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Learning a language is an eclectic experience involving all kinds of interpersonal and cultural experiences. In this section you'll find book and movie reviews, recipes, an advice column, and cartoons.

Around the World ................... 15
One of the great things about studying in an international English program is the opportunity it presents to get to know people from all over the world. Here you can get the inside story on various countries around the world and their special places, people, and customs.

Stories & Poems .................... 27
What would life be without the inspiration that stories and poems provide? This section features the creative talents of some fine storytellers and poets here at EPI.

Special Features
- Got a problem? Maybe you'll find the answer, or at least a good laugh, in the Dear Pat letters in Art & Entertainment section. Whose problems are they, and who's Pat? You'll have to ask the Grammar/Writing 60 classes.

- You may have a secret admirer and not even know it. In the personal messages throughout the magazine, here's your chance to find out.

- Congratulations to Arthur Delorge, Takayuki Hida, Hjarman Cordero, and Carlos Cacao Melendez, the winners of this issue's world peace essay contest. You'll find their essays on pages 44-47.
Editor's Note

It was an unseasonably warm Friday afternoon in November when Se In, Arturo, Yoko, Son, Amina, and I got together in Byrnes to select the winners of this issue’s world peace essay contest. Due to some mysterious heating and air conditioning problem that had been going on all week on the first floor of the building, it was even warmer inside than outside. In fact, as we gathered around the tables in the teachers’ office area, our usual meeting place, we felt like we were roasting in an oven. But, we resolved, “Rain or shine or heat wave—Sunrise must go on,” and we sat down to get to work.

Before we got started, though, Se In hit on a great idea: “Let’s go to Sandy’s for ice cream!” she said with a big smile. “Let’s!” we all agreed.

We took our ice cream to one of the sidewalk tables outside Sandy’s and sat around eating and chatting awhile.

It was pleasant and breezy sitting there in the shade of the building, so we stayed there to read the contest essays.

When we were all finished reading, we decided to move to the peaceful Horseshoe to discuss the essays and pick the winners. We sat down in a circle in the grass and took turns presenting our favorites. For the most part, we’d selected the same essays, and after some discussion, we reached a consensus and declared four of them the winners.

When you read them, I think you’ll see why we couldn’t select just one winner. Each is so different, but all are thought-provoking and deserving.

And so are all the other works in this issue of Sunrise, which we hope will bring you as much enjoyment and peace of mind as it has us.

Dick Holmes

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Art & Entertainment

Gabriel Fernández  Venezuela
Leda Escalante  Costa Rica
Natalia Scott  Russia
Chiharu Shiozaki  Japan
Judith & Arturo Tiburcio  Mexico
Adolfo Martinez  Venezuela
Se In Yoon  Korea
Kyung Kim  Korea
Amina Kulaib  UAE
Stargate
Gabriel Fernández
Venezuela

How long have civilizations been trying to reach or understand the stars? Most people have dreamed of a gate to the stars and traveling through space in no time. That’s precisely what the movie Stargate is about.

At the beginning of the movie, viewers are transported to Egypt in 1928, where a strange circular-shaped stone is found at an excavation site. This stone features some rare, conspicuous symbols that, to the present day, a research team has not been able to decipher. Then, along comes the main character, a linguist who has dedicated his life to the study of ancient languages and seems to have found some interesting, previously undiscovered ancient language patterns which could help in the interpretation of the message carved into the stone. He is recruited by the research team and goes wholeheartedly to work on the mysterious symbols.

After some weeks of painstaking work, he finally figures out the meaning of the symbols:
There is a way to travel through space using the circular-shaped stone as a stargate.
The research team puts the linguist’s findings into action immediately and, via the stargate, sends an exploratory expedition hurtling through space to a distant planet. The movie’s superbly accurate computer graphic effects allow viewers an immersive experience of passing through the stargate with the space travelers.

Stargate deals with the safety of civilization on Earth and gives some interesting explanations of the relationship between the ancient Egyptians and the origins of intelligent life on our planet. It is good entertainment for people who like special effects and have an open mind to any kind of suggestion about ancient history and futuristic events.

Return to Snowy River
Leda Escalante
Costa Rica

The film Return to Snowy River tells the story of two different social classes in Australia: the people of the valley, the rich class, and the people of the mountains, the poor class. A young man from the mountains falls in love with a girl who belongs to the rich class. Their love is so strong that it goes farther than the people of the two different groups can imagine.

The young man decides to work hard and earn a lot of money so that he can get married to her, and with that purpose in mind disappears for months in the mountains, carrying her picture in his coat to remind himself of her love.

During his absence the girl does not understand why he has gone, and a rich young man belonging to the valley falls in love with her or at least he wants her, but her love remains focused on the man from Snowy River.

The people of the valley live a life of luxury. They wear nice clothes, have servants working in their houses, and their houses are filled with expensive furniture. The lifestyle there is progressive because there is plenty of money. In contrast, the people of the mountains do not have nice clothes or nice houses. However, although their wooden houses do not have much inside, the people have much more inside themselves than the people in the
movies

Return to Snowy River...

valley. They have a lot of love, peace and joy.

The two groups of people belong to completely different societies. This film makes me think that while the mountain people do not have treasure or expensive things that they have to worry about all the time, they do have something precious, their families. The time that we spend together as a family is more valuable than any expensive thing that we can have. Our society is losing sight of this important truth because we are worrying, working and hurrying all the time, and we do not realize that the time we spend as a family is never lost time. Sometimes we have to set this time apart because life runs so fast.

The film continues with the love of this young lady, who decides to live in a small house with the young man in the mountains and work with him breeding and selling horses. They decide to be together in spite of all their differences. Their love is strong; they do not want to lose their life together by doing what others think is right for them. They decide that they have to stop listening to everybody else and do what they think is right for themselves, fight hard for that with courage, and not blame themselves for the prejudices of others.

The two classes try to separate them. Her father makes her choose between him and her

life of luxury and the man from the mountains. She believes that she should not have to choose because she loves both and to choose between them would take her peace away. She decides to fight for both loves.

At the end of the movie her father finally recognizes that he was wrong and gives thanks to the Lord because he can see what is really important now and has not lost his daughter.

Our life is something precious and sometimes time takes away a lot good things that we can experience. The difference between social classes is not important, but it is important to have time for people whatever our social class is, to love people without wanting anything in return.

This film reminds me of the story of a friend of mine who used to be a lawyer. He had a maid who cleaned his office and other offices in the building where he worked, and she not only did her work but spent time writing notes to the people whose desks she cleaned. She wrote notes like this: "I am so happy working here. I like the work and the people who work here. Today it is snowing and a little cold, but it is still a good day to enjoy. I just wanted to say that God loves you and so do I." The lawyer reminds me of the people of the valley and the maid reminds me of the people of the mountains. These notes that lovely lady wrote were a remarkable expression of love for him. He respectfully accepted these notes full of love even though they came from a different class.

Return to Snowy River can help us see that social differences are not important in this life. To love people and listen to them is what this world truly needs.

Dearest Maria,

Never would you have to twist my arm, threaten my life or paper work, say mean things to me (and the list continues) for me to send you a message in the Sunrise to tell you just how sweet, nice, wonderful, and an absolute joy you are to work with.

Love, Natalie

To my students in RV60a and CSULEC,

I've enjoyed teaching you! We've had a lot of fun and laughed a lot! Thanks for helping make this a very good quarter.

Glen Rice
Animal Farm

Natalia Scott
Russia

The book *Animal Farm*, written by George Orwell, tells a fairy tale about a small farm in England where the animals have revolted. Not liking their life, the animals have turned against the people and changed their life by rebellion.

In the beginning, when the people have been expelled from the farm, the animals establish a community and are free and happy with it. They have their own rules and anthem and are equal. They change the name of the farm from “Manor Farm” to “Animal Farm”, meaning that the farm now belongs to the animals and that they are free.

However, they have a leader, the pig Napoleon, who little by little gains control of the farm and becomes “more equal” than the others. Napoleon breaks all the rules, changes the freedom anthem to a song in his honor and has maiden animals work for him. Finally, by the end of the book, the name of the farm is changed again to “Manor Farm”, showing that the animals have come full circle and have again become slaves.

This book, which at first sight may just seem funny, actually has a deep meaning. A brilliant satire, this story shows the dangers of a totalitarian system in which one individual seizes total power and controls all the others. We know the undying saying that “power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely,” and we can clearly see how it happens in this book page by page. The idea behind the revolution was great; the animals wanted justice, freedom, and equality, but by yielding absolute power to one individual among themselves, they allowed their system to be corrupted and finally become a dictatorship.

One thing that helps me understand this book so deeply is that this story is very similar to my country’s history. In fact, *Animal Farm* was written about the revolution in Russia. Orwell describes all the characters very subtly and I can relate each character to a particular leader or class of people in Russia.

Orwell has chosen a very good genre for writing this book, the fairy tale. Although *Animal Farm* touches on very serious problems, it is easy and interesting to read for any reader. You will laugh and cry as the author goes from comedy to tragedy. And, what is most important, you will learn a great lesson about human experience.

To the teachers,
I appreciate your great efforts to make our progress very fast in our English.
Amina

To Ten Point,
I’m waiting for Thanksgiving Day! Our trip will be very exciting. Until that time, let’s study hard!
Your Great Friend
The book *From the Depths of Love* tells the nonfiction story of a gymnast who became a quadriplegic. Tomihiro Hoshino, the author of this story, was an active gymnast when he was a university student. His hobby was climbing mountains. Whenever he reached the top of a mountain, he would stand on one hand and make his friends laugh. After he graduated from his university, he started to work as a junior high school teacher. Soon afterwards, while showing a gymnastic technique to his students, he fell from a bar and became a quadriplegic.

Unable to endure the hardship of his handicap, he tried to kill himself many times by biting his tongue. Finally, though, considering his mother, who was always sitting by him at the hospital, helping him, and doing a lot of things he couldn’t do for himself, he stopped his suicide attempts.

After a while, when his mind had calmed down, he started to read books, poems, and letters from his friends and students. And he managed to make many friends at the hospital.

One day, when one of these friends was leaving the hospital, he wanted all his friends to sign his cap. Tomihiro wanted to sign it but couldn’t move his hands. He struggled because he really wanted to write on it. Finally he hit upon a good idea: using his mouth.

At once his mother put a pen in his mouth and he managed to write his first name. This unsteadily written word made the person leaving the hospital happy. Tomihiro felt a ray of sunshine, realizing that he could still do something for people. This was the day that he awoke to life again.

From then on, he started to practice writing regularly. And finally, he came to be able to write words and to draw quite successfully.

I was moved a lot by this story. Even though he couldn’t move his body from his neck down, he worked very hard and came to know what real life means. In the face of today’s Japanese society, where the number of those who kill themselves is increasing, among them students who can’t pass school entrance examinations, businessmen who fail to get promoted, and old people who live alone and lose their will to live, I recommend that people read and see Tomihiro’s works and messages. Reading this book, I realized what wealth just having no physical defect is. We who live normal lives usually take walking and writing for granted, but we should be more thankful for each ability that we are given.

**Dear Franjeska,**

*In a universe of ambiguity this kind of certainty comes only once, and never again, no matter how many lifetimes you live. This is why I am here on this planet, at this time my love. Not to travel or to study but to love you. I know that now. Our love will be forever. I love you.*

**Richard**

---

**Dear Teacher,**

I am thankful for your kindness and enthusiasm for teaching. You are my friend when I am lonely, and you are my guide when I don’t know what to do. I think you will be always in my mind even when I am not here anymore.

S.I. Yoon

---

8
Enchiladas Rojas  
Judith and Arturo Tiburcio  
Mexico

Enchiladas rojas is a famous Mexican dish. Try this recipe and you’ll see why it’s so popular.

Ingredients
- 30 tortillas
- 10 big tomatoes
- 4 chiles (small green peppers)
- 1 onion
- 3 cloves of garlic
- a little oil
- 3 chicken breasts
- 5 TBSP of chicken flavor
- 32 ounces of sour cream
- 1 1/2 pounds of Monterey cheese

Preparation
Broil the chicken with 2 TBSP of chicken flavor, 1/3 of an onion, and 1 clove of garlic. Separate the chicken from the broth and shred it.

In a blender, mix tomatoes, the rest of the onion, the garlic, and the chiles. Add 3 TBSP of chicken flavor and, stirring well, cook the sauce in oil until it boils. When the sauce is finished, fry the tortillas lightly in oil; don’t let them get toasted. Then, one at a time, dip them in the tomato sauce and roll them up with chicken.

Place the enchiladas side by side in a baking pan. Cover them with the tomato sauce, cream, and cheese as you wish. Cover the pan with aluminum foil and bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes.

Serve with rice and enjoy!

Typical Venezuelan Food  
Adolfo Martinez  
Venezuela

Many Venezuelan dishes consist of hot foods such as meat pies, stews, and pasta dishes. One of the most popular dishes is the arepa, a thick deep-fried pancake made with white corn flour and sometimes filled with butter, eggs, meat, cheese, etc. Corn and rice provide the basis of many of our dishes. Pabellon criollo, made of black beans, rice, shredded steak, and plantain, is another favorite dish. Also delicious is punta trasera, a tender grilled steak often topped with guasacaca, a sauce made of avocado, onion, and spices. Each of these dishes is very popular with the Venezuelan people.
Bulkogi

Se In Yoon
Korea

Have you ever tried Korean food? Have you ever heard of kimchi or bulkogi? Some people say Korean food is very spicy, but that’s not always true. Actually, we have lots of different kinds of delicious foods. Bulkogi is one of the most famous Korean dishes, and it’s not spicy.

Would you like to try cooking bulkogi? Just follow the recipe below, and you can make this delicious classic East Asian beef dish.

**Preparation**

Quickly rinse the beef under running cold water and pat dry with paper towels. To facilitate slicing, wrap the meat in the freezer until it becomes very cold but is not frozen through, for about two hours. Cutting diagonally across the grain, slice the meat as thinly as possible.

In a bowl, combine the meat, soy sauce, sugar, sesame oil, garlic, onions, and pepper to taste and mix well. Let stand at room temperature, stirring occasionally, for two hours, or, preferably, in the refrigerator for as long as overnight. Return to room temperature before cooking.

Heat oil in a wok or a large skillet over medium-high heat. Add the meat and stir-fry for five minutes or until fully cooked. Place on a serving plate and serve with hot steamed rice.

**Ingredients**

- 2 pounds tender boneless lean beef (tenderloin or sirloin)
- 1 cup soy sauce
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2 tablespoons sesame oil
- 2 tablespoons crushed garlic
- 5-6 green onions (finely chopped)
- 1/2 tablespoon black pepper

Kimchi

Kyung Kim
Korea

Korea has a lot of delicious foods. Kimchi is the most important side dish, one that we Koreans like so much that we eat it with each meal. Many ingredients go into making kimchi and it’s very important to get the right taste. There are a lot of different kinds of kimchi. Here’s a recipe for one of them.

**Preparation**

Soak the napa cabbage in salt water for five hours, and then rinse and drain.

Mix the cut radish, red pepper, shrimp juice or fish sauce, chopped green onions, minced garlic, minced ginger, and salt in a large bowl.

Place one leaf of the cabbage in a container and spread some of the mixture on top of it. Place another leaf on top of the first one and spread more of the mixture on top of it. Continue layering the cabbage leaves and the mixture until all the leaves are used.

Cover the container with a lid, keep it at room temperature for one day, and then store it in the refrigerator.

When you’re ready to eat your kimchi, cut it into bite size pieces and serve it with any other kind of dish.

**Ingredients**

- 2 heads of napa cabbage
- 3 cups of salt dissolved in 10 cups of water
- 1 medium-sized radish cut into fine strips
- 1/2 cup of red pepper
- 1/3 cup of shrimp juice or fish sauce
- 1 cup of chopped green onions
- 1/4 cup of minced garlic
- 1 teaspoon minced ginger
- 2 tablespoons of salt
Matchbose

Amina Kulaib
UAE

When I was a busy university student, matchbose was my favorite dish because it was fast and easy to prepare. I didn’t think of myself as a good cook but this dish gave me the reputation among the other students as one. They always liked it a lot. Maybe you will, too! Give it a try and find out what a good cook you are!

Ingredients
2 cups of rice, preferably basmati (Indian) rice
1 regular size chicken
4 small sun-dried lemons (if available)
garlic, onion and potato to taste
a little corn oil
cinnamon
black pepper
spices
salt
3 cups of water

Preparation
Wash the rice gently and let soak in water for a while.
Clean the chicken and cut it into small pieces. Put the pieces of chicken and onion (and a little oil if you like) in a pan, cover, and cook at low temperature until the liquid is absorbed.
Stir in the cinnamon, pepper and spices (to taste and color).
Cut potato into thin slices, add them to the mixture, and simmer until the chicken is nearly cooked.
Add the water, dried lemons, and salt, and bring to a boil.
Add the washed rice, stir gently, and let simmer until the water is absorbed (bake in the oven for the last ten minutes).

You will lick your fingers after you eat your delicious matchbose!
Dear Pat,

I have a big problem with smoking. I smoke about thirty cigarettes a day. Can you give some advice?

Smokestack

Dear Smokestack,

I think the best way for you to quit smoking is to mail me your cigarettes. You’ll feel better, and I can’t afford to buy my own.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I have a serious problem. Although I studied English in my country for three years and my English teacher always told me that I was very smart and proficient in English, especially in pronunciation, I still have problems when I go to an American school cafeteria. When I order food, the people there don’t understand what I say and they usually give me the wrong order. So tell me, what can I do now?

Po Bo

Dear Po Bo,

Well, Po Bo, I think that your problem isn’t your fault. I think maybe your English teacher didn’t know anything about English, or maybe he or she taught you a language that wasn’t really English. Anyway, your problem is very easy to solve. If you want to speak perfect English like an American, eat at least ten chili peppers before you speak. Have fun with your new, authentic pronunciation and enjoy your food at the cafeteria.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I have a problem. I’m a student and when class begins, I want to sleep. Please, what can I do?

Sleepyhead

Dear Sleepyhead,

Go ahead, take your pillow to class and sleep there. Your teacher’s tender voice won’t bother you. But please don’t snore!

Pat
Dear Pat...

Dear Pat,

A few days ago, my dog grumbled over his food. So, I let him go hungry for three days. This morning I got an angry call from my neighbor. He said that my dog had invaded his kitchen. What can I do about my hard-to-please dog?

Tired Of All The Grumbling

Dear Tired,

Why don’t you send your dog to cooking school? There, he can learn to cook gourmet dog dishes like bone soup with spring grass, cat tenders, and homemade dog biscuits.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I’m a student and I have just one pair of tennis shoes. They have big holes in the soles, so my socks get dirty easily. I can’t afford to buy another pair of shoes right now. How can I fix them without spending a lot of money?

Dirty Socks

Dear Dirty Socks,

Hey, this is the 90s! Haven’t you noticed that holes are cool now? And your dirty sock problem is really no problem either. Just go sockless and your socks will never get dirty.

Pat

Dear Pat,

My trouble is that I can’t get up early. Please tell me what I can do?

Bedman

Dear Bedman,

You can either get married and have a baby, or you can change your concept of “early”. If you need to get up at 7:00 and that’s your idea of early, just change your idea of early to 4:00—then 7:00 will be “late”. That way, getting up late won’t be a problem.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I’m so confused I don’t know what to do. Tonight I have a date with the most handsome guy in the world, but yesterday I was playing racketball and I accidently hit my face with my racket, so now I have a lot of little squares all over my face. I don’t know what to do.

Grid Face

Dear Grid Face,

Don’t worry, it’s Halloween time. Tell your date that this year you’re going around disguised as a racketball.

Pat
CARTOONS by QADIRI

How's the food here?

Mi mery moo!

Excuse me, do you have change for a hundred?

Uh oh, looks like I overslept again!

Can you tell me what time it is?
Around the World

Amina Kulaib  UAE
Se In Yoon  Korea
Natalia Scott  Russia
Angela Wang  Taiwan
Son Nguyen  Vietnam
Khalid Al-Futaisi  Oman
Sang Eun Cho  Korea
Jung-sun Kim  Korea
Rene Andriatandra  Madagascar
Nobuhito Uda  Japan
Yoko Shiraishi  Japan
We were curious about how foreigners' perceptions of our countries matched up with natives' viewpoints and knowledge, so we conducted surveys and came up with the following results.

### United Arab Emirates

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Aspect</th>
<th>Foreigners' Viewpoints/Knowledge</th>
<th>Natives' Viewpoints/Knowledge</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First impression</td>
<td>Desert&lt;br&gt;Rich because of the oil</td>
<td>Not all the country is desert, and not all the people are rich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Population</td>
<td>A lot of people&lt;br&gt;More than the population of the USA</td>
<td>Around 2,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's situation</td>
<td>Women must always obey men.</td>
<td>Women have their own behavior and skills. Wives obey their husbands' wishes within reason. They can support their husbands and families in a variety of ways, including financially if necessary.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social life</td>
<td>Very conservative&lt;br&gt;Very good for men but not good for women</td>
<td>The Islamic religion is the main thing for most of the people, but the way of life is generally open for both sexes as long as it does not go against religious instructions.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Republic of Korea

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Aspect</th>
<th>Foreigners' Viewpoints/Knowledge</th>
<th>Natives' Viewpoints/Knowledge</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Population</td>
<td>3 million&lt;br&gt;10-20 million&lt;br&gt;10 million&lt;br&gt;60 million</td>
<td>45,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religion</td>
<td>Christianity&lt;br&gt;Catholicism&lt;br&gt;Buddhism&lt;br&gt;Hinduism</td>
<td>Christianity, Buddhism</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Location</td>
<td>East Asia&lt;br&gt;Near Japan&lt;br&gt;Near China</td>
<td>Northeastern Asia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capital</td>
<td>Seoul</td>
<td>Seoul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literacy (Education)</td>
<td>70%&lt;br&gt;95%&lt;br&gt;99.9%</td>
<td>80%&lt;br&gt;96% (High school: 80%, College: 16%)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Industries</td>
<td>Electronics, ships, textiles, motor vehicles</td>
<td>Electronics, ships, textiles, clothing, motor vehicles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chief Crops</td>
<td>Vegetables</td>
<td>Rice, barley, vegetables</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main Characteristics</td>
<td>Very welcoming country, exotic nature, conservative society, strict culture, sweet, polite, friendly, beautiful, smart people, Sam Sung car</td>
<td>Very polite, conservative society, beautiful nature, hardworking people</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Russian Character

Natalia Scott
Russia

I am sure that people from all over the world who have visited Russia have left this country with regret, having been moved by the Russian people. Every foreigner is impressed by the valuable features of the Russian character, especially our kindheartedness and soulfulness.

Kindness is a very important characteristic and Russians have it in abundance. Russians are always ready to help with their work, advice or support. If you need help, a Russian would never say to you that it was none of her/his business. I am lucky that my new American family is very attentive to me, but I have met people here who have told me, when I needed some help, that it was not their problem. I don’t want to blame these people and say that this kind of attitude is bad, because this way of thinking depends on the culture and maybe these people are right in thinking that each person must solve her/his problems by her/himself. But such an attitude does make me appreciate Russian kindheartedness more than ever.

Hospitality is another common feature of the Russian character. Many years ago it became a custom of peasants to greet guests on the threshold of their house with bread and salt in their hands. Why bread and salt? Because bread is a main Russian food, sometimes the only food that peasants had at that time, and salt is very important for the taste of any dish. Even if you cooked a delicious dish but forgot to add salt, it wouldn’t be really good and wouldn’t taste complete. When I met the American man who would eventually become my husband in Russia, I invited him to my home to introduce him to my family, and he was very surprised by the friendliness and hospitality of the Russian people. I am glad that we Russians still have this old-fashioned sense of hospitality and give our guests everything that we have.

All around the world people are very different. In every country, there are some bad people and some good, some kind and some mean, some generous and some greedy, but generally my people are very kind and gracious. If you have a chance, I hope you will visit Russia and meet these kindhearted, soulful people who will greet you with bread and salt in their hands.

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Pingtung, Taiwan

Angela Wang
Taiwan

Taipei, the capital city of Taiwan, is famous all over the world, but do you know about Pingtung?

Pingtung is the third largest city in Taiwan. I live in this old city of antiques and historical remains. I like antiques. My father-in-law likes them, too, and has a large collection of them.

The weather is important to everybody in Pingtung. Our lives change with the weather. Summertime is hot and humid. The hot weather lasts from May to October. Many people turn on their air conditioners and stay indoors. The sun shines a lot, but it rains often. Right after the rain, it becomes hot and humid again. People carry umbrellas for the rain and the sun!

Summertime is a fun time, especially for young people. We take a picnic lunch and swim or lie in the sun. The beaches are especially crowded on weekends. Summer is the best season for me and my family. We can relax and take life a little easy. I don’t like the busy, busy times. Why can’t we have summer all year long?

To all the students who participated in community service activities,

Each of you has shown a truly giving spirit. If there were more people like you in the world, how much better it would be. Each of you has touched someone’s life and made it a little happier. Thank you!

Marie Murrah, EPI Office
Each year in January, the Vietnamese people get very busy preparing to celebrate their biggest holiday, the Vietnamese New Year. This holiday is a tradition that has been celebrated in Vietnam since the first day that it became an independent country more than 1,000 years ago. One week before New Year’s Day, all Vietnamese people take off from work and go back home to celebrate the New Year’s holiday with their families. The celebration lasts three days.

During the night of the last day of the year, most people sit at home and wait for the New Year to come. When the clock shows exactly 12:00 a.m., people begin to set off fireworks everywhere. The fireworks explode continuously all night long; they never stop. The lights, noise, and smoke spread around like a thunderstorm. Once the New Year has officially arrived, all the members of the family begin to make wishes for each other; they wish for a new start in everything, and parents wish for their children’s success in school. One really important custom during that night is that no one is allowed to go out from 12:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m. because the Vietnamese think that they might bring bad luck to each other if they were banh-tecs at home for the holiday.

After everyone finishes their breakfast, they can go wherever they want. Some people visit their neighbors, and others visit their friends. Many adults sit at home and play cards together. In Vietnam, it is legal to play cards only during the first three days of the New Year, so a lot of people, including many teenagers, take this special opportunity to spend their money in this way, and some people play cards just for fun.

After enjoying their three-day New Year’s celebration, the Vietnamese go back to work, believing that every bad thing of the last year is over and that the new year will bring them a lot of luck.
Oman and the USA

Khalid Al-Futaisi
Oman

Oman is one of the Arabic countries to the South of Saudi Arabia. In all the periods of its history Oman has developed relationships with other countries. The United States is one of these countries with which Oman has made ties. Our relationship with America goes back to the period of Sultan Said bin Sultan Al-Said (1808-1856), the Sultan of the Omani Empire, and the voyage of the ship Sultana to New York in 1840.

Because of Oman's geographic location, the Omanis long ago chose the sea as their source of livelihood. They built ships and navigated to numerous countries. They were great navigators and merchants. In 1832 Sultan Said declared Zanzibar, Africa, the second capital of the Omani Empire. He also decided at that time to initiate relationships with a lot of European countries. America was a new country to Asia and Africa, and Sultan Said was determined to make its biggest ships in the Omani Navy. The captain of the ship and the navigators were Omanis. At the beginning of the trip they faced a lot of problems, including strong winds, but they were very strong, too.

Because of these problems, all the Omanis aboard thought that they would not be able to arrive in New York. Fortunately, however, they finally arrived after their hard trip. They were very happy to see the new world. A crowd of Americans came to the port to greet these foreigners from the unfamiliar, faraway country of Oman. Seeing the Omanis dressed in their traditional clothes and with smiles on their faces, the Americans welcomed them. Sheik Ahmed told newspaper reporters that he was very happy to be the first Arabic
Oman and the USA...

During the Omanis' stay in the USA, Sheik Ahmed met a number of American diplomats and gave the American president some very expensive gifts from Sultan Said. These gifts included Arabic horses, gold, and jewelry, among other things. In return the American officials gave the ambassador a lot of expensive gifts. After several weeks in the USA, Sheik Ahmed and the crew of the Sultanah navigated back to Oman, having achieved successful results.

One of the greatest achievements of the trip was that the Omanis were the first Arabs to arrive in America. Also, our ambassador was the first Arabic ambassador to visit America. In this period it was very difficult for other Arab countries to make a trip to America, but with our well-built ship and our navigating experience, we were able to do it. And ever since the Sultanah's voyage to the USA, Oman has had a good relationship with America.

Today the account of this voyage is one of the stories that we most want to hear from our grandmothers. It is a story that means a great deal to the Omanis. Part of its significance is that it shows the Omanis' willingness to make relationships with various nations. It also shows us how very strong our great grandfathers were. I'm proud that our great navigators went to America and established a relationship with the American nation.

Korean Superstitions

Sang Eun Cho
Korea

In Korea, there are a lot of superstitious beliefs, and some of them have become a part of our culture.

For example, Korean people don't like the number 4 because the word for it also means "death". In many buildings, especially in hospitals, there is no fourth floor or room number 4 or 44. If patients were to stay in room number 4 on the fourth floor, they would seriously believe that their death was coming.

In the season of entrance exams for universities, students and their parents are affected by all kinds of superstitious beliefs. For example, many parents buy taffy and stick it on the wall of the main entrance to the university that they hope their child will "stick to"—get admitted to—like sticky candy. Some people can't find space for their taffy because students' mothers begin sticking their taffy up as early as dawn. If you see the seriousness in their faces, you realize that it's not just the uneducated who are superstitious.

Usually people think they don't believe in superstition and can ignore it, but when they face difficulties or problems, their superstitious beliefs have a powerful effect over them.

To Cecil and GW40,

Thank you so much for giving me the opportunity to work with you. You are all wonderful people. Each of you have taught me so much. You're a great class and I'm sure that all of you will succeed in whatever you may do in life. Thanks again.

Natalie Paganelli
The Changing Values of Korea

In traditional Korea, the typical family was usually large with several generations living together. Under the safeguard of their parents and older relatives, many children were desired for family stability and security. Korea's traditional background of Confucianism and hierarchy compelled Korean children to obey their parents. Most sons and daughters did not object to the will or command of their parents. For example, most would never dare to marry someone they loved without their parents' agreement.

This subservience of the younger to the older, still a predominant part of Korean culture, is the most difficult aspect of our culture for foreigners to understand and, with the modernization and Westernization of Korean society, is getting more and more difficult for us Koreans ourselves to relate to. Traditional Confucian and hierarchical values in Korea are tending toward change.

In a traditional Korean home, the patriarchal head of the family was regarded as the source of authority. The head of the family issued strict instructions, and the other members of the family obeyed without question. It was understood that the patriarch of the family would be fair in dealing with all family members.

Although traditional values have lost some of their hold on today's Korean society, they still exert a strong influence, pervading every aspect of our culture. Koreans believe that a man must above all cultivate himself and manage his family's property. Men have traditionally been given the responsibility of respecting, supporting and protecting the family, as well as the power to command. Order in the family is maintained through obedience to elders and those with higher status, that is, children obeying parents and the wife obeying the husband. This system has dominated Korean life and our way of thinking over the centuries and is still respected in all forms of human relations. Korea places great emphasis on filial piety, respect for older people, and reverence for ancestors.

After the Korean War, however, we were exposed to capitalism and industrialization, which we had never experienced before. In the process of digesting a new ideology, we accepted modernization and Western culture. This new ideology has had a strong impact on traditional Korean life. With modernization and Western culture, the large-family system has been disappearing. These days, newly married couples tend to live on their own instead of living with other family members. Consequently, the lack of a spiritual and traditional bond between the young and old generations has led to a change in values concerning respect for and obedience to older people.

In today's international society, it is very difficult for each country to stick to its own traditional culture. The conspicuous trend all over the world is the changing of values and norms, and Korean family life is subject to this trend, too. In Korea, an increasing number of young couples live independently, adapting to changes in ethical values and social environment. As a result, the traditional Korean value of obedience to older people has gradually been losing its importance among the ethical values in current society.

To EPI Teachers,

Thank you for the good times we spent together. Really, I've recognized that studying is interesting even though I hated grammar class at first. I will graduate from EPI with enough knowledge about the English language. I will keep in touch with my teachers from time to time, and I hope that other students realize that studying English and succeeding in life requires a lot of work and effort.

Your Omani student,
Abdullah Brya

22
Many countries have similar customs, but exhumation is a relatively unusual one which is practiced especially in Madagascar and a few Asian areas. For those who aren’t acquainted with Madagascar, my native country, learning about this custom is an opportunity to get to know one aspect of Malagasy culture.

Exhumation, commonly called “returning”, consists of taking the rotten bodies of dead dependents or relatives out of their graves within two to five years after their death. After the exhumation event, they are wrapped in new sheets and reburied in their former position.

During the event, a great feast is organized, and nobody is supposed to cry since it’s considered a happy day. Relatives and friends are invited. Food and drinks are provided and everybody dances, raising the corpses onto their shoulders, until the time they are taken back to the cemetery.

Many Malagasy consider exhumation a necessity because it’s the most important moment at which they can commemorate and take care of their ancestors. The custom derives from the belief that the spirits of ancestors protect and give benediction to whoever takes care of them.

It’s important to note that not all the Malagasy practice exhumation. Indeed, today most Malagasy are Christian and the Christian religion doesn’t allow its disciples to pray to spirits other than God. And this may be the main reason that exhumation is tending to disappear nowadays.

In general, traditional customs should be kept, because they show a people’s way of living and thinking. But in the case of exhumation, in my opinion, it would be a great thing if this custom were totally banned. Not only do the Malagasy people waste a lot of money on it, but they also may catch diseases by playing with rotten bodies.

Thanks to all the EPI students, faculty, and staff who participated in several community service projects this term, including activities at The Harvest Hope Food Bank (for the Hungry); This, That, and the Other Café (for the Homeless); The Palmetto Senior Center (for the Elderly); and The Salvation Army (for the Needy). Special thanks to Marie Murrah, EPI’s Office Manager, for organizing EPI’s participation in all the events.

Susan Anders

To EPI Sunrise,

He was always kind to me. He always tried to make me laugh. He was such a funny person. Whenever I felt lonely, he stayed beside me. Eventually, though, he left me. He doesn’t stay with me anymore. I miss that time. I want to return to that time, but it’s impossible. He was always kind to me.

Aki
A Vacation in Egypt

Amina Kulaib
UAE

A vacation is very important for everyone, not only for workers but also for housewives, children and students. It is a kind of refreshment, a cutting off of the routine and a regeneration of the ability to work. Even the Japanese, who like to work hard, look forward to their vacations. Their lifestyle makes it impossible for them to take long vacations, so they work almost all year long. For me it’s difficult to imagine such a long work year, so every summer I take a one-and-a-half-month vacation, going abroad, or making a tour in the Emirates (my country).

The summer before last, I went with my sister and some of my friends to Egypt. It was fantastic. We spent two weeks in Cairo and one week in Alexandria.

In Cairo we visited the old part of the city, which features old houses made from clay and sand and still in pristine condition. A lot of people enjoy living in these houses where they can talk to their neighbors from their balconies. When you walk through the streets of old Cairo, you find people speaking loudly from one balcony to another.

We also went to Khan Al-Khalily market, a popular Arabian market covered by an arched-shaped ceiling and always crowded with foreigners. This market is full of small shops selling gold, silver, antiques and souvenirs. You can also find places there for refreshments like coffee, tea and any type of traditional drink, for example belilah, which is composed of corn, rice, milk, sugar and nuts.

The military museum in Cairo is one of the best museums I’ve ever seen. We saw a real mummy of an old pharaoh which was thousands of years old.

Unfortunately we didn’t spend as much time in Alexandria as we did in Cairo, but we still had a wonderful time there walking along the coast of the Mediterranean sea and visiting the big castle and King Farooq’s palace, which was full of jewelry.

My sister enjoyed this trip very much and she was hoping that we would be able to go there again this summer, but, unfortunately, we couldn’t go, because I was preparing to come here. But I promised to accompany her next summer.
Learning a Foreign Culture

As everyone knows who has tried it, adapting to a foreign culture is a challenging, enlightening process.

Even before trying it myself here in the United States, I observed foreigners going through the process in my home country, Japan. I could see that those living in Japan for several years had gotten to know the culture pretty well. In some ways I think they had come to know it better than the native people. After all, people living in their own culture are not consciously aware of their own cultural postures, expressions and habits. Their way of doing things is simply how everyone always does them, until they travel abroad.

Living abroad, people can get a taste of cultural differences in attitudes, behaviors and styles, but it takes months or even years to get to know them in detail, be able to predict them, and learn to act them out acceptably. This kind of understanding only comes from being submerged in the culture with an active mind and willing attitude.

Feeling comfortable with the habits of another culture comes as much from acceptance as from understanding. Those who live in a foreign country long enough come to a point of realizing that both their native culture and the foreign culture are good. Their displeasure with parts of the foreign culture simply shows that they prefer their own. These preferences are formed by cultural training even though they seem to have a very practical, logical basis.

The stronger the negative attitudes, the stronger the discomfort and the more difficult it is to acculturate. When foreigners have developed sufficient open-mindedness to feel at home with a cultural practice contradictory to their own, they begin to take the values of the foreign culture into their own value system.

Dos and Don’ts

If it’s the first time for you to be in the USA, I have some good advice for you . . .

* Don’t walk alone in the dark.
* Be careful when you ride in a taxi.
* Always keep your address and telephone number with you in case you get lost.
* Follow the traffic instructions.
* Don’t interfere in political problems.
* Don’t carry more than $200 cash.
* Don’t use the bank machine at night.
* If you like to go to clubs or bars, be careful when you choose your friends.
* Use a bank security box to keep your valuable things.
* For your English progress keep in touch with your classmates and participate in class discussions.
* Try not to speak your native language during the school day.

I wish you well and hope you enjoy your time in the USA.

To my RV 40 and CS 30 classes,

You were a pleasure to work with this quarter. Thanks for all your hard work, and good luck in your future study of English.

Bronia
Home

When I think of "home", I imagine it as a place filled with a lot of unconditional love.

Home is the origin of affection. It makes me feel happy, at ease, and warm-hearted. When I get from home is eternal and essential for living.

Since I left my home in Japan, I have remembered and wanted it more than I had ever appreciated it in my country. Now I feel away from my home now, I feel closer to home in my imagination here. I feel much stronger bonds between my family and me spanning the sea between us. We can share our feelings or interests without a word and without being together. Home is something invisible but always inside our hearts. It is something mental, and

am happy or sad, when I feel blue and lonely, I remember my home, my family, and their smiles.

Home gives me the energy for my life and it is also something like a tranquilizer for me. The love we nostalgia for it. I remember my family more, their voices more, their smiles more, their affection more. I recognize so deeply what a great meaning home brings us. Although I am physically far it makes us feel so comfortable and unworried.

For me, home means a great affection, an essential bond, and the origin of life. It is a station which gives a kind of nutrition for living.

Dear Ricardo,

I'm really glad that we met and became friends. It's all been fun: the coffee, getting to know Columbia, bilingual vocabulary practice, the movies, 169 points, the bets, all the talk, and all the stories. If nothing else, just remember what I told you about women (Repeat after me . . .) and how much you mean to me.

Love, Me
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<td>Jung-sun Kim</td>
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I’m thirty-nine years old and don’t do anything for a living. I live in a cheap apartment that costs $80 monthly. The carpet is stained, the wallpaper is fluttering. I watch a black and white TV set. My dinner set includes just a dish, a pot, a spoon, a knife and a fork. Anything else? No, that’s all. The floor in my apartment squeaks when I walk on it. My lower back is sore every morning because my bed creaks and the mattress is bad. I always skip my breakfast and get up about 11 o’clock every morning. And I solve my lunch problem at a relief house for the poor. So, I can live on just $3 a week. I have nothing to do every day because I have no occupation. Am I poor? No. Even with this life, I’m a big customer at the bank. My balance at the bank is over $50,000, thanks to the inheritance my parents left me. But I don’t spend my money because I’m a great miser.

I have just one hobby. It’s not only my hobby but also my hope: buying a lottery ticket. I always buy a ten-dollar ticket once a week. The lottery date is every Sunday. According to probability, I can win a lottery within two million tries. If I win, I’ll earn ten million dollars all at one time. It’s not too much to say that I could get along with that much money. Of course, I haven’t won a lottery prize yet. And even if I’ve lost in the lottery so far, I’ve never lost my heart because another chance will come a week from now. I throw the losing tickets out the window or anywhere in my room. October 7… October 7… Where is my ticket with the last number 7 and the date October 7.

After a long time of looking, I found my ticket dated October 7 behind my desk. “Ah, FA6425157, my lucky number!” I sat in front of the TV set holding my ticket and searched for the channel. Ah, there was the bright, nervous voice of the lottery girl! “E,” I repeated after her carefully. When she announced A and 6, I told myself that this was just a beginning. But when 4, 2, 5, 1 and 5 followed, my hands trembled with emotion. I swallowed my saliva. “One more, please…” One more, please, please!” I prayed to God for the first time. Finally, the powerful voice of the lottery girl hit my ears. “And lucky number 7!”

I was frightened out of my senses. Instantaneously, a lot of memories overlapped in my brain. My poor days, my cool and dirty apartment, all the beggars at the relief house…

The next day, I left my apartment early to get started on
An Illusion . . .

my errands. Using my inheritance savings in the bank, I signed a contract for a nice apartment that cost $3000 monthly, bought a forty-thousand-dollar sports car and some high fashion clothes, and ate my dinner at an elegant restaurant. I was no longer worried about spending my inheritance because as soon as the bank opened the next day I would be able to deposit ten million dollars with my lucky ticket. I slept with a giddy heart that night.

The day after that, I walked triumphantly into the bank. I showed my ticket to a bank officer, and said, “Deposit all the money I’ve won with this ticket into my account.”

But the officer said, returning my lucky ticket, “Are you kidding?”

I said, “No, look at it carefully. The number is correct. My lucky number is FA6425157. Okay?”

And then, I actually fainted with my mouth wide open after hearing what he said next: “Yes, I see the number. Your number and the date are correct. But this is a ticket for last year’s lottery!”

The Rail

You are walking on the rail.
You are walking and walking.
You never know when and why.

The rail seems to continue forever.
You are walking on the rail.
You are walking and walking.

You don’t know when you have begun to walk.
You are walking before you know.
Walking, walking, walking . . .
. . . ing . . . ing . . . ing . . .

The rail is straight and continues over the horizon.
You are walking on the rail.
You never think to stop,
You never feel to stop.

One day, you see a branch line,
and then you’ve passed it already.
You wonder what branch it was that you passed just now.
Whatever, you are walking on the rail.
Walking, walking, walking,
. . . ing . . . ing . . . ing . . .

You never know where you are going.
You never know when you will walk until.
You are walking on the rail.
The rail sometimes takes a curve,
Sometimes slopes up and sometimes slopes down.
The rail seems to continue forever.
You are walking on the rail.
Walking, walking, walking,
. . . ing . . . ing . . . ing . . .

One day, you find a side track.
It is very far away, then getting close.
The siding is very old.
It is surrounded by terrible bushes.
The timbers are decayed and the rail is corroded.
It seems that nobody has come this way for centuries.
The siding strikes you.
You take an interest in it,
Very much,
The Rail ...

Although
You pass by it as you are watching it.

What was that?
You are thinking.
Although
You are walking on the rail.
Walking, walking, walking,
... ing ... ing ... ing ...

You are walking on the rail.
You never know when and why.
You never think to stop,
You never feel to stop.
You are walking before you know.
You are walking and walking.
Walking, walking, walking,
... ing ... ing ... ing ...

Suddenly,
The rail has disappeared.
There is the end.

You can know that this is the end
Because
There is a casket.
You get into the casket and lie down.
You close your eyes, and you take a deep breath.

Before you lose consciousness,
You remember that ...
The side track.

The Moon and the Stars

Khalifa Al-Abri
Oman

a lonely voice among the stars
the half moon stands alone

in bits and pieces
it softly weeps, groans

it is real as real can be
it rolls in like a thunderstorm

but leaves me quite empty
Irrefutable Proof

One afternoon the day before Saint Valentine’s Day, I went home immediately after my class. What a sad surprise waited for me there! My girlfriend was sitting on my bed crying silently. The room was in complete disorder. All my books and clothes were scattered everywhere. I was so astonished that I couldn’t say anything.

I began to get angry but I tried to keep calm. After a few moments, I put my bag on the floor and I approached her. Suddenly two slaps struck my face. The shock was so terribly violent that I was ejected far away from the bed. I didn’t lose consciousness but I was too dizzy to stand up right away. My nose was bleeding and I had to crawl to get to an armchair.

Then she stood up and began to leave without saying anything. I didn’t know exactly at this second what I felt. Was I angry or sad? Anyway, I tried to stop her saying, “Hey, Honey! What’s happened?” I couldn’t help pleading with her in a very strange voice since I wanted to cry.

Perhaps because of seeing my face all bloody, she turned around and sat down again, away from me. As I was recovering my composure, she picked up a little notebook and pointed at it. It dawned on me at that moment that I had forgotten to put my diary away in its secret place. And I was sure that she had read it from the beginning to the end.

There’s no need to disclose here the contents of the diary; it’s easy enough to guess what I wrote in it that made her angry. One thing I will say is that this diary constituted irrefutable proof for her if I tried to deny her accusations. All I could do was sit there dumbfounded and guilty.

Finally, she picked up my infamous diary and wrote on the last page: “Today February 13th, the day before Valentine’s Day, I received two gentle slaps and two big smacks from my future and only honey.” And to my utmost surprise, she planted two kisses on my cheeks.

That’s Only a Story

Takayuki Hida
Japan

There was this ant.
One day it thought,
“Why am I here?”
Then,
it was crushed.

That’s only a story.
But when I am crushed,
What will I do?
How about . . . playing the piano?
A Talk with My Grandson

Today is November 26, 2014, and this date is special for me because I am one year older. You are sitting here with me right now, and I would like to tell you some things about your country’s history. You should be proud of Mexican history and learn from it. It can teach you about nationalism, love, and even the traitors that we had for many years.

Mexico has gone through a lot of changes during its history. Mexico’s history was made with blood, sweat and tears, as Winston Churchill said in reference to World War II. In 1521, Spaniards arrived in Mexico, and they fought against our indigenous people living in Teotihuacán, the Aztec Indian word for “the place the gods call home”. The Spaniards destroyed Mexico’s indigenous culture, killing almost all the natives.

Spain dominated our country until 1810, when Mexico finally obtained its independence. You see, my dear grandson, the independence of Mexico came only two centuries ago while many countries in Europe have had more than five hundred years of history as independent nations.

From 1810 to 1870, Mexico had both international problems with the United States of America and France and internal problems stirred up by the many people competing for political power. As a consequence of these problems, Mexico fell under the rule of a dictator in 1874.

The dictator took control of the chaotic situation in our country. Between 1874 and 1910, Mexico grew economically, socially, and politically, but the lower class was forgotten by this political system, and a social revolution erupted in 1910. The slogan “land and freedom” became famous at this time in Mexican history. This social revolution in Mexico was the first of its kind in the world, and the Constitution of Mexico was the first national constitution to include rights for the working class.

Chiapas, the assassination of Luis Donaldo Colosio during his presidential parade in Tijuana, and the kidnapping of Alfredo Harp Abreu, an important businessman, Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León, member of the Institutional Party, remained President of Mexico from 1994 to 2000. These times were difficult. In 1994, I was far away from our country, and as I listened to all the news about Mexico, I felt unsafe about our future.

I think, my dear grandson, that those unsettling events of the 90s represented an adjustment in the political life in Mexico. The Institutional Party had been in power for more than seventy years and the Mexican people were tired of the corruption and unfulfilled promises of our government. Believe me, son, that period in our country’s history was a hard one.

Fortunately, things have changed in Mexico, and now we live with democracy, freedom and human rights. Today we Mexicans have respect for our institutions because finally we all came to put Mexico before ourselves. Mexico’s big problem over the years, corruption, disappeared from our culture. You know, my dear Arturo, corruption had been an illness in our society since the Spaniards arrived in Mexico in 1521.

Well, I think it is time to go to bed because tomorrow I have to give my presidential flag to the next president of Mexico, and you have to be ready and alert for my historical speech.
Father
Arthur Delorge
Belgium

Last year, when I was visiting my father in the hospital, I met an old man who was also a patient there. The expressions that I could read on his face told me what his life had been. His hands and back were crooked from all the work he had done.

He had experienced everything, he told me, including the first and the second world wars. He had been a soldier for the Belgian army. He had been transported to a concentration camp in Germany. His whole life had been one big adventure.

Now, thirty-five years after his father’s death, he realized that his way of thinking was the same as his father’s had been. When he’d been young, he’d hated him. He had to work every day for him and didn’t have a day off. It was like a nightmare. But now thirty-five years later, he was missing his dad. Sometimes his father was on his mind the whole day. The smallest words that had no significance before now meant something special. The ideas of his father were now his own ideas. The words that his father had used lay now on his own lips, and the way that he was speaking was like the way his father had spoken. He had a non-religious faith. He had loved every woman that he had known. And maybe he had become what his dad hadn’t suspected he would. He was living like loose dentures in a set of false teeth.

I had listened for about an hour without saying a word.

The next day I visited him again. His very good condition of the day before had deteriorated, and about all he could say was, “Do you believe in God?”

I couldn’t answer this little question.

He said he didn’t believe but wanted to see his dad back in heaven.

Two hours later he died.

Growing
Maria Gabriela Paez, Venezuela
Arthur Delorge, Belgium

... And disappearing we thought there you are so peacefully even more than the mystery inside my head to be born and live stands alone without you neither I nor you is growing like the light of a day beginning free from the possibility of realizing the truth we have around when the stillness rests mind against heart...

Hope
Said Al-Busaidy
Oman

When the sun shines, a new life begins. It is in your hands to make it happy or to make it sad. Always think of the future and do not think of the past. You have to work hard to get what you want. And remember, actions speak louder than words.
Childhood Friends

Nobuhito Uda
Japan

I remember suddenly falling in love with a girl my first year in high school. She and I had been friends since childhood. We studied and played together at the same elementary school and junior high school. After that, she went on to a girl’s high school, and I entered a boy’s high school.

One day in the beginning of the first term, I saw her walking with another boy. To my surprise, he was a friend of mine. I began to go crazy from then on. The morning after I’d seen her with my friend, I met her as I did every morning because her house was located near mine. “Good morning. How are you doing?” she greeted me as usual. To my shame, I couldn’t say anything to her. It seemed to me that she was more beautiful than she had ever been. My heart was beating so hard that I couldn’t speak. I found that I was blushing and then left her quickly.

Two weeks after that, I saw her talking with him in the park. I realized then that I had really fallen in love with her. I thought of her every day but found that it was difficult for me to attract her. I guessed that she must have thought of me as just a childhood friend. And since her boyfriend was one of my best friends, I couldn’t interfere with his relationship with her.

However, the more I thought of her, the more I came to love her. I couldn’t hold back my feeling for her. At last, one morning I said to her, “I love you,” in spite of myself. She seemed to be so surprised to hear what I said that she couldn’t say anything; she just stared at me. “I’m sorry,” I said. “But I love you dearly.”

Finally she said, “I can’t love you now. But if possible, I want you to wait for me.” She almost burst into tears and then left me. I stood there wondering how long I could keep on loving her. I was afraid that my mind, and hers, too, would change.

Six years have passed since then. She is married now, not to my best friend but to another nice guy. And I have been keeping company with another wonderful woman for three years.

Now, my old childhood friend and I are still just friends.

Something Urging

Takayuki Hida
Japan

As I am looking for a word, something urging me whispers to me.
There, there . . .
At the corner,
turn to the right and go straight.
At the second street,
turn to the left.
Inside the third building,
there is a coffee shop,
and beside the telephone
is the love of your life.
Dan opens his eyes. Everything looks strange and fantastic because he can see everything in front of his eyes. A few weeks ago, having completely lost his sight in both eyes, he never expected to see this bright sun, this vivid color, and these lively motions of other people again.

"It's incredible! I'm a lucky guy!" he exclaims. It was his great fortune to find a pair of healthy eyes at an eye bank and a good transplant surgeon.

As time goes by, Dan's new eyes recover and he feels comfortable with them. Sometimes, however, a stunning apparition appears in his vision: the figure of a strikingly attractive woman. Her face is oval, with a rather distinctive nose and chin, and her hair is thick and dark. Dan cannot erase her pale and rather cold image from his sight although he has never actually seen her before.

"It's just a beautiful phantasm," he mutters desperately.

Facing this illusion frequently, he soon finds that he has fallen in love with her and is eager to meet her. Suddenly, though, he realizes that he had never seen her before he received his new eyes, and he begins to wonder if the apparition might have something to do with them. He decides to look into the identity of the donor whose eyes are now his.

Eventually, Dan finds out what his name was and what caused his death: His name was Kevin and he was stabbed to death.

Shortly after discovering this information, Dan decides to consult a psychiatrist about the vision of the beautiful woman he's been having since his eye surgery. The psychiatrist's response to Dan's story is quite alarming. "If a person has an extremely intense impression at the moment of death, it is possible that the last scene he or she sees becomes engraved on his or her retina," he tells Dan. "I know this sounds like a kind of supernatural phenomenon, but there is a lot of evidence supporting it."

This is very hard for Dan to believe.

"If this is true..." Dan mutters. "Is she a murderer? Oh, no way." But, he can't shake his strong suspicion about that possibility, so he begins to investigate Kevin's background and personal life.

At last, Dan meets the heroine of his illusion after tracking Kevin's private life for three months. She is the owner of a bar which Kevin used to drop by. Entering the bar, named "Image", he stares at her pale, cool face and feels an agreeable sensation. He walks through the crowd, approaching her silently, and when he is standing in front of her, he asks her immediately, "Do you know Kevin?"

She chuckles, a cold color in her eyes. She is so cold but radiates a mysterious attraction. "You are the fifth person to ask me a question like that," she answers with an expressionless but extremely beautiful, beautiful face.

"Kevin asked me if I knew Bill..."

Dan feels his flesh creep but he cannot get himself to leave.
Halloween Story

Panos Ftohidis, Greece
Yong-Sok Choi, Korea
Antonio Zuloaga, Venezuela

It was a very dark time, when the teachers still existed. Barbara Kubodera, who was our teacher, decided to give her poor students another pile of homework.

Choi was very afraid because he never did the homework. He saw her coming down the stairs with a big candle.

Choi immediately hid in the closet because he didn’t want her to find him and give him more homework. The closet was very dark and he felt something on his back. When he turned around, he saw the Spirit of Homework, which is a huge, purple ghost. He started to scream, but the horrible ghost grabbed him. “I want my Mommy!!” Choi cried.

But it was too late . . . The Spirit of Homework brought the trembling student to the execution room, #005 in the dungeon of Byrnes Castle, where he cut him to pieces and buried him in a deep grave.

And we all (those of us who survived, that is) lived happily ever after.
Nothing is stronger
than silence.
Nothing is so powerful
as the silence of night.
Nothing is stronger than a word
nobody has heard.

So many people in the world
explaining so much today.
So many people in the world
grousing about somebody else.
But these people would be better off forgetting
what they know.

Don’t ask what I’m thinking.
Don’t ask for my feelings.
Hold me.
Words tell too much
what I don’t think.
"I"

Takayuki Hida
Japan

"I" had many dreams.
"I" had been losing them one by one.
Now,
nothing remains.

"I" held out for anything.
"I" had been doing his best,
even though everybody criticized one thing after another.
"I" had been doing his best as far as he was concerned.
"I" had been losing his dreams until now.

From now on,
"I" is going to just look for something.
Now then,
"I" becomes I.

How Strange!

Natalia Scott, Russia
Nobuhito Uda, Japan

How strange your face is!
Crying in the wilderness,
You were to be born and live.

We said, "I see you writing peacefully.
A half moon as real as a voice comes to me.
A breeze like touch is thrown into my head."

Among the stars, we have real food,
Real drink and pumpkins.
And the mystery we have for all.

A Passenger

Takayuki Hida
Japan

I was watching the taxi driver,
and he was watching the mirror.
I asked him something,
but he ignored me.
Instead,
the mirror answered something.

Now even if somebody loved me,
I might be watching the mirror.
I don't know where I am going.
One of the best experiences in my life was the job I took as a disc jockey in a big club in Athens when I was twenty years old. I can still remember my first day at that club. I was very excited. It was the first time I would be deejaying in a famous club like Prive. It was a club for five hundred people and a dance floor big enough for more than two hundred.

I arrived at the club at 8:00 p.m. and went inside. The manager was waiting for me and he led me directly to the sound room, an impressive place. The air conditioner was on, and I saw all the machines with their red and green lights. "These must be the amplifiers," I assumed. Three amplifiers, two electronic cross-overs, a professional B&O 32-channel mixing console, two JVC pick-UPS and a double tape recorder were set up on the first big table. All this equipment was really expensive, and behind it on another table were a double CD-player mixing charger and a laser lighting system. My boss showed me the shelves of disks and CDs—more than two thousand CDs and at least five thousand disks. I was familiar with Prive because I’d been a customer there, but I hadn’t imagined all these amazing things behind the scene.

My boss gave me some information about the program and he reminded me that it was Saturday night and that we would have a lot of work. Every Saturday night, the program started at 11:00 and I’d have to be ready at 10:45. I spent about two hours putting together a collection for the night’s program.

I looked at my watch and the time was 10:40. I was looking for the last CD to complete my collection. Finally I found the album *Impossible* by the Captain Hollywood Project. “Good song for the end,” I thought.

Looking down through the large window facing the dance floor, I could see a lot of people but I knew that they could see only a big mirror. I turned on the lighting system and a blue light filled the dance floor.

While I waited for John, my lighting assistant, I started my program with soft music and projected a lovely green flower in the center of the dance floor with the laser. Finally John came, and he helped me with the lights. At 11:00 I changed the program to dance music. I increased the volume and John turned up the lights. I enjoyed all these machines and forgot the time. The people were having fun and the dance floor was always full. My boss brought me a drink, vodka with lemon, my favorite.

After several hours, it was time to stop. It was 7:00 a.m. and I was tired but I had a special feeling because of this special night. Never in my life had I enjoyed music and people so much.

I stayed at that job for three years and had a lot of great nights but I’ll always remember that first night that marked my personal life so strongly.
My Seventh New Year’s Festival

Shin Ho Kim
Korea

Fifteen days, fourteen days, thirteen days... Every child in Korea starts to count each day from the beginning of December to the day of the New Year celebration on January 1. According to Korean custom, different from the Western birthday custom, the New Year makes Koreans one year older. The New Year also gives us a special occasion to wear the traditional Korean costume.

When I became a seven-year-old boy, it was an exciting time not only getting one year older and wearing new clothes but also going into each house in the town to bow down before the elderly people as a New Year greeting to express respect and wishes for a long life. Each host family had prepared various traditional foods to serve visitors and gave special blessings with a little bit of cash.

I have two unforgettable memories of my seventh New Year.

One of them is of the new clothing made by my aunt. She completed the whole procedure herself, from cotton-spinning to texturing and texturing to coloring and coloring to designing and sewing. The full course of manufacturing needed a great deal of effort, thought and toil, but my loving aunt finished it by hand, and finally she put four shining buttons on the coat. I couldn’t wait for the New Year when I’d be dressed up in it. For several nights before the New Year came, I woke up and put it on while my family slept.

The other memory is of losing all the money that had been given to me as a blessing by the relatives I visited on New Year day. It was enough money to buy a toy train which I’d been longing for. On the second day of the New Year Festival, several of my friends were invited to my room and were playing games and singing songs. The next day my father called me to go shopping, but I couldn’t find my money. This was a valuable experience that taught me that even when we’re excited, we must keep ourselves humble and self-controlled.

For Simon
Trinidad Perez Fernandez
Venezuela

Today I am thinking of Simon Bolivar.
Simon was a man
who believed in liberty.
Simon was a man
who, riding on his horse,
carried independence to
five American nations.

Simon was a rich man
but he died sad, poor, and alone,
far away from his country,
a man whom some people hated
and didn’t understand.

Simon was a man
who left us an ideology of independence.
As my nine-year-old son Simon
learned in school today,
Simon Bolivar is The Great American Hero
who, loving liberty, liberated our country.

My Son
Jesus Lopez
Venezuela

My little son, your birthday is today.
Now you’re eight years old and so tall.
I remember when you were born—
that night I didn’t sleep
because you cried all night.
After a month things were different.
I woke you up and
smiled at you over breakfast
because you were asleep
and wouldn’t eat,
but for lunch you couldn’t wait—
you wouldn’t stop crying
until the food was in your mouth.
When nighttime arrived, I was happy—
everyone could rest.
Now, you’re going to school,
and you wake up and eat by yourself.
You’re my little man.
Seasons

Jung-sun Kim
Korea

The bright season launches its time
Grasses nodding their arms
Generous rain makes them fascinating
Sun looks over them
Grasses are shaking their hair
As outrageous wind holds them up shivering
After the sun's gown vanishes
Dreaming snow knocks on the bridge of time
Down to the basement door lean the grasses
They are missing the vivid sun

In the Pines

Tomomi Okamoto, Japan
Jung-sun Kim, Korea

At the edge of the big voice
in your mind is the truth:
As a dance of the deep washing ashore
rolls like time,
we sparkle in the garden among the stars.
Behind pines along the green banks
your face touches mine, and then
one by one your fingerprints
become a breeze like a voice
the wind carries from your face.

Longing for...

Eun-Hyun Kim
Korea

At the place life is passing by me
Autumn is,
Not worrying.
Stars in autumn are likely to be carved in the heart.
Not carving stars there is
the reason morning is coming easily,
the reason the next night is coming,
the reason the springtime of life is going away.
Memory in one star,
Love in one star,
Loneliness in one star,
Longing in one star,
Poem in one star,
Mother in one star.
Four years ago, I came to the United States from Vietnam with my mother, my two sisters, and a brother. We live in a small city named Myrtle Beach in South Carolina.

My father and my oldest brother came to the United States in 1978 because of the war. Like many other South Vietnamese people, my father had to leave his beloved country because he'd worked for the United States Army. If he hadn't left, the North Vietnamese Communists would've come to his house and shot him. My father came to the United States to escape the control of the Communists and to find freedom and liberty in America.

At the time my father and brother moved to the United States, I was very little. I was just five years old. I didn't know what war meant. I'd never seen or experienced war. Later, when I was older, I came to understand that war was very terrible; war had separated my family and many other families. Anyway, that time is over. The Vietnam War for me is over now.

One week after my new life in America began, I entered Myrtle Beach High School. It was really difficult for me because everything in America was very different: the culture, the customs, the people, and the language, too. I couldn't speak, write, or even read English. Sometimes, I compared myself to a little three-year-old kid, and I thought that kid might speak English better than I could. In addition to my acculturation and language problems, some of my classes in my high school, such as English, biology, and French, were very difficult. The teachers sometimes gave me homework assignments that required ten to fifteen pages of reading. I read them over and over, but I couldn't understand what they said. I was really sad never too late for anybody who wanted to go to school. I began to study hard, and since then I've had some sweet successes.

My first success was passing my exit exam in high school. Because my English wasn't good, it wasn't easy for me to pass the exam, especially the writing part, which I had to take three times.

My second success was receiving my high school diploma. I was really happy when I had the diploma in my hand. I was so happy I wanted to cry. I just couldn't express all my feelings about my dreams coming true.

The four years that I've been here in this country, however, represent just the starting point of my life in America, and I have a very long way to go. So, now I've come to the English Programs for Internationals in Columbia to study more English and also to prepare for college. Next semester, in January, 1995, I'm going to study at USC. I want to become an engineer, and I've chosen computer engineering as my major. I know college will be very difficult and full of trials, but I have to try because this is the only way for me to be successful in America.
How would our world be in a world peace situation—covered with universally voluntary peace? or covered with armies to keep peace? I think the second solution is the most logical and attainable. But even this solution would not be easy to accomplish.

World peace has a far-reaching meaning. How is it possible to speak or plead for peace when we are not at peace with our individual selves? Does peace not start inside ourselves? Isn’t it true that wars begin from small things, all those little everyday things? One stupid choice that a single individual makes can explode into a war.

It’s very difficult to imagine all of the world’s individuals managing to maintain a voluntary state of peace among ourselves. I think the only individuals who have peace are unborn babies. And even some unborn babies feel that they are not welcome. So even between fetus and mother, there can be war.

How is it possible to have peace in a materialistic world? The importance of money is now greater than ever before. For peace to break through the thick wall of materialism, we would each have to do and accept a lot more than realistically possible.

There are always people who want more and more, and when these people have power, we are in a very dangerous situation. There are always dictators, always people who aren’t satisfied with their position or the situation. If the world were to become covered with “peace” armies like that of the U.N., perhaps it would be easier to keep peace. The peace army would have to express a certain power and show these power-hungry leaders what the significance of peace is. But this peace army would cost a lot of money. Our world is big and has a lot of wars at the moment.

On the other hand, war, like everything, is based on money and helps maintain the world economy. Often no war means no work, which means no jobs. Our whole system is based on this concept. How is it possible to keep peace when our economy needs wars to stay operational?

One of our inventions is war. Didn’t we invent war? Do animals have war? No, but if you gave them a little more intelligence, then you would see that they, too, would invent war and attach importance to materialistic things.

It isn’t easy to do everything the right way. Our world is growing and changing so fast that we can’t follow it anymore. The evolution of our existence involves wars. So how is it possible to keep peace in the world? Is it possible at least to control materialism and reach some realistic measure of peace?
EPI is a very dangerous place.
One day a teacher who was an argument maker wanted to make the students argue. One student who was a pure sexist talked with an optimistic racist about a boring and nonsensical topic. A starving-to-chat talker said something wrong to the pure sexist, and then they got angry at each other. A group-forming student observed this, and a holder of useless money agreed with the pure sexist. A nothing-thinking dancer told another story, and a gum chewer was making disturbing sounds chewing gum. An almost-always-absent student came late, and an always-late student wandered in late, too.

A suddenly homesick student suddenly began to cry, and a sudden shouter shouted suddenly. The arguments became confused. A speaker with clear pronunciation said something beautiful but meaningless, and a native-English pretender couldn't wait for the answer. A knee shaker shook his whole body, and an ambivalent pessimist was thinking about drinking in Five Points.

We are spies, terrorists, and children of influential people, and we each go back to our own country to prepare for World War III . . .

Fortunately, this story is complete fiction. Do you know why? Because actually we come to EPI to study English, so everybody has the same purpose. Therefore, we can keep our gentleness.

I wish everybody could have the same purpose as we students do in this small world of EPI.

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Sending Words
Takayuki Hida
Japan

The next time you're born,
come on more around me.

The next time you're born,
come on more beside me.

You don't need to go around anymore.
You don't need to repeat being sad.
The encounter has taken so much time.
You don't need to take time.

The next time you're born,
come on much more beside me.
PEACE Simply PEACE
Hjarman Cordero
Venezuela

Peace is a beautiful word used by many people in the world in different contexts, such as love or friendship, and it has a lot of positive connotations. At the global level, though, is peace treated as an important goal in international relations? It is sad that sometimes world peace seems so unimportant to those who have the most power to help make it a reality. For some world leaders, their personal interests are the most important thing to them, and they go to war only to preserve their power.

Such is the situation going on now in Bosnia. I can imagine the pain of the people there and feel sympathy for them. For a long time people from various places around the world have been trying to help the Bosnian citizens, but without success. I feel compassion for the plight of the many children there whom war has left without food, clothes, home or families. I can easily picture this country as a deformed, dead place for the future generations living there if the war doesn’t stop.

War is one of the biggest enemies of humanity. We have a world full of contrasts: As gardens become cemeteries, the air carries the fragrance of a hopeless world. Do we really want that kind of world for our children? Of course, the answer is “no.” I have been a mute spectator of history, and it tells a lot of stories about war and its consequences. It seems that we humans have never learned our lesson about war, and we continue making the same mistake.

War is a horror that we need to avoid, and so we must each give part of our lives to bring peace to the world. I know that only with common effort can we attain peace. It is in the hands of the world leaders, who are in a special position to establish and maintain world peace, but it is also all the rest of us who decide to have peace or war.

Human nature is hostile and inexplicable, and everybody has an internal fight with this ugly creature that destroys nations and people. It is time to save hope for this convulsing world and for future generations and win the fight for peace. Peace isn’t easy to conceive of, but it is a real joy for the spirit. In our unconscious mind, we always look for peace and harmony. Peace is possible in the minds and the hearts of people when they unlock their feelings and are honest with themselves.

Peace, simply peace, isn’t a dream, and in the future perhaps we can enjoy it with freedom and complete happiness. The world is changing, and these changes are winds of peace blowing for all humanity all over this beautiful planet named Earth.
World Peace
Carlos Cacao Melendez
Ecuador

When I started to think about writing an essay on world peace, I wasted a lot of time sitting in front of my computer without finding the words to start. Finally, I realized that peace is not an easy subject to write about without some background, so I decided to do some research in the library to increase my knowledge about peace. I found an interesting book and read it, but I was still confused about how I could write my essay.

Then, various events were reported in the news: Israel and Jordan signed a peace treaty, democracy returned to Haiti, the superpower countries began reducing their nuclear armaments. “Well,” I thought, “this is peace. I think somebody is trying to show me the way.” So I decided to write about how war has affected our history, which seemed to be leading us gradually toward peace. To prepare for writing on this focus, I reviewed the index of a general history book. Page after page, the listings about wars jumped out at me: World War I, World War II, the War of the Spanish Succession, the War of Roses... It seemed that the history of humanity had been partially written in blood: neighbor fighting neighbor, tribe fighting tribe, religion fighting religion, nation fighting nation. I concluded that it is impossible to find the way to world peace by looking in history books; history shows periods of peace to be the exception rather than the rule. I was extremely confused.

Suddenly, a voice in my mind said, “Tony, you are Catholic, and maybe you can find some ideas about peace if you check in the Bible or talk with people who are involved in religion.” This essay was driving me crazy. But that was not a bad idea. Another signal. Well, I checked some books and found the principal religious ideas about peace. Catholics believe in peace, and they think that peace is neither the absence of war nor the presence of a disarmament agreement. For Catholics, peace is a change of heart; it is individual, felt first in a person’s family and then radiating outward. But it is not only Catholics who have an opinion about peace: “Blessed are the peacemakers,” urge Protestant ministers. “Never in the world can hatred be stilled by hatred; it will be stilled only by non-hatred; this is the law eternal,” quote the followers of Buddha. Says a religious leader from China, quoting an old Vietnamese proverb, “If we take vengeance, vengeance will never end.” But my investigation of the religious angle on world peace left me puzzled, too. Since in fact we are still fighting and our world is not living in peace, how can I trust that the religions of the world really believe in peace?

Then one day I remembered an economics theory about peace that I had studied in one of my business classes. According to this theory, living in peace has a close connection with economic and technological development. “Technology and new forms of communication are forcing a global sense of brotherhood on mankind... If the economy provides production, jobs and equal opportunities, people will live in peace, like brothers.” Can you believe that? I thought about it and concluded that I can’t, because in strong economies there are also various social problems and not everybody has equal opportunities. Therefore, this theory looks good on paper, but in practice, it is just idealistic. After deeply considering this economic analysis of the chances for peace, I couldn’t sleep for three hours. And I was discouraged because I still didn’t have anything to write about world peace.

The next day, while I was sleeping, I had a dream. In the dream I was talking with my mother about various things, and suddenly she started to talk about why she believes in peace. She said, “My dear son, I come from El Salvador, and you know what happened in my small country. Civil war for twelve years could have destroyed it. Now we are living in peace. That is possible because our people are very strong. We really believe in our hearts and have always trusted in the future. For us, peace is a more complex subject that just the arms race. Peace is a kind of permanent
World Peace...

harmony, and that harmony can come only through love, from a sense of compassion, and with actions. Now we are trying to maintain our peace. And we know peace can be maintained only by constant work, by constant vigilance. We must pay more attention to internal grievances, perennial injustices, human rights and all the vagaries of our human condition. And we must remember our past. Sometimes humans do not remember the past with sufficient intensity to make sure peace becomes permanent. If we do that, I am sure, my son, that we are going to live in peace forever. I hope you learn and keep these words in your heart.

Maybe I will never write my essay, but now I am sure that I have found the best way to live in peace. My dear mother showed me the way to understand peace.
fall
fall
fall
fall

sunrisesunrisesunrise

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