

## Boston Marathon Shaken by Bombing Jessica Feltner, Co-Assistant Editor

On Monday at 2:50 pm, two bombs went off near the Boston Marathon's finish line. The sites of the two explosions were approximately 550 feet apart on the north side of Boylston Street just short of the finish line. President Obama announced Tuesday morning that the attack was being investigated "as an act of terrorism" by the Federal Bureau of Investigations.

The bombs ripped through the crowds of bystanders leaving at least three dead and over 170 wounded. Among the dead was 8-year-old Martin Richard and 29-year-old Krystle Campbell. The third victim was a student of a Boston University graduate program, but the school has not yet been given permission by the family to release his name. As of Tuesday, 17 of the wounded were in critical

condition.

Seemingly made from pressure cookers, the bombs share many characteristics as those used against U.S. troops in Iraq and Afghanistan, said the Republican House Homeland Security Committee head Michael McCaul. However, McCaul stated, it is unclear whether the attack on Boston was an act of domestic or foreign terrorism.

The crime scene, initially 15 blocks, was reduced to 10 blocks on Monday. The Boston Police Department says it is the most complex crime scene they have ever dealt with. Contrary to earlier reports, no other explosives have been found. No arrests have yet been made.



Second bomb goes off near finish line of Boston Marathon.  
photo via cnn.com

## Office of International Programs Celebrates Essay Contest Winners

*1st Place -- City Love, Kaylee Dyson, Bath, England Spring 2012*

My study abroad experience felt like a relationship, and the end was like a bad breakup. I spent four incredible months in Bath, England. Boy, was that city out of my league. Bath was really sexy. First of all, Bath was cool and posh. Everybody loved it. But at the same time, Bath was deliciously cultured and comfortable in its history. And always so well dressed! Bath sported Georgian architecture like nobody's business. Looks, personality, brains, and style! Bath always spoke to me in a British accent, which made everything sound infinitely more clever and wonderful. We took classes together – Shakespeare, the British media, and a literature class that studied the works of Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Philip Pullman. Bath taught me the wonders of the BBC – I am now a loyal fan of Doctor Who and Sherlock. And we had our song: "Lego House" by Ed Sheeran. We went on many dates. At first we explored all the new restaurants, but eventually we settled into a comfortable routine with our favorites like Caffe Nero or Scoff's Sandwich Shop. Bath took me on some lovely vacations in England – we spent several days in Stratford and an entire week at Oxford. We even took a few adventures outside the UK and explored Rome, Paris, and Dublin. Bath introduced me to some fantastic friends, both American and British. I guess you could say things got pretty serious, because I even introduced

Bath to my parents. They were sold in a heartbeat, in love with Bath and proud of me for how well I was doing, how happy I was. Of course we had our ups and downs, our cultural differences. But overall, I spent those four months beaming. It must have been too good to be true. On May 19, 2012, I had to return home to America. It was all over.

*1st Place-- Reflections on Poland, Lizzie Wood, Sansepolcro, Italy, Spring 2012*

Birkenau is twenty times the size of Auschwitz. The camp is situated about four miles from Auschwitz One. Today, the camp is set up like a cemetery and a memorial. Rows and rows of barrack ruins line the camp. The gas chambers, which killed an estimated 1.5 million people, are now piles of brick and metal. Mengele's laboratory is now a harmless pile of brick. The woman's barracks are still in perfect condition. The beds are still intact. The murals of blond children on the walls in the children's barracks are still there. The train tracks that served to bring millions of "non-perfect" human beings to their death or to years of unspeakable hardship are still in perfect condition. The memorial erected in memory of those lives ruined by Nazi power reads "For ever let this place be a cry of despair and a warning to humanity, where the Nazis murdered about one and a half million men, women, and children, mainly Jews from various countries of Europe." [...] I felt as if I

was trespassing while walking through these camps. I now know more than ever that this is sacred ground, and those that are able to visit it are among the lucky. We are lucky that we are privileged enough to see what happened to these people, and also lucky enough to be able to walk through the gates of the camp into our free lives whenever we please.

*2nd Place-- One Month's Journey, Cassandra Wilson, Summer 2012*

We took classes for four weeks, but it was nothing like Spanish class here. We touched on vocabulary and grammar. We talked a lot about the Galician culture and how things were different from our own respective cultures. We went on excursions and other small field trips. We were completely immersed into the culture. There are specific things about countries that professors can't teach you. No amount of things you read in a textbook or the internet about a specific country will prepare you for the experience of studying abroad. You have to go there and force yourself to do things you've never done before. You conquer your fears and you learn things about yourself that you never knew were possible. [...] Before this experience, I had never been out of the country before, let alone ride on a plane. I had never been on a group trip with people who didn't come from the same environment as

I did. Spain and all of its memories will always be the thing that keeps me, seven other girls, our professor, his wife, and their beautiful child together. If I could do it all over again, I would do it with that same group of wonderful people.

*3rd Place--A Life Changed, Karen Chung, Salamanca, Spain Fall 2011*

Studying abroad was more than just improving my Spanish or learning to become more independent. I found a peace within me that did not really exist before. I give all the credit to the Spanish way of living. Spaniards relax more, laugh more, and just enjoy life more. I try to describe my experience to friends, but the memories that I cherish the most are the ones that really cannot be described. How do you describe the peace you feel when sitting in the Plaza Mayor with new friends on a sunny day eating ice-cream? My four months abroad were so full of just pure joy. [...] When people used to say that they "found" themselves during study abroad, I never really understood that, but now I do. Because in a small way, I did find myself. I found out what makes me truly happy and where I thrive. And I found a place in which I am truly happy. For this, I am so thankful. Salamanca was my home for 4 months, but a piece of my heart will always belong there.

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