Fall 1996

SUNRISE
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Editor’s Note

This Fall issue of *Sunrise* reflects the character of the season, a beautiful time of the year full of memories and thanksgiving, and we hope it will help us all keep the great memories we’ve made together this fall alive forever.

Dick Holmes

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Around the World

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Shin-Hua Wen       Taiwan
Che-ju Island

Hyun Jin Park
Korea

At about 7 a.m. someone pointed out a tiny red spot on the horizon and said, "Look, over there!" Everybody turned to see the little "red wheel" rising into the sky. My wife whispered, "Oh, my God! It's amazing!" Then the wheel got bigger and bigger and the whole world became bright. I said to myself, "If there's a heaven on earth, this could be it where I'm standing now."

Since then, my wife and I have visited several world famous places here in the U.S., such as Niagara Falls. All of these

Do you still believe that heaven is just up in the sky? Well, so did I until I visited Che-ju Island.

Che-ju Island is the most beautiful resort in the southernmost part of my country, Korea. A big extinct volcano, this island is famous for especially three things: strong women, granite stones, and a lot of wind.

In the old days, when fishing was the only livelihood on the island, there used to be a lot of widows on Che-ju Island because so many of the men were killed in unexpected storms while they were out at sea fishing. These widows took over their husbands' duties and had to be strong both mentally and physically to take care of their families by themselves. Today, there are still women divers on the island working for their families in the traditional ways, and most Koreans still consider Che-ju women to be strong-minded.

Because of its wonderful exotic scenery and mild weather, a lot of Koreans select Che-ju Island for their honeymoon instead of going to other well known places overseas. I wanted to go to Che-ju Island for my honeymoon, and my dream finally came true last March when I got married to a beautiful woman and we headed for the island after our wedding.

March turned out not to be the right time to enjoy Che-ju Island at its most beautiful; the flowers along the riverside weren't in full bloom yet, and some of the palm trees seemed to be withering owing to unexpectedly strong winds. So at first, my wife and I were a little regretful impressed that we couldn't believe our eyes. The hill was made of a big granite stone, and at the top it was covered with small trees and grasses. We could see the boundary between the land and the ocean. The landscape at the top and the panoramic view were beyond description. Though it was very early in the morning and freezing cold, there were a lot of couples gathered there to watch the sunrise and to wish for happiness and a healthy baby boy.

Hyun Jin and his wife Sung-Hee on Che-ju Island
Originally, I'm from Nagoya, Japan, located in the middle of the country, but four years ago my family moved to Kyoto, the most historic city in Japan. Many tourists, not only Japanese citizens but also foreigners from all over the world, come to see the sights of Kyoto. It was ten years ago on an educational field trip that I first came to Kyoto and was impressed with what a nice old city it was. I never dreamed that one day I'd actually live there. Kyoto is full of interesting places, but there are a few places I'd especially recommend visiting.

Kyoto has lots of temples, Shinto shrines, and Japanese gardens dating back to more than 1200 years ago when Kyoto was Japan's capital city. One of my favorite temples in Kyoto is Kiyomizu temple. A visit to this temple begins with the walk from the temple grounds entrance to the temple. On the slope leading to the temple at the top of the hill, you can see quite a few nice souvenir shops displaying attractive goods, such as mugs, alcove ornaments, doorway curtains, and Japanese dolls. After a ten-minute walk, you reach the old temple. What a lovely view! Looking at this scene, it's hard to express your feelings. In spring and fall, you can go there at night when the temple and the grounds are illuminated. It's such a beautiful place to view the cherry blossoms and the colorful leaves. I especially love visiting Kiyomizu temple during these seasons. Kiyomizu temple is so famous that it has inspired a common Japanese saying, which goes, "I feel like jumping from the Kiyomizu temple!" You might say this when you're very nervous, for example about taking a state examination, or when you're trying to declare your love to somebody you love so much that you can't control yourself, or when you're experiencing any critical moment.

Walking further, you find a crowd of young people gathered outside another, smaller temple. Besides worshipping at this temple, visitors can buy votive pictures at a small nearby store, write their wishes for true love on them, and hang them on a special structure near the temple. Visitors can also look at pictures of famous, recently married Japanese entertainers at the store. This temple makes you happy with love whether you've already found true love or you're wishing for it. You can stay there for as long as you like drinking Japanese tea and eating some confections or just relaxing.

Another place I'd recommend visiting is the Togetsukyou bridge, located on the west side of Kyoto. From Kiyomizu temple to the bridge, it takes twenty minutes by car. This bridge has a bad image among us Japanese. Many people claim that after lovers go across the bridge, they will soon break up. I don't know how this superstition got started. Under the bridge, you can go for a walk along the river. It's so wonderful there, especially at night. In summer, high school students shoot fireworks there, in spite of the prohibition against doing so. Togetsukyou bridge is one of the main dating spots in Kyoto. Around the bridge, there are lots of shops managed by entertainers to attract visitors.

When you're getting hungry, you can go to one of the many good Japanese restaurants in Kyoto, but be sure you bring along plenty of money. The most famous place to drink is Gion, an attractive entertainment spot in Kyoto especially popular among wealthy people. There you can find karaoke bars and snack bars, and perhaps you can meet some Japanese entertainers. It's interesting to meet the beautiful maiko (Japanese women wearing kimono) in these bars. Their occupation is to perform traditional Japanese dances and pour beer, whisky, and sake to make the guests happy. Part of their attraction is the charming way they speak—so different from the way other people in Kyoto speak. If you want to dress up like a maiko, you
Kyoto...

can put on a *kimono* at some hotels or service places. I've tried dressing up in one (I have some pictures), but I couldn't move as gracefully as a real *maiko*. I'm happy not to be a *maiko*, though. I think that I couldn't stand a *maiko*'s way of life, because it would be very hard for me to submit to the strict training a *maiko* has to undergo.

People who live in Kyoto are often said to have a fixed idea about their city. Many of Kyoto's residents, especially the older ones, don't want the city to be changed into a fashionable city like Tokyo. Their motto is, "Stick to time-honored traditions." They dislike high buildings, for example, and there is a law that prohibits the construction of high buildings in the city.

There are also those who think Kyoto should become more progressive, but everyone who lives in Kyoto is proud of the city and its heritage. I hope that you'll come and see for yourself what an interesting traditional style Kyoto has and that you'll enjoy it so much that you'll want to come again and again.

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Rayong

Suradej Chailektrattanakul
Thailand

I was born in Rayong and have lived there for twenty-four years. It's not a big, crowded place but it is an interesting one and the people are very friendly. Rayong is a province located in the east of Thailand along the sea and not too far from Bangkok, the capital of Thailand, about two hours by car. If you want to visit and don't have a car, you can get to Rayong by bus or by plane.

Rayong has numerous beaches and islands. The favorite beach is Sai-Kaew, a long beach with soft white sand. There you can hear the pleasant sound of birds soaring in the sky. The sea is blue and clear, full of colorful fish, and you can have fun all day swimming, diving to look at the coral, and playing water sports. At night you can go out drinking, dancing, and singing.

Seafood is the favorite food in Rayong. Many restaurants serve various kinds of seafood and other Thai dishes. As you may have heard about Thai food, it's very spicy. If you don't like Thai food you can also find Japanese, Chinese, and German restaurants in Rayong.

The best times to go to Rayong are in summer and winter because it's not too hot or cold during these seasons and because it's not raining. In the rainy season, you can't go to the islands, swim, or dive. Rayong has a lot of relatively inexpensive hotels and resorts you can stay at. There are also a lot of markets where you can buy all kinds of fish, vegetables, and other foods if you want to cook your own meals.

I highly recommend that you visit this beautiful paradise in Thailand. I'm sure you'll be very impressed by Rayong.
The Grand' Place

In the center of Brussels stands the magnificent Grand’ Place, a towering quadrangle of predominantly Gothic-style architectural masterpieces, the heart of the city’s life. I’ve read in a guidebook to Belgium: “The glory of Brussels, and its center, is the incomparable Grand’ Place. If a visitor had, by unlucky chance, ten minutes only to spend in the city, he should stipulate for five of them to be spent in the Grand’ Place in sunshine and the other five after dark. Then he could take away with him a memory which would enable him to say for the rest of his life: I have seen Brussels.” But what interests me the most about the Grand’ Place doesn’t have anything to do with tourism but with my own Grand’ Place experience.

During summer evenings, a lot of people, especially young people, hang out at the Grand’ Place, sitting on its old, cold ground. Passing through the walls of this fabulous historic environment, we exchange quick but very intense looks and we know in a very short time the people we want to talk with and the people we don’t. Sometimes, we don’t find anybody. Only our feelings guide us. When we do find kindred spirits, all our differences instantly become a source of interest rather than a reason for rejection, which is what differences are for so many people during the everyday life in Belgium.

When we’ve found the people we want to talk with, we just sit on the ground with them, drink some beer (no age restriction), and start talking about nothing and everything. We’re totally ourselves because we all know we may not see each other again. Totally free. We learn a lot about ourselves, our deepest thoughts. It’s nice because we know it’s the way we want all life to be, but we also know that it’s ephemeral, and this is why we enjoy these moments so much.

Time goes on, and we forget the cold, the dark or the sunshine, and all the tourists taking pictures of what’s become our heavenly bed. This huge place is now surrounding us, only us. And for a moment, we feel human again. The buildings overhead enclose us. They protect us.

Unhappily, though, time once again becomes our enemy and we don’t have the Herculean strength to resist the cold Brussels nights. So, when this beautiful silence becomes bigger than our voices and we start hearing voices other than our own, we know that our material bed is waiting for us and that we’ve enjoyed life for a short time.

Yes, if you go to Brussels and you have only ten minutes to spend in the city, just go to the Grand’ Place, but don’t pay attention only to the beautiful architecture; it’s not the nicest thing you can see there... 

To my sponsor,

My special thanks to my sponsor, the members of St. James Presbyterian Church in Charleston, who made it possible for me to be an EPI student. May God bless each member of the congregation. My special thanks go to the Reverend Dr. Charles C. Heyward; my host mother, Mrs. Caroline E. White; and all the members of the church. You have turned my weeping into joy! God bless you all.

Omolara Olanihun

Dear Olivier,

I like Columbia because this is where I met you. Do your best in life and you will do well. Thank you for being so kind.

Akane
When most people think of traveling, they think about seeing famous attractions, advanced technologies, modern hotels, or big palaces. I also like to visit such places, but when I happened to get an opportunity to discover the beauty and simplicity of Coche, a small island in Venezuela, traveling took on new meaning for me.

Coche is a small, beautiful piece of land people often pass without noticing because there seems to be nothing there but a few fishermen. I was on my way to another island and would've passed Coche without stopping, too, but fortunately circumstances led me to it. I was traveling with a group of people, and our guide, who lived on Coche island and needed to go home before continuing our trip, convinced us to change our plans and go to Coche with him.

When you land on Coche, the first thing you see is its bright white sand, like a carpet laid out to welcome you, and as you walk onto it, you discover that life on the island has developed in its own great style. Along the shore, there are wooden huts with roofs made of palm tree leaves. These little dwellings protect the fishermen from the strong sun and provide storage for their homemade tools and nets, the only fishing implements you see on Coche since the islanders are careful not to alter their natural environment.

Once you get to the main street, just a narrow boulevard or a wide path, your attention is drawn to the plain beauty of several tiny, sparsely decorated houses. On a corner at the end of the street, there's a cottage that's used as a chapel. Coche doesn't have a chaplain living on the island, but sometimes a visiting priest celebrates mass in this cottage, and it's used at any time by the faithful. That's all there is to "downtown" Coche, the only sign of human beings on the island. And surrounding the village is nothing but birds, palm trees, beach, and the huge sky.

Just when you've become speechless and think that you've already experienced everything about Coche, you meet the people who live in those picturesque houses. They're as amazing as the island itself. They make an exceptional soup with the fish that they've just caught, and this fish soup is their gift to everyone who visits them, even though they know that you've already received the greatest present, the great feeling of their enchanting land.

It was a long time ago that I visited Coche, and I hope this wonderland is keeping everything just as I saw it. Even if some things have changed there, I'm sure its charm is still there, because what makes you feel as if you're in a paradise on Coche is not only the scenery but the life itself possessing the island.

To Yumary, Iris, Magdí, Lara, and Jee,
Thank you girls for being the way that you are, always friendly. Thank you for everything and I hope to see you again some day. I'm glad I met you all.

Marjorie Holmquist
China’s Mid-Autumn Festival
Tian-bing Xu
China

The Mid-Autumn Festival has an interesting history. A long, long time ago in one of the ancient dynasties of China, there was a king who was very cruel to the people and did not manage the country well. The people were angry, and some brave ones among them proposed that they kill the king. To carry out their plan, they wrote notes telling about the time and meeting place for the assassination and put them into cakes. On the 15th of August, they spread the word that everyone was to buy a cake. Eating their cakes, the people discovered the notes. Then, they gathered together to make a sudden attack on the king. In memory of this important event, the Chinese people eat moon cakes and celebrate the Mid-Autumn Festival every year on August 15th.

When the Festival is near, shop windows are beautifully decorated. Many kinds of moon cakes are displayed for people to buy. We send presents like wine, fruits, and moon cakes to our friends and relatives. In the evening on August 15th, we have a feast. After the feast, we go out into the garden to gaze at the moon. Children run and laugh in the streets.

It is generally believed that the moon is at her brightest on Mid-Autumn Festival night. Many poems have been written on this subject, and poets never tire of reading and writing such poems. In Chinese literature, the moon of the Mid-Autumn Festival has been compared to various things—for example, a looking-glass and a jade rabbit. It seems that Chinese literature is far more concerned with the moon than with the sun.

Today, although most Chinese people do not know the origin of the Mid-Autumn Festival, we celebrate it year after year as the second most important festival of China.

Harvest Moon
Takeshi Nagatomi
Japan

As the sun sank in the west, suddenly the yellow moon emerged in the darkening sky. A tiny star twinkled near the moon. I kept looking at the sky for a while, thinking, “What a beautiful evening star!”

The sky got darker and darker, and the moon got brighter and brighter, gradually turning from pale yellow to pure white. I became aware of my shadow behind me in the moonlight. I listened to the concert some autumn insects were performing in the grass.

“Are they celebrating the harvest moon, too?” I wondered.

Today is Harvest Moon Day. It’s natural to be fascinated with the clear autumn moon and to think about the many stories related to the harvest moon. At this time of the year in Japan, we like to tell the harvest moon story about two rabbits making rice cakes on the moon. We put rice cakes on a wooden stand decorated with Japanese pampas grass and set them out in the garden or on the terrace, where we celebrate the harvest moon eating our rice cakes and talking about autumn.

Now, I’m looking up at the starry sky again, gazing especially at the harvest moon. Only the moon knows what’s happening on earth. I’m in Columbia now, but if I were in Japan, I’d be seeing the same moon. The earth seems to have been talking with the moon since ancient times.

Every year, the harvest moon reminds me of my childhood, my schooldays, and scenes in romantic movies. Remembering especially at this time of the year that the moon, like so many other heavenly bodies, has been shining since before the birth of human beings, I feel the mystery of life, and I thank the moon and the stars for this romantic feeling on Harvest Moon Day.
In times of trouble, people often turn to their happy memories. I, too, like to look back on my childhood when I could relax, spend leisurely time with my old friends, and get together with all my family and relatives on a festive day. It’s sometimes refreshing to reminisce about our childhood days.

All the regional circumstances and aspects of atmosphere we experience in our childhood, including the outlook on life and the cultural attitudes we’re exposed to then, have a very great influence on us and continue to make up our personality and character even when we’re adults. Probably for this reason, people tend to reflect more and more on their past as they get older, especially on their native place and childhood days.

I was born in Chinahn, Korea, a village nestled in a small mountain range between the Soback and Noreung mountains. To get to this small, peaceful place, you have to pass over the peak of a mountain, and from the top of a ridge where a great oak tree stands, you can look down on the region’s villages. If you pass this way in the evening twilight, you’ll see wisps of smoke rising like threads from the villages, where rice is cooking.

In front of Chinahn flows a small stream, where women and girls wash their families’ clothes. Huge weeping willows and tall, straight Italian poplars grow from the banks of the stream. In the summertime, people sit under the trees on flat benches talking about their affairs, farming, and things that have been happening in the village. On the other side of the stream are fields of rice, and beyond them are other villages and mountains. Right behind Chinahn, mountains rise like a folding screen.

Chinahn is located in an area where the water and mountains are well matched according to the traditional Korean viewpoint about selecting a good place for shelter, that is, according to fung-shui, a kind of geomantic science developed in ancient Korea. The water there provides us with life as well as wealth, and the surrounding mountains protect us from wintry winds.

When spring puts forth its first leaves, the fields and mountains become the village children’s playmates and playgrounds. Children walk from place to place collecting wild strawberries and azalea flowers. Little boys pick grass for rabbits, naughty boys put goats to sleep by covering their heads with grass, and little girls pick green herbs to make a side dish for their families. In the summer, we spend a lot of our playtime in the water swimming and catching fish, crawfish, and black snails. Today, whenever I eat these foods, I look back nostalgically on those days.

Every summer, an athletic meet celebrating Independence Day, August 15, 1945, is held on the grounds of the elementary school. All the people of our village, people who were born in our village but don’t live there anymore, and people from nearby villages take part in the meet. If our village wins the meet, we all have a party featuring poongmul, a kind of Korean country music made with special gongs and drums. Whenever I hear poongmul, I picture those days to myself.

Everyone has a homeland. But perhaps not everyone enjoys the spirit of having and loving a homeland. Those who do enjoy it—as I know from my own experience—are very fortunate.

To Beth Wall,

Before I started your class, I didn’t think I could have fun in a business class because business is not my major, but since I began taking your class I have become interested in business. I wish I could have taken your class for a longer time, but I have to go to the university to further my education in order to reach my goal. I am very happy to have had you as my Business Communication Seminar teacher. I’ve really enjoyed your class. You’ve given us a lot. May God provide for you as generously as you provide for your students. I wish you and your husband a long life. I will never forget you.

Omolara Olanihu

Dear Yumary, Lara, Magdi, Marjorie, Eugene, and Mario,

I will never forget our friendship. You are the warmest and most beautiful friends. Each of you will be a part of my heart forever. I will often think of all the things we shared: dinners, birthdays, smiles, “PUCHUM, PUCHUM,” go, back, jump, and the rhythm.

Iris Clavijo
Greece

Greece is a great place to visit, but when you first arrive at the Greek airport, your first thoughts might be, "Why did I come here? What am I going to do here?" The atmosphere at the airport and the taxi ride to Athens will no doubt disappoint you, but don't let your first impression get you down; once you begin to discover all that Greece has to offer, you'll remember why you wanted to come.

Greece is a very old country, dating back to around 2500 B.C. It's famous for its many historic places, people, and mythical characters, such as the Acropolis, Sophocles, and Zeus, but it's the modern life, the nightlife, and the beaches of Greece that most tourists and foreigners find especially attractive about the country.

The weather in Greece is pleasant during every season of the year, so any time is a good time for vacationing there. A lot of tourists like to visit during the wintertime, when places are quieter than usual. Others like to come in the spring, before the weather gets hot, to tour Athens and other cities all around the country. Tourists who come in the fall tend to stay for only a few days. But in the summer, when the islands are brimming with beauty and life . . .

The islands . . . Ah!—the light blue and dark blue colors of the sea, the white sand on the beach, the taverns along the beach serving delicious traditional Greek food, the Greek love-of-life feeling in the air—now, you have answers to those questions you asked yourself at the airport.

The islands, including Mykonos, Paros, Tzia (Kea), and Hydra among many others, are generally small, hilly, and barren. The houses on the islands are quite different from those on mainland Greece; they're smaller, white, and flat-roofed. Most of them have a view of the sea.

Both foreign tourists and we Greeks ourselves love to go to the islands to enjoy the beaches and the night life. Visitors usually go to the capitals of the islands, where taverns, shops, cafeterias, bars, and clubs are all in one place and you don't have to go far to get from one place to the next. Especially enjoyable on the islands is the exciting, free spirit you can experience there. People drink as much as they want, and the clubs play such great music that no one wants to leave. You can enjoy dancing and meeting people until early in the morning . . .

And by now, you'll have forgotten all about your first impression of Greece.
My Divided Country
Panayiota Pieri
Cyprus

I am one of those that was born in a divided country. I really want to share with you my experience of living in a place where peace does not prevail.

Turkey invaded Cyprus in 1974 and occupied the whole northern part of Cyprus. My family and many other people who lived in the northern part of the island left their villages. They left with only the clothes they were wearing, not taking anything else with them because they didn’t know that they wouldn’t be coming back to their villages. They all thought that after a few days they would be able to return. But no. The Turks took their places and they still have them. As a result of that invasion, many Cypriots, including my family, suddenly found themselves without a place to live and without their property. They had to start from the beginning.

I didn’t experience all this directly because I was born four years after the invasion, but I am living in the divided country that resulted from the invasion, and find a solution that will satisfy both sides. But so far, the situation remains unresolved.

Here is an example of this difficult situation we Greek-Cypriots have to live through every day. A month ago, the Turks stoned a Greek-Cypriot to death because he entered the occupied zone, trying to get to his home, to the place he was born. Three days later, they killed another Greek-Cypriot because he was trying to take down a Turkish flag. In both of these cases, the Greek-Cypriots were unarmed, while the Turks were armed.

I will never stop hoping for a solution. I want to go to the place where my parents and my grandparents were born and grew up. I know that one day I will go. Even after thousands of years have passed, we Greek-Cypriots will never forget our places. Someday peace will come back, not only in Cyprus but in the whole world.

Dear Seung Hee,
Don’t be absent in GW class.
Don’t talk too much with your roommate every night. I’m glad to have a friend like you. I hope everything is okay in your future. See you and Mi-Young in Taiwan.

Fion

To Dick Holmes,
It was a great time studying with you. Really, I’ll never forget your hearty laugh. Thank you so much for reading my lazy essay writings. Every time I write something I’ll think of you.

Hyo-Hwan Song

To all the EPI teachers,
Thanks for being the funny crazy bunch you are!

One of the “golden oldies”
Truth

It’s vital that people know the truth about what’s happening in the world. People are vulnerable to the propaganda which the mass media broadcast, especially during wars and in unstable zones. When a war breaks out between two countries or groups of people who aren’t getting along together, the information which each side broadcasts is often distorted into propaganda to brainwash people both inside and outside the affected country or region. By means of such false, negative information, people are urged to hate and become violent, and as a result peace becomes more and more difficult to achieve.

Between 1991 and 1996, for example, a terrible war devastated Bosnia Herzegovina because of opposition among various ethnic groups in Bosnia, Serbia, and Croatia. The mass media representing each of the groups broadcasted propaganda about the situation, and because of their lies, the hatred among the various groups spread like wildfire and the war grew worse and worse.

Meanwhile, in contrast, a ship named Freedom of Speech cruised the Adriatic Sea broadcasting the truth to Bosnia Herzegovina. To keep their broadcast neutral, the crew was composed of journalists from each of the warring groups—journalists who had worked together in the past. Their mission in broadcasting the truth was always to restore peace again as soon as possible. They understood that journalists and the mass media must always maintain neutrality, that only the truth can lead to peace.

Just as the Freedom of Speech dedicated itself to the truth in Bosnia, we all need to commit ourselves to the truth about what is happening all over the world now. We must never allow ourselves to be swayed by one side or another’s propaganda. We have to distinguish truth from propaganda. And journalists, the mass media, and governments must always be fair and broadcast only the truth for peace in the world.

Love

Hosung Shon
Korea

Nowadays, there are a lot of wars between the nations. Because of oil, politics, religion, or some misunderstanding, one country attacks another country.

War makes us unhappy and destroys our homes. We should stop fighting now and start talking with our neighbors. In this way, we can make the earth peaceful.

We need love. We must sit around the table and talk with each other. Then we will be happy.

Religion

Maha Al-Busaidi
Oman

From watching TV, reading the newspaper, and listening to people’s discussions around me, I deduce that we need an urgent solution to the problems facing us today—war, violence, drug abuse, and disease.

First of all, we need to find out what is behind these problems. What are the reasons for what is happening around us? Why did we not suffer from these kinds of things in the past?

The main cause of our problems, in my opinion, is that the world is putting religion aside from our lives. Materialism is controlling the situation now.
What the World Needs Now...

Responsibility
Rashed Al-Romaithi
UAE

Things have changed a lot over the years, and now more than ever we must all be responsible for the world we live in. In the past everything moved slowly, but today everything moves quickly. Devices such as cars, airplanes, and computers have been invented to help us, but we must not let speed and convenience blind us to the harmful potentials of technology.

Computers, for example, are complex devices that help us do our jobs quickly and easily. They have a great many positive aspects. They have improved technology. They can transfer information very quickly, so they help us save time, money, and labor. They can store a large amount of information and data. They are very good for multimedia presentation through the Internet. They are good for advertisement. They do all kinds of office jobs easily and very quickly. They make our life in general fast and easy.

But computers have negative, harmful aspects, too. They can make slaves out of people who have to work long hours at them. They addict some people to using them every day and every hour. They can make us lazy from sitting in front of them so long. They can damage our eyes. They make us too independent. They show things that shouldn’t be seen by children and teens. They can lose all the information that has been saved if the wrong button is accidentally pushed.

We need to keep technological advance in balance with nature. We are all born and live out our lives in nature, and nature means everything to all kinds of life. Today our world needs more care than ever before because our new technological life has led to massive pollution. We must control air pollution from the smoke produced by cars, factories, and power plants. We must also avoid water pollution from the spraying of insecticides on farmlands and from factories dumping their trash into rivers. We need to help clean up the world by disposing of trash properly and recycling everything that can be used again. This will make great progress for the world.

The natural environment is very important to all of us, like the blood in our bodies. We must all be responsible for the impacts of technology on humankind and on the world around us—our home.

Morality
Saikaew Rakwijit
Thailand

Everyday, we see and hear more and more news about crime, rape, drug abuse, and the decline of the family. Why haven’t these problems been solved by now? Together, they’re like a serious disease that, left uncured, has spread and grown into a deadly epidemic.

Today, every part of the world—every continent, every country’s people—is talking about these problems. The broken family is a big problem in many developed countries and is also going to be a problem in some developing countries. With progress in technology and education, the world has changed, but not only for the better; more social problems have been part of the results. WHY? Because we have long forgotten the most important, basic thing in life: MORALITY.

Simply disputing moral issues in congress isn’t going to solve our moral problems. We all need to change our way of thinking and turn our attention to morality. Of course, it will take a long time to solve these problems, but if we start now, perhaps it’s not too late. In raising our standard of thinking, we should start at home and school. We have to make the family strong again, and to do that we have to see that our children get good moral training as well as a high level of education. Only by improving the family will we improve the world.

It’s time that we learn the limits of freedom and remember our responsibility to society. The world still needs a hand from everyone. Each hand always brings a wealth of support to a challenging situation. We may have become disillusioned with the government, its policies, and social conditions, but if we look back to ourselves and what we can do to improve the situation, we might find that we can be just the medicine that’s needed to cure the moral epidemic plaguing today’s society.
Helping Hands

Shin-Hua Wen
Taiwan

Several years ago, a great humanitarian, Mother Teresa, went to Africa to help the poor. Her saintly behavior was given a lot of attention and startled the whole world. At that time, she awakened everyone’s compassion and brought hope and brightness to Africa. However, after a couple of months, most people forgot the starvelings of Africa and the problems remained.

About a year ago, some Taiwanese filmmakers and movie stars went to Africa and filmed the poor living conditions in Africa. After they came back to Taiwan, they presented a documentary depicting what they had seen and felt there. When I saw that short film, I felt very sad and gloomy. The housing shown in the movie was simple and crude. The people didn’t have any modern equipment. I felt the helplessness and desperation in their eyes. There were no smiles on their faces, and they looked like they were eager for help.

Recently, my country, Taiwan, has begun to see what it can do to help relieve poverty around the world, focusing especially on Africa and Indonesia. The government of Taiwan is sending out teams of agricultural experts and water conservation engineers to teach needy people effective agricultural techniques and to introduce new varieties of agricultural products to them. Taking such action is a good way to solve the problem of poverty, and the developed countries should join Taiwan in this effort.

But poverty isn’t the only problem in the world. In the past few decades, many countries’ economic development has grown rapidly, but their environmental problems have become more and more serious. Wherever we go, whether we are in a poor country or a wealthy country, we can find dirty, untidy streets. Both in Taiwan and in America, I’ve seen a lot of people throw trash or cigarette butts on the ground, paying no attention to environmental protection.

Pollution problems have raised widespread concern among the public. Water, air, noise, and garbage pollution all pose a threat to our health. Many rivers used to be clear and free of pollution, and some places used to be beautiful, full of green plants and flowers. However, car exhaust, noxious gas from factories, and waste water drained into the rivers have all changed the situation. Many animals and plants have been killed; even human lives are threatened.

If everyone tries to do something for our environment, we can make this world a more suitable place to live. We must take measures to lower the level of pollution, or we will be exposed to a seriously contaminated, uninhabitable environment. The government should work closely with the public to create a better world for our future generations.

Whether it is the poverty of Africa or the pollution of our environment, we should be concerned about the problems of our world because this earth is ours and we have a responsibility to protect it. Help must come from everyone, not only from a few individuals. Of course we need some people or organizations to lead us, but I think everyone can contribute. Personally, I don’t have much money to help the poor, but I will do what I can do, like give love to people who need it and keep the environment clean. These things are very easy to do but important. If everyone does a little, this world will become more beautiful.

To Mr. Rice,

Such a wonderful teacher! You are a dynamic and considerate teacher and I’m happy to have had you as my teacher. You are so nice to me. You treat me like your daughter. You’ve helped me with my grammar and my pronunciation of the “h” sound. May God bless you and your family. I will never forget you and don’t forget me in your prayers.

Omolara Olanlolu

To my older brother Shiro, my friends Eiko, Akane, Olivier, Ignacio, Saed, and others,

Thank you for everything. When I think about all that we shared, I know you are my special friends. I will never forget you. You will always be in my mind. Older brother Shiro and Eiko, I know you have to go back to our country. I promise to write to you very often. Take care of yourselves and I hope you will have great success in your lives.

Your friend,

Fumi
# Stories & Poems

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Summer in May-Long

When I was a little girl, having a vacation at my aunt’s home was the most exciting thing for me. My aunt lived in May-Long, a small town in the South of Taiwan. With the big fields of rice and tobacco and the many beautiful mountains surrounding her house, it was like a scene in a wonderful painting. In spring and summer, myriads of butterflies gathered and flew in the valley, floating like silken ribbons in the wind. May-Long’s natural, unpolluted beauty made it a great place for a vacation.

In front of my aunt’s house, there was a small, limpid stream. In the early morning, women washed clothes in the stream and kids played nearby. The women spread the clothes out on a big, flat stone in the stream and beat them with a thick stick. To keep the water clear, they didn’t use detergent. Watching them work there, I could see that they were really enjoying themselves and were satisfied with their life.

In May-Long, everyone woke up early because they believed that morning was the most important and hopeful time of the day. Mornings in May-Long were delightful and the air was so fresh. There were some trees near my aunt’s house, and when I woke up I could hear birds singing and watch them raise their baby birds in the trees. At that time, I felt how wonderful and peaceful the world could be.

Next to my aunt’s house was a small farm, where she raised two oxen and some pigs and chickens. The oxen, gifts from my aunt’s parents, looked like an old married couple, and I always told them about things weighing on my mind and things that made me happy. I believed that they could understand because they always gazed at me with such tender eyes.

Summer afternoons were very hot in May-Long, so the only thing we could do was stay in the house and eat ice cream and watermelon. Around four o’clock, the weather would become nice and cool and my cousin would take my brother and sister and me to the rice field to fish for frogs. For fishing-poles, we tied fishing line on bamboo sticks and then tied earthworms to the end of the line. It was a really fun thing to do, and the frogs we caught made a good dinner.

After dinner, we always sat around in the yard with the bright moon above us drinking tea and talking about what had happened during the day. Among the fragrance of flowers and the croaking of frogs, the evening was my favorite time of the day and I always eagerly waited for its coming. The world was so quiet, the stars were so bright, and the frogs’ singing was so splendid. Everything was wonderful in the summer evening of May-Long.

Shin-Hua Wen
Taiwan

To Barbara Kubodera,
Barbara, I remember last week when we talked about age, time, and how quickly twenty years go by. You told me that you still talk with your Chinese professor who taught you twenty years ago. Can I continue to be your student for twenty years? Even though I have to go back to my country, I will never forget you. Thank you for teaching me. I will miss my reading class and you.

Seung Hee Chang

To Alfonso Contreras,
You are a person who makes me laugh all the time because you are very funny. I know I will see you in January, and I hope you learn more English in EPI. If you could come to Caracas this Christmas I would be very happy to see you.

Marjoranga

A Bright Thanks !!!
I’d like to dedicate my special feelings at the end of this term to all of you who helped me with reading, speaking, and pronunciation. I have feelings of respect, admiration and love for all of the teachers and employees of EPI. Thanking you in a thousand words will never be enough. That’s why I will just say, “Guys, you’re doing very, very well! I encourage you to continue with all the patience and strength that God gives you!!!” A special thanks to those of you who allowed me the freedom to discover something special within myself that will blossom and shine in the spring of next year.

Woody Woodpecker
Latin Consequences

Olivier Thys
Belgium

In Belgium, thirteen-year-old pupils start a new cycle of classes and are obliged to learn Latin. I didn’t like Latin. I didn’t like the Latin teacher, either, and I think the feeling was mutual. I knew I wasn’t going to be continuing Latin the next year, so I didn’t study it very hard. My grades in the class followed my attitude, sinking lower and lower.

One day, my father came into my room looking very worked up about something. He asked me what I was doing in my Latin class. He’d received letters from my Latin teacher complaining about my behavior, he said. Then he calmed down and said in a very quiet voice I’ll always remember, “If you don’t have your average up by the next report, I think you’re going to be staying home every night until Christmas.”

After he left, I sat there on my bed with my father’s words echoing in my head and hitting each part of my brain like hammers. I was fourteen, going on fifteen, the age of the first parties, which of course are everything. I thought I was going to lose all my friends and everybody would be laughing at me in the school lounge. Getting grounded would be the end of my life.

Only one possibility came to mind at this moment: to go to work. It was the only option I had, even if I had to work night and day to catch up on the two months of Latin I’d neglected.

So, I worked. I studied as I’d never studied before—so hard that I very quickly earned enough points to calm the echo in my head. Everything was going as I wanted.

But then one day when I woke up, I realized I’d forgotten to study for the Latin test coming up that day! I’m sure my face must’ve turned red, blue, and white. If I failed this test, I wouldn’t have enough points on my report and the television would become my best friend for a while. There was only one possibility: to tell my parents I was sick. A very small lie versus all the beautiful parties of the year.

I hurried to the kitchen where my parents were having breakfast, and I told them it was impossible for me to go to class because I had a terrible stomachache. My mother told me we’d check it out that evening, after school. I think she didn’t understand what I meant. “I really don’t feel good at all!” I said. She looked at me and decided that maybe I did need immediate attention. By then, putting so much thought into it, I was almost really beginning to feel bad.

We went to see our family doctor. He asked me what the problem was, and after I told him, he said he wasn’t an expert in this body part and recommended that I see a specialist. It was 9:30, and my Latin test was scheduled for the afternoon, so it wasn’t possible for me to tell my mother that somehow I’d suddenly recovered. All I could do was to go along with my mother to see the stomach specialist, who happened to be one of my father’s best friends.

The specialist asked me where exactly the pain was. It was very difficult for me to invent feelings and even more difficult to express them, but apparently I was doing a good job. He seemed to believe what I was telling him.

Suddenly there was a silence. My heart was beating hard, but I was smiling to myself, too, because here I was, a little fourteen-year-old boy, successfully fooling one of the best surgeons in Brussels. Then he told my mother and me that it would be best to take out my appendix because it could be very dangerous if it ruptured.

At this point, everything went very fast. The specialist gave us an appointment for the operation, my mother asked him to reserve a room in his hospital, and she paid the deposit. I don’t have any memory of a smile on my face at that moment. It was noon, still too early to explain everything to my mother, and also too late because now all the reservations for my surgery the next day had been made.

I spent the most conflicted
night of my life. I was paralyzed with fear, unable to do or say anything. The situation had gotten completely out of hand. My little lie had turned into a serious question of honor, an operation that was going to cost a lot of money though I actually felt fine. And the worst was that I hadn’t said anything after the first doctor so we had gone on to see another one, a family friend. So, even if I explained the truth to him, everybody would find out what I’d done. I would become a liar in people’s minds. That would really be the end.

The next day finally arrived, and I went through with the operation. Afterwards, when people asked me about the details of my crisis, it was impossible for me not to smile even though I was in a lot of pain. I just let my imagination do the talking.

About two years ago, I told my family the whole story, and they were all very surprised. My father, in turn, surprised me when he said he hadn’t been serious about not letting me go to the parties.

That was really the end!

To my four partners,
I am very glad to make friends with all of you. I will miss the time when we were together and ate our Korean and Filipino dinners. I’ll miss the noise you Korean guys make when you eat.

Fion

To CS 404,
It has been fun working together, guys—well, most of the time, anyway! Oh, don’t forget to listen to “The Man Who Escaped” every day during the break . . .
Your teacher

An Envelope
Jianhua Cao
China

What would I do if I were out taking a walk and happened to find an unidentified envelope containing $1000 lying in the street? I’d go to Western America and buy a few cows because I knew how I could make even more money with them. I’d get milk from them and sell the milk. I’d also get some calves from them.

With the money I’d make selling the milk of these cows, I’d buy a ranch and a lot more cows. In addition to milk, I’d start selling beef, and with my profits, I’d buy more cows. If I could make enough money selling milk and beef, I’d set up a cow company. The company’s name would be CAO COW, INC.

If my company prospered, I’d open a big milk factory and ask Ms. Robin Dean to help me set up Cow Programs for Internationals (CPI). I’d issue an I-20 to anybody in the world interested in studying cows. Ms. Robin Dean would be their teacher. After CPI students graduated, they could get jobs in my milk factory.

With the money from my milk factory, I’d establish a big beef factory. I’d invite Ms. Beth Wall to be in charge of this operation. I’d ask her to make a TV commercial and tell the world, “I’m so healthy because I often drink CAO COW milk and eat CAO COW beef. Do you want to be as healthy as I am? Then drink CAO COW milk and eat CAO COW beef every day!”

Then I’d start exporting CAO COW milk and beef to Europe and Asia. I’d help the poor in Africa. I’d help the United Nations and suggest that they work to destroy nuclear weapons.

Even if my CAO COW business didn’t work out, I’d still gain the experience I’d need to try other businesses. I might lose some money, but how much would I lose? Only a $1,000. And did that $1,000 belong to me in the first place? No, so actually I wouldn’t have lost a thing.

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To Be a Writer
Awadh Baquwair
Oman

To be a writer has always been my dream, and, in spite of all the obstacles along the way, I’ve reached my goal. Realizing this dream hasn’t been a miracle; mainly it’s been the result of hard work and a strong will. As a child in the beginning of my schooling, it was difficult to judge the challenge, but my dream stayed with me. Now, after twelve years of school in Oman, four years at Alexandria University in Egypt, and several years of writing experience as a journalist who’s traveled to over thirty countries, writing has become a reality for me.

Looking back over the years, I can see how my desire to be a writer has gradually reached fulfillment. First of all, when I was child, I read a lot of novels, stories, and various other kinds of writings. The desire to write made me eager to read almost everything that I could get hold of. I knew that to be a good writer, I had to be a good reader. To get started writing, I wrote notes and self-letters and found this to be a good way to practice writing. Studying in a foreign country, particularly in Egypt, contributed greatly to my writing development. As Egypt is the leading Arab country in mass media, studying there was a vital chance for me to read more and more of the famous Egyptian writers, and the intensive communication with my teachers there helped me improve my writing skills. As a result, I began to write short essays for the university newspaper. Eventually, through my studies and daily discussion with both teachers and students, I reached the conclusion that to become a professional writer I had to join a newspaper in my country.

Now, after several years in journalism, I see that writing is more than words; it’s a global message spreading awareness of facts, problems, changes, and the best way to create suitable solutions to problems. Writing has become a part of me, reflecting people’s many situations and feelings, from pain to happiness. It’s been a dream that’s become a reality.

A Dream Come True
Omolar Olanhun
Nigeria

When I received a check from my sponsor for my studies here in the U.S., I was very excited. I’d been wanting to study nursing in the U.S., but because of a lack of money, I’d never expected to be able to. Fortunately, though, a wonderful series of events led to my receiving a scholarship.

My dream come true all began when I came to the U.S. last May as a dancer in a Nigerian dance troupe. One of our performances was in St. Helena, a small island about an hour’s drive from Charleston. While I was in St. Helena, I heard that Karen, a friend of mine from Puerto Rico, had moved to Charleston. I called her, and she asked me to come visit her.

In Charleston, I went to the St. James Presbyterian Church with Karen, and there I met Mrs. Caroline White, a wonderful person who’d visited South Africa once. She seemed to like me a lot and wanted to know everything about me. I told her about my problems in getting the education I needed to become a nurse.

From Charleston, I traveled to New York to rejoin my troupe. Following our performances there, we were scheduled for another performance in St. Helena. I called Mrs. White and told her that I wanted to stop and see her on my way to St. Helena, and she agreed to see me. When I got to Charleston, she surprised me with the news of what she’d been doing during my absence, seeking a scholarship for me from the church.

After my troupe’s second performance in St. Helena, I went back to Charleston, and Mrs. White drove me to Columbia to visit Benedict College. At that time, we didn’t know about the English Programs for Internationals (EPI). One of the professors at Benedict College told us to go to EPI, where I could get the English preparation I needed before entering nursing school. EPI gave us an application to fill out. When we got back to Charleston, everybody was so happy for me, and the church agreed to be my sponsor.

I was so excited. Everything had worked out within a single week! Now I’m studying English, and soon I hope to be studying nursing.

To all of you,
Thanks for making EPI one of the world’s best microcosms of the whole world. —Best wishes & love, Dick
It was early morning and I was still asleep in my room when I felt a strong shock and heard loud sounds that I had never experienced before. I couldn’t understand what was happening. I sat up in bed, got down on all fours, and clung to it, swaying and springing with it until the shaking stopped. When I finally got out of bed and went downstairs, I heard on the radio that Kobe had just experienced a big earthquake.

An hour later, I went outside to see for myself what had happened. It was true: a disastrous earthquake had shaken my hometown. I saw injured people, collapsed houses, and burning buildings all around me. Fire trucks were arriving but because they couldn’t get water, they couldn’t control the fires. A lot of helpless people just stood there looking, feeling the aftershocks of the quake. It looked like the fires might spread to my house, so I went back inside to tell my family about the danger we were in. They didn’t want to go to the safe shelter, but I did, so I walked down the street with my neighbor to the shelter.

There I found a lot of refugees whose faces were clouded with sorrow. I felt cold in my body and in my mind and didn’t know what to do with myself. Item by item, I heard the bad news. Hospitals, freeways, and rail stations had tumbled down, and many people had died and were still dying. My hometown had been struck a deadly blow and couldn’t function. During my time in the shelter, I had some important realizations: that human beings can’t control natural phenomena, that I might have died, and that therefore I should have been living my life more carefully.

After a few days, I heard the touching news that an old man who had been buried alive when his house had suddenly collapsed had finally been rescued by the Self-Defense Forces. It was a miracle, and this incident made me realize the importance of not giving up.

Since the earthquake, I’ve been frightened to see a full moon, because the day that my hometown was burning I saw a red full moon. I also saw how a disaster could bring out some frightening human behavior: some people took advantage of the earthquake to steal food from grocery stores, and others ignored the needs of elderly people during the crisis. At the same time, though, other people were helping dying people get out from beneath the rubble.

The whole experience—the bad and the good aspects of it—taught me what the most important things in my life are. First of all, I learned that there’s more to life than making money and having nice things. Compassion and a thoughtful mind can’t be bought. I also learned that life doesn’t last forever and that we should try to make the most of it while it lasts and appreciate the present moment. We always tend to be thinking about our future, but we should remember that it can be snatched away at any time. And I learned that I should try to have an accepting mind. The importance of acceptance is especially difficult to remember at times. I try to be accepting, but I sometimes grow impatient, become irritated, and forget those days when I met so many accepting people from other countries who came to Kobe and patiently helped us recover from the earthquake. When I came here to the U.S., I couldn’t speak and understand English like I can now and it was difficult for me to accept another culture. I suffered from culture shock for three weeks before I finally remembered what I’d learned about acceptance during the time of the earthquake.

Someday I hope to be able to say again when I see the full moon, “What a beautiful moon!” And I think I will be able to. Even though the Kobe earthquake was a difficult, tragic experience to go through, it has influenced me to make the best use of my life. I feel fortunate to have survived, and I’ll never forget the day my view of life changed.
The Cowboy and the Princess, a Chinese Myth

Jianhua Cao
China

cowboy was very happy to know that the princess loved him but also very sad because he was so poor. Without hesitation, the princess reassured him that she didn’t care that he was poor.

A few days later, they got married. Working very hard together, they were tired but happy, and their life was getting better and better.

One year after their wedding, they had twin boys and were happier than ever. They made wonderful plans for their future.

Two years later (two days later according to heavenly time), the king of heaven found out that the princess had gone down to earth and became very angry with her. He ordered one of his generals to go to earth and bring her back.

When the general found the princess, he told her that he would kill the cowboy if she didn’t go back to heaven with him. Finally, she agreed to go with him. She cooked her final dish for her husband, fed her children, wrote a note to her husband on a piece of cloth explaining what was happening, and took one last tearful look at her house before she left earth.

After reading his wife’s note, the cowboy passed out. He couldn’t accept what had happened. He was desperate to go to heaven to look for his wife, but he didn’t know how to get there.

Seeing his owner’s tears and listening to his sad words, the cowboy’s cow couldn’t control his tears either. He finally decided to help his owner go to heaven by offering him his horns. After giving his horns to the cowboy, the cow died.

Tears of relief flooded the cowboy’s face when he got the horns, and he thanked his old friend the cow. He put his children into a couple of baskets, stood on the horns with them, and departed for heaven. But the queen of heaven wouldn’t allow the cowboy and his children to meet the princess, creating a wide river of stars between them. They could only look over at each other.

On July 7th every year, huge flocks of lucky birds come to the river to build a bridge for the separated family. On this day, for one day only, the cowboy, the princess, and their children can finally meet.

This myth implies that the Chinese hated the feudal system but couldn’t get out of its control. And for me personally, living here in the U.S. so far away from China, it makes me think about the vast river of stars separating me from my girlfriend in China and wonder when I’ll be able to meet her again.
A Season to Stay
Magdi Clavijo
Venezuela

Serenely among the bedlam
it's growing bravely
how strange fear is
I used to be free

Ascending into your mind
it's growing apprehensively
what a mystery
you used to be tied

Gliding through the unknown
neither you nor I expected
gone in a minute
my liberty, your prison

A breeze blows to us
everything turns clear
it's not a dream
my trembling lips feel yours

At the edge of our senses,
though, winter touches our heads
the season is almost over
we'll soon disappear

But like bright stars our hearts
still shine, even more than before
our smiles won't disappear
darkness won't come again.

A Vision
Shiro Yazawa
Japan

You're gone like birds.
There is darkness in
in my heart, like night.
I realize you're not here.
But the moon shines inside my head.
Suddenly, I hear your voice
in the wind breezing through the window.
And then it disappears among the stars.

I Love
Tian-bing Xu
China

I love
When I leave you
While I watch you
Until I lose my life

I love
When I read of you
While I think about you
Until I lose my life

I love
When I hear from you
While I sing to you
Until I lose my life

I love
When I am awaking
While I am sleeping
Until I lose my life
Paul

Olivier Thys
Belgium

Paul lived in a big city. He was alone and content in his solitude. Only occasional hellos in the dark streets comprised his relationships. He didn’t reject anybody, but nobody ever came to him, and he never tried to get involved in a deep relationship. He didn’t seem to need anybody else. Walking down the streets, his hands in his warm pockets, he lived his life and enjoyed it in his own way. He found all his pleasure in the simplest things in life. What he enjoyed most was nature. Everything engendered the strongest emotions in him, even a cold stone. He knew how to look, how to see. He didn’t try to understand things; he just felt them. There was no question of being happy or unhappy. To live well, he needed only to eat and to know a bit who he was. He didn’t like to be hungry.

During the day, he worked for an important company at a small metallic desk. He had what might be called “a little job.” It allowed him to remain as anonymous as possible, just what he wanted. He didn’t have to think a lot about his work; his mind was free to roam his memories and his dreams. He intrigued his coworkers. They thought he must certainly be unhappy, must have some family troubles, though nobody knew anything about his family. The incomprehensibility of this character in their life made of cars and jewels irritated them.

“Does he feel superior? Why doesn’t he join the group?” They needed him to feel good under their skin. They felt his inner sunniness, radiating from his beautiful way of smiling: with his eyes, in a way that you could catch a glimpse of his heart in them.

During the night, life was the same for him except that physically he was free to move wherever he wanted to. And he smoked marijuana—not needing it, he told himself, but enjoying the way it made him feel. He loved to just sit back on the sofa in his room, surrounded only by warm blue clouds of smoke, feeling alive. Every night, he forgot the day’s reality, feeling only the moment, experiencing moments he could remember at work the next day when people’s cars and jewels would once again be taking up too much space.

All his life he’d been constructing a personal world, full of huge trees full of the most beautiful leaves protecting colored little birds. It was so complex and so simple at the same time that no one else could ever understand it. It was his, and his alone.

I met him in a forest, a place where people rarely go anymore. We were looking at the same tree, turning around it. Maybe the tree of life. Our eyes crossed paths, and we recognized each other. We knew. “Thanks,” he said simply. Coming from him, this was the best gift I could ever imagine receiving. He knew this, but he’d gone too far on his solipsistic way to make a break from it and share more. I let him go.

One day, a neighbor of his saw him smoking marijuana in his garden and called the police. There, in his favorite place to smoke, on the green grass among the beauties of nature, he was arrested.

The police entered his house and searched everywhere, even in his basement. There they found his secret little indoor garden of marijuana plants. Immediately, he was considered a drug dealer and treated like one, though he’d never sold or shared his plants. A policeman cuffed his hands and forced him out the door of his beloved hermitage.

He passed two days under the harsh lamps of a police station. It was too hard for him; he’d never been subjected to such aggressive treatment. He wasn’t strong enough and caved in. At the first opportunity, he grabbed a gun from the holster of one of the policemen and shot himself in the heart. Lying on the cold floor, he left this world in the same way he’d come into it, in a fetal position.

No one’d really known him, but the world misses him. I miss him.

Mr. Rice,

Thank you for your kind help. During the past three months I have learned a lot. I’ll remember you forever.

Seok-Han Yoon
Sorrow on the Radio

One of my hobbies is to listen to the radio. It's something I can do while I'm reading a book, writing a letter, or doing my homework. I think it's a good hobby for people whenever they're alone or feel lonely. The radio can be a friend.

In Thailand, my favorite station is Green Wave, on FM 104.5 MHs. Green Wave is always talking about the environment, not only of Thailand but also of the rest of the world, and features pop, soft rock, R & B, and jazz music, mostly slow and soft songs, the kind of music I prefer to listen to. The DJs communicate with their audience by telephone, getting their listeners feelings and opinions and taking their requests. Every three to four hours a new DJ comes on. I especially love to listen to Green Wave at nighttime because my favorite DJ is on then.

Late one night while I was listening to him, a guy called him and requested a very meaningful, popular song, "I would like you to be here." This song is about a woman who wants her lover to be with her whenever she feels disappointed and lonely. But the DJ had to reject this request because, as he told the guy who'd made the request, he'd just played that song fifteen minutes before and he couldn't play it again during his shift. There was a rule among all the DJs that a song couldn't be played more than once per shift. He told the caller that he'd ask another DJ to play it during the next shift.

The caller began to cry. The DJ, very surprised, asked him why he was crying and reassured him that the song would definitely be played during the next DJ's shift. Still crying, the caller told him that his friend had committed suicide the day before by taking an overdose of drugs. She'd written a suicide letter requesting that he please play the song "I would like you to be here" during her funeral ceremony. This was why he so urgently wanted the DJ to play his request immediately. Once the DJ knew the whole story, he was shocked, speechless for a moment. I suppose that everyone else listening, was shocked, too. I know I was.

After regaining his composure, the DJ sympathized with the caller and tried to console him. He said he'd play the song again for his friend right then and asked the guy to stop crying, reminding him that the program was on the air. The caller stopped crying and thanked the DJ a lot. And then the lonely lyrics of "I would like you to be here," especially meaningful now, filled the air again.

It was the saddest story that I'd ever heard since beginning to listen to the radio, a story that I think I won't ever forget.

To Marit Bobo, Beth Wall, and Kathy Bledsoe,
I want to say thank you for helping me improve my English. Each of you has provided me with different seeds and tools which push me forward, lift me up, encourage me, and remove my fear of English.
Thankfully,
Iris Clavijo

To Mr. Rice,
You are not only the funniest teacher at EPI but also a great actor. When I was in your class, I learned a lot of things from books and life, and I also learned a lot of jokes. I often dream about your class. I want to say thank you, and I hope you and your family will always be happy.
Jian Hua Cao

Dear Mi-Young,
Strong Mi-Young, very strong Mi-Young, and super strong Mi-Young. Don't beat me up with your super arm. Be soft! Don't be absent again! I will miss you. See you and Seung Hee in Taiwan
Fion

To Russ Harless,
As a professional dancer of my country's traditional dances, I didn't have any interest in jazz before I came to EPI. When I joined your class you enlightened me about this music and I am proud of myself because now I know something about jazz. Thank you so much. You are a wonderful teacher. I will never forget you.
Omolara Olanihan
Rain in Autumn
Takeshi Nagatomi
Japan

Rain in autumn is cold.
Summer has passed.
Rain in autumn drains the color from the scene.
It's like looking at an antique picture.
It reminds me of my old memories.
Rain in autumn continues all day.
Night comes earlier than usual, so I'm a little in a hurry.
Rain in autumn is somewhat sad.
I'm melancholy under my umbrella.
Rain in autumn is prologue to winter.
How swiftly the seasons pass!

Requiem
Rima Kumar
India

I shed tears of disgrace
at the Requiem of my Faith.
The Symphony of Death is delivered in Grace
at the Requiem of my Faith.

What Is Love?
Uthai Lallitprapaipisarn
Thailand

Sometimes, love makes me bright.
Sometimes, love makes me blind.

Sometimes, love makes me nice.
Sometimes, love makes me nervous.

Sometimes, love makes me conscious.
Sometimes, love makes me unconscious.

Sometimes, love makes me benevolent.
Sometimes, love makes me selfish.

Sometimes, love makes me best.
Sometimes, love makes me worst.

Sometimes, love makes me happy.
Sometimes, love makes me sad.

So, I don't understand what love is. Could you tell me what it is?

What the World Needs Now
Chia-Hui Wu
Taiwan

Things gone:
The wild green meadow flourishing in pure sunlight
The fresh air molecules kissing our faces
The clean river drifting into all living bodies
Our laughter, our enthusiasm, our emotion and elation

Skyscrapers extend the distance between you and me
The earth’s temperature misses its average balance
Materialistic society makes us lose our virtue
The cruelty of war devours our minds
We try to forget what the world is now!

What do you think?
How do you feel?
What do you really care?

If technological progress doesn't make you and me love
Each other more
Then civilization has no meaning
I believe

What does the world need now?
White Boats
Olivier Thys
Belgium

White boats sailing
Her soul away
She was mine
I thought

It shines now
White boats reflecting
The sun's rays

You can never listen too much
To John Coltrane
He'll never be yours
Happily
A love supreme
So other

I possess
Myself
That's all
I possess

Let's appreciate peacefully
On the way
That's yours
And only yours

I possess
Myself
That's all
I possess

Let's walk together
Side by side
Looking in the same direction

You're not mine
You're not all
I love you.

Imagination
Olivier Thys
Belgium

In this world
Where clouds wear names
I love to stay

They are mine as well as yours
Give them your name
And share

Where nothing becomes all
With a non-paying game
When your watch-bound wrist breathes again

Please...

Where all can be gotten
With a simple twinkling of an eye

... Let the other one open

This Time
Dick Holmes
USA

Leaving the building
this time,
caw like a crow three times
real loud.

Then run to the airport
and circle it a few times,
watching the planes land
and take off.

Later crouch under an oak tree
and catch three acorns
before they hit the ground.
Put them in your pocket.

Now do the same thing
in winter,
only paint acorns on the sky first,
then catch them.
A Day in Ube

As usual during summer vacation when I was a junior high school student, I woke up early in the morning smelling the fresh air of rice fields, trees, and wet grass. I felt the cool sea breeze, heard the sound of small fishing boats cruising in the harbor, and looked out at the sea and another wonderful sunrise. Nobody else seemed to be awake yet in Ube, my small hometown on the West Coast of Japan.

I turned on the radio to listen to the weather forecast, the news, or my favorite music. And then I got started on my homework. During summer vacation, I had a lot of homework, and I liked doing it right after getting up. Studying in the early morning was pleasant and gave me new hope.

After breakfast with my family, I went to school with my friend to practice kendo with the other members of my kendo club. During practice, I became exhausted and very uncomfortable from the summer heat and humidity, but I was happy to have such a strict practice. There was nothing more refreshing than the moment after practice.

At noon, when I got back home, I had lunch and then went fishing with my friend. Under the bright sun and only a few rain clouds in the sky, we rode our bicycles through green rice fields to a small harbor we liked. When we got to the breakwater, we threw our lines in and began to fish.

I didn’t expect to catch many fish, but to fish wasn’t the only reason I was there. I liked to lie on the breakwater or the sandy beach gazing at the horizon and thinking about how people lived their lives beyond the sea. The sound of the rippling water always took my mind so far away.

Toward evening, my friend and I started back home. The sunset was fantastic and the sea breeze gently brushed our faces. Somebody was taking a walk on the road with a pretty dog. I felt relaxed and content in spite of catching only a few fish. Looking up at the sky, I found a shining star.

A Stir

Shiro Yazawa
Japan

Birds turn gracefully in the sky.
The wind blows peacefully at the edge of seasons.
The sun shines on the river brilliantly.
You dance lightly on the ground like leaves.
Everything flows toward the bridge of hopefulness.

Dear Susan and Elizabeth,
You make all the EPI events interesting, and that is why I’m always willing to participate in your events. Keep up the great work that you both do. I will always remember your beautiful smiles.

Omolara Olanihun

Dear EPI teachers,
Thank you for everything. I really appreciate the good experience I had here. I hope to see you again someday. As a hobby, I’m gonna continue to study English in my country.

Shiro

To Fion ("Fyong")
After returning to Taiwan don’t be late or absent at work. Don’t eat too much candy. I’m sorry that you will be returning to Taiwan because I won’t be able to chew you out anymore. See you in Taiwan.

Mi-Young

To Marit Bobo,
I was in your RV 70 class and I really enjoyed it. Not only have I improved my reading skills, but I have also enriched my vocabulary.
Thanks!!!
One of your students

To Beth, Barbara, Mr. Rice, and all my friends,
This term was very good for me because I was able to get close to many good friends. I will especially remember my roommate Yun-Hee and my classmates Mi-Young, and Fion. Thank you to all my friends and my teachers. I will miss you.

Seung Hee Chang

To my CS 20 students,
Thank you all for participating so enthusiastically in the activities that I planned for you. You were an interesting class for me to work with. Have a wonderful holiday and I hope to see many of you next year. If you are leaving EPI, please keep in touch.

Best wishes,
Bronia
I still remember the revolution in my country, Burkina Faso, as if it were yesterday. Ingeniously conceived, the coup turned out to be a disaster.

I am from a big family having six sisters and two brothers. At the time of the coup, both my father and mother held important positions in the government, and my older brother was an officer in the army.

In the 1980s, a financial crisis due to the rise in international interest rates and the inability of many developing countries to make their external debt payment led to general discontent in a number of places around the world. My country, trying to face its external debt obligations, neglected the building internal pressures. In June 1983, the government was almost unable to pay government officials' salaries. In July, a general strike was held by the workers' syndicate, but it failed to convince the government to turn its attention to workers' needs.

In the afternoon of August 3, 1983, my older brother came home looking very preoccupied. He rushed to my father and tried to convince him to leave the country. My father agreed to go and said good-bye to us that same day. My mother decided to stay with the rest of the family. I never found out how my father left the country without his car.

Early the next morning, Ouagadougou, the capital, was awakened by the sound of gunfire. It was the first shots of a military coup d'état. The fighting lasted almost six hours.

During the fighting, my family, except for my older brother, who was engaged in the battle, huddled together in our living room. There was a knock at the door, and my mother went to open it. It was an officer and some soldiers. They asked where my father was. My mother calmly told them that my father was not around. They did not believe her, and they searched everywhere in our house. Not finding him, they took my mother to their headquarters, where she was held for two weeks. On August 17, 1983, my older brother brought my very exhausted mother home.

The coup plunged Burkina Faso into bloodshed. Forty percent of the country's government officials were murdered or exiled. Many people lost their jobs because they did not support the military government. A few months after hostilities broke out my mother joined my father in Paris. The following year, the rest of us, except for my older brother, left for Paris, too.

Four years later, a disagreement among the officers in power erupted, resulting in another coup on October 15, 1987. President Thomas Sankara was killed by his adopted brother, Captain Blaise Compaore, during intense fighting. Compaore granted amnesty to all of the exiles and compensated all those who had lost their jobs. My father, like many other former government officials, returned to claim all his confiscated property and to receive a medal of honor for his government service during the pre-revolutionary years.

The years from 1987 to 1990 were a transition period as the country moved to a democratic system. Compaore, elected president in 1990, is still president, and my homeland is experiencing good economic growth. My family, however, like a number of other Burkina families, decided to leave our painful memories of the coup behind and settled permanently in Ivory Coast.

To my roommate,
Good to see you. Thank you for washing the dishes. By the way, please cherish your lamp now; soon it will be my turn.
Mi-Young
The Princess Pyonggang and Ondal the Fool

Seung Hee Chang
Korea

However, he was famous throughout the land for having a good heart and waiting on his old mother hand and foot.

By the time the princess had grown up to be a pretty young lady, she had stopped crying. The king decided to find the perfect match for Princess Pyonggang, but the princess protested, saying to him, "When I was a little girl, you told me I had to marry Ondal the fool. You said this not only once or twice, but many, many times. The king's word is more precious than heaven. A king can't go back on his word."

The king and queen were shocked by the princess' refusal to go along with his marriage plans for her. In sixth century Korea it was impossible for a princess of royal blood to marry a commoner of humble birth. However, the princess continued to insist that she marry Ondal the fool and left the palace. She went directly to Ondal, married him, and faithfully devoted herself to him and his old, blind mother.

One day, she said to Ondal, "When someone makes up his mind, he can do anything. If you choose, you will no longer be Ondal the fool. You are the husband of a royal princess now."

The princess sold her jewelry and used the money to buy Ondal a good horse, sword, and bow and some important books. She became his teacher as well as his wife, and Ondal made rapid strides in his studies. He became especially skillful in the martial arts.

Many years later, there was a national hunting contest at the palace. Ondal won first place with no trouble at all and came forward to claim his prize from the king. The king asked his name and gasped to learn that he was Ondal the fool. The king not only forgave the princess but also made Ondal a general in the army.

A few years later, the Pyongwon kingdom was at war with the Silla kingdom, another of the three ancient Korean kingdoms at the time, and Ondal was hit by a Silla arrow.

"Oh, Princess!" he cried out. "Now I'll never see you again!"

General Ondal died with Princess Pyonggang's name on his lips. His grieving soldiers laid his body into a coffin. Then when they tried to lift the coffin from the ground, it wouldn't budge.

Princess Pyonggang heard the terrible news and went to the battlefield. She stood before the coffin and said, "Your battle is over now. Come home with me."

Only then could the coffin be moved, and the soldiers and generals cried to witness such strong, deep love.
It was wintertime and as usual I was working as a receptionist in a small hotel. After graduating from high school, I'd worked in the hotel for almost three years. The reason I'd chosen this kind of work was that I liked meeting people from overseas and giving them a hearty welcome to Japan. Finishing work one day, I saw a man around forty years old sitting nearby writing something. He noticed me and started talking to me. His name was Naka, and he was from Taiwan. He showed me a novel with a picture of his face on the cover, and I learned from this that he was a writer of fiction. Tall and thin, he spoke in a monotone. He began to tell me a strange story.

Twenty years earlier, Naka had received a scholarship from his country and traveled to Japan to study literature at a Japanese university. During the summer there, he met a nice woman working in the library, where he went almost every day after school. When he asked one of his friends about her, he found out that she didn't have a boyfriend. Ah, he had a chance!! One day he approached her boldly, held out his hand, and struck up a conversation with her. She answered his questions kindly, and when he asked her to go out with him that weekend, she said yes. He was so happy that his hands and legs were trembling.

They became good friends, spending most of their time together playing sports, going to movies, studying at the library, and going out for dinner. Unfortuately, though, they couldn't be together very long. The time came when he had to go back to Taiwan. He kept in touch with her at first, but they lost contact after a few months.

Twenty years passed, and then one day he received a letter from her. Her handwriting was the same as it'd been before. A few sentences into the letter he could hardly believe what he was reading. She said that she'd given birth to his baby! After twenty years, she was confessing this to him!

Naka left the hotel the next day, carrying only a small Boston bag. He'd stayed for only two days, but I was glad to realize that he'd really enjoyed his time with us at the hotel. Saying good-bye to me, he gave me one of his novels, written in Chinese.

That night, my mother called me. It'd been a couple of months since I'd talked to her. She had something important to tell me, she said, but she didn't want to tell me on the phone, so I asked the manager for a two-day holiday and headed home on the train.

When I got home, I saw an unfamiliar pair of man's shoes at the doorstep. I went in, and my mother came to greet me, looking embarrassed. I didn't understand what was going on, but when I saw the man standing behind her, I immediately realized what my mother was going to tell me.

On the table was a map to my house drawn by my mother. I was at a loss what to do. Naka looked confused too. So, it wasn't a fictional story he'd been writing all this time but a true one. I'd believed as my mother had told me that my father had long been dead. I'd had no idea that he was still alive.

Naka stayed overnight and then went back home to Taiwan. He had a family in his country—a wife and a teenage son and daughter.

After he left, I went back to work in a troubled, confused frame of mind. He hadn't told me where he lived, and I hadn't asked him either. It was the last time I'd be seeing him, even though I accepted the fact that he was my father. The only thing connecting him and me was the novel he'd given me, a reception clerk at the hotel he'd been a guest at—a gift not from a father but from a guest.

Olivier,

Thanks for all your fine art work in this issue! It's been a pleasure working with you. —Dick
The Crane

Kayoko Hashimoto
Japan

A long, long time ago, a guy named Yosaku lived in a small house by himself. He was a hardworking farmer and his reputation in the village was very good.

One day on his way home, he found a crane that was injured and couldn’t move by herself. Yosaku felt sorry for her and took her home to care for her until she became better. A week later, Yosaku brought the crane to the street where he’d found her and said, “Be careful. Don’t get hurt again, okay?” Then he released her and she cheerfully flew up into the sky.

A couple of nights later, a woman came to Yosaku’s house and asked him if she could stay overnight. She explained that she’d been on her way to her uncle’s house when she’d gotten lost in the dark. Yosaku had no reason to refuse her request. The next morning, she cooked breakfast for him and asked him, “May I stay here a while longer? I’d like to give you a present for your hospitality.” Yosaku was a little surprised and said, “What I did for you was nothing special. It’s not necessary to give me a present.” However, because he had a gentle personality, he couldn’t refuse her request.

So, they stayed together, like a very nice couple. She helped him with his farm work during the daytime, and at night she wove her present for him in the other room. They had a rule that Yosaku wasn’t to see her while she was weaving. She wove every night and he was always wondering what she was making.

One night, Yosaku lost his patience and peeped into her room. She wasn’t there! Instead, it was the crane that was in there weaving. She was weaving a gorgeous kimono made of feathers she was pulling from her body. Yosaku was extremely surprised and shouted, “Oh, no! Where is she?” The crane looked at him and said, “I asked you please not to peep, but you did anyway. You broke our agreement. I’m the one you helped a couple of months ago. I only wanted to repay your kindness…”

And then with her eyes full of tears, she flew out the window into the sky. Yosaku ran after her, but she was already far away from him.

The Whistler

Melinda Soto
Venezuela

In the rural parts of Venezuela, there’s a very popular story about “The Whistler.” Legend has it that The Whistler was a young man who got lost on his way home from a party and was never found again. He is called The Whistler because instead of yelling for help he began to whistle.

Legend also has it that he still walks down dark streets whistling, trying to find his way home. If you ever hear the sound of The Whistler coming from nearby, this means that he is far away from you, but if you hear his whistling coming from afar, you’d better run because this means that The Whistler is very close to you.

Women use the Whistler legend to warn their husbands not to stay out at parties too late. They say, “The Whistler is going to catch you if you come home drunk and late.” The legend is also used by parents to warn their sons to come home on time when they begin to go out.

A lot of people say they have heard The Whistler. Listening to their claims, some people tell themselves that it’s all in the hearers’ imagination, but others become really frightened by only hearing the stories.

I have a friend who was staying on a farm once with her husband and some other friends. One night after midnight, they were all sleeping in hammocks in an uncovered place when they suddenly started hearing a whistling sound coming from somewhere nearby. They thought it must be one of their group trying to scare the others. But when they realized that they were all there, that nobody was missing, they became really scared. They turned the lights on and then the whistling stopped. After that it was very hard for them to go back to sleep, so they spent the rest of the night awake just talking—with the lights still on.

To everybody in EPI,
Thank you for the great time we shared this semester.
Thank you all.
Olivier
A Great Mandolin Player

Like every other mother, my mom wanted her daughters to be involved in interesting things such as painting, dancing, music, etc., so she took my two sisters and me to an art institute.

With this push from our mom, my sisters and I were to begin taking music lessons. I was only nine years old at the time, but I’ve never forgotten the details about my venture into the music world. I remember that my older sister chose the *cuatro*, or “four-string guitar;” and the other chose the regular guitar. Not wanting to play a common instrument, I decided to try the mandolin. We were all very excited, and our mom, of course, was proud of us.

When we went to the music store to buy everything we needed for our lessons, I saw a mandolin for the first time and immediately began picturing myself playing the beautiful instrument in a concert. I couldn’t wait for my first day of class, and finally the big day came.

After arriving at the art institute and going inside, my sisters and I didn’t know what to do next. Our mom did, however, so we just followed her through the halls, glancing at each other with nervous smiles and looking at everyone who passed by us. It was wonderful to see how artistic these people looked carrying their big bags with their instruments inside. Since, like them, I was carrying my instrument, I supposed I looked like an artist, too, and I felt really glad to be a musician.

Suddenly, we stopped in front of the door to my sisters’ class. They went in, and my mom and I went on to look for my classroom. As we walked along, I thought about what my first meeting with my teacher was going to be like. He’d probably be a tall, thin teacher with long hair and a kind personality. Maybe just looking at me for the first time, he’d recognize that a special talent lay sleeping inside me. . . . I was still dreaming when I heard my mom say, “Here it is.”

She knocked on the door, the door opened, and standing there before us was a short, fat man. I guessed who he must be, but I hadn’t imagined that this was possible! Once more I looked him over. I noticed that his glasses were exactly like those I’d imagined my music teacher would wear, but I’d expected a totally different face. There was a smile, too, but a false one.

My mom pushed me inside. There was no doubt that this man was going to be my teacher, but I couldn’t run away. I just stood there in shock as he talked to my mom about my knowledge of music. Then he looked at me and started interrogating me. I was upset and disillusioned, and I didn’t want to stay there. I no longer cared about either the mandolin or my concert.

Then, to my surprise, he asked me about something that I knew, and he appeared to be acting nicer. The names of the fingers? Who didn’t know the names of the fingers? This question reminded me of all those moments that my parents had played with me. What an important thing they’d taught me! I’d never thought that such knowledge would become so useful. I answered firmly, but evidently something was wrong with my reply because he angrily repeated the question. I repeated the fingers song that I’d learned: “Short and Beautiful, Rings’ King, Big and Silly, Dish Licker, and Flea Killer!” Of course, I had no idea that the fingers had any other names. My mom was laughing, so I laughed too, and then the whole class started laughing—except for the teacher, that is, whose false smile vanished from his face.

Still amused but trying to compose herself and look serious, my mom started telling me the formal names of the fingers, but before she could get very far, the distraught teacher interrupted, telling her that he’d take care of that, that this was his work. So, my mom left me there and went to check on my sisters’ class. Immediately, the teacher stopped paying attention to me. I think he couldn’t stand me, either.

As I sat there looking at him, the mandolin in my lap began to look like him. My classmates looked like him, too! I got scared. I didn’t want to be one of them. So, quietly—even though he probably wouldn’t notice my absence, anyway—I slipped out of the classroom, and I had no intention of ever going back.

I found my mom waiting for me at the door. She gave me a hug and told me that a swimming class was about to start in the next building . . .
To CS 30,
You’ve been great at keeping the
days and the room numbers straight!
Continue your English conversation
skills and keep in touch!
Margaret

To Akane Konno,
Thank you for everything
madam… I’ll miss you, so don’t
stay in Japan too long, I’m going to
wait for you. I hope the “adult
Akane” won’t be too different from
the one I know now.
Sayonara,
Olivier

To my roommate,
This quarter is almost over, and
we got along well. I especially
appreciate you for not snoring at
night. You were a quiet sleeper.
Best wishes from your tired
roommate

To Shiro-pyon,
We haven’t talked as much as we
used to. But I still like your nice
smile and it always helps me out. Be
happy with your sweetie!! Hugs and
Kisses.
I’ll miss you,
Cho - pretty waitress

To my strict (!?) teacher, Robin,
I like it when you count numbers
in Japanese. It’s really cute!! I
appreciate your kindness. Thank you
very much.
Your very pretty student
P.S. Did you like dorayaki?

To Algeria (my country),
For you my dear,
I wish you luck, you who have
never been lucky;
happiness, you who have never
known permanent happiness;
peace, you who have never been
at peace;
and I wish you love, respect, and
thankfulness from your children.
Your daughter, Aicha

To my best friend,
I will be with you in 1997. Do
you know how much I’ll miss you?
Please wait for me at the airport!
K.Y.H.

To Mario from Colombia,
This was the first time for me to
meet a person from Colombia. You
gave me a good impression of your
country. After this term we have to
separate; you’re going back to your
country and I’m staying here. I hope
you enjoyed your stay here as much
as I have.
Eugene

To Gilberto from Brazil,
Hi, Gilberto! As you know, you
are the first friend I made in the
USA. When we first met, I couldn’t
understand your English because I
didn’t know anything about this
language. Now we don’t have any
problems communicating with each
other. I’m so glad that I met you.
Bye-bye!!!
Eugene

To my friends in Thailand,
Thank you for your encouraging
letters. I read them again and again.
Your letters were so thoughtful and
they gave me energy.
Saikaew

To my favorite teachers, Sarah, Beth,
and super couple Dick and Bronia
Holmes,
Did you know that you are my
favorites? You are all very kind and
always give me good advice. I always
appreciate it and will always remem-
ber you.
Saikaew Rakwjit

Dear Korean friends,
Hello guys. I really had a
wonderful time with you for these
past nine months. Although I was
delighted to meet friends from many
different countries, I was truly happy
to meet you guys. I’d like to continue
seeing you in our country. Good luck.
Your friend,
Duk-Kyu

A Warm Thanks,
I’d be honored to address a warm
thanks to all the teachers that lit
something in me: Ann Janosik, Mark
Sitteler, Dick Norwood, and Beth
Wall. I really enjoyed studying with
you guys! I hope that this small but
warm flame of gratitude will keep you
company in the freezing days of this
winter. Thank you so much for being
such helpful friends!
Woody Woodpecker

To the students who are residents
here, the students who are leaving
here, and the students who will come
here,
I feel so sad because I have to
leave EPF and return to my country
now. Once I’m home in Colombia
(South America), I will always think
about you as long as I live. I will miss
everything that is here in Colombia.
I’ll miss my teachers, the students,
the smell of fall, South Carolina’s
fresh air, and the squirrels. But most
of all, I’ll miss you, the ones who
always wanted to speak to me but
didn’t. Unfortunately you missed the
chance to learn through me the true
essence and wonder of Colombia. But
even though you missed your chance
now, if in the future you come to my
country there will be someone there
to say hello to you and to share the
beauty of my country with you.
Fernando A.
(Cali, Colombia)

To Bronia Holmes,
I really appreciate your kindness
and your help. I especially appreciate
your correcting my pronunciation
and taking care of my personal
problems. I hope to see you again
someday. Thank you so much for
everything.
Hyo-Hwan Song
Art & Entertainment

Shiro Yazawa Japan
Gisele Carvalho Brazil
Carlos Ludert Venezuela
Ciro Vargas Bolivia
Madalena Aliverti Brazil
Hamad Al-Darweesh Kuwait
Farid Kadri Algeria
Mehdi Benmansour Algeria
Abdulla Al-Heidous Qatar
Iris Clavijo Venezuela
Uthai Lalitprapapaisan Thailand
Panayioti Pieri Cyprus
Hyo-Hwan Song Korea
Fly Fishing: An Interview with Shiro Yazawa

Shiro Yazawa
Japan

“Where’s Shiro?” everyone who knew him was asking the first several days of the quarter. We knew he’d planned to vacation out West somewhere during the break, but he’d pre-registered for the fall quarter and there was still no sign of him. “Did he get lost in the mountains or something?” we wondered, beginning to get a little worried about him. When he finally reappeared in Columbia, we sat him down and asked him a few questions about what he’d been up to.

—the editors

Q: Where have you been, Shiro? The fall quarter started a long time ago, you know.

SY: I’ve been gone fishing—fly fishing.

Q: Really? What is fly fishing exactly? Do fish fly?

SY: Now would that be grammatically possible?!—to get flying fish out of fly fishing? You need to work on your grammar, don’t you? Fly fishing means a kind of fishing that uses fake bait. You try to trick trout with imitation caddisflies, grasshoppers, or ants—insects trout usually eat. A lot of anglers make their own flies from bird feathers and elk hair.

It’s a real thrill to catch trout with flies that you’ve made yourself.

Q: How did you get into fly fishing?

SY: Well, I saw the movie A River Runs Through It, which has a lot of fly fishing in it, and I thought that the sport looked so hot, so I decided to try it. I’d already gone lure fishing before I came to the U.S. Lure fishing uses fake bait, too, but in lure fishing, you sink the bait. It’s not as exciting as fly fishing because you can’t see the fish at the moment it takes the bait.

Q: So, where did you go fishing during your extended vacation?

SY: I went to Montana and Colorado since they’re such famous places to fish. There are plenty of fish in Montana and Colorado, just as advertised in fishing magazines.

Q: What kinds of fish do fly fish anglers fish for?

SY: We usually fish for rainbow trout, brook trout, brown trout, or salmon, depending on the river we’re fishing in.

Q: So, fly fishing is a lot of fun, huh?

SY: It sure is! Hey, why don’t we go do some fly fishing right now?
Dear Pat,

English is so difficult! I've been studying the language for forty-seven years, and I still have trouble speaking it. Will it ever get any easier?

Broke N. English

Dear Broke N.,

Don't worry, in time it'll get a lot easier. In another forty-seven years, you'll probably be able to speak it in your sleep.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I've had a word on the tip of my tongue for three days. I've tried to persuade it either to come out or to go back up into my brain, but it won't move. I'm getting annoyed with the situation. Do you think I should go to a doctor and have it removed?

Word Wart

Dear Word,

Have it removed? I don't think so! You'd be losing your chance to start a new fad in body art. People who'd like to wear tongue rings but are afraid to have holes punched into their tongues could wear tongue words instead. You might even be able to start a profitable business selling tongue words.

Pat
Riddles

Gisele Carvalho, Brazil; Carlos Ludert, Venezuela; Ciro Vargas, Bolivia; Madalena Aliverti, Brazil; Hamad Al-Darweesh, Kuwait; Farid Kadri, Algeria; Mehdi Benmansour, Algeria; Abdulla Al-Heidous, Qatar

Directions: Fill in the blanks with words that can be formed from letters in the underlined words.

1. What's she asking for on the telephone?
   She's asking for _____.

2. Where's the dog barking?
   It's ____ the _____.

3. How many blondes are here?
   Just _____.

4. What's something that you use for writing down a message near the telephone?
   A _____.

5. Where can see a lot of telephones?
   In a _____.

Directions: Answer the questions.

6. Four legs jumped on tops of four legs. Four legs waited, but four legs didn't come. So, four legs jumped down. What three things are four legs?

7. It's red, orange, and yellow. It eats all the time, and the more it eats, the more it wants to eat. What is it?

8. I'm big and dark, and I have beauty marks on my skin. What am I?

9. My life doesn't last long. I cry all the time. When I'm a child, I'm tall. When I'm an adult, I'm short. I can give life to other lives. What am I?

10. It's a color that means love, and for years, paper of this color has wrapped all kinds of flowers. Which word in the sentence above contains the letters that spell the word for this color?

Answers

a mouse, a sky, a candle, a cake, a table, I. Help to fix a pen, a hotel, a car.

Let's Eat Arepas!

Iris Clavijo
Venezuela

The most popular food accompanying our meals in Venezuela is a marvelous dish called arepas. We eat arepas for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and as snacks.

You don't have to be Venezuelan to enjoy arepas. They're easy to make. The only ingredients you need are water, corn flour (or a mixture of corn flour and wheat flour), salt, and oil.

First of all, pour four cups of water into a bowl. Add two tablespoons of salt and one tablespoon of oil, and stir until the salt dissolves. Stir in flour with a fork to make a dough. When the dough becomes too stiff to stir with the fork, knead it with your hands. Keep adding flour until the dough no longer sticks to your hands. Shape the dough into flat, round disks. Bake them in an oven pre-heated to 350° for about fifteen minutes and then turn them over and bake for another ten minutes. When they have developed a thin crust, remove them from the oven and place them in a plate or basket, covering them with a dish towel.

Now, you're ready to taste one of the best dishes you'll ever eat! You can eat them plain or with cheese or any other filling. ☐
Listening: An Interview with Bronia Holmes

Uthai Lalitprapapaisan
Thailand

Before you can speak any language correctly, you first have to listen to it carefully. Especially, if you want to speak English like a native speaker, listening is the most important skill and the one that you have to practice first of all. The more you listen to English, the more you learn to speak English correctly. To find more information about why listening is essential for people who speak English as a second language, I decided to interview Bronia Holmes, an EPI teacher who has a lot of experience in teaching listening skills.

UL: How did you get into teaching listening?

BH: Well, I used to teach in EPI many years ago, and then I took some time off to take care of my babies. After they’d grown up some, I wanted to come back to EPI and start teaching again. At that time, only the Listening Lab class was available. The other teachers in EPI didn’t want to teach in the Listening Lab because it was very, very old, outdated, and hard to work with. The earphones were heavy and had static sound, the tape players usually malfunctioned, and the tapes that we had were boring. Most people thought of it as Torture Lab not Listening Lab. Anyway, I said that I’d teach in the lab because I wanted my job back. So, when I started teaching listening classes in the lab, I decided I wouldn’t use the equipment in the lab. I got a good boombox—you know, a big tape player—and just used that. I tried to make listening fun for the students. I had them listen to songs in order to figure out the words, for example. Soon after I started, I was allowed to order new listening materials, and the classes got to be more interesting for me to teach. A few years ago, we were able to get the new Sony Lab that we use today. It’s a lot more fun for both the teacher and the students to use. The director of EPI, Alexandra Henry, has also given me a lot of opportunities to go to conferences and learn more about teaching listening. Now I realize that listening is probably the most important part of learning a language.

UL: So at first, you didn’t intend to be a listening teacher?

BH: That’s right.

UL: And do you like to teach listening now?

BH: Yes. The more I learn about the important role listening plays in learning a language, the more I enjoy teaching it. It’s interesting to see how children learn languages; first they go through a period of intensive listening without speaking. Adult language learners need to give the same kind of focused attention to listening when they begin to learn a second language. If you can’t comprehend what you’re hearing, it’s very difficult to speak, too. So, the way you hear English is the way you speak English. These two things are very connected. I’m also learning more about the importance of listening in general, in everyday life. Listening is an integral part of all learning experiences. For example, when you’re reading, you’re listening to yourself read; when you’re writing, you’re listening to your inner voice before you can put words down on paper; thinking is really a form of listening, too. Everything that we do in life involves some kind of listening. It’s very basic and usually unconscious. It’s almost like breathing, but to acquire a second language, the listener needs to become more aware of the listening process and learn to apply it.

UL: So, if listening is so important, why do EPI students have only one listening class a week?

BH: EPI offers students only one class called listening per week but listening skills are taught and used throughout the EPI curriculum, especially in Communication Seminar (CS). The CS teachers involve students in listening activities all the time. Actually, listening class has no beginning and no end. When you wake up in the morning, listening class begins, and it doesn’t end until you go to bed—unless you start dreaming in English (laughs). So, listening goes on all the time. The purpose of the listening class is to make students more aware of this fact and of the need to become an active listener. Really, my goal in listening class is to help students figure out that listening is not something they can do passively. Listening is a very active process. It’s really interactive. If you’re not interacting, you’re not listening. So, I don’t want you in listening
Listening...

class too long. I want you to be out there interacting. Of course, I also try to help students prepare for the listening part of the Michigan Proficiency Test and the TOEFL, but the most important objective of listening class is to assist students in becoming independent learners who can use all the resources available to them. The Resource Center in the Humanities Classroom Building, where the Lab is located, can be used any time between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. except on Fridays, when it closes at 5 p.m. We’re fortunate to have the University’s Resource Center available to us. We store tapes there that can be checked out by our students for use at home. Our students can use the Center’s computers and TV-VCRs. The Center also has a big screen TV with news from around the world. USC students who are studying foreign languages often hang out at the Center, so it’s a good place for EPI students to meet and speak with native speakers of English interested in foreign cultures.

UL: Yes, I see what you mean about the importance of getting “out there interacting.” But just being exposed to a lot of listening situations isn’t sufficient for developing our listening skill, is it? What do we need to become successful listeners outside the classroom?

BH: I think that to improve your listening outside the classroom you really need to understand the culture. You have to acculturate more, to become more a part of the community, to tune into the daily interactions between people. The only way to do this is to interact with native speakers, not just passively but actively. If you don’t understand something a person says, you shouldn’t just be polite and nod your head. Tell that person what you understand and what you don’t understand. Use gestures, draw pictures, whatever it takes to communicate. You certainly can’t be shy or passive in learning a language. I think that exposure is an important part of learning a language, but the exposure has to be interactive. Listening to tapes on your own is important, too. Some students aren’t patient enough to listen to something on tape over and over again until they can figure out exactly what they’re hearing, but that’s a good way to work with listening. And of course everything that you do in all of your EPI classes is helping you with your listening skills.

You can’t really understand what people say without knowing grammar, vocabulary, idioms, and pronunciation. I’d also suggest that you join a USC club or just hang out at Russell House cafeteria and eavesdrop on conversations. The more you know about the culture, the easier it is for you to understand what you’re hearing. Listening is really the most difficult language skill, isn’t it? It involves everything about the language, including gestures and all kinds of body language. So, you have to really work with the culture, and sometimes you have to deal with any negative feelings you may have about the new culture. If you don’t like something, it’s hard to understand it.

UL: Okay, Bronia, thank you very much.

BH: You’re welcome, Uthai.

My dear roommates,

I’m so glad to have had the opportunity to get to know you, but three months is too short a time. Although we will not live together next term, I believe that our friendship will continue. Good Luck!

Seok-Han Yoon

To Shiro, Eiko, Fumiko, and Nami,

Do you remember our good times? I really enjoyed everything we did together. How about you? Thank you a lot. One for all, all for one.

Your friend,

Akane

To the students who live at Cliff Apartments and my roommate Yumary,

I want to say THANK YOU to all of you. I was so glad to meet you and to be one of the residents of Cliff. I would like to give a special thanks to my roommate, who has such a nice personality. Yumary, you were always helping me, giving me good advice, and making me happy in so many ways. Thanks for trying to understand me. I don’t want to say good-bye. I really hope we can meet again, either in your country or in mine. I believe that your dream and my dream will come true very soon. I’ll always think of you.

Your friend,

Sayuri
The Bridges of Madison County

Panayiota Pieri
Cyprus

I've seen this movie twice, and I like it so much that I wouldn't mind seeing it again. The acting is great; Meryl Streep as the woman and Clint Eastwood as the photographer bring so much romance, emotion, and in some parts humor to the movie. Meryl Streep's character faces a dilemma: whether to stay with her husband and her two children or to leave with the man she's fallen in love with. She also loves her husband, and this makes her decision even more difficult. The movie invites you to create your own opinion about what she should do, what's right and what's wrong. I found myself crying and ready to shout out to her that she should leave her husband and go with the photographer.

The Bridges of Madison County makes me wonder if the things that make me happy now will continue to make me happy in the future. It also makes me realize how just one decision, especially if you're in a dilemma and don't know what's best for you, can change your life. If Meryl Streep's character decides to continue living with her family, she'll never find out what her life would've been like with the photographer. When she's with him she feels completely different. She's another person, maybe the person she's always wanted to be, one who lives with excitement and enthusiasm.

The Bridges of Madison County is a film that I recommend to all. The good acting together with the interesting and romantic story make this movie something special.
Amadeus
Hyo-Hwan Song
Korea

The film Amadeus tells the story of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-91), an Austrian composer whose works include forty-one symphonies and numerous piano concertos and operas. Mozart began to compose music before he was five years old and performed throughout Europe as a child.

The movie begins with the narration of an old musician, a former music master of Austria’s Royal Court when Mozart was active in music, and progresses through the old musician’s reflections about Mozart’s natural talent for music versus his own hard-won talent. In spite of the old musician’s tenacious passion for music, he knows that his talent was always far behind Mozart’s.

The music master recalls how, out of jealousy of Mozart’s talent, he challenged the musical genius to compose a requiem over a ridiculously short period of time. Mozart pushes himself so hard to meet the challenge that the finished work becomes a requiem for his own death. At the end of the movie, the old musician cries out to Heaven, “Why do You give me only the ability to listen to the music of the gods? Why don’t You give me the natural talent for music?”

This movie can make us think about people’s jealousy of those who constantly reach a god-like level in their art. The old musician can appreciate the depth and beauty of Mozart’s music, but he can never compose such music himself. All he can do is to devote his lifetime to the study of Mozart’s music and live in regret that he precipitated Mozart’s death.

The movie can also inspire us to think about the enthusiasm with which we should do things. Mozart not only meets the challenge of completing the requiem as quickly as requested but manages to include everything about death in the work. In the end, he dies because of the experience of death he goes through in the process of composing the requiem. Just as Mozart has an exceptional gift for music, he makes an exceptional effort to use this gift to the maximum in composing his music. The old musician also definitely shows us arder and tenacity in his life and music.

In contrast to the way movies usually present the life stories of great historical figures, Amadeus doesn’t tell the story of the world’s most distinguished musician in a simple way; it reveals the complex context and characters surrounding Mozart. We usually think of the most famous people in history as having made our history. But we have too easily forgotten that many less famous, more common people like the old musician have also contributed to our history.

Dear Barbara,

I thank God that I met you and have known to know you. When I came to EPI in March, I didn’t know what to do and I felt embarrassed in every situation. At that time, you were my teacher in RV class. You were a good teacher for me because you helped me study and get accustomed to life in Columbia. Since that time, whenever I see you, even if it is only for a moment, I feel comfortable. You really gave me a lot of help. I am going to go back to my country in January, but I’ll never forget you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart! God bless you.

Your student,
Duk-Kyu Lee

To the best Korean clown,
Hola amigo. As everybody knows, you are perfect, smart, and very thin, but definitely your best quality is your sense of humor—not because it is good . . . just because it makes me laugh. Anyway, always remember: fat free (0%) and try not to repeat, “Did I do that?” Okey-Dokey.

Chao amigo,
Mario

To Dick Holmes,
You are a dynamic teacher. You’ve helped me a lot with my vocabulary and taught me how to read faster. You’ve also helped me with the TOEFL. You might think that it doesn’t matter but it means a lot to me because I felt happy when I took the TOEFL. I will never forget you. May God bless you and your family.

Omolara Olanihu

Marit,
Although I haven’t been in your class, you impressed me when I met you during my first oral interview with you and Dick Holmes. I hope to be in your class next year. I have never seen you looking sad. Keep on smiling that beautiful smile.

Omolara Olanihu
To all the EPI students, teachers and staff,

Thank you very much! I was able to learn not only English but also a lot of cultural things from all of you. I really appreciate the fact that I had such a precious experience. This coming January I'll be a USC student. Even though I won't be in EPI anymore, I hope to come meet and talk with you all! Again, thank you very much for your kindness. I'll never forget my life at EPI.

Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year!!!
Eriko Kobayashi

To GWU LI,
We started the quarter with eleven students and will end it with six... But not to worry. Quality is more important than quantity, right? I've enjoyed working with you, guys. Good luck!
Your teacher

Dear Yumary, Magdi, Iris, Min Sun, Marjorie, Mario, Eugene, and Kim,
We are so happy to have you through EPI and have all of you as our special friends. We really had great times having parties, playing Eugene's games, and laughing. For those who are leaving to Venezuela, Colombia, and Korea, we will miss you a lot, but we know you have to go. Anyway, we will never forget you, and don't forget us, either. We will all reach our goals. We will make it. Please come back to meet us, or we will go to meet you all in your countries.

Hoping that we will keep in touch forever and ever,
Lara and Joe

P.S. We will never forget Yumary's "How aaare you?", Magdi's "I love my sister!", Iris' "Don't worry, don't worry!", Marjorie's "I love ice cream!", Min Sun's ability to always be in the swimming pool, Mario's Colombian English accent, and Eugene's "Okey-dokey!"

To Lara,
I really had a great time living with you and sharing the same room. You're so funny and kind. I'll never forget you. Next year, when you come to USC, we will study hard and we will do our best to reach our goals, right? I'll never forget your funny jokes and your big smile. I'm really looking forward to living with you next year so that I won't miss your crazy things.

Jee Paik

To Anneliese,
You are always willing to help me anytime I need your help. May God bless and assist you in any of your needs. I am thankful for your support and I enjoy your calm and knowledgeable presence.

Omolara Olanihan

Dear Sister Seung Hee,
After finding a job don't be late or absent. Good luck in finding Mr. Right. I'm sorry that you will be going back to Korea, because I won't be able to beat you up anymore. See you in Taegu.

Mi-Young

Dear students of RV 20,
For your homework during this Christmas break I would like for you to explain, in detail, on paper, everything you have just read. Have a great vacation!

Your teacher

Yumary,
If you want to write an article for Sunrise on how to succeed on the TOEFL, I'll be happy to publish it! And how about giving a guest lecture in my TOEFL preparation workshop?

Dick

To CS 40a,
It has been fun working together, guys—well, most of the time. anyway! Oh, don't forget to listen to "The Man Who Escaped" every day during the break...

Your teacher

Dear Darrell, Bronia, Bernie, and Jennifer,
Thank you very much. I was impressed by all your wonderful classes. Even though I have a lot of experience in learning foreign languages in different intensive language programs, I have never in my life experienced classes like the ones here at EPI. The teachers in this program are unique. You all have helped me, not only by teaching me the English language but by being a source of comfort to me. In the future, I hope that my best friends will be fortunate enough to attend this program and that many more Guinean students will come to study with you. I love EPI. And again, thank you very much.

From a Guinea-Bissau student who has been at EPI for only one term,
Augusto Bock

Maureen,
You are a wonderful lady who is willing to help any time with a beautiful smile. Keep on doing your good work.

Omolara Olanihan

To all my classmates,
I really enjoyed having class with you. I hope you feel the same as I do. For those of you who are leaving, I wish you a safe journey. And don't forget us. For those who will be here next quarter, I hope we will have a nice time together again.

Omolara Olanihan