Spring 1998

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

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Making a foreign place your home away from home is an important part of acquiring a second language. This section offers a few reports on the EPI scene.

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What would life be without the inspiration that stories and poems provide? This section features the creative talents of some fine storytellers and poets here at EPI.

Whaddaya Say?
This term, the Sunrise staff invited EPI students to write mini-articles about whatever they felt like sharing in this issue. Here and there, you’ll find what those who took us up on our offer had to say.

Personal Messages
You may have a secret admirer and not even know it. In the personal messages strewn throughout the magazine, here’s your chance to find out.
Editor's Note

Seeing and saying things through the eyes of English as a second language presents some big challenges, but it often results in some very interesting writing. Working with Sunrise writers and writings for the past five years, I've come to realize that nonnative English writers are capable of the highest levels of expression despite the difficulties they may have using English grammar and phrasing. With their fresh perspectives and straightforward ways of expressing themselves, they sometimes produce works that compare favorably to the best of writings in English. Heinz Kaiser's "I Remember" on page 31 and Ikuko Nakaji's "Rain" on page 35, for example, are poems native English poets would be proud to have written. In fact, I think you'll find all the writings in this issue of Sunrise well worth reading. Enjoy!

Dick Holmes

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Around the World

Andres Arcia        Venezuela
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Merida
Andres Arcia
Venezuela

Merida is a mountainous state in Venezuela with only 400,000 inhabitants. From its location to its people, Merida is a wonderful, magical place. The city of Merida rests in a beautiful deep valley 1250 meters above sea level. This location gives the city perfect weather throughout the year, and wherever you go, you can look around and see and feel the big mountains talking about their beauty among themselves. Traveling in these mountains, you meet the wonderful people who have found in Merida the best place to live: the native people, farmers, people who like to live far away from the city noise, and those who want to practice some special sports that can only or almost only be practiced in Merida, such as mountain biking, paragliding, and rock climbing.

One of the most attractive things about Merida is its wide range of landscapes and climates, from desert areas only 30 minutes by car outside the city to snow in the highest mountains, up to 5007 meters high.

The people of Merida have a unique sort of behavior. They are very kind people, especially with foreigners. Our ancestors were kind and hospitable and we've learned from them. If you take a walk in the mountains and visit the hidden little towns, some of them with no electrical power yet, you can feel what I'm talking about. People from various other parts of Venezuela now living in Merida typically adopt the local culture of the mountain people and try to live and behave like them. Most of the native people live on extensive tracts of lands and take care of the national parks.

A lot of people like to practice extreme sports in the area because Merida is the perfect place for them. Mountain bikers can enjoy viewing spectacular landscapes along the roads and paths that wind through the mountains. Those landscapes are even more beautiful when seen from the sky while paragliding. Still other aspects of the mountains can be appreciated from places accessible only to rock climbers. One of the most exciting climbs is that leading to Bolivar peak, the highest mountain in Merida and in all of Venezuela. This peak can also be reached by a hiking trail, which takes about six or seven hours to walk up.

The changes in landscape and climate in Merida are dramatic. At the foot of the mountains the land flattens into a sea-level plain. There Merida becomes a desert, where cactus grows and the weather gets hot. Higher up, on the other side of the mountains, is the valley holding the city, where you can feel the mountains surrounding and protecting you from the elements, and where you can often see mountaintops covered with snow on a sunny day. The beauty of Merida is indescribable. I can only say that Merida cannot be compared to any other place.

To the students who will stay in EPI next term,
I have to go back to my country and work again. But next term, two new students (maybe ladies!) will come from my company and join EPI. Could you please make friends with them and take good care of them?
Naoki Kaneko (from Nikko Chemicals)

To GW 50,
I have enjoyed teaching you. I especially enjoyed working one to one with you in the computer lab and also reading about your personal experiences in your journal. Languages may differ, but people are the same: we all have both happy memories and difficult experiences in life. Thanks for “hanging in there” (means not giving up, but enduring) because grammar is difficult! Disney World really is more fun!!
G. Rice
Star Festival in Japan

In Japan, we call July 7 Tanabata, or Star Festival, and each year we hope the weather will be fine on this day. This festival celebrates the meeting, just once a year, of two lovers, Hikoboshi and Orihime, who are separated by the Milky Way on the other days of the year.

According to legend, there lived a beautiful maiden, Orihime, who worked diligently at her loom day after day. One day, she fell in love with a handsome cowherd, Hikoboshi, who lived on the west side of the River of Heaven, the Milky Way. As a reward for her industry, her father, the King of Heaven, permitted them to marry.

Because they were so much in love, she neglected her loom, and he let his cows go astray. The King of Heaven was very angry. So he sent her back to her loom, and forbade her husband to visit her more than once a year. On the day of their annual visit, July 7, Orihime is said to cross the River of Heaven to meet Hikoboshi. However if they don’t work hard every day, the King of Heaven causes the weather to be bad (cloudy or rainy) on July 7. Then she can’t see the River of Heaven, and they can’t meet each other that year.

So, on Star Festival day, we write down our wishes for their meeting and our personal wishes on a strip of paper, and hang it on a bamboo pole in the garden. This day is also important because it is an occasion for stressing the hope that young women will not neglect any of the household arts.

Whaddaya say?

 Customs around the world are very interesting. In China, we don’t celebrate April Fool’s Day, but we have a special festival on April 5th to hold a memorial ceremony for all the people who have died.

Almost everyone in China believes that the dead live in another world. Life there is similar to ours and the people need money and food just as living people do, but they can’t get it for themselves. They depend on their living relatives to support them every year on April 5th. If their relatives don’t send money or food to them that day, they may come to the house at night to ask for food and money. People are so afraid of this happening that they feel compelled to send money and food.

Ellen Wang
China

Hey, Espidi Gonzalez, people know who you are. Man, you’re really fast, just like your name. Keep doing pompa, man.

Your little brother,

Selcuk

Selcuk Gureli
Turkey
Soba
Kotchi Tanabe
Japan

year. This kind of noodle is not only delicious but also good for our health. It doesn’t have much taste by itself, but combined with soup the taste is very good. We sometimes put some leeks, seaweed, and other vegetables in soba soup.

To make soba requires a little muscle and effort. It has to be kneaded vigorously like bread dough. When mixing soba flour and water, we don’t stir it; we hit it with a thick bar. Of course, soba can be made in the kitchen, but clean water is needed. Soba restaurants can be found especially in the mountains, where there is a lot of spring water, fresh air, and so on. In the city, we don’t find such pure resources. If soba is made with treated city water, I think that it’s not good.

Soba has some special health benefits. It lowers blood pressure and helps prevent cancer. We usually eat soba on New Year’s Day. Because soba noodle is long, we think it means long life. I don’t know why we think so. I think it must be a superstition. We have many kinds of traditional thinking in Japan. Anyway, we think of soba as an auspicious food.

Because soba noodle is long, we think it means long life.

Hey, Cristinita!!!
We miss you so much! We miss your “OK, you guys” and the energy and happiness that you always bring to EPI. You really make this place very special. Even if for one reason or another we are not here next term, please come back, because the work of people like you is what makes a difference.

WE MISS YA, GIRL-FRIEND!!!!!!!!!!!!
ERICA CRISTINA
SONIA MARIA
MOHAMMED AL-ABDULLA

Dear Susan Anders,
Thank you for the very interesting events that you organized for us, especially the strawberry picking. They were really exciting activities that I’d never experienced before.

Ellen Zhao

Dear Buddies,
Have you ever heard this interesting story?
One day two international students meet at an international free lunch provided by “HIS.”
Student A asks student B, “Where do you study?”
Student B answers, “I study Bible at CIU.”

Student A feels very strange and asks himself why a CIA agent who does investigations needs to study the Bible…

Then student B asks student A, “How about you? Where do you study?” Student A answers, “I study English at EPI.”

Student B laughs in his heart. “Ha! I didn’t know English programs were offered at the FBI. I guess there are a lot of foreign FBI cops these days!”

Judy
Gorgona Island, an Eco-Paradise

Colombia has coasts along two oceans. The Caribbean Sea is notable for its calm, clean, blue water. The Pacific Ocean is an interesting environment because its water is darker than that of the Caribbean and the fauna is more various and crowded. Off the Pacific Coast of Colombia lies Gorgona Island, ninety minutes by boat from Guapi, the nearest city with an airport, or eight hours by ship from Buenaventura, the biggest Colombian harbor on the Pacific Coast. Both of these trips are amazing, especially the one by ship. You can see all kinds of animals as you cross the ocean in a ship. Gorgona has an interesting history, a lot of natural resources, and beautiful places for scuba diving.

Before Francisco Pizarro the Conqueror invaded Peru and began his search for “El Dorado,” he set up camp on Gorgona, where he prepared his men for the conquest of Peru. Many of his men died there due to snake bite, so Pizarro named the island Gorgona after the mythical Greek woman who had snakes for hair. Years later, after Colombia won its freedom under Simon Bolivar’s leadership, Gorgona was given as a present to the Payan family, who had helped Bolivar in the war for independence. In the 1960s, the Colombian government built a high security prison like Alcatraz on the island. This prison remained in operation until 1986, when the island and its sea was declared a national park by Colombia’s Department of Ecology.

Gorgona is very rich in flora and fauna both on land and in the surrounding ocean, where life forms are extremely dense and diverse. Gorgona is like a big mountain in the middle of the ocean, sticking up 300 meters above sea level. The highest peak rises like an enormous green ghost. The island has twenty permanent rivulets, and in the winter the number of these increases to almost a hundred. The park offers guides who will accompany you on hikes and show you the various kinds of animals that live on the island. It is really common to find monkeys, lizards, snakes, a kind of rat that lives only there, and millions of insects, such as butterflies, dragonflies, mosquitoes, and spiders. The rain forest covers the whole island and the only part used by humans is a small area containing a group of fifty houses, where visitor and biologists share their stories about whales, orcas, and dolphins, which come to Gorgona from June until August to mate and bear offspring. Whales are especially interesting because they jump and sing near the beach, showing off for the visitors.

Gorgona is one of the most attractive places to practice scuba diving in Colombia because it has a special, rare habitat. Gorgona’s coral reef features a multicolor environment with every kind of small fish that you could imagine, but this area of the park is off-limits to tourists. Don’t worry, though, Gorgona has other interesting places. La Tiburonera, or The Shark Place, a cave used by sharks as a sleeping quarters, is a great place where you can always find five or six white fin sharks. La Plaza de Toros, or The Bullring, is a spectacular arrangement of rocks one hundred feet below the surface of the water. It looks like a real bullring, only smaller, and there you can find turtles, sharks, octopus, sea horses, tuna fish, and a lot of strange kinds of fish. La Montañita, or The Little Mountain, is an underwater hill that is completely covered with sea urchins, shells, corals, lobsters, and crabs. During some months of the year, hammerhead
Gorgona Island . . .

sharks arrive at The Little Mountain in groups of hundreds, like flocks of birds in the sky.

If you like eco-tourism, wonderful strong emotions, the outdoor life, scuba diving, hiking, beautiful landscapes, sunshine, waves, the sea, and breathing pure air, you should go to Gorgona. It always has something new in its water, and all the beautiful animals there will be waiting for you. You can experience our Pacific Coast customs and eat fresh fish and shrimps, which are cheap and easy to find in this area. When you go back to your country, you will be waiting eagerly for your next opportunity to visit Gorgona and its many fantastic places.

Whaddaya say?

Every spring in Japan, we have a traditional picnic party called hanami. During this season, we can see a lot of cherry blossoms, the Japanese national flower, in parks, along the streets, at school, and in many other places.

We go to the park with some food and drinks. Many kinds of stalls are put up side by side in the park, and we enjoy drinking, eating, and singing under the beautiful cherry blossoms. To my surprise, I found some cherry trees here in Columbia, and this spring I had a hanami party with my friends there.

Next spring, why don’t you hold a hanami party with your friends?

Yumiko Kinoshita
Japan

In Peru, the names Cusco and the Incas evoke a sense of mystery and adventure. Five centuries ago, Cusco was the holy city at the heart of the Incan Empire, a city of gold-covered temples and palaces two miles high in the Andes mountains and completely isolated from other civilizations.

At that time, the Inca, the ruler of the Inca people, was considered a descendant of the Sun with extraordinary wisdom and excellent leadership talents. The Inca had a wife, who was called the Colla, and both made up the head of the social structure in the Empire. The Inca and his people revered Mother Earth, the air, and other elements of nature. Special honor was given to the sun during a festival on June 24 called Inti Raymi.

On this day, the Inca and his wife wore their jewels and their best clothes made of gold and silver threads. The event started early in the morning, and the entire population waited for the Inca and the Colla. People made different kinds of typical food and chicha, a special drink made from corn and allowed to ferment for a few days before the festival, giving it a little alcohol. Many bands played music with traditional instruments like the quena, flute, and drums. The ceremony started when the "Virgins of the Sun" arrived. This was a group of young women that remained completely chaste and offered the sun their daily labor, weaving clothes for the Inca. Then the priests, generals, and members of the noble society arrived, and finally the Inca with his wife joined in.

The Inca took a golden cup and put cocoa leaves inside the chicha, which he then offered to the land, called Mama Paccha, in thanksgiving for the good harvest the Incas had received and for the grassland for the animals, which the Indians needed every day. After that, on a stone altar, the Inca sacrificed a llama, cutting the neck of the animal and spreading its blood on the earth as symbolic of the union among the sun, the Inca, and the people. Following this ritual, the party continued for one week and everybody danced, ate, and enjoyed life and the magnificence of the Incan Empire.

The Peruvian people, especially the people from the mountains in Cusco, continue to celebrate this custom. But they don’t sacrifice animals as they did in the past. They just keep the ancient custom and celebrate the marvelous, historical temples and works of art like Machu Picchu, great legacies of our past and our culture.
The Traditional Turkish Bathhouse

Minas Mezedur
Turkey

If you have ever been in Turkey, or if you are from Turkey, you no doubt know about the hamam, the traditional Turkish bathhouse. This special place for public bathing has been popular since ancient times. Although nowadays it isn’t popular among the young, it attracts a lot of tourists every year because of its architecture, history, customs, and expert staff charged with washing the patrons.

The hamam is not a small place where you take a shower as you do in your bathroom; it’s a big, historical structure consisting of several parts. Entering a hamam, you see a big lobby rounded by small rooms where patrons get undressed and wrap their hips with a special towel-like cloth called a pestemal.

After getting undressed and putting on a pestemal, you leave your room, not forgetting to lock it. Near your room, you’ll find a door to the inside of the bathhouse. Made of pure marble, the interior of the hamam is the most gorgeous part of the building. And the hottest. As you may know, one of the most important ways to get really clean is to sweat. For this purpose, there is a big slab of marble that facilitates sweating located in the middle of the room. This slab is heated by steam, and you lie on it to sweat for at least twenty minutes. As you lie there sweating, a staff member called a tellak, who is charged with washing you, comes to you. He starts with a fifteen-minute massage. Afterwards, he follows you to the washing area and washes you. During this process, which also takes fifteen minutes, he uses a special relaxing technique. After being washed by a tellak, you feel light as a bird, totally free of dirt and grime. Now you can order whatever beverage you like and go back to your dressing room, where you’ll soon be served your drink. After the hot bath you’ve just experienced, you’ll really savor your drink.

Hey, women readers, don’t be scared; what I’ve explained so far pertains only to male patrons. The good news is: Women can go to the hamam, too, and enjoy the same treatments performed by women tellaks. Hamams schedule separate bathing times for men and women.

Throughout Turkey’s history, almost all parts of the country have been a cradle for a number of civilizations. Consequently, you can see a lot of hamams in my country, and because they were built by different civilizations and at different times they are very important in understanding the architecture and building techniques of various ancient groups of people.

On the other hand, because interest in hamams is decreasing today, a lot of them are now closed. I think that this is unfortunate.

Customs such as frequenting hamams should be kept because they reflect the traditional way of life in Turkey.
Irene Saez Conde, who was born in Caracas, Venezuela, on December 13, 1961, is the most famous Miss Universe Venezuela has ever had. Irene is famous not only because she is beautiful but because she has been doing important non-profit social work at the national and international levels for many years.

Even as a child, Irene was a remarkable person. When she was four years old, her mother died of a heart attack. After that, Irene lived with her father and her five brothers. She began attending school when she was seven or eight, at which time she had already demonstrated great abilities to express her own ideas and to relate well to other people. From an early age, she showed great intelligence and a strong love for her country.

By the time she finished secondary school, she had traveled a great deal with her father on business. He was especially fond of his youngest daughter and enjoyed having her travel with him. Those trips with her father enabled her to get to know different people, customs, and lifestyles.

In 1981, at the age of 20, Irene participated in the Miss Venezuela Competition and won the contest. That same year, in New York City, she also won the title of Miss Universe.

During her reign, Irene continued her trips, and she met many important people around the world. She also became increasingly aware of social problems and labor issues in various countries. This experience was vital for her future. When she finished her reign as Miss Universe, Irene received a commission from the United Nations to work on social problems in Latin America. As soon as she returned to Venezuela in 1991, she began her studies at the university, and later she graduated with a degree in political science. Five years ago, Irene was elected mayor of the Chacao Community in Caracas. Since then, she has been working hard to solve the problems in her community. Irene has received many awards for her outstanding work.

Recently, Irene was encouraged by various Venezuelan political parties to consider becoming a presidential candidate. She has now formed her own political party and she enjoys a large following. In March 1999, she may become the first female president of Venezuela. And if she does, she will also become the first former Miss Universe to be elected president of any country!

I greatly admire Irene Saez Conde. She has been recognized throughout the entire world for her hard work and her great abilities, and I hope that in the future she will continue to bring needed changes to my country.
Do you know how many people are living in Seoul, the capital of South Korea? Today, twenty-five percent of the country's population are living in this city and its suburbs. Consequently, Seoul is one of the most complicated and well-developed cities in Korea. It has a special character and lifestyle all its own.

A morning in Seoul is started busily. The general form of transportation used is the subway. Most students and office workers go to school and the office by subway. During rush hour, the subway-trains are overcrowded. Some subway workers called "push men" pack people into the trains when the trains are full.

Recently, most people carry a pager or cellular phone with them everywhere they go. Young people, especially, like to have a pager to communicate with their friends. Sometimes, the ringing of a pager in a classroom or a library causes problems.

Many people like to go on a picnic in the suburbs on weekends. So the traffic situation on weekends is even worse than it is on weekdays.

There are a lot of famous places in Seoul that many people crowd into. A lot of young people meet their friends around Daikak-Ro, Shinchon, and Kangnam-station. There they watch movies or attend performances and drink together. Lots of theaters, restaurants, and bars stand close together in these areas to attract customers.

Among the citizens of Seoul, actual natives of the city are few and far between. A great number of people from other parts of the country have fixed their lives in Seoul and become new citizens of the city. A lot of young people come to Seoul hoping to enter a good company and make a good future for themselves instead of staying in their hometown to farm. Most people think that farming is a tough and arduous job. Many students prefer to attend a university in Seoul, even if there are excellent universities in their own cities, because a university education in Seoul is an advantageous way to get a good job. No wonder Seoul is such a crowded city.

Whaddaya say?

I want to tell you a story, one that will be very useful to you if you go to a barber shop.

Last Saturday, I went to a barber shop. After waiting for 30 minutes, I took a seat in the barber's chair and took off my glasses. Then I boldly told the barber I wanted a "short cut." About 20 minutes later, guess what happened? I put my glasses on and I was frightened and surprised by what I saw: my head was almost bald! I looked terrible! I'd meant, "Cut a little off the top," but he'd understood, "Cut it short." Of course, that was my mistake, not his.

If you go to a barber shop, prepare sufficiently or you too will be surprised. I suggest that you memorize the following expression and use it: "Don't change the style; just trim it."

Byyoung-Joo Kim
Korea
Nobody wants to flunk important examinations, and Korean students, especially those in the third grade in high school preparing to take university entrance examinations, are no exception. In hopes of passing the exam, both students and their parents follow various superstitions, though this kind of behavior is so stupid.

Before taking an exam, for instance, boys sit on girls’ cushions, which they have secretly stolen during the night. In my country, most schools continue late into the night, so girls put cushions on their chairs to be comfortable. Boys believe that they can get high scores if they sit on girls’ cushions.

Another exam-taking strategy is to avoid cutting one’s nails and hair until the exam is over. Regardless of age or sex, students regard long nails and hair as indicative of their degree of knowledge. They are afraid that if they cut their nails and hair they will fail the exam. Men don’t even shave their beards.

Eggs and mijuukuk, a traditional Korean food, are also avoided by students preparing for an exam. In Korea, the pronunciation of the word falling, as in failing an exam, is the same as that of the words for falling or dropping. Since these two foods have a slimy, slippery texture, students believe that eating them before an exam will cause them to slip and fall (fail). Nowadays, many people still believe that following superstitions such as these will help them achieve their aims—not only high exam scores but also various other goals in life.

In the past, I too used to follow such superstitions, hoping to pass an exam with ease. Such stupid behavior!

Sonya J.C.,

Sometimes in life there are moments when you need to be alone and think about what you want, moments when you need to find yourself, without losing your feelings, thoughts, personality, emotions—sadness, happiness—and everything that makes up that mysterious world that is inside everyone and is so hard to understand that it can never be fully explored. This fight with life may go on for a long time, perhaps endlessly, a life-long struggle in which the best thing that can happen is to find a good friend who is there for you, who listens to you, who understands you, who accepts you.

Thank you for being my friend.

Erica Cristina
Wrestling

with English

My dear Sunrise staff,
Thanks for all your work on this issue of Sunrise. Special thanks to Nara, Heinz, Yumiko, Erica, and Felipe for your contributions. Nara, Sunrise is going to miss you a lot!
Dick

To The Wide World,
I wish I could solve the problems, whether ancient or recent ones, between so many countries around the world in some EPI classroom. Do you know why I say this? Because throughout this term I’ve made so many friends from all over the world. I’ve spent a great time with them, no matter where they were from. Sometimes we’ve even talked about history and no one’s gotten angry. Isn’t that cool? I would invite the Presidents of every country represented by EPI students and would take them on a tour of USC to show them how enjoyable this place is.
Jaime Velazquez
Around Here

Heinz Kaiser  Colombia
Yumiko Kinoshita  Japan
Do Hyoung Kim  Korea
Felipe Rocha  Brazil

15
SOP
softball
&
bowling
The English Programs for Internationals (EPI) has a lot of international students, making this program a very diverse, rich environment for cultural exchange. Since eating is an important part of the cultural experience, I’d like to propose a new Communication Seminar (CS) class focusing on various uncommon foods eaten in EPI students’ home countries.

Judging from the results of the foods survey the *Sunrise* editors conducted this quarter, it should be quite an interesting class.

The Eating Programs for Internationals (EPI II) will be an appropriate name for this amazing CS class. Collaboration as well as individual participation will be evaluated in the class, and also appetite, since students who choose this class will have to taste the dishes.

The first recipes on the syllabus will feature reptiles. Snake, crocodile, alligator, and/or lizard are eaten in Guinea, Indonesia, and some countries in South America. Maybe the class can purchase a cobra snake here in the United States for a few dollars, or maybe one of our doting mothers will ship us a live one. Imagine a big cobra in your classroom! Who’s going to stay in class that day? I’m sure that I’ll be the first student running out of the classroom, and no doubt the women in the class will cry out when they see a large, poisonous cobra. That should be fun. Somebody told me that snake meat tastes like chicken and is low-fat. But are you ready to taste it?

After that first fascinating gourmet experience, the Koreans in the class will be in charge of cooking. According to the survey, dog is a delicious plate in this Asian country. When EPI II students call supermarkets and ask for dog meat, I wonder what kind of response they’ll get. If students can’t find dog meat in the grocery store, they’ll have to look for some elsewhere. (If you have a dog, make sure you know where it is at all times). Finally, the Korean students in the class may have to convince their classmates that roasted dog is a delicious dish.

During the following weeks, things will get even more interesting as the class explores the wonderful world of insect food. In Colombia, my country, ants are fried and considered to taste like peanuts. Koreans eat grasshoppers, and the Japanese boil locusts in sweetened soy sauce and eat bee larvae. Perhaps the most interesting insect food is scorpion, which is eaten in some African countries.

If you remember the Indiana Jones movies, you can easily imagine EPI II’s next exotic culinary adventure. In Guinea and Indonesia, monkey brain is considered a delicious dish. I’ve always appreciated the humor of monkeys, but I’d never thought of eating them. I can understand that different cultures have different preferences, though, and maybe monkey brain does taste good. But where are we going to find monkeys for our class in America? And will we all be able to eat monkey brain without feeling guilty?

The Eating Programs for Internationals is a great idea, but it might not be easy to convince students to eat these amazing dishes. Oh, well... It’s probably better to study this aspect of culture through reading an article like this, anyway—and then just go, with some of our international friends, to McDonald’s, where we can all enjoy eating a nice, safe Big Mac with fries and Coke.
Hey, sports fans at EPI, have you heard how well the EPI soccer team did in the USC soccer tournament this spring? The tournament began with the March 25th kickoff matches and ended with the April 20th finals under the beautiful blue skies of the USC campus. Twenty-six teams in all competed for the USC intramural soccer title.

The quarterfinals game against Bolivia was an especially impressive one. EPI's Joel Carvalho, from Brazil, made the first goal by capitalizing on a penalty kick in the middle of the first half, but in the middle of the second half the opponent gained the lead, scoring two consecutive goals. Toward the end of the second half, when most of EPI's supporters were giving up on winning, EPI's Marco Maricevich, from Brazil, shot the tying goal, and a storm of applause broke out. During the overtime, EPI's Pablo Maricevich, from Brazil, scored a point, breaking the tie and winning the game.

To the team's and fans' disappointment, EPI lost their semifinals game. However, the power of the EPI team was incredible. The EPI fans were in a state of feverish excitement throughout every game. Because I was so interested in EPI's soccer team this term, I decided to interview the captain of the team, Kei Shimizu, from Japan. At the young age of nineteen, Kei provided good leadership.

Reporter: How was the attitude of the EPI team?

Kei: It was super. Although this was the first time most of us had met, we soon became good friends through playing soccer together.

Reporter: What was the key to the power of the team?

Kei: The key to our power was that most of us were soccer players with a lot of experience. We never missed a golden opportunity, and we could score points. And we were all young, strong, and tough.

Reporter: What was the hardest thing about leading an international team?

Kei: The fact that we were all international students didn't present any problems. Our only problem was that we had a lot more players than the eleven needed to make a team. I had a lot of difficulty in deciding who should take part in the game and how much everyone should play. As a result, some of our players didn't get much playing time. Although I

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Star players on the EPI soccer team—
Left to right, bottom: Ahmed, Kazuki, Pablo, Kei, Oscar, and Lee (a friend of the team); top: Carlos, Gian, Guilherme, Elber, Marco, Joel
EPI Soccer...

wanted to play all of our players equally, I couldn't do that since we were playing to win. I'm sorry about that. But our large number of players was good in a way, too. It gave us the advantage of being able to change players a lot so that we could rest and recover our strength.

I also wanted to interview a few of EPI's star players, so I talked with Marco and Pablo Maricevich, who both played forward and midfield, and with Ahmed Al-Kumaithi, from UAE, our goalkeeper.

**Reporter:** You all took an active role in this tournament. Which game was most difficult to win?

**Marco:** We never had any easy games. All of the teams we played against were worthy of all our respect.

**Reporter:** I have the image that every Brazilian plays soccer, because Brazil is famous for its strength in soccer. Is my image correct?

**Pablo:** Exactly. You can see lots of people playing soccer everywhere in Brazil. When a child is born in Brazil, its parents give it a doll if it’s a girl and a soccer ball if it’s a boy.

**Reporter:** Ahmed, I’ve heard you played on the national youth team of your country, UAE. That’s so great.

**Ahmed:** Yes, I played hard every day, and I learned a lot about soccer there.

**Reporter:** Can you tell me the most interesting thing and the hardest thing in playing soccer?

**Marco:** Everything in soccer is interesting. There aren’t any hard things.

**Pablo:** I think soccer is unlike any other sport. Soccer has the amazing power to fill a stadium anywhere in the world. The best feeling that I have in playing is the excitement of playing in a full stadium. The hardest thing is to keep calm when I’m playing. I always feel a little nervous in a game. It’s such a great challenge.

**Reporter:** Who is your favorite soccer player?

**Ahmed:** There are a lot of players I admire. I especially like Roberto Carlos because he is so skillful in controlling the ball.

**Reporter:** What do you think is the most important thing in playing soccer?

**Ahmed:** Power and having fine teamwork.

**Marco:** The love of playing the game. We can have a lot of fun playing soccer.

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Our dearest EPI team’s results in the USC soccer tournament

First round: March 29, EPI vs. The D.L. EPI got its first victory.

Second round: March 31, EPI vs. Preston Men EPI smashed the opponent, 6 to 0.

The quarterfinals: April 7, EPI vs. Bolivia EPI won in a close contest, 4 to 3.

The semifinals: April 16, EPI vs. 420 EPI lost in overtime, 3 to 2.

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I had a good time doing these interviews. Even though we EPI students have different nationalities and cultures, I strongly feel that we can understand each other through sports. It’s splendid that international students can practice their English and communicate with lots of other people not only through classes but also through sports and various other events. In addition to soccer, EPI students—along with a few of the teachers—enjoyed playing softball, basketball, volleyball, and tennis this term. If there are any other sports you would like to see happen at EPI next quarter, just let your wishes be known. I believe that America is a country where we can surely grant our own wishes if we take action. Let’s express our opinions more and more and keep making wonderful memories and leaving our mark on the history of EPI!

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Dear Kathy, Why are you still nice to me? Your worst student, Kyoko P.S. Thank you & God bless you!
Is it very important for you to know who makes the decisions at EPI, who the boss is, and what kinds of projects EPI has planned for the future? For me it is. Students need to understand their environment and their relation to each other and to the institution they are attending. So, I decided to dig for some information about EPI by talking with Mark Porter, EPI Associate Director, and Glen Rice, who has been teaching in EPI since its beginning. In spite of their busy schedules, Mr. Porter and Mr. Rice generously made time to answer my questions. In my interviews with them, I asked them about EPI’s history, organizational structure, and future plans.

The English-as-a-second-language (ESL) initiative at the University of South Carolina (USC), which eventually led to the creation of EPI, began in 1974. A number of USC professors had been visiting various places around the world and inviting people to come here, but many of those they invited lacked sufficient English proficiency to work or study at the University. Consequently, USC decided to create a course for these foreign visitors. This was the first ESL course at USC, and though only offered when a group of students required ESL training it was a good experience for teachers, students, and administrators. USC continued to offer the course sporadically until 1979, when a University committee recommended that an intensive English program be established at USC.

The University provided ten thousand dollars for the program and gave it one year to become self-supporting—not an easy task since such a program usually needs three or four years to get off the ground. The first class started in the summer of 1979 with only six students. In the early days at EPI, there were only three levels: low, middle, and advanced. Since at that time almost all the students were preparing to enter a university in the U.S., all the courses were focused on academic English.

Today, EPI depends organizationally on USC’s Office of Technology Transfer and complies with USC's policies and regulations. USC is a public institution which receives money from the government, but EPI is a self-supporting program, which means that it has to pay for all its own expenses. Internally, EPI has a Director, Dr. Alexandra Rowe, and an Associate Director, Mark Porter. Even though they have the last word, decisions are made with the help of the teachers and office staff, creating a democratic environment in which everybody working at EPI feels that his/her opinion is important and contributes to solutions.

Projects and plans are always in the works at EPI because its staff like to be ready for changes. One of EPI’s most recent projects has been the formation of the Student Advisory Committee, which enables students to give their input about EPI to the administration. Another important project currently underway is EPI’s accreditation process.
Inside EPI . . .

Beginning this year, English programs such as EPI will be applying for accreditation administered by the Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages organization. The whole staff of EPI is working on this important project designed to ensure the quality of the program. Other projects on the table include obtaining additional classroom space, expanding EPI's technological resources, and improving the EPI housing situation so that EPI students can have more interaction with Americans—an especially important goal to work toward, I think.

EPI is an experienced institution with a rich, nineteen-year tradition and a bright outlook for the future. The staff are highly qualified and have extensive experience in teaching English, and I'm sure they will continue improving and developing their resources. The students at EPI also contribute to EPI's strength and diversity, comprising an interesting micro-world with ambassadors from almost every continent. When I go back to my country, I'll definitely recommend EPI. For students it's a great place to study English, and for teachers an enjoyable place to work.

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Yolibeth,
Yoli, thanks for your help in grammar class and for teaching me Spanish. Muchos Besos (Kisses and Kisses).

Obrigada,
Fatima Pereira

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After my first term at EPI, I had a two-week break. During that time, I had a really exciting experience, even though I spent a lot of money.

After finishing EPI classes, my friends and I flew to Key West, Florida. When we arrived, everybody was a little disappointed at first. Even though the airport was an international one, it was so small. And the weather was not so good. But Key West turned out to be a really romantic place with lots of beautiful restaurants and bars. At night, we went to a bar to play pool, but I couldn't drink beer there since I was only 20 at the time. In the daytime, we went to the beach, and one day we toured the island by bicycle. That was so fun! If you go to Key West, try it!

Players & fans

After four days in Key West, we returned to Columbia. But my travels during the break weren't finished yet. One of my friends and I prepared for another trip, this one to Colorado to go skiing. Although I was tired, I could forget about my fatigue because I was really looking forward to going skiing, and so was my friend. But going there by bus made me even more tired. Anyway, two days later, we arrived in Colorado, and I really enjoyed skiing. The other good thing about this experience was that I met lot of great friends there. I'm still in contact with some of them. After the Colorado trip, I also visited Chicago and LA.

Finally, the break was over and I returned to Columbia and EPI, but the fun didn't end. The Halloween party, the mini-Olympics, softball, volleyball, more trips, etc., all contributed to the special experience I've had here in the U.S.

But now the party is almost over . . .

Do Hyong Kim
Korea
Last Friday night, I was wanting to do something different. Even though I've been out of my country for the last several months doing things that I'd never thought of doing before, sometimes my routine here begins to weigh me down. Lack of money restricts me from taking big vacations, but once in a while I need to change my activities at least a little.

I was resting on my couch thinking about nothing in particular and just waiting to go to sleep when some friends arrived at my house and invited me to go to Charleston with them. I quickly accepted the invitation and packed. We left Columbia about 6:00 p.m. and arrived at our destination around 8:30 p.m.

By 9:30, we'd found a hotel. We left our packs in our hotel room and went to a Japanese restaurant near the hotel for dinner. It was so nice there. We watched our food being cooked in front of us by chefs who not only cooked but put on a great show with knives. I enjoyed that place so much.

Afterwards, we went to a bar called Blues Bar. A group of musicians were playing blues there, of course, and it was a fun place, but we decided to go back to our hotel and drink some beers there. After drinking all of our beers, we fell asleep with the door to our room open. A few minutes later, a security officer came to our room, knocked on the door, and asked, "Can I help you?"

"No, sir!" one of us answered. "We're fine. Thank you!"

The officer glanced around inside our room and then turned away, closing the door as he left.

On Saturday morning, we got up at 10:00 a.m. and returned to the downtown area to tour this old city where the U.S. civil war began. We strolled calmly on the sidewalk along the bay until we found a small restaurant, where we ate shark and other kinds of seafood. The day was beautiful, and we continued our walk to a place called the Market, where slaves used to be sold. Nowadays, this place is used as a marketplace for arts and crafts.

Then it was time to go to the U.S. Navy museum, where we found a lot of helicopters, a submarine, and an aircraft carrier that had been used in the second world war. I felt sad as I entered that big ship, reflecting that in a war it's possible for a single person to kill a lot of people and that the worst thing about this is that he or she kills those people without any reason. In fact, the powerful can destroy anyone, including themselves. It's incredible.

The day was over, but we still wanted to go to the beach. We had only enough time to touch the sand and appreciate the view. It was beautiful. Finally, after a very pleasant day of getting acquainted with Charleston, we headed back to Columbia.

I really enjoyed this trip because I learned a little more about U.S. history. Next weekend, I intend to continue changing my routine by visiting Atlanta, another big city that has played an important part in the history of this interesting country.
Stories & Poems

Yoon-Sang Lee, Korea
Naoki Kaneko, Japan
Heinz Kaiser, Colombia
Katia Monteiro, Brazil
Ikuko Nakaji, Japan
Marcela Gallina, Argentina
Yolibeth Lopez, Venezuela
Gina Rej, Peru
Gabriela Casanova, Venezuela
Minas Mezedur, Turkey
Kadiatou Diallo, Guinea
Nam-Hyuk Hu, Korea
Taku Mizuguchi, Japan
Malick M. Traore, Mali
Dick Holmes, USA
Min-ha Chang, Korea
Nol-Bu and Hung-Bu
Yoon-Sang Lee
Korea

There are a lot of stories about the conflict between good and evil in Korea. I would like to tell you one of them.

Long, long ago, in a small village, there were two brothers, an older brother named Nol-Bu and a younger brother named Hung-Bu. Although the former had no children, he had great wealth. But the younger one, who had ten children, was very poor. Because Nol-Bu was not generous, he did not give Hung-Bu money or food at all. Nol-Bu and his wife had a bad temper, while Hung-Bu and his wife were gentle, generous people.

One day, Hung-Bu discovered that a swallow, which lived in the thatched roof of his house, had broken its leg, so he fixed it. Later, the swallow gave Hung-Bu a good-luck seed, which he planted. After a few weeks, the seed had grown into a plant bearing a lot of gourds. Hung-Bu cut the gourds in half, and inside them he found lots of money, jewels, and gold. Now that he was rich, he bought a tile-roofed house and silk dresses.

When Nol-Bu heard about this story, he became jealous and enraged, so he broke a swallow's leg on purpose. After that, he too received a good-luck seed which produced lots of gourds. Nol-Bu also cut his gourds in half, but he did not find the same things inside them as Hung-Bu had found. Instead, he found a lot of monsters, devils, and other evil things. Because God already knew that Nol-Bu had a bad personality, he put those things in Nol-Bu's gourds instead of treasures. Nol-Bu ended up losing everything he had had.

Hearing about his brother's great losses, Hung-Bu decided to help his brother Nol-Bu and his wife. From that act of kindness, a deep fraternal love blossomed.

This story is only a tale, but to this day many people believe it and try to lead a life of helping others, knowing that good motives bear good fruit.

Whaddaya say?

The most interesting difference between America and Japan is the food. There are a lot of differences. For example, American food is usually served with a lot of potatoes. And fish is almost never eaten. I have never eaten fish since I came to Columbia. Furthermore, I have had few opportunities to eat fresh vegetables. Do American people prefer frozen vegetables to fresh ones? Do they prefer meat to fish? I don't know.

American food is more voluminous than Japanese food. Pizza, hamburgers, steak, etc.—everything is voluminous. The drinks are also more voluminous. So, I have to guard against becoming overweight.

Naoki Kaneko
Japan
No other place in the world has skies as strange and beautiful as Tumaco has—this small, forgetful island located off the Pacific Colombian Coast where the intensely hot and humid weather tries to kill everybody who lives there.

Ernesto was born in Tumaco twenty-five years ago. His father, a conservative German gentleman, had come from Hamburg after the first world war and married Delfina, the prettiest single white woman in the region. Over the years, they gave birth to three children in all.

In spite of Ernesto’s white skin and blue eyes, he could dance *cumbia*, *mapale*, and *cumbia* with Ethel, an erupting volcano, the most sensual black girl that the gods made nineteen years ago.

They usually went dancing on Monday, when Ernesto’s parents were busy buying cocoa until late at night. “Mother, I’m going to the movie theater,” Ernesto always said. Doing the rumba, *pachanga*, and *cha-cha-cha*, Ernesto and Ethel’s bodies became one, and the sweat of their spirit cascaded down their glowing skin. Other couples wanted to dance like them, but it was impossible. Ernesto and Ethel danced from their souls, not their bodies. The reason for their passion was simple: Despite Ernesto’s parents’ banning their relationship, they were in love with each other.

The music was loud, and everyone in the little rustic beach disco was sweating. The charcoal, a typical illegal alcoholic drink made of sugar cane in hidden places on Tumaco, was extremely strong that night and people were completely drunk.

“A mi me llaman el negrito del Batey,” the singer sang, and all the couples jumped to the dance floor and began to move to the music like professionals.

“Por que el trabajo para mi es un enemigo,” the singer sang.

It began to rain, but the heat didn’t let up. The party was at its climax. Ernesto and Ethel were in the middle of the floor kissing each other. The other fifteen couples on the dance floor were doing the same. Others were sitting, still drinking *charuco*.

Suddenly, the music stopped and silence spread throughout the small, smoky room. A tall old white gentleman walked slowly up to Ernesto and Ethel.

Planting his feet in front of them, he looked at them sternly. It was Gustaff, Ernesto’s father. Without a word, Ernesto left the party with his father. Ethel was left there standing alone, watching them leaving the room, a place she and Ernesto would never visit together again. The next day, Ernesto was sent to Hamburg. He wasn’t allowed even to say good-bye to her.

It was a long painful trip. It wasn’t the twenty-five days of sailing it took nor the three times a day Ernesto had to vomit from seasickness that made him suffer. It was the feeling of missing Ethel since the first second he had left Tumaco. During the trip he wrote her a lot of letters promising her that his four years in Europe wouldn’t change their love. As soon as he arrived in Hamburg, he mailed the letters.

He received herresponse to his letters three and a half months later. She said in her letter that he would be in her heart forever because she couldn’t live without him. Ernesto could sense the unhappiness in her letter. Inside, he felt destroyed, but he managed to write her another beautiful love letter. He promised her his love forever.

Ernesto waited six months for Ethel’s next letter, but it never came. He was desperate. He wrote her another letter asking her what was going on.

He was on the small balcony gazing down at the street and feeling the wind when the letter to him arrived. He opened it nervously… It was a short, concise letter from Ethel’s mother: “Ernesto, she has been dying since you left. Please come back before she dies of love.”

He took the first ship to Colombia ten days later. This time he didn’t get seasick, but he felt even worse. His spirit was
broken. Love is cruel sometimes.

Ernesto arrived in Tumaco forty-six days after he had left Hamburg. He ran all the way to Ethel’s house. The street was quiet and the sea breeze smelled of death. It was a summer day, but Ethel’s house had a dark cloud hanging over it. Despite the heat, Ernesto wasn’t sweating. Slowly opening the small wooden door, he saw a coffin in the middle of the living room. He didn’t see the ten relatives who were there. He just stood at the door looking at the coffin for a long time. Finally, he walked lifelessly over to the casket.

When did she die? he asked.
“Last night,” Ethel’s mother said.

Ernesto has never gotten married. He’s never danced again. He’s never talked again. He only drinks, day and night, trying to find his beautiful Ethel in an empty bottle of charuco.

I have had many happy memories in my life, but the one I want to tell you about is the one that is for me the most important thing that has happened in my life.

I was born into a Christian family, but even as a teenager I didn’t really know about Jesus. I didn’t care about going to church. I liked to go other places. When my parents invited me to go to church with them, I didn’t want to. I had a lot of friends, and I thought they were all I needed. But when something hard happened in my life, my friends left me.

One day, my father asked me, “Why are you so sad?”
“Because my life is not good. I’m missing something, but I don’t know what.”

My father looked into my eyes and told me, “I know what you need. You need one person. This person is a good friend and he will never give up on you.”

He died for you, for your sin. He loves you. But you need to invite him to enter your heart. Also you need to change your life.”

I told my father that that would be too hard for me. Day by day, though, I thought about what my father had told me. But I didn’t want to follow his advice. I decided that I liked my life the way it was.

During the next several months, my life was good. But then one day something happened: I got sick. The doctor didn’t know what was wrong with me. A lot of medical tests were done on me, but the doctors didn’t know what to do. I lost five kilos. One day, my mom looked at me and said, “The color of your eyes is different; they’re yellow.” She decided to take me back to the doctor.

When the doctor looked at me this time, he told me that I had hepatitis. “You need to go back to your house now and rest for one month.”

The recovery period was so hard for me. My friends disappeared.

But during that month I found another friend. I found Jesus. I prayed all the time, and I read the Bible. This is a happy memory in my life.
When I was a high school student, my friend Motoko and I used to talk a long time about so many things. Sometimes we talked in the classroom after school, and it was there one day that she told me a kind of strange story that made a strong impression on me that has never left me.

When Motoko was a little child, she lived with her grandparents in the country away from her family in the city because of a disease she had at that time. One day she went to the mountain to get some warabí, or bracken, because her mother was coming to visit her the next day and her mother liked warabí. Motoko wanted to see joy in her mother’s face.

Motoko couldn’t find much warabí in the nearest part of the forest, so she kept going deeper and deeper into the woods. She wasn’t afraid of the mountain because she always played there. “The mountain is my friend,” she thought. “I can go anywhere.”

After some hours of walking, she thought, “I have to go back home.” She had gotten enough warabí, so she headed back the same way she had come. She walked a long time, trying to get back home before dark.

Eventually, though, she realized that she had lost her way. Suddenly, she became afraid of the mountain. She walked like mad. She knew that it was getting darker and darker, and she was already dead tired. Finally, she came to a very big tree and stopped. She didn’t want to walk anymore. She sat down beside the tree and began to talk to it.

“Please protect me,” she said to the tree. “I’m afraid of the dark. Can I stay here with you during the night?”

“I can protect you,” Motoko felt that the tree answered. “You are tired. You need rest.”

The next time she knew somebody was shaking her, and she woke up.

“What are you doing here?” a man’s voice was asking her. She remembered why she was staying there.

“I’ve lost my way,” she answered.

“Where is your home?” he asked her.

“I come from Torii,” she answered, and he looked surprised.

“This place is very different from Torii,” he said. He thought for a moment, and then he said, “I have to take you home.” Then he put her on his back and carried her off.

Again, the next thing she knew, somebody was shaking her. She woke up.

“I know this place!” she cried. “Okay,” he said. “You have to go alone from here. I have to go back.” And then he left her and started back the way they had come.

The small village where Motoko was staying was so excited because suddenly she had returned. Motoko told the people about the kind man who had carried her.

A few days later, when Motoko was watching TV, her mother showed her a man’s picture. By this time, Motoko was living at home with her family again because her mother didn’t want to leave her in the village anymore. There had been an uproar about something there.

“Is this the man who saved you?” her mother asked.

“Yes, it is,” she answered. Motoko wanted to ask her mother all about him, but her mother didn’t want to talk about him. Motoko knew just one thing about him, that he had fled into the mountains and stayed there because he had done something bad.
Motoko’s Story...

I felt that Motoko was sad, but she continued, “Later, I found out what his name was, what kind of wrong he had done that made him flee into the mountains, and a lot of other things. Some people said that he was a bad person, but I thought, how about them, and me, too, because I don’t know who a good person or a bad person is.”

Whaddaya say?

When I was visiting Orlando with two friends, we got lost because we left the highway at the wrong exit and entered a very poor neighborhood. It was a very scary experience because we didn’t speak English very well and the people we asked didn’t understand us. Fortunately, though, we finally found the highway we had to take to get to Disney World.

Marcela Gallina
Argentina

When I came to EPI, I was surprised that there were people from so many different countries here. I never imagined that I would be able to meet such a variety of people. It is a great experience to get to know several cultures all at once. Every day here, we can have many friends from all around the world!

Let’s not miss this great opportunity...

Yolibeth Lopez
Venezuela

About You

Gina Rej
Peru

We have all had many friends throughout our lives, but only a few of those friends would we call good friends. That’s because being a good friend involves time and understanding and love. When I think of my good friends, I always think about you. The consideration and honesty you have always shown me is the basis of a good friendship like ours. Your friendship is true and symbolizes a very special kind of love between us that only a few friends ever share with one another. Thank you for your patience, thank you for your words, thank you for being with me all the time and especially just when I need you. Thank you for being such a good friend to me, and for all the joy we have known together. I will always be here just for you, and I always think about you.

To Katia Monteiro (Brazil),
I’ll never forget your preferred expression that you’ve been learning since you arrived: “Oh, boy!”
Beijos (kisses),
Fatima Periera (Brazil)

My dear CS teacher Mark,
Did I talk too much in your class?
A Japanese talking machine, Kyoko
P.S. “Made in Japan” means high quality, though!

To all the teachers at EPI,
Thank you for working with your hearts while teaching us a new language. That is the only way to do a good job.
Saad Mansoor Al-Kaabi
The beaches in southern Peru are known for their refreshing sea water, bright sun, and warm sand. There are numerous legends about the depths of the sea. Here I will narrate one of them, a legend of love, scorn, and pride.

A long time ago, there was a man named Wiraqocha who wore only old rags for clothes. His tunic and mantle had rips and holes. Those who did not know who this man was thought he was a vagabond. But in reality he was the king of many towns and a man of powerful oratory. With his words alone, he made crops grow abundantly. Wherever he walked, everything flourished. He traveled a lot, and on his way he taught people to have respect for other human beings, not to judge them by their wealth but by the beauty of their soul and the purity of their heart.

At the same time, there was a princess called Kawillaka. She was a pure and very beautiful virgin. She never accepted even a king or prince for a husband because she thought nobody was deserving of her beauty. The princess spent her days weaving under the shade of a tree, and from time to time she ate the fruit from the tree. One day, Wiraqocha used his intelligence and powers to transform himself into a bird and flew into the branches of the tree. He put his seed into one of the fruits and then threw the fruit down near the princess so she would see it and eat it.

The princess ate the fruit and became pregnant. After nine months, a beautiful child with large eyes, soft skin, and wonderful hair was born. The princess took care of him, always wondering who his father was. When the child could walk, the princess invited all the kings, princes, and nobles to her palace.

All accepted her invitation, and every guest wore his best clothes and jewels. “Are you the father of this child?” the princess asked her guests, repeating the same question over and over again to each of the kings, princes, and nobles, but none could answer that he was the father. Wiraqocha, who was among those present at the party, was at the end of the long reception line. When the princess saw Wiraqocha, she didn’t bother asking him because she thought it was impossible for that poor man with those terrible clothes to be worthy of her.

Since none of the guests answered that he was the father, the princess turned to her son and told him, “My dear son, go and find your father.” Then she proclaimed to all the guests, “Whoever my child kisses and embraces is his father.” The child walked slowly and did not stop until the end of the line. Then he kissed and embraced Wiraqocha.

The startled princess could not believe that this poor man could be the father of her son. She took the child into her arms and ran into the ocean. During the commotion this caused among the guests, Wiraqocha changed his clothes. Now he was wearing a gold suit and beautiful jewels.

“Stop, stop and look at me!” he shouted at the princess. “Turn your eyes and see how decent I am!”

But Kawillaka continued to run. She had decided to kill herself and her son rather than accept the fact that she was the wife of a vagabond.

As the princess and her child disappeared among the waves, Wiraqocha desperately tried to rescue them. But both were already dead by the time he reached them. In deep despair, Wiraqocha used his powers to transform his son, his wife, and himself into a rock.

And still today at the beach, we can see three human figures made of rock, gazing at the beautiful horizon of the sea...
I can feel...

Gabriela Casanova
Venezuela

I can feel in your eyes something deeper than the ocean.
I can feel in your hands something warmer than the high summer.
I can feel that you are trembling all over though you seem so quiet.
I can feel so many things from you.
I can feel a craving . . . yes, I can feel this from you.
I can feel when your heart overrides its deep beats
and I can hear it . . . and I can fly . . .
and with one look from you
I fall into your arms as if I were dead . . .
but I can feel so alive.
And then you touch my heavy head . . .
oh, I'm so exhausted with you at my side . . .
and I need to say, "I love you . . ."
and I need to say, "I need you . . ."
And at last I half-open my eyes
and I look at yours so red in my face . . .
so tender . . . so soft . . . so much desire inside us . . .
and then you kiss me
and I reach the sky . . .
given completely to you.

I Remember

Heinz Kaiser
Colombia

I remember my country with pain. People dying
without reason. Lies in the government and
suffering in the street.

I remember the TV news showing soldiers with
weapons killing brothers, sisters, and children.

I remember hungry people trying to survive,
trying to live, trying to smile. Could they?

I remember young people working the whole day
for only a few coins that never covered their
necessities.

I remember smiling children in the streets
without food in their stomachs.

I remember dead parents and orphaned children
who didn't understand anything.

I remember mothers hopelessly crying for their
kidnapped children.

I remember the eyes of my people. Sad eyes with
tears and blood.

I remember the mountains, valleys, hills, rivers,
cascades, oceans, lakes, trees, birds, islands,
winds, clouds, and friendly people.

I remember my country with love and deep pain.
I am afraid to go back and find the same
suffering there.
It was a hot August afternoon. Jim was sitting at his post and doing that mind-numbing work again. When would it end? he thought. When would he accomplish something in life? A broker in a bank in New York, he had gotten a good education in Massachusetts, but obviously it wasn’t enough to propel him toward real achievement. A person needs a little luck to really flourish.

Jim looked at the clock. It was almost 5:00 p.m. He had been finished with his work for almost an hour and was having a chat now with the bank director’s private secretary. She was an exquisite woman and he was in love with her, but he knew that he didn’t stand a chance with her. He wasn’t rich and successful enough for a beauty like her. Again, he felt the sting of his limitations.

After getting home at 7:00 p.m., Jim ate something, and then because he was so tired he immediately fell asleep. In his dream, he was at the casino playing roulette. Although there were a lot of numbers he could choose, he kept betting on the number two. And kept winning. Because of his amazing accomplishment at the roulette table, he didn’t leave it until the casino closed.

At 7:00 a.m., his alarm clock woke him up.

"Was it just a dream?” Jim asked himself, “or was it a sign for me?” He was really agitated by this dream.

"That wasn’t just a dream," he concluded. "It couldn’t have been. Yes, I know it was a sign. It’s my last chance to become a success."

After deciding to go to a casino and bet his entire savings that night, Jim got up, got dressed, and went to his job.

That night as he had planned, he went to the casino. He sat in front of the roulette table and bet on the number two again and again. And won every time just as he had done in his dream! In one fantastic night, he had become a wealthy, powerful person.

After that lucky day, whenever Jim had a dream about the number two, he went to the casino and played all kinds of games, winning again, again, and again.

The years passed swiftly. Now Jim had lots of factories and investments, but all this wealth wasn’t enough for him. He still wasn’t able to satisfy his desire.

One night, he saw the number two in a dream again. The next day, he was very happy because he knew that he would soon be making a lot of money again. He quickly thought over the circumstances at that time. It was the first day of April. “Yes!” he shouted suddenly. “Tomorrow, there’ll be a big horse race and it’ll be on the second day of April. It’s another sign for me!” He understood that on that day, the second of April, in the second race, the second horse would be the winner. So, he planned to put all of his money on that horse. He closed all his bank accounts and amassed his entire fortune. He was absolutely sure he would win!

The next day, Jim went to the race track very excited. One of the best seats in the stands was reserved for him.

At the beginning of the
second race, the second horse took the lead. Jim was watching through his binoculars. It was a short race, and the second horse was still in the lead, but three other horses were following intrepidly. In the last hundred, one of the three was closing in on the number two horse, which appeared to be tiring. Nearing the last fifty, the two leading horses were running almost even. Finally, even though the number two horse had hung onto the lead until the last fifty, the other horse won the competition.

Jim was shocked. He had planned everything perfectly. He had had the dream, selected an appropriate game, thought of all the possibilities involving the number two—but it hadn’t worked.

“What’s wrong?” he asked himself, totally bewildered.

Aaaw . . . the answer to his question was obvious. What was wrong was that he hadn’t been sensible enough to realize that on the second of April, in the second race, the second horse would come in SECOND! Especially since he had had the dream on April Fool’s Day!

There was once a man who was very poor and had a large family. His life was not easy, but he prayed faithfully every day. For many years, he had asked God for money after each prayer, but he had never gotten what he had asked for.

One day, he said, “Now I’m going to write a letter to God because he hasn’t listened to me when I’ve said my prayers.”

The man wrote a letter to God asking Him for one million dollars and sent it to the post office. The post office workers looked at the letter, considered it very seriously, and sent it to the president of the country. The president received the letter and was very surprised by it. However, he read it and examined it very carefully. Then he wrote back to the man and put 500,000 dollars into the envelope.

“This man really needs help,” the president said. “He is very poor and he is a madman.”

When the man received the president’s letter, he was very happy and said, “Oh, thank you, God! You answered my letter!” He opened the letter, saw the 500,000 dollars, and said to his wife, “Look! I asked God for one million dollars. He sent me the million dollars, but the post office workers took half of my money. I know now that the other times I asked God to send me money he did give it to me. But the government took the money! Now I’m going to tell God about this situation!”

My dear conversation partner Susan,
I really appreciate your spending lots of time with me and listening to me very carefully. You corrected by poor English patiently.
Thank you,
Ellen
High above the city on a tall column stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold. For eyes, he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on the hilt of his sword. He was very much admired, indeed.

One night, a little swallow flew over the city. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed because he was in love with a beautiful reed. He had met her in the spring when he was flying down the river. Attracted by her slender waist, he began to court her, and their relationship lasted all through the summer. The other swallows thought he was so stupid. Then autumn came and they all flew away, so he felt lonely and began to tire of his love. Finally, he also flew away. All day long he flew, and then by nighttime he arrived in the city.

He saw the statue, so he decided to stay there.

As he was preparing to go to bed, a large drop of water fell on him. He looked up and saw where it had come from: Tears were running down the golden cheeks of the Happy Prince. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight, and the little swallow was filled with pity. The swallow wondered who he was, and they began to talk with each other.

When he had lived as a man, the Happy Prince explained to the swallow, he hadn’t known what sorrow was because he lived in a palace where sorrow wasn’t allowed to enter. After he died, his courtiers set him up here so high so that he could see all the ugliness and misery of his city.

The Happy Prince wanted the swallow to help poor people with his jewels, so every night the swallow carried some of the jewels decorating the Happy Prince to poor people. Eventually, the swallow had plucked out all of the Happy Prince’s jewels, even the sapphires decorating his eyes. Now the Happy Prince couldn’t see anything.

Then the first frost came, and after the frost came snow. The poor little swallow grew colder and colder, but he wouldn’t leave the Happy Prince. He loved him so much. Finally, though, the swallow realized that he was going to die, so he bade the Happy Prince farewell and fell down dead at his feet.

The Happy Prince looked shabby, so the town councilors pulled down the statue and melted it in a furnace. But the Happy Prince’s heart wouldn’t melt, so they threw it on a heap of dust where the dead swallow was also lying.

God ordered an angel to bring him the leaden heart and the dead bird. “This little bird shall sing for me in my garden of Paradise,” he said, “and the Happy Prince shall praise me in my city of gold.”

To the Brazilian guys,

When we’re all back home in Recife, Brazil, I hope to find you guys as soon as possible. Who knows—maybe we’ll speak English there.

Felipe

Dear CS50 students,

I had a wonderful time with you this term. Have a great future whether you are moving on to another place or staying at EPI for another term.

Christy
In the Night of a Moon
Taku Mizuguchi
Japan

In the night of a full moon, you show your pretty face
In the night of a half moon, you show your mysterious face
In the night of a new moon, you show your real face
And then I escape from you

Love
Malick M. Traore
Mali

What is love?
Love can be everything
Everything can be nice.
Nice?
Why not?

Rain
Ikuko Nakaji
Japan

I remember you asked me, “Do you like rain?”
“Yes, I like it,” I said.
“I like rain, too,” you said.
I remember I was so happy with you.

So now I hate rain.

Laughing Buddha
Dick Holmes
USA

My little plastic laughing Buddha
sits atop the computer waiting for me
to turn it on and go to work.
Or I, actually, sitting across the room,
am waiting for myself to go over
and take hold of the keys. But which I
is waiting for which?
Is the light one that hopes
waiting for the dark one that remembers?
Or vice versa?
Or are both waiting for some
miraculous one
that simply gets up and walks,
opens eyes and sees?
An Important Person

Min-ha Chang
Korea

Who is my important person? I can answer so easily. The most important person in my life is my grandmother. Nobody can compare with her. She was a very strong woman. I mean she had a strong mental condition, even though she was poor in health.

She was born in 1906, a time when my country, Korea, was controlled by Japan. My grandmother didn’t study very much, but she was smart.

In time, she met and married my grandfather. My grandfather came from North Korea, so they were very poor. In the early days of their marriage, they suffered many troubles. At first, they managed a small grocery store in Seoul. After the Korean War was over, they opened a Korean restaurant, where they sold thick meat soup. Finally, they succeeded.

When I was young, I lived with my grandparents. But when I was three years old, my grandfather died, so I don’t remember him.

My grandmother took me everywhere with her. Sometimes we went to a department store to shop. If I wanted something, she bought it for me. She was my good teacher. She always said to me, “Be honest and people will trust you.”

When I had grown up, I began to worry about my grandmother because she was already so old. Little by little, she grew weak. After we began to live separately, I met her at least once every week or two. When I was in the Army, though, I couldn’t meet her. Instead, I called her sometimes. Eventually, she took ill, unfortunately. She could no longer distinguish people except me. To the end, she remembered my name. I was thankful for that. Finally, she died. I couldn’t believe it, but it was true.

Before I came here, I visited my grandmother’s tomb. I have confidence that my grandmother lives near me, forever. She taught me about LOVE and AFFECTION.

To all my friends at EPI,
Some of my friends have already left here. Others will be leaving here in May, and I will be leaving at the beginning of June. Before I go, I want to say something to those of you who will be staying at EPI and to my good friends. Don’t study too much! And when you or I are about to leave, let’s not say, “Good-bye.” Let’s just say, “See you . . .” I really appreciate all the EPI teachers, the EPI students, and my special friends.

Do Hyong Kim

To Mohammed, Sonia, Erica,
Giovana, Sergio, Felix, Jose, Claudia,
Min-Ha, Oscar, and all the cool people that I’ve known in EPI,
It was very cool to meet you, and I hope to be in contact forever. Take care, and I’ll miss everybody.

Denise Colmenares

Dick,
I’m very glad to take your class. Even though your voice makes me sleepy, I always go to your class because I want to meet you. I know my grammar is really bad, but I believe I’m a really good student. I thank you.

Your student

To Gabriela Casanova,
You are the best friend I’ve ever met. Take care, and good luck in your life back home.

Saad Al-Kaabi
Death
Malick M. Traore
Mali

He is dead.
Death might be better.
Death is without pain.
There is still pain in life.
Life is over.
Over?
Like a game.
Life is a game.

Dreams
Ikuko Nakaji
Japan

When I see a river, I think, "Where are you going?"
When I see a train, I think, "Where are you going?"
When I see a cloud, I think, "Where are you going?"
When I see a road, I think, "Where are you going?"

When I was a child, I had a lot of imagination and dreams.
But now I pursue all the answers.
Since when have I become such a person?
Is having dreams such a bad thing?

Divestment
Dick Holmes
USA

There will be no money,
nothing to stand for
anything other than the word.
People will reach into their pockets
and pull out words
thanking, praising,
calling forth—and things will come to them like bees to flowers.

Wildflowers
Dick Holmes
USA

You expect it
You know it's coming
As it nears
You hear it
And just in time
You step off
Into the wildflowers
And watch
As it roars by
Flattening everything
In its path
Enjoying
Charleston