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CCSU STUDENT NEWSPAPER



CCSU's Rob Stevenson Sings With Justin Timberlake

By Michelle Lawrimore

When I met Rob Stevenson in Fall of 1999, I had no idea that he used to sing in the Florida Metro Choir with Howie Dorough from the Backstreet Boys, or that he had been in music videos on MTV and BET, and I certainly never expected that he would soon be a back up singer for my favorite artist, Justin Timberlake. He was just a regular guy, majoring in Teacher Education and completely enchanted by his two adorable little girls. I knew he liked kids because he worked at the local gymnastics facility as a tumbling coach. What I did not know was that Rob was struggling. He was frustrated, he felt underappreciated, and he was living check to check barely able to cover his bills. He offered to work more hours at the gym; he even offered to do the janitorial work just so that he could have enough money. One night, Rob, who became a Christian 2 years ago, decided he had enough;

he crawled into his closet and cried and then began to pray. He says he gave his troubles to God and then waited for things to change. Rob says that shortly after that night, it was like being caught up in a whirlwind of blessings.

Rob obtained two phone numbers for the famous producer, Johnny Wright, through a friend of his. He tried calling twice but never could get in touch with him. His best friend, who owned another tumbling facility, offered Rob a job where he could make more than double what he had been making, so he was able to leave his job at the gym. Rob says, "I was back in church, singing in the choir, enjoying life." Two weeks into the new job, Darrell, a singer Rob knew during his solo career days, called with the best news yet...Darrell was singing back up for Justin Timberlake and was calling to tell Rob that a producer named Pharrell Williams had

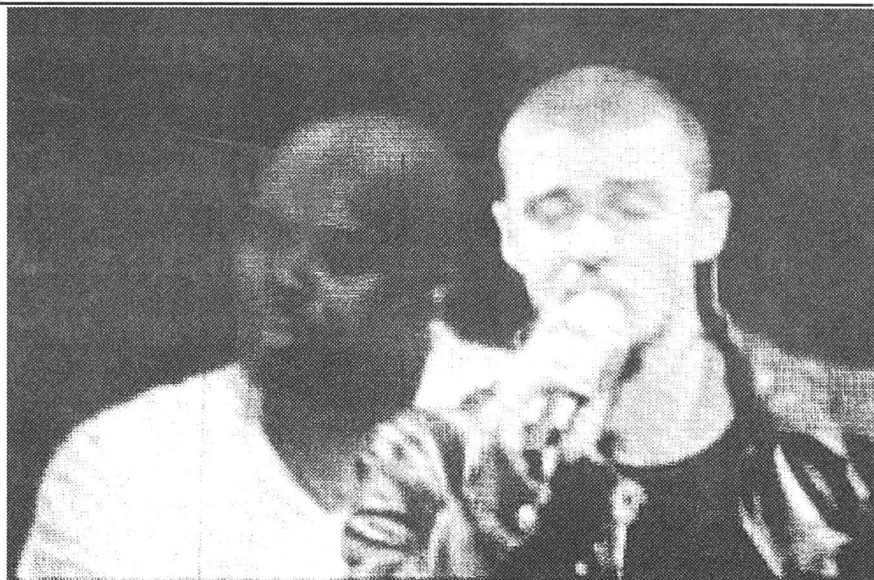


Photo Courtesy of Rob Stevenson

Rob that a producer named Pharrell Williams had recommended that Justin take Rob on tour as a back up singer. Rob says he got off the phone and started praying. He went to his best friend and thanked him for the tumbling instructor job and said, "I don't want to let you down, but I might have a chance to go work for Justin Timberlake!" His friend put his head down on his desk and then said, "All I ever wanted you to do is succeed, and if it doesn't work out, I'll always have a place for you to work." Then he gave him a big hug.

Rob waited for an entire week to hear back from Darrell about when he would fly to Los Angeles. Finally, on the following Sunday, Darrell called and said that he would fly out on Monday morning. Tuesday night, Justin Timberlake and Johnny Wright came to his hotel in L.A. Johnny was shocked to see Rob and said that he had been trying to get in touch with him. He asked, "How did you get here without me?!" Rob simply replied, "God works in mysterious ways." Then Johnny assured Rob that (Continued on page 6)

Need Assistance?

Maybe Disability Services Can Help!

By Jamee Holland

A recent article in "U.S. News and World Report" describes the struggles of college students that suffer from learning disabilities and the responsibility of colleges to help them succeed. According to Anne McGrath, the article's author, "by law, all colleges must accommodate disabled students to some degree." This means offering special services that address these students' specific needs. If you're like me, you probably have never thought of how people with learning disabilities manage college. Let's face it, the majority of us find it hard enough to earn a degree. But, if you have trouble with math, test taking, or have even been diagnosed with a disorder such as Dyslexia, I'm sure you've thought about it a lot. After seeing the article, I decided to find out how CCSU stacks up when it comes to disability services.

The good news is that CCSU does offer disability services. The office of Diversity Programs and Disability Services is located in the Student Center and provides such services as a reduced distraction testing lab, special seating arrangements, books/lectures on tape, interpretation, devices to assist the deaf, and Braille. The DDS homepage (on CCSU's

website) describes these in great detail. Students may be eligible if they have been accepted or have enrolled in classes at CCSU, whether it is in a baccalaureate, associate, or certificate program or in any other courses offered by CCSU. They also have to be able to provide documentation of the disability that meets certain guidelines set by the Americans with Disabilities Act and CCSU.

Although specialized services may be provided for any student that meets eligibility requirements, examples of conditions that might require services include: visual impairments or blindness, learning disabilities/disorders, behavioral disorders, deafness/hearing impairments, neurological injuries, or other health impairments as defined in the Americans with Disabilities Act.

If you have been diagnosed with a disability or feel that you may be in need of disability services, please contact Diversity Programs and Disability Services at disabilityservices@mail.clayton.edu or 770-961-3719.

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Opinions

In My Experience: As An International Student

America, the land of opportunity. Well, for me at least, that phrase is true. I was born in Germany, daughter of military parents. I am English by blood and by citizenship, and I lived there after the age of two up until the age of eighteen. At eighteen I finished Secondary School (High School) and decided that I would take a year out before attempting to get into University. I had friends here in Georgia and an invitation to come and stay, and I decided to take the chance and do something different.

While I was here I decided I liked it, and thought that maybe I should see what Universities in America are like. So I studied and took my SAT's and applied to Clayton State. I was accepted in and started in the Spring 2002 semester. It was certainly interesting my first week of school. There were so many difference faces and different races which was new for me as my high school was over 99% white. The accents I was exposed to were so different that it took me a long time to adjust, and sometimes I worried that I would miss important words while I tried to decipher them!

By Redd Horrocks

It was really neat though that people would look at me funny as soon as I opened *my* mouth. I had so many people commenting on my accent and asking me where I was from, though the only place most people seem to know in England is London so I was always answering in relation to there (about half way between London and the coast, and a little bit to the west). It's strange to think that people never notice that I'm an International Student until I start talking.

Sometimes my International status hurts me in classes though, as someone with very little knowledge of American history and geography (what's with all those square states in the middle anyway?). The range of classes I could take was also surprising. Back then, I had put English down as my major (I know, an English girl coming to America to study English... pretty weird huh?) and had expected to be taking courses related to that. It was surprising to be able to take Critical Thinking and Art History, and being given over four

years to complete my degree.

In my first semester I didn't do a whole lot around campus, except join the Bent Tree staff, and there I discovered my passion for Journalism, which resulted in me promptly changing my major. My first year passed and I loved it. Being in another country, learning so many different things was great, though I did get homesick from time to time. Imagine my joy when I met another English student in a Psychology class, Mikey Lynch. It was so nice to hear a familiar accent, even though he is northern and I am southern. I was thrilled that I was not the only English person on campus, though I have always been the only English female (hopefully that will change soon, as I hear that Mikey's sister might be coming here for a while...yay!).

The support I have gotten has also been overwhelming, with DeBorah Greer and Jean Myers both helping me greatly throughout my four semesters here. Now that I am settled in, I have been able to get involved

in other on-campus activities, such as being a Student Orientation Leader. It was so nice to be able to see new students, and meet new International students. It was good to see people from other countries and be able to be a living example that coming from another country may be tough, but if you are determined enough you can do it. Through being an SOL I was able to meet Ahsan Huda from Pakistan, who introduced me to the International Awareness Association. Now I am able to be around other people who have been through what I have been through. It's amazing to see how many countries are represented, from Peter from Sweden, to Halima from the UAE. It's fantastic to be able to meet people and discuss their different cultures and views on things, and share my culture and views with them. When I go back to England at the end of my studies I will always be able to say that I did this... that I experienced something different and wonderful. I may get homesick, but I have no regrets.



Photograph courtesy of Micheal Smith

Technologically Efficient

By Jodee Nagle

In the technological society we live in today, the corporate world has opted to replace the tired employee with new and exciting computers, equipped to handle most any situation from complicated account management to simple telephone calls. More times than not, when placing a call to a business, the caller is greeted by the mechanical, cheery drone of a computer programmed to care about a wide range of problems, in an attempt to solve the problem before human intervention is necessary. Some how, this android troubleshooter is never able to provide a solution. However, the profitability gained from the elimination of the human element can be annoying at best for the consumer. The inconvenience created by automated telephone services touches every aspect of life because utility companies have them, as well as

banks, credit card companies, hospitals and most retail stores. More and more businesses are choosing this robotic road, electing to build a technological gap between themselves and their customers.

I called a local insurance company and was immediately greeted by "Sandy, the voice activated receptionist". I was given a menu, and told to speak my choice. I have a good, strong speaking voice, having been a receptionist myself, so I spoke my required information slowly and clearly so that "Sandy" could understand. My request was interpreted, and was repeated back to me, "The obnoxious dinosaur ran across the diner floor". I did not say this. I was asked for and replied with a 7-digit account number, so in response to the "Is this correct?" question, I

said "No". Again, I was asked to repeat my information so this time I spoke louder and s-l-o-w-e-r. Still, my request was misunderstood and for the third time I repeated my account number. Finally "Sandy" was able to process my call. To compound the situation, I was on a "land line", my home phone; therefore, the familiar break-up of a cell phone was not the culprit. After a brief hold, I was able to speak with a real person and she was able to help me within minutes, in fact, the person processed my problem call in less time than it took "Sandy" to get my account number correct. We've all made calls like this, and even someone with the patience of a saint can be pushed to their limit, repeatedly entering account numbers, and other information.

The days of the "customer is always right" and "service with a smile" is, sadly, a faint memory replaced with the automated monotone of "Sandy" and her robotic co-workers. The business industry, in order to be more profitable, has become less personal. Efficiency is no substitution for personality, and the lack of individual attention from the business world is compromising their relationship with the consumer. As a consumer, I have better things to do with my time than arguing with a telephone computer or pressing buttons until my finger falls off! It is time to put corporate America on notice, we've had enough of the mechanical charm it's time for the personal touch!



Photo courtesy of Micheal Smith

Serving At Clayton Place

An Opinion
Article By
Micheal
Smith

For a year now I have seen tragedy and success here in the cells at Clayton Place, from lack of respect for the tenants to the pillaging of our wallets for every little dust particle that lies astray. When I first moved into the Place, crime seemed rampant everywhere from the drug dealers robbing other students and the alarming rate at which laptops were being stolen, to the prior management embezzling the students rent money over the course of several months, costing Place Properties hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now, thanks to more patrols by campus police, the student-on-student crime is down, and new management has been put in place to willfully prevent any wrong doing from occurring in the future. Granted, these measures came at some cost to the ghastly unaware resident. The new management is barely empathic to our concerns and needs, but for the most part they have kept up. Although most of us hate to admit it, they have without a doubt benefited us.

Now there are rumors floating around that Clayton State had some interest in somehow acquiring Clayton Place. Obviously the school would benefit from this deal, as well as the residents at Clayton Place. To dispel rumor from fact, I spoke with two of our head chiefs here at school, John Shiffert and Jeff Jacobs. Mr. Shiffert's clarity on the separation of the school and Clayton Place should not be misunderstood. Clayton Place is not on school property or state property and is entirely a separate entity from Clayton State; this is a common misconception that a lot of people make. This sadly dismisses the idea that I am sure a lot of you, as well as myself, had that Clayton Place was on state and school property. Now in a conversation I had with Jeff Jacobs, asking him about the rumor of acquiring Clayton Place; he confirmed that there was interest in perhaps purchasing the property from Place Properties, but that idea did not develop much afterwards.

Not that the school does not want to dormify Clayton Place somehow, but Place Properties did not show much enthusiasm for selling. So being that Clayton State has no direct authority over Clayton Place and there are no immediate plans in the future for Clayton State to acquire Clayton Place, there is no use trying to get them involved with our trivial issues.

For tenants that have lived here before and have decided to take another gamble this year living close to school, as a reward for your loyalty to Clayton Place, your rent most likely went up \$20.00 dollars a month for no extra benefit. Perhaps they are trying to make up for the losses they took from the last management's blunders. So along with this you most likely had to deal with management getting each apartment renovated before the new tenants moved in, which is quite a feat for any apartment complex. This probably meant your wallets became much lighter in the process, as many repairs came with high cost to the tenants. The issue I am speaking of is the fact that if you had a light bulb that decided to dimmer out then you would have been charged \$2.50 dollars per bulb. A small window screen cost \$45.00 dollars to replace. Those little toilet paper holders were expensive as well at \$15.00 dollars. Now granted this is a small gripe, but management claimed all prices were based on market cost. When is the last time anyone has ever paid \$2.50 for a sixty watt light bulb? If your place needed re-cleaning as it often did after a personal inspection from the head manager Verda Simpson herself, then you were probably charged for someone doing a worse job cleaning the apartment than you or your roommates did, and there were no breaks there either.

Sometimes, here it seems that once one crisis is resolved, another needs attention. It may be the laws of average at work, but some of the basic needs that should not present a problem are frequently becoming more obvious. One potential for disaster was Clayton Place's resident move-in rush, in which no parking decals were ready in time and could have been a bigger issue than it was. But the diligent Place employees worked hard and put in extra hours to make sure residents could get temporary parking passes after school when, normally, the leasing office would have been closed, thus

preventing residents' vehicles inadvertently being towed while they were asleep. But on the downside, with everyone piling in all at once, our grounds have become quite littered and the petite dumpster we have is not frequented enough by her friend the garbage collector. This dirty issue is partly to blame for the inexcusable laziness of the residents; some people are leaving their waste next to an empty dumpster making it difficult to open or activate the compactor. Now understandably the management cannot ensure that every resident disposes of their rubbish properly. This is something residents must accomplish by being thoughtful and civilized.

Aside from all this then comes the lack of respect, lack of concern and harsh treatment we receive from management. Seemingly enough when you have an issue to present, you are often perceived as the problem rather than someone trying to get something done about it. Most people do not ask for a whole lot just the simple things we are supposed to get included with our apartment. The internet access is an issue that made a big fuss during the beginning of the semester, not that it was anyone's fault here or at school. But when people asked what they had to do to get their access restored, a lot of us received the run-a-round. Granted we only had two people working on the problems for more than four hundred students it was quite a difficult issue. When someone had a laptop that was already fixed by the Hub, then access should have been restored. No more work would have been needed from the Clayton Place techs. Most of us were not aware of that, and management, not knowing any better, misled a lot of us into spending more time than needed restoring our internet access. I think on the whole if they were better aware, did a better job of informing us, and did something about the level of respect we deserve, most of us would not have a problem here. We are their customers and we do not need to be treated as if we are children or as third class citizens. If the management could act more as if they are concerned with our needs as opposed to just our dues this would probably go a long way with the residents. As well as make the residents a little more proud of calling Clayton Place "The Place to Live".

Exhaust Pipe

Why do the people with Honda Civics and VW Beetles always seem to park in such a way that they hog two parking spots?

I used to think that pedestrians had the right of way, but on any given day, trying to cross the street into the parking lot is like playing "Frogger."

What's up with all the Frat brothers barking all the time like big old pit bulls – and with no domes in sight? Makes you wonder about their sanity.

Why do drivers seem to speed up as a person starts to walk on the crosswalk?

Why do people talk on their cell phones *during* class? Is there really any difference between that and talking to a person *in* class?

I thought the professor in a given class knows what he/she is talking about, but apparently the person that sits in front of me knows better.

Isn't it better to put on makeup and/or brush your hair before class? Sometimes it seems there is a vanity mirror set up in class.

Why do people that smoke stand in front of the doorway of each building? Why can't they move two feet to be out of the way of people that do not smoke?



"Shhh! Be vehwy quiet. We're hunting new writers for the Bent Tree."

If you'd like to write for the Bent Tree, please contact us at
Btree@mail.clayton.edu

The *Opinions Section* is a place for students to voice their own opinions. If you would like to share your opinion, let us know!

Features



Alternative to Required Employee Yoga

By Anna King
Csu19592

Issues today in the "real world" constantly bombard us as college students, employees, parents, siblings, and citizens. Everywhere we turn our universe seems to beckon us to give shoulder to the overwhelming burden of being the responsible and intelligent beings we seek to become as legal 18 plus year old human beings. We have studied too much, slept too much, partied too much, talked too much, eaten too much, watched TV too much, worked too much, and just grown so sick of living that nothing seems enjoyable. Life itself becomes both overwhelming and pretty much just flat out boring. The consistency of the routine becomes mundane, dull, uneventful, dreary... you get what I mean. This article will not launch into the whining of a college student who has realized that, "gosh darn it I have too much to do!" and delve into why everything is so unbearable. Instead I am going to gently yet firmly take in a breath as I explain to you in my own simple words this- everyone needs to stop wearing shoes. I can see the expression upon your face right now. You're raising an eyebrow (if you can) and thinking to yourself... "I thought you were going tell me to take a walk or do some yoga." Well, no. Most of us are taking enough classes to keep us busy, many of us probably work, some even full time. Some of you out there may have a family or a significant other that vies for your time, which you happily give. I had a break in between classes today and went over to Reynolds Nature Preserve. I sat there by myself for over an hour and half and didn't say an entire word, partly because I was alone and the notion of passersby encountering me talking to myself struck me as being rather embarrassing. Yet aside from this, I kicked back on a wooden bench and tossed my shoes onto the ground. For that brief eternity, I felt for a few moments that I was no longer the tyrannical "Time Manager" they taught me about in Freshman seminar

taught me about in Freshman seminar where strict discipline and planning ahead bent the clock to my allotted 24 hours. I wasn't a student here at CCSU. I wasn't a sister, a friend, a confidant, an employee. I was barefoot. For a fleeting hour and a half, I felt like time melted completely around me. It didn't catapult me forward at breakneck rate or tie me down with the weight of an anvil. Insects hummed and the air faintly vibrated with the sounds they produced. Sunlight fell sporadically through the spider web of tree limbs tangled beneath the sky. You could hear the "whoosh whoosh" of cars as they zipped by, yet the noise wasn't distracting, just a rather distant reminder of reality even as I sank further and further into happy bliss. I thought about school, about work, about my family, about how I needed to get going, about ex boyfriends, about my car, about how there was a field right across the street covered in yellow flowers and it practically blinded me as I drove past. Did you ever have a moment where the entire day finally seems to settle down and for a few precious seconds you inhale in and exhale out, and pause? Not such a triumphant moment for mankind, yet in minutes like these the very scent of childhood seems to lie in the air. I can remember the biggest fear I ever had back then was beating my sister to the Ken doll before she could "fairly" claim him for the day. The biggest fear I had sitting there with my backside growing numb on the hard bench was figuring exactly how long could I stay before I would jeopardize getting a parking spot. Call me crazy. Call me a tree-hugging hippie. Although I've never tried yoga, I think that kicking back every once in a while and tossing your shoes into the closet will give you a few minutes to feel something beneath your skin that you never notice as you run to class right before 9am. Take a second and crunch the grass between your toes and feel the mud cake around the pads of your feet. It takes us back to that state of vulnerability and embarrassing honesty with ourselves and with others. If something was gross you didn't eat it with a smile like you do today, you proclaimed loudly you didn't like it and probably got punished for being rude. However, back then most of us could cry watching Bambi because we felt so sorry for him because we were still encompassed by the tenderness of youth. Winter will be here any time... you never know when you might have missed the chance to run barefoot like we all used to. So, give it a shot. Give yourself 15 minutes to walk around in the grass and actually listen to see if you can hear the crunch it makes. You'll get so caught up concentrating that maybe, just maybe, for just a few minutes life will start to make sense.

Health Issue:

A Little E.Coli Wouldn't Hurt!

By Christina R. Mapp

SPLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT!
That's the sound of a bug, hugging your shoe, as you realize that it invaded your territory! Conversely, this is not an article for "insects rights!" Nevertheless, as we *wince* and *smack* at mosquitoes and roaches you may be surprised as to how closely related we are to these "little foes." Let me paint you a little picture....

I am sitting back in Lecture Hall B12 taking Dr. Furlong's Microbiology course for summer school, sadly feeling nostalgic about the serenity of summer afternoons I'm missing. There was one statement she made in class that surely shook me out of my wits. First, our bodies (assuming no certain medical complications persist) contain a vast amount of body (somatic) cells. However, Dr Furlong went further to include that we contain more percentage of "bugs," microorganisms, than our own cells!

Some of you may be pondering, *Now what does that mean?* Let me give you the facts. We have billions and billions (and even more) microorganisms that inhabit our entire body. These "bugs" are so important that the scientific community have given them the collective name entitled: THE NORMAL FLORA. Yep, sounds like something out of an *Austin Power* flick! What is more,

these buggers rest in many parts of the human body that you may not have

known. For instance, E. coli, yes the same stuff everyone fearfully steers away from, actually lives in your intestines. When we eat food, we feed E. coli and in return, E.coli provides us with certain vitamins, which are essential for optimum nutrition. We are the host in this case, and the presence of the microbes is called "symbiosis", meaning living together. They don't even harm us or induce allergic reactions like our bees and spiders. It's similar to the scenario in which you have workers who don't mind working for free, and you can't argue with that. The fact that E. coli produces vitamin K when we feed it, introduces the concept of "mutualism". Mutualism is when both the microbe and the host benefit.

Furthermore, the normal flora is one of the fighters in the "War on Infection." This basically means that when other infectious microbes dare to invade our healthy bodies, *our* microbes compete with these dangerous organisms for nutrition; thus, these pathogens die due to lack of nourishment or environmental factors. So the next time you see a mosquito or fruit fly swarming around your personal space, think back on this philosophical question: Are we indeed "walking bugs?" Thought about it? Now you can kill it!



How Far Has AIDS Research Developed? *Opportunities to Volunteer*

By Kimberly Fletcher
Csu18188

The number of people living with HIV/AIDS is alarming. Unfortunately, the numbers continue to rise. Lack of education, disconcertment, and substance abuse are some key factors that contribute to many HIV/AIDS related cases. Equally important is the fact that the CFAR (Center For AIDS Research) is working very hard to educate and update society about the HIV/AIDS epidemic. The CFAR has progressed in research and medicine for people with AIDS. The mission of the CFAR is to support a multi-disciplinary environment that promotes basic, clinical, epidemiological, behavioral, and translational research in the prevention, detection, and treatment of HIV infection and AIDS. There are 21 CFARs located at academic and research institutions throughout the United States. The CFAR for the state of Georgia is located at Emory University. The OAR (Office of AIDS Research) has a research program to answer the critical scientific questions which will lead to better treatments, prevention and a cure for AIDS.

The OAR is very concerned with the fact that many people with HIV infections and AIDS are minorities. Despite the gains made in the treatment of HIV infection, for over two decades, HIV infections have escalated across racial and ethnic minority communities in the United States. Racial and ethnic minorities continue to dominate new AIDS cases, as well as HIV infections. An investigation revealed a wide divide between minorities infected and minorities conducting research upon the infected. Focus groups show that research conducted with communities, rather than "for" or "on" communities is the only research that will be acceptable. The OAR is working to bridge the gap between the infected and the researcher. The OAR has decided to make an emphasis on the training of minority scientists to help the minority community.

Research for AIDS has progressed in many ways. The treatments for people with HIV/AIDS are not limited to oral prescriptions, but also include: therapeutic massages, knowledge of the condition, education for proper care, financial support, and support for burial arrangements. Many times there are HIV/AIDS cases that involve the care of children. Support groups are provided to help and assist single mothers and/or parents living with HIV/AIDS care for their children. Modern medicine has provided pregnant women the opportunity not to pass the HIV/AIDS infection to unborn children. Recent studies show that bacteria that are normally present in the vagina may be used one day to protect women from AIDS. New research reveals the bacteria were modified, producing a protein called CD4, which proves to bind to the virus that causes AIDS. In laboratory tests, the enhanced bacteria reduced the rate of HIV infection in susceptible cells by at least half, said John A. Lewicki of Osel Inc., in Santa Clara, California. Progression for a cure on HIV/AIDS virus infections between pregnant women and unborn children will make a difference.

I know that I can not suddenly discover a cure for HIV/AIDS. I can, somehow, make life a little easier for those that are suffering with this virus. Volunteers for many non-profit organizations are all that is needed. Activities coordinators, childcare providers, hospitality volunteers, and transportation drivers are only a few of many positions that are needed at different services. The following lists services that need volunteers for HIV/AIDS patients; The Brac Center (www.thebraccenter.org), Aid Atlanta (www.aidatlanta.org), Jerusalem House (www.jerusalemhouse.org), Emory (www.emorygives.emory.edu/volunteering.htm), and for pet lovers, Pals Atlanta (www.palsatlanta.org). I am sure that there are many more services that need help, but this is what I found posted on the volunteer website for Atlanta, Georgia. Nurturing of the mind, the body and the spirit is a cure for peace of mind.

Clayton County SACS Accreditation At Risk?

By Ashley Spillers

Over the past few months, Clayton County public schools have been at risk of losing their SACS [Southern Association of Colleges and Schools] accreditation. It is safe to note, however, that the probation status only applies to schools from kindergarten until twelfth grade. Clayton State is by no means involved in this situation; CCSU is a member of the University System of Georgia, not the Clayton County public school system.

While the future of Clayton County schools is still unsure, many people wonder, what happened to cause the controversy?

At the beginning of 2003, Clayton County's school board caused controversy within the county by firing the Superintendent Dan Colwell. In February, the grand jury began to search for the reason behind Colwell's termination from his position on the School Board. The District Attorney for Clayton County found out the board decided to terminate Colwell and buy him out of his contract for a total of \$232,000.

Many teachers in Clayton County were upset by the dismissal of Colwell, and a SACS investigation ensued. The investigation caused concern for SACS, who discovered that instead of developing a policy that allowed school administrators to watch over the district, certain school board members controlled most of the day-to-day decisions and operations. SACS saw this as bad leadership on the school board's part, and put the county on a year-long probation in June.

So what happens if Clayton County does not fix its leadership problems and consequently loses its accreditation? Nothing good. Thousands of students that attend Clayton County public schools may lose their access to the HOPE scholarship and grants and may lose their ability to attend the college of their choice.

Thousands of students will suffer if a few certain individuals cannot rectify the situation.

Parents, students, and faculty alike have voiced their concern and anger over the probation and possible loss of accreditation. Students have almost had their chance to succeed taken away before they have had a chance to start. Even with the various meetings and protests, all the county can do is wait and hope for the best. The future of the county's school board is still unsure.

Information compiled from:
www.ajc.com
www.11alive.com

FYI: CCSU is not involved in the Accreditation Probation of the Clayton County School System.



*Help Us Become
the Student News-
paper that you
want! Write for the
Bent Tree!*

Entertainment

Cooking with G'Licious!!

Gerald Heavens

Ippolito's Lasagne

Serves 6-8

Pre-heat oven to 375° degrees

Lightly oil 9x13 baking dish

Ingredients:-

1/2lb Lasagne Noodles

1 1/2lb Ricotta cheese

1/2lb Mozzarella Cheese

1/4lb Ground Beef

1/2lb Italian Sausage (sweet, not hot)

2 Tbsp Olive Oil

1/2c Romano Cheese - grated

1/4c Chopped fresh Parsley

Salt and Pepper to taste (about 1/8tsp each)

4 Eggs, well beaten

1. Cook the noodles per package directions, drain and set aside.
2. Pan-fry the sausage and ground beef in olive oil. When fully cooked, drain and set aside to cool. Finely dice or process in a food processor mozzarella cheese, romano cheese, beef and sausage.
3. In a large mixing bowl, combine the eggs, ricotta and parsley with salt and pepper. Mix well and then add the contents of the food processor. Mix well again.
4. Line the bottom of a 9x13 baking dish with a layer of your favorite tomato sauce. Cover the sauce with a layer of noodles, then meat mixture. Continue layering the ingredients, ending with tomato sauce. Cover the dish with foil and place in the pre-heated oven. Bake for 45 minutes.

R'Eddible's Guide to Impressing People

Redd Horrocks

So, your parents have finally suggested coming to visit you, and they need to see that you can survive on your own. Now, this may normally be a panic situation, but for about \$10 I can tell you how to impress them. Other than the usual cleaning, food is always a great way to show that you are capable on your own.

Redd's Super Easy Banana Bread

3-4 Over-ripe (turning black) Banana's

1/2 Cup of Sugar plus two tablespoons

1/2 Cup of Butter, melted (Yep, warm and runny)

3/4 Cup All purpose Flour

2 Large Eggs

1 Teaspoon Vanilla Extract

2 Teaspoons Baking Powder

1/2 Teaspoon Baking Soda

1/2 Teaspoon of Salt

1 Loaf Tin, preferably not ceramic (Ceramic will work, but the loaf may sink in the middle)

Oven at 340°F

Okay, all you want to do is preheat your oven and get your tin ready. Get some extra butter on your (clean) fingers and spread it all over the bottom of the tin and up the sides. Then throw in about a tablespoon of flour (not taken from the flour you are putting in the loaf) and swish it all around the tin. The flour will happily stick to the butter and this will make the loaf easy to get out later on. Knock out any excess flour into the sink or the trash can.

Now, in a big bowl you want to put your sugar and the melted butter and mix together until nice and smooth. Mix in the eggs (without the shells please!) pretty roughly until those are blended nicely too. Then put in your vanilla extract and mix again. Then you want to mash your peeled bananas up really well in a little bowl and add this to the mixture. I am assuming you measured the flour in something and it remains in said thing, therefore adding the salt, baking soda and baking powder to it should be nice and easy. You need to give this a good stir to make sure it's mixed in... forks work well here. Add this to your main banana/sugar/butter mixture. It's best to do this slowly with something like a wooden spoon, just put in a bit, mix until smooth, then add more and so on and so forth. When it is all mixed together it should be a runny pudding-like consistency. Pour this into your tin and put it in the oven. It should take an hour, but check it at 45 minutes. It's supposed to go dark brown, but if it gets black and smoke starts rising, I'd take it out. Leave it to cool in the tin for at least 30 minutes so it will come easily out and onto a plate. If you wrap this in seran wrap it will keep for up to a week, but it is best served fresh.

Timing the removal of the loaf from the oven with your parents arrival is usually a nice touch, but be sure to tidy up the kitchen first. Also innocent looks and saying 'I do this all the time' works wonders. Excluding the tin, you should be able to get this all for about \$10 at your local cheap grocery store, plus you may want to ransack your cupboards for things like baking powder... these are really nice basic cake ingredients. For troubleshooting tips on this recipe, please feel free to email me:

csu14389

Rob Stevenson

continued from Page 1

he would not have to worry about working anymore because he would be singing with Justin for at least the next two or three years. That night, Rob and Darrell sang a few songs for Justin; Justin was impressed, so the next day they began rehearsals. Rob's first show was on *The Tonight Show* with Jay Leno. He attended the release party for Justin's album, *Justified*. He flew to New York and performed three shows in one day. He was on *TRL* with Carson Daly where he met Jennifer Lopez and Halle Berry. While shooting a show for BET, he met Usher and the ladies from TLC. At the *Teen People* Concert, he met Sean Paul, Avril Lavigne, and Paul Okenfold, to name a few. He was on *Last Call* with Carson Daly and *Good Morning, America*. They had to be on the set of *Good Morning, America* at 4am, and after they finished that show, Rob says he flew back to Georgia in time for his Chemistry class at CCSU!

Talking about Justin Timberlake, Rob says, "He is the nicest guy I've ever worked for. He's genuine, he's not trying to impress anybody; he just wants to sing and write songs." Rob also says that Justin takes good care of his crew. He hires caterers to cook for them, and he supplies them with anything and everything they could possibly want on their luxurious tour bus. The bus has wood paneling everywhere and it is fully stocked with electronics, including a surround sound system, DVD player, MP3 player, satellite radio, and video games in the group area, and plasma TVs with portable DVD players in each bunk. Rob says that he had a hotel room that was as big as an apartment all to himself in each city on the tour. His current residence in Stockbridge is a modest apartment, but it has all of the earmarks of a successful artist. Rob has a closet full of expensive clothes and some sound

expensive clothes and some sound equipment that were given to him, he has a huge TV, and really nice laptop computers. His hallway is decorated with two nice plaques from the tour, given to him in appreciation by Justin, and a framed poster of a muscular young artist named Raab who had a famous single, "Foreplay" back in 1993. Raab was Rob Stevenson's stage name during his solo career. His album almost went platinum; it sold 750,000 copies. Rob says he has no intention of pursuing a solo career again at this time. He has only seen his daughters for a total of about 30 days out of the past eight months. He definitely wants to finish school and teach. He's in town until November when the *Justified* tour picks back up again, and until then Rob says he plans to be on Clayton State's campus quite a bit studying so that he won't get "out of sync" with his school work.

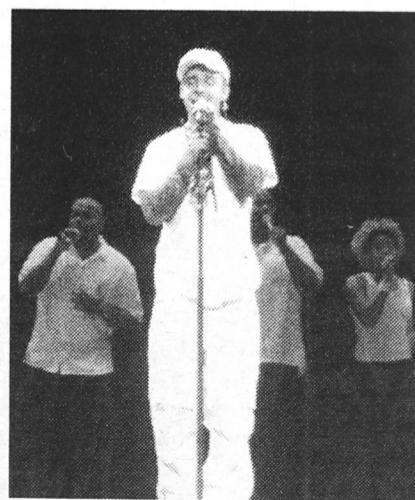


Photo courtesy of Rob Stevenson

The Curses and Blessings of Globalization

By Bernard
Asubonteng

Lately, globalization has gained currency in the contemporary sociopolitical vocabulary. Thus, in their attempt to find answers to most of the problems confronting the globe, many of the world policy-makers are calling for a process that has become widely known as "globalization." Indeed, one cannot offer an exhaustive definition and/or interpretation to what actually constitutes "globalization," but a great deal of the world opinion seems to agree that the term applies to the growing socioeconomic interdependence of people and societies around the world. This phenomenon, in fact, has brought in its trail both good and bad news worldwide.

For example, a Nobel Prize winner in economics, Amartya Sen, argues among other things that "[Globalization] has enriched the world scientifically and culturally and benefited many people economically as well." In addition, the UN report "Human development Publication 1999" stated that "Globalization offers enormous potential to eradicate poverty in the 21st century." The same report went on to say that because of globalization, "People's lives around t

he globe are linked more deeply, more intensely, more immediately than ever before. This opens many opportunities, giving new power to good and bad." Also in his book—*The Lexus and the Olive Tree*—Thomas L. Friedman contends that globalization "increases the incentives for not making war and it increases the costs of going to war in more ways than in any previous era in modern history." In the midst of all these blessings and optimism associated with Globalization, however, there are some schools of thought that strongly believe globalization has woefully failed to bridge the gap between the rich and the poor. They admit that although there is an unprecedented increase in global wealth, these riches are in the hands of a fraction of people, in few societies around the world. In light of this sentiment, vast groups of people in the world have organized themselves into anti-globalization coalitions in order to expose and ridicule what they see as built-in fallacies of the concept of globalization. This ongoing fear and contempt reaches its peak anytime world leaders meet, mostly for economic purposes. One can recall the anti-globalization riot that broke out during the World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle in December 1999. One can go on and on recounting the curses and blessings that Globalization has brought in its wake. For want of time and space it should be pointed out that much as one cannot say that globalization is an all-embracing solution to the worlds economic problems, in the same token none of us can deny the fact that we're presently affected by globalization one way or the other. Perhaps in the not-too-distant future it will have a greater impact in the course of human history. Meanwhile the debate grows more heated day by day concerning the merits and the demerits of globalization.

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The Dangers of Massively MultiPlayer Online Games

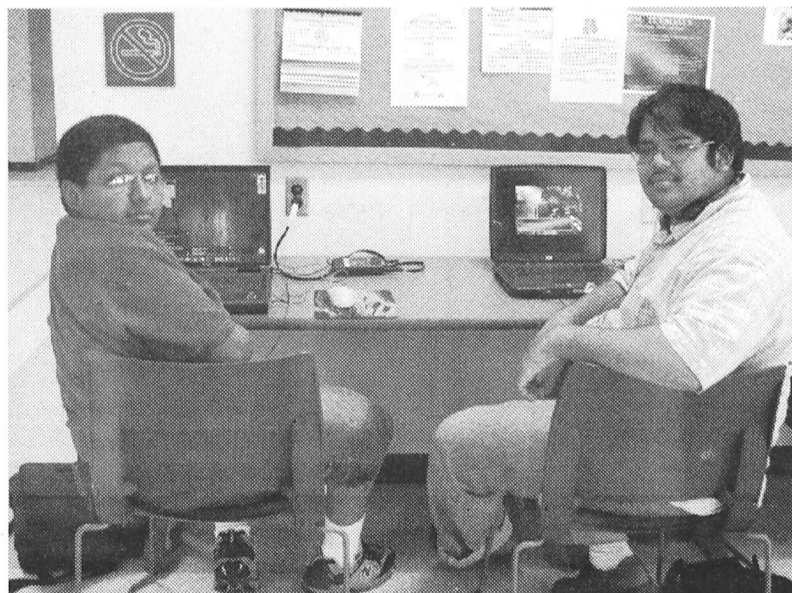
By Redd Horrocks

I was sitting in the Plane of Disease, hitting Alt-F7, pausing for about a minute, hitting it again and repeating. I was watching pixels move across a screen for about ten hours. Was I at work getting paid for this? No, I was actually paying someone else \$12 a month solely for this privilege. I was playing EverQuest. EverQuest is a massively multi-player online game. It's set in the mythical world of Norrath, and you create a character to play. For your game time, you pretty much are that character, you can be Human or an Elf, and you can even be an Ogre. You work through levels up to level 65, and you work on getting good items, killing monsters, doing quests and creating things through Tradeskills. The game has been going for several years.

I'd gotten into the game close to two years earlier. I'd played my character as hard as I could to get her to be really 'uber', and for what? Personal satisfaction didn't really come into it, as no matter how hard and long you worked, there was always something else you needed to do. It was an endless cycle of repetition and it started to take over my life. I would

spend all my time at home playing the game. I would ignore my 'Real Life' friends, I wouldn't spend time with my fiancé, all I would do was play the game. The worst thing was that even when I wasn't playing, I was thinking about it. My grades suffered because instead of paying attention in math, I would be writing lists of cool new stuff I wanted to get for my character. Even when I went home for the summer to see my family, I spent more time playing EQ than I spent with them.

This is happening to millions of people all over the world. It's not just EverQuest, it's Dark Age of Camelot, or Star Wars Galaxies, or Ultima Online. It's all about escaping from the real world that you live in, but then you might find escaping from this new virtual world is difficult. They find out ways to get you hooked. These gaming companies are smart. They release the game and give you a month of free play. They let you get hooked on it, which is why the game has the nickname 'EverCrack', and they start charging your credit card about \$12 every month. Then they release an expansion containing a bunch of new things for the game every four to six months. These



Photograph courtesy of Micheal Smith

expansions cost about \$30 on average. Doesn't sound like a lot, does it? Well in my game time I've spent well over \$300. That's a rather large sum in student terms. It might get you a whole semester worth of books. And think about it this way, this is a massively multi-player game, they are millions of people across the world paying those \$12 a month, and some will even have more than one account. The companies are making so much money over our sacrifice of time. At the end of it, you can't really do anything with all that hard work. It's gone. When I finally got the courage

to click that button that said 'Cancel Account', I felt so liberated. Now, three months of cold turkey later, I am proud to say that I did it. The sad thing is that I lost over 2880 hours of my life that I can never live again. This game, and others like it can effect your life so profoundly. There have been cases in the news about people that have committed suicide over this game. It's sad, but true. That's just how deep in you can get. So if you are in a game store and one of those games happens to catch your eye, please resist. It may be fun for a while, but it's not worth giving your life for it.

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