

Opinion

There is nothing wrong with leashing your kids A plea from a formerly leashed child

By **VIVIAN GAGE**
Associate Opinion Editor

Children benefit from being put on a leash when out in public. I know this not as a mother, but as a formerly leashed child; living proof that leashing works.

The word ‘leashing’ sounds strange, even comical. It leads one to instantly think of dogs, which is why many people denounce the act, calling it oppressive. The method has led to debates online, the harassment of parents and both anti-leash and pro-leash Facebook groups.

Obviously, it’s not an actual leash with a collar we are talking about here. Children aren’t dogs, even if they are just as easily distracted. The leash I’m referring to, and the one parents use, is a soft leash backpack, sometimes called a harness. Parents mostly use them for toddlers, then retire the backpack once their kid’s desire to randomly bolt has lessened. They are super cute — and as I’ll soon prove — very convenient.

Many people would disagree. One article posted on the website Your Tango claimed a leash “meant that the kid’s mom was too sadistic to put him in a stroller.” The article suggested strollers as an alternative, stating, “most of the moms online who have tested or tried child leashes...apparently have never heard of a stroller or baby carrier.”

This just makes me giggle. Obviously, every mom has heard of a stroller. Maybe, just maybe, moms who leash their kids are tired of pushing

strollers, or are going somewhere a stroller won’t fit. They may just want to encourage their children to walk on their own. Letting toddlers do so actually helps build their confidence and improve their coordination. With a leash, it’s freedom with minimal risk.

The anti-leash author said leashed children look like golden retrievers out to do their business. I suppose she thinks strollers make children look more normal.

I hate to break it to them, but in the 21st century, if you see someone walking with a stroller, there’s a good chance there’s a small shaking dog inside wearing a cute sweater, not a baby. Strollers won’t save you from the “Dog or kid?” questions.

And even if you can’t help but compare leashed kids to dogs, is that really so bad? People leash dogs to keep them safe and protect them from others, which to me sounds like a good idea for everyone.

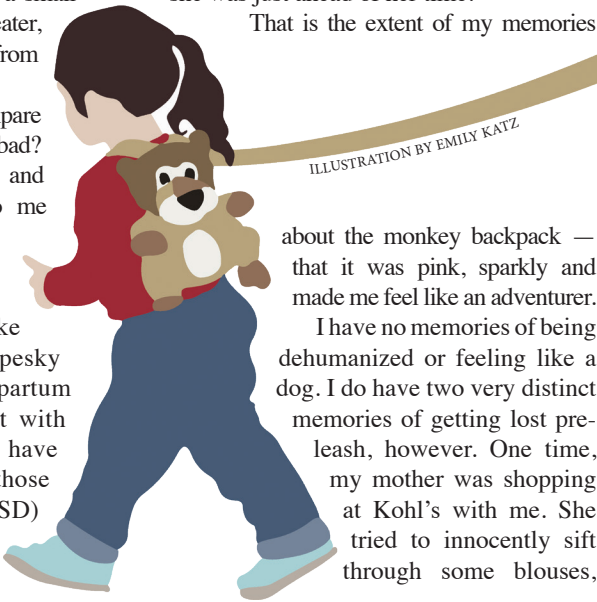
Some moms use child leashes/harnesses because medical conditions, like arthritis, make it harder for them to run after pesky toddlers. Some are simply in postpartum recovery and don’t want to sprint with a newborn in their hands. Others have children with disabilities, such as those with autism spectrum disorder (ASD) or intellectual disability (ID), who elope often.

“I don’t laugh at kids on leashes anymore. I feel bad for them,” the anti-leash writer wrote. “... especially the kids with the monkey backpacks. Someone’s convinced them that leashes are cool.”

Ouch. She got me there.

Two-year-old me had a bright pink monkey backpack, with the leash being the monkey’s tail. It was sparkly and I loved it. I was matching with my sister and brother, and I felt super cool. We are triplets, so we were like a little gang. In the eyes of some skeptics, I suppose that would have made my mother a dog walker, but really, she was just ahead of her time.

That is the extent of my memories



about the monkey backpack — that it was pink, sparkly and made me feel like an adventurer. I have no memories of being dehumanized or feeling like a dog. I do have two very distinct memories of getting lost pre-leash, however. One time, my mother was shopping at Kohl’s with me. She tried to innocently sift through some blouses,

and I took off. I booked it full speed, reveling in the thrill of my escape.

She found me a few minutes later, under one of the clothes racks, bewildered at how I could get lost in a store that flows in a clear rectangular path.

The second time, I was holding my mom’s hand at a fair, bustling with people. Being an observant young toddler, I noticed a different woman who looked more like my mom than my mother herself. Naturally, I squirmed free of my fake mother’s grasp to go towards my obviously real mother, excited by my discovery.

I was shocked to discover this new woman was not my mom. Once again, I was lost because of my own devices, at no fault of my mother’s. Both times she found me, but I was scared for days after.

It scared my mother, too, who feared I might join the 33 children, on average, who are kidnapped by non-family members each day in the U.S.

I’m not the only kid who runs away. In fact, I’m not even the only one to run away at Kohl’s specifically. My running didn’t make my mom a bad mother, just like the implementation of a leash didn’t make her sadistic. It made her creative and responsible.

If using a leash works, keeps your kid safe and lets them feel adventurous, who is anyone to judge? Ignore the haters and use that leash.

Most importantly, don’t you dare feel guilty about it.

My experience with the Title IX office

By **LILLIAN CURTIN**
Staff Writer

Trigger warning: sexual harassment

To the university officials who are probably going to need a fresh pair of pants after I publish this, trust me, I don’t want to write it as much as you don’t want to read it. But alas, some of your employees can’t get their crap together. So here we are.

I love Quinnipiac University. It’s become my home. I wouldn’t change the decision I made three years ago for the world. Yet, over the past year and a half, there has been one overarching issue elephant in the room for me: the Title IX office.

I was acutely aware of the issues with the office since I joined the editorial board of The Chronicle in January of my first year, when the amazing former News Editor Cat Murphy dropped the bomb that was the “QU loses second Title IX coordinator in last year,” article, literally two days after the semester began.

Then, another piece was in our Google Drive a few days later, announcing that the current Title IX Coordinator Patricio Jimenez was going to be taking the position in March 2024.

That was as far as my relationship with Title IX went until August of that year, when I got an on-campus job that required an extensive orientation. The orientation itself was great and informative, with presentations from the CARE team and others in senior positions.

Then came the Title IX presentation. The information given was helpful, but there was one part that stuck out to me. I interpreted Jimenez’s guidance as “Don’t worry about the victim, worry about if the school will get sued.” Come again?

I asked around to see if everyone else was on

the same page as me, because maybe I was just overreacting. Nope. The other employees and I still discuss it to this day about how bad a taste that left in our mouths. But at the time, I let it go.

Until the day came that I actually had to report something in 2024. I had gone on a trip with a small group. Two professors came with us. One professor had a meeting, so three other girls and I were left with the male professor. Already a little weird.

There’s something else I should mention about this one professor: He. Has. Multiple. Title IX. Reports. Against. Him.

After I reported him, multiple people came out and said that they did as well.

Let’s get into why I reported him, a man who has been reported countless times. The (not so) funny thing is that I went to a female professor because I felt uncomfortable with the way we were treated while alone with him. He was egging us on to call him “Daddy.” Ew.

There was a span of days where I kept this to myself with a disgusting feeling brewing inside me. I passed it off as just being a response to my past trauma with things of this manner, until I couldn’t anymore, and I told someone.

She told someone who was a department higher-up, who told her to report it. That was October 2024.

In mid-November, there was still no word from the office. The professor who filed the report followed up about a half a dozen times, but the office was absolutely mute.

Another thing I should mention is that the professor who was reported has been known to allegedly retaliate, so every second that I wasn’t hearing from the Title IX office, I didn’t know if this professor knew that there was a report or not. I didn’t know if he was going to beat the office to my inbox.

I expressed these concerns to my trusted professor, who urged me in an email on Nov. 4, 2024, to bring it up with the Title IX office when they reached out.

Jimenez did not reach out for another two weeks, with inconsistent response times afterwards. He expressed that he was out of the office dealing with a family emergency. I get it, it happens, and I hoped everything was OK. But time does not just magically freeze and the Title IX office still needs to be running. If you can’t help me, point me to someone who can.

The meeting finally happened on Dec. 5, 2024 — over a month after the initial report was filed.

A lot can happen in a month. And guess what? It did. While I was waiting for someone to reach out to me, this professor followed me around from building to building during an event. Because of the office’s inability to be efficient, my mental health was suffering and I was potentially in danger.

I mean, to use what seems to be the office’s own logic, imagine the lawsuit that could’ve resulted in?

I communicated with some of my professors about what was going on, and all of them were undoubtedly supportive — they understood.

They all had the same grievances, which were “I heard Title IX is backed up,” and “I can’t believe they still let him teach.” It wasn’t like these complaints were just rumors. Come to find out, these professors personally knew the multiple other students who reported the same professor I had. Nothing had ever been done.

When I told one of the professors that I hadn’t been contacted a month later, one professor contacted their friend, who worked in the office, who confirmed that the office was backed up. So imagine my surprise when the university denied this.

Only after they talked to their friend within the office, who was shocked that I wasn’t contacted, did I receive an email.

When I had the meeting, it was nowhere near productive. The options were: drop the complaint or have the professor sit through some sensitivity training, and he’d know it was me. I was told another very realistic possibility was that I’d have to drop the program that I was in. So I dropped it. It would’ve made my life a hell of a lot harder, and his would’ve barely been affected. The professor will teach multiple classes this fall, after years of not teaching regularly, allegedly due to the reports.

My meeting was anything but reassuring. It felt like, because we had been reaching out constantly, this was just meant to check off a box. It didn’t feel like he wanted to help, but he wanted us to get off his back.

Before any of you university employees contact me wanting to “talk about it,” know that I really, really, do not want you to. No offense, or all offense (depending on who you are), don’t be surprised when I don’t respond.

There is nothing you can do to fix it, so let’s save us both the time. I’m almost out of here, and I’d really like to leave this behind.

But there are some faculty out there who like to claim that students are “whining” about their experiences. You know who you are. And yes, some students did see that social media post before you deleted it. You should know about a digital footprint at your grown age.

I’m not doing this for me. I’m doing this because I’m able to have a unique platform to share this experience, while there are faculty who try to overshadow students’ experiences with empty, PR-trained words.