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

- Congratulations to Keiko Azuma (page 22), Hosung Sohn (page 29), and Chang-Soo Yoo (page 32), the winners of this issue's story contest.
Editor’s Note

This is the Winter issue of Sunrise, but as we go to press, spring has already arrived in Columbia. Birds are singing, flowers are blooming, and young green leaves are unfurling. And in the leaves of this issue, some bright new voices in English are blooming, too. Enjoy! 

Dick Holmes

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Turkey, Land of History and Mystery

Tarkan Yurcu
Turkey

Revolution died without being able to see its results. However, in Turkey, you can study and experiment with various lifestyles ranging from early primitive nomadic to the most civilized. (Most of the nomadic cultures disappeared thousands of years ago, but some still exist in various parts of Turkey.) In this sense, Turkey makes a perfect historical and cultural laboratory.

Finally, Turkey is a very mysterious country, rich in religion and philosophy. One of the Anatolian names for Turkey can be translated, "the country of the one thousand gods." This name derives from the existence of polytheistic religions throughout the history of Anatolia. In Turkey, even if you are a Christian, Muslim, Jew, or member of some other religion, you are affected not only by your own religion but also by all the other ancient and modern religions. You are steeped in Sufi dervishes' philosophy, which has been built over centuries with pieces of various religions. If you take a walk through the fields of Sufi philosophy, you disappear in its complicated, confusing labyrinth of wonderful, gorgeous mysteries.

If I were a sociologist, I would study in Turkey to learn from its many different ways of life. And whenever I wanted to relax, I would let myself disappear in the sacred philosophy and music of the dervishes, so peaceful and undogmatic.

To the Business English class,
Thank you for making my job such a joy. It has been a privilege to help each of you on your journey. I can't wait to see how each of you will change the world! Please keep in touch over the years—networking is invaluable!!! Keep practicing your "beep, bit, bitt, bet, bat..."

Your teacher and friend, Beth Wall
How much do you know about Korea? I guess that if you’re not from Korea you know only a little or that maybe you’ve just heard the name Korea. No problem, because I’m going to introduce Korean culture to you!! Let’s start studying a few things about Korea. Are you ready? First, let’s have a look at traditional Korean houses.

Traditional Korean houses remained relatively unchanged from the Three Kingdoms Period (57 B.C. - 668 A.D.) to the late Chosun Dynasty (1392 - 1910). Various features of the houses evolved from the need to make them suitable for the differing climates in the cold North and the warmer South. The under-the-floor heating system of traditional Korean houses, or ondol in Korean, first used in the North, channeled smoke and heat through flues under the floor. Together with the wooden floors developed in the South, this heating system characterized a unique house seen in no other country in the world. The major materials of traditional-style houses were earth and wood. The earth insulated the inside from outside heat or cold. Black-grooved tiles for the roof were made of earth, usually red clay. Wooden pegs, rather than nails, were used in the construction of traditional Korean houses. Simple rectangular houses with a kitchen and an all-purpose room on either side eventually developed into L-shaped and then U-shaped or square-shaped houses with a courtyard in the center.

Second, traditional Korean clothing. The traditional Korean costume, the hanbok, has been handed down in the same forms for men and women for hundreds of years, unchanged because it is well suited to Korea’s climate and culture. The beauty of traditional Korean clothes can be found in the simple design and harmony of the lines and colors of the upper and lower pieces. Like most Koreans, I have a hanbok. On traditional Korean holidays we still wear our traditional clothes.

Third, our delicious food. Rice, either plain or cooked with other grains, is the main dish at Korean meals. Rice is accompanied by a variety of side dishes that vary greatly according to the region and the season. Each person has her/his own rice and soup bowls but all other dishes are placed in the center of the table for everyone. Spoons and chopsticks are used for eating.

Now you know three things about Korea—its traditional housing, clothing, and food. Why don’t you visit my country to see the houses, eat the food, and wear the traditional clothing?

Dear teachers,
Thank you for teaching us the basics of your language and for the experiences that you shared with us during the term.

Juan Placentia
The Korean Character...

land. The one thing that we Koreans have in abundance is our own human resources. And almost everything that Americans have been developing for five hundred years Koreans have been developing for only fifty years, since the end of the Korean War. Consequently, Koreans are always busy working, striving to get things, and growing our ability, just to survive. In this situation, how can we take time to cultivate our inner resources? How can we just be lazy and relax?

In addition, we still have a warring country, North Korea, breathing down our neck, so we are always tense, always worried about our country's future. Under these circumstances, how can we enjoy our life fully as Americans can?

If we have expectations about a certain place and its people, we are bound to find, when we actually experience that place and people, that the reality is different from what we had expected. I think it is a big mistake for people to stereotype any nation or ethnic group. In America, just as in Korea, there are rough, unmanered persons as well as kind, well-mannered persons. And I can assure you that if you go to Korea and meet Koreans in person, you will make friends with them in a moment and recognize that for the most part we Koreans are actually genuine, kind, well-mannered, generous people.

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Dear Kemen,

Thank you for saving the honor of the EPI Venezuelan guys.

Juan Placentia

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The Tan-gun Myth

Jee-Wan Kwon
Korea

---

About 5,000 years ago, one of the gods wanted to live on the ground with people. So, he came to the ground and ruled over the people.

One day, a bear and a tiger went to the god and said, "We want to become human beings. Please change us into humans."

"Oh, really?" the god said.

"Okay! I'll teach you how to become humans. Go into a cave and live there for a hundred days. But there are two rules which you have to observe. You must eat only garlic, and you can't leave the cave during your one-hundred-day stay there."

"Okay, we'll follow the rules," the bear and the tiger answered, and they went into a cave.

However, living in the cave was very boring. It was so narrow and close in there, and they wanted to have other food besides just garlic. One day, the tiger said to the bear, "I can't keep living in this cave. I'm going to give up becoming a man. Let's get out of this cave!"

"No," the bear said. "I eagerly wish to be a man. I'm going to remain in this cave."

"I see," the tiger said. "Well, I'll go out alone then. Good luck!"

And with that, the bear left the cave.

So, then there was only the bear in the cave, and it stayed there the full one hundred days. Finally, the bear became a female human being, and she married the god who had taught her the way to become a human. Ten months later, they gave birth to a baby boy and named him Tan-gun. When Tan-gun became an adult, he founded Korea.

This story about Tan-gun is a myth concerning the founding father of the Korean nation. We don't believe in the historical truth of the story, but it is an important, well-known myth among us Koreans. Our nation consists of a single race, so we have a strong national spirit. I think that the Tan-gun myth gives us a firm sense of racial consciousness.
Many foreigners face a cultural problem when they move to a country which has a culture different from theirs. They often suffer a great deal and struggle to adjust to the new culture. In recent years sociologists have been investigating this phenomenon called “culture shock” and have discovered various causes of the problem and some good ways to solve it.

There are many causes of culture shock, the most important of which is the language barrier, because without skill in using the language it’s very hard to communicate or even survive in a foreign country. Even after learning the foreign language, it’s often difficult to communicate because of the many variations in dialectal forms of the language. For example, when some Americans meet, they say, “What’s up?” meaning, “How is everything going in your life?” or “How are you?” Foreigners who have learned just regular English might have difficulty understanding this common phrase.

The second most important cause of culture shock is the customs barrier. Even little daily customs such as greeting people can be problematic for foreigners. When people meet in Kuwait, my home country, we say hello and shake hands, asking each other about our news and also about where the other is going. But in other countries, greetings may not include asking and answering such questions; people may just say hi and keep going. When we are invited to lunch or dinner in Kuwait but can’t accept the invitation, we must not refuse the invitation outright but must say thank you for the invitation and give a reason that we can’t accept it. In some other countries, though, it’s okay to just refuse an invitation. Congratulating people is another example of a custom that varies from country to country. In some countries people must give presents or flowers to express congratulations, while in others people just say congratulations.

Other causes of culture shock relate to the individual personality of the person living in a foreign culture. A person who lacks the patience needed to go through the long process of adapting to a new culture, or a person who isn’t very social and tends to avoid other people, may get caught in a vicious circle of culture shock.

Although culture shock involves a lot of problems, there are also a number of ways to overcome it. To solve the language problem, foreigners need to make friends, who can help them learn informal expressions among other important cultural matters. To break through the customs barrier, foreigners should find out about how and when to do greetings, invitations, refusals, congratulations, etc. Newcomers need to observe how people customarily do things and to avoid being too shocked to deal with unfamiliar customs. They should always keep in mind that it takes time and practice to acculturate. To cope with personal problems in facing a different culture, foreigners should try to be open and friendly because this attitude will help them make friends, learn from the new culture, and avoid culture shock.

Jumping into a new culture can cause a lot of uneasy feelings, but by avoiding isolation and being self-confident, curious, and patient, foreigners can deal successfully with culture shock. If they don’t give up, they will win in the end.

---

Dear Augusto,

Thanks for everything. You always smile and are a good partner in the class. I want to visit your family and hometown. I hope you can do well on the TOEFL and study at the University.

Your friend, A

To my GW class,

It is because of students like each one of you that I love my job. You are all very intelligent, talented students, and I hope that all of my classes will be just like ours has been. Please keep in touch over the years. I am interested in how each one of you will make the world a better place.

Your teacher and friend,

Beth Wall

---

Dear Brazilian guys,

Thank you for drinking all the beers of Columbia with me, for coming with us (Venezuelan guys) to all the Park Circle parties, and for having a good time together. I hope I will see you in Rio de Janeiro, or in Caracas, because we are neighbors. I’ll see you men!

José Maria Perez (Venezuelan guy)
A Precious Place in My Memory

Keiko Azuma
Japan

When I was a child, I had a place that I really loved to visit: my grandparents’ home in the countryside of Taiwan.

My family and I were living in Japan, so we could visit my grandparents only about once a year. Usually, we would visit them during summer or winter vacation. I liked it there so much, and every time I spent a month’s vacation there, I really didn’t want to go back to Japan.

In fact, I never did anything special during my stay at my grandparents’, but I would just enjoy the peaceful leisure there and the precious time that I could spend with my grandparents.

At that time I couldn’t speak Chinese, so I couldn’t talk with them, but I still remember that I really liked them and that it was so pleasant to be with them.

In the garden next to the house, there were many kinds of fruit trees and vividly colored flowers. On very hot days, we would take chairs to the shade of the grapevine trellis and enjoy the cool.

As I grew up, I got very busy in my school studies, and, unfortunately, it became difficult to visit my grandparents as often as before. I missed them and their home very much, but I couldn’t help it, and the years passed.

My grandparents died five years ago. After their death, I went to their home one more time. I found nobody living in the house, and it was falling into decay. I was very sad and realized that I had lost something very important to me. But now I know that the most important thing is my memory of the precious time that I spent with my grandparents.

Every time I remember them, I still see their house, surrounded by beautiful flowers.

Memories of Venezuela

Alejandro Mit
Venezuela

Venezuela has many beautiful beaches. I live in Caracas, far away from those spots, but on a long weekend or vacation I usually go to one of them.

It takes between two and four hours by car, depending on which beach I go to. When I arrive at the beach, I take my chair to the seaside and sit facing the sea. The sand is white. The water is clean and blue. I feel the soft wind on my skin and smell the sweet aroma of the beach.

I usually put on sunblock lotion because the sunlight is very strong. I sunbathe for maybe two or three hours, have something to drink and eat, and just relax.

Dear Venezuelan guys,

Thanks for every party and drink that you have spent with us. With you we have learned some very good words in Spanish and that your country is a very good place. However, it will never be like THE BEST COUNTRY in the world: BRAZIL. We hope to see you soon.

Antonio and Ricardo

Dear William,

Thank you for teaching me how to get to know American girls without saying anything.

Juan Placentia
The Majestic Machu-Pichu
Carlos Palacios
Perú

When the Spaniards came to South America in the 14th century, they found many mysterious places but none so majestic as Machu-Pichu in the Inca Empire.

The Inca Empire was a big, powerful civilization in the region. On a mountain that the Incas named Machu-Pichu, located in Cuzco in the South of Perú, the Incas built fortifications from which they could rule and defend the whole Empire.

Inca architecture and technology were very rich. Even now nobody knows how the Incas could build such big stone structures and how they would have the knowledge to set up an advanced irrigation system (called andenes), which allowed them to grow wheat, potatoes, corn, kiwicha, and many other kinds of crops.

Two important places in Machu-Pichu are the Incas’ sacred temple and the Sacsayhuaman fort. These two places are linked by underground tunnels. When the war with the Spaniards started, the Incas moved via the tunnels to the fort. There are about twenty labyrinthine tunnels, but just one route through the tunnels actually leads to the fort, and only the Incas knew which one.

The Inca, “the son of the sun,” was the king of the Empire. The Incas periodically offered an animal sacrifice to the sun god in the Inti Raimi ceremony. This was the most important event for the Incas; in answer to this ceremony they believed that the sun god would bless the growth of their crops.

Machu-Pichu represents the heart of the Inca civilization. Its architecture and all the beliefs associated with it are very interesting to historians and many people around the world.

Kimch’i
Sung-Hee Park
Korea

Every country has its traditional food, and because most traditional food originated a long time ago, it contains the character of the nation’s people. So if we learn about the traditional food of a country and taste it, we will be able to understand that country and its people.

Korea has many kinds of traditional food, but kimch’i has been the most representative food for a long time. Kimch’i is a traditional vegetable dish and the most basic side dish at every Korean meal. Because it is a fermented food, kimch’i can be preserved for a long time. It is a nutritious food providing vitamins, lactic acid, and minerals.

The history of kimch’i, or salted, pickled vegetables, can be traced back a thousand years, and the history of kimch’i made with red pepper back to the 17th century. The introduction of red pepper was a big innovation in Korean cuisine.

Kimch’i is made by mixing salted vegetables with salted fish and various seasonings, including granulated garlic, green onions, salt, and especially red pepper paste. This mixture is then put into a big pot and fermented in an underground cellar or a cool place.

The salted fish and seasonings give kimch’i a unique flavor. Its hot and spicy taste stimulates the appetite. All four seasons long, Koreans can enjoy various tastes of kimch’i according to its degree of fermentation.

Today there are many types of kimch’i with many different tastes. At least a hundred kinds exist. If Koreans continue to love kimch’i as much as we have loved it for so many years, it will no doubt become even more popular nationwide and worldwide. I hope the kinds of kimch’i will keep increasing.

Dear Beth,

Thank you for everything. You have always smiled and have been good to me. After this term is finished, I will miss you. I know that you will go to France with your husband, and I don’t know whether I will still be here when you come back, but I will always remember you. If you have a chance to visit my country (South Korea), I will guide you around. Really, I hope for that, and I wish that you have entire happiness, luck and health. Ah, and very pretty babies.

Eun Kyung

Brazilian people,

I hope to see you again in Brazil, but before that day arrives, I want to say that these have been great days that I have spent in the USA with you, and I know that new friendships were born this term. Thank you for everything, Silvio, Gisele, Rodrigo, Antonio, Shirley, William, Madalena, Patricia and Gilberito.

Your friend, Ricardo
The Kingdom of Morocco

Aboulyzza Zitouni
Morocco

Morocco is a country located in northern Africa west of Algeria and south of Spain across the Mediterranean Sea.

From 1912 to 1956, Morocco was colonized by France, but now it’s an independent monarchy. Hassan the Second is the king of Morocco.

Morocco’s political capital is Rabat, and the economic capital is Casablanca, which is more expensive than Rabat because it’s the biggest city in the country. Marrakech and Agadir are the most popular cities in the summer. Millions of foreigners come to visit them just to take some pictures of the Al-Menara mosque, which is a huge, magnificent work of art.

Visitors to Morocco are also impressed with the Moroccan people, who are very kind and outgoing. Arabic is the first language in Morocco and French is the second, except in the northern part of the country, where Spanish is more frequently spoken than French. There are many traditions in Morocco. For example, during Ramadan—the holy month in Islam—all Muslims fast from dawn to dusk. At the end of this month, each person gets together with all his/her family and enjoys a great feast.

I’m sure you’ll be very impressed if you come to Morocco. Especially in the summer you’ll have a good time there on the beaches.

Another World

Jong-chul Yune
Korea

Have you ever heard the expression “another world?” I experienced one recently. Three months have passed since I came to the USA, and during that time I have traveled to many places, but only one place has really surprised me.

In Virginia there is a famous scenic highway called the Skyline Drive. In January 1997 my family and I drove along this road high up on the ridge of the Shenandoah mountain range and experienced the sight of beautiful mountains surrounded by clouds.

Midway we saw a sign for the exit road to Luray Caverns. On the way to the caverns, we saw a lot of horses and cows in a picturesque meadow. It was the most peaceful sight I had ever seen. It was as if we were cruising in a dream.

After a ten-minute drive down this road, we arrived at the entrance to another world. From there we were led by a guide. “Since August 1878, visitors by the millions have made Luray Caverns the most popular cave in the East,” she told us with a smile. We followed her along a narrow path in the cave for about an hour and saw wonder after wonder.

Along the way we suddenly heard a beautiful sound coming from some place in the cave. It was as if the rocks were singing! Immediately we found out from our guide that this strange music was being made by a special “stalacpipe” organ. We had to see that amazing instrument to appreciate it. The organ was made of stalactites instead of pipes.

Further down the path we came to a wishing well. Bending over it, I could see my face clearly reflected in the water. I could also see a lot of coins that people had thrown into the well making wishes. A sign at this attraction said, “This well has produced millions of coins, having a value approaching $500,000. The proceeds are given primarily to national health organizations for medical research.”

When we emerged from the cave, the sun was setting. I was astonished at the giant power and beauty of nature. I will never forget the grand world I experienced in the Shenandoah Mountains.
Kyoto
Keiko Mural
Japan

Kyoto, the capital city of Japan in the Middle Ages, is the most beautiful city in Japan. If you want to go to Japan, I recommend Kyoto to you. I have never lived there, but I have visited the city four times and been very impressed by its beautiful scenery and historic temples.

Spring is especially lovely in Kyoto. At this time you can see a lot of cherry blossoms in Maruyama Park, which is especially famous for a big, drooping cherry tree, a big tree that looks like a pink willow. Everywhere you go in Kyoto during the springtime you see pink. A lot of people come from all over Japan and from other countries to see Kyoto’s spring color.

Kyoto’s many temples are another attraction. To see every temple in Kyoto takes three or four weeks. Even though I live in Japan, I have been only a few of them so far.

Kinkaku-ji, made of gold dust, is one of the most famous temples in Kyoto. It stands in front of a pond, and its shape is reflected in the water. Together the temple’s twin forms are fascinating. The golden temple sways in the water.

Kinkaku-ji also has a beautiful garden, consisting of a meadow surrounded by shrubbery and flowers. The contrast between the golds and greens in this garden is its most beautiful feature.

Sanjuosangendo is a temple that has many Buddhist images—more than one hundred of them, each one different from the others. Their faces show sadness, agony, anger, delight, happiness, etc., representing the various aspects of human desire.

Kyoto is a city rich in beauty and tradition. In getting to know this great city, you can experience the heart of Japanese character and culture.

Dick Norwood,
Despite the fact that you say you aren’t a good meditator, I’d like to say that I learned so much in your class and that all the communication classes were great and very fun. Thank you for teaching us American history and some other points about your culture.

Ricardo

Dear Beth,
Beth, I don’t have enough words in English to express my feeling to you about everything you have done for me throughout this wonderful GW class. Even though I have had experience in learning foreign languages in different intensive English programs before, I have never had a wonderful teacher like you. I say this because your class is always full of different activities. I think your method has helped us not only to learn English but also to get accustomed to working hard. I’m happy to be your student this semester. Again, thank you for everything you have done for us in our GW class.

Augusto Bock,
Guinea-Bissau

Dear Kathy,
I’m sorry for speaking all the time in your class. But, despite this fact, I learned so much in reading class. I mean, the class that “I use most in the streets” is reading, and I always remember you when I’m watching TV and I don’t understand anything except the word that I learned for the last quiz. (I’m joking.) Thank you for everything.

Ricardo

Dear Keiko A.,
Thanks for your great smile!
One of your fans
In the middle of Seoul, Korea, is a special street named Tae-Hak Ro, which means “College Street.” Until around ten years ago, Seoul University’s Department of Humanities was located along Tae-Hak Ro, but it was moved to another place, and now all that’s left of this branch of the University in the Tae-Hak Ro district is a hospital that belongs to the University. It is a wonderful area consisting of a beautiful forest and nice buildings formerly used as classroom buildings.

After the Department of Humanities was moved, the City decided to make Tae-Hak Ro a cultural street like Broadway in New York. A lot of theaters were built along the street, and cultural events were instituted. One of these events was Special Saturday. Every Saturday, the street was closed to cars, and numerous performances and activities were held on Tae-Hak Ro, attracting more and more students. Every weekend, students met there and hung out, talking about Korean politics, labor issues, and social problems.

What a beautiful sight it was! Young people would sit on the ground and eagerly shout out to passersby, “Change the world!” It looked like a scene from Plato. These young people would be the future and pride of our country, I thought. Their eyes shone like hawks’ eyes, and their courage seemed like that of tigers.

Today, though, crowds of young people no longer flock to Tae-Hak Ro. Special Saturday was called off, and if protesters try to speak out loudly, they soon find out how powerful the Korean police are.

Fortunately, however, Tae-Hak Ro remains a center for the arts, still featuring plays, musicals, street performances, dances, concerts, and other cultural activities. More than twenty big and small theaters are located in the district. Walking along Tae-Hak Ro, you might unexpectedly meet a movie star, model, or talent (TV drama actor).

I have lived for more than seven years in the Tae-Hak Ro district and I love the place. My dream and my friends are there. At the theater is everything I want. Sometimes after a show, sitting down along the street or in a coffee shop, I can feel the theatres breathing.

If you visit Seoul someday, I’m sure that you too will experience something special in the Tae-Hak Ro district. There you will find the culture of youth, young people, and good theater.

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Dear Beth,

Thank you for teaching me that it is possible to learn English laughing. I promise you that I will learn to put the subject in the sentences. I hope to see you soon, because you are a great teacher and a great person.

Ricardo
A Visit to the Epworth Home for Children

On Monday, February 17th, my Grammar/Writing 50 class joined some other EPI classes at the Epworth Home. This is a home for children who do not have safe families to live with. We spent the afternoon bringing smiles to the faces of these lonely children. The following stories were written to read to them during our visit.

—Beth Wall

Beth and Jirasak with children at Epworth Home

The Children of Venezuela

Juan José Plasencia
Venezuela

For children between the ages of four and ten in Venezuela, weekdays start around 5:00 or 5:30 a.m. because school begins at 7:00. A lot of children go to school by school bus, which picks them up very early in the morning. Their classes finish around 1:30 p.m.

The clothes most commonly worn by Venezuelan children are blue jeans and cotton T-shirts in various colors. Influenced by U.S. clothing styles, they also wear various brands of shorts and sport shoes.

For breakfast on weekdays, children eat arepas or cachitos, typical Venezuelan foods made with corn flour and cheese or jam. For lunch or dinner, children often eat chicken or beef with rice or pasta, depending on the family's origin and resources.

Since the weather is always very warm, Venezuelan children can practice outdoor sports any day of the year, and those living on or near the coast can enjoy the beach on weekends any time of the year. The most popular sport in Venezuela is baseball. City children enjoy playing baseball in the street. Some Venezuelan children dream of playing Major League baseball someday and train every day after school in hopes of attaining their goal.

In a lot of cases, Venezuelan children share little time with their parents because both parents work outside the home and either come back late or very tired. However, on weekends, the parents and children try to spend a lot of time together. On weekends, Venezuelan children go to parks and beaches, eat at fast-food places, and enjoy meeting their friends in popular malls.

There are differences between children's life in Venezuela and children's life here in the United States, but there are a lot of similarities, too.
A Visit to the Epworth Home . . .

Apartheid in Guinea-Bissau
Augusto Bock
Guinea-Bissau

Everybody knows about apartheid in South Africa, but there are many other African countries which have had the same problem. Not long ago, there was much apartheid in my home country, Guinea-Bissau, a small green country located on the west coast of Africa.

Guinea-Bissau was occupied as a Portuguese colony for many years, until 1962, when a leader named Amilcar Cabral emerged among the Guinean people. Cabral was the first person to declare that Guinea-Bissau should fight for independence.

It was not easy for Cabral and his supporters to do politics in Guinea-Bissau, a country in which 95% of the population was illiterate and in which there were more than fourteen different ethnic groups with different traditions, religions, and so on. The fact that so many different languages were spoken made it especially difficult to mobilize for political revolution. Under these circumstances, the Creole language—the national language of Guinea-Bissau—was the most important resource for revolutionary Guinean politicians because with this language they could communicate with everybody in the country.

For two hundred years before we achieved independence, Guinea-Bissau was ruled by kings under the thumb of the Portuguese. The Portuguese created each of their colonies by ethnic group. In this way, they maintained control over the Guinean people. When they wanted to say something to the people, they would first contact the king of each ethnic group, who would then translate their message to the people.

In 1962 the Guinean people began to fight for national independence and equal rights between the Guinean people and the white people from Portugal. Finally in 1973, we won our independence. Unfortunately, though, one year later, Portuguese colonists stormed into Amilcar Cabral’s house and killed him and all his family. It was a very sad moment for every Guinean citizen.

Our struggle for independence was a long and difficult process; we fought for nearly twelve years. However, now we are a free country without any exploitation of human beings.

Why a Frog Cries
Eun-Kyung Min, Korea
Eunsam Kang, Korea

As in many other cultures, we Koreans tell stories to entertain and educate our children. Many
One day, Simon the Silly called to the chef:
"Show me the cakes! I want to taste them."
"Yes," said the chef, "but first let me see
the quarter with which you will buy them!"
The good little Simon searched his pockets
and said, "I don't have one, do I?"

Simon the Silly liked to eat fish
and wanted to become a fisherman.
He spent hours sitting and sitting,
fishing in his father's pail.

Hungry, little Simon made a snowball
and placed it on the grill,
but the little cake quickly melted,
putting out the flame, so he couldn't eat anything.

Simon saw some plums in the thistles
and said, "Good! I'm going to take them!"
But the thistles were sharper than needles and spurs
and made him jump, whistle, and bite.

He washed himself with black shoe polish
because his mom hadn't given him soap.

And when the cats were hunting mice,
he shouted, "Mouse!" and frightened off the cats.

One day he was milking the black and white cow,
but he gripped the tail instead of the teat,
and the cow kicked him so strongly
that Simon danced like a spinning top.

He fell over the calf
and Ms. Calf also got angry,
so once again there was jumping and kicking—
two tumbles in no time at all.

When the ice was just beginning to form,
Simon the Silly went skating,
and suddenly the ice broke
and he shouted: "I'm drowning!! Please help me!!"

He climbed a tree to steal a nest,
the little house of a singing blackbird.
The branch broke and Simon screamed,
dropping into a nasty-smelling well.

He saw a duck, aimed at it, and fired the shotgun.
Returning home he said to his father:
"Daddy, I couldn't kill the bird
because when I shot, it got scared and left."

Seeing a gravy dish full of mustard,
he took a big drink, thinking it was honey.
He was furious and slobbered
with a big tongue and eyes as red as a rose.

He saw a pile of soil along his way,
and some people there asking, "What can we do?"
"Easy!" said Simon, resolving the problem.
"Dig a big hole and throw the soil into it."

They sent him for water, and he hurried away,
carrying a net to haul the water in.
When he came back with his net, the good little Simon
was true to his character, quaint and silly.

Dear Glen,

Thanks for teaching me to love American English, especially the pronunciation and
idioms of English. Also, thank you for showing me how to make American friends and
practice my English with American people when I'm outside of class. I think this is the
most important thing for everybody who studies any language as a second language. To be
sure, your method of teaching has helped me to change our pronunciation. Your class is
always exciting and I appreciate it. Thank you for everything you have done for us.
Augusto Bock, Guinea-Bissau

THE END
When Words Can’t Speak

Clara Olmedo
Argentina

In the era of communication that we live in today, it is ironic that people sometimes have trouble using spoken language to share a moment with each other. I don’t understand why, but I feel that I am living this paradox right now.

One Friday night during my stay here in Columbia, my friends and I decided to go out, hoping to spend a good time together. We walked to Five Points looking for a nice place to hang out. Soon we found a bar where a lot of people were gathered and a musician was singing and playing his guitar. It looked like a good place, so we decided to go inside.

Like a true foreign visitor, I began to look around as we searched for a place to sit. I looked at the people, their clothes, what they were drinking, etc. Overwhelmed by the loud music, the many voices, and dim lights, I lost my friends for a moment. When I caught up with them, we found a free table in an apparently comfortable, intimate place.

Immediately the waitress came over to us and asked us for our order. At that moment, I noticed that we couldn’t hear anything. Even if our English had been perfect, spoken communication between the waitress and us would have been impossible. Our voices were lost in the terrible noise. So, we had to use another way to communicate. Like a deaf mute, I took a piece of paper and a pencil and wrote down our order. Even among ourselves we would have had to use paper and pencil to communicate, but of course that would have been ridiculous, so we had no choice but to just sit there in noisy silence. All I could do was feel my brain being barraged by a chaos of simultaneous messages: voices that were impossible to understand, noise from the game machines, loud music, and a jumble of TV images showing sports, movies, news, fashion, violence, children playing, cartoons, etc.

I felt so overwhelmed that images of myself as a child wandering around in the midst of a war, as a dog lost among the multitudes, began to swarm my brain. When I looked at the real scene before me and saw my friends sitting there eating and drinking, it seemed as if I were watching a movie. “What are we doing here?” I asked myself.

Then I remembered our purpose. We had decided to go out together to share a good time and talk about our experience in Columbia. But what were we sharing? Just a place? Just the sight of our faces looking around at all the noisy activity? At that moment, I was overcome with a strong feeling of loneliness. I felt alienated and unable to do anything heartfelt and desirable. We seemed to have lost our capacity to communicate. But the most terrible aspect of this story was that we remained there anyway, submerged in a world of muted communication, in a world where the language of words was impossible.

What is happening to good old face-to-face verbal communication these days? Here we are supposedly living in the era of communication when it is so easy to send an idea, a poem, or a simple expression of sadness almost instantly to virtually anywhere in the world through electronic mail; an era when it is possible to sit in front of a computer and access all kinds of libraries around the world, read the newspapers of other countries, find out about the performance of our favorite teams or anything else we want to know; and yet when we’re sitting together with some friends in the same time and place, we’re often unable to communicate with each other. Why is this? As technological communication becomes more and more advanced, are we losing our fundamental sense of how to communicate?
Life
Hosung Sohn
Korea

After the play ends,
the seats are empty.
The sound of silence is there,
but I can still hear Hamlet crying.
Who knows what my goal in life is,
what will happen to me
tomorrow morning before dawn,
who I am,
Who who is?

If Only Time Followed Me
Keiko Azuma
Japan

Telling people time is my job.
Twenty-four times a day, I sound my chimes and
tell people things like, “It is eight o’clock.”
I hold very still so that the wheels won’t disengage.
I can’t think very much because I can’t miss a second
and I have to be ready to tell people, “It is now eight-fifty.”
But what if I could forget time and do
whatever I wanted?

What if I could feel time with my body but
not with my head?
What would happen if I didn’t just keep up with time but
I got ahead of it?
What is the feeling of a moment when people get
so absorbed in doing something that they forget time?
It would perhaps be a great thing if I could
live without time.

It would perhaps be a great thing if I could
live earnestly as time followed me.

A Cherry Tree and a Breeze
Keiko Murai
Japan

When you come to me gently
I tremble faintly with pleasure
When you come to me suddenly
I tremble violently with fear
You are too strong to embrace me
I only become quiet

When you stand patiently in stillness
I feel that I want to treat you
When you laugh brightly among the crowd
I feel that I want to hinder you
Don’t be afraid—I’m only passing through
Don’t cry—I’m only carrying pretty moisture

Spring is my favorite season
People gather to see me
And I display my pink dress proudly
I enjoy my fashion show
Though I know I will soon fade

Now I blow gently in your direction
And your pink petals fall like spray
Even the softest breeze
Is enough to make a shower of cherry blossoms

When we become good friends
We can show the crowds a beautiful scene

Flying Like a Bird
Aboulyzza Zitouni
Morocco

everything is red
but there is a white point
so far away
surrounding me on my left
and on my right
what is that
is it a sky
or a wall in front of me
and behind me

suddenly everything turns white
and something comes my way
it moves very quickly
it must be a sound
Will You
Dick Holmes
USA

Will you hear it
when it passes through the night
like the sound of a distant train

Will you feel it
when it's a full moon singing
in the auditorium of your blood

Will you accept it
when it whispers,
"This is the way it is"

Will you show it
when it asks
you the way

Will you smell it
when it rises like bread
in the oven of life

Will you taste it
when the warm loaves of love
turn into the cold dust of death

Will you know it
when it comes up from behind you
and kisses you on the neck

Will you see it
when all else
falls away

Will you embrace it
when there's nothing there
at all to hold

Will you love it
when it means you
can't give yourself away

The Moon
Gilberto Ribeiro
Brazil

In my next life
I'd like to be a human being
because I envy those who have
family, friends, or someone
to talk with. Since I was born,
I've seen generation after generation
living together,
but I'm always alone
here in this immense space,
without my own light.
I know that humans admire me,
but we can't
communicate with each other.
I believe in the afterlife,
and after I die, I'd like to be
born again as a human being.
I don't want to be admired;
I want just to admire.
I want to have feelings,
I want to love, I want to live, and
I want to have my own light
just as a human being has.

The Falling in the Garden
Tarkan Yurcu
Turkey

Aren't dreams as real as birds
They are all breezelike
After weeks of rain a dream shines
At the edge of darkness among the stars
In your mind the wind blows
In your wind the time grows
After weeks of rain a bird glides
At the edge of darkness among the stars
In your wind
In your mind
And in your heart
The love of life shines.
Summer Days
Keiko Azuma
Japan

At last, summer, my favorite season, had come. When I was a child, I always looked forward to summer vacation. Those two precious months were always filled with many pleasant events, like camping, going to the beach, swimming, fireworks exhibitions, summer festivals, etc.

At my elementary school insect collecting was an especially popular summer hobby. My brother and I got involved in this hobby and often made our parents take us places to look for insects.

Of the many kinds of insects, beetles were the most popular. Locusts and chafer weren’t valuable enough to be proud of. Everyone wanted only beetles, especially stag beetles, though those were hard to find.

One night we went to a college campus searching for beetles and my mother found a bunch of stag beetles swarming under a light. That was the first time I’d come across stag beetles in the wild. They didn’t have tusks, so I figured they were she-stag beetles. I was so happy and greedily caught those prize bugs, as many as I could put into my insect cage.

The next day I brought the cage to the neighborhood park and called my friends to come see my stag beetles. At first they were surprised and envious that I had so many stag beetles, but after they examined them carefully, they began to doubt that they were really stag beetles.

“They look a little bit different from stag beetles,” one of my friends said.

“Are they garbage beetles?” another one said.

“They’re real stag beetles!” I yelled at them. I was so upset that my stag beetles were being called garbage beetles.

I ran back to my house and consulted my illustrated insects book. There I discovered that they actually weren’t stag beetles. I still remember what a big shock that was to me. But since I was a child who hated to lose, I refused to accept the truth and kept on breeding those garbage beetles.

To my dear roommate, Sun-hwa,
Thank you for everything, including your existence. Sometimes we have confusion, but I really like you. I hope that your love will have a good ending, and I wish for your happiness, luck and health. Again, I want to say, “Thank you very much.”
Your roommate, Eun Kyung

To Lim Jung-Sun
Hi, Lim. I’m your good friend, Hyun-Suk! These days, you look so sad and gloomy. I know why you are depressed, but everybody has the same anxieties as you. It takes a long time to master English as a second language!

Hyun-Suk Cho
A Great Discovery

Nami Murata
Japan

Every day, I meet people from various countries and talk with them, finding out so many different characteristics about life and culture. I am very interested in the cultures of other countries. I think we can discover a great variety of new feelings in ourselves from cross-cultural encounters—experiences we don’t even have to pay money for. Everything that I’ve experienced here has been a really important part of my education.

Someday, I want to become a nonfiction writer. I want readers from all over the world to feel my experiences and to discover new things from my writings. To reach this goal, I need to talk with a lot of people and go to a lot of places. I think I have become a better person since I came here because I have been learning not only English but also a lot of other important things. Here I have leisure and can discover things for myself. If I had remained in Japan, I wouldn’t have noticed any change in the seasons or had the many other valuable experiences I have had here.

It is like divers have found treasures at the bottom of my heart. I never want to forget the emotions and thankfulness that I have felt here.

To Keiko,

Keiko is from Japan. She is a little, shy and warm-hearted modern woman. I don’t know exactly how old she is. Even if she is older than any other student, she works very hard all day long. She is very smart and she knows English very well. Even though she cannot speak English fluently and always keeps silent in class, she turns out to be talkative when I meet her outside of class.

She has good ability in sports, such as swimming, skiing, golf and tennis. Sometimes I have played tennis with her. She doesn’t get tired. She wants to play more, until I have to stop playing because I am almost exhausted. She is really good at tennis and swimming. She promises to teach me how to swim. I am looking forward to seeing her at the swimming pool.

I see she loves to be with her dog, a very cute one. I will be happy if she lends me her dog sometime because I also like dogs.

A few days ago she was delighted to find out that her article would be in the Sunrise. She smiled brightly. I love when she smiles brightly. I hope she will always smile brightly in the future.

Kang Eun-Sam

To Parazuela and Veneguay,

I will never forget playing basketball, drinking soft beverages, walking and talking for hours and making new American friends, especially Parazuela, who always has luck in social places. Well, for me it was the best. I hope to see you soon, probably doing the same things and laughing about our lives in this exciting city. Good luck, my friends!!!!

Letizia
My Ideal Teacher

Kyung-eun Min
Korea

When I was a high school student, I hated English. Most teachers just forced me to study English because English was an important subject to enter a university or to get a job. So, reluctantly, I studied English as a sort of duty.

Then in my second grade in high school, I met an English teacher who encouraged me to get interested in English. “We have to love English,” she told my class the first day, “if we want to learn it very well. I don’t mind if you like English or not because I’m going to make you love English.”

This was my first clue that she would be strict. She also had qualities that were strongly attractive to me. Because of all the hard work that she demanded from the beginning, we regarded her as an “English trainer.” Sometimes she drove us crazy with so many assignments and tests. I don’t mean, however, that she drilled us like Spartans. Actually she was trying not only to transmit lots of knowledge to us but also to give us as many opportunities as possible to realize the necessity of attaining English skills. Her instructions were always clear and various, and she applied fun, interesting teaching methods. I think she was a real inventor and she seemed to know her stuff.

At first I suffered from her hard training and couldn’t keep up with her lessons, but as time passed, I grew to get the hang of it more and more. By the end of the last term, I was aware that I was showing talent in English. My English ability had improved a great deal and much more rapidly than it had before she became my teacher. Eventually I decided that in the future I wanted to become an English teacher like her. She really had a great influence on me.

I’m sure that an excellent teacher makes an excellent student. Having her as my teacher gave me the incentive to study English hard. I want to have the energy, passion, and knowledge which she had when she taught us. Now I love English, thanks to her. □

A Book Says

Carlos Palacios
Perú

One more day here, quiet, waiting for someone who wants to touch me.

One more day here, cold, watching people walk by, some of them glancing at me and then going away, others grabbing me and saddening me handling me so roughly.

One more day here, mute, wishing to tell all that I know, though many can’t seem to understand what I have to say.

One more day here, dreaming that if I could speak I would tell them that I’m here, waiting day by day. I would say that I have taught so many people, that I have yet much to teach, that the knowledge I offer has changed so many lives, so many minds.

I would say read me because this is the only way that I can be alive.
During the time I was going to the university, my elder brother and I lived in my aunt’s house in Tokyo, but after my graduation she asked us to find our own place, so we moved to a small apartment of our own.

My mother had come to Tokyo for my graduation, and she helped my brother and me move. One day my mother and I were moving some things to the apartment, but we left without taking a key, so when we got to the apartment we couldn’t get in. Suddenly I remembered that my brother had said that he had a friend living nearby. Since my brother wasn’t with us at the moment, my mother and I had to find his friend’s apartment by ourselves. Fortunately we soon managed to find it. We knocked on his door and told him about our problem. At first he was surprised by our unexpected request, but he was willing to take us in until my brother returned to our apartment. This was my first encounter with Shun, my brother’s friend.

When my brother and I were settled into our apartment, Shun sometimes visited us and watched TV with us. At that time, Shun was going to medical school with my brother, and I was teaching mathematics in high school. My first impression of Shun wasn’t the least good. He seemed like a shy person, modest, backward, and listless. I had an ideal image of a man—strong, powerful, energetic, and tall—someone like Rhett Butler, the hero in the movie *Gone with the Wind*.

Shun was far from my favorite type.

Nevertheless Shun often visited my apartment, and eventually we came to talk about all kinds of things. Sometimes we had dinner together. It wasn’t love that I felt for him, but we had become friends.

One day I met him on the street, and he was walking with a young woman. I suddenly felt jealous, even though I didn’t want to accept this feeling.

A while later Shun proposed to me, and I refused him without giving him any reasons. He kept coming to visit, though, and six months later, I realized I had fallen in love with him. Now, he is my husband.

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Dear husband,

Thank you for all the time that you have been with me, and for your love and patience. Love you forever,

Your wife, Maria

---

Dear Brazilian guys,

Thank you for all the parties and beers that you shared with the EPI Venezuelan guys.

Juan Placentia
Far Apart...
Anusorn Pakdeesusuk
Thailand

Whenever I look up at the sky,
I always see your face in it.
We are so far apart. I cannot see you from here.
It is a long time, a long time.
I would like to see you. I only need to see you.
I want to know how you are right now.
Are you missing me?
Are you feeling lonely?
Are you feeling like me?
Because we are so far apart.
Everything is so far away from you,
but I am always meeting you in my mind.
Waiting for the day
that we can be with each other,
we are so far apart.
I don’t know myself when I think of... you.
When I look up at the sky, I only let a breath out
and tears begin to flow.
We are on different sides of the sky.
I don’t know how long it will take,
but I am waiting for you.
I want to see you, to be with you.
I don’t know how you are
because we are so far apart.
I am only waiting for the time to see you.
I am afraid that time will pull your heart
away from me. I would like to be near you,
but I don’t know when we can be together again!

The View
Saif Al-Murar
UAE

A very dark cloud hanging
over the top of the mountain.
The sun dims and brightens
as clouds pass over it.
I wonder how God created all this.
I wonder what this world would look like
without any mountains, trees, rivers, seas,
or anything at all to see?

Service
Olivier Thys
Belgium

The good selfish man worked hard
And became a very good individual.
He’s now greatly serving the community.

Dance
Omolar Olanihun
Nigeria

I have been with you
from the beginning.
We love each other.
You can’t leave me,
I can’t leave you.
Even when I am sick,
If I hear our friends (music),
I always call on you.
At times, I forget my legs
When I am with you.
Nothing but death can separate us.
A Great Sunrise
Bernardo Perkinson
Venezuela

Seen clouds gone by
when moon has shown all its faces,
four colors have passed through my mind
since the wind felt your presence here.
Where are you L.O.M.L.?
Rain will slowly fall between us,
but it can’t rain forever.
Ghostly sounds wake the night up,
knocking on the window,
and I say, want to enter?
When it’s dark, things start to get clearer.
I woke up in a dream last night
and heard you say love is in the air.
I thought, isn’t that what makes us mad?
But betraying time and space,
we will have a great sunrise . . .
I know . . . just wait.

You Think
of Something
Dick Holmes
USA

you think of something
and there it is
you take a walk
and trees wave
you sit in the grass
and remember it all
you look up
and birds are flying through
you feel it happening
and mountains move

Let Me Know
after Anselm Hollo’s "Message"
Kyung-eun Min
Korea

Hello!
I am one of your thoughts.
I started out from your brain,
but I can change
into whatever you want me to be.
I transform myself into words
for your love letters, for example.
I enter your mouth,
perhaps as you call your friend
in a telephone booth,
or I move into your friend’s mind
as s/he agrees with you.
Now what I wonder about is this:
At what point as I was born in your brain
or was created by you
did I become part of your motives
for doing something good?
And how long will I continue to exist
as the most important part of you
until death separates me from you,
i.e., your life?
Let me know what you think.
It happened when I was in the first grade in middle school. My school was a coeducational one, and he was my classmate.

He was good at sports—football, basketball, volleyball, track, etc. In fact, he was famous at my school for his athletic talent. Because he was also handsome, a lot of girls liked him.

In physical education class, the boys played football and the girls played basketball. Suddenly, my team's ball rolled out of play and I ran to get it. Just as I picked it up, a football hit me hard in the head. My glasses dropped and I couldn't open my eyes for a while. When I finally managed to open them, I saw some people looking at me from a distance. Among them was a boy who was scratching his head. The football had come from him—the athletic, handsome one.

After that class, I was going up the stairs toward my classroom on the fourth floor, and he and his friend were following me. There were only the three of us, and it was so quiet. I could hear one of them whispering, "Hey, tell her. It was your mistake. Tell her you're sorry. Tell her, tell her fast. Tell . . ." His friend continued to urge him to apologize, but he remained silent.

When I had almost arrived at my classroom, he called out to me at last. "I'm so sorry," he said when I'd turned around. "Are you okay?" he asked very shyly, scratching his head.

"I'm okay," I replied, smiling.

Before this, I'd never thought of him especially, but from then on his shy face lingered deeply in my mind, and he became a special person to me. During winter vacation I received a Christmas card from him. I wanted to send him a card, too, but I couldn't because I didn't know his address.

A few months later, we advanced to the second grade and were placed in different classes. On Valentine’s Day, he called me. As soon as I hung up the phone, I went out to wait for him in front of my house, and a few minutes later he arrived. It was a short meeting. We didn't look into each other's eyes directly. Looking down, he gave me a small pretty box and his face turned red. Then, with only a few words having passed between us, he left.

Later, we often met by chance at school. We would look at each other for a while but that was all. We didn't say anything. We were so shy.

When I was in high school, I happened to meet him one day in the street. Seeing him, my heart started pounding. He was walking behind me, and I couldn't walk straight. We took the same bus but we just stood there looking in different directions. When I got off the bus, I finally looked at him directly. He returned my gaze until the bus lurched forward. That was the last time that I saw him.

Now I don't know what he's doing and where he lives. But I don't care. His image is forever in my mind. Our story is imperfect and incomplete, but it is innocent and pure. I still remember his face, his voice, and my feelings. It was my first love.

Dear Kathy,

You are a very special person. I learned many things from you. Thank you for teaching me and for your friendship. You are a great person.

Bye, Maria
Nameless Monks

Hosung Sohn
Korea

I was a Buddhist. Now I say “was” because I haven’t gone to the temple for several years after moving out of one. Yes. I lived in a temple for almost a year. During the course of my life, I have unexpectedly met several monks on the street or at temples who have influenced me so much and changed my life.

My first encounter was on the street. One day after classes I was walking along Nam-Po Dong in downtown Pusan. I was a freshman at the time, but I wasn’t fresh; in fact, I was almost looking for a place to commit suicide. I was interested in philosophy and spent most of my time studying Kant and Hegel. That day Kant offered me some liquor as fuel, and I was just wandering around without any schedule. Suddenly the sky was crying like a tiger and I was getting wet. It was as if I’d fallen into a pool. I began to look for some place to get out of the downpour. Standing in front of a cafe, I waited for it to stop raining. Then someone came up to me from the pool.

“Damn, Buddha doesn’t help me . . . Oh . . . cold . . .” he murmured to himself. “Where can I dry my wet body . . . Uh . . . Have you read the book Freedom from Knowledge?” he asked me suddenly and then dove into the pool again.

I was surprised and couldn’t think of anything except the sound of the rainfall. For a while I stood there like Rain Man, beginning to realize what had just happened and what he had said. I remembered he had worn a monk’s robe and had a shaved head. “Why did he ask me about that book?” I thought. “We hadn’t met before.”

As soon as it stopped raining, though, I went to a bookstore and bought the book. Reading it got me into studying philosophy deeply. For almost a year after meeting the monk in the downpour, I couldn’t do anything except philosophy. If I hadn’t met that eccentric monk, I would have tried to become just a salary man in a big company. I thought deeply about myself, humanity, life, and death. My chance meeting with the monk kept me going along the right way in my life.

When I was twenty-five, I fell into a second dilemma in my life. I was an actor at the time and I was doubting my acting ability. One day I saw someone selling used books on the street. Like the monk in my first encounter, he wore a monk’s robe and had a shaved head. It didn’t take long for me to recognize who he was. We had studied at the same university and performed in some plays together. I realized that he didn’t really want to sell those great books. He just needed some money.

“How much for the whole collection?” I asked him. “I want to buy all of these books.”

“Oh . . .” he stammered, “well . . . I just . . .”

“Don’t worry,” I assured him, “I’ll take good care of them, and if you want to buy them back from me, just tell me anytime you want. How much money do you need now?”

“I want to buy some rice . . . maybe fifty bucks . . .”

“Okay, deal . . . and . . . well, how about a drink of some liquor with me now?”

“Why not? Good idea.” We drank all night long. After that day he sometimes called me and we drank so much every time we got together. We talked about Buddhism, theatre, and music. He taught me about Buddhism, Buddhist art, traditional music, etc. Some days, getting home from the theatre, I would find a remarkable gift he had left for me in my empty room. He gave me many things, like a tiger made of paper, a Buddhist bible, Chinese china, etc. Most of all, he taught me about nature. Now I can see anything with my eyes. He opened my blind eyes.

Some monks have told me, “You should be a monk. That’s your destiny.” But I don’t want to be a monk. I think I’m selfish and unable to help other people. Sometimes I will go to a temple. Maybe I will meet another nameless monk on the street. Maybe I will become a monk. Nobody knows what will happen tomorrow. Now I exist here and am doing my best in all. And waiting for more guidance from nameless monks.
Debora the Miracle
Gilberto Ribeiro
Brazil

One Saturday afternoon in July 1994, I went to visit one of my best friends, whose name is Nilce. She had just had a heart operation. When I arrived at her house, I saw the door half-open but I couldn’t see anybody. After pushing the doorbell several times with no answer, I decided to go inside and check out what was happening.

As I was walking through the living room, I could hear a murmuring sound coming from upstairs. Immediately, I went upstairs and found Nilce in her bed crying. I tried to console her, saying, “Do you need me to call the doctor?” I thought that she must be feeling some pain from her operation. She only looked up at me and gestured “no” with her hand.

“Do you need some help?” I asked her.
“Just stay here with me,” she said.
“Please don’t go away.”

After a few minutes she stopped crying, looked at me, and said, “I’m pregnant and I didn’t know.”

“I can’t understand why you’re crying, then,” I said, “because this is a blessing to you.”

“You don’t understand,” she said. “I just had an operation and I had general anesthesia. Besides I’ve taken a lot of antibiotics to help my heart heal. The doctor just left, and he told me that now I’m going to have a high risk pregnancy and that either I will die during the pregnancy or the baby will be born with physical or mental problems. He said that if this baby is born perfect I can be sure that I’ve received a miracle.”

After listening to her carefully, I could understand how complicated her problem was and what agony she must be feeling.

During her pregnancy, Nilce took good care of herself, and eight months later she had her baby. Visiting her at the hospital, I went to the nursery, and there was Debora, a wonderful, perfect girl illuminating the light of a miracle.

Now, Debora is two years old, and she is my goddaughter. She was born without any physical or mental problems, and she has brought only happiness to her family.

A Good Man
Fabian Abad
Ecuador

I know a young man who is very kind. He is a good person because he will help you whenever you need help.

I saw him one time walking down the street after church. He spotted a man lying in the street and approached him, asking him about his situation. The man answered that he was suffering from epilepsy.

He helped the man stand up and asked him some questions: “What are you doing here? Where do you live? What do you need?”

The man answered his questions, telling him that he had lost his sister’s address and so he couldn’t get her to take him to the hospital to get the medicine he needed for his illness.

When he had listened to the man and understood what the situation was, he offered him some clothes and money because the man needed them. And he told the man that he could come to his house every month to get the medicine, which he would buy for him.

That good young man is me. I like to help people like this in some way, and now the man I met in the street that day after church comes to my house every month, and my good mother gives him his medicine.

Dear Madalena,
You are a very kind person. Congratulations on your singing. I like to hear you sing. Good luck on your TOEFL. You can do it!
Bye, Maria
An Adventure in the Amazon Jungle

Clara Peña
Colombia

Not many people have the opportunity to hike in the Amazon jungle for several days and experience for themselves what this amazing place is like. Well, I was fortunate to have that opportunity three years ago.

At that time, I was working in the Amacayacu Park in Colombia, a 3,000 square kilometer nature preserve along the Amazon River. Some fellow workers and I decided to cross the reserve between the Amazon River and the Putumayo River, one of the tributaries of the Amazon River which flows into Brazil. We would walk for five days with a native hunter as our guide.

The adventure began with packing. We packed only the things we would really need because we each had only our two hands and two legs to carry everything. All our bags contained some food, like “farina” — a traditional food in the Amazon — some canned coffee, and spaghetti. In my bag, I also had a hammock, a cup, a dish, a spoon, a pair of thin pants and a T-shirt to change into at night, a toothbrush, and some soap. Each person had to take care of her/his own bag, so everyone had to know how many kilograms s/he would be able to carry.

We walked the first day, as we did every day, from seven o’clock in the morning until four o’clock in the afternoon without stopping. It was my first trip in the jungle, so it was difficult but I really wanted to make it. By the end of the first day, I had lacerated feet but I didn’t have any other alternative than to continue walking.

Now I knew that I was going to be paying for the trip with my blood!

We always rested in some place near a little river with enough water to wash ourselves. Then we would change our clothes, eat a meal, and go to sleep. The next morning, we would wake up at five o’clock, cook a meal, pack all our things, and dress in the same clothes we had worn the previous day. By the third day, we really stank!

I think the only way to truly know the jungle is with this kind of experience. Sometimes it is hard but you are well rewarded: during those five days of traveling, for example, we got to see all the animals that ordinarily we could see only in the movies or on TV programs. We had to survive with the things which the forest offered us, like fish, fruits, a special resin we used as a combustible to start fires, the trees we tied our hammocks to, and drinking water from the clean rivers. It was really exciting.

On the fifth day, we arrived in a community of Ticunas, one of the ethnic tribes that live in the Amazon jungle. This community consisted of around twenty-five families living in small houses made of wood with special palm branches for the roofs. They talked in their native language and few of them spoke Spanish.

One week after we had begun our trek, we returned to our homes by plane because we were so tired and because I needed to rest my feet so that they could heal. In spite of the difficulties, though, if I ever have the opportunity to go again, I will not think much about it. I will quickly pack some things in a bag and choose some comfortable shoes, and I will be ready to go again.

Dear Kemen and Alfonso,
Thank you for lending me $100.00. I hope I’ll be able to pay you back soon. I’ll see you next term.
José Perez
(Venezuela)
By the Han River

Chang-Soo Yoo
Korea

These days, we often forget to question ourselves about why we are living. Thinking about what is important and what is beautiful is difficult because our problems in life press us continually. Recently, though, I had the good fortune to gain some insight into my life, thanks to a chance meeting with a man who had a lot to say about what we’re here for.

I was twenty-three years old and I felt bored with my mundane life. One day I went drinking at Pojangmacha, a Korean bar by the Han river. I was downing a glass of soju when I met him. We were the only customers in the bar. When he was pretty drunk, he started telling me his life story as if I were his friend. He looked about fifty-five years old, and I could see that he was lonely. His name was Sojin.

“Until I was twenty-nine years old,” he began, “I was an ordinary salary man. My father was a country farmer and my mother was just the farmer’s wife. My brother was a normal engineer in a small factory. My sister was a high school teacher. My friends Kichul, Minkui, and Junhee (I can’t remember for sure, but those names might be right) all had ordinary occupations, too. I was different from my family and friends because I had a strong ambition to make something special of my life, to stand out.

“I didn’t know how the others felt about me. But I felt bored with the common world all around me. I wanted some excitement and distinction in my life. Finally, a good opportunity came along. It was my big chance to escape from the boredom all around me and live an extraordinary, remarkable life. I was ordered to move to the American branch of my company. At last I could begin to fulfill my ambition.

“So, I left for America. When I began my life there, I was satisfied. Of course, for the first five years, I suffered from my poor English, but gradually my language skills improved. Eventually I asked to remain at the American branch of my company indefinitely. My request was granted, and I continued to work there for the next several years.

“When I was comfortably settled in America, I established my own company. As my company developed, I became enviably wealthy. Unfortunately, though, except for the money I was making, I felt empty in my heart. I wanted to be a participant in American society, but I was a stranger from the Orient. Maybe American society didn’t accept me, or maybe I didn’t accept American society, culture, and so on.

“Whatever the reasons, for twenty-five years during my life in America, I didn’t get anything except lots of money. Of course I had my lovely wife and two sons. But the more my sons grew up, the farther they got away from me. And then my wife died from cancer suddenly. So there I was, left with two sons, who were so different from me culturally and emotionally, and nothing else but a lot of compassionless money.

“Finally, I decided to leave my sons in America and go back to Korea alone. For the last few years before I returned to my homeland, I’d longed for the old familiar places in Korea. I’d thought that those places could sympathize with me and embrace me. But I was too late. My mother country had changed and become so different from what it had been so many years before. I was changed, too; I was half American now. I wasn’t Korean, and I wasn’t American. Over the years, I’d forgotten everything about Korea. I was so sad. I felt miserable.

“Now, unfortunately, most of my family and friends have died from old-age sicknesses and accidents. My brother is staying in a hospital. So I came to this bar to calm my sadness.”

Sojin had been talking for about an hour. When he had no more to say, he got up and left.

The last words he said before he left still ring in my mind . . . “Happiness is near us. I didn’t know, but I know now what’s important, what’s beautiful: my country, my parents, my friends, and all the things around me. I should’ve known it earlier. Now it’s too late.”

Dear Sam,

I am always thanking you in my mind, but I think this is my first time to say it. I want to say, “Thank you,” but it is difficult, and I have thought that you didn’t want that. Anyway, I hope that you have a good time here, and I wish for your happiness, luck and health. Again, thanks for your help.

Eun Kyung
John was very tired from his long flight. Drinking a cup of coffee and looking out at the clouds through the window of the airplane, he was thinking about friendship and love.

Two months before, John had been in love with a young woman named Sara. Sara was a friend of Sharon, who was Nick’s cousin. Nick was John’s best friend, a very handsome man who was engaged to get married after graduation.

One day Nick held a party at his house. John, Sharon, and Sara were invited. The four of them stayed up all night talking with each other. John noticed that Sara seemed even more radiant and vibrant than usual for some reason that night.

Several days later John realized that something was wrong between Sara and him. She hadn’t been getting together with him or calling him much lately. Soon John figured out the reason for her distance: Sara had fallen for his friend Nick.

Once John understood what was going on, he got very angry and asked her what was wrong. But she wouldn’t tell him the truth. John already knew everything, though he hadn’t seen or heard anything suspicious, but he couldn’t hate Nick because he was John’s best friend and because, after all, he already had his fiancé. But most importantly, John never wanted to lose both friendship and love.

Time had been passing, and now the airplane was finally landing. Leaving the airport, John felt good in the fresh air.

About a month later John got a call from Nick. “Sara regrets her folly,” Nick said. “She needs you.”

“Nick, I’m okay about it now, and I know it’s not her fault. I can understand her. But I don’t want to go back.”

After hanging up the phone, John walked over to the window and smoked a cigarette, watching the sun set. Love was changeable, he thought, but friendship was forever.

Rodrigo and Gilberto,

Probably by the time you see this message, I will already be in Brazil, but I couldn’t miss the opportunity to ask you one more time to send me the photos. I’d like to say that the next month here will be the best for you, and I know that the “Animal will catch.”

Ricardo

Dear Beth,

You are a very special person. You are a very generous and sweet person. I learned many things from you. Good luck in your next stage of life, when you and your husband go to France. Good Luck! I hope to have news about you and your husband. We will be here for two years. If you need something, please write us. Don’t forget! Thank you for everything.

Maria

Dear “A,”

Thanks for being a great classmate. You are a kind, friendly and helpful person and I’m glad that I have a friend like you in the USA. I understand that you are my true friend and not like a fair-weather friend. I mean that you are my friend anytime.

Now for me, what I am worried about is the moment when we will separate, when we all have to go back to our countries. I will be going back to Guinea-Bissau (Africa) and you to Thailand (Asia). I think we will write to each other often. I will miss you, but I think that we can see each other anytime, I hope. Again, thank you very much for your kindness to me. God bless you.

Augusto Bock

Dear EPI students,

Thanks for studying with me. You are special friends and good students.

Your friend, A (Thailand)

Sam,

Thank you for all the parties that you didn’t go to and for all the drinks that you didn’t offer me. I hope to see you soon.

Ricardo

Dear EPI teachers Beth, Margaret, Bronia and Jennifer,

Thank you for teaching me all of my English. The first day in EPI I could only say, “Hello!” Now I can say, “Hello, how are you?” Thank you for your patience.

José Maria Perez
(Venezuela)
Jewels
Jafar Atash
Kuwait

My four friends Jawhar, Harres, Ali, and I were on a camping trip in the desert. It was a cloudy day, and our car had been carrying us along smoothly when the engine suddenly cut off. There we were in the middle of the desert and we couldn't get the car started again. We tried to fix the engine, but without result, so we decided to walk until we could find a populated area. After a long walk, we finally found an old, two-story house next to a small cemetery.

By this time it had gotten dark and we needed some rest, so we decided to sleep in the old house. After checking the rooms on the first floor and those in the basement, we decided to sleep in a big hall in the basement because it was clean. We got as comfortable as we could and fell right to sleep.

At midnight we woke up to some eerie sounds coming from the second floor—the sounds of doors slamming and someone screaming in pain.

In the morning when it had become light, we went up to the second floor to see what was there and found two large boxes in a big room. My friends began trying to open one of them. I tried to stop them when I realized that the two boxes were caskets. I believed in curses and in not disturbing the dead. And there was writing on the boxes that said, "If anybody removes anything from this casket's treasure, he will suffer a horrible death."

Jawhar didn't care about this warning, and he broke the shiny new locks securing the caskets. Inside the caskets were two bodies covered with jewels—diamonds, aquamarines, colorful rubies, and various kinds of agates.

Jawhar reached in for a diamond. As soon as his hand touched the jewels, he suddenly cried out in pain as the lid slammed down hard, almost cutting off his hand, which remained hanging onto his arm by only a little piece of meat.

That night as the rest of us slept, Jawhar cut off his hand completely because he couldn't stand seeing it hanging there. His shouts woke us up, and we saw his hand running off on its fingers to a corner of the basement. Jawhar was so afraid that he couldn't sleep.

The next morning we found our friend Jawhar dead from horror and fever. We were shocked when we saw that his hand had been restored to his arm, with only a thin red line circling his wrist like a bracelet. We carried his body and the two caskets outside and buried them beside the other graves. According to the marker, one of the graves belonged to a woman who had been buried just two weeks earlier!!

"These must be the bodies of another unlucky group that came here before us and experienced the same thing that's happening to us!" Ali exclaimed.

When we were finished with the burial, we left the house and sat down walking again, trying to get away from that cursed place and find a village or any populated area from which we could make our way home. At nightfall we lay down to sleep. Harres volunteered to guard us until morning.

When we woke up, we found Harres dead, and there were so many snake bites on his body that we could recognize him only by his watch. His bag, we discovered as we went through his belongings, contained a big blue diamond he had apparently stolen from one of the caskets. We buried him with his bag, covering them with sand until they had become a small hill.

My two remaining friends and I walked on until we found a populated area. We promised each other that nobody but us would ever know what had happened, that we would never say anything about the trip, not even to our wives. And then Ali and Jaber went to their homes and I to mine.

Two weeks later I heard that Ali had been murdered under mysterious circumstances. According to the police file, the murderer had cut the hands off the victim and thrown them into corners of the room, but there was no evidence to prove that anyone
Jewels...

had been with Ali. There were no fingerprints or strange footprints or anything broken, and the door was locked from the inside. His wife and children were on a vacation that had begun three days before Ali’s death. An autopsy revealed that Ali had suffered from a strange kind of fever that can be caused only by a bacteria which exists in the blood of an ancient, desert-dwelling insect. The police said that the man may have committed suicide!!

Three days after that, I heard that my other friend, Jaber, had died in extremely awful conditions. The poor man died of ant bites all over his body. When he was found, it was hard to distinguish him from an old putrescent piece of meat. Of course I knew the reason for these horrible deaths: Ali and Jaber, like Jawhar and Harres, had stolen some of the jewels from the caskets in the old house.

Enough was enough. I took the jewels from their houses and returned to the old house in the desert. I threw the gems onto the graves that contained the two caskets, and shockingly they immediately sank into the sand as if they were in a hurry to reach the caskets beneath. I felt my hair stand straight up and ran away from the old house, jumped into my car, and drove off as fast as the car could go.

Two years after these events, I’m still alive and well. I think I know why I wasn’t punished, though I know that nobody will believe me: I only touched the jewels to return them, while my friends had tried to take them away.

The Gift

Shirley Santana
Brazil

Mr. Ox, who lives in a little house with a warm chimney and a wonderful garden, is a very nice guy.

His house is near the Bora river in a very different place: the trees there are so lush, the grass is so soft and green, the birds are always singing, and the water is as clear and bright as a mirror. Everything smells like happiness and color there.

Despite his beautiful surroundings, Mr. Ox wasn’t always so happy as he is today. He hadn’t yet found his marriage partner. Every day, Mr. Ox used to go to the river to try to get a date with Ms. Fish, a “pretty woman” fish he was attracted to. He would bring her all sorts of flowers from his garden—a garden full of peace and love like the Garden of Eden must have been—but nothing seemed to please Ms. Fish. He couldn’t understand what was wrong with his approach; he was falling in love with her, but she seemed not even to notice him.

Eventually Mr. Ox felt overcome with loneliness. Mr. Sun, an old friend of his, saw how downhearted he looked and asked him what the matter was. Mr. Ox said that he couldn’t stand being alone anymore and that Ms. Fish didn’t want to date him. Mr. Sun felt sorry for his friend, and thinking it over a little bit, he came up with an idea. He told Mr. Ox to go to the sea and try to find a gold shell to give Ms. Fish as a gift. Mr. Ox said that she wouldn’t be able to resist such a great gift. Mr. Ox took his friend’s suggestion and set out on a long trip to find a gold shell in the sea.

When he arrived at the sea, he immediately realized how stupid he had been to imagine that he would be able to get what he had come for. The sea was so big and so deep, and the waves were so high! How could he find a gold shell without even knowing how to swim?! A gold shell was a special one, and he supposed that such a shell could be gotten only in the deepest part of the sea. Only a good, brave swimmer could hope to get one.

Even more frustrated than before, Mr. Ox headed back home, contemplating the sad course of his life.

On the way, however, he met a very beautiful, kind cow...

Ms. Moo was so delicate, so sweet, so intelligent, and so kind! Mr. Ox was falling in love again!

Soon Ms. Moo became Mrs. Ox, and Mr. Ox finally found happiness in his comfortable house with his good, pretty wife. ☯

Dear Beth,

Thanks for your attention and your determination in teaching English. Also, thanks for always being friendly.

Antonio
To Madalena,
I'm very glad that I have met people like you here. You are a very special and talented person. Keep trying to reach your goals; I know you can do it.
One of your new friends

To Dick Norwood,
Thank you for everything you have taught us during this term. Thank you for your patience and your pacific way of dealing with our behavior. You really know how to make classes very interesting.
One of your students

To Sung-Hee and Yooa,
I appreciate your supporting food this semester. I really enjoyed going to HERS. I hope you guys continue to live together and to keep HERS going.
Kim Se-Jong

To all the teachers who have helped me,
I would like to thank every EPI teacher and employee who helped me in the last two terms. Thanks to my teachers in GW60B, RV60C, CSUL-Up, CSUL-CI in the fall, and not to forget this winter quarter, my teachers in GW60B, RV60C, and CSUL-CI. Now I want to study at USC if I have any chance apart from begging!
Jafar

To Susan Anders,
Thank you for your help in finding me an American family to live with. You are very kind. Thank you very much.
Somebody

To all the EPI teachers and employees,
Thank you for all your help in improving my English language skills. And thanks for the good management and programs.
An EPI student

To all those who always torment me, block my way, upset me, give me a headache over the TOEFL:
Let me go please!!
A veteran student

To my Brazilian friends,
It has been very nice to be with you; it has been very nice to play with you!! I hope some day we can all be together again . . . I don't know where, but it doesn't matter. You all know—Antonio, Gilberto, Gisele, Madalena, Patricia, Ricardo, Rodrigo, Silvio, and William—that we can have fun wherever we are.
Shirley Santana

Kim,
I am happy to see U. You set the fire of love in my heart. I'll miss you forever! When I look up into the night sky, I can't help imagining U. Be my babe! I can't keep my mind on anything else. Congratulations!
A fairy

Al-Sallal Mohammad,
I just want to remind you that we should study hard so that we can pass the TOEFL. We have only two quarters here at EPI. I don't think you've forgotten this, but I want to remind you just in case. Passing the TOEFL will take a big load off our backs.
Your roommate
Bernie, Kathy and Glen:
Three definitely excellent teachers. And recently when Bernie has been out, Darrell has been an excellent substitute. Bernie, I hope things get better for you. Kathy and Glen, I hope you keep your happiness in every class and keep making class so much fun.
Fernando Arosemena

To the EPI staff,
I think you really love your work with us. Thank you for your dedication beyond your obligation. Your friendship is important. It helps me keep my head up. I really appreciate you.
Anibal

Fulbright-Laspeau Students,
Stand firmly. Don't move either to the left or to the right, and we will win the goal. More than anything else you must want the Word of God, and He will bless you abundantly.
Vanessa

To Barbara Kubodera,
I want to thank you not only for teaching me English but also for being a wonderful person.
Mercy

EPI students,
To the one who stole my heart, my mind and my soul, I can't say it in words because you mean so much more than that. If I try to express my feelings to you, I won't be able to, for I think that nobody can fall in love as you did. Without you, I spend the seconds like years. You have become everything that I think about. Everywhere I go, I think of you. I miss you; I need you; I love you.
Al-Maqareb

Dear Mr. Gao,
You have been in America for almost one year. Even if your English is not getting better, I hope that you are steadily studying English. The slow and steady wins the race.
Preserve your health and be careful driving.
Sincerely, your friend, Shin Young-dong

EPI teachers,
Studying English is so much fun!! Sometimes I feel that it is a word carnival or a sentence carnival. I prefer to laugh rather than to cry. Poor teachers . . . I think that they don't feel that it is a carnival when they have to correct our homework. Maybe they are crying instead of laughing. I'm so sorry, teachers!!
Clara

To all international students,
I hope you're enjoying your life and studying hard. I wish you all good luck, better days, a better future, and—with some real luck—a scholarship!
G.P.
Art & Entertainment

Jenny Walter  USA  Mi-yeun Baek  Korea
Clara Peña  Colombia  Tarkan Yurcu  Turkey
Rodrigo Tramontina  Brazil  Gilberto Ribeiro  Brazil
Omolara Olanihun  Nigeria  Mercy J. Borbor  Ecuador
Bernardo Perkinson  Venezuela  Elizabeth Díaz  Dominican Republic
Sung-Hee Park  Korea  Jong-chul Yune  Korea
Keiko Azuma  Japan  Carlos Palacios  Perú
Jung Im Won  Korea  Shou-Fan Lin  Taiwan
Dear Pat,

Now I have an ID code, a bank account code, an e-mail code, a social security code... Is my genetic code the result of a transaction between this country and my country?

13-666-4

Dear 13-666-4,

I think you know exactly what your genetic code is! It's your personal identity; it's what makes you different from anyone else. But you don't fool me with your question. You and your evil plan of impersonalization are doomed. Our fight against your plan is and always will be love. You lose, you unlucky devil.

Pat

Dear Pat,

My life in this country is so different, and I enjoy it! I think I can almost live off the free things I find everywhere. I always get more than I pay for: "Buy one and get one free," "25% more for the same price," and so on. I want to continue living this free life in the afterlife... So, when can I claim some totally free extra days for my next life?

Lala

Dear Lala,

Once you're in your afterlife, you can claim extra days anytime you want! All you need to do is ask for them. However, what type of afterlife are you expecting to have? Before you ask for your freebies, you might want to be sure it's the type you want to have extended!

Pat

Dear Pat,

This is my first trip to America. Someone asked me if I wanted to eat a hot dog. How can I eat dog? I have eaten goat and cow, but I haven't eaten dog. Is it culturally appropriate to eat dog in America? Should I eat dog hot or cold?

Ms. Puppy

Dear Ms. Puppy,

You're a regular hot dog, getting all the cultural loudowns right off the bat. Let me give you the scoop. Though some people can't stand to eat them at greasy spoons, others love them to bits at ballgames, even if it's raining cats and dogs. If you want to be culturally correct, eat your hot dog with apple pie in a Chevrolet. Actually, you won't be chowing down on dog but on pork, beef and chemicals. Oh, and hot is definitely cooler than cold.

Pat

Dear Pat,

I'm a really lucky guy! Three months ago, my companion Murphy and I planned our first international trip. When we started planning, some of my friends told me to beware of anyone named Murphy. They were referring to Murphy's Law, which states, "WHATEVER COULD GO WRONG WILL GO WRONG." Well, here's what happened when we arrived in Colombia from Brazil: We arrived one hour earlier than our ticket said we would arrive; we found no one from EPI to meet us in a deserted airport full of construction debris ("How could this small, cluttered mess be a capital city airport?" we thought); we found our bags nowhere on the baggage conveyor belt. Maybe we weren't in Colombia, but in some other city! Then the Delta man saw our panic. He said that the ticket printer had made a mistake and that our ticket time had been incorrectly printed. So THAT'S why no one from EPI was there to meet us! He also explained to us that Colombia airport was under construction and hadn't opened its expanded addition yet. Ah, THAT'S why it looked so messy and small! And our bags had already arrived several hours before and were waiting for us in the Delta office! We WERE in Colombia, after all! But were my friends right? Did Murphy have something to do with all the confusion or is this just the way America is?

Mr. Bean

Dear Mr. Bean,

Your friends' warning was worth heeding. Murphy's Law prevails everywhere, not just in America. Technological errors and baggage problems are worldwide travel problems.

Anyhow, glad y'all er here in Colombia, Mr. Bean!

Pat
Good Luck, Everybody.

What? 4

Good wishes to you.

Samir

Algeria

3 moons only & yours

Three moons & ours

Los mejores mas bellas

del mundo. Venezuela

Epi

34 x 4

Eto the 20%
Welcome! Graffiti.

EPI: Extraneous group of People with no Ideas about English.

You'll never get away from me...
your friend,

Bernardo

Thank you Dicke (both Dicks)

and Bernie is everywhere...

Keşke dünyayı bir gözyaş gözüyle görebilsen,زمین

Marie Murray was here.

I'd rather be read than said.

Those who would enter a second language must become as little children.

Waiting in front of Toilet. No Pain! No Gain.

¿Por qué? Nicaragua 97.

to be and not to be—is the answer.

So what's the question?
Once again it's time to stop and review what's happening in the world of rock...

METALLICA has a new look along with its new album, Load, whose "Until It Sleeps" recently won an MTV music award for Best Hard Rock Video. Other great songs on this album include "Hero of The Day" and "Bleeding Me." According to a recent interview with Lars Ulrich, the band's drummer, Metallica is planning to come out with a new album this summer or sometime later this year. In the meantime, they'll be in concert at Charlotte Coliseum on April 11th—definitely something to look forward to.

After a year of success with its first album, Sixteen Stone, BUSH has just come out with a new record—Razorblade Suitcase, which brings us songs like "Personal Holloway," "Swallow," and "Greedy Fly." With a great blend of rock and psychedelic sounds in this new album, Bush is attempting to catch fans' attention again. On April 2nd, Bush will be offering a show here in Columbia at the Carolina Coliseum; mark your calendar!

THE SMASHING PUMPKINS' show at Charlotte Coliseum last February 1st was simply awesome. They opened with "Tonight-Tonight"—the most awarded song in the last MTV video-music awards—and played about thirty songs, including many from their latest album, Mellon Collie and The Infinite Sadness, a must-buy record. Their show lasted about three hours, a great spectacle full of jammin' rock.

The most shocking news in the rock world lately is that SAMMY HAGAR (the great vocalist formerly with VAN HALEN) quit Eddie Van Halen's band to make a solo album. The good news is that Eddie has found in Gary Cherone, the EXTREME's "More Than Words" singer, a great substitute for Sammy. Eddie said in a recent interview that "Gary sings like an angel even though he doesn't have Sammy's power." Van Halen has come out with a recompilation album, featuring "Human Beings"—the sound track of the movie Twister—and, of course, is busy preparing new good stuff for us. I think a new era for Van Halen has started, though a lot of his fans and critics don't see his change of vocalist as something positive. Sammy Hagar himself, for example, says, "I just feel sorry for Gary... in a two-hour show, he's gonna sing an hour and 45 minutes probably of Sammy Hagar and David Lee Roth songs."

Without Gary Cherone, then, NUNO BETANCOURT (Extreme's guitarist) put together a new and different album, which came out on February 12th. On this record, Nuno works with some relatives and, as always, gets the job done. As a famous guitarist once said, "If God didn't exist, I'd find him in Nuno and his guitar." Nuno is working on the design of a new guitar for Washburn company. This new model should be out on the market by this summer.

Well, it is time to go, but I'll be back with more music stop information in the next issue. Until then, happy listening!

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To Silvio, Ricardo, Gilberto, Rodrigo, William, Antonio, Madalena, Patricia and Shirley,

It was very nice to meet you here. I'll never forget dancing the bundinhas dance with you at the Rotary dinner. To whoever is going back to Brazil, see you there. To whoever'll stay here, good luck! I'll keep in touch!

Gisele

To EPI's Sunrise Staff,

Why not publish something regarding the Philippines? I hope I can find something about my country in one corner of the next issue of your magazine. Thanks.

Josephine
The little prince tells the pilot a lot of interesting things. He once met a wise fox in the desert, for example, who taught him a great deal about life. "The important thing isn’t seen," the fox explained to the little prince. "We can see it only through our minds. To be each other’s friends, we need to become accustomed to each other. To be accustomed to means to relate. To relate means that we have to bear the responsibility for each other..."

Eventually the little prince wants to return to the star that he came from, so he permits a snake to bite him and disappears quietly and very quickly as the pilot finishes repairing his plane. The pilot cries for a long time when he discovers that the little prince is gone.

_Little Prince_ is a very short novel but a classic one. The dialogue between the fox and the little prince is the most important part of the book, I think. Antoine de Saint Exupery, the author of _Little Prince_, is telling us what the most important thing in our life is, what we have to keep in our lives.

It isn’t a large thing; it is a very small, simple, common thing that we can very easily overlook. It can be called "innocence" or "truth." The author tells us this through the character of the little prince, who personifies this fundamental virtue.

There is such a variety of people in the world. We can meet a lot of people in our lives. But I think the kind of people we can meet depends on the kind of person we are ourselves. Because the pilot is an innocent person, he can meet such an innocent person as the little prince. Because our eyes are the windows of our mind, we can recognize innocent people and meet them if our minds are pure.

This book impressed me very much. I am convinced that whoever reads _Little Prince_ will also be impressed and feel a shock of freshness. Ever since I first read this book, I have wanted to meet a person like the little prince. But now I know: I have to be a person like the little prince first! For someone else who is looking for a little prince.

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Hi, Edgardo,

I'm your partner in reading class, Hyun-Suk. You are broadminded and warm. You have a cute daughter, like an angel. I really hope you will get married to a beautiful bride as soon as possible. Good luck to you!

Hyun-Suk Cho

To Hyung-Soo Song,

How was the United Kingdom Study Abroad program for six months? I'll be glad to see you again if you come to America. Maybe we can compare American English and British English. I'll be waiting for you. I miss you.

Young-Sun

Dear Medeth Al-Otaibi,

Thank you for calling me last night to congratulate me on Eid. I was interested in that call. Concerning spring break, I will travel to Kansas to meet our friend Al-Khashab. He invited me to visit him at his apartment. He described Kansas to me and said it's very beautiful. So, let's travel together to that place. I think we will spend a nice time with him.

Yours, Mohammad Al-Sebaie

To EPI Teachers,

I'm thankful for all the help you've given to me. I'll miss all my mothers and fathers that I found here.

Gisele
Korean food—such a tasty food! There are many Korean food fans all over the world. Not only its delicious taste but also its healthfulness contribute to the charm of Korean food. As proof of its healthfulness, most Korean people’s skin is very beautiful and hardly any fat people can be found in Korea.

I decided to interview a good Korean cook, Jung Im Won, in order to find out more about the charm of Korean food.

KA: When do you like to cook?

JW: Whenever I’m upset or tired or sad, and also when I’m happy.

KA: That’s interesting. In my case, I don’t like to cook when I’m upset.

JW: While I’m cooking, I can forget every unpleasant thing, and I also really like to eat delicious food, so while I’m eating my food I can be very happy! But just one thing... I don’t like to wash dishes after cooking.

KA: I absolutely understand that. What kinds of food do you cook?

JW: Many kinds of Korean food, such as bulgogi, pajun, japchae, kimchee, chige, guk, bibimba, etc. Chige and guk are very similar—both of them are hot pots but chige uses only a little water and is spicier than guk. Today I’ll teach you how to cook bulgogi.

KA: Bulgogi is one of the most famous Korean dishes. It’s very popular in my country, Japan.

JW: First of all you have to choose the meat. It’s important that the meat (beef, pork, whatever) is tender and sliced thin. Next get a large bowl and mix the several kinds of seasonings needed to make the sauce. Put soy sauce, sugar, sesame oil, black pepper, chopped garlic and green onion into the bowl. The sugar will tenderize the meat. Be careful not to use too much soy sauce; otherwise the meat’s color will become very dark. If you think the sauce isn’t salty enough, you can add some salt to the sauce. Then place the meat in the sauce. Last, roast the meat. And don’t forget to roast it at a high temperature.

KA: You use so many seasonings to make meat spicy.

JW: Yes. What else would you like the recipe for?

KA: Many, many things! I have many favorite Korean dishes, like bibimba, chige, pajun... 

JW: Why don’t you come over to my place and I’ll cook for you.

KA: That’s a great idea! I’d love to come!

To all the Algerian people who are far from our country, working or studying all over the world, I know it is not always easy, but keep your courage and don’t give up because you who always dream about peace will find it! Peace and brotherhood are not very far away.

Samir Boujdiaf

To EPI’s Sunrise,

Your magazine helps international students learn a lot about various cultures from many countries. We can read a lot of cultural things in Sunrise, such as poems, recipes and articles. Keep up your good work.

Josephine

To Maricarmen Romero,

Yesterday was a very important day. It was your birthday, Feb. 18. I couldn’t call you because I can’t make long distance calls yet, but I sent you an e-mail using José’s address. I hope he let you know about it. I hope we can spend a good time together during my vacation. Let’s meet in Miami and maybe go to the Bush concert. Bye. Have a good time.

Your cousin, Santiago

Hello dear friend Naoko,

Nowadays, we can’t talk very often. I’m so sorry about that. I always thank you for your friendly heart. You are a very important friend of mine, more important than other international friends I have met in America. I hope that you will always be healthy and happy. Bye!

Hyung Jung
Rice and Red Bean Porridge

Koreans believe that red beans drive away evil, so we eat rice and red bean porridge and pray for family blessings on winter solstice day. Before eating our porridge, we place three servings of it on a small table for our ancestors.

Ingredients
3 cups of red beans
2 cups of uncooked glutinous rice
1/2 cup of uncooked rice
salt
water

Preparation
Soak the beans in water for ten hours or overnight. Boil the beans for two hours and then mash them. Pour and press the bean mash through a piece of cheesecloth into a cooking pot, separating the liquid from the fiber to make the broth for the porridge. Grind the uncooked glutinous rice into a flour and put it into a large bowl. Little by little, add water and knead it into the flour with your hands. When this dough becomes smooth and no longer sticks to your hands, roll it in your hands and make small balls. (Usually the whole family gets involved in making the balls.) Add the uncooked rice and the rice balls to the pot of broth. Boil this porridge at medium heat for an hour and a half. Add salt toward the end. Serve and enjoy!

Kimchee Chige (Japanese-Style)

Keiko Azuma
Japan

I like both Japanese food and Korean food, so why not experiment with ways to bring these two kinds of cuisine together in one dish? Here’s my recipe for Japanese-style kimchee chige.

Ingredients
1/2 onion
4 stalks of green onion
1 carrot
2 chicken breasts
1 and 1/2 cups of kimchee
3 tablespoons of sesame oil
water
4 tablespoons of rice wine
3 ounces of bonito flavored soup stock
optional seasonings (soy sauce and salt)
4 tablespoons of miso

Preparation
Cut the onion, green onions, carrot and chicken into small pieces. Lightly fry them together with the kimchee in sesame oil. Put them into a pot, and add 5 to 8 cups of water to cover them. Boil at medium temperature. Add rice wine and soup stock and bring to a boil. Add seasonings, if desired, and add the miso. Now your kimchee chige is ready to eat.

Variation
You can use pork instead of chicken. If you use pork, slice the pork into very thin pieces. It is also very tasty to cook Japanese noodles (udon) or rice cakes (mochi) in any of the soup left over.
Turkish Food: An Interview with Tarkan Yurcu

Gilberto Ribeiro
Brazil

There are thousands of typical foods around the world, each one with a different taste. To get some information about Turkish cuisine, I decided to interview Tarkan Yurcu, who is from Turkey and knows how to cook very well.

GR: How many kinds of cuisine are there in Turkey?

TY: There are four main kinds, one for each geographical region. Northern dishes include mainly a certain kind of fish called hamsi, and corn. Almost all the dishes in the North include these two ingredients. Eastern cuisine consists mainly of lamb and hot spices. Because of the abundance of thyme and oregano plants in the Eastern mountains, lamb meat is usually flavored with these herbs. Southern dishes include various kinds of seafood and lamb meat and are spicier than Eastern dishes. Western cuisine includes vegetables, olive oil, and lamb.

GR: What kind of Turkish food can be prepared easily and quickly?

TY: I can prepare havuc kizartmasi, a kind of fried carrots, in about fifteen minutes.

GR: What ingredients do you need to prepare fried carrots?

TY: For a plate serving two people, you need ten carrots, high quality olive oil, salt, plain yogurt, and fresh garlic.

GR: Could you explain to me how to cook this dish?

TY: After washing the carrots, peel them with a knife. Then cut the carrots vertically into halves. Grind three or four cloves of garlic with salt (the amount of salt depends on how much you like). Mix the garlic and salt with one cup of plain yogurt. Heat up one and a half cups of olive oil in the frying pan for approximately five minutes. Fry the carrots in the hot olive oil for approximately ten minutes. Lay the fried carrots on paper towels to drain excess oil. Place the carrots on a plate and dress them with the yogurt, garlic, and salt mixture. Put the plate into the freezer and keep it there for five minutes. Take them out of the freezer and serve. Enjoy your meal!

GR: When do you prefer to eat fried carrots?

TY: In general, Turks prefer to eat fried carrots as a side dish for dinner.

To my sponsor,
Thank you, Rev. Charles E. Heyward, elders, scholarship committee and all the members of St. James Presbyterian Church. What the Lord has done for me—I can’t tell it all. Thanks for your caring. If all my hair turned to tongue, I wouldn’t be able to tell you how thankful I am for what you have done in my life. You have saved me and led me through my way. May God bless you all.

Omolara

To all the people of EPI and my classmates,
During the little time that I have been here so far, I have learned a lot. Besides English, I have been learning a lot about responsibility, friendship and so many other important things. I hope that things will continue to get better and better this quarter and the next. Thank you.

Fernando Arosemena

To my future,
Where are you? Are you okay? What are you doing? How is life in the future? Did you find your way? How is Kum? Do you still have a dream? Don’t forget to challenge! You are not a champion; you are always a challenger. I believe you can fulfill your dream. You are not alone. Take care of yourself. I will be there.

Motomi Tanaka

To all EPI students,
Good luck in your studies . . .

Adil Allamar
Tortillas de Plátanos (Verdes)

Mercy J. Borbor
Ecuador

This is a typical recipe from the Ecuadorian coast. It is made with plátano, a kind of large, green banana that is not sweet. This recipe is popular with Ecuadorians because it is cheap, delicious and filling—ideal for killing hunger.

Ingredients
4 to 5 plátanos
2 medium onions, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
2 cloves of garlic, minced
1/2 pound of ground pork
1/2 pound of ground meat (beef or whatever)
salt to taste
paprika to taste
cumin
oil

Preparation
Peel the plátanos. Put them into a pot and cover them with water and salt to taste. Boil them until soft. Put the softened plátanos in a bowl and mash them with a fork until smooth. Set aside. In a frying pan, cook the onion, green pepper, garlic, pork, meat, salt and spices. Drain the fat. This is the stuffing for the tortillas. Next, knead the mashed plátanos with your hands for a few minutes and then divide the mass into pieces. Form each piece into a ball. Make a hole in the middle of each ball and fill it with the stuffing. Close the hole and flatten the ball into the shape of a large hamburger. Heat some oil in a pan until it's very hot. Fry your tortillas de plátanos on both sides until browned. Place on a serving plate and serve with chili sauce.

¡Más plátanos!

Ingredients
6 green plantains (plátanos)
4 cups of water
2 teaspoons of salt
2 teaspoons of butter and/or 1/3 cup of oil
1 onion, thinly sliced (optional)

Preparation
Peel the plantains. Boil them in 4 cups of salted water for 25 to 30 minutes until they are soft. Put them on a plate and mash them with a fork. Add the salt and a little bit of boiling water to make them softer. Add either butter or oil or both. Stir well. If onions are desired, fry them in a little oil first. Then put them on top of the mashed plantains. Serve with cheese, ham, chicken, meat or eggs and eat immediately. Serves 4.

To all my Fulbright LASPAU companions:
I'm sure you have had a great time so far. Get ready for the next term. We will be sure to have a lot of homework to do again!
Daniel

To Margaret Perkins,
Thanks a lot for your teaching last term. Your lessons have been very important for me and have helped me improve my English.
Carlos Ludert

To Lancelot,
Two distant countries were joined in another one with an objective: to learn English. I hope that your goal has been reached. I'll still stay here for ten more weeks. After that, if you want to go on talking about Brazilian girls, just tell me. You can visit me in Brazil where we can try to resolve this quarrel.
Rodrigo

To my friends in EPI,
Thank you very much for your friendship. I am happy when I speak with you, and when I see you, I forget to miss my country.
Nizar El-Ahrish

To all international students,
I am proud of all the students at EPI, and I am thankful for them. I am sure that we will be successful in the future.
Nizar El-Ahrish
Peruvian Food:
An Interview with Carlos Palacios

Carlos Palacios, from Peru, likes to cook for his fiancé. He kindly told me about Peruvian food. I hope we’ll be able to cook together someday because I’d like to taste the delicious dishes he described.

JY: How did you discover your ability to cook?

CP: When I was a child, my mother taught me and my sisters how to cook all kinds of food, and I enjoyed cooking with my father once a week. But he didn’t really like to cook. He just liked to eat.

JY: How many years ago did you begin practice cooking on your own?

CP: I’ve been practicing it since ten years ago, when I was seventeen years old. At first my cooking was very bad. My father refused to try it.

JY: Where did you usually cook?

CP: I usually cooked at my house or at my girlfriend’s house, where I liked to cook with a lot of fish, preparing typical dishes such as ceviche, a special seafood dish consisting mainly of shrimp, octopus, snail, and/or crab marinated in lemon.

JY: Have you ever talked with anybody before about your cooking?

CP: I’ve never talked about it except with my girlfriend. I would cook while talking with her about a new kind of dish, and then she’d try the dish and say, “Very good! Give me some more!” So I always had to cook for my girlfriend.

JY: Okay, thank you very much for your kind answers, Carlos.

CP: You’re welcome, Jong-chul.

Jong-chul Yune
Korea

learn how to cook other country’s dishes, especially Korean and Chinese food. I already know how to cook Italian food. And there’s still plenty for me to learn about Peruvian cooking; there are three hundred different dishes in Peruvian cuisine. That’s a Guinness record.

JP: Have you thought about further developing your cooking ability?

CP: Yes, I have. I’d like to try to

To Sae-Young Park,
Did you get my Christmas card?
I miss you a lot and I am waiting for your letter. How was your Valentine’s Day? I hope you find a boyfriend and get married because I have to stay in America about four more years. Why didn’t you accept my proposal? I hope you get a promotion in your hotel, and I hope your English is getting better.
Young-Sun

Mr. Rice,
I want to especially thank you. You got me so interested in English. Thanks to your interesting class, I was motivated to study hard. You paid a lot of attention to us. You are an excellent, brilliant and wise teacher. I was so lucky to meet you and have you as my teacher!
Winter Wind

To EPI friends,
The time that we have been together here was for more than just studying. It was the time to make new friends, to learn about ourselves and our cultures, to live in a different way, and to make us better persons with a wider view of the world and (yes, of course) with the best level of English, thanks to our teachers’ patience.
Clara Peña, Colombia

To Misoji,
Thank you very much for your friendship. Please keep thinking kindly of me.
Paco

My host mom,
You are such a sweet mom. I’ve never seen anyone like you. You are a lot to me. My face feels like crying because I’m full of joy. I don’t even know how much I can thank you.
When I was hungry you gave me to eat, and when I was thirsty you gave me to drink. Mom, God will feed you in many ways. He will never stay away from you. Thanks a lot, and all my regards to your friends who helped me through you. May God bless you, your friends, and every member of your family and their families.
Your daughter, Omolara
Stir-Fried Rice Sticks
Shou-Fan Lin
Taiwan

Stir-fried rice sticks, a homemade Taiwanese dish, looks like a noodle dish. My mother often cooks it for Sunday lunch because it is very easy to make. You can also find fried rice sticks in open-air night markets near temples. If you visit Taiwan, don't forget to stop by the most famous place that produces rice sticks, Hsinchu.

Ingredients
4 pieces of dried mushrooms, cut into stick-shaped pieces
8 ounces of rice sticks
1/2 cup of vegetable oil
1/2 cup of onion, cut into stick-shaped pieces
1/3 cup of cabbage, cut into stick-shaped pieces
2/3 cup of carrots, cut into stick-shaped pieces
3 ounces of pork
2/3 cup of chicken soup
5 tablespoons of soy sauce

Preparation
Cover the dried mushroom pieces and rice sticks with warm water and soak for 8 minutes. Remove from the water. In a skillet, heat the oil and sauté the onion until golden brown. Add the mushrooms and fry quickly for about 2 minutes. Then add the onion, cabbage, carrot and meat and stir fry. Add the soup and soy sauce and boil. Then add the softened rice sticks and slowly stir fry for a few minutes. Serves 2.

Flan
Elizabeth Diaz
Dominican Republic

A serving of flan, one of our favorite desserts in Latin America, is the perfect way to end a good meal.

Ingredients
1 can of condensed or evaporated milk
1/4 cup of water or skim milk or any kind of milk
1/8 teaspoon of salt
4 or 5 eggs
vanilla to taste
1/4 cup of water
1/2 cup of sugar
1 small box of raisins (about 1/3 cup)

Preparation
Mix everything in a blender, except the water, sugar and raisins. Set the blender mixture aside. Combine the water and sugar in a small pan. Boil until the color changes to brown. Combine the egg-milk mixture and the water-sugar mixture in a baking dish. Stir. Add the raisins. Fill a larger baking dish half-full of water. Place in the oven at 325°. Place the smaller baking dish inside the larger baking dish so that the smaller dish is surrounded by water. Bake for 45 to 60 minutes or until an inserted knife comes out clean. Serves 6.

To all EPI teachers and staff,

God bless you. Thank you very much for your patience, tolerance and understanding with me. I remember my first term when Bronia and Russ were my first teachers and I couldn’t speak English yet. They had to guess what I was saying since I didn’t know how to make a sentence. My second term, Margaret, Dick and Mr. Rice were my teachers, and they also had their work cut out for them with me. I had made good progress in my English by the end of the first quarter, but I still had severe problems with pronunciation.

Now, in my third term, Bernie, Beth Wall and Dick continue to help me in my learning of English. I understand that it’s not easy learning a second language, but I have optimism and courage, and one day I’m going to speak English very well.

For me, the most successful aspect of EPI is the human quality of the teachers and staff. In each place and corner of EPI there are always smiles for EPI students from EPI teachers and staff.

Carmen Leonor Martinez A.

To my friends!
Thank you for your friendship! God bless you always!
With all sincerity, Anibal
Dear CS 50 class,

We have had a lot of fun this quarter! Thank you for being such a fun class. By now you are all experts at “What’s up?” and “Excuse me. I’m a foreign student studying English at USC. Could I . . .” I hope I don’t have to say good-bye to any of you. I hope I will see you all next quarter and even teach you in another class. (The only problem for you will be that you will have to listen to the same jokes again!) I have enjoyed you!!

Your teacher and friend, G. Rice

My Latin American friends,
I’m happy because I’ve found so many friends like you in the USA. I think that everything is different when I’m beside Latin American blood. In our studies, we must be in first place. English is a challenge for us, but we will continue to overcome the fear every day.

Edgardo Jimenez

To all the students from Brazil,
Don’t forget that we will have our first meeting after EPI on March 25. It will be the best barbecue in the world.

Silvio Pomin

To all EPI teachers and staff,
I would like to thank all the teachers and the staff of EPI for their effort and support in our English studies, and in the solving of any problems we face.

Abdulaziz Hassan

Dear GW20 students,
Hi guys! Thank you for the Charleston and Epworth fun, for the opportunity to learn so many things from you and about you, and for just being you. You are achieving success now; you achieve it regularly, and you’ll achieve it in the future!

Jenny

My Fulbright-Laspaufriends,
This is the time to demonstrate why we are here. Our challenge is to study, study and study some more. Let’s not waste our time, for the future is for us. Let’s remember our families. They are expecting a lot from us.

Edgardo Jimenez

To my Korean friends,
Now we’ve started a new year in Columbia without our families. Maybe our families and friends are wishing us happiness and health. Of course they are. And I’m wishing for our happiness and health, too.

Happy New Year!
Sun Jung Yoon (Jenny)

To all Korean students,
You have been absent from home for more than two months. You are having a good experience in your lives. Even if your life is painful, you must be patient. No pain, no gain!

Shin Young-dong

To all my Korean friends,
You are very friendly and very kind. It has been nice for me to get to know you. I expect that when we finish EPI, we will continue to maintain our special relationship, although it may be through e-mail.

With friendship,
Edgardo Jimenez

My dear students and Sunrise staff,
It’s been really fun working with you and getting to know you this quarter. Thanks for all your efforts!

Dick Holmes

Happy Birthday!

Irfan Mersin, March 3
Carlos Palacios, March 7
Seang Chan Ryu, March 8
William Eidt, March 11
Hyeun Lee, March 12
Eugene Kim, March 13
Sungjoo Jung, March 15
Carlos Enrique Ludert, March 16
Ketko Murai, March 16
Maha Al-Busaidy, March 18
Alejandro Mirt, March 20
Aiman Bohendi, March 21
Young Dong Shin, March 22
Shirley Arruda Santana, March 23
Sunrise

Winter

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