Contents

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

Stories & Poems ............... 19
What would life be without the inspiration that stories and poems provide? This section features the creative talents of some fine storytellers and poets here at EPI.

Art & Entertainment ............ 39
Learning a language is an eclectic experience involving all kinds of interpersonal and cultural experiences. In this section you'll find a comical advice column and some movie, book, and music reviews.

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

- Congratulations to Sung-woo Park (page 21), Leila Facchini (page 22), Víctor M. García (page 26), Elbia Galo (page 27), and Mi-Yeon Kim (page 29), the winners of this issue's story contest.
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Around the World
León, the City of Ghosts

Elbia Galo
Nicaragua

Have you ever heard of a haunted city? Well, there is one in my home country—the city of León, located 94 kilometers west of the capital city, Managua. Because of the abundance of cotton in the region, one of the principal export products of the country, León is the second most important city in Nicaragua. León is also famous for being a haunted city. There are a lot of ghost stories and legends about the city, some of them well known throughout the country.

Regardless of its economic importance, León is a very quiet city. Most of the people start working at four in the morning and go to sleep around eight at night. There is no real night life in León. The people are very friendly and almost everybody knows everybody else. Unlike the citizens of most developing cities, the people of León keep their traditions. Even today, the milkman still brings milk in from the farms by horse and goes from house to house distributing it. Bread is still baked in clay ovens, and some houses still have water wells. León is a city rich in folklore.

Besides León’s economic importance, it has a rich cultural inheritance. Spanish colonists founded León as the capital city in Nicaragua. As the main city of the Spanish dominion, León became the home of beautiful cathedrals, which today comprise one of the city’s tourist attractions. León’s architecture in general is appealing to tourists. Like some of the other cities of Nicaragua, León has preserved its original colonial-style architecture. The houses and streets are protected by law against any kind of remodeling.

Along with the buildings and streets, the many legends and stories that have emerged from them have also been preserved. Some of these stories are very famous and are told from generation to generation. To give you a taste of León’s interesting folklore, I am going to tell you two of them.

According to legend, Arrechavala, a Spanish colonel, was extremely popular among the women of León because he was very handsome. Night after night, he could be seen riding his horse from woman to woman. Eventually, a group of enraged husbands planned to kill him and followed through with their plan. After killing him, they refused to give him a Christian burial, so his soul is still longing for a resting place. After midnight, you can hear his horse whinnying in the streets of the city. Arrechavala is still in love with every woman he meets, so if a woman happens to be outdoors when Arrechavala passes by, he will probably take her with him.

Another story is about “the Mocuana.” The Mocuana was a woman who lived in León a long time ago. One day she discovered that her husband had a mistress, and she decided to teach him a lesson. Casting a magic spell on herself, she transformed herself into a beast when the clock struck midnight. The beast hid along the roadside and waited for her husband to come walking by. As he approached, she started laughing loudly and jumped out at him, frightening him out of his wits. After a couple of these hair-raising experiences, he decided to leave his mistress and stay home at night. To help other women who had the same problem she had had, the Mocuana continued to go out night after night frightening unfaithful husbands. One day, her husband discovered the truth about his wife’s transformation and decided to get revenge. Knowing that mustard seeds had a magical ability to attract an animal’s attention because of their tiny size—a beast couldn’t resist trying to pick up the seeds one by one—he went out at midnight carrying a handful of mustard seeds to trap the beast. When he saw her, he threw the seeds at her, and as she was trying to pick them up, he roped her and tied her up. He waited for her to turn back into a woman again at sunrise, but the transformation never happened, and today the Mocuana still terrorizes every man she meets in the streets after midnight.

Time has passed since the origin of these stories, but a lot of people still tell them, making sure to add at the end, “but it’s only a story.” It might be that they are only old stories with no truth to them, but who knows why, when you visit León, you feel the need to be at home before the clock strikes twelve. And when you are at home and still awake at midnight, is that the sound of a horse whinnying you hear in the street? . . . The devilish laugh of a woman? 😈
Market Day in Pahou
Taibatoulaye Adjadi
Benin

Pahou is a big village located in the South of my home country, the Republic of Benin in West Africa. Pahou is 25 kilometers from Cotonou, the capital of Benin. One of the most interesting things about Pahou is what happens there on market day. Surrounding Pahou are eighteen other small villages, and the only market for all the villages is in Pahou, where market day is held every five days.

Very early in the morning of market day, you can see people from the various villages and cities in the area traveling along every path and street, carrying on their heads or pulling behind their bicycles all kinds of crops, food, and goods—everything from corn, flour, beans, bananas, oranges, tomatoes, fish, and vegetables to clothes, earrings, bracelets, shoes, and T-shirts. Men, women, and children walk quickly to get to the market as soon as they can.

Women are especially numerous and active at the market. The day has just begun, and you can hear them eagerly discussing prices, shouting, greeting each other, and so on. Before long, the market becomes unbelievably noisy and crowded.

There are places at the market where you can buy things very cheaply and other places where things are very expensive. Prices depend on when you arrive at the market and where you buy things. You can buy from wholesalers or retailers.

The farmers are the wholesalers, and products can be bought most cheaply from them. However, if you are a retailer and you do not have enough money to buy in large quantities or if you just want to buy for your own use, you cannot go to the farmers and buy directly from them. You must come very early in the morning and join an informal group of buyers who delegate one person among them to buy for all of them, usually a woman. She is in charge of collecting money according to individual needs, buying in large quantities from the farmers, and then sharing it with those from whom she has collected money. She does not make a profit. She just distributes the products at cost.

There are also retailers at the market who buy in large quantities from the farmers and then resell their products a few hours later at the same market but in another place. Other retailers buy from the farmers and transport their goods to other villages and cities to resell them there. Both kinds of retailers make a big profit on their goods. The market provides a good business opportunity for some people.

In addition to the opportunity to buy things, market day gives you the chance to meet people and solve any kind of problem you have been having recently. You can meet people from other places, your friends, and your family, and you can go to the health center, which is on the same street as the market, for your or your children’s immunization, for treatment of a disease, or for a pregnancy check-up. Market day is also the occasion on which women from the same village discuss what has been happening in the village.

All of this means that when you lose a market day, you lose everything. In Africa, going to the market is very important, especially for women.
The Fortress of Sacsayhuaman
Pastor Raúl Chura Serrano
Perú

On top of a mountain five kilometers northwest of Cusco, Peru, are the ruins of Sacsayhuaman, one of the marvelous structures attributed to the Incan civilization. Unfortunately, this great Incan structure was partially destroyed by the Spanish conquerors, but enough of it remains for archaeologists to have determined that it was a fortress constructed sometime during the Incan period, approximately in the 13th century, in order to defend the city from enemy attacks.

The remains of the fortress consist of three high walls disposed one behind the other in a zig-zag pattern. These walls are composed of gigantic, heavy stone blocks. It is calculated that the biggest of these blocks weighs approximately eighty tons and is five meters high and three meters wide. The enormous size of these blocks gives the structure an air of awesome magnificence. Another impressive feature of the walls, characteristic of Incan architecture, is the fact that no adhesive material was used to join the blocks. It appears that the blocks were simply placed one on top of the other with such tight-fitting precision that not even a pin could be inserted between them.

The question that intrigues all visitors to the fortress is, HOW WAS THIS STRUCTURE BUILT? It seems impossible that a culture that didn’t even know of the wheel was capable of constructing such an amazing building. Consequently, some people believe that it was constructed not by Incans but by extraterrestrials.

A definitive answer to the question of how it was built remains elusive so far. Perhaps these magnificent ruins will remain veiled in a cloud of mystery forever.

The Birth of the Incan Empire
Pastor Raúl Chura Serrano
Perú

One day the sun god Inti, pitying the barbarousness and ignorance of the people who lived on the earth, decided to send his son Manco Capac and his daughter Mama Ocilo to change this situation, to teach people a civilized way of life through cultivating corn and potatoes, domesticating the llama and alpaca, and living in peace.

Manco Capac and Mama Ocilo arrived on the earth by surfacing from the depths of Lake Titicaca, the highest lake in the world, located on what is now the boundary between Peru and Bolivia.

Inti had given them a gold bar and ordered them to search for a place where the bar would sink when it was rammed against the ground. There they were to found a civilization, spreading the word that the sun had entrusted them to lead the people to a new and prosperous way of life.

They walked for several days ramming the bar against the ground testing to see if it would sink. After walking miles and miles, they arrived in a beautiful valley (today known as Cusco Valley) crossed by a nice stream. At the base of a hill (Huanacauri) situated in this valley, the bar finally sank, so it was there that the sun god’s children founded their new civilization, which in time developed into the Incan Empire.
Cabe

"Hoah... it's too hot for me!! Give me some water, please!!" shouted my American conversation partner the first time he ate Indonesian food. For him, our traditional spicy Indonesian food was too hot.

I remember not being able to find any spicy American food in Columbia's restaurants when I first came here. Since then, I've always brought along some hot chili sauce in my bag and added it to my hamburger, hot dog, beef steak, or whatever. Every time I eat American food without adding hot sauce, I get bored with my meal and lose my appetite.

I don't understand why a lot of Americans don't eat spicy food. The taste of chili, or cabe as we Indonesians call it, can cause our appetite to quiver. For us, cabe isn't a supplementary ingredient but a main one. We always add cabe to our lunch and dinner, and hot weather and an appetite for hot foods. We Indonesians don't feel satisfied with our food unless we're sweating as we eat.

Indonesia has twenty-seven tribes living in twenty-seven provinces, so we have twenty-seven different cuisines, but they all have one common ingredient: cabe, of course! No wonder most Indonesians who go abroad, especially to the West, bring their hot cabe sauce along with them.

Aria Baron Arafat Suprayogi
Indonesia

Roxanys,
Your friendship was very sincere. I hope it lasts forever. I love you and will miss you.
Birna A

Shiro and May,
You are my best friends. We are always together. Whenever I'm homesick, you make me feel good. I think we're like brothers and sisters. I give my love to you forever.
Fumiko

My GWUL students.
Thank you for all your patience this term. I really enjoyed teaching this class!
Remember that learning to write is like learning to ride a bicycle.
Best wishes!
Rick

All my friends at EPI,
I had a wonderful time sharing with all of you guys. Have a nice spring break! I hope to see you next term.
Teresa

8
The Korean Myth about the Founding of Our Country

Yun Jung Lee
Korea

Like many other countries, Korea has its own myths, including one about the founding of our country.

Once upon a time, there were a tiger and a bear who really wanted to become human beings. They prayed to a god about their wish, and at last a god granted their wish, but only under certain conditions: They had to stay in a cave for one hundred days, eat only garlic and mugwort, and never go outside to see the sun. So, the bear and the tiger went into a cave and stayed there day after day. After a while, though, the tiger couldn’t endure the situation anymore and ran out of the cave. The bear continued its stay in the cave alone, and on the one hundredth day, the bear became a woman. The god came to her, praised her for her patience, and married her. A few years later, they had a son, and this boy grew up to become the founder of the original Korean nation, Kojosun ("Old Korea").

With over four thousand years of history, Korea is a country proud of its many traditions. This myth about the founding of Korea is read by elementary school children, and they enjoy it very much. Of course, most Koreans don’t really believe that a god and a bear founded our country, but I think that this story reflects our ancestors’ desire to find their root in the divine, not just in the human. We don’t know the exact date when Korean history began, but on October 3rd every year, we celebrate our National Foundation Day.

English Education in Korea

Meejeong Song
Korea

"Excuse me . . ."

When foreigners address this phrase to Koreans on the street, most Koreans will hesitate to respond in English, or will even avoid trying to respond, walking quickly away from a situation putting their English to the test. Even though the need for English is increasing in Korea, most people still don’t speak the language very well and are afraid of talking with foreigners in English.

For some time now, the Korean educational system has required students to study English from middle school to university. Unfortunately, however, only written English is focused on and consequently even university graduates have great difficulty comprehending spoken English and can’t seem to open their mouths to speak with foreigners.

Facing the fact that English has become an important world language, the Korean government plans to implement a new policy regarding English in 1997. English is to be introduced at the elementary school level and a sufficient number of native-English-speaking teachers are to be hired. Some private elementary schools already began offering English classes last year.

This movement toward increased English study has sparked controversy among Korean sociolinguists. Some of them maintain that since the elementary school curriculum sets the basic standards for Korean citizenship, the government’s plan to require English in elementary school means that Korean citizens of all ages, not only children, will be required to speak English at the elementary school level at least. If this is the case, opponents of the plan point out, Korea will in effect be moving to a bilingual system using Korean and English, which may cause some social problems related to Korean identity and unity. Others think that because English is one of the most necessary conditions for politics, business, and communication in the world, very young students should be required to study it so that they can learn it quickly and put it to use.

The Korean government should consider both sides and make a careful decision. Necessity or identity? Whatever action is taken or not taken, I hope Koreans will someday be able to respond in English with pleasure when foreigners approach them and say, "Excuse me . . ."
The Religion of My Grandfather
Souhil Benmansour
Algeria

I would like to clarify something that so many people are apparently confused about today: my religion, Islam. A few hours after the Oklahoma City bombing last year, I watched TV in horror as pictures of carnage and death filled the screen. I was also horrified to hear the broadcasters covering the event report that various people and governments around the world were accusing Muslims of the bombing. It pained me deeply to realize how much of the world now stereotypes Islam as a religion of killers engaged in a war against the world.

The Islam I’ve been brought up to practice abhors violence. My grandfather, Habib Benmansour, was an imam (Islamic leader) who practiced his religion based on humanitarianism and tolerance. It’s simply not true that the billion and half members of the Muslim community are a band of killers.

Today, fanatics and extremists throughout Maghreb, the Middle East, and Europe lure adherents from among the poor, uneducated, and unemployed by manipulating their minds and preaching a return to the “true” religious values of former times. But these people have misrepresented the real principles of Islam. The religion that they preach is only a cover for advancing their political and personal agenda.

I’m from Algeria, where acts of terrorism in the name of Islam have taken the lives of 45,000 innocent victims. Why did these people have to suffer and die? Because the criminals responsible for their deaths are against democracy and modernization. They say, “We want an ideal Islamic state with Islamic laws and system of government.” But my grandfather told me that our prophet Mohammed never formed a cabinet of ministers or put together a budget. The Koran lays down no rules for a specific system of government. Even school girls in Algeria have been killed by extremists just for not wearing hijab (head scarves). But nowhere does the Koran require a woman to cover herself from head to foot. In the prophet’s day, many women went about with their breasts uncovered. The Koran simply states that women should dress more modestly by pulling a cloth over their chests.

This Islam of intolerance and violence is not the religion of my father and my grandfather; it is not the Islam that inspires more than a billion people around the world. My Islam is a religion of tolerance and brotherhood. The Koran repeatedly recognizes Christians, Jews, and whoever believes in God.

Ladies and gentlemen, I’m proud to be the grandson of Habib Benmansour, and I’m proud to be a Muslim. I have never been a killer.
Fort Alglali was the site of some famous battles between the Omanis and the Portuguese during Portugal’s one-hundred-year occupation of Oman. The Portuguese built the fort in 1588 on a mountain in Muscat, Oman, hoping to protect themselves there from the Omanis’ revolt against their occupation.

Whenever I see Fort Alglali, I remember how much my ancestors must have suffered in freeing themselves from the more highly armed Portuguese. A lot of today. Since it represents an important part of Oman’s history, the government takes good care of it, periodically renovating parts of it damaged by weathering. Besides its historical value, its huge size, ten balconies, and numerous secret staircases linked to the sea make it an impressive tourist attraction.

Fort Alglali means a lot to me. It means the freedom that an older generation of Omanis fought for, the freedom that all of us Omanis have to continue to

Omanis were killed in the quest for Oman’s freedom, but they preferred dying for freedom to living as slaves in their own country. A river of Omani blood ran down the mountain from the fort. In the end, though, Oman managed to seize control of the fort and expel the invaders.

Fort Alglali still stands strong and proud. Like our forebears, we have to spread the message around the world that we were born with freedom and won’t accept anything less. In 1994, Oman celebrated Omani history, and the logo for that celebration, a picture of Fort Alglali, filled the official buildings, streets, and houses of Oman.
Moon Valley
Rodolfo García Pujador
Argentina

Everything changes, everything that exists. Plants and animals, earth and rocks, humans, too—all are in a continuous process of change.

Moon Valley, located in San Juan province in western Argentina near the Andes Mountains, where the highest peaks of America can be found, is a place whose scenery over the years has changed completely. Millions of years ago it was a green valley, full of life, with forests, big lakes, and numerous kinds of animals, including the largest reptiles of ancient times, the dinosaurs. Eventually, the dinosaurs disappeared from the earth’s surface quite suddenly. In time, the water and lush vegetation also vanished, and today Moon Valley is a desolate, forbidding land.

My home city is 300 kilometers away from that rare place, a place that from the time I was a small child I was eager to visit and explore. When I was sixteen years old, I decided to make a trip there, though I knew that it wouldn’t be easy and that I would have to be prepared for the adventure. At that time, the area was totally wild. Real roads to Moon Valley didn’t exist. There was no more than a narrow track. You had to use special vehicles to get there, and the valley itself was accessible only by horse, along with a guide.

It was difficult to find the right guide, especially because I wanted to go into a mysterious and dangerous place in the valley, where you can get lost easily and won’t have much of a chance to survive if you do. During the daytime, temperatures can reach 50 degrees centigrade there and at night temperatures go below zero. Water is the biggest problem since the area is a desert. Firewood for keeping warm is a problem, too; you can’t find even a little piece of wood there.

Finally, I was able to get a guide, and we set out on a journey through Moon Valley. When I first saw this awesome place, I realized that it couldn’t be better named. Its name perfectly suggests the way the place looks. There are no animals, no plants, no water—no life at all there. It’s like a real moon valley.

I had heard a lot of stories about Moon Valley. One was that there were skeletons of dinosaurs all over the place, and this was true—if you were an archeologist specializing in fossil remains, you could discover dinosaur skeletons and also the petrified remains of sea animals and aquatic plants. My guide and I spent almost a week exploring the Valley in detail. Unfortunately, we didn’t find any dinosaur fossils, though we did discover a lot of shells and petrified aquatic plants.

How did such big, strong animals as the dinosaurs disappear? There are many theories about their extinction. My personal theory is that they didn’t change when they needed to; they didn’t adapt to changes going on around them.

We humans have a lot to learn from what happened to the dinosaurs and Moon Valley. Nature takes its course and we need to follow it. We have to accept change and adapt to it in order to reach one of our main goals, to survive.

Bernie, Marit, and Mr. Rice,
I want to let you know that each one of you holds a very special place in my heart. You led me in my first steps of this journey towards the conquest of a higher education. I want to express my thankfulness. I’ll keep you in my memories and heart.

Elbia
La Esperanza and Intibucá are twin cities located in the West of Honduras. They are the highest cities in Honduras and consequently the coldest, too.

Hondurans usually call these cities just “La Esperanza” because they are situated immediately next to each other, separated only by a winding street that sometimes confuses you as to whether you’re in La Esperanza or in Intibucá. It’s easier to use just one name for both cities.

La Esperanza and Intibucá each have their own mayor, market, they go to the pubs to drink chicha, an alcoholic beverage made from corn. The women wear colored dresses of exactly the same style, many of them carrying their children on their backs. The Lencas are very friendly, peaceful people.

Not far away from La Esperanza, there are two beautiful lakes and lots of mountains, and just outside the city is a special place called La Gruta, where people like to go on weekends. To get there you have to climb forty big stone stairs to San Cristobal hill. At the top is a tiny church made of stones, too, and from there you can look down on the churches, markets, and schools, but they share a public square where the native people of the region come on Sundays to sell their goods. A lot of these people, the Lencas, live in the mountains near the city. Most of them are very poor but very hardworking. They grow potatoes, corn, beans, and various kinds of vegetables. On Sundays, they all come to the city, first to go to church and then to the public square to sell their goods. After closing down their twin cities.

La Esperanza is my hometown. It’s such a nice, quiet place to spend a good time away from the noise of the big cities, the traffic, and the pollution. It’s a little city where you can enjoy the Lencan culture, nature, and nice climate—well, I mean two little cities, Honduras’ twin cities.

Everybody,
Hey, everyone, I want to tell you that I had a good time with all of you this term and I hope we keep in touch! Have a good summertime! See you when I see you...

Bernardo

Mr. Rice,
When this message gets to you, I will be far away from here... too far from you and the other teachers to say goodbye. I expect to use what I learned from you in my career. It was a pleasure meeting you. I will keep in touch. Bye bye!

Jose Vieira

Dear Susan,
Please find a family for me to live with here.

Saif Al-Romaithi
An Interview with Pierre

Chareeya Chitrcharath
Thailand

As a student and as a professional, Pierre has accumulated a great deal of writing experience over the years. I asked him about his writing process.

Chareeya: I’m sure that you got a lot of experience in writing when you were studying at the university. But please tell me about your present writing experience.

Pierre: Recently, I’ve been writing summaries assigned as homework in my Reading/Vocabulary class.

Chareeya: What’s the average amount of time you spend in writing a summary?

Pierre: It depends on the length of the summary. A one to one-and-a-half-page summary takes me about an hour to write.

Chareeya: When you have a choice of topic, what topic do you choose to write about?

Pierre: I write about myself. When I was in the university, I wrote a novel based on my own real-life story, from the time I was born to my university days. I’m a little upset that I haven’t been able to get my novel published. Anyway, it’s my pleasure to write. Writing is my hobby.

Chareeya: What problems do you encounter when you start writing? And how do you solve those problems?

Pierre: The problem is that I always forget what I want to write. Therefore, when I have an inspiration or some ideas, I have to write down everything before I forget things or lose the flow of ideas.

Chareeya: So, you use brainstorming techniques in the invention stage of your writing?

Pierre: Yes, I do, and they help a lot. If you don’t brainstorm, it’s easy to forget important points that you want to develop.

Chareeya: Do you use any other techniques in other stages of your writing?

Pierre: Yes. When I was writing my novel, for example, I attempted to create some suspense at the beginning of each chapter by not telling all the background and characteristics of the characters. I would lead my readers through an accumulation of evidence, trying to hold their attention, and then I would give them a clue later in the chapter. Strategies such as these put readers in doubt and make them anxious to read the following chapter to find out the answer.

Chareeya: What, most often, is the purpose of your writing?

Pierre: The purpose of my writing is mostly to use an everyday situation and the results of the action related to that situation to teach or warn readers.

Chareeya: What is a weak point of your writing that you need to improve?
Pierre: Vocabulary is the one area that I want to improve in order to be at ease in writing. Sometimes when I write in a foreign language, I don’t know which words I should use for what I want to say. I know the words in my native language, but I can’t find the proper words in another language.

Chareeya: Do time limits have any effect on your writing?

Pierre: Yes. If I know that I have to go somewhere or do something that’s going to interrupt my writing, I become anxious and can’t concentrate. The inspiration stops coming.

Chareeya: Do you find that writing about specific contexts, like those requiring medical terms or computer terms, can be a problem?

Pierre: When you write about a specific topic, you have to use vocabulary suitable for that topic. I don’t like to write about specific contexts. It’s very difficult and forces me into the closet. I once did some extensive writing on a medical phenomenon known as pseudo-pregnancy, a condition in which a woman wants so much to become pregnant that her body seems to respond to her will and manifests signs of pregnancy even though she’s actually not pregnant. I studied this phenomenon and wrote my thesis on it. It was tough work because I had to find very precise expressions in writing about such a specific topic.

Chareeya: Do you prefer to write on a word processor or on paper?

Pierre: I draft my writing on paper first, and then I type it on a word processor.

Chareeya: How many times do you revise a piece of writing?

Pierre: Three or four times. In university writing, for example, I’d first give my paper to the professor to get feedback on whether it followed the required format. Then I’d correct it and submit it again.

Chareeya: Do you ask anyone besides professors to respond to your writing when you’re finished with a draft?

Pierre: Yes. And if it’s a long work, I divide it into two or three parts and give each part to a different reader so that it’s not too much to respond to. My wife has helped me a lot on various writing projects.

Koichiro Takatsu,
I want to buy a car, too.
Hidenori Fujii
An Interview with Susan

Susan E. Anders, an important member of the EPI staff, helps EPI students with housing and many other kinds of things. She always gives us a big smile whenever we drop by her office. A sticker at the top of her computer screen declares, "Blessed are the smile makers." We decided to interview her to find out about her positive attitude with a smile.

Sung-woo Park
Dong-il Kim
Korea

specialty offered by the College of Education. This major is available only here in the states, and even a lot of Americans don’t know about it. It’s not a very well known field, but it is a very important one. Student personnel professionals have jobs like mine. If you attend an American university, you’ll find people there whose work is to help you with housing, programming, administration, and various other student services. Student personnel majors study college student life and general organization and administration. I completed my master’s degree in education in December 1994. Recently, I began taking courses in USC’s Teaching English as a Foreign Language Certificate (TEFL) program. If I get my teaching certificate, I hope to travel and work overseas someday.

Sung-woo: Why did you choose the job you have here at EPI?

Susan: I chose this job because I love international people. Most student personnel graduates work with American students, but I wanted to specialize in international student services because I like different cultures, different ways of thinking and living, and different things to learn. When I was in my graduate school program, I chose to write about some type of international service or issue in higher education for every class I took and every paper I wrote. In one class, I had the opportunity to meet and interview a lot of international students. Other people in my program studied about various other types of students on the American college campus, for example, adult students or learning disabled students.

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Susan: I chose this job because I love international people. Most student personnel graduates work with American students, but I wanted to specialize in international student services because I like different cultures, different ways of thinking and living, and different things to learn. When I was in my graduate school program, I chose to write about some type of international service or issue in higher education for every class I took and every paper I wrote. In one class, I had the opportunity to meet and interview a lot of international students. Other people in my program studied about various other types of students on the American college campus, for example, adult students or learning disabled students.

Sung-woo: Why did you choose the job you have here at EPI?

Susan: I chose this job because I love international people. Most student personnel graduates work with American students, but I wanted to specialize in international student services because I like different cultures, different ways of thinking and living, and different things to learn. When I was in my graduate school program, I chose to write about some type of international service or issue in higher education for every class I took and every paper I wrote. In one class, I had the opportunity to meet and interview a lot of international students. Other people in my program studied about various other types of students on the American college campus, for example, adult students or learning disabled students.

Dong-il: How long do you plan to work at EPI?

Susan: Two to four more years, perhaps forever—who knows. Normally, people in my field stay at their first job for only one or two years. I really like EPI students, though, so I plan to be here longer. Before I move on, I want to obtain my teaching certificate so that I’ll be able to teach in other countries. I
An Interview with Susan . . .

won’t be getting a master’s in linguistics in the TEFL program, so I won’t be able to teach full-time here at EPI. But perhaps I can get involved in a small special project during the summertime and hopefully teach some classes in it. With that experience, if I want to go overseas, I’ll probably be able to find a job teaching English.

Sung-woo: Have you had any funny episodes related to internationals happen to you?

Susan: Sure! You know, you’re not supposed to ask American women how old they are because some women here are very sensitive about their age. Most new EPI students ask me how old I am when they first come here, though, because they don’t know that it’s a sensitive issue. And then they always tell me that I look older than I really am! I’m not insulted, though; I just think it’s funny. Another delicate topic for American women is their weight. One day, a student came into my office and said to me, “You look like you’re gaining weight.” “What?!” was my first reaction. I was really surprised, but I wasn’t insulted by what he’d said since I know that new students don’t always know what kinds of questions and expressions they should avoid saying in America. Anyway . . . a piece of advice to EPI students: Be careful if you talk to a woman about age or weight; you might accidentally upset her! Those are some funny things I’ve encountered in communicating with internationals.

My best friend Meejeong,

How many ways are there to say “thank you” and “I love you?” I could fix dinner; we could watch a movie; we could have a picnic; you could cook me a Korean meal; we could do our homework together until midnight; we could talk and talk; or I could say, “I love you, thank you for your friendship, and I’ll miss you but I’ll never forget you.”

Elbia

Bill McSweeney,

One of my greatest strokes of luck was having you as a teacher at EPI. I feel that my writing skills have improved, and what I learned from you is invaluable. Thank you for your encouragement. Bye!

Jose Vieira

All of my lovely friends,

Thanks for everything. I’m very glad to know you. I hope I can see you guys in the future. I’m gonna miss you. I love you all so much.

Miki

All my EPI teachers,

Thank you all for everything. I have learned a lot from all of you. I can say that I have had not only good teachers but also real good friends I will always be proud of.

Talal Al-Rahbi
Kimchi Buchimgae
Sung-Hee Jun
Korea

Ingredients
1 1/2 cups of all-purpose flour
2/3 cup of water (for the batter)
1 tablespoon of salt
2/3 cup of slightly sour kimchi, finely chopped
1/2 small onion, chopped
1/2 small carrot, cut into 2-inch matchstick-thin strips
1 egg, beaten
1/5 pound of lean ground pork (or beef)
corn oil spray
1 tablespoon of soy sauce
1/2 tablespoon of vinegar
1/2 tablespoon of water (for the dipping sauce)

Preparation
Put the flour into a big bowl and gradually add the water, stirring continuously. Add the salt and keep stirring until the mixture is smooth. Stir in the chopped kimchi, onion, carrot, egg, and pork. Spray a medium-size frying pan with corn oil and heat the pan over medium heat for one minute. Pour one dipperful of the batter into the pan, spread it out, and fry it until browned (about 3 minutes). Then, turn it over, lower the heat, and brown the other side. Mix the soy sauce, vinegar, and water to make a dipping sauce for the buchimgae. Serve and enjoy!

Pisang Goreng
Febrina Suprayogi
Indonesia

Ingredients
5 tablespoons of Argo corn starch (or flour)
3 teaspoons of sugar
1/3 cup of water
4 ripe bananas, sliced into thirds
cooking oil (enough to cover the bananas)

Preparation
In a bowl, mix the corn starch (or flour), sugar, and water into a smooth batter. Stir the bananas in the batter until they are moistened all over. Heat the cooking oil in a pan over medium heat. When the oil is hot, put the bananas into the pan one by one and cook them on one side until browned. Turn them over and brown them on the other side. Serve them while they are still hot, topped with sweetened condensed milk (Meadow Gold) and chocolate hail (Ritz) or sweetened condensed milk and grated cheese.

Eplekake
Berit Midtgard
Norway

Ingredients
1/2 cup of butter
1/2 cup (or less) of sugar
2 eggs
1 cup of self-rising flour
2 large apples, peeled and diced
1/4 cup of chopped pecans or other nuts
a handful of raisins
cinnamon and sugar

Preparation
Pre-heat oven at 350°F. Grease a pan and dust it with flour. In a mixing bowl, beat the butter and sugar until smooth and white. Add the eggs one at a time and beat until smooth again. Add the flour and mix into a batter. Put half of the batter into the pan. Spread the apples, nuts, and raisins over the top of the batter. Sprinkle with a little cinnamon and sugar. Add the rest of the batter. Bake for 45 minutes. Serve.
Stories & Poems
Lozynsky

Sung-woo Park
Korea

I’d decided to go abroad to study English, so I was taking an English conversation class in Korea in order to prepare for coming to the U.S. When I first joined the class, I met about fifteen classmates and an instructor from Canada named Lozynsky.

One day, I got the opportunity to introduce myself in front of the class. Hearing me say that I was interested in bodybuilding, Lozynsky called me into his office after class to talk about the subject, an interest we had in common, he told me. He wanted to visit my gym to see my way of working out. As we agreed, I met him in my gym that Saturday.

After this meeting, I suggested, “Why don’t you work out with me in our free time?”

“Why not!” he responded.

It was a good deal since partnership is very important in weight training, and, at the same time, I could learn more English. We worked out together two or three times per week. He spotted me when I lifted heavy weights and taught me basic English conversation.

One day, as we were walking by a piano shop, he said to me all of a sudden, “I need to get my piano fixed. Can you make an appointment for me with a repairperson here?”

We went inside, and as I was arranging the appointment, I could hear some beautiful piano playing coming from the corner of the shop. To my surprise, I discovered that it was Lozynsky who was the owner of this wonderful sound. Although I wasn’t a musician, I was able to recognize that he was a really good piano player.

We were learning more and more about each other. During one of our chats, I found out that he wasn’t married yet. Another day, he asked me, “Can you swim?”

“I can swim but just freestyle,” I answered. “How about you?”

“I enjoy swimming, too, but I’m not a good swimmer. Why don’t we go swimming this weekend?”

“That sounds great!”

At the pool, after warming up for a minute, Lozynsky climbed up to the diving board, dove into the pool, and swam in four styles—free, back, breast, and butterfly. I couldn’t help being surprised by his swimming skill. “You’re a good swimmer, aren’t you?” I complimented him.

“Thank you, Sung-woo!”

We got out of the pool and headed for a restaurant. During dinner, he said, “I’m going to China to teach English after this semester.”

“Really?” I was surprised, “How come you didn’t tell me before?”

“I’m sorry, but I hadn’t decided until just last week. So, I’ll have to start preparing to go there.”

“So, we’ll be getting together for just one and a half more months, huh?”

“Probably, that’s right.”

Since he would be leaving soon, we took some more opportunities to do things together. “I’ve got two tickets for an art gallery,” he told me. “Want to go there with me on Saturday?”

“Sure!” I answered, although I had no idea about art.

In the gallery, he explained his feelings about the pictures, comparing them to famous works he knew.

One day, he showed me some poems he’d written and some prizes he’d won for poems he’d written during his school days in Canada.

“I’ve been writing a long novel. I want to be a good and famous novelist. That’s my goal in life.”

“That’s why you travel to as many countries as you can, right?”

“That’s one of the reasons.”

A few days before he left, we sat at a drinking table for the first and last time. He told me a little about his childhood and school days. He emphasized the importance of living as thoughtfully as we can so that we can get what we want and enjoy our lives.

After we said good-bye to each other, I got on a bus and headed home. On the way, I thought about Lozynsky and the time we’d spent together over the past three months. He’d lived well, I reflected; he’d achieved more than people ordinarily achieve. But I couldn’t help thinking about a certain emptiness I’d noticed in him since we’d first met. The more I’d gotten to know what a well-rounded, skillful person he was, the more I’d wondered what it was that he was lacking in his life. I looked out the window and saw a smiling couple walking down the street, their arms around each other. Suddenly, I understood what it was: He was still single, still without a partner in life.

“Flying with only one wing,” I murmured to myself, stepping off the bus.
Sisters
Leila Facchini
Colombia

Sarah
The next time she saw him, he was dying. He was pale and shaking all over, his face absorbed in pain. It was a terrible death, hours and hours of torture. His entire body was racked with pain. She tried to cry but, as always, her tears wouldn’t flow. He was a valiant, strong man, but she knew that this time his suffering was too much for him. Fortunately, all was going to be over soon.

She had always watched and loved him from a distance. Now, for the first time, he was so close. She tried to kiss him, but, to her great disappointment, nothing happened; he didn’t even notice her presence. Anyway, his beautiful body was deteriorating and his soul would soon be hers. All this time of waiting was almost over. In a few moments, they’d belong to the same world.

Manuela
She hates him, but she can’t exist without him. She thinks that he’s ordinary and stupid, but he’s her only company. When he tries to touch her, fortunately he can’t. She really wants to escape. But to go where?

She’s always watching TV because the movies remind her of the golden life she used to have. Sometimes she cries, but no tears fall.

She can’t understand why in the prime of her life she had to lose everything. She is so unhappy, but the truth is that she can’t be without someone who admires her.

She needs him. He’s the only one who can see the ghost that she is.

Stepping Stones
to Haiku City
Dick Holmes
USA

the sea
we are
trembling

dis this too
let go of
like shadows

of red leaves
under trees
along the shore

steel and glass
light up
reflect

turquoise
orange
grey
Love for a Thousand Years

Jeeseon Park
Korea

Though I hadn't touched your face before
I knew it would radiate palely like moonlight
Though I hadn't listened to your voice before
I knew it would be full of high spirits like the song of a lark
Though I hadn't felt anything of you before
I knew it was a sign I would feel you soon

Since a thousand years ago
Our fate has been sealed like this

It's neither a dream nor a mystery

For a thousand years
I've felt all about you beyond our consciousness

Only You and I

Realization

Young Jae Park
Korea

Where do you want to go?
Don't you know
your place is one of the best places?

If you search for a very beautiful place,
you can know
where the most beautiful place is.

If you feel comfortable in a place,
you can know
where the most comfortable place is.

When you realize everything,
you will know
that you are facing death.
I was sleeping when I was suddenly awakened by a cowboy knocking on the door and hollering out, "It's time to milk!" I got out of bed and woke up my husband. When we were ready to go to work, we stepped out into the cold and walked to the barn to milk the twenty cows waiting for us. My husband tied one of the cow's hind legs together and began to milk her. I held the bucket and watched the cow's movements because she might make a sudden movement and spill the milk. It took two hours to milk all the cows, from 4:30 a.m. to 6:30 a.m. When we were finished, we sold the milk to the milk company in the region. So began our typical day in Majes, Arequipa, Perú, the farming village where my husband, our two children, and I spent our vacations every year.

We lived in my parents' house there, the biggest on the block. It had two floors, with all the bedrooms on the second floor and the kitchen, bathroom, dining room, and living room on the first floor. In front of the house was the store, which sold everything needed for cooking. Behind the house were our fields: two hectares cultivated with potatoes, another two with alfalfa, and one more with corn.

Every morning after helping my husband milk the cows, I would feed all the animals. I would begin with the 250 birds, among them hens, roosters, turkeys, and ducks. After they were fed, I took care of the 160 other animals: 5 dogs, 4 cats, 100 rabbits, 9 pigs, 12 sheep, and 30 cows. All the animals knew me and followed me around. Sometimes they fought among themselves because they all wanted to be the first to be fed. Once the animals were fed, it was time to make breakfast for my children. After their breakfast, they would play all day. They liked to run and fall down in the grass. They were still babies. I taught them some easy work that they could help me with. I enjoyed their innocence and the way they learned things, making lots of mistakes but always smiling. They made me so happy.

The day would pass very fast. In the afternoon our routine was the same. My husband and I would milk the cows again and sell the milk. I would feed the animals again and then lead them into their corrals as night was approaching. My husband would irrigate the fields at around 7 p.m. when it began to cool off. The soil would remain moist until the next morning, permitting him to pull out the weeds growing among the plants.

At dinner we always drank milk. As our children ate and played at the table, my husband and I talked about the future crops and how much our children were growing every day. At night I would tuck my children into bed and my husband would tell them a bedtime story. When they had fallen asleep, we would kiss them on their foreheads. Then we would lie down, think about the next day, our children, and how happy we were, my son, my daughter, my husband, and I.

Cecil,

Your grammar class was so interesting, and I was comfortable taking your class. Whenever you teach us, you make us relax. I really appreciate your kindness. I hope to see you again. Bye-bye.

Shiro

24
It was a cold winter in January, 1992. During the winter break at the university, I was going to Jong-ro Foreign Language Institute with my friend. We were taking an early morning class there. After class we usually went to the public library to study. On that day, though, both of us were tired of studying, so we decided to go window shopping and get something to eat in Myeong-dong, an interesting shopping area in Seoul close to the Institute.

While we were eating a hot dog at a hot dog stand, I saw an international person there eating a hot dog, too. The moment I saw him, an idea popped into my head: “This is a nice chance to have a natural conversation in English with a foreigner,” I thought. My friend agreed with me that it was a good idea, and as people began to leave the stand, I went over to the foreigner to strike up a conversation with him.

How brave I was! But I soon discovered how limited my English speaking was. It was just the first month that I’d been taking an English class, so it was difficult to carry on much of a conversation. I began by forgetting to say “Excuse me” although I was approaching a stranger.

“Where are you from?” I asked him.
“I’m from Germany.”
“Can you speak English?”
“Yes.”
“Are you traveling in Seoul?”
“Yes.”

“Have a nice trip. Bye.” How simple and short I’d made the conversation! But I couldn’t think of what to say next after he’d said he was traveling in Seoul. Anyway, as we left the place, I was excited that I’d at least spoken to a foreigner. A few minutes later, my friend and I were still talking about him as we continued wandering around Myeong-dong when I felt somebody touch me on the shoulder. Wow! It was the German guy I’d just met.

He suggested that we get something to drink somewhere nearby. He looked like a kind person, so we went along with his suggestion.
We went to a cafeteria and talked about this and that for an hour. Although he was from Germany, he was working in Japan until December of that year. He asked us what places were good to visit in Seoul and whether we could show him those places if we had time. We gladly agreed to be his guide. It would be great to show him the abundance and variety of our country—a nice experience and a good memory for all of us.
We guided him to some traditional palaces, temples, and some nice places popular with young people. He seemed to enjoy his time with us.
A month later, I got a letter and some pictures from him, and we still keep in touch with each other like good friends.

GW30,
I have enjoyed working with you this quarter and think you have improved a lot. Keep up the good work!
Your teacher,
Bernie

Tristan, Juliana Castro, Fang Ping Chang, Rafael Stanziola, and Kazu Nishida,
Thank you for your participation at lunch. I’m really glad to have such good friends. I hope we’ll be in the same class again!
The person who prefers Orlando’s to Burger King

My RV50 students,
Congratulations! Not only did you survive my class, but you also survived the assignments from your favorite textbook, Beyond Language. Keep up the good work!
Rick
A Day in the Heart of Nicaragua

Victor M. García
Nicaragua

torsalo, a type of worm that grows from a larva implanted in the skin by a hateful fly. I remembered how painful it was when three torsalos had made my own back “their home” some months before and that I had had to get medical treatment.

By the time the sun had reached its zenith, I discerned the first houses of Piñuela. It was twelve noon and we were in the valley. The houses were made of bamboo stalks and banana tree leaves. Women were washing clothes in the river while men standing on a rustic bridge were exchanging their cattle, pigs, and cheese for the medicine and clothes that traders had brought from almost 100 kilometers away. “Amazing!” I thought. “It’s nearly the end of the 20th century, and here are these primitive ways of exchange, without money, in the heart of Nicaragua.”

We took a rest there for a while, eating some canned food and conversing about our families, experiences, and goals.

Our trek continued until the sun had set. I don’t remember where we stopped to sleep that night, but I am sure we were wet and tired. We unfolded our champas as if they were the finest accommodations in the world, fell into them, and slept like rocks. In my dream, I heard the sound of cicadas and congas coming from somewhere far away. Actually, it was not a dream: a new day was starting.
Prisoners of Destiny

Elbia Galo
Nicaragua

It is incredible how radically people's lives can change. In August 1984 the telephone rang, and it jangled her spirit. She could hear her heart, full of fear, pounding in her chest. And her heart was right: Martin had been drafted.

Alejandra had met Martin many years before when they were still children. Love started between them innocently, magically, and firmly. Years later, this love developed into a classic adolescent romance, full of dreams of their future together. But destiny held a different future for them.

When Alejandra and Martin talked about their dreams, it wasn't their mouths that said the words but their eyes. They laughed so happily when one of them thought of something and the other guessed it exactly. Twin souls, they thought.

The government called Martin for two years of military service. Two years...an eternity for a love based on the communication between souls. Souls that kiss, souls that feel, souls that touch. Ah, if only the nation weren't at war!! But it was.

Their farewell was heartwrenching. And so were all the days that followed. Uncertainty and separation were a bitter mixture to swallow. For Alejandra, days were full of power, killing others for your own survival.

One of Martin's characteristics was his lack of strength in the face of others' suffering. Battle after battle, he lost his friends, his peace, his hope, and most importantly, his spirit. He lost his spirit, and his mind left with it. Madness devoured his mind voraciously.

Martin got lost in his memories of the past and never found his way out. He and Alejandra lost their most important battle...the strength to battle for a future together.

Now, twelve years later, an unsaid farewell remains suspended, and the happy memories have been covered by a sheen of sadness. Martin is an eternal prisoner of his confused mind, and Alejandra is still a prisoner of her love for him.

Eyes

Elbia Galo
Nicaragua

They smile without a mouth.
They speak without words.
They love without caresses.
They burn without fire.

They dream.
They cry.

And when they miss, they enter remembrance without feet, and they stay in the soul without invitation.
The Many Things I Have Learned in the USA

Mayumi Kawamoto
Japan

good learning environment.

Everybody here has taught me so many important things and the importance of being aware of these things. It's been a thoroughly enjoyable experience, and I'm happy that I'll have so many good memories to carry into my future. Thanks to everybody's help and encouragement during my stay in the USA, I'll be taking home a lot of wonderful knowledge that I'll be able to share with my family and friends in Japan. If I have a child someday, I hope I'll be able to give her or him the same opportunity I've had.

Thank you, my family here in the USA.
Thank you, my teachers in EPI.
Thank you, everybody.
Thank you for everything.
I'll never forget my experience here in this country and the many things that I've learned from everyone.

Mijin Kim,
I will miss you when you move to a new apartment. We won't be seeing each other so much, but I'll always like you.
Ha-na Lee

My mother has two older sisters, both of whom are married to Americans. One of them lives in Texas and the other in Columbia, South Carolina. My mother’s younger brother died four years ago, and my mother was deeply grieved, especially because my grandparents and my father had already died. In hopes of cheering her up, my older sister and I made plans for the three of us and my sister’s husband to visit my mother’s sisters in America.

Two years ago, our plan was realized, and we traveled from Japan to the USA. The meeting between my mother and her sisters was very emotional after their twenty-eight years of separation. For me, though, one of the main feelings was confusion. I couldn’t communicate with my uncles and cousins because I couldn’t speak or even understand English. As a result of this experience, I decided that I’d come back to America to study English.

I was already thirty-two years old when I made this decision and although I thought I was too old for such study, I was determined to try anyway. I also made up my mind not only to study but also to do some special things in the USA.

Since I entered the English Programs for Internationals here in Columbia, I’ve found the various cultures and customs of other foreigners very interesting. I’ve also gotten the chance to talk with Americans, a culture-shocking experience for me. In contrast to what I consider the negative aspects of Japanese culture—passivity, impractical idealism, conformity, lack of individuality, and lack of self-expression—I’ve experienced the vigorous competitive spirit, self-reliance, esteem of the individual, self-expression, and frankness of Americans. I’ve especially been shocked by Americans’ way of expressing themselves. Living here in the USA has made me aware of my lack of ability to express myself and challenged me to develop this ability.

My aunt and uncle have taught me so many things while I’ve been living here with them. Besides informing me about American customs and history, how to function in this country, how to express myself, etc., they’ve taught me so much about life in general. Through their inspiring example, I’ve learned the importance of having strong affection, empathy, and appreciation for everyone and everything. I already had these feelings before coming to live with them, but the strength of their feelings, as deep as the sea and as wide as the sky, has brought me to a new dimension of understanding.

My teachers in EPI have also taught me a lot, not only about English but about other things as well. From them, I’ve received good influence, good experience, and encouragement. They’ve always treated me as an individual and provided me with a
A Dream of an Eagle

It was a year ago that I met him. After midterm exams, I'd decided to go on a kind of blind date just for a change. I didn't expect anything from it but one day's enjoyment.

He seemed to be a very ordinary guy. We followed the regular blind date routine: meeting at the coffee shop, having dinner, talking over beers. Nothing special—this was my first impression of him.

Perhaps everybody has a romantic illusion about love, regarding love at first sight as true love. Anyway, it wasn't love at first sight for me with him. He didn't radiate any charms. He was wearing a somewhat old white jacket, which made him look poor. He didn't talk a lot, communicating mostly by smiling. Definitely he was not my "knight in shining armor," who could thrill me in some dramatic way.

When he escorted me home that evening, I even felt ill at ease in his presence. Because of the awkwardness of the situation, I said good-bye over and over—more than ten times—before we finally parted in front of my house. Clumsy!

Two weeks later, by the time I'd almost forgotten him, he called me and suggested that we go out again. I was surprised and for some reason delighted that he'd called. Without thinking twice, I agreed to go out with him.

On the day we were to meet, I was very tired because I'd stayed up all night with my friends and hadn't slept. Before meeting him, I took a nap and had a dream about an eagle. The dream was so impressive that I can still describe it in detail. A black bird was flying through a cloudy sky. With my brother standing beside me, I stood still, gazing at the bird and feeling overwhelmed by its presence. As it slowly glided closer, I could see that it was an eagle and that its wings were folded in. Suddenly, it was right above me and spread its wings over my head. I felt a little scared.

After waking up from this dream, I met him for the second time, still without any special feelings for him. This time, though, we had a chance to talk a lot about our lives, friendship, family, love, the future, etc. It was a common conversation any two people might have had, but there was something compelling about it. I was beginning to understand what an admirable, loving person he was. Even through our everyday conversation, he showed his great character, not in a bombastic way but in an appealingly modest way. He seemed to be able to meditate on everything sincerely and to love people unconditionally.

After this second meeting, I realized that I really liked him. And from that time on, I grew to like him more and more. I looked up my eagle dream in a dream dictionary. According to it, a dream about an eagle refers to one's awareness of somebody.

That made sense to me because I couldn't have come to love him without becoming aware of his noble spirit. I'm not especially into psychic phenomena, but I can't deny that dreams can foretell the future. Through my eagle dream, I was able to meet my best friend in my life.
Time
Pastor Raul Chura Serrano
Perú

Mysterious TIME,
at once simple and intricate.

Nobody knows when you began to walk,
obody knows when you will finish walking.

Everybody wants to control you,
some begging you to slow down or stop,
others demanding that you fly.

Implacable, though, you continue forever
your inexorable walk, containing it all
and knowing all that happens.

Happiness
Seung-Hoon Jeon
Korea

Why do we exist in this world?
To be happy or to be tortured?
We're pressured by so many demands.
We think happiness is very difficult to get
even though it comes right up to us.
We don't know whether we're happy or not,
but after the day has gone by,
we notice that our happiness is gone.
We always miss the days when we were happy,
but we can all be happy now.
Even breathing is happiness.
Feel it and get it:
Happiness is a feeling.

Waste Not a Single Hour
Mayumi Kawamoto
Japan

Yesterday is a reminder of days both good and bad,
The trials that have taught us lessons and the good times we have had.
The future still waits as a dream awaits the night
To give way to the morning light.
The past may bring us memories to treasure through the years,
And the future keeps the dream alive despite our doubts and fears.
But oh, my friend, we have today to live and laugh and cry,
A day our brilliant life will radiate endlessly.
The Ocean in My Eyes
Talal Al-Rahbi
Oman

Three months ago, I was in Miami Beach. I love the ocean, and Miami has one of the most beautiful seascapes I have ever seen. I was staying at a hotel on the beach. One night I couldn't sleep, so I decided to go for a walk.

It was almost dawn. Approaching the water, I watched from my troubles.

After a while, I got up, stepped into the water, and felt it climb up my legs higher and higher, inch by inch. Tasting a drop of the cold, salty water, I felt it sting my throat as the breeze touched my face and my hair. I reached down into the water and touched the cool sand, letting it

the dark sky slowly give way to a spectrum of vibrant colors—reds, pinks, and oranges. For the first time in my life, I saw colors dancing in the sky. Slowly, slowly, the sun emerged from the water. I felt the red of the sun fill my eyes and I felt the morning warmth on my body after the dark, cold night.

Everything was quiet and calm except for the sound of the ocean. I sat down on the sand and just listened to the water splashing on the beach like rhythmic music. The gentle whoosh of the surf passed through my ears and into my heart, relaxing me and providing me with an escape run through my fingers. I felt the salty air passing through my nostrils. "Unbelievable!" I said to myself with each breath, walking on and on for a long time, sometimes in the water, sometimes on the sand.

It was one of the most beautiful days of my life, and all the details remain vivid in my memory. I know that for some an experience like the one I had in Miami Beach might be commonplace, but for me that morning on the beach was extraordinary. Now, I feel that the only pure place left in our world is the ocean, and I know that it will be my refuge forever.

Dear Baron,
Your baby will be coming soon!!!
WHAT SHOULD I DO???
Love and a big hug,
Your ex-girlfriend Zeby

Hiro,
I had a really great time with you. Thank you for your kindness and your help. I believe that you can certainly accomplish your goal in your studies. I hope you have lots of success. I’m looking forward to seeing you someday in Japan.
Sincerely yours,
Mayumi

Dick,
The greatest lesson I learned in your grammar class: Dreams don’t have frontiers, thoughts don’t know barriers, the spirit lives on dreams and thoughts; let your spirit be free and travel through your pen until you reach the paper pier.
Thank you.
Elbia
I was born in Yokohama City near Tokyo, Japan. I have an older sister who, when we were children, was a well-mannered and gentle girl. Unlike her, I was a really naughty child and quite a tomboy. Three incidents that happened when I was between three and five years old are especially memorable to me.

The first incident happened when I was three years old. At that time, my older sister went to kindergarten every day, which was a five-minute walk from our house. I was envious of her because she was learning about kindergarten, children's songs, paper folding, etc. I thought that kindergarten was paradise. Although I wanted to go to kindergarten, too, I couldn't go because I wasn't old enough. Each day, when I saw the teachers and school children playing, I wanted even more to enter kindergarten.

One day I asked my older sister, "Do you know what kind of fruit your teacher likes best?"

"She likes bananas," my sister said.

The next day, I went to the kindergarten to take my sister's teacher a banana. I walked right up to the doorway of my sister's classroom and without any hesitation called out to her teacher, "I know that you like bananas and I want you to have this one, so will you let me enter kindergarten?"

My sister's teacher was really embarrassed and said, "Actually, I like bananas, but, I'm sorry, I can't let you in."

I was shocked! I thought that I'd be able to enter kindergarten if I bribed the teacher with her favorite food. When my mother found out what I'd done, she was terribly angry with me. The incident received a lot of attention around my town. My mother began to call it the "Banana Tradition."

The second incident happened when I'd turned four. I'd finally begun the wonderful kindergarten life that was part of my dream, and I was really enjoying it. I also enjoyed playing together with my best friend Tomoko every afternoon. I had so much fun playing with her that I always arrived home later than I was supposed to.

One day when we were playing in the sand at the park, Tomoko asked me, "Mayumi, do you know which hospital you were born in?"

I told her I didn't know.

"Why don't you ask your mother?" she asked.

That day, I got home late, as usual, and my clothes were covered with mud. My mother was angry and said, "You have to come home when I tell you to be here!"

By this time, I'd gotten used to my mother's scolding, so I didn't care that she was angry, which made her even angrier.

A little later, as she was preparing for dinner, I asked her, "Mom, which hospital was I born in?"

She was still angry and didn't answer me. I asked her again in a louder voice.

Looking fierce, she replied loudly, "You were born at the Under The Bridge Hospital!"

"Under The Bridge?" I thought to myself. At the time, I understood "Under The Bridge" to be the name of a place in the USA since she had said it in English. I thought that I might have been born there since my aunts' families were living in the USA. Actually, though, in Japan the expression "under the bridge" means a place where deserted children are picked up.

The next day, I very proudly announced to Tomoko, "I was born in Under The Bridge, USA." I said "Under The Bridge" in English as my mother had said the day before.

Tomoko was greatly astonished by the news and asked me, "Is that true?"

"Yeah, it's true! If you don't believe me, why don't you ask my mother?" I said.

So, we went to my house and Tomoko asked my mother, "Is it true that Mayumi was born in the USA?"

"What did you say?" my mother asked.

Tomoko repeated the question.

My mother laughed heartily and said, "I meant that I picked up Mayumi under the bridge, that Mayumi was a deserted child."

Not understanding that my mother was just getting back at me for my tardiness, I believed that she really had found me under the bridge. I was shocked and so was Tomoko, who returned home without saying a word.

That night as we ate supper, my father was worried about me because he could tell that something was bothering me. "What happened to you today?" he asked.

"Could you tell me who picked me up under the bridge?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I said, "I'm an abandoned
Tomboy...

child, right?"

I could see my mother’s face turning pale. In the end, I was angry at my mother and wouldn’t talk to her for about an hour because she’d hurt my feelings with her terrible joke. My father was angry with her, too. But I was the one who had to follow a strict curfew for a week after the “under the bridge” incident.

The third incident happened soon afterwards. I was playing with Tomoko as usual when I decided to climb a big tree we’d come upon. I really liked to climb trees, but Tomoko was afraid to, so she just watched as I started climbing up the tree. Tomoko kept worrying about me, but about an hour later, I managed to reach the top of the tree. On my way back down, though, I ran into a problem: One of the boughs I’d used as a foothold on the way up had broken off. I was stuck and couldn’t get down.

Tomoko went to get my mother. Unfortunately, my mother was out, so Tomoko brought her own mother. Tomoko’s mother couldn’t help me, so she called a rescue party. As time went by, the neighbors gathered around down below me, and eventually I saw my mother’s face in the crowd, too, looking up at me anxiously. I was afraid that she was going to be angry again. I was so afraid of her that I didn’t want to come down from the big tree.

About thirty minutes later, the rescue party helped me down to the ground, and my mother lifted me into her arms and cried for joy. It was at that moment that I realized that I’d always caused trouble for my mother and that I’d had no idea what fear was. I also realized that my mother had always worried about me and loved me. After that incident, although I was still a tomboy, I made an effort to become a good girl for my mother.

The tree incident became a famous story in my town. I think that my mother still thinks of me as a tomboy today, and people in my town say, “When you were a child, you were quite a tomboy, but a cute one!”

I have never forgotten these incidents to this day. They are lasting memories for me and my family.

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The Rabbit in the Moon

Seung-Hoon Jeon
Korea

When I was a child, I heard that a rabbit who milled grain lived alone in the moon. When I was older, I found out that there wasn’t even any air there, not to mention a rabbit.

I want to believe in the existence of the rabbit in the moon. Children want to see the rabbit in the moon. The rabbit is our pure mind and our desire to be purified.

When a rabbit lived in the moon, we felt the warm hearts of the people in this world.
"They won't know what we're doing right now," one of us whispered, looking out at the audience through a tiny gap between the two thick, heavy curtains. We were in a dark space behind the curtain dancing around to relax, trying to escape from the extreme nervousness we were feeling before the curtains opened. Waiting for the introductory music to end and for the auditorium lights to be turned off, we kept peeking out at the audience. We were excited to see that a lot of people had come. Then at last, we couldn't hear any music or see anything. Yes, it was showtime.

When the stage lights came on, I suddenly found myself breathless. A lot of people were staring at me. "Oh, I have to ignore them!" I told myself. "They aren't people. There's a wall between them and me." I tried to forget them, but against my desperate will, I traced the small movements of the audience. I saw a guy whispering something to his girlfriend and the flash of a camera somewhere, and I heard a familiar voice near the stage saying, "That's my daughter!" I had to get a grip on myself. I reminded myself how much time and effort I had put into this production during the whole vacation and that my friends with whom I was in the play were depending on me. I didn't want to ruin the play. With these things in mind, I was finally able to overcome my stage fright and concentrate on my acting.

Between scenes, the stage lights were supposed to be dimmed, but because of some mechanical failure, I faced complete darkness as I tried to make my way off the stage. I was frightened. In a few seconds, the lights would be turned back on and unless I hurried I would be caught looking really ridiculous groping my way off the stage. Finally, finding the edge of the curtain, I grabbed it and succeeded in following it off the stage before the lights came back on.

But my relief didn't last long. I felt that something was wrong. "Oh, my goodness! I should've gotten off on the left side because I have to show up on stage again there, but here I am on the right side!"

I had to run. Gasping, bumping against the wall, I ran through the narrow dark aisle behind the stage and barely managed to arrive on time at the left side. Fortunately, after that, I managed to complete the play without further incident.

Right after the play ended, however, I looked in the mirror and realized that my hat was gone and that my hair was all messed up. My hat had probably fallen off when I was running to the other side of the stage. "Don't worry," I consoled myself. "Anyway, it's all over."

This first acting experience became my most vivid memory, one that I'm sure I won't forget even though it's about something ridiculous and somewhat embarrassing. I see it as a treasure now.
I’ll never forget what happened that day.
My friend and I were hiking over a small mountain when we came upon an old house, the door to which was blocked by a big rock. Curious, we decided to take a look inside. We looked on each side of the house for a window, but there weren’t any windows. All we could find to look through was a small hole the size of an eye.

“Do you want to look first?” my friend asked.
“No, thank you! After you,” I replied. Frankly, I was afraid.
“Okay,” he said and looked through the hole.
“What did you see?” I asked him as he drew back from the hole.

“Nothing!” he replied. “I didn’t see anything.”
I couldn’t trust him, so I decided to take a look through the hole myself. I didn’t see anything either. All I could tell was that it was painted red inside. We took a rest by the house for twenty minutes and then continued on our way.

We arrived at our destination around 7:00 p.m. and began to search for an inn, where we could relax and sleep. There didn’t seem to be any place we could stay. At last, though, we found one—an old, dilapidated country inn.

“Hello!” we called out as we walked through the gate.

In a moment, a woman who looked like she was probably over eighty years old came out and said, “Who are you? Why are you calling me? I closed this place twenty years ago! Get out!”

“We come from Tae-Gu,” I told her eagerly. “We looked around the village but couldn’t find any other inns. Please help us. We don’t know where we can go.”

She looked lost in thought a little while and then said shortly, “Follow me.” She took us to a room and opened the door. “Sleep here!” she said and then disappeared. We went to sleep around 11:00 p.m. and didn’t wake up till 11:00 a.m. the next morning.

Suddenly, we heard her calling out to us, “Come and have lunch!”
We were astonished by her kindness. As we were eating lunch together, we asked her about the strange house we’d found on the mountainside.

“Don’t mention that house,” she said, “It’s cursed.”
“How did it become cursed?” we asked her again and again.
Finally, she said, “Around fifty years ago, a lady lived there all by herself. She never socialized with anyone. One day we went to her house because we were concerned about her safety …”

She paused a moment and then began again. “We found her remains and buried her behind the house.”

We still wondered why she had been such a loner, and asked the old innkeeper about it.

“Her eyes were red,” she said.

All my teachers and all my friends,
Thank you all for your kindness.
I’ll never forget it. I’ve really enjoyed being in EPI. Take care of yourselves.
Mayumi

Rick,
I really had a great term. I will never forget the time we watched a baseball game together. It was so much fun. Thank you for everything.
Check you later.
Shiro

Sung-woo Park,
I’m going to miss you. I hope you’re successful in Korea. When you are back in Korea, work hard, man, and call me, please …
Byung-kook Kim

GW50b,
You’re a great team!
Your coach, Bronia
More Than an Ordinary Cube

Liliana Paola Ortiz R.
Colombia

After my grandmother died, my grandfather lived the last two years of his life all alone in an old house in the mountains. For the first few months after his death, everyone in my family was so sad that none of us wanted to look after the house or even go there to see how it was. In time, I almost forgot about it.

One day, though, when I was feeling awful, depressed, and lonely, I remembered the house. I don’t know why it was the first peaceful place that came to mind; I just know that I felt a strange, strong feeling to go there. So, as soon as I could, I got into my car and headed for the old house. I’m not sure how long it took me to get there—time seemed unimportant—but I remember feeling that I’d gotten there amazingly fast. Before I knew it, there I was in front of the house with its peaceful, inviting yard.

I was immediately impressed by the wonderful atmosphere of the place. I felt like I was entering a different world. I couldn’t believe that I’d forgotten how beautiful it was there. With each step, I felt the wind caressing my face and the leaves moving around me. Everything around me was so beautiful—all the tall green trees, the lake near the house with its transparent deep blue color, the rocks surrounding it, the smell of nature, and the fantastic sound of all this magic. I spent a while just looking around and enjoying the place, but in my heart I felt that something important was waiting for me in the house, and I felt compelled to go inside to discover what it was.

When I opened the door, the first thing I noticed was that everything was covered with dust. It didn’t look the same as it did when my grandfather was alive. Walking from room to room, I was reminded of the good old times that I’d shared with him, and I couldn’t stop the tears in my eyes.

On the top floor of the house, I walked into the room that had been my grandfather’s favorite room in the house. A shaft of sunlight streamed through a big window, lighting up the whole room. One ray of light was shining directly on a little cube resting on a table near the window. Glittering brightly, it easily caught my attention. It was about the size of an apple, and on its sides were various geometric figures. I picked it up slowly and began to feel it with my fingers. On one side of it, I could feel a small hole, and for some reason I pushed in on it.

In a second everything began to change. An amazing array of multicolored lights flashed around me like little comets. At the same moment, I felt a hole open in the floor and I fell through it. Strangely, I wasn’t afraid at all because the hole was lit up and very clear and I knew that I was in a very peaceful place. Finally, I landed on a bubble surrounded by a lot of other bubbles floating all around me in the air and drifting toward a big door.

I didn’t understand what had happened, but I felt happy and very expectant. I began to jump from one bubble to another until I was near the door. As I passed through the door, I fell into one of the bubbles and again the environment changed. This time everything was familiar because through the transparent walls of the bubble I saw my friends, my parents, and a lot of people I knew. Here, I traveled in time to many special moments in my life that I’d already forgotten, and I could see that I’d never been alone, that there had always been a lot of people with me. Maybe sometimes I hadn’t been able to feel their company because they weren’t physically near me at the moment and so I assumed that I wasn’t important to them. But at that moment I learned that if I see with the eyes of my heart, I can see and feel the love of the people around me. I just have to take a little time to feel how it all comes to me.

After a while, the images suddenly stopped, and I found myself back in the upstairs room that had been my grandfather’s favorite. As soon as I realized where I was, I looked around and saw the cube. It was on the table just as it had been when I’d first seen it. Everything looked like nothing had happened. I couldn’t understand what had happened, but, anyway, I remember this experience every day as the most important treasure of my heart. It taught me how important it is for us to open our eyes and look around. Every one of us can find a lot of wonderful things just by opening up to them.
Dust
Sung-woo Park
Korea

Living on the land and moving around
I saw many plants, animals, and people
The relationship between master and servant
I meditated on the wide complexity

Standing on the beach and swimming in the ocean
I smelled the site of myriad species of fish
Two faces between serenity and terror
I conceived deep variety

Laying my head back against the roof and observing the sky
I heard the whisper of stars and the moon
The difference between fable and scientific mystery
I imagined never-ending infinity

Finally, I was convinced I am a speck of dust in the universe

Death in the Cosmos
Pastor Raul Chura Serrano
Perú

It was not a dream.
It was a true story, real.
It wasn’t just in my head
That it happened.

From the edge of the universe,
breaking the stillness and darkness
of the spatial landscape,
bright sparks flew among the stars.

For a brief moment, everything was
bathed in a fantastic light.

What had happened?

Ah, it was merely the last snort
of a cosmic giant being extinguished forever.
Whirling
Dick Holmes
USA

A walk in the rain,
heavy flowers
bowing low to the grass,
she tells him
she has to be going.

So soon?! But
we've just . . .

I know, but it
has to be this way.

And before why,
she dissolves
in the cool blue light
of a sunlit breeze,
leaves turn
red and gold,
snow falls,
and flowers bloom again
to say hello, good-bye.

From Here
Silke Bernhardt
Germany

I haven't seen you
for a while
and, honestly,
I thought I wouldn't
miss you.
I've never said
"I love you."

But now I'm here
and I hear myself
talking about you
and I see myself
thinking of you
much more than I
wanted to.

Perhaps I need
some distance
to see you as a whole.
Believe me,
I won't mix up
my own mistakes
with yours again, and
possibly, someday I'll say
"I really like you,"
Germany.

Absence
Elbia Galo
Nicaragua

Sitting in front of the fire
I recall you
My loneliness is with me
but it's such a bitter companion
that the fire cries the sadness
of my soul

One by one its tears fall
one by one my dreams fall

Dreams . . .

Your skin that dresses me
your caresses that know
your eyes that talk
your kisses that choke

Dreams . . .

Sitting in front of the fire
I recall you
My dreams are with me
but with you my love
who is with you?
Art & Entertainment
DEAR PAT

"Got a problem? No problem!"
—Pat

Dear Pat,
My husband Jim is never on time. He’s always about twelve hours late. What should I do?
Frustrated Wife

Dear Pat,
One afternoon on my way home from class, I saw a big bag on the side of the road. As I got closer to it, I noticed an awful odor coming from it. Like the smell of a septic tank. Curious, I held my nose with one hand and opened the bag with the other. To my surprise, the bag was full of $1,000 bills! There must have been $1,000,000 in that smelly bag! I looked around and didn’t see anyone, so I picked up the heavy bag and hid it behind a bush. All the way home, I could smell that horrible odor on my hands. I couldn’t want to wash them. Now, I don’t know what to do. Should I go back and get the bag? I sure could use the money.
Just Another Poor Student

Dear Frustrated,
Just tell him this: “Jim, I’m warning you about your sense of time. The night before last, you came home yesterday. Last night, you came home today. This evening, if you come home tomorrow, I won’t be here.”
Pat

Dear Pat,
Ever since I started studying English, something strange has been happening to me. Whenever I have homework to do, my mind tells me, “You are sleepy... very, very sleepy.” But when there’s a party at Cliff Apartments, my mind won’t let me go to bed. All night long it tells me to dance and drink and dance some more. What’s your opinion? Should I see a psychiatrist? Do I need to take Prozac?
Confused and Crazy

Dear Confused,
You must be crazy to study English. Why don’t you save yourself a lot of money and teach your own language to everyone you know? Then everyone around you will speak your language and you won’t have to listen to your mind telling you that you’re sleepy. You’ll be able to party all day and all night long. Too, whatever you do, make sure you enjoy doing it. Life’s too short to sleep away.
Pat

Dear Just,
It just goes to show you, “Dung is not all that smells bad.” Now you know why rich people hold their noses up in the air. I suggest that you go back and get the bag despite the smell. Just hold your nose up and spend the money. (And you can always get rid of some of it by sending it to me!)
Pat

Dear Pat,
My roommate is very dirty. Five minutes after I clean the room, it’s dirty again because my roommate is so dirty. Under the circumstances, how can I keep my room clean?
Mr. Clean

Dear Mr. Clean,
If your room gets dirty because your roommate is dirty, try cleaning the room.
Pat
Dead Poets' Society
Teresa Del Cid Rodríguez
Honduras

"Words and ideas can change the world," says the teacher of the poetry class. "Poetry involves human passion. Poetry is beauty, it's romance, it's love."

The film Dead Poets' Society touches our feelings. Through poetry, a high school teacher, played by Robin Williams, teaches us to see the world in a personal way, not just as we're supposed to see it. Poetry, we learn, allows us to express our own points of view, using our own words. It isn't necessary to understand what poetry is in order to write a poem; we need only to feel, to believe in what we feel, and to express our feelings from our hearts.

This movie tells the story of some of the poetry teacher's students, who discover an old hideaway where their teacher and his friends used to hold meetings of the "Dead Poets' Society." When the teacher was a student at the school, he and the other members of the Society wrote a poetry book and the students discover a new way to experience their lives, so they decide to organize a new association like the one their teacher belonged to. They learn a lot about poetry, solidarity, and friendship in their Society. One of them, a boy whose creative urges have always been suppressed by his domineering parents, especially blossoms in the Society and begins to fulfill his dream of becoming an actor. In the end, however, he, the other members of the Society, and their teacher learn how resistant society as a whole can be to creativity.

Despite its tragic ending, Dead Poets' Society leaves us a message that motivates us to live our lives as a poetic manifestation of our own perspective, expressing our feelings in a way that lets people get to know us and accept us just as we are.

EPI friends,
Mastering English is much harder than finding God's existence. Be persistent, though, and you will get results.
Sunghee Lee
The Art of Loving

Mi-Yeon Kim
Korea

It was one year ago that I read The Art of Loving and had such great impressions of it. The author, Dr. Erich Fromm, explores a way of altering the whole course of our life: through the art of loving. Fromm's view of love is very different from the common notion that love is achieved by "falling into" it. He regards love as something that needs effort, knowledge, concentration, and practice, not just as a pleasant sensation.

In this book, Fromm discusses love in all its aspects—romantic love, brotherly love, motherly love, erotic love, self-love, and love of God. Tracing the disintegration of love in contemporary Western society, he emphasizes the importance of practicing love. Fromm maintains that love is composed of maturity, self-knowledge, and courage. Like other arts, he says, love demands genuine insight and understanding. It doesn’t just happen.

Personally, this book changed my life. Before reading it, I’d been full of misconceptions about love. I saw the problem of love primarily as that of being loved rather than that of loving. I’d been longing for love, but I’d always focused on the object, not on myself and my creation of love. I’d been unable to understand what true love meant.

Through The Art of Loving, I obtained useful, penetrating insights for my life. I really came to understand that the more I know and practice, the greater love can be.

Pili,
I love you. Thanks for your support!!
Your sister

Dear Elbia,
You are the most precious person that I’ve met here and you are the nicest person that I’ve met in my life. I hope you’ll be happy and successful in whatever you do. Most of all, I hope you remember that I like you so much and I want to be a good friend of yours until the end of the world . . .

From a sleeping princess (you know who I am)
Music Stop II
Bernardo Perkinson
Venezuela

four 1996 Grammy Awards, including awards for best album of the year, best rock song, and best female vocalist. Songs like “Ironic,” “You Oughta Know,” “Hand in My Pocket,” and “Perfect” make this album a great

Extremist” and several from his new album, Joe Satriani, such as “Cool #9,” “Morocco Sunset,” and “(You’re) My World.” He is definitely one of the best live guitar players ever. It was a real treat to hear him playing his new chrome guitar in Charleston. What a beautiful instrument! Joe is now in South America ending his ’95-’96 world tour.

The CRANBERRIES’ latest album, To the Faithful Departed, features social awareness songs like “Salvation” urging us not to let our lives be controlled by anything that can hurt us, like drugs. There’s also a song about John Lennon, ending with a gun-shot effect, and a song called “I’m Still Remembering,” written in memory of Kurt Cobain six months after he committed suicide. In short, this album is full of messages and good music. The Cranberries will be starting a new tour in Salem, Oregon, on August 1st.

Well, music lovers, after the spring term, I’m going to be moving on to another music stop and won’t be back until fall, so this will be my last music report for a while. In the meantime, I hope you find lots of cool new music to listen to.

So-min Sung,
I hope you get a good TOEFL score so that you’ll be able to go to a good university that you want to study at. After the summer term, I’ll be going back to Korea. After I leave, I hope you’ll keep fighting hard to improve your English.
Your loving brother,
Byung-ook Kim
It's often said that the best musicians are unknown guys playing in obscure clubs or even in their living rooms at night after spending all day recording with other unknown musicians or with great musicians. Low profile guitar player Michael "Mike" Landau is such a musician. He isn't as famous as George Benson, Eric Clapton, Carlos Santana, or lots of others, but for over a decade, Landau has been a first-call LA player, laying down smooth tracks with such legendary musicians as Miles Davis, James Taylor, Pink Floyd, Joni Mitchell, B.B. King, Boz Scaggs, David Crosby, David Foster, and with hundreds of other great musicians. Unlike a lot of other session musicians who play jazz on their own projects, Landau has been going out on his own lately with the Raging Honkies, a loud, driving progressive rock trio featuring his brother Teddy on bass and Abe Laboriel, Jr., son of great jazz bass player Abraham Laboriel, on drums.

Recently Landau and his group produced Raging Honkies, a CD in budget black and white packaging with a photograph on the cover taken by his wife. Inside the package, the music speaks for itself. As a big fan of Landau's, I'd been waiting for a long time to hear his original music, and fortunately, I was able to get a copy of Raging Honkies from his electrical music equipment designer and good friend Robert Bradshaw. Thanks Bob!! It would have been hard to find this Japanese import CD sold only by an independent record company, so I was lucky to get hold of it.

The first time I listened to Raging Honkies, I could hear Landau's strong blues and jazz influences as well as his great facility with rock. He mixes everything from bebop phrasing to screaming rock phrasing. Each song has many different kinds of beat, from psychedelic to pop. With his unique combination of influences and interests, Landau contributes a new musical perspective to the guitar community. His unpredictable, sparkling jazz chord voicing, ultra-soulful blues, and spontaneous way of soloing make me feel as if I'm flying in my dreams. The wide-ranging repertory of sounds he effortlessly glides through proves him to be a state-of-the-art musician who knows not only how to use technology effectively but also how to choose his sound very tastefully.

For me, he is one of the finest-sounding guitar players, with unbelievable touch, vibrato, bending, intonation, and choice of notes. But for all his talent, there is nothing fancy about Mike Landau. He is not interested in stardom or reputation. He is just an ordinary person who loves music and his family. If you want to hear Landau's glorious guitar extravaganza, I have some good news for you. Raging Honkies is now more easily obtainable. You can check it out by contacting Audiophile Imports at 1-800-283-4690. In fact, Landau has a number of magnificent solo albums that most people don't know about.

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GW70a,
Good luck, all of you, wherever you may go! (Teachers' Wishes, 1996, p. 1) Get it? Joke, joke . . .
Guess who

To my roommate,
Hey roommate! I'm still waiting for you!
Teresa

My teachers,
I appreciate everything you did for me. You are good teachers. I hope my English gets better in the next term. Thank you.
Fumiko

45
The Woodsman’s Death

Taibatouloye Adjadi

Benin

I think the woodsman was being selfish and secretive when he called out to Death. Instead of wishing to die, he should have asked someone for advice. And if he had taken the opportunity to meet other people and listen to their problems, he would have known that there were some problems bigger than those he had. After all, the woodsman doesn’t have such a bad situation. Before getting old, he can take his family, especially his sons, to the bush and teach them his work so that they can know how hard it is and will want to help him. He can send them in his place from time to time to give himself a rest when he is tired.

As The Woodsman’s Death teaches, it’s time for people to acknowledge that life entails never-ending activities, activities that must be embraced. The moral of this film is simple but profound: It’s better to suffer and still be alive than to die. Death is not a solution to our pains. On the contrary, it creates other problems worse than those we originally had.

To all my students and to all who contributed to this issue of Sunrise,

Thanks for all your great efforts, hard work, and friendship!

Dick

My students past and present,

“Lei ha muti Amici Fra noi al ‘EPT’.”

46
Finding Your Way . . .

Is Whaley's Mill near here?
   Yes, it is.
   Walk one block to Main Street.
   It's across the street on the corner.

Is Russell House near here?
   No, it isn't.
   Walk ten blocks and turn right.
   It's next to Thomas Cooper Library.

Is there a restaurant near here?
   Yes, there is.
   Go straight two blocks and then turn right.
   It's the first building across from the bookstore.
   It's Obok restaurant.
   You can't miss it.

Is there a theater near here?
   No, there isn't.
   Go back ten blocks and find the pharmacy.
   It's near the pharmacy.

Is there a mall near here?
   No, there isn't.
   Drive six blocks and turn right on Taylor Street.
   There's a mall about two miles on the right.
   It's Richland Fashion Mall.

Is there a cinema near here?
   No, there isn't.
   Walk twelve blocks and turn left.
   It's in front of the gas station.

Is Market Street near here?
   I have no idea.
   Buy a map and take a bus.
   There's a bus stop near the river.

Is there a beer club here?
   Yes, there is.
   Yes, there is.

   Sit down here and pick up a mug.
   Pick up a mug.
   Pick up a mug.
   This is the life, this is the life.

CS10 Jazz Poets
Saif Ali Al-Romaithi, United Arab Emirates
Roger Ivo Bernardi, Brazil
Hidenori Fujii, Japan
Xiaojun Jia, China
Byung-Kook Kim, Korea
Mijin Kim, Korea
Ha Na Lee, Korea
Roxanys Paredes, Venezuela
So-Min Sung, Korea