Contents

Around the World .................3
One of the great things about studying in an international English program is the opportunity it presents to get to know people from all over the world. Here you can get the inside story on various countries around the world and their special places, people, and customs.

Stories, Poems & Other Things ...21
What would life be without the inspiration that stories and poems provide? This section features fictional and autobiographical stories, poems, a music review, recipes, and a crossword puzzle.

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

• Congratulations to Yu Jin Lee (page 39), Minori Maruyama (page 14), Berit Midtgaard (pages 44-45), and Mieko Sato (page 30), the winners of this issue's story contest.
Editor's Note

A few weeks after the beginning of this fall quarter, summer ripened into autumn and the first fruits of our writing began to collect in the Sunrise basket. After several more weeks of writing and rewriting, the basket was brimming with all kinds of colorful delights. Now, with winter on its way, it's time to enjoy the heartwarming feast prepared in the Sunrise kitchen. Bon appétit, Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year!

-Dick Holmes

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Around the World
A Pot of Affection

Gen Suzuki
Japan

The differences between the words **home** and **house** in English can be confusing, can’t they? Where do we live, at home or in a house? The first meaning listed in the dictionary for **home** is “a residence, a house.” Thus, according to the dictionary, the two words seem to have a similar meaning.

However, in my opinion, they have a distinctly different meaning. **House** refers only to a building that people live together in while **home** refers to people that live together in a building.

**Home** is the love and affection of a family living in the same house. A home is composed of a father, mother, brothers, sisters, other relatives, or any other people who live closely together like a family. We live not only in a building but also with our family.

Consider what we say when we’ve returned to the place where we live. We say, “I’m home.” Why do we use the term **home** in this case rather than **house**? If we say, “I’m house,” it doesn’t sound right because this expression, denoting just the building or residence, doesn’t include our family. Our family lives in the house, so we use **home**, which includes the meaning of family.

Referring to the place where we grew up, we use the term **hometown**, not **housetown**, due to the fact that we have a lot of affection for our family and friends who live in the place we call our hometown.

Similarly, we use the term **homesick**, not **housesick** to express the feeling of missing our home when we’re away. Inasmuch as we grew up with our family and friends, we have a lot of good memories about not only our original place of residence but also the people there.

To refer to studies we have to do at home, we use the word **homework**. Sometimes we don’t want to do our homework, but it’s part of our growing up and becoming a responsible member of our family. And when children do homework, they sometimes need the help of their parents. So, the word **homework**, too, is an apt expression of a situation involving family.

There are many other compound words and expressions in English containing the word **home**. All of them suggest the human element in living together.

I have so many great memories of growing up in my home. Fighting with my brother, for example. He’s nine years older than I, and he used to make me cry because he was too big and strong for me. Although he always won, I kept fighting with him because I was so active. Eventually, I grew up and my brother and I didn’t fight anymore; our fighting spirit had turned into affection for each other. I remember, too, the way I used to like to play outside more than inside. Adults would look at me and say, “What an active boy he is!” My clothes would be so dirty every day. My mother would say to me, “I don’t want to wash these dirty clothes anymore! I’m going to throw them away and I’ll throw you away, too, next time!” I had a lot of fights with my brother and got a lot of affectionate advice from my family. I grew up in that affection, and I’m never going to forget what took place in my home.

Living in a family is similar to cooking rice. To be delicious, rice has to be handled with great care. Like babies, rice needs to be washed carefully. Like children, rice needs the right amounts of heat and pressure at the right times. When rice boils, it moves around vigorously in the pot like children fighting and bursting with energy. Even the lid on the pot, like a mother or a father, gets agitated as part of the cooking process. Finally, after simmering awhile and then resting after it has finished cooking, like a family that has grown, matured, and calmed down together, the rice is ready to serve—a warm pot of bright, beautiful, delicious rice for a home full of affection.

Throughout our lives we accumulate an abundance of experiences and memories related to our home, where we live and grow with our family and friends. Every day we go “back home,” say, “I’m home,” and do “homework,” and sometimes we feel “homesick.” The word **home** evokes so much affection. Home is a pot of affection.
Bangkok
Masahiro Yanase
Japan

Ituki Hirouki, a favorite Japanese writer of mine, once said in an interview, “I started traveling by myself when I was fifteen years old. Traveling is a gateway to growing up.” These words enlightened me.

When I was sixteen years old, without a word to my parents, I set out on my first overnight trip with a small amount of money I’d saved. Since then, I’ve visited a lot of other places in Japan and twenty-two other countries. Each trip has given me unforgettable memories. I love traveling.

When I first started traveling, I just wanted to escape from reality, but as I continued to experience the joys of traveling, its true significance to me became clear. Every time I visit another country, I feel like I shed my stereotype of its people.

Bangkok, the capital city of Thailand, was the first place I traveled to outside Japan. As soon as I stepped out of the airport in Bangkok, I breathed in a rich, exotic jumble of smells, including those of the Thai people, traffic, sunshine, food, and rubbish.

“Jumble” is the exact word to describe Bangkok, a mixture of modern buildings and vividly colored old temples, creating a unique Buddhist atmosphere. It’s said that 90% of the Thai people are Buddhist. On the road, I often passed by Buddhist priests wearing their distinctive yellow clothes. During my stay in Bangkok, I visited a lot of interesting places, such as the Grand Palace, the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, Chinatown, and the Chao Phraya River. But it was my experience in a little shantytown there that gave me my most impressive memory of Bangkok.

I don’t remember which day of my stay it was, but I was walking aimlessly along the tracks in the Khlong Toey district when I happened to notice the shantytown. For some reason, I felt drawn to it and crossed the tracks toward it.

Stepping into the poor little town, I felt as if I were leaving the present and going back in time into a Japanese shantytown just after World War Two. The town consisted of a lot of tiny, shabby houses made of thin boards. Each house was connected with the others by a narrow path. Because of my stereotype of such a place, I was afraid to keep going, but I walked ahead.

Little by little, a lot of people gathered around me. We couldn’t communicate with each other, but the feeling of their kindness shone through to me without language. Their faces looked so mild, like the faces of Buddhas. They welcomed me wholeheartedly.

We sat down on the ground, and before I knew it, we were eating spicy food and drinking together. I can’t say that it was good food by any standard, but I didn’t care. I was enjoying something from my heart that can’t be bought with money. Seeing the twinkle in their eyes, I knew that I’d found something I’d been looking for in Bangkok.
The Usefulness of the Lunar Calendar

Nam-Gyun Kim
Korea

The lunar calendar is based on the moon. As the moon revolves around the earth and the earth revolves around the sun, the moon’s shape appears to change every day. On the other hand, the solar calendar is based on the sun, the shape of which appears to remain the same. Nowadays, it seems to be easier to use the solar calendar than to use the lunar calendar, but to use the latter is more useful and attractive. Traditionally, Koreans have preferred to use the lunar calendar.

When our ancestors started practicing agriculture, most of them worked in the fields growing various kinds of plants. It was very useful then for farmers to count days according to the changing shapes of the moon. On twenty-four special days of the lunar calendar, the weather was supposed to be favorable for various agricultural practices, and farmers could determine what was necessary for their crops by consulting the lunar calendar.

Our ancestors who lived near the sea also needed the lunar calendar because to go fishing they had to know when the tides would be changing. As the moon revolves around the earth, the magnetic force of the moon attracts the water of the sea and controls the tides.

The most attractive feature of the lunar calendar is that you can predict the phases of the moon by checking the lunar dates. Which shape of the moon do you like best? In my case, I love the full moon, which occurs on the 15th day of each lunar month. Under a full moon with your girlfriend or boyfriend, you can feel more romantic than at any other time.

It takes the moon about 29.5 days to complete one revolution around the earth—one cycle of its phases. The number of days in the months of the lunar calendar has a regular alternating pattern: One month has 30 days, the next month has 29 days, the next month has 30 days, and so on, except for July and August, which have 30 days each. The lunar calendar has 355 days a year, ten days fewer than the solar calendar has, so to keep the lunar calendar on track with the solar calendar an extra August is added to the lunar calendar every four years. The current lunar year, 1995, has an extra August, so this year is 13 months long rather than the usual 12 months.

The Korean government and public institutions prefer to use the solar calendar because if they figured the date according to the lunar calendar they would always be confused when making appointments with foreigners, who generally use the solar calendar. Nowadays, the solar calendar is becoming the more popular calendar in Korea. However, I still prefer to use the lunar calendar because it is our traditional one. I love our tradition and would like to see it preserved. And it is more romantic for me to use the lunar calendar. Looking up at the full moon fills me with great passion.
Streams of Spirit

Seong Hyun Baek
Korea

Have you ever heard of topographical divination? This practice is based on the belief that there are streams of Spirit on and within the earth that influence the course of human life. Spirit, in this sense, doesn’t refer to a ghost-like being but to a kind of energy or strength similar to The Force in the movie Star Wars. Koreans call this Spirit Ki. Streams of Spirit are said to determine the destiny of a person, a people, or a nation.

According to this belief, the destiny of a person living in a place where good streams of Spirit are located is good while the destiny of a person living in a place where bad streams of Spirit reside is bad. The spirits of the dead are also believed to be affected by streams of Spirit. And these spirits, in turn, affect those of the living. In the traditional religion of Korea, many people believe that the spirits of their ancestors help them but that if the graves of their ancestors are located on land inhabited by bad streams of Spirit their ancestors’ spirits can’t help them. Consequently, many Koreans, worried about where they should bury their parents, consult specialists who direct them to the most favorable burial sites.

Further, certain places are considered vital spots in streams of Spirit. If an iron stake is driven into one of these spots, the stream of Spirit will die. Streams of Spirit are like the blood vessels of a human body. If the blood vessels become blocked, the body dies. Likewise, if a nation’s streams of Spirit are blocked, the spirit of that nation will die. There is a story told among the Korean people that when Korea was under the rule of Japan some Japanese who also believed in topographical divination drove a lot of iron stakes into several of these vital spots in order to hold down the spirit of Korea.

I don’t believe in topographical divination, but reportedly some of the iron stakes the Japanese drove in have been found and pulled out for the revival of the spirit of Korea. In my opinion, these reports represent some kind of persecution complex, and I hope that the complex will be pulled out along with the iron stakes.

Mexico City’s Challenges

Lenin Bustamante
Mexico

Currently, Mexico City, the capital of my country, is considered the biggest city in the world. This sprawling city is the home of almost 20 million inhabitants. In recent times, Mexico City has suffered from a lot of problems as a consequence of various economic, political, and social factors.

In many places around the city, the public services aren’t sufficient to cover people’s needs, especially those of the low and middle classes. Deficiencies in housing, drinking water, electrical power, and public transportation are the most important of these problems for the majority of the population.

Environmental problems are also a big concern. Because Mexico City’s population has grown so rapidly in recent years, pollution has become a major problem. Government authorities haven’t established strict laws to regulate factories located in and around the city. The only strict laws to combat pollution concern the use of vehicles. The use of each car is restricted to only four of the five workdays per week. This program is named “Hoy no circula.” Since the number of vehicles on the road has increased so rapidly in recent years, though, the benefits of the program have practically been negated.

In a city as huge and impoverished as Mexico City is, it’s very difficult to establish social and urban programs that will meet all the needs. However, despite Mexico City’s poor economic situation, the government of Mexico City is continually making a great deal of effort to provide better public services. If Mexico City is to solve its problems, it’s important that the entire populace—low, middle, and high classes—also become conscientious about improving the situation.
Hiroshima, Peace City

Mieko Sato
Japan

On August 6, 1945, an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, and the city was destroyed. 130,000 people were killed.

As I was growing up in Hiroshima, I learned about the tragedy. When this heinous weapon exploded, the temperature suddenly rose to more than 3000 degrees Celsius, causing primary burn injuries within two miles of the hypocenter (the place the bomb landed). People were blackened and bloated, their hair frizzled. More than half of the population in Hiroshima died as a result of this single explosion.

I’ve had a lot of opportunities to hear the stories of A-bomb victims and see such things as a picture of a watch stopped at 8:15, the time of the explosion. One of the survivors said, “It was terrible, like hell. Most of the buildings were burned down. People were scorched, and patches of skin dangled from their bodies. Dead bodies were bloated grotesquely. Everything totally changed in a moment. Everyone’s hopes were suddenly destroyed.”

There is a sad story about one of the victims of the A-bomb, a girl who was a baby at the time of the bombing. She was growing up apparently healthy until she was twelve years old, when it was discovered that she had leukemia. She was taken to the hospital for a long treatment. In Japan it’s said that if you fold a thousand paper cranes, your wish will come true, and she kept on folding paper cranes every single day wishing to get out of the hospital. Her mother knew that the girl was dying and that her wish would never come true, so to prevent her daughter from getting her hopes built up only to be disappointed, she secretly took away a few of the paper cranes each day. The girl didn’t know what was happening to her. Finally, before she could manage to fold a thousand paper cranes, she had to say good-bye to everyone. There is a statue commemorating this little girl in Hiroshima’s peace memorial park.

After the bombing, Hiroshima faced the incredible challenge of rebuilding. It was predicted that plants would be unable to grow for 70 years. Countless corpses, treated like junk, lay in heaps and had to be cremated. Maggots infested the wounded because there were so many casualties that they couldn’t all be treated properly. Under these horrifying conditions, the survivors and newcomers courageously started their new life. Supplied a little food, they cleared away the wreckage and built temporary housing. They worked hard, even the children, and eventually, Hiroshima’s economy prospered.

Today, Hiroshima is a beautiful, industrialized city. There are plenty of plants and water, but there are still some people with A-bomb disease, especially old people. Now that the survivors of the bomb are decreasing in number, will the people of the world forget the tragedy of Hiroshima? I think that at least the people of Hiroshima have to tell as many people as they can, especially the next generation, “NO MORE HIROSHIMA!”

Every year on August 6, a Hiroshima memorial service is held. I hope you will join this service by praying in silence and wishing for peace.
Choong Ju

Yu Jin Lee
Korea

A lot of rice fields, tobacco fields, orchards, and kind people, and a huge complex dam. This is my hometown area. When people think about their hometown most of them have good memories even if they don’t live there anymore. I am one of those with such memories.

My hometown, Choong Ju, is located in the middle of Korea. Choong Ju has a special meaning related to the city’s geographical situation. A long time ago, the Korean people realized that Choong Ju, which was called Jungwonkyeong at that time, was in the middle of Korea, so they built a big tower there overlooking the whole country. Nowadays, this tower, known as national treasure number 7, is called Middle Tower. The meaning of the expression Choong Ju is “Middle City.”

My hometown is not a big city. The population of Choong Ju is 230,000, around the size of the metropolitan area of Columbia, South Carolina. Surrounding the city, there are a lot of farmers and agricultural fields. Tobacco and apples are the main products of this area of Korea. Many people who live in the Choong Ju region have their own field near their house. The people of Choong Ju like the soil and they like farming. When I was a young child, there was a small field behind my house where my family grew vegetables—really fresh, clean vegetables. Now that kind of field can’t be found in my village but can still be found outside the village.

Near Choong Ju there is a huge man-made lake called Lake Choong Ju. The Choong Ju Dam is it as the best hot spring in Korea. 500 years ago, King Se Jong, who created Hangul, the Korean writing system, got a serious skin disease. He tried to find a cure for it but in vain. Then someone suggested that he go to Suanbo Spa, and there he was cured of his disease.

Usually the people of Choong Cheong state, of which Choong Ju is a part, are slower than other Korean states’ people. The people of Choong Ju are very slow and, as rural people usually are, very kind. We have a slow, long-drawn-out way of speaking. Many actors in Korea often use our dialect when they play country people. We are very slow, not only in our speaking but also in our actions. We deliberately don’t hurry even in a busy situation, so people think my hometown’s people are lazy. In my opinion, we aren’t lazy but just enjoy our leisure.

I prefer the country to the big city. I think I am going to live in Choong Ju forever. People can tease me about being a country boy, but I don’t care because my hometown has fresh air, clean water, gorgeous scenery, and, especially, my family.
Do you know about the demilitarized zone (the DMZ) in Korea? Recently I served my military service there. The DMZ is a tragic symbol of my country’s division into two separate countries, South and North Korea. Even though we Koreans are of the same race and have the same historical background, we’ve been divided since 1953 because of our different ideologies.

I spent most of my army life in the DMZ. At first glance, the DMZ might seem to be a very peaceful place, with its abundant wild animals, fresh air, pure water and fine views. Actually, it’s full of bombs and mine fields.

One day, a fire broke out on the North Korean side of the DMZ, and the North Korean soldiers couldn’t put it out because of the bombs and mines planted in the area. A strong wind was blowing to the south, and in a flash the flames had spread all over. There was no way to escape, and everybody was getting scared, scurrying around every which way.

Wearing gas masks, we began to try to remove the bombs planted around our camp on the south side of the DMZ. Of course, it was very dangerous because of all the gas and flames in the area. Suddenly, there was an explosion near our camp. Windows shattered from the force of the explosion.

The situation became more and more serious. To prevent another explosion, we kept trying to remove the bombs planted around the camp, but because of the continuous rounds of explosions that were going off, there wasn’t much we could do to stop the destruction. To make matters worse, one of my friends was wounded seriously in the leg. Surrounded by fire, we couldn’t do anything for him but pray. We abandoned ourselves to despair.

Then, mysteriously, a heavy rain began to fall. We shouted for joy. I couldn’t believe my eyes. In a couple of hours the fire was out. My wounded friend was moved to the hospital. Unfortunately, his leg was so badly damaged that the doctor had to amputate.

When I heard about my friend’s amputation, I cursed the tragic division of the Korean peninsula. It was this rupture, not the fire, that had handicapped my friend. I felt the indignity of our aiming guns to the north at people of our own race, language, and culture.

I hope for my country’s unification as soon as possible, and I wish good luck to my friend and to all the other people who’ve been wounded by the division of Korea.
Traditional Eating Customs of Korea

Hak Jae Kim
Korea

Almost every country has its traditional eating customs. A dining practice common to some people may seem strange to me while a practice common to me may seem strange to them. We Koreans have a number of traditional eating customs, some of which have been changing in recent times.

In the old days, women always prepared the meal and set the table; men never did such work. My father has still never even set the table. Traditionally, if a man set foot in the kitchen, he would become the laughingstock of the neighborhood. Nowadays, though, young couples share the housework.

When the meal was ready, men and women traditionally remained apart from each other, eating in separate places. Men ate together in the center of the room, and women ate together in a corner of the room. This custom has been disappearing. Today, men and women generally eat together in the same place.

Besides the eating customs related to gender difference, there were customs concerning age difference. Younger people couldn’t start eating before their seniors had begun to eat and couldn’t stop eating before their seniors had stopped. Personally, I think that this custom, which still exists today and will probably exist forever, is very good because it shows respect for seniors and teaches patience.

Traditionally, younger people were also expected to be silent during the meal. Especially when eating with seniors, they were not allowed to say a word. If they made noises when eating, seniors blamed their rudeness on their parents for not bringing up their children properly. It seems to me that this was a very conservative practice. It has also changed. Now young people speak a lot when they’re eating. I think talking at the dinner table is very natural and good for everyone’s health and relations.

These four customs are not the only eating customs of Korea that might seem somewhat strange to people from other cultures. Most of these customs originated in Confucianism, the ancient Chinese philosophy which claims that men and seniors are more important than women and younger people. As I’ve pointed out here, these traditions are changing in Korea. Some Koreans like the changes, and others don’t. I think that however we feel about the matter we should respect our unique customs because in some cases they might be a good influence on other cultures around the world.

The thought of my country, Colombia, scares people whose only notion of what it’s like comes from new media reports. “Colombia is dangerous,” “Colombia deals in illegal drugs,” “Colombia is an underdeveloped country,” they think. The world seems to hear about this country only when something bad happens there. The media’s portrayal of Colombia is horrible. There are a lot of beautiful things about my country that people should know, too.

Colombia has some great cities, for example. Bogota, the capital and the biggest, most important city in Colombia, has lots of beautiful places. There you can find historic houses, such as the Bolivars’ house. Simon Bolivar was the first president of Colombia and the liberator of many South American countries that declared their independence from the Spanish government. There are also plenty of contemporary-
The Real Colombia . . .

style places in Bogota, including big malls, stores, and supermarkets. Bogota is a modern city that lives twenty-four hours per day. Near the city are some beautiful towns with a cooler climate and a more relaxing lifestyle than that of Bogota—good places for taking a rest.

Another beautiful city in Colombia is Cartagena. This resort city on the coast of the Caribbean Sea contrasts sharply with Bogota. Cartagena’s style is predominantly Spanish, reflecting its colonial history. Hotels abound in this resort city, accommodating the thousands of people who come to visit from all over the world. Cartagena has some of the world’s most beautiful beaches.

Colombia doesn’t have seasons, but you can find all kinds of climates, depending on whether the city is located near the coast or in the mountains. The climate along the coast is very hot all the time, making life in the coastal cities difficult for those who like cool weather. Only a few of the coastal cities have beaches. The people that live in this climate are very warm and open. I don’t know why, but it’s true. Generally, they don’t like to work hard; they prefer to party.

In the mountain cities, there are various climates, depending on the elevation. The cities located high in the mountains, adorned with beautiful trees and abundant plants, are cold all the time. The style of life there is quite different from that along the coast; the people are very closed and hardworking.

The cities in the middle elevations of the mountains, such as my home city Medellin, have a wonderful climate, sometimes cold and sometimes hot—for me, children live in their parents’ house until they get married. Work is also important for the Colombian people. Many people don’t have jobs but support themselves and their families in various small businesses of their own. Some make jewelry and sell their merchandise in the street. Others set up little food stores in their houses. Such informal business is normal in Colombia. Of course, many people have jobs in companies, and they work hard too.

Industrial activity is strong and growing in Colombia. We have numerous factories and companies that are competitive around the world. There are factories that produce coffee, fabrics, foods, cars, and various other kinds of manufactured goods. Many of these factories are quite efficient, exporting and importing various kinds of merchandise and maintaining good relations with foreign companies. Colombia’s industries are continuously developing their products and their employees and improving the economy of the country.

Like every other country, Colombia has its problems, but its good and beautiful things far outnumber its shortcomings. If you visit this wonderful country, you’ll see for yourself.
Marugame
Minori Maruyama
Japan

If you have a map of Japan, please have a look at it. South of Honshu, you will find Shikoku, the island I live on. A beautiful inland sea is sandwiched between Honshu and Shikoku. I come from Kagawa prefecture, which is located along the inland sea and has a population of about 1,025,000.

I was born in the city of Takamatsu, but when I was four years old, my family moved to Marugame, where we lived for six years before we moved back to Takamatsu. We’ve been living in Takamatsu since then. Although I didn’t live in Marugame as long as I’ve lived in Takamatsu, Marugame seems more like my hometown, especially because my mother passed away soon after we moved back to Takamatsu. For me, Marugame is filled with memories of her.

Many of the memories I have of my “hometown” also revolve around the castle of Marugame. This small castle, a symbol of the city and a famous spot for cherry blossoms, is located in the middle of the city. We lived near the castle, so it was a part of our life. The castle stands on a big hill covered with cherry trees and surrounded by a moat. At the foot of the hill is a small zoo and a public blossom pool. During cherry blossom season, usually the first weekend of May, the castle festival is held. On this occasion, people enjoy eating lunch, drinking, and singing under the cherry trees with their family, friends, or colleagues, and in town, folk dancers wearing cotton kimonos perform. My favorite way to enjoy the festival is to just take a walk to view the cherry blossoms at night. The air is so clean, and the castle and cherry blossoms lit up by spotlights and street lamps are so beautiful.

The castle grounds were my favorite playground, and whenever I go there even now, I feel as if I can see myself here and there in my childhood. Walking along the moat, I always remember an episode involving an otaiko-san, my mother, and me.

An otaiko-san is a woman who sells fish on the street. We can always get fresh fish at a store, but the best way to get fresh fish in Kagawa is to buy it from an otaiko-san, who sets up shop every day, rain or shine, at regular times and places, moving from one place to the next to sell her fish to her regular customers. Around four in the morning, an otaiko-san rides her sidecar bicycle to the fish market to get her fish, and then she pedals into town to sell it. Arriving at her usual spot, she opens her parasol, displays some boxes of fish on the roadside, and begins doing business.

The otaiko-san’s stand is a kind of social gathering place, where customers enjoy chatting with each other. I used to enjoy watching the otaiko-san near our house cut fish according to the customer’s request. But my mother prohibited me from watching her for a long time because she was afraid that the otaiko-san would urge her to buy more fish.

One day when I was six or seven years old, my mother got angry at me. I can’t remember now why she scolded me. But I’m sure that I’d made her mad.

“Get out! Such a bad girl is not my child!!” she shouted at me angrily. There was something about her anger that day that was special. She was enraged and seemed unable to calm herself down.

I left our house without a word and headed toward the castle. I had no idea where I should go. Dragging my feet as I walked along the moat, I found the otaiko-san cutting fish as usual. I decided to watch her skillful work to my heart’s content. Sitting down on my heels beside her, I really enjoyed watching her work. She scraped the scales off the fish and cut their bellies open to remove their intestines, which she fed to the cat regulars at the scene. Gazing at her nimble, work-roughened hands, I totally forgot that I was being punished.

After one or two hours, all the customers had gone, and only she and I were left. When she began preparing to move to her next station, she spoke to me for the first time.

“What’s your name?” she asked, loading her fish boxes on her bicycle.

“Minori,” I said, sitting next to the cats.
Marugame...

“Where’s your mom? Where’s your home?”

Suddenly awakened from my dream by these words, I replied, “I don’t know.”

She chuckled and looked me as if she knew the reason that I me?” she asked.

I was astonished by this invitation and just stood there gazing at her face.

“If you want, you can go with me,” she said with a big smile.

Why should I hesitate?

“I’m sorry,” my mother said quickly to the otaiko-san. “I’ve caused you so much trouble. I was so worried that she hadn’t come back yet. Thank you very much.”

And then she placed me on the back of her bicycle and began to pedal back home at high speed. She seemed to be thinking of the otaiko-san as a kidnapper. I can’t remember what my mother said to me as we rode home, or when we got home, but I can’t forget her warm back and the pain on my cheek.

I still don’t know whether my mother had tagged along behind me as I left home and had been watching me from somewhere while I was watching the otaiko-san, or not. It’s still a mystery to me.

Now I’m grown up and living in the United States, and I sometimes reminisce about my far-away hometown. Some of my special memories of my mother and my hometown have faded, but as those memories disappear, strangely, I realize that I am alive. My life goes on, and someday I’ll reach and pass the age my mother had been then and make my own new hometown with someone else.

was there. Then she was ready to go on to the next spot. All her fish boxes were packed away in the sidecar, and her parasol was closed. The show was over, but I was still squatting there, looking up at her sunburned face.

“I have to go. Where are you going?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I said, standing up.

“You don’t want to go back, do you?”

I didn’t answer, flashing back in my mind to the angry look on my mother’s face.

“Do you want to go with Imagine, every day, showtime—no school, no homework, no punishment, and no Mom!!

“Can I really go with you?”

Instead of an answer, she just gave me a big smile again.

Just as we were about to leave, someone on a bicycle suddenly rushed around the corner shouting my name, grasped my arm, and slapped me in the face. It was my mother.

“Where are you going?!” she demanded. This was my question, I thought, but I was too stunned to say anything. So was the otaiko-san.
Have you ever heard of Kamakura? This historical city, located in Kanagawa prefecture, was once the capital of Japan. In 1192, Yoritomo Minamoto, who was the president at that time, established Japan’s federal government in Kamakura, and the Kamakura era of Japanese history began.

Kamakura’s many old temples and shrines dating from that era, along with its interesting souvenir shops, cafes, and restaurants, make this city a great place to visit. The people of Kamakura have tried to preserve the old historical part of the town. Every year, thousands of tourists, not only Japanese people but many foreigners, too, come to Kamakura by bus, car, or train to enjoy its special sightseeing attractions.

When I go there from my city, which adjoins Kamakura, I prefer to go by a special train called Enoden. Enoden is a cute streetcar train consisting of only two cars decorated with colorful advertisements. It runs slowly along the coast, taking about forty minutes from the main station of my city to travel the short distance to Kamakura. During the trip, passengers can enjoy the view of a quaint old street and the sea.

My favorite place in Kamakura is called Zeni Arai Benten, which means “place to wash money.” Wishing for their future to bring them a lot of money, people put coins and bills in a bamboo basket and wash them by shaking the basket under the water.

The most famous place in Kamakura is Hase-Temple, one of two places in Japan famous for their big Buddhas. People can go inside the Buddha at Hase-Temple.

Ten days before I left Japan to come here to Columbia, I visited there with a friend of mine. Of course, we got on Enoden and went to Zeni Arai Benten and Hase-Temple. Kamakura—what a wonderful place!

An Interview with Kathy
K-Beom Park
Korea

There are a lot of excellent teachers at EPI, and in my opinion, Kathy Bledsoe is one of the best. As her student last quarter, I found out that before she began teaching at EPI she taught English for three months in Japan. I became curious about how this teaching experience in an Asian country had influenced her teaching style here in the United States, so I decided to interview her and share my findings with everyone at EPI.

KBP: How did you choose Japan as a place to teach English?

KB: When I was a student at Columbia International University (CIU) majoring in Intercultural Studies/Teaching English as a Foreign Language (TEFL), I was required to teach English overseas to get my master’s degree. Originally, I was supposed to go to Beijing along with my classmates to teach English to Chinese university students, but the Tienanmen Square massacre happened and the Chinese government canceled our visas. So, I had to choose another destination.

I heard about a Christian ministry in Japan that was looking for an American teacher to teach English to Japanese students—children and adults. One
An Interview with Kathy . . .

of the responsibilities was teaching at English camps. I decided to volunteer for the job, and soon there I was teaching in Japan.

KBP: Did you find many cultural differences between Japan and the United States?

KB: I sure did. Several incidents in particular stand out. One of the camps I worked at was for Japanese high school and college students who wanted to learn English and study the Bible. One day, there was a Christian rock concert at the camp. The music was really good, but the students were sitting there without dancing or even moving their bodies to the music, as if they were listening to an orchestra! I was shocked. Their reaction was very different from American students’ behavior at a rock concert. We Americans there soon led the way, and the Japanese loosened up when they realized it was appropriate.

Also, I found that Japanese people are very polite and try hard to please. They tend to tell you what they think you want to hear rather than what they really think.

KPB: Has your experience of teaching in Japan influenced your teaching style here?

KB: Absolutely! Teaching English to Japanese students has strongly influenced my teaching style here. Before I taught in Japan, I had no idea what Asian culture, thought, and characteristics were like. For instance, when I would ask students questions to get a discussion going and nobody would answer, I assumed that they weren’t speaking up because they didn’t have an answer. But after getting familiar with Japanese culture and their concept of saving face, I realized that I was mistaken. They were just waiting for some initiative to break the silence they were accustomed to in the Japanese classroom.

From my teaching experience in Japan, I learned that I had to teach non-Western students the Western style of communication as well as English and to help them feel comfortable expressing their opinions and discussing things. I particularly see the need for these things in communication classes here.

KBP: What advice can you give us about how foreign students can learn English as a second language quickly?

KB: First of all, when you’re talking with Americans, don’t worry about making mistakes. Allow yourself to make mistakes and keep trying to say what you want to express. Worrying too much about errors hinders communication. Yes, you need to become aware of and correct your errors, but requiring perfection of yourself doesn’t help you improve; it slows down improvement.

Also, don’t spend all your time with people who speak your native language. Remember, you need to practice speaking English as much as possible. You’re already fluent in your native language.
Berit Midtgaard is an ideal teacher, a great mother, a humble learner, and an inspiring friend.

Berit has had a very rich life, having worked as a children's teacher, a pre-school and kindergarten consultant, and a fish company manager. Presently, she works as a pre-school superintendent in northern Norway. Last September, Berit traveled here to the USA, beginning a year off from her job so that she could study in this country.

I can easily imagine what a good mother Berit is. I'm sure that she has raised her children with love and faithfulness, teaching them how to distinguish between right and wrong and how to be thoughtful.

Like a lot of other EPI students, I'm always complaining about all the hard work EPI classes require. Berit, though, doesn't complain about it; she looks at it as something to enjoy.

"Life here in Columbia is like a vacation for me. I'm here to learn something that will help me in my work, so it's a pleasure to be a student again."

In her spare time Berit enjoys painting, quilting, listening to jazz music, and cooking. Her Norwegian fish stew—I can personally testify—is excellent!!! And of course, Berit loves to take care of her friends. When I'm blue, she gives me a heartwarming hug. She doesn't say anything but just stays with me. Her being itself is an encouragement to me.

Life in Columbia is wonderful for us EPI students. On the other hand, faced with the problems of adjusting to American life and having to study English so hard, we sometimes can’t help becoming homesick. Fortunately, though, two of the students here at EPI, Berit Midtgaard and Makoto (Mak) Katsurada, are like an encouraging mom and dad to us. These two mature, warmhearted people are great teachers and friends to a lot of us EPI students.

We all come to EPI with the common purpose of learning English, and after accomplishing that goal, we leave, enriched linguistically and personally. A crossroads along our individual journeys, EPI provides us with a great opportunity to meet all kinds of people, including some whose great character transcends the language barrier and the generation gap. Berit and Mak, with their unforgettable smiles and hugs, are two such wonderful people. We'll be seeing you, "Mom" and "Dad!" Let's hope that by the time we meet again, we'll all be helpful, encouraging personalities like you.

—Minoru Maruyama

From Bernie to GW40 and RV40:
It's been a long quarter but I have enjoyed every (well, almost . . . ) minute!
Good luck next quarter, guys.

Dear Rick,
Thanks for your extracurricular lecture. And also thanks to Bill who I never meet but who helped me study English indirectly.
Hobbies

To the SABIC students who are going home after this quarter . . .
Good-bye . . . good-luck . . . and don’t forget the English you studied in EPI.
Talal

Dear Miki,
I'm so happy to hear that you'll be sticking with EPI next term. Please come to my house!! My cats (Socks, Malo, Deron, Boku, Butcher, and Kuma) are looking forward to seeing you again.

Minori

To my friends and teachers,
Did you enjoy this term? We had a lot of things to enjoy, didn't we? Were you pleased with my skinhead? However, I'm never going to get a skinhead, again. It's too cold . . .
Your favorite skinhead boy

To my precious friends,
Shon, Jay, Yu Jin, Shin, Ki, and the youngest, Hyung-Jun! I hope we will meet in Korea in 1996. Thank you all for sharing wonderful experiences with me here. Good luck and see you in Korea.

Park Ki-Beom
Makoto

Not so big, wearing glasses and a Carolina baseball cap, looking like there’s nothing to worry about: This is Makoto Katsurada from Tokyo, Japan. He was born in Tokyo and has lived there all forty-three years of his life. Makoto has a nickname, so if you get tired of calling him by his full name, you can call him “Mak.”

Mak is married and has a twelve-year-old son and a nine-year-old daughter. One of his hobbies is spending time with his children. On weekends, Mak plays catch with them. As he talked about his children during our interview, a big smile lit up his face. Obviously, he really likes them. He seems to especially like his daughter Moe. Sometimes, they take a bath together and sleep in the same bed.

“She’s still a baby,” he said. “She has a pure and simple heart.”

Besides playing with his children, Mak has a few other hobbies. One of them is golf, but because it’s so expensive to play golf in Japan he can’t play often—maybe only three times a year. When he can’t play golf, he plays tennis. I suppose that he can play tennis very well because he’s been playing the game for a long time. Someday, I’m going to play tennis with him because I like to play tennis, too.

Mak developed his third hobby during his university years. In 1974, he entered Tokyo Science University. Because he’d liked chemistry in high school, he decided to study chemical engineering. But this field was very different from what he’d thought it would be like, and he got tired of it. He joined the dinghy club and began to spend more time with it than with his classes. Participating in this club turned him into a good sailor but at the same time slowed down his studies. It took Mak six years to graduate from the university.

Mak works for Nikko Chemicals and is here at EPI now because his company sent him here for English training. This means that he has a sponsor who pays his tuition and living costs. I think he’s so lucky (though I have a sponsor, too—my father and mother).

If you’re homesick or sometimes feel blue, I recommend that you meet this optimistic man. Mak will feel like a father or older brother to you as well as your friend.

---

Yu Jin Lee
Korea

Berit in kimono and Mak as usual

To Valerie,
I’m so happy to have met you at EPI. I love your cute smile. You are so sweet!! (I’m not crazy!!)
Minori

To Everybody,
I love you. I need you… Thank you!! For everything!! Special thanks, Naomi, Sakae, Nam, P.J., Sung Woo!!
Dr. X

To Betsy Fernández,
You are leaving the teenage years. Happy Birthday.
Jenny Zanchi
Dear Hani,
There are many things in life you can’t understand. I don’t know why! But you should learn from your mistakes and shouldn’t laugh at me sometimes for being bad or foolish. I want you to understand me and realize that I’m doing the right things. Don’t misunderstand me, please!
Sakhar Al-Busaidi

To the sick,
I’m glad to write this letter to you. I want to explain my feelings to you. I hope that by Christmas Day you’ll be in good health so that you can join your family and friends. On that occasion, we’ll be praying for you and we won’t forget you, especially those whose situation won’t help them enjoy this day.
Hussein

To the breakfast club:
You need to get to Caffe Expresso or Burger King earlier. Ha! Think of our class when you see the movie and don’t be too disappointed that Hollywood portrays some characters different from the way you have imagined them. I have really enjoyed you! Please don’t forget me.
Kathy

To Our Association,
Do you remember our wonderful trip to Chicago? I can’t forget the wonderful memory of that trip. I hope all the members of our association will keep in contact with one another after we go back to our country. The most handsome guy in the MBA
To Luis Okuma,
Luis, I have to tell you that I really enjoyed your spaghetti with vegetables many times. Chao Chivo!
Guillermo

To the student of EPI whose name I don’t know,
She is a beautiful girl in my mind who charms me with her eyes when she looks at me, which makes me think of the girl of my dreams.
A Sort Of Silly Wolf
To Nook Iwasaki,
Hi, Nao! Do you know what the overflow of a carpenter is? The overflow is to have one dog that moves the tail.
Mary Flores

To Timothy Stewart,
In the fall term, I’ve been able to study at the Computer Lab. Thank you, Timothy. I’d like to see my country’s news on Internet. Will it be possible in the future? I’m very interested in your high-tech educational system. Thank you.
Man Hee Kim

To my daughter, Rauan,
On your first day in school here, I was very worried about what you were going to do since it would be your first experience with the English language. But now I’m very happy when I see how fast you can learn English.
Mohammad

To my teacher Rick,
The first time I saw you, you reminded me of an Arabic actor. I told my friends about this and from then on your name has been (.) Ask me about your new name, please! Thank you.
Zaid Al-Fohaid

To Casie,
Even though you are going back to your native country you should study hard. I hope to hear good news. In the future, I wish to meet you.
Jin

Dear Glen,
Thanks a million to you, Mr. Rice! I really enjoyed your teaching in your classes during my study at EPI. Thank you for your concern and TLC for me. I won’t forget you and your wife, Cathy, after I go back to Korea. Also I’ll miss everything I did in EPI. God bless you all the time.
Good-bye!
With all sincerity,
Sohwon Yun

Dearest Shiro-san,
Thank you for your kindness and being my friend. You keep my head up. I really appreciate you. See you next year.
May

My dearest friends,
I love you guys. I’ll miss you and . . . thank you for your kindness!!
With love, Kayoko

To my students, to the Sunrise staff, and to all the contributors to this issue of Sunrise,
Thanks for your efforts! I feel really fortunate to be able to work with such friendly, interesting, motivated people.
Best wishes & love,
Dick
Stories, Poems & Other Things
One Day in the Habitat for Humanity

Mary Flores

"What is Habitat for Humanity?" I asked myself when I first heard about EPI's plans to participate in one of its projects. Now, after getting involved in the project, I know. Habitat for Humanity is a nonprofit organization which, with the backing of churches and companies, helps needy people build their own houses at a low cost and without interest.

This fall, the local chapter of Habitat built ten houses for ten families in the Columbia area. Families participating in the project were chosen according to their family size, character, and financial capability.

Along with a lot of other EPIers, I contributed a day's work to this project. We arrived at the site where the new houses were being built at 9:00 a.m. When I got off the bus, the first thing I saw was the beautiful landscape there and one of the houses under construction. I walked over to this house and met a group of people who were working outside the house, cleaning, collecting garbage, clearing trees, leveling the land, making a small garden, and planting flowers, and another group who were finishing building the house. I joined the garbage collectors because the other jobs were too hard for me.

Curious to see what the inside of the house was like, I took a break and went in for a look. It had three bedrooms, a bathroom, a dining room, and a kitchen. Walking through the rooms, I could feel a sensation of happiness and peace in the air: By the next month, the proud owners of the house, maybe a family with children who would be playing here, would be moved in.

Then I met the owners, a nice, friendly couple. They were working on their house, too, and I could see in their faces the face of happiness.

Stopping to watch some workers assembling shelves for the kitchen, something I'd never seen done before, I decided to try to learn how it was done and to help them. They were very friendly and patient with me. When I asked them questions, they paid attention to me and answered nicely.

All the people I met working for Habitat that day impressed me with their courage and love. Here they were, helping their fellow people, working for hours without pay. They understood, and now I do too, that these houses would become the homes of underprivileged people and would fill their lives with happiness. Now, these new homeowners would be able to enjoy the comfort of living in their own houses with modern facilities.

I think that Habitat for Humanity is a very positive organization, bringing a lot of people happiness and solidarity. I hope that it will continue to grow internationally and reach more and more countries, including my country, Peru.

Thank you, Habitat for Humanity, for showing me the solidarity that can be achieved in working to improve the lives of those in need, and for how I can share in it.
Cherry Blossoms

It was a cold afternoon in the middle of December when Helen arrived at the trading company in Tokyo. She was from Brazil and twenty-six years old. Although her parents were Japanese, she could speak only survival Japanese and could write and read only a few words of Japanese. As she was born in Brazil and got her education—from elementary school to university—in Sao Paulo, her native language was Portuguese. Her second language was English, and she could read and write English better than she could Japanese.

Helen had been hired to work in the international division of the company, but she was worried about her poor Japanese. And the cold weather made her feel blue.

After Helen had begun her work, her anxiety soon disappeared because her fellow workers were so kind to her. She worked hard for the company in the daytime and studied Japanese at night, and her colleagues came to recognize her for her good efforts.

Helen behaved brightly like a typical Latin American woman. Some of her colleagues became very interested in her because of the attractive contrast in her

Makoto Katsurada
Japan
features. Her face looked Japanese like theirs while her fashion, walking style, and ways of expression were very different from theirs.

Kazu, who worked in the purchasing division, was especially impressed by her. He had gotten married three years before but still didn’t have a child yet. He was interested in foreign cultures and could speak a little English, so he sometimes talked with her in English and taught her Japanese at lunchtime or after five.

Both Helen and Kazu liked watching American movies and playing tennis. They often went to a movie together after work. At the movie theater, when she couldn’t catch the English, he would translate the Japanese subtitles into easy Japanese or English for her. After the movie, they usually went to a cafeteria and, as they watched other couples happily walking by on the street, talked about the actors or actresses and the good scenes of the movies.

When they went to play tennis, Kazu always picked Helen up on the way to the court. He played better than she, so he often taught her how to play a volley. She became very fond of him even though she knew that she couldn’t fall in love with him.

One day after work around the end of March, Helen and Kazu went to Ueno Park, a place very famous for its cherry blossoms. They walked around for about an hour under the pink and white cherry blossoms lit up in the fading light of sunset. All around them in the park were people partying, singing, and drinking. It was the first time for her to see such beautiful cherry blossoms.

In April, Kazu was informed that he was being transferred to the Osaka branch. He was to work there for six months. Hearing this news, Helen felt sad, but she was an optimist and after Kazu left town she tried to keep enjoying her life in Tokyo.

In May, Helen was introduced by a friend to Koichi, who worked for his father’s small company. Koichi liked the ocean a lot and his hobby was fishing. She also liked the ocean, and they often went together to the ocean to go fishing. Soon they fell in love. They got engaged in August and planned their wedding for October.

When Kazu heard the news from his colleagues, he phoned her and congratulated her. Helen was so glad to hear from him.

Soon after Helen and Koichi
Cherry Blossoms...

became engaged, however, a problem emerged. Koichi’s mother, Yoshiko, began to oppose her son’s wedding because she was worried about Koichi’s future.

“Koichi is my only child,” Yoshiko thought, “and he will be the president of my husband’s company. In Japan, the wife of a president must be Japanese.”

Of course, Koichi argued with her, but his father was on his mother’s side, and Koichi finally gave up his plan to marry Helen.

Koichi told Helen that he loved her but that he couldn’t marry her because of his parents’ demands. She couldn’t quite understand this. All she could do was cry. She was depressed for a couple of weeks. Her colleagues were concerned about her sad looks and asked her what had happened. After listening to her story, they cheered her up. Finally, she recovered from her disappointment and threw herself into her work again.

In December, Helen had to go back to Brazil to renew her visa. By then, Kazu was back in Tokyo, and he and his colleagues had a farewell party for her. At the end of the party, she made an emotional speech in excellent Japanese, crystallizing her words with sweet tears. They were all impressed by her speech.

The day of Helen’s departure to Brazil, Kazu took her to the airport. On the way, they said very little, just listening to the sound of the engine. They both seemed to be reminiscing about the good times they’d spent together doing things like going to the movies and playing tennis.

After she’d checked in, Helen turned to Kazu and looked intensely into his eyes.

“Thank you for everything, Kazu! I’ll never forget you!” she said hoarsely. She couldn’t say anything more through all her tears.

“Take care and be happy!” was all that Kazu could say.

Then she turned around and started to go down the stairs. Suddenly, though, stopping halfway down, she turned back around, looked at him, and then rushed back up the stairs.

He held her so tightly for a while, and finally he kissed her. It was their first and last kiss.

And then she turned around again and, without saying anything, walked down the stairs. This time she didn’t look back. He watched her go until he couldn’t see her anymore.

“A love like cherry blossoms…” Kazu said to himself on his way home from the airport.

I Remember...

Mieko Sato
Japan

I remember when one shadow snuggled up to another shadow.
I remember when they became one thing full of lights.
I remember being sure, as the big shadow ascended toward spring, that it would never come back.
I remember thinking that it was in the hands of God and would never fall from there.
I remember the day that I realized that it was two again, the way it had been before, walking separately. And then they vanished.
I remember when one of them was born again.
But it remembers how they used to love each other every moment. And I too remember the love story of the two shadows.
I remember the path they walked along.
I remember the warmth they shared.
I’ll always remember their love story.
To Win

Jorge Fernandez
Ecuador

It was my first international golf tournament.

One week before the tournament started, the players arrived. Those from outside Ecuador stayed with Ecuadorian families, and we all went out together to enjoy Quito’s discotheques and nightlife. During the daytime, we practiced for the tournament, honing our skills and getting familiar with the course.

I had a good feeling when I started the tournament. No matter how good my opponents were, I was determined to win.

I played really well, and by the eighteenth hole of the last round, I was tied for the lead. But I sensed that this last hole was going to be the hardest and most nerve-racking of my life. As my opponent and I waited to tee off, we both knew that the first one of us to make a mistake would lose.

He teed off first, and it was a perfect shot. Then it was my turn, and I drove my ball into some deep grass. So deep that my caddie couldn’t even find my ball! I was really upset and nervous.

Finally, just before the time allowed for trying to find a lost ball expired, I found it! What a relief! But when I looked at the ball more closely, I discovered that it wasn’t my ball, after all!

Now I had a dilemma. I could pretend the ball I’d found was mine, play it, and still be in contention to win. Or I could be honest and declare my ball lost, go back to the tee, and start the hole over with two penalty strokes—in other words, admit defeat.

I decided to play the ball I’d found.

It was resting in a tough position to hit out of, but somehow I managed to hit a great shot and my appropriate ball landed on the green.

Immediately, I started feeling guilty. With each step toward the green, I felt worse. It just wasn’t right, and what I’d done might even be discovered.

When I got to the green, I told my opponent that the ball I’d played wasn’t mine.

I’d wanted so badly to win that tournament, but I preferred to lose than to win a trophy that I hadn’t earned.

Lost and Found

Guiselle Bustillos
Ecuador

One day when I was a little girl and my family had just moved to Ecuador from Nicaragua, I went to the post office with my parents and somehow got separated from them. Unable to find them, I cried and cried, and a lot of people tried to calm me down. Fortunately, my parents finally found me.

Several years later, I was in a shopping mall with my mom when I saw a little boy crying. Remembering how I’d felt when I discovered that I’d lost my parents, I went up to him and asked him what was wrong. He told me that two big boys were following him and trying to get him to go somewhere with them. For some reason, I didn’t believe him and went ahead with my mother.

Two days later, I saw a report in the local newspaper about a little boy who’d disappeared. According to the description of the boy and of the last place he’d been seen, I realized that it was the same little boy I’d met in the mall!

Trying to recall everything the boy had told me that day, I remembered that he’d mentioned the name of the place that the boys who’d been following him said they wanted to take him to.

I called the police, told them about my conversation with the boy, and gave them the name of the place that the boy’s pursuers had been trying to lure him to.

Because of my call, the police were eventually able to find the boy, and he was returned to his parents. About a week later, his parents called to thank me and invited me to their house so that they could thank me in person. When we met, it made me so happy to see how happy they were and that the little boy was safe.
The Most Dangerous Enemy

Young Yeon Kim
Korea

At the basic training school in Non-San, South Korea, a drill sergeant was shouting at a trainee, demanding that he move faster. Looking forward to finishing the daily training, I (that trainee) found myself obeying without thinking. Maybe I didn’t want to think about my situation. It was difficult, but I was certainly turning out to be a real soldier.

I joined the army on March 14, 1993. Most young men in Korea are required to serve in the military for a period lasting over two years. When I received my orders from the Ministry of National Defense indicating the date and place that I was to enroll, the idea of living in the army for a long time frightened me, but it was my duty to serve. My three brothers had all finished their military duty, and my father had always been proud of their service. Now it was my turn.

The new soldiers tried hard to run faster. We had to go through a steep obstacle course again and again for eight hours at a time. At the end of the day, I couldn’t stand on my feet. And I was so thirsty, but we had to wait for water. The drill sergeant just ordered us to be patient. I had no choice but to learn how to be patient.

I had heard about an accident in which a trainee had made a mistake when he was practicing throwing a hand grenade and three people had died, including him. So, when I was given a hand grenade to throw, my arms became stiff like sticks. Anyway, as ordered, I threw the grenade quickly, far away from my position, and it exploded, shaking the ground. What a thrill! Managing this challenge gave me an inexplicable courage.

The hardest task in the basic training school was the seventy-kilometer nighttime road march. During the march, a toenail on my right foot came off, and the soles of my feet became blistered. It was hard to walk. I sang to keep walking. If somebody wanted to quit marching or couldn’t walk, they could ride in the truck, but it wasn’t honorable to quit.

I was a front road guard and the first squad leader on the march. Around five hundred soldiers were following me. When I halted or hid myself, they did the same. It was really interesting to experience such power! Even this extremely difficult march wasn’t all bad; there were some fun aspects in it, too.

I learned from my military experience that if I tried hard to meet a difficult challenge I could do it. Whether you make a situation better or worse depends on your intentions. And if you live your life without passion, you’re living with the most dangerous enemy.

To my EPI teachers,
I want to thank you for teaching me.
I’m going to go to Korea for Christmas vacation. I hope you teach me next semester. Have a nice holiday.
Hye-jin

To the EPI teachers and staff: Thanks for all.
Jenny Zanchi
Empty
Alicia Aguayo, Ecuador
Ju Young Park, Korea

empty
the shadow
of stone
and silence
your hands
have vanished
among the trees
the sky
awash in wind
full of night and
empty history

"I"

Jennifer B. Gardner
USA

All is reduced to "I."
The world is tied to my
Thoughts, ... ideas fly,
Leaving me dry,
Empty and ready to die.

Eclipse of the Heart
Hironari Hara
Japan

My words wander the unfathomable lifeless abyss. My elusive feelings
try to escape from here. The mysterious wind takes me higher. But inwardly,
neurotic sounds reverberate.
I avert my eyes from the grim mockery. The shoddy pride hurts. The
intellectual loathing exhausts me.
Oh, total eclipse of the heart!
Evolution

Dick Holmes
USA

Flying, light
yet weighted.

Landing in water,
a day on earth.

The next moment
on the way.

The Journey

Berit Midtgaard
Norway

I am moving from one place
to another, bringing with me
all I need for living.
Moving to new places, new
houses, new people.
My moving is like a journey.
The luggage I bring with me
is the knowledge and experience
I have learned from people in
the stopping-places,
young people with their enthusiasm,
old people with their experience.
My life is a journey.

I will always move.

Infinity

Mieko Sato
Japan

In the heavy rain
Nobody could see me
Finding the plumage of a phoenix
I was lifted up into the sky
Now watching angels dance
I realize I am a piece of the puzzle
The world will suddenly be gone with the wind
Yet I'll be back here again
It's About Time

Why am I here? What happened to me? These questions always hound me because I can’t remember anything about my past before I met Joy, not even one thing about my childhood or my family.

Anyway, once Joy took me in, I began to experience a lot of happiness in my quiet life here with her despite my amnesia. She’s been taking care of me ever since she found me that night awhile back laid out in some dark old alley.

Joy’s life seems not to be so good, yet she’s good-natured, mature, vivacious, young, and pretty. She told me I could stay here at her place as long as I wanted, and she’s never given me a headache, never dug into my background.

My background. Whenever I begin to think about that, I feel like puking, for some reason. I suppose my past is a nightmare, so I’d better just ignore it.

After Joy and I had spent a little time together, we began to fall in love with each other. She treated me nicely, and I treated her as well as I could.

One day, I asked her what had made her take in a dubious man like me that night she’d found me. “Well, you looked pretty poor,” she said. “I couldn’t just leave you there all alone. Besides . . .”

“Besides what?”

“No, no. Nothing . . .”

I didn’t know about her past, but I thought I’d better not ask about it. Maybe she had a reason she didn’t want to talk about it. People are like that.

At first, our life together seemed to be the best in the world, but slowly our love began to fade.

And now . . . Now I can’t stand any more of this being tied down by her all the time. I have to get out of here.

Time to do it again?

Today, I had another argument with David. Why do we do this? I’m disgusted with the way things are going, but I know I don’t have the courage to see our relationship come to an end.

One night, David finally slapped me. I didn’t know what to do. I just wanted him to stay with me, but I knew I couldn’t control him anymore.

“How can I change him?” I pondered.

There was only one way, I finally decided. I put a fatal dose of sleeping powder into the already opened bottle of wine he’d be finishing off that night as usual.

Just as I’d hoped, David managed to get it all down before he passed out on the couch. I was excited! Now he was going to be mine forever!

But the next morning, his heart was still beating. I was at a loss, wondering what I was going to do if he woke up.

Fortunately, when he came to, his mind was like a clean white sheet. He didn’t remember a thing, not even who he was. My plan had succeeded, though not quite in the way I’d imagined it would. The apple tree I’d planted was bearing oranges.

Lately, though, David has been getting back into his old bad habits . . . I think it’s about time to do it again.
The Living and the Dead

Taehoon Kang
Korea

It was a beautiful autumn day. Martin's mind wouldn't let his body stay at home. A voice inside kept urging him, "Go! Go! Go! Wherever, just get outside somewhere!"

Finally, he decided to go mountain climbing with his friends, who all belonged to the climbing circle at his school. He called thirteen members of the circle, and six said they'd go with him.

When they arrived at the foot of one of the mountains they liked and often climbed, it suddenly began to rain. The sky became dark and a furious wind howled. As much as Martin wanted to climb, he didn't want to risk it under such dangerous conditions.

"We'd better go back home and try another day," Martin told the group.

But the bus that had brought them there had already left, and the other guys wanted to experience conquering a precipice on a rainy day.

"Okay, then, suit yourselves. I'll wait in the hut over there while you climb. Be careful!" Martin said.

As Martin waited and his friends climbed, the rain got heavier and heavier, and the sky shook with explosions of thunder. Three hours later, three of the six came back to the hut.

"Where are the others?" asked Martin.

"There was an accident. The nail on a rock was loose, and they fell. We tried to rescue them, but it was too difficult to reach them. I think they're dead," said one of the guys.

They tried to call 911 to ask for help, but the telephone at the hut was out of order. They couldn't find another telephone in the area and they didn't have a car, so all they could do was wait for a bus to arrive.

Thirty minutes passed in gloomy silence, and then Martin heard voices yelling from somewhere below outside the hut. Shouted back to the others, "They're alive! They're alive! Look at them!"

When Martin realized that the first three to arrive at the hut hadn't returned his joyful cry, he ran over to them and looked at them searchingly. There they sat, just staring at him, an eerie chill emanating from their expressionless, ghost-like faces.

Dear Yuko,

I had a really great time with you for six months and I won't forget you. I'll miss you a lot when you leave. But I know you have to pursue your big dream to enter the University of Maryland in Japan. I believe that you can certainly accomplish your dream because you're a hardworking person. I'm looking forward to seeing you in Japan. Do your best!! I wish you lots of success.

Sincerely yours,
Mayumi Kawamoto

To Marie,
Special thanks to you for all your help with the LIPBEAT. Your part makes a BIG difference!
Susan
A Dream Come True

Sun Hye Yook
Korea

John, a six-year-old boy, was waiting for his mother to come home. When she'd left home in the morning, she'd told John that she'd come back home from work as soon as possible.

John was being good and staying inside as he had promised his mother.

One day, John had lost his way home when he broke his promise to his mother and went outside. Before he got lost, he'd had such a good time that day. He got to inspect up close a lot of cars he really liked, and then, when a fire engine roared by with its loud siren screaming, he followed it, hoping to get a ride on it. But he couldn't catch up with it, and the fire engine disappeared from his sight. When he collected his mind, he didn't know where he was. Fortunately, with the help of the police, he finally managed to get back home, but he was scolded hard by his mother.

John liked any kind of car. All of his favorite things were related to cars. He liked to play with toys cars, draw pictures of cars, and watch cars on the street through the window when his mother wasn't home. Everyone who knew John had to draw a picture of a car to avoid his nagging. He was so interested in cars that he knew more about them than adults did. He knew the name of every kind of car and its distinguishing features.

It was a really nice, warm day. John was stretched out on his bed drawing a picture of the fire engine he'd seen the day he'd gotten lost when he became drowsy and fell asleep.

A little while later, he was awakened by the sound of a fire engine coming his way. And suddenly, there he was, riding on the truck zooming down the street to a fire! His promise to his mother that he wouldn't go outside flashed through his mind, but he was determined to go ahead to the fire.

Arriving at the scene of the fire, John was surprised to discover that the place on fire was his mother's workplace! He tried hard to extinguish the fire, but it kept raging, so he had to run into the blazing house to find his mother and save her.

Finally, he found her, passed out on the floor. Quickly, he picked her up and carried her outside. She was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, and he went back home.

"Mother must never find out that I went outside again, rode on the fire engine, and saved her life," John said to himself as he lay down on his bed for a rest. And then thinking over the day's big event, he fell asleep.

When he woke up, his mother was lying beside him hugging him. She was sleeping deeply and looked fine, he thought.

Wishing for a ride in a great sports car next time, John fell back asleep in his mother's arms.

To Maria,
May you continue to make me
- smile (at your scowls)
- laugh (at your biting sense of humor after I've recovered)
- grateful (that we have weekends off!)
These along with a Happy New Year are my wishes to you! Happy Holidays!
Susan

To RV 60,
Thanks for the fun time. I will miss each of you and reading your opinions, but especially your enthusiasm with class and the book A Time To Kill.
Kathy
Summer Days in the Country

Makoto Katsurada
Japan

When I was in elementary school, my brother and I used to go my aunt and uncle’s house for two weeks every summer.

Since my uncle was a Buddhist monk, he and his family lived in a house near a temple located in the remote countryside. My cousin would pick us up and take us there in his truck. My brother and I usually rode in the bed of the truck even though the floor was hard because we had a lot of space to play there.

One time, on our way to the house, one of the tires blew out. My cousin changed the tire and threw the blown-out tire into the back of the truck, and then we got going again. Soon, the sun went down and the air got cooler. The old tire felt warm and comfortable, so I used it as a pillow to rest my head on.

We arrived at the house around eight o’clock in the evening. My aunt was very surprised to see my face, which, along with my hands, had become black from resting on my tire pillow.

My aunt and uncle’s home was a great place to play. My brother and I often went crayfishing in the pond there, ran around the graveyard, and shot an air gun. At three o’clock in the afternoon, my aunt sometimes served us a watermelon cooled in the well. After working up a sweat, it was so delicious. We usually ate it outside the house, cramming a lot of watermelon into our mouths all at once and blowing the seeds off as far away as we could.

One summer, the day we were to go back home, I made a mud ball like a big meatball and buried it near a big tree. The next summer, arriving at my aunt’s house, I remembered my mud ball. I ran to the big tree with a small shovel and tried to find it. Fortunately, I managed to find it quickly and dug it out. It had become dry and hard. Carefully, I brought it to my aunt’s house and told her all about it. She was so glad to hear my story.

I’m a lot older now and my aunt is no longer living, but I still clearly remember her and the summer days of my childhood I spent at her house.

Almost Autumn

Mayumi Kawamoto
Japan

The days of Summer dwindle and Autumn’s song I hear. The leaves will soon desert the trees when frosty nights appear.

The air now holds a promise of the season’s golden glow. And as Summer takes her leave, Fall will overflow.

The beauty of each season is always on display. Summer, Fall, Winter, and Spring—a truly vast array!
The Turning Point  Yoo Hoon Kim  Korea

I grew up near the University of Dong-A, surrounded by a lot of sports fields. From the age of six, I enjoyed playing soccer and baseball. I used to play instead of study. I was also a gymnast in elementary school. Then I entered a middle school famous for its soccer team. I tried out for the team and made it. I played soccer throughout my middle school years and during my first years in high school.

When I was a junior in high school, my father forbade me to continue participating in sports because he wanted me to study for college. I didn’t know how to study and hadn’t learned the basics in all the subjects necessary for college. I failed the state-run scholastic achievement test for admission to the university. Somehow, though, I was allowed to enter Guk-Min University. I don’t know how I was admitted, but I’m sure it had something to do with the fact that my father’s company had founded the University.

Once I got into the University, I refused to attend classes, no matter what my father thought, but somehow, despite my academic apathy, I got a diploma. What can I say? Anyway, since then, I’ve been an easygoing person.

After immigrating to the United States, however, I reached a turning point in my attitude toward studying and learning.

Sometimes, I worked at my sister’s store when she went to Atlanta to buy some merchandise, and her two employees ignored and ridiculed me because I couldn’t speak English. This sort of embarrassing situation happened again and again. My feelings kept getting hurt, and I came to feel that I had to learn English. I developed a strong desire to master the language and began to study hard every day.

One evening, thinking deeply about my past life, I became filled with regret about the path I’d followed. Suddenly, though, this feeling turned into a firm resolve to change my life, and I shouted out to myself, “Yes, I can do it! Let’s go to EPI!”

seemed that this was the only thing he could do to escape from reality and get a rosy picture of life. But sometimes he felt that this activity was excluding him from the community.

Later on, he started writing, in hopes that he could better connect with people. The stories he wrote tended to be success stories in which there were lots of ambitious characters who were tough and dependable and had a lot of friends.

When he was 22 years old, he got a writing contract with the biggest publishing company in the world. His life now seemed to be filled with hope, with a big promising future.

As he became successful as a writer, the people of his town began to think of him as being someone exactly like the characters in his story. He felt overwhelmed by the distorted image people had of him. They seemed to be interested only in his stories, not in him. It scared him to death for some inexplicable reason.

He drank wild Turkey on the rocks every night. Wild Turkey, he thought, was the only thing that could help him confront his invisible self. He doubted himself, his way of thinking, and his life until he lost all confidence in himself. And then the more he drank, the more confused he became. But he continued to try to find out who he was by drinking.

Finally, one day he committed suicide. Nobody understood why. Nobody could find the cause.

But perhaps it was his isolation.

Isolation is the most dangerous thing on earth.
The Words

Sung-Woong Shon
Korea

The words already spoken . . .
as much as to say,
I feel hollow.

I want myself
to ripen
toward the interiors of forests
in green,

but
whenever I toss out the words,
one by one,
I feel pains,
stabbing pains.

And then
the wind rises
in my naked garden.

He who is in my mind
asks me to hold my tongue
and sow a seed of peace
in my heart.

Rise with a verdant heart,
he commands,
and laugh aromatically!

Immaculate Conception

Dick Holmes
USA

to see all your faces
ripping leaves
of grass so green
and Christmas pregnant
with love’s fresh wonder
after all these years
on earth in air
the blazing sea

Gethsemane

Ju Young Park, Korea
Alicia Aguayo, Ecuador
Dick Holmes, USA

among the shadows
of stone and silence . . .
your eyes
brimming with starry tears,
momentous prophecies
The Pleasure of Helping Others

Sung-Woong Shon
Korea

I remember my first experience doing volunteer work. At first, I felt afraid and I wasn’t sure whether or not I could do the work because I hadn’t prepared myself for it. But after I got started I changed my mind.

When I was a sophomore at my university, I was involved in a three-day volunteer project at an orphan asylum. There I met Young-Soo, a special child who had been living in the asylum since he was a baby. I don’t know for sure how he had come to live in the asylum but I suppose that his parents, like many other Korean parents of weak-minded children, had been ashamed of him and had abandoned or committed him.

Young-Soo was really cute even though his arms and legs were twisted. Unless I smiled whenever he smiled, he made a wry face. His eyes looked like beautiful dewdrops. There was no pretense or affectation in his attitude or behavior. We often sang to God together, and he praised with his whole heart, lifted up his hands in spite of their distorted shape, and sang with a radiant smile. Sitting there singing with him, I realized that even though I was a healthy man with a perfect body and mind, I was actually less developed as a spiritual being than he was. He never complained about his face and body; what he thought more important was his life with God.

I had pitied people like Young-Soo until I met him, but as I got to know him, I discovered that he wasn’t pitiable at all. I had undertaken this work to help him, but it was he who was helping me learn how to live my life. Thanks to my great experience with him, I decided that I would continue to help other people and share with them.

The last day of the project, when it was time to say good-bye to Young-Soo, I felt really sad to leave him. After I returned to my home, I prayed to God, thanking Him for giving me the opportunity to meet Young-Soo.

I know a lot of other people who have had great experiences like mine doing volunteer work, and I hope more and more people in my society will come to know the benefits of such work, both to the people they work with and to themselves. If we all volunteer and work together, we can make a beautiful and good world.

Margaret Perkins
USA

I’m Learning...

I’m learning
listening, speaking, reading, writing
new sounds and compelling rhythms
questions with multiple answers
homonyms, synonyms, antonyms
the various ways of culture

I’m learning
exuberantly
hesitatingly
easily
painfully
ploddingly

I’m learning
to open my ears and my mind
to question my assumptions
to use mistakes to move ahead
to break rules for breakthroughs
to be both teacher and student

I’m learning...
Lindi, a five-year-old girl, asks her mother about Santa.

"Mom, when will Santa Claus be coming to our home?"

"Well, when you're sleeping, Santa Claus will come to leave a present for you," Lindi's mother answers.

"Mom, where's Santa Claus from?"

"He's from Heaven, and he'll be coming here riding his sleigh."

"Mom, what's Santa Claus doing now?"

"He's working really hard making all those toys! Remember, though, if you're not good and honest, you won't get anything."

Lindi really wants to receive Santa's present from Heaven.

"Mom, will I get a present from Santa? How can I get one?"

Lindi asks her mother continuously.

"You have to help poor people who really need other people's help."

"If I help those people, will I get a present from Santa?"

"Sure, Lindi, you'll receive one present from him for each time you help a poor person."

As they finish their discussion, the little girl thinks over how she could help other people. Suddenly, she's struck by a good idea.

Lindi runs to her room to get her little purse and then out to the street to look for a poor person. Soon she sees a man sitting on his knees on the ground begging for a living.

She goes up to the beggar and gives him a penny. He's surprised, for he hasn't ever been given anything by a young child before. He receives it with a smile on his lips.

Then, one at a time, Lindi gives him nine more pennies. When she's given him all ten of her pennies, she smiles back at him and turns to go back home.

"Oh, good! I'll be getting ten presents from Santa Claus!" the little girl says happily to herself, skipping along.

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Dear Sarah,

Sarah, my good teacher and friend! After I go back to Korea, I'll never forget you and your class at EPI. I'll really miss your class and your bright smile and care for me. I'll connect with you continuously, Sarah! Take care of yourself! God is always with you. Don't miss my lovely country, Sarah! Good-bye to you until we meet again someday! With a big smile and loving hug,

Sohwone

To all EPI Students:

A special thank you for your wonderful participation in and excitement about all the activities this term! You guys are the greatest! And, you are so much fun at a party!

Remember:

Happy Habitat
Happy Homecoming
Happy Halloween
Happy Holidays
From: Susan E. Anders, Student Services Coordinator

Special thanks to my teachers (Kathy, Miriam, Glen, Sarah, Tony, and Dick):

It was a great time studying with you. I can remember exactly when I came here. Now, I can order food in a restaurant, at least. I think it's the most important thing.

I'm going back to Korea next January and I really appreciate you. In addition, I'm sorry for bothering you in class, Kathy. Well, I hate to say good-bye, but I have to do it now.

Good-bye my teachers and friends . . .

Yu Jin
A Man with Special Abilities

Cao Li
China

One day a friend invited me to dinner. On the way to the restaurant, she told me a story about a famous man who had special abilities and was going to be joining us for dinner. I thought her story about him was fictional, but when I met this man that evening and saw the truth for myself I realized that he really was special, and what I saw him do changed my way of thinking about things.

When we got to the restaurant, my friend introduced this man to me. He was thin and short and didn’t look like anyone special. When everyone had sat down, my friend asked him to show his ability to bend metal by twisting a steel knife and fork together. He picked up the knife and the fork and, blowing on them, began to bend them. A second or so later, the knife and fork were twisted tightly together like two pieces of noodle. We were all shocked. “It can’t be true!” I said.

As we ate our dinner, I kept thinking about this amazing performance. How could he have done that?!

After we’d finished our meal, my cousin took a picture of the man and me together. Just after the picture was snapped, the man blew on the camera in my cousin’s hands and without even touching it made it rework the film back to the very beginning. Again, we were shocked!

The next thing he did was touch us with one of his fingers, and we each felt an electric shock. I was speechless. This man’s abilities were really shocking—in more ways than one!

The last thing he showed us was how he could also use his finger to burn cloth. He dipped his index finger into some water and then touched a piece of cloth. Just as he touched it, his wet finger began to burn a hole in it. A moment later, he clapped on the cloth with his hand and stopped the burning. We passed around the cloth and inspected it. The hole was about the size of a quarter, and it still had a burnt smell.

After that dinner, I couldn’t stop pondering what I’d witnessed. Seeing such extraordinary feats with my own eyes changed my ordinary way of thinking. Something I’d formerly have considered impossible seems possible to me now. After all, how much do we really know about the human being’s abilities? Is anything actually impossible, or are we just unaware of all the possibilities?

On the way to my first class this morning, I could hear the whisper of my old friend. I’ve met regularly for twenty-five years. She whispered with delight, “Oh, my friend, Ki-Beom, please look at me, here! Do you remember the morning we met in the past? Please breathe in this misty air around you. Please catch a bit of sun, risen just now. Can you imagine this unspeakable mood we’re sharing together? Guess who’s brought this fresh morning before you. Oh, my lovely friend, Ki-Beom! I’ve waited for our meeting since I left you last year, Hurried to see you because I missed you, And prepared a host of things, “the gift of fall” for you. Ki-Beom, please feel my friendship toward you And enjoy my gift, given to you entirely.”

Hearing her familiar voice, I knew fall had arrived.

My Old Friend
Ki-Beom Park
Korea
Running in Colorado

Yu Jin Lee
Korea

Opening my eyes the first thing in the morning, I can feel how long I have waited for this trip? Finally, finally the big day has arrived!

The departure point of our trip is Atlanta, so Rocky, Joon and I have to rent a car to get there. Two of my friends—Shon and Shin—drive us to Atlanta and wish us a safe and nice trip.

In Atlanta, we meet the other thirty-nine people from all over the world who are going to be traveling with us. We will be close traveling companions for the ten days of our trip, even sleeping together on the bus. Bob, our leader, tells us the dos and don’ts of the trip. He emphasizes time. Our destination is the faraway West, and we don’t have much time.

“If you’re late and miss the bus, you’ll have to meet us at the next stop on the schedule. We cannot wait for anyone. Please keep this in mind.”

In the morning of the second day of our trip, we arrive at Colorado Springs, and the Balloon Festival is waiting for us.

“What a view!”

I can’t believe my eyes. There are so many balloons, the likes of which I have never seen before. I can’t control myself—I just keep pushing the shutter of my camera. I move around like a ricocheting bullet to catch nice shots, especially of the Energizer battery balloon, a big rabbit with a drum.

I really want to see the rabbit balloon go up, but it’s still being prepared for take off and I have to wait a couple more minutes. Automatically, I forget to watch the time.

Finally, the rabbit takes off, and a lot of people, including me, shout for joy. Happily, I take pictures, but then I begin to feel that I’m missing something. Suddenly, I realize that it’s time I’m missing! It’s two minutes past the departure time already!

I begin to run and run like Forrest Gump. When I get to the parking lot, the bus is starting to move out.

“Stop, please, stop!”

The driver stops for me.

“Oh, thank you, God!”

Inside the bus, everyone is smiling, but all I can do is pant. Later, I find out that Bob had seen me running toward the bus and got the driver to start moving out as a practical joke.

Anyway, I pay 50 cents as a late fine and after that episode watch the time more closely. We travel on to Yellowstone, Yosemite, San Francisco, Lake Tahoe, the Grand Canyon, etc. All of my beautiful memories of this trip remain in my mind, but especially vivid is my memory of running in Colorado as the Energizer balloon lifted higher and higher into the sky.

I think that whenever I need a battery from now on I’m going to use only an Energizer, which is not only the strongest battery but will also remind me of that day in Colorado when I had to keep going and going and . . .
The Mosquito

Alicia Aguayo
Ecuador

It all began fifteen days before
the end of my last year in high
school. I went to my first class,
slumped into my chair, and
waited for our history teacher to
come in. I had a weird feeling that
it wasn’t going to be a good day.

Suddenly, there she was,
bursting into the room, her shrill
voice singing out as usual the
only nice thing she would ever
say to us: “Good morning!” Even
before the first day of classes,
we’d already heard that she was
the hardest and meanest teacher
in the school.

As soon as she got to her
desk, she started reading off the
list of topics we were to study for
the final exam. So began a very
long day.

The bell rang at 3:00 p.m., and
I went straight home to my room
to start studying because I had to
get a good grade on my history
exam to pass the course. No
matter how hard I tried to study,
though, I couldn’t seem to under-
stand a thing.

Then, as I sat there staring at
my history book and wondering
how I was ever going to pass the
exam, a little sound near my ear
started to bother me . . . It was a
mosquito. I tried hard to kill it,
but then something really strange
happened. I heard this tiny, high-
pitched voice coming from it.

“Please don’t kill me!” said
the mosquito.

What was happening?!

“Who’s there?!” I asked.

“It’s me, the mosquito! Please
don’t kill me! I came here to help
you study!”

“How can you help me?” I
asked.

“Easy! I like history, so I’ll
study for you and give you all the
answers at the exam.”

“Okay,” I said, “I won’t kill
you, but you have to study my
whole history book by tomor-
row.”

The mosquito began to study,
and I went to play soccer with my
friends. When I got home, I was
tired, so I watched a little TV and
then went to bed.

The next morning, the mos-
quito woke me up.

“Okay, I’ve finished studying!
Let’s go to school!” said the
mosquito.

The questions on the exam
were so hard that the only thing I
could write down on my own was
my name. Fortunately, though,
my little mosquito friend was
taking care of the rest. It was
buzzing the answers in my ear,
and I was happily writing them
down.

Suddenly, though, I felt a
hard slap on my neck. It was the
teacher. Walking the aisles to
prevent cheating, she’d spotted
the mosquito and killed it.

I almost died, too, my hopes
for passing the exam smashed
along with the mosquito on my
neck. I felt so bad that I fainted.

When I came to, the teacher
sent me home, telling me that she
would have a special exam just
for me the next day.

Now I had to go home and
figure out history all by myself.

To Silmara,
Silmara, I had a really good time
with you. I smile when I remember those
crazy moments with the taxi.
I know we will see each other
somewhere in Rio, Lima, or even in
Columbia. Thank you for giving me your
support when I needed it so much.
Natasha

To GW70,
I have been observing you all during
the quarter, searching for a profound
generalization to make. This is what I
have found: GW70 students in the fall of
1995 were diligent, bright, and a pleasure
to know. I hope you have learned
something of value for your future
studies, and I hope you have had a good
time in the process (if not, thanks for
pretending during class!!). Never forget
the ten commandments of graph making,
or how to use a semi-colon. And please
continue to write (freewriting at least
once a day helps keep depression away!)
My best wishes and prayers are with
you as you continue your studies and
your lives.

Miriam

To my best friends,
You are in Zaire and I am here in the
USA. I can always count on you. Thank
you for all the sacrifices you made for me.
I’ve really had a good time with you. I
wish you a blessed future.

Tamuval

To everyone in EPI,
I’d like to say thanks to everyone in
EPI—teachers, staff, and friends—for
your kindness! I wish to see you again!! I
won’t say good-bye. I’ll never forget you.
I’ll miss you, but keep in touch.

Said Al Shamrani

To Mayumi,
I hope we’ll enjoy going to Orlando.
If I go back to my country after this
quarter, please keep in touch with me.
Don’t study too much like me. I’ll never
forget your Peter Pan.

Okinawan girl
My Twentieth Birthday

Sun Hye Yook
Korea

gave me the roses, as I'd expected. From the station, we had a short trip to a beautiful spot in the countryside near Seoul, a place surrounded by mountains with a river cutting through. The river was frozen and covered with snow, and the mountains were covered with snow, too. It was a piece of a picture. There were a few cafes in the area, bringing back old memories to my mind. We ate lunch at one of these cafes, which had a beautiful fireplace. After lunch he gave me the perfume, as I'd expected.

We walked outside the cafe, found an old-fashioned pavilion, and took a seat there. He played his guitar, and I followed along. We sang until it was too cold to sing. We talked a lot and got to know each other better and better.

Back in Seoul, we went to a fancy restaurant for dinner. It was getting dark, and we needed a candle to see each other. "Here comes the third present," I thought, but instead of a kiss as the third present he gave me a ring.

"This ring will be a restraint to you," he said, "but I would like for you to have it."

I sensed that this ring might have a very powerful effect on our relationship, and I hesitated, but I accepted it. And then he gave me the fourth present, the one I'd expected as the third.

I still wear that ring, and he is my husband now.

To all my dear friends,
I'm going to go back to Korea after this term. I really enjoyed EPI life with you, my great friends, in the USA. I very much appreciate your friendship. I'll really miss it after I go back to my country. Good luck in your life.
Good-bye, guys!! With a big smile from friendly
Sohwon

To GW 50,
Thanks for getting up so early for grammar. I know it wasn't easy. Through your papers I feel that I have gotten to know each of you. You're a great group of people. All of you have improved in your writing and grammar. Good luck in your future.

Kathy Bledsoe

Dear Kathy,

First, I want to thank you for everything that you did with us in grammar class. I really improved on a lot of things that I hadn't known before but now I have an idea about, for example, the adjective clauses and noun clauses. I hope that I'm going to be able to continue in EPI and that you will be my teacher.

Alex
Death, an Arabic Folktale

Saad Al-Blaihi
Saudi Arabia

Some time ago the khalif, a Muslim leader, had lots of servants to help him in his big palace. Of all of them, Abdull was the closest to the khalif, and the khalif liked him very much.

One day the khalif sent his servant Abdull to the market to get some fruit. Walking through the market with his basket, Abdull felt that someone was following him. He turned around and saw a man whose entire body was covered with a black cloth, even his face. Abdull shivered and shouted, “Who are you?! What do you want?!”

“I am Death,” the man replied. Abdull threw down the basket he was carrying and ran as fast as he could to the khalif’s palace. When he got there, he packed his bags, preparing to run away.

The khalif saw Abdull leaving the palace with his bags and asked him, “What happened?”

“I just saw Death at the market,” Abdull replied, “and I have to run away to my family in Sam’arra before he kills me.”

The khalif let Abdull go to his family. After Abdull had gone, the khalif went to the market to look for Death.

“Why did you scare my servant?” the khalif asked Death when he found him. “I didn’t mean to scare him,” Death answered. “I was just surprised when I saw him here because I have an appointment with him tonight in Sam’arra.”

A Good-bye Song

Takayuki Hida
Japan

I am a person whom you do not know and you are a person who is my acquaintance.
I am your acquaintance and you are my friend.
I am your friend and you are my lover.
I am your lover and you are my important person.
Good-bye, good-bye, until then,
we are going to be you and I.
Under the Mango
Accalogoun Lea Brigitte
Benin

It was the summer of 1979, and I was spending my vacation with my uncle and his family in a small village in the southwestern part of my country. I was happy to be visiting my relatives but also worried about staying there because of the many pythons around, dangerous snakes that would even creep into people’s house to cool off. The people of the village worshipped the python, believing it to be a god.

One beautiful day, I decided to take a nap in the yard under a tall, fruit-laden mango tree, the shade of which was known for lulling people into a deep sleep. I spread out my mat and lay down on it. Soon, I became absorbed in an interesting book I was reading as I waited for sleep to overcome me.

After a few minutes of reading, I was at the point of falling asleep when I suddenly felt something cool crossing my body. At first, I thought that it was one of my cousins trying to disturb me, so I kept my eyes closed to prove to her that I was already asleep. But a few minutes later, I felt it again. This time, I opened my eyes to see who it was trying to keep me from sleeping.

To my surprise, it wasn’t my cousin but a snake more than two meters long! I wanted to scream, but I couldn’t. It was like something had cut off my breath. I wanted to move, but I told myself not to because then it would notice that I was a human and would bite me. Although I kept encouraging myself not to do anything, I was so terrified that my whole body stiffened and the only thing I could feel was an intense desire to pee. Every passing minute was like one year for me.

After the snake had finished its long, slow journey across me, I stood up immediately and began screaming, “Snake, snake!!”

Everybody around, with stick in hand, rushed over to kill the snake. But seeing it, they just laughed at me. I was nervous and upset about their strange sense of humor. Finally, some people picked it up with a long, rigid stick and carried it away. I was stunned because this was the first time I’d seen that kind of snake. I was told that it was harmless but that it might have hurt me if it had felt in danger, so it was a good thing that I hadn’t moved.

After that experience, I swore that I’d never try to take a nap outside there again and, in fact, that I’d never even come back there again!

Always Be Yours
Accalogoun Lea Brigitte
Benin

I know, on that day of joy, like a bird in the sky,
I flew so far away from you.
But you’re still in my heart,
lke a salve on a wound,
and I always think of you everywhere I am.
So don’t worry about losing me,
I’ll always be yours.
We Are Equal

Berit Midtgaard
Norway

It happened many years ago when I was younger and more fearless than I am today. My father died and my family asked me to move from my home in Oslo, the capital city of Norway, to my native town to run my father’s fish factory.

I was thirty-two years old at that time and had been involved in my own career as an educational consultant. I had a well-paid job that I loved, a lot of friends, and a nice house, where I lived with my two children, six and eight years old. Their friendships in Oslo meant everything to them. It wasn’t an easy decision for me to make. Should we stay with our friends where we had a happy life or should we do as my family asked and go into something new we knew little about? Finally, we severed ties and moved to my native town, one of the biggest fishing ports in my country.

It didn’t take long for me to discover that the conservatism of the town hadn’t changed at all since my childhood days there. It was the same feudal society. Six family businesses ruled the whole community. I was the first and only woman to manage a company there. A woman as a manager of a fish company was unheard of at that time.

In the central part of the country, where I’d lived as an adult, equal opportunity for employment, the same salary for the same work, and a general attitude of equality between genders had been secured by the women’s liberation movement. I’d assumed that it was the same all over the country, and I was disappointed when I discovered that nothing had changed in the part of the country I was living in now.

Working in a fish factory is hard manual labor, especially during seasonal peaks. The work starts early in the morning and often goes on until late in the evening or late at night—until the work is done. Since fish processing requires working in a cold storage plant and the fish must be washed in cold water, it’s a cold, wet job, one which requires a great deal of strength and stamina.

The foreman distributed the work every day, and I often noticed that he was giving the female workers the hardest work. Since I wasn’t an expert at the business, it seemed impossible to challenge his way of assigning work. The only way I could attempt to even the workload for the women was to enable them to get the training they needed to become eligible for some of the less taxing jobs at the factory.

The easiest work was truck driving, and traditionally only male workers were issued a truck driver’s license. So, together with

Neither the managers of the five other family businesses nor my sixteen employees believed that I would be able to handle the job, partly because of my relatively young age but mainly because of my gender. I worked hard to show them all that managerial ability doesn’t depend on a person’s sex. I held firmly to one conviction: If it was possible for men to do it, it was possible for me.
We Are Equal...

three of the women, I attended a course, we learned how to drive a truck, and we got our licenses. This was the first step toward establishing equality between women and men at the factory.

One of my male employees refused to go along with the new program and was setting a bad example for the other workers. He never listened to advice and often when he was needed for a job, he was away doing things for himself.

We couldn’t get along at all. I knew that the reason for our conflict was that he couldn’t accept a woman as a manager. After the problems between us had been going on for some months, I made up my mind to bring my case against him before the worker’s union and fire him. It was hard for me to make this decision and carry it through, but as a good manager, I did what had to be done.

In this little town everyone knew each other, and it didn’t take long before the whole town knew about my firing this man. I knew that I would be running into him and his family occasionally and that this would be difficult for us, so to make things as easy as possible, I decided to initiate personal contact with him.

Going to his home to talk with him was one of the most difficult things I had ever done. If he refused to let me enter, we would still have something unspoken between us. However, he opened the door and we had a fruitful talk about the conflict that had led to his being fired and the difficulties he had had taking orders from a woman. In the end, he understood, after learning the hard way, that men and women must work together to carry the world into the twenty-first century.

No doubt the antagonistic demeanor this man had adopted when a woman became his manager resulted from the tradition he’d grown up in and become attached to. But the fact that a person’s background explains his/her uncooperative attitude and behavior doesn’t mean that it excuses them. Tradition is fine but not to the extent that it limits our ability to contribute to society. For the sake of our future, we all need a liberated world in which we are equal.

A Match?

Jennifer B. Gardner
USA

Strewn all over the bed,
Enough to make an ache in my head.
A hand clutching one . . .
Will the other ever come?

Nowhere is the mate.
Some would say it’s fate.
But really,
Why yearn for the pair
That go together,
Whether here on the bed or there
on the chair,

When the odd two
Will more than do?
The Bracelet
Su-Youn Kim
Korea

Right after I passed the entrance exam to the university when I was in high school, my friend and I decided to go to an amusement park.

Before getting on any of the rides, we just walked around in the park looking at things. As we were passing the cart of an old lady who was selling accessories, she called out to us, “Hey, girls! Here’s some very pretty stuff for you! Come here and see!”

We hesitated but went over to her cart. Soon I found a really beautiful bracelet. I wanted to get it, but unfortunately, I didn’t have enough money.

“Take it,” the old lady said anyway. “It’s free for you. You remind me of my granddaughter.”

I was so happy to have it, and I thanked the old lady wholeheartedly.

It’s not an ordinary bracelet,” she told me. “It’s really special. Wear it at all times. Sometime in the future, if you meet a guy destined to be your husband, it’ll fall off by itself.”

I didn’t take what she said seriously, but I assured her, “I’ll wear it always. Thank you.”

After I got back home, I took a close look at my bracelet. It was so pretty. I decided that I really would wear it all the time, everywhere I went, just as I’d promised the old lady.

Two years later, when I was a junior in the university, my classmates and I were selling sandwiches at a festival. We ran out of bread, and I had to go buy some more.

As I was returning from the bread shop carrying a big bag full of bread, I suddenly crashed into a guy who was also carrying a bag full of bread. Our bags fell out of our hands and their contents scattered on the ground. As we bent down to gather up our bread, he asked me, “Hey, is this yours?”

Looking up, I saw that he was holding my bracelet. When he handed it to me, I felt something strange. At the moment, I didn’t remember what the old lady who’d given me the bracelet had told me about destiny and the bracelet falling off.

As soon as we’d gotten everything back into our bags, we smiled at each other and said good-bye. I had to go back to work, and I didn’t think any more about the incident.

After the festival ended, my university life returned to normal. We all got absorbed in studying again, preparing for our final exams of the fall term.

One day when I was on my way to the library, it abruptly started snowing—the season’s first snow! Walking along gazing up into a sky full of beautiful snowflakes, I bumped into someone and fell down.

The guy I’d run into put his hand out to me and pulled me up. I thanked him and simultaneously he said, “Oh, this must be destiny! You dropped your bracelet again! It’s my second time to pick it up for you!”

And for the second time, he handed me the bracelet.

“Would you like to get a cup of coffee?” he asked, smiling, and suddenly I remembered what the old lady had told me.

And sure enough, this man became my husband.

A Few Words
Ai Nagao
Japan

“Hi, how are you doing?”
One letter a day arrives from Japan.
Nothing is as good as this since I came here.
Only those words, but they make me very happy
And blow my loneliness away.
I feel my heart get warm little by little as I read.
Thank you.
It gives me new energy to start a new day!
The Fortune Teller

Jorge Fernández
Ecuador

I can feel the power
when a card is in my hands.
I look through a card
and my mind begins to fly,
searching something strange
I can’t understand.
To hold a card is magic
that begins to flow.
Look inside yourself and
see that this is true.

Fresh

Kazushi Nishida
Japan

Two pieces of octopus
jump out of my mouth.
They run away.
They don’t know
it’s their duty to be eaten.
Tunnel of Love

Masahiro Yanase
Japan

CD of Springsteen’s songs I listened to. I still remember how I felt while listening to it for the first time. Hearing those slow tempo songs in that husky, sweet voice of his, I felt like I was wrapped up in something big. The more I listened, the more obsessed I became with Springsteen and his profound songs.

Tunnel of Love was that first rock hero, Springsteen had been expected to come out with a new rock ‘n’ roll album. Tunnel of Love was a collection of ballads, twelve slow and simple songs written from his deep insight and experience. In an interview, Springsteen said, “I don’t want to let my fans down, but I write songs as I want. I try to write to my age along the way honestly.”

Tunnel of Love seems to reflect his troubled married life, apparently complicated and filled with shadows and doubts but also wonderful and beautiful. Eventually, Springsteen got divorced, as if some of the contents of the songs on Tunnel of Love had become real in his personal life.

One song I especially recommend is “Brilliant Disguise,” in which a lover wonders whether he and the woman he loves actually reveal what they feel inside or just pretend to be in love with each other.

Tell me what I see
When I look in your eyes
Is that you baby
or just a brilliant disguise

It’s been eight years since I first listened to Tunnel of Love, and I still listen to it. I never get tired of it. Its meaning to me is as inexhaustible as the love between a man and a woman is forever mysterious. And as regenerating. Like Springsteen sings, if we start to doubt love,

Let’s ride down into the tunnel of love...
Miso Soup  
Kazuya Watanabe  
Japan

**Ingredients**
- 800 cc water
- 2 tablespoons of miso (fermented soybean paste)
- 4 eggs
- 1 package of tofu (soybean curd)
- 1/2 cup of small dried sardines (if available)

**Preparation**
Heat water to a boil, and then add the sardines to make soup stock. After 5 minutes, remove the sardines and discard. Crack the eggs and pour them into the soup. Turn the heat down to medium and then dissolve the miso in the soup. Feel free to vary the quantity of miso according to your taste. Cook until the egg whites harden. Serve with rice.

Fiskesuppe  
(BFish Stew)  
Berit Midtgaard  
Norway

**Ingredients for the fish stock**
- 1 tablespoon of olive oil
- 1 medium-size onion, sliced
- 1 leek (the green part)
- 1 and 1/2 pounds of fish bone
- 1/4 cup of water
- 1 cup of dry white wine
- 3-4 sprigs of parsley (the stems for the stock and the flowers for the stew)
- 1 spring bay leaf
- a little fresh thyme (or half a tablespoon of dried thyme)
- 1 and 1/2 pounds of fish bone

**Preparation of the fish stock**
Put the olive oil in a large pot. Sauté onions and leeks until soft. Add the other ingredients. The

**Ingredients for the stew**
- 1 leek, chopped
- 2 carrots, chopped
- 2 stalks of celery, chopped
- 1 sprig of fennel, chopped (or one teaspoon of fennel seeds)
- 3 pieces of garlic
- fish stock
- 1 cup of white wine
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 1/2 kg of filleted fish
- 1 cup of shrimp (or crabmeat, scallops, or mussels)

**Preparation of the stew**
In a large pot, sauté the leeks, carrots, celery, fennel, and garlic in olive oil until soft. Add the fish stock, white wine, and tomatoes. Boil for five minutes. Add the fish. When the fish is cooked, add the shrimp, crabmeat, scallops, or mussels.

Basbosa  
Said Al-Shamrani  
Saudi Arabia

**Ingredients for the frosting**
- 1 and 1/2 cups of sugar
- a cup of water
- a tablespoon of vanilla lemon (optional)

**Preparation of the frosting**
Mix the sugar and the water and boil at low heat for about 20-30 minutes. Then add the vanilla (and a little lemon juice if you like). Set aside and let cool.

**Ingredients for the cake**
- 1 and 1/2 cups of sugar
- 1 and 1/2 cups of whole milk
- 1 tablespoon of baking powder
- 1 tablespoon of yeast
- 2 and 1/2 cups of cream of wheat

**Preparation of the cake**
Mix the sugar and the milk. Add the baking powder, the yeast, and the cream of wheat, and mix until smooth. Spray a baking pan with a non-stick spray or brush with oil and dust it with flour to prevent the cake from sticking. Pour the batter into the pan and even it out smoothly. Cover it with a towel and let it rest 1-2 hours. Pre-heat oven and bake at 350°F until the top turns golden brown. Take it out of the oven and add the honey frosting. Let cool for a few minutes and then cut into diamond-shaped pieces. Serve and enjoy!
Across
1 nearly everybody lives there 2 tomorrow I have a test, so I need to go to ... 4 the director of EPI (first name) 7 Marit’s last name 8 a nightmare for EPI students 10 a worldwide connection 11 a continent 12 Habitat for ... 13 a type of French coffee 15 the name of a lake near Columbia 16 it’s not K-Mart, it’s ... 17 the main library at USC 20 the home of a little baby rhino 23 “we don’t need no ..., we don’t need no thought control ...” (by Pink Floyd) 25 a suburb of Columbia that sounds like it has lots of trees 26 very close to Byrnes Building 31 all 50 of them 36 this drink you can get almost everywhere here 37 a beautiful city in South Carolina 38 a restaurant in Five Points 42 a hot animal 43 the angel of the computer lab

Down
1 the national drink 3 author of Timed Readings (last name) 5 South Carolina’s nickname 6 the historical area of USC 9 a local newspaper 11 electronic letters 14 a magazine 18 the vice president of the US 19 the country of the rising sun 20 a movie theater in Columbia 22 French for street 24 a major street in Columbia 27 a Christian priest or minister 28 with this you can either write or you can make music 29 a refreshing flavor 30 Broad River ... 32 people go there after high school 33 the capital city of SC 34 beer, music, and fun in ... 35 nearly every international student arrives there before coming to EPI or USC 39 the USC athletic teams 40 “rock 93.5, the rock ...” 41 one of the 50 44 a local rock band that made it big

Answers
Carolina 44 Hootie and the Blowfish
32 college 33 Columbia 34 Five Points 35 Alhambra 36 Cameo 37 South Carolina 38 Columbia 39 Five Points 40 Atlanta 41 Cameo 42 Hootie and the Blowfish

Down
42 hot dog 45 Beth
49 not today 50 Ingrid
51 across 26 Burger King 31 United States of America 36 ice tea 37 Charlotte 38 Vegetarians 40 education 42 Roosevelt 43 Europe 52 Forest

Across
My English

My English is like a mother’s hands.
My English enkindles big dreams and shows me the way to realize them.
My English encourages and empowers me.
My English can create anything.
My English is so good that when I speak no one else can talk,
    not even presidents, kings, queens, or emperors.
My English is a miraculous medicine for the people on this planet.
My English is making my world, and it’s a wonderful world.
My English makes a lot of friends.
My English listens to their anxiety.
My English cheers them up.
My English enjoys tailgating and playing tennis with them.
My English is my friend.
My English is a great house being built.
My English is like a rapturous melody.
My English has the sweet tone of a flute.
My English is a perfect work of art—I use it like Picasso used brushes to paint.
My English is higher than the sky.
My English is deeper than an abyss.
My English is vaster than an endless desert.
My English has big feet like a camel’s.
My English is in the race.
My English teachers are in the race, too.
My English teachers’ feet sink in the sand.
My English leaves my teachers in the dust.
My English is like a rose—seeing it, you know how perfect it is, and smelling it, you realize that it’s more than perfect.
My English has the power to transmit my feelings.
My English didn’t like writing two months ago, but now it enjoys it.
My English gives me rest.
My English leads me to love.