much this night means to me," Ray says to the audience. "I'm speechless."

The crowd erupts again, jumping to the beat as the first few notes of their song "Tightrope" begin to play.

But before there were sold-out crowds and electric guitars, there was Ray's grandmother and a piano. From the time he was old enough to move his fingers, she taught him how to play. And although his experience with the instrument was short-lived, Ray says it was his grandmother, not the piano, who sparked his passion for music.

"She was pretty hardcore, but she is still one of my favorite people ever, and even though I hated piano lessons, I still loved music," Ray says. "So she instilled in me the love for classical music."

He spent time with a wide variety of instruments including the violin and the drums before he finally found his love for the guitar at 13. Music slowly began to become his life. However, after graduating high school, Ray decided to study physics or biology. He toured Ball State's science department, trying to picture himself as a student walking the halls of Cooper. But when the tour guide offered to show Ray the new recording studios on campus, he couldn't refuse. It only took a second for him to realize it was where he needed to be.

"I didn't even think about anything else for the next month. I was, of course, thinking of my grandmother and how she would just love it if I was in music school," Ray says.

So Ray made the bold decision to move from his hometown in Columbus, Ohio, and come to Ball State to study music technology, with a minor in digital media.

He specialized in classical guitar, which he credits for preparing him to later play bass. Made countless attempts trying to break into music scene. He started a few bands and performed at Doc's Music Hall once or twice a week. However, this was also a time that involved some of the most

embarrassing experiences of his life, he says.

"At least in college, I personally didn't think that I was a performing musician of any level, so trying to start my own bands was a complete shot in the dark and I failed miserably," Ray says with a laugh.

During his summers, Ray worked at what he thought would be a musician's dream job. For three years, he toured with the world's biggest artists working behind the scenes to help perfect the sound of their live show. However, he was losing his passion, and although he worked in the music industry, the job showed Ray that he needed to do something else—something greater.

Immediately after graduating from Ball State in December 2009, Ray got a call from his childhood friend, Nicholas Petricca, who was looking for someone to help kick-start his band, Walk the Moon, in Cincinnati. Eager to be a part of something new, Ray agreed to play bass for the band.

He helped propel the band to finish their first unsigned album, "I Want, I Want," which independently debuted in 2010. It started creating a buzz outside the borders of Ohio and things started to become very real for the four-piece band.

Between working with the guys in Walk the Moon and touring the country with his "dream job," Ray came to another crossroads.

"I remember my parents picking me up from the airport and I just said, 'I am not having fun.' I was completely exhausted, so I just decided to walk away from my dream job," Ray says.

Ray decided to take a chance putting all his efforts into Walk the Moon. Exactly three months later, a management company picked up the band and signed them to RCA Records. They played main stages at various music festivals like Bonnaroo in Tennessee and Lollapalooza in Chicago, gaining passionate fans at each stop.

Even with his newfound stardom, Ray and the rest of the band focused on their live show and established a following of fans that was unique to the band. The tribal paint used in the filming of the music video for their first single, "Anna Sun," created a fun expression of youth and life. The tribal paint is now a staple for Walk the Moon.

"We thought it was just a great way to all come together and express yourself," Ray says. "It was



really only for the video, but then people started to show up at shows with their own face paint and it made for such a strong experience once we got on stage.”

The tribal paint became a way for fans to connect with the band on a personal level and make their live show an experience rather than just listening to their music.

“We like to really impact everyone in the room. We want our shows to be a place that you come and let all your luggage and insecurities go, and just have fun,” Ray says.

This kind of mentality is the driving force behind their success. As a relatively new band, Ray still finds his new music career surreal, especially hearing his own music on the radio.

“It’s pretty exciting to hear yourself, but also frightening,” Ray says. “It’s a way of saying to yourself, ‘Okay, this is great that it’s happening, but what’s the next stepping stone?’ What can we keep doing, because this is exciting?”

The band has moved to their next stepping stone on their first headlining tour, selling out venues in Germany, Ireland, France and the U.K. For Ray, the best part of this tour is seeing the audience come together to support the band on this huge step in their career.

“People are just proud and excited, and we love doing what we do, but it makes it so much more rewarding when everyone else is on board,” Ray says. “The fans are taking ownership of the band and it couldn’t be going better.”

On the heels of releasing their brand new EP, the guys are looking forward to touring throughout the year. And as Ray looks back on his musical journey, he realizes how much his college experience helped shape his career.

“I get the question all the time, ‘Did college really help?’ But I fully support the theory of college preparing you for the real world,” Ray says. “It can take a lot of blind effort on your own, and Ball State just gave me that extra know-how and I was really responsible for my own personal growth.”

It may have taken a few risky moves in his career and lots of hard work, but Ray doesn’t regret a thing. It was these stepping stones in his journey that helped him take the biggest leap of all; risking everything to chase his ultimate dream with Walk the Moon.



## WALK THE MOON @WALKTHEMOONBAND

### ORIGIN OF NAME

The Police song, “Walking on the Moon”

### HOMETOWN

Cincinnati, Ohio

### GENRE

Indie Pop Fiesta

### MEMBERS

Pictured above from left to right: Eli Maiman (guitar), Nicholas Petricca (lead singer/keyboard), Sean Waugaman (drums) and Kevin Ray (bass)

### HIT SONGS

“Anna Sun,” “Tightrope,” “I Can Lift A Car,” “Shiver, Shiver”

### FOR FANS OF

The Killers, Two Door Cinema Club, Phoenix, Fitz and the Tantrums

### TOURED WITH

Fun., Grouplove, Local Natives and Young the Giant



# STAND OFF

IN THE WAKE OF RECENT SCHOOL SHOOTINGS,  
BALL STATE BEGINS TO DEBATE WHETHER GUNS  
SHOULD BE ALLOWED ON CAMPUS.

STORY // TAYLOR ELLIS  
GRAPHIC // STEPHANIE MEREDITH

A

s dawn broke and sunbeams shone through the cherry blossom trees littering Virginia Tech's campus, it was the picture of spring perfection. Senior Colin Goddard pulled himself out of bed for another 9 a.m. French class, running late to pick up his classmate.

It was April 16, 2007, which meant motivation was running low for Goddard, who was reaching the end of his first, senior year, still having his victory lap as a fifth year to look forward to.

Having already skipped a few times before, Goddard and his classmate Kristina reluctantly decided that they needed to go to class today.

As they scurried into Room 211 of Norris Hall, their teacher Ms. Couture-Nowak rolled her eyes and proceeded to engage the class in a thick French accent. Half way through the class period, Rachael, the star-student of the class, came bursting through the door and found a seat as her classmates interrogated her about her unusual tardiness.

Rachael regained composure and explained that her dormitory was on lockdown because there had been a shooting there that morning. Everyone's eyes widened as they realized they hadn't received the usual campus alert text or email.

Only minutes later, the sounds "bang, bang, bang," echoed throughout the hall outside the classroom. However, due to the construction being done on the building next door, no one thought anything of it.

But as the noises grew louder and closer, Ms. Couture-Nowak's face turned pale. She hesitantly opened the door and peaked out into the hallway to see where the banging was coming from.

She jolted back, slammed the door in a panic and yelled, "Get under your desks! Someone call 911!"

Goddard reached into his pocket and dialed 911 for the first time in his life.

"Hello, what's your emergency?" the operator said.

"Look, I think there's someone shooting a gun here in Norris Hall," Goddard said.

"I don't know exactly what's going on."

"Norris Hall?" she replied. "Where is that?"

"Blacksburg, Virginia, America!" Goddard responded in a panic.

His Nextel phone had called the Nextel Emergency Center in Ohio. Just as he was being transferred to the Blacksburg police, bullets began flying through the wooden door of the classroom.

"I vividly remember seeing someone at the front of the classroom wearing brown boots, khaki pants, a white shirt, and two holsters over both of his shoulders," Goddard says. "My first thought was that this was a cop because it looked like this person was about to leave our room to get help. But instead of leaving our room, he turned down my row of desks and that's when I realized it was not who I thought it was."

Moments later, Goddard says he felt like he had just been kicked in the leg harder than he had ever been kicked before in his life. The pain quickly turned into a sharp, burning sensation that faded into warm wetness and numbness.

"In that moment, those feelings coupled with the smell of gun powder all around me, that's when I realized, like, 'Oh shit, I've been shot, this is real,'" Goddard says.

Goddard flung the phone out of his hand in fear that the gunman, who was moving toward him, would know that he had called the police. It landed in front of a girl next to him named Emily, who tucked the phone under her long hair to hide it from the gunman. Quietly, she whispered that the shooter was in Room 211.

The shooting seemed to last for hours as Goddard lay in a pool of his own blood, hearing nothing but screams and panicked cries. The whole time the gunman never said a word as he killed nine students and Ms. Couture-Nowak. Goddard was among the seven people in the class who survived, although he was shot four times: once above his knee, once in both hips and once through his right shoulder.

The police busted into the room minutes after Emily got off the phone and Goddard recalls the first thing the police said was, "shooter down, shooter down."

"I'll never forget that moment," Goddard says.

"That's when I realized that the last gunshot I heard was the one he shot himself with."

**ULTIMATELY,** Cho Seung-Hui, a senior English major, shot and killed 33 people, including himself. Goddard was just one of the many injured students who endured months of physical therapy and treatment during the summer, while also beginning to heal emotionally. No one thought he would return to campus in the fall after his recovery.

However, Goddard, along with every other student who was injured during the shooting, went back and graduated. During his final year, Goddard says he kept quiet, unable to talk about the shooting or watch anything on the news that might bring back the haunting memories. Instead, he used his time of silence to take in all the information he could about gun control measures, and what he learned was startling.

After researching the topic, Goddard says it seemed as if getting a gun was just as easy as his shooter had made it look to massacre 32 people. He learned that the process consisted of filling out paper work, paying a fee, and sometimes not undergoing a background check. The facts overwhelmed Goddard as he wrestled with whether he wanted to speak out about this issue or not.

Then the moment came. Goddard calls it his “internal tipping point.” He randomly flipped on the news on April 3, 2009, and saw live coverage of the shooting at the Binghamton Immigration Center in New York.

All of his memories from two years ago came flooding back as he watched the shooting unfold. Later that day, Goddard picked up the phone and got involved with the Brady Campaign to Prevent Gun Violence. He couldn't keep his story silent anymore.

While Goddard fully supports the constitutional rights for responsible individuals to own guns, he doesn't think more guns are the solution, especially not on college campuses.

“Considering the fact that I didn't even know what was going on until I got shot, like, I didn't really think that was the way to go about it,” he says. “People kept using Virginia Tech as an example for why we need to allow students to carry their own guns to class ... but, there's a better way to handle this than just trying to stop something at the last second. We can do better by keeping guns out of these people's hands in the first place.”

In the wake of the Virginia Tech shooting, Tucson shooting, Aurora shooting, and Newtown shooting, Ball State students and faculty are also beginning to

break their silence on the issue.

In December, a group called Students for Concealed Carry on Campus (SCC) at Ball State University was started to raise awareness of the restrictions college students face when it comes to their second amendment rights.

“A school that receives federal funding should not be able to ban firearms on campus,” says Damon Cox, president of Students for Concealed Carry on Campus at Ball State University.

SCC's main goal is to support Indiana Senate Bill 97, which was introduced by Sen. Jim Banks (R-Columbia City). The bill would make it illegal for public universities to restrict firearms and would make it legal to carry a licensed, concealed firearm on state-sponsored college campuses.

Currently, Indiana is one of 23 states that allow the college or university to decide whether or not concealed carry weapons are allowed on university property. According to Ball State's current policy, those caught with any type of weapon on campus could face criminal charges.

“People think that gun owners are paranoid, scared to death, or that guns are for cowards,” Cox says. “But, I would have to disagree with all of that. It's most certainly a personal protection thing. If somebody walks into my classroom or walks into a building with a gun am I supposed to wait and hope that the police get there before they come to my classroom? Am I supposed to throw my textbook up and say ‘Oh this will stop the round of bullets?’”

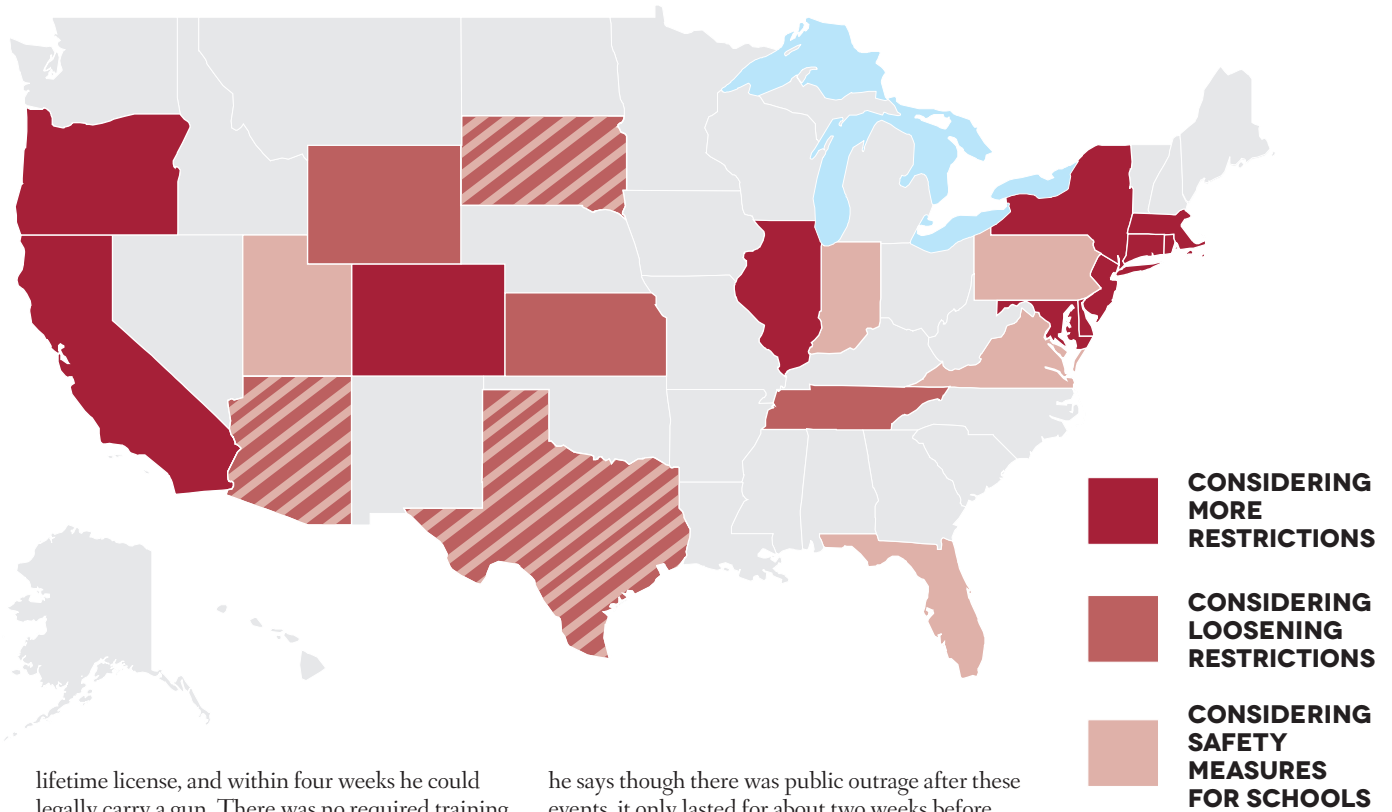
Ball State's Chief of Police, Gene Burton, says that allowing guns on campus will do more harm than good, due to the places those guns could be introduced such as residence halls, fraternities and sororities, where alcohol is traditionally consumed.

However, Cox disagrees that this is a sufficient reason to keep guns off campus.

“The biggest argument is that college students are just drunken fools,” Cox says. “But the students who take part in those activities aren't the ones that are going to go out and do the necessary steps to be able to carry a firearm.”

But, according to senior Chris Silva, the process to get his concealed carry permit wasn't all that extensive. He had to fill out an application, get fingerprinted and go through a brief background check that only looked at criminal history, not at mental health history. Finally, he paid a \$125 fee for a

## STATE GUN LEGISLATION



SOURCE: USA TODAY

lifetime license, and within four weeks he could legally carry a gun. There was no required training on gun safety or how to shoot the weapon.

While Silva is a military policeman who already had extensive gun training when he got his licence, others who carry guns in public often have no training at all. Goddard says his father has a concealed carry permit, yet he's never shot a gun in his life.

Silva and Cox agree that if students carry guns on campus, they should receive proper training. Therefore, they think that it would be helpful to partner with the University Police Department so that students can be educated before they are allowed to carry on campus.

But, Goddard says that even if students went through a training course, he doesn't know of any existing courses that make you shoot your gun under stress. And if the whole point is to prevent these mass shootings, they still won't know how to properly react.

Overall, Goddard says last minute efforts to stop a shooter shouldn't be our primary focus. Instead, our efforts should be focused on keeping guns out of the hands of criminals and the mentally ill.

"People will say, if someone wants to get a gun, they'll always be able to get a gun," Goddard says. "Well then my response is 'Damn it, make it harder for them to get one then.'"

Goddard has been on staff with the Brady Campaign during the Tuscan and Aurora shootings, and

he says though there was public outrage after these events, it only lasted for about two weeks before fading away. However, with Newtown, something has changed; as if the United States has reached its very own "internal tipping point."

"In my opinion, that's been the missing piece," he says. "We needed a movement of people engaged in the issue ... We don't have millions of dollars to be a big, bad lobby group, but what we can do is put a bunch of angry, pissed off people in front of their congressman and say, 'Damn it you do something for our public safety.'"

Goddard says that his passionate disposition overtakes him when talking about these issues. However, he begins to grow more solemn when he reflects on the once blood-stained classrooms of Norris Hall. It makes the healing process easier for Goddard to see that Virginia Tech has made those rooms into the Center for Peace Studies and Violence Prevention. He says that they are trying to turn something horrific into something hopeful.

And while he admits that his memories will never completely fade, Goddard will continue to try to move on in the only way he knows how: by speaking out about the spring day on which his life completely changed.

The gun debate may be far from over, but Goddard says it's on the brink of change — it might not happen overnight, but reform is near.

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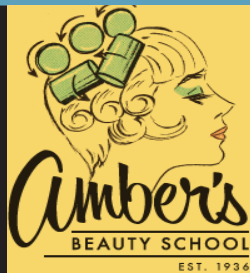
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# THREADS WORTH A THOUSAND WISHES

SIX COLLEGE STUDENTS GRANT ADVENTUROUS WISHES THROUGH THEIR APPAREL BUSINESS, PENZI

STORY // KELLI BENNETT    PHOTOS // PROVIDED

**R**achel Voorhorst deeply exhales as a nervous smile spreads across her face. She sneaks a peak at her forearm, admiring the intense green, red, blue and yellow that forms the shape of a bird, known as the Lewin's Honeyeater. She flinches as the tattoo artist's sharp needle meets her skin once again. Minutes later, Voorhorst gazes at her new tattoo with pride.

Voorhorst will never forget the bird she encountered each day during her study abroad experience in the Wet Tropics Rainforest of Queensland, Australia. Her new tattoo visibly reminds her of the sense of independence and adventure she felt for the first time in her life on that trip.

"[It was] the first time I had gone off by myself without my family...It changed how I viewed myself," she says.

Not only did this tattoo symbolize a once in a

lifetime trip, it was also the first wish granted by Penzi Threads.

Penzi is more than a group of passionate college students selling clothes; it's a start-up company with an intricate wish-granting system. Contrary to comparisons to the Make a Wish Foundation and the MTV reality show "The Buried Life," (where four best friends travel the globe to fulfill their individual bucket lists and grant strangers' wishes along the way), Penzi strives to be an organization of their own merit. Unlike other organizations, the Penzi team believes that everyone, no matter their state in life, should have a chance at wish fulfillment.

"People are more depressed than ever now, and there is so much more to do in life than just sit around and do nothing," says newly appointed owner Michael Webb. "[Penzi] promotes people to



▼  
**TIFFANY AITES**  
 TAKES THE DIVE  
 OF HER LIFE AT  
 PLYMOUTH SKY  
 SPORTS. THIS  
 WAS PENZI'S  
 SECOND WISH.

go out and have fun, exercise, be adventurous. Do something and not be all mopey and lying around.”

According to Penzi founder, Tyler Fosnaugh, making a difference was always important to him. Figuring out how to implement a plan to help others was the hard part.

After completing the Compass Fellowship Program at Indiana University to become a social entrepreneur, he knew he wanted to create clothing that made a difference because of his interest in brands such as Tom’s and To Write Love on Her Arms. The IU junior also credits his supportive parents who encouraged him to do whatever he wanted with his life. Fosnaugh took their advice and ran.

“I became a really big dreamer, I’ve always had crazy ideas, there is all this kind of stuff I want to do,” he says. “The wish thing just kind of incorporated itself.”

His dreams fostered the “wish thing,” known today as Penzi. Over time, the business components fell into place from a perfect name to a founding team made up of four other members: Michael Webb; Lauren Gendron, vice president; Alex Buchman, Indianapolis sales representative and Allie Barringer, graphic designer. They also recently added a web designer, Amanda Chiabai, to the group.

Fosnaugh laughs as he describes the origin of the company’s name. The epiphany came while he listened to “The Lion King’s” Timon and Pumbaa sing “Hakuna Matata.”

“It means no worries ... that is the coolest thing ever, that is the best advice I’ve ever gotten,” Fosnaugh says.

He researched the term, and after learning the phrase was Swahili, he searched for other words with strong meanings until he found the word “Penzi,” which means love and desire. It represented the team’s mission pretty well, he says.

Penzi’s mission and organization starts with one thing: the purchase of one of their T-shirts, which range from \$12 to \$33, depending on the style.

Customers and hopeful wishers can choose from five different shirt designs with eye-catching script that reads, “Make your life a party,” “Dream It, Wish It, Live It,” or, an abstract design of a giraffe.

After the purchase, the customer receives a wish code along with their shirt delivery. The potential recipient then emails their wish inspiration and description for consideration. Webb says the Penzi team places the wishes on one list and selects a wish based on the funds available, as well as the purpose and sense of adventure behind the wish. He says in order to make the wish selection

## HOW WISHES WORK

- 1 Choose a shirt you love and purchase it.
- 2 After the purchase, you receive a wish code along with the shirt delivery.
- 3 Email your wish with a description and inspiration behind it.
- 4 Penzi places the wishes on one list and selects a wish based on funds available, the purpose and adventure behind the wish.
- 5 Once selected, the Penzi team announces the month’s wish on their Facebook.

process as fair as possible, names and descriptive details of the grantee are eliminated from the wishes before selection. Then, the Penzi team announces the selected wish of the month on their Facebook page, turning one's six-digit wish code into an unimaginable reality.

Since granting Voorhorst's wish in October 2012, Penzi has fulfilled wishes for three other customers: Tiffany Aites went skydiving; Celeste Herris recorded her first EP (extended play) and Nick Hinton learned to snowboard at Paoli Peaks in Paoli, Ind.

While some wishes seem more adventurous than others, each symbolizes love and desire for the wishful recipients. As Herris prepared for her audition for NBC's vocal competition, "The Voice," she says Penzi fulfilled her lifelong dream of recording. Herris recently created her own Sound Cloud account and uses her EP as bragging rights.

### THE WORK BEHIND THE WISHES

The smiles of wish recipients on Penzi's Facebook page may make the wish-fulfilling process seem effortless, however, they do not show the challenges that accompany entrepreneurship. Penzi faces setbacks, due in part to being full-time college students with little experience and resources. They've encountered income issues, conflicting ideas, vocal skeptics and waves of doubt along the way.

But there is something bigger than each team member that keeps them going. Countless hours are put into every shirt design, wish plan and video construction. Moments of team tension and financial glitches are defeated with resilient passion. Not the superficial passion that sits dormant on a page of a dictionary, but the passion that conquers adversity and self-doubt. Fosnaugh refers to it as the "shimmering hope that keeps you going," which pushes Penzi to persevere.

"If you're passionate about it, you're willing to put up the passion to keep on going, and that is something I never completely understood until Penzi," he says.

Despite the unknown, their optimistic outlook on the future illuminates through one key belief: that "no wish has an expiration date." This shows the hope that Webb, Fosnaugh and other team members have in making Penzi a global force, granting memorable wishes for hundreds of people at a time.

In the end, it all starts with a shirt and a fervent team that embraces the wishes of strangers, while attaining the one, true wish of its founder, "If everyone's happy, the world will be a better place."



▼  
**TOP:** (LEFT TO RIGHT)  
TYLER FOSNAUGH, LAUREN  
GENDRON, MICHAEL WEBB  
AND ALEX BUCHMAN  
BOND THROUGH WISH  
GRANTING.

**BOTTOM:** NICK HINTON  
SNOWBOARDS FOR THE  
FIRST TIME WITH PENZI.

# MUNCIE PERSPECTIVE

PHOTOS // BALL BEARINGS PHOTO STAFF



**RIGHT:** A SKYLINE OF TREES SURROUNDING THE WATERBOWL IS PERFECTLY MIMICKED. I CAN ALWAYS GO FOR A NICE CRUISE WITH THE WINDOWS DOWN, OFF THE GRID TO THE SECRET BEAUTY OFF SR 3. // STEPHANIE TARRANT



**NO MATTER WHERE** YOU GO IN MUNCIE, YOU ARE BOUND TO COME ACROSS RAILROAD TRACKS. TRAIN WHISTLES MAKE UP A BIG PART OF MUNCIE'S SOUNDTRACK.  
// MARIS SCHEISS



**THIS MAIN BRIDGE** THAT LEADS TO DOWNTOWN MUNCIE ALWAYS REMINDS OF MUNCIE AND THE SNOW ON THE GROUND IS CONSTANT REMINDER THAT THE WEATHER CAN ALWAYS CHANGE AND ALWAYS KEEPS YOU ON YOUR TOES. // RICARDO LOPEZ



**LEFT:** MINNETRISTA SERVES AS ONE OF MUNCIE'S CULTURAL AND ARTISTIC ESCAPES.  
// LINDSEY RILEY

**ABOVE:** MUNCIE TO ME IS A HOME. I HAVE LIVED HERE FOR TWELVE YEARS AND WITNESSED THE SHAFER TOWER BEING BUILT. THIS TOWER IS A SYMBOL OF THE MARK MUNCIE HAS MADE ON MY LIFE. // BRIEE EIKENBERRY



**WITH BALL STATE** BEING ONE OF THE MAIN INSTITUTIONS IN MUNCIE, MY PERCEPTION OF THE CITY IS THE HIGHER EDUCATION OFFERED TO THOUSANDS OF STUDENTS. THE STAIRS IN THE ART AND JOURNALISM BUILDING BRANCH OFF INTO DIFFERENT AREAS OF STUDIES. EACH STEP IS AN OPPORTUNITY. // GINA PORTOLESE



No winter lasts forever

no

*Spring*

skips its turn

Hal Borland

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# EVENTS

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## SPRING EVENTS

- February 27 - Paradise Prep
- February 28 - Pacers Vs Clippers
- March 14 - Grocery Bingo Basketball Event
- March 20 - Basketballooza
- March 21 - Post Secret with Frank Warren
- March 28 - Easter Eggstravangaza
- April 1 - UPB at The Apollo
- April 4 - Art and Arf
- April 11 - Open Mic
- April 13 - Baseball Tailgate BSU VS Central Michigan
- April 17 - Battle of The Bands
- April 24 - End of the Year Field Day

## FRIDAY NIGHT FILMWORKS

- March 15 - Lincoln
- March 22 - Anna Karenina
- March 29 - Les Miserables
- April 5 - This is 40
- April 12 - Guilt Trip
- April 20 - The Hobbit
- April 26 - Warm Bodies



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