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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

Time's always flying, but it's flown especially fast this summer, hasn't it? Which makes our memories of the time we've had together and our expressions immortalizing it all the more precious. I hope these pages of some of our words and images will fly on with you into a future as beautiful as this summer has been.

Dick Holmes

Sunrise Staff

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Around the World

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Clara Pena  Colombia
“What should I write for the next issue of Sunrise?” I kept asking myself after reading last quarter’s Spring issue.

I really wanted a topic that would make us all think about the things we’ll be leaving behind here when we continue along our paths toward the realization of our goals. I didn’t want to write about my country or conduct an interview. I wanted to write about something else—about all the friends I’ve made here.

Friends from all over the world that I hope to meet again someday; unforgettable memories, such as our parties in Cliff #112, which always seem to attract an annoyed neighbor or a police officer with nothing better to do than ask us to be quiet; our ball game fever on Fridays after a hard week; our weekly free lunch at HIS and waiting in line there talking with each other; our long walks across campus from Cliff every morning and then back to our rooms later in the evening after doing our daily duty of checking and sending e-mails; our being awakened in the middle of the night by false fire alarms at Cliff.

Personally I’ll never forget the marvelous trip I took to Myrtle Beach with my close friends and the great time we had together then, or the rightly coming together of Venezuela and Brazil in Cliff #708, where I could study and hang out with two of the world’s most wonderful paquerinhas.

Let’s never forget the amazing experience we’ve had here at EPI together. From this experience, we now know firsthand that the differences in our countries, governments, religions, and race don’t really matter. What matters is that we have so much in common and that we’ll always be friends.

It seems that we just got here yesterday. It’s amazing to realize that we’ll soon have to move on, isn’t it? After the great time I’ve spent here getting to know various people and places and sharing experiences with so many good friends, I don’t want to go back home, do you?

We should remember that all the knowledge we’ve gained here will remain with us for the rest of our lives, just as our friendships will. From today on let’s try to keep the meaning that EPI has in our lives. Let’s be proud to have this experience in common with people from all over the world. ☣

To the Borrachos Club members,

The Borrachos board of directors wants to say thanks to all its members and good-bye to some of them. Best to all.

Don’t forget to keep in touch.

Camilo, Carlos, and Alvaro

P.S. Keep on drinking your “Coke.”
Masks for Meeting

Yong-Sang Cho
Korea

What is the most exciting thing for you? Sports, music, movies, money? People from different countries have different lifestyles and their own ways to enjoy their lives, but I'm sure that one of the most exciting things for people all over the world is meeting the opposite sex.

The Korean distinction between sexes is very strict, and males and females are kept separate throughout most of their youth. Only elementary school and the university are co-educational, so Korean students are anxious to meet with the opposite sex. In fact, this kind of meeting is called "the symbol of the university," "the goal of campus life."

The Korean meeting system has been developing for a long time. In my parent's generation a group of boys and girls simply put their things on a table and then each of them picked up one of these things, found the owner, and got to know him/her. But in my generation we have a great variety of ways to set up meetings with each other, for example, "elevator-ting," "examination-ting," "slave-ting," "auction-ting," "embrace-ting," and so on. Two of the most popular ways are elevator-ting and examination-ting.

Elevator-ting, of course, involves the use of an elevator. When the door of the elevator opens, a girl gets on and pushes the buttons for all the floors. The elevator stops at each floor, where a boy is waiting to be chosen by the girl. If the building has twelve floors, she sees twelve boys in all. When she arrives at the top floor, she has to make up her mind. If she chooses the boy she saw on the fourth floor, for example, she pushes the number four button. But she has only one chance; if she pushes the number five button by mistake, she has to meet with the boy waiting on the fifth floor. So, when she pushes the button, she must be careful.

The most popular way to determine who will meet with whom is examination-ting. On a small piece of paper, everyone writes down the name of the person s/he hopes to meet with. Then one of the participants gathers all the papers and matches names. The best situation, of course, is when the same two people write down each other's name. If everyone's hopes overlap, the person who is most desired gets to choose a partner and the others just get to go out together in one big group.

We have many ways of making couples, but the result is always the same. Most of us, attracted to good-looking people, want to meet with them, and our choices greatly depend on people's looks.

Of course, it is difficult to get to know the inner side of a person in just one meeting, but we must try to because personality is more important than external features. In meeting with the opposite sex, beautiful faces often distract us from finding real, good friends. So, I say, "Let's wear masks when we meet."

Camilito,
Don't worry, we will never forget either you or your hard "arepas." It was great being your friends. We already miss you! Try to be good and write us, okay?
Fabianita and Manuelita
(Perù)

Dear GW 40b students,
Your writing has improved so much! I am very proud of you. When you leave EPI, write me (a letter, e-mail, or postcard) and tell me how you're doing!
Sincerely,
Tina

To Sung-hee,
I am glad I was able to go to Disney World and Florida with you. That was a wonderful trip, and a very special experience. I know you will go back to your country very soon, but please don't forget our friendship.
Emily
Marriage in Western Cameroon

Eric Tafopa
Cameroon

Although the way marriage is celebrated in Africa is generally the same, marriage customs, like other traditions in Africa, vary from one place to another.

Traditionally, most marriages in western Cameroon, where I live, are negotiated. Two families make an agreement about the union of their children, who then eventually carry out the agreement and get married. The couple has no choice because they don't want to disappoint their families and because it doesn't make sense that they could have a point of view different from the elders of their family, who are supposed to be more experienced. After the wedding the two families continue to have a high degree of involvement in these marriages.

Although people still believe in this tradition, things are changing. With the growth of literacy, economic development, and the influence of occidental culture, people are modifying the tradition in some ways. Today most young people are free to make their own choice of marriage partner, but they must still have the blessing of the families involved.

Another controversial point is the dowry. The family of the groom has to give many things to the family of the bride. Sometimes the bride might bring only some kitchen utensils to the marriage. Today, however, the dowry is largely symbolic.

A discussion about marriage in Cameroon wouldn't be complete without mention of polygamy. Polygamy is allowed and is very common in rural areas. Every man is free to have as many wives as he wants or can handle. Because of financial reasons, though, many people avoid polygamy.

All of this may be seen by people from other cultures as amazing or surprising, but we have to remember that things are different in different places and that every day that we live we learn something new, just as you have now learned about marriage in Cameroon.

Bronia,

I used to be a teacher so I know how much teaching depends on love and dedication. It's like an art—you have to have talent.

Thank you, talented instructor.
You are the holy woman.
Jeferson

To my friends,

I want to say thank you for everything. I never thought that I would find friends like you here. Now I have to say good-bye because I'm leaving. Be good, and I hope you get all the things you want out of life.
My experience with you has been great. If you ever come to Colombia, you have a friend there and a house in Bogota.
Andres Reyes

Manuela,

My favorite "paquerinha," remember all the things we've talked about and please don't forget me 'cause I won't forget you. Portu, of course I'll miss you.
Your forever "paquerinho"
Camilo

To everybody at EPI,

Thanks for my great school life. I love you all so much. I hope that you have a nice holiday. I will be staying here, so please call me anytime if you want. See you next term.
From Kei

To all the EPI teachers,

I've been at EPI for only a short time, but I now know most of you. I want to say I've had a wonderful time at EPI. My English has improved a lot. Thank you for your hard work and friendly manner.
Yong Wang
The Bosporus is a narrow stretch of sea which separates two continents, Europe and Asia, and connects the Black Sea with the sea of Marmara in Istanbul, Turkey.

When people ask me on which continent I live, my response is, “Sometimes Europe and sometimes Asia.” Some of them think that this means I’m very rich and travel a lot. And others think I’m joking with them. But the truth is that my home city, Istanbul, is located on both continents.

Many people who live in Istanbul regularly go to Europe from Asia or to Asia from Europe every day. Their work may be in Asia while their house is in Europe, or their house may be in Asia while their work is in Europe. Transportation between continents is relatively easy. There are ferry ships departing every twenty minutes. And there are also two bridges that span the Bosporus. In the near future a third bridge will be constructed because Istanbul’s population is growing every day and two bridges aren’t enough anymore.

The several palaces, historical houses, restaurants, night clubs, and public gardens along the shore of the Bosporus make it a beautiful scene. It’s wonderful there during the night, especially in the summer, with the moonlight and city lights reflected in the sea. You can go there and forget all your problems.

Two big problems, however, are killing the beauty of the Bosporus. The first is that nothing is being done to stop the illegal construction of houses along the coast of the Bosporus. The second is that some of the petrol tankers from neighboring countries refuse to take a guide on board while passing through the Bosporus and consequently they have accidents. When these terrible accidents occur, the beautiful sea gets covered with petrol and begins to burn.

Despite these problems, the Bosporus is still very beautiful and one of the world’s wonders. I’m eager to embrace it again.

Kazuhiro Seki,
Guy, I love your Brazilian soccer T-shirt!!!! Brazil is a four-time winner. The Japanese usually learn very quickly, so you will someday be able to be a good opponent. Be patient. And thank you for your admiration.

Jefferson

Dick Norwood,
I’d like to thank you very much for your help and kindness. I will not forget the time you helped me at your home when I was sick. You are a good teacher. Please keep giving encouraging words and advice.

Jin Ho Lee

Susan Rogers,
Your speaking was fast at the beginning of this term. But when I asked you to slow down, you changed your speed and showed me that you cared about me. I’ve been happy to be in your class. You are a kind and good teacher. Thanks for teaching me English grammar.

Kazu

To my best friend,
Thank you for sending lots of stuff to me, especially the CD of Yo-Yo Ma. I hope you can come here very soon, and don’t forget to bring some other CDs for me. I will miss you and my CDs.

Your best friend

To Bronia Holmes,
Last term you were my grammar and communication teacher. I want to say thank you for teaching me.

Eun Joo Park
El Avila
Lugia Torrealba
Venezuela

It is a typical wonderful sunny summer day with a cloudless deep blue sky. I am working in my office, which is located on the thirty-second floor of a building in Caracas, the capital city of Venezuela, and I take a ten-minute break to contemplate the spectacular scene outside the window: El Avila...

El Avila has often been painted by famous painters from Venezuela and from other countries. It has also been a fountain of inspiration to poets, writers, and sculptors. Almost every Venezuelan has a picture of El Avila or a book about this marvel of nature.

El Avila is a beautiful, towering mountain, offering a magnificent sight. It has an altitude of 7,694 feet and a span of 15 miles. There are a lot of hiking trails on the mountain, along which visitors can view several waterfalls and various kinds of forests, colored birds, and species of tropical vegetation. But the most incredible thing to see along these trails, once you have reached a certain altitude on the mountain, is the impressive view of Caracas Valley. In a word, it is unique.

There are only two seasons in my country, summer and the rainy season, and people can enjoy El Avila's environment almost any time of the year. El Avila is visited by people of all ages—little boys and girls with their parents, mothers with babies on their backs, teenagers, etc. Everyone enjoys nature in this special place. In my case I usually hike along El Avila’s Sabas Nieves trail, setting out in the late afternoon and returning as the sun is setting.

It is so exciting and relaxing to visit this mountain. In less than 25 minutes, the time that it usually takes me to hike the 3,937 feet from the bottom of the mountain to the first guard station in the park, all my thoughts come together like a picture describing my life, feelings, dreams, and also my problems. I love this place. I miss it.

Baegil, the Hundredth Day
So Young Lee
Korea

Besides the annual birthday celebration in Korea, we have some special birthday events, including Baegil, the hundredth day celebration.

Baegil is the baby's first celebration after its birth. The reason for this celebration is that we believe that the hundredth day is an important one in deciding the baby's future. In the past the infant mortality rate in Korea was high because most births occurred at home in poor, unclean conditions. Early childhood was a time when a baby could easily die. Consequently, the belief developed that if a baby could live until the hundredth day, s/he would probably go on to have a long life.

Based on this historical background, Koreans still commemorate the hundredth day of a baby. The parents invite their family, relatives, and neighbors to celebrate the day with them and give rice cake to their neighbors. Those who receive rice cake for Baegil usually return the dish with rice, money, thread, or little presents. The rice or money symbolizes wealth and property, and the thread symbolizes long life. The Baegil ceremony starts with an offering of rice and soup to the goddesses of childbirth. Then to protect the baby from misfortune or disaster, the parents arrange pieces of rice cake in the four directions of the compass. Finally, after allowing time for the goddesses to eat, everyone at the celebration enjoys the feast that has been prepared for the occasion.

Even today, we spend a lot of time and money on ceremonies celebrating birthdays—especially the 60th birthday. Baegil is the smallest of the parties. However, more and more of these kinds of Korean traditions are declining. I think that such events are an important part of our cultural inheritance. We need to continue knowing about their historical background and handing them down to the next generation.
Located in the center of South America, Bolivia has special customs that differ from those of other countries in the region, not only because it shares its borders with five countries but also because it is a multi-cultural nation.

Before Bolivia was colonized by the Spaniards in 1492, it was inhabited by Aymaras, Quechua, and Guarani, and these principal ethnic groups still maintain their cultural identity today. In addition to these native peoples, the population consists of Spanish descendants and mestizos, people of mixed Spanish and native ancestry. The official language in Bolivia is Spanish, but about two million of the total seven million people of Bolivia speak their traditional language.

In the past Bolivia’s cultural diversity made it very difficult to make political decisions, but with time this problem has been declining. In fact the various ethnic groups get along quite well today. If you are taking a trip to various cities in Bolivia, you will find different kinds of meals, music, and customs, but you will also see that Bolivia’s subcultures have one custom in common, a custom that reveals how the different cultures of Bolivia manage to live together in harmony: reciprocal sharing.

This custom means, for example, that if you are traveling somewhere outside your own social group’s area and don’t have food, the group of the area you are visiting will offer you food. If you don’t have a place to sleep, they will provide you with one. The host ethnic group know that they may sometime be in the same situation in which they need something and that they can expect reciprocal hospitality from other groups.

One piece of advice for foreigners planning to visit Bolivia during our beautiful national festivals: Don’t offer a beer to a Bolivian because he will give you too many beers in reciprocity for your kindness.

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Fabiana,

I can neither be sad nor happy. I only know that we’re leaving and I really hope to see you again. Thanks for being my friend.

Camilo

P.S. Take care of the “Negritos”

To my Korean friends,

Thank you for all your help.

From a good student,

Eun Joo

To someone very special, Dick Norwood,

I have never met such a smart, friendly, and easy-going person as you. For the past five months that I’ve been in Columbia, especially at EPI, I’ve found you really simpatico and I want you to know that I enjoyed all the time we’ve spent together. I truly mean it. You’ve never been my teacher during these past two terms but I know you better than I know my teachers. I am really glad to have you as a friend and I really appreciate all that you’ve done for me. You’re a great person and I’m not going to forget you. God bless you!

Sincerely,

Eric Tafopa
Thailand's Songkran Festival

Apichai Ritvirool
Thailand

Thailand's annual celebration of New Year's Day on April 13th is called the Songkran Festival. Songkran is a word from the Sanskrit language meaning “to pass or move.” Around this time of the year the sun moves from Pisces to Aries. On April 13th most businesses stop working and we go back to our hometown, practice traditional customs, and celebrate with our family. Several years ago the Thai Government extended the holiday, declaring April 14th Family's Day.

In the morning of April 13th many people, especially the elderly, wear traditional Thai clothes, go to the temple, and take some special dishes or dried foods and fruits to the monks. After receiving these foods, the monks give a Buddhist blessing to their visitors. In the afternoon people get together to eat, drink, and discuss their past experiences. It's a happy time for me because I can meet my old friends who now work in other cities or provinces.

On the next day, April 14th, Family's Day, families make traditional desserts and local dishes to distribute to their neighbors. Then the whole family, including grandmother, grandfather, father, mother, etc., happily eat lunch together.

Because the weather in April is the hottest of the summer season in Thailand, throwing water on each other to relieve the heat is a customary greeting practice on this day. In the afternoon a lot of people stand in front of their homes with water buckets and throw water, sometimes mixed with scented powder or ice, at other people that pass their way on foot or in cars. Young people drive pickup trucks around town with tanks of water and their friends in the back, who throw water on the people they drive by.

On the next day, a lot of people go to the temple and listen to a sermon that lasts for four hours. People believe that they will have long life after listening to this sermon and cleansing their mind. That afternoon a sprinkling rite is performed by the younger persons in the home. This rite consists of pouring water on the hands of elder persons in order to show respect. In addition some people do the sprinkling rite with their teachers or employers.

Today traditional Thai practices are usually done differently from the way they were done in the past. Some ceremonies have been cut down or changed a lot by the new generation so that events correspond with our new way of life. My grandmother says that with these changes the best values of Thai tradition are being lost. If the changes continue to develop, Songkran Festival Day will someday become just a normal holiday.

To my friends,
I have had a great experience here at EPI. It has been the vacation of my life. It has been really enjoyable and refreshing to my body and soul. This time at EPI has made me feel ten years younger. Thank you so much to my good fellows and wonderful ladies.

Soichiro Toba

To my GWUL teacher, Hayden Shook,
You are a really good teacher. You are amiable, kind and conscientious. I'm learning so much from you, not only about English grammar, but also about the qualities of a good personality. So I really appreciate your teaching.

From Yi-Zhen Wang
Young Japanese students, especially high school students, have the busiest time of their whole lives, I think. Many students devote nearly all their waking hours to a single purpose: to enter a prestigious university. In order to accomplish this goal, they need to study hard for the highly competitive university entrance examination. So, after school every day, they go to juku, private institutions which prepare them for the exam. In hopes of entering a high-ranked university eventually, even some elementary school students go to juku. I’ve heard that in urban areas more than half the elementary school students and almost 80% of junior and high school students attend juku. Making sure that their children study hard, many mothers take on the role of taskmaster since fathers are commonly busy with work outside the home.

Why is entrance to a prestigious university considered so important? Because most Japanese people think there is a very close relationship between entering such a university and getting a good job.

There are now more than 1,000 universities and junior colleges in Japan, a large majority of them private universities. More than 1,200,000 students are enrolled in universities. Whoever wants to enter a public university must take the standardized test called the center examination. Recently, about 600,000 students per year take this exam. The number of subjects on the exam depends on each public university. Some public universities require students to be tested on six or seven subjects, while others require them to be tested on only two or three. To enter a public university is very difficult because the capacity of public universities is limited. On the other hand, the number of subjects on the private university entrance exam is generally three. Private university tuition is more than twice as much as public university tuition.

After the intense study life of elementary, middle, and high school, Japanese students tend not to study hard once they enter the university. It is as if they have spent all their energy getting into the university. Many university students belong to various sports clubs and become involved in a lot of social activities. They spend their free time just enjoying life. I think that academic exhaustion from years of rigorous exam preparation is one of the main reasons that there are not many graduate students in Japan. I suppose that the percentage of Japanese students who go on to graduate school is much lower than that of U.S. students.

Most of a Japanese family’s budget is spent on children’s education, and examination hell places a big burden on parents and students. However, the academic standards of Japanese high schools continue to be some of the highest in the world.
A Beautiful Beach in Korea

Jong-Kuk Kim
Korea

Beach, you can feel the softness. Every time I go there, I try some different kind of fish, and each one tastes unforgettable.

Have you ever visited Korea? There are many beautiful places to visit there, such as Song-Jung Beach in Pusan, the biggest port in Korea.

You can enjoy a delicious variety of seafood at this beach. The most famous dish there is raw fish, prepared in a way similar to the way Japanese sushi is prepared. When you taste the raw fish at Song-Jung

If you're a boy and you're looking for attractive girls, Song-Jung Beach is the place for you. If you have a girlfriend, there is no point in going there with her because when you see the girls at Song-Jung Beach you'll break up with her and find yourself involved in another relationship. The girls there are very kind, beautiful, and joyful. They are also very open-minded, and if you ask them to join your event or party, they'll come and enjoy it with you. I'm not saying they are spoiled or anything like that; they're just very friendly and always ready to have a good time as long as you're well-mannered and gentle.

Another interesting feature of Song-Jung Beach is its many souvenir stores. You can buy some beautiful souvenirs for your family or friends, things like necklaces, bracelets, or earrings made of shells. Prices are reasonable, and the quality of these souvenirs is very good because everything is handmade.

I suggest you visit Song-Jung Beach and enjoy its many interesting attractions.

My dear friend,
Sometimes you were a good English teacher for me, and sometimes I was a good Japanese teacher for you. Do you remember how we often had lunch and dinner together? Those memories are always in my heart and will never fade.
Lots of love,
Naoko

English Programs for Internationals,
This is my last term in EPI, and now I want to say thank you to all my teachers and the EPI staff in general. I enjoyed these terms with you.
Anibal Valiente (Paraguay)

To all my students in RV50,
If you haven't passed in all your extended reading reports yet, I'm leaving boxes at the airport. On your way to the plane, before you board, just drop off your extended reading reports in one of these boxes. And don't forget to check out a book from the library for your reading pleasure on the plane. Next time I see you I expect a summary of the book. If you are returning to your country, don't worry, I'll knock on your door in a week or two and expect the summary then. Have a wonderful vacation and relax.
Your RV50 teacher

To Jong-Chul Yoon,
Dear OBBA, Hi. How are you doing these days? I think you are probably busy getting ready to go home. I envy you and I am going to miss you so much. Maybe you will miss us too. I want to say thank you. You were a really good friend to me. When I come to Korea, I would really like to see you. Bye, OBBA.
Soo

To Heidi Valbuena,
You are the greatest, nicest roommate and friend that I've had here. May God protect you always. Thank you for everything.
Love, Lucha
Do you like cherry blossoms? In Japan, we call them *sakura*, and they are a symbol of our country. Though there are many, many kinds of beautiful trees in Japan, cherry trees have a special meaning for us.

Several varieties of cherry blossoms bloom in Japan, and you can see them everywhere in the springtime. Their color is usually light pink, deep pink, or white. In the daytime they are a symbol of peace. At night we feel a sense of mystery in them.

Cherry blossoms are the harbinger of spring. In March and April we get very excited about them. When they are at their best, we go out under them for flower-viewing parties called *hanami*. At those parties we drink, sing, and dance, spending a wonderful time. However, the flower season hardly lasts a week since the life of cherry blossoms is very short.

Life’s impermanence and mystery are famous themes associated with cherry blossoms. As one poet sings, “Under the cherry blossoms lie absolutely dead bodies.” At night moonlight shines on cherry blossoms so mysteriously. On Takao mountain in rural Tokyo there are whole forests of cherry blossoms. Some people say, “Don’t go there alone at midnight. If you do, you may go crazy.”

Cherry blossoms fascinate the Japanese people. If you have a chance to visit Japan during cherry blossom season, I recommend that you go out under them for *hanami*. And if you want to get a deep understanding of Japanese feeling, I suggest you enter a forest of cherry blossoms alone at midnight. You will recognize why the cherry trees are special for us. But I can’t guarantee that you will be able to keep your mind.

To my dear special person, *FOKE*,
I feel like I’m in PARADISE when I’m with you. I’ve never met a person like you before. Every day and every moment is a special time for me because of you. Darling, you are the first and the last because our relationship is never ending. Just believe me that you are always in my heart.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS. I will give you a lot of kisses.

Your FUMI

To my RV60b class,
Nobody knows how much I have enjoyed this class. Even when I felt so sleepy, Mr. Rice’s jokes kept me awake, and all my friends made me laugh. I’ve been so happy with you all. I’ll miss this wonderful teacher and all of you nice guys.

Rieko

Dear CS 30 students,
Wow! Your English has improved so much!!! Remember—try to have as many American friends as possible so you can speak English with them. You have been a really fun class to teach! If you’re at EPI next term, let me know how you’re doing!

Sincerely,

Tina

Juan,
I am very glad to know you, and thanks for all the time that we had together. I hope that God will take good care of you every day and every night of your life. I truly hope to see you again someday. I will never forget you. I’ll miss you... and I’ll miss the rainy days in Columbia with you.

Patty (Colombia)
Koreans like to remember their roots and preserve a trace of themselves for the future. When Koreans die, their relatives prepare their graves, perform a mourning ceremony for one year, and inform their descendants about the achievements of the deceased. Though Koreans’ graves and stories disappear as time passes, their trace remains in the family pedigree book.

A family’s pedigree book contains a lot of information about the family’s ancestors, even those who have been dead for a thousand years. The contents of this book include our ancestors’ names, eras, social positions, achievements, and marriage information. Knowing so much about our ancestors, we feel both pride in them and dishonor according to the lives they led. Most pedigree books tend to conceal disgraceful things and exaggerate honorable things like war victors’ history books. However, they enable us to know something about our ancestors’ lives, even if it is somewhat superficial.

There are two rules about this book that usually seem strange to foreigners. The first of these rules is that a woman is not to be registered in her family’s pedigree book but in the book of her husband’s family after she marries. In her family’s pedigree book, information about her husband rather than information about her is recorded. The second rule is that the book is to be passed on only to the eldest son in the family.

In the past the pedigree book functioned as a tool for strengthening family relationship and protecting family identity and success in life, assuring family members of their position in the social hierarchy. Nowadays, it can’t assure anything socially because social position is decided by the level of our endeavor rather than by our historical background.

However, the pedigree book still exists in each family and will continue to be passed down to our descendants, carrying a symbolic meaning. Many Koreans take pride in their family and their ancestors through the pedigree book. Even today, for example, before starting a presidential campaign, all the candidates for president visit their family association, of which the eldest son in their family is president, and their ancestors’ graveyard.

If you travel to Korea, I recommend that you visit a family’s home and ask about the ancestors of the family if you have the opportunity. If the father of the home is an eldest son, he will be glad to show you his family’s pedigree book and explain about his ancestors because he takes a lot of pride in them.

June Hee Kim,
Blame it on the rain because after that thunder I couldn’t hear you anymore. Thanks for sharing my ice cream.
Camilo

To Dick and Bronia Holmes,
I would like to thank you for everything you have done for me. When I was sick, you took your time to care for me. In my difficult times when I was trying to adjust to the American culture and the new language, you gave me all the necessary assistance. Bronia, you truly remind me of my mother who loves and cares with unconditional love. Thank you for everything. May God bless both of you.
From Adriano Almeida
Staircase Beach
Adriano Almeida
Guinea-Bissau

Palm trees, pleasant weather, and clear skies characterize the beaches of Guinea-Bissau, my home country.

One of my favorite beaches, located in the South, is Staircase Beach, so named because of its resemblance to a staircase. From the beach the land rises step by step into the natural terraces of the jungle, home to all kinds and sizes of trees, birds, and monkeys. As sunrise spreads beautifully over the sea, you awaken to the sound of canaries singing. The water is so clear that you can see the fish swimming around in it.

Early in the morning women from the nearby village on the edge of the jungle come to the beach to go fishing. Naked from the waist up, they wear only a skirt made of straw, the same thing they wear when they work in the jungle. With small nets they fish for shrimp in the shallow water along the beach.

The children wear the same skirt and play along the beach with natural toys made of straw and twigs. Sometimes they catch small monkeys in the jungle and take them home with them, where they domesticate them and play with them.

The men of the village come to the beach, too, wearing traditional short pants made of cotton and wide-brimmed hats made of palm leaves. In boats carved from tree trunks they set out for the deep water of the sea, where they fish with big nets.

Whenever I go to Staircase Beach, I feel good. There I can breathe pure, natural air and relax with my friends. Enjoying the gentle sea breeze and the sound of the surf after a pleasant morning of fishing, we cook our fish with rice and eat together from one big plate. Cooked in fresh palm oil, our fish tastes great. All the food at Staircase Beach is fresh and natural. In addition to fresh fish, we sometimes cook wild animal meat or chicken. There are many kinds of delicious fruit in the area. One of our favorites is the mango, especially the yellow mango, a big fruit that has a very sweet taste.

Life in the exotic, natural world of Staircase Beach is so comfortable, and I look forward to the time when I can return to this paradise on earth.

My friends and teachers at EPI,
I want to thank you for all you have given me. This summer was an exciting time among you. Your warm words and jokes are things I will never forget. I have been very happy here because of your friendship, your advice, and the time I have spent hanging out with you. It has been great! I will always remember you.

So long!
Ana T. Aguilar

To Dick Holmes,
You are a dedicated teacher and editor. At times when you’re in the office working late, all alone, making that extra effort to make Sunrise look and read just right, it must feel like a lonely job. But remember, your efforts are appreciated by individuals all over the world. Thank you, Dick!!!
One of your many admirers
There are many beautiful places in my home country, Kuwait. People always go to these places to spend a good time with their families and friends. I have visited most of them, sometimes with my family and sometimes with my friends. My favorite place to go, though, is a beautiful place that is not so well known: my family's farm.

Our farm is 70 kilometers from our house. My father bought it for my family as a place we could go on holidays and weekends. It is square in shape and very large, including a number of small houses for the farm workers and a well that provides us with natural water. I often go to my father's farm with my friends Bandar and Mabark. We take our soft drinks and some food and broil chicken and lamb there. We play football on the farm's playground, surrounded by beautiful plants.

Our farm is home to many kinds of plants, birds, and other animals. Keeping birds is my favorite hobby, and my younger brother Fahad shares this hobby with me. The workers have made special cages for our birds. My father raises various kinds of goats on the farm. He has built comfortable quarters for these animals, which are imported and very expensive.

Many other Kuwaitis have the same kinds of goats and also spend a lot of money on this hobby.

I always go to the farm at sunrise because the weather at this time is very nice and I can watch the birds flying off to search for food. Nighttime is another one of my favorite times on the farm. The sky is very dark there, and the stars are bright like pearls. When you lie on the ground and look up at them, you feel relaxed and you can think about life or whatever you want to think about. In the morning, you wake up to the crow of my brother's cocks.

My family's farm is a great place, and I'm always eager to go there and spend a wonderful time with my family and friends. □
Coca is an indigenous South American plant that grows only in the Amazon jungle, the most diverse tropical rain forest in the world. For thousands of years this versatile plant has been used by the native communities of Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, and Brazil in a variety of ways: as a natural stimulant to support people who do the hard work of farming the land, as an analgesic to fight various painful diseases, as a tea to alleviate hunger and cold, and as a cultural symbol.

Coca was considered “the plant of the gods” in the Incan Empire, which, along with the Mayan and Aztec Empires, was one of the most important civilizations in America. The Incan Empire spread from northern Chile to southern Colombia, developing one of the era’s most fascinating cultures, which was characterized by an agricultural system that made use of plateaus, advanced hydraulic engineering, a sophisticated technique for producing ceramics, and advanced medical techniques, including cranial surgeries.

Coca was first introduced to foreigners during the conquest of the South American continent. The Spanish found that the leaves of this plant used by the Incas produced similar effects in people to those produced by coffee. In the eighteenth century, coca tea, imported from Peruvian lands, became popular all over Europe.

In the last century, coca became popular in North America. It was not only used as a tea but also as the main ingredient of various other products, such as pharmaceuticals, drinks, aphrodisiacs, and sodas. The most well-known soda using coca was Coca-Cola, whose name indicates the use of coca extract in the product.

Today coca leaves are still being used by the native populations in South America. In the Amazon region, for example, where around twenty different tribes live, each one with a different culture, coca is mixed with the ash of indigenous trees and used in rituals that permit the people to communicate with their gods and to solve problems concerning the environment and the harmony of the community.

In Bolivia and Peru, the most traditional drink is *mate de coca*. This is a kind of tea used especially by natives who work in the fields and travel to very high places. When tourists go to visit Cuzco, the principal city of the Incan Empire and the site of Macchu-Picchu, the first thing they are offered is a mate de coca to ward off dizziness caused by the high altitude.

In the last fifty years the status of coca has changed. After cocaine, a harmful sub-product of this plant, was discovered, the image of coca changed from being “the plant of the gods” to being “the euphoria-inducing killer poison” of modern times. Although there is definitely a difference between coca and the recreational drug, cocaine, they are considered by the media to be the same thing. This global misinformation has helped place countries such as Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia on a blacklist of countries having a bad image around the world. The real problem is neither the coca plant nor the tropical countries that produce coca; it is the cocaine business and its lethal consequences in the world. This problem has nothing to do with the prosperous cultures and hard-working people who share a common territory in the Amazon jungle.
Stories & Poems

Ana Teresa Aguilar
Hideki Kondo
Hyeon-Chang Kang
Min Joo Kim
Dick Holmes
So Young Lee
Israel Zamora
Apichai Ritvirool
A. Tarkan Yurcu
Fumiko Ito
Malauzat Antoine
Choosak Taveekitikun
Yi Zhen Wang
Maria Forero
Kohei Shimatani
Jeferson R. Ferreira
Yang Kyun Kim
Yong-Sang Chô
Mario Gutierrez

Venezuela
Japan
Korea
Korea
USA
Korea
Nicaragua
Thailand
Turkey
Japan
France
Thailand
China
Colombia
Japan
Brazil
Korea
Korea
Nicaragua
Carving out a new life for myself ever since I arrived here in the U.S., I have been thinking about what it is like to live and study in a foreign country. Now after some experience, I can say that it has definitely been uplifting.

This is my first journey out of Venezuela to the United States, and I feel contented—even happy—standing here on U.S. soil. It is thrilling to have learned some of the peculiarly American ways. I now know how to buy a newspaper from a machine rather than from a person. I have mastered the art of shopping in big malls rather than in the small, personal shops more prevalent in Venezuela. And I am acutely aware of everything around me that is new and fresh and different.

Columbia, South Carolina, was quite a surprise for me at first, especially its relatively small size. I had imagined that Columbia would be a large, complex metropolis, but I found it quite similar in size to my hometown Trujillo. Despite its smallness, though, Columbia is a captivating city, combining some interesting history with an enjoyable contemporary atmosphere.

Columbia and the state of South Carolina in general have figured prominently in U.S. history. Some of the first colonial settlements and plantations of the country were established in this state, and South Carolina played a major role in the U.S. Civil War.

Today the city and state attract more and more tourists, business people, and students. The University of South Carolina here in Columbia boasts more than 26,000 students. One of the most appealing features of the University is the international flavor created by its large number of foreign students. This aspect—the cultural diversity of the students—is one of the chief reasons I chose to come to the University of South Carolina.

Columbia has an especially warm, hospitable, sociable ambiance where kind, polite people seem ready to serve and help you. This aspect of the city has made me feel wonderful and comfortable. It has also made it easier for me to get into American life, especially student life, which fascinates me. Each time I go to parties or dancing places or just hang out with my friends I remember my life as a student in Venezuela.

Sometimes, though, I do think wistfully about Venezuela and my family, missing especially the warmth of my parents and sisters. Sometimes my life here seems like hard work because I love my country and family and it is very difficult to be apart from them. But I have plans for myself and my life; I chose to become a high-level professional in political science, and I realize that to attain this goal I have to make every effort—and a few sacrifices along the way.

I know, too, however, from my experience here in the U.S. so far, that I can be not only a student here but also a person who can live in this warm community, just as I used to live in Venezuela.
In the dark I hear a girl weeping. I can’t see her face. “Are you okay?” I ask her. “No!” she sobs. “Why didn’t you die with me, Daddy?” I jump out of bed. Another nightmare. I’ve been having them ever since the tragic sinking of the Titanic, when I lost my beloved wife and daughter to the cold, cold sea.

To help me go back to sleep, I get out of bed, gulp down a glass of whisky, and close my eyes. The midnight silence reminds me of that tragic night... The elegant, luxurious world of the celebrated ship is collapsing. Everybody is struggling to get up to the deck, but I’m running in the other direction, shouting their names over and over again, “Natalie! Wendy!”

But my voice is drowned out by the anguished screams all around me. It’s becoming harder and harder to make my way through the stampede. People are rushing up the stairs as if they’re fleeing hell. Everything is sliding into the dark. It’s impossible to keep looking for them. I turn around, grab a handrail, and try to get up the stairs. About to leave the sinking ship, I cling to one thought, “They must be out there somewhere safe on a lifeboat!”

But I soon find out that they’re gone... to another world.

As I stood in front of their cold beds in the cemetery a few days later, I hit bottom. Life without my wife and daughter had lost all meaning to me.

That same day, I tried to commit suicide. But instead of finding myself with Natalie and Wendy again, I ended up in a hospital. There I met a lot of dying patients. While I’d tried to end my life, here they were trying to extend their lives. I felt ashamed, and a new awareness washed over me. These brave people taught me what life is. Along with the doctors and nurses there, they gently helped me to overcome my grief. I slowly began to see that life could still be meaningful. I just had to live for people who loved me...

Okay, I’m getting sleepy now. I’ll go back to bed quietly so I won’t wake up my wife. She has to wake up early every morning to go to work at the hospital.

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To DANICA and MARIE,

My best wishes to my dear and unforgettable friends Danica and Marie. I was really very happy staying with you. My days were great! Thank you for sharing your time with me. I hope we will meet again very soon. Take care! Don’t forget me!

Your friend forever,
Ana T. Aguilar

To all the EPI students,

This is my second term. I’ve made many new friends from many different countries. I’ve learned many things from you, my new friends. As you know, I’m not only learning English. Maybe all of you have learned many things, too. Let’s not forget the friends we’ve made here. This time is very important in our lives.

From Megumi

To all my teachers,

I’ve been in Columbia about three months, and I am happy and thankful for your help.

From Al-Dhaferi Salem

Heidy,
I’m very happy to know you. This experience at EPI has been very good for me. I’d like to say, “Thanks,” because you have helped me in so many ways. I want you to find a good person who will love you and understand you just the way you are. I want many, many things for you. I want all the luck in the world for you. I give many thanks to God for you. There should be many people like you in this world.

Vilma

To my friends from Paraguay,

Thank you. I really enjoyed my time with you. I hope to see you again when I visit your countries or when you visit mine.

Anibal Valiente
When I was a middle school student, I began to like her. She was very tall and huge, and she looked like a man. She was extremely ambitious but pure and honest. She was an eloquent speaker. Whenever she talked about what she believed or thought, I was impressed by her. She often sang a song to express herself because she was a singer, though maybe not a professional one. I loved everything about her. I was always listening to her music, looking at pictures of her, watching her on TV. Filling my life with her was my pleasure at that time.

One day she introduced me to a sunflower. "I am always longing for something," she told me and everyone else listening to her on the radio. "Probably all of us have a feeling like that, and I would like to call it a sunflower. Look at the sunflower and think about it. She is always leaning to one side because she is always staring at the sun and longing for it. But she can't really have what she wants. Like a sunflower we always long for something that we like or love—our desire, our dream. Of course we can attain that, if we keep trying, but sometimes, like the sunflower, we fail to fulfill our desire. I want to say something about this. If we’ve accomplished something we wanted to, of course we’re happy. But when we haven’t accomplished something yet, it can be even more valuable than it is when we get it.”

And then she sang a song full of longing, “Moon River.” I love this song because hearing it I can feel how beautiful longing for something is. While she was singing, I could feel what she meant and think about what she had said all over again.

“Who do you think most loves the sun?” she had asked. “Without a doubt it’s the sunflower. She was born into the world to love the sun, and yet she knows that she can’t reach it, even though she loves it so much. But she still loves it, and forever. I can tell you that there is no better time to appreciate the value of the sunflower than when we can’t accomplish something although we really hope for it and love it.”

Then and there I decided that I had to find something that I could be a sunflower for, to live longing for something, something never to be forgotten. I’m still searching for whatever that something will be. Because I have seen the sunflower who really loves the sun despite the fact that it can’t be her own.
Instantaneously
Dick Holmes
USA

as compelling
as peaches
as cosmic
as cicadas
at sundown
your warm
ingenuous
smile
transforms
consciousness

How Could I Meet You?
So Young Lee
Korea

like an unfinished loneliness
like the forever missing
waving in the marvel
dreaming of my destiny
at last I met you

You, My Forever
Israel Zamora
Nicaragua

Over the hills the ingenious winds move through
The vanishing light borrowed from your warmth
Like a gift nothing or everything
You are colliding with my heart
Cold and hungry I still burn
And dream in search of
The fresh winds held in your tears
The moon rising over birds and stones
Waves in the dawn and vanishes
We see our dancing in the pouring rain
Say what this is
The ripe fruit of your love
Rising like the morning
Flying over the fields
And touching the deep color of forever
A Childhood in Four Chapters
Dick Holmes
USA

From
Everyone
was from
Kansas.

Kansas
Nothing
but wheat.
Wheat and love.

Love
Sometimes
it
hurt.

Hurt
So much
the sky
cried too.

Transparent
Dick Holmes
USA

A little brown leaf
twirls down and lands
on a hard red berry.
A distant train announces
itself going by. But in a day,
in a word, what is there
other than what is always
seamlessly here and is so
perfectly transparent
we keep bumping into it
as though it weren't here at all?

Beautiful Flowers
Apichai Rithirool
Thailand

We see the beautiful flowers
along the way we go,
but we aren’t interested in those.

We like see
flowers in the garden, though,
even though they aren’t so beautiful.
Everything began on strange fall Sunday. At first it was just a Sunday like any other. The calendar showed 1984, and I was a fourteen-year-old teenager searching for my identity. Nobody understood me—because I wasn’t an understandable individual. It was as if I were being squeezed between a number of other people, struggling with me, and my self, fighting myself. I hated people who wanted to make me like themselves. I had to go somewhere immediately, but I didn’t know where to go...

I got up to my mother’s mild voice, announcing that breakfast was ready. “I’m coming, Mum!” I called out. Suddenly I felt how much I liked my room. Our house was very old and situated in a small forest. The wooden floor of my old room smelled like history, and all around me in my room was the imprint of Ottoman architecture. The walls were decorated with blue and red ceramic tiles, like pieces of a very complicated puzzle with something important and mysterious to say. The door of the room and the wooden molding on the ceiling also seemed profound. You could disappear in this puzzle, and if you did, no one could find you anymore. The door was made of walnut and carved in strange, abstract shapes. Another peculiar thing about this door, which always drew my attention, was the giant, double-headed eagle sitting above it. Perhaps due to a trick of time, the wood this wild eagle was made of had cracked with age, making it appear that the eagle was crying. I didn’t know why, but the eagle smelled like oregano, maybe because of its varnish... Several years later, I learned that one of my old ancestors, a pasha during the Selchuk reign, had had this Selchuk Eagle made.

Anyway, two minutes after my mother had called out to me, I ran downstairs. I walked through the kitchen and sat down in my chair at the table. As always my soft-boiled egg and beautifully smelling milk were already waiting for me on the table. I put some white cheese, honey, clotted cream, and black olives mixed with lemon juice, olive oil, ground red pepper, salt, oregano, and thyme on my plate and dug in. In a word, breakfast was a real feast.

Now it was time to step out of the house, I thought. I opened the door and saluted the sun. It smiled at me so warmly. I softly kissed each of the begonias and roses in my yard and listened to the songs of the birds for a while. Soon I wouldn’t be seeing them again until the next spring had come. I said goodbye to these wonders of nature and headed out on a walk through my small town.

Suddenly I saw the town’s beggar, bushy-haired and raggedly dressed, rushing toward me.

“Please give me some money, for God’s sake!” he mumbled, lowering his head.

“I don’t have any,” I answered.

Then he looked up at me and inspected my face closely. All of a sudden his face turned into a fierce countenance of shock and fear. “Who are you?” he asked, his voice shaking.

“Doesn’t he know who I am?” I thought.

“You know who I am. My name is Cem,” I replied.

“I didn’t ask you what your name is; I asked you who you are. Above all, if you don’t know who you are, you’re lost. You’re nothing in the darkness. You should find out who you are!”

Crazy, hungry beggar, I thought.

“I was just gadding about, and I’m not happy to see you!” I screamed at him. “Leave me alone!”

And then I got away from him, running as fast as I could.

For the rest of the day I did nothing. I didn’t play games with my friends, go to our secret cave, or tease my sisters’ friends. I spent my whole day thinking of that peculiar beggar and the question he had asked me. I couldn’t even eat lunch or supper.

By the time I went to bed, I’d finally begun to deal with the beggar’s question deeply. As I was trying to go to sleep, the question began to dig through my body, from inside my lungs to the edge of my skin. Indeed I didn’t know who I was. My eyes caught on the twin-headed eagle one last time. Fighting with the question, I finally fell...

... This time the beggar looked like a holy man. He had a long, snowy beard, and his face was pink like cotton candy. Laughing very
The Beggar...

sweetly, he asked me if I wanted to find out who I was. He said that I was living in a dream because I didn’t know who I was, that this, too, was a dream, and that I would always be dreaming unless I discovered myself and my own answers rather than others’.

“Get up!” I heard my mother call out loudly. I got up and washed my face.

“You look weird,” she said as I walked into the kitchen.

“Do I really?” I was about to say, when I heard my mother shout, “I said wake up!”

Puzzled, I jumped out of bed, thinking, “But I already got up before you hollered the second time, didn’t I?” Anyway, I washed my face, ran to the kitchen, and sat down at the table.

“Why aren’t you eating these days?” My father asked, concerned about me. “You used to wolf down your food and love to eat.”

“I don’t know, Dad, but it’s as if I’m living in a dream. When I eat something, I’m asleep; when I sleep, in fact I’m awake.”

I looked over at my mother cooking scrambled eggs. She returned my look, and then all of a sudden her lovely face changed, and, “Wake uuuup!” she yelled.

This time before I could wash my face, I saw the beggar again. He told me things, all sorts of things—I had to climb the Taurus mountains, face the eagle tree, choose the double-headed eagle’s head facing in the direction opposite that of my writing hand, pass the secret-dream gardens, deal with the contingencies of concepts, discover the meanings which belonged only to me.

Immediately I grabbed my bag, a loaf of bread, and some cheese, and my journey to myself was underway...]

A Million Red Roses
Fumiko Ito
Japan

There was a painter who was very poor. He had only a small house, some paintings, and his painting equipment—nothing else. Nothing else, that is, but love. The painter was in love with a woman who was an actress, though she was unaware of his love for her.

One day, after selling all his paintings and his house, he went to every flower shop in town and bought red roses for her—lots and lots of roses. He wanted to give her a million of them because he loved her so deeply. That night he gathered the million beautiful red roses he had bought for her and decorated the park across the street from her apartment with them. As a final touch he made a big card for her with one of his canvases, painting a beautiful portrait of her and her name on it. He propped the card up against a tree so that it faced her window, lay down among the fragrant roses, and waited for dawn.

The next morning the woman he loved looked out her window and saw the million red roses and the card for her in the park. What a breathtaking surprise! She thought that some very rich admirer must have done this for her. The painter just stood under the window of her apartment gazing up at her pleased, surprised face. He didn’t say a word to her, even though he loved her.

The big event was soon over, though. The woman moved to another city for her career, and she never found out who had given her all those beautiful red roses. She went on to become a very famous actress. Her life was flowery, like a million red roses. The painter, who had spent everything he had on his gift for her, remained a poor painter, poorer than ever.

But he was sure that he had at least given her a special memory. And that was all he had desired.

To my grammar teacher, Susan Rogers,

I don’t like grammar but I look forward to your class every day just to see what you’ll be wearing. Your clothes are always colorful and stylish. Where do you get those clothes?

Thank you,

Private Lesson
She didn't answer my letters or calls. So, on my birthday I set out to find her in Taegu, where she lived, a city far away from my home.

When at last I saw her again, she told me she didn't like me anymore and to forget her. I went back home feeling despair. I couldn't understand her. Why had she changed her mind? What had made her change her mind?

A short time later I learned from the soldier who'd introduced us that she'd become involved with another guy in Poland. It seemed she didn't have the power to resist him. So, even though she still loved me very much, she couldn't continue our relationship.

I still don't understand her behavior, and I still don't know how to react. At first I felt a mixture of despair, indignation, and compassion, but eventually I realized that this was destiny. I wanted to forgive her. Some people say love is holding on and some say letting go. Who's right? Perhaps from now on when my birthday comes around, I'll still think of her.

To my roommates,
Hi, men! How are you? I'm very happy. It's fun to spend time with you. Vanap, thanks for washing dishes. And I'm sorry, but I'm not going to sell you my uniform from the Netherlands. Please don't be angry with me. Juan, thanks for teaching me some exercises. You are a big guy. Godfather Mario, thank you for your good meals. You are a good cook. And everyone, I will not go to Limestone College with you, but we can meet anytime. Good luck guys!

From Kei

Hello Tina,

I want to tell you what I did last night with Dael and his family. He came to my house and took me to his house for dinner. He and his wife love Turkey so I talked about Turkey all night. Dael prepared some Turkish tea for me. He showed me his pictures of Istanbul. When he was there, he went to the grand bazaar to buy a carpet. And you know what? He showed me a picture of the carpet shop and the salesman he bought the carpet from, and it was my neighbor.

Thank you so much for helping me find a conversation partner.

Selcuk Gureli

"He who has the longest life is not he who has the most years, but rather, he who has lived the most." —Jean Jacques Rousseau

Don’t forget it!
Christoph

I think that the human mind is capable of forgetting anything and that if we don’t forget something painful that’s happened to us we’ll suffer. Nevertheless I’ve never forgotten one such painful experience in my life.

Nine months ago when I was in the military, a fellow soldier who knew me quite well introduced me to a girl named Jin-hee, who was majoring in piano at the university. Even though we met only two times, we fell in love quickly.

“I'm going to have my senior recital next month,” she told me, “and then I'm going to Poland to study music. I want you to wait for me until I come back. Can you do that?”

I agreed to wait for her. Since I was in the military, I had no other choice but to wait for her anyway.

After being discharged from the military, I tried to get in touch with her, but I couldn’t reach her.
A Great Day for Flying
Malauzet Antoine
France

Click. Our seat belts were fastened, and our small planes were ready to roll down the runway. It was 7:34 a.m., June 4, 1991. The weather was marvelous with abundant sunshine warming our skin. My parents and I had decided to join some friends and fly to a French seaside resort to enjoy some fresh seafood.

During the trip we flew in patrol form, which made it possible to see the passengers in the other plane. I was at the controls, and I felt fantastic! I had the sensation of being free, of soaring like a bird. I was in charge of this magnificent machine, and everything was all right.

Suddenly in my headphones, though, I heard my mother screaming, “Mayday, mayday! We have a problem!”

I was terrified. My mind was racing, imagining the worst possible scenario. In my headphones I heard Sylvie crying and her mother trying to reassure her that everything was going to be okay. Then my mother shrieked, “Our plane is falling! We can’t control it!”

I thought my mother was going to die! The thought took my breath away. At that moment my instructor took command of our plane.

“Don’t panic, and try to land the plane in that open area below us,” he urged.

Miraculously my mother and her friends managed to land their plane. I felt faint with relief. My mother had survived!

But our anxiety was not over yet. Our landing strip turned out to be a military base where it was forbidden to land a civilian plane. The military police had arrived as we landed, and as we staggered out of our planes, about fifty soldiers holding guns surrounded us.

We were taken to a room and interrogated for three hours. They didn’t believe our story! Finally, though, they allowed us to leave the base.

We decided to take a car the rest of the way to the resort. And my mother and I have never flown again since! ☐

To my communication partner,
Thank you for helping me so much. When we study together, you always make it fun. I always have a good time and I believe that we will both have good memories of this time.
From Yi-Zhen Wang

To all the EPI people, who have always made me feel at home,
To my teachers, thousands of thanks for your patience and effort.
Bill McSweeney, I will keep in mind all the tips you have given us to improve our grammar. Mark Stiteler, thanks for your interesting business reading class. Christy Cabrera, I will never forget our time in communication seminar and the relaxing time we have had together. Carl Ostrowski, you are a young teacher with marvelous knowledge. You taught me interesting grammar points which made me think in a different way. Kathy Bledsoe, you are always talking and happy with your big eyes asking us to shut up in reading class. Thanks for your patience and I promise I will always use the strategies you have given us... “you know what I mean?” And finally, Dick Norwood, you had excellent topics for foreign students to study and a wonderful way to show us the real American experience during our communication seminar last quarter. I really enjoyed being part of your class. Ahh! maybe I forgot to tell you that day, but thanks for the coffee.

To the people on the third floor, thanks for the help. Bill Tetz, thank you for the advice you gave me before my trip to New York City. Elizabeth Hasty, you truly have the most beautiful combination of freckles and eyes that I have ever seen in this land. I hope to see you someday in Caracas. Thanks for being my friend. Susan Anders, I love seeing you and the way that you always are, with that smile you always have on your face.
Camilo
Climbing to the Future

In the late evening when the sun sinks into the dark, mysterious sea, we come back down—many of us with injuries, some of us with severe injuries. But none of us has any wounds in his/her eyes. Our eyes never say, “I give up.” When we think of our injuries, we have the same thing in our minds: the satisfaction of having accomplished our goal...

Before each trip up, I carefully check my ropes, shoes, and pulleys because they’re essential to the climb; my life depends on them when any mistakes occur. And then I remind myself: “I must trust myself; I must conquer myself; only a brave heart will get me to the destination.”

Our destination is the top of a dangerous, high cliff.
“Hey, brother,” I gasp.
“Where’s our destination?”
“Over there,” my partner replies. He always answers me briefly in his normal tone of voice. This is the tenth time I’ve asked him, and I’ve gotten the same answer in the same tone each time. I’m really exhausted, not only in my body but also in my heart. My hands start shaking from exhaustion.

“Wait! Wait! I’m so tired!”
“Okay!”
“Is it far?”
“Over there.”

Resting a moment, I look down, breaking an important rule, and now my heart starts shaking just after my hands have stopped shaking. I struggle to recall what my partner has been teaching me since my first trip up: “Man, first of all, you can’t look down; you must only look forward to your destination. You can’t look down,” he repeats to emphasize the point; “you must only look forward to your destination. Second, you must trust yourself; you must trust each step you take, even though you have only a small place for your foot. Third, don’t give up, no matter what.”

But now here I am starting to give up...

Finally, though, with the encouragement of my partner, I make it to the top once again. Ah, free at last! Free to enjoy the beautiful view of the sea far, far below, and then to take the pleasant trip down.

After our exhausting climb up, repelling down is an exhilarating experience. It feels as though we’re flying.

It’s usually evening by the time we get back down and head back to our tents. We feel satisfied with the day’s climb, but there remain a lot of challenges to conquer on the cliff and we promise ourselves that we’ll come back again and again to meet those challenges. Not only for my partner and me but for all those who love climbing this cliff it feels so good to come back together on the beach at sunset. We share our feelings about the climb, show each other our new injuries, or just gaze at the setting sun...

I still remember the first time I tried to climb. It was just for fun, and I climbed only the short cliff used by novice rock climbers for practice. That evening, after finishing my first climb, I tried to understand those who love climbing.

“Why do they climb?” I wondered to myself.

“Why do you love to climb?” I asked my teacher, who has since become my partner. A native of Krabi, the most popular province for traveling in my country, this wise man is a rock climbing teacher in the middle years of his life, as his many scars reveal. “How hard he must live his life,” I thought when I first met him. His hair, face, and skin are a sunburned color. His eyes are full of courage, determination, ambition, humility, and friendliness.

“When I’m climbing,” he answered quietly, “my heart must be brave and confident. I trust myself. I must be brave to climb, but I’m never careless. Each step that I take, I’m confident. If I’m not confident, I don’t take a step. When I’m tired, I rest. And the
last important thing, I trust my partner.

"You can apply everything in your rock climbing experience to your whole life. When you have to make an important decision, for example, you can make it more sharply and with more wisdom, just as you choose a rock for your hand or foot. And a lot of power in your heart enables you to overcome every obstacle you meet."

And then as he came to his final point, his voice took on a loud and clear tone that I've never heard him use since: "If you conquer yourself, you can conquer everything!"

I realized everything that evening. I kept climbing, and now I love to climb. I do it not only to enjoy the sport but also to sharpen my courage. Like everyone who loves to climb, I'm always happy and energetic when I think of climbing.

We rock climbers are climbing to the future together . . .

My dear friends,

Keep running. Keep studying. Keep trying. I'm sure you'll be great. And don't forget to keep smiling!

Your friend,

Naoko

To the EPI students,

I've been very happy at EPI this summer. I was very happy to meet friends from different countries. This summer term has been very hot, but all of the students have worked hard, right?! I will never forget all of the good memories. Take care, EPI students!

Jin

My favorite childhood memory is ice skating. I still get really excited thinking about it.

I grew up in the northwestern part of China, where it used to get very cold in the wintertime. One thing about winter, though, made all of us children happy: ice skating. When winter came, we wouldn't have to walk to school or anywhere anymore; we could just skate. All the roads were covered with ice. It was our favorite season and so much fun, though for adults it was a hard time because it was difficult to walk on the icy roads.

Every winter the children always got into trouble with the adults. I remember waiting with my friends for the snow to stop falling and then playing a trick on the adults who weren't paying attention to us. We would spill water on the road as quickly as we could to make an ice rink. If adults saw us doing this, we got scolded by them.

All winter long it was a world of ice and snow. The snow didn't melt for a long time, and from October to May or June the ground stayed icy, making a natural ice rink for us children. We would go ice skating everywhere around. We didn't have to ask our parents for money to buy ice skating equipment because we could make it ourselves. Using pieces of wood and strips of iron, all the children in the neighborhood would help each other make skates and sleds and then go out and play together. Ice skating was a very exciting sport for us.

When I was a child my friends and I always looked forward to winter. Unfortunately today's children in the area don't have so much to look forward to. Due to the ecological damage caused by unsound agricultural development projects in the region, the climate has changed a lot and there is less ice and snow. And even when there are ice and snow, the residents are now equipped and required by law to clear the roads. So, sadly, our old natural ice rinks have disappeared.
My Friend the Musician

It was two hundred years ago, in one of my past lives, that I met him. We lived in the same neighborhood in Vienna, Austria, and our families were friends.

He was a very special child and friend. We often shared time together playing and listening to music. Even though he was just a child like me—five years old when we met—he was already composing beautiful music. Every day after school we played together at home and he showed me the good songs that he had composed the night before. Our friendship got stronger every day, and we became very close.

As time passed, we continued doing the same things that we had done when we were children, and he became more and more interested in music. His parents bought him a beautiful piano, which he considered a treasure. He played the piano every day, often composing melodies directly as he practiced. I enjoyed listening to him and also learning with him about music. He had a special talent for composing and for learning easily. As a young man he had already acquired a great deal of knowledge about classical music.

Sometimes during the daytime we would go to the countryside and stay in a small town near Vienna. He would spend all day writing about something which was interesting to him. He showed me the magnificent beauty of a flower, a tree, nature, the weather, or simply the silence and peace that we could feel in that place. Each thing had a special meaning for him. And every detail that he saw, wherever we were, became an inspiration to my friend to create a new melody. He taught me how to appreciate life and everything around me.

Some years later, when we were twenty-six years old, we were still living in the same neighborhood. We were the best of friends. By then he had become a masterful musician and famous composer, mainly through his own self-study of music, but now he decided to study classical music more deeply. In his free time he invited me to his house and taught me how to play the piano. We spent a lot of time talking and listening to the music of older composers by playing their compositions on the piano.

He was an incredible person and a musical genius. The way he perceived life was wonderful. He composed beautiful melodies based not only on the special places we went but also on specific feelings toward various things or situations that he had experienced before. He often invited me to help him compose a melody. He asked me how he could create the melody or just what I felt about something that we had seen or heard before.

My opinion was very important to him.

We continued being the best of friends, although he became busier and busier traveling and preparing his music for upcoming concerts. He always showed me his new compositions and symphonies that he would soon be offering to the public in various European countries.

I attended concerts at which he conducted the orchestra and others at which he played the piano very beautifully. His symphonies were spectacular and people became very excited listening to his beautiful music. Getting to know him, people were very impressed, and after each concert he received a lot of greeting cards and congratulations. He was very happy to be so enthusiastically received, and we always celebrated each of his successes.

The years passed, and when he was thirty-two years old, he began to feel weak and fatigued and gradually became sicker and sicker. To compose and give concerts became very difficult for him. He felt so tired. He couldn’t stay up out of bed for long, and he had to take medicine.

Another year passed and he was still very sick. One night he went to sleep forever.

I was so sad and missed him so much, but at the same time I remembered everything he had taught me and each moment we had shared. It had all been wonderful. I knew that I was very fortunate to have such excellent memories of him and his music, which I continued to love and listen to all the time.

I’ll never forget my friend Amadeus. My best friend forever.
One day after seeing my girlfriend home, I was driving home in my car. It was around midnight. Though I was accustomed to the route, I somehow lost my way. And then something really strange happened. I found myself stopped at a railroad crossing, just sitting there in my car on the tracks. I couldn’t understand what was going on. I couldn’t move. My legs and arms didn’t work. A few minutes later I heard the sound of a train coming.

When the train was getting close, I realized that this was a dream. I sometimes used to dream of dying like this. At first I was relieved to know that I was just dreaming. But then it occurred to me that I had never died in a dream. When death came close to me, I always woke up. If I gave up on escaping death in my dream, what would happen? Would I die? Would I die only in my dream? Or would my real body (my sleeping body) die, also? I made up my mind to go ahead and die in my dream so that I could find out.

The train came closer and closer and I waited to be run over. Finally I felt the impact of the train smashing into my car. At that moment, the train, the sky, the land, the railroad, and everything else around me melted down like a marble chocolate. I was flying round and round in a marble chocolate. And then I woke up from my dream.

When I woke up, I was still flying—flying in my room. Unbelievable! I had really woken up from my dream, but I was flying around my room! I was amazed, but for some reason I felt calm. And then as I continued to fly around my room, the next incredible situation came to my attention.

There was my body lying on my bed! I was looking down at my own body lying on my bed! And between my flying self and my body on my bed there was a string—a very thin, white string. What was going on here?! And then I realized that it was my soul that was flying as my body lay there on the bed and that this string was connecting my soul and my body. So, if this string were to break, I figured, I would die for sure. Should I try to get back into my body now, I asked myself, or should I try to remain in this situation? I was eager to see what would happen next.

Feeling calm and fearless, I thought about my whole life, my family, and my girlfriend. My life had great potential. And I loved my family and my girlfriend. So, finally, I decided to rejoin my body.

But how could I do that? What did I have to do to get back in? I didn’t want to touch the string because it was so thin. At first I tried to swim toward my body, but that was impossible—without arms and legs my soul couldn’t guide itself in. Then I prayed to some gods, Buddha, Jesus Christ, and so on. Still nothing happened. Finally I gave up and decided to try to pull myself into my body using the string. When I seized the string, my soul was immediately absorbed into my body, as though I were dust being swept up by a vacuum cleaner.

I tried to move my hands and legs. They worked. Yes, I was back in my body again.

Ever since that strange experience I had that night, I haven’t dreamed of death again.

Or was it actually not a dream?

Kemen,

Take care, behave, and good luck in everything! Try to be a nice guy, okay? I’ll miss you.

Manuela
Culture Shock Through Fire
Jeferson R. Ferreira
Brazil

A typical day of classes and meeting friends at EPI, we began our trip back to Irmo. We were almost to her brother’s house, where she was staying, when I noticed that smoke was coming out from under the hood. I stopped to see what the problem was, and when I lifted the hood, I saw fire flickering on the engine.

“I’ll just get the fire extinguisher and things will be okay,” I told myself.

I rushed back to the driver’s seat and quickly reached under it but found nothing there. I searched thoroughly... definitely no fire extinguisher. Now I began to panic. I tried to put out the fire by blowing on it, covering it with a jacket, praying—anything. Eventually I found a bottle of mineral water and doused the fire with it as quickly as my hand could shake the water out. Somehow that little bottle of water put out the fire and saved the car. Whew!

“This car doesn’t have a fire extinguisher?” I asked myself, incredulous, when I’d begun to calm down. “Why not?”

This was my first culture shock...

Fire extinguishers aren’t required in American cars. Therefore cars here don’t have fire extinguishers.

Two days later my friend (the owner of the car) and I listened to the mechanic’s report. The hydraulic direction hose had cracked and thrown oil on the hot engine, causing the fire, which had damaged all the electrical parts it had reached.

“This car is impossible to fix,” the mechanic informed us. “Maybe you can sell it for a hundred and fifty dollars or so.”

The service cost would be more expensive than the car was worth now, and my friend had only liability insurance on it.

This was my second culture shock...

We decided not to desert the car, though. Instead we began to try to figure out what we could do. One week later we had managed to fix the car by ourselves, spending four hundred dollars on parts. So, now my friend’s car has regained its sale value, about three thousand dollars, and it’s already run for more than a thousand miles with no more engine problems. To throw away any car doesn’t make sense to me. It makes more sense to carry a fire extinguisher, as the law in my country requires.

But the law here requires you to have insurance, so I suppose that if your car catches on fire and you have full coverage on it you should go ahead and choose Option Four. Maybe it is safer not to try to put out the fire, and with plenty of insurance maybe it doesn’t matter whether your car burns up, anyway. Watch the explosion. Be happy. And whatever you do, try to avoid culture shock through fire.
An Experience I'll Never Forget

Hideki Kondo
Japan

When I was a university student, I belonged to a paragliding club. Every Sunday I would go to the mountains and practice. I used to soar to an altitude of 2000 feet for more than an hour. Up there everything seemed smaller. There was only the sun above me. Sometimes a bird would come flying up to check out this stranger in the sky. Everything was so beautiful.

One sunny fall day I had an experience I'll never forget. The grass was bright, and I was gliding comfortably against a soft wind. I tried to soar higher, but the wind wasn't strong enough to allow me to gain height, so I decided to give up and head down for the landing field.

The field seemed to be coming closer and all was well. I figured I'd be landing in a few minutes.

But then things changed. I was finding it impossible to reach the grass. The quiet wind had quickly changed into the devil. It was pulling me back up—up to an altitude I hadn't been able to get to earlier that day. I wasn't pleased with this turn of events, though, because as I gained height I was going backwards. I tried to go forward, but the wind was so strong that I couldn't control the glider. Higher and farther away from the area we usually practiced in, I could no longer see my friends and the instructor. I felt as though I was about to leave the earth's atmosphere. I was afraid that I'd never be able to land.

After fighting with the devil for thirty terrifying minutes, I found myself gliding over a dangerous-looking ravine I'd never seen before. But now the wind was getting weaker, almost gentle.

"Ah, maybe now I'll be able to get to the landing field," I told myself. "I want to feel the earth under my feet!"

The devil was gone, but I was still tense, flying over that ravine, which looked like an entrance to hell about to swallow me up. It's very dangerous to glide in a valley; the wind has a tendency to blow in gusts. I usually avoided a treacherous area like this, but now I had no choice.

Suddenly all I could see were piles of rocks, rotten trees, and patches of brown earth. Plunging rapidly towards hell, I aimed for the brown patches away from the rocks and trees. As I'd expected, the gusts confused me, and I was unable to respond appropriately. My glider went out of control and I began to spin into the bottom of the ravine.

"Am I going to die here?" I asked myself. "I don't want to die. I want to live. I don't want to die here."

Frantically I tried to steer away from a big rock coming at me and fell to the ground with a thud.

It was all over in ten seconds, but it felt like ten minutes. I lay still for a moment, afraid to open my eyes and wondering whether I was dead or alive. Fortunately, as it turned out, I wasn't even injured.

A few minutes later, my friends and the instructor arrived by car to help me. As we drove to the landing area, they didn't talk about the accident because they could see that I was still shaken up. My only thought was, "Never again!" When we stopped and got out at the landing area, they said, "Please glide more carefully next time."

Well, anyway, it was an exciting experience... but definitely not one that I want to have again—ever.
Twenty years ago a very kind, diligent couple, Mr. Kim and his wife, lived in a rural area near Seoul, Korea. At that time many of the Kims' neighbors were leaving their hometown and moving to Seoul because they hated the difficulty of agricultural life in Korea. They wanted a comfortable, clean life. Mr. Kim's friends recommended that he and his wife leave the hometown, too, telling him that city life was a lot of fun and very convenient. He rejected this advice, though, because he preferred the simplicity of farming life to the complexity of city life. Mr. Kim continued to work his farm, which had been passed down from generation to generation in his family.

Shortly after the Kim's neighbors had left for the city, Mr. Kim found out that he had suddenly become extremely rich. The value of his land had skyrocketed because of Seoul's plans to extend city development into the rural area where his farm was located. The price of land in his area had risen to $15,000 per pyung (1.9 square meters) and was still increasing continuously and sharply. He had about 6,000 pyung of land, and if he sold only a small fraction of it, he would be a millionaire three times over. Why not, he decided, and sold 100 pyung.

Now his friends no longer called him Mr. Kim but President Kim. He bought two luxurious cars and employed a driver for himself and a driver for his wife. He was very happy with his life.

Recently, President Kim decided that he wanted to travel to other countries. However he had one problem: he was illiterate, knowledgeable only about agricultural affairs. Consequently he needed an interpreter who spoke fluent English, Spanish, and French. No problem—he could easily employ an interpreter because he had a lot of money. He began to think that money was everything.

He, his wife, and their interpreter departed from Kimpo international airport to tour Europe. Their first stop was in Spain. The day after they arrived, they went to a bullfight. There they watched a man fight a bull until the bull finally succumbed to the man's sword. Afterwards they were very hungry and went to a restaurant to get something to eat. The interpreter said that they had better order some kind of well known food—that this was a traveler's rule—so they ordered three beefsteaks. Finally their order was set out in front of them and they dug in. Unfortunately, though, their steaks were very poor, and they were very disappointed.

President Kim looked over at the next table, where a man was eating his plentiful, delicious-looking dish with great enjoyment. President Kim called the headwaiter over and asked him what his neighbor was having. The headwaiter answered that it was a special dish made with the sex organs of the bull which had been killed by the matador that afternoon, that it was a very expensive, rare, and energetic food which could be made only on the day of a bullfight. President Kim ordered the dish immediately, though he would have to wait a week for it since bullfights were held just once a week.

Finally the day of the next bullfight arrived. At dinnertime President Kim went to the restaurant and asked for the headwaiter. He ordered the special and sat back to wait for it.

Quite a while later, his meal was brought to his table. What a disappointment! Just two quail-size eggs and a very small sausage lay there on his plate, and this dish tasted even worse than the beefsteak he had eaten the week before. Thinking that he must have received the wrong order, he protested to the headwaiter.

"I am sorry, sir," the headwaiter replied, "but today the bull won."
When I arrived in America, I felt that this country was so big because everything here was big—the size of airports, people, goods, etc. And I felt that Americans were very nice, always smiling at me. If I asked questions about something, they answered kindly, so I was happy to talk with them, even though communication wasn’t always easy.

One day I went to Stone Mountain near Atlanta. The weather was hot, and feeling thirsty, I went to an ice cream store.

“Hello, can I help you?” the man who sold ice cream there greeted me.

“I want an ice cream,” I answered.

And then he wanted more detail. But I didn’t understand his question, and I couldn’t say anything. For ten minutes he tried to explain to me how to order what I wanted, but finally he gave up and gave me a small ice cream—too small. The size of my serving was no bigger than my thumb, and I was really disappointed. I wanted to say more about that, but I was afraid to show my ignorance of American culture. Then he called me back over to the counter and gave me a big cup of ice cream. The first one had been just a sample for tasting! I was really embarrassed when I heard that.

“Have a nice day!” he said, wrapping up our transaction.

“I hope so,” I replied confidently and then waited for his response, like “Why?” or “Me, too.” I thought that this was my chance to recover my honor, but his response was different from what I had expected. He just looked at me strangely without saying anything. A silence passed between us, and then I just smiled at him sheepishly and he at me.

I like to joke. If I tell a funny story in Korea, my home country, most people can’t help laughing. So, I am proud of my talent to make people laugh, but my pride was hurt when I came here to the U.S. and found that I could never get Americans to laugh when I joked with them.

One day, determined to make an American laugh, I went to an ice cream store where two women were working. I had two plans about how to make them laugh. First I ordered the biggest cup in the store with all kinds of ice cream mixed in it. I thought the woman serving me would think my order was ridiculous, but she didn’t laugh. She just did her job and got me my ice cream.

“Oh, no!” I said to myself; my first plan had failed, and now I had to eat all that ice cream.

When I was finished eating, I had a stomachache, but I didn’t give up yet; I still had my second plan to try. I took my empty ice cream cup back over to the woman who had served me and asked, “Can I get a refill?” pointing at my cup with my finger.

At that moment a loud laugh broke out from her. I had finally gotten what I had wanted! I was very happy and surprised at her noisy laughter.

Every country has a different way to order ice cream. You may feel ordering is difficult for you, but if you can’t explain something to foreigners, just smile and they will understand your trouble and will help you. And remember: laughter is the universal language.

Carlitos Palacios,
You are a great friend. It was great to have met you. We will miss you very much. Good luck. See you in Brazil.
Your “paquerinhas,” Fabiana & Manuela
Brookgreen
Dick Holmes
USA

a stir in the reeds
alligators shove off
clover so thick and soft
you keep sinking
as words turn to breeze

Used to Versus Now
Mario Gutierrez
Nicaragua

I used to be a star floating in your mind every day
but now I am a thick cloud of smoke killing things everywhere I go.

I used to be a toy horse going around and around
but now I am a seashell under the sun seeing how days become yesterday.

I used to be a bat and a ball hitting each other
but now I am an eagle flying in the sky looking for his prey.

I used to believe in reindeers flying in the sky making everybody happy
but now I believe in little angels praying and believing in the absolute.

I use to believe in white birds carrying babies to their new home
but now I believe in the real world taking care of me.

I used to wish I were a white-haired man giving advise and playing it cool
but now I have to think as two.

I used to be a little child
but now that child is hidden and will never come back.
Art & Entertainment

Americo F. Salas Bacci  Bolivia
Fabiana Uchoa  Brazil
Maria Forero  Colombia
Apichai Ritvirool  Thailand
Rieko Yamamoto  Japan
Amporn Sane  Thailand
Love in the Time of Cholera
Americo F. Salas Bacci
Bolivia

In the novel Love in the Time of Cholera, written by Gabriel García Márquez, a Nobel Prize winner in literature, we become witness to a magic yet real love. Magic, that is, for readers who aren't Latin American but real for Latin American readers, whose lives typically unfold between these two contradictory qualities.

The love story of Fermina Daza and Florentino Ariza of La Manga takes place during two different time periods: a time of cholera in the 19th century and another such time in the present century. Fermina and Florentino first meet as teenagers in the late 19th century when they participate in a traditional Catholic peregrination around La Manga. The love that develops between them is natural and simple but also complex because they feel the pressure of the girl's father, who has chosen the young Dr. Juvenal Urbino to become his son-in-law instead of the poor Florentino. Dr. Urbino belongs to the most influential family in La Manga, and not only has he just finished his studies in a medical school in France, but he has also become famous for developing a new treatment for victims of cholera. On the other hand, Florentino has developed some special natural skills in contrast to those that come with titles, but these skills aren't enough for the most beautiful girl of La Manga and her family.

However, Florentino's great patience, a characteristic inherent in some Latin lovers, eventually culminates in the crystallization of Florentino and Fermina's love. After fifty years of silent love for each other, Dr. Urbino's death frees Fermina from social pressure and she finally wholeheartedly says yes to their now senile yet still vibrant love during the second epidemic of cholera . . .

In Love and War
Fabiana Uchoa
Brazil

The movie In Love and War presents the story of Ernest Hemingway's failed love life, a life no doubt like that of many other people who selfishly think only of their own pleasure and are unwilling to share and live with others.

A soldier goes to war to defend his country, the story goes. In the course of the war he gets shot in the leg and falls in love with the beautiful nurse who takes care of him. She devotedly nurses him back to health, doing everything she can to prevent him from losing his leg. Before he leaves the hospital to return to his country, they sleep together and promise to wait for each other until the end of the war, when they will get married. However, she later decides not to fulfill her promise and writes him a letter telling him that she is going to marry a rich man. When he reads this, he goes crazy and wants to break everything. He vows to himself that he will never forgive her. Eight months later she regrets what she has done and visits him to ask for his forgiveness. Still hurting, he refuses to forgive her. He goes on to get married four times during his life, but he never finds happiness.

In Love and War is an interesting movie that makes us reflect on our own problems and on the fact that we need to face them. Because of the Hemingway character's pride, he never forgives the woman he loves; as a result he hurts her and himself. We should realize from this movie that nobody is perfect and that if we really love someone we need to forgive that person, not only for her/his sake but for our own peace of mind as well.

Paty, Juan, and Mario,
Thanks so much for all the unforgettable moments, especially our trip to Toronto. Please don't forget me.

Love, Marisol

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War of the Roses is a highly dramatic movie about a couple that one day decide to get married. At the beginning of their marriage everything goes well. Then as some challenging feelings and situations arise, their relationship changes. They have two children and live in a beautiful house. He is an important businessman, and she takes care of the children and sometimes organizes important events. They become very busy in their occupations, he especially. He doesn’t even have time to talk with the family because he is always thinking about work. His wife begins to feel lonely and think that she and their children aren’t very important to him. At first she is upset by his lack of attention, but eventually she begins to feel that his attention isn’t as important to her as it was several years ago, that she wants to be alone.

As time passes, the relationship between the couple becomes so tense that it is unbearable. Finally they decide that divorce is the best solution to their problem, which is now affecting their children as well as them.

However, their divorce is held up because despite their agreement to separate they can’t agree on who will get to keep the house. Both consider the house truly important to them, and neither is willing to give it up. They have to think of some way to solve this problem, or they won’t be able to continue with their divorce proceedings.

Ignoring their lawyer’s advice, their relationship gets worse and worse, more and more traumatic. They can’t see each other without doing terrible things to each other, things like killing each other’s pet, wrecking each other’s car, and burning up the kitchen. They are so obsessed with their house that they go absolutely crazy, to the point that he finally decides to kill her and himself in the process of destroying the house.

The divorcing couple’s fight over their house in this movie, although no doubt an exaggerated situation, is a common phenomenon in today’s society. People fight over all kinds of relatively unimportant things, leading to chronically hostile relationships, even among family members. War of the Roses reflects how ambition, obsession with material things, and violence can bring terrible consequences to everyone involved.

Because of these problems we’re facing in today’s society, we need to think deeply about social values. We need to reevaluate the situations we encounter, to understand what we really need to be satisfied and happy. We have to recognize things that might be enjoyable for a short time but are not essential to having a good life.

Money is important for survival but not the most important thing. We need to learn how to manage money, but values such as love, honesty, sincerity, service, and commitment are even more important priorities. Many people, like this couple in the movie, think of money and material things as the most important things in life, forgetting about the people they love and have decided to live with. Not caring what will happen to others around them, they step on them, even their family and friends. In their thoughtless pursuit of material things, they lose sight of the truly important things.

We need to reconsider our entire scale of values. People who have a true sense of them and know how to live should help those who are blind to principles. Our society, especially young people, need to learn real values in order to live better and make a better future for the generations to come.

Hye Eun Kim,
I am grateful to have met you. I’ve been thinking of thanking you for your kindness and warmth. At times we’ve had some problems, but we need to continue to build our friendship. I want to focus on the good relationship that we have.

Your friend
Even the ancients had their action heroes, such as Hercules who appeared three thousand years ago in Greek mythology. Now this ancient hero is a star of Disney’s new animated feature Hercules. Critics applaud the movie, giving it four stars. It’s not only children who will admire this cartoon version of Hercules; their parents will also like him.

Hercules is born a god. Hades, Lord of the Dead, hears a prophecy that Hercules will ultimately derail Hades’ plot to replace Zeus, Hercules’ father, as king of Olympus, so he plots to kill Hercules. He has one of his followers poison the young god, and Hercules drops down to earth, seemingly dead.

However, a farmer finds him—still alive—lying on the ground, takes him home with him, and raises him. Hercules grows up in the human world and becomes a super-strong man. Eventually, hearing stories about his origins, he looks for his father and finds him. Zeus tells Hercules that if Hercules wipes out all the bad persons on earth he can go back to his home, heaven.

As a young man Hercules falls in love with Mega, a beautiful woman who is a servile follower of Hades. Attempting to entice Hercules to fall into a trap Hades has set for him, Mega leads him to a mountain, where he confronts a lion and has to wrestle with it. He wins and kills it. He doesn’t know that she is setting him up and follows her again into the forest, where he combats a nine-headed hydra. Again he wins and kills it.

Deciding to try a new tactic, Hades holds Mega hostage to attract Hercules and then compel him to transfer his strength to him. After being sapped of his strength, Hercules looks like an old man. At last Mega comes truly to love Hercules because she sees that he is willing to do anything for her.

Later, as the couple are walking to the city, a giant throws a heavy rock at Hercules. It misses him but hits Mega. She is severely hurt and pinned under the heavy rock. He tries to lift the rock, but he can’t; it’s too heavy. Outraged, he tries again, and this time, thanks to the strength of his emotion, he manages to free her. Now his strength is full again, and he kills the giant.

However, Mega is dying. Desperate to save her, Hercules goes down into a well that leads to hell to find her soul and bring it back to life, although he may die in the attempt. Fortunately he manages to triumph over death and she regains consciousness. Finally he kills Hades and can go back to heaven with his love.

This movie presents the moral that if you do evil you will receive evil; that if you do good you will receive good; and that good will triumph over evil in the end. Because of doing severely evil things, Hades is killed and goes to hell, the symbol of evil. On the other hand, Hercules, dedicated to doing good, conquers evil, making the world safe and peaceful and winning his way back to heaven, the symbol of good.

Sometimes love makes eyes blind. A man who falls in love with a woman may not know why he must do something for her, but he does it anyway, even though it might be a wrong thing to do. Why does Hercules follow Mega? For no reason. Hercules does everything for his love, even when it leads him into some very dangerous situations. Eventually, however, the greatest love always brings about a miracle, as Hercules’ love for Mega illustrates. ☑
She comes into the classroom listening to music on her headphones. She always has her red backpack, wears short pants, and looks like an American student. Her name is Haruka, and she just graduated from high school in Japan last spring. This fall she will become a student at Knox college in Illinois.

This is Haruka's second time to study in the United States. Two years ago she studied at Thomas Sumter Academy in Camden, South Carolina. She spent nine months there, staying with her host family.

It is common for young Japanese women to give up on pursuing their own interests or career preferences because of social pressure to subordinate their interests to others. Some women would like to develop their abilities despite the social pressure, but it is still hard to overcome the obstacles, even though Japanese society has been changing recently. Haruka is one of those who have courageously met the challenge and come to the United States to improve herself. It is in America, she has decided, that she can be herself.

She is a fascinating, respectable woman, and I wanted to interview her to find out more about her motivation and aspirations.

RY: What is the biggest difference for you between Japan and the United States, Haruka?

HS: In this country I always have to challenge myself. For example in class discussions the students never stop talking, and I have to push myself and state my opinion. When I first came here, I couldn’t speak English, so I had to make a lot of effort. In Japan I was just required to be quiet and take some notes in class. It was easy but pretty boring.

RY: How was your life at Thomas Sumter Academy?

HS: It was fun but hard. I joined a volleyball and softball club. I shared a lot of fun with the other members. I enjoyed studying there, too. I could choose a variety of subjects. I took a course in theater and speech, which was really interesting. But it was difficult to make friends there. For various reasons, such as having part-time jobs, students usually didn’t have enough time to get together.

RY: Why did you choose to go to an American college instead of a Japanese one?

HS: Basically to learn about international relations. I want to be a person who can understand cultural differences and contribute to society. As you know, American society has a lot of diversity and many people are eager to come to this country. Japan is a homogeneous country, so the chance to get to know other cultures there is limited. If I stayed in Japan my whole life, I wouldn’t be able to break through the stereotypical perceptions of other countries and cultures. That’s why I’m here.

RY: What is your purpose in studying at an American college?

HS: Maybe because I’m stingy. Considering how expensive college tuition is, I would rather pay for an American college education. And in general, it’s hard to study here, so I have to work hard. Consequently I can improve myself. If I went to a Japanese college, I would envy people studying at American colleges. I wouldn’t like to regret my choice. That would be a waste of time.

RY: In the future would you like to continue living in the United States?

HS: In fact I like Japan. If I go back to Japan, my family will be happy and I won’t have to miss my friends. But I don’t know. I have four years to go here, and I can’t expect yet what will happen. It depends on my opportunities. Anyhow, I’ll choose a way that makes me comfortable. ☺
An Interview with Augusto Bock

Anyone learning a foreign language will be interested in Augusto Bock, who can communicate in eight languages. His native language is Majaco, a language spoken by one of the ethnic groups in his country, Guinea-Bissau. He also knows Guinea-Bissau's national language, called Creole, a mixture of Portuguese and fourteen ethnic languages. In addition to speaking Orof, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Russian, and English, evidently Augusto is an expert in learning foreign languages.

This was my first time to encounter a person with such broad experience in language learning, and I wanted to find out more about how he had come to learn so many languages and in particular how the situation in his country had influenced his language development.

RY: Augusto, let's begin with some general information about your home country.

AB: Sure. My country, Guinea-Bissau, was controlled by Portugal until we won our independence on September 24, 1974. Portuguese is our official language. So, I was educated in Portuguese at school. That's how I came to speak Portuguese.

RY: Before meeting you, I'd never heard of the Orof language. What kind of language is Orof?

AB: Orof, like Majaco, my native language, is an ethnic group language. I was born in Senegal, and I lived there for ten years. Orof is the national language of Senegal. And in my elementary school in Senegal, I was taught in French. French is the official language in all the West African countries except Guinea-Bissau.

RY: How about Creole?

AB: Creole is the national language of Guinea-Bissau. The story of Creole relates to our independence. There are fourteen ethnic languages in my country. To fight for our independence from Portugal, we needed a language to unite ourselves. We had a common official language, Portuguese, but we needed to create a new language that was easily understandable among the majority of our citizenry and that represented our own identity.

RY: How does Spanish relate to you?

AB: When I'd finished high school, I decided to study medicine at the University in Guinea-Bissau. To do that, I had to pass a Spanish examination like the TOEFL because all the lectures in medical studies there are given by Spanish or Cuban professors. So, out of necessity, I studied Spanish intensively for a year before starting my university studies.

RY: What was the purpose of learning Russian?

AB: During my university studies, I changed my major and got a scholarship to study engineering at a Russian university. Before I entered the Russian university, I studied Russian for a year, just as I'd studied Spanish before. Then I got my Bachelor's degree in Russia.

RY: So, you're studying English now to pursue your master's degree at an American university?

AB: Exactly.

RY: What do you think about studying English? Is it difficult for you?

AB: I can say that it's both easy and difficult. It's easy for me to study vocabulary because I know several languages. A lot of English words are similar to those in other languages, so I can remember them easily, but I have to work out their pronunciation. Listening is my problem.

RY: Will you give us some advice in learning a foreign language?

AB: Sure. Learning language is definitely difficult, so first of all, you need to have strong interest and willpower. They play a big role in helping you improve your ability. The exact method of studying language depends on the individual student. In my case I always try to avoid using my own language and to think constantly in the language I'm learning. It's really hard to do this, but you have to concentrate on using the target language in order to master it. And you should increase your vocabulary as much as you can. I try to memorize fifteen words every day. Whenever I hear someone use unfamiliar words or a teacher gives me new expressions, I write them down in my notebook and memorize those words after I get back to my room. If there are under fifteen that day, I choose some words at random from my dictionary. Even if you work very hard, you may not get the score you're expecting on proficiency exams, but the thing is to continue your effort, and then you'll finally see results.
**Tom Yam Kung**
Amporn Sane
Thailand

Do you like hot and spicy soup? For a delicious taste of Thailand try this recipe!

**Ingredients**
- 200 cc of water
- 20 grams of lemon grass
- 10 grams of galangal
- 5 grams of bergamot leaves
- 1/2 teaspoon of chili
- 1 teaspoon of hot shrimp-paste sauce
- 1 dash of salt
- 1 tablespoon of lemon juice
- 100 grams of fresh shrimp
- 80 grams of mushrooms

**Preparation**
- Using a microwave—
  Put all the ingredients except the shrimp and mushrooms together in a bowl and place in a microwave at 500 watts for 3 minutes. Add the shrimp and mushrooms, and then place in the microwave for another 3 minutes.

- Using a pot on a stove—
  Boil the water with the lemon grass, galangal, and bergamot leaves. After it comes to a boil, add the chili, hot shrimp-paste sauce, salt, lemon juice, shrimp, and mushrooms and cook until the shrimp are done but still tender.

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**June's Brownies**
Rieko Yamamoto
Japan

Brownies are a well known American dessert that you should taste. They're typically very sweet, but using this recipe that my host mom gave me, your brownies will come out delicious without being too sweet.

**Ingredients**
- 2/3 cup of vegetable oil
- 6 tablespoons of cocoa powder
- 2 cups of sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups of flour
- 1 teaspoon of baking powder
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1 cup of nuts (optional)

**Preparation**
Preheat oven to 350°. In a mixing bowl mix all the ingredients. Place the batter in a shallow pan and bake for 25 minutes.

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**Connie’s Potato Casserole**
Rieko Yamamoto
Japan

If you’re having a party, this popular American dish will come in handy because it serves a lot of people. Let’s make it and have a party!

**Ingredients**
- 2 packages of frozen southern style potatoes (thawed)
- 1/4 cup of butter (melted)
- 1/2 cup of onion
- 8 ounces of grated cheddar cheese
- 1 tablespoon of pepper
- 1 can of cream of chicken soup
- 2 cups of sour cream
- crushed corn flakes

**Preparation**
Preheat oven to 350°. Mix all the ingredients except the corn flakes and place them in a baking dish. Add the crushed corn flakes as a topping and bake for 40 minutes.

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To my lovers,
How are you? I am okay. Nowadays I miss you. I always dream about you. I hope we will meet as soon as possible. I wish we’d had more time together.
Anyway, I miss you! Good-bye.
From your friend
Dear Bo-Ryoung,

I’m very glad I met you. It was the best thing that happened to me this term. I hope your host family is kind to you. Let’s go shopping again and eat dinner in my room.

Love, Satomi

Dear teachers and friends,

It was pleasant here even if I was tired sometimes. I enjoyed the conversations with you. They were good experiences for me and will be good memories. I will return to my country on August 21. Thank you for your kindness. Take care.

Myoung Chu Oh

To all my EPI teachers, classmates, and relatives,

I really enjoyed the time we spent together. It was a great experience. I know that my English is much better now than when I started at EPI, and for that I say “thank you” to all my teachers. I also learned a lot about different countries. Now I can say “Hello” in almost all the languages represented at EPI. Everyone has been so kind and friendly. I wish I had the words to express what I feel. Thank you all for everything and God bless everyone.

Sincerely,
Eric Tafopa

Thanks EPI!

Thanks to you, my English is much better now—even though I have only completed one term.

Thanks to the teachers. Dick Norwood, thanks for your classes, which were very interesting. It was a pleasure to have a teacher who was so much like a friend. Glen Rice, you helped me a lot with vocabulary, and thanks for your friendship, too. Russ, you were also a friend—you were so friendly that I don’t remember your last name!

Special thanks to Moud Marrakchi, who works in the EPI office. Thanks for all your advice. I’m sure we will have a good time on Wheat Street, don’t you think?

Everyone has helped me, and I especially want to thank Annalise, who gave me the opportunity to study at EPI. This week I will return to my country for one week and I will recommend to all my friends who want to learn English that they come here.

Finally, I want to say that I have really enjoyed my term here. All the EPI students were very nice and gentle. This is not a good-bye note. I will return to Columbia and I hope I’ll see everybody again after this term. Thank you very much.

Elkhalifi Bachir, the Moroccan guy

To Young-Do, Jae Wang, Hyun Bom, Kazuhiro, Kinuko, and Patricia,

You are an enthusiastic, energetic, and highly motivated group of students. Just keep on talking and you’ll have no problems. But don’t forget your grammar and pronunciation!

Your CS teacher

For Mr. Switzerland,

The Mr. Switzerland who is my good friend and classmate. When I was upset about my girlfriend, you always tried to make me laugh with your corny jokes. Thank you for your kindness. And see you later.

From your friend