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

Special Features
• 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 Eriko Aotani (page 42), Ernesto Coello (page 44), Ryuji Kawasaki (page 38), and Jongsung Lee (page 40), the winners of this issue's story contest.
Editor's Note

We think you’re going to enjoy this hot summer issue of *Sunrise*, a bouquet of all kinds of literary and artistic flowers—from personal glimpses into the real-life worlds of EPI students and teachers to the imaginary discovery of a fictional planet’s bizarre life form in EPI alumnus Gabriel Fernández’ “The Duplicator.”

Congratulations to all the writers published here, especially to the winners of the story contest featured in this issue: Eriko Aotani, Ernesto Coello, Ryuji Kawasaki, and Jongsung Lee.

Dick Holmes

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Art & Entertainment
What’s Eating Gilbert Grape?
Mutsumi Yamauchi
Japan


Gilbert is a young man who lives in a small town and works at a small old grocery store. His family used to be really happy, but his father killed himself eight years ago, and since then, everything has changed. He has two sisters and a little brother, Arnie. His two sisters are always stressful, his brother Arnie has a congenital mental problem, and his mother is severely obese. Arnie is 18, but he acts like a 3-year-old kid because of his mental condition, so Gilbert has to take care of him all the time. His mother used to be beautiful and happy, but after her husband died, she’s never left the house. She is very unhappy and getting fatter and fatter. She is so huge that she can barely walk.

Gilbert loves his family, but he is tired of the demands they place on him. All he does is work at the grocery store and take care of his family like a father, doing everything for his little brother, especially. Desperate for some excitement in his life, Gilbert starts having an affair with a married woman. One day, her husband finds out about them, and he tries to punish Gilbert. Everything gets worse and worse. Gilbert wishes for a new life for himself.

Then he meets a girl whose name is Becky. She is traveling with her grandma wherever they want to go. She is really free and attractive. Gilbert and Becky fall in love. But soon Becky has to move on to another place, and Gilbert just lets her go.

A little while later, his mother dies of a heart attack. After her death, Gilbert, Arnie, and their two sisters burn down their house and say good-bye to their old life. His sisters start to live their own lives, and Gilbert begins a new life with Arnie, too. Becky and her grandma come back through town, pick Gilbert and Arnie up, and the four of them drive off together into the future.

What’s Eating Gilbert Grape?, directed by Lasse Hallstrom, is a movie that begins with a sad story. I felt compassion for Gilbert, thinking about how it would be for me if I were him. His situation made me feel down. But Becky brings him the light of hope, happiness, and freedom. Finally, Gilbert and Arnie catch their freedom and their own lives with her. The ending of the movie made me happy for them.

This movie doesn’t express any specific meaning directly, but it means something a lot. It’s up to you if you can grasp that meaning. What’s Eating Gilbert Grape? makes you think about your life.

Illusions
Julio Mario Santander
Colombia

You are reading something about your life. Yes, your life. How can I know about your life? Because I am a day, I am something that lives with you, inside you, around you, in front of you, and you can’t hide anything from me because I am you, I am your friend, your time, your feelings, your enemy (if you want), I am everything, but I exist because you do; without you I don’t. You can do whatever you want to do with me but you have to do it. I’m going to tell you a secret. My nickname is Life.

“The world is your exercise-book, the pages on which you do your sums. It is not reality, although you can express reality there if you wish. You are also free to write nonsense, or lies, or to tear the pages.”

Messiah.

My real name is Illusions and I am a book. You can think that I am crazy but I hope someday you will join us. I was born in a mind. No, no, no... sorry, I was born in a heart, in a big one. It doesn’t have an owner but it lives inside Richard Bach.
Natural Born Killers, directed by Oliver Stone, is one of the most interesting movies that Hollywood produced in 1994.

Micky and Mallory are two young people who are disgusted with their boring life and all other people. They love only each other and there is only one way to go in their minds—to hunt down and kill people, practically everyone they meet. We get involved in this story about killing from the first, and we become Micky and Mallory’s partners on their journey through suffering, screaming, shooting and killing.

Having grown up in very boring conditions and under the pressure of life’s uncertainty and society’s oppression, Micky and Mallory decide to exchange their poor life for something more exciting. The something they choose is killing. Their decision is heavily influenced by their experience, which comes mostly from American TV, where everything that’s supposed to be exciting usually has something to do with killing. TV and Micky and Mallory’s lives have a great deal in common: violence and killing. A TV screen appears in various places throughout the movie—in the window of a house, in a person’s glasses, in a shop window and so on. A TV screen turns up everywhere in unexpected places and it is full of violence and killing.

It is no mystery where Micky and Mallory’s decision to kill people just for excitement has come from. It has come from the people of their society as well as from American TV, the ubiquitous representative of American life and culture. Micky and Mallory are a direct reflection of all the aspects of their environment.

Micky and Mallory kill a lot of innocent people on their wild, vicious, yet somehow loving journey. They become two of the most wanted criminals in the USA, but at the same time they become heroes for lot of young people, who get vicarious revenge through them against the evil society in which they have grown up. At one point in the movie a TV reporter asks some young people on the streets what they think about Micky and Mallory. One guy replies, “Micky and Mallory are the best thing that could happen to America. Each generation or particular group always looks up to a few people who express it’s position and feelings, like James Dean, Jack Kerouac, Elvis Presley, Jim Morrison, Jack Nicholson... and now we’ve got Micky and Mallory.” I think this statement sums up what Natural Born Killers is all about.

Killing becomes a kind of character in the movie, a statement that people like Micky and Mallory present to others. But who is responsible for all the killing? No doubt, each of us bears his/her particular share of responsibility, but our parents bear the biggest share. We are like and we act according to the example we find in our environment. We are the mirror images of our society.

Finally Micky and Mallory are caught and taken to prison, but they manage to escape. The news of their escape is nationally televised. The end of the movie is purposely open-ended, but the main theme is fully presented.

The story line of Natural Born Killers is enhanced by a great soundtrack featuring songs of Leonard Cohen, Bob Dylan, Patti Smith, L7, Nine Inch Nails, Jane’s Addiction and others. This movie is a great experience really worth seeing.
The Princess Caroline of Monaco

The Princess Caroline of Monaco, written by Bertrand Meyer-Stabley, is a biography that examines each stage of the princess' life, beginning with her birth and ending with the present day.

Meyer-Stabley maintains that Caroline's character has two distinct parts. Her personality is a mixture of contradictions. For a long time she couldn't combine her official status with her desire to be a woman as other women are. Caroline is sophisticated but at the same time simple. She wishes to have simple happiness though she can also be haughty at times. Sometimes she needs solitude and simplicity.

Caroline divides her life between Clos Saint-Pierre in Monaco and Mas de la Source in Provenza. When in Monaco, she plays the role of the "First Lady" perfectly; she is always polite but properly distant. Wearing a blue suit from Chanel, she sits behind a spacious desk. With a sweet voice that she never raises she dictates letters and memoranda without deviating from a perfect Anglo-Saxon accent. In Provenza she relaxes, recovering the rhythm of normal life. There she has time for her children and for working in her garden.

Natalia Vartcheva
Ukraine

One of the persons close to Caroline says, "There are two Carolines: One of them is in Provenza with her children, happy despite the misfortune of her past; and the other one is in Monte Carlo, sad, making life impossible for everybody."

This book reveals that a real princess is not like a princess in the tales for children—a capricious girl choosing suitors. Caroline's feelings are the same as ours. And she, like an ordinary person, needs some hard work to do. Bernard Meyer-Stabley shows in the pages of this book Caroline's real personality, which is something we didn't know before.
Katsu-don

Eiko Aotani
Japan

Katsu-don is a popular dish in Japan. The word katsu, meaning "fry," also means "win," and katsu-don is often served the night before an exam or competition in hopes that those who eat it will be victorious.

Ingredients
4 cups of cooked rice
vegetable oil for deep-frying
4 pork fillets, salted and peppered
and covered with beaten egg
and bread crumbs
1/2 cup of water
1 onion, sliced thin
1/2 carrot, sliced thin
a little sugar
8 tablespoons of soy sauce
1 tablespoon of Japanese sake
5 or 6 eggs
2 green onions, chopped

Preparation
Cook the rice and set aside.
Deep-fry the prepared pork fillets
in vegetable oil and set aside. In a
pot, boil the water and then add
the onion and the carrot. Boil until
they become soft. Add the sugar,
the soy sauce, and the sake. Beat
the eggs and pour them into the
pot. Add the green onion. Cover
the pot and boil briefly until the
eggs are cooked but still soft.
Don't stir, and be sure not to cook
too long. Put the rice in small
bowls, top the rice with the pork,
and top the rice and pork with the
vegetable sauce. Serve hot.

Frogmore Goulash

Tomoko Tajima
Japan

Before coming to EPI, I studied at Coker College in Hartsville, a
little town in South Carolina that prizes good old Southern cooking.
One of the dishes I became acquainted with there was Frogmore
goulash, a kind of stew especially popular in Charleston, South Car-
olina.

Ingredients
hot smoked sausage, cut into 1 and 1/2 inch lengths
white corn on the cob, shucked and broken in half
large unshelled shrimp

Preparation
Cook over high heat in a large, deep pot. Fill the pot 1/2 full with
water. Boil the sausage 10-15 minutes. Add the corn and boil 2-3
minutes. Add the shrimp and boil 10 minutes. Drain the water and put
the sausage, corn, and shrimp into a large bowl. Serve with melted
butter and your favorite seafood sauce.
Jansons Frestelse
Anna Jacobsson
Sweden

Jansons Frestelse, or Janson’s Temptation, is a traditional Swedish dish that we usually eat for Christmas, and if it is missing from the table at that time, the typical Swedish smorgasbord is far from complete.

**Ingredients**
- 8-10 potatoes
- 2 big onions
- 15 fillets of anchovy
- 3 deciliters of cream
- 1 tablespoon of bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons of butter

**Preparation**
Cut the potatoes into long thin pieces (in the shape of French fries). Peel and cut the onions into thin slices. Sauté the potatoes and onions for 5-6 minutes. Place the sautéed potatoes, onions, and anchovy fillets in a casserole. Pour half of the cream into the casserole. Scatter the bread crumbs over the potatoes, onions, and anchovy. Add the butter. Bake the “temptation” at 250° for half an hour. Pour the rest of the cream into the casserole, and then bake it for another 15 minutes until the potatoes feel soft.

Kim-chi Stew
Sung-Woong Shon
Korea

Have you ever eaten kim-chi, the famous spicy Korean side dish? Did you know that kim-chi can also be used as a main ingredient in a stew? Korean cuisine features various kinds of stews, and kim-chi stew is one of the traditional favorites. Our ancestors often prepared it for a meal, especially for supper, and nowadays we still enjoy this delicious dish. Try this easy recipe and I’m sure you, too, will fall in love with kim-chi stew.

**Ingredients**
- water
- kim-chi, cut into pieces
- pork, cut into pieces
- onion, sliced
- green onion, sliced
- garlic, diced
- powdered red pepper or hot pepper paste
- salt
- sugar (optional)

**Preparation**
Heat some water in a pot, add the prepared ingredients, and let stew for several minutes. Seasoning the stew is very important. For the real kim-chi stew taste, be generous with the pepper. Even though the taste will be very hot, you should like it. And it will be good for your health. Serve in a bowl and help yourself. (Remember: Heaven helps those who help themselves.) Eating your tasty kim-chi stew, you’ll get to know a little bit of Korea.
Dear Pat,

When I watch comedy shows on TV, I can't understand what the audience is laughing at. Can you tell me?

Straight Face

Dear Straight,

What makes you think understanding has something to do with laughing? Who knows what the audience is laughing at? Maybe they're laughing at something totally unrelated to the show. Some of them might be laughing at something they're thinking about in their own life. A lot of them are probably just laughing because the people around them are laughing or because they don't want to be the only one that's not laughing. Go ahead and laugh, Straight Face. You don't have to laugh at anything—just laugh.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I'm a very quiet person. I hardly ever say a word. Because I'm so quiet, people think I'm stupid. Actually, I'm quite intelligent. In fact, I think I may be a genius. What can I do to show people how intelligent I really am?

Quiet As A Mouse

Dear Quiet,

I suggest that you project the confidence you obviously have in yourself. I used to be quiet and frustrated, too, but once I started writing this advice column, people began to think of me as someone who has an answer for everything. One little warning, though: Once you start expressing all that intelligence, don't be surprised if you discover that you're not quite as smart as you thought you were.

Pat
Dear Pat...

Dear Pat,

I am a divorce addict. My life is a vicious circle—I fall in love, get married, fall out of love, get divorced, fall in love again, get married again, fall out of love again, get divorced again, fall in love again... and so on. I've been divorced seven times and I'm only twenty-nine years old! How can I break this pattern, and stay married for the rest of my life?

Queen Of Divorce

Dear Queen,

Some people have a fear of falling while others have a fear of rising. Evidently, you have no fear of falling—you're always falling in and out of love—but you're afraid of rising. To overcome this fear, ask yourself, "Why be afraid of rising?" When you realize that you don't have a good answer to this question, your love and marriage will keep rising and you'll never get divorced again.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I had a dream last night that I was a hamburger with mustard, onion, and pickle on it. When I woke up, I wasn't sure whether I was a human who'd been dreaming that he was a hamburger or a hamburger dreaming that it was a human. I'm still confused. How can I know which I am?

Hamburger Man

Dear Hamburger,

Does it really matter which you are? Has it occurred to you that maybe you're both a human being and a hamburger? I think you need to loosen up and go with the flow. The important thing is to be a good human when you're a human and to be a good hamburger when you're a hamburger.

Pat
Dear Pat,

Recently, I got a dog—a French poodle—and we've been having a lot of trouble communicating. When I tell him to sit, he rolls over. When I say, "Come here, boy!" he runs off as though I've thrown a ball for him to chase.

I think the problem is that we don't speak the same language. Do you think it would be better for me to learn French or for him to learn English?

Man And His Dog

Dear Man,

Problems that seem to demand either-or solutions can often be solved in some other way that you just haven't considered. In your case, I can think of at least two other options. One, you could get another dog that knows English and French and let it teach your dog how to obey orders. Two, you could try communicating with your dog in Japanese. With the Japanese option, of course, you and your dog will be even more confused, but even though neither of you'll understand what you're saying, you'll feel like you can communicate since you'll be on the same level of total misunderstanding.

Pat

ARE YOU PULLING MY LEG?

FELIX '95
Around the World
Understanding Foreign Cultures

Sang-won Kang
Korea

Wherever you go abroad, whomever you meet in a foreign country, if it's the first time for you in a certain place, you'll probably be puzzled and frustrated about what to do. At least, this has been my experience. I've recognized that there are many differences among countries, especially cultural ones. These differences can lead us to confounding thoughts that are very difficult to accept.

During my last summer vacation, I traveled around Hong Kong and several European countries, including England, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, France, Austria, and Hungary. Now I'm in Columbia, South Carolina, of the United States. From my experience in foreign countries, I've realized that the behavior and thoughts of Western people differ markedly from those of Eastern people, particularly from those of Koreans.

In most European countries, I found that I had to be extremely patient waiting in line for things I wanted to buy in a shop. In Korea I had never had to wait for my turn. During my travels in Europe, I visited one of my best friends, Myon Kwon, who was studying art at a university in Trier, a small city in Germany. After spending three days together talking about our past, we went to the train station, where she was going to help me purchase a ticket to Paris. Ahead of us in the ticket line was an old fat woman who must've been from a different province talking endlessly about the train schedule. We had to wait until her conversation with the clerk was over—almost one and a half hours! The most surprising thing to me was that the clerk very patiently answered each of the old lady's questions. How amazing it was! If someone attempted to talk with a clerk for even thirty minutes in Korea, he/she would be kicked out by the clerk.

I also discovered that I wasn't able to purchase anything on holidays because all the shops were closed. And on days when the shops were open, I had to kill a lot of time every day waiting for the long lunch time of the clerks to be over. When I first learned that the normal lunch time would last at least two and a half hours, I couldn't do anything but be astonished and sigh. "Can you believe this?" I asked myself. These experiences perplexed me and drove me crazy. Every morning, I had to buy everything that I'd be needing that day. Of course, my bag was so heavy that I often thought, "I want to give up this damn trip!"

American culture makes me feel dumb. When I went to the Five Points area in Columbia for the first time, I was very nervous because I'd heard that the downtown area in the US is hazardous and that I'd have to be attentive. I went to Sharky's, a public bar which seemed popular, with other foreigners who were new EPI students. We were baby-like English novices. I ordered a Bud Light from a gigantic bartender weighing maybe 150 kilograms.

"What?" he replied toughly. "A Bud Light, please?" I repeated.

"What?" he responded again. I monologued that I had to go. How dreadful it was!

Then, outside the entrance to Sharky's, I saw a fantastic scene. Some guy was kissing a woman right on the street in public view!

"Yeah, I've seen that kind of scene in movies," I murmured to myself.
Understanding...

A couple of weeks later, I visited the same bar again to see if my speaking and pronunciation in English had progressed. The same bartender that I’d been made a fool of by was there. He recognized me and said, “Here you are! Why did you leave without saying your order again? I couldn’t hear you because the music was so loud.”

“Well, um…” I said. “I mean, I changed my mind to, um... go home. You know... to tell the truth, um... I thought that you were belittling me on purpose because I’d heard that white supremacy, um... still remains here. Especially in the southern part of the US…”

I’m still talking in this way trying to articulate what I want to say.

Part of my difficulty communicating here in the US is that most Americans discuss things so directly. This custom is very strange to me because it seems so impolite. We Koreans usually begin a conversation by talking about each other’s health, family, and so forth. After greeting and asking formal questions about such matters, we go on to other topics.

I’ve had many painful experiences outside my country, some of which seem to mock me. Of course, they don’t really mock me; it’s only my psychological tension that makes them seem to. Maybe some of the stress I’ve felt in foreign countries comes from my narrow-minded thoughts. Most of us Koreans have lived in a conservative tradition. Naturally we are somewhat close-minded in comparison with Western people. However, I realize that I am opening up. I have started to understand why people from other countries do as they do and feel as they feel.

It’s never easy for foreigners to understand a different culture. And native people need to understand why foreigners often make mistakes. I believe that if we can achieve such understanding we’ll all be able to live in harmony.

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Korean Body Language

Ho Joon Bae
Korea

About a year ago when I was still in Korea, I had two American friends from Utah. We often met and had a good time. Whenever I got together with them, though, I discovered our differences in conversational culture, and the way we interacted often made me uncomfortable. Their gestures, eye contact, and conversational distance were different from those conversational features of my country.

First of all, their manner was loud, compared to Korean manner. When I went to the cafeteria with them, the volume of their voices and gestures embarrassed me. The rhythm of their speaking was full of strong highs and lows, and they always gesticulated with their hands.

Koreans don’t stare at each other for a long time or use their eyebrows when they talk. But my American friends stared at me and always used their eyebrows as they talked with me. They also tried to talk with people whom they had never seen before in the cafeteria. I thought their assertiveness was pretty strange.

If someone is not our best friend, we Koreans often keep a little distance between ourselves. But my American friends were different. When we talked, we usually got quite close to each other. And they behaved very familiarly with everyone, even those whom they had never met before.

There are many different kinds of conversational methods in the world, so it’s not surprising that we often feel uncomfortable and confused when we talk with foreign people. We can prevent such feelings, though, by coming to understand the various conversational cultures.

To all the Latin Americans,
I’d never met any Latin Americans before. Nice to meet you! I really enjoy your culture and personalities, and I wish to be friends with you forever.
A girl from an ancient Eastern country
Jason

David Stros
Czech Republic

Ho Joon Bae, or Jason, as he calls himself in English, is a twenty-three-year old man from Seoul, Korea. I got to know him on my very first day at EPI and he became my friend immediately.

Jason’s family lives in Korea. He has one brother and one sister, who’s already married. She has two nice babies, so Jason is an uncle. He loves them very much and they love their uncle. Jason is happy when he can be with his family, and that’s one of the reasons he doesn’t want to stay here in the US too long.

Jason attended and graduated from Chung-Ang University in Korea. Now he’s here to improve his listening and speaking skills in English, skills which are necessary for his future plans. Joon is planning to apply for an MBA program in the US, get through it as quickly as possible, and then go back to Korea and get a job as a foreign exchange dealer there.

To reach his goal, Jason will have to overcome a number of obstacles. The biggest one is that he needs work experience to be admitted into an MBA program, and in this area Jason is still as clean as a washed dish. He hasn’t worked anywhere yet. So, after finishing his studies at EPI, he has to go back to Korea and get some work experience. Then he can get back to applying for an MBA program. I’m sure that even though it will require a great deal of work and is going to be very tough for him to get through all these challenges, Jason’s strong will and his personal approach to life will carry him through and he will succeed.

When I asked him about his relation to God, knowing that he’s a Christian, he told me, “God is something that can help me and that I can believe in ‘in dreams’ during my whole life, but when there’s something I really need to do and it’s hard to accomplish, I believe in MYSELF first of all.”

I think this sentence sums up Jason’s character—whether he’s playing basketball or just hanging out and having fun with others. If you don’t know Jason, get to know him immediately and you’re going to have a lot of fun during your stay here at EPI.

Natalia

Kaori Baba
Japan

Natalia Varitcheva was born in Ukraine and lived the first eighteen years of her life there. For the past few years she and her family have been living in Peru. She is twenty-two years old. Her parents are aeronautical engineers who enjoy making and flying ultra-light airplanes as their hobby. Her younger sister is a model studying fashion modeling. Her family is very close, so now that she’s living here in the US it’s hard for her to be separated from her family. Fortunately, though, she can at least stay connected with them through the telephone lines. She calls them twice a week and talks with them for a long time.

Natalia has worked in two interesting places. One was a factory where she made advertisements using her skills in calligraphy. She created her own style of writing there. The other was a dance studio where she taught children ballroom dancing at the Russian embassy school in Peru. She has a lot of natural talents.

Following a period of working, Natalia entered a two-year program to study hotel, restaurant, and tourism administration. After graduating from this program, she came to the United States to learn English. Now she’s planning to study psychology at the University of South Carolina.

In her free time, Natalia likes to read books about romance and magazines about fashion. Her favorite foods are shrimp and “ceviche,” a typical Peruvian dish consisting mainly of seafood marinated in lemon.

Natalia is enjoying her life here in the US even though she sometimes feels homesick for her family. This is her first time to live by herself, so it’s not easy, but I think she’ll become accustomed to it.
Cartagena de Indias

A long time ago on the Atlantic coast of Colombia, bathed by the soft, clear water of the Caribbean Sea, the Spanish built a wonderful place called Cartagena de Indias. This coast is primitive, and primitive here means romantic, where people get hot, and hot means party, means rumba and cha-cha-cha, where the sand is gold, and gold means gold, where women are beautiful and you come to know the meaning of women, where the breeze is lovely and likes your skin, where the sun, our Father Sun, is big, big, an orange, sweet orange and is waiting for you.

The big houses in the old part of Cartagena de Indias, with their many rooms and beautiful central patios with fresh water fountains as company, provide the best light for your feelings. They were built in the colonial style and developed in the 19th and 20th centuries with that magic gypsy touch. Magnificent, elegant houses, with their roofs high and their walls thick to make them cool. Now, most of these houses are the property of artists, who make them a paradise, a paradise where people can listen to the best music and drink a dry rum, dance the best salsa as it was in La Havana in her rosy years, or just love life. Cartagena de Indias is a perfect place to love life.

Her streets, built with rocks and lined with beautiful flowers, are made for lovers to stroll and new lovers to fall for each other. Colitas—the incredible smell of colitas dancing with the wind and penetrating your skin—you’ll never forget the fragrance of those little flowers, that soft fragrance.

Ocean, beach. You haven’t seen these things before. The real meaning of these magic places is along the coast of Cartagena de Indias, with her golden, powdery sand, stroked by soft water and caressed by the warm sun’s arms. In her clear water you’ll find Fauna, magnificent Fauna. In sheer delight you’ll play with her waves, where dolphins, too, love to jump.

What are you waiting for? Cartagena de Indias will last forever, but will you?

Julio Mario Santander
Colombia
Manhattan:
It's a Different World

Sachiko Matsuda
Japan

Before I visited New York, I often thought about that big city while reading a tourist guide or looking at pictures of the beautiful greenery in Central Park, of the grand entrance to the Metropolitan Museum with the many steps leading up to it, or of the world’s largest department store, Macy's. Japanese TV often shows Wall Street business scenes or famous tourist attractions like 5th Avenue in Manhattan, and those pictures, too, stimulated my imagination. Full of anticipation, I began to map out a plan for sightseeing in Manhattan. I imagined myself, Sachiko, walking around excitedly, all eyes, in “The Big Apple.”

When I arrived in New York, the first view that caught my eye was the city’s staggering skyline. I encountered this impressive scene while on the bus from JFK airport to Manhattan. That moment was so exciting. I couldn’t believe those skyscrapers were real. The same picture I had witnessed on TV in Japan was now appearing dramatically in front of me. The Empire State Building, the UN Building, the World Trade Center, among all the others, were great-looking from a distance, but when I got up close to them, they were even more amazing, towering so high into the sky.

At the big bus terminal on 42nd street in central Manhattan, I stepped out into the city. People there were so busy. It was like I was seeing a fast-motion picture. People walked very fast and cars zoomed by. Manhattan, I could see, was a congested city where people and machines moved horizontally and vertically like spiders on webs.

Manhattan also had a particular smell, which, most of the time, I didn’t find pleasant. Every breath I took smelled of car pollution. In back of restaurants was the odor of spoiled foods. On 42nd Street, the stench of uncleaned bathrooms mingled with that of the garbage. Manhole covers belched smoke that smelled like a mixture of gasoline and something burnt.

Another thing that surprised me about Manhattan was the noise. There were the sirens of ambulances speeding everywhere, car horns honking, the footsteps of busy people, taxi drivers yelling at jaywalkers—such a mixture of so many different kinds of sounds!

Yes, there was noise, but Manhattan was also filled with music. For example, there was the melody of a street saxophone player on the subway platform entertaining people waiting to catch the next train until his jazzy phrases were drowned out by the deafening roar of the train approaching. I met a lot of natural musicians as I walked around the city. At a clothing shop, the salesclerk hummed along with a song on the record player as if he were doing a duet with the singer. In a small delicatessen on Madison Avenue one morning, Mozart’s 21st piano concerto was coming through the speaker. Although the deli didn’t look like a fashionable place to eat, the music of Mozart turned the small deli into a pleasant corner in which to have breakfast.

Manhattan is in many ways an overwhelming city with all its people, cars, stench, and noise, but each of these characteristics is the inevitable result of its being such an exciting city. It might be difficult to live there, yet it still attracts people—people who live permanently in Manhattan and visitors from all over the world. Manhattan is different from other places in America. As a cab driver remarked the day I left the city, “New York is totally different. It’s not America. It’s just another world.”
Contemporary Japan seems to have more bad points than good ones, unfortunately, and one of the bad points I hate is its very high prices. Accordingly, I can’t recommend living in Japan to anybody who doesn’t have a lot of money.

The cost of a movie ticket is now around $17 in Japan. Whenever I tell international students in EPI about this, I can see their astonished faces, and they respond, “That’s crazy!” It’s hard for foreigners living in Japan to adjust to Japanese prices. The cost of living is very high. The situation of foreigners visiting Japan is very similar to that of EPI students who have come to the US from some developing countries. I suppose that here in the US they have a hard time with the prices just as internationals from almost anywhere do in Japan. Now that prices are so high in Japan and still rising, even we Japanese ourselves are complaining about the high cost of living.

On the other hand, as you might know, Japan has a lot of good points. One example is its good train system, which enables you to go anywhere you like, even if your destination is Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan. And, almost all trains in Japan are so punctual that we don’t have to wait very long at a train station.

Another good point is the good customer service in Japan. No matter where you shop or go for service, Japanese workers are very polite and helpful. Here in the USA, service is sometimes impolite, even rude. The behavior of some cashiers at fast food restaurants, for example, makes me angry. From the Japanese viewpoint, this sort of service is disgusting.

A third good point about Japan I’m proud of is the safety anywhere you go in Japan. There are no guns sold in Japan, and, in my case, I had never seen a gun before I came to the US. The first time I saw one, which belonged to a policeman walking toward me, I got really excited and worried that I was going to be killed by it.

One more good point about Japan is that there are so many interesting places for sightseeing. For example, Hiroshima and Nagasaki are well known for the damage they incurred from the atomic bombs dropped on them during World War II. In Kyoto, there are still many wooden antique temples and buildings. And all over Japan, there are also numerous modern skyscrapers, electric appliances, cool Japanese cars, and so on.

Every country has its strong and weak points, but we have to make patient efforts to do away with the weak points and develop our good points so that our children will be able to live with fewer troubles in the future.

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Dear Andrea and Norma,

I’ve learned so many things while we’ve been living together. This experience will be my treasure forever. Thank you for everything. I hope a lot of happiness comes to you.

Best wishes and love,

Kaori XXX

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To Alina,

Thank you for your kindness!! I’ve really enjoyed living with you. I wish to see you again!! I won’t say goodbye.

Kayoko

---

To my teachers and classmates,

Thank you for your kindness. I’ll never forget it. I’ve enjoyed being in all my classes. I want to say thank you again.

Take care of yourselves,

Mayumi
Sumo, a Traditional Japanese Sport

Have you ever watched sumo wrestling? This exciting traditional sport of Japan has attracted the interest of the Japanese people for three hundred years. It is one of the world’s great sports, rich, heroic, and elegant. For the sumo wrestler, wrestling is more than a game; it’s a way of life.

This sport pits two huge men against each other. The height of a sumo wrestler is usually around 185 centimeters and the weight around 150 kilograms. He must be very strong. Every wrestler has the same unique costume and hairstyle. The costume consists only of a tightly roped band wound around the waist and groin. A wrestler grows his hair very long and always wears it tied up on top of his head. He has to grow his hair so that he can make a “oiichmage” on his head. This hairstyle represents an old sumo tradition. When a wrestler retires, he has to cut his long hair since it’s considered a symbol of the sumo wrestler.

Sumo is quite a simple sport. Two men step into a ring to compete against each other. The purpose of each of the competitors is to force his opponent out of the ring by touching any part of the body but without using the feet to kick. Before they get into the ring, they go up to it and warm up by raising their legs or staring at their opponent. The object of this staring is to threaten the opponent. Then they toss salt into the air to cleanse their minds. Entering the ring, they continue to stare at each other until they hear the referee shout, “Ready, go!”

At the referee’s signal, they throw themselves at each other and begin to apply force on each other by using various techniques with their legs and arms. This moment is the most exciting for everybody. Wrestlers stake their whole lives on these few seconds. Finally, the winner manages to force his opponent out of the ring.

The youngest, lowest-ranked sumo wrestlers’ day begins at 4 o’clock in the morning, when they start their exercises. The higher the wrestler’s rank, the longer he gets to sleep. An extremely tiring practice is undergone every morning. The wrestlers endlessly practice three traditional styles of sumo exercise: shiko, teppo, and matawari. Shiko involves standing with the legs wide part and then raising one of the legs as high as possible. Beginners practice shiko at least 500 times a day. Teppo is the practice of sumo punching. Matawari involves sitting with the legs spread as wide as possible. The wrestlers try to spread 180 degrees. Most of them at some time have cried during this incredibly painful practice. “Are you crying?” a senior wrestler asks. “No, just sweat in my eyes,” the junior wrestler answers. Weak minds don’t belong in the world of sumo. At 11:00 a.m. the higher-ranked wrestlers bathe first, followed by the lower-ranked. Then they have a big brunch called “chankonabe,” which consists of a high-calorie meal. They have huge meals twice a day to fatten up. After meals, they
Marriage Customs in Japan

Eriko Aotani
Japan

My country, Japan, has some traditional customs in marriage, notably the OMIAI style of marriage, the YINOU engagement ceremony, the SHINTOU wedding ceremony and an expensive reception and honeymoon.

There are two kinds of marriage style in Japan: the love marriage and the omiai marriage. These days, about three-fourths of all Japanese marriages are love marriages. In this kind of marriage, the attraction between lovers is the most important factor in the decision to get married. On the other hand, omiai is a custom according to which a marriage facilitator, called a NAKOUDO, introduces potential mates to each other. Being a nakudo is sometimes a business, but mostly it is done as a free service. Parents, especially mothers who have marriageable daughters or sons, ask a nakudo to introduce some suitable person. Not only love but also such conditions as education, salary, occupation and family, etc, are considered important in the selection of a marriage partner. In the omiai style of marriage, there remains a significant tradition that marriage means the combination of two families.

When a promise of marriage—love marriage or omiai marriage—is made, yinou (engagement) gifts are exchanged. In most cases, these include a ring and cash for the bride to buy new household goods and traditional yinou goods symbolizing good luck. It is customary for a nakudo to bring all the gifts to the bride’s house. The yinou goods include beautiful traditional paper goods and often such things as a block of dried seaweed, symbolizing happiness; a pair of dolls representing an old married couple, symbolizing the marital bond; and a small turtle doll, symbolizing longevity. After the yinou ceremony, the bride’s

Dear Hiro,
You really helped the linguistics students. I hope they were of some use to you, too. How do you pronounce that word?
Have a nice break,
Bronia

Dear Mayumi Kawamoto,
Thanks for sharing your experience of the Smoky Mountains with us. That was a memorable class.
Have a nice break,
Bronia
Marriage...

family and the groom’s family usually have a lunch together provided by the bride’s family. The wedding ceremony is usually held at a shrine with a Shinto priest. At the Shinto ceremony, one of the most traditional customs is for the bride and groom to drink sake poured into a small cup each three times. The bride and groom wear special classical KIMONO, the traditional Japanese wedding dress. But recently many Japanese prefer a Western-style ceremony. Many non-Christian Japanese get married in churches. Especially brides prefer the Western-style ceremonies so that they can wear a long, beautiful dress at the ceremony.

So, the wedding ceremony has come to have less religious meaning; it is often a ceremony only for ceremony’s sake. Of course, there are still a lot of pious wedding ceremonies as well.

The reception is held after the wedding ceremony. During the reception friends and relatives make speeches to celebrate their happiness. Cutting the cake is one of the highlights of the reception. The bride and groom customarily change their clothes during the reception, taking off their kimono and putting on Western-style clothes. Sometimes, they don’t appear at the reception much because of changing their clothes so frequently. This can be a kind of funny scene. I have even known some couples who changed four times during their two-hour reception. Recently, a lavish wedding can cost several tens of thousands of dollars. And a lot of couples go abroad for their honeymoon. Japanese weddings are so expensive. Of course, how expensive depends on the couple.

In Japan, most people think marriage is one of the most important events in life, and the wedding ceremony represents a brilliant stage in life. Desiring the happiness of the young couple, parents and relatives hope to preserve ceremonial traditions. However, recently the Japanese wedding style is diversifying. Even if the number of traditional weddings decreases, though, I suppose the traditional wedding customs will continue into the next generations, for there exists in these customs a wish for a happy wedding.

To CSULEC,
I have enjoyed you! We have had a lot of fun and visited a lot of places. I’m proud of you for being brave and talking to Americans outside class! Congratulations!
Mr. Rice

To everyone at EPI,
I’d like to say thanks to everyone at EPI—teachers, staff, and especially my students—for making me feel at home here during the summer. What a great place to work!
Carl

To all my students, to the contributors to Sunrise, and to the Sunrise staff,
Thanks for making such a hot summer cool. I’ve enjoyed working and being with you, and I wish you the best!
Dick
The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia is an Islamic Arab country located in the Middle East. Saudi Arabia is the center of the Islamic religion since it was there that Islam emerged and then spread throughout the world. Each year hundreds of thousands of Muslims come to visit the holy Islamic places in Saudi Arabia during the last month of the lunar year to fulfill a part of their religious duties. Non-Muslims are not permitted to enter these holy places.

The official language in Saudi Arabia is Arabic, which is the language of the Qur’an, the scripture of Islam. Unlike English, Arabic is written and read from right to left. Like cursive writing in English, though, the letters are connected within each word.

Saudi Arabia has a long history and has never been colonized by another country. Consequently, it has never been affected much by any other culture. Some of the historical places in Saudi Arabia date back thousands of years. But the important thing in Saudi Arabia’s recent history is its development from economic and political weakness to greatness within less than sixty years.

With the largest oil reservoir in the world, Saudi Arabia has become one of the important countries in the world. This vast pocket of oil was discovered in 1933. Also, Saudi Arabia has numerous factories for the processing or manufacture of foods; clothes; metals, such as iron and aluminum; and other goods.

The safety and peacefulness of this great country make it an especially nice place to live. The lowest crime rate in the world is found in Saudi Arabia. Saudia Arabia—the country of blessings and safety.

I put my stuff down in a beautiful place. I smelled the fresh air mixed with the smell of grilled chickens some families were preparing. I heard children’s laughter and the sound of the seagulls. I felt the scorching sand under my feet and the cold water on my body when I ran from my umbrella and jumped through the waves. I felt that I was in a different world. Just under the surface of the water, strange plants were waving as if a wind were making them dance. I wished that I didn’t have to leave this beautiful place so soon.

After I had finished swimming, I was very hungry. I went over to my stuff, got out the snack I had brought along, and ate it as if I were starving.

While I was eating, I watched four children playing in the sand. Two of them ran up to their sleeping father and tried to wake him up and get him to play with them. The father didn’t want to be disturbed, though, and called out to the mother, “Take these children away from me, I want some peace and quiet here!” I’m sure the father didn’t find this situation very amusing, but I couldn’t help but smile.

When it was time to leave, I gathered my stuff and headed back to my car. It had been a very wonderful experience. I wished that I could stay longer, but the sun was setting and I had to be on my way to meet some friends who were going into the desert with me that evening.

Ah, the desert after dark in the summertime—so nice and beautiful then...
Marriage Customs in Kuwait

Saleh Al-Mutairi
Kuwait

Marriage in my country, Kuwait, is totally different from marriage here in the US. In Kuwait marriage represents more than a single step taken by the married couple; it involves a number of steps taken by the couple’s families and community together with the couple.

First, the man asks his mother to look for a suitable woman for him, giving his mother a specific description of the kind of woman that he wants to marry. Then when the mother finds a woman that fits her son, he has the right to visit the woman’s family with his mother and father so he can see his prospective wife. The man has the right also to speak with the woman to see how intelligent she is and to ask her about her education. This meeting is also for the woman, so that she can see and speak to the man who might become her husband. If the man doesn’t like the woman for some reason, he doesn’t have to marry her. But if he likes her, he will ask her family for permission to get married to their daughter. At this point, the man has finished his part and waits for the woman’s answer.

The woman is the only person who can say yes or no to this marriage. If she says no, there will be no marriage. If she says yes, her family’s part will start. They ask around about the prospective husband to see how good he is and to make sure that he is a respectable man. The family can get this information by asking his neighbors and his friends at work.

Then, when it becomes clear to the woman’s family that the man is a good person and that he is the one who deserves to marry their daughter, negotiations about the marriage begin. The two families discuss issues such as where the two young people are going to live, whether the wife will work or not, and how much the wife’s dowry will be. When agreement about all aspects of the marriage is reached, the couple are pronounced husband and wife by the husband’s and wife’s families. Soon after this, the couple go to court with their fathers and sign the marriage contract.

The new husband and wife usually don’t begin to live together immediately. They continue to live in their parents’ house until the wedding day, which often comes several weeks or even months after the signing of the marriage contract. During this time, the husband can visit his wife in her home, and they often talk by telephone.

A few days before the wedding day, the two families give out invitation cards to their friends, neighbors, and families. On the wedding day, the men first go to a men’s reception, and the women go to a women’s reception. Both of these receptions are great celebrations with a lot of food and drinks. Then the men get in their cars and take the husband to the women’s reception so that he can take his wife to their home, where they can start their life together.

To all my classmates this quarter,
I’ve really enjoyed studying with you, and I hope that you will succeed in your studies here in the US so that you can reach your goals.
Good luck!
Saleh Al-Mutairi
William Tell
and the Birth of the Swiss Confederation

Pierre-Andre Cordonier
Switzerland

One of the first things Swiss children learn in school is the story of the birth of the Swiss Confederation. Sometimes, the teacher doesn’t even tell the children that this story is a legend, not a factual story.

Perhaps you have already heard of the main character of the story, the legendary hero William Tell, who is said to have prompted the birth of Switzerland. The story takes place in what were then the three German-speaking cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwald, ruled by the emperor of Austria. In each of these cantons the emperor’s baili was in charge of making sure that the law was respected and, more importantly, that the taxes were paid. The story goes that in the city where the baili lived there was a pole, on top of which hung the baili’s hat, a symbol the power of Austria. When passing this pole, everyone was required to swear allegiance to Austria.

One day, William Tell, accompanied by his son, refused to swear allegiance as he was passing the pole. The baili became angry, arrested Tell, and threatened him with a jail sentence. But as Tell was a famous crossbowyer, the baili decided to make him a proposition.

“I’ve heard that you are the best crossbrowyer in the country. So, I offer you an opportunity to be released. Put the apple you are eating on the head of your son and try to shoot it off with one bolt,” said the baili.

Tell accepted the offer. He put the apple on his son’s head, stepped back, and shot. Fortunately, he hit only the apple and didn’t wound his son. The people watching this event were very relieved. But the baili saw that Tell had hidden another bolt in his coat and asked him to explain why. Tell answered that if he had missed the apple and hurt his child he would have killed the baili with the second bolt. The baili exploded with anger and sentenced Tell to jail and death. The jail was on the other side of the lake, so the baili and a few soldiers forced Tell into a boat and set sail for the jail.

While the boat was crossing the lake, a huge storm burst upon it. Knowing that Tell was the only man who could sail in such a tempest, the baili made Tell another offer. If Tell could save the boat and its passengers, the baili would release him. Tell accepted the baili’s offer and took control of the boat. When they reached shore, Tell jumped out and pushed the boat back into the storm. The boat and all its passengers sank.

Inspired by Tell’s heroism, the three cantons decided to revolt against the empire. In 1291, three representatives, one from each of the cantons, met at a place called the Gruetli and swore that their cantons would join forces and fight for their freedom from the emperor of Austria. This pact, known as the Gruetli’s Oath, supposedly marks the birth of the Swiss Confederation.

In Switzerland today, you can still see famous pictures of William Tell with his crossbow and his son. There are also numerous pictures, cards, and stamps depicting the three representatives concluding the pact. Of course, all of these memorials are based on legend, not on historical fact. Historians think that the character of William Tell actually comes from the North, especially from Denmark. There was effectively a pact among the three cantons in 1291, but it was not the only one of this time and probably had nothing to do with the legend of the Gruetli’s Oath, a tale which was written and became fashionable in the 1700s and 1800s during the Romantic Period.
Naked Iguana
Man-Hee Kim, Korea
Casie Choi, Korea
Hussain Al-Amoodi, Yemen

There are several places to go in Columbia on weekends. One of them is a nightclub called Naked Iguana. Casie Choi and Hussain Al-Amoodi talked about this place in their grammar/writing class, answering their classmates' questions.

Q: How much does it cost to get in?
Hussain: If you’re under 21, it’s $10, but if you’re 21 or over, it’s only $5.
Casie: Yes, and every Tuesday is Ladies’ Night. Ladies under 21 pay $5, and ladies over 21 get in free.

Q: What happens there on Ladies’ Night?
Casie: Some male dancers wearing bathing suits dance.

Q: Why do different people pay different prices?
Hussain: People under 21 pay more because they come just to dance. They can’t drink.
Casie: Some clubs won’t let them in at all.

Q: How do they know if you’re under 21?
Casie: You have to show an ID card with your birthday on it. Your EPI ID doesn’t work.
Hussain: If you’re under 21, they stamp your hand.
Q: Are there many international students there?
Hussain: Yes, there are a lot of EPI students there.

Q: What time does it open and close?
Casie: I’m not sure, but I think it opens at 7:00 pm.
Hussain: It closes at 2:00 am.

Q: What do people do at the club?
Casie: They drink, talk, dance, and watch people dance. It’s very noisy.
Hussain: We also play pool.

Q: Do you think students should go to this club?
Hussain: Maybe. I think you should go if you like to dance.

At Red Pepper

Dick Holmes
USA

lunch crowd gone
the cooks sit over their bowls
gazing into space

To my unforgettable friend in S.P.H.,
You’ve always been kind to me, for seven months. Whenever I’ve wanted you, you’ve just come to me. I really appreciate you. Even when I go back to Korea, I will never forget you. I love you.
Korean Warrior (Won!)

Sweetheart,
Why?
Why did we meet at that time?
Nobody can tell why.
But I have been loving you without break since we met.

I dragged my feet
whenever I had to go out without you.
I wanted to stay with you.
We had great times.
In the light of the sun.
In the darkness of the night.

Please don’t grieve.
Please remember our life during those days.
... And please dream of me
as I will of you.

My mind is living in your mind.
Shoko
Ryuji Kawasaki
Japan

An Interview with Miriam Moore

RK: Congratulations on the recent publication of your book, The Scribner ESL Workbook for Writers. How did you decide to write and publish a textbook on writing?

MM: The textbook that I wrote came about because of a complaint. I was teaching composition for international students at USC, and I was frustrated with some of the writing textbooks. The books’ authors claimed to be writing for students of English as a second language (ESL), but they didn’t use writing from ESL students in the texts, or if they did, the level was too low for a university writing class. Also, most of the writing workbooks didn’t really deal with writing at all; they only dealt with grammar. When I complained about this to a publisher’s representative, she asked if I could write a better text for them. I thought I would try—and now the book is here. Most of the writing in it comes from my former students, many of whom studied at EPI.

RK: How did you become interested in teaching writing?

MM: By accident! I wanted to be a linguist, so I came to USC to study linguistics. While I was in graduate school, the English department asked me to teach a composition class for internationals. It sounded like a fun challenge, so I took the course. I knew very soon after the class started that I had found my niche. I’ve been teaching writing ever since.

RK: A lot of international students find writing very difficult. Some of us don’t like writing, unfortunately. Apparently, you like to write. What do you like about it? Is it difficult for you, too?

MM: Yes, writing is difficult for me, at least some parts of writing. I think what is odd is that I am very much at home writing essays in the academic style; that’s easy. And I like doing it. It helps me to think about my own views of things—it helps me to sort it all out. I usually give my classes a quote from the writer E.M. Forster, who said, “How can I know what I think until I see what I say?” That’s how I feel about writing essays—the process of doing it helps me to learn and to see new perspectives. On the other hand, what is not so easy for me is what is usually called “creative writing.” I have ideas in my head for short stories, novels, and poems—but I am not so good at getting these on paper. I think part of the problem comes from my training—I was always told I was good at academic writing, but my teachers never encouraged me about the poems I attempted. But I am learning! I keep a journal every day, and most of the writing in it is like an essay, or like extended freewriting (which I love!). But more and more I find myself writing poems in my journal.

RK: Inspiration is very important in writing, isn’t it? How much do you think writing depends on inspiration, and can you recommend any strategies to facilitate inspiration?

MM: Hmm. I’m not sure how best to answer this one. I do think there is such a thing as inspiration, but it’s hard to define. Also, I think inspiration can become an excuse for not writing—if I wait until inspiration comes, I will never write anything. As far as strategies go, I think journaling and freewriting are good DISCIPLINES for a student to practice. These force you to put ideas on paper, to use words. It may be that 75% of what you write isn’t so hot. But you may find that 25% of it is “inspired.” The process is then worth all the trouble.

RK: When writing in a second language, we international students often know what we want to say or have specific images in mind. However, we can’t seem to express ourselves exactly. How can we overcome this limitation?

MM: Believe it or not, this happens to native speakers, too. My suggestion would be first to talk about your idea with a native speaker, letting him/her help you (in other words, get feedback). Also, I think freewriting is good for this—trying your idea in
An Interview with Miriam...

several different ways. And my other idea is less direct, but important: Read. Saturate yourselves with English words—not just in textbooks, but in stories, plays, poems, whatever. You may begin to “hear” it in your mind. That “hearing” combined with experimentation in writing will help you to get your ideas more “exact.”

RK: Some students can write good individual sentences but still don’t understand very well how to connect them and develop paragraphs. What advice can you give about this problem?

MM: Again, this is a problem for a lot of people, not just ESL students. My first suggestion is the same as before: Read. You will begin to hear in your head the rhythm of English, its flow. You can then listen for that in your own writing. Also, you can try some tricks that we use in reading or writing classes—ask someone to read the first and last sentences of a paragraph and guess what comes in the middle. If they can’t do that, you might need to work on a good paragraph of introduction. Or, you could cut apart the sentences in your paragraph and see if someone else can put it back together. If they can’t, then you might have a problem with cohesion, or connections from sentence to sentence. I guess the best things are practice and feedback—keep writing, and then have others help you evaluate your success.

RK: Another big challenge we international students face is applying our knowledge of English grammar to our writing. How can we train ourselves to catch grammatical errors in our writing?

MM: Hmm. This is also tough. One thing I encourage you to do is to forget about grammar at first. Let yourself work on ideas and structure first, then save time for grammar. If you have time, put the paper away for a while before you begin to edit. When you do edit, look at your writing sentence by sentence. One thing you can do is to develop a checklist of your grammar problems, based on what your teachers have told you. Then you can use that checklist to edit. For example, if your biggest problems are subject-verb agreement, tense, and comma splices, you can focus only on those areas as you edit. You might also try reading your paper out loud, listening to the language you are using. Does it sound right?

RK: Writing means different things to different people. What is writing for you?

MM: I use writing in many ways, all the time. It helps me communicate, remember, and accomplish things. But most importantly, writing is my way of grappling with ideas, memories, and emotions. When I write in my journal, I am never sure what will happen—I don’t plan anything. But in the process of writing, I learn a lot about myself, and I can ask new questions about what I am reading or thinking. At the same time, this sort of writing is private and “safe;” I don’t worry about an audience. Also, in journal writing, I can experiment with different “voices,” or different aspects of my personality, and I don’t have to worry about being rejected. Finally, I think writing so much in private gives me a great deal of confidence for when I do write in public—and public writing brings me its own kinds of rewards. To put it simply, writing is a way of life for me.

To RV70a,
You are a really excellent class!! I have enjoyed you!!
Thanks for being such good students.
G. Rice
Stories & Poems
The Duplicator
(a spin-off on a story by Philip K. Dick)

Cells were moving around between the slides, excited by the bright light of the microscope. Once again, as in all the other samples the robots had brought back from the planet's surface, there was no sign of any viruses or harmful bacteria.

"It's been like this every single day!" Dr. Charles Beam said out loud, musing to himself. He hadn't found anything that could be dangerous to human life, and yet there was no sign of any intelligent life form on the surface of the planet.

Dr. Beam was the most widely known biologist on Terra. Terran Exploration Corporation had recruited him for this voyage to the Diounuyis Nebulae, charging him with analyzing the feasibility of establishing a Terran colony on one of the planets in this nebulae.

Meanwhile, in the conference room adjacent to the ship's lab, an animated discussion about the future of the planet was heating up.

"Why not?" Major Jean Brown asked insistently.

"Because we haven't found any evidence to the contrary!" Captain Richard Plateau responded indignantly.

And it was true, Dr. Beam and his team had been working overtime to find the reason that there was no life on such a fully developed planet. There was vegetation all over the place.

Beautiful huge trees and small evergreen bushes. Multicolor flowers with an overwhelming fragrance. Bright blue lakes with water so still they looked like big mirrors lying on the ground. But not one single high-level multicellular entity.

"We can't leave the Victoria and settle a city here until we determine that this is a harmless place to live. And that's all there is to it. End of discussion!"

With that, the room exploded into a chaos of noise, demands, insults, and shouts. Evidently, a decision was not going to be made that day.

Dr. Beam could hear the noise from the other room, but he didn't pay any attention to it. He was totally absorbed in examining the last sample.

"Yes. This is the last sample," he muttered. "If I don't find anything in this one, then there is absolutely no reason that we shouldn't establish here." Hope welled up in the tone of his voice.

"Ah, nothing here," he said finally and moved his head away from the microscope.

He was tired. His eyes were red from the long hours he had been putting in. He had been so preoccupied analyzing all the data he had found over the last five days. He needed a rest.

"A rest ..." he thought delightedly. "A warm shower and a comfortable bed are what I need now." Dr. Beam decided to quit for the day and inform the captain of the results after taking a short nap.

He took the sample from the microscope and put it inside a small transparent container nearby. He took his red pencil and labeled the container SD 2345-43-1 #25. Then, he turned and walked to the small refrigerator on the opposite side of the room.

As he walked, his brain switched on again, as it always did just after he had decided to shut down. His eyes darted as his mind navigated a web of complicated ideas. Typically at this time, he would be able to find the answer to the question that had been bothering him all day long. But not that day—he caught himself and shut himself back down. He was determined to go to bed and take the rest he deserved.

He opened the pristine white door of the refrigerator and looked inside for a place to put the container. Surprisingly, it was full. How could this be?! There had been an empty place for it that morning.

"What is this?!" he said, staring into the refrigerator. "SD 2345-43-1 #24 ..." he murmured.

"Hmm, strange ... there are two of them. Guess I must have been damn tired and repeated the labels."

He took the duplicated containers out and put in the one he had in his hand. He closed the
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door, walked over to the closest table, and set both containers on it. Carefully, he opened them and looked inside.

"It's the same sample!" he said in a loud voice. He had been working with the samples very closely. They had been his family for the past week. He could identify each one of them by just smelling them. "The same sample," he said confused. "How could this happen?!" He turned his back to the table and pondered the mystery.

When he turned back around and looked down at the table there was only one container.

"What?!" he started. "Where did the other one go?"

He looked around and couldn't see it anywhere.

"Damn tired," he murmured as he closed the container and put it back in the refrigerator. "I'm hallucinating now. I definitely need a rest."

Shaking his head, he left the lab and went to his room.

Major William Taylor was finishing his shower. His hand poked through the curtain and groped for his towel.

"Two towels?" he thought, grabbing one of them from the shelf. "I thought I had only one left."

He exited the bathroom with his towel wrapped around his waist, walked over to the bed and sat down.

"Alright, time to get to work. Dr. Beam must have finished his analysis by this time," Major Taylor said, reaching for his uniform, draped over the chair near the vidphone. Stepping into his pants, he suddenly noticed an identical chair on the other side of the room.

"That's curious—I don't remember seeing that chair there before." Of course, though, why should he remember? He had just had time to sleep in that room. He couldn't be sure if that chair had been there since he had first come to this room or if it had been placed there sometime afterwards. He couldn't even be sure if anything in his room had been there all along or not.

Almost finished dressing, he sat down on the chair that had held his uniform to tie his shoes. Suddenly, the arms of the chair curled tightly around his waist and began to crush him. Terrified and racked with pain, Major Taylor struggled with the chair, falling with it to the floor. Still in its grip, he choked and gasped for air as he continued to wrestle the killer chair.

Finally, he somehow managed to free himself and roll across the floor away from the chair. He sat up and stared at the chair, his eyes bulging with fear and surprise. He couldn't believe what had just happened. But what had happened? The chair was just sitting there as if nothing at all had happened. Major Taylor was not a man who had second thoughts. He decided to destroy the chair immediately. "Damn chair! Your days are over!" he screamed at the inanimate object. He grabbed the blaster from his belt and aimed one definitive shot at the middle of the chair. It disappeared in a cloud of radioactive particles. Major Taylor stood there with a half-crazed grin on his face. He did not understand what had happened.

Major Brown was preparing herself to go to bed when she noticed that the room had two beds.

"Hmm," she murmured, lying down on the nearest bed, "nobody told me that I was going to be getting a roommate."

Major Brown lay there thinking of all the good things that could be done if only the committee approved the establishment of a Terran group on this planet. A picnic site near the big lake. Small houses with huge yards and their own small forests. Soon she drifted into a delightful sleep. Unfortunately, though, this was not meant to be a long dream.

Major Brown woke up feeling a tremor in the bed and smelling some disgusting but familiar odor. The bed was folding up around her!

"What's going on?!" she asked, trying to raise herself up and get out of the bed.

But she was not able to move. The bed was all around her and she started to feel a burning liquid engulf her body. She finally recognized the smell.

"Gastric acids!" she screamed, totally terrorized. "I'm being eaten alive!"

The acids slowly dissolved every part of her body: her legs, her arms, everything. The pain was unbearable and she screamed for her life. But eventually her screams faded out and her body vanished, completely digested by
The Duplicator...

the alien stomach.

Dr. Beam was lying on his back in bed, his eyes still open. He had taken a long shower and thought he would be able to sleep, but he couldn’t stop thinking about what had happened at the lab.

As he turned it all over in his mind again, his vidphone receive light began to blink, indicating that a call was coming in. Gradually, a familiar face filled the screen and came into focus. It was Major Taylor. From the look on his face, he was in a great deal of pain. He could hardly speak. Then, Dr. Beam saw what was happening. Major Taylor’s belt was looped around his neck and it was strangling him!

Dr. Beam hurried to the hall and called out for the guards. Together they ran to the door of Major Taylor’s room. Dr. Beam told the guards to have their blasters prepared and then touched the open button. The door dissolved and there was Major Taylor writhing on the floor and gasping for air. His face was blue. Dr. Beam hurried to help him and with extraordinary effort managed to get the belt off his neck. The guards immediately used their blasters and the belt disappeared in a cloud of tiny radioactive particles.

After a few minutes, Major Taylor had caught his breath and was back to normal. Well, as normal as he could be after being attacked for a second time by an alien life form. After questioning Major Taylor, it didn’t take Dr. Beam long to put two and two together and understand what was happening on this planet.

“It’s an amazing life form,” Dr. Beam said to the people in the conference room. He had called everybody in for an emergency meeting.

“It duplicates living and non-living life forms in every single detail. That’s why we didn’t suspect anything was wrong with this planet,” Dr. Beam explained excitedly. “Everything seemed ‘normal.’ Fortunately, at least, it doesn’t seem to duplicate high-level life forms like animals or human beings.”

“What are we going to do?!” one of the crew members asked, pale and terrified.

“Well, first of all, we have to be careful with everything around us. Anything at all could be duplicated and dangerous,” Dr. Beam replied, pointing at various items around the room. “And we have to leave as soon as possible.

Captain Plateau has already placed an emergency call to the closest transport ship requesting them to come here and pick us up. We cannot stay here any longer.”

“When is the ship coming?” Major Taylor asked anxiously.

“At 15:35. In twenty minutes,” Captain Plateau replied.

“When the ship gets here,” Dr. Beam said, “we’ll have to leave everything here inside the Victoria, including our clothes.”

“You mean,” Dr. Fletcher gasped, “we’ll have to board the transport ship naked?!”

“That’s right,” Dr. Beam replied, a little embarrassed. “But Captain Plateau has informed the transport ship of our situation and an isolated entrance with new uniforms waiting for us will be prepared. None of the crew will see us as we enter the ship.”

“Okay, then,” Dr. Fletcher said, “but this is going to be uncomfortable.”

“Better uncomfortable than dead,” Dr. Beam said pointedly. “This is the only option we have to survive.”

Everybody undressed and piled their clothes in the middle of the room. Then they saw the ship landing next to the Victoria. It was a big transport ship bearing the familiar gray logo of the Terran Exploration Corporation.

“Five minutes early,” Captain Plateau murmured. “Okay, everybody, let’s go!”

A compact group of pink dots ran for their lives from one ship to the other.

“I hope this is worth it,” Dr. Fletcher said to Dr. Beam, running...
The Duplicator . . .

alongside him.

"We're saving our lives, aren't we?" Dr. Beam responded indignantly.

At exactly 15:35, the transport ship Captain Plateau had requested landed next to the Victoria. Seated in the control room of the transport ship, Captain Lester was informed that the preparations for receiving the crew of the Victoria had been completed.

"Good," Captain Lester said. "They should be coming in any minute now."

"Sir," Major White said, approaching Captain Lester with a report in his hands. "I've just received a report from the Victoria's main computer and I don't know how to interpret the results."

"What do you mean?"

"Apparently, the Victoria is already empty. They aren't on their ship, but they aren't on our ship either."

"Don't worry, Major," Captain Lester said. "They should be coming in any minute now. They can't just have . . . have . . . disappeared . . ."

Richee, Richee

Ryuji Kawasaki
Japan

"I've got a real love!!"

Although I loved you, you didn't care for me at all.
Although I always missed you, you didn't care about me at all.

I said to you, "I like you. I can't love anyone but you."
You answered me, "I want a rich man. I can't love anyone but a rich man."

If I'd been rich, I could've afforded whatever you wanted.
If I'd been rich, I could've made you love me, true love.

Now I'm richee, richee.
There's nothing I can't buy in this world.
Nobody in the whole world is as rich as I am.
I appreciate you because you taught me that money was the most important thing in life.

Now you're always with me.
Whenever I give you an expensive dress, you look happy.
Whenever I buy jewelry for you, you smile at me.
I'm so happy because you really love me,
but I worry about the day my money is gone.
I wish upon a star that this happiness will be everlasting . . .

Dear Gen,
You have a wonderful mind. Can you tell me if the physical world really exists, or is it just a vacuum? What is space? Please reply in ten words or less by tomorrow. Okay?
Wanting to know,
Your gray-haired CS teacher

Dear Hussain Al-Amoodi,
Your progress has been tremendous; you're a model student.
Best wishes,
One of your first female teachers (the one you had for three classes this quarter)
My Floating Snowmen

Mayumi Tateishi
Japan

I had a lot of interesting experiences during my childhood, and I have forgotten most of them, but I will never forget one experience I had then . . .

My parents liked sports, and they always brought my younger brother and me along wherever they went to practice sports. One day when I was in kindergarten, we all went to the park to go ice skating.

When we arrived, my father began to teach my brother and me to skate, one at a time. My brother and I were sharing one pair of skates because we wore the same size at that time and got tired easily, anyway. I skated first and learned quickly, enjoying it very much. After thirty minutes, I gave the skates to my brother. He was learning slowly, so he got to keep skating for a longer time than I had skated.

I was really getting tired of waiting to get the skates back. My mother had gone to buy some food, so I was alone with nothing to do. Then I saw a nice patch of snow nearby and walked over to play in it. I rolled the snow up into balls and made three snowmen.

The place where I was playing was near a swimming pool. I decided to put my snowmen in the pool and float them in the water. The water level was low, though, so somehow I had to get them down to the water. I thought and thought, and then I leaned down over the side of the pool with one of my snowmen and tried to set him down on the water, but I couldn’t seem to reach down far enough. I raised myself back up, rested a moment, and then tried again. This time my snowman fell out of my hands into the pool and melted.

I wasn’t ready to give up yet. I tried one last time, leaning even farther over the edge of the pool with another one of my snowmen. When my hands reached the water, I fell into the pool. I was so surprised! Dripping wet, I began to cry. Everybody heard me crying and rushed over to the pool.

A man helped me get out, and I stood there surrounded by people. I felt so bad because I was cold and I had hurt myself. When my family came up and saw me, they just laughed! I couldn’t understand why they were laughing:

"Are you skating or swimming?" my mother asked.

I didn’t think the situation was funny. I was really angry! But then they hugged me and bought me some beautiful new dry clothes at a nearby store.

Ever since that day, whenever I go skating, I always remember that incident, and I remember, too, that my family loves me.

Dear Mayumi,
I could always count on you to have the right answer. Keep up the good work,
Bronia
At last, I’ve found the meaning of hope, kindness, and the importance of having a dream. For a long time, I couldn’t trust anyone and my life was like a storm; I was always hurting others. My life was also like an empty box; I was just looking for momentary fun.

I’m Japanese. Though born in Tokyo, I grew up in the countryside surrounded by beautiful nature. Nature and baseball were my favorite things. Although I was a really naughty boy, I was pure and innocent.

I don’t remember exactly when I lost my innocent nature and became a perverse high school student. I often cut classes and went drinking with my buddies, got into a lot of mischief, went with a lot of girls, and so on. In those days, I thought it was everything to just have fun doing trivial things. I don’t know why I was this way; I suppose it was just my age. Though I could study reasonably well, I was a bad student, the sort of student that teachers find hard to deal with.

After graduating from high school, I went to the university and continued my pursuit of good times. In Japan, most students concentrate on just enjoying life during their time at the university, and I was no exception.

When I was still a freshman, though, one of my best buddies was killed in a traffic accident. I couldn’t believe it and fell into depression. I didn’t want to accept his death, but it was real. No amount of crying would bring my friend back to life. After this incident, I wandered around aimlessly. I didn’t know what to do. I began to think beyond the moment and question my fate. I stopped seeking momentary fun. His death had changed me. I began to struggle with my life. I couldn’t seem to find the answer to my blues.

Time passed. Then I happened to get a chance to go to the USA. I had never been to a foreign country and had never thought of traveling abroad till that time. Actually, I didn’t have any purpose in going to the USA, but I decided to go, anyway. I didn’t know why, but I felt something was waiting for me there.

Soon, I arrived at my destination in the USA, Denver, Colorado. Like the countryside surrounding my hometown, where I’d played so innocently, Colorado had a lot of beautiful nature. I hadn’t been in Denver long before I met an inspiring young Japanese woman there. No sooner had we met than we made friends with each other. I spoke of many things to her. I could talk about everything with her without hiding my feelings. We were always together.

As I gradually got to know her, I realized that she had a lot of qualities that I didn’t have. She was quite different from me. She was friendly, kind, considerate, calm, and filled with hope. Talking and being with her changed me little by little.

One day, she asked me suddenly, “What’s your dream?”

I was puzzled by her question and replied, “Well, I don’t really know, but I’m sure I’ll automatically get a job after graduating.”

“Some Japanese think only of themselves,” she said. “They tend not to care about others.” And then with that heartwarming smile of hers, she said, “I want to be a teacher and to teach the importance of world peace.”

I was shocked by what she said, realizing that I had been thinking only of myself. I envied her, too—she was so dazzling. At that time, I was very selfish. I didn’t care about others as long as I was happy. I didn’t have anything like a dream. I didn’t have a purpose in my life. But after my conversation with her that day, I began to think about my purpose. She taught me the importance of having a dream.

Now, I’m filled with dreams. I want to be a United Nations
What's in Your Box? . . .

official. I want to help unfortunate people who are in danger from war or starvation. I want to share my life with poor people. My country is the only country in the world that has suffered the ravages of the atomic bomb. Although I'm not patriotic, I think that I, as a Japanese citizen—as a human being—must advocate the importance of peace. I want to engage in helping keep world peace in my future. Though I may not always live up to my ideal, I always try to be kind to everyone. I'm doing my best and leading my life positively. Now, my life is like a quiet lake in the mountains. My feeling is calm. And like Forrest Gump's, my life is also like a box of chocolates; I never know what I'm going to get.

What's in your box?

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Dear Milinko,

Even though you entered our reading class late in the quarter, you fit right in and contributed a lot. We truly enjoyed your presence.

From your teacher,
Bronia

A Mirror

Jong Mun Back
Korea

Sound asleep, I heard a sweet music. It woke me up, and I felt better. I went to the bathroom to take a shower and shave.

As I was shaving, I was very surprised to see my girlfriend in the mirror.

“What's going on?” I asked. I couldn't understand why she was there in my boarding room. It was a room that I was living in by myself near my university.

“Are you okay?” she asked me when I came out of the bathroom.

Since I couldn't remember what I'd done the night before, I figured that her question probably related to the drunken condition I'd been in the last time I'd seen her. I did remember that I'd met her and some other friends to discuss the trip we were planning to take during our vacation. After we'd talked about that, we went to a bar to drink. I could remember that much, but the rest was a blur. Now, I was getting worried about the night before.

While I was trying to remember what I'd done, she said, “I love you very much. After spending last night with you, I want to know your true feelings toward me. Please tell me your true feelings.”

When I heard that, I thought, “Uh oh, I made a big mistake!” There were so many thoughts passing through my brains at once that I couldn't respond. I just stood there in silence.

Finally, I asked her exactly what had happened the night before. According to her, I'd been drunk out of mind. She'd driven me home from the bar. On the way, I'd told her that I loved her and asked her to spend the night with me.

I couldn't believe her story, but I couldn't remember anything. Something seemed wrong, and I wanted to believe that this was all a lie. But here we were together in my room . . .

I was really worried. “What shall I do?” I asked myself. Suddenly, I felt something—like somebody shaking me . . . harder and harder. Then I heard a strange voice from far, far away but getting closer . . .

Someone was yelling at me, “Get up, it's time to go!”

It was my girlfriend, I finally realized.

“Are you still sleeping? Come on, the bar's closing! It's time to go home!”
The Tiger

Jongsung Lee
Korea

It was no accident that I was born in the year 1974. That year was an important one for my family because of a family tale about my great-great-grandfather—a tale that reflects a lot about Korean tradition and character.

In the nineteenth century, when my great-great-grandfather lived, most Koreans believed in Confucianism, a way of thinking according to which filial piety is very important. When a parent died, the son might hold a vigil before the tomb for as long as three years.

When my great-great-grandfather’s mother died, he was very sad. He had been a good son for his mother. Now, according to the tradition, he was required to keep a vigil before her tomb. Several days into his vigil, the monsoon season began, and it rained heavily—so heavily that the tomb was on the verge of destruction. This was a big problem for my great-great-grandfather. He couldn’t protect the tomb from the rain by himself, so he decided to request the townspeople’s help.

On the way to town, he reached a stream. Before the rain began, this stream had been shallow, but now it was deep, dark, and muddy, and my great-great-grandfather couldn’t find the stepping stone. The flow of the stream was so fast that it may even have carried the stone away. The stream was full of debris, and it was dangerous to try to cross it, but he had to get across, so he jumped into the danger.

Despite his bravery, he couldn’t manage to cross. Struck by a piece of wood, he sank into the water. Several seconds later, he popped up to the surface, but he couldn’t swim; all he could do was flail his arms. He couldn’t breathe. He was drowning.

Then, all of a sudden, a big tiger jumped into the stream and swam toward him. Grasping my great-great-grandfather’s clothes in its teeth, the tiger dragged him across the stream and pulled him out of the water. By this time my great-great-grandfather had lost consciousness and couldn’t continue his trek into town. The tiger got him onto his back and took him the rest of the way into town.

Finally, as a result of the tiger’s help and then the townspeople’s help, he was able to save his mother’s tomb and complete his vigil.

In Korea, each year is represented by one of twelve animals, including the rat, cow, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, chicken, dog, and pig. Every twelve years, a new cycle begins. For instance, the snake is the symbol of 1977, and it is also the symbol of 1989. Following the tiger’s rescue of my great-great-grandfather, my family came to believe that if the family’s children were born in the year of the tiger, my family could become famous, rich, and strong.

However, since the year of the tiger came around only once every twelve years, the chance for my family to give birth to a child in the year of the tiger didn’t present itself until my father was of marriageable age. Nevertheless, my father didn’t want to get married yet. My father’s attitude made my grandfather angry, and one day, my grandfather called my father to my grandfather’s house for a talk.

“Why don’t you get married?” my grandfather asked my father.

“I know I am of age, but I haven’t met the woman that I want to marry yet.”

“Well, so I have found the woman for you. Why don’t you meet her?”

“Oh, no, I don’t want to get married. I have a lot of work. I have no time to spend with a wife. I have to work.”

“What?! Do you realize that this is January, 1973. Next year is the year of the tiger. You must get married now so that you can have a child in the year of the tiger.”

“Father, why do you believe this stuff? I don’t understand you. I cannot get married.”

“Hum. Anyway, just meet the woman. She is beautiful, smart, and charming. How about that?”

“Sorry, Dad. I don’t want to meet any kind of woman. I am so sorry.”

“Okay! If you do not meet this woman, you will not be my son, okay?!?”

“Take it easy, Dad. Okay, I will meet her.”

Soon, my father met the woman, fell in love with her, and married her—my mother—in December, 1973. They had a son one year later in December, 1974, and so it is that my birthday is December 10, 1974, the year of the tiger.
A long, long time ago, an old couple, Max and Mirei, lived in a small village. Loving to help people, they lived happily even though they were extremely poor. Their only wish was to have a child. They would often say, “If a god had given us a son or daughter, our life would have been more wonderful.” Now, they were already over 70 years old and still didn’t have a child.

One day, it was raining and thundering. Lightning broke out across the sky.

“Mirei, I have a good idea,” Max said. “Tonight let’s take a shower!”

“But you know we don’t have a bathroom in our house!” Mirei replied.

“We can wash our bodies in the rain,” he said.

“You’re crazy,” she said. “I’ve known you for a long time but now I realize again that you’re the silliest person in the world.”

“Sorry, Honey,” he said, “but I want to make you happy. I can’t afford even to provide you with a bathroom, but I want to make you comfortable.”

Mirei understood his feeling, and, at the same time, she regretted getting married to him, but she realized that it was too late to care about that. She decided to obey his silly suggestion.

Max and Mirei went outside and washed their bodies in the rain. It had been thirty years since they had washed their bodies. As they washed themselves, a great amount of dirt loosened from their bodies. A huge mound of mud piled up next to them. It was like a mountain. When they were finished washing, Max and Mirei stood looking at all the mud.

raining in their ears, they fearfully opened their eyes.

Mirei shouted, “A... A... A baby!”

Amazingly, instead of the mud, there was now a baby with dark, mud-colored skin. It was difficult to say whether or not he was cute. Max and Mirei just stood there with their mouths hanging open. And the baby stared back at them wonderingly! They couldn’t believe their eyes! Finally, they picked him up and took him home.

Ten years passed. Their young boy, whom they had named Seiya, was growing up tall, strong and kind. But he had one little problem: He hated to clean himself; he liked to keep his dirt. Nevertheless, he helped his parents a lot. Now, Max and Mirei lived so happily with their lovely son Seiya—born from dirt.
One nice summer day, Mary was taking a nap with her little boy Mark in her bedroom, where sunlight was filtering through the slits between the curtains.

Mark was three years old, and he was just beginning to speak, not only words but short little sentences. Recently, he had made all-out efforts to explain everything that he did or thought to his mother.

"Mama, wake up, wake up!"
Nobody could make him sleep again. Having awakened, he was now in a state of excitement.

"Uhn... my little boy, what are you doing?" She wanted to sleep a little longer because she hadn’t had enough sleep the night before.

"I’ve got something! I’ve got something, Mama!"
"What have you got?" She gave up the idea of going back to sleep and turned her face towards Mark.

"I’ve got a big chocolate. It’s very good, very big! I can’t eat all of it."
Mark often confused something that had happened in a dream with reality.

"That’s fine, Mark. What do you want to do? Do you want to eat some more of it?"
"No, Mama... I want to eat this chocolate with Mama. I want to give you some. It’s very good."
She was in a calm, warm frame of mind. "Thank you, my boy. You are so sweet, Mark." She reached for him and held him tightly in her arms.

"But don’t eat much. Your teeth will become bad, okay?" he said.
"Okay," she chuckled hearing him say this in a tone similar to that she used with him every day.

Suddenly, her other boy, who was still in her womb, gave a kick to remind them of his existence. Mark was so surprised when he felt this movement.

"Mama, your tummy is moving!"
"Your brother wants some chocolate, too," she said.

"Oh Jack, I’ll give you some chocolate, too!" He called the brother he was expecting Jack. Nobody knew why he had named him that.

Mark’s eyes brightened as he continued, "I sometimes wanted to eat chocolate when I was in Mama’s tummy, too. Because sometimes I was very hungry. So I was so happy when Mama ate chocolate. It’s so delicious, isn’t it?"
She was absolutely astonished. When she had been in her first pregnancy with Mark in her womb, she couldn’t eat a lot of foods because of their change in taste. She ate just a little bit of clear vegetable soup and some yogurt every day. She tried to eat bread, meat, and other things, but she couldn’t. Worried about her, her husband sometimes brought back a chocolate for her. She had completely forgotten about that until hearing her son’s memory of it. Then she recalled an article she had read once about the surprising abilities of a fetus; according to the article, babies remember things about their life in the uterus.

"Mark," she asked, "how was it in Mama’s tummy?"

"It was dark," Mark began.

"And I was swimming every day. Sometimes I could hear Daddy’s call. He called me Sweet Mouse. And sometimes I felt bad. I felt my heart beating fast and I was very hungry."

She was speechless.

Haltingly, Mark continued to talk. "When I was... getting out of the pool... I turned and turned... and I thought, 'This way is narrow!'... I was so glad to get out, and then Daddy said, 'Hello, my baby!' I met Daddy first."

She couldn’t believe how easily Mark could recall the delivery scene.

One year later in the same bedroom, she asked Mark, "Do you still remember being in my tummy?"

Now that he was a "big boy," Mark wasn’t interested in the topic anymore and replied, "No, why do you ask me that?"

Now she’s looking forward to the time when her second son Jack becomes three years old and she’ll be able to hear about his world in the womb.
A Little Friend on the Escalator

Sachiko Matsuda
Japan

during spring break, I released myself from studying and reading for a while and went to Columbia Mall. I was looking at some china in a department store when I saw a little girl with her mother nearby. The girl was carrying a shopping bag and skipping along. She looked very happy with her bag as she and her mother approached the escalator. I decided to go down to the first floor, and giving a final glance at the pretty bone china, I headed for the escalator.

Suddenly, I heard a child crying. It was the same little girl, at the top of the escalator by herself. There was nobody around her. All alone, she was standing there facing the cold stainless steel teeth of the escalator. The teeth moved automatically, ignoring her fright. Squatting down, she couldn't make herself take the first step onto the moving escalator because she was so afraid.

"I can't!" she cried out.

But her mother was already on the escalator moving away from her. A moment before, the little girl had been skipping along joyously, and now she was crying loudly.

For one second, I considered walking away because she might refuse my help, but I couldn't ignore her. I gave her my hand and said, "I can go with you."

She didn't care whether it was a human hand, a paw, or a stick that had been presented to her. Like a drowning person grasping at a straw, she took my hand.

As soon as we were on the escalator, she stopped crying and calmed down. Since she only needed something to grasp as she made the first step onto the escalator, I thought she would let go of my hand once she was safely on the escalator, but she kept holding on. Her little hand made me feel very warm. Standing together on the same escalator step we swung our hands as though we were playing or singing a song. I wanted her to feel comfortable holding a stranger's hand, so I talked to her.

"Are you okay now?"
She didn't answer.
"You're a good girl."

There was a silence. Although she didn't respond except for a tiny nod, I was relieved, and then I saw a smile spread across her shy little face. If someone saw us at that moment, they would have thought that the little girl and I were close friends because she made me react naturally and in a very friendly manner.

When we reached the final step to the first floor, her mother, waiting there for her daughter, said to me, "Thank you very, very much."

I was very happy to see the mother's relief. And I felt relieved that I was able to bring the girl to her mother in safety.

"I didn't know you couldn't step onto the escalator," the mother said very gently to her daughter.

The girl just nodded again, pressing her body against her mother's. Now, they were content together again—mother and daughter.

Although sometimes I feel that Americans are different from me in several ways, such as in relationships between mothers and daughters and in the way strangers communicate, this experience encouraged me to change my thinking about Americans. The mother and daughter whom I met that day were just the same as mothers and daughters I see everywhere in Japan. The little girl and I communicated the same way Japanese children and I do. She was a little girl I might meet anywhere in Japan.
Great Mountain

Ernesto Coello
Venezuela

Dedicated to Patrick and Mary Callahan:
Thanks for letting me share this time with you.

That day as the sky was turning red, she sat on top of Great Mountain, feeling the wind in her face, looking around her, thinking, and crying. Beneath her feet was the most wonderful waterfall. The strong water was hitting the stones as though it were demanding an answer. “Why?!” she cried again and again within herself.

The waterfall plunged into the depths of the mountain, mysteriously enshrouded in fog. The water cascaded over boulder after boulder to the base of the mountain, where it calmed in a pool and then stretched into a long river flowing through a green, fertile valley.

In the middle of the valley and on one side of a big dark blue lake was her home, the Cherokee village where Cannestee was born and grew up with the customary care bestowed on a princess. Her father, the chief of the tribe, was proud of his beautiful, dainty daughter, whose beauty could only be compared to the splendor of the mountains around them. Her long hair, as mahogany as the wood in the forest, hung down to her waist; her big bright eyes shone just a shade lighter than her hair; and her nose and mouth were perfectly sculpted on her face.

The Cherokee people had always lived in peace, hunting, fishing, and taking care of their families and the land—before their peaceful home was invaded by foreigners. Strange, pale-looking men with long killing sticks that made a sound like thunder began to take over their land.

The “white men,” as Cannestee’s tribe called the intruders, established a village on the opposite side of the valley. As more and more white men flocked to the valley they needed more land and food. Soon there was not enough land and food for both the Cherokees and the white men and war became impossible to avoid. Each day the fight got crueler and bloodier because of the increasing hatred between the natives and the settlers.

One day during the war, Cannestee was swimming in the river when she heard the steps of a horse approaching the riverbank.

Fearfully turning around, she saw one of the white men for the first time. A tall, pale man with gold hair and sky blue eyes and wearing strange but nice clothes was staring at her. Cannestee kept still for a few minutes, thinking about what he might do to her. The man, a British army officer, could only look at her, an astonishing woman like a god of the river swimming completely naked. After a few minutes of the two of them looking at each other, the white man turned his horse around and left the river, feeling that something strange had happened but... what?!
Great Mountain . . .

The next day, not knowing how or why, Cannestee found herself in the river again at the same hour. She was standing neck-deep in the river watching the gentle water flow downstream when, out of the corner of her eye, she became aware of a shadow growing out over the water toward her. Turning around, she saw the silhouette of a man standing in front of the sun. This time she wasn’t afraid, though her heart was beating strongly.

From then on, day after day, they met each other secretly at the river, playing, laughing, and trying to communicate. Knowing that this was an impossible relationship, neither wanted to admit to the fact that they had fallen in love.

Despite the hatred between their people, their secret meetings led to an inevitable culmination. At noon one fateful day, Cannestee and her lover joined their bodies into one, loving each other so passionately that the cold water in the river couldn’t put the fire out in their burning hearts. Only Great Mountain was a witness to their lovemaking.

This episode changed Cannestee’s life, forcing her to make a decision. She couldn’t go back home to her people. She had betrayed them with her love, so Cannestee chose to do the only thing she could do, to live with the white man who had shown her love and passion in spite of her fear of an unknown world.

Cannestee had a happy life with her lover, learning the language and customs of the white people, loving strongly, and living each day as if it were the last. One night, though, something unexpected happened. Her lover didn’t come back home. After several days of waiting worrily for him, Cannestee heard in the village that he had been ordered to move to another settlement far away. It broke her heart, and her tears gushed down her face like the waterfall down the face of Great Mountain.

Fifteen moons had gone by since the white man had left Cannestee feeling alone, sad, confused, and without a way to follow. Now, the sun having gone down, she still sat on top of Great Mountain, the only witness to her life and the only one that could understand her great sadness and disillusionment. Suddenly, at the thought of this, Cannestee chose to join herself with Great Mountain as she had joined her soul with that of the white man and she leapt into the big waterfall, raising the river with her tears.

To this day, some people say that if you stand attentively at the top of Great Mountain when there is a full moon, you can hear Princess Cannestee crying for her lost love.

In the Lobby

Jongsung Lee
Korea

This story happened in the lobby of my college building.

Entering the building through the main gate, you see a big stone stairway; two corridors, one going to the left and the other to the right; an elevator; two vending machines; and a public telephone. And you see several people, too. Some of them stand in line waiting to use the vending machines or the telephone. The others are there just to talk, drink, or smoke.

It’s a noisy, cacophonous place: friends talking loudly, a can dropping in a vending machine, the elevator gate closing, and so on. Sometimes, I find these noises comforting because they help me acknowledge that I’m not alone. People are riveting stuff for me when I’m in this mood. I remember one day’s events in the lobby as if they were occurring at this very moment.

Two guys are standing together drinking cups of instant coffee and smiling as they talk about something interesting. Beside them, three people are waiting in line in front of the coffee vending machine. Two of them seem to dislike waiting; they have frowns on their faces.

Suddenly, the elevator door on the other side of the lobby opens with a loud sound and several people jump out. I can’t believe how many people managed to cram into such a small elevator. Their faces show the

Dear Seong-Jong,
Thank you so much for the tea. Every time I drink it I’ll think of you.
Your teacher,
Bronia
In the Lobby...

discomfort they've been through. Some of them are upset. One of them has a frown extending from his mouth to his eyebrows and forehead. Seeing their discomfort makes me unhappy, so I turn back around.

Near the vending machines is another line leading to the telephone on the wall. There are four people in this line, a woman and three men. The man on the phone looks happy, but the people waiting in line seem to be angry. One of them smokes and stares continuously at the man on the phone. First in line behind the caller, a beautiful woman stands waiting her turn. Her look is fixed, unchanging. But she is still pretty. And attractively dressed. She's wearing a miniskirt and a gaudy shirt. Most of the other men around her must be admiring her as I am because they're looking at her, too.

All of a sudden, I remember something; I was supposed to call my friend to make plans to meet her. I walk over to the end of the line waiting for the telephone. The guy immediately ahead of me in line is smoking. He looks like a hippie. He's wearing air-conditioned jeans—not really jeans, but rags. His jacket is old, too. The original color of his jacket appears to have been brown, but its color has faded. Now it's more like black. He has long, oily black hair. It smells like sewage. I step back from him a little but keep looking at him.

He seems to be looking at something. He's breathing heavily. He's staring at something—what? Ah, I suppose he's looking at the beautiful girl.

Finished with his cigarette, he flicks the butt to the floor, crushes it, pulls another cigarette out of his pack—a very long cigarette—and lights it up. Seconds later, he flicks it to the floor and crushes it. Then he pulls out another cigarette and drops it. He bends down to pick it up.

Strange...

He takes a long time picking it up... Oh, I see! He's looking up at something special from down there!

Dear Naoko,

I hope you get a copy of this Sunrise even though you have to leave early. It's required homework for your reading class.

See you in September,
Bronia

Dear Miyuki,

What's a country girl like you doing in a big city like Columbia? Are you ready to tell your CS friends?

Have a nice break,
Bronia

To all the EPI teachers and my friends,

Thank you for teaching me. I've really enjoyed all of my classes. I like all of my international friends and my good roommates. Thank you for everything. After this term, I have to go back to my country, but I'd really like to live here with my good friends and teachers.

Bye-bye,
Jong Mun Back
My Brother’s Death

One day before sunset when I was eleven years old, I was playing with two of my brothers and two of my sisters outside our small-town home while my mother was in the kitchen preparing dinner. As usual, my little four-year-old brother was running around everywhere, like a swarm of bees. Suddenly, I heard his voice.

“Hey!! I’m up here!”
I moved my head right and left, but I didn’t see him.
“Hey!! I’m up here!” he repeated.

This time I raised my head. He was on the roof! How could he get up there?! He was looking at me happily and I looked at him angrily. I was afraid that he might fall down to the ground.

“Get down from there!” I started to yell at him, but unfortunately, before I could finish, in a wink he fell down directly onto his head, landing on the hard ground.

I ran over to him and rolled him over onto his back. He looked at me and attempted to cry, but before he could, he fell unconscious.

My mother rushed out to us to see what had happened. She was stunned when she saw her son lying there motionless. She took him to her bosom silently, without crying.

“Run to your uncle and tell him that your brother has died!” my mother told me. My father was traveling somewhere at the time.

After a few moments when I’d come back with my uncle and aunt, they tried to take my brother from her, but she refused. She was frozen like a stone looking at my brother, and all we could do was look at her. There was no way to do anything with her.

Suddenly, after a few moments, some blood spewed out of my brother’s mouth, and then he became perfectly still again.

“O, God . . . O, God . . . my son! Let’s go to the hospital!” my mother cried to my uncle and aunt, snapping out of the trance she’d been in, and they all hurried off to the hospital.

Two hours later, my father arrived and saw that we’d been crying.

“What’s happened?” he asked.
I told him the story briefly, and then as fast as he could, he rushed off to the hospital.

I was still waiting for them, scared and crying, until they came back home nearly at midnight. I met my father and mother at the door.

“What’s happening with my brother?! Is he alive?!” I asked them.

Neither of them answered me. They looked at me as though nobody were there. My father went toward the living room, and I followed my mother carrying my brother to her bedroom. She laid him on the bed.

“Tomorrow morning, we will bury your brother in the cemetery,” she said to me.

I looked at his bandaged head, and then I ran to my bedroom and began to cry. I was thinking that as I had been missing my grandfather for the past two years, I would be missing my brother now also.

I cried more and more until I felt exhausted. Then, quietly, I went back to my mother’s bedroom, tiptoed up to my mother’s bed, and lay down beside my brother to sleep.

The next day early in the morning when I woke up I didn’t find my little brother and my father, but my mother was still sleeping. In a hurry, I got out of bed and ran toward the cemetery. Along the way, I found a child that looked exactly like my brother playing with some other children. I stopped in disbelief. I went over to him to touch him to see if he was a dream or a reality. When I was certain that he was my brother, I felt happiness come again to my heart and I knew I wouldn’t be sad anymore.

I went back to my mother and yelled, “Mom, Mom! My brother is alive!!”

She opened her eyes and said, “I know, I know! Your father and I didn’t sleep last night until your brother woke up this morning.”

I looked at her questioningly and asked, “Why did you say he was dead last night?”

She embraced me and said, “The doctor told us last night that your brother was almost dead but that he would live if he woke up this morning. So, I didn’t want to give you hope and then hurt you if he died.”

At that moment, I realized how a mother must feel.
Words for Sunrise

Words come like rivers flowing toward distant seas

words rough and calm, each of them telling its own story
words lit and then blown out after the singing
words like memories enkindling dreams
words like mothers with their little children playing around them
words like children growing up expectant, joyful, and courageous
words like birds, never staying in one place
words turning yellow in autumn
words sometimes going somewhere you’re not even thinking about
words like leaves lying quietly under the trees
words like shining wishes coming true
words like money, everything and also nothing
words rich and poor in meaning
words rustling in the surf
words moving out like waves, leaving us here with our emotions
words like beautiful shells that once held life
words like food, some of it assimilated and the rest excreted
words emitting their own unique perfume in the garden
words hiding in a deep forest
words like strong, long-living trees exuding fresh air
words true and false
words with the power to break a strange silence
words flowing like the blood in our veins

Words go like long shadows across the green, green grass of the sun coming up

by the GW60a Living Poets’ Society: Saleh Al-Mutairi (Kuwait), Mishal Al-Zahrani (Saudi Arabia), Eriko Aotani (Japan), Kaori Baba (Japan), Ho Joon Bae (Korea), Ernesto Coello (Venezuela), Dick Holmes (USA), Leung-Kin Lam (China), David Stros (Czech Republic), Natalia Varitcheva (Ukraine), Mutsumi Yamauchi (Japan), Ying-Chih Yeh (Taiwan), and Sohwon Yun (Korea)
A Hidden Blooming

Carla Valencia
Peru

The words have gone away . . .
a hidden blooming delight behind the silent lips
a bell singing something that only God knows
to break the fluent harmony
of a secret perfect connection between glinting tears
shared in a quick gleam.
The silence of the trees waiting by your side,
My shadow following something that I can’t see,
And the smile of the blooming air keeps going its way
. . . without railroads, nor brake

A Wonder

Dick Holmes
USA

you are what you eat
and wanting to be everything
you eat everything
you scarf beans
with the same abandon
you down caviar
by the truckload
you eat guts
you eat brains
you eat doors
you eat windows
you eat cars
you eat guns
for dessert you have countries
wash it all down
with a few seas
between meals you stuff
yourself with poems
like there’s no tomorrow
it’s a wonder
you don’t get indigestion
Indelible Fireworks

Carla Valencia
Peru

Learning to live without frontiers, 
the light of our destiny chooses its own way. 
Now, after this sharing of days, 
like indelible fireworks, 
we will separate 
yet stay bright in the deep sky 
of our remembrance.

I Remember

Natalia Varitcheva
Ukraine

I remember arriving home in the morning of a 
spring day after two months of absence. Breathing in 
the cool breeze, I gazed at the unbelievably enchant- 
ing garden blooming all over with white cherry 
blossoms and red and yellow tulips.

I remember the hot summer day—sitting in the 
garden hiding from the ruthless burning sun, and in 
the evening walking barefoot spraying water on the 
trees and inhaling the charming smell of flowers.

I remember the rainy gray morning of fall in my 
childhood. Walking through the puddles in my 
rubber boots to kindergarten, I held my 
grandfather’s hand tightly in one hand and my 
childish umbrella in the other. Several hours later, I 
walked back home with my grandfather, reciting my 
multiplication tables to him by heart as I collected 
yellow and crimson maple leaves along the way.

I remember the sensation of looking at a beauti-
ful white snowflake that had fallen into my warm 
hand and feeling it melting into water there. Looking 
ap round me and seeing the tender trees covered 
with millions of snowflakes, I felt as though I were in 
one of Anderson’s tales.