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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 Swun Park (page 24), Ana Silvia García Castro (page 24), and Choong-do Kim (page 36), the winners of this issue's poetry contest.
Editor's Note

From feeling grows an image, and this image flowers into words, and these words ripen into a theme, as juicy peaches glowing in the soft morning light turn into love—the dominant theme of this issue's works. Fitting that it should turn out this way, summer being the season of love's fulfillment. I think you're going to love the fruits that we've picked for the pages of this Sunrise.

Dick Holmes

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Around the World

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Ana Silvia García Castro  Mexico
Taiwan, the Republic of China

Chih-Pin Sang
Taiwan

My home country, Taiwan, the Republic of China, has been in the news recently because of the threat of Chinese missile tests near the island. By 1949, China had turned to communism, and the government of the Republic of China moved from mainland China to Taiwan. The Taiwan government has been working well, so China has never given up the idea of attacking and taking over Taiwan, but we have not been intimidated by China's military exercises.

The people of Taiwan, numbering twenty-one million now, are very hardworking. We have begun to develop and produce many high-tech computers. On the other hand, we also enjoy our leisure time when we are off-duty.

Among the many occupations in Taiwan, making computers and computer software is the most noticeable profession. Sintu, in the North of Taiwan, is an industrial region involved in developing advanced computers. Most of Taiwan's computer companies are located there, and most of the important computer information is invented in this area. These companies are developing a lot of high-tech computers, computer components, computer accessories, computer chips, and Chinese software, so extremely good computer equipment can be bought cheaply in Taiwan.

Numerous foreign computer companies are investing in Taiwan because of Taiwan's good business conditions and highly educated work force.

Typically, the employees of a company in Taiwan are divided into three groups, who work rotating eight-hour shifts. In this way, the company can stay in operation twenty-four hours a day.

Of course, there is more to life in Taiwan than just work. We like to do all kinds of leisure activities. Bowling, karaoke singing, and going to the movies are the most popular forms of recreation in Taiwan even though they are very expensive.

Tourists can find a lot of fun and buy anything they want in Taiwan. Computer products are the best buy. Meanwhile, they'll also feel the passion of the people of Taiwan because we welcome everyone who visits our active little island.

The Original People of Taiwan

Shin-Hua Wen
Taiwan

Last summer, I worked for a professor who specializes in the original people of Taiwan. I became very interested in the life of Taiwan's original people because my professor and I visited various tribes and spent some time with them. I was often surprised by these interesting and unusual people.

The origin of the native people of Taiwan is different form that of my ancestors, who came from China. Basically, the original Taiwanese can be divided into nine tribes according to their clothes, language, and special customs.

Of all the nine tribes, the Tay-Yea made the greatest impression on me. Both men and women wear tattoos on their faces just as American Indians wear paint on theirs. I don't know why the American Indians paint their faces, but the Tay-Yea's tattoos mean beauty and courage. The Tay-Yeas claim that they can communicate with their dead relatives by means of their tattoos, but they won't tell outsiders how they can do this.

The Yea-Meei, who live in Lanyu, the small island off the southeast coast of Taiwan, are another interesting tribe. Because they are fishermen who live off the foods of the sea, they have a special day of the year when they worship the sea. To prepare for this day, they build a big boat made of wood. On the day of worship, women swing their hair up and down and dance, and then men push the boat into the sea, jumping into the boat and shouting to expel the devil from the sea. When this special day is over, they are filled with pleasure and gratitude because the devil is gone.

I am interested in different people's cultures because I can learn so many things from their lifestyles and ways of thinking. This experience teaches me how to love them and to make friends with them more easily.

To all the students at EPI, I hope I'll see you again in the future. Good-bye.

Nika Prifti
Famous Places in Saudi Arabia

The Middle East has long been known as the center of civilization, the site where the first community of people on earth lived. No wonder, then, that so many of the Heavenly religions and prophets have sprung from this part of the world.

Saudi Arabia is a Middle Eastern country that has numerous places considered monuments of ancient civilization, including the two most important holy places for Muslims all over the world—Makkah and Al-Madinah.

Makkah is the holiest city for Muslims because the Kaba is located there. The Kaba is the building that was built by the prophet Abraham and his son Ismael several thousand years ago. Also, it is the city in which Mohammed first appeared as a prophet, fourteen centuries ago. Makkah receives millions of Muslims every year, who make a pilgrimage to the city. There are a lot of holy places in this city.

The second holiest city for the Muslims is Al-Madinah, the city which received the prophet Mohammed when he left his home city with some of his friends and their families. Some people call it the Prophet's City because it was there that the prophet Mohammed led the first Islamic government and the battles against his enemies. Al-Madinah is the home of the Prophet's Mosque, which contains the tombs of the prophet and his two closest friends, Abu Bakr and Omar. This city also features many other famous mosques like Quba Mosque, which is thought to be the first mosque built by the prophet Mohammed. In Al-Madinah are the tombs of most of the prophet's friends and his wives.

There are also a number of places in Saudi Arabia famous for battles that took place on their grounds, like Ohod, Al-Khandak, Badr, Tabuk, and Honain. These battles were led by the prophet Mohammed to protect the Muslims and their homes from enemies.

Madaen Salih, or “Salih's cities,” is one of Saudi Arabia's most intriguing monuments. Salih is the prophet who lived in this region seven to ten thousand years ago. Madaen Salih consists of amazing buildings that were not built by means of construction materials but were carved into the mountains. These buildings were designed to become the tombs of the people living nearby. It is very exciting to see this site and the intricate carving on the stones. The most wondrous thing there is the Virgin's Palace, which is carved on top of a big mountain and cannot be reached except by helicopter.

These are some good places to visit in Saudi Arabia, and they are very important to many people. If you visit these monuments, you will see far more than what I have written here and you can be sure that they will inspire a sense of wonder in you.

Dear PJ, Myeon-seok, Kirk, and Henrico,

Thank you so much for your kindness. We had a great trip to some beautiful places in America together, didn’t we? I think I’m lucky to have met nice people like you guys. I wish all of you health, happiness, and a wonderful future. Thank you and good luck. I’ll miss you very much. Forget me not . . .

Meejeong

Laura Agapay,

I think I was really lucky to have you as my grammar and communication teacher. During this term, I’ve learned a lot from you. After I go back to my country, I want to be an energetic teacher like you. Thank you for all your efforts in our CBE class!

Sung-Hee
Syria is the oldest country in the world, but when I tell people that Syria is my native country, most of them don't know where it is on the map. I think this situation calls for a little introduction to this interesting old country.

The history of the country goes back almost three thousand years. Damascus, or Al-Sham or Dimashq, is the capital of Syria and my home city. It's the largest city in Syria, a fascinating city of contrasts between old and new buildings, and it claims to be the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world.

Most of the sights of Damascus are in the old city, which is surrounded by what was initially a Roman wall. This wall, has been flattened and rebuilt several times over the past two thousand years. The wall is punctuated by four gates, or bab. Only Bab Sharqi dates back to Roman times. The most famous gate is Bab Toma, named after the son-in-law of Hercules. Bab Kisan leads directly into Saint Paul's Chapel. Bab Al-Salama means “peace” in Arabic. Each of these gates is located in a corner of the wall.

Souq Al-Hamadiyyeh is one of the main old covered markets in the old city. Most of the shops there sell handicrafts, inlay work, brass, and traditional costumes.

Omayyad Mosque, the third biggest mosque in the world, is a place you should take your time visiting because there is so much to see in it. It's a peaceful place and a respite from the heat. Its history goes back almost three thousand years, to before the beginnings of Islam. Originally, it was a huge temple built by the ancient Romans to venerate Jupiter, their God of the heavens.

Aleppo Citadel is the most beautiful place in Aleppo. You have to cross a bridge and pass through a 12th century gate to enter the Citadel. Of all the places I've seen in my life, this place is the greatest. The view of the city from the wall is terrific, and you get a good idea of just how big the Citadel is from this vantage point.

These are just a few of the special places in Syria, but I hope that knowing about them will be enough to inspire you to visit Syria and experience them for yourself.
The Japanese Educational System: Are Changes Needed?

Miho Baba
Japan

I'm surprised at how hard American students study every day. The library is open from 7:30 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. here at USC, and I've heard it's always full of students who have a lot of homework to do.

The situation for Japanese students is different. It's the Japanese children who have to study hard. Our Japanese educational system consists of two or three years of kindergarten, six years of elementary school, three years of junior high school, three years of high school, and two years of college or four years of university. Pupils have to study extremely hard in junior high school and high school to enter the next higher level of schooling.

After the regular school day, Japanese children typically go to a jyuku, an exam preparation school. There, they study English, mathematics, and language very hard for two to four hours. They come home late and never have much time to do sports or play with their friends. Even little children, whose parents typically want them to enter a famous kindergarten connected with a famous university, go to jyuku with their mothers. I think this sort of treatment of children is crazy. Children should be free from studying and should have time to play.

It's very difficult to enter the Japanese university. To pass the entrance exam, students have to study hard from elementary school to their last year in high school. After entrance into the university, they just enjoy their school life activities. In fact, when they become free from the long hard work of their earlier schooling, they seem to be at a loss what they should do next. Only science majors are expected to work hard. Once most students are in the university, it's easy for them to graduate.

In my opinion, this situation is not good. Students' parents pay a lot of money to the university, and after students gain entrance, they don't have to work, so they don't receive the benefit of a good education.

I think the American educational system is better than the Japanese system. When Japanese students enter a university, they should have to study hard to develop their ability. The best way for them to learn would be for them to have to study hard during their older years as students rather than during their childhood.

To the people leaving here,
After finishing this term and going on to other places in the U.S. or back to your country, please remember the many interesting things and good friends you met here. Good-bye! I hope to see you again.

Young

Barbara Kubodera,
I'm going back to Charleston, but I'll always remember you. I think that you are an excellent teacher. My classmates and I want to tell you thank you. You are a very special person to us.

Love, Brenda

To the people staying here,
Soon I'll be going back to my country. I'm so sad because I have to say farewell to a lot of friends, EPI, teachers, and Columbia, SC. I love all of them. After I leave here, I'll think about you all the time. Please visit Korea and get in touch with me. I'll wait for you. Bye, guys!

Young
Iriomote Island
Koichi Ohashi
Japan

Iriomote Island, located in the southernmost area of Japan, is one of the islands in the Okinawa prefecture. The sea surrounding the island is very beautiful, clean, and full of various kinds of fish. Scuba divers visit Iriomote throughout the year. Ninety percent of the island consists of jungle, so tourists can enjoy not only the sea but also the jungle. This is its big advantage over other Japanese islands.

When I was a freshman at my university, one of my friends recommended that I go to Iriomote because of its beautiful scenery. When summer vacation came, I took his advice and stayed on the island for a month. Iriomote is a long way from Osaka, so it cost me a lot to get there. Fortunately, I found a part-time job at one of the small hotels on the island to help pay for my expenses. And through this job I was also able to share a lot of precious experiences with my co-workers. We worked on a pineapple farm, washed dishes, helped with the cooking, repaired several of the rooms, and fortified the hotel to protect it from typhoons. We did all kinds of things that were necessary to live on the island.

Until I went to Iriomote, I'd never been to a place with a lot of nature. I was born in Osaka, the second largest city in Japan, and grew up in the downtown area surrounded by a lot of big buildings, crowds of people, and very little nature. The experience of living in such a lush, natural place was almost more of a culture shock for me than my first visit to a foreign country. Maybe that's why I remember the island so well.

Meeting different kinds of people during my stay on the island was also new and exciting to me. Because of Iriomote's distance from the mainland, both the local people and the visitors on the island were very different from those I'd met in Osaka. On Iriomote Island, most of the people I met were very cheerful, friendly, and sometimes childlike. And since each of them had his/her own way of thinking, I had a lot of experiences with them that I'd never had until then. I believe that my character, way of thinking, and spirituality are dependent on my experiences, especially those I had that summer. So, I can say that traveling is a very meaningful activity for me. From now on, I'm going to travel periodically so that I can keep having a lot of experiences that I haven't had before.
Venezuela, A Natural Wonder

Roxanys Paredes
Venezuela

Venezuela enjoys the privilege of being one of the countries of the world most favored by nature. Within a relatively small area, the country has a subsoil with the largest oil deposits in Latin America. At the same time its mining riches are of incalculable value.

However, Venezuela is more than marketable resources. In fact, the greatest riches of Venezuela are its many and varied natural landscapes, national parks, and natural monuments.

Venezuela features a 2,800-kilometer shore along the Caribbean Sea, with beaches that may be compared to the best in the world, both because of their pleasant climate throughout most of the year and because of their crystalline waters and white sand. Off the coast are several islands belonging to Venezuela, some of them almost totally covered with vegetation and others being developed as resorts.

Venezuela has rivers of immense volume, some of which allow navigation all year long. Big mountains rise up from humid tropical forests in some parts of the country while vast savannas stretch across other regions. Rain forests occupy a considerable part of the country, but deserts similar to those of the most arid places on earth can also be found in Venezuela.

To visit Venezuela without exploring Bolívar state in southeastern Venezuela would be a serious mistake that no tourist should make. This region has absolutely everything for anyone looking for an enjoyable time. Bolívar state is rich in history and natural beauty. It’s also well known for its wealth of minerals and natural resources, hydroelectric power, handicrafts, indigenous and colonial architecture, fine cuisine, and important industries.

Bolívar state is perfect for nature lovers. It offers close contact with the jungle, savannas, mountains, forests, exotic flora, waterfalls, and tepuis (spectacular 2,000-to-3,000-meter-high mesas isolated by erosion). In Bolívar state, you can visit Great Savanna National Park and Canaima National Park. Nature’s majestic power is breathtakingly impressive in Canaima, the home of the world’s highest waterfall, Angel Falls. Thousands of rivers crisscross the area, and the park is great for camping, ecotourism, ecology, and all kinds of adventure.

As you can imagine from this brief introduction, Venezuela is a nice place to go. I hope you will visit this natural wonder that is Venezuela.

Venezuelan Cuisine

Rafael Soto
Venezuela

In addition to beautiful women, excellent beaches, good-tasting beer, and lots of scenic places, Venezuela also has exquisite typical foods, such as arepa, cachapa, hallaca, and pabellón criollo.

Arepa is a white, cylindrical, toasted bread made of corn flour, water, and salt. All the ingredients are mixed together to make a compact dough, and then the dough is placed into a hot pan. When the arepa turns a light brown color, it’s done and ready to eat. We usually accompany arepa with eggs, beef, black beans, or cheese.

The cachapa is similar to a pancake but is made of corn, milk, and sugar. First, the corn is mashed in a special machine. Then, the milk and sugar are mixed together with the corn to form a yellow, thick, and sticky dough. After the dough is ready, it’s ladled into a hot pan and fried. The most common way to eat cachapa is with white cheese (guayanés or de mano) and butter, and it’s eaten at any time of the day.

The hallaca—a square-shaped, boiled corn dough filled with a
Venezuelan Cuisine...

Salsa containing a mixture of meat, chicken, pork, green pepper, onions, raisins, and other kinds of vegetables—is the most delicious dish in Venezuela and is eaten only at Christmas time. The hallaca is wrapped with banana leaves and boiled for 45 minutes. During the preparation, which takes one whole day, the family all get together to sing and listen to gaitas, a traditional Christmas music featuring maracas, drums, and guitars. It's like a party; the house is full of happiness, enthusiasm, and enjoyment, all adding to the special taste that characterizes the hallaca.

Pabellón criollo is a fully nutritious dish combining meat, black beans, rice and fried bananas. It's frequently eaten throughout the year at lunch time because it's a very hearty dish. Something special about this dish is that sugar is mixed in with the beans to give them a sweet taste.

All these dishes derive from foods prepared long ago by the native peoples of Venezuela. At that time, the only food that was readily available was corn, and this is why the main ingredient in most Venezuelan dishes is corn. Venezuelan food is good and nutritious—rich in carbohydrates and protein, the basic components of a good, balanced diet.

Recently, the survival of our traditional Venezuelan cuisine has become threatened by three important factors: first, the invasion of those famous fast food restaurants (McDonald’s, Burger King, Pizza Hut, KFC, Domino’s Pizza, etc.); second, Venezuela’s pressing economic problems; and third, the fact that Venezuelans have become so busy working that they don’t have time to cook.

I think that somehow we must preserve these customs because it's thanks to our ancestors that we can enjoy these particular foods that can be found only in Venezuela.

Fulin
Mika Takao
Japan

Have you ever thought about the special sounds your country has? If you hear sounds like those when you're traveling or living in a foreign country, you may be reminded of your home country and become nostalgic. There are a lot of special sounds which remind me of my country, Japan. Among them, the sounds of summer are most reminiscent for me, and especially the sound of bells makes me nostalgic.

During the summertime in Japan, little bells, called fulin, are hung from the tops of windows. The meaning of the Chinese character for fulin is “the bell made sound by wind.” Fulin are special bells just for summer, and many Japanese hang them up to make themselves comfortable during the really hot and humid summer. Originally, these bells were the great invention of the ancient Japanese, who didn’t have fans or air-conditioners to help them overcome the heat and enjoy the uncomfortable Japanese summer.

We Japanese are able to feel comfortable and relaxed by the tiny, crystalline, sensitive sound this bell creates with the wind, even when we aren’t in a room made cool by air-conditioning. I remember a very relaxing moment I had one hot and humid summer evening in my childhood. I was sitting on the wooden floor of our balcony after supper. Even though the sun had gone down, it was still very hot and humid. “What a terrible evening it is!” I sat there complaining as I ate a piece of watermelon for dessert. But at that moment, the bell was moved by a gust of wind, and it made such a tiny, pretty sound that I became absorbed in listening to it and forgot all about how hot it was.

Now, Japan has become a super economic country with a great deal of high technology, and this technology progresses day by day. But I’m sure that many Japanese, including me, still feel comfortable and nostalgic whenever we hear this special, traditional summer sound. I think this indicates that our spirit is still connecting with our ancestors’ spirit and customs. There are some things that never change, even in today’s rapidly changing society.
The Japanese style of taking a bath, quite different from the Western style, is a special characteristic of my culture.

A Japanese bathroom usually has a bathtub and a tiled floor with a drain in it. There are faucets on the wall close to the floor. We sit on a low stool and wash ourselves outside the tub. We don’t ever soap ourselves inside the tub, and before getting in, we’re careful to rinse all the suds off with small buckets of water. We enjoy just soaking in the tub because it’s so relaxing. The tub is deep and the water is hot. It depends on the person how long we soak. I like to take a bath for about an hour.

We Japanese like baths so much that if we don’t have a bathroom in our home or we’re on vacation, we look for a place to take a bath. Hot springs at sightseeing places in Japan are very popular places to bathe at. Gunma prefecture and Kyushu are especially known for their hot springs. Minakami, Kusatsu, and Beppu are some of the most famous hot springs. We sometimes go for an enjoyable soak on a day trip to such places. We also have public baths in Japan. These are divided into separate places for males and females to bathe. Public bathing was founded in the Edo period. People brought their clothes, towels, and soap wrapped in a big handkerchief called a furoshiki. (Furo means “bath” in Japanese.) The public bath is regarded as a place to socialize. If we don’t have a bathroom in our home, we go to the public bath and meet a lot of people there. These days, however, the practice of public bathing is decreasing because the standard of living in Japan has risen and now most of us have our own bathroom and don’t need to go to a public bath.

In my opinion, the reason that we Japanese enjoy taking baths so much is that we’re so busy with our work, school, and so on every day. We have a lot of stress and sometimes go home with it, but once we take a bath, we feel relaxed and relieved of our stress. Taking a bath is an indispensable ritual in Japanese culture.

Some foreigners who plan to go to Japan are afraid to take a Japanese bath because the tubs are so deep and full of hot water. They’re afraid that they will get burned or will drown. Don’t worry. You don’t have to wash yourself in the tub, so it’s an easy procedure to manage. You don’t even need to drain the tub when you’ve finished. If you take a Japanese bath, I’m sure you’ll come to like it, for it’s much more comfortable than a quick Western-style shower. You’ll become so relaxed in the Japanese tub.

I love to take a bath. So, when someone here in the U.S. asks me, “Do you miss anything about Japan? Family, friends, Japanese food?”—I always say, “I miss Japanese baths. I’m dying to take a Japanese bath. It’s wonderful and I recommend it!”

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Bathing in Japan
Yukie Kobayashi
Japan

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Sapa Love Market
Tran Dai Nghia
Vietnam

Vietnam, my home country, is a small country located in Southeast Asia. Through the war during the sixties and seventies, Vietnam became well known to Westerners as a poor and backward country, but in fact it is a country rich in culture. The Vietnamese have the cultural features of Asian people in general—sensitivity and friendliness, for example—but we also have our own distinct characteristics.

The Vietnamese nation consists of more than fifty different ethnic groups, each of them with its own cultural traditions. Sapa love market, for example, is an ancient cultural festival of the H’mong people, an ethnic group living in the mountainous province of North Vietnam.

Sapa is a peaceful town in Northwest Vietnam about 300 kilometers from Hanoi, the capital. Sapa attracts tourists not only because of its beautiful landscapes but also because of its hospitality and the distinctive culture of the people there. If you visit Sapa, you won’t want to miss experiencing the Sapa love market.

Every Saturday from 5 p.m. on, you can see a lot of boys riding into town on their horses, and girls wearing the colorful and beautiful clothes of the H’mong.
Sapa Love Market...

They pour down into the town from various mountain villages surrounding Sapa and gather in the large market area in the center of town. In the afternoon some temporary restaurants are set up. The boys use the leaves of trees or bamboo flutes to play love music in the market to attract the girls, and the girls sing traditional love songs. Boys and girls dance together, sometimes stopping to drink some wine and eat something cooked in the temporary restaurants. Some of them find their life partners during the festival. The excitement continues until the middle of the night. Some of the revelers pair up and return to their villages on horseback while others stay and wait for the next Saturday’s market.

Sapa love market is only one of Vietnam’s hundreds of diverse and distinctive cultural traditions. We are very proud of these and we want to introduce them to our friends all over the world. ☑

To my CS40 class,
I really enjoyed listening to all your speeches this term. Thanks for “putting up with” all my silly games and activities.
Rick

To the students who will return to their home countries,
I wish you happiness in your country, and I wish you success in your future!
Atsushi Watanabe

Dear Elbia,
I want you to always remember our very good moments in our lives. I will always remember you like my sister. Thank you for everything that you gave me.
Sincerely your friend, Brenda

Dear Dick,
I’ve really enjoyed my classes. The most wonderful thing is talking with you.
Your eyes are always bright, and I like your voice. Thank you for teaching me.
Hua

My dear teachers (Marit, Kathy, Mark Stiteler, Bill McSweeney, Dick, Cecil, Cindy and Sarah),
Thank you very much for your kindness and nice instruction while I was here at EPI. Because of your help, I’ve learned lots of things and enjoyed myself a lot. I’m sure that I won’t forget my days in EPI. I’m going back to Korea in August, but I promise you that when I return to America someday, I’ll visit you. Meanwhile, don’t forget me, okay? Well, I hope all of you are happy. Take care. I won’t say good-bye yet, just “See you . . .”
Yours sincerely, Meejeong
South Korea has a lot of traditional days throughout the year, and each of these days has various characteristic customs associated with it. I’d like to introduce *Jung-wor-dae-bo-rum* (Full Moon Day) and *Dan-o* because these special days involve some interesting traditions that Koreans have begun to forget nowadays.

The word *Jung-wor-dae-bo-rum* combines the word *Jung-wor*, meaning “January” (by the lunar calendar) with the word *dae-bo-rum*, meaning “full moon.” Koreans think the full moon is a sign of holiness, in contrast to Americans’ idea that the full moon signifies horrifying things. So, on this special, first day of the year, Koreans pray for their desires gazing at the full moon and trusting that their wishes will come true.

On *Jung-wor-dae-bo-rum*, Koreans following the traditions of this holiday eat *o-gok-bob*—a mixture of rice, foxtail millet, kaoliangs, and red beans. They also crack nuts and peanuts with their teeth. Traditional Koreans believe that if they eat peanuts and nuts at this time, they won’t get boils or toothaches in the following year. And there is also the belief that if they go to sleep that night, their eyebrows will turn silver. So, the enjoyment of the day continues all night long. Children go around the village to receive foods such as rice and fruit from elder people and then get together that night and eat the treats they’ve collected. It’s a great, abundant day to eat despite the fact that it’s wintertime.

*Dan-o*, May 5th (by the lunar calendar), is one of Korea’s special days indicating a subdivision of the spring. The origin of this holiday is funny. In ancient Korea, women had low status and according to social custom weren’t allowed to go outdoors. But they could look out to see the sights and people in the yard by playing a game called *nul-tue-gi*. *Nul-tue-gi* was similar to seesawing, but the women playing it stood on the board instead of sitting on it. In this way, they could jump high enough to catch glimpses of the beautiful spring scene outside.

We Koreans have harmonized our society for centuries through observing traditional days. Today, however, we (especially young Koreans) can’t enjoy them anymore in the city because we don’t know our neighbors and don’t have enough time. In my opinion, the Korean government should make an effort to encourage us to keep our good traditions, and Koreans should continue to hand them down from generation to generation.

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To all my EPI teachers,
Thank you for everything. I have had not only excellent teachers but also good friends who have helped me learn English, and I have had a good time with you.
Rashed Al-Romaithi, a special EPI student

Duk-Kyu, Myoung-Soon, Hyun-Jin, and other Korean students,
Thank you for your help in the last quarter. May God’s grace make each day of the next quarter good for you and yours. Remember, be friends with people’s goodness and not with their wealth.
Do-Young Kim

Mark, Robin, Christy, Cecil, Bronia, Leah, Aimee, Rick, Rice, Sarah, Scott,
Thank you very much for your help. I’m not gonna cry, but I will really miss you. I’ve become accustomed to speaking English, finally. I believe that this is only because of you. Thank you. Take it easy! Bye-bye.
Shiro with Love

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When Caskets Paralyze Guayaquil

Jorge Espinoza A.
Ecuador

Like every city of the world, Guayaquil has the usual big problems, but the problem I want to focus on here is a less well known, particular one due to a traditional custom in Guayaquil: the funeral procession of caskets, relatives, and friends to the cemetery.

Guayaquil is the biggest city in Ecuador, having about two million people nowadays. One of Guayaquil's principal streets runs through the city from north to south, connecting important spots like the maritime port, the airport, big residential neighborhoods, suburbs, and the main cemetery, which today happens to be located in the center of Guayaquil after the city's rapid expansion during recent years. This street is one of the principal arteries of the transit system, used by cars and buses that provide access to universities, shopping areas, and businesses.

When a person dies in Guayaquil, their relatives and friends keep a vigil for one or two days in the house where the deceased lived. During the last hours of the vigil some people drink alcohol remembering the good times spent with the deceased. When it's time to begin the funeral, the mourners set out on a long procession to the cemetery, sometimes walking and sometimes going by car. The casket, held on the shoulders of either four or six men, heads the procession, followed by teenagers and children carrying numerous kinds of beautiful flower arrangements, next the relatives dressed in black clothes, then the friends and neighbors, and finally a line of cars adorned with multicolored flowers.

The procession takes the same route to the principal cemetery that the busy city's cars and buses use to get to the various places in the city. The deadline for burial is 6:00 p.m., and beginning at least two hours before, three or four processions can be seen slowly advancing along the street. At the same time, thousands of workers, employees, and students set out for home. The processions don't pay attention to the traffic signals, so the traffic becomes chaotic. The intersections of the street are blocked by the processions, and the cars and buses can't go through. A big area of the city becomes crowded with traffic jams.

The municipal government has implemented a series of regulations to change this custom, but without much success. In my opinion, it's a bad custom because it disturbs the order of the city, and something has to be done about it.

Mrs. Christy,
You've taught us so vividly and actively!
I've learned from your classes how passionately a woman can teach. We're looking forward to seeing your new baby.
Miho Baba

Dear Elbia,
I want you to always remember our very good moments in our lives. I will always remember you like my sister. Thank you for everything that you gave me.
Sincerely your friend, Brenda

To all my teachers,
If there's something that I'm going to miss, it will be my teachers. More than teachers, you are my friends. Thanks to all of you for always encouraging me to improve. I promise you that I'll never forget you. Thanks again for everything.
Gustavo Ledezma
Is Science Lagging Behind Technology?

Ana Silvia García Castro
Mexico

Technology has become part of life since the Industrial Revolution occurred in the 19th century. Until that time, humans could hardly look forward to achieving such amazing goals as traveling beyond the earth's surface, much less the earth's atmosphere. Imagine the astonished face of a time traveler from the pre-industrial era sitting in an airport watching a plane take off and soar upward into the immense sky. Turning her gaze back to her immediate surroundings, she is further amazed at the sight of automatic doors opening and closing, escalators carrying people up and down, and TVs flashing images of virtual realities. How fantastic!

But when the TV she is watching begins to present images of people dying of ebola in Africa, she is struck conversely by how little things have changed since her day.

Without a doubt, technology has made impressive advances in a very short time. In fundamental matters of science concerning the most vital aspects of human welfare, however, amazing achievements have been relatively few.

Certainly, the invention of the computer and flying to the moon have been remarkable successes. And the potential for further technological advance continues to grow. Technologists are not satisfied with reaching the moon; research groups such as NASA have established ambitious programs searching for life on other planets, even on those outside our solar system.

In addition, beyond the invention of the computer itself, new software is being introduced into the market every day. People rely on computers for everything from the organization of their home expenses to taking trips through virtual reality. The Internet represents a whole new world inside computers where people from all over the world can get in touch with each other at any time.

On the other hand, the ominous reality of human suffering and premature death still lingers behind hospital doors and in everyday life. Diseases that scientists have been unable to cure, or even to understand, still plague families and whole societies. Every year, thousands of people lose their lives because of AIDS, and cancer still snatches the lives of so many people before they reach old age.

Why haven't governments or private companies supported scientists' many calls for more intensive research into the virus that causes AIDS? Why haven't scientists discovered the origin of the uncontrolled proliferation of abnormal cells?

No doubt the primary cause of the unequal development of technology and science is the shortage of scientists, a fact due to the considerable disparity in the salaries of technologists and scientists. Beginning in their school days, students are discouraged by their chemistry and biology teachers from pursuing careers in the fundamental sciences. Why should diligent, science-minded students want to become poorly paid scientists when an abundance of alluring profits await them in technical fields?

Meanwhile, the few students that do go on to become scientists are forced to put up with relatively low salaries, stunted research budgets, and inexperienced students as assistants. This situation has to change. If we're going to win the race against mortal diseases, we need to do all we can to help science catch up with technology.
Stories and Poems

Saed Zakari Syria
Young-Jae Park Korea
Tran Dai Nghia Vietnam
Swun Park Korea
Caterina Camurri Italy
Ju-Chu Chung Taiwan
Dick Holmes USA
Ana Silvia García Castro Mexico
Burhan A. M. Niyazi Saudi Arabia
Yukie Kobayashi Japan
Jorge Espinoza A. Ecuador
Yun-hee Kim Korea
Shin-Hua Wen Taiwan
Young-Geun Kim Korea
Mika Takao Japan
Pierre A. Zinsou Benin
Anna Sharysheva Russia
Fang-Ping Chang Taiwan
Hidenori Fujii Japan
Koichiro Takatsu Japan
Choong-do Kim Korea
Miho Baba Japan
Marie Murrah USA
Chih-Pin Sang Taiwan
After a long day of work at the office, I was planning to spend the night playing cards and smoking hubbly bubby in an Arabic restaurant with some friends. I called my friend Saeid and asked him if he wanted to join the group. He said he’d be there at ten o’clock.

Saeid was my best friend. He was married, had a child, and was working for a big newspaper in Dubai, UAE. Anyway, I went to the restaurant and five minutes after I arrived, two of my friends showed up. Now, everyone except Saeid was there. The three of us spent three hours there, but Saeid never showed up.

The next day when I saw Saeid at work, he explained what had happened the evening before. He’d been waiting for his wife to go to sleep, he said, but this wasn’t the real story—the real story began after she’d fallen asleep. He got in his car and was on his way to join us when suddenly the car stopped. He tried to fix it but couldn’t find anything wrong with it.

Later two policemen on duty nearby pulled up next to him.

“What’s going on here?” one of them asked.

“My car stopped and I don’t know why,” he told the policeman.

The policemen checked his car and after five minutes or so one of them discovered the problem. “You don’t have enough gas in your car!” he told Saeid.

Saeid was ashamed and didn’t know what to say. He explained to the policeman that he’d taken the car to get it serviced earlier that day and that there had been some gas in it when he drove it into the service station. The policeman said he understood and drove off to the nearest gas station to get some gas for Saeid’s car.

After getting his car started he left his car there and took a taxi home.

On the way, he realized that he’d left his house key at home and that he hadn’t told his wife that he was going out so he would have to knock on the door and wake her up. She opened the door half asleep.

“What are you doing out?”

“I don’t have time right now!” he answered sharply.

“Let me get my wallet and my house key and I’ll explain things to you later.”

He returned to the gas station, paid what he owed, and then found that this time he’d left his car keys at home and that the car was locked! Once again, he had to take a taxi home to pick up his keys.

By the time he got back to his car, it was one o’clock in the morning, so he decided to give up on his big night out and go back home to his wife to explain what all had happened to him.

“I’ve never heard a story like that in my whole life!” I said, and we couldn’t stop laughing for an hour. 🍼
I can’t remember when I met her, but I do know that she was the most beautiful woman in Columbia, SC. I used to see her at HIS, Hospitality for International Students, where international students meet every week for lunch. Her name was Dana, and she was from Slovakia.

One day, I was riding my bike to my host father’s office when I suddenly heard a car horn beeping behind me. I turned my head to find out who it was, and seeing it was Dana, I lost all control, physically and mentally, and fell off my bike. I scraped my arms and legs badly, but I didn’t feel any pain. She stopped the car and came over to me. I was ashamed. With a worried expression, she asked me if I was okay. I answered quickly, “I’m so busy now. I have to go. See you later.” I don’t know why I reacted like a child. After we got closer, this became one of the most interesting memories we shared.

Another day, one of my friends invited me to his party, and I went there with Dana. We bought a box of beer and went to his house. He and his friends were already drinking and dancing. We introduced ourselves to his friends, drank, and talked with a lot of people. All the music was so nice. I decided to make my move. With sweaty palms, I asked Dana to dance and looked into her eyes. I could tell that she wanted to dance even though she didn’t say anything. I took her hand and put my arm around her waist. We moved together speechlessly, trembling, feeling each other’s heart. I could no longer look into her eyes. On cloud nine, we flew through the sky on a magic carpet. I was falling in love with her. I wanted to stop time, to continue our dance forever, but unfortunately the time came when I had to take her home. In front of her house, we stood looking at each other like two nervous teenagers.

After the party, we met several times. Even though we didn’t have a lot of time together, we were so happy. On May 5th, a day that will stick in my memory like a lump in my throat forever, everything changed: Dana left Columbia.

We drove in silence to the airport that morning. Even with several spoonfuls of sugar, the coffee we drank in the airport cafe was much too bitter.

When it was time for her plane to leave, we walked heavily to the gate. I looked into her beautiful blue eyes. Suddenly she burst into tears, and I fell into a deep pool of grief. Although my heart was crying, I held back my tears. I pulled her to my chest and wiped her tears away.

After she walked through the gate, I couldn’t move. I sat down on the floor and stayed there alone. I don’t know how long I stayed there without doing anything, just thinking about our memories together.

Now that she’s gone, I regret that I didn’t tell her, “I love you, and I want you to be with me all of my life.” Now I’m so sad, and I can’t control myself. Last week I wrote her a letter telling her all my feelings, and I’m still waiting for her response. I know that we can’t be together physically, but I had to do it.

And in my heart, I’m there with Dana in Slovakia...
The Night Train
Tran Dai Nghia
Vietnam

Friday afternoon after history class, Minh went to the train station to visit her family in the quiet countryside for the weekend.
It was a very nice evening. She’d come to the train station earlier than usual because, after a busy week, she wanted to take a relaxing, carefree walk in the peaceful twilight of sunset.
The train station near her college was a small one. On the platform were some passengers sitting on the benches waiting for the train, and the speaker hung on the tree near the corner of the station announced information about trains coming in and out.
Minh got her ticket, found a place on a bench, and opened her handbag to have another look at the gift she’d bought that afternoon for her niece’s birthday the next day. “She’s going to like this music box a lot,” she thought and smiled. Happy with her gift, she sang a love song to herself. At the end of the bench she was sitting on was a guy with thick glasses reading attentively. He looked a little ill. A bookworm, she thought.
The train left the station on time. Minh’s car was only half-full. Sitting beside her and her handbag was a young man who looked like a student. He wore a fashionable T-shirt and jeans. A real man, she thought. He looked drowsy. Behind her, the man wearing thick glasses was still reading his book. When she turned back, she saw him glance at her.
The train was running smoothly. Minh looked out the window and gazed at the beautiful landscapes passing by under the light of the moon. It was fantastic! One more hour and she would be meeting her family.
Suddenly, there was a loud noise and Minh felt the jerk of the train stopping. Turning back around from the window, she was very surprised to see what was going on. The bookworm was holding her handbag in one hand and trying to pick up his broken glasses on the floor with the other.
The man sitting next to her had tried to snatch her handbag before jumping off the train and disappearing into the night.
Minh and Thang, the bookworm, left the train at the same station, smiling good-bye to each other as they parted ways. Minh’s sister picked her up on a motorcycle and took her to her house, and Thang went to his house with his broken glasses and his book in his hand.
Back at their college the following Monday, Minh saw Thang walking across the campus wearing the new glasses she’d bought for him the day before in their hometown. He looked so different somehow, she thought—even handsome. On Friday, they were back on the same night train heading home for the weekend, and this time they were sitting together.

To my friends Eiko, Akane, Elvis, Emma, and Tristan,
We’re going to feel lonely after this term because a lot of our friends are leaving but we’ll still be here in Columbia. Let’s keep in touch. We can help each other when we have problems.
Fumiko

Dear Emma and Teresa,
Hey, I really wanna say thank you. You’ve been my good friends and we’ve had a great time together. I hope your studies have brought you good fruits. Enjoy your lives. See you, girls. Take care . . .
Your Meejeong

Daniela Solis,
I was very pleased to share a room with you for about two months in Columbia. I think that you are a very nice, active, funny person, and I’ve enjoyed talking with you very much. After finishing the EPI program, we have to part to different places but you will always be in my heart! Please don’t forget me, and write to me. Thank you very much. I hope you will be happy forever.
Tomoko Dahara
Strangers

Swun Park
Korea

Joe was explaining various things about prepositions to his foreign students. His voice was soft and gentle, like a breeze whispering among the trees. Sunny smiled at him and glanced out the window picturing the very scenic campus with its green grass and more than three-hundred-year-old trees.

"Hey, look at the squirrels climbing the trees," Sunny whispered in wonder to a girl sitting beside her, keeping an eye on her teacher as she pointed at the frisky little creatures. In Korea, squirrels could be found only in the deep forest far away from a village. It was a big surprise to see these cute little animals with long, gray, furry tails eating nuts, crossing the streets, and sometimes getting run over by cars.

"Well, what's the difference between mice and them? I don't care for them," Sunny's classmate replied, twisting her lips.

Sunny had seen lots of movies depicting American campus life—libraries always crowded with knowledge-hungry students, students lying down on the grass chatting with their friends, etc. She had looked with longing at those scenes in the movies since she entered college. At vacation times, overseas training advertisements on the bulletin board at her school enticed her. If only she could travel to America! Her father was too strict to let her go abroad by herself, however. Now, eleven years had passed since she graduated and sent in an application for admission to an American college. But then it was marriage that forced her to give up on the idea of studying abroad for yet another while. Of course, she couldn't really blame anyone for her having had to wait so long to realize her dream. And in the end, here she was at last. Her children had grown old enough to travel and her husband had graciously approved of her trip with them to America.

"This is my first stay in America. I've been looking forward to being here for such a long time . . .," she was muttering to herself when—

"And, Sunny, which function is expected after a preposition?" Joe asked.

"Noun," Sunny replied on the spot to this unexpected question. Joe continued with his explanation, and most of the students were looking at their grammar book with their heads down.

Sunny looked around the classroom and found the map of the world on the other side of the room. By turns, she looked at the map and the students, and this reminded her of the map she had seen in the airline magazine, with its many lines originating in various countries and converging on one place, the southeastern part of America. All of a sudden, she felt as though she were totally isolated on a small, faraway island in Asia, as if having gotten driven out of the village in which the other students still remained. Sunny envied them both their youth and their good fortune in actualizing at such a young age the dream she had had to postpone for so long.

"Joe, you mean the essay on culture shock and for tomorrow?" a student asked with wide open eyes. Sunny thought that she should do her homework in the library instead of at home to avoid disturbances from her children.

Sunny hurried to pick up her son. He must have been waiting anxiously for his mother all day long. He would often say things like, "I don't know why I have a stomachache at lunch time every day . . .," "Mom, I miss my Korean friends . . .," "Mom, tell me that in Korean." Her son's big eyes nearly burst into tears when she came for him at school every weekday afternoon. It was so painful for her.

"The cruel reality after the beautiful imagination," she muttered to herself, passing through the dark corridor, lit up here and there with glittering, sunlit windows.

"Ow!" she cried as she stepped out into the playground, where the children were waiting to be picked up by their parents. "My feet . . .! What . . .?!" Looking down, she saw thousands of small red ants running away among the blades of grass—the same tormentors that had bitten her son's legs and dotted them with scars.

Enraged, she stomped after them, trampling them to death as several children stood around gaping at her.
A Star

Caterina Camurri
Italy

May a star fall alone though surrounded by countless other stars? Yes, she may.

"Oh, I'm so sad, so alone, so friendless. Why am I so ugly?" she complained. She wanted to be important, very famous, and admired.

One night, flying through the sky looking for a solution, she was suddenly attracted by a bright light: it was the moon, wonderfully splendid hovering there in the dark night sky.

"I want to be like her," she said astonished by the moon's beauty, "but what can I do?"

Then she had a stroke of genius. "Let's go ask Wind about it!"

It was a long and difficult journey. Wind lived in a freezing cave at the edge of the real world, and she had to defeat a lot of mortal enemies along the way. At last, though, the star finally arrived at Wind's cave.

No way, Wind was too busy to care about her problem; he didn't even listen to her. He sent her to Sea, whom she could find only on Earth.

Full of hope after many days of hard flight, she approached the one who could supposedly help her.

"Don't you see that I don't have time?" was Sea's answer, pushing her away with a big wave.

"UEEEE... UEEEE, will I never be able to fulfill my damned wish?!" the star cried, going back to her place in the sky.

Her friends tried to console her but to no avail. When Sun, the wisest star, heard about her agony, he ran to explain to her that the moon's light was actually the reflection of a star's brilliance—his own—and that she, like him, was a star.

The star didn't believe him, so she went ahead with her research, continuing to fly around looking for a solution to her problem.

In the end, though, she became so tired of flying that she fell into the infinite depths of the universe and never returned.

On the Stage of Life

Ju-Chu Chung
Taiwan

No one can live in isolation like Robinson Crusoe. Everyone plays an important role on the stage of human life. In my life, I have an important partner who plays on this stage with me. He is my husband, and I am very happy with him.

I am a common woman. I don't have a romantic story like Romeo and Juliet. I don't have as much money as Michael Jackson. I am not living in the White House like President Clinton. But I am a rich and happy woman because I met an important person, my husband. He gives me a lot of confidence. My family, my future, and life are my best property. I am so happy with these treasures.

Although my husband is not a perfect man, he works hard. He is responsible for his family. We have raised two children together. In my sweet home, we have a lot of fun. We are very happy because we know that contentment brings happiness.

I think everyone lives not only for her/himself but also for everyone she relates to. So, my husband and I work together. We love each other, and we love our family. I will do my best to be a good role model for my children, and I hope they will play well on the stage of life.
Myrtles
Dick Holmes
USA

It was under crepe myrtles
I first met Myrtle
A Carolina bright
Magenta row of them
Her blooming lips
That color too

I know we've just met but
I said right off
Walking up to her
We've met
She asked with a smile
And I saw her perfect
Sensual white teeth

Ah and right there
To my left and her right
Misty sunbeams quietly
Streamed through
The early morning
Tall oaks on the green

Good thing an art museum
Was right there too
We walked into its world
Of form and color
And I lit candles
With the soft flame
Of her golden voice
And prayed for love

 Outside again
 Between giant pillars
 We stood in awe
 Of Nature's yellows
 Greens reds and blues
 Holy Saturday

Myrtle Myrtle
Where would I be
Without you and all
Those blazing myrtles

Summer in Columbia
Swun Park
Korea

Waving to a blue butterfly
But sorrow after a nap
And not moving leaves me aching.

Wish to be your old wheels
Hiding my face on your back
Talking about summer day and night.

Last joy for savoring jazz with wine
Summer has gone but painful remembrance
Of our love remains, one summer in life.

Love and Language
Ana Silvia Garcia Castro
Mexico

My sweetheart,
After hearing your voice on the phone I felt mushy, dreamy, and full of love. Later, while I slept, confused dreams appeared mingling love and language.

I dreamt I had caresses to give you beyond the distance, melting into new words traveling with the breeze.

I made up long, warm words that would cloak you for a while and then turn into loose threads that would fall from your head to your toes.

I wove capital letters, large enough to cover your entire body for these cold nights when we're far away from each other.

Without hesitation I turned those new words into profound kisses, long and spaced, perfectly well written.

I invented new punctuation, composing melodic phrases of a song that touched your heart.

I created a very long sentence with intricate adjectives like fingertips lightly tantalizing your skin.

I wrote the best verse to envelop you body and soul, and my loving language stroked you softly until a cool dawn breeze awakened me to another day of waiting to meet you again.

Forever yours.
Poem

Burhan A. M. Niyazi
Saudi Arabia

Night!
It means darkness to some people
But to me it’s the opposite
It means life
Everything sleeps at night?!
Not true
Some animals hunt for food at night
The trees respire at night
Some people work at night
Love lives at night
The romantic times usually come at night
Imagine a view of clear sky with stars
It’s like diamonds on black cloth
A meteor!—sparkler in the sky
Look at the moon
Close your eyes and contemplate
That perspective in your mind
You’ll find yourself
Flying through the stars

To the Woman
I Love

Jorge Espinoza A.
Ecuador

On the beach the sand comes and goes
Talking about millenniums
Who can govern the sands?
Who can govern love?
Perhaps you? She? Me? Who?

In my mind she comes and goes
Shouting about our love
Do you remember? Sometimes I asked you!
And now, what about it?
She comes and goes, and I’m there

Remember
The beach can’t live without the sand!

Far Away

Yukie Kobayashi
Japan

You’re the ocean always protecting me.
I’m floating in you feeling relief.
You’re the sun giving me your smile and brightness.
I get energized feeling your warmth.
You’re the breeze holding on to me with soft hands.
I can relax, feeling your sweet touch.
Before I know it, though—
It’s low tide,
The sun goes down,
The breeze stops,
You’re far away from me.
Why? Why are you leaving?
When I really need you more than anyone else.

Wishing and Longing

Yun-hee Kim
Korea

Wishing with my life
like the endless sky
when sunbeams shine through branches of trees
my wishing spreads its beams.

Longing with my sigh
like an endless sea
when it rains all day long
my longing surrounds its waves.
He is  
Yukie Kobayashi  
Japan

When I was a senior in the university last year, I went to a laboratory school to do my internship. My dream was to be an English teacher, so I was looking forward to my internship, but at the same time I was nervous, knowing that high school students were adolescents and that it might be difficult for me to handle them.

I taught and was in charge of the tenth grade. At first, I tried to understand the students and did my best for my internship. I was full of hope, but it was really harder than I'd thought it would be. Nowadays most students are very cool, and my students hid their emotions so well that I couldn't tell what they thought. I became disappointed and began to consider my work as no more than an obligatory routine.

One day after I'd finished work and I was about to go home, a gentle voice stopped me.

"Excuse me, Ms. Sato."

I turned and saw a boy approaching me.

"May I ask you something?" he asked.

"Sure."

I was pleased since none of the students had ever asked me anything. We studied together for an hour. Then I realized that I didn't recognize him and began to wonder whether he belonged to any of the tenth grade classes I was teaching. So when he left, I asked him, "What's your name? And which class do you belong to?"

"I'm Ryo Takeshita and I belong to C class."

The next day, I tried to find him in class, but I couldn't. He came to ask me questions almost every day after school, though. I wondered why he was never in class, but for some reason I didn't ask him about it. As I taught him, I came to know that he was shy but strong-willed. And I realized I was happy when I was with him. He was like my younger brother. I didn't care that I didn't really know who he was.

At last, the day when my internship was over came. As usual, I couldn't find Ryo in the classroom. I really wanted to see him again, but I thought that when I went back to my university and resumed my daily life there, I'd forget him. Then—my destiny changed. I saw him standing behind the gate looking at me.

"Ms. Sato. I want to say good-bye to you."

"Who are you, anyway?" I finally asked him the question that I'd been wanting to ask. "I've never seen you in the classroom. What's going on? Tell me honestly, who are you?"

"Sorry. I am Ryo Takeshita and I really do belong to C class, but actually I'm a senior."

Senior? Ah! That explained the high level of the questions he'd been asking me.

"I wanted to have a chance to talk with you. Unless I did something, it would have been impossible. So, I pretended I was a tenth grade student."

I was impressed that he'd been so courageous.

"The reason I did it," he continued, "was that I've loved you since I first met you. If you're willing, I'd like you to be my girlfriend."

It was amazing! I'd never imagined! I was confused.

"I don't think it's possible."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm a teacher and you're a student and four years younger than I am!"

"It doesn't matter. Your internship is over now. I love you so much as a woman, not just as a teacher. If you like me, too, I want to be your boyfriend. That's all I want."

I couldn't believe it even though I could see the sincerity in his eyes.

"Ryo, you're just in a dream. You'll wake up soon and you'll find a wonderful girl."

Of course, I realized I was fond of him, but my self-control kept me from being honest with him. Finally, I felt overwhelmed and gave him my phone number, saying, "Okay, but let's just be friends for now." I was still trying to keep my sense of reason and
He is . . .

not become emotional.

Six months passed and I realized that I had come to love him more and more, but we were still "just friends." Then one day he said something that propelled me to make a big decision.

"I don't want to call you Ms. Sato anymore. I just want to call you Shizuka."

His faithful, loving eyes, his words, and everything about him made me forget my hesitation. At last I could be honest.

"Okay, then, Ryo. From now on, I'm your Shizuka," I said to him, opening my arms to him and then holding him tight.

It was a night of twinkling stars above us and a comfortable breeze. It seemed as if the whole universe was celebrating our start.

Why had I hesitated to be his girlfriend, even after I'd realized that I loved him? Some people, and society in general, regard the love between a woman and a younger man as strange. What's so strange about it? And who says? If people love each other, age doesn't matter. Now that I'm going with Ryo, I know how much I depend on him and what a reliable person he is even though he's younger.

I introduced him to my friends without hesitation. At first, they were surprised, but after they got to know him, nobody disagreed with my choice. One of my friends had once told me that I was a serious person but a nervous one. It was true—those were my strong and weak points. However, since I began to go with Ryo, I became calm and natural, thanks to him. He's mature for his age and perfectly suited to me because he makes me a much better person. I feel that I owe my mental growth to him.

After I graduated from the university, I began to work at a company; I couldn't be a teacher because I didn't pass the qualifying exam but I couldn't give up my dream of becoming a teacher. I wondered whether to continue to work or quit and try the exam again.

"Shizuka," Ryo told me, "remember, your life is in your own hands. You can do as you like even if no one supports you. And I'll stand by you forever."

He gave me the energy to keep going for my dream, and I was impressed with his wisdom. I was proud of him and had so much confidence in him.

Whenever I see a lot of twinkling stars and feel a comfortable breeze, I remember our special love.

It's he who taught me that it's important to be honest and that love is unlimited.

---

Brave Enough
to Love

Shin-Hua Wen
Taiwan

When you told me,
you shed tears for him
and lost yourself in the happiest time.
I didn't know
how to console you.
Except to say,
"Be brave!"

"Brave enough to love!"
These words are like ripples
that swing into my heart.

If one day I find my true love,
Will I be helpless?
Will it be like dark clouds amassing
in my elated heart?
And will my sincerity be disappointed?

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."
Yes,
this must be true love!
The Angel and the Woodcutter, A Korean Folktale

Young-Geun Kim
Korea

Once upon a time on Cheju Island, in the southern part of Korea, there was a diligent woodcutter. He lived with his old mother, who had been a widow for forty years, on a very remote mountain without any neighbors around. Even though their only friends were animals and they were poor, they'd been living together happily until the mother got sick.

One day, the woodcutter's mother became so ill that she couldn't get up. She was sick because she really wanted a daughter-in-law and a grandson before she died but she couldn't find a bride for her thirty-year-old son. She called him to her side and said, "My son, I think I won't be able to get up until you find a wife."

"I'll show you my children before you pass on," he promised her even though he knew that there was no woman for him to marry because he was poor and had a sick old mother. Despite his hopeless situation, he had no choice but to make her this promise. Feeling helpless and dejected, he left for the forest to cut some wood.

As he was cutting trees, he met a wounded deer with an arrow stuck in his right hind leg. Exhausted from running away from the hunter that had shot him, the deer pleaded with the woodcutter, "Please, help me, sir. I'm being chased by a hunter."

The virtuous woodcutter hid the deer and took care of his wound. When the deer had recovered, he told the woodcutter, "Thank you so much, sir. Is there anything I can do to repay you?"

"Well, I am looking for a wife," the woodcutter told the deer. "I don't suppose there's a way that you can help me with that..."

The deer surprised the woodcutter, telling him, "If you go to the lake on the fifteenth day of this month when the moon is full, you'll find some angels taking a bath. Take one of the angel's clothes. The deer went on to explain that angels can't return to heaven. If they had only three children, the angel would be able to escape with them by holding two of them in her arms and one on her back.

"And above all, never return her clothes to her until you have four children," the deer said emphatically.

On the fifteenth day of the month, the hopeful woodcutter went to the lake. Amazingly, he saw the angels taking a bath there just as the deer had said he would. He did exactly what the deer had told him to do.

After bathing, one of the angels frantically began to look for her clothes. When she couldn't find them, she fell to the ground crying. She didn't know what she should do.

The woodcutter came out from behind a big rock and approached her. "Well," he said, "I'm a woodcutter and I took your clothes. I'm sorry, but I had to do it. Don't cry anymore. We can live here happily together."

"Please, I have to go now!" begged the naked angel. "Please, give me back my clothes!"

"No, I can't do that," replied the woodcutter. "Come with me to my home."

The angel had no choice but to stay with the woodcutter. He brought her to his home and introduced her to his mother. His mother recovered her health almost immediately. The woodcutter and the angel got married.
without any guests.

Within the next ten years, the woodcutter and the angel had three children. Everyone was happy except the angel. Because of her unforgettable memories of heaven, she was sad.

One day, she asked her husband, "Honey, do you remember our first meeting? I really want to wear my clothes and show my figure to our children." Seeing the woodcutter’s hesitation, she added, "Don’t worry, my love, I won’t leave. I have you and my beautiful children. How could I leave without all of you."

The woodcutter trusted his wife because of their children and their happy life together. Sure that the angel truly loved him, he foolishly forgot the deer’s words and decided to give her back her clothes.

The moment the angel had her clothes on, she slung one of the children onto her back and swept the other two into her arms.

"I’m sorry," she said, "but I can’t live here anymore, sir. I’m going to my home with my children. I’ll always remember our happy life together."

And then she flew up into the sky with the children. The woodcutter just stood there in disbelief watching her and his children gradually vanish in the sky.

Time passed, but the woodcutter’s angel still hadn’t come back. Day after day, the woodcutter waited for her without eating, just looking up into the sky. Finally he died a sad, lonely man.

The woodcutter was reincarnated as a rooster. According to legend, the reason roosters crow into the sky is that the wishful woodcutter continues to look for the return of his angel.

"Three more minutes," she says, turning off her alarm clock’s terrible sound. It’s 7:00, and her same morning has started again.

"OH, my God! Now it’s 7:15 already!" She jumps out of bed and rushes to the bathroom. "OK!! I have less than five minutes to get out of the bathroom."

Emerging from the bathroom, she gets into some clothes very quickly without thinking of coordinating them. Only five minutes left now before departure, but that’s enough for a quick breakfast. She gulps down a cup of instant coffee and bites a piece of cookie.

"Now, ready to go," she says, quickly rouging her cheeks and then dashing to the bus stop.

"OH!!" she says when she gets there. A long line has already formed. She starts to count the people. "Good, I’m number 23, I can have a seat today!"

On the bus she falls into a deep sleep for about twenty minutes, preparing to survive the next leg of the trip on the train.

The time is now around 7:50. On the platform awaiting the train, she sees a crowd of people wearing gray or dark blue business suits. Of course, she is one of them. The express train approaches, and she takes a couple of deep breaths, takes hold of her bag in both hands, and gets on the train. Now she can’t move, not even a little. She has to keep her hands and feet in the same place, and of course she can’t sit down.

From the moment of getting on the train, her long, hard, and terrible trip has begun.

A strange, bad smell comes from someone’s hair tonic. An ominous silence pervades the train. Nobody wants to talk. A lot of people are reading a newspaper or a comic book, and here and there some fortunate person with a seat is sleeping deeply. Her shoulders, hands, and back are packed close to other people’s, and her feet are tangled up with someone else’s. She wants to open a window, but she can’t reach it. She asks someone to open it, and someone tries but can’t reach it because he can’t budge either.

"I want to die, but I can’t," she thinks. "Maybe I’m sick, so I can go back home. I want to go back home."

The train arrives at the station, which is close to her company’s building. The time is now 9:20. She has been on the train for about seventy minutes. After going up the long escalator toward the subway exit for three minutes, she looks out at the sunshine and breathes in the fresh (polluted) air.

"Ah, what nice polluted air this is!"

She runs down the hill toward her office building like a snowball.

Now it’s 9:30. Wiping the sweat from her face, she starts working. Her busy day has begun again.
Fireworks in Greater Columbia

Pierre A. Zinsou
Benin

How wonderful!

All of a sudden, a wave of sadness passed over me. Sika... I thought... She was so far away... She could have been the twelfth member of our party on the boat... And... will I ever find the right words to describe the greatness of the sight, so as to produce in her the same feeling?...

"Is everything fine with you, Pierre?" Lynne's voice snatched me back and I joined the others in "Wow!... Wonderful!... Ooo!... Ahh!..."

The radio went on playing appropriately selected music until the last of the fireworks had gone off. Reluctantly, everybody came back down to reality. For thirty minutes, it had been a real heaven on earth—sorry—on water.

Greater Columbia! You finally got me! It had been three and a half months since I had come to you, but nothing, truly nothing, had gotten me that much! I have always been convinced that the best way to understand and master a language is through a close knowledge of the users. This knowledge, far from the superficiality of everyday life, basically consists of understanding a people's specific nature, interests, and motives. The thousands of people coming together that Saturday, the thousands of boats spread out on the lake that night, the spectacular fireworks—were all typically American. The topics of discussion and the words and expressions used on that occasion are now on record and will never be lost. The whole experience was what I had been needing for months but had had to wait for. Now, I have got it! Greater Columbia, I cannot be the same any longer. Down with my former indifference to everything in you! Forward with the values that make you great!
Else
Dick Holmes
USA
A blue butterfly
caroms by in and
out of sight before
your very eyes,
still leaves still
right under
your very nose,
inhaling summer
for what may be
the very last time,
hot weeds,
a splash in the lake,
cool passionflowers
quivering . . .
Remember this,
they say,
it's all here,
nowhere else.

I Miss You
Tran Dai Nghia
Vietnam
Only the boat can know
How vast the sea is
Only the sea can know
Where the boat goes and lands
Only you can know
How I miss you
I wanted to be a bird
Flying back to you
Even if it was only for a second
To relieve my homesickness
But it was just a dream
We are still separate
But I send my love
And the wind brings it to you
The distance is immense
But we are very close
Always missing each other

The Baby
Young-Jae Park
Korea
Look at the baby.
It’s smiling.
Never does it ridicule other people.
Its smiling is truth.

Look at the baby.
It’s crying.
Never does it want to get anything.
Its crying is truth.

Look at the baby.
It’s playing.
Never does it impair its friends.
Its playing is truth.

Evaporating
Dick Holmes
USA
The door was open.
She’d said.
Her voice just above
the surf’s.
And then what?
He’d replied.
And then—
foam, clouds,
skin, cold.
Words from the surf,
a say in it too.
You didn’t tell me—
I didn’t know—
Yes . . .
Surf again,
straight lines,
curves.
Croakers
Yun-Hee Kim
Korea

It was raining outside. There were no cars. A rainstorm this severe was rare in the city. Yeon, her brother, mother, and grandmother looked out the window anxiously. Yeon's father, Soon, still hadn't arrived home.

"Let's have dinner," Yeon's mother said. They went to the dining room and sat down at the table. On the table was a vase filled with roses, lilies and other flowers for her father.

"When is Father going to get here?" her brother asked, breaking the silence. Nobody answered. Her father had been in the Middle East for three years. The war over oil had not yet been resolved. Most of the foreigners in the area had already returned to their home countries, but a few, including her father, were still trying to get out safely.

Suddenly, they heard a loud cracking sound. Looking out the window, they saw that the storm had blown down the old tree that Yeon's father had loved so much.

"How could that happen?!" Yeon asked her mother.

"Don't worry. You can plant another tree—as many trees as you want," her mother said as calmly as she could, but her face was flushed.

Along with the usual rice, there were a lot of dishes on the table. The most outstanding of them was the fried croakers. Croakers were expensive but people liked them because of their delicious taste. Yeon stretched out her hand to pick up the plate of croakers. Her brother took hold of the plate at the same time, and it slipped out of their hands and fell back to the table upside down.

"What are you doing?!" Yeon's grandmother asked Yeon and her brother angrily. Yeon knew why her grandmother had lost her temper. According to legend, when a fish was turned over, it was an ill omen. Yeon knew that her grandmother was imagining a ship carrying Yeon's father home going down with the fish.

They all acted as calmly as they could. They didn't want to show their troubled minds.

Suddenly, dazzling white sunshine beamed through the windows and lit up the table.

"Wow, it isn't raining anymore!" her brother shouted. "It's a miracle!"

Yeon and her brother jumped up and ran to the window. In the distance, they could see someone walking toward their house.

Love Is Not Dead
Anna Sharysheva
Russia

In my family I am the youngest child. My brother was five years older than I. He was born with a serious heart disease, but he was very clever and strong. Most of all, he loved life. His strong will and his thirst for life and knowledge helped him fight his disease.

He was very loving and patient with me. When I quarreled with friends, when I did not know how to do my homework, when I did not understand my parents, he was always near.

He finished school brilliantly; his scientific work for his degree was the best in his class. He had an excellent career as an economist. But then death crossed out everything.

My life also stopped and I did not know whether I could suffer my grief or not. After my brother died I was cleaning his table when I found a letter he had written to me. He wrote, "When I have died, you will feel mental anguish and despair for a long time. But you must remember two things. You are a daughter and our parents stand in need of help and support. You must also remember that life was a gift for us. We have been together for eighteen years."

He wrote about many things but these were the most important. From these inspiring words he left me, I have learned to find the best in all situations. If strength leaves me, I read this letter and I get stronger and more courageous. Life is not dead. Love is not dead. Only the heart keeps pain and loss.
I Believe

Fang-Ping Chang
Taiwan

Do you believe in ghosts? Many people don't, but I do. I came to believe in them through an experience I had six years ago shortly before I married a ghost, my beloved Stella.

We'd been together for six months, and we loved each other very much. I fell in love with her the first time I saw her. It seemed as if we'd known in our last lives that we should be together. Every day, we stayed together for eighteen hours. Everything was going fine for us, but then something happened, and it changed our lives forever.

On her birthday, we had a traffic accident and Stella died. I couldn't believe it, and still don't even now. I don't know why this happened to us. Why did it happen on that day, especially— on the very day that we'd promised to take care of each other forever? I had so many things that I wanted to tell her, and now I'll never have a chance to tell her— in her living human form, anyway. All I can do now is face the fact.

Before Stella died, I'd heard a lot of ghost stories, but I didn't believe them. After the accident, I began hoping those stories were true so that I could see and talk with my girlfriend again. Perhaps I was crazy, but I really wanted to be with her again. About a week after the accident, my wish came true.

One day when I woke up in the morning, I felt Stella had come back. I could smell her perfume and feel her presence in my room. I couldn't see her but I had a feeling that she was watching me from somewhere, as if she were still alive. When I realized that she was already gone, though, I felt sad and strange: sad because I hadn't seen her face during her visit, and strange because I could feel that she'd definitely been there.

When I told my mother about this, her face changed. She told me that she'd heard Stella talking with me for almost five hours the night before. At first, she'd wanted to check it out, but she was too scared.

I still don't know if Stella's visit was real or not. I've dreamed about her many times, but I'm still hoping for the day when I can see her face to face again.

Now Stella is my wife. In my country, when you love someone very much, you can marry her/him whether s/he is alive or not. In Chinese culture, if someone's lover dies, the surviving lover can marry the departed lover by marrying something that represents the departed, such as her/his picture or a small piece of wood with her/his name inscribed on it. Like any other couple, Stella and I had a wedding ceremony, but it was sad for me. Our wedding had everything that a regular wedding has except a bride. Perhaps it's unimaginable, but I married a picture of her.

After these events, I believe that there are ghosts in this world, and I know that Stella will live in my heart forever.

Dear Apple,
I enjoy talking with you about your country. Someday I'll visit you and see your country with my own eyes. Thanks for giving me happiness and a good time. This term is my precious memory. Keep in touch forever.

From a native Thai Girl

To everybody at EPI,
I've been glad to be here and get to know all of you. Thank you to everybody who's contributed to my wonderful time here. I'll remember all of you forever.

Somphon Teachatharath

Dick Holmes,
Thank you for the special time that you have given me and my friends in our classes. I want to tell you that it was a special term for me, and I thank all the EPI staff and students.

Saad Zakari
It was such a dark night that I could see more with my eyes closed than with them open.

My eyes opened themselves, and after a few seconds of staring into the darkness, I asked myself, "... Am I sleeping or am I awake? This must be another dream like the ones I used to have years ago... But something is different... Yes, I have the feeling I'm awake... but it's so silent and so dark..."

And then remembering the small window in the wall behind me, I glanced toward it but didn't see anything.

"... I must do something..." Yes, I think it's better to try to go to sleep again before that..." And I remember that I turned onto my left side, curled up slightly under the covers, and closed my eyes.

"... Oh, no, my God! Again... Have I fallen asleep or not?..."

Now, I discovered, I was stretched out on my back, and suddenly I felt a strong, cold spark growing near my stomach and running out fast toward my legs, arms, and head, so I began to imagine the worst.

"... No, I don't believe that... but all is so calm and so dark..."

Then I felt a strange chill, my brain so completely full of fear that I didn't dare to move because... perhaps it was true.

"... But, I have to know... If it's true... I could touch..."

Fearfully, I raised each of my legs and didn't touch a thing. Then I raised my arms and again didn't touch anything. "... So, it's not true... but I don't hear my colleagues snoring... I must put my brain in order...

Little by little, things started coming back to me. I remembered that I had left my house a few days before and that I had spoken to my wife by phone the day before. In fact, I could remember each thing my wife had told me.

"... So, it's not true... My brain is normal, it's working so I... but I'm supposing this... In fact, I don't know how it is that..."

And I continued remembering, recalling that every night in rural areas such as this one the electricity was turned off because of the worst long drought in recent years. That this was a small town where everybody slept at that hour. That this was an island where there were no cars.

"... And what about the moon?... and the dogs and cats?... At least them I should hear... as in my neighborhood..."

And I remembered my car, the current political situation, my bedroom, the President, my neighbors.

Then an even stranger feeling, a sort of numbness, invaded my whole body. Despairingly, I brought my hands up in front of my face looking for some hope... but I couldn't see them.

With tensed nerves, I closed my eyes and in my mind I could see everything in the room where I was sleeping. I looked through the house and I could see each one of the rooms with their old wooden doors, the big water tank in the bathroom, the improvised clotheslines, the gray floor scattered with grains of sand, the shoes on the floor, the batteries, the theodolites, the life jackets. Then I saw the small, decrepit old wooden house we were living in from the outside, the wide channel that separated the island from the continent.

"... Oh, my God, what is happening to me?..."

Please, my daughter is due next month, my wife isn't feeling well..."

Full of panic, I opened my eyes again expecting to see my hands, but there was only darkness.

I touched my face and felt an insensibly cold and sweaty, rubbery face. I squeezed my eyelids against each other, and I wasn't sure if I could open them again. So, now the worst was coming.

"... Oh, no, my God... I don't feel my body, so I... Why?... Why me?... Why?..."

I remember that I could see the old house from outside again, my house, my office, the people I
knew. They began to whirl rapidly around me, and then I was violently dragged into the vortex and quickly sucked down, despairing, through its dark center.

I was awakened by the familiar creak of the old wooden door.

"Boss, we’re waiting for you. It’s late. It’s 6:00 in the morning."

Quickly, I sat up with both legs curled in front of me and began to look around my room. There was everything—my mattress on the floor, my clothes, my baggage on the old chair, the window, the door with its big holes.

"Are you okay?" the fisherman asked me.

"...Yes, I’m fine..." I answered and quickly got dressed in my yellow overalls, my tennis shoes, and my blue cap.

"...Was the light turned off last night?..." I asked the fisherman as we were walking to the pier.

"I don’t know if it was turned off, Boss. I slept on the other side, with a woman friend, you know."

When we got to the pier, everyone was already sitting in the boat in their red or yellow overalls. The fisherman turned on the engine.

"Engineer, what happened to you today?" one of my colleagues reproached me as we set out in our small motor boat. "We’re a half hour late getting started. Did you forget that today we have to do the most difficult part? Did you forget your own advice that you gave us last night?...Are you okay?...We made a lot of noise carrying out all the equipment, you know."

"I’m sorry. I don’t know what happened to me, but it won’t happen again," I answered.

"But you’re the leader, so today you have to pay for us women’s dinner," she said smiling.

I must admit that even today, I don’t know whether I was awake or dead or having a dream. One thing is sure, though: it was such a horrible night that I never want to have another one like it.

Heading out to sea, we could see the white froth of big breaking waves.

"It’s going to be another hard day," I said in a loud voice, and we all put on our life jackets and braced ourselves in the boat.

"Thank you, my God, thank you for letting me live... This is life!" I said within my mind as the boat pitched dangerously against the waves and we were washed with cold salt water.

I had to win. I’d trained almost every day for three years and this match was going to be the last one of my high school boxing career. I also had to win for my coach because I was his last boxing student. He was very old and about to retire. Really, I had to win!!

Before the match I concentrated on what I had to do. My breath was very hard. I thought, "I can win! I can win!" My coach told me, "You are a very good student. You can win. Good luck!"

After hearing my coach’s advise, I stepped into the ring. I can’t express very well what happened during the match but the conclusion was that I won. I knocked out my opponent two minutes and fifteen seconds into the third round. I don’t even remember exactly what I did; I just fought as hard as I could.

I was delighted, and my boxing coach, my friends, my family, and everybody that knew me was excited. I’d been able to win this crucial match. That night, I couldn’t sleep. It’d been the most exciting day of my life.

I want to box again!

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My Big Match

Hidenori Fujii
Japan

When I was a high school student, I was on the high school boxing team and my most important match was coming up.

I was nervous for two weeks before the match. Day after day, I couldn’t even eat. My weight dropped from 54kg to 49kg. Every night I thought about whether I would win or lose. I was very nervous.
Socks
Koichiro Takatsu
Japan

Normally, I had to be home by 10:00 p.m. My father thought I was too young to stay out later than that. One summer day, there was a carnival held in my city, Ashiya. Because this day was a special day for students, my father decided to make an exception to my curfew and let me come home late. I was very happy to have a long night out to look forward to.

That special night, I kept talking with my friends until after midnight. About 1:00 a.m., though, we ran out of things to talk about and became bored. Then my friends, who always found a way to make me happy, proposed that we play a game. I don't remember what game we played but I do remember the bet. The loser would have to smell our smelly socks, which we took off and put into a bag. I was enjoying the game until I lost.

When I put my nose into that bag, I felt dizzy from the smell. At that same moment, I felt some lights flashing on my face, and looking up, I saw several men in uniform. At once, I understood that they were policemen. They came up behind me and asked me, “What are you doing?”

In a normal tone of voice, I answered, “Just what it looks like, sir.” I tried to explain that I was smelling our socks. But the policemen couldn’t understand and misinterpreted what I was doing. They thought I was sniffing a drug or paint thinner. They took me to the police station. There I explained the whole situation and they finally understood. They let me go without punishing me.

The next day, my junior high school teacher called me at home and asked me to come to school with my parents. At first, I couldn’t figure out why, but it didn’t take me long to understand. I was scolded for a long time by my teacher and parents that morning. But I know that deep down in their minds they were smiling.

Blue Jeans
Choong-do Kim
Korea

Blue . . .
The color of blue sounds clean and reminds me of youth and blue jeans. The young seek new materials and pleasure all the time, but blue jeans are never permitted new materials and pleasure. Blue jeans have to be worn out.
Blue jeans disregard social rank: they make people equal.
Blue jeans accept a variety of people.

In the Woods
Miho Baba
Japan

Why are you so hurried?
Why do you work so busily?
Why do you have so many troubles?
Why do you worry so much?
My mind is thirsty and wants something.

I remember listening to Joan Baez,
watching Audrey Hepburn movies,
talking with friends in a dark tea room,
loving my sweetheart,
wandering around downtown.
How far away my youth has gone!

Looking out the window,
A calm, quiet town is sunk in the woods.
Now I find the same old time come back again.
Escape from a noisy country, come to the innocent town.
I get up with singing birds.
There is no problem, no trouble—
just chattering, singing, loving, playing.
Moon
Young-Jae Park
Korea
In darkness,
I'm falling in love with the moon.
We're walking on green banks together.
We take a white boat.
We don't know where we're going.
We're falling in love.
I'm dreaming.

How
Chih-Pin Sang
Taiwan
How gentle you are when you're smiling.
How pleasant you are when I see you.
How interesting you are when we're talking.
How sensible you are because you're so mature.
How fortunate I am to have met you and become your friend.
How many other great traits do you have?
I am going to find them.

The Joining
Marie Murrah
USA
Alone in my pain
Until you found me
In your arms I found peace
In your eyes I found beauty
In your words I found strength
You have touched my soul
You have shown me the heavens
My spirit soars like the birds
You promised you will never leave me
You have made me whole

Children
Marie Murrah
USA
Eyes of innocence
Smiles of joy
Hands of mischief
Be it girl or boy
Sounds of happiness
Hearts so pure
Stay young my little ones
Until we find the cure
For the trials of life are hard to endure

Donna
Marie Murrah
USA
Your life was like a vapor...
Cut short for reasons we don't understand
You left behind so many gifts
A legacy of love and wisdom
Your spirit has touched many lives
I think you gave too much
I will never forget you
Your special gift to me has changed my life forever
Only you could understand my pain and take it away
One day I will see you again in the field of white flowers
Until then my sister my friend
I Regret that I Have Become So Educated

I regret that I have become so educated. But you look skeptical! ... Oh, I see ... I can guess what is turning in your mind! You are thinking that with my education, my position and ... Well, I admit that I would not even be talking about this topic if I had not become educated, nor would I now be an EPI student who has had the good fortune to meet and come to LOVE you! But as a result of the way I was educated, I lost touch with my native language and therefore am no longer a worthy representative of my grandfather? The poor man! He must be frustrated from the depth of his grave, and even ashamed of me!

My father, the proud craftsman of my successful education in the French system, never seemed to realize that I was unable to create a correct complete sentence in our native language, Goun. Once, he reproached and corrected me for calling aviri (uncooked beans) abôbô (cooked beans), but he seemed unaware of the extent of the problem. I was in secondary school at the time and brought the topic up for discussion the next day in school, and everybody agreed that we had lost so much of our language that it was quite impossible to have a conversation without dropping in some French words.

However, Agbannonde’s native language competency seemed unaffected by our schooling. My classmates and I thought that he must be the son of an elder or at least must live with one. In his mouth, our parents’ language seemed undamaged. It was so nice to hear him speak, especially when he dealt with the most interesting part of the language: the colloquial sayings. Ah, such sayings! The beauty of my native language! People can talk for hours using one proverb after another. You cannot imagine how funny my ancestor’s tongue sounded when, unlike the rest of us, Agbannonde used the right word instead of a French substitute. What a great deal of fun we had together. Trying to pronounce some “strange” words in Goun and figuring out the meaning of various proverbs, such as the following.

“The hunchback was asked to lie down on his back in order to receive some money. He answered: “One lives and makes a profit from something one works hard on.””

“The fâ (god of prediction) says that two people will often agree to do something together, but just one of them will bear the burden.”

“If a child gets used to eating beans with you, he will say, seeing a pile of goat excrement: ‘Come on! Let us eat our usual meal!’”

Agbannonde took real pleasure in explaining the hunchback proverb as a quiet way to turn down an offer one considers a poisoned gift. The fâ’s prediction is used to talk about pregnancy or the unshared, often bitter result of any kind of work or decision in which two people were originally involved. Eating beans with a child represents being involved in any kind of relationship between persons unequal in age, such as that between classmates, roommates, brothers, etc., and being invited to eat goat excrement (an assemblage of small hard objects resembling beans) signifies the offense of a younger person’s forgetting his/her place in relation to an elder. The former situation must not lead to the latter, according to my culture, in which respect for elders is a highly esteemed value. The offender is said to be confusing goat excrement with beans—in other words, to be acting childishly.

So many proverbs in Goun are used every day, all flexible and adaptable to various situations. They actually make the life of the language—the life that I will never live now because I have become so educated, because I have lost my way, because I have been uprooted. Uprooted! And the worst thing is that there is no substitute for the language I have lost. I have spoken French almost all my life, but it is clear I have not taken root in it. Now, it is English I am studying, and mind you, intensively! Will I ever...? No... I’m just floating... floating... In the air?... On water?... I don’t know but I am floating... I am a floater. What a pity! ☹

Key, Hide, Masa, Baca Co, Koichiro, Kaz, Fang Ping, Juliana, and Caterina,
Thanks for hanging out with me. I really had a good time.
The Law
Art & Entertainment

Bronia Holmes USA
Fausto Díaz Dominican Republic
Ruby Holmes USA
Swun Park Korea
Burhan A. M. Niyazi Saudi Arabia
Tran Dai Nghia Vietnam
Saed Zakari Syria
Miki Tanaka Japan
Viapaorn Sirawut Thailand
Yukie Kobayashi Japan
Roxanys Paredes Venezuela
Vanessa Pacheco Costa Rica
Shin-Hua Wen Taiwan
Non-Dairy Cream of Broccoli Soup
Bronia Holmes
USA

**Ingredients**
- one onion
- one head of broccoli
- water
- 3 tablespoons of white miso (Japanese fermented soybean paste)
- 2 tablespoons of tahini (Middle Eastern ground up sesame seed paste)
- juice of 1/2 lemon or lime

**Preparation**
Cut the onion and broccoli into small pieces. Put them into a pot, add enough water to cover the broccoli, and boil for about five minutes. Put the cooked broccoli and onions (including the cooking water) into a blender or food processor with the miso and tahini. Blend until smooth. Add the lemon or lime juice and your soup is ready to eat. This soup is good to eat hot, at room temperature, or cold.

Variation: substitute any other vegetable for the broccoli. You can use carrots, squash, sweet potatoes, or cucumbers. If you use sweet potatoes, you might want to add a teaspoon of pumpkin pie spice for an extra delicious taste.

Habichuelas Rojas
Fausto Díaz
Dominican Republic

**Ingredients**
- 2 cups of dried kidney beans
- several cups of water
- 1 small onion
- 1 1/2 tablespoons of olive oil
- 2 slices of bacon
- 1 teaspoon of minced garlic
- 1/2 cup of tomato paste
- a little bit of green pepper
- 1/2 tablespoon of vinegar

**Preparation**
In a pot, cover the beans with water, add one half of the onion (not chopped) and 1 tablespoon of oil, and boil for 25 to 30 minutes until the beans are soft. In a medium-sized pot, fry the bacon. When the bacon is done, remove the grease. Add 1/2 tablespoon of oil and sauté the other half of the onion (chopped) and the garlic. Add the tomato paste, green pepper, vinegar, cooked kidney beans, a little water, and stir. Cover the pot, leaving a little space for steam to escape, and simmer for 15 minutes until slightly thick. Serve and enjoy.

Ruby’s Smoothie
Ruby Holmes
USA

**Ingredients**
- 1 ripe banana
- 1 handful of fresh strawberries
- 1/2 cup of plain or vanilla yogurt
- 1 teaspoon of honey (or to taste)
- 3 ice cubes

**Preparation**
Put all the ingredients into a blender and blend until smooth. Experiment with different fruits for a more tropical taste. You can also use frozen fruit instead of fresh fruit and ice cubes. Whichever way you make it, a smoothie is a refreshing drink during the hot summertime.
DEAR PAT

"Got a problem? No problem!"
—Pat

Dear Pat,
I have a big problem: the more I study, the stupider I become. What can I do?
Dumb N. Dumber

Dear Dumb,
Why don’t you try the opposite then? The less you study, the more intelligent you’ll become.
Pat

Dear Pat,
I’m really sad because I think that I’m a kernel of corn, not a man. I can’t go out because a bird would eat me. A doctor has helped convince me that I’m not really corn, but I still can’t go out because he hasn’t persuaded the birds that I’m not corn. Please tell me how I can persuade the birds that I’m a man.
Sigmund Freud

Dear Freud,
Don’t worry, even if you can’t persuade the birds that you’re a man, it’s easy to mislead them. When you go out, just keep saying, “Meow, meow, meow!” When the birds hear that, they’ll think you’re a cat, not corn, so they won’t bother you.
Pat
Dear Pat,
I'm in a public bath-house, and it just caught on fire. If I take time to go get my clothes and put them on before I leave the building, I'll be burnt to death, but I'm too shy to run out naked. I have a little towel here with me, but it won't cover much. What should I do?
Extremely Shy

Dear Shy,
Wrap the towel around your face and run out. Nobody will know who you are, so there's no need to feel embarrassed.
Pat

Dear Pat,
My girlfriend hates me whenever I look at another girl. Can you tell me why?
Casanova

Dear Casanova,
She's probably worried about your having a bad habit that might continue even after you marry her. She doesn't want to share her alimony with other ex-wives.
Pat
A Dokodemo Door

Miki Tanaka
Japan

There have been many times in my life when I wished I could be in another place and time. I'm sure this is a fantasy that many others also have.

Doraemon, a fictional character in a Japanese cartoon that was very popular when I was growing up, helps people escape to another place or time through his dokodemo door. I still watch Doraemon and wish I could have my very own dokodemo door. I wish somebody would invent a dokodemo door for me someday.

Doraemon is a robot who came from the future using a time machine. He came to this period because he wanted to help his friend's ancestor Nobita. Doraemon keeps a time machine in Nobita's desk drawer. He also wears a wonderful pouch full of inventions from the future around his waist. I wish I could have a pouch like that, or at least one of the inventions in it—a dokodemo door.

Dokodemo means "anywhere" in Japanese. With a dokodemo door, you can go anywhere you want. When you open the door, the place you want to go to is right there before you. I think that the cartoonist who created Doraemon is a genius. He inspires a lot of dreams in this cartoon.

Last January, my sister called from Japan and told me that there was going to be a small party for one of my teachers who was getting married, and I really wanted to go back home for that party. Most of my classmates would be getting together there. A dokodemo door would really have come in handy then. Whenever I feel homesick, I always imagine Doraemon. If a real Doraemon existed, I would ask him to give me a dokodemo door.

In fact, I would ask him to give everyone a dokodemo door. If we all had dokodemo doors, there would be no more wars because we could easily go to other countries and make lots of friends everywhere. I'm sure that nobody would want to fight with her/his friends' countries. I think we could use a dokodemo door for peace. I wish that we could find some way to stop making war on earth. 

Circle of Friends

Vipaporn Sirawut
Thailand

I love to see a movie. When I have some free time, I always go see one. Somehow, though, I missed an interesting film named Circle of Friends when it was playing in Thai theaters. Fortunately, I got to see it on television here in the U.S. two weeks ago.

Circle of Friends is set in a small city in England during the 1950s. The plot is very simple, with more focus on the feelings of a group of friends who have different family backgrounds than on the events of the story. The main characters are three young ladies who've known each other since they were children. Growing up has brought them more and more responsibilities and problems to face, and they discover that there is a limited group of people to choose friends from and get help from in solving their problems.

This film taught me that nobody is inferior just because s/he has limited opportunities. The leading actress in the story is a very kind person who tries to understand everyone. Even when she's betrayed by a friend, she doesn't get angry with her.

Some people don't like this movie because the leading actress is not a beautiful woman. She's a fat girl, but I think she's quite pretty since she's so kind and friendly. It's her beautiful personality that becomes the main factor in the leading actor's falling in love with her. A friend of mine who read the novel that the film is
Circle of Friends . . .

based on told me that when he was reading the book he imagined a girl that looked like the leading actress. Casting a plain, realistic-looking girl as the leading actress didn’t make the movie less interesting at all.

The treatment of the way the characters interact with each other is also refreshingly realistic. There are arguments between friends but not excessive ones. And not only does Circle of Friends tell a good story, but it also presents lots of beautiful scenes of Europe that make you feel wonderful, as if you were actually there. There is some nudity in the movie, so it’s too sexually explicit for children, but I believe that anyone who’s old enough should not miss this film. 🍿

To the GWUL survivors,
Thanks for all your hard work and insightful questions this term. Believe it or not, you’ve actually taught me a great deal about English grammar. Good luck in your future endeavors!

Rick

To all the Saudi Arabian bankers who will be leaving America this August,
Good luck! I am very sad that you’re leaving. I will miss you.
Burhan Nyazi

To the guy who couldn’t remember my name!
Even though you tried to keep me away from you with such a disgusting attitude, I won! If there are things that I have to thank EPI for, the most important thing is to have met you. I love you.
Your Little Baby

The Beautiful Queen

Yukie Kobayashi
Japan

Several years ago, we lost one of the greatest artists in the world, Freddie Mercury, a vocalist of the rock band Queen, but he still lives in the hearts of his many fans.

Before Freddie died, Queen consisted of four men from England: Freddie Mercury, Brian May, Roger Taylor and John Deacon. When I heard their music for the first time, I was so impressed that I shuddered. Their sound made me wonder, “Are these men’s voices?” Freddie’s voice is wonderful and artistic, sometimes dynamic and sometimes delicate. Once it catches your heart, it never leaves you.

“We Will Rock You,” “We Are The Champions,” and “Bohemian Rhapsody” are their most famous songs, the ones that everyone who listens to the radio has heard at least once, but I recommend that you check out “Prophet’s Song” and “Brighten Rock” to appreciate the full range and beautiful complexity of Queen. “Prophet’s Song” is a quiet, majestic song and “Brighten Rock” is a typical hard-driving rock and roll tune; at the same time, these two very different songs have things in common. Like all of Queen’s songs, they both include elements of classical music, for example. (Freddie used to be an opera singer.) I like both classical and hard rock, so listening to Queen, I can enjoy both at once.

Last year, a new Queen CD, Made in Heaven, was released, including songs recorded at a live concert before Freddie died and also some songs that Freddie had originally recorded as solo endeavors. For this new CD, the band added backup to Freddie’s solo recordings. Made in Heaven sounds as if Freddie were still alive. And in a way, he is still alive: there are a lot of people who continue to love Queen even though Freddie is no longer with us.

Freddie’s death brings up an important issue, that of AIDS awareness, since Freddie died of AIDS. This is a very important issue that we have to consider and understand better. After his death, his colleagues founded a fund for people who have AIDS. His death and the fund his friends created have contributed greatly to the world’s becoming more educated about this devastating disease.

I believe that Queen is a real queen of rock and roll and will long continue to fascinate a lot of people. In my heart, this band will reign as my one and only queen forever. 🎶
When foreign students in the United States overcome culture shock, they often begin to travel to various places around the country, enjoying lots of exciting experiences. We wanted to know what places EPI students have visited in the US and what interesting things they have found in these places, so we conducted a survey.

According to the results of our survey, some of the hot spots to visit are: New York City, Washington DC, Atlanta, Orlando, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, San Diego, Charleston (SC), Tampa, Miami, Key West, Jacksonville (FL), Portland, Asheville, Dallas, Charlotte, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Arizona, Houston, Columbia, Hilton Head, Disney World, and Niagara Falls. Perhaps you can use the following impressions offered by EPI's travelers to plan your next trip.

New York City was the place most visited by students. Young-Geun Kim reports that “New York has a lot of huge buildings and monuments, such as the Empire State building, the World Trade Center, and the Statue of Liberty.” Byung-Kook Kim says that he “looked down on the city from the top of the Empire State building and felt like [he] could see the whole country.” Jenny Zanchi says that “the skyscrapers and crowded streets make you feel like an ant in the grass. But the diversity of entertainment makes it almost the perfect place to have a great vacation.” Betsy Fernández reports, “I visited a lot of famous places in New York, including some of the theaters, and enjoyed them all.”

Washington DC, the capital city of the US, is another city having an abundance of great places to visit. Young-Jae Park says: “I went to Washington recently and visited the Pentagon; the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where money and stamps are made; the Holocaust museum; and several other memorial museums. Washington has fourteen of the fifteen museums comprising the famous Smithsonian Institute, including the Arts & Industries Building, Freer Gallery of Art, the Hirschorn Museum (of art), the National Air & Space Museum, the National Museum of Natural History, the National Museum of African Art, the National Museum of American History, and the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery.” Silvia García adds that, for her, “Ten days were not enough to visit all the museums along the Smithsonian’s huge corridor. The most impressive was the Holocaust Museum, which displays various things related to the genocide of European Jews during World War II. I’ll never forget the feelings that this museum pulled out of me.”

Charleston, with its important history and beautiful places, was also a favorite of numerous EPI students. Silvia García reports that “the architecture there is very interesting.” Wan-Ling Sun calls Charleston a “romantic” city.

Jung Kim recommends a day full of adventure in the Smoky Mountains. “I went rafting down a river in the Smoky Mountains,” he says. “It was a little scary, but I liked jumping through the rapids. I rafted for about an hour and forty minutes and it was really fun!”

Hilton Head, an island off the coast of South Carolina, is a great place for water lovers. Judy Chung states that, “You can do all kinds of things there, like swimming, water skiing, sunbathing, and shopping.”

Another paradise EPI travelers enjoyed was Disney World, located in Orlando (FL). Myoung-Soo Lee says that this place is very exciting: “I saw a rock’n roll concert and a beautiful dance show at Disney World. My friend and I met a lot of people there and we all enjoyed dancing and singing together.”

Shiro Yazawa visited New Orleans. “Of the places I’ve visited in the US, he says, “I like New Orleans the most because of its many restaurants with jazz music floating out from them. I also like the carnival atmosphere. New Orleans never sleeps!”

Kunitsoshi Nakai, a big baseball fan, visited Baltimore. “The stadium was so beautiful, rising up from the middle of the city. I couldn’t believe how much American people love baseball. American baseball is more exciting than Japanese baseball,” concluded Kunitsoshi.
A Travel Guide . . .

Gatlinburg is a little town in the mountains of Tennessee. Fausto Diaz was there and reports that "it has a zoo and a big action park at the top of a hill. In the center of town, there are lot of tourist attractions, making Gatlinburg a combination of rural town and crowded resort. It's a town with traditional customs, special cuisine, and lots of little shops. Gatlinburg is good for climbing, swimming, eating, and resting, with lots of natural resources and pleasant people."

Marie Murrah, who works in the EPI office, recommends Arizona as an interesting state to visit. "The Grand Canyon is one of the most beautiful sights I've ever seen. It's a place that seems to have been formed by the hand of God and given to us as a beautiful gift. I could've stayed there forever just gazing at the different shapes and colors. I highly recommend the Grand Canyon as a great vacation spot."

We hope that you have enjoyed this edition of Sunrise's "Travel Guide to the US" and that you will submit reports of your travels to the Sunrise staff for the next publication. Happy trails! ☀️

Beth Wall, Barbara Kubodera, and Bronia Holmes,

I want to tell you, "Thank you!" I believe that you are all good teachers at EPI. I will remember you as my best teachers.

Love, Brenda Reyes

To all the EPI teachers and students,
This has been my first and last chance to study English in the U.S. I appreciate the earnest and kind way all of you have taught me. Thanks a lot to all the young students, who've been so kind and friendly to me.

Miho Baba

Natalie,
Thanks for one more Sunrise layout for old time's sake! And all the timely rice cookies, peaches, late night giddy laughs, etc. Ya know, I think you really should start a mag like this in Venezuela, just so you don't have time to get bored . . .

From another crazy

Dear Dick,
Thank you very much for your interesting, creative classes. I've come to like writing more and more, thanks to you. I believe that you've developed my ability, so now I can have confidence in writing. I'll never forget you, and I'll tell my junior students, "If you go to EPI, meet Dick!!"

From a South Carolina college student

Taku,
I'm delighted to know you. Your kindness, strong will, and courtesy are your great characteristics. Keep them forever, and don't turn into an American. I love you as a Japanese boy.

From an exotic girl

Saed, Liliana, Gustavo, Carlos, Tristan, Marjorie, and others,

We've had lots of fun together traveling, going out, eating international food, and even studying. I want to thank you all—you that have already left, you that are still here, and you that will be staying a while longer. You've become part of my life during these five months. I'll never forget you.

Kisses, Merche

Yukie Kobayashi,

Thank you very much for being my roommate for about two months in Columbia. I have really enjoyed living here and talking with you. We have sometimes shared hardships, haven't we? After finishing EPI and going back to Coker College, let's keep trying to study hard and support each other! Thank you for everything!

Tomoko Dahara

Ji-Sun, Su-Jung, Mi-Jin,
Friends are lost by calling often and calling seldom.

Do-Young Kim

To all the teachers and staff at EPI,
Thanks for everything. EPI will be the most memorable place in my life.

Patt

Kenji Shibata,

I was very pleased to be your classmate at EPI. You are one of the greatest men that I have ever met. I have enjoyed talking with you very much, and I have learned a lot of things from you. You are like a brother to me. Please remember me as your sister and write to me. Thank you very much, and I hope you will be happy forever.

Tomoko Dahara

Sweden, Liliana, Gustavo, Carlos, Tristan, Marjorie, and others,

We've had lots of fun together traveling, going out, eating international food, and even studying. I want to thank you all—you that have already left, you that are still here, and you that will be staying a while longer. You've become part of my life during these five months. I'll never forget you.

Kisses, Merche
The film *Waiting to Exhale* is based on a novel. The main characters are four vigorous, beautiful, respectable black women who are attached to each other like sisters. They are all hoping for the best in their lives. They hope they will be successful in their occupation, that they can lose weight and be as attractive as they can be, and that their children (the ones that two of them already have and the ones that the other two hope for someday) can grow up healthy. Especially, they hope they can meet a man they will be carried away by.

Savannah, a sexy single, has two dreams: One is to become an eminent television producer and the other is to meet a man who really loves her. She always falls in love with a man who is already married and then finally leaves this man who doesn’t really belong to her. Time and again, she finds that her friends, family, and job are actually more important to her than men.

Bernadine’s husband left their children and her for a twenty-one-year-old white woman. She had been married to her husband for about eleven years and he had been her whole life. She feels frustrated, sad, and desperate until she meets James.

Robin is a successful, adventurous woman. She’s very intelligent and capable but always loses her wits when she meets a man. Having a happy family is her dream.

Gloria is different from her friends. She doesn’t seek out men and her life consists of just eating, working, and taking care of her teenage trouble-making son. She hopes she can change her present circumstances and fill her life with love.

The lives of these four great women revolve around the problems of finding good lovers/husbands and meaningful work. Along the way, they build a protective umbrella over themselves with their firm friendship. Although they face a lot of difficult problems, they can still overcome them with the loving support they get from each other.

*Waiting to Exhale* is very interesting in the way that it presents friendship among contemporary women and the challenge of making and keeping good relationships. Some of my friends are similar to the main characters of this movie; they, too, are beautiful, excellent, and highly educated, but lonely. They are so successful and bright that men are afraid of them and not brave enough to love them and women envy them and don’t treat them sincerely.

Love often becomes a jail, especially when you don’t understand it. Someone said, “Freedom is more valuable than love.” However, if you throw love out, freedom becomes solitariness. On the other hand, love is a bridge between two persons, and if you find that your lover/husband/wife loves someone else, and you feel he/she is more delighted and hopeful with this new love, it’s best to let him/her have his/her own life, just as the main characters of this movie do.

Love is not to restrain and occupy; love is given and tolerant.

You usually go through life like a butterfly flying around in a garden searching for something. You could lose yourself because life is like a labyrinth, but if you know your goal, you can go forward courageously and won’t lose yourself. The four women in this movie hope to find their true love, but they discover that there are more important things in life than to find a lover. As their lives show, if you open your heart and listen to it, you’ll find that happiness will fill your life and that you won’t have to wait any longer to exhale.

To the Japanese guy with small eyes,

I’m so lucky to know a wonderful person like you. Thank destiny for bringing us together. I think the time we’ve had here together has been really special and beautiful. I’ll never forget all the moments.

From the girl with big eyes always sitting by you.
Alexandre Mendonca,

Good luck! Man! I don’t want to leave you but I have to. I hope you will be successful in your academic goals in Baltimore. Nothing more to say except that you are my best friend, and I’ll never ever forget you. Take care, and see you when destiny brings us together again.
A. (Somphon Teachatharathip)

Dear Russ,
You’re a very popular person among us. Everyone told me, “If you go to EPI, just see Russ!” I was very glad to see you at my beginning-of-term interview and to take your unique class. I’ve enjoyed all our field trips. Thank you and please keep speaking Japanese.
From one of the students in your music class

Yukie Kobayashi,
Thank you very much for being my roommate for about two months in Columbia. I have really enjoyed living here and talking with you. We have sometimes shared hardships, haven’t we? After finishing EPI and going back to Coker College, let’s keep trying to study hard and support each other!
Thank you for everything!
Tomoko Dahara

Mercedes, Saed, Fumiko, Tristan, Liliara, etc.,
I’ve shared the best times of my life with all of you. Now I’m going to be very sad, but at the same time, I’m going to be the happiest guy in the world because I know that I’ve got the best friends that I’ve ever had. There’s just one thing that I’m very sure of: I’ll never forget any of you.
Gustavo Ledezma

Dear Gabriel,
Thanks for coming through once again!
(Don’t you want another extension for the spring semester?)
Dick

Mr. Dick,
We have learned from you how to write an essay, story, poem, and so on. It’s been hard for us, but it’ll bring us good results in the future. We’ve often been encouraged by things you’ve said and your gentle smile. It’s my most important memory of my life in the U.S.
Miho Baba

To all the teachers and staff at EPI,
Thank you very much. I was impressed by all the wonderful classes. I hadn’t experienced classes like EPI’s in Japan. I hope a lot of Japanese students as well as my children will attend this program. I love Columbia and EPI! And again, thank you very much.
From a Japanese mother who can take only one term at EPI

Dear Fumiko, Kaz, and all my other friends,
Thank you. Stay cool. Keep in touch, alright?
Love, May

To my dear fellow students,
I’m surprised that you’ve shown me your true selves. I haven’t shown you my true self because I’ve been worried about the big pain of separation. I regret to have done such a thing, but it’s no use crying over spilt milk. Anyway, my friends, don’t forget to remember me! If we meet again somewhere else, I’ll show you my true self and good friendship. Come to my country. I’ll give you a joyous welcome and you’ll have a lot of good experiences there. My address: 248 Sanjung 3 dong Mokpho-shi Chullnamdo, Korea, 530-350. Phone: 011-82-631-74-1740.
Myoung-Soo Lee
Cindy Young,
You're Young not only in your name. The articulation of your lectures, your style of teaching us how to communicate our views, and, above all, your assignments will all serve as a "young" source of inspiration forever.
Amin Muhammad

Christy Cabrera,
Thank you for everything. You are very helpful to all EPI students.
Rashed Al-Romaithi,
a special EPI student

To my dear fellow soldier,
Eight years since you died,
And the world keeps turning busily.
There's nobody now who appreciates the real worth
Of the time you and I devoted to our fatherland.
I pine for you alone tonight.
Ah! My dear fellow soldier!
Fill up the dream in an empty wine cup,
And let's talk about our old memories
The whole night through.
From your comrade in arms, Do-Young Kim

To my special friends, May-san, Shiro-san, Kazu-san, and Gustavo,
I can't believe that you are leaving Columbia soon. I will miss you very much after you leave. Please don't forget. You will always stay in my heart. I hope our memories remain forever.
Fumiko with Love

Gustavo,
Liliana, Ignacio, and Carlos,
We spent a great time traveling together.
Saed

To my dear captain, Mr. Rice,
I'll always remember your great teaching. Sometimes you've given me a hard time, but it's been a kind of good training for me. You've also prayed for my faith, my difficult circumstances, my studies, and my future. I suppose you usually pray for your students. Upon my honor, I won't forget that you were my sincere teacher and also my captain. Thank you for the best teaching, my captain!
Your student, Myoung-Soo Lee
P.S. If you visit me in Mokpo, Korea, I'll give you a joyous welcome.

Saho Murata,
Thank you very much for being a friend in Columbia these last two months. I have enjoyed talking with you very much. You make me laugh a lot, and I feel very happy whenever I talk with you. Try your best to realize your dream of going to graduate school in the USA. Write to me, and I hope you will be happy forever.
Tomoko Dahara

Kaz, Gustavo, Fumiko, Eiko, Akane,
Thank you so much. I've really spent a delightful time with you. Whenever I'm blue, you make me cheerful. Thank you a lot. I know I will see you again. I do love you, so I'm gonna send you the words, "Catch a dream and smile!"
Catch you later, Shiro

Dick, Bronia, Sarah, Leah, Russ, and Bill,
You are really good teachers and friends. This message is not a joke.
Rafa Stanziola

Dear all,
This summer has really flown, hasn't it?! Well, maybe there were a few slow moments . . . but when it's all about to end, it seems to have flashed by so quickly. Thanks for all your efforts and friendly cooperation. I'm going to miss those of you who'll be moving on, and I'll keep all of you in my heart. Best wishes always!
Love, Dick