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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 and Around the World sections. 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.

• Every language is full of metaphorical expressions imaginatively comparing one thing or one person to another. In this issue, you can read how the Grammar/Writing 70b class sees each other metaphorically.

• As this issue's poetry contest demonstrates, the poetic spirit is alive and well at EPI. See page 2 for the editor's note on the contest and pages 41, 43, 45 and 49 for the three prizewinning poems and the two receiving honorable mention.
Editors' Notes

When I called for submissions to this issue's poetry contest, I had no idea that judging the contest would be so difficult! You'll see what I mean when you read the poems in the Stories & Poems section—so many good ones. The other editors unanimously agreed with me that we had a lot more poems deserving awards than we had awards to give. In the end, all we could do was to declare a few of our mutual favorites the winners. We want contest participants and all our readers to know, though, that we consider several of the poems that didn't receive awards just as exceptional as those that received awards.

Thanks to all who participated in the contest and to all the fine writers who contributed their works to this hot summer issue of Sunrise.

Dick Holmes
Sunrise Editor-in-Chief

Shortly after arriving at EPI, I discovered Sunrise, a magazine in which EPI students have the opportunity to express their knowledge, feelings and opinions. As an editor of my university's student magazine in Spain, I was very interested in Sunrise.

My university's magazine, Nuevo Futuro, or "New Future," is published by the ICFE Business School in Barcelona, Spain, and is written and edited by students enrolled in the School. A number of our students have come here to Columbia, and have written articles for Nuevo Futuro discussing their experiences abroad.

It has been a pleasure and a great learning experience to share comments and opinions with the Sunrise staff and to participate in the publication of this Summer '94 issue.

I would like to invite the writers and readers of Sunrise to submit articles in Spanish or English to Nuevo Futuro. Send your submissions to:

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Art & Entertainment

Masako Yamanoto  Japan
Gabriel Fernández  Venezuela
Yoshitsugu Murakami  Japan
Ana Balarezo  Ecuador
José Santiago Dávila  Ecuador
José Félix León Torres  Venezuela
Ibou Sane  Senegal
Paolo Terrile  Italy
Naoko Ohari  Japan
Yeon-Ouk Jung  South Korea
Yuriko Seino  Japan
Hikari Watanabe  Japan
Dear Elsa!
I am very glad to have this opportunity to tell you that I was lucky to find such a roommate as you are. I will definitely miss our busy weekends, swimming pool parties, night works and long night conversations. I wish you good luck in the future and hope to see you again somewhere in Ireland.

Sveta Tolkacheva

EPI students!
I have really enjoyed getting to know you this term. You are a great group of students! Good luck to those of you who are leaving, and we will miss you. Please keep in touch and let us know how you are doing.

Marie Murrah
We have reviewed all the details for the trip to Tibet lock, stock and barrel. I think we are prepared to climb Mount Everest.

Yes, I guess so.

What do you mean you guess so? You sound like you are going to chicken out.

Well, maybe I am chicken, but I'd rather be chicken than dead meat. I'm wondering if I'm off my rocker for even thinking of going on this trip.

Oh, come on! I know you are dying to go. We have been bending over backwards to get you in shape for this once-in-a-lifetime experience.

But what if I catch a cold when we're climbing?

Well, we're all in the same boat. Just think, if we arrive at the top of the mountain we can leave a flag of our country there and take a picture of ourselves! That memory will stay with us for good.

Yes, I know, but....

Why don't we go to Caffè Expresso and talk some more about this? I know I can convince you to go.

Later... Did you bring the flag?

What flag?

The End
Book Review

Every Day Is Sunday

Yoshitsugu Murakami
Japan

The novel Every Day is Sunday represents the distress of the elite salaried man. He works for a big company and every day he works too hard. When he is back in his house he only sleeps. Every Sunday he rests his body to prepare for the next week's work. Observing young people who enjoy life every day, he comes to have doubts about his lifestyle. He spends his days being busy and thinks about what it would be like if every day were Sunday. At last his retirement day comes, and now every day is Sunday for him. He plays golf, goes fishing and swimming... every day. But he also feels doubts about this lifestyle. One day he goes back to visit his company and sees that it functions without him just as it did with him. He feels disappointed because he realizes that during all those years of hard work he had been just another dispensable worker.

This novel offers insight into the gap between the older generation and the younger generation in Japan, and it also expresses a great deal about the Japanese social system.

The older generation who are centered around the company think their jobs take priority over everything else because working hard is necessary for them to support their family. They think their family will understand their policy, but their family doesn't. The gulf between them and their family becomes deeper and deeper, but they cannot change their lifestyle and just keep fantasizing about every day being Sunday.

On the other hand, the younger generation don't have such ideas. For the younger generation, the most important things are themselves and their everyday enjoyment of life. The younger generation don't respond much to their jobs. They desire joy and for them every day is Sunday.

The current social system of Japan is represented by these two generations. After World War II the older generation revived Japan, thinking their family and their country took priority over all else. They learned not to think of themselves. Although they have been successful, now they look back at their past and they feel doubtful about their behavior. And in spite of experiencing every day as Sunday when they retire, they still feel doubtful. Though acknowledging what the older generation have accomplished, the younger generation yearn for the social situation of Europe and America, which provides long vacations and short working hours. Europeans and Americans usually finish their work at just 5 p.m. The Japanese government is now eager to reduce the working hours and to extend the vacation of Japanese workers. But is it really important to get more leisure time? This novel asks us, "What is the truly complete day?"

---

Dear "Mister" Dick:
I had forgotten what a wonderful teacher meant. It's been a pleasure for me to be your student.
An expressive student

To EPI:
What would life be without those moments together. Good luck to all of you in your future plans.
Gabriel

To T. E.:
Why don't you know that I love you? I always stay with you. You spend a lot of time with me.
I'm so sad. Please, God let him know my feeling.
Nuts

Dear GWUFL:
I've had such fun teaching you! You're a great bunch, and I'll miss you!
Love, Barbara
The Grand Canyon develops several situations that are happening today in our daily life and changing society. A storm of confusions in feelings and behavior such as loneliness, friendship, violence, drug abuse, discrimination, child abandonment, alcoholism, disrespect, etc., are presented in three interwoven scenes.

The first focuses on a married couple, the husband of which is a lawyer. One night when he is driving home, his car breaks down in a dangerous village, where the man is insulted and almost attacked by a gang. By luck, a truck driver, who sees someone in the gang who could be his cousin, comes to the lawyer’s rescue. After that the man and the truck driver become very good friends. The lawyer’s wife likes jogging and frequently crosses homeless villages, and one day she finds an abandoned baby among the trees. She feels and sees that in the world not all people have the same comforts that she has. After that she wants to adopt that child to help herself and the world.

The second scene focuses on another couple. The husband is a very rich man who makes movies. He only wants to make income, not art. Going to his office one day, he is seriously injured when he is mistaken for someone else and shot by accident. After he leaves the hospital, he feels that he has a new opportunity in life and decides to change the context of his movies toward things that are occurring in real life because now he realizes that there is much more to life than just making money.

The third scene shifts to an African American family, who live in a good family environment. The oldest brother, the truck driver from the first scene, helps his sister with money and advice. He has a daughter who is studying in a faraway place. Every day after work, he talks with her by e-mail to feel less lonely. His cousin belongs to a gang who eventually injure him and destroy his mother’s house. After this painful situation the cousin decides to change his life and resumes his studies, avoiding troubles for his mother.

At the end, all look out over a placid and wonderful valley full of peace and harmony. It is the Grand Canyon, a symbol of how meaning lies on the other side of their lives.

This movie brings us to think about both sides of life: the good and the bad, poverty and wealth, violence and peace, happiness and sadness, and about how valuable and fragile our life is. We can meet a different world or maybe death at the turn of a corner. In addition, we can see in the film how a little thing in some cases leads to a big change in life. Finally, The Grand Canyon shows that all people must be respected without using weapons. People look for truth in life and we should not fail each other.
A Good Marriage Partner

José Santiago Dávila
Ecuador

Human beings have many emotions and needs. We need emotions such as love, solidarity, understanding, instincts, passions, in other words many feelings. We have needs such as sharing, living together, communicating; in brief we have many things to give and receive. If you decide to share your life with a good marriage partner, you must give and receive unlimited love, unconditional love, solidarity, and liberty.

One of the basic conditions for realizing a very good couple is "unlimited love." We need the kind of love which is able to build and not destroy, understand and not reproach, the kind of love whose goal is the happiness of his/her partner. In other words, love is whatever produces the happiness of the other. If you love your partner you must always be ready to do creative things like having dinner with candles, or taking a shower together, or sending flowers to his/her work, or putting romantic notes in his/her pocket.

If you think that you love your partner but each moment of the day ask for evidence, you probably do not love your partner because real love does not need evidence. Real love is "unconditional;" real love needs neither to give, nor to receive anything. You only need to know that your partner loves you. You can know when your partner loves you when you are able to look into his/her soul through his/her eyes or when you are able to miss your first class in the morning because she/he wants to share her/his last sweet dream with you.

A direct consequence of your unconditional love is to have "solidarity" with your partner, not only when it is necessary to share responsibilities in the house or with the children, but also when she/he needs to share her/his dreams, goals, frustrations and bad times in her/his career, job or intimate life. You must support your partner in her/his decisions and assume your responsibilities as if they were your own decisions. You should care for your children because she/he has an important meeting in her/his job, or simply because she/he has a reunion with her/his old university friends. If you love your partner, you will be able to assume all the responsibilities at home and at work, etc. If you love your partner, you will be able to confront any situation with real solidarity.

You won't be able to feel any of these kinds of sensations—unlimited love, unconditional love, solidarity—if you do not try out real "liberty," liberty and freedom to do whatever you want to do, freedom to find your friends, freedom to make your own decisions, freedom to enjoy your own happy time and freedom to suffer your own problems. At the same time you must share this liberty with your partner. You must each be free to love and decide with whom you want to share your life.

Finally, to find your perfect partner, you do not need to advertise in magazines. In other words, you do not need to look for him/her. You only need to share your emotions with total confidence and freedom, all that you feel, with whoever is around you, and probably you’ll find that your good marriage partner is in front of you right now. In conclusion, if you want to find a marriage partner, you must accept him/her as a human being.

Svetlana’s eyes are like a blue sunrise on the horizon of her face. —Osvaldo

She is as blond as the gold of my country and as cool as the ice of the Siberian forest. —Carlos

Liliana is a beautiful deer hunter, an Amazon, strong, powerful and aggressive. —Svetlana

Julio is a good stereo. The sound is beautiful and powerful. —Toshiaki

Oscar is the sunshine which makes people smile. —Yuri

Yuri is a forest in spring. —Fausto
Book Review

When I Want to Cry, I Don't Cry

José Félix León Torres
Venezuela

When I want to cry, I don't cry is the fifth novel written by Miguel Otero Silva, a Venezuelan writer. It focuses on Venezuelan society in the 60s, with its problems concerning sex, drugs, idealism and violence, but I think of one of the Victorinos, is the typical last name of a poor person. Perdomo, the second Victorino's last name, is typical of middle class people. The last name of the third Victorino, Peralta, is typical of high society people. All three jewelry shop. Using this character, Miguel Otero describes the various problems of poor people: homes without fathers, poor housing, illness, misery, high consumption of drugs among young people, police violence.

Victorino Perdomo is a middle-class youth, a university student whose father, a university professor, is in jail for political reasons. This Victorino is a member of a clandestine leftist party, likes political discussions and participates in violent activities against the government. He dies from being tortured by the police after robbing a bank to support his party. With this character, the author describes the environment of the intellectual class in Venezuela at that time, where most university professors had a divided family, participated in leftist parties and had justice problems because of their political views.

Victorino Peralta is a high-
class youth. He likes drugs and expensive cars. He does such activities as killing neighbors' dogs, violently crashing parties, and making love to maids and young girls. As a birthday gift he receives a very beautiful, expensive car. He dies driving at high velocity in this car and smashes into a truck. With this character, the author describes the cold, empty and superfluous life of high class society, without financial problems but also without sense.

In today's Latin American society, divided into economic classes and still having a lot of political problems, we can easily recognize Silva's three main characters in the novel. Today's youth may be involved in different activities, but their character types are essentially the same. For this reason I think that it is a good idea to read this book and consider how Victorino Perez, Perdomo and Peralta reflect today's society as well as the 60's. Perhaps you can identify similar characters in your country and in the United States, too.

Movie Review

**The State's Motive**

*The State's Motive* is an interesting movie that shows how much power the state's leaders can have over the society when their interests, which are often confused with the state's interests, are threatened.

The topic of the movie is the murder of a man in a big city. He is found in his car, apparently dead from an accident. The police investigation, however, finally discovers that the victim has been shot and put in his car to simulate an accident. The victim is a rich and famous businessman who has a relationship with important figures of the state.

When investigation is begun to determine who is responsible for the murder, the government officials, thinking about preserving the democratic system and respect for the law and about protecting human rights and the interests of the nation, ask the police and the court to bring this case to public attention. The results of the police investigation show finally that an important government official was behind the murder, having paid a killer to eliminate the victim. The motive uncovered by the police is that the businessman had threatened to broadcast some illegal activities the official and he were engaged in together.

Despite the first reaction of the state's leaders to deal justly and publicly with the case, the police and the court are finally ordered to stop the investigation and throw out the case. The ambiguous reason for this political decision given by the government is that the state's interests would be menaced if the case were pursued further. The public, who do not understand the officials' motive, demand that the court and the police enforce the law. The persons responsible for the murder must be judged, they argue. Unfortunately, this public reaction doesn't meet with the government's approval.

In my opinion, everyone must receive equal justice without distinction of social class or situation. In this film, the reaction of the official leaders to the problem doesn't help to preserve respect for the law. The final reaction of the government contrasts with the first one, which is the right one. The real motive of the state's leaders is to protect their colleague's interests, which are in opposition to the national interests. In this movie the rights of the victims and respect for the law don't have any importance to the political leaders if their own individual interests are jeopardized. The main idea of this movie is to make people understand that political leaders of a state often give more importance to their own individual interests than to the society's.

---

*Mr. Ferndández is a big box which can accept a lot of people heartily.* —Lida

*Oscar is really a Mercedes: He is an available, helpful, and very agreeable person.* —Adama

*Karen's smile is like the sun: It brings warmth and joy to my heart.* —Mark
Peperonata, a Tasty Dish of My City
(or Maybe of My Family)

"Peperonata" is a delicious dish which has gotten its name from the Italian word for peppers, *peperoni*. The recipe varies not only from region to region but also from family to family. My family's recipe is very simple since it calls only for peppers, tomatoes and onions. Very often people add other kinds of vegetables, for example carrots. The recipe, and therefore the taste of the dish, also varies according to whether "sweet" or "strong" peppers are used. Peperonata takes no more than one hour and it is quite inexpensive. You may perhaps fail in your first experience cooking it since the onions and the peppers have the sad tendency to burn in the bottom of the pan, but on the second or third trial, I'm sure you will be able to make the best Genoa Style Peperonata in the world.

Good luck in your cooking. Ring the fire department if anything goes wrong. Alert the forest service about excessive emissions of smoke from your home.

Ingredients

You need equal amounts in weight of: big peppers, only the yellow or red ones, not the green ones; mature red tomatoes, the kind used for tomato sauce, not for salad; and large white onions, not red ones.

Preparation

With a sharp knife, open the peppers, take out all the seeds, and wash them very well as they are sometimes treated with toxic compounds. Cut them into strips a bit less than 1/4 inch wide. Wash the tomatoes and put them into boiling water for a minute or two (no longer than two minutes). Take them out and peel off their skin. Cut them in half and squeeze out all the seeds. You can also use canned peeled tomatoes, but with them, too, carefully take out all the seeds, which give a bad taste. Wearing something to protect your poor eyes, peel the onions and cut them into thin round strips, a bit narrower than the strips of pepper. Put all the ingredients into a pot (use a glass, ceramic, or stainless steel pot, not an aluminum one; a pot for half a pound of each of the ingredients should be about 12 inches in diameter and 5 inches deep and have a solid heavy bottom to avoid burning the food). Stir the ingredients so that they are well mixed and add 3 spoons of water to prevent burning. Put the lid on the pot and cook on a stove (not a microwave) at a rather high temperature. After 3-5 minutes you will see that, as soon as the onions and the peppers get hot, they release water. Next, add some oil (whatever kind you like but not oil with too strong a taste). Then reduce the temperature and take off the lid. Stir gently with a spoon (if possible a wooden spoon, not a plastic one) until the water in the pot is fully evaporated. Watch out: This is the crucial moment; do not let your peperonata burn! Add salt and Italian seasonings.

You can eat peperonata alone or you can serve it with other dishes, like roast beef, steaks, and ham (but not with fish). Enjoy!
In *Maurice*, written in 1914, E. M. Forster deals with homosexuality as a major theme. At the time the novel was written, homosexuality was forbidden as a crime by the Wolfenden recommendation, so Forster decided not to publish it because he was afraid it would be banned. In the end, though, *Maurice* was published after his death. Maurice, the main character of the story, is a student at Cambridge University. He has a lover whose name is Clive. Since they are homosexuals, they feel that they can’t reveal their relationship. Eventually, Clive becomes very fearful of their illicit relationship and decides to leave Maurice and get married. Maurice is so disappointed that he tries to kill himself. However, he is helped out of his despair by Alec, Clive’s gamekeeper, and the two of them begin to fall in love. Maurice and Alec have a homosexual relationship, and finally, they swear to live together forever.

E. M. Forster is known as both a humorous and serious novelist. He loved his country even though he seemed not to like some traditions of England. Of course, tradition is important for a country and a people. However, sometimes tradition prevents the country from progressing. It is said that Forster didn’t like this negative aspect of tradition.

In this novel, Forster shows his humanitarianism in the way that he treats a socially forbidden phenomenon, homosexuality. Through his characters and story, he says that humanitarianism is more important than conventional morality. Clive representing the person who puts society’s sense of morality above his own individual feelings, is afraid of scandals and tries to keep the truth from society. As a result, his true lover becomes the lover of his gamekeeper, and Clive’s life of cowardice, hiding the truth and obeying the social system, becomes meaningless. In contrast, Maurice obeys his feelings. Which person is happier?

I think that to be human, people have to obey their feelings and avoid lying to themselves. Of course, they must listen to reason, too, but when people don’t follow their own real voices, what will happen? They will no longer be human beings. It’s true that human beings have reason, but, like other animals, they also have instinct. Homosexuality may be a crime, but if it is, it is a crime only because society, obsessed with traditional morality, makes it one.

There are people who cannot love the opposite sex. Why are they blamed? They have feelings as human beings. Nobody has the right to oppress others. In any society, the person who is honest to his heart is the happiest, I think. It doesn’t make sense that to obey one’s feelings is to commit a crime. On the contrary, to ignore one’s feelings is the most foolish thing of all. Forster tells me what it means to be human.

---

**Omar my dear Habibl!**

I’m dying because you are going to California. However as soon as you arrive there and feel alone, you’ll come back to my arms because you absolutely know you cannot leave me alone. Please do not play with me.

Your virtual love

**Dear girlfriend Lilianita!**

Have you thought about what I’ve told you since a long time ago? Anyway you don’t have to, because I’m going to leave to California and you won’t care about that anymore. I WILL MISS YOU!

Your boyfriend who will never forget you
Kim-Bab, Korean Food
for the Perfect Picnic

Yeon-Ouk Jung
Korea

What do you want to eat when you go on a picnic or take a short trip? Pizza, a sandwich or a hamburger? Have you ever tried Korean food? What do you think about kim-bab for lunch on a one-day trip?

Kim-Bab is one of the most delicious meals in my country. It’s not easy to make; you need to spend some time and money. But once you’ve tasted it, you’ll probably like it more than you can imagine!!

Ingredients
• Korean sweet radish
• Imitation crab meat
• Scrambled eggs
• Sesame leaves
• Rice (add salt, a little vinegar, some sesame oil, and sesame seeds)
• Cucumber
• Sesame oil
• Roasted sesame seeds
• Laver (dried for kim-bab)
• Sausage

You can get these ingredients only in the Korean Grocery, on Decker Blvd., near Columbia Mall.

Preparation
Once you have all the ingredients ready, roll them together as shown in the illustration. (Caution: Don’t forget to clean your hands before starting to cook!). Slice the roll into several pieces and you’re ready for your picnic!
Do you know any Japanese recipes? The famous dishes in Japanese cuisine are sushi (any kind of raw fish with rice), sashimi (sliced raw fish), and... tempura! Tempura is a dish of deep-fried vegetables, shrimp, and other seafoods. You can also experiment with ingredients other than those mentioned here.

Recipe for two

1. Remove the heads of two large prawns and shell all but the tails. Open up two kisu or any other small fish. Cut lotus root, eggplant, and sweet potatoes into round slices. Also keep on hand shiitake mushrooms, nori, or whatever ingredient you would like.

2. Break one egg into a bowl, beat, then add 1 cup of cold water and 1 cup of weak flour and stir gently. Heat oil in a wok until it is 338-356 Fahrenheit (170-180 centigrade).

3. Take the items from (1) and, beginning with those that take longest to cook, dip into batter (2) and fry in oil.

4. Dip cooked items in tentsuyu (soup stock+soy sauce+salt) and serve while hot.

Caution! Be very careful not to burn yourself with the high-temperature oil.

Feel free to cook this delicious Japanese dish and be sure to arrange it beautifully and colorfully on the plate!!
Two truck drivers, Goro and Gan, are driving in the rain and talking about *ramen*, which is one kind of noodle from China. They get hungry and drop by a *ramen* shop. Tampopo (which means "dandelion"), runs the shop, which she took over after her husband died. Since her *ramen* is so awful she asks Goro and Gan to help her find the best way to make the most delicious *ramen*.

Tampopo and Goro visit other *ramen* shops and ask the cooks about their recipes. The relationship between Goro and Tampopo grows stronger and stronger as the story progresses. Other people join Goro and Gan to help her, too. She learns by trial and error. Finally she develops a perfect *ramen* shop, with the right recipe, taste, service, and interior, uniform throughout. Her success is the result of her efforts and the support of her entourage.

The film shows us what *ramen* is and how popular *ramen* shops are in Japan. The film also indicates how difficult the management of a *ramen* shop is. Of course, the challenge of managing any shop is not easy, but *ramen* shops are especially demanding. As the film shows, there are an almost uncountable number of *ramen* shops in Japan. Some shops are very successful, but some are not. It mostly depends on the taste of each shop’s *ramen*. But to achieve the right taste takes a long time and a lot of effort. In this story, Tampopo becomes a success in only a few months, a feat which in reality would be absolutely impossible.

This film also presents a humorous criticism of the inequality between men and women. In the beginning of the story, nobody believes that the heroine will succeed, because of her sex. In Japan most of the owners of restaurants or shops and their cooks are men. Nowadays, people are realizing that women are capable of doing the same work men do, but some conservative people still have the idea that women are inferior to men. The director of this film seems to want people to think about this prejudice.

In addition, the film focuses on how eating is the basis of human life. Many kinds of people appear in the movie, including truck drivers, beggars, businessmen, billionaires, and gourmet connoisseurs. But no matter what their job or status is, sitting down to a meal is the basis of life for all the people. And they are not just eating; each person expresses her/his particular personality in the way she/he approaches her/his meal. There we can see the difference between humans and animals. We can also experience people’s kindness and love, and these emotions make the film an especially warm one.

---

**Gabriel, my peach sweetheart:**
I don’t know how long I could last without seeing you.
Your Latin strawberry

**Melinda:**
Tokk for en spesielt fin sommer grunnet deg. Vi har hatt det kjempekoseig. Gleder oss til neste år . . .
Din mor og far!

---

**To Sunrise Staff:**
Thanks a lot. I’m sure this will be another great issue of Sunrise.
Natalie

**To Natalie:**
Gee! That was very thoughtful! Thanks.
Sunrise Staff
Dear Pat,

I have a very serious problem. I love mathematics very much, but I haven’t passed a single math exam. I always get the worst score. My teacher tells me, “Hey you, you can’t solve equations correctly and you work too slowly!” What I can do?

Isaac Newton

Dear Isaac,

You should be smart enough to know that teachers don’t know everything. My old friend Albert Einstein once told me that if something is written in a book then you don’t need to learn it—you can always look it up later. And my other old friend Abe Lincoln taught himself everything he needed to know! You can do the same. Forget school and tests and teachers. Get a calculator.

Pat


Dear Pat,

I am very short like a kid, but I’m almost 20 years old. I think my growing has already stopped. I want to make myself look more adult, but I don’t like to put make-up on every day. What can I do?

Chincheta

Dear Chincheta,

Here’s an easy solution to your problem: ask Snow White if you can move in with her and the seven dwarfs. You should feel perfectly normal among them.

Pat


Dear Pat,

Please, help me, I have a big problem. I want to be a calculator but I don’t have buttons and I don’t know anything about math because I’ve never been to school. You know, I think I’m very stupid to have such a goal—my mother wants me to be a nice boy with blue eyes—but I don’t know... Could you help me?

Unborn Man

Dear Unborn,

I think you have a big ability but you just haven’t found it yet. Why don’t you use your fingers. They can be a good calculator. Though it takes a little more time with them, you can figure out as many things as you want.

Pat


Dear Pat,

Oh please help me, my dear Pat! I have a serious problem. I always speak fast, walk fast, eat fast, etc. In short, everything I do is very fast!! Nobody can follow me. How can I slow down?

Mr. Rush Rush

Dear Rush,

Try this simple solution: Walk and eat like a king. A king doesn’t walk fast or speak fast. With dignity, proceed to the country of imagination!

Pat
Around the World

Akiko Tatsuta
Oscar Valencia
Sun Heang Lee
Daniel Graça
Elsa Rada
José Félix Léon Torres
Mineko Tsuchitani
José Santiago Dávila
Benigna Zimba
Ali Dehhab
Jisook Seong
Vladimir Matus
Hikari Watanabe

Japan
El Salvador
South Korea
Cape Verde
Spain
Venezuela
Japan
Ecuador
Mozambique
Kuwait
South Korea
Slovak Republic
Japan
Let's Say "I'll Miss You!"

I know of only one English word that can’t be translated into Japanese: the word “miss.” I’m sure it sounds strange to Americans, but the Japanese don’t have the idea behind this word that English has.

On May 7 this spring at the commencement at my college, Coker College, I felt very lonely and like crying because I had to say good-bye to all my friends who were graduating from the college. In my country, we usually say “See you,” “I wish you happiness” or “Good-bye” to each other in such situations. Because it’s not easy to find one expression that can express everything of our feeling in Japanese, we say many similar things repeatedly to express ourselves. As for me, because I’m a crybaby, I make desperate efforts to keep back my tears when it’s time to say good-bye. But at the commencement, I was able to say “I’ll miss you” to my friends, giving my whole heart and smiling face, and I was able to hold back my tears just because of that one word, “miss.”

I’ve found that, for me, the meaning of “miss” is not negative, sad or unhappy. Until quite recently, I had thought that to say “miss” would be very, very sad. But to say “miss” includes our good friendship, respectful attitude toward each other, kindness and love. How fantastic it is!! When I say “I’ll miss you” or “I miss you,” I mean it in the sense that I want to be your best friend forever. And if I want to tell something to my friends who will leave me or who are many miles away, I say that from my heart. It’s something like saying “I’ll be praying for you and thinking of you, and I’m looking forward to seeing you again!”

But to my interest, my friend Tomo can’t say “I miss you.” Because, I think, he is a kind of traditional Japanese and shy, the meaning of “miss” is too meaningful for him to say.

Although having to leave my friends is a very unhappy situation, hearing and saying “I’ll miss you” can comfort me very much. To say this expression is fantastic!! Unfortunately, there is no exact Japanese equivalent for this word, so let’s say it in English: “I’ll miss you!”

Gabriel is an arrow; his words hit the mark in our class. —Yuri

If you want to have an idea of Yuri, just think of perfumes: Good ones come in small containers. —Julio

Gabriel is like gum, sweet and smooth. —Liliana

Elka is a small bird shivering with fear in a storm when it is time to talk, but when she has her ideas organized, she is a brave tiger ready to attack her prey. —Gabriel
It's a funny coincidence. I don't know why, but many people think that I am from India: One day, for example, two Indians asked me about "the other Indians" living in Whaley's Mill. When I answered that I didn't know where they were located, the Indians frowned and one of them repeated the question, but I could only repeat my answer. They couldn't realize why an "Indian" wasn't interested in his own people. This kind of situation makes me feel uncomfortable but at the same time reminds me of the enormous admiration that I have for one of the most important Indians in the present century: Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

For me, this man represents an excellent example of how to resolve very hard situations that are matters of national concern: Gandhi taught his people the philosophy of "nonviolence," that is, the practice of active opposition against oppression but without violence, without weapons. For example, his reaction against the taxes the British imposed on Indian salt production and the prohibition of salt production the British eventually imposed was simply to make his own salt on the Indian coast.

As powerful as his teaching was, he always rejected the idea of obtaining political power or material wealth. He always loved the simple life and his family. In addition, he was a strong nationalist; he never wanted the paration of Pakistan from India, accepting it only as a measure that would hopefully end the bloody ethnic struggles between Indians and Pakistanis.

He is also famous because of his hunger strikes. I think that these actions had a double merit: he demonstrated that he preferred death to tolerating the fight between Indians and Pakistanis, and he also showed that he wanted to stop the fights with his hunger strikes. After all, as he knew and lived, the real enemy was the British Empire, not the people of India or Pakistan.

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My Childhood World

Sun Heang Lee
South Korea

When I was a younger in elementary school, my grandparents lived in a rural town. They had many kinds of animals: two hundred chickens, ten ducks, three dogs and two cows. So all of their huts and the house were always crowded with these different kinds of families. It was pretty good fortune that I could spend all my vacation with my younger sister and brother singing like birds in the forest and playing with natural toys like the leaves of trees, strange looking plants and nuts, and many kinds of small living creatures.

How fantastic the world was then! It was very hard to wait for the beginning of vacation, especially for a child like me. Anticipation of vacation began early, and I was already excited before getting to my grandparents'. My grandparents lived in a small house with a big yard having a big and tall persimmon tree measuring three adult arm spans around the
My Childhood World...

trunk, and providing plentiful fruit annually. The persimmon is a dark orange-colored fruit which has its own taste and fragrance; it is fist-sized and tastes very sweet. I loved to shake the branches of the tree and drop fruits on the grass. After eating the persimmons which fell to the ground with my sister and brother, we would sing a song which included some magic words like those that witches might have used long, long ago. My grandparents didn't like us to sing such songs, but we didn't care about whether they liked our playing or not.

Another one of our favorite activities was climbing a hillock in front of the chicken house. There on the side of the hill was a big, deep, and dark cave always opening its mouth as if it were willing to swallow everything near. Sometimes, we used to bet on who could stay in the cave the longest or how deep into it one could go. We promised that we would keep our activities in the cave a secret among each other, but finally, my sister told our grandfather all the things we did there. Many of these things, such as burning candles, playing with colorful fibers, and saying magic words we made up for our interesting play by ourselves, were heretical and shamanistic for my grandparents. My grandfather was very angry and scolded us seriously. Finally, he forbade us to climb the hillock, especially near the cave. At that time, we didn't know why he was so angry, why he didn't like our playing with our own things. But because he commanded us not to do that, we couldn't go into the cave anymore, and we had to leave many lovely toys behind.

Every Sunday, we used to go to church far from our town, about one and half hours by our small truck. My aunt got married to a kind man who worked for growing up or as their fruits and plants were ripening, we were growing rapidly with the natural creatures surrounding our house.

When the evening fell and shadows began covering all our playing ground, we would stop everything and come down from the forest. Having prepared a good dinner, Grandmother would be waiting for us with her graceful smiling face and open arms. Then after dinner, she would read a fairy tale book to my sister and brother, and I would listen to the news on the radio with Grandfather in another room. Sometimes I listened to him tell the love story which he had experienced when he was falling in love with Grandmother. I was really serious during those evenings, but I would forget most of the stories after getting up in the morning. I always felt that the stories were never boring but even more interesting and romantic when told again and again.

Ten years later, my great grandmother died, and Grandfather had the persimmon tree cut down to make a coffin for her. So, now only the base of its big trunk and the root remain.

Sometimes I am reminded of my childhood in that rural town with my grandparents, and I realize that the memories are not discolored in my memory. I think that the hometown whose memories have been buried in us remain living eternally.
Why Learning English Is Useful for a Cape Verdean Speaker

Cape Verde is a new nation, a community with a specific culture, language, and personality born from a process of racial mixing among the Portuguese colonists and African slaves. As a result of this interrelationship, it is in Cape Verdean creole that Cape Verdeans best express our emotions and way of life, and consequently the nation's linguists are in the process of developing a written form of the native language. Meanwhile, Portuguese, French, and now English are also important languages for the development of Cape Verde as a nation.

Since gaining its independence in 1975, Cape Verde has been struggling to become a modern state, but can such a state exist without using a written language? Certainly not, because without written language there is no law, no administration and no education. Neither is it possible to develop international relations, nor to follow human progress. Fortunately, Cape Verdeans are bilingual and, in spite of not having a written form of our native language, have been able to communicate in written form using Portuguese. For historical reasons, and perhaps because we are a small population of only around 350,000 persons living in a small territory of 4,000 km², we kept close contact with the Portuguese culture and language during the entire period of colonization, even as the creole was developing. As a result, Cape Verdeans can easily understand Portuguese even though some illiterate Cape Verdeans may have difficulty in speaking it fluently. For these reasons, shortly after gaining independence, the Cape Verdean government made the decision to adopt Portuguese as the official language of Cape Verde.

However, since that time, Cape Verde has been developing cooperative relations with a number of other countries in all continents and with international and world institutions, most of them with official languages other than Portuguese. Keeping and enlarging international relations is of paramount importance to Cape Verde, a country with scarce natural resources and a constantly dry climate, and mobilizing international support to face the challenge of development obliges us to communicate in other languages more internationally spoken than Portuguese.

French is the international language most spoken in Africa, and there is an effort to spread French in other African countries such as Cape Verde, which, though having Portuguese as its official language, is geographically located in a French-speaking region. However, during recent years, many Cape Verdeans have watched with interest as the English language has come to play a special role in world commerce and development. English has been adopted as the official language by all the most important international and world institutions, is studied in almost all the world's high schools, is currently used by millions of people around the world, and has been adopted as the official world language in important branches of activities such as civil aeronautics.

In addition to the areas of politics, diplomacy, and business, English is the most important language used in technological subjects and in all kinds of social research. There is an invaluable richness of human civilization contained in books written in English and safeguarded in big and small libraries around the world.

Therefore, without forgetting our mother language and doing everything possible for its enrichment and improvement, and also recognizing the continuing importance of Portuguese and French, Cape Verdan speakers must be encouraged to learn English, especially those of us who want to broaden our horizons to international communication in all the technical and social fields.
Young people from different countries have different ways to enjoy themselves. This is because they have different cultures, traditions and rules. Almost immediately after I arrived here in the USA, such differences between Spain and the USA became apparent to me.

On weekends in Spain young people tend to go to discotheques, or to the movies or out to dinner. They are allowed to enter a disco and to drink alcohol when they are only sixteen. Even teenagers younger than sixteen go to dances and drink alcoholic beverages because an identification card is seldom required.

In contrast, American people usually have parties in their own houses where they listen to music and drink huge quantities of beer. Because of the law, they go to the discotheque only when they are at least twenty-one. Here, everywhere you go you have to show some ID to enter. Americans older than twenty-one do both things: They party at each other’s houses and they go dancing at discotheques.

In addition to these differences, Spanish people go out at eleven p.m. or later to drink somewhere and after that they go to the disco at two a.m., so they come back home from five to eight a.m. However, American people start and finish earlier.

Between the two different traditions, the American tradition provides more possibilities for getting to know more people and having more friends. This is because if you are invited to an American’s party you have the opportunity to meet somebody through personal introduction. But in Spain you always get together with the same friends. Maybe you always see the same people in a pub or disco and their faces are familiar to you but you never get introduced to them.

I enjoy the nightlife in Spain and now that I know American culture I like the way young people enjoy themselves here, more than I expected to like it before coming here.

To María Alejandra:
Hi, what is going on? I really feel sorry because you lost the World Cup, and lost one of your players. Be ready for the next World Cup.

Omar

All the World!!:
Do you know learning English is the funnest thing in the world? I like it.

Ferda

Dear Santiago:
Always remember: the answers . . . the moon . . . all of the wonderful music . . . your poetry . . . “Where’s the party?” . . . my barbershop abilities . . . a mosquito? . . . watching World Cup ’94 . . . dancing and dancing . . . wimps? . . . una bruja? . . . “I don’t want anybody else . . .” You will be dearly missed.

Love, Leggo
Common Stereotypes about Venezuelan People

José Félix León Torres
Venezuela

Foreigners have various stereotypes about Venezuelan people, sometimes close to the true character of Venezuelans and sometimes not, depending on their knowledge about my country.

It’s very common for outsiders to say that all Venezuelan women are very beautiful. The reasons for that idea are that four Venezuelan women have won the Miss Universe crown and every year the Venezuelan representative has been among the first ten finalists of that competition. I think Venezuelan women are very beautiful, but my concept of “beautiful women” doesn’t refer only to physical beauty; the most important thing is spiritual beauty and Venezuelan women are very beautiful in this respect, but that isn’t appreciated by outsiders because they have only a superficial contact with my country’s people. Venezuelan women combine physical beauty with a fast intelligence, innocence with maturity, simplicity with slyness, and for all these reasons they have won a lot of beauty prizes and the respect and admiration of the world’s people.

“Venezuela is a very rich country, but its people are lazy, and therefore it is an undeveloped country,” say some foreigners. When you see Venezuelan steel workers, petroleum workers, and aluminum workers working in very hard work conditions, without security, with high risk and earning little money, but working every day without rest, I am sure you will agree with me that Venezuelan economic problems aren’t because Venezuelans are lazy and that this is a false idea foreigners have about Venezuelan people.

Another stereotype people have about Venezuelan people is that we are corrupt; the reason is that every day you can read and watch news about that problem: ex-president in jail or in court, banks going bankrupt, etc., all because of corruption. People who don’t know my country conclude that all Venezuelans are corrupt. Generally, however, Venezuelan people are modest. Our wishes are to have a comfortable home, a good job, good health, a good education for our children and to enjoy days with our family and friends. We aren’t ambitious for money or power; we prefer a modest life without problems instead of fighting every day for money or power and we hate people ambitious for such things. This stereotype is insulting to Venezuelan people and we are ashamed of this situation, because really Venezuelans aren’t corrupt and we are proud of our citizenship.

Stereotypes about Venezuelans are numerous and I recommend to foreigners that you try not to have preconceived ideas about Venezuelans. We are a very beautiful people and we wish to show you our country, our culture, and our feeling, and I am sure you will discover a friend, with few exceptions, in every Venezuelan you meet.

Walking in the Mountains

Mineko Tsuchitani
Japan

I know only Japan and like to visit the sea, but I think the top of a mountain is the most beautiful place in the world. My father liked climbing in the mountains very much and used to go there often before he got married. So, I was named “Mine-ko,” for “Mine,” which means “peak of a mountain” in Japanese. In my childhood, I went to the mountains once or twice a year. At that time, I didn’t like all the hard walking. Now that I’m older, though, I always want to go mountaineering at least once a year.

A daybreak is much different from under the clouds in the
Walking in the Mountains...

mountains. You are often surrounded by mist. The air is always chilly on early summer mornings. Many people there look forward to the sunrise. It is so beautiful and I don’t worry about having to get up early in the morning to watch it.

There is a lot of snow on the upper part of the mountain. As you begin to walk up toward it, you can see trees or grass. Moving upward, you can see only rock, and snow remains between the rocks. So, you can go sleighing with a piece of vinyl or anything slippery. Owing to the snow, the water in the streams is very clear and cold.

It is not only during the daytime that you can see wonderful sights. So many shooting stars and the glittering moon can be seen at night. The air is strained with coldness and silence. At 3000 meters up I feel the moon is bigger, much closer than it appears from sea level. From the lowland, I can't see a moon like the one which I see from a mountaintop.

However, as everyone knows, walking in the mountains is very hard. You have to climb on steep trails. It is not only the way you have to go to get to the top that makes it difficult but also the fact that you must clamber up big rocks. And you often have to keep walking in the mist or heavy rain. The weather in the mountains is changeable. So, it is hard to walk there, but it is worthwhile. Mountain views are so beautiful and if you go up into the mountains, you can forget you are in Japan—you could be anywhere in the world!

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Health and Society

José Santiago Dávila
Ecuador

I started my career in medical school in October 1980 and wanted to become a young and brilliant surgeon. During this period, I believed that the origins of illness were only biological and that if I studied these origins I would be able to resolve whatever health problems existed. In the same way, I believed that health problems were only problems in the human body and nothing else.

Eight years later, I graduated in Medicine and Surgery and got my first job as a doctor in San Blas, an Indian community in a small town in northern Ecuador where a doctor had never worked before. When I arrived in San Blas, I believed that I would be able to resolve all the health problems, and I was very confident in myself.

I worked in a new medical office with new equipment and basic medicines. In my first two weeks I had a lot of patients and I resolved many problems like pneumonia, fever, diarrhea, and parasites. But time passed and one of the problems recurred again and again in the same patient and family. The patient was three-year-old José Luis. His mother was twenty-six years old, she had three other sons and two daughters, and the problem was diarrhea. I gave the correct treatment for his diarrhea but the problem was continuing.

Then I decided to visit this family. When I arrived at their home, I could see why my medicines and my knowledge were not enough. I could see how the family was living: The six children, the mother, and a grandmother were all living in a single
Health and Society...

room having only three beds and
a small kitchen. There was no
electricity, no potable water and
no bathroom. The children's
father was working in the city as a
bricklayer and gave money to his
family once a month.

Going back to my office, I
understood why the same
problem (diarrhea and para-
sites) was recurring again and
again. At that moment, I
understood that health prob-
lems consist not only of diarrhea
or pneumonia or diabetes but also
of problems like water conditions,
electricity, work conditions,
education, family situation, etc.
And I understood, too, that with
my medi-
cines and my knowledge alone I
could not do anything. That year
which I lived in San Blas was an
important experience for me.
Living together with these people
and sharing their problems
and dreams, I learned that
with medicine or whatever
science or technology I could
not do anything if I did not
know and understand the social
conditions of the people and the
families.

This experience changed my
mind, and now I think of
health problems as social
conditions. Therefore, I choose to
study and work in the public
health field because in this way I
can understand more about
social conditions and their
relationship with biological health
problems. Today I am a medical
doctor and in addition a conscien-
tious person about the problems
in my country and in the world.

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An Important Discovery

Benigna Zimba
Mozambique

Each person in the world has
her/his own cultural values,
traditions and customs. This is
important because it helps to
have a point of reference, when
different cultures are confronted.
However, sometimes our
cultures don't teach us that
different customs from our own
are not necessarily wrong or
immoral. This is an old truth, but
I needed a special experience to
discover it.

In 1978, I took part in the
"Festival for youth and stu-
dents," in Havana, Cuba. More
than eighty countries were
represented there. At that time, I
was very young, and it was my
first trip to a foreign country.
Before my departure from
Mozambique, nobody explained
to me what I could probably
expect to find in Cuba.

Thus, during my thirty-day
stay there, I was almost "terrified"
seeing people kissing each other
everywhere, including during
official appointments, ladies and
girls wearing short skirts; and
other things which are difficult to
express in written form. I was
always thinking that everybody
there except me and the other
Mozambicans was crazy!

When I went back to my
country, it took a long time before
I felt confident enough to tell my
mother that I had realized a big
lack in my education. I had made
an important discovery: being
different doesn't mean being
wrong!!!
The Desert ...
	night I find myself lying down on
the cold sands near the fire hole in
which we make tea and Arabian
coffee and staring into the sky
watching the stars and the
beautiful moon that light the
desert during the long hours
before sunrise.

There are a number of beauti-
ful plants that are interesting to
look closely at. One of these
plants that I like is called “Al-
Arafaj.” It has small leaves and
long, long roots, which
help the plant to retain a great
amount of water. This plant plays
a big role in protecting the small
animals like desert rats from their
enemies. Usually, desert rats dig
down and make their homes under
this plant, where it is difficult to
dig after them because of its roots,
which make their homes very
strong and as deep as the depth of
the roots.

The color of the desert rat is
light brown and it has a beautiful
tail and long legs which make it a
fast runner and help it to escape
from enemies. It also has big
teeth. There are many
animals active during the
night in

the desert, like the beautiful
scorpion. The scorpion is a very
interesting creature. I have read a
great deal about it. Contrary to
what many people suppose, it is a
peaceful animal. If you do not
attack it, it will not attack you and
it will go its way without hurting
anyone.

After all the activities of the
day and the night comes the time
to have dinner with friends. A
desert meal consisting of a big
plate of rice with a big piece of
roasted lamb in the middle of the
plate is the perfect end to the
perfect day.

Korean Traditions

Jisook Seong
Korea

In Korea, there are some
common rules accepted by most
people. Our culture is very
different from the culture here in
the U.S. We Koreans think that
good people should be modest
and reserved. We also think that
from generation to generation
people should respect their family
and the young should respect the
old. As Western culture was
introduced from the U.S. and its
influence spread in Korea, these
traditions began to disappear
gradually. But they still remain in
our mind.

In our society, people don’t
like people who speak of their
abilities, wealth, etc. We have
been taught to be modest. It’s
different from America where
people express their thoughts
freely. When we meet a stranger
such as a foreigner, in the street,
we are timid, prudent, and
cautious. I was very surprised
when I visited Europe. Europe-
ans said hello to me all the time
even if they didn’t know me. But
Koreans don’t do that. From
outsiders I’ve heard that Seoul is
the unkindest city in the world.
But that’s not true. It is true that at
Korean Traditions...

first we don’t express our feelings, but once we become friends, we talk about private things to each other and take care of each other like family.

Another tradition in Korea is respect for age and family. The eldest son should take care of his parents after he gets married. One’s blood relation is very important, so much so that we shrink from adoption. Our language has three different manners, one for speaking to someone younger, another for speaking to friends, and a third for speaking to someone older. I was surprised, when I began to learn English, to hear a little boy call his father by his name. This would be impossible in Korea. We use a term of respect when speaking to older people, and use the familiar (plain) speech when speaking to younger people. If you visit our country, you can commonly see young people conceding their seats to the older people on the bus or subway.

For centuries, Koreans have held fast to this ideal of the modest, respectful person. Gradually, our culture is changing to the Western style and I’m anxious about the disappearance of these traditions. I think that we must preserve and develop our traditions.

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The Character of Slovaks

Vladimir Matus
Slovak Republic

It is not easy to provide explicit information on the character of the Slovak people. In my opinion over half of the Slovak population have a mixture of different behavior and character. Slovaks are friendly and unfriendly, hardworking and lazy, independent and not independent. Their character and behavior differ depending on the circumstances of the moment.

Most Slovaks believe that friendship is obvious in their everyday life. Foreigners coming to visit Slovakia and asking Slovak residents how to find a hotel, or seeking any other information and advice, can find open, friendly aid and the willingness of Slovaks to help them. In such situations it is not uncommon for Slovaks to offer them free accommodations and meals or even to immediately take a few days off to accompany the foreigners and show them some places of interest. However, the same Slovaks are ready to kill their neighbors’ dogs because they are barking or to stop talking with their relatives just because their relatives earn more money than they do.

Being hardworking or lazy is determined by the nature of the jobs available in Slovakia. The former socialist-communist economic system created a wage scale which does not enable hard workers, serious employees and more highly skilled persons to earn significantly higher amounts of money. Lots of Slovaks have become frustrated with that. Though the situation is getting better nowadays, more than 50% of Slovaks are working in the state sector, where the system of wages is still as it was under communism, and the government has a limited budget, after all. The employees aren’t encouraged to be hardworking in such posts. However they are hardworking during the afternoons or the weekends at their second job, where the pay is higher. The rate of unemployment in Slovakia is about 20%, but a lot of people are just too lazy to find a job. 30% of Slovaks are hardworking regularly, because they are working for private companies, which do not hesitate to release lazy employees immediately.

The dependence or independence of the Slovaks has more
The Character of Slovaks...

aspects, and has an evident relationship to the historical background of Slovakia. The first independent Slovakian State was established in the 9th century but didn't survive more than a hundred years. During the period 1000-1918, Slovakia was fully dependent on the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and was a part of this state till the first Czechoslovakia was established. Within Czechoslovakia, the autonomous development of Slovak policy, economy, and culture started, but the influence of the stronger Czech elements was always obvious. The ability of the Slovaks to be independent was strongly affected after the second world war, when the communist ideology spread to Eastern and Central Europe. This ideology, with its emphasis on the "collective principle," has resulted in the loss of individual responsibility and self-confidence, a dependent attitude that still remains in the behavior of more than 50% of Slovaks, especially among those older than 30. These people would be very glad to let other persons or institutions solve their financial and educational problems. They would prefer the decision of the government, employers or even parents, on how to proceed with their own business. Nevertheless, the population under 30 think independently and find themselves independent.

The character of the Slovak people may seem confusing to outsiders; Slovakia provides a wide variety of characters, changing very vigorously and flexibly. Certainly, Slovaks have their original features, but their attitudes and behavior are strongly affected by ideas from other countries. Such a position is probably common for smaller countries; they have to follow their stronger neighbors if they don't want to stay isolated.

here, and I wondered why the prices were so different between the two countries. The difference made me feel as if I were a rich person.

Another thing that I was surprised by was the scale of everything, such as the houses, roads, cars, people's bodies and gestures, size of meals, etc. I heard about this point before coming to the USA, but the reality was much more than I had expected. My country is very small compared to many other countries, and since it is so crowded, especially in the cities, most of the houses and roads are small-scaled. Also, generally Japanese people are not so tall and fat compared to people here. And if you go to restaurants in Japan, you can see the difference between the two countries in meal quantity served. Now I'm afraid that when I go back to Japan, I might feel cramped by everything.

The thing that I was most surprised by was the culture, especially the people's character. Of course, each person has her/his own personality, but in general, American people are not shy like Japanese people. For example, I went on an observation of a university class at USC, and in the class, students began to express their opinions even though the professor didn't call on them. Such a scene in the university class room is hardly seen in Japan. Japanese university classes are usually bigger than classes are here, and students just sit and listen to the professor's lecture while writing in their notebooks. I think the reason for

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Surprises in the USA

Hikari Watanabe
Japan

It's been about half a year since I came to the USA. The first few months, there were always surprises in my daily life. Now I've gotten used to the life here though sometimes I still get surprises even now.

One of the things that surprised me most about this country was the difference in prices between the USA and my country, Japan. I think everybody knows about the high prices in Japan. When I came to the USA and did my first shopping here, I realized how high the prices in my country were. In other words, everything seemed cheap to me
Surprises in the USA . . .

This difference is based on culture. In Japanese culture, doing something which is different from the rest or having a very clear-cut personality is sometimes negative. Japanese society likes all the people to act in the same way. This explains why we wear uniforms in Japan. I guess American society likes people to act as individuals, because in this country there are so many different cultures.

If I wrote down everything that I’ve been surprised by here, it would be endless because of the big difference between the USA and Japan. But I believe these surprises or culture shocks will always be very special experiences for me, because only people who have stayed in a foreign country can have these kinds of surprises. I’ll never forget these surprising experiences.

To all of my wonderful friends:
Thank you so much for teaching me so much and giving me such wonderful memories of the best summer ever. I will miss you all very much. I know you will all do very well and be happy in your future lives. Take care and don’t forget to write me. (Miss me!)

Grosses bises, Natalie

Dick:
This virtual experience with Sunrise and EPI was something hard to describe with real words. Having you as a teacher was something that I will be thankful for for the rest of my life. Not always do you have a virtual mentor to guide you through the path of the forever misunderstanding. I, your virtual student, will be around here for a while asking you for some virtual grammar advice. As usual. Why not?

Real thanks, Gabriel
Dear Pat,

Since arriving in the USA, I've been wanting to play football, but when I go to a sports store to buy a football, the clerk always brings me a strange-looking ball shaped like a melon. I've been to nearly all the sports stores in Columbia and the same thing happens every time: The clerk brings me a melon ball. Now I have a room full of melon balls and I still can't play football. How can I play football in this country?

No Football

Dear No,

It's easy to see from your letter that you're obsessed with football. Why don't you try another sport, like tennis or baseball? At least tennis balls and baseballs have the shape you're looking for.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I have a problem being understood. When I speak with English-speaking people in Spanish, they don't understand me, and when I speak with Spanish-speaking people in English, they don't understand me either. What can I do to make myself understood?

Two-Language Speaker

Dear Two,

Believe it or not, once in a while I get a letter asking me about a problem that I just can't figure out how to solve. Yours was such a problem. Day and night for several days I searched my brain for a solution but couldn't come up with anything. I was about ready to give up when suddenly this morning as I was saying good-bye to my dogs and cats it came to me! Why hadn't I been able to think of it before?! I'm always amazed at how the most difficult problems often have the simplest solutions. Anyway, try this and I think your problem of being understood will disappear immediately: Try speaking English to English speakers and speaking Spanish to Spanish speakers! I know that may sound too simplistic, but—who knows?—it might work!

Pat

P.S. If you have any other problems, please find another counselor. You strained my brain on this problem.

Dear Pat,

I have a problem. I am a foreign student from a country where people don't speak with each other eye-to-eye, but here in the USA my teachers want me to look at them directly so that they'll know if I'm understanding what they're teaching me. But this is not respectable in my country. What can I do?

Foreigner

Dear Foreigner,

It's easy to solve your problem! Buy some glasses and paint eyes on them. In this way, your teachers will think you're making excellent eye contact with them. Of course, first, you have to be an excellent painter.

Pat
DEAR PAT

Dear Pat,

I have been in the U.S. for fourteen months, now, and my weight keeps increasing. America is making me a fat boy. I'm still young and I want to marry a pretty girl. Usually women don't like a man who has a spare tire belly. Please tell me how to get into shape. Of course, I will try to lose weight by going on a diet. Could you tell me the best way to get my weight back under control?

Spare Tire

Dear Spare,

Just follow this easy schedule: Jogging at 5:30 a.m., cricket at 10:00 a.m., grapefruit at 12:00 p.m., volleyball at 3:00 p.m., iced tea (without sugar of course) at 5:00 p.m. and nightclub at 9:00 p.m. Have a nice time!

Pat

Dear Pat,

My brain capacity is limited. Whenever I memorize new vocabulary in English, I lose part of my native language vocabulary. So, I have to decide how much English I should gain in relation to how much native language I'll lose. What can I do?

Limited Brain

Dear Limited,

You know, maybe you don't have to lose your native language. Medical technology is so advanced now that maybe you can buy another head and have a doctor put it on for you. This way, you'll have one brain for your native language and another one for your new English. But of course what you're going to lose if you have this operation done is some part of your body where the new head is attached.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I came to the United States because I wanted to become an astronaut. Now the government is cutting down on the space program and doesn't need new astronauts. Do you think I could build a spaceship myself? Where can I find friends who like space activities? I'm also interested in meeting creatures from other planets—do you know where the nearest UFO parking lot is and where Martians hang out?

Tired Of Humans

Dear Tired,

The USA provides a number of psychiatrists and refuges for people who have desires like yours. Look in the Yellow Pages and find the number of a psychiatrist. He or she will provide you with more detailed instruction.

Pat
Sergei Larin
Rashid Al-Zakwani
Miyuki Konno
Ferda Soyer
Jisook Seong
Tomoki Koyama
Santiago Morillas
Francisco Llera
José Santiago Dávila
Benigna Zimba
Akie Watanabe
Ana Balarezo
Ik Seong Chang
Vladimir Matus
Yuriko Seino
Russia
Oman
Japan
Turkey
South Korea
Japan
Spain
Mexico
Ecuador
Mozambique
Japan
Ecuador
South Korea
Slovak Republic
Japan

Nathalie Dingalt
Yoshtsignu Murakami
Akiko Tatsuta
Said Al-Rawahi
Hikari Watanabe
Haydée Rojas
Bronia Holmes
Dick Holmes
José Félix Léon Torres
Yumi Kawabata
David (Han Kon) Im
Masumi Tsujita
Carlos Fernández Baca Vidal
Mikhail Kostyukov
Gabon
Japan
Japan
Oman
Japan
Venezuela
USA
USA
Venezuela
Japan
South Korea
Japan
Peru
Belarus
To my friends:
It was a great pleasure being in the same boat with you for six months. This is a once-in-a-lifetime experience that I will remember forever. Good luck in your studies and give me your addresses and telephone numbers because I need some places to go on vacation.

Cheers, Gabriel
The Journal

Sergei Larin
Russia

Looking for my sunglasses one morning when the sun was just rising, I happened to find my American journal. For a long time, my girlfriend had been asking me to let her see it. She really wanted to know about me and my life there, everything, and she was sure that reading these notes would help her. But I wasn’t. Not sure of the results, I didn’t want to show her my journal but some time before, I had promised to. In other words, I had no choice.

Anyway, I decided to call her and try not to change my opinion started to call the number. But hearing the first tone, I suddenly put my hand on the reset button and stayed motionless for some time.

Now I was there, in that other, enemy country again. I recalled everything: the intensive study, the hard but interesting work, the short periods of rest. And I also recalled the memory of her I had there. In my dreams, I could still see her face, hear her voice, feel her warmth. It would be just a short meeting, only for one moment, but it would stay in my mind forever. And the brevity of this recollection was a pity, not only there but also in my notes . . .

Suddenly I was brought back to reality by the sound of the phone.

"Hi, my dear! Did you call me?" It was my girlfriend. And some unspeakable pleasure enveloped me when I heard her. I felt so good and safe hearing her clear, soft voice. And this moment I felt I had made a terrible mistake.

"You know . . . I think . . . I think I should say . . . not say but show . . . no, better say . . ." I tried to find the right words.

"Say what, my love?" she sang in my ear.

"I think you should know . . . I found my American journal and I want to show it to you. But I don’t think you’ll like it."

"What do you mean? Are you afraid I won’t understand you?"

"No, the opposite. I’m afraid you’ll understand more than I want you to. But anyway I’ll show it to you."

"Is there something unpleasant for me in it?"

"Yes. This is . . . But first I want you to know . . ."

"Wait a minute. Do you think that there is anything in this world that can change our feeling? If that’s true it means we have no feelings at all!"

And only now, hearing her, I understood that she loved me! I had been a stupid idiot to let the idea of her misunderstanding come to my mind.

"I will be in your apartment in five minutes," I said, and before hanging up added, "I really love you!"

Karen is like popcorn, satisfying, delicious, and attractive: When you have a small taste you always want more. —Mark
Solitude

Miyuki Konno
Japan

It was a rainy day in June. The silver rain sounded pianissimo and made Louise cry. She was standing outside the church with her boyfriend, Ashley. They were there to break up. She had loved him with all her heart but he had found a new love, her best friend, Isabel. They had betrayed her. Isabel had secretly been lusting for him. Her lust and driven him crazy and they made love one night.

Louise gazed at the hydrangeas, wet with raindrops. She wished she were only in a terrible dream. She wanted to say to him, "Please get out of here while I count from 1 to 100," but she couldn't say it. "Oh, if this were just a dream!" she thought.

Louise held her umbrella tightly tasting the tears that rolled down her hot cheeks. She didn't say anything to blame him. She couldn't say anything. She just listened to him with a straight face.

The sound of the rain was now fortissimo. She wanted to go back to the sweet past with him, but she knew she couldn't.

She said good-bye first and got it over with quickly because it was hard to say good-bye to him. And then she left him. She wanted to look back at him and wanted to kiss him. She wanted to ask him if Isabel's kiss was better than hers. She wanted to be mean to him.

Though she didn't look back, she guessed he was probably on his way to Isabel's. She hoped her guess was untrue.

She stopped at a cafe, where she saw herself in the glass of a large window. The girl she saw seemed empty in her heart. She just turned the bright red umbrella meaninglessly around and around, all alone in the monotonous city.

Suddenly a kitten's voice awakened her from her dismal thoughts. There before her, she found a wet white kitten needing milk and protection. She picked it up and, holding it, felt its body temperature. She felt the little life of the poor kitten trying to stay alive. She sensed that it had been separated from its mother when it was very little and had never known the warmth of a mother. It had clear blue eyes, like blue crystal glass. It fell asleep peacefully in her arms. She decided to protect it.

She was on the bed with her kitten listening to the rain. It was twilight time. The sound of the rain reminded her of the melody of Mozart's Piano Sonata #11.

Wanting to hear his voice one last time, she picked up the telephone receiver and began to push the numbers. When she got to the last number, though, she couldn't push it.

She picked up her sketch pad and drew some clear waves and his portrait with a light blue crayon. She signed her initials on the paper with the word good-bye.

A Tiny Sparrow

Ferda Soyner
Turkey

Now, look,
a tiny sparrow
is like you,
in happiness.

We understood each other
without speaking.
When I caught the tiny sparrow's eyes,
spring came to my hopes.
And now happiness encircles
all of us.

Now, look,
it is infinity
in the tiny sparrow's eyes.
Now, look,
it is happiness
in the tiny sparrow's eyes.
After school one day, I was walking along on my way home when I saw a bus wrapped in black ribbon such as that attached to a funeral car and black spots on all the passengers' foreheads. I was so curious about this and asked other people there about it but no one but I could see the black spots. It was strange.

That night, I heard the news that a big accident had happened. A bus had sunk in the river and all the passengers had died. The accident had happened in my village, and the passengers who had died were the same people I had seen that afternoon.

From this experience, I realized I had an ability to foresee things. I was very surprised.

After that, I would occasionally see the black spot on someone's forehead, and soon afterwards he or she would die. I would try to warn the person who was going to die, but no one would believe me.

One day, I went to the airport to give my friend a hearty send-off. There I saw that one of the planes was wrapped in the same kind of black ribbon the fated bus had been wrapped in. Immediately, I asked to see the captain of the plane and demanded that he stop the plane from taking off. But he ignored me. I was very sad because I knew that all the people in the plane were going to die. Tears came into my eyes and sadly I walked away.

Soon I found a bathroom and went in to wash my face. Lifting my face from the sink and looking into the mirror—ah, on my forehead, now, the black spot!!

---

**Alone in the Dark**

I dreamed that you love me
You rise like nothing or everything
Like a wind whose source is the summer rain
At the edge of vanishing, your warmth turns into the forever
Birds and stones, they, they will always be together
I dreamed you deepen the color of darkness
Like a big rainbow, like the door to madness
You are standing in the pouring rain
Cold and hungry like a dog
I think I'll die again
Your warmth will never rescue me
This is my sentence, nothing is for me
Nothing or everything will remain forever like a wind
At the edge of a dream

---

Tomoki Koyama
Japan

Santiago Morillas
Spain
Daily Tales

Francisco Llera
Mexico

My wife is the trophy of my life, always beautiful and satisfying. When I look at her, she inspires new emotions within me every day.

No matter if it is day or night, she is a star who always gives brightness to my heart even in the bad moments when strong rain comes down and the night is very dark.

Monica is the keystone of our castle where everything in our lives is, and sadness and happiness would not be possible if she weren’t in the right place.

More Than the Day

José Santiago Dávila
Ecuador

There are two moments in the day that I like: sunrise and nightfall. Sunrise means adventures, frustration, and reality. Nightfall means tranquility, hope, and dreams. I know!! life is more than that but these two are the essence of life.

My name is Alex K. I’m working in a research institute on the problem of the nature of time. My colleagues think that I’m one of the best specialists in this field. But I don’t agree with them.

I had worked hard this week and felt sick and tired. My last calculation ran into a dead end. Maybe not exactly, but I got a very strange result. I tried to predict the result of an unreal football game but every time got two or more different results, making it seem that time flowed from one point to several different points. This was impossible, I thought.

That was enough for me, and I decided to quit for the evening. Needing a rest, I went to visit my old friend Ded who lived in his house outside town. I hadn’t seen him for about a month.

I drove to his house and honked. Ded came to meet me and after greeting me said, “Someone called you about three hours ago. I didn’t understand anything he said, but it’s strange that this man was looking for you here. Even I didn’t know you were coming.”

“Hmmm,” I said, “I have no idea who it was, but don’t worry.”

But in any case this fact stayed in my mind.

Some time later we were sitting in the kitchen, drinking tea and talking.

“It’s interesting how the human brain is created,” I said, “You can move back in time to five, ten, a hundred years ago. It doesn’t take any force but only . . .”

Suddenly I was interrupted by the sound of Ded’s phone ringing. It sounded very strange. Not saying anything, we looked at each other and Ded pointed me to the phone.

I took the phone and said, “Hello! I’m listening to you.” From the very beginning I heard only noise and snaps, but suddenly from the static a voice emerged.

It frightened me because it
The Call...

sounded as if it were coming not from the phone but from my brain.

"No more words!" the voice demanded. "Go home immediately. You must be there now!" and the line filled with static again. I put down the phone slowly.

"Who was it?" Ded asked me.
"I don't know."
"What did he say?"
"He said I must go home and keep silent. I have no idea why. But... Wait a minute. What were we speaking about before the call?"

"About an idea which can move us back in time."

At this moment something turned upside-down inside me.

"Ded, do you know what I want to say to you?"
"No, I don't."

I think that the human brain is like a huge electrical network with a great number of connections and energetic impulses inside it. Impulses like thoughts circulate inside it. And a little snap is enough to move this energy in time. And like an idea it is able to move some information inside this network. Do you understand me?"

We both looked at the phone.
"But why didn't he want you to speak about it?" asked Ded.
"It was not he."
"What do you mean?"
"It was I!"
"...?!"

"Listen to me. I have thought about it for a long time. What would happen if suddenly from the future you were able to send some information to yourself in the past?" 
"Yes, I understand you. It could change something."
"No! It could destroy the whole fragile base of the present and future! It could destroy everything! I call it a division in time. Every event has an endless number of results. And what would happen if a mere human, with only human understanding, tried to choose this result!... Excuse me. I need to go immediately. I have to make same notes."
"OK. See you later."

Three years later I sat before a new device no bigger than a refrigerator and having several keys, a microphone and a terminal. I tried to recall that time three years before when I had come to Ded's house. Then I typed a command and hit the start key.

Through the terrible static my friend's voice appeared. What was happening? It was supposed to be my voice!

Suddenly I understood that it was the first call that Ded had told me about when he met me near the house.

I put on a new command line and started again.

The static came again and only at this moment did I understand that I didn't know what to say. In my head, like an echo, I heard, "No more words! Go home immediately..." Stop! Should I say it? The last time I had said it had become the cause of the present condition. But I must make him (or myself) forget about the idea of moving in time!

In the phone the voice appeared, "Hello! I'm listening to you," I said to myself.

I kept silent for several seconds and then turned off the device.

I drove to my friend's house and honked. Ded came to meet me. I hadn't seen him for about a month.

"Someone called you about three hours ago..."
Oh my little one
You are so small
You are so innocent
You are so light
My little angel

Oh my little one
You can be different
You can be another one
You can be bigger
My little angel

Oh my little one
I see in your face my father and your father
I see in your mind my future and your dreams
I see in your eyes my cheerfulness and your life
My little angel

Oh my little one
I wish I could tell you everything
I wish I could teach you everything
I wish I could do for you everything
Oh my little one

One day ... when the stars stop shining
I will tell you why you are my angel

Oh my little one.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
and nobody can see you as beautiful as I do.
The first time I saw you in the rain
I felt I'd always love you.
I don't want to lose you, because love is
like a wind, it comes and goes.
I always want to stay beside you,
I don't want to go away from you. I want to be
a leaf and go with the wind.
A Day in the Country
Ana Balarezo
Ecuador

You can lose the sense of
cold and hunger
when over hills and among trees
you can hear
the ingenious winds
surrounding and touching you
like the waves of the sea
when they sizzle on the beach
or like the rain pouring on
your face and
saying to you with another voice
without words that
nothing or everything
moves through our light life
borrowed from God.

Prize

The Bible Is Alive
Ik Seong Chang
Korea

I had learned and had been teaching that God had always led Israel with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, but it had only been a story in the Bible. Frankly speaking, sometimes I was not sure whether God was such a protective leader. However, one day I had a turning point.

One summer vacation, there was a summer Bible study school for the teenagers in my church. We went to the country to hold the school, and I was in charge. Korean students always have to study hard, so this group of teenagers, tired of studying in their regular, academic school, were happy and felt comfortable in the summer Bible study school. They praised God and learned the Bible every day.

However, a problem happened on the last day of our summer school. A hurricane (called a “typhoon” in Korea) was heading toward Korea. The teachers became tense. A deacon urged that we go back to Seoul. We all thought carefully and prayed eagerly. If we went back, the boys and girls would be very disappointed, and we teachers would lose a good chance to continue teaching the Bible. And how would we go back in safety? Finally, we decided to stay.

A highlight of our summer Bible study was our gathering around a campfire, an exciting event including praise, drama, prayer, and fellowship. If it rained, we would have to give up having our campfire.

Can you guess what happened? We finished the whole program! After we went to bed, it started to rain a little, but the typhoon passed our country.

This was a very important lesson to me. Promises in the Bible are alive! After that summer Bible study school ended, I realized that my thought about God had changed. He always leads me. Now, I feel peaceful because I know the Lord is always with me.

Antonio’s ideals about Spain’s soccer team are like a soccer ball: They will never change. —Francisco

Fausto is like a mountain; his beliefs and thoughts are unchangeable. —Paolo
Super Man

Vladimir Matus
Slovak Republic

magazines. It is almost incredible how much publicity and honor sports stars have. Their success is exaggerated in all the media, and the public is eager to see new world records achieved, to hear about the huge salaries of great athletes, and to read about the hot affairs of their private lives.

Meanwhile, a lot of other super people live in quiet obscurity. One of them is Peter, my neighbor. He was born twenty years ago. He was the first baby of his parents. They expected him with love and joy. With his birth however, came an unpleasant fact. He was born handicapped. His body was weak and twisted, and he appeared to be mentally retarded. I don’t consider myself competent to describe how his parents reacted to this situation, but I admire so much the loving treatment they offered him.

At seven years of age he still couldn’t use a spoon to eat his soup, he couldn’t drink from a glass, he couldn’t say even one word, he couldn’t get his legs to walk, but he knew that he wanted to fight. He struggled with his desperate destiny with a soul beyond desperation. He committed himself to sustaining his fight.

Finally, after great effort, he broke out of the world of wheelchairs. Now he can walk with a stick and ride a bike. Though his is a special bike with three wheels, his mastery on it is excellent. He is a big winner. He has won his own Vuelta, Giro di Italia and Tour de France together.

Now he can speak, too. Though his voice is not very clear, I can understand him very well. He tells me that he has a girlfriend, similar to him, and that she is a bit jealous because another girl is trying to attract his attention. Look, what a playboy and Casanova! He has left all the movie stars far behind.

But this is not all. Peter graduated from high school last year! He has knowledge in computer programming and he can read and write in English. In my eyes, Peter shares the energy and power of Olympic winners, the beauty of Dorian Gray and the brain of Albert Einstein.

Perhaps my view of him is exaggerated, silly and sentimental, but Peter is vivacious and strong, and his life has sense. He has soul and heart, he can fight, he has desires and expectations. He also has success. He has won 1st prize in a contest which is not honored by gold medals and thousands of dollars; he has won his life. Congratulations, Peter, you are truly a super man.

---

Most people are very respectful of those who have reached success. We are amazed to learn of the research of famous scientists who have investigated and discovered new things. We are astonished by the possessions and capabilities of famous persons and by the leaders of world policy and international business. Men are driven mad by the beauty of girls posing on the covers of famous magazines. It is almost incredible how much publicity and honor sports stars have. Their success is exaggerated in all the media, and the public is eager to see new world records achieved, to hear about the huge salaries of great athletes, and to read about the hot affairs of their private lives.

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Oscar is a kiwi that you have to peel and taste to know how sweet it is. —Elka

Mark is a music box, peaceful and restful. —Yuri

Julio is a kid with a big body... sometimes he is naughty. —Kuri

Mark is like a fig waiting to be picked as it bakes in the intense Carolina sun; he's warm, tender, and very sweet (but not plump). —Karen

42
If you were here
Yuriko Seino
Japan
If you were here
the whole landscape
would become
sparkling stars
If you were here
everything and nothing
would blossom
under moonlight
If you were here
the mystery of another voice
would touch
transparent ears
Instead, it's letters
birds, beggars, books
that keep me warm at night

Africa
Nathalie Dingalt
Gabon
Away from you, I am closer to you.
Africa, tell me Africa, do you feel my absence?
I cannot stop thinking about you.
I remember when I was a child,
You were always carrying me on your back.
Under the hot sun,
Even when it was raining,
We were playing together at my favorite place: the river.
Africa, tell me Africa, do you remember that happy day?
Now, I do not have anybody to play with.
I look around, but I cannot find you.
The pleasure of being with you is extraordinary.
You make me feel the real life.
You teach me about my origin.
Sitting together around the fire,
You remind me that you will always be with me.
But can you come here?
I envision you talking about the tales of Africa.
I always think that you are a great treasure.
You must always stay alive.
Do not worry about the famine, the civil war,
Because you are unique for me.
You must be proud of yourself.
Africa, you are the mother and I will never forget you.

To Latin strawberry:
Don't worry my fair lady. I will be thinking
of you always. You will be in my mind as a
beautiful memory of my period at EPI.
Your peach sweetheart

Omar:
Thanks for your feelings. I hope you find friends
like us in noisy California. I know it will be very
difficult. We will miss you.
Colombian girls: Maria Alejandra and . . .

Dear all of you that I've had the opportunity to work with and hang out with:
It's been a great summer with you. Thanks for all the hard work, smiles, and good times!
Love, Dick
I Couldn’t Arrive at EPI
Yoshitsugu Murakami
Japan

I usually wake up at 7:00 a.m. While I am thinking that I have to set out for EPI in one hour, I cook breakfast. While I am thinking that I have to set out in 30 minutes, I eat breakfast. While I am thinking that I have to set out in 10 minutes, I watch the weather forecast on TV. I usually leave my apartment at 8:00 and arrive at EPI at 8:20. My lifestyle is such a thing. I’m always pressed for time and I also think a lot about time.

One day I had a dream. I opened the door and saw a new world, the Mathematics World. There I discovered that not only humans but also animals read math books and discuss the question of math for hours on the roadside.

I was glad I’d entered the Math World and soon I met a turtle. The turtle was reading a difficult math book. I was interested in the turtle so I spoke to him.

“My name is Yoshi,” I said.

“…………..” replied the turtle.

“I’m an EPI student. I’m on my way to EPI,” I said.

“You will never make it to EPI,” said the turtle proudly.

“Why?” I asked.

“You can’t understand because you are a fool.”

“I’m a mathematics teacher in the human world so I can understand. Please explain what you mean,” I said.

“All right. I’ll teach you. Follow me to EPI, which is about 100 meters from here. Walk as you are told. If you get to EPI, I’ll give you this book.” And with a laugh, the turtle set out for EPI.

The turtle’s instructions were as follows.

1. Walk half of the 100 meters; second.
2. Walk half of the 50 meters; third.
3. Walk half of the 25 meters.

And so on . . . The instructions continued forever. And the turtle was right: I couldn’t arrive at EPI.

Desperate Dreamer

You are vanishing over the field and wind carries you to the edge of the moon.
Now I will remain forever alone,
your warmth flying through birds and stones.

. . . Why do I dream like this?—
like a light that touches me tenderly
remaining in the darkness with me . . .
Only in dreams can one be truly free.

Carlos is a bear that roams in the forest of science. —Oscar

Yuri is a pineapple, sweet and exotic but sometimes rough. —Antonio

Loveache

our tears still burn
nothing or everything will remain
the moon rising
toward dark
over the hills
vanishing
I am alone

—Akiko Tatsuta
Japan

—Vladimir Matus
Slovak Republic

—Hikari Watanabe
Oman

—Said Al-Rawahi
Japan
Some Things I Do Not Know

I know I am happy there
But I don’t know... Why?
There aren’t reasons
There are only feelings in me
Let me tell you some things I know

I know some things without understanding
It’s rich but there is poverty
People are poor but know how to be happy
They have nothing but enjoy giving you all
Children have no toys but make them for themselves
When there are no doctors, nurses have to do
Some have no house and others the biggest

I know some things are great
The deep sea stretching beyond
The wonderful beaches with
Music and dancing exalt your passions
There I am alive

I know some things are opposite
Isolated towns across the country
And crowded cities
For six months rain comes every day
For six months we are thirsty
For six months thirsty animals die
For six months floods kill them

I know some things are wrong
A lot of children have mothers
Many brothers and sisters
But have no fathers
A lot of men have a wife
And many women but frequently
Forget how many children they have
A lot of women have a man
Many children and normally
Can’t remember where their husbands are

Most of them have mothers
And know nothing about fathers
All of them know
Some things aren’t right, I know, it’s true
Thank you for now I know
I don’t need reasons
To love my land

Innocent Guilt

Do you believe there is perfect justice on this earth? I wanted to believe it but I can’t, because I don’t exist anymore. Justice killed me.

“Hello, Hello!” I knocked on the door several times. But he didn’t answer. He was one of my friends and his wife was my ex-girlfriend. People around me might have thought I hated him, but this was not true. I had celebrated their marriage and accepted their being together. Now, it was her birthday, so I was visiting their home to celebrate her birthday with them.

It was a quiet and beautiful night. A full moon shone and animals and insects seemed to be extinct.

“Why don’t they answer?” I wondered. “The house lights are turned on.”

I turned the knob. It was open. “What?!” As soon as I entered the house, I saw their bodies lying on the floor. They were dead. “Oh! God. What’s happened?!?” I was unable to move.

Then, suddenly, the police rushed in and grabbed me. I don’t remember how many police were there, but there were several.

“You’re under arrest!”
I didn’t understand what was
Innocent Guilt...

happening. "Hey! I didn't do anything! They're my friends!"
"Shut your mouth! We got a phone call from a witness."
"Who is that?" I shouted.
"None of your business!"
"I have a right to ask you!"
"Shut up!"

The trial was too short to prove my innocence. I tried to
prove it, but I couldn't. I couldn't even hire a good lawyer, because I
was poor. I had grown up in skid row and lived there all my life.
The public didn't support me. Nobody believed me. Everyone
on the jury judged me guilty. The court sentenced me to capital
punishment.

"No way! I'm innocent. What did I do?" I screamed in vain.

I kept thinking about justice and truth continuously until my
final day. "What is justice? What is justice for? I didn't do any-
thing, so why does justice want to kill me? Why kill me?" Maybe
I was becoming a wise man with all this thinking until the day I
had to die.

Most people may trust the law, the court and justice. But
sometimes they make mistakes,
as they did in my case. Sometimes, blind trust can kill a person.

The time had come. I sat on the electric chair and thought,
"Why am I living at this time? What was my life? I wish never to
be born again."

I spoke to myself quietly,
"Justice kills me."
I closed my eyes.

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**A Gift**

Bronia Holmes

Dick Holmes

flying through the spaces among fresh winds in search of the transparent you can hear nothing or everything deepen the color of the unfinished the forever light borrowed from the moon rising over your warmth like a gift dawns on the ingenious winds

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**Over the Hills**

José Félix León Torres

Venezuela

Over the hills the old walls colliding with you alone you can hear our tears jump into your warmth

A cold wind flying through the spaces between the moon and you

We are not far from the walls we are hungry for light we are hungry for fresh winds we cannot hear your voice please don't forget us
The Monster Is Far Away

Haydée Rojas
Venezuela

Three years ago, I was working in a recycling paper mill. I had to work ten to twelve hours a day on weekdays, and every third weekend. I was in a hurry all the time. I ran everywhere.

One Saturday afternoon in winter, my four-year-old child and I were in my bedroom. I was in a hurry because my husband was arriving home shortly, and I hadn’t finished everything that I needed to do.

When I’m in a hurry, I have no patience for anyone or anything.

My daughter was doing something that I wanted her to stop doing. I said to her, “Please, don’t do that,” but she didn’t listen to me and she did it anyway even after I had told her to stop three or four times.

Finally I lost my patience. I grabbed her and shook her body repeating, “You mustn’t do that; I’m talking to you!” Listening to her crying broke my heart, so I stopped myself and told her, “I’m sorry. I know I shouldn’t be violent with you.” I felt awful.

At that moment, she stopped crying and said to me, “Don’t worry. I know you love me, but I want you to know that I feel terrible when you are violent with me.”

Her saying that made a big change in our lives because, before that afternoon, I hadn’t realized that I was talking to not only a child but a person. I never treat people like that.

Now, three years later, we continue working on our communication. When I’m losing my patience, I tell her, “I’m becoming another person, a monster...” Then she smiles at me and immediately stops misbehaving.

Whispering

Yumi Kawabata
Japan

I have heard other whispering, too, very sad whispering. Most of the cancer patients I took care of whispered near their death. They would be suffering from heavy ache and would whisper, “Mother help me, please,” even if they were very old. They had had riches and power and dignity when they had been healthy. But having the disease, they became like children.

If I get a disease, I will whisper as they do. Nurses have to know their patients’ feelings. We have to listen to their whispering. When I go back to Japan, I will be listening to it again.
My Children's Day

David (Han Kon) Im
South Korea

Get up much earlier than adults
Wash from nose to chin using only three fingers
Brush the teeth maximum eight to eleven strokes
From front to each side

Take out cars tanks trucks hammers nails balls men robots
From the square box
Get out bride bridegroom from on the double bed
Walk rabbit bear tiger lion monkey chick duck
From place to place
Push pull hit call play continually

Jump and jump roll and roll
On the beds tables behind the desks
Corner to corner like people cleaning
Wipe sweat from the face drink cool water

Paint on the walls doors even windows
Like the uneducated and unskilled
Write and write unknown letters
On the tables chairs papers and papers
Palm of the hand

Are busy good hard workers
Don't receive pay doesn't matter
Help tired mom and dad give joy peace
Make smile thank sweet home
Are loved cheered admired on the bed
At night

We are:

Zoo

a late-rising rooster
a red-eyed rabbit
a chameleon hiding real feelings
a chattering pelican
a timid lion
a crybaby monkey
a flamingo standing firm on one leg because of his broken heart
a penguin putting up with the heat
an eagle standing alone in the darkness

Look carefully
They look like somebody
Look carefully at yourself
They are, we are saying
Please give me a morsel of love.
The Lover

After Robert Browning's "Meeting at Night"
Carlos Fernández Baca Vidal
Peru

The frugal kiss on the soft lips,
The heat of the lovers against the cold night,
Then the slip on to the black way,
Then three fields to cross again.

A mile of beach scented with her breast,
The boat sliding on the sand,
No more ringlets leaping from the sea.

Two black eyes closed at the farm,
Two blue eyes closed on the sea,
And two hearts beating as one in the night.

It's twelve o'clock at night
I've just returned to my room
I want to sleep, don't want to write
It's too late. I'm in gloom

I strike a light, then take my pen
I find the watch, the book
I gingerly go to the den
And suddenly I feel a look . . .

O Barbara, forgive me, please
But I want to confess
I spent my time with the police
And that's why I regress . . .

The sun is shining, it's warm
But I'm on the rack
I've been working at home
I'm writing a poem
But I want to hit the sack!!
Natalie and Benigna:
Soon we will be far away from each other, but it has been great to learn that we have the same feelings from Africa to Venezuela. Your poems are in my heart.

Haydée Rojas