Spring 1997

SUNRISE
Sunrise staff members (from left to right) Manuel Castro, You Chang Jeon, Jenny Walter, Vanessa Velez, Ana Karely Perez, Dick Holmes, Clara Pena, and Carlos Palacios
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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, and viewpoints.

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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.
Editor’s Note

Ever rising with the sun is the opportunity to see beautiful places and feel the warmth of the world through the eyes of others. The magazine you’re holding in your hands right now is a great vehicle for exploring the world’s places and people. Have you ever traveled to Hualco in the mountains of Argentina and seen the mysterious little doll the people venerate there? Held in your hand an Amazon monkey no bigger than your hand? Made arepas for your friends? Visited Imilchil, Morocco, during the traditional marriage feast held there once a year? Sat by a campfire drinking coffee in the moonlit desert of Saudi Arabia?

Watched the annual contest between the two sides of Pisa, Italy? Sold newspapers in a Korean subway? Walked among the cherry blossoms in Suma Beach, Japan? Wandered through the interesting shops on Taipei’s historical Tihua Street? Gone skydiving in Greenville, South Carolina? Tried to figure out Ms. Gardner’s riddles in Grammar/Writing class first thing in the morning (oo la LA!)? If your answer to any or all of these questions is no, don’t feel deprived; just keep reading and let the writers of this issue of Sunrise guide you through these experiences and lots of others, too. Enjoy!

Dick Holmes

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Around the World

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The Baby of Hualco Peregrination

Clara Olmedo
Argentina

What is the real meaning behind popular beliefs? This is a very difficult question to answer, isn’t it?

As in all of Latin America, the population of Argentina is deeply religious. There are a lot of popular expressions in music, paintings, handicrafts, celebrations, peregrinations, etc., which reflect the religious beliefs of the population. Especially in the North of Argentina these expressions are an important part of the social life. In this area there are many poor, isolated places where life is a real challenge.

Two years ago I participated in a special celebration known as the Baby of Hualco Peregrination in a place called Hualco, in a northern province of Argentina. According to the legend, the Baby of Hualco, a mysterious little doll, was found by two ranchers who had been lost in the mountains for several days. They were looking for water and protection for themselves when they heard a baby crying in the distance. For several hours they kept looking for this baby, who continued crying the whole time. Finally they arrived at a beautiful place with a big lake, where they suddenly discovered the doll, which they named Baby of Hualco, and also the path leading back to their houses. With a crown on its head and its body covered with only a small white mantle resembling swaddling clothes, this doll was to become holy for the inhabitants of Hualco.

The grateful ranchers took it home with them and built a small church in its honor.

Since then, the people of Hualco have venerated the Baby of Hualco, and on December 12th each year they hold a special celebration. The event begins at 12:00 midnight with prayers and religious songs, which continue for five hours. At 5:00 a.m. the people carry the doll out of the church and start a 40-kilometer peregrination. The holy doll is kept in a small glass box adorned with flowers and colorful ribbons. Hundreds of people arrive from various places to participate in this great walk through the beautiful mountains of the area.

Around 6:00 or 7:00 p.m. the people carrying the Baby of Hualco arrive at another church in Famatina, a small town where a crowd of people have been waiting for them. This moment is a really emotional one. Songs, drums, guitars, and bells welcome the walkers and the Baby of Hualco, and everyone expresses their happiness and common faith. Despite the weariness of the walkers, more religious services are conducted, including prayers that reflect a mixture of paganism and Catholicism. This great popular celebration continues until nightfall.

I couldn’t believe the experience that I had at this event. In the midst of the celebration, I tried to understand the meaning that it held for the people of the region, living in such poor, isolated places. I realized that to understand and explain popular beliefs is almost impossible. People have faith and believe in legends and images, that’s all. Maybe their faith is the unique fact that gives them a sense of life beyond their terrible situation of poverty and isolation.

Anibal and Marta,
It has been fun to have class with you. Our classmates and everything have been good.

Fabiana Uchoa
Things to Do in Peru

Ana Cecilia Garcia-Blasquez
Peru

Your first impression of Peru when you arrive in Lima, the capital, will probably be that you have come to another world, especially if you are from an industrial country. The first shock you will have is the airport, which doesn’t have arms for the airplanes’ arrivals and departures.

But once you have left the airport you will have lots of things to do. The first thing is to go to a cevichería to eat some ceviche and drink a pisco sour (well, maybe more than one). To get there, I recommend that you get on a colectivo, a small city bus which is fun to ride because it is a car for just twelve people. The boletero (the kind of bus for which tickets are sold) holds twenty people. These buses provide a good way to get to know Lima and other Peruvian cities without spending much money.

Another way to see lots of places is to use an adventure sports agency. You have many choices: to go trekking, hiking, rafting, etc. The people that manage these agencies are from twenty to thirty years old, so they are well qualified to advise the young and adventurous about exciting things to do in Peru.

There are also places in Peru that most tourists visit because they can see the ancient history of the country, such as the city of Cuzco and nearby Machu Picchu, the amazing ruins of an estate the Incas built high in the Andes in the 15th century. People say Machu Picchu is a mystical place where you can feel a special positive energy. I don’t know if that’s true, but when you get there, you do feel a certain mysterious sensation. Even if it’s your third time there, it’s as if it were your first time.

This doesn’t mean that Cuzco is the only nice place to visit in Peru. There is Manu, for instance, a natural reserve where you can find wildlife, and the Tambopata. The best way to visit such places is to meet someone who works there, like a biologist, so that you can stay for more than two weeks. However, you have to be careful because if the rainy season starts you probably won’t be able to leave for a month. That won’t be bad, though—you will probably still love being there. The only problem is that you could have an uncomfortable stay under those conditions, so you will have to have an adventurous spirit.

If you want to get to know Peru more deeply, you should take a backpack and trek all over the country. This is the only way to know everything about any country. I have enjoyed trekking to Paracas, which is a very nice place. If you have the chance, go to San Gallan. There, if you camp near the sea lions, you can swim with them. They are very noble animals, and you will enjoy this experience.

I know you will love Peru, so don’t waste time when you are young and have the spirit of adventure. The best way to get to know Peru is by living it up every day that you are there and trying to do everything you are able to do.

To Clara Pena,

We’ve been together for five months. Now I know almost everything about you—you are a wonderful, considerate, active, lovely and very kind person. Even though I’m leaving here, I won’t forget you. And I have to say to you, “Thank you for everything.” I hope you will remember your “Korean sister.” I Love You, Clara!

Kyung-eun Min
Ecuador, Land of Contrasts

Geovanny Roditti
Ecuador

Coast, beaches, islands, highlands, and the Amazon rain forest—all within Ecuador’s 275,830 Km2 of territory—make this small country a nice place to visit. Ecuador is located on the northwest coast of South America, with twenty-one provinces and all different kinds of landscapes. The differences between regions create big contrasts in the architecture and agriculture, and in other aspects of the country.

The architectural style of the houses in the coastal cities contrasts strongly with that in the highlands cities because of big differences in topography and weather. The weather has a big influence on the architecture. On the coast, the houses are more open and use air conditioning, while in the highlands they are more closed and use heat.

The agriculture of the coastal and humid regions is also very different from that of the mountains. The main agricultural products for export, bananas and plantains, are grown on the coast, which has the best environment for their growth.

There are many contrasts in Ecuador, so many that I would need a book to write about them all. Perhaps one day you will be able to see them for yourself if you decide to visit the land of contrasts, Ecuador.

To my EPI friends,
I feel very happy because I have
new friends. I have learned many
things from you. I want to thank you
for this. I hope to continue these
friendships for a long time.
Andres Reyes (Colombia)

To my darling,
The alligator and I await you,
our operator, in the elevator.
Tarry not or tell me not, “See
you later, alligator!”
Mrs. G.

Dear Andres and Leonardo,
I remember our first day togethernow. You could say only a few
English words. You could write only
your names and your countries. Now
I listen to you and I read your stories,
and I think a miracle has happened!
Congratulations! You’ve worked so
hard.
Jenny

To all my teachers,
I’ve been in Columbia for about
two months, and I am happy and
thankful for your help.
Salem

To Miki Tanaka,
You’ve been just like my real
sister, Miki. It’s so hard to say good-
bye now. I’ll really miss you when
you leave, and I’ll remember you
forever. Thanks so much.
With a big loving hug,
Mi-hye Kang

Ms. Gardner,
Last night I had a dream in
which I was correcting all your
mistakes in Spanish. I could say,
“Say it again, Ms. Gardner,” one
hundred times. It was my revenge.
Thanks for everything. You are
great!!!
Mr. Perez

Kinuko,
Hello, my best friend, Kinuko!
Would you like to go shopping with
my Chinese roommate and me this
weekend in your dangerous car?
I’m waiting for your answer.
Miss Shizuka
(Chiaki Torii)

To EPI teachers,
Thank you for helping me
improve my English skills. I enjoy
studying here because the EPI
teachers have a unique style of
teaching international students. For
example, although we have a lot of
homework to do every day, I never
feel that pressure on me. This is
very different from the school I used
to study at.
Ellen (Wang Yi-Zhen)
Venezuela is a South American country located south of the Caribbean Sea, east of Colombia and north of Brazil. It's known throughout the world as a petroleum producer. However, Venezuela has many tourist attractions that I want to share with you during this imaginary trip through my country.

The eastern part of Venezuela is the most exciting, diverse region. The Northeast features the best coastal areas, with beautiful beaches and places that will make you feel like you're in paradise. In the Southeast, a forested area, you can see Angel Falls, the highest waterfall in the world, and native tribes still living in the wilderness. En route to Brazil you can enjoy touring La Gran Sabana, which offers an attractive variety of fields, rivers and mountains.

The central area of Venezuela offers the cosmopolitan Caracas, which is the capital. The industrial states, where the country’s main economic activity is developing, are also in this part of the country. Caracas has the area’s biggest shopping malls and entertainment places (day and night). El Ávila, a mountain that surrounds the capital, presents the opportunity to go hiking in a beautiful environment just outside the city.

The western area offers some dramatic weather contrasts. You can find deserts and snow in different states of the West. Medanos de Coro, located in the state of Falcon, is an arid place. Pico Bolivar, a part of Andina Cordillera, has perpetual snow, and you can ride in one of the largest cable cars in the world there.

In addition to these major areas of the country, Venezuela has a number of islands, such as Margarita and Los Roques, which offer travelers an even cleaner and more diverse source of natural amusements.

During your trip to Venezuela, you will find very kind people and highly enjoyable cultural expressions, including our typical foods, dances and regional anecdotes and myths. I'm sure that you'll be very impressed and satisfied if you come to Venezuela, where the sun always shines, especially if your intention is to enjoy natural places and very kind people who will make you feel at home.

To my teacher Darrell,
Whenever I meet you, I will remember your teaching. Especially the times when we studied outside or at the coffee house. That was very good for us. Also, your jokes made us laugh. Don’t forget next Wednesday! I’ll buy lunch for you.
Your friend, Katie

Dear Hyung Jung,
It’s been about four months since we met. I don’t wanna say good-bye because we will be able to see each other in Japan!! Thank you for your kindness. I’ll never forget it. And I had a good time with you. Please keep in touch. I’m looking forward to seeing you soon.
Naoko

Dear S. M.
You’re always talking.
You’re always laughing.
You exhilarate me.
Thank you for your smiles.
I hope things work out.
Naoko
Il Gioco del Ponte

Andrea Sheets
Italy

I live in Pisa, a small, traditional town in Italy. The weather is sunny almost all year long, and probably for this reason the people are very friendly.

The world knows Pisa just for its famous leaning tower, but this historical monument is not the only thing that distinguishes the city. You can also find many other old buildings, historical streets, interesting museums, and cathedrals there. And Pisa has a lively nightlife. Situated along the sea, there are many clubs where young and old alike hang out until the early hours of morning on weekends. Pisa is also noteworthy for its annual city contest, il gioco del ponte. This friendly battle is started from the fact that Pisa is divided into two parts by the river. The part of the city on the north side is called Anno, and the part south of the river is called Mezzogiorno. The two sides of the city have this annual contest every other year for a long time. The battle is decided on the oldest bridge of the city, the only neutral territory during the game. The battle begins in the middle of the bridge. Each team is composed of fourteen men braced on opposite sides of a special buggy. The object of the contest is to push the buggy to the opponent's end of the bridge. During the day of the battle, this usually quiet city suddenly becomes like a flooding river, with thousands of people from each side of the city out screaming and yelling at each other.

The battle, of course, is not the only entertainment of the day. Parades occupy almost the entire afternoon anticipating the battle. Seeing all the participants in these parades dressed as they were six hundred years ago, you are suddenly transported back into the past. It is as if you are really living in that epoch. For one day a year, Pisa lives again the customs that distinguished her so many years ago.

Jennifer G.
Hello!! Thank you for a nice class, every day. But I can't understand your English, though I have been here for one and a half months. Please speak more slowly!
Your student

To EPI,
I hope that I have learned a lot of English. This term will be finished soon. I am thankful to EPI. It was very helpful to me. I hope everyone always has good luck.
Steven Tso

To my CS 30 students,
Now that you know how good your English really is, I expect you all to have American girlfriends/boyfriends next term! It's been fun spending the early afternoon hours with you. Please drop by and see me on the third floor next term!!
Margaret

Clara and Alejandro,
Thanks for your friendship. I enjoyed teaching you how to cook and how to play basketball.
Anibal
people, who were discriminated against by educational institutions. To teach the whole nation how to write he published a textbook entitled Hun-Min-Jung-Eum, which means “The Right Sound to Teach the Nation.” In a foreword to the book, the Great King Sejong writes, “It is so hard for the uneducated people to write. Out of compassion for their situation, I have invented our script.” Wisely, the Great King Sejong made this new script easy to learn.

There are many, many languages and scripts in the world, which were invented by various means of recording, studying, etc. If somebody were to ask me what pioneer in language I admire the most, I’d answer without hesitation, “The Great King Sejong,” because he wanted to include lower-class people in the world of intelligence, which formerly had been thought to belong only to high-class people.

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Do you know which of the world’s writing systems is the most systematic? According to research, the answer is Hangul, the Korean script. Some of you may think, “I know about the Korean language; it is very difficult and intricate.” Yes, Korean is complicated because of its irregular conjugation. But the Korean writing system is very easy to learn. If you can speak Korean, you’ll soon be able to write it. Korea’s 97% literacy rate proves how easy Hangul is to use.

Hangul was invented in 1446 by the Great King Sejong. Before that time, Korea (called Cho-sun in those days) had no script of its own. We used Chinese characters to represent our spoken language, even though the Chinese writing system didn’t match the sound of Korean. Consequently to write down what one wanted to express was difficult and needed a high-level education. Lower-class people, including women, had no chance to be educated, so they had a handicap in writing what they wanted to say.

It was because of this situation that the Great King Sejong invented Hangul. Guided by humanistic principles in his way of ruling, he wanted to focus on lower-class people, who were discriminated against by educational institutions. To teach the whole nation how to write he published a textbook entitled Hun-Min-Jung-Eum, which means “The Right Sound to Teach the Nation.” In a foreword to the book, the Great King Sejong writes, “It is so hard for the uneducated people to write. Out of compassion for their situation, I have invented our script.” Wisely, the Great King Sejong made this new script easy to learn.

There are many, many languages and scripts in the world, which were invented by various means of recording, studying, etc. If somebody were to ask me what pioneer in language I admire the most, I’d answer without hesitation, “The Great King Sejong,” because he wanted to include lower-class people in the world of intelligence, which formerly had been thought to belong only to high-class people. 

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RV50b,

I have enjoyed teaching you!! I hope you didn’t get too tired of my corny jokes. I hope I will see many of you next quarter and if you are leaving and if you ever visit Columbia, drop by and see me!! Who knows—maybe you will see me walking somewhere and you will come up and say, “Excuse me, I am a foreign student studying English. Could I practice…”

g. rice

To all EPI students,

I’m 44 years old. I returned to school and have become young. Think about doing this in your future. It’s very possible to become young and stay young by returning to school.

Leonardo (Italy)
Korean Dialects

Ji-hyon Han
Korea

There are a few dialects in Korea, just as there are in many other countries. In Korea, the dialect is determined very clearly according to region.

South Korea has nine states, but in terms of its groups of people having similar characters, it can be divided into six distinct regions since three pairs of the nine states have similar characters, that is, similar ways of cooking, making houses and walls, farming, thinking about things, and expressing their thoughts, especially.

These six regions have their own dialects, too. Considering that Korea is a small country, it has quite a variety of dialects. Each has its unique accent, tempo, and content words.

One region's people usually talk very slowly. There is an old tale about this dialect. Once upon a time, a father and his son were walking along a road near a steep mountain. Suddenly a huge stone came rolling down toward the father. The son saw it and said, "D-a-d-y, a b-i-g s-t-o-n-e i-s r-o-l-l-i-n-g d-o-w-n..." But before the son could finish his sentence, the father was struck by the huge stone and died.

Another region’s people say things that sound very impolite. Their temper is not impolite, but it seems to be so. When they—especially the men of the region—sit down to dinner or any other meal, they don’t say anything except for two words: “Let’s eat.” Unfortunately, this region is my home region. So, do I seem unmannered and blunt? Oh... I don’t know.

I can’t distinguish Jeju Island Koreans from mainland Koreans just by seeing their face or shape, but the Islanders’ dialect is certainly distinctive. Once when I was waiting for my turn to make a phone call at a public phone, I heard someone nearby speaking in the Island dialect. I was confused. “What is that?” I asked myself. “Is it English? Or Japanese? Is he a foreigner or a North Korean?” Of course the Islanders speak Korean, but the Island dialect is quite different from the other Korean dialects. Every mainland Korean would be confused hearing the Island dialect.

In addition to the six main dialects, there are more specific regional dialects, each of which has its own personality. If you want to learn Korea’s North Kyoung-sang dialect, come and talk with me in person and I’ll be glad to teach you.

To my best friend (Jun-Ki Lee),

How are you? I’m fine. I heard that you and Kyung-Hwa Lee will get engaged. That’s great! I wonder when you will have an engagement ceremony? Maybe I cannot go there, but I’ll congratulate you here. I hope you and Kyung-Hwa live a happy life!

Ja-Sang Koo

Garotas,

I have enjoyed very much being your classmate this term. I hope to receive just one or two emails from Brazil when you return there. I will take care of your "bombomcino." See you in Brazil.

Anibal

Luis,

If you go back to your country after the spring term, I will feel lonely. You are a delightful person. I hope you stay one more term.

Your fan

To all my CS50b classmates and my teacher (Glen Rice),

I enjoyed spending this whole term with you. I will miss our class a lot when I go back to Brazil at the end of this quarter.

Fabiana Uchoa

To everyone,

HAPPY MOTHER’S DAY to all EPI students, teachers and staff.

A small child
Today hot trends in Japan are being set by teenagers, especially by high school girls. If you go to Japan, particularly to big cities such as Shibuya, Harajyuku and Roppongi—the favorite haunts of young people—you can grasp the latest trend immediately. Many teenagers now wear the same kinds of clothes, have the same goods, and get wildly excited about trivial things which have no practical use. Before recently I hadn’t seen this kind of fashion craze in Japan. I’d seen it only in old fashion magazines or movies. And I’ve never seen such an eccentric situation before. The clothing style popular among teenagers at present is the hippie style which was the vogue in the 1960s. And most young people dye their hair brown or blond. They tend to prefer big-name brands, and they certainly have to have PHS (Personal Handyphone Systems) or cellular phones. Actually they don’t really need these tools: it seems to me that they just want to show off how many friends they have.

"Print Club" (Puri Kuru) is an especially puzzling fashion among Japanese teenagers right now. Print Club refers to the making and collecting of personalized photo stickers. The stickers are made by a special computer which offers a variety of backgrounds for print club consumers to have their pictures taken with. Consumers select a background screen consisting of various animals, flowers, foods, or scenery, etc., and then, still facing the screen they’ve selected, get their pictures taken by the machine. Print Club machines are installed in station-ary corners of department stores and in amusement houses like game centers or Karaoke shops. Lots of people line up in front of these high-tech cameras. After receiving their stickers from the machines, they put them on their pocket diaries or notebooks and eagerly show each other their collection of stickers. When I went back to Japan recently and witnessed this craze I was astonished by the noisy excitement it generated. Although I can’t understand the pleasure of Print Club at all, I saw a lot of youngsters here and there proudly showing off their Print Club collections.

Another surprising fad I encountered everywhere I went during my recent visit to Japan is a little simulation game about the size of a match box, with a key ring attached. This new game is different from any game I’ve seen before. It consists of raising a certain nonhuman creature as if the player were its mother. This creature eats, sleeps, discharges daily wastes, and even has a desire to play. It’s alive in the game! People who have once begun to play this game can’t leave their babies. They keep playing it at home, on the train, and even at the office. This phenomenon is getting serious in Japan.

I think that the young generation, "Generation X," has a very strange sense of values to pursue the vogue all the time. To make matters worse, many young people are turning to prostitution to get the money they need to satisfy their acquisitiveness. They don’t think of prostitution as an immoral activity. For them, it’s a common practice and the easiest way to earn money.

How long will this obsession with the trivial last? I hope that it will vanish in the near future and that young people will regain a sense of morality.

To all EPI teachers,
I have good news and bad news for you: The good news is that I am really glad to have met every one of you and to have learned English with you—and I also want to thank you for your friendliness and your help. The bad news is that I will be here again next term!!

Carlos Palacios, Peru

To Medeth Al-Otaibi,
I want to remind you that we have only one more term in EPI. So, We should study hard to get a high score on the TOEFL and enter the university. That is our goal in the USA. Maybe we will face problems but we must stay in front of the storm. I was told by time to raise my head, not to be afraid, and not to look down.

Mohammad Al-Rabea
Suma Beach
Elko Shimodori
Japan

My hometown is the city of Kobe, which lies between the inland sea and a mountain. A port city open to foreign trade since the early Meiji era, Kobe has long been influenced by foreign cultures and still has an exotic atmosphere. I have a lot of memories of my hometown, especially of Suma Beach, because I grew up near the sea.

Suma Beach, with its park and big aquarium, is spread out along the coastline skirted by trains and roads. In the spring cherry blossoms bloom profusely in the park, making it especially beautiful then. In the summer lots of young people lie on the sand to get suntanned and some people play beach volleyball. Seaside clubhouses, bars, the local FM radio station, the smell of suntan lotion, encounters, noise—all contribute their part to the summer scene at Suma Beach. In the fall the beach takes back its quiet.

When I was an elementary school student, I often went to Suma Beach on school excursions to sketch the seascape. As I sketched, I thought about someday going beyond the sea. I also went to the beach and the aquarium with my family. There were many kinds of marine animals at the aquarium, but for children the sea turtle was the most popular. My pleasure was to lean over the fence and touch the sea turtle. Sometimes my grandmother and my mother noticed me and I got scolded.

My mother forbade us children to go to the beach alone.

She was afraid of an accident. However, I went to the beach in secret with my friends every Saturday afternoon. We caught crabs and marine plants and played in the sand till evening. One day my mother noticed my shoes were filled with sand and got mad at me for lying about where I’d been. The next several Saturday afternoons, I wasn’t allowed to go out.

Now that I’m grown up, I still sometimes go to the beach to gaze at the sea. Last winter I had a family problem and had to go back to Japan. One day, after being back home for a while, I told my mother that I wanted to return to the USA to continue my studies. She agreed with me, but actually I was of two minds and hadn’t decided for sure whether I wanted to leave Japan again or not. A few days later I went to the beach and the aquarium. The aquarium had been rebuilt several years before. I walked around there until I found the sea turtle’s water tank. When I was a child, this tank had been set up in the entrance hall, but now it was located on a roof garden in a corner. The dolphin and the sea otter had become more popular than the sea turtle. I touched the sea turtle and felt its pleasant coolness. I didn’t have to lean over the fence anymore. So... I had grown up.

I left the aquarium and continued walking toward the beach. I sat down on a bench and gazed at the quiet sea. I thought of my distant childhood and felt the passage of time. My grandmother and my father had passed away. Suma Beach now had a promenade and artificial sand. It had lost its old scenery. Now I knew what lay beyond the sea. This sea continued to the Atlantic, and I decided to go beyond the sea, to the USA, again.

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RV 70a,
I have enjoyed teaching you this semester! I hope I’ll see many of you again from time to time. Keep on reading in English and drop in if you are nearby and let me know how things are going in your life!!!
g. rice

Kinuko, Hirome, Hitoshi and Soichiro,
This time in EPI was important to me. I had the opportunity to meet you and I liked it very much. Each one of you is special to me. Thank you so much for the time that we had together. I’ll miss you very much.
Raquel
Tihua Street—
A Historical Place in Taipei
Shou-Fan Lin
Taiwan

In ancient times, Taipei was built along the Tamsui River on a dried-up lake bed and soon became a bustling center of local and foreign trade. Tihua Street, running alongside the river, has long been the city’s largest wholesale and retail market.

Tihua Street is Taipei’s most completely preserved and historically meaningful old street. Strolling along this historic street, you can see many European-Chinese-style buildings constructed during the times of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch occupation of Taiwan. You can get an insight into traditional Chinese trades as you explore Tihua Street’s farm supply stores, bambooware shops, rice mills, incense shops, and lantern stores. Most of these stores are family-owned and have been passed on from generation to generation since long ago.

Tihua Street is famous for special sundry goods, Chinese medicines, and textiles. Its sundry goods include dried and canned goods from the land and the sea, such as mushrooms, tree fungus, dried fish, and shredded squid.

As the Chinese New Year approaches, you can see large crowds of shoppers jamming Tihua Street. During my childhood I liked going there with my parents at this time because I could taste the many kinds of delicacies, snacks, and holiday dishes offered there. The lively atmosphere on Tihua Street shows how we prepare for the New Year. Nowadays the month before New Year’s is the only prosperous time for the street’s merchants because little by little the old-fashioned street has declined in popularity.

If you want to discover the true beauty of Tihua Street, don’t rush your visit. The best way is to spend a nice afternoon and take a leisurely walk down the street wandering in and out of its many charming shops.

To all EPI students,
I’m 44 years old. I returned to school and have become young. Think about doing this in your future. It’s very possible to become young and stay young by returning to school.
Leonardo (Italy)

Diana, Helena, and Gabriel,
You are the most beautiful gift that God has given me. I love you so much.
Nami

Kinuko,
Hello, my best friend, Kinuko! Would you like to go shopping with my Chinese roommate and me this weekend in your dangerous car? I’m waiting for your answer.
Miss Shizuko (Chiaki Torii)

To everyone,
OO LA LA!
Christoph

To my dear Fluorite-LASPAU friends: America, Israel, Daniel, Anibal, Clarita, Mercy, Ana Maria, Vanessa, and Clara,
The next term will be our last one together. I hope we’ll continue to enjoy studying hard. Our friendship will be forever. Good luck to everybody.
Sincerely,
Your colleague, Edgardo (Nicaragua)
Stories & Poems

Hyun-Suk Cho  Korea
Eiko Shimodoi  Japan
Hamad Al-Darweesh  Kuwait
Clara Pena  Colombia
Shou-Fan Lin  Taiwan
Dick Holmes  USA
Mi-Hye Kang  Korea
Mohammed Hakami  Saudi Arabia
Raul de Wind  Ecuador
Hye Eun Kim  Korea
Manuela Barbosa  Brazil
Clara Olmedo  Argentina
Martin Vilches  Ecuador
Chang-Il Han  Korea
Edgardo Jimenez  Nicaragua

Hsien Min Li  Taiwan
Ji-hyon Han  Korea
Jianhua Cao  China
Maria Montenegro  Venezuela
Ju-Chu Chung  Taiwan
Daniel Weisz  Germany
Carlos Ludert  Venezuela
Mohammad Al-Sallal  Kuwait
Kemen Bilbao  Venezuela
Oscur Dunn  Ecuador
Joo Hyung Lee  Korea
Beth Eder  USA
Saho Murata  Japan
Andrea Sheets  Italy
Kittanaphan Virotsailee  Thailand

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Selling Newspapers on the Subway

Hyun-Suk Cho
Korea

When I was a freshman at Dong-A University in Pusan, I tried to enter a world that was new and different to me—selling newspapers on the subway. I didn’t need to earn money for myself or my family. It was just that I was a freshman, so I wanted to have some adventure.

My friend introduced me to the manager and the other sellers, who wore the same blue jacket. They were all poor-looking and unfriendly. At first I didn’t understand why they were inhospitable to me, but after a few days I realized the reason: the more sellers there were, the less opportunity they had to make sales. We weren’t colleagues, but competitors.

On the first day, my friend showed me how to sell newspapers on the subway. Wearing my blue jacket, I just followed him around, carrying my newspapers on my left arm. He yelled out to passengers, “Here are today’s newspapers and sports newspapers!” And then he announced the sorts of newspapers he had. I blushed with shame and couldn’t raise my face to passengers. I thought I could never sell anything on the subway.

Then my friend said, “Now it’s your turn. I’ll follow you. Do just like I’ve been doing.” In the confusion of the moment, I wordlessly started to sell my newspapers. I just stood in front of the passengers. My friend whispered, “Tell them what I told them.” I wanted to cry out as he had done, but all that would come out of my mouth was a voice about the size of a mosquito’s.

By the second day I was already used to selling newspapers to passengers I didn’t know. And now I yelled out loud about the sorts of newspapers I had for sale. Some passengers looked at me strangely when I yelled, but I didn’t care.

From 1 p.m. to 7 p.m., I sold newspapers. It was a strain on my legs; I often had to walk in the opposite direction the subway was going. And my left arm ached because I had to hold all of my newspapers in it for the whole six hours. My shoes were always dirty, and my blue jacket, my hands, and my face were black with newspaper ink.

The return on my sales was just five cents per newspaper. If I sold two hundred newspapers, my profit was only ten dollars. And it was seldom that I could sell two hundred newspapers.

I worked for just two months during my winter vacation, but it was a good experience to realize how hard it is to earn money by myself. And after that period I could no longer just pass by boys and girls selling newspapers on the subway. We all have many kinds of prejudice, and prejudice can change only when we put ourselves in others’ shoes and share their lives.

To “Conchale Vales” and our special Korean friends,

Thank you for your friendship and don’t forget your English when you go back to your country.

Good luck, and remember the nice friendly couple from Colombia you’ve left behind here.

Nikolaos and Maria

Dear Beth,

Nobody is as special as you. You have been not only a wonderful teacher but also a friend. Thanks for all the enthusiasm you put into every class to make us get everything out of them. Continue being as nice as you are now. Good luck in all the things to come.

Raul

Dear Beth,

Thank you so much for helping me in numerous ways. Considering what you have given me, I have little to give you right now. I hope to see you again in the next millennium!

Walt
Hiroshi wept for a while, until he realized that grieving over his death was useless.

“I have to see her one last time,” he said to himself, wiping away his tears.

Hiroshi was in love with one of his classmates, a really neat girl. Of course, his love was unrequited, but he wanted to see her anyway.

Hiroshi entered his classroom, this time not needing to sneak in because now he was a ghost. He plucked up his courage and touched her cheek and long hair. She noticed and turned her face but she couldn’t see him.

“Did you touch me?” she whispered. Her seat was in a corner, with the wall behind her and a window to her right.

“Who touched you?” a nearby classmate whispered.

“But I’m sure....”

“Oh, please, you’re just like Hiroshi.”

Everyone around was giggling. Hiroshi was discouraged and recalled that his teacher had always scolded him in front of his classmates, making a laughing-stock of him.

“Okay, it’s time to get revenge on my teacher,” he resolved.

Hiroshi floated over to his teacher, who was writing down something on the blackboard. Hiroshi came up from behind him and hit him on the top of his head. Suddenly, his teacher’s hair jumped up and dropped to the floor.

“Oh, my goodness!” Hiroshi exclaimed. “He’s wearing a wig?” All of his classmates burst out laughing. Their resounding laughter filled the classroom.

Hiroshi couldn’t stop laughing, either. “Ha, ha, ha...”

“Hiroshi, Hiroshi!” Hiroshi heard a familiar loud, stern voice.

“Um... Um...” Waking up, Hiroshi opened his eyes and found his teacher’s cynical face looking down at him.

“What’s going on here?” his teacher sneered at him.

“I... I got hit by a car and I died...”

“So, which do you prefer, making excuses or death?” his teacher asked sarcastically.

“No way!! No more death please.”

“Okay, then, we have to talk after class, young man!” And with that, the indignant teacher spun around on the tips of his shoes.

R... Really!?”—Hiroshi was amazed to see that his teacher’s hair really was hanging off to one side a bit.

Dear GWCEB,

Hi there!!! I just want to thank you for the wonderful times we’ve spent together and all the things we’ve done. It’s been a great time!

Thank you very much.

Oscar Dunn
The Time of My Life
Hamad Al-Darweesh
Kuwait

I was getting ready to leave my apartment for a concert when I heard someone knocking at my door.

"Who is it?" I called out.

The answer entered my ear and shocked my body. I heard a beautiful sound, the sound of a woman's voice. I opened the door and saw an angel standing across from me. I stood there speechless.

She asked me about the former tenant in my apartment, but I couldn't answer her. She repeated the question. Finally, I understood that I had to answer the question and forced my mouth to move. I told her that I knew the guy but that he had left the apartment three months before. She apologized and told me that she hadn't known. I told her that it was okay, it was just a mistake. And then she abruptly excused herself and left.

However, I couldn't let her go like that. I ran after her and stopped her in the parking lot. I didn't know what to say, and I hated myself for this but I lied to her: "He's not alone anymore, you know. He fell in love with a woman, and they wanted to get married, but her parents didn't approve, so they eloped."

I saw her eyes getting dark and extremely angry. She started crying and yelling bad words about him. I invited her into my apartment to calm down. She agreed to come in, and I quickly got a bottle of wine, opened it, and set it on the table.

After a few minutes, she forgot about the other man. The atmosphere got warmer and warmer, and we got closer and closer. After the first bottle of wine came the second, and after that another. We talked for about two hours.

Suddenly I felt my head hanging over. She was laughing in a loud voice and telling nonsense stories. We were drunk.

When I woke up in the morning, I found myself on the floor and the girl in the bathroom.

At that moment, my friend Sera dropped in and asked me what had happened the night before.

"Nothing," I answered.

"Please, tell me what happened here last night!" she repeated.

"I'm sorry! Nothing, okay?"

"I'm going to call your girlfriend because I can see that last night you had a party with this woman and I'm very worried about my friend because you are a bad man and she needs a good boyfriend."

I felt so tired. Maybe it was time to close this chapter of my life and open another one in which I could be happier.

Dear Beth Wall,
When I arrived at EPI, I found the kindest teacher I have ever met in my life.

Sincerely,

Dear Christine Discoe,
Your class has been a lot of fun. I enjoyed and learned many things including how to act. Thank you for everything, and I'll never forget this class; it was very good. You're an excellent teacher and person.

Sincerely,

Maria

To Jenny and Bronia, Dick Norwood, Robin Dean, Russ Harless, Dick Holmes, and all the teachers that I have had since coming to EPI.

Although I am from Nigeria, at first I thought that I wouldn't have to study any more English before starting my university studies in the U.S., but after arriving here, I discovered that I needed more English if I wanted to succeed. I hadn't studied English for six years because after high school I joined a dance troupe. EPI has helped me a lot in further developing my English. Thank you once again for refreshing my brain.

Lara Olanihun

To the Sunrise staff,
Thanks for your generous contributions to this issue of Sunrise!

Dick Holmes
A Letter Could Be Enough

Clara Pena
Colombia

Although it had long been all over, I still knew where she was, who her friends were, where she worked, and other details of her life that she wouldn’t have believed I knew. For five years her address had patiently waited on my desk for the right moment, waiting to be written on an envelope containing a letter talking about all the things that I had wanted to tell her in the coffee shop that day but that I hadn’t been able to tell her.

Quickly, I took a piece of paper and a pen and began to write a long letter telling her about my deep feelings—my love, hopes, regrets—and about what she had meant in my life, the best moment I had lived. When I had finished it, I felt it was the best writing of my life. That letter—finally—was the expression of all the heavy thoughts stored for years in my mind and of the fatigue of many sleepless nights thinking of her.

The next Monday, before going to my office, I went to the post office without thinking much about the bad weather that winter day. I believed that getting my letter on its way to her was more important than my wet clothes and the intensive cold I felt for the rest of the day.

After the worker in the post office—a young man with a sincere smile—took my letter, I thought the only thing I had to do was wait for her call. Perhaps we would meet again in the small coffee shop and conclude the conversation we had begun five years before.

One week later, I received a note from the post office which said: "...We regret to inform you that your letter sent on March thirteenth of this year was lost along with all the other Route #4 mail in an unfortunate accident and cannot be retrieved. We will assume all responsibility..."

Again my face turned pale, my mind whirled in confusion, and a feeling of frustration started to grow in me. This letter was just a personal letter. How could I explain to the post office that this simple piece of paper was the most important document of my life? How could I explain to them the story of this relationship when I had never understood it myself?

During the following days, I spent hours trying to organize my ideas to rewrite the letter. I wasted many sheets of paper starting letters and then, after only a few sentences, throwing them into the trash. None of them was as good as or as clear as my first letter, so I never could finish a second one.

Since then I haven’t had the courage to rewrite the letter. Perhaps the passing of another couple of years will prod me to write in the same way I wrote that unforgettable Saturday. I hope a couple more years won’t be too late.
Dogwood Kingdom
Shou-Fan Lin
Taiwan

After the long hibernal winter, the King of a dogwood tree, dazed and irritable with his kingdom, declared that the annual spring competition to decide the order of the young leaf shoots’ appearance would begin that day.

The servants and soldiers prepared everything for the pageant and greeted the visitors from the surrounding forest. It was time to start. All the little buds frolicked on the branches. They ran around and screamed very happily, playing hide-and-seek.

"May I have your attention, please!" a loud voice broadcast. "Every bud, by order of the King, is to gather in the square immediately."

But no one showed any interest in the broadcast. When the King arrived at the square and didn’t see any of the competitors, he got angry and commanded the branches to shake, making an earthquake as an admonition.

"Do it with force!" he roared. "More! How could those kids not obey my words?!"

The branches were very afraid of the King, so they exerted all their strength.

Suddenly, "Pah!" the branches fractured, and all but one of the buds fell down into the river beside the tree. No one could save them. Swiftly carried away in the rapid current, the buds tumbled all the way to the ocean and could never come back.

"Oh! No! My babies!" the upset King wailed.

Helplessly, the King’s entourage gazed at each other. None of them had any idea how to console the poor King.

"What can I do?" the King moaned regretfully. "Now I lack the youth the kingdom needs to survive. We can’t have our spring festival. There will be no way to continue our existence. This is my doomsday."

The whole day fell into a deathly stillness.

"Your Majesty," the sole surviving bud spoke up finally, "I know a new technology just developed by human beings. It’s called cloning. It can divide one cell into two cells. Using this technology, we can get back enough buds by duplicating and reduplicating me."

"Wonderful!" the King declared unreservedly. "Let’s do it!"

The scientists of the kingdom handled the magic experiment and got two buds the first day. The whole kingdom was excited because now there was hope for their survival. Fortunately, by the second day, they had four buds. After just one week, they had enough buds to go on with life as usual.

"Okay, stop now!" the King shouted loudly. "I don’t need anymore."

But everybody just looked at each other because no one knew how to stop the endless production.

To those who will take the GMAT exam,

If the TOEFL is difficult, the GMAT is twenty times more difficult. What hope do we have? Anyway, study hard and pray a lot . . . We can do it, guys!

Ana Karely Perez
A Crosswalk in Japan
Elko Shimodori
Japan

I know you are so busy that you become irritated
but I still want to know why you hurry on your way

I want to know why you’ve changed the color of your lipstick
I expect to see your new boyfriend whether he is cool or not
I don’t want to see your sorrow anymore

I want to know where you are going with your big bag. Is that
your dream inside

I want to know how many times I’ve met you
I know the diversity of your looks—your delight, your
smile, your sadness, your anger, your impassivity
I hear your songs, your sighs, and your muttering

I want to know when your baby is due
Are you excited about whether it’s going to be a younger
brother or a younger sister

Watch out and take it easy along your way

Real Life
Dick Holmes
USA

at times
at times real life
real life may seem
may seem to be
to be going on
going on above
above what’s going on
what’s going on here
Pine Tree
Mi-Hye Kang
Korea

I don’t know
how to smile at my god
so I always put on a crown of thorns.

I forget
how to count the year
so I don’t worry about the season.

I don’t wait for songs of birds.
I don’t anticipate the rain.

I just stand in my place
with the broiling sun and severe snowstorms.

I just stand on my tiptoes
emulating my mountain.

As Long as
You Are Far
Raul de Wind
Ecuador

If I can’t have you now as long as I’m
alone my life without joy goes just when
I see the moon and no matter where you are
I know it’s the same you see it makes me
live again knowing that you’re seeing it
as far as I’m from you as much as I
love you as long as this wait
goes as much my love
will flow this pain
will only be gone
the day that
you finally
come

Where Was I?
Mohammed Hakami
Saudi Arabia

It was a beautiful chilly evening.
The moon was full and bright,
sending a magical beam across the horizon.
The only things I could see
were soft sand and small dry trees.
I sat there all alone and made a little fire
to make myself some coffee
and to keep myself warm.
Cutting through the howls of wolves
came the sound of a lonely sad flute.
I looked around and saw an old man
sitting among his camels. It was he
who was playing those sad tunes.
There among the sand and the moonlight,
I sat drinking my coffee.

Where was I?

... In the lovely desert of Saudi Arabia.
The glow of sunset on the beach is always beautiful. It turns everything on the beach vermilion: the vermilion sea, vermilion bubbles, vermilion sky and vermilion children making a sand palace with their parents. Children never want to leave their palace in spite of the continuous pleas of their parents. It is impossible for nature to leave nature. Children are purity itself. I too have had the experience of being absorbed in a sand palace when I was a child. Sand palaces were the world of dreams for me at that time.

One summer day about thirteen years ago, the sun was going down and I was giving my whole mind to building my own sand palace on the beach in my hometown. My friends were with me, and they were enjoying building another palace nearby. I tried to build my palace as beautifully as not only my castle wall but also my palace.

At that moment, as I jumped back to avoid the wave, a little bundle in my shirt pocket jarred loose and fell into the water, disappearing in the current. Oh, no! It was my money that had fallen, the money my friends and I needed to take the bus back home.

We just stood there speechless looking at the sunset. We kept building our new palace until the sun had set. Then we began to fear the growing darkness. We cried and cried, expecting someone to help us, but nobody on the beach would come to our aid.

At last, though, after a long time, a girl wearing a school uniform approached us.

“Oh, how pitiful! Where is your house?” she asked us.

We just shook our heads.

“Well, what is your telephone number? Can you teach me?”

She was our god who had come to save us. By her favor we were finally able to return home safely and see our families again.

I don’t know anything about her now, but I can still feel her warmth. Maybe possible and then made a very solid castle wall surrounding it. I also wanted a moat which would protect the castle against any difficulty, so I dug a furrow between the wall and the castle water. I could feel the grieving looks of my friends. Now we couldn’t go back home—ever ... We didn’t have any choice in the confusion except to build a new palace in the glow of the I will never forget the views of the beach that summer afternoon and the kindness of that beautiful girl. Anyway, both of them are a part of my precious childhood memories. I love them.

To my tennis partners—Andrea, Carlos, Charlie, and Ligia,

Thank you for being my tennis partners. I will never forget our time playing tennis together. Have a happy life!

Walt

26
Courage
Manuela Barbosa
Brazil

Taking risks, doing your will
no matter what it costs, going to
war and risking your life, or
fighting against death or pov-
erty are examples of courage. To
live and be happy, you need to
be brave. Courage is not a
quality found only in wonderful
stories about heroes and their
fights against monsters or thugs.
It is the theme of Maria’s story,
too.

Maria was a loved and
happy girl who was in her
senior year of high school when
it was found that she had
stomach cancer. Nobody told
her how serious her condition
was, but she knew that her days
here in our world were ending.

Maria had to take many
kinds of medicine that made her
very weak, skinny and almost
bald. She didn’t look good at all.
But nothing could make her give
up her life. She lived all the
moments that she could. She
went to school like the other
students, without worrying
about what people would think
about her or whether or not she
would be ignored. She made her
friends happy while they were
around her. She fought against
the fear of death the best she
could.

In her fight against
suffering, Maria didn’t
want her family and
friends to suffer. In fact
she welcomed everyone
who was feeling bad
and helped other sick
people fight against
their diseases. Maria
filled herself up with
life. The only person
who didn’t seem afraid of death
was she herself.

Each day the cancer used its
weapons trying to make Maria
give up and just wait for death.
She wouldn’t give up, though.
She always fought back
and worried about everyone around
her rather than herself. She
wanted to relieve their suffering
and show them that you have to
be brave, that you cannot let
life’s obstacles beat you. You
have to be courageous and fight
until the last minute against
everything, including death.

One night she woke up and
wrote a note saying, “Never give
up, and remember that I love
you.” She called her mom,
hugged her really hard and went
back to sleep. The next morning
she wasn’t in our world an-
ymore. Everyone was very sad,
but they couldn’t let the sadness

To my Hyo-jin,
Sheer yearning for you has made me a seagull.
Endless waiting for you has made me a pebble.
Feeble sadness about you has made me rain.
Pale memory of you has made me a breeze.
............. I will always miss you.
You Chang

win because Maria would not
have liked to see that. That
young lady passed through
pains that hopefully we will
never feel. However, she tri-
umphed; she was truly coura-
geous.

To my teachers,
I am not sure that my pen could
draw the exact picture that I have in
mind, and maybe my feelings are too
powerful for words to express, but I
thank you not only for helping me
improve my English but also for
being another family to me.
The Ambassador of Sadness

Dear Walt and Sky from Korea,
Although it is our last term as
roommates together, sincerely
speaking, it was a nice experience to
share our cultures, customs, and
friendship. I hope we can get together
again. Good luck in everything!
From your friend forever
from Nicaragua,
Edgardo

My dear Victor,
In spite of the distance, you are
with me every day. I only hope to see
you again. I love you.
"Chispita"
When I wake up early and look out my bedroom window, I can feel the warm sun caressing the plants of my garden and lighting up the flowers, the rocks and everything else under the sun.

When I wake up early, I can see life everywhere I look: children on their way to school passing in front of my window laughing and playing, workers leaving their houses to go to their jobs, neighbors jogging around the square, buses full of people heading every which way.

In the early morning, life stands up after a good rest, all of life... birds, trees, flowers, people, everybody. Windows of houses, like awakening eyes, begin to open, and the smell of breakfast tells me, "All is running again."

Yes, everybody is up! Including my favorite friends whom I love to spy on when the day begins. They live among the trees and the grass in front of my house. Their little houses are always changing colors and shapes. Today they're brown; maybe tomorrow they'll be white or multicolored.

Every day after a good night's sleep my friends carry off their houses on their backs, heading out to explore their own world. They walk and walk, ever so slowly and without a precise destination.

Maybe today they'll find some other trees or grass where they can stop for a moment, maybe today they'll find new friends. I don't know what will happen with them today, but I'm sure that they'll came back to the place in front of my house and that I'll be waiting to spy on them some more....

Wow! There they are returning with their houses on their backs as evening approaches. Silently and slowly, my friends are coming. Maybe tired... maybe happy...

I don't know, but they're coming. They'll put their houses among the trees and will sleep in the grass until the sun wakes them up again with its warm caress. And then once again they'll carry off their houses and begin their slow walk.

Now the sun has gone to sleep, the lights are turned off, and I can't see my friends anymore. They've gone to sleep, too. The windows of the nearby houses, like resting eyes, are closed, and the birds' singing has stopped. All of life has gone to sleep.

But I'm still thinking about those friends of mine whom I call "The Snails." I'm trying to figure out their dreams, their hopes, their plans.

Suddenly I find myself talking with them, and I learn that they know beautiful and unbelievable stories about ants, butterflies, birds, flowers, etc. Though they're asleep right now, they tell me about a world that I don't know. So, I ask... do they know that they are my friends? Do they know that I spy on them and talk with them? Maybe not. But certainly they know how difficult life is in a house that is not a really house; they know what it is to be homeless because they are homeless.

Karely,

I am glad that I have gotten to know you, and I hope that we get into the university together so that we can continue building our friendship. Maybe then we can speak the same Spanish:) Your friend always, even if you don't want to be my friend!!!

Cecilia

Dear Mark Stiteler,

Your business class has been very interesting. I have had a very good time in your class. Thank you...

Adil Allamar
Love Song
Martin Vilches
Ecuador

I'm here so far away from you
trying to search for an answer
losing my mind in the darkness

Without you everything seems so strange
It's just that walking alone on the way
I know nothing will be the same

I've been looking for you everywhere
Everything makes me remember you
It's not so easy to stand alone, on my own

You, someone who listens to what I say
someone who cares about what I feel
someone who shares your life with me no matter what

You who are always by my side
and never will be apart from me
If I could make a wish come true
my wish would be you

I'm here so far away from you
thinking of you and remembering
all the beautiful times we spent together

I'm here writing these lines for you
which is only another way
for me to show you how much I love you

I wonder why I can't explain it with my own words
Maybe it's because it comes from my heart
What I feel for you is so strong
I won't live without your love

---

When Tears Flow . . .
Hye Eun Kim
Korea

I just flow down
donw
donw
I never hesitate to go
To the things which call me,
Happiness and unhappiness
Love and hatred
Joy and sadness
Success and failure

I just flow down with it
No matter what calls me,
Through the valley of your mind
To a world which is never remembered again
I just flow, flow . . .
Until I'm not wanted anymore
When I came to the U.S., I expected some problems in adapting to a foreign culture, language, food, etc., but even more shocking than culture shock during my first days here were the electrical problems I encountered.

Shortly after arriving in Columbia, I moved into a Place on the Green apartment near Food Lion in Five Points. Though my roommate and I managed to provide our apartment with electrical appliances, we had completely forgotten to apply to the electric and gas company for electrical power. Life without electricity for three days resulted from our mistake. None of our electrical appliances were available to us, and we had to spend three days in a dark apartment. To make matters worse, we didn’t even have a candle. Whenever it got dark, we became fearful of fighting with the darkness. We felt uncomfortable that we couldn’t watch TV, cook, or see to take a shower. It was as if we were living in an uncivilized condition.

After experiencing life without electricity for three days, we went through another kind of frightening electrical experience when a break in the electrical circuit in our apartment elevator caused a fire to break out. Because our room was next to the elevator, we were the first tenants to be endangered if a fire started in the elevator. But we didn’t notice it. And since the smoke detector in our apartment was out of order, it didn’t notice either. As the fire grew bigger and bigger, we were having dinner and washing the dishes. We heard a siren but didn’t worry about it because we heard sirens in Five Points every day.

Eventually, we noticed that smoke was drifting through gaps in our door, and then a fireman knocked. The fire had reached our apartment. By the time we got outside, it was thirty minutes after the other people in the building had evacuated. Someone who had experienced a fire before told us that he had left his room without shoes in his haste, but we had never experienced a fire before.

After those first days of no electricity and then electricity gone wild, we came to realize directly the value and the fear of electricity. And now we always listen for the siren.

Dear Mercy,
I am very pleased to have met you, and I would like to thank you for helping me in computer lab. I hope I haven’t bothered you too much. You are a very nice person. I hope that you can bring your family here as soon as possible and that you reach your goals in your career.

Sincerely,
A Venezuelan

Dear Keiko,
I’ve missed you since you left. Don’t forget your “homework” (English not Japanese), and “manjue.”

Sincerely,
Judy

To the EPI Staff,
I’m thankful for your friendly behavior and constant help in encouraging us to be successful English students.

Sincerely,

Luciana,
You are my preferred roommate—well, the only one I have:) No, really, I appreciate you a lot.
Your true friend,
Ceci

To my CBE classmates and teachers,
It was nice meeting you all. Even if some of you are crazy:) I will miss all of you that are going to leave!
Let’s keep in touch!
Ana Cecilia Garcia-Blasquez
"Today I got up on my left foot," I could say about one of my first days as a student at EPI. It all began with EPI's first event of the term, which consisted of going bowling one afternoon. I made plans to go with my companions from Nicaragua and my Korean roommates. The coordinator of the event was our smiling friend Susan Anders. It was a Friday afternoon and we were eager to go. Two buses arrived at Byrnes building to pick everybody up. I got onto the bus and put my bookbag in the overhead rack.

When we arrived at the bowling center, my companions and I left our possessions in the bus. We trusted that they would be okay there and went into the bowling center with the hope of spending a very nice afternoon. We were enjoying the game—it was a lot of fun—but after a while I suddenly felt a terrible pain in my right arm, maybe due to my lack of exercise in this kind of activity. I felt terrible and had to stop. For the rest of the afternoon, I spent my time just watching my companions bowl and feeling frustrated.

Shortly before we were supposed to go back home, I realized that I was starving, so I looked around for the food ticket that Susan had given me. But I couldn't find it. It was lost. "Okay, Edgardo," I said to myself, "this is not your day."

Fortunately, though, one of my friends provided me with his ticket since he didn't want to eat.

"Oh, my God! What is happening to me today?" I wondered.

Reluctantly, I took a hot dog and a Pepsi and forced them down.

Then one of my friends came running over to tell me that the bus we had left our bookbags on was leaving. I told him not to worry. Perhaps our bags would be dropped off at Byrnes, or our friends would carry them home for us. Anyway, since our bus was already on its way back, we got onto the second bus, hoping to catch up with our bags later.

It turned out, though, that our bags were neither at Byrnes nor at home. Nobody seemed to know what had happened to them. Would we ever see them again now? No way, we thought. We were sad all weekend.

My string of troubles finally came to an end on Monday morning. Susan called the University transportation office, and the attendant there said that our bags had been found on our bus and were being held for us at the office.

To all EPI teachers and students,

As I've been studying this term, I've been thinking about The Old Man and The Sea. Now that I've turned 40, forgetting is easier than remembering, and it's very hard to see any improvement in my English. But I believe that I have achieved something even more important—friendship with you, my teachers and new friends. I can't express all my thanks to you. I will keep these short two months in my heart permanently.

Hee Kyung Lee (Kenn Lee)

Raquel,

I enjoyed every day with you. You were a good roommate. I will miss you because we'll no longer have each other. How are we going to meet in school next term?

Thanks a lot.

Kinuko Mizoguchi
Ms. G’s Class

Hsien Min Li
Taiwan

This morning we went on a never-ending story in grammar class. The story began at 8:30 when Ms. G, the teacher, walked into the classroom.

“Am I late?” Ms. G asked as she always asks when she enters the classroom. Today she added the words, “I’m hot!”

Mr. Kim #1, our classmate and the other main character in this story, suggested to Ms. G that she take off her sweater. Ms. G is always undressing in class.

But Mr. Kim #1 didn’t say “sweater.” By mistake he said, “Why don’t you take off your dress?”

Ms. G was surprised when she heard that.

“My dress?” she responded.

Mr. Kim #1 corrected himself, saying, “Ms. G, why don’t you take off your sweater?”

“Yes, that’s a correct sentence,” Ms. G said.

“Does ‘dress’ include the meaning of ‘sweater’,” Mr. Kim #1 asked Ms. G.

At that moment, Medeth, another one of our classmates, reached class. He wanted us to explain to him what was going on. We told him everything that had happened so far, and then he was ready to participate.

To help us figure out the difference between “dress” and “sweater,” Ms. G gave us a riddle.

“I can take off my sweater,” she said, “but I can’t take off my dress.”

At first we still couldn’t understand the difference between the two. We kept discussing it for a long time, though, and as a result, we finally figured it out.

The reason she couldn’t take off her dress was obvious, but it had taken us awhile to discover it. Do you know why she couldn’t take off her dress? Do you get it?

Because she wasn’t wearing a dress this morning! Now that you’ve got the answer, see how easy it was.

Nothing Special

Ji-hyon Han
Korea

I often have to fill in the blanks on official forms. Some of the questions on such documents are routine, boring ones, while others are more difficult to answer. Some of the questions—for example, “What is your specialty?”—always kill me because I have no specialty. There is nothing that expresses me exactly. I have no specific character and experience. I have always been in the middle, not so good and not so bad. Well, no specialty is my personality.

I don’t want to excuse or blame myself. I don’t want to get relief by writing this essay. There is nothing that will make me feel better, whether I write this essay or not.

I like to play sports, but I don’t have brilliant skills in any one sport. I can’t play very well, but I am not such a terrible player, either. When I heard the proverb, “Everything is nothing,” I was disappointed because it means that we should do just one thing well rather than many things in a mediocre way.

After finishing my military service, I met a woman who has very a vivid character. She never loses her determination when she thinks she is right. I have been falling in love with her ever since I first met her. We often argue with each other about various issues. Of course, in most cases, I lose because I am a man who has to take care of a woman. She has been a very important influence on me in changing my lifestyle.

Nowadays I feel the responsibility of taking care of someone. Well, I can’t do whatever I want. I have to think of this woman first and think about what she wants me to do. I have to be more careful about my behavior.

I have felt many times that my plan, wish, or mind to do something has failed, and I am sure I will always feel that my mind has failed. Some philosopher said that life is a pendulum, swinging between satisfaction following success and disappointment following failure. All people are included in this theory in spite of their different characters, for they are human. I may be included in this theory, but I don’t want to accept it. I don’t like my character being defined by a theory.

Not having any special qualities, I want to live just normally. I can be late for class because of oversleeping, go shopping, watch TV, study, or die from an unforeseen accident. But whatever I do, I will do my best because I think it is normal to do so (nothing special). ☐
“Hey, Mom, how have you been recently? What are you doing now? Where’s Dad?”

John had called his mom in because she was an easygoing, helpful person. She liked to cook, and she often invited John to her house for dinner and appreciated them.

“John, everything is fine at home. Don’t worry about us. Take care of yourself,” his mother said.

“I’m all right,” John replied. “I can handle things by myself. Don’t worry about me.”

By the time he finally hung up the phone, one and a half hours had passed and the rain had stopped. He opened the window and fresh air breezed in. Breathing it in, he felt much better.

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**At That Moment . . .**

Jianhua Cao
China

China from the U.S. during a heavy rainstorm Saturday evening, April 19, 1997. He hadn’t called his parents for one and a half months. He was so excited at that moment that he couldn’t calm himself down. Something had happened that afternoon . . .

At 4:58 p.m. Shirley, a friend of John’s, had given birth to a baby boy and John had rushed to the hospital to see her. Stepping into her room, he could barely recognize her. Her face was pale, bloated, and unsmiling, and she lay in bed so exhausted that she could hardly talk. Seeing John, she said hello to him in a hoarse voice. John helped him solve his problems. John was not an easygoing person, but he was always happy when he was with Shirley. He learned a lot of useful things from her. He could hardly believe that this exhausted person lying there before him in a hospital bed was Shirley.

At that moment, a strong wave of missing his parents flooded John’s heart. Shirley was 38 years old and her husband Chuck was 40. When John had been born, his parents were around the age Shirley and Chuck were. John imagined how difficult it had been for his mother to give birth to him. He probably should be staying in China with his parents now, he thought; his father was 63, his mother was 61, and his mother’s health was not very good.

When John got back to his apartment, he couldn’t calm down and do the things he was supposed to do. He decided to call his parents to show them his appreciation of them.

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**Dear CBE students,**

I would like to thank you for the opportunity to meet you and to develop a nice friendship. I hope we will stay in touch.

Michel Jorge

Chère Beth Wall,


Adil Allamar

---

Michel,
Who asked you that?

Soner

To all the CWCBE class,

It’s been a great time that we have spent together. Thanks for being my friends. I hope you all can accomplish your goals.

Raul

To all the FABULOUS teachers at EPI,

How blessed I am to have been teaching with the best in the country!!! I will miss you all while in “gay Paris,” and I look forward to seeing you in January. If you can make it to the city of love, you have a sofa bed in my apartment:)"

Much love,
Beth Wall
My Mother's Courage

Maria Montenegro
Venezuela

When soldiers go to war, they need courage because fighting has many elements of danger. They have to leave their homes and their families in order to fight. Some of them won’t come back alive. Others will come back with wounds or lose parts of their bodies. Most of them will be affected emotionally. Despite the dangers, though, some soldiers manage to develop enthusiasm for fighting. They have been prepared to fight, to respond to danger. Their thoughts are only about war, not about other things. They should be strong enough to do this kind of work. They have been prepared physically, mentally and emotionally. They have trained many hours to be in good condition and to know how to manage their weapons.

But soldiers are not the only ones who need courage and enthusiasm for fighting. Ordinary people must have these qualities, too. My mother is a good example. Several years ago she was diagnosed with throat cancer. She had an operation and a part of her tongue was removed. After that she could never eat solid food. For ten years her only nourishment came from soups, coffee and milk.

She also had a tracheotomy and had to learn to speak again. It was a very difficult situation for her. Sometimes people could not understand her. She lost weight until she weighed only 38 kilos. She fought her illness for ten years and never gave up.

Throughout that challenging time, she tried to live as she had lived before. She was involved in a charity institution which helps the poor and elderly. She encouraged her friends to be involved in charity also. She never accepted aid from anybody. She did her duties by herself. When she had to go to the doctor, she went alone. When my grandmother offered to help her, she always answered, “I can do it by myself.”

From my point of view as her daughter, I see her life as a real example of courage, fighting to survive in spite of everything.

Dearest business students,

You have all been a joy this term, even twice a day!!! I have enjoyed watching you improve your English as you have analyzed case studies, but YOU have been the most interesting case study of all!!! I hope that you continue to keep in touch with each other and with me through the years. Come visit us in Paris!!! My prayers are with you for whatever your future holds.

Your teacher and friend,
Beth Wall

Dear Sant,
Never stop supporting BESIKTAS, even in the U.S.!
The Greatest BESIKTAS Fan, Soner

To all my students this quarter and last,
I have enjoyed working with you and look forward to talking with you in the future. I know you have all made a lot of progress. (Notice the present perfect constructions I have used here?)
Bronia

To my daughter whom I love and miss so much,
You give me the courage and motivation to face each obstacle. You give me purpose and the desire to succeed in making things better. I want you to know that I am doing everything for you.
I also want to thank all my teachers.
Best wishes,
Fettouma Benaissa
When you arrive at her house and meet her, you realize immediately that she is a special woman. Her house is full of memorabilia—including antiques, souvenirs from remote places, and other things collected casually. Visiting her house is like reading a biography of her life.

She was born seventy-two years ago in a small town far away from Bogota, the capital of Colombia, her country. Her parents were farmers with little scholarly education but with strong bodies to work the earth. When she was eighteen years old, she decided not to be a farmer. One day she packed her personal things and went to Bogota alone, looking for a job and a way to finish her studies.

Her first years on her own were hard. She was very young and inexperienced, and she was alone in a strange city. She learned quickly about the city and its people, though. In a short time she got a job with a magazine company as a sales manager, but she wanted more, so she began to study by herself, to write essays, and to improve her vocabulary and writing style. One day she decided to talk with her manager and read him her best essay. He was surprised and permitted her to begin working as a columnist for the magazine.

Bogota was also the place where she met the love of her life, a man of a distinguished family who fell in love with her the moment he met her. His family never accepted their relationship, though, because they didn't know anything about her family except that it wasn't a distinguished one. But nothing could stop the young couple's love. They began to live together in a little apartment, and soon they began to have children.

They had six children. Around the time the fifth child was born, they began to have problems: Her husband lost his job, he began to feel stressed, and his family didn't want to help them. Finally one day he decided to leave her and his children. So, now she was left alone with six children between two and ten years old who needed food, clothing, and education.

She began to work very hard for her family. During the day she worked with the magazine; at night, in marketing. She had to be a mother, a father, and a housewife all in one. Sometimes her children felt alone, but she taught them how to be important persons with or without her presence. The children grew up and became adults. They don't know how they managed, but they were all able to study at the university and five of them even studied for master's degrees in other countries.

When she was fifty-five years old, she made her first international trip. The first country she visited was Germany, and from there she went on to visit other European countries. She began to study the German language and learn about other cultures. She learned a lot of things in Europe but she didn't feel comfortable enough to continue living there, so she returned to her home country.

The last time I visited her, we talked about how she learned from her own experience and how she taught her children to be strong on rainy days as she was. Then she told me: “Go, go to that new country. You need to feel for yourself what it's like to be a foreigner, to understand how Colombian you are.”

Now, I'm here in that new country remembering my grandmother, the woman who taught my mother how to be a successful woman, and the woman who taught me, too, how I can be successful.
Skydiving: A Dangerous Sport or 13,000 Feet of Endless Happiness

It was Michel who injected us with the idea. He is from Brazil and has been a skydiver for four years now. He invited us to come with him to skydive in Greenville, SC. Soner, from Turkey, and I, from Germany, said, "Of course we will come with you to do that."

On Saturday morning at nine o'clock we left Columbia, full of expectations. We arrived in Greenville at noon and checked into an average motel.

From there we went to the Drop Zone to get a first impression. Unfortunately it was very cloudy and it didn't seem to be a good day for parachuting. Although the weather became better later that afternoon, we decided to wait till the next day to jump. Some other skydivers were jumping that afternoon, and we just enjoyed watching them till five o'clock. It was a strange feeling to think that we would be up there doing the same crazy thing the next day, but we were definitely resolved to do it.

After this first, positive impression of the scene, we decided to go to a shopping mall to hang out for a while and eat something for dinner. Back in our motel room we went to bed early in anticipation of our hopefully great next day.

The next morning the alarm clock rang at eight o'clock, pulling us out of our dreams. It was Sunday, time for the great jump. After a disappointing breakfast (cookies and terrible coffee), we went to the Drop Zone. Soner and I checked in for the tandem jump with an instructor, and Michel began looking for a group that he could jump with. He found two groups before noon, and after each of his jumps he came over to us and told us how wonderful it had been. Meanwhile Soner and I just hung around feeling like we had pepper in our butts. We really wanted to jump now!

Finally at one o'clock it was my turn to jump. After a detailed briefing I put on my tandem jump clothes, which made me feel like a sausage. (On a tandem jump you jump tied together very strongly with an instructor.) After that it was time to get into the aircraft, which was to take us to a height of 13,000 feet. It was a strange feeling sitting in this aircraft with seven other people who had the same crazy wish to jump out of a plane into nothingness with no guarantee that the parachute would open.

As the plane climbed, I got more and more excited. When the altimeter showed 10,000 feet, we started preparing for the jump. For me that meant checking all my connections with the instructor, recalling all the important steps for the jump, and getting into the right position to exit.

At 13,000 feet we got the signal to jump. When you are standing at the door, you don't have much time to think about things. You certainly don't have enough time to think about your entire life; that you should do before you enter the plane. You just have time for a short look down to see everything on the ground—very, very small and far away.

"Ready, set . . . GO!" the instructor yelled, and then we were out.

The next step is to relax and stabilize during the free fall so that you can enjoy your trip down. It's an amazing feeling to fall at a speed of 120 mph. Watching the ground come closer and closer every second, you can feel the wind and a soft pressure against your stomach. What a rush!

At 5,000 feet the instructor opened the parachute. I felt a
Skydiving . . .

hard jerk, and believe me, I will never forget the sound the parachute made when it opened. The last 5,000 feet we floated down like a feather, and I had an amazing view.

Five minutes later it was time to land. We circled down and landed safely on our butts. Okay, maybe not the elegant way, but a safe one.

It was incredible and wonderful. At the moment we touched the ground my first thought was, “Wow, what a trip!” And my second thought was, “When can I jump again?!” Immediately after my landing, Soner and Michel came over to me and asked me how it was and how I felt.

The truth is that I couldn’t find words for this adventure. You have to try it yourself to see how it affects you. For me it was the greatest thing in my life, and I’m sure that I will do it again.

At five o’clock it was Soner’s turn to jump . . .

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Dear Dad & Mom,

You are the best parents in the world. I really appreciate you so much. But could you please send me some money? I am the poorest girl in the world.

Your darling daughter

Ms. Margaret,

Although [th] is very difficult for me to pronounce, I have to be very careful when I talk with you. I think I will keep it in mind.

One of your thoughtful students

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On Our Way to School

Carlos Ludert
Venezuela

Every morning when I was in the fourth grade in elementary school, I had to walk about two miles to my classes with two of my classmates who lived in my neighborhood. To save about four minutes (three blocks) in getting to school, we used to take a shortcut through a cemetery next to the church.

Every day a tall, thin old man in charge of taking care of the cemetery shouted at us not to jump over the tombs, for we were disturbing the dead. Mischievous boys that we were, though, we never listened to the caretaker. We told ourselves that he just didn’t understand that we didn’t like to walk more than we had to.

Eventually the old man stopped shouting at us, and we began to feel freer every day. “The cemetery is ours!” we rejoiced, and we began to create new paths for jumping through the grounds.

On the morning of Thursday, October 29, 1973, my pal John led us on a new way into the cemetery, this time near the back door of the church. We began jumping over the tombs as usual, but suddenly, before we knew what was happening, we all tripped over a tomb we hadn’t noticed before, still white in its newness. Sprawling there on the ground beside this tomb, we heard again the voice of the old caretaker shouting at us not to jump over the tombs, but this time coming from inside the tomb we had just tripped over!

Don’t ask me what else happened that morning. All I can tell you is that from that day on we walked the three extra blocks to school and got to class four minutes late.
A Special Person
Ju-Chu Chung
Taiwan

I have had very close relationships with many people in various stages of my life, but the person whom I respect and thank the most is very special to me.

This man was an exceptional teacher who dedicated himself to education throughout his whole life. His pupils have spread throughout Taiwan and other parts of the world and are very successful. He was awarded a medal honoring him as a great teacher in my country.

He was also a good husband and a good father who was responsible for his family. Trust and faith were his principles in treating the people around him. His small house was always full of love and laughter. In his sweet home there was a lot of fun because he loved his family. He didn't have much money, but he was a rich man in the sense that he and his wife very successfully raised six children, their most valuable possessions. He knew that contentment brings happiness, so he was very happy.

He had an almost perfect personality, especially because he emphasized not repeating mistakes and because he forgave everyone who made minor mistakes. He had a bright and cheerful disposition, and he loved sports very much, so he had good health and a long life of eighty-nine years before he passed away five years ago.

Although he was not a perfect man, his words and deeds have influenced me very deeply. I have never felt he really died because he is still alive in my mind. This man is my father, Zhao-Zeng Chung, whom I continue to respect and thank.

Hey Soner and Michel!
What else can I say but that we have had a great time together. I'm very happy that we met each other and that we have done all this crazy stuff. Time has been running away so quickly, and now we just have a few days left. I want to say thank you for everything we've done together. I know, payments are necessary with credit cards...! I wish you both a good time in America, and maybe I will come back because...well, you know why. I have really enjoyed the time with you and wish you the best for your future. We will stay in touch. Take care, my friends.

Yours,
Daniel Weisz

To the Japanese guy who is 36 years old,
Thank you for taking care of me, and please take care of me next term, too!
H.H.
Telephone
Kemen Bilbao
Venezuela

I was invented a long time ago, and
I'm one of the most important inventions of the world.
I can't talk, I can't hear,
but I'm one of the ways
that people can communicate.
I don't have problems with anybody, and
no matter what the time, the day, or the situation is,
I'm always ready to be used.
I've heard so many stories:
stories of love, hate, pain, mirth, and sadness,
but I've never been able to express what I feel.
I would like people to be more considerate with me
because I'm incapable of saying anything bad by myself.
If people didn't forget how important I am,
they'd never treat me badly.
I hope that one day
I'll have the opportunity to express
all my feelings and experiences.

Always on My Mind
Mohammad Al-Sallal
Kuwait

I wonder if you still remember me or not. I hope that you won't ever forget me
even though I haven't been able to visit you these days. Do you miss me at
dawn and dusk, when I especially like to visit you? I wonder if you still
remember me or not. Remember when we were alone and you gave me what
you have inside you? I know why you admire me when I see you as my queen.
I know how great you are in this life, in spite of your danger for your lovers.

I wonder if you still remember me or not. How is your kingdom, that place of
happiness during life? My queen, are you still blue in the sunshine? You don't
mind, do you, if I tell you that I'm eagerly looking forward to the next moment
that I can meet you in my small boat?

I wonder if you still remember me or not. My queen, don't be surprised that
I say that you, the sea, are my sweetheart. You are my love. My queen, I'm sorry
that I may not be the one you like the most, but it's true that you are my
sweetheart. You will always be on my mind.
A Memory of the T-Shirt Project
Joo Hyung Lee
Korea

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact the following friends: Carlos (Peru), Aboulyzza (Morocco), Samir (Algeria), Silvio (Brazil), Antonio (Brazil), Jee Wan (S. Korea), and Walt (S. Korea).

Does this statement look familiar? If you are a returning EPI student, you might have gotten sick and tired of reading it the six or seven times it appeared in e-mail News advertisements at the end of the winter term. If you are a new student, you have probably seen some returning students wearing what this statement is related to: EPI T-shirts with EPIers’ names on them.

Last term I took the CSCBE (Communication Seminar Carolina Business English) class, and one of our class projects was to create our own small business to raise money for the EPI scholarship fund. My team, consisting of the above seven members, originally planned to import coffee from Brazil, but we had to give up on that idea because of the difficulty of transporting the product. At the last minute we came up with a new plan: to market some new EPI T-shirts. The T-shirt idea was not an entirely new one since EPI T-shirts had been made and sold before, but we recognized that most people did not like the design of the old T-shirts and that all the students wanted a good souvenir, so we decided to come out with a new, more appealing T-shirt.

The production process seemed to be a very easy one to accomplish. And we were sure we would be successful since we had a fabulous idea for the new design: EPI T-shirts with the names of all the people in EPI on them, including all the students, teachers, and staff. Unfortunately our excitement about our success was a little premature. After receiving our first order of fifty T-shirts and selling many of them, we found that some names were missing on the shirts, specifically those of many students whose last names started with “A” or “B,” those of several teachers, and those of a couple of staff members.

We were in big trouble. When it was discovered that not all the names were on the shirts, some of the people that had already bought T-shirts wanted to exchange theirs for corrected ones and prospective customers were reluctant to buy our remaining shirts.

The mistake was mainly the T-shirt shop’s fault because the designer neglected to include some of the names on the list we had left at the shop. However, we were also partially to blame; the list we had given the designer was not quite complete. Consequently we had to discuss how to solve the problem and negotiate a price correction and a new production date with the T-shirt shop. Now we had just a few days left before the end of the term. To make matters worse, our team’s CEO, Carlos from Peru, was sick and our teacher, Beth Wall, could not be with us during the last week because she was attending an English teachers’ conference in Orlando. Nevertheless, we decided to go ahead and order sixty more T-shirts. It was a really dangerous decision. We could have lost money. There was not much time to sell sixty new shirts plus the twenty shirts we still had left from our first order, and we were not optimistic about what consumer response was going to be like.

Finally, the day came: Tuesday, March 11. Though there were still three days left in the quarter, we were supposed to
A Memory . . .

As this quarter winds down I realize that my time here at EPI has come to an end. I can’t believe that I have been working here for almost two years. But now I must say goodbye. Next year I will be going to the University of Colorado for my Ph.D. I do not want to go before saying goodbye to everybody.

Two weeks before school started in August, 1995, I was anticipating the start of my graduate schooling. However, I still had not received any financial support so I assumed that I was going to have to get a part-time job (most likely cooking in a restaurant, a skill that I had acquired over the years but something I don’t like to do). Then, I got lucky. Timothy, our fearless computer leader, called me for an interview. I’m sure you already know the results; I got the job.

When I started I knew the bare basics about computers—you know, how to turn it on, how to use the word processor, how to run spell check. I spent my first week learning the software in the computer labs, trying to learn as much as I could before the students arrived a week later. I had no idea what to expect. Like many of the students who come to EPI, my first quarter here was a confused time—meeting the teachers (trying to remember all their names!), meeting the students (trying to remember most of their names!), and figuring out what my responsibilities were. Once I learned the rhythm of EPI, I quickly felt at home.

Now that my two years here is nearly up, I realize that I might actually miss this place, especially the people. It is a wonderful thing to meet people—I would say it is one of my favorite pastimes. Working in the computer lab has a great advantage over teaching (one, I don’t have to go to faculty meetings!) in that I meet almost all the EPI students who come through the doors. I might not know all your names but I certainly recognize your faces. I have learned a lot about other cultures and places and at the same time have realized that people are people and that we all have so much in common. It’s easy to see that human beings are more alike than they are different.

I want to thank all of you for making EPI my home and for being my family for the last two years. I will miss you.

To all the Korean students
Hey, Korean guys! (You already know that “guys” means boys AND girls.) How about playing some sports (like softball) on weekends and bringing a variety of foods? We could get to know each other better than we do now, right? We could also prepare these events together—it’s a beginning. Call me at 772-0476.
Young Sook Roh

To all my classmates,
I am happy to have studied with you, and I wish all of you the best of luck. Bye: in Yoruba, Odabo; in Spanish, Chau; in Arabic, (sorry—I don’t know how to write it); in Korean, Annyong; in Japanese, Sayonara; in French, Au revoir; in Portuguese, Tchau.
Lara Olanihun
English
What am I going to do with you?

English
You beacon lighting the way to my future
You delicious fruit on top of a tall tree
You apple pie in the sky
You ticket to go around the world
You maker of Hollywood dreams
You maker and breaker of your own crazy rules
You incredible blast of train horns at 3:00 a.m.
You indigestible Whopper with everything on it
You tightener of T-shirts with your drying machines
You “Hello, how are you, see you later”
You cool breeze in the trees
You memory of faraway friends and new ones
You everything-but-hard-to-get-the-exact-one in Wal-Mart
You devilish grammar that disturbs my sleep
You cold sweat on the telephone
You delivered pizza
You cheese, bacon, butter, and other fats
You subway of my stomach with your horrible sandwiches
You hair of a bald man
You stick of the blind
You cold weather in the lonely night
You stranger I know a little
You something everyone would like to know
You kindness in a teacher’s face
You enigma without clues
You beginning of an innocent ripple in my heart
You song I would like to understand
You ability to join everyone without distinction of race or culture
You “you-all” and one of all
You memorable small town that makes me happy and sad
You obstacle for getting into the university
You tough schedule that makes me stay up late almost every night
You huge building of my business
You delicious spice in my speech
You inattentive lover I’ve been following since middle school
You explorer looking for international friends
You bluebird flying freely all over the world
You endless pi

English
Where am I going with you?

Mohammad Al-Sallal (Kuwait), Kemen Bilbao (Venezuela), Ji-Hyon Han (Korea), Dick Holmes (USA), Mi-Hye Kang (Korea), Hye Eun Kim (Korea), Shou-Fan Lin (Taiwan), Saho Murata (Japan), Clara Olmedo (Argentina), Andrea Sheets (Italy), Eiko Shimodoi (Japan), Kittanan Vrotsalee (Thailand)
Cheese Arepas
Ana Karely Perez
Venezuela

Arepas are the most typical Venezuelan food, usually eaten for breakfast or for lunch as a side dish. They are made primarily of corn flour. This recipe adds a delicious twist to the classic recipe for arepas: parmesan cheese.

Ingredients
2 cups of corn flour
2 and 1/2 cups of water
1/4 pound of parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons of cooking oil
scrambled eggs, ham, or soft cheese for stuffing (optional)

Preparation
In a bowl, mix the corn flour, water, and parmesan cheese into a smooth mixture, stirring the ingredients until you get a thick, soft dough. Let the dough rest for 5 minutes. Heat the cooking oil in a frying pan at medium heat. Take a portion of the dough about the size of a baseball and flatten it into a thick round patty. Do the same with the rest of the dough, making more patties. Fry the patties on both sides (5 minutes on each side) and then place them on an oven rack in a 350° oven. Bake them for 15 minutes until browned. Fill your arepas with anything you like. I recommend using scrambled eggs, ham or any kind of cheese.
Morcon
Josephine Guerrero
Philippines

Morcon is a special Filipino party dish. You can cook this dish ahead and keep it in the refrigerator, wrapped in heavy foil for reheating. The meat is preserved by the marinade and can be kept in the refrigerator for up to a week.

Ingredients
2 pounds of flank steak
3 tablespoons of soy sauce
the juice of one lemon
1 clove of garlic, minced
1 medium carrot, scraped and cut into 6 strips
1 chorizo or 2 ounces of hot garlic sausage or pepperoni, cut into 6 strips lengthwise
2 slices of bacon, cut in half lengthwise
2 big sweet gherkin pickles, quartered lengthwise
2 hardboiled eggs, quartered lengthwise
2 tablespoons of cooking oil
1/4 cup of flour
4 cups of water
1 medium onion, sliced
1 cup of canned tomatoes
1 bay leaf
1/2 teaspoon of peppercorn
1 and 1/2 teaspoons of salt

Preparation
Slice the inch-thick meat in half horizontally so that it is 1/2 inch thick and still in one piece. Open up the meat and pound it until thin with the side of a cleaver. Lay it on a platter. Combine the soy sauce, lemon juice and garlic and pour the mixture over the meat. Marinate for an hour. Arrange the strips of carrots, chorizo, bacon, pickles and eggs on top of the meat in layers. Roll up the meat with this filling and tie it securely with string. Flour the outside of the meat roll, and then in a large skillet, brown the entire surface of the roll in oil. Add the water, marinade, tomatoes, onion, peppercorn, bay leaf and salt to the skillet. Cover and simmer on very low heat for 1 and 1/2 to 2 hours until tender. Turn the meat once or twice while cooking. Transfer the meat to a warm serving dish. Remove the strings. Strain the gravy and thicken it if it's too thin by adding a solution of 2 tablespoons of flour and 1/4 cup of water and cooking it till smooth and thick. Slice the meat roll crosswise and serve with the gravy. If you make it ahead, reheat it covered for 30 minutes in the oven at 350°. Serves 6 to 8.

Arabian Rice
Awadh Baquwair
Oman

This recipe explains how to cook rice the Arabian way. Rice usually accompanies meat and anything else served with an Arabic meal.

Ingredients
2 cups of rice
salt to taste
water for soaking and boiling
2 tablespoons of oil
1 medium onion, chopped

Preparation
Put the rice in a bowl of water and soak it for 30 minutes. In a pot boil 2 cups of water. Add the salt. Drain the rice and add it to the boiling salt water. Cook the rice for only 5 to 7 minutes and then drain it. It should be undercooked; the center of each grain should still be a little hard. In a skillet, fry the chopped onion in oil until it is a little brown in color. Don't burn it. Add the drained rice to the onion in the skillet, and then add hot water so that the water level is 1/2 inch above the rice. Cook the rice for 15 minutes on low heat. Your Arabian rice is now ready to eat. Serves 4.

Carrot Cake
Ana Karely Perez
Venezuela

Carrot cake is a delicious dessert. It is very easy to make and, at the same time, not expensive. It isn’t a typical Venezuelan food, but it’s my sister’s favorite dessert.

Ingredients
2 big carrots
2 eggs
1 cup of cooking oil
2 cups of flour
1 cup of milk
1 teaspoon of vanilla
1/2 cup of sugar
1 teaspoon of butter

Preparation
Cut the carrot into very thin, little pieces. You can use a knife or a grater to do this. In a blender mix the eggs, oil, milk and vanilla. In a bowl mix the sugar with the flour. Pour the egg mixture into the flour mixture and beat it with an electric mixer until it is well mixed. Preheat the oven at 350°. Grease a 9-inch cake pan and pour in the cake dough. Bake for 35 minutes.
I Believe...

Eiko Shimodai
Japan

When I lose my sense of purpose and self-confidence, I recall some proverbs, songs, and poems to cheer myself up. Last fall, a time when I really needed some encouragement, I received a letter from a friend of mine, and enclosed in her letter was a copy of "Defeating the Rain," a poem written by Kenji Miyazawa. Miyazawa was a Japanese writer of stories for children, a poet, and a geologist. He was very knowledgeable in a variety of fields, including astronomy, chemistry, and philosophy.

"Defeating the Rain" was already a favorite poem of mine, though I hadn't read it all before. It expresses a strong desire to overcome all difficulties, whether they arise from natural phenomena or from human behavior. Keeping his health, the poet lives with a smile. Looking and listening carefully, he can understand many things and he doesn't forget important things. If he finds out that a child has a serious disease in the East, he takes care of that child. If he finds out that a mother is tired in the West, he helps her with her agricultural chores. If he knows that a man is dying in the South, he urges him not to be afraid of dying. If he finds out that people have a conflict in the North, he tries to persuade them to stop fighting. When a drought happens, he worries about it and cries, though everyone calls him incompetent.

I think that this poem expresses the poet's desire for the whole world. Even though he has a diversity of abilities, he aspires to be a humble, simple character, and he wants us all to discard our self-interest so that the world can be peaceful.

Nowadays we still have many problems in the world, such as internal troubles within countries, starvation, and fatal diseases. I hope that we can someday learn to think simply and unselfishly as the poet does in "Defeating the Rain" so that we can experience world peace.

More Than Just Studying

Kittanan Virotsallee
Thailand

I always hear that studying is the most important part of life. This is true to some extent, but I believe that there is more to life than just studying. As you get older, you experience a lot of things and you may find that studying is just a small part of your life.

Can everything be found in textbooks? Of course not. Textbooks offer theories, but real life demands that you know more than just theories. You have to be smart enough to adapt theories to real-life situations. Getting high scores on examinations doesn't mean that you'll succeed in everything.

Being a nice person is also important. You won't be accepted if you don't have good habits. Studying in class doesn't help you at all in this respect. Parents influence their children's behavior, so they should cultivate their children in the right way. Morals are very important for living in society, and I don't think they can be found in textbooks. They're instinctive things that express the way you are.

Experience is another important thing in real life, especially in the area of work. The more experience you get, the better you become. For example, if you're doing your own business, you can't go by the book all the time. You have to be smart enough to find ways to make the highest profit. Theories expounded in business books don't tell you about such things.

Of course, studying is important, too. It is a part of being a successful person. But don't forget that it's not everything in your life. There are important matters beyond studying. Being a smart person is different from getting high scores on examinations. Don't let studying control you; you have to control it. When you manage to do this, you'll discover another advantage of keeping things in perspective: studying isn't boring anymore.
An Interview with Clara and Lara: Two of the Many Interesting People at EPI

Manuel Castro
Venezuela

plane landed in Leticia, the little
capital of the Amazonas state, the
door was open in front of me, and a
hot, humid wave of air surrounded
me in an unforgettable hug. Many
Leticians go to the airport as a
social event, just to see who is
coming to the city. I remember my
first impression of them: beautiful,
happy faces, a mixture of native
features transformed by life in a
modern city. As soon as I got off the
plane, I completely forgot all about
my job and my status, and I started
to think about how I could live in
Amazonas forever. After two
months there, I made a decision: I
returned to Bogota, packed all my
personal things into a bag, and
threw my job into the trash. One
month later I returned to that
incredible place in the jungle as a
married woman, Oscar's wife.

MC: At any time did you ever
imagine that your life would take
you to the Amazon jungle?

Lara, Manuel, & Clara

CP: No, not until my husband,
whom I met when I was studying
microbiology at the university in
Bogota, conveyed to me his enthua
siasm for his exciting work in the
jungle. Before coming to EPI, I was
working for four years in Leticia,
located between Peru and Brazil.
My husband and I work with and
study the Amazon’s ecosystem in
order to help preserve it. For
example, we prepare tame species
of monkeys and tortoises that have
been in captivity for release into the
jungle. Our activities are comple-
mented by other tasks, such as
contributing to the native people’s

CP: You heard that you live in the
Amazon forest. Were you born
there?

MC: I finished my university
studies in Bogota, the capital of
Colombia, and began to work in the
Quality Control Department of a
company. I considered that work
boring after reading my boyfriend
Oscar’s letters about the jungle,
where he was living at the time. I
started to feel that it probably
wasn’t my destiny to be an execu
tive professional, and my blood
and heart started to look to the
green world, the big rivers, and the
hug of Mother Nature: the tropical
rain forest.

MC: How did you make
the decision to go there?

CP: Well, I remember the day when
Oscar invited me to this mysterious
place, just for my vacation. I didn’t
think long about it and took the
first available plane on the first day
of my vacation. After a two-hour
flight over the Amazon forest, my

education and participating in their
community meetings to help solve
their problems. When I came here, I
put those activities on hold to get a
special master's degree in microbi-
ology at a university in the USA.

MC: Do you have an anecdote that
you would like to share with us?

CP: Yes. When I was working with
monkeys in the rehabilitation
program, we had a group of the

We EPI students try to develop
our English according to our own
needs and goals. We come from
different places of the world, from
different cultures, with different pasts
and futures. But as we get caught up in
what we have in common here—our
busy lives studying English—we may
forget to celebrate this diversity. After
talking with two of my classmates
about their lives—with Clara Pena
from Colombia and Omolara Olanihu
from Nigeria—I decided to celebrate
their special talents, interesting
backgrounds, and exciting futures by
writing this interview.

With Clara

MC: I've heard that you live in the
Amazon forest. Were you born
there?

CP: No. I finished my university
studies in Bogota, the capital of
Colombia, and began to work in the
Quality Control Department of a
company. I considered that work
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Lara, Manuel, & Clara

教育和参与他们的社区会议以帮助解决他们的问题。当我在那里时，我放下那些活动，获得了美国一所大学的特殊硕士身份生物学学位。

MC：你有一个可以分享的轶事吗？

CP：是的。当我在康复项目与猴子一起工作时，我们有一群...
Clara and Lara . . .

CP: Yes. When I was working with monkeys in the rehabilitation program, we had a group of the smallest monkeys in the world. They would frequently come to my house to eat bananas, and because they were very, very small—only about four inches, or ten centimeters, in height—they could sleep in tiny places in the rafters of our house. I began to understand some sounds that they produce, for example, the sound they make when they are hungry, the one they make when they find some food and want to invite other monkeys, and the one they make when they are in danger. Because it was warm in the rafters, the snakes also liked to sleep there. They would often slither in from tree branches overhanging the house. So, I remember many times hearing the monkeys' sound that means danger and having to get up in the middle of the night to look for the monkey that was crying for help. Then I would have to get the snake down with a pole and take it back into the jungle.

MC: Has working in the Amazon jungle changed you in any way?

CP: My concept of life has changed. Because of my work with the native Amazon people, now I know how to appreciate the importance of friendship and cultural differences. I'm applying what I have learned from my life in Amazonas to my EPI experience.

With Lara

MC: Lara, I know that you love to dance and that before you came to EPI you were working as a professional dancer. When did you start to dance?

OO: I started dancing at the age of six. I liked to imitate people every time I saw them dance. Dance and music were my friends. When I was young, I even talked to them as if they were people. In high school I found myself in the spirit of dance, and I created dance steps and started choreographing dances with other people. My parents tried to stop me because they thought I wouldn't have enough time to focus on my studies. I wanted to be a nurse. After high school, I decided to go to an art school that had a dance group. None of my family supported me, but I still held onto my dream of becoming both a nurse and a dancer.

MC: Why do you want to study nursing instead of continuing to work full-time as a dancer?

OO: I think that I can make room for both professions in my life. I would like to study nursing because I enjoy children very much and am so motivated to work with them as a nurse. Dancing is only a pleasure.

MC: How do you plan to balance dance and nursing in your future?

OO: I want to become a professional nurse, and I want to have my own dance group. While I am young, I can dance, and when I am older, I can tutor and manage a dance group. I think I can pursue both careers if they are each part-time and my working facilities in Nigeria are close together. This is my dream.

MC: Where have you most enjoyed your dance performances?

OO: I have enjoyed them in all places and at all times. I remember that when I was on tour in the USA in 1994 I enjoyed every performance at the same high level.

MC: How did you get to come to the USA to dance?

OO: An American woman had a car accident in Nigeria. I took care of her in the hospital for a long time as a volunteer. Later, when she learned that I was invited to join a dance troupe in America but couldn't afford to buy an airline ticket, she sent me the money. I have been dancing all over the world for six years since then.

MC: How did you get a chance to study at EPI?

OO: It was difficult for me to study in Nigeria. Who would pay? My fiancé told me not to worry, that God would help me in a miraculous way. Last year on tour in America again, I performed near Charleston. While I was in the area, I visited a friend of mine who lived in Charleston and went to her church. There I met a wonderful woman who asked me about my life. I told her my story and that I wanted to be a nurse. That same day she said she would help me go to school. She talked to her church, and they agreed to help me. I was so excited! So, here I am now studying at EPI to get ready for my university studies.

MC: What is your next plan as a dancer?

OO: In November '97, I will be touring with a dance group in Brazil, and next year I may be performing in Europe.

MC: How will you achieve your goal in nursing?

OO: I hope to start my studies before this year is over. Then I hope my dream of nursing will come true, and I believe it will, by the special grace of God and with the assistance of my sponsor—St. James Presbyterian Church in Charleston—and my sweet host mother, Ms. Caroline E. White, who has been helping me in both kind and coin.
Mastering English:  
An Interview with Marit

Daniel Rafael Castellon  
Nicaragua

It is well known that Marit Berg Bobo is a member of the outstanding teaching staff at EPI. But it may not be so well known that some years ago Marit was a student of English as a second language. From her accent and mastery of English in general, it is virtually impossible to distinguish her from a native speaker of English, but the fact is that, like many of us students at EPI, Marit did not begin to study English until she was a teenager. Impressed with Marit’s mastery of English, I was curious about the strategies and methods she used in acquiring the language, particularly the phonological aspect of it. How did she manage to acquire her native-like American English pronunciation? How is it possible to diminish our native accent in our speech? Does this change of accent threaten our own cultural identity? In interviewing her, I got some thought-provoking answers to these questions.

DC: Marit, research studies of how people acquire a second language have suggested that the acquisition of native-speaker pronunciation in a foreign language is biologically possible only until around the age of twelve. Also, adult language learners seem to have greater difficulty improving their skills in reading, writing, and grammar than teenagers do. What do you make of these limitations?

MB: The problem you just mentioned is very common, Daniel. You learn so fast in high school—vocabulary and grammar rules are crammed into your brain. Then, all of a sudden, it seems as though your acquisition has almost ended, or it is only happening as a trickle, drop by drop. You get discouraged and frustrated. You sense you’re not moving forward anymore. This is a normal experience and one you need to understand and accept. In the process of learning a foreign language, you find yourself moving up and then plateauing, getting stuck. As you reach such a plateau, your language acquisition may not be as fast as you would like. But remember, English is still gelling, settling, being internalized. You are probably not able to measure it because it may not be as dramatic. This is a refinement stage for you. It is a phase in which you refine your pronunciation and master some complex grammar constructions. It is when you expand your vocabulary into areas of the language where you have never ventured before. You should be aware that you are still acquiring and moving toward mastering the language. Another aspect of acquisition, which students have to come to grips with, is emotional stress. When you are in high school, English is just a subject, like history or math. But now that you are here in EPI, Mr. TOEFL may be lurking in the bushes. All you may be able to think about is the MAGIC number—“I must have 550 or 600 on the TOEFL.” When you are that tense and emotionally uptight, your ability to learn goes down dramatically. I notice it in some of my students. They have that look of stark terror in their eyes, which effectively shuts down their ability to absorb, to learn. So to offset the stress in my classroom, I sometimes dim or turn off the lights, I may bring candles or candy, or I hum a tune—just to get the students to relax. My favorite is: “Don’t worry; be happy.” I’ll actually try just about anything to get the students to relax.

DC: Second language students are encouraged to acquire correct, perfect intonation. Some students fail to lessen their native accent and as a result get frustrated. Maybe there is an important cultural identity issue involved in this frustration. Do you think that losing our native intonation might in some ways mean losing our cultural identity?

MB: I understand that this could make you feel ambivalent. On the one hand, you would like to retain your identity, but, on the other, you have to reconcile it with “sounding American.” I went through this some twenty years ago. At the time, if I had said—stubbornly—to myself, “I am Marit from Norway; I am going to behave Norwegian and I’m going to sound Norwegian,” I never would have gotten rid of my considerable accent (which is actually still there, by the way!) and I certainly wouldn’t have integrated into this culture. If internationals are that fearful of losing their identity, they have to suffer the consequences, which may include alienation and certainly include losing some of the richness and nuances of living in the United States. So for you, Daniel, the objective is to remain Daniel from Nicaragua while at the same time having American professors, friends and acquaintances respond to you in the most beneficial and pleasant way possible. We know that we ARE how we SOUND, how we come across when we communicate. So a better attitude here may be to say to yourself, “I know who I am inside even though when I open my
Mastering English . . .

mouth, I sound American. I am simply adding an American facet to my personality."

DC: What strategies can help us acquire an American-like pronunciation?

MB: One thing you can do is make a list of all the words whose sounds differ from those of your native language. Have your CS teacher help you! Then practice, practice, practice. Pronouncing words correctly involves the appropriate use of certain muscles in your mouth, and by pronouncing these words again and again, your "mouth muscles" get used to the different physical movements. Also, use a mirror and watch what happens to your mouth when you pronounce a sound. Ask your teacher to demonstrate for you if you're having difficulty. After some time, you will find yourself articulating the words correctly and unconsciously. Another important technique is chunking. A chunk is a group of words that make up a thought unit. Americans communicate their thoughts as a series of chunks, and, between each one, they pause either slightly or noticeably. Then you have to add

the "melody," or intonation. One way to work on sounding American is to listen to a fairly slow speaker on the radio or TV. Get used to her or his chunks, then use your "mute" button on your remote-control device, repeat the chunk and continue for twenty minutes. After a few weeks, it is amazing how much more American you "sing." So, imitate, imitate, Daniel! In addition, you have to exaggerate the pronunciation even if you think you sound strange and funny. Keep this rule in mind—the stranger you sound, the closer you are to the American pronunciation! Finally, use idle moments well. At night, as you begin fixing dinner, or in the morning, when you get ready to shave, mutter American phrases to yourself. "Whaddaya wanna do tomorrow?" "I'm oudda here." "How d'ya like livin' here?" This looks terrible in print, but it sounds authentic in speech. By playing with the muscles in your mouth this way, you'll discover that the words will roll off your tongue after a bit of practice. And the sense of victory is exhilarating!

DC: I know that you studied journalism and worked in that field before you got into teaching English. How did that profession influence the development of your writing in English? Any experience we could also learn from?

MB: One course I took, magazine article writing, was especially useful. We literally had to imitate the style of different writers by copying sentences using identical word order while using different words. It was a way for me to play with sentence structures and become more creative, and it also liberated me from my earlier writing style. My advice is to read with great care and concentration. Pay attention to organization, tone and specific vocabulary use. I tried to crawl inside the brain of these writers to discover how they were able to craft their individual styles by choosing from among several hundred thousand English words and innumerable possible sentences . . . I also became infatuated with words. Certain ones would excite me—and still do. I would jot them down as I came across them. Especially Anglo-Saxon words, which are compelling, immediate, spring from the page to grab your attention. This practice came in handy as I found myself writing a lot of features, which are human-interest stories. My approach was to use the language in such a way that the descriptions of the person's behavior—through everyday words—would reveal her or his personality and tell the story. I tried to make the interviewee come alive by picking out fresh, unusual, sparkling, telling, surprising words. This practice certainly helped expand my vocabulary! And I learned that a methodical approach to language acquisition doesn't have to be boring.

Dear Marit,

Never did I dream that I would meet the best teacher in my life here at EPI. Thank you for your enthusiastic teaching, and I'll keep in mind the saying, "Teaching without zest is a crime."

Walt
An Interview with Robert A. Pierce, American Journalist

It was a little intimidating for a relatively young foreign journalist like me to do an interview with a retired American journalist, Robert A. Pierce, who had spent more than forty-two years in journalism as a writer and editor for The State newspaper in Columbia, South Carolina. However, I was glad to have the opportunity to hear the views of a journalist who had worked so many years in this interesting occupation.

Pierce studied journalism at the University of South Carolina, where he learned all the skills he would need in his profession. After graduating from the university in 1951, he joined the staff of The State newspaper. In the editorial section, he wrote on topics dealing with the local issues that the community of South Carolina was concerned about. Although he has been retired for more than seven years, he still loves writing—with pen and paper as well as with the computer. This professional writer is a highly respected model for the new generation of journalists.

In this interview for Sunrise, Pierce talked about his life as a journalist and his career with The State. Especially interesting were his comments about how times have changed in terms of writing technique, especially with the dawning of new technology in developed countries such as the U.S.

AB: What is the main role of The State newspaper?

RP: As it is for any local newspaper, the main role is to focus on the local issues that the local community is concerned about and to discuss the current problems that the society faces, such as racism, violence, education problems, and other issues that reflect people's interests. The editorial always deals with such problems and states the newspaper's opinion about how to help overcome them.

AB: What kinds of writing did you do at The State?

RP: Throughout my career, which extended more than forty-two years, I did various types of writing, but I worked mainly in the editorial section, which deals with the policies and directions of the newspaper, as the editorial section in any newspaper does. To write an editorial for a local paper, a journalist needs to be aware of all the conditions on the local as well as on the national level. The editorial must correspond to the incidents taking place in the state and reflect the reaction of the people.

AB: How would you evaluate the new generation of journalists? Are they different from the older generation?

RP: Forty years ago journalists were completely different in terms of their ways of thinking and their ways of communicating their thoughts. The new journalists, I might say, are more aggressive and faster in terms of covering stories because of the technological facilities now available. However, talent and skills remain important to my generation. Some of the new reporters have them.

AB: When editors write editorials, who controls their thoughts and direction? Is there any kind of censorship?

RP: Editors are guided by the paper's viewpoint and policies, but otherwise they can express themselves freely. There is no censorship of the U.S. media in general. Freedom of expression is a right protected by the American Constitution.

AB: Is there any threat facing the print media because of technology?

RP: I don't see any threat but progress is being made in getting news quickly and producing new styles of modern newspapers. All media serve different levels of people, and the print media will remain, but in different shapes and in various processes.

AB: What is the position of the newspaper towards the elections in the U.S.? Are there any endorsements for the Republicans or the Democrats?

RP: Usually the position of The State newspaper is more on the side of the Republicans, and most of The State's endorsements are for the conservative party candidates, especially on the level of the U.S. Congress.

AB: What is your advice to the new generation of journalists?

RP: Journalists' most vital needs are to develop journalistic skills and talents, to become more and more aware of community situations, and to be more of a reader than a writer. I have written a book entitled Palmettos and Oaks, which reviews the whole history of The State newspaper throughout its more than one hundred years, and it might be helpful to those who want to learn about journalism.
To all my students,
It’s been nice working with you this spring. May your English keep blossoming!
Dick Holmes

To my friend Juan,
I want to tell you that it was good to meet you, and I hope we meet again in Curacao, the USA, or Peru. I wish you good luck.
Carlos Palacios, Peru

To You Chang, Clara, and Jenny,
Thanks for the many hours of work you’ve put into this magazine! You’re great!
Dick Holmes

Kyung-eun Min,
You have been my adoptive sister for five months and have taught me about a distant culture, Korea. I will miss the kimchi, the miyukyuk, and the Korean rice, but I will especially miss you. I don’t know if I will have the opportunity to see you again, but I hope to continue knowing you. My heart is now extended from Colombia to Korea. Because of you my heart is bigger. Good luck, Min!!!
Clara Pena, Colombia

To Christoph and everyone in GW40, OO LA LA! Where does this expression come from? Where does friendship come from? I don’t know. But I know that friendship is a feeling that goes beyond national borders. Thank you all, Jeferson

Omolara,
Larita, Larita. Please don’t forget the people here in Columbia. We will remember you. Good luck and take care of yourself.
Ana Karely Perez

Dear Miyoung,
Don’t forget the fall of 2001. See you in San Francisco.
Walt

Dear students,
I have had a good time with you. I wish you good luck and a good life . . .
Adil Allamar

To my fiancé (Foly),
I am happy to have met you as the man of my dreams. Thanks for your understanding. I can’t wait for our wedding day.
Lara Olanihum

Dear Michel and Daniel,
I will never forget the times I’ve spent with you, for as long as I live. Indeed . . .
Soner

Beth Wall,
It was wonderful to meet you. You are a very nice person and teacher and a friend. I wish you luck in France. Good luck, friend!
Ana Karely Perez

Happy Birthday!

Sun-Jung Yoon, May 28
Abdulwahab Al-Kandari, June 3
Hye Eun Kim, June 7
Raquel Herodeck, June 11
Daniel Weisz, June 11
Andrea Sheets Tonsa, June 11
Dae-Hyun Kim, June 13
Soo-Jung Kim, June 14