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The Lion’s Pride seeks to showcase the creative work of our diverse students and programs of study at Lake Washington Institute of Technology. Please consider submitting your creative work for consideration. For details, go to LWIT’s homepage (www.lwtech.edu) and search for “lion’s pride.”

You may also contact student.showcase@lwtech.edu if you have questions.

Cover Art: Cello Play - Acrylic on Canvas (12x18), 2012
Artist: Steve Lyon, whose work also appears on p. 29 a- 31
Created in ART 257 Advanced Painting for Art Majors,
Instructors Jason Sobottka, Sandra Lepper
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Liberation
Natasha Mercado

I am currently in the medical assisting program. My essay documents the first time I felt a sense of liberation after cutting off all of my hair in grade school.

My eyes were fixated to the ground, studying the immaculately swept cement stairs leading to grandmother’s house. My father held on tightly to my hand as he struggled to balance my sister’s and my overnight bags. My sister Chanel stood in front of us, her arms rebelliously crossed on her chest and her eyes seemingly stuck in the rolling position. As all three of us approached the big, white, seemingly menacing house that retained my grandmother, I felt my pulse quicken and my heart race. As my father rang the doorbell I didn’t take my eyes of the floor. I heard the latch unhook and the door creak open slowly. “Well there they are!” my grandmother exclaimed. I raised my head to meet her gaze. I immediately noticed the way her mouth turned upward and her lips twitched when she saw my appearance.

I was only seven at the time, but even at that age I knew how my mother’s side of the family had revulsion for my father.
He was a single parent and often clueless about the upkeep of little girls. I often wore mismatched socks to school, clothing either too big or too small and sometimes even damp. The worst of all however was my hair, a tangled and matted mess of dark black waves that always remained pulled back into a slovenly bun. My family often commented on me and my sister’s hair when they thought they were safely out of ear shot. They whispered, “That’s just so sad, why doesn’t their father comb their hair before parading them about in public”.

I took my spot on the couch and pretended to watch cartoons as my grandmother eyed me curiously; she quickly went upstairs and brought back an arsenal of tools back in her hands. “We have to do something about that hair, I won’t stand for this! She escorted me into the kitchen and draped a long, thick terry cloth towel over my shoulders. She turned on the kitchen faucet and tapped her fingers on the rushing water to check for a suitable temperature and I glanced at the assortment of shampoos and conditioners she had in store for me. As she placed my head under the gushing water, I felt my body tense up and my eyes squish close in anticipation.

“No need to be afraid, I’m not going to get it in your eyes girl”. A loud squirt echoed above my head. I felt her slim
fingertips massage the soapy elixir into my scalp. It felt like paradise as she applied the conditioner and detangler on my ebony locks. I began to relax my body and slump over the hard kitchen table. Then suddenly, my grandmother clapped her hands and said, “now for the hard part”. She sat me down as she pulled out a vast set of combs. She began methodically picking out my hair. “Ouch!” I screamed. My hair was far worse than I had anticipated. Much to my dismay, as the combing continued through my protest, a small group of family members gathered in the kitchen to watch the spectacle. While I felt my cheeks get fire hot as they all made comments about my unruly mane, the raking of my hair continued until every last lock had been picked out and examined. The end result was a stylish up do complete with colorful plastic barrettes and a feeling of rejuvenation. Everything leading up till that point had been worth it. I felt positively wonderful.

Yet the next day my father was back in his small yellow Volkswagon to whisk me off home, and back to reality. As days passed my new hairstyle grew bushy and tangled. No matter how I tried to keep it preserved it seemed to waste away like a sick pet. Finally my hair was inevitably back to its original state, maybe even worse and more matted. I tossed and turned
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Later that afternoon my teacher, Mrs. Rogers, beckoned to the class to line up to head over to the auditorium for our pictures. I felt an upsurge of fright take over me. I felt frozen in my seat. I looked down at my desk and noticed a pair of scissors we had been using for an assignment. I quickly ran to the bathroom with the scissors in hand. I didn’t know why I had taken them in with me or why I was standing there in the bathroom at all. "What now?" I told myself, and almost immediately a voice answered back “cut it off, just cut the dang hair and end your problems!” I shook my head instantaneously as to get it out of my thoughts, but somehow it overpowered me.
“Should I just hack it off?” My heart was beating so fast that all I could feel was the blood rushing to my ears as the internal struggle continued. In a rush I grabbed at my mangled bun and raised the scissors to the back of my head, slowly pressed down on the clamps and I heard a “snip” then the resistance of my hair meeting the sharp innards of the instrument. My bun slumped like a dead body to the side of my head: I gasped and stood frozen in the mirror. But I couldn’t stop now, I began cutting and sawing the ebony dreadlocks until there was just the hair on my scalp. Just then I heard a loud knocking on the door. “Natasha, are you alright in there? We are going to be late”. I smiled, “Yes I am alright, Mrs. Rogers. I will be right out”. I looked at my hair (or lack thereof) in the smudged bathroom mirror. I looked harried, almost frightening. But there was something else, something lying just beneath the skin, poised and ready to be exposed. “It’s freedom” I whispered to myself. I was no longer defined by my hair. I had taken charge of myself for the very first time. I felt a rush of liberation that lasted long after I was punished by my father and teased by the school children. Even now that my hair has grown back I still remember the feeling. Like the
sensation you get from running your fingers across a healed wound.
Reflection of True Self

Tatiana Machado

I am a culinary student at Lake Washington Institute of Technology. I am eighteen years old, a type one diabetic, and a student in the high school programs academy. I am still very unsure of who I am. But going through life thus far has taught me that the past does not define us, but it is our perception of the world around us that defines our personalities, our decisions and our happiness in life.

When I look to the past to see who I am, I find myself dancing with my reflection. Constantly hindering, Getting in the way of knowing myself. When I talk, I am replied with an echo. When I walk, I bump into myself. One day I will run away from my past. It will try to chase, but as reflected Will run in the opposite direction. My past can stay trapped in the looking glass.

People wear masks of mirrors. When with others, Majorly what they reflect is others. Only partially do they reflect themselves, For they reflect what little they see of themselves In the faces of others. Only when alone do people show their true image. Never truly alone, but ever lonely.
Walking through life is like walking through a hall of mirrors,  
A hypothetical carnival,  
The different angles distorting the original image.  
Magicians turning flies into magnolias,  
Ravens to doves.  
Clowns making merry of devastation.  
Trapeze artists making danger fantastical.  
Contortionists bending thoughts and memories.  
A maze of mirrors turns to the maze of the Queen of Hearts,  
Dotted with roses painted red.  
While roses red are beautiful,  
Every rose has its thorn.  
Touch, and be poisoned by confusion.  

While stumbling through the maze,  
stumble into Cinderella`s masquerade.  
Face the masks of mirrors,  
The dancing couples with glittering glass eyes,  
The thousands of angles put together  
The image of your true self,  
As transparent as a glass slipper,  
And may the doves fly at the marriage of true and reality.
Violet Shades of Jennifer
Michael Mussman

I am in my first quarter of the MMDP program after years of being a professional photographer. I am very interested in art and ways to use art in the world around us. I am submitting an art project from Art 102 Intro to 2D Design. This project asked us to take a black and white portrait and apply a monochromatic theme to the image. I chose a portrait of my wife (that I took) and used paint chip samples to create a monochromatic image. I am really pleased with how this turned out.
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Personal Narrative

Pichara Nguon

I am from Cambodia. I left Cambodia when I was about 7-1/2 years old. I lived in a refugee camp in Thailand for about 3-1/2 years, and then I came to the U.S. as an orphan refugee when I was 11 years old. I graduated from high school in the U.S., and I have over 10 years of experience in electronic assembly.

Now, I am unemployed, so I have returned to school to improve my skills and train for a new job. I am married, and I have three children, ages 22, 12, and 7.

I was born in Cambodia. In 1975, the communists took over the country, and they killed my parents. After my parents died, I lived with my foster parent. In 1975, we left Cambodia and escaped to a camp in Thailand. We ran through a deep jungle in the middle of the night, and before we reached the camp in Thailand, there was a lot of suffering. I saw many people die in the jungle. I was more scared than I could imagine but lucky for me, I ran through the jungle and lived in the Thailand camp for a few years.

In 1983, I came to the U.S. by immigration as an orphan. They brought us here, to Seattle, and I was very happy. By the time I got here, I started 6th grade right away, because by
that time I was 11 years old. I did not know English at all. I started to study hard day by day, and then a few years later, I could read and write plus speak some English, too, but I was still not fluent in English yet. I graduated from Juanita High School in 1990, and then I got married three months later. Now, I have children and a nice family, too.

As a young girl, I always dreamed about becoming a dancer, singer, and an actress, but unlucky for me, I did not look pretty enough. I am short and skinny. My dream did not come true. I wish in the next life that I could be reborn again, and I would like to look like the prettiest woman, so I could become a movie star.

Now, I am so proud of my life that has been changed, since I have lived in the United States. I have enjoyed my life here so much.
I was born in one of the smallest countries in Europe, Moldova. I got married 2 years ago, at the age of 25. Last year, my husband and I decided to come to the United States for a better life. I did not find the better life yet, but I have a Master’s Degree in Nutrition in my country. Now, I am working as a nanny to improve my English skills. I am sure I will achieve my goals because I am a disciplined, punctual, honest, hardworking, and amiable person. I wrote this essay for my ABED 024 class.

Oleg Rusu is my role model. He is my ex-boss from my country, Moldova. Now, he is the manager of a line of cafeterias in Chisinau, the capital of my country. Mr. Rusu is 45 years old, and he is well-built. He is a tall person. He has brown eyes and short dark hair that has started graying at the temples. My ex-boss is a hard-working person, correct, amiable, and very punctual. Every time when somebody from our staff had problems, he tried to help and understand. He gave them advice, and he loaned them money.

After he graduated from Technical Institute, he went to Russia to find a job. Mr. Rusu worked in a factory that made electrical things. Working at that factory, Oleg became friends
with a young man, Tudor. One day, his friend Tudor and he went to a Russian cafeteria, Teremok, to have lunch. They liked the pancakes there. They started to go to have lunch every day at Teremok, and they became friends with the manager.

In two years, they saved enough money for opening a cafeteria in my country. That happened 8 years ago. In the beginning, the cafeteria had 5 employees, but now they have 5 cafeterias, and more than 100 employees.

I admire this man for his courage to start a business in a poor and small country like ours. I learned from this that if you have a good idea, you save money, and work hard, you can succeed.
My Best Role Model

Hui Liu

Hui Liu, who came from China, has been in the United States for one year. When she lived in China, she got her bachelor’s degree in Marketing in 2001 in Beijing; she was the director of the Digital Media Marketing Department in an advertising agency. Hui likes reading novels and comic books. She learned reading from her family, especially her father. Now, she attends ABED 024 class at LWIT, volunteers for Jubilee REACH, a non-profit organization, and lives with her husband and two cats in Kirkland.

As people often say: “Parents need to be good role models for their children”, and my father indeed did it. Therefore, he is my best role model.

In my heart, my father is not the type of Superman, because he is not tall, strong, or outstanding. Usually, he just stands or sits in a group of people with a smile, listening to others. If someone asks the opinion of my father, he will come out with one or two thoughtful suggestions. Just like that, my father said, he is only a drop of water, common and tiny. Actually, he is not a drop of water but the ocean which the whole family relies on.
In 1977, the Chinese government announced the college entrance exam was resumed. The news made my father thrilled, because his dream of entering a university was stopped by the Great Cultural Revolution in 1966. My father liked studying, especially Chinese culture, Chinese poetry and writing, and he was the best student with the highest score in his high school. As a result, my father passed the college entrance exam without a doubt in 1978. When my family celebrated my father’s success, my mother found she was pregnant with me. If you think this was also good news, you are wrong. At that time, my family was very poor, my parents were workers in an automobile factory, and they took care of my older brother by themselves. Although my mother said she could handle everything by herself, my father firmly threw out all books supplied by the university and refused to register. Later, nobody talked about the experience until I went to middle school.

Before I heard what my father did, I had no idea what it meant to “contribute”. The word was just a word which often appeared in stories of national heroes, in the newspaper, and on TV. However, my father contributed his dream to me, and he also contributed every one of his days to the family.
Twenty years ago, my grandfather lived alone in a small apartment after my grandmother passed away. My father tried to visit my grandfather every day, cooking dinner, cleaning rooms, or fixing something, for 17 years, until 2010, when they moved into a big apartment and lived together. Now, my father gets up at 5:00 am and then cooks a particular breakfast for my grandfather, whose stomach is very weak, every morning. Because my father needs to take good care of my grandfather every day, he has never taken a long trip to another city for more than ten years. However, he enlarges his knowledge by continuing to read all kinds of books.

All of the above are my father, my best role model, a common man. He taught me what it is to “contribute” and how to protect the most important things in life. Although I cannot become him because I think I am more selfish than him, I will do my best to learn from his example, until I find what is the most important in my life.
Adobe Illustrator
Elina Dmitruk

I love my MMDP program and am more than half way through. My top favorite software is Illustrator! Therefore I made an advertisement for Adobe using my model friend (in the image) to reference from, Luiza Farber. I am enjoying making art and designing through these amazing programs.

Click to view larger image
The Boy  
*Kelcie Valder*

*Kelcie Valder is a student in the Funeral Service Education program. Upon completion of the program in December, she plans on pursuing her goal of becoming a licensed Funeral Director and Embalmer. Along with working as a Funeral Attendant and going to school, Kelcie and her husband are expecting the arrival of their daughter at the end of November.*

It’s the moment I’ve been dreading since I started the journey of becoming a Funeral Director and Embalmer. I have known this day would come, but I am not prepared for it. I don’t want to open the tiny little body bag that has just been delivered to my embalming station. I gingerly pick up the name tag and read the name. It’s a baby boy and he’s about seven months old. My hand instinctively goes to my belly, where I feel my own child give a reassuring kick. The irony of the situation is almost too much. Here I am seven months pregnant, preparing the remains of a seven month old child. There’s no amount of preparation that could’ve readied my emotions for this moment. I open up the bag, and see the face of a little boy I’ll never forget. The other embalmers and I do our best to prepare him for his final viewing, his parents’ final goodbye. Everything is done carefully and slowly, with many
head shakes and solemn faces. Every chance I can, I reach over and give his tiny hand a squeeze. I’m not sure why I keep doing it, but I want this baby boy to know I cared and that I was so sorry he had been taken so soon.

The whole time we were preparing him, I kept thinking about how when I first started this job that I thought I’d only be burying little old ladies and little old men. The ones who had lived long and fruitful lives and who had died peacefully in their sleep at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. Unfortunately, that’s not the case. Too often I see someone come through the preparation room that’s too young. Whether the person is my age or young enough to be my child, it gets me every time. It’s not just the little old ladies and men that die; it’s people of all ages. Still, even as I write that sentence, it sounds silly. As if everyone should know that. But until you see it, it doesn’t hit you. It doesn’t seem real. And when you finally do see it, you begin to understand how truly fragile life is. The idea of death as the great equalizer isn’t just a saying; it’s a reality. One that reminds us that this life is incredibly precious and that each moment is worth celebrating, because we don’t always get second chances.
Shadows of Life

Sydney Bahm

Despite not knowing who these people were or what they were like in life, I spent hours looking at each gravestone as they cast a shadow in the sunset. A name, date and sometimes a simple quote was all I had, but that was really all I needed. The visit to the graveyard where my Uncle was buried was where I found that I wanted to be an embalmer, to take care of people on the last journey of their life.
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Stages throughout My Life
Kirby McCreary-Junker

This essay was written in my English 100 class with Sherry Rind. The essay is a Classification essay and is in regards to my life as a new student, mother and the beginning of my dirty thirties. :) 

As I move through the various stages and transitions in life, I find myself wondering: Who am I? Can there be only one thing that defines who I am or what makes me, me? I can name off the top of my head many different titles or definitions that could fit but like many of people out there, I am many things all rolled up into one. This is what makes me who I am, not one single definition or one category, but many all jumbled up like a ball of twine. Together these things are what make me unique. Every person has many roles that they play through their lives, days, even from minute to minute. So what exactly is it, what are some of the pieces that make someone an individual? When someone looks within, what do they see? I myself see a mother of two handsome boys, a new college student who has been out of school for over ten years and currently a single woman coming into her own, beginning a new chapter of life in my thirties.
As any mother will tell you, being a mom can be fun and rewarding as well as challenging. I will tell you that being a mother is really, really hard, always a challenge and is a 24 hour job seven days a week. I love being a mom and I love my kids, don’t get me wrong here, but it’s not all rose buds and pretty flowers like many people may lead you to believe. What I will say is that for me as a mother I am always tired, the laundry will never be fully done and there will always be at least one dirty dish in the sink. Sometimes being a mother means you have to let go of the little things, learn to fight your battles and accept that your house will be messy for the next 18 years. Having two boys close in age I can tell you that there is always one child crying, whining or wrestling, someone will inevitably get hurt and there is nothing to be done to stop them. I am told that this is normal for boys and siblings but as a mother this is a challenge for me. I can undoubtedly say that being a mother and sole provider is the hardest role I have played in my lifetime as of yet.

In order to maintain my livelihood and financially support myself and my children I chose to return to school and for the first time, be a real full time college student. Now I’m not talking about a quick program that takes a few months. You
know, those places that train people and spit them back out just as quick as they came, sending students off to the big bad world without barely any training. I am talking about the real deal, two to four year true college level programs where credits and GPA’s really matter. It’s an intimidating world, the world of a student. I myself am still working out the kinks as to how exactly to be a student and do well here in college. Having not been in school for some time now even the simplest of things seem not quite so simple, at least not as simple as they were when I was last in school. For instance, homework, studying and finding the peace and quiet at home to do just these two things can seem at times to be impossible. As I grow older I find myself wondering, will it ever get any easier?

At the ripe old age of 29 I am staring at my next birthday just a few weeks away. It’s just another birthday, same as last year and the year before that. One year older, no more, no less yet this birthday feels different. It could be many different reasons I would presume, maybe because it represents a decade, maybe it’s the end of an era, the beginning of a new chapter or just the representation that I am no longer considered young. I have been slapped in the face with the fact that I am now getting older, funny how that works—everyone
knows they are aging but you don’t really think about it until suddenly you look back and think, wow, where did it go? How did it pass by so quickly? As a soon to be thirty and flirty year old, single or otherwise known as being a “singleton” in this day and age. I find that suddenly I am thrown into a world of thirty something year old men and the sea of baby momma’s, broken hearts and excess baggage. I have come to learn that one of the rules of being thirty is this: If you haven’t been snatched up by now something is wrong with you. Guys for instance are weary of woman, the damage they could potentially cause or the heartache they could possibly have to endure. I myself am weary of men in this new chapter called my thirties as most men, at least the good ones, are already married, leaving only the bad seeds to be picked over. Usually these men are single for one reason or another and whatever that reason is I don’t want to know. It’s a scary world of dating out there in the age bracket of thirty – forty. One must always stay on their toes and keep an eye out for the bad seeds that are left over having never been picked in the first place and for good reason.

All of us, I would presume, consider ourselves as wearers of many “hats” if you will. As a single mom turning thirty, back
in college I know that things will forever be changing. Life is a constant flow of waves going out and coming back in again. Today I am a mother, tomorrow I will be both mother and student, in the weeks to come I will be thirty years old, one more “hat” I will wear and call my own. Tonight I am me, just as I am all of these other things tangled together. In the end all I am and all I can be is me. Do my labels define me, do they tell you who I am as a person? I do not believe so, but have they helped shape me into who I am today? To that I can whole heartedly say yes and I wouldn’t want to have it any other way.
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Today I am a mother, tomorrow I will be both mother and student, in the weeks to come I will be thirty years old, one more "hat" I will wear and call my own. Tonight I am me, just as I am all of these other things tangled together. In the end all I am and all I can be is me. Do my labels define me, do they tell you who I am as a person? I do not believe so, but have they helped shape me into who I am today? To that I can whole heartedly say yes and I wouldn't want to have it any other way.

Tulipa
Corey Drenkow

This is a triptych of a purple tulip that I took for my digital photography class. I made one version black and white, one I began to bring color into the leaves and the tulip and the final I kept the original color version.
“The passionate pursuit of Imagery, in all forms fascinates me. I feel blessed when I can create it.” The following two pieces were made in ART 324, Printmaking for Design, with instructor Heath R. Davis. To see more, please visit the artist’s website: www.SteveWLyon.com

Été Dans Mon Jardin

and

Four Daisies

Steve Lyon
“The passionate pursuit of Imagery, in all forms fascinates me. I feel blessed when I can create it.”

The following two pieces were made in ART 324, Printmaking for Design, with instructor Heath R. Davis. To see more, please visit the artist’s website: www.SteveWLyon.com.

Été Dans Mon Jardin – Relief (8x13), 2012
Steve Lyon
Four Daisies – Relief Reduction (8x13), 2012
Steve Lyon

I am 28 years old, and I am a dental assisting student at Lake Washington. The project that I am submitting is a 5 minute video called Solar Brush. The purpose of this project was to educate our classmates on certain dental hygiene products that people have used and benefited from the past and the new products that are coming out that can be beneficial to consumers in the future.

After doing some research I came across the invention of the solar brush that is coming out in the near future and I decided to make a comic book video that is not only fun for viewers to watch, but educational too. I hope you enjoy watching the video.

Click image to view video in YouTube
Solar Brush (movie)
Raahshaun Thomas

I am 28 years old, and I am a dental assisting student at Lake Washington. The project that I am submitting is a 5 minute video called Solar Brush. The purpose of this project was to educate our classmates on certain dental hygiene products that people have used and benefited from the past and the new products that are coming out that can be beneficial to consumers in the future. After doing some research I came across the invention of the solar brush that is coming out in the near future and I decided to make a comic book video that is not only fun for viewers to watch, but educational too. I hope you enjoy watching the video.

Click image to view video in YouTube
Filling in the Heart
Nikol Pacholec

Human beings have been filling blank spaces with their thoughts, emotions, and environments since as far back as historians and archeologists can date. There are cave paintings reaching as far back as 650 A.D. with animals and with rituals and with smatterings of tales. These are the basic stepping stones of people collectively categorizing the world surrounding them, the trickling beginnings to creativity and culture. Now, thousands of years since the first stroke of simple berry-based paste was smeared onto rock, the human consciousness has long used art to record, worship, cherish, witness, and dream the fleeting moments of time around them. The people who contributed to this wonderful craft are called artists, and some of their endless toils led to the foundations of how humans react and see the world around them. These masterworks spawned schools of thought and reason, flourishing under oppressive regimes or aiding them in their tyranny. One must never forget the profound impact these silent dramas created. But all that history and all these people are behind us. Someone fresh is out there right now, holding a
brush, staring at an empty canvas, and waiting for the moment to take their first stroke.

If the one reading is looking for a few pages of notes on how to paint like Michelangelo, then they should discard this essay promptly. Herein is a text that paints very much like the brush strokes on a canvas. This essay is not about the technical scrutinies of an aging professor, but a more detailed analysis of the nuances of finding the reason why one paints. As everyone is simply and plainly different, there will never be a defined palette of emotion that churns out passionate strokes of art. There really isn’t a good and mathematical approach to creating. Painting and working simply is.

When someone approaches their sketchpad, what do they want to see? The world the others in their life want to see? Perhaps it could be a narrative or a single statement. Would it be fantasy, fiction, creatures, humans, fallacies or wit? So on and so forth, the staggering amount of curiosities that arise from simply asking a simple question of ‘what’ is often too much to bear for some. People soon find themselves elsewhere instead of working on their thumbnail sketches, pondering the infinite responses that could be. So take a step back, breath, and narrow everything down to a single context. Simple is good,
simple is easy, and most of all simple is simple. Art is furthered by the emotions that back it, giving personality to the inanimate paints and breathing life into them. But unless the painter chooses to create multiple works of a series, there are only so many emotions that can be added to one lone distribution of hue. So choose a random theme like whimsy in the fields, gallantry in the night, swiftness in the underground. These may not surface in your mind as images right away, but in whimsy might be a child playing in the golden waves of grain, gallantry a well-studded soldier walking home after a long battle has been fought, and swift a pickpocket behind a portly and rich pig. Simple context allows the painter to focus, and it can be boiled down to one word or even something that is far off and no longer tangible, like an emotion or unique perception. These contexts will drive the themes of the new masterworks.

For the person who is standing and questioning this crazy idea of conjuring a robust and fully extended story in front of them, for everyone frightened that the colors they chose aren’t good enough for another being’s eyes, for all the jaded souls who picked up this new hobby hoping to spark something new, for all the folks back home meandering around for something to do, let me make this point. Of all the things one must remember when beginning to paint, it is that there was once nothing where something stands. The newest fleeting generation of humans stands on the shoulders of giants; they understand what they have been taught because someone before them spent a lifetime figuring it out. Be humble when approaching this intimidating but absolutely freeing canvas. It is not an enemy. Remember those artists before, and know there are many things out there that will help guide talent and detail. But nothing was ever discovered by simply sitting and doing nothing. This is important, for many people will let their freshly bought art supplies sit waiting in the dust for ‘the right day’ and never return to the cabinets their brushes are stored in. Be the change that is present in the world.
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Every painting becomes a piece of time and still imagery, a silent drama that unfolds under the viewer’s eye. To be tasked into remembering that every stroke and blob of pigment might be scrutinized under the finest microscopes of moral eyes is devastating to the ego. So let it go. Let the mind wander. Let it be bored for a moment. Forget everything and everyone, all the floating minds and mindless pandering. Now that the pressure has faded, it’s time to begin. If at any point in time that feeling
of stress returns, remember that it is only the self in the studio and a white canvas to play with. This canvas can be ripped up, burned, destroyed, or hidden. No one has to see this creation. To let reckless abandon fill the heart and guide the hand is the way to let opinions be expressed in their purest form. Don’t let the emotional tides of others fill what is only one personal canvas and what should stay the personal endeavor of the artist. In this state, whatever may fit the situation, an artist may be free to shout out their rebellious ravings or sit in quiet contemplation free of the burden of whatever society they may be a part of.

To all the young who may be riding high and cocky. To all the old simply sitting at home coloring in the flowers of their minds, let’s leave with this. The toils of the day will sometimes seem lost. The fruits of the labors of the day may seem rotten, bitter, unkempt, and unworthy of market value. But that is never the point. It is instead the harrows of the start that tend to stop and grind those away from what they love. It is the work that may have been born from judgment, happiness, frailty, or kindness that was made in an honest attempt at making something new and lush. It was started, and if it was finished or not does not matter. The fact a painting stands is a
testament to the will of the imagination, a culmination of the idea that this painter broke free from the bindings that have held many back.
Deep Hunter
Robert Rowe

I'm a business transfer student who loves to paint. I am taking the advanced painting class with Jason Sobottka and would like to share this painting with the Lions Pride. My painting is a 24x18 oil on canvas.
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Grove Fine Food
Gail Lawnicki

I'm a student at LWIT in the BTAD program. In Jason Sobottka's Managing Creativity class we had to make an Individual Development Plan. I decided to focus on one particular thing I love to photograph, Vintage signs. From Jason's class I took my IDP project into Steve Ater's Capstone class and brought my original idea to its end goal, to show my work and hopefully sell it. This piece is a photo manipulation of an original photograph I took this summer on a road trip down the west coast.
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It’s Good Work If You Can Get It
Gail Lawnicki

I'm a student at LwTech in the BTAD program. I have had Wes Mantooth for English Comp and Technical Writing. These classes have renewed my interest in writing. I wrote this piece for an assignment on Process Analysis. I challenged myself to describe a process and hopefully entertain with an interesting story. I hope I succeeded.

I climbed up and down the stairs between the kitchen and the dining room carrying wooden bowls of mixed greens for the salad bar and bowls of fruits and veggies for the juicer. Behind me one of the local guys hired to help for the day carried a stainless steel pot of white bean and kale soup. Everything had to be set up and ready in the dining room for the lunch rush. We had already broken down breakfast. Now, chaffing dishes with sautéed mixed veggies, rice and pasta dishes, grilled salmon, hot sandwiches and other tasty choices were lined up along the wall. Nearby was a table with sandwich fixings and a salad bar. Across the room was a table with various deserts, sliced fresh fruit, baskets of assorted vitamins and teas, an espresso maker, beverage station, blender and juicer. It was a late September Saturday morning; smoke from Washington State’s summer fires filled the Columbia River Gorge and the venue itself. Jason Mraz was the headliner. After several years of working for Latitude 45 Catering, dining room and kitchen locations still amaze and surprise me. This one was on a cliff. Hours earlier both the kitchen and dining room were barreling along I-90 in flight cases loaded inside one of the semi-trucks that carry concert paraphernalia all night from one venue to another. Catering equipment was packed tightly along with wardrobe, band equipment, lighting, sound, and everything else needed to put on a concert. This morning the trucks and tour buses pulled in and parked backstage at The Gorge in eastern Washington. The Latitude 45 crew climbed off one of the buses and greeted us with handshakes, grins and hugs. My son, Zach is usually on the road with one of the catering crews, but he'd just finished his last tour for the year. Today, because this was close enough to home, we were the local help. Live Nation, the production company, also had two or three guys there to help us for the day. The Gorge is a unique situation for catering because it's in the middle of nowhere. Zach rented a refrigerator truck and we'd done a big shop in Seattle. After the shop, Zach, his cousin Elijah, and I had driven as far as Ellensburg the night before. Zach's job for
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this day was primarily as runner - the person who runs, in this case, to Moses Lake, for whatever else we need during the course of the day. Elijah was assigned to the kitchen as prep cook and dishwasher. I was to assist the “dining room girl’ Ryan. Dining rooms and dressing rooms are usually not a job given to guys, but this crew was all male. I was the only female on the crew for this show, which is really rare.

Chris, the owner of Latitude 45 Catering, has several kitchens traveling on trucks somewhere on the North American continent on any given day. His company goal is to provide a little bit of home comfort and keep everyone on tour well-fed and healthy while on the road. A catering crew travels with each kitchen. They move from venue to venue on tour buses along with the performers, the production, lighting, rigging, sound, and promo crews. Catering may be a small crew that feeds 100 people on a tour. Or in contrast, for the highest attended, largest grossing U2 “360” tour, Chris rented a house for 20 plus crew members, flew them in from LA and the east coast. With the help of additional local workers Latitude 45 set up two kitchens, fed hundreds of people in two dining rooms for 10 days straight. Because the U2 stage was so huge, there were several set-up and break-down crews that
moved in front of and behind the actual tour. For that concert, our kitchen and dining rooms were black pipe and drape walls downstairs in the Wamu Theatre parking garage.

Back to the Gorge. This particular Saturday morning while we’d waited for the truck with the equipment and the rest of the crew, Zach, Elijah, and I had unloaded our truck full of groceries into the walk-in fridge provided. Now, Roadies pulled rolling wardrobes, drum kits, cases of guitars, lighting and sound equipment down the truck ramps. Somewhere in all that commotion, our kitchen came rolling off a truck. Flight cases with things like table clothes, chaffing dishes, plates, bowls, coffee makers, assorted tableware, and condiments made their way down the ramp and into the area designated as ’dining room’ for the day. Cases with commercial mixers, pots, cutting boards baking sheets and pans, stainless mixing bowls, and serving dishes of every sort headed to the kitchen area. With chaotic precision, the catering crew and roadies pushed ovens, stoves, a refrigerator, a sink, rolling metal racks, push carts, and flight cases to the designated area. As fast as flight cases came to the kitchen door, local help unloaded them onto long tables stacked two high along the walls. Everything was organized into “worlds”; can world, produce world, box and
bag world, pots and pans world, and so on...everything in its place, the name taped to the section of table it occupied. Zach and the electrician paced the area and decided where electrical wires needed to be established for the day’s work. As soon as wires were laid down, breakfast was on the grill. And prep work was started for lunch. Tables and flight cases covered with thick black vinyl table clothes filled the middle of the space to make workstations. Cutting boards, a toolbox full of knives, Costco sized rolls of plastic wrap, and boxes of gloves lined up neatly for easy access during food preparation. Plastic bus tubs were placed on the floor under the tables for dirty dishes. A commercial sink stood in the little room adjacent to the makeshift kitchen for dishwashing.

At the same time, in the dining room, Ryan and I set up long tables along three walls and covered them with black table clothes. This was our buffet. In the center of the room we covered the round dining tables with table cloths and added a decorative wooden box of condiments to each. Dishes and tableware were unpacked along with the juicer, toaster, espresso maker, blender, and everything else essential to home-style comfort on the road. Within an hour of the trucks arrival backstage, music was playing in the kitchen and dining room. Truck drivers, roadies, lighting and sound tech crew, production staff, and band members were sitting around tables shooting the breeze or plotting the day over coffee and breakfast. For the rest of the day my job would be to make sure food was where it needed to be when it needed to be there, and to see that everything stayed stocked, clean, and organized. Ryan would spend a good part of the day, setting up dressing rooms as per instructions in the tour rider. Riders are tour instructions and lists of things required in the dressing room for the different performers. Throughout the day, the chefs prepared delicious gourmet (blackened tilapia on greens) fare and not-so-gourmet (canyon smoked French fries in honor of the fires) fare for the 150 people working so hard to make sure Jason Mraz and his opening acts walked onstage happy and ready for the show. 

On tour, 8:00 p.m. is the magic hour in the dining room. That's the official time food service is over. We dish any remaining food into to-go containers, start breaking down dinner service, and begin the process of packing the dining room back into flight cases. Packing up in the evening is not as precise an event as unpacking. Variables like plates and
room. Truck drivers, roadies, lighting and sound tech crew, production staff, and band members were sitting around tables shooting-the-breeze or plotting the day over coffee and breakfast. For the rest of the day my job would be to make sure food was where it needed to be when it needed to be there, and to see that everything stayed stocked, clean, and organized. Ryan would spend a good part of the day, setting up dressing rooms as per instructions in the tour rider. Riders are tour instructions and lists of things required in the dressing room for the different performers.

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utensils in dressing rooms and how swamped the dishwashers are, make it a challenge to get everything packed in a timely fashion. Eventually, everything is put away and our job is done in the dining room.

At the same time, the crew in the kitchen is working to get their equipment clean and packed. On tour, banana boxes are a hot commodity. All boxed, bagged, and canned goods that are going on to the next show get packed into banana boxes. They can also be used as ‘ghetto coolers’: a banana box, a garbage bag, and ice, hold cold beverages for guys on local crews who aren’t important enough to merit a real cooler. Anything that doesn’t have any other home but needs to get on a truck goes into a banana box. Any food that requires refrigeration stays behind. At the Gorge, because we had a refrigerator truck, we put it back into the truck and took it home for ourselves.

By 10:00 p.m. everything is lined up ready to be loaded back onto the semi-truck. Zach or another crew member stands inside the truck and calls for the flight cases and equipment by name as local crew and roadies push each piece onto the truck. Every piece of catering equipment has a personal name, which makes loading the truck easier. Zach may call for “Tenzing Norge“, a fridge, or “Helsinki” a rolling stainless steel triple
sink. Carts and racks are called onto the truck by name: Push Push, Boxey Brown, Larry, Moe, Curly, Harold, Maude, Bertha, Grimm, Mother Goose, and so on... These names also make it nice during the day. Someone may call out, “I’m taking Boxey Brown. Push Push is at the bottom of the ramp if you need it.” Right away everyone has a mental picture of where the rolling carts are - the brown one is gone, but the black one is waiting at the ramp. On a good night, by 11:00 p.m. everything is loaded with little or no evidence of the day’s events left behind.

Usually, as soon as my work is done, I wander off side stage with other crew members to watch the show. I worked as runner for two days of “Michael Jackson Cirque de Sole” at Key Arena. In this case, side stage did not work because the performers were everywhere. I invoked my all-access pass, found an empty seat, and sat in the audience both nights.

Zach has worked for Chris for a dozen years. In the beginning my youngest daughter and I went back stage to visit Zach, eat good food, load up on swag, and get fancy VIP passes to see the shows. I have a memory of my then 7-year-old daughter Michaela, standing on a plastic bucket wearing a Limp Biskit beanie and an oversized apron, mixing chocolate chip cookies. Because of the nature of the “Anger Management”
tour, she wasn’t allowed to go out front to the concert. She spent the entire time backstage. Another day, in San Francisco at a Tori Amos concert, the crew was desperately short handed. I rolled up my sleeves and started helping. After that I started working shows as an official paid employee.

Sometimes I get to be runner; sometimes I’m in food prep or the dreaded dish pit. I’ve also had the cushy job of making sure VIP guests have all the cold-cuts, nuts and chips they need, and then viewing the show with them. I work where they need me.

Chris has a long list of wanna-be tour caterers waiting in the wings. It takes a special person to work a tour. It’s not a normal life if you’re traveling on the road. You’re away from pets, friends and family. You often wake up not knowing what city you’re in. However, the pay is good and most of it can go in the bank because while you’re working-- food, lodging, laundry etc. are all inclusive. It’s called ’the power of the lament.” If you want anything at all while you’re on the road, you tell catering and they’ll get it for you, if you’re part of catering you just put it on the runner’s list.

Sometimes the performers party hard. But if you’re part of a crew that has to be up at 6 a.m. to fix breakfast, you learn
fast that if *you* party too hard too often, you won’t be on the team for very long.

Chris’ employees are part of his family. They are loyal workers who come from all over the world to work for him. All being said and done, its good work if you can get it.
I am currently working as a freelance concept artist. 2D illustration and concepting is by far my favorite but I also enjoy 3D work as well. I would like to get my foot in the door working for one of the many game companies here in the Pacific Northwest. For anyone trying to improve drawing or design knowledge just keep working hard at it because that is the only way to improve.
Plane Designs
Jason Dormier

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Atlantis
Jason Dormier

Click to view larger image
A Word to the Wise
Kirby McCreary-Junker

This essay was written in my HMDS 111 class as our final essay, the assignment asked us to write a letter to our new students and tell them the 5 most important things we feel a new student should know when attending LWIT.

A word to both the wise and the weary, those that come young, those that were once young and those that like many of us new students are feeling Unsure. Unsure about what we’re doing, unsure if we made the right decision, if we are taking the right classes or if we can even pass said classes.... Well, have no fear—this essay will lead you towards the light. Obviously I’m referring to “light” as the Advising Office located in the West building, second floor #207  Monday-Tuesday: 8:00 a.m. - 3:30 p.m. Wednesday: 12:00 - 3:30 p.m. Thursday: 8:00 a.m. - 3:30 p.m. Now that I have led you to the “light,” you must not be afraid. Go...go into the light my friend, all will be well!

Here are some important tips a new student will want to know at Lake Washington Institute of Technology (LWIT), one being, always arrive early, you will not have a parking space (yes they are limited, yes LWIT is very well aware....Deal with it). I suppose that should be a tip for all students attending
classes here. So we will move along, the number one thing you all need to remember is this: Go To Class! Honestly, it works. Going to class insures that you will get the information needed for most of your homework assignments, you will have a good attendance grade which contributes to your overall grade/GPA and it’s good to get out of the house, go somewhere, have a schedule or a routine developed. If you work better being alone and you have the willpower to be outside the classroom, not be distracted and get/understand all your assignments by yourself then (go ahead, I dare you) take classes online instead. If you are like most of us, you will want to be coming inside the classroom, sitting and learning. This is the best tip off all, *Go To Class*!!

Second tip: take a college preparation class (or maybe two) that LWIT offers. Both courses HMDS 111 and HMDS 101 (College Strategies classes) are very informative, and the classroom structure is friendly if you are just getting started in college. It is a 2-credit class meaning: if you are taking other classes and you don’t want to be overwhelmed but need to be considered a full-time student these classes are the classes for you: especially, if you need a refresher class or are not “in the know” with technology these days. In HMDS 101 you learn
about different databases, websites and helpful tools available through our online library system (Library Learning Commons) available for you to take advantage in for your future classes. In HMDS 111 you will learn about study skills and different ways people think and learn, how they process information and how you might process the things that you are learning that you might not have otherwise known. Whether you’re sitting in a lecture, watching a video in class or doing hands-on training with your instructor, it’s helpful to know what learning style you prefer. This class helps you look at school and people as a “whole” from a psychological point of view. It’s the “why we do what we do” education class for all of us newbies that need to remember how to learn, study and actually retain what we’ve learned in the classroom.

Now the third tip I can give you would be this: get to know about Financial Assistance options, because a lot is out there and it’s you that needs to pursue it. Let me say this again, folks. Financial Assistance is out there! Not only will LWIT sit down and help you devise a plan for the future academically, but they will lead you in the right direction for your financial future. LWIT has many grants and scholarships available for a very wide variety of students. LWIT also offers to assist you in filling out the proper forms for state, federal and LWIT grants. This is made available to many students that have little to no income. Also for all you parents out there that haven’t already gone and applied for assistance with childcare, You Should! Did you know they will help you with daycare? How about textbooks from the student store? Do you need assistance with healthcare, dental, counseling, money management or even paying for your electricity bill? Financial assistance is not just applying for FAFSA (Free Application for Financial Aid) or getting subsidized Federal Loans. Financial assistance means help with money regardless of who you are depending on for your income. Washington State has many programs to assist students needing aid, and as a student it is your obligation to get informed of your options. The last thing you need while going to school is the addition stress that comes from being a “starving student” living off Top Ramen or wondering how you’ll pay next month’s rent.
filling out the proper forms for state, federal and LWIT grants. This is made available to many students that have little to no income. Also for all you parents out there that haven’t already gone and applied for assistance with childcare, You Should! Did you know they will help you with daycare? How about textbooks from the student store? Do you need assistance with healthcare, dental, counseling, money management or even paying for your electricity bill? Financial assistance is not just applying for FAFSA (Free Application for Financial Aid) or getting subsidized Federal Loans. Financial assistance means help with money regardless of who you are depending on for your income. Washington State has many programs to assist students needing aid, and as a student it is your obligation to get informed of your options. The last thing you need while going to school is the additional stress that comes from being a “starving student” living off Top Ramen or wondering how you’ll pay next month’s rent. Washington State implemented the “No-Student-Left-Behind lunch program” stating that every student will be fed lunch, no child will go without food, no child left behind. As college students we may not be children anymore but many of us are “hungry” or, in other words, we’re broke! So dive in, go down to the financial aid
office, fill out their forms, and make sure to ask lots of questions. Bring a piece of paper and pen, make notes so you can remember everything afterwards, and see what you qualify for and if there is any additional information they may need from you in order to fully process your request. After you have the info from FAFSA and have gone to see the financial aid office, only 30 feet down the hall is the advising office (W207). You can walk in almost any time during a regular weekday. Please refer to the schedule previously mentioned above; this will enable you to have a chance to sit down with an advisor and rack their brains with questions. I’d write down questions first, have them with you and ready so you don’t forget something you wanted to address or to get their recommendations for which funding programs you may qualify for. After your incredible helpful advisor has pointed you in the right direction, she/he will help you figure out which forms need to be completed and assist with completion if needed. At LWIT, you do not need to feel intimidated by the big bad scary “College” because it’s almost as if they take you by the hand and take you to where you need to be and tell you what you need to do.
Additionally, I’d like to mention as the fourth tip to always remember that even though it may be overwhelming and stressful at first (or at all times), the world will not end, you will make it through your first quarter of the unknown, and you will not fail. Even if you did, again the world will not end because LWIT will help you with this too! So even though the world you are entering is vast and seems at times endless, Everything Will Be Ok. Everyone is here to help you at LWIT: options include your instructor, general counselor, additional specialty counsel available to you after you have been accepted by a specific program. These include a basic food, employment and training (BFET) counselor, Worker Retraining counselor, WorkFirst counselor, Opportunity grant counselor – the sky is the limit! Also when in a state of distress, you may take advantage of the library’s quiet study room, English tutors, Math tutors, general assistance tutors for many different classes, a computer lab as well as movies you can take home. If LWIT had a motto it would be: How Can We Help?

Now, last but not least is this: you are Not the Only one that is going through this. In other words you are not alone. Every quarter many students are just getting started with their college careers. They don’t know what they are doing or where
to go first. As a new student, that is to be expected. No one really knows what they are doing just yet. You may walk in the wrong class or write a horrible essay, maybe even fail your statistics class, but always remember this fifth and final Word to the Wise: whatever you have going on, whether it’s school or your personal life, if you think you can’t take it or too much is hitting you all at once, the world will not end. You are not alone. When you are having a moment of chaos that is screaming inside your head, when you’re being mentally negative and think this is all too overwhelming just take a look at your peers. Look at your fellow classmates and remind yourself, they don’t know what they’re doing just yet either. It’s ok if you don’t know how to study effectively yet or that this class is harder than you thought. Maybe you are “lucky” enough to have those extremely rough times when you start to think “what have I gotten myself into” or “I’m in too deep and can’t turn back now…” Remember that you have people to talk to, and you’re not the only one that has aimlessly wondered the halls looking for their class. You’re not the only one that forgot to turn in that important assignment and you will not be the last. So don’t stress. At LWIT you will always have someone that will help you. College doesn’t have to be big, bad and
scary. With these five fabulous tips you will discover that you can and you will succeed here at LWIT.