

UNDERGRAD JOYS AND LAW SCHOOL JITTERS

College Taught Me to Navigate the Tough Stuff

Every year, as August rolls around and college football fever starts creeping back into the air, I reach for my trusty Ohio State hoodie and get ready to celebrate National College Colors Day like it's a national holiday. Because when you're a Buckeye, it kind of is. I'm a proud Ohio State Buckeye through and through, and while my undergrad years were some of the best of my life, I can't say the same about law school. Still, both experiences shaped who I am today as a workers' compensation attorney, and I wouldn't trade either.

As the youngest and the first in my family to attend a major university, college was a big deal. My parents hadn't gone; Mom finished 11th grade, Dad gave college a go after the Navy but flunked out, and I showed up at Ohio State ready to make the most of it. Tuition was something like \$400 a quarter back then (yes, *you read that right*), and I had scholarships, so I landed at OSU and soaked it all in.

Once I found my footing, I dove headfirst into campus life: joined a fraternity, lived in a giant top-floor "rack room" with 50 bunk beds and zero privacy, and helped run a food co-op for the Greek system. I joined service groups like Ohio Staters, planned student orientation, sold seat cushions at football games (go Bucks!), and basically said yes to everything that didn't involve a textbook.

And then ... *law school happened.*

Suddenly, I was buried in legal briefs and Latin phrases, trying to remember what daylight looked like. No more bunk beds or football chants, just high-stress lectures and end-of-semester exams that made me question

all my life choices. I felt like I had gone from being a campus crusader to a caffeine-fueled cave dweller overnight.

It was grueling and isolated. There were no midterms, just one make-or-break exam at the end of the year. I spent countless hours buried in books, second-guessing everything I thought I knew. But that pressure taught me discipline, critical thinking, and empathy.



When I see clients today who are wounded, anxious, or uncertain, I recognize that look. It's the one I wore when I felt lost in legal jargon and deadlines, thinking the world would end if I didn't get things right. And I know how much it helps to have someone say, "You're not alone. We've got this."

Looking back at law school, those were hard years, but they taught me something invaluable: perspective. I learned how easy it is to lose sight of balance when you're deep in a tough season. And

I learned how important it is to have someone who's been there to guide you through it. That's part of why I show up for my clients the way I do; sometimes we need someone to say, "You're going to be okay. I've seen this before. Let's get through it together."

College taught me how to make the most of the moment. Law school taught me how to power through when the moment isn't all that great. Both gave me tools I use every day in my work and in life. And every National College Colors Day, I throw on that scarlet and gray with pride because once a Buckeye, always a Buckeye.

-Jim Monast

YOUR SIDE GIG DESERVES THE SPOTLIGHT

MAKE YOUR PART-TIME PASSION YOUR FULL-TIME PAYCHECK

You've got the passion, the skills, and a head full of ideas. Now, it's time to turn that side hustle into something bigger. If you've been dreaming about making the leap, you're not alone. Millions are building their dreams beyond 9-to-5 jobs, and many have scaled their side gigs into full-blown businesses. With the right plan (and a little grit), you can, too.

SHARPEN YOUR SKILLS.

Passion is powerful, but skill is unstoppable. If you want to stand out, dive deep into your industry. What are the top players doing? What skills are in demand? Soak up knowledge like a sponge and invest time to talk to seasoned entrepreneurs, take classes, and binge-read success stories. The better you are at your craft, the stronger your business foundation will be.

GROW YOUR HUSTLE WHILE MAINTAINING A SAFETY NET.

There's no shame in a slow and steady climb. Growing your side hustle while holding onto your day job lets you test, tweak, and perfect your business model without the panic of making rent. This develops confidence in your business and grants the safety net of a steady paycheck while working out the kinks.

PROTECT YOUR FUTURE WITH A FINANCIAL CUSHION.

Launching a business won't bring you overnight success. Sometimes, it's slow days, surprise expenses, and living off ramen (and not the fancy kind).

That's why it's vital to build an emergency fund. Set aside enough to cover several months of living expenses and potential business investments. Pursuing your goals with purpose is easier when you're not stressed about every dollar.

MAP YOUR GROWTH.

Dreaming about quitting your job and scaling your hustle is one thing. It's another thing to do it. Scaling requires strategy. Identify what's slowing you down and what's ready to grow. Could you introduce new services? Reach a different audience? Streamline operations? Having a clear plan helps turn passion into profit.

CALL IN REINFORCEMENTS.

You don't need to go it alone. Whether it's a business coach or a fellow entrepreneur a few steps ahead, having someone to bounce ideas off of is invaluable. Their experience can help you avoid common pitfalls and keep your momentum strong.

Your dream business is already taking shape. With some planning, passion, and persistence, it's not a matter of if. It's just a matter of when. Why not make "someday" today?



Take a Break Without Breaking Your Claim

Being on workers' compensation doesn't mean life comes to a halt. A little rest and relaxation might be exactly what the doctor ordered. But before you pack your bags, there are crucial guidelines to protect your benefits and ensure your trip doesn't compromise your case.

KNOW THE BOUNDARIES OF YOUR RECOVERY.

While you're recovering, your top priority should always be healing. That means following your doctor's orders to a T before, during, and after your vacation. If your physician gives you the green light to travel, stick to low-impact activities. Enjoying a peaceful lakeside cabin? Great. Hiking mountains or ziplining through

CAN YOU VACATION WHILE ON WORKERS' COMP?

the jungle? *Not so much.* Even long flights or car rides can raise red flags if they conflict with your prescribed care.

SOCIAL MEDIA IS NOT YOUR FRIEND.

In today's digital world, you don't need a private investigator following your every move; your Instagram stories and Facebook posts do the job for them. Insurance companies are notoriously known to monitor social media accounts to find evidence that could question the severity of an injury. A single post showing you dancing, swimming, or lugging suitcases can be used to claim you're exaggerating your injury. The wrong optics can damage your credibility even if you're simply posing for a photo. Ask friends and family not to tag or post about you during your trip without your permission.

WHEN IN DOUBT, CALL YOUR DOCTOR (AND YOUR LAWYER).

If your doctor says you're well enough to travel, and you follow medical advice while away, you should have documentation to back you up in case questions arise. But remember, insurance companies are always looking for ways to reduce or deny benefits. If your actions are misinterpreted or if your insurer tries to accuse you of exaggerating or fraud, having a workers' compensation attorney in your corner can make all the difference.

BEFORE YOU TAKE OFF, CALL OUR TEAM.

We'll help you protect your case, understand your rights, and ensure your recovery journey stays on the right track no matter where your passport takes you.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF TORTOISES

GINGER THE TORTOISE FOUND AFTER DITCHING HER GARDEN

In a tale that proves love knows no bounds (or speed limits), Ginger the tortoise has finally returned home after a full year of wandering the English countryside at what can only be described as a majestic crawl. Her mission? To find love. Her pace? A blazing 0.00012 mph.

Ginger, who had recently lost her lifelong tortoise companion, Fred, decided that enough was enough last June. Widowed, single, and apparently filled with romantic ambition, she tunneled under a garden fence and vanished on a mission of the heart. Her owner, 51-year-old Sarah-Jane Muirie, who's had Ginger since she was just 10 years old, did what any tortoise-loving human would do: She blanketed the neighborhood in missing posters and hoped for a miracle.

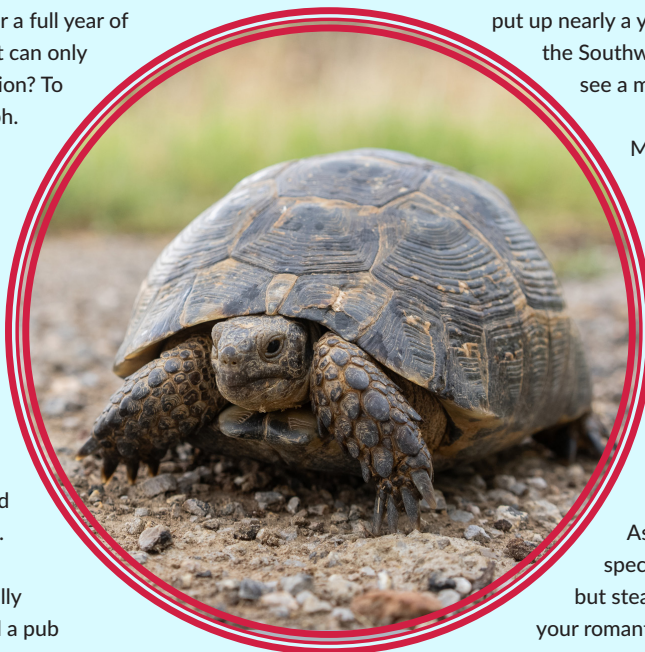
That miracle took an entire year, but it finally arrived. Ginger was found lounging behind a pub (because, of course, she was) by a horse rider with a good eye

and a better memory. "Amazingly, somebody remembered the posters we put up nearly a year ago, and we then got the call," Muirie told the Southwest News Service. (Well, it's not every day you see a missing tortoise poster ...)

Muirie suspects Ginger had just emerged from hibernation (probably dreaming of tortoise speed dating and the summer sun). "She is that well camouflaged, we thought there's no chance we would ever find her," she admitted.

Now back home, Ginger is living like a queen and reclaiming her rightful spot in the garden. She's got snacks, sunshine, 40 years of memories to reflect on, and presumably, a well-earned nap or 10 ahead.

As Muirie said, "To have a pet for 40 years is so special." Especially when that pet embarks on a slow but steady quest for love. Welcome back, Ginger. May your romantic days be ahead of you, but much closer to home this time.



SUDOKU

					2			
				9			7	
5		9	3	4		6		
		7				4		
4	9	2				5	6	7
		5				3		
		6		5	4	7		1
	3			8				
			9					

1	4	8	7	6	2	9	5	3
6	2	3	5	9	8	1	7	4
5	7	9	3	4	1	6	2	8
3	1	7	6	2	5	4	8	9
4	9	2	8	1	3	5	6	7
8	6	5	4	7	9	3	1	2
9	8	6	2	5	4	7	3	1
7	9	4	1	8	6	2	9	5
2	5	1	9	3	7	8	4	6

ANSWER



EATS WITH ELLIE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE ICE CREAM BARS

INGREDIENTS

- 1 pt strawberry ice cream
- 1/4 cup strawberry preserves
- 1 pt vanilla ice cream
- 1 5.25-oz package crispy sugar cookies
- 1 0.8-oz package freeze-dried strawberries

DIRECTIONS

1. Stir strawberry ice cream in a large bowl until spreadable. Fold in preserves until evenly streaked throughout.
2. Stir vanilla ice cream in a separate large bowl until spreadable.
3. Spoon 1 1/2 tbsp of the strawberry mixture into the bottom of 8 (1/3-cup) popsicle molds. Spoon 1 1/2 tbsp of the vanilla mixture on top of the strawberry mixture into the molds. Repeat, alternating the 2 mixtures, until each mold is full.
4. Place sticks into the popsicles and freeze until solid, 4–6 hours.
5. In a large zip-lock bag, crush sugar cookies with a rolling pin until pieces are rice-size; pour into a shallow dish.
6. Repeat with freeze-dried strawberries and stir the pieces together.
7. Run the ice cream molds under warm water to release popsicles from molds.
8. Coat bars evenly with cookie mixture.
9. Eat immediately or place on a cookie sheet and freeze.

Inspired by ThePioneerWoman.com

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 Law School Was Grueling (That's Good News for You)
- 2 The Blueprint to Make Your Side Hustle Your Main Hustle
- You Can Travel on Workers' Comp, but Here's the Caveat ...
- 3 Tortoise Returns After Yearlong Slow Crawl for Romance
- Strawberry Shortcake Ice Cream Bars
- 4 The Ghost Flight of L-8

THE DAY A BLIMP LOST ITS CREW

WWII'S REAL-LIFE AVIATION GHOST STORY

In August 1942, a Navy blimp called L-8 floated over a neighborhood near San Francisco. But when it came down, something vitally important was missing.

The L-8 had taken off on a routine patrol that morning, scouting for enemy submarines off the California coast. Around 7:50 a.m., the crew radioed that they were checking out a suspicious oil slick. After that, the blimp went silent. Witnesses later reported seeing it drift far off course, rise too high, and then lose altitude and bump into rooftops and power lines. By the time it landed, thousands of locals had gathered. Everyone had the same question: Where did the crew go?

Inside the gondola, nothing seemed out of place. The life raft, parachutes, and even a briefcase full of classified documents were still there. The engines and radio worked, yet Lt. Ernest DeWitt Cody and Ensign Charles Ellis Adams were gone without a trace. Theories popped up fast. Maybe one man fell out, and the other tried to save him. Maybe both jumped into the ocean and vanished. Some even whispered about secret missions gone wrong or unknown equipment failures, but no hard evidence ever surfaced.

Following the incident and a thorough review, the Navy repaired the blimp and returned it to service. But the crew's disappearance never made sense — no wreckage, no radio calls, and not a single clue.

