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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, foods, and viewpoints.

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Sunrise reporters interviewed a number of EPI students and teachers and found out lots of interesting things about them. You’ll find their reports in the “Whaddaya Say?” column in this section.

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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.

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

Do you have a dream that you feel destined to reach? The title of Rashid Al-Kubaisi's story on page 28, "My Dream, My Destiny," aptly sums up a general theme in this issue of Sunrise. We hope that these pages will inspire you to keep pursuing your dream. Enjoy!

Dick Holmes

Sunrise Staff

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Around the World

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Claudia Moscoso  Colombia
Akiko Nagayama  Japan
Bouaphanh Chanhkeo  Laos
Heba Ali  Kuwait
Jihee Kim  Korea
Mai Thi Hang  Vietnam
In Japan, we have a lot of Onsen, or spas, where we can relax and recover from the fatigue of daily life. Almost all Japanese love to visit Onsen. Spas are built wherever hot springs gush out, and there are a great many of these special health resorts in coastal areas and in mountain villages all over Japan.

Each hot spring has unique smells and characteristics. Hot springs contain sulfur, and because of the different ingredients in each spring the smell and color vary. Some springs have a strong smell of sulfur and are repugnant to many people. Usually, springs are transparent, but sometimes they are milky white and have slivers of sponge-like sulfurous things floating on the surface called “petals of spring.”

Hot springs are good for curing some diseases, such as rheumatism and women’s diseases. But sometimes bathing in hot springs is bad for pregnant women and people with heart disease because spring water is alkaline and may be too strong for the bodies of such people.

The various styles of spas are enjoyable and in some cases unique. Usually, the bathtubs are located inside the hotels and inns of the resort and are very large, enabling about fifteen persons to bathe at the same time. Some hotels and inns have open-air tubs (Roten-buro) outside, especially at resorts having a nice view of the sea or mountains. Such tubs are usually smaller than those set up indoors. Tubs are usually made of good-smelling wood, like Japanese cypress, and we can enjoy the smell as we melt in the water and relax. There are also special tubs called Iwa-buro, the bottoms and insides of which are made of rocks.

Recently, a number of special spas have been built. These resorts feature many different-sized indoor and outdoor tubs of water having different ingredients and temperatures. Some have frothy water, and others are enhanced with Japanese alcohol or milk considered good for our skin. We bathe naked in the indoor tubs and wear swimsuits in the outdoor tubs. Needless to say, there are separate bathing areas for women and men, but it must be difficult for foreigners to imagine people walking around between bathtubs to get from one kind of water to another with nothing on! Even I feel ashamed and embarrassed when I visit such a spa for the first time, so it must be even more embarrassing for those unfamiliar with Japanese bathing customs.

Every spa offers some special foods. Especially hard-boiled eggs and bean-buns can be found everywhere. Eggs boiled in a hot spring have the smell of sulfur, and some love the smell of these eggs while others hate it! Bean-jams buns were originally steamed by the hot springs, but now they are steamed by electric cookers and sold in front of souvenir shops. Even artificially steamed buns, though, whet our appetites.

Spas are just like paradise to the Japanese, and to non-Japanese people, too, if they can get used to our special habit of bathing with nothing on!
Merida, the Gentlemen's City

Merida, a beautiful city surrounded by snow-covered peaks on the west side of Venezuela, is one of the most important cities in the country, famous especially for its free university and its tourism.

The university is totally free; students don't have to pay for tuition, transportation, meals, insurance, nor any of its other services. Because Merida is a city with a lot of students, it has numerous places to go out to at night where you can dance, eat, or chat. Usually, people prefer to dance because in all the nightclubs there is a good youthful atmosphere. When the nightclubs close or the parties are over, people enjoy eating hot dogs at food stands set up on every other corner of the city.

As a tourist city, Merida offers a lot of nice places to visit, one of the best of which is Los Aleros, an old '30s town with stone streets, an old gas station, a post office, a church, and, most interesting of all, people wearing '30s clothes and always acting like people who lived back then. Merida has the largest ski lift in the world, another great attraction. On this ski lift, you can ride from the city to the highest point in Venezuela, Bolivar Peak, which is always covered with snow and is very beautiful. From there, you can see the whole city spread out below.

In January, all the neighborhoods of Merida participate in Paraduras, a Catholic tradition. One of the neighbors steals the "Little Jesus" from one of the homes in the neighborhood, and then at night everybody has to visit each house of the community singing traditional Christmas songs until they find the little statue.

These are just a few of the many interesting things about Merida, traditionally called "the Gentlemen's City." I hope that someday you can enjoy a visit to this wonderful city.
Typical Colombian Foods
Claudia Moscoso
Colombia

In Colombia, my home country, there are a number of typical foods, depending on the region and its resources.

The Central region is a good area to cultivate potatoes, so people there cook Ajiaco, a soup prepared with corn and chicken and thickened with potatoes. In the Caribbean region, rice is cooked with coconut, the most common fruit in the area, and this gives a great taste to the dishes. In the Southwest, the cuy, an animal like a rabbit but smaller, is roasted like chicken, and people who have tasted it—I haven’t—say that it is really good. This isn’t the only strange animal that some people eat in Colombia. In the Northeast, people cook big ants and eat them as snacks. They say they taste like peanuts. I’ve never eaten this kind of animal either, but it is common to see people selling bags of ants on street corners.

Colombians prepare some dishes only on special occasions, for example during the Easter and Christmas holidays. On Easter Day, we don’t eat meat, so there is a special dried fish dish for this holiday. This kind of fish has a strong smell that you can’t help noticing in food stores the week before Easter. At Christmas time, we make many kinds of desserts to offer our family and friends that visit us.

These are just a few of the many foods enjoyed in a few of Colombia’s regions. Colombia has a lot of food resources that we have learned to take advantage of, and we have developed good recipes for a great variety of dishes to please all kinds of tastes.
I'm from Okinawa, a very small southern island of Japan. Okinawa features an exceedingly beautiful ocean, a coral reef, and a lot of friendly people. One of the interesting things about the people of Okinawa is that we speak a dialect language called Uchina Guchi. Uchina means "Okinawa" and Guchi means "language" or "talking." If I speak Uchina Guchi, Japanese people who are not from Okinawa don't understand what I say. But Okinawans can use and understand the standard Japanese language as well as Uchina Guchi.

The separation of the Shuri (Okinawa) and Kyoto (Japan) dialects occurred sometime between the beginning of the sixth century and the middle of the twelfth century. Today's Okinawan language, Uchina Guchi, is considered an independent language due to its remote relationship to Japanese in morphology and phonology. Uchina Guchi itself is comprised of many different dialects and sub-dialects from village to village, but Shuri remains the standard dialect of the language. Most Okinawan songs and poems have been composed in the Shuri dialect.

The phonological characteristics of the Shuri dialect as compared to standard Japanese are mainly the vowel changes of [e] in Japanese to [i] in Shuri and of [o] in Japanese to [u] in Shuri. For example, the word for rain is ame in Japanese, while it is ami in Shuri. And the word for cloud is kumo in Japanese, while it is kumu in Shuri. There are also some consonantal differences between Japanese and Shuri.

Various words and expressions in Shuri are quite different from those used in Japanese. For example, the phrase for thank you is arigatou in Japanese, while it is nifee deebiru in Shuri. The word for money is okane in Japanese, while it is jin-gwaa in Shuri. There are countless differences such as these in Shuri and Japanese vocabulary. Nowadays, however, most Okinawans don't usually use Uchina Guchi, especially the younger people, who don't know much about the language, even though they live in Okinawa. On the other hand, most older people use only Uchina Guchi instead of Japanese. Sometimes younger people can't understand what older people say, just as people who are not from Okinawa can't. But younger people sometimes speak their own version of Uchina Guchi, and then older people can't understand their own language. Strange, isn't it?

Anyway, I think that Uchina Guchi is very interesting and important. It's a kind of symbol of Okinawa, and it makes me comfortable to hear and speak it. For sightseers, of course, it's difficult to understand. If you want to learn Uchina Guchi, I can teach you before you visit Okinawa. ☑

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Miyako, Tomo, and Ryuichi,

Can you believe that five months have already passed since we left Japan for the United States? How quickly time passes! We've experienced a lot of things together—studying at Coker College, holding birthday parties, traveling in Europe, buying a car, and so on. Soon we'll be studying at Coker again! You'll always be my excellent fellows. Thank you for everything!!!

Yoko

Dear EPI teachers, students, and staff,

I would like to say thanks to everyone for being patient with me, and for giving me good advice to make me feel comfortable in this foreign country. I wish the best for all of you. Take care and be positive.

Kepa Leque Bilbao
Greetings and Blessings in Laos

Bouaphanh Chanhkeo
Laos

Showing each other respect and wishing each other the best are important aspects of our culture in Laos.

Laotians greet a person by joining our hands in front of our chest, bowing our head a little, and saying “Saa bai dee,” which means “How are you? I hope you are doing well.” In this way, we politely demonstrate our respect for each other.

When a member of our family is going far away for a long period of time, is sick, is getting married, or has given birth, we usually perform a special blessings ceremony for that person called Baci (“the rice of prosperity”) or, more commonly, Sukwan (“calling the soul”). The constituents of the ceremony include the phakwan, the mohpohn, the guests, the family members, and the person for whom the Baci is being held.

The ceremony centers around the phakwan—a tray of cakes, bananas, boiled eggs, boiled chicken, a bottle of Laotian whisky, some gruel, candles, sticks of incense, and a cone made of banana leaves holding a bouquet of colorful flowers and long white cotton threads.

The mohpohn, a wise elder such as a retired monk or the head of the family, leads the ceremony. Laotians believe that the elderly are very wise and powerful and that all the wishes coming from their mouths are sacred and therefore capable of bringing happiness to younger people.

The mohpohn takes a seat in front of the phakwan and begins the ceremony by lighting the candles and incense. The person being honored with the Baci also sits in front of the phakwan, opposite the mohpohn. The others present for the ceremony sit close together all around the phakwan, mohpohn, and person receiving the blessings.

The mohpohn gives thanks for the three Jewels of Buddhism—the Buddha, his teachings, and his disciples—and then invites various natural deities and the soul of the person being blessed. The other participants join their hands in prayer as they listen to the mohpohn’s chanting. Offering food and drink from the phakwan to the soul, the mohpohn places items from the tray into the hand of the recipient of the blessings, who then consumes these offerings.

The mohpohn takes one of the long white cotton threads from the phakwan and ties it around the wrist of the recipient, wishing him or her health and prosperity. If they like, other participants may then tie threads around the recipient’s wrists, adding their wishes for him or her. These long threads symbolize continuity and solidarity, and their whiteness stands for peace, good fortune, honesty, and warmth.

To make the recipient of the Baci feel even warmer and happier, a feast and Lamvong (Laotian revolving dance) usually follow the Baci.

The Baci ceremony is very popular in Laos. Even many visitors to Laos are honored with a Baci before they leave the country. In this way, we wish them a pleasant trip home. So, if you ever travel to Laos, please say “Saa bai dee” and enjoy a Baci ceremony. ☺

Hisataka,
How much money do I have to pay you to get you to stop saying “Maybe?”
Manny

To another Hisataka,
Hello to another Hisa who exists in another world. Why don’t you use “Maybe?” I wonder why you don’t use it. MAYBE you have a mysterious power. I also have power. Goodbye. I’ll see you again in my world.
Hisataka
Heritage is a treasure that every country in the world tries her best to keep as a good memory for the centuries to come. Each country has its special traditions, and Kuwait is no exception. One of Kuwait's extraordinary traditions is Al-sadu.

In the past, the Bedouins in Kuwait lived a very simple, nomadic life, and they tried their best to make their life easier with Al-sadu, a kind of weaving made of wool. The women had the most important jobs in Bedouin life. Besides bearing and rearing the children and doing the cooking, they wove sadu and made the tents in which the Bedouins lived.

The wool that the women used for Al-sadu had various natural colors, including brown, black, and white, and white wool could be dyed red or shades of yellow or ochre with natural dyes the women obtained from plants they collected in the desert. Lemon, alum, and madder were used to fix the dyes. Thread was stretched around four pegs hammered into the ground to form a long rectangular loom. Then, adding thread to this simple loom, the women wove their sadu.

Al-sadu was used to make many things, most commonly tents. The Bedouins called their kind of tent Bayt Al-sha'ar, which means "house of hair." A Bayt Al-sha'ar was woven from the black wool of sheep and sometimes strengthened by goat hair. To make a tent, the wool was woven into long brown or black strips, which were then carefully stitched together. A Bayt Al-sha'ar provided shelter from the wind, warmth in winter, and shade in summer. Since the fibers expanded when wet, the tent was waterproof, too. Such a tent lying low in the vastness of the desert, with its chocolate brown, black, and white strips and its multicolored patterns, was a beautiful sight. Al-sadu was also used to produce camel saddles, storage bags, saddle bags, and cushions. The design woven into the saddles and bags reflected Islamic tradition.

Though the Bedouins no longer live as nomads in Kuwait, Al-sadu remains the most interesting thing in Kuwait for tourists to look at and for collectors to buy to add something special to their lives. A lot of Kuwaiti citizens adorn their houses with Al-sadu because it is a sign of noble descent and also an exceptionally beautiful way to decorate a house. Al-sadu is Kuwait's most important specialty, one that people talk about and show other people, like an art object or some other kind of treasure. ☐
Ttok, or rice cakes, are a favorite Korean food that has been enjoyed since ancient times. Rice cakes are an important part of all Korean holiday meals and also appear on the tables of preparation for the ancestral memorial rites.

There are many different kinds of Ttok. They are made from non-glutinous rice, from glutinous rice, or from rice flour mixed with aromatic greens, and there are white rice cakes flavored with red beans, sesame seeds, and even azalea flowers.

People used to make Ttok at home in ancient times. But the process of making them was so complicated and time-consuming that people started buying them from a mill or store instead of making their own.

Rice cakes can be divided into four categories according to the technique used to make them: steamed, pounded or kneaded, pressed, and fried. Pounded rice cakes, pressed rice cakes, and rice cake dumplings are the most popular kinds.

Pounded rice cakes are made by steaming plain rice or glutinous rice, grinding it into powder in a mortar, mixing the powder with a small amount of water, and pounding the mixture with a mallet until it binds. The resulting sticky rice cake, called injolmi, is cut into round shapes and rolled in powdered sesame or bean flour. Sometimes mugwort, an aromatic green, is added for coloring. Sometimes, the dough is pressed in circular shapes and decorated with thin slices of dried fruit to create tiny flowers. Cholp’yon are commonly found at weddings.

Small rice cake dumplings, Kyongdan, are made by cooking balls of sweetened white rice cake dough in boiling water. The dumplings are then coated in bean flour, white or black ground sesame, or cinnamon. The different coatings offer a variety of choices in color and flavor.

Recently, young generation Koreans prefer American-style cake to our own healthy Ttok.

Dear GWBW,
Thank you for being such a good class! I know that all of you have made (are making, will continue to make) great progress in learning English. I have had a lot of (lots of) fun!!!

Timothy

Dear Phoebe,
Thank you for being a nice roommate. I am so glad to have gotten to know you. Remember how we made food and ate many kinds of dishes in our room with our friends? That was so good. See you in Japan in February.

Miyako

To all my Asian friends,
I know we Latinos are very spontaneous and fun-loving people, but remember we are also capable and reasonable people who have feelings and take everything seriously.

Eliecer Calderón
Vietnam’s New Economy

One of the great experiences Vietnam has undergone recently is the move from a centrally planned economy to a market-oriented one.

In the centrally planned economy Vietnam used to have, the government organized and took care of each individual citizen’s needs and supplies. The government's plan was so detailed that it itemized even the number of needles, razors, and pens an individual needed per month or year. Most services, for example, schooling and medical care, were provided free of charge. People did not need to plan for their future; after graduation from the university or a technical or vocational college, they were automatically offered—a job somewhere in the country, and they were expected to take it regardless of whether they liked it or not. They were rarely if ever jobless as long as they accepted the job the government assigned them.

Production was based not on market needs but rather on the quantity of goods or assets it created for the society. Private commerce was considered nonproductive and therefore useless to society. People spent most of their time lining up at State shops to buy their quota of food and other necessities. Office workers were supplied with their quota of rice, cigarettes, seasonings, milk, etc., a few times a month. Sometimes, people received batteries that were the wrong size for their electrical appliances! This sort of distribution was based on social equality, not on personal needs. Bank interest, cost of capital, and time value of money were nonexistent concepts. A factory was built to produce goods and create jobs, not to make profits. Materials were supplied by the government. Goods produced by plants were handed over to the government’s commerce department for distribution, either by quota or in shops.

Vietnam’s switch from a government budget subsidy system to a market-oriented economy has come as a shock to many people. Students are no longer assigned jobs after graduation. Though looking for work may be exciting for entrepreneurial people, it is not an enjoyable experience for a number of others. In the twilight of Vietnam’s new economic system, business managers who are able to achieve a balance between cost and sale price can become prominent figures. They sell their factory’s products at market prices instead of handing them over to state shops. Their factory makes hefty profits, and their workers are better paid than those of other workplaces. Savings funds and money lenders are allowed to operate, serving as dynamic pumps to circulate the stagnant economy. Laws are changing, but not fast enough to keep up with ambitious new entrepreneurs. Ponzi schemes collapse, causing huge losses to credulous money savers who run after high interests. A perfume producer like Thanh Huong offers 15% interest per month and ends his career in jail, leaving huge debts unpaid.

And then come the waves of foreign investors. The prominent company managers who can balance cost and sale now face marketing problems. Their cheap products become unwanted and cannot sell. Brand value becomes recognized and paves the way for a new business that did not exist in the budget-subsidized economy: advertising. In many joint ventures, local and foreign partners do not share the same vision; the former focuses on building factories and maximizing production, while the latter wants to spend huge amounts of money on building brand recognition through advertising before starting any construction or production. In some cases, partners have to go their separate ways, and their venture becomes either fully local or foreign-owned.

These are only a few of the many results of moving from one economic system to another, almost opposite one. As you may have noted, I have focused mainly on the negative aspects of both systems here. Of course, the shift to our new economy has brought about some positive effects, too. If you would like to see these achievements, come visit Vietnam and you will see for yourself.
Around Here

Yoko Kobayashi  Japan
Jung Yun Park  Korea
Jihee Kim  Korea
Byung-Ick Kong  Korea
Ikue Hayashi  Japan
To every EPI student,

Hi, everybody! What's up? I'm pretty good. Anyway, I want to say "Thanks a lot." I'm so glad to have met you, and I've enjoyed knowing you all. I'm going to go back to Japan soon, so I'll miss you guys, but I will never forget the time we have enjoyed together, so please keep in touch and take care. Good Luck!

A Japanese girl

To all the teachers and friends at EPI,

Time flies. I have to leave EPI soon and go to California. I've had a great time with you all. I've learned a lot from you and enjoyed your classes so much. Your classes have given me lots of teaching ideas. I greatly appreciate them. Thank you all for everything, and good-bye. I'll never forget my life here.

Takeshi

Dear Ann,

I'm trying hard to find magnificent words that can describe your warmheartedness towards me. I'm very thankful to you for being so concerned about me. Thank you very much for everything you've done and still do for me.

Yours,

One who was hurting

David,

I appreciate you as my roommate. Do you remember when I said, "Good-night... see you tomorrow," before going to bed the first day we met? You couldn't understand what I'd said, and you asked me, "What's 'tomorrow'? What's 'Good-night'?" You really confused me then, and I had to explain the meaning of "Good-night" and "tomorrow." But I've had a good experience with you, because you are from another culture and have a good sense of humor. You're a fast learner, too. I want to know more about you.

Your roommate,

Tomo

To all the students, teachers, and staff,

If you're interested in the Bonin Islands and want to go there, I will follow you with a biggg smile!!

Koji Kanda

To Hideki and Shintaro,

Hey! Guess what! It's amazing that even though we are from different places in Japan we met each other in the U.S. Sometimes I feel like your older sister. Anyway, I've enjoyed spending wonderful and stupid times with you guys. I hope you will become manly and cool guys. But you must attend classes first!! If you want to come to Okinawa, you can come with some souvenirs for me. See ya!!!

Okinawa Akichan

To everyone,

Meeting new friends is the most interesting thing in this life. Khalid is one of my new friends. He is intelligent and very pleasant and respectful. I just met him last fall, but I have benefited a lot from knowing him. He treats people who are younger than he is like his children.

Hammad Al-Naemi
JENNIFER HYLAND, from Ohio, USA, says that when she wants to relieve her stress she always takes very long walks by herself. After that, she lies on her bed and listens to new age music.

BOUAPHANH CHANHKEO, from Laos, says that the most interesting place in his home city is Khuangxi Waterfall, which is the highest waterfall in Asia. There is fresh air and clear water there, and it’s also a good place to relax and enjoy a picnic.

YUKO YOSHIDA, from Japan, says that all the American foods she’s tasted she hates beans the most because they don’t have any taste. Her favorite American food is hamburgers.

JUNG YUN PARK, from Korea, says that the most interesting place she’s traveled to is Las Vegas, where every hotel building is decorated with beautiful, colorful lights. She especially liked the hotel built in the shape of a castle and the hotel having New York City as its theme.

ELIECER CALDERON, from Venezuela, says that the most interesting place in his country is a national park called Morrocoy, which means “big turtle.” There are a lot of islands and beaches in Morrocoy, and the seawater is very clear, so many tourists go there on vacation.

JENNIFER Hyland

BUNDIT WONGSAISUWAN, from Thailand, says that he wants to be a great computer programmer because he just loves computer science.

CHANTITA (MAI) BUAPURERM, from Thailand, says that her father once gave her a Mickey Mouse watch for her birthday. It wasn’t expensive, but she felt that it was the most valuable thing in the world.

CATALINA PULIDO, from Colombia, says that the most exciting thing that’s ever happened to her was holding a newborn baby in her arms when she was working at a hospital. One day when the doctor wasn’t at the hospital, she had to help a woman give birth.

JIHEE KIM, from Korea, says that her first treasures in her life were her toe shoes, which she used when she was taking ballet lessons, and a little violin.

TAKASHI OKANE, from Japan, says that when the big earthquake hit Kobe a few years ago, he was in Osaka, near Kobe. The quake woke him and his family up at 5:45 a.m. It was a very strong quake, quite different from others. He couldn’t do anything but wait it out. It was an unforgettable experience.

JOON BUM PARK, from Korea, says that he has two methods of relieving stress. One is smoking, and the other is playing wild sports such as Tae-kwan-do, football, and soccer.
Whaddaya Say?...

HEBA ALI, from Kuwait, says that her dream is for her mom to be the happiest person in the world. (What a lovely daughter she is!)

RYUICHI KITADA, from Japan, says that when he was around four years old, he received a red toy car from his grandmother. He really liked it because red was his favorite color.

MIYAKO SUTO, from Japan, says that her type of guy is one who has the same hobbies as she does, the same value of money, and the same sense of fashion. And she also prefers a guy that can play every sport well.

MOHAMED AL-KAABI, from Qatar, says that the most interesting place in his country is Al-Shmal, a very small village but the best place to rest.

GLEN RICE, from America, says that when he was around five years old he was hit by a truck. He was playing baseball with his friends when the ball rolled out onto the road. He ran after it—and right in the way of the truck. Fortunately, he wasn’t hit very hard, so he wasn’t really hurt. But feeling sorry about what had happened, the truck driver bought him a toy truck, Mr. Rice’s first treasure.

MEE HYUN BAHNG, from Korea, says that her most valuable possession is a laptop computer. It’s special to her because she bought it with her own money.

VAN TRAN, from Vietnam, says that she wants to be a nurse to help take care of sick people. She also wants to have a good time in her life. When she’s with her friends, she feels a lot of pleasure.

SANG-HYUCK KANG, from Korea, says that his type of girl is one who has a sad-looking face and unfocused eyes, who has something to say, and who seems to need his help. He doesn’t like a talkative girl.

MEG CAMPBELL, from North Carolina, USA, says her ideal guy is kind, funny, and smart. She also says that he must be handsome and have dark hair and beautiful eyes. By the way, this happens to be a description of her fiancé, whom she’s going to marry soon.

DAVID PIRIZ, from Spain, says that he likes a girl who is intelligent, affectionate, and kind, describing his girlfriend in Spain. He also says he doesn’t like a girl who puts too much makeup on.

YOKO KOBAYASHI, from Japan, says that she likes a guy who is funny, reliable, and smart and has big bright eyes.

FATIH OZGEN, from Turkey, says that the most interesting place he’s traveled to is Key West, in Florida. He got on a glass-bottom boat there, and he enjoyed watching the many beautiful fish and turtles swimming under his feet.

GUSTAVO LAYRISSE, from Venezuela, says that the most interesting place in his home city is Avila Mountain. It’s in a national park and has a big hotel.
Whaddaya Say? ... 

On the top of it. You can enjoy clean air and a nice view of the whole town from the hotel. You can also enjoy ice skating, swimming, casino gambling, and hiking there. It's a five-star gorgeous hotel!

REIKO YAMANE, from Japan, says that the most interesting place in Columbia is Lake Murray. She likes the view of the lake in the morning because it looks so beautiful then.

SAORI HARADA, from Japan, says that she's studying at EPI because she likes English and wants to speak well.

JI-HAE PARK, from Korea, says that she relieves her stress by watching TV and eating something sweet.

KEPA LECUE BILBAO, from Venezuela, says that he likes sleeping, hanging out, and exercising to relieve stress because these things help him forget everything.

ASAJO KATO, from Japan, says that she likes a man who earns a lot of money. Her hobby, she says, smiling, is studying.

NOBUO MORISHITA, from Japan, says that the most interesting place for him is his room, named “Jail.” Some funny people live there, and there is a party in his room every day.

ATSUSHI SUZUKI, from Japan, says that he wants to own a professional football team. He played football in high school and at the university for seven years. The most interesting place to him is the bay bridge in Yokohama. The view from the bridge is very good, he says, especially at night with his girlfriend.

HWA SOO SON, from Korea, says that he loves theater. He thinks theater is a very wonderful, enriching art and science. People learn a lot about life by watching plays since theater covers the whole range of emotions and phenomena in our lives, including happiness, hatred, success, failure, etc. His dream is to create a wonderful, impressive theater.

REYNA EXPOSITO, from Venezuela, says that her dream is to be an excellent teacher. And she wants to fall in love with some romantic, Italian guy.

HIDEKI SAITO, from Japan, says that he loves surfing and that he wants to own a surf shop. The place that interests him most is Australia, where there are good waves, good weather, and a beautiful sea. He is a real sportsman.

KANAKO SAEKI, from Japan, says that her most important treasure is the watch her grandfather gave her before his death.

RASHID AL-KETBI, from UAE, says that he likes Salalah, in Oman. Since there are only trees or snow there, everything you see is green or white.

HISATAKA WATANABE, from Japan, says that the most interesting place to him is Tokyo’s Disneyland, “hum... because of... its MYSTERY.”

AHMED BAHRAWI, from Saudi Arabia, says that his most valuable treasure is his family. He loves them so much.

HSIU-FENG OU, from Taiwan, says that she’s been working in trading companies for seven years. She loves her work. Con-
Whaddaya Say?...

to his children. To him, EPI is the most interesting place in Columbia.

THI HANG MAI, from Vietnam, says that when she was fifteen years old she bought a motorcycle. It was her first treasure. Unfortunately, she didn’t get to enjoy it long: one day when no one was home, a thief stole it.

TAKESHI YOSHIDA, from Japan, says that a jewelry Zippo lighter he made is his favorite treasure. Smoking with this lighter relieves his stress.

AHMED AL-RUMAITHI, from UAE, says that his most important treasure is graduating from high school and making his parents happy and proud of their son. His hobbies are reading a lot of stories and playing soccer. He likes a girl who likes him!

WON-GIU KIM, from Korea, says that his type of girl is someone like his mother who has sparkling eyes and long hair and is tall. His necklace has a lot of personal meaning to him, so it’s his most valuable treasure.

CHAO-CHANG LEE, from Taiwan, says that he received a piggy bank from his father on his fifth birthday. It is his first treasure.
To everyone,

Let me tell you something about a new friend of mine who lives in Columbia. He is a student at USC. We usually e-mail each other every day. At first, I didn’t know who he was or what he looked like, and he didn’t know about my looks either. This is my fun story.

We met on the computer, and then one Sunday he asked me, “Would you like to meet me in person?”

I didn’t answer right away because I had to think about it. If I met him, I thought, I could learn more about him. I supposed it might be safe for me to be his friend. Finally, three days after he suggested that we meet, I told him, “Yes, we can meet.”

He smiled and answered, “That will be great.”

I hoped so too.

“Let’s meet in front of EPI,” I said. “I will wear a pink dress, so that you will easily know who I am.”

He looked surprised when he saw me. “Oh, you look different and more beautiful than I had expected,” he said.

I felt very shy and happy inside. When he had asked me on line what I looked like, I answered, “I am not a beautiful girl, but I am pleasant-looking with long, dark hair and two dimples.” I hoped that he wouldn’t be disappointed to meet me. But now that we were seeing each other in person he seemed delighted with the way I looked—not that I think looks are important; I just want to be good friends with him.

We have a great time together.

He is a very nice person who takes care of me a lot. I really want to say “Thank you” to the computer!

Van Tran

To all my Japanese friends,

It has been nice knowing all of you. Thank you for being nice to me. Good luck in the next term!!

Love,

Jihee
To all the EPI teachers,
Thank you so much for helping me and all my friends in EPI. We couldn’t learn English without you. Thank you again.
Ahmed Al-Raizi

Hello, Kana,
You have the same name as I do!! What’s up? Did you enjoy this term? I have really been enjoying my time with you. I’m glad to have met you. Thanks for everything. I hope that everything is going to be good for you, and I want to meet you again sometime. Please keep in touch!
Kanako

To all the students, teachers, and staff,
If you want to drink a lot of Sapporo beer, I invite you to my hometown, Sapporo.
Koji Kanda

To Margaret Perkins,
Thank you for the opportunities you’ve given us to get to know American culture and to share time with people that could show us another point of view about life and the importance of helping people that need care. Thank you also for taking us to all those organizations. It has been great for me. I have learned many things on each visit.
Claudia

To all my friends who left the States,
I’m glad that I’ll see you again in the States. I’m homesick now without you here, and I’m happy that you’re coming back to continue your studies. Anyway, take care until we see each other again.
Abdullah Al-Kaabi

To EPI,
When I first arrived in America, I was seriously homesick and had culture shock. Because my English was so bad, I was afraid to use the telephone, go to restaurants, and meet people from other countries. But now I am proud to be able to speak and meet other people. EPI has given me the courage to do this. I will always thank EPI.
Mr. G

Yoko,
I didn’t know you until we met here. At first, I expected you to be shy, but actually you are cheerful (sometimes shy). I appreciate you as a friend. I think that I have a good relationship with you. After EPI, when we go to Coker College for English, I hope we continue to have a good time together.
Tomo

CS40 (left to right) — front: Miyuki, Hyun-Gu, Bon, Tomo, Chia-Yin
middle: Luz, Yasuyo, Gulhusan, Ahmed
back: Koji, Mubarak, Abdullah, Mr. Rice, Shintaro
Stories & Poems

Takeshi Sakurai  Japan
Mee Hyun Bahng  Korea
Ikue Hayashi    Japan
Seiko Matsumoto Japan
Heba Ali        Kuwait
Rashid Al-Kubaisi Qatar
Akiko Nagayama  Japan
Dick Holmes     USA
Hsiu-Feng Ou    Taiwan

Kepa Lecue Bilbao Venezuela
Claudia Moscoso  Colombia
Ahmed Al-Rumaithi UAE
Katsuhiko Otake  Japan
Sang-Hyuck Kang Korea
Koji Kanda       Japan
Eliecer Calderon Venezuela
Gustavo Layrisse Venezuela
A man has just gotten a horse, and, as the smile on his face indicates, he is very happy with his horse. Standing in front of it, he wants to show it off to the people passing by.

"Look at this horse. It's mine. I have just bought it. What a nice horse he is! How gentle he looks in the eyes! Don't you think so? I can go everywhere on him. How happy I am!"

The reddish color of the man's clothes shows his joy and excitement in having a horse and his eagerness to show his pride in it.

The dull brown color of the horse, though, symbolizes its advancing age. The poor creature looks old and worn out. Obviously, he can no longer gallop. He can't even be ridden anymore. But his owner hasn't noticed this yet. He is beside himself with joy.

No one around the man pays any attention to him and his horse. What a pity it is that no one understands him. Please, someone, anyone, listen to him and understand him! Please let him be understood!

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Dear EPI students,

I hope you've had a good time in Columbia, even though it's been so hot here this summer. This term is my fourth one in EPI, and it's been interesting to be with international students. I hope to see you again next term.

Rashid Al-Kubaisi

My dear roommate Catalina,

Thank you for being my wonderful roommate. I've really enjoyed spending time with you. You've told me many things about your family, friends, and country, and some of your secrets. You've also helped me improve my English. Remember we promised to come to each other's wedding. We'll be friends forever!!!

With much love and many kisses,

Yoko

Van,

When are you going to cook Vietnamese food for me? Just do it!
You could be a great cook.

Mai

To all EPI students,

I have enjoyed seeing you in the office, talking with you, getting to know you. Best of luck in your future adventures!

Marie Murrah
Learning a Foreign Language

Mee Hyun Bahng
Korea

Whenever I want to know something about another country, I also want to know about the language spoken there. Understanding the language can be the gateway to understanding the country.

When I studied English for the first time, I was an elementary school student. At that time, I didn’t even realize that English was a foreign language; I thought that it was just one of the subjects that I had to learn. I continued to have classes in English throughout my schooling, and altogether I studied English in school for about twelve years. But the focus was only on grammar.

After graduating from the university, though, I began to practice using spoken English at a private institute. At first, I was really shy and embarrassed about interacting face to face with my American teacher. But I had to try to do what I’d never done before. To be brave in talking with a foreigner is the first step toward learning a foreign language.

“Do in Rome as the Romans do,” goes a famous, wise saying. I realized that to learn English quickly I just had to think about everything as a native American would. It was very hard for me to think like an American because I’m Korean, but it was easier than I’d thought it would be. My teachers at the institute used very easy words and talked very simply. I was so surprised!

During my high school days, when I’d had such a hard time studying English grammar, I’d thought it was very difficult to speak English.

One night, I had a really fun experience. In a dream I was having, I shouted some words in English to some American people! When I woke up, I could remember what I’d said because my dream had been so clear and the words were easy to remember. At that moment, I felt that I was becoming American.

After I had that experience, I started getting more and more interested in English. I tried to create opportunities to talk with native speakers whenever I could, and finally I found a very good way to talk with them: just by chatting on the Internet. On the Net, I could talk with people who used American English as a first language and with other people from all over the world using English as an international language. I really enjoyed chatting in English with them. Through this experience, I got to know American people and culture, even though I’d never met them in person. I could also learn new vocabulary from our talks. I never hesitated to ask people about the meaning of new vocabulary. One new word I learned was hug. My chat friends explained that they often used this word when they were saying hello to each other. I was embarrassed the first time I got a message saying, “I give you a big hug,” but I soon became accustomed to this way of saying hello. Americans often hug and kiss each other as a greeting.

Understanding the language of a country involves understanding the speakers’ culture and lifestyle. So, if you want to know about a foreign country, you should get to know the language used in that country. In my case, I came to understand American culture by learning English.
If I Were Time
Ikue Hayashi
Japan

If I were time,
I couldn’t keep time.
I would have to stop sometimes
and go take a nap.

If I were time,
I would slow down
when lovers were hugging
and saying good night
at the corner of a street.

If I were time,
I would fly away
when people had lost their dearest loved ones
and were still grieving.

If I Were God
Seiko Matsumoto
Japan

If I were God,
We would speak only one language
All over the world—
Japanese, of course!

If I were God,
Everyone would have only one ability
And would work together
With everyone else.
A brilliant rainbow would span the world,
Reflecting our brief but satisfying life.

Candle
Mee Hyun Bahng
Korea

A bright something in the dark,
You are slender, weak,
But passionate.

Dedicated throughout your life,
You burn away your body.
Sometimes,
You shed hot tears in the calm
When you feel great pain.

At the time of your death,
When you can no longer
Light the way for others,
When your bright face vanishes,
You just leave your shabby body.

If I Were a Phone Bill
Heba Ali
Kuwait

If I were a phone bill,
I would hide in a trash can
so that people wouldn’t have to pay for me.

If I were a phone bill,
I might make myself
a safe place for a cockroach to live.

If I were a phone bill,
I would stay far away from Heba
and take the cockroach with me.
One foggy, cold morning, I was waiting in a noisy train station for the train to arrive. I heard a shrill sound, looked up, and there it was. Some people got off the train and others got on. As I was walking to the gate, I saw a beautiful girl sitting inside the train beside the window. A small tear fell from her eye onto her cheek. I got on the train and started thinking about her, even though it was the first time I had seen her.

I decided to look for her. I walked from section to section until I found her. The seat beside her was empty, so I sat down beside her. She looked at me and smiled, and didn’t turn her face away. The weather was cold at that time, but I started sweating, and it felt as if the seat were moving. She chuckled, seeing how shy I was, though I’d been bold enough to sit down beside her.

“What’s your name?” she asked me.

I looked at her and said nothing. Maybe she thought that I was ignoring her or that I didn’t want to talk with her, but the truth was that when I saw her smile I forgot everything and my mind blew away with the wind. I felt like a bird flying in the sky. In her eyes, I read a beautiful poem, and I felt warm all over. When I looked at her hair, I became confused about whether it was morning or evening. She took my hand and everything stopped, including my imagination. She asked me again what my name was.

“Rashid,” I finally said, and then I asked her what her name was.

“My name is your dream that you want to reach,” she said, still smiling.
Around 1920, a Japanese man named Toranosuke traveled to Canada. His brothers and sister had already gone there, and they urged him to come and work together with them. His village in Japan was very small and did not have enough fields to cultivate, and there were no jobs that would provide him with enough money to live on, so Toranosuke decided to go to Canada to make money.

He worked hard as a salmon fisherman along the West Coast of the country. After ten years, he had earned a lot of money.

Then he went back to Japan and got married. His wife had to take care of her elderly father and could not leave the village, so when it was time for Toranosuke to get back to work he had to return to Canada by himself. However, he went back home to Japan several times over the years and had a daughter and a son with his wife.

In 1941, Japan entered World War II, and the Canadian government prohibited the Japanese from living or working along the West Coast, transferred them to internment camps in the Rocky Mountains, and took their property away from them. Toranosuke wanted to rejoin his family in Japan at the time, but he had neither money nor a way to get there. He spent almost five years at the camp in Greenwood, Canada, held captive there until the war was over.

After the war, Toranosuke, his brothers, and their family were released from the camp. Some of them returned to the West Coast to work as they had done before. Others moved to the East of the country to find jobs. Toranosuke chose to go east to Toronto.

Fortunately, he managed to find a job there. But he felt lonely because he wanted to see his family, especially his son. He had never even met his son yet. He did not have enough money to return to Japan, though, so he had to work hard. Just as he began to work at his new job, he found out that he had liver cancer. On August 1, 1946, he died in a hospital in Toronto.

After Toranosuke died, his brothers, nephews, and nieces traveled to Japan to see his wife. They told her about his life in Canada. And she passed on the story to her son. Although he had never met his father, he now understood what his father was like. He told his son about his father Toranosuke, too.

Toranosuke's grandson became interested in the history of his family and the country where his grandfather had lived, worked, and died. He began to study English so that he would be able to talk with his relatives in Canada. When he was a university student, he visited Canada and met his relatives. They took him to his grandfather's grave. (To us Japanese, it is important to visit the graves of our ancestors and show our respect to them.) Then he asked his relatives about his grandfather and got to know a lot about him.

He came to respect his grandfather even more than before.

After the trip, Toranosuke's grandson graduated from the university and became an English teacher. He worked at a senior high school near his hometown for ten years. Then he got a scholarship and came to the USA. He is now studying at the University of South Carolina as an EPI student. His name is Takeshi!

Dear Luz,

Hola, Sissy! When I’m discouraged, you encourage me. When I’m with you, I always have fun with you. I’m very glad to have met you at EPI. I hope you stay in Columbia (in South Carolina, not South America) as long as you possibly can. Thank you sooooooo much, Sissy!!! I love you!

Your younger sister, 
Reiko

Hi, everybody,

Do you still remember who always says, “Do you understand what I mean?” Try to guess who that person is. Thank you.

A strange man

Students in CS—Contemporary Issues,

I have enjoyed getting to know you and learning about your countries. Each of you are very interesting and informed people.

Have a great future,

Kathy
Real Blue
Akiko Nagayama
Japan

A place where you can see the blue sea
That sea is quiet and vast
If you see that sea, you can see the blue sky above it, too
That sky is clear and high
If you see that sea and sky, you will see and know a real blue there

Fireplace
Rashid Al-Kubaisi
Qatar

To be or not to be . . .
To see or not to see . . .
To talk or not to talk . . .
I started my story.
Just looking at her, I would have been glad.
Talking to her was a dream I wanted to reach.
From my tears I wrote my letter.
To the fireplace I sent it.

Life After Youth
Dick Holmes
USA

Near the swings in a small, leafy green park,
a book stands upright in the sand. On the cover
is a one-word title and a large, black-and-white photo
depicting a shirtless, barefoot boy swinging.
The camera has caught the boy at a point that must be
somewhere near the top of his forward motion;
the chains of the swing stretch almost parallel to the ground.
With his crewcut, dark tan, and beaming face,
he resembles a young Buddhist monk. Just above the boy,
a mockingbird is perched on a limb of an oak tree overhanging
the swing, its head tilted back and its beak open.
The title of the book, hand-painted in black caps at the bottom
of the photo, is HAiku. Somehow the letters of this word
perfectly call forth everything in the composition:
the H, I, and K shape the branching trees,
the A the swing set, the U the arc of the boy’s swinging.
Bending down to take the book into my hand,
I hear the virtuoso riff of a mockingbird and look up.

(Note: haiku is a traditional Japanese-style poem consisting of only a
few words that express an intensely perceived present moment.)

A Voice
Hsueh-Feng Ou
Kepa Lecue Bilbao

A voice in your mind
is talking to you.
How strange it is!
Something dark, like
the mystery that comes
from a real story.
You are all confused
about everything,
maybe because you are
thinking too deeply.
Neither you nor others
can understand it.
Among the Stars
Claudia Moscoso, Colombia
Akiko Nagayama, Japan

How strange your face is!
Where does it come from?
Where is it going?

It’s a mystery created by your eyes,
turning gracefully and serenely
among the stars,
though sometimes I see you standing
alone in the darkness
with your hands on your face
pondering the mystery of life.

Treasures
Ikue Hayashi
Japan

Some Japanese words of wisdom:
“The abilities of a person are more valuable
than treasures in a gem store,
but the most precious thing is
Purity of Heart.”

When I meet people who don’t understand my words,
I just try to feel something in their heart
with my heart opened.
Sometimes, I can feel the treasures
they have in their hearts:
kindness, generosity, and being just as they are.

No doubt those treasures help them to be loved
whenever and wherever they are.

The Truth
Ahmed Al-Rumaithi, UAE
Katsuhioko Otake, Japan

My dream comes true
When the sun comes through my mind
It shines like birds flying in the sky
Dancing with a lot of dreams
Is like the sky
Once you laugh and once you cry
Behind the dreams
We all know the truth

Inspiration
Kepa Lecue Bilbao
Venezuela

Cloudless skies
Fiery eyes
A 30-meter goal
Straight A’s in school
Inspiration

A triathlon run
Magenta sun
An eagle’s breeze
A great song’s ease
Inspiration

A juicy filet
A fast merengue
A sultry Merlot
The thick white mountain snow
Inspiration

Look, listen, smell, breathe
Life

Ode to My Future Self
Seiko Matsumoto
Japan

Your magnificent inquiring mind,
like Michael J. Fox’s in Back to the Future,
is a perfect match for
my lacking part of myself at the moment,
and someday we’ll meet dramatically
like the birth of a great nova.
Two Monkeys
Katsuhiro Otake
Japan

I used to play in the jungle, jumping from tree to tree with my friends. I was completely free to do anything. I loved my family, my friends, nature, and freedom.

One day, though, I was caught in a trap. A stranger pulled me out of the trap; locked me up in a dark, narrow cage; and took me somewhere in a car. Then I was confined in this room. No, I can’t really call it a “room,” because it has nothing but space to sit on. The ceiling hangs down upon me as if this place were a prison. Out the window, I can see birds flying and boats sailing freely. I’ve tried to escape many times, but in vain.

Two weeks ago another monkey was locked up here with me. I was glad to have a roommate. At first, we had a lot of things to talk about, and I enjoyed his company. But every time we talked about the enjoyable jungle life we’d once had, we came to realize that our present life was empty. And so we’ve become less and less talkative. Now we have nothing at all to talk about. The only thing we do here is to sit still and feel desperate.

How I wish I could be free again.
Meditate on Matters from Different Angles

Sang-Hyuck Kang
Korea

We all have at least one bias within ourselves. And our individual character has been determined by the particular circumstances and experiences that have influenced us.

I am no exception. I also have biases. However, I often come to realize that inflexible thinking obstructs advancement. Consequently, I strive to be an open-minded person.

When I was a sophomore in the university, I began to read the writings of Kong Jee-young, a famous writer in Korea who had been a student activist in the 1980s. The 1980s was a very gloomy period in Korean history. A military dictator held absolute power and controlled the whole country. The student movement for democracy was repressed, and many students were killed. The military government called these students revolutionaries. Kong wrote many grieving stories about student activists who had died for Korean democracy. Reading her novels, I was greatly impressed by the altruism of the student activists.

In the early 1990s, after many students’ sacrifices, the military dictator was finally ousted, and the Korean people elected a new president by direct voting. During the current decade, the altruistic spirit of student activism has faded. Today many students have a tendency to be selfish. Culture critics call them the X-generation and characterize them as people who care only about themselves. Very few students like to read books about social matters these days. Consequently, many writers apostatized and began to write superficial amusing stories because there was a great demand for such literature.

Kong Jee-young, too, changed her subject matter, from stories about student activism to stories about feminism, a very controversial issue in Korea at the time. I was disappointed in her, thinking she had become an opportunist riding the bandwagon of a popular topic. I respected what the ’80s students had done because they had acted in accordance with their beliefs. For the same reason, I liked Kong Jee-young very much. She had depicted those campus lives honestly, and I had expected her to write more stories about the same subject. I felt betrayed by her shift in focus.

But it didn’t take long before I changed my view of her again. One day, I was reading an interview with her. The interviewer asked her why she had changed her theme—the same question that I had about her work. “I am not an opportunist,” she said. “I think many Korean women have been discriminated against and maltreated in Korean society. I just want to write about all kinds of bridles that hurt people’s hearts, and I hope to take off those bridles.”

After reading that interview, I regretted how stupid I had been, and I bought her book about feminism. In the end, I still like her writing.

I think everyone should practice moderation, as the ancient Chinese philosopher Confucius taught. If we meditate on matters from different angles, we can see them in a different light.

Is This
Dick Holmes
USA

Living, dying and living, driving in dark mountains.
Is this . . .
The wheel turns.
Car pulls into a gas station.
Car door opens, clunks behind.
Cold rain on the head, cold hands.
Blur of newspaper headlines
in a vending machine
trails into the smell
of cigarette smoke, burnt coffee.
Out again under the dripping fluorescent overhang
to long, dark hair, smiling, knowing
lips and eyes . . .
Is this . . .
Is this the way to Bliss?
I like traveling very much. I have been to many places, but my most wonderful trip was to the Bonin Islands in February, 1999. At that time, I was living in Tokyo. It was very cold there that winter, so I wanted to go somewhere south. And I yearned for tropical islands. There are four main islands and numerous other, small islands in Japan. When I looked at the map in the library, I found some small, relatively unknown Southern islands called Ogasawara-shotou, or the Bonin Islands as they are called in English.

The Bonin Islands consist of about thirty islands, only two of which are inhabited: Chichi-jima and Haha-jima (jima means “island”). The names of these two islands are very interesting. Chichi means “Father” and Haha means “Mother.” There are fewer than 2,500 residents on the two inhabited islands together, and there is no airport. The only way to get there is by the Ogasawara-maru, a ship that goes there only five times per month. Though the Bonin Islands are in Tokyo prefecture, they are 1,000 km from Tokyo, and the trip takes more than twenty-five hours. If I decided to go there, I wouldn’t be able to come back to Tokyo for about a week. The more I thought about these islands, the more I wanted to visit them, and finally I decided to make the long journey.

The Bonin Islands are warm all year long. The residents there say, “There is neither fall nor winter on the Bonin Islands. We have only spring and summer.” After a twenty-five-hour ocean trip, I got off the ship in Chichi-jima, the main island. My first impression was, “Oh, it is so warm! Is it really February?” As I was born and grew up in Sapporo in the North, this was unbelievable weather for me. In the wintertime, Sapporo has a lot of snow and gets really cold, below freezing, while the Bonin Islands have winter temperatures of over 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

A fellow traveler I had met on the ship and who had been to the Islands fifteen times told me, “This is probably the coldest season here, but I think it’s the best season because the climate in February is comfortable and the ocean is especially interesting. You can go out on a boat and see a lot of whales and swim with dolphins!” It was hard to believe. It sounded like a story she was making up, but I was excited. Now I knew how I could spend some time there. Fortunately, I was staying in the same hostel she was. I continued talking with her and her friends about the Islands until midnight.

The next day, I boarded a boat to go whale and dolphin viewing. Stanley, the captain of the boat, was from the Islands. He was Japanese, but he had an English name as a result of the U.S. occupation of the Islands following World War II, when battles were fought in the area. Many Japanese and most Americans don’t know the Bonin Islands, but they know Iwo-jima, located 220 km south of the southern end of the Bonin Islands, because there was a big battle fought there between Japan and the United States. Approximately 30,000 people died in that battle. Today, the residents of the Bonin Islands don’t talk about the war much anymore because most travelers visiting the Islands were born after the war and aren’t very knowledgeable about it. Never-
Journey . . .

theless, the Bonin Islands have a sad history concerning World War II. For about twenty-five years after the end of this terrible war, the Islands were controlled by the United States, just as Okinawa was.

To preserve the whales’ and dolphins’ habitat, we couldn’t go to them. We had to wait for them to come to us. It was only a few minutes, though, before some whales came across our path. They were more than thirteen meters long! Even their offspring were five meters long. For a few hours, the whales played alongside the boat. Captain Stanley said, “They don’t always come so close to the boat. Today is the best day this season!” I felt very lucky, like the young hero of the movie Free Willy. In the afternoon, some dolphins joined us. It was a little too cold for swimming, but a friend on the boat challenged me to swim with the dolphins. I didn’t swim, though he did. Anyway, I felt fortunate to have gotten the chance to see them that day.

It was so interesting to explore the Islands. The Bonin Islands are the only oceanic islands in Japan, meaning that these islands have never been connected to any continent. Oceanic islands have many kinds of unique creatures and plants that exist only there. Approximately 70 percent of the plants on the Bonin Islands grow only there. So, these islands are invaluable ones, like the Galapagos Islands. For example, the meguro bird, or Apalopteron familiaris, exists only on Hahajima, nowhere else in the world. However, the ecosystem of these creatures is so fragile that they will easily become extinct unless we human beings protect their environment. The Bonin Islands are a treasure house of nature, and saving their life forms should be our mission.

There were also a lot of war ruins on the Islands to see. I didn’t need to go looking for them. Just walking down the main street, I saw them. Even though I was born after the war and had no direct experience of it, I was so impressed and sad as I looked at these ruins, just as I had been on my trip to Hiroshima. At least places such as Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Tokyo, and Okinawa that had atomic bombs or numerous smaller bombs dropped on them were able to begin rebuilding soon after the war was over, but the Bonin Islands were unable to begin their recovery so quickly. During the war, the Japanese government had required people living in the Bonin Islands to move to the four main islands of Japan, and after the war, when the United States took control of the Islands, Japanese citizens were not allowed to return for a long time. Consequently, the ruins of many bombed buildings still remain there, alongside American-style buildings constructed during the U.S. occupation. In my opinion, supported by the devastation still visible in the Bonin Islands, war should be avoided at all costs. Even if a nation provokes the anger of other nations by doing something terrible, even if a dictator like Hitler rises to power, we must not make war. After a war, the ordeal continues. Even now, over fifty years after World War II, the scars of the war remain in the Bonin Islands.

My trip to the Bonin Islands was the most impressive experience of my life. Not only did I go on a long journey and enjoy a beautiful natural place, but I also got to study firsthand a sad part of Japanese history. I had planned to return to Tokyo after a week in the Islands, but I ended up staying another week. Like Sapporo, the Bonin Islands are one of my favorite places in Japan.

Marit,

You are the most energetic teacher I’ve ever met. And you are the most attractive woman I’ve ever met. At first, your English flew over my head like bullets. Sometimes I still don’t know where I am during class. But I like you because you never change your style and because you never fail to encourage us. You always say to us, “Thank you for your question.” Now it’s my turn to say, “Thank you, Marit.”

From one of your students

To my great and favorite teacher,

Dick Holmes,

Thank you so much for your great teaching. You are such a kind and excellent teacher. Whenever I talk with you, I feel so warm and friendly, just like a close friend. I don’t like grammar, but I like my grammar teacher, Dick Holmes. I want to say “Thank you” for regarding me and cheering me up. You are our good teacher forever!

From one of your students who wants to be a good student, Apolonia
As the proverb "Dead men tell no tales" says, dead men have always kept silent. Nevertheless, without our notice, they have watched us human beings very carefully. And eventually they came to the conclusion: "We cannot forgive human beings anymore; now is the time to take action."

Most of us are wicked. We tell lies, steal others' belongings, hurt others, and even commit murders. We consider it good to do anything we want as long as our crimes are not revealed.

The dead tried their best to ignore our wickedness. But finally they had had enough. Our evils made them angry, and at last they began to lash out. They appeared on earth as skeletons and began to kill us.

It seems as if they enjoy killing us. We try to run away, but it is impossible. Some of us have had our throats slit, others have been run over by a carriage, still others have been drowned to death. The piles of bodies are getting higher and higher. The last of us human beings will be massacred by the skeletons within a few days. It is too late to regret what we have done. They will never forgive us. There is no escaping death.

Dear EPI teachers and students,

I've had a good time with you these last two months. When I was depressed, many of you encouraged me. This was my first experience studying English in a foreign country. The homework has been hard for me, but I've been able to talk with many people from various countries in class. I've enjoyed talking with you very much. This will be my best memory. I appreciate all of you. Please remember me.

Seiko Matsumoto

To all of my good friends and teachers in EPI,

While getting acquainted with you, I have often been surprised and impressed by your cultural and individual ways of thinking and behaving. This experience has been really meaningful to me. Sometimes I wish I were young again like a teenager! Of course, I can't turn back the hands of the clock, but as I fight with my failing memory year by year, I still want to try to study whatever I need to in order to be a good and capable person both for myself and others.

From a harpseal born in Japan
I was on the night shift that day, so I had to drive all through the night. Because it was the summer vacation season, we had to run extra trains during the night time to handle the crowds.

My wife, who had been living with me as my love since we had gotten married twenty years before, worried about me because of my job. I was a train engineer, and I drove a train day in and day out. That night as I left home, my wife prayed to God for my safety as she always did, and I prayed for my passengers’ safety.

When I arrived at the train station, I found it quite crowded. My train was supposed to depart at 11 p.m. I changed into my uniform in the locker room and checked the schedule of my train in the office.

As I got on the train, my boss said, “It’s going to be rainy tonight. It’s summertime, you know, and it’ll be raining really hard everywhere, so drive carefully!”

“Okay, I will.” I had confidence in my twenty-three years of experience.

My train finally departed from Chicago for Florida. Although the many passengers must have been excited about the trip, I wasn’t particularly thrilled, because the trip itself was my job. Sometimes, I enjoyed my job, especially driving the train at night time, but it was a little tiring.

The darkness created another world. Though driving through the darkness gave me a sense of achievement, it was also a strain.

About thirty minutes after departure, it started raining.

“Hmm,” I thought, “my boss never tells me a lie.”

I drove serenely as usual. But it was harder than I’d thought it would be. Suddenly, I could barely see. I started driving more carefully.

“It’s raining really hard,” my assistant said. “I heard on the weather news that it was supposed to rain tomorrow afternoon.”

“Hmm.”

We kept going at our usual speed, but the rain was coming down harder and harder. It was a storm. A strong wind was blowing, and the slanting rain struck the window, obscuring my vision.

An hour later we were about to enter a tunnel through a big rocky mountain. Suddenly, I saw someone or something moving up ahead. I alerted my assistant, and we tried to distinguish what it was, but all we could see was just a dim movement of some kind.

“Hey!” my assistant shouted a moment later. “It’s a man! He’s waving his hands! We have to stop the train!”

“Are you sure it’s not an animal?”

“No, I think it’s a man.”

I focused all my attention on that strange sight near the tracks. I also thought it might be a man. Whatever it was, it was waving us down to let us know something.

A railroad light was shining on it, but the strong rain made it faint. I figured it must be trying to say, “Don’t come any further! Stop!” like a stop signal.

Instantly, I grabbed the brake lever and pulled it up as hard as I could. My assistant joined me and pulled, too. SCREEEECH! We did our best to stop the train, but it wouldn’t come to a halt easily. We put all our strength into pulling up the brake lever. After a long noise, finally the train came to a stop.

We looked out the window. I opened the door and got out of the train to check on who or what it was that had gotten us to stop.

“Whoa!” I exclaimed.

“Oh, my God!” my assistant shouted.

There was a big pile of rocks that had fallen on the tracks just in front of the train.

“But what was it?”

My assistant and I looked around for that strange figure we had seen. But there was nobody, no animal, nothing at all.

Then I noticed that a huge moth was flying confusedly under the light.

“Oh, that’s what it was!” I said.

“What?”

“It was that moth that saved our lives!”

“Oh, God! We thought it was someone’s hands waving!”

Some of the passengers got out of the train. They were astonished to see the fallen rocks on the track. Anyway, we had avoided a terrible accident. It was still raining hard, but we were happy to be alive. I thought about my wife praying to God for my safety every day. Now God had given us this sign to save us. I missed my wife very much.
When I was a child, my family used to go to my grandparents’ house almost every Sunday. It was a tradition among my family, including my relatives. Almost everybody—my uncles, aunts, cousins, and sometimes my grandfather’s brothers and sisters, too—used to meet there on Sundays.

Occasionally, before going to my grandparents’ house, we would go to a restaurant. Sometimes only my immediate family went out to eat, and other times some of our relatives joined us. We usually went to an Italian restaurant (I love Italian food), but sometimes we went to a Chinese restaurant or a steak house.

When we were at my grandparents’ house, my cousins and I would play in the street. Most of the time we played baseball, but we played soccer, too. When the weather wasn’t good, we usually stayed inside the house in the living room and watched a movie on TV or played a video game one of my cousins had brought.

Sometimes we played something like “Mission Impossible,” forming a team to try to steal chocolates from my grandfather’s bedroom. He usually hid chocolates in his dresser. One of our teammates would be a lookout for us because one of the adults might be walking around and might catch us trying to get into my grandfather’s chocolates.

Another favorite activity of ours at my grandparents’ house was pillow fighting. We would close all the doors in the living room, and one of my cousins or I turned off the light. Then we started fighting with the pillows, trying to hit everybody in the room. Sometimes the fight would with one of us crying after everybody had ganged up on him or her. Or one of the adults would enter the room, turn on the light, and punish us. It was a very funny scene when that happened: when the light had been off, everybody was a little devil, but when the light came back on everybody was suddenly a saint.

Today my family has lost this tradition; most of us have grown up, changed, and gotten involved doing different things on Sundays. But those unforgettable moments were very good ones in my life. And now when my cousins and I meet we still have a great time together because we learned how to be very close at my grandparents’ house.
First Love
Katsuhiko Otake
Japan

Jiro was a very active boy and he had many friends. He always played outside until it got dark. He really enjoyed his life.

When he was ten years old, he was in the same class as Yumi. Yumi was a cute, tender, shy girl with long black hair. Jiro did not talk to Yumi. Nor did she talk to him. But gradually a strange feeling arose in Jiro’s mind. He could not help but be conscious of her. He had never experienced such a strange feeling in his life. He came to think about her all the time. Day and night, awake and asleep, all the time.

Nobody noticed this change in Jiro because he behaved the same way as before. However, he was not able to behave naturally in front of Yumi. Intentionally or unintentionally, he was nasty to her. As was usual among boys his age, he was not able to be kind to the girl he liked. Whenever he teased her, though, he regretted it afterwards.

Jiro’s affection for Yumi grew stronger and stronger until he could no longer subdue his feelings. He decided to take action. He had no courage to confess his love to her face to face, so he decided to write her a letter. His hand shook as if a spell had been cast over it. Although it took him quite a long time, he managed to write it.

A month passed, and still no reply had come. Yumi’s behavior toward Jiro had not changed at all. Every day Jiro felt disappointed, because nothing happened. As time passed, his passionate feelings for Yumi became less and less. It took him almost a year to eliminate his affection for her completely.

The next year, they entered the same junior high school. By this time, Jiro could talk to Yumi naturally. He did not have any special feelings toward her anymore.

Two years later, all of a sudden, Jiro received a letter from Yumi. The letter said, “I like you, Jiro. I want you to be my boyfriend.” Jiro was very surprised. He couldn’t believe his eyes. But it was too late. To Jiro, Yumi was now just a girl like any other girl. It was impossible for him to love her again.

Soon after Jiro had received Yumi’s letter, they got together and talked about the situation. He asked her about the letter he had written her three years before. To his surprise, she knew nothing about the letter. Her mother or father must have hidden it from her.

Today, Jiro is married and lives a happy life. His wife is not Yumi. But Yumi remains in his memory as “a bitter first love.”

Students in Kathy’s GW70 class,
Thank you for being such eager students. I wish you the best in your future. Keep up the good English.
Kathy

To the Arab who always shares his smile with everyone,
Thanks, you make each day a bright one.
Marie Murrah
To all the EPI Students,
If you are going to leave EPI, I wish you good luck in your life and your studies. If you are going to stay at EPI for the Fall '99 term, I hope you study hard and get A's in all your classes.

Ahmed Al-Raisi

To my EPI friends,
When I was playing soccer, I twisted my knee, so I haven't been able to do many things well. Please be careful while you are studying English in the USA. Your health is very important.

Hwa-Soo Son

To all of the Korean Oppa and Unni,
Thank you for being nice to me!! You guys are the best!! I hope we can see each other again. So, take care . . .

Love,
Jihee
P.S. My address is 109 Valhalla Dr., Columbia, SC 29229. My phone number is (803) 788-6823.

To Tomokochan,
Thank you for making me laugh. I've enjoyed talking with you very much!! I think that you are a kind of AHO! I'm kidding. Anyway, please keep in touch with me, and take care of my sister, Yoshiko. I believe you can succeed in everything because you are brave. See you in Japan or in the U.S. again!!

Okinawa Akichan

Dear respected EPI teachers,
When I came here, I couldn't speak or understand English, but now my English has improved a lot, thanks to you teachers, who have taught me English and who are very kind. Thank you for everything, EPI teachers!

Hwa-Soo Son

To Dick Norwood,
I would like to say "Thank you" to you. I'm glad that I've had you as my teacher. I admire your ability. I would like to say again, "Thank you a lot for helping me." Take care of yourself.

Abdullah
Al-Kaabi

Dear Susan,
We hope everything's going well for you in Arkansas.
We miss you!
With love from everybody at EPI

To the Sunrise staff and the students in GW70a, RV60, and TOEFL class,
Working with such nice people as you all are has made this a fun, memorable summer for me. Thank you for being so cool—despite the heat!

Love,
Dick
More Personal Messages

(Have your friends write on this page!)
We hope that when you return to your home country you will share this magazine with your friends. And if any of them express interest in studying at EPI please copy or cut out the application form on the next page and pass it along. Thank you!
CONFIDENTIAL FINANCIAL DECLARATION

US Immigration requires EPI to have a letter from a bank to prove that there is enough money to pay for tuition, fees, and living expenses for one (1) term. This amount of money must be at least $3800. You may not need to use all of this money, but you must prove that it is available. If your sponsor is a school, company, or other business, please attach a letter of support on official stationery.

Name of student

(family/last) / (given/first)

Name of person responsible for providing money for the student

(family/last) / (given/first)

Estimated costs for one term: $1725, tuition; $75, fees; $150, books; $850, housing; $1000, food and miscellaneous expenses.

Please read the following statement and sign below: "This is to confirm that I will financially support the student named above. I certify that I am aware of the costs of EPI and living in the United States, and I guarantee that the money shown in the bank statement will be available to this student during his/her studies in EPL."

Signature of person responsible for providing money for the student

Date

Name of bank

Address of bank

Official bank seal

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

ENGLISH PROGRAMS FOR INTERNATIONALS
University of South Carolina, Byrnes 207
Columbia, South Carolina 29208, USA
Telephone (803) 777-3867
Fax (803) 777-6839
epi-info@epi.sc.edu
http://www.epi.sc.edu

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

Please complete this application and return it with a $75 non-refundable application fee.

When would you like to start?

__ Winter 2000    January 9 - March 10
__ Spring 2000    March 19 - May 19
__ Summer 2000    May 28 - July 28
__ Fall I, 2000   August 6 - October 6
__ Fall II, 2000  October 15 - December 15
(Orientation first Sunday only; Classes Monday through Friday.)
Program costs for each nine-week term:
$1725 Tuition
$ 75 University fees

The program costs include instruction, activities, academic counseling, computer laboratory/listening laboratory fees, health insurance, and services of the campus health center. The student will have to pay for housing, food, and textbooks. All fees are subject to change without notice.

How did you find out about EPI?
name ____________________________ sex male____ female____

family/last given/first

mailing address ____________________________

street ____________________________

city ____________________________ postal code ____________ country ____________

telephone number ____________________________ fax number ____________ email ____________________________

date of birth (month / day / year) ____________________________ country of birth ____________ country of citizenship ____________

Education: Did you finish High School (Secondary School)? yes no

After EPI do you intend to enter the University of South Carolina? yes no

or any other university/college in the United States? yes no

Are you currently a student in the USA? yes no

If you are currently a student in the USA, please give the name and address of the school you are attending.

school name ____________________________ street/post office box ____________________________

city ____________________________ state ____________________________ zip code ____________

Visa: Are you in the USA now? yes no

If yes, what is your visa status? Circle one of the following: F1 F2 J1 J2 Other?

Housing: Do you wish to apply for a space in campus housing? yes no

Campus housing is for single students or those who come without their family. EPI housing is usually available on campus. However, if we cannot provide on-campus housing when you arrive, our Student Services Coordinator will help you find off-campus housing. Please see housing application and fee information on the back of this application.

EPI will send you an I-20 after we have received the financial certification (see back) and your application has been approved. With this application you must pay: (Application fees are non-refundable)

$75 application fee

OR

$100 ($75 application fee, $25 housing application fee)

Checks should be written in US dollars to the “University of South Carolina.”

Average EPI apartments have one bedroom and one bathroom, providing space for two students. OR two bedrooms and one bathroom, providing space for four students. All apartments have two beds. All students share a bedroom with a roommate of the same gender. Kitchen facilities include a stove and refrigerator. The apartments are furnished and all fees for electricity, water, and local phone service, a study lamp, cleaning supplies, and dishwashers are included in the housing fee. Linens are available upon arrival for $25. Please note: EPI tries to make arrangements for students from different countries to live together; however, we cannot guarantee that your roommate will not speak the same language as you.

There is a non-refundable $25 application fee due with the housing application. Once you have moved into the housing space, you must pay the housing fee for the entire term (apartment fee + maintenance fee). EPI housing fees per term are as follows:

One Bedroom Apartment Fee

$625

Two Bedroom Apartment Fee

$800

Maintenance Fee (required)

$25