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

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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 EPL.

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

- 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 Dong Jo Kim, Trinidad Perez Fernandez, and Ryuji Kawasaki, the winners of this issue’s story contest, and to Said Al-Busaidy, who received honorable mention.
# Sunrise Staff

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Sunrise is a publication of the English Programs for Internationals (EPI) at the University of South Carolina
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Art & Entertainment

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My Life

My life is a movie that tells the story of a man trying to record all the experiences of what he has learned so that his child can someday see the videotape. His reason for wanting his child to have this tape is that he is sick and supposed to die before the birth of his child.

In a flashback, we learn that his childhood was unhappy and that he didn’t accept the Jewish lifestyle of his family. When he was eighteen years old he left his home, changed his last name, and started a new life.

The father prepares his tape carefully. All the details have to be covered, he feels, and they’re sometimes funny and sometimes sad. He tries to speak about sports, how to shave, and various people’s opinions of him. He has a big problem talking about sex.

Not all is happiness during the time that he’s making the tape. Sometimes pessimism takes control of him, and he refuses to fight, just wanting to die as soon as possible. But with the help of the other main character in the movie, his wife, he always manages to regain his courage. Her love, patience and kindness help him fight against death. She doesn’t care about the future; she lives for the present and the present is her husband.

Finally, his fighting spirit and his effort are rewarded: The three or four months that he was supposed to live stretches to ten. He is able to be in the hospital with his wife and he sees the birth of his child. He is astonished because here he is hugging and kissing his newborn baby. He is looking at the little man who will come to take care of his wife after his death.

The end of the movie is sad. Death finally wins his battle against cancer. During the last days of his life, he tries to remember all that he has done. Although it’s a little late, he shares a lot of things with his parents and receives from them the gift that he has always wished for, to have a circus in the yard of his house.

After seeing the movie, I thought about a lot of points, most importantly about the meaning of marriage to the main characters. In this movie, marriage is shown to mean sharing the bad times as well as the good times and giving without expecting to receive.

Second, even though the father knows all along that he will die, he dedicates the remainder of his life to sending out a message about the meaning of life. All that we want we can get, he proves. Of course nothing in this life is easy or cheap and life may be hard. It requires a giving spirit. When people that have problems adopt an egoist position, they mistake the true meaning of life.

Third, the dying man’s relationship with his parents made me think about the importance of family. Presently true family values are disappearing. Young people often make decisions by themselves when sometimes it is necessary to talk it over with someone who has more experience in life, someone that, loving us can tell us the difference between good and bad.
Through a gay man’s struggle for his rights, the film Philadelphia shows us the seriousness of AIDS and the problems homosexuals have in a homophobic society. Above all, Philadelphia is about the importance of human life and unconditional love.

Tom Hanks plays Andy Beckett, a promising and famous attorney who has been working for a big company when he is fired because his boss has found out that he has come down with AIDS. Andy thinks that he is fired unfairly, and motivated by the loving support of his family and friends and his own sense of justice, he decides to fight against the firm for his reinstatement. First, he needs an attorney who will help him defend his rights, but he is rejected by most attorneys because he has AIDS. Suffering from discriminating treatment even from his peers, he feels how contemptuous he is in people’s sight. Finally, though, he gets an attorney to take his case, and although public opinion works against him during the trial, their endless efforts together enable him to win his case, but by then he is dying from AIDS. Toward the end of the trial, he falls to the floor of the witness stand. A few days later, shortly after the victory party in his hospital room, he dies.

This movie gives us a realistic glimpse into the life of a person suffering from AIDS. Having contracted this deadly disease, Andy could easily have become frustrated and fallen into despair, but he fights not only for his own reinstatement in his job but also for all homosexual people. Before I saw this film, I didn’t know that so much homosexuality exists and that it is considered such a serious problem in our community, but Andy’s pitiable face, which gets paler and paler as the film progresses, was strongly appealing to me and I found myself feeling even more than sympathetic. In today’s society, homosexuality has become an important social issue. If people’s problems are not directly related to our own lives, we have a tendency to ignore their suffering, but as this film demonstrates, we have to try to understand homosexuals, consider them from their own point of view, and look at them as people like ourselves rather than criticize their homosexual lifestyle. Philadelphia makes us think about what we can do to help these people and about what they really want.

To all my new friends,
I’m glad to know special people like you with whom I’ve shared the same experiences and enjoyed all the moments in EPI during these last several weeks. Thanks for being open and really friendly. Now I know that I have some new friends and I want to say that you can count on me.

Monica

Dear Julia,
Thanks for driving me to the dentist’s office whenever I need to go. As a result, my teeth are healthy. Now I don’t think I’ll have a problem kissing my girlfriend when I go back to my country.

Yeon-Ouk Jung
When a Man Loves a Woman

The film *When a Man Loves a Woman* is a story of a family whose mother is an alcoholic.

At the beginning of the film, they are a happy family, but with time the mother starts to drink more and more until she gets very sick and starts to lose control. When her problem finally becomes intolerable, both husband and wife agree to seek special treatment for her, and she is committed to a hospital for alcoholics.

At first, her stay in the hospital is very difficult for the whole family. She feels upset at the hospital because she misses her two daughters and husband so much. In the meantime, the husband tries to handle the situation: He gives emotional support to his wife, takes care of the children, and tries to keep his job as a commercial pilot who has to travel a lot.

When the mother gets out of the hospital, other kinds of problems begin. Her personality has changed and she doesn’t feel comfortable with her husband anymore. He suffers a lot because his wife doesn’t seem to love him as much as she had loved him before. For these reasons, they decide to separate.

Even after they are separated, he still loves her and gives her emotional support. After a couple of months, both miss each other a lot. Finally, they decide to be a couple and family again, and they start over.

This film is a sad movie, showing us how serious alcoholism is and how this problem can destroy the whole family, not only the alcoholic. To solve this kind of problem, the most important things are communication, love, family values, and the emotional support in a couple and family.

When a person has big problems, she or he can’t handle them alone; we always need other people’s support. We are social beings. Alcoholism is a big problem in today’s world, and there are a lot of families destroyed by it. Rehabilitation is a long process that requires following a sequence of hard steps to accept the problem and recover from it. Since all the family and close friends know about it, all of them should work together to support each of the family members. The final step is to keep going and try not to fall again.

This kind of problem requires us to suspend judgment and try to understand the alcoholic’s behavior, mind, and feelings. When family values and feelings are strong, no matter what problems might happen, they will be resolved if all the family work together on them.

To my best friend,

Do not judge people before you know them. “A friend in need is a friend indeed.” Remember that forever as I will remember you forever.

Hameed

To Tomomi and Shine,

I can’t forget that New York trip!! Watch out for robbers and illegal ticket sellers.

Kazumi

To Mark Stiteler,

English grammar is difficult because it is the reverse of my native language. But I hope that someday I will be able to speak English as if it were my native language.

J. girl
No One Writes to the Colonel

Trinidad Perez Fernandez
Venezuela

The book *No One Writes to the Colonel* is a novella by one of the most famous Colombian writers, Gabriel Garcia Marquez. The action of the story develops in a three-month period, from October to December when the weather is hot, humid, and rainy. This novella tells the story of a retired colonel and his wife who, accompanied by a fighting cock, live in a typical small town in a tropical area of South America. The colonel is seventy-five years old. Fifty-six years before the time the novel focuses on, he participated in the last civil war of his country, eventually attaining the rank of colonel. Since the end of that civil war, for almost sixty years, the colonel has done nothing but hope.

He has been waiting for the fulfillment of the promises that the government made two hundred officials of the revolution who had struggled to save the republic. Nevertheless, it was not until forty years after the end of the civil war that the Congress passed a law according to which the government would pay a pension to the veterans of the war.

Since the passing of this law, he has waited for the letter with his pension. For fifteen years he has patiently gone to the river every Friday to wait for the mail coming in by ship, but he has always received the same answer from the mail administrator in the post office: “Nothing for the colonel. The colonel has nobody to write to him.”

And the colonel says, “I’ve waited for nothing.”

During the time in which the novel is set, he shares with his wife the anguish caused by this humiliating expectation; the loss of their only son, Agustin, who has been murdered by officers of the dictatorial regime; and their health problems. She is asthmatic, and the colonel suffers from constipation during the rainy season (“winter”) in October.

All of these afflictions render the colonel and his wife poorer and poorer. They have nothing to sell but Agustin’s fighting cock. Although the colonel’s wife insists now and then on selling it, he refuses, downplaying their financial troubles. He never tells anybody about their poverty. He prefers to feed the bird, hoping that cockfights will change their luck. The colonel has faith in his bird, and for the family honor, he feels firmly that he must keep it until the next cockfight day. After its eventual triumph, he will be able to sell it.

“And if the cock doesn’t win?” his wife asks him. “Tell me, what will we eat?”

The colonel needs the whole seventy-five years of his life, minute to minute, to answer. He feels pure, explicit, and invincible when he replies, “Shit.”

From the first page of this novella, Garcia Marquez expresses the poverty, illness, and hope of the colonel and his wife. This story involves the infinite possibilities of life, which include the physical, the social, and the inner environments. The figure of the colonel represents the power of the resignation, patience, and innocence of the many people who believe and trust in the promises of a corrupted social system. The colonel’s life exemplifies the stubborn opposition between the physical hunger and the family honor and human dignity of people who have a sense of purpose in their life.

The colonel is powerful and real. Following his example, we can dream, live, and suffer facing our daily lives. The colonel suffers and we suffer with him, but there is a point of balance. This point is the hope which we never lose.
Eighty Years Looking for an Exit

Said Al-Busaidy
Oman

Eighty Years Looking for an Exit is a very interesting book, especially in light of the way it ends. The author wrote the story when he was a soldier fighting in the Al-Naksa war, beginning in the 1960s. Just as he was about to finish the story, he was killed in battle.

Eighty Years tells about three friends that enter an old castle looking for adventure. They know that no one who has entered the castle has come back out. After going inside, they, too, get lost and can't find their way out. They can't even find the door they entered through. Inside the castle, they encounter a new, different kind of life in which animals talk, nature is pure, and there are no humans except them. Eventually, they get separated from each other while they are looking for the exit. Finally, after eighty years of traveling in their new world, they meet together again in the same place that they entered the castle. What happens next remains a mystery forever because it is at this point that the author dies.

I think that this novel symbolizes the socio-political situation in the Middle East. Without mentioning the real names or events, the author uses the main characters, the animals, and other symbols to send a historical message to his generation and the generations of the future, a message that has taken the author a long time to understand but that he makes available for the reader to get in a short time. The friends' getting separated in the castle represents the division of the Arab nation brought about by the European invasions beginning in the nineteenth century. The animals that the friends encounter in the castle represent the peaceful way that Arabs lived together before they became divided. These animals are able to live naturally and cooperatively together, like the fingers of one hand, because this is their goal.

As the author suggests, we can learn from them to let our goal to live together in harmony be our reason to live; we have to try, fight, and not let anything stop us. Then we will reach our goal, whatever it is, because we really want to, even if it takes eighty years.
Potato Soup
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
2 medium potatoes, shredded
1 small onion, diced
1 cube chicken bouillon (2 1/2 oz.)
4 cups water
salt and lemon juice (optional)

In a medium-size pot over medium heat, heat the vegetable oil for about 30 seconds. Add the diced onion and sauté until the color of the onion becomes yellow. Add the shredded potato and the chicken bouillon, and mix for about 30 seconds. Add the water and stir until the mixture boils. Cover and cook over low heat for 15 minutes. Serve hot in a small bowl.

Green Salad
1 cucumber, cut into thin slices
2 small tomatoes, cut into half and then into slices
1 carrot, cut into thin strips
1/2 cabbage, shredded
1 garlic clove, finely chopped
2 teaspoons olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup lemon juice

In a large bowl mix the cucumber, tomatoes, carrot and cabbage. Set aside. Then, mix the garlic, olive oil, salt and lemon juice in a different bowl, stirring well. Add the second mixture to the first mixture. Serve.

Red Chicken
1/4 cup flour
4 tablespoons salt
1 chicken
1 tablespoon spices, such as black pepper, cumin, cardamom, clove and turmeric
5 cups water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 garlic cloves, finely chopped

Mix 2 tablespoons of salt with flour. Clean the chicken by covering it with the flour and salt and then wash the chicken carefully under running water. Put the chicken in a big pot and add 2 tablespoons of salt, the spices, and the water. Cook over high heat until the water boils, and then cook over low heat for 30 more minutes. Drain the water and set the chicken aside. Mix the garlic with the lemon juice. Stuff the chicken with the mixture. Add the vegetable oil to the surface of the chicken. Bake the chicken uncovered in a 450° oven for 10 minutes. Serve.

Mambos Rice
1 cup rice
1 medium onion, diced
1 cube chicken bouillon (2 1/2 oz.)
5 cups water
2 tablespoons vegetable oil

Put the rice into a large pot, and then add 3 cups of water. Set aside. In another pot, heat the vegetable oil at medium heat for about 30 seconds. Add the onion and sauté until it becomes an orange color. Remove the water from the rice, and add the rice to the pot with the oil and onion. Stir it for 2 minutes. Add the chicken bouillon. Add 2 cups of water and stir the mixture until it boils. Cover the pot and cook over very low heat for 15 minutes. Serve.

To Shiko,
I'd like to know how you are now and I hope that you will be in good health as soon as possible.

The good man

To GW50a,
I am very proud of all the hard work you did this quarter! You were a super class to teach; I had a lot of fun. Good luck next quarter.

Miriam
Cheese Pie

Ingredients:
butter
flour tortillas
1 large tomato
1 small can of chili peppers
1 onion
3 eggs
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup milk
1 cup grated cheese
1 avocado
a few spoonfuls of taco sauce

David Kang
Taiwan

I like to cook, but I really don’t know how to. My wife Angela is a good cook, though, and she taught me how to make cheese pie. Here’s her recipe.

Preparation:
Butter the bottom of a round baking dish. Cover the bottom and sides of the dish with the tortillas. Chop the tomato, the chili peppers, and the onion, and spread them over the tortillas. In a mixing bowl, beat the eggs; mix them with the flour, salt, baking powder, and milk; and then fold in the grated cheese. Pour the mixture into the dish over the tomato, peppers, and onion. Put the dish into the oven and bake uncovered at 350° for 45 minutes. After taking the pie out of the oven, let it cool for about 30 minutes. Arrange slices of avocado in a circle on top of the pie. Add the taco sauce. Slice, serve, and enjoy!

Puchero Bogotano
Monica Vergara
Colombia

Ingredients
1/2 cup oil
1 1/2 pounds lean pork
1 1/2 pounds beef ribs
1 piece of chicken
4 large onions
1 white cabbage, cut into six pieces
2 bouquets of herbs (cilantro, parsley, thyme and laurel in each bouquet)
6 potatoes, with skin, clean and cut in half
6 portions of sausage
3 cobs of sweet corn (cut in half)
3 yuccas, without skin, clean and cut into 6 portions
2 plantains, with peel
16 cups of water

Preparation
In a big pot over medium heat, heat the oil and brown the pork and beef. Add 2 of the onions, the cabbage, 1 of the bouquets of herbs, 12 cups of hot water, and bring to a boil. Then cook uncovered at medium heat until a foam develops on the top. Skim off the foam and continue cooking at low heat. In another pot, cook the chicken with the other 2 onions, 4 cups of water and the other bouquet of herbs. When the chicken is soft, drain the broth and put it into the principal pot. Set the chicken aside. After the mixture has cooked for 1 1/2 hours, add the potatoes and sausages. After 15 minutes, add the yucca and sweet corn and continue cooking until all of these get soft. Put the plantains unpeeled into another pot half full of water, cover, and cook until they get soft. Then peel the plantains and cut them into slices. Put the sliced plantains on a plate and keep them warm. Optionally, you can prepare a sauce with tomatoes, onions, and green peppers and spread it over the chicken. On one plate serve the meats, chicken and vegetables. Optionally, you can cover the entire dish with the sauce. Serve the plantains and eat them separately or together with the puchero broth.

Now, you are ready to eat a delicious traditional meal from Bogota, Colombia. Enjoy!
Dear Pat,

Because of my linguistic background, I have trouble distinguishing “Ps” and “Fs” in English. Is there anything I can do to overcome this problem?

Professor Fark

Dear Professor,

Don’t worry about this problem. Lots of other people have the same problem. BUT DON’T CALL ME FAT, PATHEAD!

Pat

Dear Pat,

I have a big problem understanding spoken English, especially over the phone. Yesterday, I started working at China Hut, and my boss had me working at the register and taking to-go orders over the phone. It was a catastrophe! I couldn’t understand what the customers were trying to order, but I pretended to understand and take their orders anyway. They couldn’t understand a word I said either. Some of them got really angry when they discovered I’d given them the wrong order. After a few hours of this confusion, I got fired. I really needed that job, Pat. What am I going to do now?

Jobless

Dear Jobless,

Hey, who REALLY understands anyway? China Hut is history, shake it off, there are other restaurants. I hear China Express is hiring. Why don’t you apply for a job there?

Pat
Dear Pat,

I've been trying to figure out why my father left my mother. Recently, I discovered something but I don't know if it's relevant: It says on my mother's driver's license that she got an 'F' in sex. Could this be the reason he left?

Mr. Question

Dear Question,

I don't think your father left your mother for this reason. After all, you represent her diploma in her sex course.

Pat

"ARE YOU PULLING MY LEG?"

Dear Pat,

In hopes of finding a cure for my faintness, I bought a jar of slenderizing cream, but I was afraid to rub it in all over, so I decided to test it on just one side of my body. It seemed to be working, so I kept applying it and used up the whole jar on just my right side. The results were wonderful, so I bought another jar for the rest of my body, but it didn't work on my left side. Now, I look like a monster. Please tell me, what can I do?

Hopeless

Dear Hopeless,

It sounds like you're suffering from some kind of psychological division within yourself. Your right side is willing to accept change, but your left side is afraid of change and it resists. Try buying another jar of the cream, and this time rub it into the left side of your body as you're looking into a mirror. In the mirror your left side appears to be your right side, so your right side might think it's your left side and respond to the treatment. And remember this: Since ultimately everything is mysterious, nothing is really hopeless.

Pat
Benin is a small country in West Africa with sandy beaches, many places of interest, and marvelous landscapes. These features make Benin a fantastic and attractive country. However, its climate, its bumpy and narrow roads, and its dangerous mosquitoes make it hard for foreigners to adjust to our way of life.

Benin has a tropical climate. There is one long dry season, which lasts from November to March, and one short dry season, lasting from mid-July to mid-September. There is also one long rainy season from April to mid-July and one short rainy season from mid-September to October. During the long dry season, it gets unbearably hot; the temperature is between 110° and 125°F. During this season, people wear light clothes, but this does not prevent them from sweating a lot. Walking without a hat and even staying indoors are sometimes impossible. People are obliged to drink ice water all the time. During the rainy season, it gets wet and cold. It rains a lot; sometimes it might rain for three days without stopping. All the roads and houses become full of water. At this time, walking and driving can be very challenging. It is difficult for foreigners to become accustomed to this type of climate.

Road conditions are a big concern in Benin also. Most of the roads are narrow, and only 25% of them are tarred and paved. The remaining 75% are unpaved and bumpy. These roads are so bumpy that they cause backaches for some drivers. Sometimes during the dry season, the dirt roads are so dusty that people often suffer from coughs, colds, vision troubles, etc. During the rainy season, roads are full of deep puddles, making driving difficult.

The dangerous mosquitoes in Benin are another negative feature that foreigners need to be prepared for. Benin has a lot of marshes and ponds, and during the rainy season a lot of puddles remain for a long time on the roads. Mosquitoes breed in all these places. Some of these mosquitoes carry malaria, a disease which, if not treated properly, can be fatal.

All of these drawbacks can discourage foreigners from feeling comfortable and enjoying themselves in Benin. However, despite the problematic aspects of my country, thousands and thousands of tourists travel to this part of Africa and manage to appreciate their stay. They are especially attracted to the various beautiful crafts they can buy as souvenirs, which reflect the genius of the Beninese craftspeople.

Dear Ricardo,
It has been wonderful getting to know you. I am happy that you will soon be with your family and friends (in a real city). Never forget what you have learned here in Columbia. Especially remember that saying about true friends and invitations ...

Tu siempre amiga

Dear Mr. Hamrick and Mr. Rice,
Thank you for encouraging me to return to study at USC's EPI. I feel I have learned a lot for such a short time. Thank you for caring and having confidence in me. I'll do the best that I can.
Sincerely, Anna Yau

Dear Hoo-lee-a,
Have you seen the new movie by Stephen King called The Mangler? And why do you think they gave Lenny that job anyway?? I just wanted to say thanks for everything, especially for making me laugh when I need it most.

Natalie
The Modernization of Oman

Said Al-Busaidy
Oman

Driving across the overpasses and seeing the modern ministry buildings, schools, and hospitals along the thirty-five-kilometer stretch of lighted highway into Muscat, the capital of Oman, a first-time visitor to the Sultanate of Oman might find it surprising to learn that Oman’s modernization is only twenty-four years old. Oman has had two main periods in its history, the one before 1970 and the one since then.

Before 1970, Oman was a country without much infrastructure. There were only two schools, one small hospital, and no modern buildings. There were no roads except for one in the capital. Citizens who wanted to learn or to work in modern careers left Oman, and their children went to schools in the countries that they immigrated to. These people were not allowed to return to Oman because at that time it was illegal to leave the country.

On July 23, 1970, Sultan Qaboos became the ruler of Oman. He made an important speech on that day, promising the Omani people that he would transform Oman into a modern country in only thirty years. Sultan Qaboos had been educated in England, and he had a lot of new ideas. He started the development of Oman by inviting those citizens who had left Oman to return and contribute to the process.

It has been only twenty-five years since His Majesty made his promise, and now all the people of Oman can testify that he has accomplished much more in that short period of time than we thought he would. He has built schools, hospitals, and roads. Every year, the Omani people eagerly look forward to his next speech because we know there will be a lot more development to come in the future.

Many customs in Saudi Arabia are totally different from those in the US. Some of these differences are easy to adjust to, but there are three Saudi customs that Americans and other Westerners might find difficult to adjust to: the heat, the way foreign women are expected to dress, and the fact that women are not allowed to drive.

The heat in Saudi Arabia is a big problem, even for the Saudis themselves. It gets extremely hot in the summer. In August, the temperature is 40° to 45°C and sometimes even higher. No one could stand the heat without air conditioning. It takes Americans and other Northerners a long time to get used to this kind of weather.

Western women also encounter a big difference in the way they are expected to dress when they go out in public. Women in the US and Europe can go out the way they want, for example wearing a short dress and short-sleeved blouse. In Saudi Arabia, however, foreign women are supposed to wear a shawl over their shoulders. (They don’t have to cover their hair, as Saudi women do, because covering the hair has to do with religion.) It may not be easy for Western women to get used to covering themselves so much anytime they leave the house.

The biggest difference Westerners face is that women are not allowed to drive in Saudi Arabia. When a woman goes shopping or goes somewhere not within walking distance, she has to be driven by a chauffeur or a man in the family.

Saudi Arabia is not a country for tourism. Usually, visitors go there to work, and they won’t find it as open as a touristic country. They have to remember that there are many things they can do in their own country that they can’t do in Saudi Arabia.
What Are We Talking about When We Talk about Love?

Even though it was written in the 16th century, *Romeo and Juliet* is still the model of perfect, endless romantic love. William Shakespeare suggests that love is a torrid passion and a deep sacrifice. It's impossible not to feel touched by Romeo and Juliet's magnificent story.

However, in real life, love is not as pure and ideal as the Bard portrays it in his renowned play. On the contrary, real love is contaminated with jealousy, selfishness, lack of trust, and so on. Why? Because real people don't die in the third act as Shakespeare's characters do. We may have a better fate than the unfortunate youngsters of the Montague and Capulet families, but we seem not to know how to keep our love alive.

Hundreds of paperback books have been written telling us how to solve marital communication problems, how to stimulate sex life, and even how to deal with a grumpy mother-in-law! But "the song remains the same." It's so hard to maintain the burning flame of love because this crazy world is so full of its opposites. Love? Oh, just another product in the market that a lot of people think they can buy... Gee, I'm sorry but K-Mart doesn't carry that item.

Let's face it. Maybe we can't have an out-of-this-world encounter as Romeo and Juliet had on the balcony, but we can create a beautiful, romantic relationship if we bring imagination, challenge, glamour, and confidence to it. There's no other option: effort (with rewards!!) or the clumsy and tacky world of soap operas. It's our choice. C'mon, turn off that TV and buy your beloved some roses!

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We all have our own favorite word for what we consider the highest value in life. Some like the word "love." Others like the word "success." I'm partial to the word "happiness."

Everyone has the basic instinct to fall in love with someone and want someone to love them, and this orientation carries over into the way we feel about people in general and the way they feel about us. It's natural, too, to want to be successful in our lives, and to fulfill this desire, we need health and wisdom. If we love and are loved, and if, having health and wisdom, we succeed in what we want to accomplish, we can feel happy.

But what is happiness exactly? Some people are satisfied with making a lot of money, others are pleased with reaching a high social position, and still others are gratified with helping the poor. All these feelings can be considered happiness, but the most important thing, regardless of what we do to seek happiness, is to realize the potential for happiness in all situations. If we feel happy under certain conditions and unhappy under other conditions, is this real happiness? I don't think so. To experience real happiness, we have to keep our focus on loving everyone unconditionally and striving to attain our goals, no matter what the situation is, by making the most of our talents.
Stories & Poems

Dong Jo Kim  Korea
Khalid Al-Futaisi  Oman
Monica Vergara  Colombia
Leticia Estrela  Brazil
Lea Brigitte Accalogoun  Benin
Reiko Yabiku  Japan
Trinidad Perez Fernandez  Venezuela
Ryuji Kawasaki  Japan
Yahia Al-Gahtani  Saudi Arabia
Said Al-Busaidy  Oman
Dongkyu Park  Korea
Jesus Lopez  Venezuela

Amal Abel  Kuwait
Yong-Jin Kim  Korea
Samer Badawi  Jordan
Hongshin Jung  Korea
Dick Holmes  USA
Natalie Paganelli  USA
Ricardo Luna  Venezuela
Miriam Moore  USA
Mauricio Zuniga  Ecuador
Tomomi Sugiura  Japan
Carolina Reyna  Guatemala
Eun-Gyoung Lee  Korea
It's a cold, dry winter night. Billy is lying on the bed, tired of doing his homework, but he doesn’t want to sleep. Recently, he’s been having nightmares. He wakes up in the dead of night sweating with fear. Finally, though, on this portentous night, he becomes helpless against falling asleep. He’s only twelve years old.

It’s a dark, damp place. She is lying under the bed feeling awfully thirsty. In order to survive, she’s had to behave cautiously because there’s no one to take care of her, no one she can lean on. Her family and friends all vanished when it turned cold last fall. She knows that she can’t live forever, but she doesn’t want to die in this cold weather.

The more she represses her instinctive desire, the thirstier she becomes. Her mind’s made up. She’s decided to sacrifice Billy. She flies to him and pokes a deep, narrow hole in his throat. When he suddenly feels her sucking his blood, he hits at her with the palm of his hand. Her spine and skull are instantly crushed, and her body is torn. Lying in the blood she’s sucked from his body, she thinks, “But I’m only six months old!”

It was her sad appearance that first caught my eye. I was walking in town with my father, and she was sitting on the curb, a picture of despair. Her hair was matted, and she appeared to be nothing more than skin and bones. She seemed so small and out of place in the rush of everyday life. She looked up at the old man beside her with an expression that held both fear and pain. The man’s condition was as pitiful as hers. Both were so dirty and disheveled that people avoided looking them as they passed. But when she lifted her head and looked at me with those dark brown eyes of hers, I knew my life could never be quite the same again.

This strange pair also caught my father’s attention, and as we approached, the old man stood. A gleam of hope returned to her eyes. My father spoke with the man, and I just stood there looking at her. Although no words were exchanged, a friendship had begun. As my father paid the old man for some purchase he’d just made, I realized with disappointment that it was time to go. The thought of leaving my friend in such need filled me with a sense of helplessness. We started to walk away.

“Dad, isn’t there something we can do for her?”

“Don’t worry,” I’ve already taken care of it.”

Confused, I looked at my father, and there beside him was my new friend. I was silent on the way home, thinking about the promise my father had made to provide a home for her and how this would affect the future. A little later, I found out that she would not be living with us in our home but living nearby.

As time passed and we were together more and more, we learned to understand each other. She began to comprehend my likes and my dislikes while I became more accepting of her way of life. Her Arabic was very limited, but to us words weren’t necessary; we’d learned to communicate in other ways. Not only was our friendship growing stronger, but as her diet improved and she exercised more, she grew stronger physically. I enjoyed both watching her and doing simple, fun things together like climbing trees.

On the surface, she seemed to be strong and healthy. But the years of malnutrition finally began to take their toll. It soon became painfully clear that something was wrong with her. We did all we could to help her, but because nobody knew the cause, nobody could find the cure. And then she was gone.

My monkey was dead.
I Learned My Lesson

Monica Vergara
Colombia

You believe that others understand your attitudes and accept them, so you do things the way you prefer to do them without asking yourself if it’s the correct way for the time and place. But then along comes a situation which teaches you that you can’t make such assumptions about what is acceptable to others. I learned my lesson when my best friend and I went to a theater to attend the debut performance of Franco de Vita, my favorite singer.

I’d first heard about the concert one day when I was watching TV and a commercial came on advertising that Franco was coming to Bogota to give a concert. Immediately, I jumped out of bed and called to make reservations. Before I hung up, I asked the ticket lady about the dress code for the concert.

Five days before the show, my friend asked me, “Hey, have you bought or ordered your dress?” I didn’t really understand what he was talking about, so I just said yes and went on my way. One day before the performance, my friend asked me about the dress code for it and if I was sure the information I’d gotten was right, and I said, “Yes, I asked the ticket lady directly and her answer was ‘informal dress’, so don’t worry.” Whenever my friend has a doubt, I usually get nervous without real reason and try to make sure about things, but that day I didn’t do anything to reassure myself.

Finally, it was the big day, and we each took a jacket along because the weather was very cold. When we arrived at the parking lot, I felt a chill of another kind when I saw that the people in the car next to us were wearing very formal clothes and elegant dresses.

At that moment, I realized that in the excitement of making reservations for the concert, I’d misunderstood about the dress code. When the ticket lady had answered my question, I hadn’t paid close attention; when she’d said “formal,” I’d supposed that she was saying “informal”.

“We’d better not go in,” my friend said. “We’re so improperly dressed, and people would look at us as disrespectful people.”

But my love for this singer overcame my shame for how I was dressed, and I insisted that we go ahead with our plans. We went in and began to walk down the aisle looking for our seats. People turned to look at us and murmured to each other. Taking our seats, our faces were still red, and my friend was so embarrassed that he put the hood of his jacket up over his head and slumped down in his seat to avoid people’s stares.

When the concert started, though, I forgot about the way I was dressed, my embarrassment, and people’s staring. I sang along to all the words, danced in my seat, and clapped my hands to the beat of the music. My behavior was just as if I were at any other concert that I’d attended before. I didn’t think about the kind of people that were there.

Then when the concert was over and I was faced with reality again, I realized that my decision to stay at the performance despite the way I was dressed had been a mistake. I felt ashamed.

Anyway, I learned an important lesson from this experience at the concert. I learned that when the moment calls for certain conditions and you can’t satisfy them, the correct thing to do is to put your conscience at rest is to assume responsibility for your mistake and leave the place or, if you decide to stay, to hold your head high and assert your individuality without shame.

To RV70,
I have enjoyed teaching you. If you are going to stay in Columbia after this quarter, come and visit me from time to time.

Glen Rice

To anyone,
Hello. My name is Jong-mun Back from Korea. I want to meet many overseas friends. Please send me an e-mail message.

Jong-mun Back

Dear Tony,
I remember the day we started. It was a miracle, wasn’t it? You touched my very soul. You are always in my heart. I want to wrap you in all my smile. I’m so glad you came into my life. Thank you for loving me. I love you always.

Naomi
What a Day!

Leticia Estrela
Brazil

Oh, what a confusing day! I woke up late because my clock had stopped working. “This day is off to a bad start,” I thought. “I'd better stay home.” But I couldn't. I had to go to work. I threw some clothes on, brushed my teeth, and got ready to go.

On the way to work, my car suddenly quit. I was out of gas! Oh, what a confusing day!

Now I needed a taxi, and I had to wait thirty minutes before one finally stopped for me. And then, pulling up in front of the elementary school where I teach, the driver told me what I owed him: fifty dollars!

Either he's crazy or I'm dreaming!” I thought. But I had to pay him if I didn't want to go to jail. Oh, what a confusing day!

I walked into class two hours late to find the children really agitated. They were all talking at the same time, singing, shouting, and jumping around. I felt giddy with all the confusion. I pleaded with them to stop, but nothing I could say had any effect. Finally, trying to get their attention, I climbed up on top of my desk and started singing.

It worked. The children stopped talking and started singing with me. At this moment, the director of the school opened the door and saw me standing there on my desk. With a surprised look on his face, he said, “When class is over, come to my office.” For the next few minutes, I was in shock. Oh, what a confusing day!

After class, I went to the director's office. He asked me to sit down, and I knew that he was going to fire me. To my great surprise, though, he told me how much he liked the way I handled my class and how well my students were doing. And then came the biggest surprise: He told me that I was going to get a raise! Oh, what a perfect day!

In the summer of 1985, some compatriots and I were living and studying in Russia. Like most foreign students there, we decided to go shopping outside the country during summer vacation. We chose Germany as our destination, and one morning we went to the railway station to buy our round trip ticket.

We took the train that night. Three hours into our trip, one of my friends discovered that he'd forgotten his financial declaration. When traveling abroad from Russia, you have to carry a formal document declaring the amount of money you're taking with you. If you don't have it, customs officers will seize your money. He didn't know what to do.

After thinking about it for a while, he decided to wrap all of his money in some plastic paper and put it into a carton of milk. When we were getting close to the border, he put the carton into the garbage can. But he forgot something: When the train arrives at the border, the conductor always throws away the garbage while the customs officers are checking people's papers, and this time was no exception.

After the customs officer had finished checking, my friend went immediately to the garbage can and saw that it had been emptied. He began shouting, “Where's my milk? Where's my milk?” My friends and I went to him, and the conductor asked him what was wrong. As he was telling us what had happened, all of us burst into laughter. But although it was funny, we sympathized with him. Eventually, he had to get off the train because now he didn't have any money. All he could do was go back to the city where he was studying.

Even now, whenever I meet that unfortunate person, I remember this story and still feel pity for him.
A Nameless Flower

Reiko Yabiku
Japan

a little flower
beside a fence
nobody knows its name
nobody recognizes its existence
a flower that's barely blooming

with might and main
with all its might

it seems much brighter than
any famous and gorgeous flower

it's alright to be little
it's alright not to be attractive
it's alright not to blossom with beauty
I want to become a flower like this

with might and main
with all its might
beside a fence
like a nameless flower

Remembrance

Trinidad Perez Fernandez
Venezuela

Like yellow, it shines in the garden,
gracefully turning darkness into a dance
of sparkling lights among the leaves,
and the memory of you takes me back to the past.
I see you as real as if you were here.
I remember your voice, your hands and
your dark, serene eyes.
I remember you brightening among the shadows.

But it is only the memory of you.
Now the wind blows in the garden,
quickly turning the peace into bits and pieces
of grating sounds, taking the memory of you
far away once again.
If You Were a Bird

Reiko Yabiku
Japan

If you were a bird
I would be the earth
Here on the ground
I would gaze at you
Flying in the vast sky

You are so free
You are so unlimited
You are so beautiful

As long as you flew
I would love you
When you circled down to the earth
I would be there
As long as I existed
I would be waiting for you

You are so big
You seem to have wings
You have a generous heart

If you were a bird
I would be the earth

Consciousness

Dong Jo Kim             Ryuji Kawasaki
Korea                  Japan

Lust sinks into the abyss of darkness.
A raven with my hope in his grasp slides away beyond the horizon.
If my heart were still beating inside my flesh,
I could still want you to make it break and bleed.
The pain has grown. The dream has gone.

A beam of tender moonlight, after weeks of rain, blinds me.
I don’t know where it comes from, but it leads me to a whole new world.
The goddess of the moon heals all my pain.
It is among the stars that I will find her,
And then we will take a long walk together . . .
Will She Come Back?
Yahia Al-Gahtani
Saudi Arabia

I wonder why she said goodbye.
I know she knows I'm a good guy.
Will she come back? I really don't know.

Maybe she wants to make me cry.
Maybe she wants to give it a try.
Will she come back? I really don't know.

Of course, she knows I gave my heart.
Of course, she knows I love her hard.
Will she come back? I really don't know.

But she must know I won't follow her.
I'll lie back and forget her.
Whether she comes back, I really don't care.

FELIX 35

A Funny Old Story
Said Al-Busaidy
Oman

Honorable Mention

"I'm going to tell you a funny old story," his father interrupted him. "You were only seven years old and your mother was still alive. It was a Saturday night and she'd just returned from a big party.

"Look how smart I am," she said.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Look," she said and pulled a gold bracelet out of her bag.

"Seeing that bracelet and the look on her face, I realized that she must have done something wrong to get it.

"I played a little trick on Julia," she said. 'I saw her wearing this bracelet, so I asked her if I could take a look at it and if it was a gift from her husband. She said it was. I told her that I'd been there when he bought it and that it wasn't real gold. You should've seen her face. She turned bright red, tore the bracelet off her wrist, and threw it in the trash. Then when she went home, I took the bracelet out of the trash and here it is.'

"Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. It was Julia, the woman that she'd tricked, and her husband, the man I just asked you to take a look at."

"Father, he's my manager, the man that we're waiting for!" his son exclaimed.

"Sorry, I have to go now," his father said. "See you next week, son!"

"Where are you going, Dad?" the son asked.

"I'm going to go visit your mother."
Around twenty years ago, several people living near the public cemetery unaccountably disappeared. These disappearances terrified residents in the area, so the mayor of the city decided to remove the cemetery and build an apartment building in its place. While the building was under construction, several strange accidents happened and many of the workers lost their lives. Anyway, the Clip Apartments building was finally completed, and eventually people forgot about the terrible disappearances and accidents.

Lynda, a sixteen-year-old high school student, was working in Burger King as a waitress. She had to work for her family because her father had died when she was a child and her mother was handicapped. After working until around ten p.m., she would come home to Clip and do her homework.

One night, she was coming home after work and in the parking lot in front of Clip, she saw a strange, wasted-looking creature. Suddenly it began to move, coming closer and closer to her. Lynda was scared and ran into the building screaming.

Stepping into the elevator, she was dripping-wet with sweat and felt a chill of horror. She pushed the button for the tenth floor, and although none of the other buttons were lit and no one else entered, the elevator stopped on each floor and the door opened. After the door opened on the seventh floor, the full-capacity bell started to ring.

Later, when she told her mother and her classmates about her scary experience, nobody believed her. They thought that she was just trying to be funny.

After work the next day, Lynda called her mother and asked her to wait for her by the front door of Clip. When Lynda arrived, she found her mother waiting. As they neared the elevator, Lynda began to tremble and said, “Mamma, I’m afraid to get on and . . .”

“Don’t worry! I’m right beside you,” her mother said.

When the elevator arrived at the fourth floor, the door opened but no one was there. “See?!” Lynda exclaimed. “There’s something strange happening here!”

“Don’t worry, honey!” her mother reassured her. “It’s probably just a practical joke someone’s playing.”

Shaking all over, Lynda took her mother’s hand, which felt so dry and cold. She began to smell something rotten. The elevator was going up . . . 5, 6 . . . The door opened on the seventh, and the bell began to ring as it had the day before.

“You see?! I told you! Why don’t you believe me?! What’s happening here?!” Lynda exclaimed, turning to her mother.

Her mother was very pale, and her hair was flapping as if a wind were blowing in the elevator. She turned her face to Lynda and said, “Do you still think that I’m your mother?”

To Natalie,

Definitely friends like you are few in this world. Sincerely, I really appreciate all of the things that you have done for me. Remember that I will be waiting for you in Venezuela with my arms stretched out.

Your true friend, Ricardo

To CSULEC,

We have had a lot of fun this quarter. I’m really proud of you for learning to “swim in English” (start conversations with Americans). Keep swimming and I hope to see you next quarter.

Glen Rice
My first impression of my roommate in Cliff Apartments was that he was a normal guy like me, but the more I got to know him, the more I realized how different he was.

“Good morning, Mr. Lopez,” he’d greet me stiffly.

Each morning at precisely 5:00 a.m., Monday to Monday, after getting up without an alarm clock, he’d deliver the same greeting in exactly the same monotone. This was my first clue.

“Can I use the bathroom now?” I’d ask.

“Of course, no problem,” he’d reply automatically almost before I’d finished the question.

“How about breakfast?” I’d offer.

“No thanks, I’m not hungry yet.”

“But…”

“Excuse me, you will go to Columbia Hall and I will go to Bates House. It is impossible for us to have breakfast together.” These were his exact words every day.

“Okay. See you later.”

I’d come back to our apartment for lunch, but he’d never be there.

After a short lunch break, I’d go back to classes, and then later in the afternoon, I’d return to the apartment, tired and loaded with homework. And I’d always be baffled by the fact that my roommate would invariably be there before me even though his last class, which ended at the same time mine did, was in a building much farther away from our apartment than the building my class was in.

After doing a little homework, I’d cook dinner and invite him to have some with me.

“No, thank you,” he’d say. “I have already eaten.”

Always the same… we never ate a single meal together.

His way of talking, his habit of getting up at the same time without an alarm clock, his incredible speed in getting back to our apartment, his never eating with me—it was all beginning to add up, but I still couldn’t quite figure him out.

Then one night, another clue emerged. We were doing our homework when the electricity suddenly went off and he continued working as if nothing had happened! We didn’t have a candle or a flashlight in the apartment, so, of course, I couldn’t see to work. By the time the electricity came back on about an hour later, he was done with his homework.

“What an eerie roommate!” I thought.

The next morning, a few minutes before 5:00 a.m., I received a phone call from my wife. She said that she had just had a nightmare about some strange, dangerous machine that was with me.

At this moment, I suddenly realized the truth about my roommate, and I was terrified. I was even more terrified when I realized that he may have overheard my phone conversation.

“Good morning, Mr. Lopez,” my roommate said, his voice sounding like a cold knife about to penetrate my heart.

As she sat in front of her mirror, Mary recalled the terrible reaction Frank had had to what she’d done that night several days before. She sat there for a long time trying to understand him and to figure out how such a trifling incident could lead to the rupture of their friendship.

She remembered when she’d first met Frank. He’d just finished his major in agricultural engineering and joined the university faculty of the agricultural studies department, of which she was also a member. Tall, vigorous, modern, and intelligent, he was also a deluded and overly imaginative young man, and like a child he believed in phantoms. The big old cold building that housed the agricultural studies department fed Frank’s fantasy about phantoms, and there was a story going around about the phantom of a nun that roamed the halls and rooms of the building, which a long time ago had been a religious school building.

One day Frank asked Mary,
The Phantom . . .

"Have you seen the phantom of the nun?"

"What? Are you going crazy or is this a joke?" replied Mary, very surprised.

"It was running through the halls last night!" he exclaimed.

"Frank! I can't believe that a serious, smart young engineer like you . . ." Mary didn't have a chance to finish her sentence because Frank went right on talking without listening to what she was saying.

"A student was frightened by the phantom a couple of days ago. I could hear her screams coming from the left side of the building, near the biology department."

"Did you talk with her?" asked Mary.

"No, I only heard her screaming," he answered.

"Oh, Frank, how can you . . .?! You're a teacher here!" exclaimed Mary. "We're almost at the end of the twentieth century! What a fantasizer you are!

In the following days, Frank persisted in his queries about the phantom, and when Frank asked the other teachers about it, they did their best to keep serious faces until they could joke together about him behind his back. His teacher advisor, James, told him, "Yes, I saw the phantom standing near the door of the engineering department yesterday afternoon."

"What did you do?" asked Frank, astonished.

"I said hello to her and kept going toward the stairs," answered James.

"Oh, I don't know what I'd do!" exclaimed Frank.

This sort of teasing continued until one night when Mary and Frank were working on a paper in their offices on the fourth floor. It was nearly ten p.m., and a university guard stopped by to tell them that the door to the biology lab was still open and that one of them would have to lock it.

Muttering and protesting, Frank went down the stairs and through the dark, lonely halls to lock the door to the lab, which was on the second floor. A few minutes later, returning to the fourth floor, Frank saw the back of a dark figure dressed like a nun standing in a corner at the end of the dark hall. He let out a blood-curdling scream, "AUUAUUAUUAUU!!" and then yelling repeatedly, "It's her!! It's her!!" he quickly ran down the stairs.

Now, staring vacantly into her mirror almost two weeks after the incident, Mary remembered the panic that she'd felt when Frank screamed and she realized that she couldn't undo what she'd done.

"Hey, Frank," she wanted to yell out to him. "Don't be afraid! It's me, Mary!" But before she could bring herself to say anything, he'd already bolted down the stairs.

She remembered, too, how furious Frank had been when he found out that she'd been the figure that he'd seen in the dark corner of the hall that night. "From now on you don't exist, as far I'm concerned!" were his last words to her, and so far, these words had seemed to ring true: It was as if she'd become invisible to him.

The Candle

Amal Abel
Kuwait

Alone in the dark,
I need some light.
As I try to find my way,
I see you standing nearby
and light you.
Sputtering, you start crying,
and I ask myself,
"Why is life so hard?"
And why are you crying and crying?"

Now the sun's coming up,
And you've started to melt and die.
You've used yourself up to light up the life of others.
I know now that life is full of tears as well as laughter,
and I realize that I must follow your example
and try hard if I want to have a good life,
a light that burns for the good of others.
I See You
Yong-Jin Kim
Korea

I see you standing alone.
Neither I nor you touch the other.
Among the stars the moon shines on us.
At the edge of the stage
I see you dancing with my dream,
A dance that means how much you want to touch me.
Inside my head
I see you missing me as though it were real.

My dream falls into the darkness.
The sparkle of a moment turns off my peaceful dream,
and I realize that you are my life.

Real Love
Samer Bodawi
Jordan

Love is a simple word that contains only four letters, but its meaning is very important. It's a priceless treasure that cannot be compared to anything else in the world.

Love is a seed that lovers plant in the ground. And just as a plant grows, love grows in their hearts.

Love is like a boat in the ocean; it faces storms and waves, and only real love safely reaches shore.

Love can be a relationship between children and their parents or between friends, as well as between men and women.

Love is not just kisses and sex. Its foundation is trust, respect, and emotion.

Love is a language that enables people from different cultures and countries to understand each other, and without it wars break out, as we've seen throughout history and still see today in many countries.

"Love, and the world loves you; hate, and you hate yourself."

My Dream
Hongshin Jung
Korea

My dream—
I don't know where it comes from.
Sometimes, it's inside my heart.
Other times, it's among the stars.
It rolls in like a stone, blossoms like a flower in the garden,
and then is gone in a minute like a bubble.
It's like magic.
It can make everything turn into something I've thought.
It sounds like an incantation.
It can make me feel so good with the slightest touch.
How amazing it is!
Cycles
Natalie Paganelli
USA

Next to a tree
rooted in life
a leaf flutters
in a storm
just as my heart
does for you.

Surface
Dick Holmes
USA

"With a name like Surface, how deep will my life go?" he wonders as soon as he’s old enough to ask himself such a question.
He’s already discovered how words work—that things are what people call them,
that people become what their names mean.
His best friend Blaise is a veritable fireball.
Rose is a sweet and lovely flower he sits next to in the first grade.

In high school, his friends begin to call him
Sir Face and then Face for short
and he’s struck by the Zen question,
“What was your original face before you were born?”
“Face it,” he tells himself. “Someday, you’ll have to face the music.”

In college, his friends call him Surf.
Every day at sunrise and sunset, he walks the beach,
breathing in the staggering sound and vision of his new namesake.
When the waves are big, he swims out to them
and rides their powerful rush in.

A few years after graduation,
taking part in an earthquake rescue operation,
Surface slips at the edge of a deep crevice and falls to his death.
On the way down, the answer to his original question
surfaces with the perfect clarity of his original face.
In 1970, a poor man named Pedro Gonzalez lived with his wife and son in a miserable little shack they'd built on a mountain, isolated from civilization and society. Pedro had been out of a job for some time, and his wife didn't know how to read, so she couldn't work. His son needed to go to school, but Pedro couldn't afford to pay for his studies. They were barely surviving with the little money he'd saved from the last job he'd had. Their situation was getting really desperate.

As a typical man of the lower social class, Pedro usually invested part of his precious money in lottery tickets, but one bright morning, fed up with the lottery, Pedro decided to try his luck at the race track.

"This is going to be my lucky day," he told himself.

Without telling his wife where he was going, Pedro set out for the track with his son Carlitos, planning to bet all the rest of the family's money on a single race.

Pedro and Carlitos took a seat in the stands, and Pedro studied the program for a while. Once he'd made his decision about which combination he wanted to bet on, he sent Carlitos to purchase the ticket. The combination was 2-7, which paid fifteen dollars per dollar bet.

When Carlitos returned, Pedro took the ticket from him, looked at it, and immediately jumped up from his seat and began to yell at him. It was the wrong ticket! The combination in the ticket was 12-7, which paid one hundred fifty dollars per dollar bet—a hopeless long shot! He was really angry with Carlitos, and his heart sank.

"Now, how is my family going to survive?" Pedro asked himself.

Pedro was so angry and dejected that he didn't even want to watch the race. He threw the ticket at Carlitos' bowed head and stormed off, leaving his son sitting there in the stands by himself.

Pedro went straight home and told his wife the truth. She was really upset and cried herself to sleep.

The following morning, Pedro went downtown. He borrowed a newspaper from some of his friends to look for a job, and scanning the sports section, he saw that—miracle of miracles—he'd won the race! He rushed back home to get the ticket from Carlitos.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dad," Carlitos said when Pedro found him near the shack sitting on a big rock overlooking the valley, "but you were so angry about that ticket that I destroyed it at the race track."

When Pedro heard this terrible news, he slapped Carlitos twice and fell down to the ground crying. After he finally picked himself up, he trudged over to the shack, pulled a bottle of tequila off the shelf, and drank himself into a stupor.

A month later, Pedro was still getting drunk all the time, and Carlitos couldn't stand being around him. Every morning, as soon as he could get away, Carlitos would walk through the forest to the secret cave that he'd discovered a long time before. He'd sit in there thinking about his pathetic father for a while, and then, smiling sarcastically to himself, he'd begin to play with the new electronic games he'd secretly bought and smuggled into his cave.

It was great being able to afford whatever he wanted.

To all my students and friends in EPI,
Thank you for making my work such a pleasure. Thanks especially, Natalie and Gabriel, for your generous contributions to this issue of Sunrise.
Love, Dick

To Robin,
I like your class very much, and I think I'm better than last quarter. I want to get a good grade this term. Maybe you are surprised by the change in me. Thank you for everything.

Hani Al-Busaidy
If we had but world enough and time,
This research paper were no crime.
We would draft and plan and freewrite,
And tear through sources with all our might.
You could mark all of our efforts in green,
Noting plagiarism and other errors unseen.
We could diagram each sentence, and when done,
We would ponder each intricacy, one by one.

But at our backs we always hear,
Time’s wingèd chariot drawing near.
(Did you see our transition, catch the contrast?
We just don’t have time, it goes by too fast.)
We’re young, so we need fun and rest,
And yet you claim this is the best
Use of our time! Oh, please relent,
And consider again how our time should be spent.

So let us sport us while we may
(Even if we aren’t “amorous birds of prey”).
Let’s drop TQM, Vietnam, reincarnation,
Infant bilinguals and Christian salvation.
Lay aside nutrition, consumers, textiles.
Ignore euthanasia and the Gulf War for a while.
Free us from study of hydrology and AIDS,
From grammar, Buddhism, and US air raids.
And if we cannot eliminate your aim,
Couldn’t we at least make it a bit more sane??

Miriam responds: “No.”
Ramadan in Saudi Arabia

Yahia Al-Gahtani
Saudi Arabia

Every year during the Holy Month of Ramadan, everyone in my country and Moslems everywhere stops eating, drinking, smoking, and making love from sunrise to sunset. Unlike what some outsiders imagine, we eagerly await this period of religious fasting. Families, friends, and neighbors visit each other more than usual, we pray a lot, and we give more money to the poor than we do at any other time of the year. Everybody seems to be happy, even the poor and the sick, who are especially honored at this time since God ordered us to fast in order to feel compassion for them.

Parents start training their children to get ready for Ramadan when they are nine or ten years old, and the majority of children start fasting by the age of twelve. Numerous funny stories are told about children attempting to observe the fast for the first time. One such story is about me.

When I was eleven years old, I felt so hungry the first day of Ramadan that by three o’clock in the afternoon, I couldn’t continue fasting. While my father was taking a nap I opened the fridge and grabbed some food. Having eaten my fill, I felt good and happy as I waited proudly for the sunset, when my whole family would celebrate my first day of fasting with me.

Everything was fine, the food was ready, and my family were all happy to have a new fasting member. We exchanged congratulations, and while we were waiting for the moment to start eating, my father suggested that I should give a short speech since I’d just finished my first day of fasting. After a moment of silence with everybody holding their breath waiting for my speech, I opened my mouth to speak and the only thing that came out was a loud belch.

Among the stars you were sparkling with your light,
but the darkness of your eyes was a mystery.
Crying in the night for the light of the sun,
You didn’t see the light of the stars.

My dream was like a breeze drying your tears from your face, and the light of the day was coming when both you and I realized that it was our dream created by our imagination.

I was writing our dream with your thoughts on the sky like a dancer when a voice in my heart brought back my thoughts like a bird on the wind, but I didn’t have time to finish because the darkness was returning, and my creation disappeared in a minute.

It doesn’t matter, though—you are my real story.

For You

Jesus Lopez
Venezuela
The Story of a Father

Mauricio Zuniga
Ecuador

This is the story of a father who was born forty-five years ago. A father whose childhood was not like one most children would want. When he was young he had to leave home to work so that he could help his parents and little brothers. He couldn’t study at the best schools. In fact, he managed to complete only his high school education and that only with a big sacrifice. He had to work hard in everything that he did.

This is the story of a father whose life is his teacher. Life has taught him to distinguish the bad from the good.

This is the story of a father who when he was twenty-three years old discovered the meaning of the word love and decided to spend the rest of his life with the woman that God had brought him.

This is the story of a father who, two years after getting married, received some great news from his wife: They were going to have a child! On that day, he couldn’t conceal his emotion and started to think about the change having a child would bring to his life. He didn’t want his child to have to suffer from the same problems that he had had to. From that day on, he understood the meaning of being a father: to give love, give without expecting to receive, share . . .

This is the story of a father who taught his son how to be a real man, how to appreciate the true values of people.

This is the story of a father who refused to accept death’s call when he had a serious traffic accident. With great determination, he decided that it was too early to leave his young family alone to fight against life. “Death has to wait,” he said.

This is the story of a father who gave the best example to his son in deciding to avoid the temptations that life offers. Temptations that would have enabled him to get more money and a “good” life for his family.

This is the story of a father who sometimes felt that he had to hit his son when the words and the dialogue weren’t enough, but he did it with compassion.

This is the story of a father who cried and prayed for better days. A father who although he is forty-five years old continues fighting, giving love, and sharing all that he can.

This is the story of a father who hopes to see reflected in his son the result of his efforts throughout his life. A father who only God could someday give the prize that he deserves for all that he has done.

This is the story of my father.
I Have a Dream . . .

Tomomi Sugiura
Japan

Whenever I hear the name, Martin Luther King, Jr., I remember the words, “I have a dream.” I was a junior high school student when I listened for the first time to his famous “I Have a Dream” speech. At that time, I couldn’t understand much of the speech, but the phrase “I have a dream” was so impressive and easy to understand that it stayed in my memory.

Now, I’ve been studying English for more than five years, and I can understand the whole speech. King’s dream was to see a world without racial discrimination. He wanted a world in which people were not judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. Today, discrimination still exists, but thanks to King’s inspiring words and example, the situation has gotten better.

In order to continue King’s legacy, we need to act practically and cooperate with each other. And to really cooperate we first need to realize that although cooperation is easy to talk about it’s difficult to accomplish. Even if we all have the same goal, each person may have his or her own way to try to achieve the goal. Therefore, we need a leader who can convince us all to follow the same path toward the goal.

Martin Luther King, Jr. was a good leader and his speech had a great impact on society. He managed to bring a multitude of people together, but even he couldn’t make his dream come true completely because the segregationist attitude of his time was so deeply entrenched. Now to fully realize the dream, we need another strong leader who can bring people of all races together.

Dreams

Carolina Reyna
Guatemala

It is not a dream
that the real story has come and
that peace and love have gone

It is not a dream
that people are killing each other and
that war blows up every country

It is not a dream
to hear in the darkness a child crying and
know how hungry, sad and lonely it feels

It is not a dream that
everything we have created
we are destroying too

It is not a dream that
everything is as real as a child with no fantasies and hope

Now, everything is turning into a world without dreams . . .
I have a dream...

Eun-Gyoung Lee
Korea

When I was a little child, my dream was to be a writer. When I was in the second grade in elementary school, I participated in a writing competition and won first prize. After that, my teacher suggested that I continue to develop my writing by practicing after school every day. For three or four months, I practiced writing for about one hour a day. My teacher taught me the skills of writing compositions for competition. It was very boring, and I began to hate writing. After my graduation from elementary school, I stopped writing.

In middle school, I wanted to be a scientist. I found science very exciting and interesting. Science made me begin to think about the earth and the cosmos. I was especially interested in the principles of the earth's creation because it was something that I'd never thought about before. However, my excitement didn't last long.

When I was in high school, I dreamed of becoming a diplomat, and then when I was in college, I wanted to get a good job and make a lot of money. After graduation, I did get a good job, but even though I was satisfied with it for a while, I eventually decided to change my career.

Now, I want to be a teacher in college. I think teaching is more valuable than other jobs. However, if I find a more precious dream in the future, I'll probably change my mind again.

I believe that everyone has a dream and wants to realize it. But how many people actually make their dreams come true? Not so many I think. Dreams are easy to have but very difficult to fulfill.

I think the most important thing in trying to realize your dream is to make every effort that you can. At the same time, it's important not to use up all your energy at once. You have to put forth your effort little by little, day by day. In this way, you won't be under too much pressure and stress, and you'll be able to keep striving for your goal.

Another important thing is to take your dreams seriously. Seriousness encourages you to become assertive and independent. You should never change your mind about what you want just because someone else thinks you should. You need to keep your focus on what you think is valuable and worth working for regardless of what other people think.

It's also important to take your time on the road to your dream. It may often seem that you're investing too much time in trying to get to your destination, but you shouldn't rush or try to take a shortcut—you might only lose your way. And if you do get lost, you should just stop there and think about the way that you've come. To get back on track, look not only for the main road but even for an alley that might lead you back. Pay attention to traffic signals and make sure that the place you're standing at the moment is the right place. Take time to recover and then start walking again at your own pace.
It was a cold night, and he woke up suddenly in the darkness. He looked at the clock. It was 2:45 a.m.

"What woke me up?" he wondered.

He couldn't figure it out, but anyway he walked to the window to smoke.

Looking out the window, he saw the vast night sky. He could see a lot of stars twinkling, and the moon was shining especially bright.

He never saw the moon without thinking of his wife. When he had met her, the moon had been just like it was that night. It had been a wonderful moon-lit night.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm just looking at the moon. It's very beautiful and mysterious. Are you with me?" she had asked.

"Yes. I think so, too," he had answered.

They got married three months after they had met that night. He was very happy because he would be with her always.

One month ago, though, she had died in a traffic accident. His life was very lonely now.

When he went back to the bedroom to try to sleep again, there was someone sleeping in his bed.

"That's my honey!" he realized. She was sleeping, breathing quietly.

"What's happening?!" he muttered, unable to move for a moment.

When he got into bed, she woke up sleepily.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked.

"How can you be here?" he asked.

"We are always together."

"Yes, you're right. We are together all the time."

He stopped questioning how she could be here. It seemed so natural.

"Why don't you go to sleep?" she asked.

He had many things that he wanted to ask her, but he answered only, "Yes."

He soon fell into a deep sleep.

He was awakened by the morning light and the sound of birds singing. Rubbing his eyes, he discovered that she wasn't there lying next to him. He got up and looked around to find her, but in vain.

"It was just a dream," he said to himself regretfully.

When he walked into the kitchen, he found something on the table. It was a birthday card. It said, "Happy birthday, darling!! I'm always with you. You must be strong."

"She came here from heaven to present this to me!!" he said out loud.

It was February 16th, his birthday...