Not Wythe Standing: The News (Vol. 3, Issue 3)
Beyond Boobs: A New Approach to Breast Cancer

By Editor-in-Chief Sarah Aviles (2L)

October is the month of ghosts and jack-o’-lanterns, Halloween and scary stories. On October 17, three women shared a different kind of scary story with William and Mary law students: true stories filled with fear, hope, and courage about surviving breast cancer. Mary Beth Gibson and René Bowditch, the founders of Beyond Boobs, joined law school faculty member Ami Dodson for a personal, educational, light-hearted discussion about their personal interest in October’s awareness cause: breast cancer.

About thirty students and staff came to listen and learn – a decent turnout, but much less than should have attended, considering that 50% of the student population is female and 100% know or care about a mother, grandmother, or girlfriend at risk. Those who attended received what creator Mary Beth Gibson called a “breast health manual disguised as a calendar” featuring Ami Dodson as the lovely Miss July.

Beyond Boobs is a new organization run by breast cancer survivors, Mary Beth Gibson and René Bowditch to educate and to provide much needed support for women suffering from this terrible disease. Mary Beth Gibson talked about her own breast cancer experience, sparing no detail so that she might help the audience understand her motivation to start Beyond Boobs. Despite being surrounded by supportive family and friends, Mrs. Gibson recalls feeling “so alone” during her treatment because, at forty, she was young for a breast cancer patient and had no one her age who understood what she was going through. She wanted to create a place where breast cancer patients, particularly younger women, could connect with survivors and those currently going through treatment. Initially, that supportive place was “tea and talk” at René Bowditch’s house, but it soon grew. When Ami Dodson shared her recent breast cancer experience, she emphasized the wonderful part that Beyond Boobs had played in supporting her and providing strength and hope.

“What made the whole year bearable was the support we received,” Ami Dodson recalls. “It was amazing.”

Beyond Boobs, Inc.’s website dictates their mission to “support and encourage young women who have been diagnosed with breast cancer” and “to save lives through education, especially by convincing women that they must be responsible for their own breast health.” The second part of the mission is why Beyond Boobs visited William and Mary. Among law school women, while 75.8% of survey respondents reported, correctly, that they did not think they were too young to get breast cancer, only 14.5% reported performing consistent monthly breast exams. Popular reasons for skipping these quick, easy tests spanned from being afraid of finding something to not knowing how to the 66.1% who simply forget. Yet how many of those same law students have detailed day planners filled with readings and meetings and dates with friends that they would never forget? The false security of youth and apparent health make it easy for women to neglect preventative treatment. Even though 79% of these women know or have known someone with breast cancer, the knowledge doesn’t seem to result in stricter conscientiousness towards their own health. Beyond Boobs founder René Bowditch reported having women as young as 23 and 25 in their program, getting support as
they go through treatment for their breast cancer.

But Beyond Boobs' visit was not meant to depress and scare its audience. Seeing former William and Mary professor René Bowditch change into a pink evening dress, fairy wings, pink tennis shoes, tiara, and wand to transform into the Good Health Fairy suggests just the opposite. The name itself, Beyond Boobs, was chosen as a lighthearted way of informing everyone that these women were more than just their cancer. Give yourself a "light touch" was one of René Bowditch's tips on staying healthy: "blooming where you're planted, even if your pot is cracked."

The discussion was inspiring, instructive, and eye-opening. And none of the preventative measures suggested by the speakers were particularly difficult or time consuming. Much of the preventative care was as simple as eating healthy foods, exercising, and getting enough sleep: the sort of lifestyle that everyone should strive for in order to live a healthy life. Limiting alcohol and exposure to unnecessary chemicals has also been proven to lessen the risk for breast cancer. Finally, monthly self breast exams. Breast cancer has a 90% survival rate if it is caught at the earliest stage and these exams are the quickest way to determine if something has changed.

So, if your excuse for not taking easy preventative steps is a lack of knowledge, ask a doctor or look on the Beyond Boobs website for more information. If your excuse is that you forget, write it down or connect it to the day you do another task that you won't forget, like watering your plants. If your excuse is fear, October is the month for facing what scares you. Take control of your fear by taking control of your health.

Check out Beyond Boobs, Inc at www.beyondboobsinc.org for more information about the cause, tips on practicing good breast health, and more!

**At Least Halloween Knows I Try**

*By Staff Writer Matt Finley (1L)*

This is a cautionary tale, a tale woven by the mistakes of my past. I'm relating it to you in the hope that you will not make the mistakes that I have made. In the hope that your Halloween will be filled with whatever you want Halloween to be filled with. I wanted those things once too, but instead, I got these: the worst Halloween parties I've ever attended.

1.) The Barn Party

My freshman year of high school seems so long ago, but this stands out like it was yesterday. I was a proud outlier back then, an offbeat. So, when I received an invitation to the "BIGGEST PARTY OF THE CENTURY!" according to the flyer, I threw all those allegiances aside to take my rightful place among the popular kids. However, a part of me still thought, "Whoa, wait a second Matt, you an outlier, an offbeat. You can go to this party but you must pronounce your protest to elitism somehow. Yes, don't dress up." It was a perfect plan. I would be cooler than the cool kids.

My destiny was easy to see until I ended up at Walmart with a friend before the party. There were a couple of girls there who came up to talk to him. All I heard were muted trumpets as I stared at the ground. "Waah, wah wah! Wah? Wayeah how embarrassing would it be if someone showed up and they didn't have a costume?!" I threw up a little in my mouth. Grabbing my friend, I pulled him to the costume aisle. It was the day of Halloween, so aisle 12 looked as if 12 monsters were slaughtered there. We just didn't have time. The party was starting in a couple hours. This, this, this and this. I grabbed the first things I saw and ran out of the store to my friend's truck. I threw everything together on the ride over to the barn. A Scream mask, cane, top hat, a cape, a black rose. My plan was perfect again. I was a ghost pimp.

We made it to the party and I could hear the music. The anticipation was almost too much. My friend pushed the door open and in my line of sight there were, at most, zero people dressed up. A guy I didn't know walked up to us and asked who I was. My friend was laughing too hard to say my name, so, in the interest of staying in character, I held my chin up, said nothing, and twirled my cane on by until I found the closest girl, gave a huge bow, and presented my rose. For weeks the people in school asked, "Who was that crazy ghost pimp?" but the girl with the rose never said a word. She just held it close every day, waiting.

2.) The Warehouse Party

You wouldn't believe it, but alcohol changes the dynamic of parties. And I must admit this wasn't supposed to be a party; it was intended to be a haunted house trip. My 6 closest friends (as of that night) and I were at a party and decided that a haunted house sounded like an amazing idea. So we called up a guy to give us a ride. Never once did we question how 7 people were going to fit in a car until he showed up in a Camaro. Not the haunted house sounding like an amazing idea. So we called up a guy to give us a ride. Never once did we question how 7 people were going to fit in a car until he showed up in a Camaro. Not ones to give up that easily, we made it work and headed to the haunted house about which we had read earlier. This trip led us to Manchester Street.

First, a few facts about Manchester Street. 1) I still can't show you where this is on a map. 2) The only things Manchester has fewer of than street lights are occupied warehouses, because they were all abandoned with the plastic hanging out
of the windows that no one can practically explain away. 3) The busted windows against the moon look even scarier when you are seeing them through the hole made by your friend’s armpit and the side of the seat.

Thirty minutes later, we arrived at the address. As the Camaro peeled away, we saw that we were (surprise) at a warehouse, but no haunted house was in sight. It was dead, and we were alone, on the darkest street in America, at an abandoned warehouse, sober as could be, surrounded by stone statues (not kidding) and the woods. Throw in the abandoned ticket booth sitting in the middle of the parking lot and I knew I had to record what was going on with what little memory I had left. I did a clockwise panoramic of my friends that had scattered around the parking lot in desperation. I’ll use variables here: C was knocking politely on the giant metal garage door asking the haunted house to let him in, I ran up and dropped kick C, then got up and dropped kicked the door, K jumped in front of me and screamed, “Boo, it’s a haunted house!” B was drifting off into the woods, G was swinging one of the statues around, and C2 was wandering into the street.

This was when I accepted that I was going to die, and I supposed I’d lived a decent life. As I sat down in the gravel, wondering if I was going to die by machete, power glove, or the traditional butcher knife, the Camaro showed up to check on us and we began the most lost and happiest trip home I’ve ever experienced.

3.) The Emo Party

This did not suck. This was actually awesome. I just wanted to let you know that it was a good idea. We got to paint our fingernails black and listen to angsty music. No one danced. We all just sat in the corners of the party and talked about how awful our lives were. But...

4.) The Mexican Restaurant Party

...A year later this happened, and it was not awesome. My fraternity decided it would be fun to go to Charleston for Halloween, so we rented a bunch of rooms in a really nice hotel and prepared for the Halloween of our lives. There were six people in my room when the hotel security showed up and took all our alcohol, my mask and my spirit. It was a sad time, reader, this much was for sure. Naturally, we went to drown our sorrows in chips and salsa at the nearest Mexican restaurant.

The mood was gloomy. No amount of tacky primary colors thrown together in the eatery could change that. I stood and decided to go the restroom either to cry or sit alone for awhile when I passed a door at the back of the restaurant that had an awful lot of music coming from it. My curiosity could not be ignored, and I pushed it open to find a hallway. “Curiouser and curiouser,” I thought as I walked back. What I saw cannot possibly be described. A two story club. Everything was blacked out and everyone was in a costume. Jesus, a chili pepper, and Jimi Hendrix were playing in a band on the second floor. It was as if someone knew exactly what I wanted and attached it to the kitchen of a restaurant. I ran back and grabbed my friends, trying to explain but I couldn’t.

We ran back to the door and down the hallway to be stopped by the bouncer. I gave him my ID first to which he said, “This is a fake.” “What? No.” “Yes it is, get lost.” No amount of pleading could change his mind, and he wouldn’t look at anyone else’s. He just threatened to call the police. So we walked back the way we came, and I couldn’t help but look back at the rave behind me. Jesus was playing me out with “Born to Run,” and I’m pretty sure everyone was pointing and laughing at us. I never found my Halloween spirit after the police took it away.

Reader, I hope this helps. Halloween is a harsh mistress that I have yet to tame, but rest assured that I will try again this year. However, some wounds never heal. Remember that as you choose your costume or location. I’m not sure what the perfect mix is, but there were at least ten years when every Halloween was incredible. So this year I’ll probably go trick or treating and use the candy I’m given to ride out Halloween wherever the police take me.

BAMF: Halloween Edition

By Columnists Barb Marmet (2L) and Andrea Faatz (2L)

The weather has cooled, cider is brewing, pumpkins abound, and it is time again, gentle readers, for another update from BAMF. Unfortunately, life in the BAMF household has been rather quiet since last we wrote. Still, in keeping with the spirit of the season, we have conjured up a special “fact or fiction”
where this fascination comes from. I guess it all started with Aladdin and then grew full force after competing in Arabian Night horseback riding competitions. The first time, at the age of 6, I used my costume 1) to trick or treat and 2) to put on a dance to the Disney sing-along of Aladdin a week later, a show to which I charged my neighbors money to come see in my basement. I had all the girls on the block involved, it was quite the debut—although I think it only lasted 15 minutes max.

Story 6: Being a doctor, my mum has to keep up with her yearly hours to maintain her license. We used to always make sure that she went to the conference in Orlando so that we could "keep her company." AKA... go to Disney World with my Popski (also known as my dad) while she was sitting in lectures. Conveniently, this often fell on Halloween. Not sure if you've ever been to Disney for Halloween, but it is EPIC! Going on each ride is like trick-r-treating and you get candy while you wait. Genius! Anyways, one year I guess the thought of Halloween being anything other than a freezing cold New England night never crossed my mind. So, I went as Simba from the Lion King—essentially wearing a fuzzy orange/tan colored onesie with a red mane and cute ears. I literally sweat through my pjs. Too bad the following year I went as a Victoria's Secret Angel and actually did freeze. Next time, I'll know to switch those two around.

Story 7: My first year in a new town, I went to the town center for trick-r-treating (only main street is open for trick-r-treating since my town is SO rural). As it is every year, the town hall was decorated as a haunted house—the 2nd floor as a maze and the first floor as a chill area to hang out and drink cider. My group of friends and I were dressed up as superheroes—I was Poison Ivy. While hanging out on the first floor, a bat flew into my hair and freaked me the **** out. A little kid standing near me laughed and said, "I think you got the wrong costume. You look like Batwoman to me." Ugh, smart alec.

Story 8: I once dressed as Barbie for Halloween. I thought it was really clever, what with my name and all. Funny story

BAMF edition. We’ll provide the Halloween stories and you’ll have to discern which are fact and which are fiction and which story belongs to which BAMF roomie. When your curiosity gets the better of you, go to the Not Wythe Standing Facebook page where we will reveal the truth. It’s an eerie season...and you may have to make some Erie Guesses (ok, so even we aren’t immune from wicked dolby law school jokes).

Story 1: I was a hairy, scary little child. Some kids are born bald...I was not. I had a full mane of wild, brown, crazy hair that stuck out in all directions. I also was the youngest, which meant that I got picked on by my siblings (lovingly, so I’m told). One Halloween before I was old enough to object, my brother and sister dressed me up as everyone’s favorite Wookie. Head-to-toe, covered in fur. You’d think a miniature Chewbacca would be adorable, and maybe it was. But I was left living down the name “Fuzzball” for years to come.

Story 2: At 3 years old, I was in love with the movie Pretty Woman. To a point where I would walk into an elevator, put my leg up, and say “penthouse” please. One time, my dad came home and I told him to ask me what I do. When he asked me, I replied, “Anything but kiss on the lips.” From there, I made my mom make me an “off-the-shoulder-sexy-dress” so that the boys would come to my Halloween party. Moral of the story: don’t let your kids watch Pretty Woman too young. It may seem funny to you as parents, but as a kid who later finds out what they did at the age of 4, it is MORTIFYING!

Story 3: The following year, I was a witch with the witch’s hat, broomstick, the works... My dad died my hair and painted my face green with scars, blood, and bruises. It was such a terrifying sight that upon my arrival to pre-school, the other kids ran away from me screaming, hiding behind trees and their parents. They wouldn’t dare approach me. So after an hour of not being able to get the other kids to not be afraid of me, the teachers sent me home to wash off my face and change into a less scary costume.

Story 5: Arabian nights... and Arabian moons. I’ve been an Arabian princess twice for Halloween. Not really sure...
about brunettes in fake blond wigs...it’s not a great look. As I walked around, I heard another person my own age wonder to his friends if I was actually a boy, dressed in drag. Never again will I wear a blonde wig. Really.

Story 9: Moving on now to the adult age of 18, I was a fierce fighter pilot, complete with aviators. How much more bad ass can you get? Especially when all I had to do was hunt down my dad’s old Air Force uniform- which I happened to find in the front trunk of his Porsche (weird place for it, no?). Ok, so even though I thought I was quite the genius for coming up with this baller costume last minute; maybe I still wasn’t so fierce after all since I had to take a shower with the curtain open since I was afraid of being in my house alone. Too many scary movies in the month of October, gets ya every time!

Story 10: Once upon a college evening, I was out and about in the booming metropolis of my alma mater. My costume was....well, suffice to say, somewhat less than adequate for polite society. Being a very staid and calm young person, I planned to have an early evening; a brief appearance at a party, and a hasty retreat back to my home to write a paper. Not so. That night ended with a ride back to campus courtesy of the local police (who ever-so-kindly dropped me off in front of the campus center). It was only as he opened the door to let me out (back doors in police cars don’t open from the inside) that I realized it looked like I had been picked up for...well...acting like I was in Pretty Woman. Oops.

Alright, so maybe you are thinking... Come on this is BAMF... Of course they did all of these things, of course all of these stories are true. They are... or are they? Don’t take our word for it. Go to facebook and find out! While you’re there, share some of your own crazy Halloween tales. That’s an order!

Stay classy Williamsburg!
Love always,
BAMF

A Confederacy of Dunces
Ghost Story
By Columnists John Alford (2L) and Mary-Carson Saunders (2L)

As Halloween approaches, John and I feel it’s important to inform y’all of the unfortunate history surrounding the law school building. The truth Admissions never shared with you is a scary and cautionary tale. On May 5, 1862 the Battle of Williamsburg, also referred to as the Battle of Fort Magruder, waged in the streets of Colonial Williamsburg. Confederate troops occupied a fort directly upon the ground on which the law school stands today. The odd thing about the Battle of Williamsburg is there was no determined outcome of the battle. Confederate troops were pushed up towards Richmond, but many local historians believe several troops remained in Williamsburg and maintained the Confederate front in the very ravine located behind the law school. In this ravine, which law students studying in the library often look at fondly during moments of procrastination, the Confederate front established a guerilla war effort (similar to that pioneered in the film “The Patriot”). While boldly protecting Henry Street throughout the remainder of the Civil War, the camp also served as a jail site that hosted mass Union soldier executions.

Years and years ago law students enjoyed Halloween dances similar to the one the law school hosts today. Students dressed in creatively dorky outfits, danced awkwardly to popular music of their time, and stood in line for unreasonable lengths of time for a solo cup of watered down domestic beer. During the annual Halloween party in 1987, a desperate, yet hopeful, Eric Cantor chased a cute 3L girl, named Michele Amble into the basement. [Amble later became Michele Bachmann] By this point, Michele knew all the basement hiding spots (sizzzzz!) and quickly ducked behind a stack of microfiche. As Cantor flipped desperately through the maze of books, the steady yet faint sound of moving fabric guiding him towards her. Aroused by the sport of the chase, Cantor became increasingly eager to catch Michele. Cantor ran down the side rows, peering like a lost boy at the grocery looking for his mother down one of the isles. An amused grin turned into a frustrated grimace as it dawned on him that this foray might not work out as he planned.

Tired of waiting, Michele came out from from the microfiche and saw Cantor frantically running around the library basement. She saw her escape from the helpless law nerd and returned upstairs to the party. As her heels clicked on the stairs, she flipped off the light switch and chuckled to herself. Cantor immediately stopped sprinting. The sound of rubbing fabric grew louder. Faint clicks accompanied the rustle of fabric. The 1L boy froze in his stance as a line of strict-faced men marched slowly across his path. Their sleeves rubbed as they walked, boots clicked, and bodies slipped in and out of the bookshelves. The Grey Coats were muddy and blood stained. Cantor snapped to attention and ran after the sound of Michele’s heels.
So terrified, he literally peed himself and ran to the party. Cantor attempted to explain his encounter...and the stain on his pants. The story of why the 1L urinated himself soon made its rounds. Some alumni even remember 3Ls pushing them down the basement stairs, flipping the lights off, and yelling: “Don’t piss yourself!” As for Cantor, some claim he roams the tunnels of the Capitol in hopes of finally catching the elusive Bachmann.

Ever since that bloody Cinco de Mayo, souls of Confederate soldiers torn between retreat and victory pace the basement at night to protect the remains of their stronghold. Try turning out all the lights in the basement next time nobody else is around. Listen for the faint whoosh and clink of those soldiers. Rumor has it locals changed the story and those coats were actually Blue.

**Law School Cats**

*By Articles Editor Dan Reeves*

Have you ever seen the two cats that hang out behind the law school? There is a gray short-haired one and a fluffy one with white and black spots. I have made a minor hobby out of investigating these cats. They must have come from somewhere. Someone must be taking care of them. Given the natural human tendency for naming apparently stray animals, these cats must have collected dozens of names apiece over the years. I personally call the gray one "JD" and the fluffy one "The Professor." Yes, I am a law student, and yes, I am corny.

As far as I can tell, the cats spend all of their time around the law school patio and in the woods behind the law school. One of their favorite places to hang out is under the tree right near the entrance to the student lounge (the cat tree). They seem very uncomfortable around people and have retreated every time I have tried to approach them. The best chance you have of seeing them is probably to leave the law school through the doors opposite the main entrance around midnight or later. At these hours, the cats can often be found very close to the building, especially in the winter.

One day, I saw JD behind the cottage and went over to investigate. I discovered a big pile of dry cat food spread out in a line on the ground behind the cottage, mixed in with slices of bread. On another occasion, sometime during the winter or early spring, I saw an open umbrella that someone had placed under the cat tree, presumably to provide shelter for the law school cats. I meant to get photographic proof, but it was gone when I went back, so you’ll just need to take my word for it.

At the end of April, as I was leaving my insurance exam through the back patio door, I heard a rustling under the cat tree. The cat tree had recently been trimmed, so I went to see what I could see. It turned out not to be the law school cats, but rather a woman named Tai. She saw me and explained that she was looking for the cats to feed them. She was carrying a container filled with cat food.

I walked around to the boardwalk to talk to the woman as she exited from behind the trees. I asked her if she was the person who regularly took care of the cats, to which she responded that she was. In fact, Tai has been regularly feeding the cats for the past four or five years. I then asked Tai if she has names for the law school cats. She said that she calls them Tom and Jerry. Tom is the gray one; Jerry is the fluffy one.

Tai was a very pleasant person to talk with and she was able to tell me some background information about the cats. To the best of her knowledge, the law school cats have always been feral; that is, they were most likely born in the woods behind the law school, rather than arriving there from elsewhere. Tai told me that a female LLM student from China had started taking care of the cats when they were just kittens. The LLM student would feed them behind the Gradplex. Originally, there were four or five law school cats, but, according to Tai, someone who didn’t like the cats killed the others. I couldn’t understand exactly who did this or how, much less why. Before the LLM student left, she asked Tai to take care of the cats, and Tai has faithfully done so ever since.

I mentioned that I had seen the food behind the cottage and asked if she was responsible for that also. Tai was surprised to hear that someone else has been feeding the law school cats and said that she is not the one who put the food there. I also told her about the umbrella I had seen under the tree during the winter. Tai did not know about this either, and speculated that it might have been placed there by the same person who leaves the food behind the cottage, or maybe by a third cat caretaker altogether.

While we were talking about the law school cats, I mentioned my unsuccessful attempts to sneak up on them. Tai smiled and said that even though she has been feeding the cats for several years, they still will not approach her or allow her near them. I joked that as fun as cats can be to watch, they are not always the most grateful creatures, to which Tai laughed and nodded in agreement.

Next steps in the law school cat investigation: I’d like to find out who else is feeding the law school cats. I also have half-baked ambitions of getting catnip and/or a fishing rod with a cat toy attached to see if I can lure the law school cats closer to people. I hope you have enjoyed this fine work of investigative journalism and also the following cat emoticon. >^_^<
Light Sabers in the Lobby?

By Special Contributor Lily Saffer (2L)

Last spring a group of 1Ls got together and asked the question weighing on everyone’s minds: how could we bring the drama back to law school? Not the silly drama exploding three times a week on the corner outside Paul’s; the good drama, with costumes and lights and pretending, vociferously, to believe in something you actually couldn’t care less about. That’s basically what lawyering is anyway, right?

And so our little group, the William & Mary Law Revue, was formed. You may have seen our immensely successful show in the courtroom last spring, in which a woman disguised as a man talked her way out of a contract; a puritanical community fell for a young girl’s insane hallucinations; and a few good men examined some ridiculous witnesses. You may also have seen us in the lobby this semester, harassing you with (excellent) baked goods on your way to class. Well, you’re about to see a lot more of us. A. Lot. More.

This semester the Law Revue will be putting on the infamous, the glorious, the ridiculous Compleat Wrks of Wllm Shkpr (Abridged), by Adam Long, Daniel Singer; & Jess Winfield. Gowri Janakiramanan, 1L, is directing this production, which, as you may have guessed, is not every single one of Shakespeare’s shows in succession. Who has the time for that? Who has the attention span? No, rather, it is a comedic summary of his shows, with some rapping, cross-dressing, and legal jokes thrown in for good measure.

There will be light sabers and other weaponry! (See Dennis

Food Corner

A Marinade...To Die For

By Staff Writers Diana Cooper (2L) and Matt Turtoro (2L)

Ahhh, Halloween in Williamsburg! For once, seeing a sad and slovenly middle-aged figure in Colonial-era garb at Walgreens buying a pack of Marlboro Reds and a Colt 40 doesn’t seem all that strange. But where do Diana and Matt suggest dining on All Hallows Eve? Why, Kyung Sung Korean Barbeque of course (worst segue ever). Conveniently located between the Goodwill, Bloom Grocery Store, and that deplorable graveyard of Italian desserts, Rita’s, Kyung Sung offers both Japanese and Korean “delicacies.”

Matt: Upon entering Kyung Sung, we were warmly greeted and immediately seated in a dining room as desolate as the DMZ. The décor appeared to be a cooperative effort between famed 17th c. Japanese haiku-writer Matsuo Bashō and lunch lady Doris of Simpsons repute. The un-cushioned, wooden-slat benches flanked jade-colored tables made of fine, imported Formica. Gold lamé, flower-patterned menus reminded me vaguely of a slip-cover on my Great Aunt Sylvia’s parlor couch (you know…the one right next to the St. Francis statue and collection of prayer cards and holy water). Divided between Korean and Japanese selections, the menu is neither overly complex nor particularly inspiring. Heavy on the time-honored Korean classics of Galbi, Bulgogi, Kimchi Soup, Stews, and Bibimbap, the menu features Denny’s-que pictures that helped greatly in choosing what to eat. A full bar of Coke, Diet Coke, sweet tea, and water ensures that pairing a beverage with your meal is never an issue.

For an appetizer, I ordered tuna sushi and salmon roe maki rolls topped with quail egg (it’s depressing that both Diana and myself thought up Roe v. Wade jokes almost immediately after hearing the mention of fish eggs). The sushi was fresh, good, and unremarkable, except that in the absence of quail eggs, the chef had, without notification, substituted extra salmon roe (much to the chagrin of Diana, who flinched at the site of the bright orange, gelatinous fish eggs). Before we had gotten a chance to finish more than one piece of sushi each, the main courses arrived.

The spicy pork Bulgogi with fried rice and fried dumpling was very good. While portion size was generous and the meat was perfectly cooked, presentation was somewhat lacking. The griddle pan used to cook the Bulgogi was also the serving vessel. Cutting up the toothsome, grizzle-edged meat on its ridged surface presented somewhat of a challenge. Nevertheless, the flavor was excellent—not too spicy, but with a pleasing burn by the end. The dumplings were crisp and the fried rice served as a delicious and welcome foil to the spicy Bulgogi. Service was thorough and professional throughout. I found the food to be both appetizing and extremely reasonably-priced, and would heartily recommend ordering in from Kyung Sung, though the aesthetic discomfort the dining room caused makes giving a completely positive rating more problematic.

Diana: All right... Matt made great points about the décor—it was definitely lacking. That being said, I love Kyung Sung for their food, and ignore everything else about it. This is the fourth time I’ve been to Kyung Sung in the past month. I’m only 50% Korean, but I’m 100% for Korean food (please ignore the fact that I just said that). I ordered a hand-rolled spicy tuna roll for an appetizer. Being a noob at sushi, I didn’t realize that hand-rolled meant it would be a cone of rice and stuff, and not a regular roll like I usually see. I ate most of it; it had just enough spice, and tasted pretty good overall, but my main dish came out so quickly that I had to stop eating my appetizer. My entrée was a delicious and juicy Galbi. Galbi is essentially a beef shortrib cut through the bone that is marinated and grilled. Every time I eat Galbi at this restaurant, it feels like I’m trying it again for the first time. The marinade is to die for, the meat is always cooked perfectly, and I would highly recommend this as your first meal at Kyung Sung.
Completely Terrifying Adult Fun Page

FUN (I.E. NON LAW RELATED) FACTS: VAMPIRE BATS
In the olden days (before Twilight) everyone knew that vampires could turn into bats. These rumors probably originate from sightings of the unique species of bat found in central and South America known as the Vampire Bat. The Vampire Bat, more formerly named Desmodus rotundus, is the only mammal to survive entirely on a diet of blood. Using razor sharp fangs, the Vampire Bat will bite its victim - usually cattle or other livestock, but occasionally humans - and lick the blood. The spit of a Vampire Bat prevents the blood from clotting while they dine. These creatures are not as terrifying as they sound: at an average weight of two pounds, these tiny creatures don’t drink enough blood to cause any harm to the unwilling donor. So if you see a bat this Halloween, don’t jump to the conclusion that it’s Edward Cullen - it’s probably just a very lost Vampire Bat (and Edward is not that cool).*

*Common Vampire Bat. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, animals.nationalgeographic.com/animals/mammals/common-vampire-bat (last viewed October 24, 2011).

SPELLING MIX UP
How many words of four letters or more can you make using the letters found in the following word? (Use each letter only once.)
PUMPKIN

WHAT’S DIFFERENT?
By Staff Photographer Staci Holloway
Find the 11 differences between these two Halloween photos.

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