

Untold

UVU's Honors Program Journal

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Forward

At the conclusion of her poem “The Summer Day,” Mary Oliver posits this crucial question: “What is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?” The inquiry is simple yet profound, asking the reader to contemplate any number of things: their aspirations, fears, values—the list goes on. Above all, it begs consideration.

Untold asks this as well, and as a multi-media journal, it is able to showcase the many marvelous things that the Honors Program’s students are doing with their lives. This edition of the journal has been a project of diligence and passion, and it would not have been possible without the contributions made by volunteers, faculty advisors, talented contributors, and, above all, the leadership staff—Amanda, Carly, Daniel, and James. You four astound me with your incredible skills, thoughtful input, attention to detail, and inspiring tenacity. It has been an absolute delight to work with all of you, and I cannot wait to see how each of you wields your abilities moving forward.

For me, this semester has been one of constant inquiry as I ponder what I am going to do with my (one wild and precious) life. I don’t know the answer yet, but I do know that interacting with others—with their passion, their work, their art—helps me to better understand myself and my place in the world. As you peruse the pieces within this edition, I encourage you to consider Mary Oliver’s question and be inspired by the remarkable works from this semester’s contributors.

Lauren Wynn,

Editor-in-Chief

Daydreaming

Worn Valor
Storyboarding
Rapid Rascals
Enchanted Reading

Worn Valor

By: Benjamin Hood



Artist Statement:

Engaged in an incessant struggle, relentlessly pushing oneself to the brink, this artwork draws inspiration from the world of tattoos. It encapsulates the notion of an unending fight where one exerts maximum effort and resilience, embodying the spirit of giving it your all.

Storyboarding

By: Leah Hamby

Before I was even in preschool, my mom gave me a book of fairytales. I couldn't read it at first, but the colorful pictures of the rabbits and mermaids kept me interested regardless. When I finally learned to read after stumbling through new words in my kindergarten class, coming home and uncovering the hidden meaning of those fairy tale images was my first order of business. It made me feel independent. There I was, reading this massive book all by myself, no mother in sight.

As I got older, that book was taken from the shelf less and less often, but it had already done its work. I breathed fantasy, and I inhaled my junior high library's section on it. If a book had a dusting of magic, or the faintest whisper of a dragon's roar, I had already snatched it from its place. By the second month of school, the librarians had my student number memorized.

I read about infinite worlds, each more fantastical than the last. With rose-tinted glass adorning every wall of my mind, the room I was standing in began to seem bland. I was no witch or warrior. There was no Hogwarts letter or prophecy with my name on it. It seemed to me that I was stuck in the one world without magic.

And, well into college, I still am. But now I have more appreciation for what has been done without magic. Monuments were built. Wars were won, nations created, treaties signed. All through people like me—and maybe with a little luck. If that can be considered magic, then ten year old me would be elated. Regardless, I am pleased to share a history with people who created legends without incantations or spells.

I want to join the ranks of the people who have forged their own way through this magicless world of ours, as someone willing to create the narrative of their own life without paper, pen, or wand. So, I think I've reached my "storyboarding": the amount of stories it takes for a child to want to write their own.

Rapid Rascals

By: Megan Charchenko

Rapid Rascals is a blog written by upper division communication students with the intent to teach people how to function in a healthy small group. Each article gives a different perspective and lesson on how to have safe and healthy small-group communication

[View the blog Rapid Rascals.](#)

Enchanted Reading

By: Megan Charchenko



Artist Statement:

“Enchanted Reading” is a piece that showcases the power of books. When you read, your mind can take you to new places as you explore the realm the story creates. A library can unlock worlds to explore and knowledge to gain.

**This is a image collage piece created within Photoshop*

Identity

Scout's Honor / Thicker Than Water

Staff Star Award

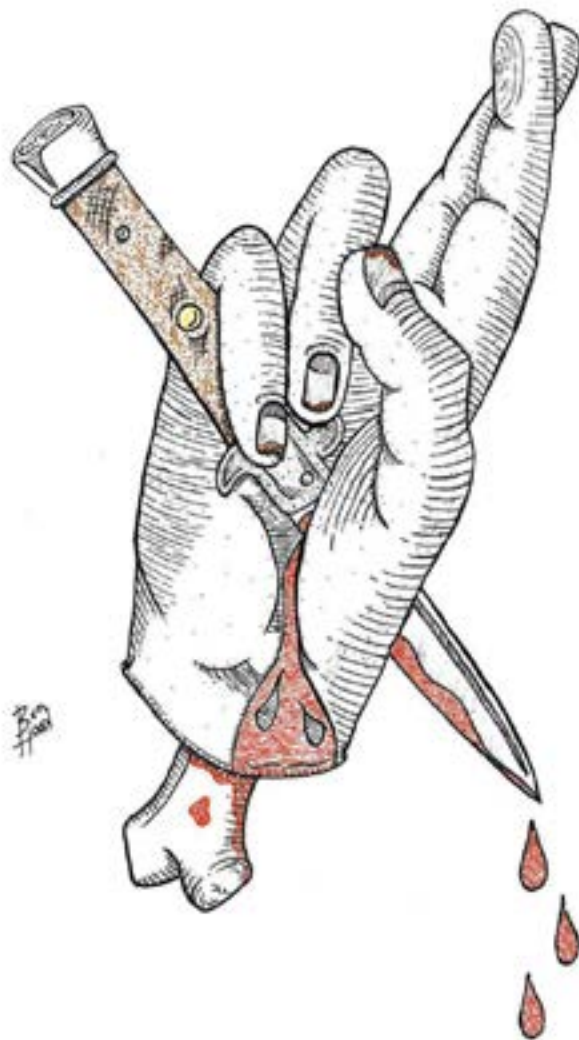
Belmont / Hunt the Night

Flame and Dust

A Son's Shield / Mom

Scout's Honor / Thicker Than Water

By: Benjamin Hood



Artist Statement:

The foundation of this artwork stems from the concept of shattered honesty and trust. Delving into the theme of broken connections, I aimed to incorporate elements of the American traditional tattooing style.

Staff Star Award

By: Lisette Partipilo

Honors Prompt A: Lessons come in many forms inside and outside of a classroom. Reflect on a high school, college, or work assignment or achievement (such as a paper, performance, project, design, coding project, championship, medal, or other tangible accomplishment).

I received the “Staff Star Award” from the staff association at Salt Lake Community College in the spring of 2023. The truth is, this achievement made me feel more than just a “Star”, because I had an opportunity to feel “human.” That is, I was able to empathize with another during a stressful situation. This situation allowed me to acknowledge language as a first aid skill and use the power of communication as means to save a life.

It was a Monday morning, around 9:00 am. I was on my way to the Center for Health & Counseling, when I noticed a life-threatening situation on campus: a glass panel fell and shattered into a construction worker’s neck. People were frantic and asking for help. “How can I help?” I said, and they replied, “No English”. As a pre-medical student, I had a pair of gloves in my backpack, and while I was communicating with the patient in Spanish, my first language, I was also controlling the bleeding, and performing a physical examination, evaluating his airway, breathing, circulation, neurological deficit, and exposure. The ABCDE of trauma. My hands and a 4x4 gauze were a barrier between life and death, but the language difference was not, as I was able to indicate people how to call 911 and ask for help. The Taylorsville Fire Department responded within 5 minutes and controlled the scene. Interpreting from one language to another, I was able to provide a description of the accident, initial assessment of the wound, and medical history of interest from the patient.

Lessons come unexpectedly, and this experience was one of them. As of today, it is a daily reminder to value language as a resource to save a life beyond the clinical expertise taught in a classroom, and the importance of communicating with our patients, especially when their life is in our hands.

Belmont / Hunt the Night

By: Benjamin Hood



Artist Statement:

After enjoying the Castlevania games growing up and loving the anime that came from it, I made this piece. The idea of a family of monster hunters is not special to Castlevania, but I always liked the portal of the story and how it all felt.

Flame and Dust

By: Leah Hamby

It is peaceful where I am. The grassy back of the hill emerges from the earth like a great whale, serene among the other hills speckled with trees around me. The rustle and sway of the grass sounds, a gentle contrast to my stillness.

Far away, on the horizon, a city burns. The warm light from the fire fills that corner of the sky, mixing with the blue of the moonlight. I am far enough away this time that I cannot hear the screams. Smoke curls into the sky, obscuring the stars that will become so rare in the future. It is 48 BCE, and the city of Alexandria is burning.

...

Nothing is happening in the place I wake up next. Well, nothing human at least. The forest is very busy. The leaves above my head block most of the sun's heat, but that doesn't stop the humidity from soaking me thoroughly. A little creature, something like a monkey, chatters above me before blinking at me with its bulging eyes and skittering away.

Waking up in a different place and time every day will always be disorienting, but I like to think I've learned to handle it well. Still on the ground, I turn my head to peer at and through the trees. I don't remember ever having been in this place before, and there is no evidence of human civilization around me, so I'm not sure what year it is. Even if there were people, I might be hard-pressed to figure out a specific date. Of the places and years that I have woken in and know for certain, none of them have been past 2023 CE. My guess is that this is the current state of the world, and I've just been left to bounce around in its past. Always following, never allowed to walk alongside.

I've never been anywhere before 3475 BCE. The start of human civilization in its earliest forms was also my beginning. I have a formidable memory, but I can't remember when I started. I was never a physical child; I know that much. A child in my position wouldn't be able to learn very much about history or how to be human. It would have been very cruel to make me a child. I have that one mercy.

I roll from my back to my side, watching my hand disappear into the underbrush where my arm falls. A piece of bark digs into my cheek. There were times when I felt younger than I do now, when I was younger. Humans have the privilege of just counting the seasons to figure out how old they are. I would have to add up the individual days I've lived through. A tedious task to continue, had I ever started.

The climate and plants around me make me think of southern Asia, or maybe a remote part of South America. There are 5,499 years that it could be. The historian inside of me urges me to get up, look around, see what is happening. Surely there is something around here that I should be recording in my mind, witnessing. There is so much I have experienced, so much left to see, and time just keeps moving.

The human part of me wins out today, and I turn and fall asleep again.

...

My rest has dropped me back in Indiana, 1990s. After some walking, I stand outside of a familiar, white-washed building. The blue paint on the window edges is dingy and chipped. The falling sign on the front reads "White Hills Nursing Home." I have someone to visit.

I step up the concrete stairs into the foyer. There is a small fish tank bubbling on a table in the corner. The woman at the desk looks up at me briefly before going back to reading her newspaper.

I approach the counter, and her eyes roll back toward me slowly, as if with great effort. "Here for . . . ?" She speaks tiredly.

"Linda Robinson."

"Sign the paper, and it's back to the right," she sighs.

The large room off the hallway behind the desk was long and beige, with a low ceiling and a place for a partition curtain across the center. There is a pervasive, stinging smell of antiseptic and not much in the way of decoration. The bleakness of the room is offset only by the mismatched rocking chairs and the soft sunset shining gold through the windows along the back.

She is sitting, looking out one of these windows, rocking back and forth, hands entwined in her lap.

"Hello Lin," I greet, walking slowly toward her.

She turns to me, her hair and skin grayed from when I had last seen her. The sunlight catches in her eyes, intense blue-gray like storm clouds, just like they had always been.

"Jenny?" She calls for her daughter, eyebrows downturned.

"I'm afraid not, Linda."

Even if she could remember me, she wouldn't by now. No one ever remembers me—another constraint of my condition. Anything I've tried to do to change the course of someone's life is reverted like it never happened. I am not meant to be part of anything. Memories of me or my actions are dabbed from the history books like undried ink.

I got to visit a few times when she was just a bit younger. I would always tell her the same thing: that I knew her from the 1920s, when we were both in Brooklyn, dancing and drinking and tripping through late-night streets, leaning on each other. She would scoff at me. I looked like I was in my twenties; there was no way I was alive in *the* twenties.

I would laugh and play it off like a joke, and she would be too desperate for company to question me too hard, and we would reminisce together about the past until sunset when an attendant would approach us and tell me that I had to leave.

This time, she isn't fully there anymore. Still, I come for this. For her to have someone to talk to. Now she takes my mention of Brooklyn and clutches it to her chest with her frail gray hands. She talks and talks about her youth while I sit and listen. She tells me about the parties and the men and the dresses. About the music and lights and people she had around her. I listen to this, remembering, because I was one of the people around

her.

I can't tell her about the days that I wake up in 1920s New York and think of nothing except finding her. The days that I push into her life again, and she pulls me up to her small apartment to do my makeup without even knowing who I am. She was just that hopeful about the state of the world and the people in it. She'd let me borrow her green dress with the gorgeous sequin pattern and the beads lining the bottom that would chime as I walked; I always choose the same one. And we'd go to lawn parties and bars and the houses of people richer than us where we weren't invited. Linda loved to dance, so we danced until our feet ached, and got drunk, and slapped men's hands off of each other, until eventually we stumbled home together. After that, we would lay on that ridiculous bright yellow couch of hers, and I would giggle drunkenly at her stories until the small hours of the morning when I couldn't keep my eyes open anymore. Then I would wait through another decade or millenia of days until I'd open my eyes in 1920s NYC and repeat it all over again.

I stay now until she falls asleep and leave on my own. Maybe tomorrow I'll wake up with her in New York.

...

Zoroaster, Mani, Buddha. It would make sense that they would be some of the most important people for me to observe.

I did, for a little bit. I've been dumped into enough days during my existence that I was bound to run into them eventually. I listened to their ideas with some of their first followers and watched as others expanded on their teachings and practices. I've seen full religious nations rise and fall and scatter. I asked them questions about myself, and I received no answers. By the time I hit the meridian of history for the first time, I had gotten tired of it. I no longer sought them out.

I have been at the years 1 and 36 and all of the years in between many times. Israel is beautiful, where and whenever, but I have never enjoyed it. On those days when I'm there, when the beginning of Christianity is alive, I find an oak tree and sit under it, shielded from the heat of the burning blue sky. I sit there until I can justify falling asleep and waking up somewhere else. I do this now for every one of those people who could possibly explain my existence.

This Christ could be an incredible person, and I would still resent him. I could listen to him teach, perhaps find some meaning in his words that I haven't found anywhere else. I could memorize his lessons and take them to the Nicean Council the next time that I'm there, just to see what they would do.

But eventually, I would have to ask. He might give me an answer, but there isn't an answer that could explain it enough, that could justify it. And worst of all, he might not even know what I am talking about.

...

I am walking among the first Puebloans in what will be called Mesa Verde. The sun beats harshly, heating the clothes on my back. The streets bustle around me, the noise of footsteps and chatter fading to the background. I should be asking about them, what their names are, how they live, but instead, I'm looking at *it*. It seems to stare back at me from where it is carved into the side of a step.

At first I thought it was the Masons, or some Templar wannabes, or some other secret society that I haven't yet made my way into. But no, this is different. Scratched into copper mines in Ur, written on a barrel on board the Santa Maria, held up on a poster in the parade where John F. Kennedy was assassinated. All the same mark. A Sumerian Letter, a simple, informal greeting, used between friends and family. I see it in places it absolutely

should not be.

I had never considered that there might be someone else like me before. Could it be that the universe was that cruel, to give me someone who could understand me, but give us two different paths through time?

Was it even possible that I had met this person? Improbable, certainly, with all of the days that there have been in human history, that we would ever overlap. And there would have been no way to know. I never went around proclaiming my differentness; it would be impractical to expect someone else like me to do so.

And the letter. No one else in any of the places that it's been has seemed to notice it. Am I the only one that can see it? Am I just delusional, having lost my mind after all this time?

After that day in Mesa Verde, I started looking.

...

I am in India, the early 2000s, specifically the National Archives. There is only a nigh-impossible chance that there is a book here on the Sumerian alphabet, and it's probably a fictional dissemination through cultures entirely unrelated to each other, but my mind is too cluttered thinking about it to do anything else but search.

A young man approaches me. I find myself surprised, since scholars who frequent national archives usually aren't the types to seek out casual conversation. This one, however, seems chatty, perhaps an enthusiastic university student taken with the idea of being one of those people who keep the company of old books and articles. He tells me about how he is researching one of the rulers of the Heheya dynasty, and how his death impacted Indian ideas of the deification of rulers.

I was not with Maharaja Haihay when he died, but I attended the feast he held just a few days before. I could tell this student everything he needed to know to become one of the leading experts of his generation. In the brief moments between thought and speech, I want to.

I want to spit it at him. *Here is another piece of useless information about someone you will never meet, who will never have any more impact on the world unless it is through the actions of someone else. Here is another fact that you can use to pretend that you can understand yourself by pretending to understand this person who will never be alive again to correct you. Here you go, take it.*

You, with all your opportunity to keep the people around you, waste your time in a room full of nothing but dust. Go. Live. I am forced to be here, to do this. You are not.

I politely dismiss myself.

...

It was very cruel of the universe to make me a woman, and then put me in all the places in history a woman was not meant to be. I am currently hiding in the back of the British parliament, 1605, unfortunately conspicuous in my female figure and the dress I woke up in. Hopefully, the grand opulence of the high, gilded ceiling and the bright blue carpeting overshadow my presence. One of the members stopped me earlier, rudely questioning me about why on earth I was there. I stuttered something demure and submissive enough that he allowed me to move by him in the hall. He's sitting in the front row and hasn't seen me yet.

Right now, Sir Thomas Knyvet will have found Guy Fawkes, would-be terrorist, rigging the cellar with nearly two

tons of gunpowder.

Someone slams the door into the wall, opening it. There's yelling and the men all stand in a rush, a cacophony of questions and orders and overall self-importance. But there is also fear.

In the rush of people pushing through the narrow, dark halls, I see it again. The same letter, streaked haphazardly in the corner of a painting of Elizabeth I. I am caught in the torrent and pushed away, but still, the sight remains, seared into my mind.

...

It is 2023, a rare occasion when the world and I take a synchronized step. I'm in New York again, pushing my way through the busy foot traffic of the rush hour streets. I slip into a sports bar, escaping the press of people. It's empty at this time of day, except for a bored bartender and the only type of people that frequent bars at noon. The green-topped stool that I sit on is tacky, in both of the word's meanings. I can't order anything—I never wake up with money—so I sit and watch the small TV hung in the corner of the room. Curiously, the channel has been switched from the typical sports coverage to a news broadcast covering a series of wildfires blazing through Northern California.

I watch this for a brief few seconds, wondering if I should continue back outside and see if there is anything more interesting happening in New York before I feel something in my chest freeze and sink like a dead body in a winter lake. Behind the woman with the microphone is a lone man. He is waving a white curtain, lit from behind by the fires he is surely standing too close to. On the curtain proudly stands the Sumerian Letter.

And, for once, I am in the right time, wrong place.

...

There is only one train from New York to Sacramento, and I do not have money to buy a ticket. I find myself running regardless.

My feet pound over and over, the streets of New York seem to stick to me, clutching, grasping at my chances. I find myself skidding into Grand Central Terminal, the gold, grandeur, and high, green ceiling familiar to me from my time with Linda, wandering in here past midnight just for the novelty of being in a train station and not planning to take a train. I have been awake now for 11 hours. I stop, the reality of my situation catching up to me. A plane would have been faster, but I've never had the ID necessary to fly. As it stands, I don't have the money to buy *any* kind of ticket.

"Are you okay?"

When I turn, I face a middle-aged woman with blond hair and bright blue eyes. They seem to stare into me, right to all my fears and exhaustion.

"I'm fine," I pant, catching my breath. She just looks at me, unimpressed. I say the truth, as always. "Would you believe me if I said I ran all the way here, just to realize that I don't have a ticket?"

She looks me up and down. "Yes," she says flatly.

I'm at a loss. She asks me where I'm going, and I tell her that I have someone in Sacramento that I want to see very badly, but have no way to get to them.

She crosses her arms and cocks her hips to the side, sighs, and hands me a ticket. I sputter, bewildered.

“Look kid,” she begins. I am incomprehensibly older than her, but I hold the ticket and my tongue. “You have someone you want to see. I have someone that I really don’t want to see. it works out. I’m visiting my crazy sister in Sacramento. She thinks she’s a psychic.” She rolls her eyes. “You take the ticket, see your boyfriend or whatever, and I can tell my sister that I met an angel or a spirit in need or what-the-hell-ever to get her off my case, ok?”

I nod, shocked speechless for the first time in a very long time. If I didn’t know better I would think that this woman was the psychic in her family.

“Go!”

...

The train ride takes three days and two hours, the most I have ever been awake for. I alternate between watching movies off of the screens of strangers, snapping my fingers right in my ears, and banging my head on the chair in front of me. My seat remains upright for the entire trip. Resting my eyes is not an option. By the time the train arrives at the station in Sacramento, I’ve started to fear that I fell asleep on the train and am dreaming. I keep going anyway.

I stumble from the station onto the street, briefly asking for directions before walking toward the fire. As I walk through the streets toward the orange and gray smoke spread across one side of the sky, I realize how unlikely it is that all this amounts to anything. In order for me to meet this other wanderer, we both had to have stayed awake long enough to find each other. If he is actually like me, and I haven’t been chasing the shadow of my own sad desires. The chances are minuscule. But so are the chances that we wake up on the same day in the first place. I’ve done this much already.

I blink harshly to get the sandy feeling of exhaustion and lingering ash out of my eyes and head. When I look around again I see some chalk on the sidewalk, leftover from some small children ushered inside by their mother because of the increasingly looming smoke on the horizon.

Shedding the jacket I woke up with, I grab a light blue stick and begin writing. I don the jacket again. The Sumerian Letter stands, like my own personal coat of arms, on the back. And I start running again.

...

Eighty-five hours now. I see the world in brief glimpses granted to me by my defiantly lowering eyelids. Gray street, red brick, red sky. It is difficult to keep moving, but that is the only thing I can do. I have no idea where the man with the Sumerian letter is, nor do I have a starting place. I can only keep moving. The more people that see me, the greater the chance that he will. I just have to keep moving. I harassed a reporter earlier. Jumping around in the background and yelling to the camera. A little longer, and I think I might have been arrested. I can’t run if I’m arrested.

I turn the corner, and I’m on the ground. There are hands on my arms, pulling me back to my feet. I open my eyes, dazed. Everything is blurry before the world pulls itself together around the face in front of me. A strong nose, downturned eyebrows, dark skin that reminds me of my times in Menelik’s Ethiopia, and wide eyes that I can see my reflection in. There are no wrinkles on his face, but it feels like there should be. The exhaustion I see there is familiar. “Is it you?” I breathe out.

He nods.

...

I don't learn his name. Neither of us have one. He leads me to a nondescript brick building in a poorer part of the town. We pull ourselves up five flights of stairs, and he picks the lock to the roof access with ease.

We sit on the roof of the building, watching the fires spread farther into the sky. Neither of us lie down. It would be a tragedy to fall asleep now.

I learn that we have met before, one day in the City of Ur. He'd noticed me, purposefully average though I am.

"The way your eyes followed every movement before it happened. I thought, maybe, but when I turned to look again, you had already slipped away, and I couldn't find you. I thought it was just my own optimism working against me, but I kept trying, anywhere I could think to leave a trace. And here you are." We talk about everything. Every gripe.

"Do you think OJ did it?"

"Of *course* he did it!"

Every grievance.

"Did you see what they did in Argentina?"

"Yes."

And every glory of our far too long lives.

"Were you there when Rome rose?"

"I was there for every single brick."

No matter what was happening back in New York that the universe had decided that I needed to see, whatever assassination or writing of a historic piece of literature or other world-changing event, it could not compare to this. This melding of thoughts and words in the space between our bodies was worthy of all the attention of a thousand history books. You are the universe's apology to me.

When I wake up the next morning, we're still here in California.

A Son's Shield / Mom

By: Benjamin Hood



Artist Statement:

Made for my mom. I plan to get a tattoo for her, but not this piece specifically. However, I wanted to do this American traditional tattoo classic. My mother has always been my rock and I am eternally grateful for the love, support, and strength she's given me.

Late Stage Decay

Overseers / Dismay

Disinformation: A Modern Problem

Image Conditional Deep Convolutional Generative Adversarial Network

Pumpkin Spice Latte Goddess

Overseers / Dismay

By: Benjamin Hood



Artist Statement:

This is a portion of a larger piece I did that I wasn't the biggest fan of, however, I liked this part of the work. It is the idea of three beings that watch over all. The emotions they feel are always on full display and here they cry for different reasons while looking at the same thing.

Disinformation: A Modern Problem

By: Andrew Kenney

Introduction

In academia, almost all of the scholars are trying to make sense of the “fake news” phenomena that has ravaged the internet. They are trying to define something that took off so quickly that they are still not sure exactly what it is. Even to this day, six years after the first real incidents of “fake news” started cropping up in the United States (the 2016 US election), experts are still scrambling to give it a proper definition and function. Yet simply defining “fake news” does not capture the scope of a government-backed disinformation campaign actively seeking to bend a population to their will. The United Nations needs to stop ignoring this problem and make disinformation punishable by more than just a simple fine.

Throughout this article, I will explore what is currently being focused on by scholars. After identifying what these scholars missed, I will give a definitive definition of the various terms that appear in the works of these scholars. Following the exploration and proper definitions of false information, I will show why we should be focusing on combating disinformation (rather than defining it) by providing various examples of modern disinformation. Finally, I will explore a possible solution to the problem. My hope is that I can convey a sense of urgency about the underlying problem with merely defining and simply talking about disinformation.

Defining False Information

Even though I just criticized most scholars for focusing on defining disinformation, it’s still worth talking about because this is where the conversation begins. To start, many scholars question why false information doesn’t lose its momentum not long after it begins. Toma and Scripcariu tackle this by suggesting that there are five different definitions that misinformation can fall into: “recurrent occurrences,” ‘scapegoat offensives,’ ‘pseudoscientific gaze,’ ‘combo strikes,’ and ‘humorous hijacks.’¹

I would like to add a sixth definition called “absurd scams,” which is an idea that is so out of left field that it unironically is more believable. I will refer back to this in a moment. Toma and Scripcariu define the five examples as misinformation, but I think a few of these could definitely be defined as disinformation as well; scapegoat offensives, pseudoscientific gaze, and humorous hijacks could all be taken to the extremes and end up as disinformation. Baptista and Gradim build on what Toma and Scripcariu said, saying that many scholars reject these definitions, that they are “unstable’...[and] ‘absurd’ [in] meaning.”² They then propose their own definition of disinformation, stating that it is “...intentionally designed to mislead and/or manipulate a specific or imagined public.”³ In most of the definitions that these scholars provide, it is implied that a foreign party—whether a person, state, or company—from a position of power—usually a political rival—disseminates false information to deteriorate an opposing viewpoint, often with physical consequences. I think it’s safe to say that

1 Gabriel-Alexandru Toma and Adina-Gabriela Scripcariu, “Misinformation Ecosystems: A Typology of Fake News,” *Journal of Comparative Research in Anthropology & Sociology* 11, no. 2 (December 1, 2020): 65, <https://doaj.org/article/41fe44cccf5241f-08f0a0791200fcaad>.

2 João Pedro Baptista and Anabela Gradim, “A Working Definition of Fake News,” *Encyclopedia* 2, no. 1 (March 1, 2022): 632, <https://doi:10.3390/encyclopedia2010043>.

3 Baptista and Gradim, “A Working Definition,” 632.

every scholar agrees that disinformation is bad; however, my concern is still “What should we do about it?”

I mentioned “absurd scams” as an addendum to Toma and Scripcariu’s five misinformation ecosystems a little earlier. The concept of “absurd scams” is based on Miller’s article, in which he briefly describes a few attempts by the Russians to frame the Ukrainian Government in a bad light: the supposed crucifixion of a child by the Ukrainian Government, ISIS training camps set up and approved by the Ukrainian government, and the printing of Hitler’s face on their currency.⁴ To be perfectly clear, the aforementioned examples are fake; they have been debunked by StopFake.org—a non-profit organization dedicated to exposing disinformation spread by Kremlin media outlets.⁵ These are examples of absurd scams because they are way out of left field, and yet, there are those who believed them—hook, line, and sinker. Bockett proves why disinformation is so effective through soft balancing, yet he seems to have shouted into a void; not one of the recent articles I’ve read has mentioned his paper.⁶ Perhaps this is because soft balancing is a term associated with traditional warfare and hasn’t quite made its way to online interactions yet. Regardless, disinformation is a problem that hasn’t been addressed properly, and most scholars have yet to suggest any effective countermeasures against it.

Disinformation, Misinformation, and Fake News: An Examination of Discrepancies in Definitions

In order to understand why we shouldn’t be focusing on defining false information anymore, I decided to analyze how these terms showed up in previous academic articles. There are three different terms that appear in various contexts: “fake news,” disinformation, and misinformation. These three terms, although having separate meanings, are used in a way that makes it confusing for the reader to understand. In hindsight, I can see that these terms are indeed different—and for the most part, used properly; however, before I had come up with my definition, that was not obvious to me. For example, in Aswad’s article, “misinformation” is never seen without “disinformation,” and the only exception to that is in the footnotes, but it’s easy to overlook because the footnotes take up the entire page.⁷ A second example is that of Toma and Scripcariu’s *Misinformation Ecosystems: A Typology of Fake News*, in which they use misinformation as a synonym for “fake news,” as well as occasionally throwing disinformation into the mix.⁸ Again, prior to coming up with my definition, this confused me quite a bit. These are only a few examples of confusing terminology. There are many more examples, but that would warrant an entirely different paper.

Having examined various discrepancies of disinformation, misinformation, and “fake news,” I will set forth my definitions of the various terms in a way that is not confusing, vague, or misleading. Beginning with “fake news” of the modern era, this can be defined as a popular term coined by the media; it represents false information on an online platform. To further cement this definition, Baptista and Gradim’s article *A Working Definition of Fake News* agrees with my definition, where they describe “fake news” as “a type of online disinformation.”⁹ They do define “fake news” as disinformation—which is fine; however, I would still argue that “fake news” is coined by popular media as a means to scare people. If any more explanation is needed, then suffice it to say that the definition that I provided will be enough for this article.

Following “fake news” is misinformation, which can be defined as false information that was unintentionally produced. In other words, somebody got their facts wrong. While this isn’t nearly as destructive as disinformation, misinformation can have a harmful impact. A prime example of misinformation is a story I

4 Nash Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare in Ukraine,” *Russian Analytical Digest*, no. 282 (April 12, 2022): 5, <https://doi.org/10.3929/ethz-b-000541999>.

5 Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare,” 4.

6 Daryl Bockett, “Virtual Theory: Integrating Cybersecurity into International Relations Theory,” *International Journal of Interdisciplinary Global Studies* 12, no. 4 (October 1, 2017): 20-21, <https://doi.org/10.18848/2324-755X/CGP/v12i04/15-30>.

7 Evelyn Mary Aswad, “In a World of ‘Fake News,’ What’s a Social Media Platform to Do?” *Utah Law Review* 2020, no. 4 (January 1, 2020): 1001, <https://doi.org/10.26054/OD-TGXD-4V9T>.

8 Toma and Scripcariu, “Misinformation Ecosystems,” 65.

9 Baptista and Gradim, “A Working Definition,” 640.

heard from one of my high school English teachers on November 21, 2022. In this story, my teacher had a neighbor who happened to be on the sex offenders list. Once the rest of the neighborhood found out, they were determined to root out this dangerous person from their peaceful, sex offender-less community. At first, my teacher was a part of that group. After doing some digging, however, he found out that this person on the sex offenders list was only there because he had sex with his wife before they were married. After learning this, my teacher did his best to spread the truth—the truth that this person was not a criminal to be afraid of. His efforts were in vain, as the family moved away not long after. This story goes to show that getting facts wrong can have serious consequences. It can ruin reputations, upset relationships, or, as we saw in this story, displace people. Misinformation, however, is only the lesser of the two evils.

Finally, we have disinformation, which can be defined as false information that is intentionally and deliberately disseminated to alter the opinion/viewpoint of a certain demographic. There are many examples of this—the most recent of which is right on our home turf in Orem. According to the Daily Herald, an email was sent from the South West Orem Neighborhood Association announcing that “Alpine School District Announces Orem School Closures!”¹⁰ There was also an article published on KSL (and later removed) labeling eight schools for closure and demolition in Orem.¹¹ Needless to say, these false articles are local examples of disinformation, and undoubtedly affected the results of 2022’s mid-term elections in Orem, Utah. These definitions go to show that although these terms can be used collaboratively, one should be careful how they employ them—lest they confuse their audience.

Russia and Disinformation

One does not simply bring up disinformation without mentioning Russia. In every article about “fake news,” disinformation, or misinformation that I’ve read, Russia is brought up at least once. In Toma and Scripcariu’s article, they bring up a Russian social media game from 2017—known simply as the “Blue Whale”—in which the game appeared to be threatening a huge population, but the reality was that the impact was small and rather insignificant.¹² Although the article mentions that this occurred in Romania, this instance should not be casually thrown aside; it shows how much Russian influence affects everyone.¹³ Moving to more modern times and the current issue of Russia and Ukraine, Miller describes how Russia lies to the Russophones in Ukraine, creating fictitious stories to persuade them to abandon the “fascist” government and return to Russia.¹⁴ These efforts have been so effective, that the Donbass and Crimea regions of Ukraine “...came to support... separation from Ukraine or outright annexation by Russia.”¹⁵ Bockett confirms what Miller says, saying that this strategy—which he coins as “soft balancing”—has been “...much more effective...than traditional military... strategies.”¹⁶ This strategy is so effective, it caused Dawson and Innes to write an entire article on how the Russians handled their disinformation campaign, exploring the various methods of how the Internet Research Agency (IRA) influenced the various countries of the world.¹⁷ They gain notoriety on Twitter (and therefore, influence) through a combination of these three methods: buying followers, follower fishing, and narrative switching.¹⁸ All of this goes to show that the Russians have perfected the art of manipulation through false information—and not just propaganda in their home country.

10 Ashtyn Asay, “Alpine School District Responds to Allegations of School Closures,” Daily Herald, October 20, 2022, <https://www.heraldextra.com/news/local/2022/oct/20/asd-responds-to-allegations-of-school-closures/>.

11 KSL NewsRadio Staff, “Letter from the newsroom: We pulled an inaccurate article,” KSL NewsRadio, October 20, 2022, <https://kslnewsradio.com/1977505/letter-from-the-newsroom-we-pulled-an-inaccurate-article/>.

12 Toma and Scripcariu, “Misinformation Ecosystems,” 75-76.

13 Toma and Scripcariu, “Misinformation Ecosystems,” 75.

14 Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare,” 3.

15 Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare,” 3.

16 Bockett, “Virtual Theory,” 20-21.

17 Andrew Dawson and Martin Innes, “How Russia’s Internet Research Agency Built Its Disinformation Campaign,” *Political Quarterly* 90, no. 2 (June 1, 2019): 245–256, <https://doi:10.1111/1467-923X.12690>.

18 Dawson and Innes, “How Russia’s Internet Research Agency,” 247-249.

Disinformation as Warfare

At the turn of the millennium, as the internet exploded in popularity, and the world became more interconnected, the ability to spy on, steal from, and attack other countries was becoming easier than ever. As Eun and Aßmann state, “cyber operations alone...have the potential to [become] international armed conflict.”¹⁹ They also argue that information, specifically online information, will become a fifth platform off of which to wage war.²⁰ Although the focus of their article is on digital weapons that have kinetic consequences, their argument can also be applied to disinformation as well. Bockett elaborates on this through his concept of soft balancing—decreasing a rival’s power versus increasing one’s own power.²¹ Miller shows soft balancing in the Russo-Ukrainian War of 2022, in which Russia floods Ukrainian media with blatantly false information, and Ukraine fights back with memes—a sort of front-line defense for those on social media, piloted by the North Atlantic Fellas Organization, or NAFO.²² The examples above are only a few examples of how disinformation has been weaponized, and the list is only growing.

A Modern Conflict

Now that the dangers of disinformation have been revealed, I can continue on by showing how disinformation is affecting the world today. The first instances of disinformation that I can find were a result of the Euromaidan Revolution in 2014—a revolution in Ukraine caused by the refusal to join the EU. Prior to the Euromaidan, a Russian sympathizer occupied the president’s chair, and the Russians spread their thoughts and ideas through various news channels—primarily social media.²³ During and after the Euromaidan, Russian media outlets labeled the revolutionists as “fascists” and “brutal Russophobic thugs.”²⁴ The worst part? Those in the Donbass and Crimea regions believed this—hook, line, and sinker.²⁵ In case it wasn’t obvious, these accusations are false; they were spread by the Russians in an attempt to bring Ukraine back under Russian control. Fast forward to 2016, the Russians have taken an interest in US politics.²⁶ According to Time magazine, the Russians hacked into the Clinton campaign network, stole emails and passwords, and used it to produce negative news against Clinton, and that was only a small slice of what they did.²⁷ According to Bauer and Hohenberg, the Denver Guardian—a false media outlet based on the Guardian—spread false information about Hillary Clinton that attracted hundreds of thousands of views, and undoubtedly altered the results of the election.²⁸ In 2017, Russia decided to pull the strings in a second country—France. Had they succeeded, Marine Le Pen—the candidate that the Russians backed—would have removed France from the EU, likely creating political unrest throughout Europe.²⁹ All of this goes to show that Russia is actively affecting global politics through disinformation, and, as far as I am aware, nobody has done anything about it.

These disinformation campaigns are not isolated to the past. They continue on today, right under the nose of the worst war seen in decades—the Russo-Ukrainian War. In the weeks leading up to the invasion of Ukraine, the Russians began saying the Ukrainian military was about to attack the Donetsk and Luhansk regions—both

19 Yong-Soo Eun and Judith Sita Aßmann, “Cyberwar: Taking Stock of Security and Warfare in the Digital Age,” *International Studies Perspectives* 17, no. 3 (January 1, 2016): 344, <https://doi.org/10.1111/insp.12073>.

20 Eun and Aßmann, “Cyberwar,” 357.

21 Bockett, “Virtual Theory,” 20-21.

22 Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare,” 3-4.

23 Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare,” 3.

24 Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare,” 3.

25 Miller, “Adaptive Russian Information Warfare,” 3.

26 Bockett, “Virtual Theory,” 18-19.

27 Abigail Abrams, “Here’s What We Know So Far About Russia’s 2016 Meddling,” *Time*, April 18, 2019, <https://time.com/5565991/russia-influence-2016-election/>.

28 Paul C. Bauer and Bernhard Clemm von Hohenberg, “Believing and Sharing Information by Fake Sources: An Experiment,” *Political Communication* 38, no. 6 (December 1, 2021): 649, <https://doi.org/10.1080/10584609.2020.1840462>.

29 Bockett, “Virtual Theory,” 19.

of which are inside Ukraine's borders.³⁰ A few days before the invasion, they created a video of the supposed shelling of a civilian town, in which the "citizen" lost a leg.³¹ As the war started, videos of the alleged "Ghost of Kyiv" were created by the Russians to spread false hope among Ukrainian supporters.³² Once again, disinformation is not a thing of the past. Disinformation is a vital tool in the Russian arsenal, and they are using it very liberally.

That's not to say that Ukrainians aren't fighting back. Ever since the Euromaidan, StopFake has been debunking Russian disinformation non-stop.³³ In fact, they are still debunking disinformation to this day. They are not the only ones combatting the disinformation onslaught, however. An online community known as the North Atlantic Fellas Organization, or NAFO, has banded together to debunk the Russian disinformation on the front lines, so to speak. NAFO is known for creating memes that involve the popular Shiba Inu dog. This has gotten so large that Adam Taylor, a reporter for The Washington Post, wrote an entire article on NAFO.³⁴ Spreading memes about Russian disinformation, however, won't stop it from happening.

An Idea to Proactively Counter Disinformation

Although Russian disinformation is being constantly debunked, simply debunking disinformation isn't enough. Something needs to be done that will prevent disinformation from affecting a population again. Unfortunately, there is no framework to go off of—simply because this form of disinformation is much newer and harder to identify. The closest thing I can find to a possible framework is the United Nation's Atrocity Crimes—more specifically, the page on Crimes Against Humanity. Using these guidelines, I would argue that disinformation—especially when it is backed by the government—would fall under the persecution category, fulfilling the physical element of the crime.

Am I bending the definition of "persecution" to fit my needs? I don't think so. Seeing as persecution is defined as hostility due to race, political or religious beliefs, I think Russian disinformation fits this definition rather well, if not perfectly. The physical element isn't the only thing that needs to be considered, however. According to the UN, there needs to be a contextual and mental element considered in tandem with the physical element. The contextual element is defined as "...[a] part of a widespread or systematic attack directed against any civilian population."³⁵ The Russian disinformation campaign is indeed a part of a greater whole; in case you weren't aware, that greater whole is the war that's been going on for almost a year now. Finally, the mental element requires that the attacker must have knowledge of the attack. I would argue that Putin is very aware of this, especially because he has a branch of his government dedicated to doing just that—the Internet Research Agency, or IRA.³⁶ Therefore, with all three categories' requirements met, I would argue that Vladimir Putin is indeed a war criminal and should be dealt with accordingly.

There are those that would see my solution as censorship—after all, I am arguing that disinformation should be, well, censored. These people have good reasons, too. After all, censorship laws are generally created to identify and eliminate those that are against a certain political regime. A prime example of this is an instance that occurred in Singapore in 2019. Although it was well-intentioned, a law banning "fake news" was used "...for the purpose of silencing a regime critic, rather than for the reasons originally cited..."³⁷ As a counterpoint to the censorship law abuse, I would argue that censorship laws must be handled by an international court,

30 Miller, "Adaptive Russian Information Warfare," 3.

31 Miller, "Adaptive Russian Information Warfare," 3.

32 Miller, "Adaptive Russian Information Warfare," 5.

33 Miller, "Adaptive Russian Information Warfare," 4.

34 Adam Taylor, "With NAFO, Ukraine Turns the Trolls on Russia," The Washington Post, September 1, 2022, <https://www.washingtonpost.com/world/2022/09/01/nafo-ukraine-russia/>.

35 "Crimes Against Humanity," United Nations Office on Genocide Prevention and the Responsibility to Protect, <https://www.un.org/en/genocideprevention/crimes-against-humanity.shtml>.

36 Dawson and Innes, "How Russia's Internet Research Agency," 245.

37 Aswad, "In a World," 1019-1020.

a separate entity that (ideally) would have no biases and could examine the potential offenders with a clean slate. Finally, to quote Aswad once more, this does indeed involve “...an enumerated public interest objective...” seeing as there are lives on the line.³⁸

Conclusion

Information—which was once thought to be useful only when it was tangible—has now been weaponized on a level never seen before. Information has become the fifth platform off of which to wage war (if it wasn’t already). Disinformation—which is deliberately disseminated false information—has been used to sway the opinions of those who would otherwise be an enemy, as seen with Russia and Ukraine. While StopFake and NAFO are helping fight this disinformation, they can’t do everything on their own. This is why I have argued so heavily for laws against international disinformation. Something needs to be done, and not just a slap on the wrist. The time to stop defining disinformation is long past us—that was way back in February of 2022. We need to start combating disinformation and curb this problem as soon as possible—not just for the benefit of Ukraine, but for the entire world.

Image Conditional Deep Convolutional Generative Adversarial Network

By: Tayler Fearn



This project is a component of my research aimed at extrapolating the boundaries of images depicting cancer cells. The code presented represents my initial efforts to construct the fundamental framework necessary for developing a more intricate architecture to accomplish this task. This marks my first completion and presentation of a neural network.

[See the Github Code](#)

Pumpkin Spice Latte Goddess

By: Jessica Barlocker



Artist Statement:

Colored pencil on paper. This piece represents how some people might worship the goddess of pumpkin spice lattes in their life. Are you governed by your need for coffee? Do you feel like coffee, or in this case a pumpkin spice latte, controls you? Take a step back and think about the things in your life that you “worship” or that you idolize.

Rhythm

Canned Heat by Jamiroquai
Song of the Assassin / Breath of the Koroshi-ya
The Sound of Emotion
Smooth Criminal

Canned Heat by Jamiroquai

By: Henry Walthius

Honors Prompt F: You are on an expedition to found a colony on Mars, when from a nearby crater, a group of sentient Martian beings suddenly emerges. They seem eager to communicate, but they're the impatient kind and demand you represent the human race in one song, image, memory, mathematical proof, or other idea. What song, image, etc. do you share with them to show that humanity is worth their time?

My back is up against the (crater) wall. My space suit is running low on oxygen. A group of green people are forcing me to represent an 8 billion-strong population. Suddenly, without any hesitation or expectation, I break out into interpretive and suggestive dance, all while "Canned Heat" by Jamiroquai is playing.

"Canned Heat" is the song featured in Napoleon Dynamite to which Napoleon, the main character, dances to support his friend Pedro's campaign for Student Body President. The record features low 808 baselines accompanied by groovy drums and upbeat strings.

Napoleon wiggles to the song like a worm: but not like a worm struggling on some pavement in the rain. He moves as if he were the visual embodiment of such a perfect musical masterpiece.

Imagine, if you will, the awe on the Martians' faces as I replicate this dance with some personal flame added, of course. In Napoleon Dynamite, the students watching the performance are star-struck: absolutely speechless. I will afford the Martians the same experience. I will move my body in such a way that will demonstrate to my Martian friends the beauties and capabilities of the human body. The suggestions featured in the dance will manifest to them the power and imagination of the human mind. The choreographic cohesion with the music will perfectly embody the human spirit, full of life and connected to every other part of our magnificent persona.

My Martian associates will be left in awe. How can a body move like that? What motivates humans to do things like this? And why is it pleasing to the eye and leave my soul hungering for more?

All in all, the human race is full of life, mystery, and diversity. I will leave the Martians with more questions in their minds than when I started the dance. But, I am sure that this will show them that our human potential is vast, even infinite. Thus, they will see that humanity is well worth their time.

Song of the Assassin / Breath of the Koro-shi-ya

By: Benjamin Hood



Artist Statement:

I got the idea for this drawing after playing an unhealthy amount of Sekiro: Shadows Die Twice. The character "O'Rin of the Water" served as a major inspiration for the design. The overarching theme revolves around a character who executes their kills through the enchanting melodies played on a flute.

The Sound of Emotion

By: Logan Stanford

Honors Prompt C: What are the peculiarities of your own personal language (and it need not be English, although your essay needs to be). Consider the voice you use when speaking most intimately to yourself or your family, the vocabulary that spills out when you're startled, or special phrases and gestures that no one else seems to use or even understand and tell us how your language makes you unique.

Language is the vehicle for which we deliver complex and sometimes illogical information — conceptualized based on our emotions and previous experiences. That language and conceptualization is different for every person. I'm sure that if we could see into each other's inner worlds and hear each other's inner dialog, we would see just how diverse and unique every individual in this world is. I feel emotions deeply and find that my sensitivity is one of my favorite personal traits. However, I have always struggled to find the words in any language to adequately express those strong feelings. It is that dilemma that caused me to turn to music.

Music is the language of pure emotion. You can find ways to express even the most illogical and complex feelings through a song. When I am on stage, I can simultaneously speak to the masses while also speaking most intimately to the individual. Through any instrument, I can open the window into my inner world and communicate what words cannot. Whether it be jazz improvisation or a contemporary melody, my voice and interpretation are mine alone. It is extraordinary. I can reach even the most closed-off heart through my music. I lay out for everyone to see the things only God and myself comprehend. Even when I don't have an instrument in hand, I have found ways to share concepts through the lyrics of songs. I am not lucky enough to have a singing voice that anyone would want to hear, but my mind is a vast library of lyrics that I can pull from on-demand, to inspire me when I speak and write. Even within this essay, I have leaned on music to help me conceptualize the written ideas I want to share with you, the reader. Music is the sound of emotion, and it is a language anyone from anywhere can understand.

Smooth Criminal

By: Theta Rich

I've always been a huge fan of Michael Jackson both for his singing and his dancing skills. For my fall 2023 animation final project, I had to make a short animation using the provided Palbot rig and my own models to fill the scene. I decided to make the robot dance to Michael Jackson's "Smooth Criminal" because I love the song, and it was the song to which Michael Jackson performed his moon walk for the first time. The robot wears a backwards baseball cap and dances to a boom box in an abandoned warehouse to symbolize my casual love for and enjoyment of Michael Jackson's works.

[View Smooth Criminal Animation on YouTube](#)

Untold

UVU's Honors Program Journal

Volume 3 Issue 1 Spring 2024

Thank you for reading our *Untold* Journal Archive for Spring
2024

If you would like to learn more about the authors or about
Untold, please keep reading

About Us

Untold is the multimedia, online journal for UVU's Honors Program. We seek to showcase and anthologize each semester of the Honors Program and its students. The website is run like a normal academic journal, being peer-reviewed, and updated every semester in the form of volumes. We have been running since Spring 2022 started by Justin Black. Our journal has always accepted all kinds of projects, from Lego ships to digital media portfolios to the typical academic essay. Each academic paper has been fact-checked, and we pride ourselves in the editing offered to each author that is accepted. Thank you for spending your time reading this journal and supporting the Honors Program students.

Untold Staff - Spring 2024

Lauren Wynn

Editor-in-Chief

Lauren Wynn is a junior double majoring in English literary studies and anthropology. She is passionate about books, music, movies, art, and clouds. Her life's ambitions are to study the relationship between the cultural trends and literary patterns and to write a lot of books.

Carly Koehler

Art and Design Editor

Carly Koehler is a senior working on getting their BFA in illustration. They have an affinity for comics and storytelling and love creating worlds that people can get lost in. They also love creating things of all kinds, including music, costumes, props, hobby crafting, and more.

Amanda K. G. Hemmert

Managing Editor

Amanda Hemmert is a senior at UVU with plans to go into editing and publishing. She helped found *Untold* and is sad this is her last semester with them! In her spare time, she loves to cook, play Baldur's Gate 3 and other video games, and write fiction.

Daniel Baltes

Marketing and Budgeting Head

Daniel Baltes is a senior at UVU going into graphic design and digital illustration. They have worked with *Untold* for the past two years acting as the Head of Marketing. In their spare time, Daniel loves to doodle, read fantasy, and play games with friends.

James Cox

Web Design Editor

James Cox is a junior majoring in web design and development with an emphasis on interaction design. He loves books, music, gaming, rainy weather, hiking, and space. He can often be found zoning out, listening to music, and coming up with random stories correlating to some book he has recently read.

Untold Volunteers - Spring 2024

Benjamin McMillan

Editor

Benjamin McMillan is a junior at UVU. He's working hard to get his bachelors in English and become a professor. He's new to the Untold team but is excited to be a part of it. He loves to write, tell stories, go on hikes, and watch good movies.

Elizabeth Holman

Editor

Elizabeth Holman is a freshman at UVU. She's pursuing a bachelor's degree in English. She enjoys writing and reading, and she is currently trying to make herself enjoy running too.

UVU Faculty and Staff - Spring 2024

Brendan McCarthy

Faculty Advisor

Brendan is the faculty mentor for Untold. He guides *Untold's* leadership through watchful inaction and benign neglect. He is extremely proud of how little intervention this particular assignment requires. Now he has the spare time to indulge in watching NBC's early 2000s sitcoms on repeat and demanding his students understand his references to them.

Kim Soto

Web Developer - Start of Untold

Kim Soto is the Web Developer for Academic Affairs at UVU. She oversaw the creation of the *Untold* site and worked with the editors in charge of the Spring 2023 issue to ensure the site had everything they needed for the next digital versions of Untold to come. She enjoys collecting cute trinkets and likes to binge TV shows while knitting simultaneously.

Untold Authors - Spring 2024

Leah Hamby

Title of Work(s): Flame and Dust, Storyboarding

Pronouns: (she/her)

Leah Hamby is a history major and creative writing minor at UVU. She is originally from Bettendorf, Iowa and enjoys reading and playing piano in her free time.

Lisette Partipilo

Title of Work(s): Staff Star Award

Pronouns: (she/her)

Lisette is an international student from Venezuela. She is majoring in biology and minoring in chemistry as a means to complete her pre-medical requirements and medical training, which she started at the University of Zulia School of Medicine in her country of origin.

Jessica Barlocker

Title of Work(s): Pumkin Spice Latte Goddess

Pronouns: (she/her)

Jessica Barlocker is from Utah and is inspired by the mountains and nature here! She draws inspiration for her art and music from the world around her. She also enjoys being outdoors and exploring while on hikes or while camping!

Benjamin Hood

Title of Work(s): Scout's Honor/Thicker Than Water, Belmont/Hunt the Night, A Son's Shield/ Mom, Worn Valor, Overseers/Dismay, Song of the Assassin/Breath of the Koroshi-ya

Pronouns: (he/him)

Benjamin Hood is a dedicated 3D animation and game development student with a passion for bringing imaginative worlds to life. Despite focusing on digital realms, Benjamin showcases versatility by submitting a collection of captivating ink and paper drawings, a testament to their creative prowess developed over the past year. Through a blend of technical skills and traditional artistry, Benjamin continues to explore the realms of visual storytelling.

Megan Charchenko

Title of Work(s): Enchanted Reading, Rapid Rascals

Pronouns: (she/her)

Megan is a senior in the UVU Honors Program. Megan is majoring in applied communication with minors in event planning and family science.

Theta Rich

Title of Work(s): Smooth Criminal

Pronouns: (she/they/he)

Theta Rich is a student in their first year of UVU's 3D animation and game development program. Theta created this animation for their fall 2023 final as part of the class. The Palbot rig was created by Raphaël Cancellier. All animation, video editing, and all other models and textures were created by Theta Rich.

Tayler Fearn

Title of Work(s): Image Conditional Deep Convolutional Generative Adversarial Network

Pronouns: (she/her)

Tayler is in her third year as a bioinformatics major. She hails from the beautiful city of Vancouver, Canada. In her free time she enjoys spending time with her partner Ethan, reading, and doing yoga.

Andrew Kenney

Title of Work(s): Disinformation: A Modern Problem

Pronouns: (he/him)

Spring 2023

Andrew Kenney is a sophomore at UVU, and he is currently studying aviation science to become a professional pilot. Andrew enjoys playing music, watching/performing in drum corps, skiing, and speedrunning.

Henry Wolthuis

Title of Work(s): Canned Heat by Jamiroqui

Pronouns: (he/him)

Fall 2023

Henry Wolthuis loves to ponder and analyze the ins and outs of the different aspects of life. He enjoys weightlifting, spending time with family, and making memories. Henry appreciates UVU as it has fostered a community where he can grow and improve in every component of his life.

Logan Stanford

Title of Work(s): The Sound of Emotion

Pronouns: (he/him)

Fall 2023

Logan is a pre-med psychology major from Farmington, Utah. He is a former DCI drum major and the current principal saxophonist for the UVU Wind Symphony. He currently works as a medical assistant and enjoys gaming and hiking when he has free time.

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