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

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Personal Messages
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.
Core members of the Sunrise staff, from left to right: Yong-Sang Cho, Dick Holmes, So Young Lee, Jeferson Ferreira, and Eunkyung Min (not pictured: Bitnara Kim, Kyoung-Youl Kim, and Mehdi Jaafari)

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The Shepherd and the Princess,
An Ancient Korean Legend

Yong-Han Park
Korea

Incredibly, it usually rains on July 7th in Korea. It doesn’t rain very much, and the sun usually shines, too, so it’s often possible to see a rainbow then. July 7th is not a national holiday nor a memorial day in Korea, but we do have a special story about this day.

Long, long ago on a distant star, there lived a man named Kyun-Woo and a woman named Jik-Nyu. Kyun-Woo was a shepherd and Jik-Nyu was a princess of the kingdom. They loved each other deeply, but the king of the star wouldn’t permit their love. In spite of the king’s prohibition, they continued to meet and love each other. When the king learned of their disobedience, he became angry and sent them to different stars to separate them.

Because their love was so deep, the king decided to let Kyun-Woo and Jik-Nyu meet once a year on July 7th. Every year on that day, they meet on a bridge that myriads of crows and magpies form with their bodies. As Kyun-Woo and Jik-Nyu step on their heads, the crows and magpies lose their feathers. (Actually, crows and magpies molt at this time of the year.) When the two lovers meet, they’re so glad to see each other that they shed tears, and then their tears become rain. After their meeting, the road they pass along becomes a rainbow because their love is so beautiful.

Kyun-Woo and Jik-Nyu’s story is a kind of legend, but mysteriously it agrees with reality. So, whenever it rains on July 7th, people think of this legendary couple’s deep, sorrowful love.

My honey,
I know there have been times when we’ve run a little short on patience and a little high on frustration. Through it all, I’ve always known that our love would hold us together. We belong to each other and that commitment will always be stronger than any problems that come our way.

Jung-Ho Lim

To my dear teachers in EPI,
I would like to say thank you for the great benefits I’ve gotten here. The time I’ve spent in your classes has been truly wonderful. I will never forget these beautiful days.

Your student, Manal Esmail

To all my lovely friends, (especially Myrtle Beach members Adriana, Marina, Paolo, and Elad), Thank God that I could bump into friends like you and share my life with you all. You’ve made my days shine, even though we’ve had hard times. You guys will live in my mind forever, no matter where we are.

Kawasaki, Honda, Sushi, Chiba, etc. (K.I.)
The Bull in Spanish Culture

German Molina Calvo
Spain

Commonly accepted as one of the greatest animals in many countries, the bull has a special meaning in Spain, my home country. It’s not only an animal that represents the force and bravery of the country, but it’s a special symbol of culture and tradition in Spain that still unifies the hearts and feelings of a politically diverse citizenry. Its qualities can be seen as part of the Spanish personality, as Spain’s energy, fury, unpredictability, and resistance to death. The challenge between man and bull, in the various forms that it takes in my country, inevitable, and many of the runners, who know and accept the risk beforehand, maybe following the tradition or maybe only trying to have some fun, suffer injuries or death. Once the bulls arrive at the bull ring, the celebration is over and the bullfighting can start.

Bullfighting is the second most popular event in the hearts of the Spanish people (after soccer). Professional bullfighters, whose names are as well known as politicians’, risk their lives confronting animals that weigh around 1400 pounds. It is fame and acknowledgment of their valor, not money, that motivate most bullfighters.

The confrontation between man and animal ends in death. Usually, the bull’s death. Sometimes, the bullfighter’s. This is a controversial aspect of the party that is misunderstood and not accepted in many other cultures, but I think (and I hope) that nobody nor any organization will be able to change this rich tradition. There are many famous bullfights in Spain, but these are not as important as the innumerable less well known celebrations of all kinds that take place in small towns whose stars are the bulls they raise. There lies the real meaning of the bull for a country having a host of small old cities.

Bullfighting shouldn’t be seen as savage or wild. The bull has twenty minutes of opportunities to kill the bullfighter. The cow or chicken that we eat every day doesn’t have that possibility. The bull has a chance to die with honor and be remembered for a
long time. The cow or chicken will be remembered only in the digestion.

The bull also represents a tie between the people of Spain and those of many other Spanish-speaking countries across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Various events involving bulls enjoy a great deal of popularity there too.

The bull is more than an animal whose fate is death at the hands of humans. It represents the culture of a nation refusing the silent invasion of homogeneity. Those obscure runners at those obscure local celebrations are the future of the past, and their spilled blood is a tribute to our identity.

__________

To my classmate Koichi Tanabe,
You're really my best friend. Although we speak different languages, you are the person who understands me the most. All that you have shared with me has been very helpful and useful. I really have some unforgettable memories of you. I promise to get in touch with you when I transfer to STSU after finishing this semester at USC. I know we'll always keep these good memories and make new ones.

Your friend, Phuong Ha

Mr. Runner Km,
Hi! How are you doing? I think you are still running somewhere. Whenever I see you running, I envy your strong muscular legs. By the way, I heard that you failed the driver's license test two times. Please don't be disappointed. You can go anywhere, maybe not by car but on your healthy legs!
Your slow jogging partner

Full Moon Party

Prasongsit Wongtawewat
Thailand

Thailand, my home country, has many natural tourist attractions, including resorts, mountains, rivers, beaches, and islands. There are many islands in the south of Thailand. One of them, Koh Pha-ngan (Pha-ngan Island), is the origin of the Full Moon Party. People enjoy themselves all night long at this party.

In the past, Koh Pha-ngan was a quiet island visited by only a few tourists. But about ten years ago, a group of tourists and the owner of some bungalows there decided that one of the most beautiful moons in Thailand was in Koh Pha-ghan, so they instituted a party on Haad Rin (Rin Beach) to celebrate the full moon night. From then on, people from all over the world—most of them young people—have traveled to the island to join the party. And now, thousands of people flock to this party each month to celebrate the full moon.

The party begins at dusk, when the round yellow moon shines on the white beach. During the night, tables loaded with plenty of foods and drinks are lined up on the beach and thousands of lamps are lit. Dance music, firecrackers, and fire-works turn the beach into a different world.

Over the years, the reputation of the party has spread more and more. Some tourists travel to Thailand just to go to this event. But the more people, the more problems. Since the party has virtually no limitations or rules, a lot of the party-goers bring drugs onto the island. Consequently, Koh Pha-ngan has become tarnished because of the irresponsible people it attracts.

After two years of hard work, though, with the cooperation of the islanders, the Tourism Authority of Thailand, and the police, the original purpose and character of the Full Moon Party on Koh Pha-ngan has been somewhat restored.

If you like to dance, drink, and have fun on a natural white sand beach under the beautiful full moon and want to find something new for your life, come to Koh Pha-ghan, Thailand.
La Sayona

Manuel Castro
Venezuela

In some countries of Latin America, there are folk stories which nobody can say for sure are true because they are shrouded in mystery and secrets but which, on the other hand, nobody can deny are true, either. “La Sayona” is one such story that has been told for generations. It has become part of the Latin American culture, especially in Venezuela and Colombia.

According to the story, La Sayona was a woman who lived in a rural area with her old mother and little daughter, less than one year old. Like many other women in certain areas of Latin America, Eleonora was a single mother.

One day, she began to go out with a man who lived in a nearby town, and after they had been dating for several weeks, the man told her, “Eleonora, I cannot keep dating you because you have a child from another man. We have to end our relationship.”

Eleonora felt so bad that she could not help crying. She was really falling in love with this man.

“What would happen,” she asked him, “if I could demonstrate to you that you are the most important person in my life?”

“I will continue to see you,” he replied, “if you can give me a proof of your love. I swear.”

On her way home, Eleonora became so crazy that she lost normal consciousness. When she arrived at her house, she decided to burn it down to prove that she wanted to put her past life behind her and devote herself to her present lover. A few minutes later, she was suddenly awakened from her crazed trance by the screams of her mother and daughter. From the big fireball that the house had now become, she heard a voice wailing.

“Eleonora, what have you done?”

“Mom, I just wanted to keep my love! I did that for him!”

“Eleonora!” the voice shrieked, “You have done a terrible thing! You have killed your daughter and your mother! You deserve to be damned forever!”

Ever since that day, Eleonora’s soul has not been able to rest in peace. The story goes that Eleonora will be able to be at peace only if she finishes her mission: to pursue and catch all the bad men who take advantage of women. Each time she catches a bad man of this type, she is one step closer to completing her penance. In time, Eleonora came to be known as La Sayona or La Llorona, or “crying woman,” and her story became one of the most famous folk legends in South America.

Many people believe in this story and claim that there are a lot of men who have gone crazy due to La Sayona’s curse. For this reason, La Sayona is part of Latin American culture.

EPI friends,
I have enjoyed learning about your various cultures. I hope that we can stay in touch with each other forever. Bye-bye!
Hedi

To Fumi and Bo-Ryoung,
Thank you very much for driving me whenever I needed to go somewhere. Thanks to you, I was able to enjoy EPI. Let’s meet in Japan next time, and you can come to my hometown to ski (with your darlings).
Satomi
When I call some hip-hop and techno music jazz, people familiar with jazz may say, "What? Hip-hop is jazz? Are you crazy? No way!" They may think that jazz is represented only by music from the 50s and 60s. But what is jazz actually? And what kinds of music does jazz include?

It has been a long time since people began to call some types of music jazz. In the 50s and 60s, when jazz was undergoing some big changes in its evolution, people used to go to certain nightclubs to listen to musicians extemporaneously playing such instruments as drums, piano, and trumpet. Some people danced to the music, while others enjoyed drinking and eating as they listened. But now many people are dancing to new music like hip-hop or disco. So, are hip-hop and disco "the new jazz?"

It is difficult to define jazz, but I can say that jazz is traditionally the most avant-garde music of its time. In the 50s and 60s, jazz was called "modern jazz," and jazz musicians during this era were constantly trying to find a new, original style of music. I think that of jazz, techno, and hip-hop: this is the avant-garde music of today.

However jazz is defined, I think that it must be played by humans with actual instruments, even if computerized electronic music becomes the new style. I don't consider music made by computers as jazz because I'm sure that jazz is human music. So, jazz needs three things for me: the human sound, the spirit of ever-searching for a new style of music, and individuality.

When I feel that music meets these conditions, it is jazz for me, even if it is hip-hop or techno music!

Jazz—How I Love It!
Hitoshi Shinada
Japan

To the EPI faculty and staff,
I want to say thank you to all the EPI teachers. I have noticed during the semester that they are not only teachers but also friends. I also want to thank the EPI staff because they have provided activities for the students, such as trips, shopping, and this magazine. I have asked many friends from different states in America about their English language institutes and I have found out that this institute is better than all the others. Thank you again and good-bye.

Talal Al-Harasi

To CS50,
My friends, you are the best! I really like to work with you! Hugs and kisses (as in Brazil).

Daniela Centeno

Mrs. Gardner,
I would like to say that I have really enjoyed our communication classes. Learning a second language is quite hard, but you are contributing to my improvement in a very special way. Is it English or "Portuguese?" When I go back to Brazil, I will miss you.

Tomaz

To my RV70a class,
You all have made my fall wonderful. You have been the most enjoyable group of students I have had at EPI, and I thank you for your wonderful attitudes, great attendance, and hard work. I wish all of you success as you go on in your plans, and I would love to hear from you in the future, to find out how you are doing.

Ann Janosik
Bosintang Is a Good Traditional Food!

Jeongkyun Cho
Korea

My country, Korea, has a good traditional food for weak people. Have you ever heard of bosintang? It is a popular meat in Korea, both in the past and in the present.

Many Koreans eat bosintang, though it is not a popular food among Koreans who love dogs, because bosintang is dog meat. But if someone tastes it once, it is said, they cannot help remembering it because it has a delicate flavor. In general, Koreans eat bosintang at any time of the year, but especially in the summer when the heat makes it difficult to work hard and to get to sleep. The reason people choose to eat bosintang is that it has more protein than any other meat. Therefore, not only men but also women prefer bosintang to medicine.

In the past, our ancestors believed that bosintang was therapeutic for the body and provided energy and power. Recently, nutritionists have provided information that supports traditional beliefs about bosintang. Doctors recommend that patients eat bosintang to build their strength after an operation.

Unfortunately, though, many people still have a prejudice against eating bosintang. When I was an elementary school student, there was a serious controversy over this custom. In 1988, restaurants that sold bosintang were threatened with bankruptcy. The matter was not a simple one.

Though bosintang is a traditional food, many countries wanted us to stop eating it. If we refused, they threatened to boycott the 1988 Olympic games in Seoul. Dog meat is not eaten in many countries except Korea. So, the Korean government was at a loss over what to do. In the end, buying and selling bosintang was banned in Korea.

Though the ban officially continued after the games were over, people who wanted to buy bosintang could once again manage to find it for sale. We Koreans will look diligently for something if we really desire it. Now, as before the Olympics, foreigners visiting Korea, as well as Koreans, can enjoy this special food.

Eating bosintang is an important custom in Korea. I have never eaten it myself, but I can understand why people eat it. I wish that other countries would accept our custom as only a custom.

Safere Diawara,
I believe that you are a good doctor.
Masato Nagashima
When Brazil began to be colonized, the borders were conquered by the Bandeirantes, men who were designated to expand the territory. Enclosed by mountains with dense tropical vegetation, Morretes is a very small, gracious village founded by the Bandeirantes in the southern part of Brazil. Due to its location in the mountains, Morretes was a safe place for the Bandeirantes to take a rest and enjoy the beauty of nature. When the Bandeirantes arrived in Morretes, they found buffaloes, and because of the cold weather and the necessity of eating fat food to keep up their energy for their hard work, they ate buffalo meat. At that time, they didn’t have French chefs or nice equipment to prepare the food, so they created a simple method of cooking the meat. They made pans from mud and then put the meat, water, and some seasonings, such as salt and pepper, into the pan. They also made ovens from mud, and heating them with wood fires, slowly cooked the pans of meat in them. This principal food of the Bandeirantes at that time was called barreado, a name derived from the Portuguese word for mud, barro.

To get to Morretes, you travel through the mountains with their beautiful tropical vegetation. Here and there along the way are stops overlooking the Atlantic Ocean where you can drink ice cold water from trickling springs.

These mountains comprise an ecological reserve protected by UNESCO. Driving along the narrow roads made of stones, you can see the beauty of nature there in various kinds of vividly colored birds and flowers, smell the flowers’ perfume in the air, and hear a delightful mixture of sounds: the birds singing, the leaves rustling as the trees sway in the wind, and the water running through the stones.

Arriving in Morretes, you find a village with a small number of old-fashioned houses. In front of each of them is a plate telling about the history of the house or about the people who lived there.

Medeth Al-Otaibi,

It has been nice knowing you, my friend. I know that you are going to be leaving us soon, and I want to tell you that it’s going to be hard on us, because we will miss you. Best wishes and good luck in your future studies. All that I can say now is that I hope to see you again soon. Take care.

Ali Qasem

Hi Nara,

How are you? I haven’t seen you for a long time. I hope to see you again soon.

Wara Prapa

In the center of town is a very nice park with a big, historical church in the middle. A crystal-clear river passes through town, attracting people to its little waterfall. Children play there with little boats or buoys and have a lot of fun. To get to the other side of town, you have to cross a little bridge over the river. You don’t have to wait long for the cars coming from the other side, and then you can cross.

Today, the barreado is still famous in Morretes, and a number of restaurants there specialize in the preparation of this dish. Even though modern kitchen equipment is available, barreado is still cooked in pans and ovens made from mud. In Morretes, this is a tradition. If it is cooked in some other way, the taste changes. The original way of cooking it, I guarantee, is delicious.

To RV40b,

Whether you’re arranging tables or following Shaw through back alleys, it’s been great being with you at 10:30! Keep dancing!!

Margaret

Sungjoon Jung (Santa),

You have been a good roommate for me this semester. Thank you for cooking meals for me.

Masato Nagashima

EPI faculty and staff,

Thank you for everything. You have taught me a lot this semester.

Mohammed Al-Abdulla
Mid-Moon Festival

Yi-Huei Lin
Taiwan

There are three very important traditional festivals to Chinese people, no matter where they live: the Spring Festival (Chinese New Year), the Dragon Boat Festival, and the Mid-Moon Festival. The Mid-Moon Festival is an interesting one. On the day of this festival, we enjoy some special foods and stories.

About five thousand years ago, there were ten suns in the sky. The weather was terrible because the temperature was extremely high. The populace lived in serious hardship until at last a kind king named Ho-yi, who was an excellent archer, shot down nine of the suns. Ho-yi became a hero, and the people really appreciated him. If he needed something, they would try to get it for him even if they had to die to get it. As time went on, the king became a conceited, atrocious person and decided that he wanted to live forever. One day, August 15th on the lunar calendar, someone found a medicine for longevity. Chang-a, Ho-yi's wife, worried that if Ho-yi could live forever the populace would become very miserable, so she furtively drank up the longevity medicine herself. As soon as she had swallowed it, she felt very light. Eventually, she started flying toward the moon. From then on, Chang-a has lived on the moon. This is a myth about why we enjoy moonlight on the day of the Mid-Moon Festival.

Moon cakes are a special pastry made and enjoyed during Mid-Moon Festival. There is a true story about moon cakes. Four hundred years ago during the Yuan dynasty in China, the rulers of China were a tribe of foreign invaders who were not native Chinese. This tribe ruled the native people for about fifty years. They were not kind rulers, and the natives wanted to overthrow the Yuan dynasty. Finally, a date was set for the rebellion: Mid-Moon Festival Day. Worried that the rulers would find out about their plans, the rebel leaders put an announcement about the rebellion in moon cakes and distributed them among all the natives. This is the second reason that we eat moon cakes on Mid-Moon Festival Day; we want to commemorate this historical event.

The festival also has a seasonal meaning concerning the approach of winter. People want to thank God and perform services in honor of our ancestors, so family members get together for Mid-Moon Festival. In the evening, everybody goes to a vast place to enjoy the light of the full moon and eat moon cakes. My family has a Bar-B-Q party in our roof garden because my brothers, who are no longer living at home, come home on this day. Mid-Moon Festival is a special day for people who are separated from their family members, especially for people living abroad.

There are two common sayings associated with this festival: “The moon on August 15th of the lunar calendar is bigger and rounder than usual” and “The moon in my hometown is lighter and bigger than it is anywhere else.” These sayings help express our feelings about this popular Chinese festival.

To my friends,
I want to say hello to all my friends in EPI, especially to Mamadou, Aret, Talal, Juan Jose, Kazuki, and all my classmates. It's been very nice to spend time with you. Finally, I should not forget my conversation partner, Joe, who helped me a lot. Don't forget me. Take it easy. BYE-BYE.

Adnane
Christmas is a day for couples in Japan. It is a big event for children, teenagers, and young adults, too, but it is probably the biggest event of the year for couples. This might give you the idea that there are many Christians in Japan. However, this is not the case. Of course, there are some Christians in Japan, and they probably know the true meaning of Christmas. But most Japanese people don’t know it, and I am one of them.

The way of spending Christmas depends on the situation. Couples exchange presents with each other—jewels, flowers, and so on. Men make reservations at luxurious restaurants and hotels. Even though men may not have a girlfriend a few months before Christmas, they sometimes make reservations anyway in case they meet someone by Christmas time. For couples, Christmas is a really enjoyable time. Many families, too, especially those with little children, celebrate Christmas. Mothers cook elaborate foods, and fathers become Santa Claus. When children wake up on Christmas morning, they find presents from Santa Claus near their bed. Some university and high school students have parties, drinking and dancing all night long.

Unlike Christmas in other countries, Christmas in Japan doesn’t have a religious meaning, so most of us don’t pray, think about the meaning of Christmas, or spend a special time with our families. Instead, towns are crowded with people all night long. Christmas in Japan isn’t solemn, and it isn’t a holiday, either.

Originally, we didn’t have the custom of celebrating Christmas, but after the introduction of this holiday to Japan, it caught on, acquiring quite a different meaning from the original one, a meaning peculiar to Japanese culture. How did this transformation of Christmas take place? After World War II, a lot of foreign culture came into Japan through U.S. influence, and little by little our lifestyle changed to the Western style. Even though not many of us became Christians, we embraced Christmas and made it a special, fun holiday for ourselves. For Christmas not to have any religious meaning at all might seem like a stupid custom to people from Christian countries, but I think that the Japanese Christmas is just a part of world culture that we Japanese have assimilated and made our own. Our Christmas expresses the national characteristics of Japan. I like this custom whether I have a boyfriend at the time or not.

To CS20,

I’ve enjoyed our class discussions as well as our birthday celebrations! Keep on talking and celebrating!!

Margaret
One of the most traditional expressions of Peruvian culture is an elegant, cheerful dance called marinera. This name comes from the Spanish word marinero, which means “sailor.” In the colonial period of our history, Spanish sailors brought with them some rhythmic motions and steps that later underwent changes introduced by Peruvians of Spanish or mixed Spanish-native heritage. These changes have resulted in a variety of marineras along the coast, but only two styles are still well known and representative: Marinera Norteña, the style of the Northeast Coast, and Marinera Límana, the original style of Lima, the capital city. These two forms of marineras have some differences but essentially the same background, so here I will focus on the most widespread form, Marinera Norteña.

The marinera is fundamentally a dance for couples. The man, called a chalan, a skillful man of position, wears a white shirt and pants, a hat with a wide brim, a white handkerchief, and black shoes. The lady, dancing barefoot, wears a long, full white or black skirt hand-embroidered with gold thread, a white blouse decorated with lace, silver earrings called lloronas, a white handkerchief, and flowers in her pinned-up hair. The handkerchief is very important in this dance because it signifies the customary honor and elegance of the colonial era.

Flirting throughout the dance, the couple imitate the mating movements of horses, cocks, and ducks. The woman flirts with the man subtly and seductively, gradually showing increasing interest in him, while he woos her overtly, trying to win her affections.

The dance progresses in two stages. In the first stage, the man approaches the woman, gets her attention, and honors her beauty and elegance. In response, she acts almost indifferent. In the second stage, she shows more accessibility to him as if to say, “Maybe,” so he becomes more aggressive in his advances.

Every January in Trujillo, Peru, a famous, highly competitive marinera dance contest is held to determine the marinera champions among the approximately three hundred couples who come from all over the country to compete. The dancers’ preparation takes a long time, and several marinera schools send their best couples to represent their high quality teachings. A kind of national celebration, this marinera festival takes place over the course of a week. The first four days are for rehearsal, and the last three for the competition itself. Tickets are sold out months before the competition begins, and hundreds of people come to celebrate these special days.
Marinera...

During the festival week, Peruvian music can be heard on every street corner, but near the coliseum where the competition is held, there is only the sound of the dance band. Inside the coliseum, judges walk around and around the couples, observing carefully their movements, their dress, and also the confidence and pride they express in each step. The judging of the dancers is conducted in three rounds of preliminaries and in one final round.

The preliminaries are a very exciting time, not only for the participants but also for the supporters of each school, who cheer on the participants. There are two groups of judges—the walking judges and the seated judges. The judges walking around on the dance floor point at each couple who are doing very well, and the seated judges note down the couple’s number (displayed on their backs) and their particular merit. On the first day, eighty couples are selected to advance in the competition.

On the next day, these eighty couples dance amid the music and the yells of their supporters, and eventually, after very careful evaluation, forty couples are selected to go on to the next round. At this stage, the judges’ evaluation is based on age (child, junior, adult, senior), dress (the most decorated and beautiful typical clothes), and gracefulness of dancing. As the contest progresses, the evaluation becomes more and more difficult because all the participants are very good dancers. The judges scrutinize them very closely, marking them down for the slightest of mistakes.

On the last day, the finalists are very tired and stressed, but they have to appear as fresh as they did on the first day of the week. Among the forty remaining couples, the three best are selected in each category. They dance again and again so that the judges can be sure about their selections. The spectators also have their own opinions. There are many factors to consider in the evaluation.

After the field has been narrowed to the three best couples, the last and most important round of evaluation begins, and the struggle among the participants is transformed into sheer elegance and pride. At this time, the dancers must do their best. Even though each of these couples will receive a prize, they are all interested only in winning first place.

Finally, the couples dance for the last time with triumphant smiles on their faces and in their eyes. Everybody watching agrees that all of them deserve first place, but in the end only one couple is selected as the winner in each category. More than the prizes that the dancers receive are the acknowledgment, the prestige, and, above all, the pride that they have worked so hard to earn.

Ending the week, the marinera schools and regional clubs and the whole community celebrate with music and beers, looking forward to the next year’s marinera festival.

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To GW40 class,
Thank you for the ways you have enriched my life this term. It has been a real pleasure to have you in the class. May you succeed in whatever you do.

Your teacher, David L. Nissley

Dear Christine,
I want to thank you for everything that you have done for me. I have had a really great time in your class.

Thank you again.
Selcuk Gureli

Mrs. de Oliveira,
I am a very lucky student because you are my grammar teacher. And I am glad that you are not only an instructor but also a friend. When you go to Brazil, let me know. It’s good to meet someone who is able to pronounce my name, too. “Teixeira?”

Tomaz

My darling,
This term was totally different from last term because you were not here. I’m counting the days until we can meet again. I am looking forward to being with you so much.

Mimi with love

To Wesley,
I’m sorry to hear that you will be going back to Korea soon. I am happy to know you, and I will not forget you. Even though I am a poor player, it was good to play basketball with you. I want to see you in Korea someday. Thanks for drawing a great picture for my article in Sunrise. I wish you success in whatever you want to do.

Jin-Hyung Ahn

Robin,
When I listen to “ROMANTIC” music, I’m gonna remember you. Thanks for your attention, suggestions, and opinions! (This is a SUMMARY note.)

Dani
In terms of its economic development, Guinea-Bissau is one of the poorest countries in the world, according to the United Nations. It is a small country inhabited by just a million people, only 36,125 square kilometers in size. Yet the country has rich natural resources, such as bauxite, phosphate, wood, and various sea resources. Despite the fact that some of these resources are now being exploited and exported, Guinea-Bissau still has a poor economy.

Other resources that could help turn the economy around remain unexploited. A year ago, petroleum deposits were found in the Atlantic Ocean close to the Archipelagos of Bijagos, one of the richest areas in Guinea-Bissau. However, these petroleum deposits have still not been tapped, and consequently we still have an economy dependent on other, more developed countries.

Since the economy is a basis for social development, Guinea-Bissau is not developing socio-economically. This lack of development is caused not only by the lack of resource development but by the poor administration of the government. The people’s standard of living is so low that even their basic needs are not being met. The average income is about $20 per month, which obviously is not enough to maintain a good standard of living. Even though a man works, he cannot earn enough to take care of his family’s basic needs, so life becomes extremely difficult. To live well, people need to have their own business or some other means of making a supplementary income. Otherwise, their lives will be condemned to poverty.

One of the country’s most neglected resources is its fertile land, enriched by seven months of rain a year. The climate is quite suitable for agricultural production, yet Guinea-Bissau still imports rice as a staple food. To most people, this may sound unbelievable! The long rainy season and very fertile land will enable farmers to grow many different types of food products if they are given the chance to grow them. All that is necessary is to introduce new methods of agricultural production and to gain government support for them.

Many people are beginning to realize that Guinea-Bissau is one of the richest countries in West Africa in terms of natural resources, and they may wonder why its people are so poor. In my view, Guinea-Bissau’s poverty is the result of governmental mismanagement and lack of financial support for farmers.

To Elad Biton,

You know what? You are almost the most beautiful guy in the world. But remember two things: 1) I don’t tell lies, and 2) The mirrors don’t speak...  

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World

To the EPI teachers,  
I want to say thank you to my teachers Bernie, Susan, and Christy. I want to say thank you to everybody in EPI and to my brother, who helped me come here. This semester is almost finished. It has been very interesting. I will never forget my experience in EPI. Again, thank you for your help. Take it easy.

Adnane

To my EPI classmates and friends,  
I’m so glad to have met you all. My life will not be the same anymore because now I know that all the young people on earth, no matter what their color or their religion, have the same dreams, the same warm hearts, and the same problems. I’ll never forget you and I’ll love you all forever!

Marina Bountolou
Odyssey in the Land of Yukos

Carlos H. Garcia
Colombia

Many years ago, I went to a mission with a group of friends to participate in a health program. Managed by three nuns, the mission was located on the border between Venezuela and Colombia in a place called Serrania del Perija. This place is so secluded that it is very difficult to get there. We spent two hours in a little airplane and three in a jeep before arriving.

The main objective was to cure people sick with TB and other minor diseases. The second one was to take care of patients’ dental health, and I was in the group responsible for this objective, even though I didn’t know anything about teeth. The hours we worked were incredible; we took only a half an hour to have our lunch and we worked from 7 a.m. until sunlight disappeared at around 6:45 p.m. We did not have electricity. We ate cheese, eggs, rice, and panela (compacted sugar) every day. This was so hard for me, but I reminded myself that at least I could eat something, while poor people could not.

The nuns and we volunteers helped a group of indigenous people called Yukos. They number approximately just fifteen hundred now, and day by day they are losing their culture and adopting ours. Yukos have a special culture and their own language. Only a few of them speak Spanish. They also have their own religion. They believe in eternal life and revere souls and spirits. They adore mountains, rivers, the sun, and the moon. Traditionally, they have wandered the land as nomads, but since people from my culture are buying land there these days, private property is a concept which they have been forced to learn, and they are now having to adapt to a new sedentary life. In the Yukos’ culture, divorce is accepted and practiced in order to control misbehavior of either the husband or the wife. If the parents of a family die, the children are adopted by another family.

For two days, we worked at the nuns’ mission taking care of everybody who arrived. Many of them had walked many hours to be treated. Because Yukos live in little groups many kilometers apart, we also had to travel away from the mission. Our trips were on horseback and on foot because we didn’t have enough horses. It was hard. We spent six hours on each trip. When we arrived at a settlement, we installed our “office” in a choza (a small native hut). It is difficult to communicate in another language, so we had to communicate with signals. However, I learned some things in Yuko. O tana je se amo means “what is your name?” Seseca means “bit.” Guanamaya means “doctor.” I am sure they do not have a word for engineering, which is my profession, but who cares?

When we finished with one group, we traveled to another. We could neither take a shower nor change clothes. I exchanged a lot of my clothing for bows and arrows, bags, or crafts. They needed clothes because some of them have to travel to the city to find government help. They put a high value on the concept of trade, and it is not respectful to give things without receiving something in return. Consequently, I ended up almost naked from trading my clothes.

On our last trip, we had some problems. Night arrived so quickly, and we didn’t have enough light. We didn’t have any food except panela, which I ate. Unfortunately, I have an illness called reactive hypoglycemia, and I could neither walk nor see very well from eating sugar, but I managed to ride a horse. The horses followed a path to the mission along a river, but the people who were walking took another route and got lost. This was December 28th, a day when people play tricks on each other in my country, so I thought they were playing a trick on me, and I went to bed. But they were really lost and didn’t get back until 2 a.m. Fortunately, a guide who knew the area well was able to bring them back.

Yukos have a marvelous culture, and I hope it never disappears. I feel happy to have shared with them—ordinary people without technology but maybe happier than us.
My Tae Kwon Do  
Jin Hyung Ahn  
Korea

Today, Tae Kwon Do, or "the art of kicking and punching," is officially practiced in 120 countries, and its practitioners number well over 20 million people, making it the most popular martial art in the world. Only ten years ago, it was not well known, and nobody expected that Tae Kwon Do would become internationally famous. One reason that it became so popular so quickly is that, unlike most martial arts, Tae Kwon Do is easy to learn.

Over two thousand years ago, Korea was divided into three kingdoms—Silla, Koguryo, and Baekche. Silla became the most powerful kingdom and extended its territory, but since it had formerly been the smallest kingdom, it needed some special plans for national protection. One of its plans was called "the Hwarang system," so named after a group of intelligent young people credited with spreading Taek Kyon, the martial art from which Tae Kwon Do was derived, throughout Korea. When Koguryo, Baekche, and other kingdoms attacked Silla, the Hwarang used Taek Kyon to protect their kingdom. Although Tae Kwon Do first appeared in the Koguryo kingdom, the Hwarang were the actual originators of the art, since it developed from the form of martial art that they trained and drilled in. The Hwarang required themselves to keep several rules: 1) to be loyal to their country; 2) to obey their parents; 3) to be trustworthy to their friends; 4) never to retreat in battle; and 5) never to take life unjustly.

Eventually, Silla introduced Tae Kwon Do to Japan. And after the Vietnam War, when Korea was still recovering from the Korean War, the Korean government sent a lot of good masters and instructors to other Asian countries, the USA, and elsewhere in hopes of increasing the wealth of the nation by exporting Tae Kwon Do. Fortunately, Tae Kwon Do has successfully stimulated a lot of foreign interest in Korea.

The purpose of Tae Kwon Do is to develop physical and mental strength. There are five degrees of attainment: 1) white belt—beginner; 2) yellow belt—low level; 3) blue belt—middle level; 4) red belt—high level; and 5) black belt—master. Practitioners wear Do-Bok, special white clothes resembling traditional Korean clothes. Most martial arts can be dangerous and cruel, but Tae Kwon Do is relatively gentle. For example, you are not to attack your opponent in a match when s/he falls down. When s/he gets up, then you can continue to attack. Also, you are not allowed to attack when your opponent turns his/her back to you. If you don’t keep such rules, you will lose points. What a nice and gentle sport!

I have studied Tae Kwon Do for a long time, beginning when I was eight years old. I was very thin and weak when I was a child and had difficulty concentrating, so my parents sent me to a Tae Kwon Do gym. At first, I wasn’t interested in the sport because it was such hard exercise. I always tried to do my best, though, and after a while I felt that I was getting better.

One day, I had an accident during practice; my right ankle was severely sprained, and I had to go to the hospital. The doctor told me that I shouldn’t practice for a month, and he suggested that I have an operation, but I couldn’t do that because I had a match in two weeks. I decided that I wasn’t going to miss the match, so I pretended to be fine because I didn’t want my respectable master to be disappointed in me. Although I sometimes felt serious pain during the match, I tried to pretend that I didn’t have any problems. I made a great effort, and fortunately I won the match. I was really happy because I had won the match even with a sprained ankle. How great!

I have some friends who teach Tae Kwon Do in Columbia, so if you are interested in this nice martial art, I will introduce my friends to you. Let’s enjoy learning the best martial art, Tae Kwon Do! I believe that you will be satisfied with this great sport because it teaches you how to be civil and at peace. One of the most important things that I have learned from practicing Tae Kwon Do is that there is no external enemy in your life; you yourself are your only enemy. If you lose to yourself, you will be sad, but if you conquer yourself, you will be at peace.
New Year’s Eve & New Year’s Day in Japan

Satomi Mori
Japan

There are various ways to spend the last day of the year and to begin a new year around the world—even the small country of Japan has many ways to celebrate these two days. I’d like to tell about how my family celebrates them. Our traditions haven’t changed a lot from the original Japanese style because my hometown, Nagano, is in the country.

We become busy cleaning our house the week before December 31st. We clean every nook and cranny in the house—window rims, lamp shades, the family Buddhist altar, everything. The altar is the most important thing, and my father cleans it every year. My mother prepares traditional Japanese dishes for New Year’s Eve and New Year’s Day, including various kinds of vegetables boiled with soy sauce, sweet beans, and buckwheat noodles. These customary dishes take a long time to cook, so we prepare food before December 31st. I think mothers are the busiest and most important people during this time; we could not celebrate this holiday without them.

On December 31st, we pray in front of the Buddhist altar that my father has cleaned. After praying, we drink a toast with strong Japanese alcohol called sake. Even children are allowed to taste some, though they are not permitted to drink a lot. Then we eat grilled salmon and buckwheat, a meal that represents hope for a healthy New Year. In my hometown, we eat salmon on December 31st, but in other places in Japan people eat various other kinds of fish for the same reason.

Also at dinnertime, we watch a special New Year’s concert on TV. Many singers who were very popular during the past year compete against each other on male and female teams. And many older singers sing songs from their generation. This is the best time of the year for my grandmother and me because she can watch her favorite singers and sing along with them and I can see my grandmother happy. This TV program is over at 11:45 p.m.

After that, my family goes to some temples—our hometown is famous for its temples—so that we can wish everyone a healthy New Year. Even though it is midnight by then, many people, including children and old people, come to pray in the temples, and we wish them a “Happy New Year!” by bowing to them. On New Year’s Day, we get up late, about ten o’clock, and eat special dishes again. This is the most important day for children because their parents and grandparents give them a lot of money at this time. For a few days after New Year’s Day, children receive money from their other relatives, too. When I was a girl, I used to collect my biggest allowance of the whole year during the first week of the new year. Usually, I didn’t like to go to my relatives’ homes because it was boring, but I loved to go there at New Year’s time.

Wearing a kimono, I go to the biggest temple with my grandmother in the afternoon. Although there are not many chances to wear kimonos these days, many people wear them on New Year’s Day. I look forward to this day because I like wearing a kimono.

New Year’s Eve and New Year’s Day have very special meanings for us. Many people—families, relatives, and friends who work or study in other states—come back to their hometown to celebrate. As we are usually busy every day, we seldom eat dinner with the whole family together; this holiday gives us a nice chance to see our families again and talk with them.

This is the way we spend New Year’s Eve and New Year’s Day in my hometown. Of course, there are many other ways to celebrate the occasion in other places around the world, but I like our style and want to keep it forever.
Proverbs from Around the World

from the United Arab Emirates

There is nothing new under the sun.
Walls have ears.
God’s hand gives strength.
Time is gold.
—Salem Al-Dhaferi
United Arab Emirates

from Venezuela

No pain, no gain.

—Felix Quintero
Venezuela

from Guinea

Two mangos won’t fit in one pot and one mango can’t boil alone.
If you are afraid of work, you must not be afraid of hunger.
Wood that has soaked in the river for a long time can’t be a crocodile.
Tell me who your friend is and I will tell you who you are.
A dog can’t run and scratch itself at the same time.
If you grow in the sun, you will eat in the shadow.
If you haven’t yet reached the other side of the river, don’t laugh at the one who is drowning.
Eyes don’t carry luggage, but they can appreciate its weight.

—Safere Diawara
Guinea
Proverbs . . .

from Japan

Three people together can discern wisdom better than one.

One view is better than a hundred stories.

A baby frog is still a frog.

A thousand miles starts with the first step.

It's very dark around a lighthouse.

If a pheasant didn't sing, it wouldn't be caught.

When a dog walks on the street, it'll find a pole.

A pig has pearls.

Sometimes it's necessary to sit on a stone for three years.

Good medicines have a bitter taste.

—Koichi Tanabe, Megumi Hasegawa, Masato Nagashima
Japan

from Colombia

You don't need to search; it's coming.

If something is for me, it's for me.

A bird in the hand is better than hundreds flying.

They gave you a cat instead of a rabbit.

Don't let them put cockroaches in your head.

In the blacksmith's house are wooden spoons.

The tree that's born cracked will never stand straight.

—Veronica Suarez, Paula Andrea Quiroz Lujan
Colombia
Proverbs . . .

from Viet Nam

One tree cannot become a forest, but three can.

Nothing compares with the worth of a parent.

Tell me who you are walking with and I will tell you who you are.

With human power, gravel can be rice.

—Phuong Ha
Viet Nam

from Korea

Only a brave man can win a beautiful woman.

If you can’t have a pheasant, be happy with a chicken.

After three years in school, a dog can read.

Close the barn door after the horse is stolen.

Make hay while the sun shines.

An ignorant person doesn’t stand in awe of the great.

Eating is more important than seeing Mt. Kum Kang.

—Young Do Kim, Han-Suk Kim, Eun-Mi Han, Hyunho Lee
Korea
Around Here

Jeferson Ferreira  Brazil
EunKyung Min  Korea
Adriana C. Bejarano  Colombia
So Young Lee  Korea
Fantou Toure  Guinea
Daniela Spina Garcia Centeno  Brazil
Kazuhiro Seki  Japan
Waraprapa Suwanakorn  Thailand
Where am I? Who am I? Is the world round? What time is it in Japan? Is the Big Mac the same everywhere? These questions reflect what our faces often look like here in this little world called EPI. Maybe these are some of the questions you’ve asked yourself during moments of confusion here in the USA. Maybe you’ve felt like my friend Felipe from Brazil, who didn’t know what the word water meant when he first came here, who stayed on the airplane after it landed until the cleaning crew appeared and signaled him to leave because he couldn’t distinguish the word Columbia from the hundreds of other words the pilot spoke over the sound system. Or maybe you’ve felt like my friend Augusto from Guinea-Bissau, who called himself Food when he wrote his first composition in Grammar/Writing class because he didn’t know the meaning of the word. Maybe your experience has been worse, and you’ve even cried sometimes as you were talking about how people do things in your country in contrast to the way they do them here. One EPI student I spoke with was trying to figure out what American people’s behavior is all about, why things are so different here: the weather, the food, and various other things that we struggle with in this foreign country.

I’m sure we’ve all experienced numerous instances of culture shock and miscommunication, or the “lost syndrome,” here. If only our American friends could give us an inoculation for this universal disease along with the tuberculosis inoculation we receive during the first week of the term. Anyway, while here, we become children again, really lost for a time and—not trying to be poetic—different forever.

It’s interesting how people learn about USC and EPI. Some, like my funny friend Christoph from Switzerland, found EPI on the Internet and decided to come here because in order to speak English he wanted to isolate himself from his compatriots. On the other hand, some Koreans in EPI have heard from friends who were here before that this is a good place to be, so they came to join their compatriots.

Whatever our reasons for being here is, the essential fact is that we are here, so why not look around and learn something from these likable South-erners who so readily say “Hi” to us in such a friendly way on the streets, who give us a free lunch twice a week, who teach us so lovingly, and who will remain in our memory forever?

Let’s get to know a little more about these people, their city, and our relationship to Columbia so that we can have more to say when we describe our time here, even in years to come, when we’ll be able to pull this magazine off a shelf or out of a box of old things and remember what a nice time we had here.

“So, here we go, y’all!” Here are my library notes about Columbia and the results of the survey we conducted in Communication Seminar about people’s impressions of the city, along with a few things I’ve heard in conversation and a few observations I’ve made during my time here.
Around Here . . .

This is Columbia, South Carolina

According to a 1992 census, Columbia ranks 81st in population in the USA. Of the more than 45,800 people living here, only about 2.1% are foreigners (we EPI students are quite a minority here). South Carolina ranks 40th among the 50 states in population.

The history of the city is very significant, especially in the 19th century during the Civil War, when Northern troops invaded and burned much of the city to the ground. Columbians had a hard time rebuilding, but they were helped by the huge textile industry here at that time. As our teacher Mr. Rice says, “South Carolina used to be very famous in the USA.” But let’s not get bogged down in too much history here; if you’re interested in that aspect of Columbia, you can find out more about it in your EPI orientation folder. Rather, let’s focus on the city as it is today.

Columbia is basically composed of three elements: Fort Jackson, the U.S. Army’s largest base in the States, training 62,000 soldiers per year and covering an area almost three times the size of the city itself; the University of South Carolina, where, along with us, 26,000 other students from Columbia, other cities and states, and other countries come together to study; and the South Carolina government, which conducts its business here in the state capital.

Our survey

The survey that some of us conducted in our Communication Seminar classes posed the question, “What does Columbia, South Carolina, mean to you?” The answers to this question represent a slice of American culture. Of course, this wasn’t a comprehensive research project, but it does provide a little window from which we can view the place we’re living in for a while. One thing the responses to our question clearly reveal is how mobile the people of this society are, with their mobile homes, mobile phones, big cars, trailers, good freeways, and virtually unanimous agreement that to have the freedom to move and to live anywhere is the most important right of a citizen. We got a lot of responses from USC students who are here only to study. Many answered that Columbia is “just a place to study near my city” or that it “means the University to me.” Unlike the situation in many of our cultures, it seems easy for young people here to leave their families and go far away to study, to find work, or in some cases just to be independent.

Other respondents said, “Columbia feels like my second home,” or, “It’s a family city.” These answers came from Ameri-

Enjoying the State Fair
cans who are not originally from here but are able to feel that Columbia is their new home while they’re living here—an interesting point for us to think about. Maybe we need to learn to think as Americans do when they’re living in a new place with new people, to apply this attitude to our lives, making ourselves at home here, too. We don’t even need to leave Byrnes Building to realize what a common characteristic mobility is in American culture; most of our teachers aren’t from here, and yet here they are making this place their homes.

“Monotonous, small place;” “boring;” “nice people;” “the slogan (“Columbia, a capital place to be”) is a lie;” “good place to raise a family;” “safe;” “cheap;” “good weather;” “my home;” “I love it;” “work opportunities;” “Five Points;” “the secondary schools are terrible;” “a lot of police;” “beautiful city;” “crazy weather;” “flowers, trees;” “the people are conservative and judgmental;” “nice people, and that’s enough;” “going fishing, meeting girls;” “traffic!” See anything familiar in these responses? They come from people just like us, and Columbia is essentially a place like any other.

I think we need to remind ourselves that actually nothing is better or worse, that everything is just a little different from place to place, that if we really pay attention we can see that people are the same everywhere.

Let’s look around, find out how to know more about our surroundings, and help ourselves. We have a good place to stay for a while, and we are just like the people around us.

Contributing researchers:
Daniela Centeno, Kenji Michiura,
Elanir dos Santos, Fanta Toure
Ryung-Hun Kim, Yong-Han Park
Aret Cilingir, Yuko Hoshina
Juan Ferretti, Saad Al-Kaabi
Kazuki Kashara, Beate Freerk
Jasang Koo, Seok-Won Song
Kohei Shimatani, Chiaki Torii
Kazue Kobayashi, Young-Do Kim
Adnane El-Eulji, Salem Al-Dhaheri
Hyun-Bom Her, Noboru Odagaki
Ena Yoshioka, Felix Quintero, and
Bo-Ryoung Lee

Five hot places in Five Points
Yesterdays
restaurant and bar
Adriana’s Gelateria
Italian ice cream café
Rafters
nightclub
Group Therapy
bar
McKenzie’s Pub
bar
Like Stars in the Night Sky

Eunkyoung Min
Korea

I had two dreams when I decided to come to the USA to study English. One was to go to a Kenny G concert and the other was to see the Broadway musical *Cats* in New York. Besides studying, those were my hopes. At first, I thought that they weren’t going to be realized because although Columbia was the capital of South Carolina, this city was small and I couldn’t find any signs of Kenny G concerts or performances of famous musicals. However, it turned out that I was able to go to a Kenny G concert, which also featured Tony Braxton, right here in Columbia. How incredible! The evening of February 22nd was the best moment of my life.

First came Tony’s performance. Even though I hadn’t been very familiar with her songs except “Unbreak My Heart,” I became one of her fans after hearing her first song. When she sang my favorite song, “Unbreak My Heart,” I couldn’t hold back the tears from my eyes. I really felt the sadness and loneliness that she was conveying to the audience through her singing. I remember her last song, “In the Late of Night.” I thought that I saw the stars in the night sky hearing her song. Even though I didn’t know English very well and couldn’t understand all the lyrics, I could feel every moment and enjoy it completely. It was so meaningful to me, and I will keep this memory in my mind forever.

And then it was time for Kenny G. I had really been wanting to see and listen to him perform ever since I had come to know his music, which had become an important part of my life. Whenever I felt something wrong, I listened to his music and it became my friend and a cure, so now it was an unbelievable moment to see and hear him in a live performance. He emerged from the left entrance and wended his way among the audience to the stage. Soon, many people surrounded him and he played his saxophone amidst a thunderous clapping of hands. I could hear his music as if it were a living thing, and I felt it sinking deeply into everybody’s mind. When he played in a high-pitched tone, everybody listened with bated breath, immersed in his ecstatic sound. When he played as if his instrument were crying, everybody looked like they were crying.

After it was all over, I couldn’t leave my seat for a while because my mind and body had become perfectly empty. I couldn’t help saying that everything was perfect and so beautiful. Reflecting now about what got me so immersed in Tony’s and Kenny’s music, I realize it’s that their music has the wonderful ability to express the human mind.

Maybe I will remember that concert for my whole life, and I am happy because one of my dreams has come true.

To the teachers,
I would like to thank all the EPI teachers for helping and teaching me this wonderful language, which is an important means of communication in the world. Thanks especially to Ms. Robin Dean, my grammar teacher. Now I am able to find the errors in TOEFL problems and write a good essay. You are a very patient and wonderful teacher. You always try to explain everything clearly and understandably.

Adriano Almeida

EPI friends,
Hi! What’s up? I just want to remind you: if you have my address, don’t forget to send regards to me. I’ll return a letter to you as soon as I can. Hadi

To my teachers,
Special thanks to my teachers for being very helpful. I have really enjoyed being with you this fall. Best wishes to you and a very Merry Christmas! Have a nice holiday. I hope to see you all next term. In the meantime, please take care.

Ali Qasem
I’m sure that some of us are thinking that this EPI term has been one of the most exciting periods in our lives. In my case, I’m not just learning English, but I’m also learning to share with people of different cultures.

Although we come from different places, we have a lot of things in common, like ways to make friends and express our most secret, hidden feelings. For example, my close friends and I express our emotions by touching, holding and hugging each other tenderly, and/or saying things like “You’re cute,” “I love you, my buddy,” and “I miss you, baby.” Getting to know all these special people makes me realize that I, or better, that we have the chance here to build good, strong cross-cultural friendships and that we have to cultivate these friendships each day during the time that remains because the time is running so short and who knows whether someday we’ll be able to be together again. The time that we have left is for living and sharing new memorable moments.

Even though sometimes I think that I’m having a nightmare because of my homesickness and weight gain here, I’m sure I’m really lucky. I have cool new friends and teachers and a bulk of new knowledge to share with my family and friends when I have to go back to my home country. I have great memories of the State Fair, Myrtle Beach, Atlanta, Brazilian parties, Five Points bars, volleyball games, free lunches, and, of course, my grammar, reading, communication, and listening classes. Throughout my time here, I’ve had more happy than sad moments, more positive than negative experiences, and more gain than pain.

These months and many wonderful experiences will be kept in a special place in my heart because all that I’ve learned during this time are moments that can never be repeated.

I love every one of them and every one of the people I’ve come to know here.

PS. Although I’m not exactly a poet, I want to dedicate this short note to the sweetest hearts that I know—my friends Kazumi, Filipo, Elad, Marina, Tomaz, Paolo, Elanir, Camel, German, and Alex (excuse me if I’ve made any mistakes in spelling your names)—and to all (including the EPI staff) who have shared happy moments with me and given me so much. THANK YOU!!! ☺
EunKyung Min, Korea
Jefferson Ferreira, Brazil
So Young Lee, Korea

Marina

Marina Bountolou, who comes from Greece, has a beautiful smile. Even when she was born, she smiled instead of crying. She describes herself as a panda, because a panda is big and soft and has black and white colors just as she does. What makes her mad is impolite behavior to old people, and what makes her happy is flowers and her dog. She says that the worst thing in the world is money. Do you agree? Anyway, she wants to fly to Scotland if she becomes a millionaire.

Jose

Jose Rojas is a guy from Venezuela who enjoys freedom. He compares himself to an eagle because he can do anything that he wants to do. He describes himself as a very friendly person, and he really loves motorcycles and beautiful girls with blonde hair. In the future, he wants to be a professional mechanic. He says to EPI teachers that if he ever comes back, "please don't give too much homework."
EPI People...

Young Do Kim is a Korean guy who is very funny and kind. He compares himself to a bear because he would like to raise one. His big secret is that he loves somebody one-sidedly. Maybe now everybody is wondering who it is. What makes him mad is grammar and his TOEIC score, and he says that he would like to have had lunch with Princess Diana. He says that you should fall in love with someone in this beautiful season, fall. I agree. Let's fall in love!

Margaret Perkins is a great EPI teacher who is always smiling and is very kind. She would like to work in the Peace Corps helping young children in another country, and if she becomes a millionaire she will build a daycare center for children. I'm sure that many mothers hope that Margaret becomes a millionaire, and I hope so, too. She compares herself to a bear because her husband calls her a bear, and this is also her big secret. She says to all EPI students, “Keep doing new things.” She also says that it has been an honor to be interviewed by Sunrise.

Kazumi

Kazumi Ishida, from Japan, has great friendships with lots of people from all over the world. She compares herself to a dog because a dog expresses its feelings very easily and she hates that somebody tries to control her by force. In the future, she wants to be an EPI teacher. Oh, I can’t believe it! Anyway, she thinks that the best thing in the world is love. She says, “Thanks, teachers, for your teaching not only English but also ways to live and act here in America.” I’ll second that.
Felipe Rocha, from Brazil, is a person you can easily have a laugh and a good time with. Because a cat likes the night, he compares himself to a cat.
Oh, think of meeting him in the street at night! He says that there is nothing that makes him angry and that the worst thing and best thing in the world is women. Also, what makes him happy is women. He really likes women, don't you think? To his Brazilian friends, he says, "Don't speak Portuguese."

Noriko Suzuki is a very quiet, pretty young Japanese woman. She says that she is a person who seeks perfection and that this is a problem for her. In the future, she wants to be an English teacher, and I think that her dream can come true. What makes her mad is noise, and what makes her happy is delicious food. But she isn’t fat, so I envy her. She compares herself to a rabbit because she is always as busy as a rabbit.

Youngsook Roh is a married woman who comes from Korea. She is very friendly and has a good smile. She says that she can compare herself to a snake because it’s the symbol of her birth year. Do you know that every Korean has a symbol of her/his birth year? If Youngsook could go out to lunch with anyone in the world, she would have lunch with her father because she has never had lunch alone with her father. What makes her mad is her husband and her children, and what makes her happy is also her husband and her children. Her mind also makes her happy; when she makes a mental effort to be happy she becomes happy.
Patrizia Ponusz, from Switzerland, is a pretty young woman who has a great passion for studying English. She would like to have lunch with an African American who lives in this state. In the future, she wants to be a good mother of ten children. Imagine her smiling with satisfaction over her ten children. She compares herself to a koala because it sleeps all the time but is dangerous with its claws. Everybody has to be careful with Patrizia! She says that what makes her happy is her boyfriend, so, guys, you have to fall in love with somebody else!

Mohammed Al-Abdulla, from Qatar, is sociable and likes to meet various people. He compares himself to a lion because a lion is a powerful king, and he describes himself as a funny, sensitive person. If he could have lunch with anybody, he would choose Sharon Stone, and he says that if he becomes a millionaire he will get married. However, he also says that the worst thing in the world is women. Can you believe this? ☺
Yassa au Poulet
Fanta Toure
Guinea

*Yassa au poulet* is a Senegalese rice dish which is very popular in my country, Guinea. It is made of rice, chicken, peanut oil, lemon, and vegetables. This dish is usually eaten at lunch or dinner.

**Ingredients** (for four people)
- 1200 grams of chicken, cut into quarters
- 200 grams of lemon
- 5 grams of pepper
- 5 grams of garlic
- 3 grams of oregano
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 300 grams of peanut oil
- 1000 grams of onion
- 200 grams of tomatoes
- 3 grams of salt
- water
- 150 grams of cabbage, cut into big pieces
- 200 grams of eggplant, peeled and cut into big pieces
- 200 grams of carrot
- 600 grams of rice

**Preparation**
Season the chicken quarters with a mixture composed of 50 grams of lemon, 2 grams of pepper, 2 grams of garlic, 1 gram of oregano, and 1 chicken bouillon cube. Let them marinate in this seasoning for 10 to 15 minutes. Then, fry the chicken quarters quickly with all the oil in a frying pan. Remove them from the oil, put them into a pot, and cover them with 150 grams of onion, all the tomatoes, 1 gram of salt, and 250 milliliters of water. Stir the mixture and cook it at medium heat for at least 10 minutes. Meanwhile, fry the cabbage, the eggplant, and the carrot in the frying pan with oil. Then, remove the chicken quarters from the pot and bake them in an oven for about 10 minutes until they get a nice color and a consistent texture. While they are in the oven, cut the rest of the onion into long pieces and add them, the rest of the lemon, the fried vegetables and oil, and the rest of the spices to the onion and tomato sauce in the pot. Simmer the sauce until all the water disappears. In the meantime, cook 600 grams of white rice with water and 1 gram of salt. After the rice, the chicken, and the sauce are ready, put each of them into serving bowls and bring them to the dining room. Put some rice on your plate and top it with some of the delicious vegetable sauce and nice chicken. In my country, this dish is usually eaten with the hands, but it can also be eaten with a fork and knife. Enjoy! ☺

Chicken à la Daniela
Daniela Spina Garcia Centeno
Brazil

I think you’ll like my chicken—maybe even more than Julia Child’s!

**Ingredients** (for two people)
- 3 boneless chicken breasts
- salt
- garlic
- onion
- butter
- curry
- 1 cup of white wine
- 1 cup of sour cream

**Preparation**
Cut the chicken into small cubes and season as you like—I use salt, garlic, and onion. Fry the chicken in the butter with onions and curry to taste. (If you don’t like onions, you can take them out after frying the chicken.) When the chicken is done, add the wine and keep cooking for a while (be careful not to overcook the chicken). Then, take the pan off the stove, add the sour cream, and stir. Put the pan back on the stove and cook again until the sauce thickens (only a few minutes). Serve with rice, fresh fried potatoes (cut very thin), and salad. Yummy, isn’t it? ☺
recipes...

Okonomi-yaki
Kazuhide Seki
Japan

Okonomi-yaki, the most famous food in Osaka, is a tasty Japanese dish similar to pizza. I can't explain the taste. Anyway, it's very delicious. Here's a recipe for two people.

**Ingredients**
- half a cabbage, shredded
- 1 spring onion, chopped into small pieces
- several pieces of red ginger
- several pieces of tempura (small pieces of deep-fried flour-and-water batter)
- several pieces of seafood and/or meat (shrimp, squid, beef, pork), chopped into small pieces
- 400 milliliters of water
- 200 grams of wheat flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 medium-size *yama imo* (Japanese mountain potato), ground
- a little oil for frying
- mayonnaise
- okonomi sauce
- some dried bonito fish flakes
- some dried seaweed flakes

and mix thoroughly. Heat a little oil on a large griddle or in two frying pans and use half the batter to make one okonomi and the other half to make another. Fry the okonomi on both sides, turning them occasionally. Be careful not to burn them. When they're browned on both sides and done on the inside, put them on plates. Spread mayonnaise on them and then okonomi sauce. Or you can choose only one of these toppings, or soy sauce. Finally, sprinkle dried bonito fish and dried seaweed on your okonomi and eat it the same way you eat pizza. If you're going out to meet someone after you eat, you'd better not add the dried seaweed—unless you brush your teeth after eating—because it sticks to your teeth.

You can be a professional okonomi-yaki chef after you learn this recipe. Just try it! In English, *okonomi* means "flavored to your liking." So feel free to add kimchi, cheese, curry, soba (Japanese fried noodle), or omochi (pounded sweet rice) to your okonomi-yaki. Just try it!!!

Pudim de Leite Condensado
Daniela Spina Garcia Centeno
Brazil

**Pudim de leite condensado** is a favorite Brazilian dessert that's very quick and easy to make.

**Ingredients**
- 1 can of condensed milk
- 1 can of milk (use the condensed milk can to measure)
- 3 eggs

**Preparation**
Mix all of the ingredients in a blender. Pour the mixture into a circular custard pan and bake it in the oven for forty minutes at 350°F. Stick a fork into it to see if it's done; when the fork comes out clean, the pudim is ready to take out of the oven. Let it cool and then put it into the refrigerator. If you want to make it sweeter, first sprinkle some sugar into the bottom of the pan (before pouring in the mixture) and cook it on the stove until it becomes syrupy. Then, add the mixture and bake. Either way, it's delicious.

Melinda,
When I came to EPI, I was not familiar with anything. It was so great to meet you. Thank you so much for inviting me to have a delicious lunch with you every day and for helping me whenever I had problems. Thanks for being a friend, and God bless you!
Irene
Have you ever tried Thai food? As you probably know, Thai food is very hot and spicy. I would like to recommend to you one of our traditional hot and spicy dishes that is very popular among foreigners and Thais alike. If you come to Thailand, you can’t miss it. It’s called papaya pok pok, or papaya salad.

Papaya is a common fruit in Thailand. I think Americans don’t eat much papaya, and it’s quite difficult to find in many parts of the U.S., but in Thailand you can easily find papaya in the market, and it’s not expensive. You can eat papaya for your dessert when it’s ripe. It’s an orange color, and the taste is very nice and sweet. But here I will tell you how you can use unripe papaya to make papaya salad.

**Ingredients**
1 green papaya
2 ripe tomatoes
3 cloves of garlic
2 green chili peppers
1 teaspoon of dried shrimp
3 tablespoons of lime juice
3 tablespoons of fish sauce
1 tablespoon of palm sugar

**Preparation**
Peel the papaya and shred it into small pieces like spaghetti. Cut the tomatoes into thin slices. Put the garlic, chilies, and dried shrimp into a mortar and grind them for 2 minutes. Add the shredded papaya and tomatoes to the mixture and grind them for 3 minutes. Season the mixture with the lime juice, fish sauce, and palm sugar. Mix them in well.

Now you can enjoy papaya salad, an exotic Thai dish from northeastern Thailand. It’s most delicious if you eat it with Bar-B-Q chicken and sticky rice, and it’s very good for your health or for dieting because it has very few calories and no cholesterol. Papaya salad is sold at every Thai restaurant, usually at reasonable prices, though it’s expensive at some restaurants, especially at Planet Hollywood in Bangkok, where it costs about ten times as much as it does at sidewalk eateries in the city. Papaya salad sold in Thai restaurants in the U.S. is also quite expensive.

So, if you come to Thailand and love eating hot and spicy food, I hope you will try papaya salad. It’s so delicious that you may want to have seconds. Or if you follow my recipe, you can enjoy papaya salad at home and spend much less money. And it’s very easy to make. It’s good, don’t you think so? 😊

To Kohei, Soichiro, Christoph, Kazu, and Wesley,

I have had a good time with you all. We haven’t spend so much time together, but I’m sure that we will stay together in our minds. I’ll never forget you and our good times. I’m sure that I will see you again. Until then, beautiful people!

Your buddy, Hitoshi

To the neighbor who lives across from us,

My roommate and I still hear the music you’ve been playing for us. Sometimes, it’s been a “little bit” loud—we still feel our apartment shaking. It’s a new experience for us. We know you love to listen to music, especially to rap music. We love rap music, too. However, neighbor, we don’t want to hear this music at 2:00 a.m. We tried to talk about the situation with Linda, who works in the office, but she didn’t seem to understand us. We’re just frustrated that we can’t speak English well enough to make ourselves understood.

Sleepless in Columbia

Dear friends,

Thank you for all your kindness. I’m going to stay in touch with those of you who are returning to your countries after this term because I don’t want you to forget me.

I confess I have some bad habits. Whenever I call my friends, I call collect. Sometimes, my friends in Korea complain about that. But don’t worry! I promise I’ll call you just three times a week... Uh oh, it doesn’t sound good, does it? Well then, if you don’t want to have an expensive telephone bill, don’t go, please! I get upset whenever I think you’re going away. Don’t leave me alone!

Ha ha, just kidding. Bye-bye, my friends. I’m going to miss you all!

Nara
Stories & Poems

Eunkyung Min  Korea
Jeong-Sun Lim  Korea
Sungjoo Jung  Korea
Youngsook Roh  Korea
Marina Bountolou  Greece
Daniela Spina Garcia Centeno  Brazil
Emiko Hori  Japan
German Molina Calvo  Spain
So Young Lee  Korea
Dick Holmes  USA
David L. Nissley  USA
Joon-ha Kang  Korea
Sang-Hwi Park  Korea
Hiromi Hagura  Japan
Fumiko Ito  Japan
Ena Yoshioka  Japan
One Night

Eun Kyung Min
Korea

to the end.

However, was her death really the end? There was a rumor going around that a pretty young girl could sometimes be seen dancing in the ballet practice room at Irmo High School late at night and that she wasn’t human but a ghost. Nobody had confirmed that the rumor was true, but most people believed it and thought that the young girl might be Amy.

At that time, there was a new ballet teacher named Karen at the school. She was a straightforward, rational person, and never having seen a ghost she didn’t believe the rumor. But since her students were refusing to train in the practice room at night, she thought that she had to prove to them that there were no ghosts there, so one day she announced to them that she was going to stay there all night long.

That night when she entered the practice room at 11 o’clock, she felt that something was wrong but ignored this feeling, thinking that she was probably just nervous. It turned out that everything was fine there, and Karen thought that her performance, which she could see reflected in the mirrors, was very good that night. Meanwhile, all her students, in the safety of their homes, were fearing that something wrong might be happening to her.

But the next morning when they met their teacher, she smiled at them and said that there had been nothing unusual in the practice room, that she had trained all night, watching her performance in the mirrors. Hearing this, several of the students heaved a sigh of relief. Suddenly, though, they all began to talk noisily among themselves, and one student shouted in a tremulous voice, “But Karen, there weren’t any mirrors in our practice room! Remember? Yesterday afternoon, all the mirrors in the practice room were removed so that new ones could be put in next week!”

Now, the look on Karen’s pale face reflected the strange feeling she had had when she entered the practice room the night before.
My Friend Jung-Hee

Jeong-Sun Lim
Korea

The high school I went to was a mission school, so I had to attend church services every Wednesday and Sunday, despite having a different religion. During the service, I was always sleepy even though I was a member of the church choir.

One day, at first seemingly no different from any other day, I couldn’t sleep during the service because of the beautiful singing I was hearing—singing such as I had never heard before—from a new face in the choir. At the end of the service, I found out about her; her major was classical vocal music, and she had chosen our school because of its scholarship and religion. Jung-Hee was a really important person. She had such a beautiful voice! When she was singing in the church, we were all so impressed that we cried. She was the same age as I was, and we became friends.

She won a lot of prizes in vocal contests, and some universities offered her scholarships. So, I thought, just as the teachers, other students, and everybody who knew her did, that she would become a great musician and soprano vocalist. There was no doubt.

She was a very odd person, though. Some of my friends called her “crazy” because of her weird behavior. She would sing loudly in the rest room—a very strange thing to do in Korea—and when somebody would tell her, “Please keep quiet! This is a public place!” she would reply, “Don’t say that! Singing is my everything! Telling me to stop singing is telling me to die!” Wow! I was really surprised; I’d never heard anyone express herself so passionately. She liked the night time, so she didn’t go to bed until 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. She would call her friends, including me, late at night and would want to talk for a long time. She was a student who didn’t like to observe the rules. I don’t know why, but she always came late to school and went home early without the teacher’s approval. In spite of her negative behavior, I sometimes envied her liberalism, and I even thought that her odd behavior must be necessary to a musician. I wanted to be like her. She was a star in my school.

Unfortunately, though, she failed the university entrance test, a test in Korea like the SAT. “How did she fail the test?” I wondered. She was the best in music and everybody knew that. I was baffled. After the test, she was so disappointed that she left home and disappeared. I didn’t see her for almost a year.

Then one day at another friend’s wedding at which she was singing, I met her again. I could hardly recognize her because she was so fat now. Her mother told me that Jung-Hee had an illness in her throat and that it hadn’t completely healed yet. Indeed, unfortunately, her voice was no longer fantastic; I couldn’t feel great beauty in her singing anymore.

I couldn’t see how she could stand her situation. Music was everything to her, and now she had almost lost her life. But she was a strong Christian, and this helped her. “I lost my voice,” she told me, “but music is forever in my mind and I believe that God will prepare my future and give me another assignment.”

I was so impressed by her that day. She had really changed, not only in her physical appearance but also in her attitude. She had grown up during the hard time she had experienced. I couldn’t hold back the tears coming to my eyes as I watched her sing for that newly married couple.
What Can You Do
Marina Bountolou
Greece

What can you do
when you are sad and scared?
What can you do
when you are alone and
you don’t have anywhere to go?
What can you do
when your friends forget you and
your heart stops beating?
Have you ever felt that
time has stopped for you and that
the Earth is moving so quickly but that
you are stuck here, unable to take a step?
Have you ever seen your life passing away
without waiting for you?
Have you ever listened to your fears screaming
at you as loudly as at this moment?
What can you do to escape from your nightmares?
What can you do to catch the hope that
you are praying for?
What can you do to touch the life that
you are dreaming of?
Have you ever tried to find a softer pillow?
Have you ever tried to run faster?
Have you ever tried to touch
YOUR heart?

What Is Bothering Me?
Yong-Han Park
Korea

In the morning, the alarm clock waking me from my sweet
dream bothers me. After meals, the dishes I have to wash bother
me. My tangled, curly hair bothers me on my way to class, and my
sleepiness in class bothers me. After class, the homework waiting
for me bothers me. When I am lazily killing time in the evening, my
aching heart missing someone bothers me.

But I will not think in this way. I want to look at the good side
of everything. I appreciate the alarm clock waking me on time, not
letting me be late. While washing the dishes, I enjoy the satisfaction
of singing. My curly hair sometimes looks all right. In class, I am
happy to be with friends, and homework is needed to improve my
English. I am also happy that I have someone I can miss.

When I change my viewpoint, all things bring happiness.
It had been almost twenty days since I arrived in the United States, and I was feeling the need for cable TV. It seemed to be an important thing to have because I needed to improve my English and watching TV was a good way.

I was afraid to talk to the cable company on the telephone, but I managed to do it and got an appointment for Wednesday, at 5 till 7.

I already had a good impression of the American people, that they were organized and exact, but I was surprised by this time. 5 till 7—how exact can you get?!

"Wow," I thought, "they are really exact and punctual!"

I was trying to use English as much as possible with my husband, a good exercise for us, so we wrote down in our diary, "Wednesday, 5 till 7, cable TV."

I had just arrived in the U.S., and a lot of things, like learning the language, were difficult for me. And since I didn’t have much to do, watching cable TV was going to be exciting, even though I didn’t know the programs, the actors, or the words they would be using. But I had to wait one week until Wednesday, and that was so far away.

At last, the day of our appointment arrived, and I went home early to wait for the cableman. "Today," I thought, "I’ll have TV—CNN, Discovery, and lots of other channels."

I couldn’t believe it when my husband and I arrived home at 5:40 p.m. and found a note hanging on the doorknob saying, "WE MISSED YOU (5:00 p.m.)."

Not understanding what was going on, I looked at my husband and asked, "What happened?"

"Our appointment was for sometime between 5 and 7," he said.

I couldn’t believe it! I had lost the appointment and I was still without cable.

"I knew that our appointment was for that time," my husband said.

"No," I said, "you told me that what I thought I’d heard on the phone, 5 till 7, was correct. If you knew, why didn’t you tell me?"

"I told you, but I said it in English. We were supposed to be at home waiting for the cableman from 5 till 7."

"Why did you tell me in English if you could’ve told me in Portuguese?"

"My dizzy wife," he said.

So, I had to make another appointment for one week after that, for sometime between 5 and 7. This time, I didn’t miss the cableman.
Beside a narrow road through a quiet wood along the U.S.-Canadian border was a small hut that served as an immigration office. The traffic was always very light there, and only one officer was assigned to the post.

One warm spring day, the old officer was sitting on his sofa watching TV when he fell into a doze.

A big truck pulled up in front of the office. Surprised, the officer jumped up, grabbed his glasses, and went outside to check the truck.

The truck driver was in his mid-30s. He didn’t have any special physical characteristics, but the officer thought that his eyes looked suspicious, so he decided to check the driver out. His instincts and long experience told him that something wasn’t right about this guy.

“Would you show me your documents?” the officer asked.

The driver handed them over in silence.

“Can I check your load?” the officer asked.

“Sure, but I’m not carrying anything,” he replied with a smile.

And as he’d told the officer, the truck was empty.

The officer didn’t have any reasons to hold him, so he let him go, but a suspicion remained in his mind.

Two years later, the officer retired and completely forgot about the suspicious truck driver who hadn’t been carrying a load.

His life passed slowly and quietly. But one day, something unexpected happened.

He was drinking at a bar not far from the immigration office. Sitting on a bar stool and talking to the bartender, he noticed a man entering the bar. At first, he ignored the man, but when he took a good look at him his memory of him began to return.

“I’ve met that guy some-
where before,” he thought. But he couldn’t remember clearly.

Then, the man walked over to him and sat down on the stool next to him.

“Do you remember me, officer?” he asked.

The voice was familiar to the old man.

Suddenly, he remembered.

“Actually, I’m not an officer anymore. I retired two years ago. But I know you. In fact, I was suspicious of you when you passed through my checkpoint.

What did you do with that empty truck, anyway?”

The driver turned his head left and right and then, cupping his hand to the side of his mouth, leaned closer to the retired officer.

“It was the truck I was smuggling,” he confided, “not something on it.”

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Dear German,

You have the perfect body. When I saw you for the first time, I was so surprised by it. You must have done some hard training to build a body like that. I am really proud of you. So, you are from another planet, huh? Thanks for introducing us to your alien family on the X-Files program. Your appearance is different from that of a human, but your heart is a very humane one. Please say hello to your alien family, and don’t forget the memories you have experienced on earth!

Your human friend, Noburu

To Dick Holmes,

I enjoyed your class, and sharing our favorite music with each other. I was happy to be one of your students and to have the opportunity to talk with you. Thank you!

Hitoshi

Hello Marisol,

Guess who? Are you still enjoying The Chamber? Have you finished it all? Please tell me what’s going on in it, because I didn’t read it! Thank you very much. You are a very kind person.

Warapropa
Bad Day
German Molina Calvo
Spain

The clock sounded for the second time. It was 7:30 p.m., and he was going to be late again. Larry jumped from the bed that he had shared with his wife Sally since that unforgettable honeymoon of 1982. She didn’t feel him go. There was no time. He threw on his clothes and sipped a little cold coffee from the day before. Grabbing his keys and wallet, he left his house thinking that it was going to be just another day, but as it would turn out, it wasn’t going to be so.

It was raining, but he didn’t have time to search for the umbrella. He had lived there for fifteen years, but he didn’t really know where everything was. He ran out of the house through the wild October rain to his car and jumped in. It had taken him just a few seconds to get his car, but that was long enough for him to get wet from head to toe. With a fast movement of his hand, he connected the old diesel engine of his green BMW, turned on the lights, and started to reduce the distance to his daily tasks in the office.

The rain became more intense at the halfway point of his well-known fifteen minute course, and then he felt an explosion go off under his feet. He lost control of the car, and for a second he really thought that he was going to die. He had been driving slowly because of the rain, and the bomb that had gone off was actually only the right back tire of the car, so he managed to steer off the road. Stopping the motor, he felt a chill. He hoped the thought passing through his mind at that moment wasn’t true. With a nervous tic on his face, he got out of the car and opened the trunk. He was right: there was no spare tire. Some months before, the left rear tire had exploded, and he realized now that he had forgotten to change it.

For the first time in his life, he thought Sally was right: they needed a phone in the car. On this deserted street and under the liters of cold water falling from the sky, he knew that the only way to find a taxi was a telephone, but there wasn’t a telephone booth in sight. So, resignedly, he started walking through the empty streets to the small, boring office building he worked in.

It took him only twelve minutes to arrive, but that was enough to make him late and see the angry face of his boss when he opened the door of the building. “You’re late again!” his boss shouted. “I want to see you at five.”

The day hadn’t really started very well, but it wasn’t the first time his boss had been so disgusted with him. After that, the day wore on as boring as usual, and nothing else happened—except that incident with the spaghetti sauce and his shirt during lunch.

When it was almost time to quit for the day, he went to talk with his boss. She appeared calm and almost happy as he walked into her office.

“Mr. Gladstone,” she said, “You’re fired.” With a hidden smile on her face, she gave him a little explanation, “You’ve been arriving late too many times, and you’re expendable in this company, so please move your things out before the end of this week because your replacement is going to start on Monday.”

Larry had always considered himself talkative, but at that moment he wasn’t able to say anything. Things were going very badly, and he was feeling that it was the worst day of his life. He needed to talk with somebody, so he decided to call Andrew, his best friend since those crazy university years of the 70s. Nobody answered. Andy was
Bad Day . . .

not like him. He didn’t have a mundane life or a wife waiting for him at home to have another squabble, so he really had time for everything but being at home waiting for a call.

Feeling lonelier than he had ever felt before, he started to walk home. The rain had stopped by then and he wanted time to think, so he decided on this way of traveling. Dusk was arriving and the cold wind trespassed through his thin coat, but this was the smallest of his problems.

It was deep night as he approached his home. The only thing he really wanted now was a beer in his hand, a sofa under his body, and no nagging questions disturbing his peace of mind. As his house came into focus from a distance, he could see that something unusual was happening there. The door was clearly open, but there were no lights on in the house. His feet sped up and soon broke into a run.

Larry entered his house, turned on the hall light, and shouted his wife’s name, but nobody answered. There was something different about the living room: the TV and the VCR had disappeared. He ran upstairs to the bedroom, but nobody was there. Jewels, clothes . . . the whole room, crowded that morning, was now an empty space. It was obvious that they had been robbed, but . . . where was Sally?

He ran all over the rooms searching for her and checking the things that were there and the things that simply weren’t there anymore. A strange question was haunting him: why would the
door be open with no sign of violence? He went back downstairs and arrived in the last room, the kitchen. It seemed that everything was in its place there, except that there was a piece of paper lying on the table. With a numb expression on his face, he started to read it.

“I’m tired of you,” the note said. “I’ve gone to Hawaii with Andrew, who really understands me. I’ve taken all the money. See you never.”

He recognized the handwriting as Sally’s, so everything was clear now. In the same day, he had lost his tire, his job, his friend, and his wife. Setting the note back down on the table, he went to the refrigerator, took out a beer, and trudged to the dining room, where the huge sofa remained, maybe because it was too heavy to move. He lay down on it and, opening his beer, said to himself, “Well, after all, it hasn’t been such a bad day.”

To Eun-Joo,

After you left EPI, I was so sad because I couldn’t see you every day at school. I’ll never forget when I ate the Korean dishes you had cooked in your room and we talked about guys. Please keep in touch with me. When I go to Korea, I’m sure I will call you. I miss you very much.

Your best Japanese friend,
Satomi

To my lovely husband,

I will never forget the debt that I owe you. I really appreciate what you are doing for me. I always think of you and remember our beautiful days together. It is impossible to describe in words what I want to say. I love you so much.

Your loving wife, Manal

To EPI,

I’m very happy to have come here. I’ll always have great memories of this place. Thanks for teaching not only English but also life.

Aret Cilingir

Amelieese Dessart,

You know you have already won Heaven, but your patience is bigger than Heaven.

Daniela Centeno

Ja-sang, Suk-won, Young-do,
Dear devils! Don’t worry about your future! I believe that you can surely solve any problem you’ll encounter in your future. But you can be sure that accomplishing your dreams depends on you. Please don’t drink too much because it’s not healthy. Good-bye!
Jonathan

Dear Jennifer Gardner,

How are you, Jennifer? Whenever I see you, I feel your kindness. Especially when you wait patiently until I open my mouth. If I were you, I would have given up on me and not cared about me. You also praise my pronunciation, even though you are not satisfied with it yet. Thank you, Mrs. Gardner. I will never forget you!

Yours sincerely, Jeongkyun

Hey, cherry boy!!

Thank you. I’ve really enjoyed my time with you, but we have to study hard next quarter. We should never be absent from class—PROMISE? Do you know you’re my special person? Please, don’t forget me! I’ll never forget you. I hope you’ll be able to go to college soon.

Your beautiful girl
What Waiting Is . . .
So Young Lee
Korea

Sitting in the darkness
Swallowing weeping
Waiting, waiting, waiting . . .

Staring vacantly
Getting disillusioned
Feeling an upsurge in the blood

Deny it
Avoid the truth

Terribly resenting him
Foolishly scorning herself
Regretting the first day with him

Daydream
David L. Nissley
USA

The wind did cease for a little while,
And the stillness offered peace.
At the end of a road in the fore of my mind,
I saw you, soft and sweet.

Then a cool chill blew me back to earth,
The vision left behind.
Thoughts of the rat race scurried in,
Stealing peace and time.

Free
Dick Holmes
USA

To be free—
that's all
I want,
one said,
and the others
listened.
Free from what?
the others asked.
From everything,
one said.
From everything?
the others asked.
That's right,
one said,
even from being free.
Are you sure
you're on
the right planet
for that?
the others asked.
Maybe
you should try
try another planet.

Why Am I Here?
Joon-ha Kang
Korea

When I am alone,
I sometimes look in the mirror.
I stand alone in front of the mirror
and feel, "How strange . . ."
realizing I'm getting older.

The years glide by.
I touch my face.
The skin of my face—my forehead,
nose, cheek, mouth, jaw . . .

"What have you done so far?"
I ask myself.
"Why are you here?"

I make a slightly sad face in the mirror,
regretting my being.
When You Realize...
Sang-Hwi Park
Korea

When you realize both I and other disappear in your face,
you cry in the darkness.
When you realize everything turns into your heart,
trees and birds don't touch your wind.
When you realize you are standing alone,
there is the whole stillness like a dream.
When you realize it really is a dream,
where are you?

So What
Marina Bountolou
Greece

Did you miss the train?
So what, the next one is coming.
Did you fail your exams?
So what, your teacher loves you.
Did you break your favorite cup?
So what, you can use a glass now.
Do you feel that nobody can understand you?
So what, they don't know what they are missing.
Somebody broke your heart?
So what, now you know what that means.
Are you miserable?
So what, now you know the difference!!!
Everyone wants to make a lot of money all at once. If you are curious about how to do this, keep reading; you don’t want to miss your chance to make a lot of money. The best way is to buy a lottery ticket. There are a lot of people who earn a lot of money playing the lottery. Some of them buy their tickets after having a special dream. Hard to believe? Listen to this true story.

A man who lives in Pusan, Korea, went home one day exhausted from his hard work. As soon as he got there, he went to bed and fell into a deep sleep because of his fatigue. And then he started to dream. In his dream, he saw a mountain god, who was pointing at something. The man looked in the direction that the god was pointing, and there he saw a beautiful carriage drawn by a pair of horses. After he boarded it, it started flying. Suddenly, he woke up to the sound of his alarm clock, and he treated his unusual dream as a matter of no importance. After a few days had passed, he forgot all about the dream.

Then one day, he glanced at the lottery ticket that his friend was putting into his wallet. Suddenly, he felt like his head had been hit by something because the same carriage he had seen in his dream was pictured on the lottery ticket. Immediately, he headed for the nearest shop he could find, bought a ticket, and put it in his wallet.

A few more days passed. When he saw the newspaper that published the winning lottery number, he couldn’t help being surprised. He was the first winner! Though we have various dreams during our lives, most of us miss great opportunities that our dreams notify us about. If you don’t want to miss something, you must consider your dreams seriously.

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It’s Your Heart, It’s Your Life

Marina Bountoloulou
Greece

In every place in the world, wherever you go, never forget me.
I’m always here with you at your side, to give you hope and happiness.
Don’t forget me, because you carry me with you always.
Don’t ignore me, because I’m always inside you.
I’m here and I’m listening to your thoughts, your dreams, your hopes.
I’m your heart and I’m still alive.
Listen to me when I’m calling out to you and then you will understand my existence.
For you, everybody talks, for you, flowers flourish and birds sing.
For you, the sun comes up and goes down and the winter passes and the summer comes.
You are so special, you are unique, you are YOU!!!
There is something special, something only for you, go for it and don’t forget that this is your LIFE!!!
I woke up to classical music, which my mother put on the record player every morning. After I got out of bed, I always went to the verandah for a view of the riverbank. I liked to check the color of the grass there, which changed from green in the spring and summer to light brown in the fall and winter.

I lived in a small house in Kanamachi, a town located in Tokyo. I liked my hometown because it was different from other towns in Tokyo; in Kanamachi, I could see beautiful nature. When I went to elementary school, I passed a small Shinto shrine every day. I liked the garden surrounding it because I could hear the sounds of birds and see some beautiful trees there. I especially liked to walk among the many beautiful cherry trees when they were blooming in the spring. Sometimes, I stood under a tree and just looked at it. One day, I touched a cherry blossom petal. It was small and soft. I wanted to pick a blossom from the tree, but I didn’t do it because I knew that I’d feel sorry if I picked one. Those blossoms were too delicate and beautiful to disturb. There were also ginkgo nut trees there. In the fall, I could enjoy their many beautiful yellow leaves, but they were such stinky trees that I would always run when I passed them.

After school, I liked to go to the riverbank, my favorite place to play. I would slide down the grassy bank in a cardboard sled, pick flowers to make a flower necklace, or fly a kite with my friends. I played there until sunset.

One day, I went to the riverbank as usual with a friend, but it was different from other days because it was my last time to come there. The next day, my family would move to another prefecture.

After we moved, I could no longer enjoy the beautiful view that I’d been used to seeing every morning when I got up. I miss that lovely scene, and I still remember my childhood days in Kanamachi.

My dear friends going back home, Raquel, Jong-kuk, Eun-joo, Eun-mi, Joon-ha, Soichiro, Hitoshi, Kazu, Megumi, and Christoph—I had a great time with you all. Thank you. Hiromi

Dear friends,
I’m very glad to have met you this fall. I have many good memories of you.
Thank you very much.
Bo-Ryoung

To my crazy RV40a class,
You have been “kind of” an interesting bunch! You have certainly kept me on my toes, and made me laugh. Congratulations on your hard work at improving your reading and vocabulary skills. I’m especially proud of Kazuki for learning to stay awake in class, and proud of Aret for showing such excellent “self-control.” Have a nice vacation, and stay out of trouble!
Your patient teacher, Susan Rogers

To Mr. Super Man from Korea,
You are the most fashionable guy in Cliff! I’m glad to have met you. Thanks for everything, including giving me the opportunity to beat you. See you...
Kazu

To the EPI faculty and staff,
Thank you for helping me. I’m glad to have met you here at EPI. I’ll see you again soon. Take care! VIVA EPI!!!
Your student, Kazu
A Midsummer Afternoon’s Dream

Youngsook Roh
Korea

"Don’t call me by my name. I’m your older sister, you understand?"

"Okay, Hyunkyung, pass me the crayons."

"Hey, I told you, don’t call me Hyunkyung! I’m older than you, so call me sister. If you call me by my name one more time, I’m going to tell Daddy."

"Okay, okay . . . HYUNKYUNG!"

"Dad, Dad, Sohyun is calling me by my name again and again!"

"Stop it, both of you!" I say.
"Come to Mommy. Why don’t you sit and watch Sleeping Beauty?"

Finally, they stick to the TV, and I begin to concentrate on my writing.

"Mrs. Park? Mrs. Park, sorry to wake you, but I just wanted to tell you that before I go home I’ll prepare whatever you want for dinner."

Prepare dinner for me? What a lovely sound, the loveliest in the world! Do I know her? She seems to be accustomed to my kitchen, and her soprano voice is wonderful to listen to.

"Has Mr. Park called?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Park, and the children have taken their baths and are now doing their homework and reading books."

Wow, more wonderful words!

"I have no idea about dinner, Susan. You can make anything you want."

"Okay, no problem. You want something to drink?"

"Yeah, I need coffee . . . . I think."

"You got it."

Perfect! All I can say is perfect. What a blessing to me!

What’s that sound? Violin? Really? My daughters are even practicing violin now without my begging them to?! More than perfect!

"Hm . . . mm . . . da ram dara, da ram . . ."

R-ring! . . . R-ring!
That must be my husband.
"I’ll get it, Susan."

I spring up and head for the bar table. But I can’t seem to reach the phone. The closer I get to the table, the farther away the phone gets. What’s wrong?

"Susan, I can’t answer . . . . I start to say, but my voice stops coming out.

R-r-ring! . . . R-r-ring!

"Mom! Answer the phone, Mom!"

"Mom, wake up and pick up the PHONE!"

"I’ll, I’ll . . . but I . . . ."

Suddenly, I open my eyes and look around. I’m slumped over on the couch, and my notebook is about to fall off the edge of the table.

"Honey, bring me something to drink!" my husband calls out to me. "And I’m starving! What’s for dinner today? Will it take long?"

Hearing his routine, I come back to my daily life.

R-r-ring! R-r-ring!

"I’m coming, you stupid phone!" ¶

To Augusto,

In Columbia, the most difficult problem for a new student is transportation. Because the big shopping centers where goods are relatively cheap are often far from where students live, having a car is rather important. You are the person who has always offered to give me a ride whenever I have needed one, without any conditions. I’m very grateful.

Thank you forever.

Fanta
It was around the end of May, 1996, when my sister had told my mother and father and me, “I am going to start studying for the university entrance exam as hard as I can because I want to study the welfare system of Japan and then to work for the welfare office.”

We were very surprised at this announcement.

“Are you sure?” I asked her doubtfully. “Studying for that exam will be so hard for you. Are you really sure?”

“Yes,” she said with a determined look on her face. “If I didn’t try to study for the entrance exam now, I would regret it forever.”

I tried to understand her newfound ambition, but I was confused because I knew that she hated studying and whenever I saw her she was always sleeping.

“Okay,” Father said, “I understand. Preparation for the entrance exam is going to be really hard for you because you’ve already gotten your associate degree and you haven’t studied for the entrance exam before. This kind of study is quite different from the kind of study you did for your major, so you’ll have to study harder than other people, but I think you will succeed.” He smiled at her encouragingly.

“I don’t know how I’m going to do on the exam, but I will do my best,” she said with conviction. “Thank you very much, Dad.”

And then she started studying for the exam.

About seven months had passed since that day. I stood up and went back to bed. I looked at her face. She was already asleep.

“Don’t worry,” I whispered to her, “you can do it!”

Now, she is enjoying her life at the university. Yes, she passed the examination by three points. I like telling this story. Finally, she did it. She was so happy, and I was very happy for her. I realized that if we really want to do something and put our minds and hearts together, we will be successful.

Paula Andrea,

I’ve enjoyed every second that I’ve spent with you. I don’t know what I’ll do without you next term. I’ll miss you, and I hope that you will still remember me when you go back to your country. Thank you for everything that we’ve shared together. Friends forever.

Mohd.

Dear Susan Rogers,

I have enjoyed my GW class with all my classmates, and I always appreciate your kindness. I will never forget the time we ate lunch together and talked about my problems. Although I can’t express exactly what I want to say in English, I will always think of you as my good teacher, advisor, and friend. I want to especially thank you for helping me with my Sunrise article. I’ll probably visit my country during our vacation, but I’ll come back and have lunch with you again soon.

Jin-Hyung Ahn

Hi Sungyeal!

I am pleased that you were able to buy a used TV from a Korean guy. I figured that you could find a good TV because you had waited for one a long time. If you had gotten a TV earlier, you would have regretted your decision, don’t you agree? Nowadays, I am wondering if your heater is out of order. A few days ago when I went to your house, I could not help being surprised by the temperature. To be frank with you, as soon as I entered your room, I felt as if I were in a sauna. Though I don’t usually sweat, my T shirt was wet with sweat. I hope that Kaze and you can get the manager to repair your heater. Have a nice week. Bye!

Yours, Jeongkyun