Editor’s Note

It’s been a great winter, complete with happy Valentines and rare, South Carolinian snow. In this issue of Sunrise, you’re going to find many a snowflake-like beauty and lots of Valentinian love and friendship. Enjoy!

Dick Holmes

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In 1999, a historic event happened in Korea. The constitutional institution passed a judgment declaring that the Dong-Sung Dong-Bon Kum-Hon Law was in violation of the constitution. The Dong-Sung Dong-Bon Kum-Hon Law held that a marriage between people having the same family name and ancestral place of origin was illegal.

The judgment has created a sensation. Some people disagree with it, while others express great joy about the new ruling. People opposed to the judgment argue that the Dong-Sung Dong-Bon Kum-Hon Law represented a traditional Korean custom. To their way of thinking, people with the same family name are like brothers and sisters. Others, however, think that this view is illogical. There are over four million Kims of Kimhae in Korea. Are they all really members of the same family? A famous rock group in Korea wrote and performed a song about how absurd the custom is.

After all, the custom doesn’t actually derive from a Korean tradition. It comes from Sung-ri-hak, a kind of Confucianism practiced four hundred years ago when Korea was the Cho-sun dynasty.

My family name is Jung, and my ancestors’ native place is Dong-Rae. So, according to the Dong-Sung Dong-Bon Kum-Hon Law, I couldn’t marry a Jung of Dong-Rae. Now it is legally possible for me to marry one. But most seniors in Korea still don’t approve of same-name marriage, including my parents! ☐

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The Pusan group visiting the Underground in Atlanta
(left to right) — front: Professor Lee, Leticia, Dong-Ho
back: Jomona, Kang-Jae, Beth, In-Hye, Hye-Ryou, Mi-Hyun, Mi-Young, Jee-Yoon, Sung-Woo
To Those Who Like to Drink

Chantita Bualert
Thailand

"Come on, dance with me," someone said.
"Okay," he replied.
"Can you give me some money?" another asked.
"Sure, how much do you want?" he replied.
"Where are we going to go after we finish here?" another asked.
"It's up to you, baby," he replied again.

To every question, Mark's answer was yes. Taurus Pub had a pretty big crowd that night. Lots of partiers had come there to celebrate and count down to the New Year. The musicians were loudly playing song after song, accompanied by the rhythm of laser lights. Mark was there with a group of friends. His face had turned red from a glass of whiskey that he was holding. How many whiskies had he drunk? How much alcohol had he poured into his body? Who knew???

He stood up and walked over to the next table.
"What is he doing?" Ying wondered.
"Is he crazy?" Mink asked.
"Does he know her?" Pete asked.

"I'm quite sure they've never met before," Lek said.

Mark had been working as an engineer with a big company in Thailand for three years. He was a good boss for everyone under his charge, and a good worker. He stood out in his position. Calm, kind, organized, patient, conscientious—all good words to describe Mark's character.

But not that night! He was not at all like the Mark that I had known. When he was drunk, a big change came over him. Usually, he was shy about dancing, but not when he got so drunk that night. He already had a girlfriend and wasn’t interested in other girls, but that night he was acting like a playboy. He left a huge tip for the waiters and waitresses, and when his friends asked to borrow money from him that night he quickly said yes and gave them however much they wanted. But everything he did he did unconsciously!

His friends drove Mark home in his car and helped him get into bed. Some of them stayed at his house that night.

When the sun rose, Mark got up with a headache. Noticing that his wallet was empty, he cried out, "My money! Where's my money? Who stole my money?"

Mark's friends still had the money they had jokingly borrowed from him the night before. They would give it back to him soon, but first they wanted to continue kidding him a bit.

"Last night, you left a big tip at Taurus, remember?" Lek asked.
"No," Mark said.

"And you lent me 5,000 Baht (around $120), remember?" Pete asked.
"No," Mark said. Whatever they asked him if he remembered, he said no.

"Oh well, let's drink again, Mark, to remember last night. "Ha ha ha!" they all laughed.
CS60S (left to right) — front: Oscar, Fernando, Hossam, Kong
back: Ajlan, Bill, Isabel, Marta, Eun-Mi

CS60M (left to right) — front: Kang, Marcelo, Manuel, Juan, Anna, Jose
back: Roxana, Marit, Motoko, Magdalena, Agapita, Laura
Eric is a cute little ten-year-old boy in the third grade at Oxford elementary school. He has a lot of friends and usually spends his free time with his friends after school. Eric and his friends love to play baseball, basketball, and soccer. Eric sometimes goes to one of his friends’ houses to use his computer because he doesn’t have a computer at home. Eric has a dog named To-Ti, who is very smart and loyal. He also has one older brother, one younger sister, and a mom and dad.

At the end of the day, all of the students in the elementary school are getting ready to go home. Eric and his friends are talking about what they are going to do this afternoon. One of them has to go home to help his mom prepare for a party that night. Another one has to do lots of homework. Still another one has to go to church. Everyone but Eric has plans this afternoon. Eric’s friends say “Bye” and “See you later,” leaving Eric all alone sitting on a school bench. A few minutes pass, and then he decides to go home.

It is a beautiful Friday, and the clouds are moving slowly in the sky. Eric is sitting on the bench in the backyard at his house. He has a wooden stick in his hand and is aimlessly drawing something on the ground. The sunshine on his back makes Eric warm and sleepy. His dog To-Ti usually plays with him, but not today. She has just been sleeping all day. Eric has been trying to play with her since he got home, but she ignores him. All of Eric’s family is busy doing various things. There is nobody for him to play with.

As Eric is hanging around in the backyard, he accidentally kicks an old aluminum baseball bat. He picks it up and begins to swing it. Suddenly, he gets excited, and runs to his room. When he comes back out into the yard, he has a baseball hat in his hand. He opens his legs, put the hat on his head, and grabs the bat like a baseball player. Swish, swish, his bat goes as he practices swinging.

After a few minutes, he gets tired and sits down on the ground. He needs something to hit, but he doesn’t have a baseball. A rock catches his eye; he picks it up and excitedly starts trying to hit it. Swish, swish, his bat goes as he tries again and again to hit the rock. It is harder to hit than he thought it would be. After a few more swings, though, he finally hits the rock, and a sharp ping rings out from his bat. Even though the rock doesn’t go very far, he is delighted to have connected. He picks up another rock and tries to hit it. Ping! Got it!

He starts feeling proud of himself.

His next goal is to hit a rock over the metal fence surrounding the yard. Trying to hit a rock as hard as he can, he misses the first time with a big swish of his bat. Ping—he gets it the next time, but the rock doesn’t go quite as far as he wants. He tries again and again, but he can’t seem to get a rock all the way to the fence. He starts sweating and decides to take a rest. After a short break, he grabs the bat and tries again. Ping! The hit sounds very loud, and the rock jumps off high into the air and flies over the fence. “Woo-ha!” Eric yells. He can’t believe that he finally did it. He runs around the backyard yelling happily.

Knock, knock, knock! Somebody is knocking on the metal gate. Eric stares at the gate and then slowly approaches it. Knock, knock, knock! he hears again. He has no idea why someone is knocking on the gate. He opens it and sees a man standing there bleeding from his mouth.

"Oops!" Eric says, realizing that the rock he hit over the fence landed on this man’s mouth.
What's It Like?

Taking a Bath in Japan
Miyuki Sawada
Japan

What's it like
taking a bath in Japan?
her American friend asked her.

She closed her eyes and
her lips spread into a smile
as if she were bringing a bath to mind.

It's like being in heaven, she said.
When you soak in a huge bathtub,
you feel enveloped in the softness.
When you stretch out your arms and legs,
you feel as though
you're drifting on the surface of a lake.
And when you breathe in the steam,
your mind and body relax.

Making Friends
Yang-Kyun Kim
Korea

What's it like
making friends? I asked myself.

I love making friends and meeting
new people around the world.
I'd just been thinking about that.

It's like climbing a mountain, I said.
Making friends is hard in the beginning,
but it becomes easier and easier
as we break through the barriers.
It's interesting and exciting, like the feeling
we have the day before climbing a mountain.

We get to know each other well slowly,
like climbing a mountain step by step.
Once we've made it to the top,
we can see each other's mind directly.

Being Married
Carlos Rodriguez
Venezuela

What's it like
being married? he asked him.

He looked at his friend with a mischievous grin,
and sighing as he gazed at the stars
he began to think about that.

It's like being the host of a big reception, he said.
You have to be responsible
as you enjoy as much as possible.
Regardless of who is around,
your only concern during your life will be her.
At first you feel a little strange,
but you love taking care of her, and
she is in your heart everywhere you go.
What's It Like? . . .

Loving
Anna Seck
Senegal

What's it like
falling in love? she asked him.

He stood up slowly
and put his hands in his pocket.
He had never asked himself this question.

It's like dancing, he answered.
The woman chooses the tempo
and the man accompanies her
on her voyage through the melody.

Teaching
Laura Mata
Mexico

What's it like
being a teacher, he asked her.

Looking down at her lesson plans,
she answered him,
the words flowing from her heart.

It's like being a gardener
growing plants, she said.
You have to put the seeds
in the ground with care,
and wait patiently for the results.
The plants won't all be the same,
growing in different kinds of soil,
but sooner or later
the blossoms will come.

Thinking
Atsushi Suzuki
Japan

What's it like
doing something? another I asked me.

The other I tilted "his" head back
and said, It's time to sleep, isn't it?
You've been thinking about that
for more than two hours.

It's like hovering in a house of mirrors, I said.
I'm struggling to find ideas.
I don't know
how it should be done.
I don't know
when it will be done.
But now
I see it is done.
Finally, I can sleep.
The Man at the Diner

Day after day, I watched him closely, as if my life depended on attending his every move. I'd been intrigued by him since the first morning he'd walked in. It wasn't that he was particularly striking, in physical appearance, anyway. It had more to do with the way he carried himself, with a certain air about him, unlike that about anyone else I'd ever met. I was a young woman at the time, but having waited tables for three years there at the Metropole, an open-all-hours inner city diner, I'd met all kinds of people—but this man didn't fit any of the usual molds.

The first thing I noticed about him when I began to study him was that he never seemed to be looking at anyone or anything and yet didn't look like he was spacing out, either. In fact he seemed to be taking everything in from some source other than his eyes. At first I thought he might be blind, even though he walked with the assurance of someone who knew exactly where he was and where he was going, but after a few days I realized that he must have been glancing at the menu at least. He'd ordered the first thing on the menu that first morning, the second thing on the menu the next morning, the third the next, and so on—only one thing each morning and always the next item on the list.

Then one morning came the revelation that I too was somehow included in his mysterious field of vision: out of the blue, and still gazing off somewhere—not at me—from that inner source of his, he told me that I had "lovely lips." I was startled. He'd never said anything personal to me before. I could tell, though, that it wasn't the usual come-on that women servers often get from their men customers, or a come-on at all, but just a passing impression he'd matter-of-factly let fly. I was touched, and I felt my lips spreading into a smile as I stood there speechless a moment. "You've seen them?" I responded, finally, joking but actually curious, too. And then he smiled—another first.

Besides that question, I asked him only one other personal question during the whole time he frequented the diner. I had a lot of questions, but I suppose I didn't want to disturb his other-worldly focus, and perhaps I also didn't want to disturb my image of him as some sort of angel on earth. I had to ask him this second question, though, so that I could prepare myself for the possibility that one day soon he'd be walking out the door and never coming back. "You're getting down to the end of the menu," I said to him. "What then?"

"Oh," he said smiling again, "I'll be moving on."

On the morning of the last item on the menu, he came in carrying a newspaper. What?! Was he really going to be sitting there like any other guy, reading the newspaper, definitely focusing on an object of this world?!

No, as it turned out, he hadn't brought the newspaper in to read it. As he sat drinking a cup of tea, the newspaper lay folded on the other side of the table. When he'd finished his tea (quite a while after he'd begun—he always ate and drank slowly and gracefully), he placed the cup and saucer on the other side of the table, opened the newspaper, pulled a pair of scissors from his jacket pocket, and began cutting page one. After cutting out several square pieces from the leaves of the newspaper and stacking them in a neat pile, he took the top piece from the stack and deftly folded it origami-style into a small flying crane. He did the same with all the other pieces, never, of course, looking directly at the paper or his hands. Was he part Japanese?
The Man at the Diner . . .

His long, straight black hair
and his brown, interethnic-looking face
suggested that he could be.
Or American Indian, maybe?
Or both? And others?
When each of the pieces had been
transformed into a crane, I walked over to him
as if he’d called out to me.
“These are for you,” he said, emptying
his cupped-together hands full of the cranes
into mine. The sides of his palms were
warm, almost hot.
And then he got up, paid his bill
at the cash register, and walked out the door.

I haven’t seen him since.
But now and then, I hear from him
in a strange way: through those cranes he gave me.
Holding one of them in my hand and
looking closely at it, I see a little string of words
in its newsprint feathers
and suddenly they speak to me in his voice,
simple truths and directions, like
“flowers grow wild,” “go everywhere.”

Liquid Time

Loralee Donath
USA

I hear time
In still soundlessness of night
Sliding toward the horizon
Blue black waves of time
Returning to infinity
From seconds that splash on the shore
Of a life
Rolling away from aged children
Who grasp after it
Which takes part of them and
All that it touches
So silent, so smooth, and skulking
Through and over all the span of space.

Hear it in a click clock
Tick tock
Tick—
When a rooster wakens morning,
So perhaps time marches after all?

But I hear it better in the all-embracing
Quiet of black night
And the waves that carry youth and memories
In sand and seaweed
Unobtrusively toward the horizon
Needing no mechanics
Since it washes out the tock
And cannot stop—
But lulls the worn-out world to sleep
With a gentle splash of moments
At our feet.
On a calm, deep night, a scared Brian works out alone in the gloomy little gymnasium. He moved into this apartment building just a few days ago; he is practically a stranger here. But he loves his new place because of this weight room. In fact, that's the main reason he chose this apartment building. He has been working out four or five times per week since 1995.

Brian feels a sense of danger because he has heard so much about violence, guns, etc., in the U.S., and right now someone is trying to get into the gymnasium, pushing the code number below the door handle. Brian looks up and sees someone's face through the window. He is alarmed: outside is a big black guy with a rough, abundant beard.

Brian has a stereotype about black people that he has picked up from watching Hollywood movies, in which African Americans usually play gangsters and criminals.

Once the door is unlocked, the hefty black guy comes into the weight room and changes clothes to exercise.

"Hum... H-Hi..." Brian says hesitantly.

"Oh, man, how are ya?!" the guy responds cheerfully. "Do you usually come here at this time?"

Brian's anxiety disappears after seeing his friendly attitude. He thinks, "This man is not bad."

As they work out, they talk a lot with each other, about everything from their hometowns to their occupations. The guy's name is Mike. He is from Chicago, Illinois. When Brian hears that Chicago is Mike's hometown, he realizes that they have something in common. He lived there awhile himself.

"Really? I lived there in 1997."

"What did you do there?"

"Studied," Brian says with a big smile.

As their dialogue continues, Brian finds out all kinds of things about Mike. He served in the Air Force for sixteen years, and now he is working for a computer company. During his military service, he lived in many countries and had lots of experiences in them, meeting people of various races, including people from Brian's home country, Korea.

"I don't care who you are or what you do. Whenever I meet people, it doesn't matter where they are from or which race they are. I just accept their culture and tradition, and I like to talk to new people and get to know their culture. I also love to have their food. I can't forget the Korean beef dish, Bulgogi, that I had when I was in Korea."

Surprised at hearing Mike bring up the name of that delicious Korean dish, Brian feels still more intimate with him. He sees that Mike doesn't have any stereotypes about people. Brian agrees with his way of thinking and comes to like him.

"The good is the good," Brian thinks. "We can't evaluate our own culture, tradition, and race as superior to others. What makes us different? There is no real answer to that question, other than some stereotypical one."

Brian and Mike get closer and closer as time goes by. After working out, Brian promises that he will invite Mike over for some Bulgogi someday, and they both shout out together, "Bulgogi!" No doubt they will become true friends with each other without any barriers.

Leaving the weight room, they look up at the full moon, so bright, just like their future together.
CS50a (left to right) — front: Maria Fernanda, Yaser, Martha, Maria, Rie
back: Dick, Nuri, Ilker, Chao, Yang-Kyun, Nobuo

CS10 (left to right) — front: Hender, Ko, Mahdum, Antonio
back: Margarita, Jirapa, Suzanne, Brenda, Seok-Eun
At the end of an international studies term, the two best students were chosen to make a trip to Senegal, a French-speaking African country. They would each be hosted by a Senegalese family and would present a report at the end of their stay. First of all, they would visit an island that featured an important forwarding agency built by Spanish slave traders. Then they would go on to explore several other regions of Senegal and do various other activities with their host families. In their report, the students were expected to present what they had learned, explain whether or not it was easy for them to integrate with their host families, make comparisons with their home country, and tell whether or not they would like to return to Senegal someday, explaining their impressions of the country.

When the two students and their teacher arrived at the airport of Dakar, the capital of Senegal, a heat wave took their breath away. It was so hot! The agency was located in the middle of the island. Slaves were shut up there in small jails without bathrooms to wait for the next slave ship, which would bring them to America. Because of Goree's geographical position, it was once an important economic center during the time of slave trading. Nowadays, Goree is a city, not too far from Dakar, where a lot of cross-bred people and nice beaches can be found. Visiting this historic island was the best way for Pam and Andrew to understand Senegalese culture. Besides the forwarding agency, they toured a museum on the island, where they found some impressive statues representing prehistoric women.

In the following days, Pam and Andrew toured Dakar, the big, attractive capital city, and other regions of the country. Millions of tourists visit Senegal each year to enjoy its beautiful beaches, to eat a delicious rice dish cooked with highly spiced chicken, or just to be among the Senegalese people. In Senegal, there is a special way to greet tourists called Teranga. Each tourist is treated like a member of the Senegalese family, not like a foreigner. It's common to see, for example, someone inviting a tourist to his home even if he doesn't know them.

There were striking differences between the two families that Pam and Andrew were living with. Pam had more opportunities to go various places than Andrew, who was sleeping with three other persons in the same room. Both of them mentioned these inequalities in their reports, saying that “after the tropical heat, the second thing you can’t miss in Senegal is the disparity in development.” Pam usually ate in luxurious restaurants, while
Senegal . . .

Andrew was sharing his clothes with members of his host family. Even though his host family was poor, however, they tried to provide him with fun experiences, taking him, for example, to a performance in which dancers wearing colorful traditional clothes danced to the exciting rhythms of traditional drummers. “Living in a Senegalese home has allowed us to better understand this pleasant country,” Andrew stated in his report. Senegal is rich in diversified cultures. There are more than ten distinct regions. The disparity between the capital and the other cities is obvious. The best French schools, the most beautiful houses, the biggest companies, the highest levels of society—all such important things can be found in the capital and nowhere else. No wonder the Senegalese government is trying to decentralize the economy.

When Pam and Andrew’s stay in Senegal came to an end, their host families were sad to see their new family members go. Both students concluded their reports with the affirmation that despite the hot weather it had been great to visit Senegal. Integrating among the Senegalese culture and people hadn’t been a problem for them, and if they got the chance it would be a pleasure to return someday.

As a matter of fact, Andrew returned to Senegal two years later and married one of the girls he had been living with during his first visit to the country!

Life, Oh Life . . .

Anna Rolandi Avagyan
Armenia

What is life? Have you ever tried to compare it to anything?
In his story “Get Found, Kid!” Robert Fulghum makes a very interesting comparison between life and the game of hide-and-seek.

“Hide-and-seek?” you may ask. “What are you talking about?”

Yes, Fulghum makes a perfect analogy between life and this popular childhood game. You can feel the nostalgic mood of the story in the way he talks about playing games with the other children in his neighborhood when he was small.

He tries to remember how long it has been since he played hide-and-seek . . . Thirty years maybe? Maybe more? No, he decides, he has played it all his life, but not always for fun.

He remembers one of the children who would hide so well that nobody could ever find him. After a while, they would give up and stop looking for him, abandoning him wherever he was. Later, he would show up, angry because they had quit looking for him. But the next time they played the game he would hide just as well. Fulghum reflects that that same child, as a grownup now, might still be hiding somewhere, playing some adult form of hide-and-seek. Perhaps he has terminal cancer and is hiding the fact from everyone, not wanting to bother even his family. Perhaps he still hides too well.

Fulghum concludes that he prefers to play sardines; in that game, you can hide together and you are not separated from life.

“Get Found, Kid!” makes you ask yourself which of the games you are playing in your life—sardines, or hide-and-seek. ☐
True Happiness

Fernando Ortiz
Colombia

Around the world, all kinds of people—whether old or young, rich or poor—strive to achieve happiness by getting things that they don’t yet have. How many times have we heard about a single guy that wants to get married to be happy and then some years later wants to get divorced to be happy. Still later, though regretting his first marriage, he wants to get married again, with another woman that he thinks will make him happy. Pursuing happiness in other people and in things outside ourselves, however, ultimately leads only to disillusionment. True happiness is within our

selves as we investigate, think, organize, plan, and carry out our life.

Happiness begins in our mind and in our heart when we have a real desire to be happy. This wish is the energy that motivates us to investigate where happiness actually is and how we can learn and practice it in our lives. God says that we must search for his wisdom to be happy, and that we must perform our everyday activities with love, respect, and responsibility.

Happiness is in our hands when we do things correctly and responsibly, respecting our fellow beings and ourselves. We can do things every day that help people be happy. We can present a friendly face, a pleasant greeting, a warm smile to everyone. Our daily challenge to be happy is to maintain good relationships with our spouse, our friends, our classmates, our bosses or customers, our teachers, and everyone else we come into contact with. We need to give them all something special to enable them to feel good. The challenge is to do everything with love.

We have happiness today, not tomorrow. If you want to be happy, do your daily activities with respect and love and you will see the difference. You will never want to change your life or others’ lives. □

CS40 (left to right) — front: Chi Deuk, Minako, Tatiana, Barbara, Pei-Yu, Asuka back: Takeshi, Victoria, Gabriela, Iratxe, Phoebe, Shintaro
A Dream of a Doll

Mi-Young Park
Korea

Kayo, a type of Korean popular song, has developed rapidly over the last ten years. There are many kinds of Kayo: rock, jazz, dance, ballad, and so on. Kayo producers try to make very good songs with enjoyable lyrics, rhythm, and melody. I especially like a Kayo song entitled “A Dream of a Doll,” sung by a group called Il-gi-ye-bo (Weather Casting). The lyrics go like this...

You always look off into the distance, though I am right here. If you turned your face a little, you could see me. At first it was good just to be with you, but now I am tired of the endless waiting.

chorus
A step behind you, I have always been there. Won’t you ever see me? If you saw me and made a gesture toward me, I would always love you.

I dream every day, dreams in which I talk with you... But you can’t feel my grief after those dreams.

(chorus)
People ask me, “Why do you look in only one place?” I don’t know why, facing only you, like a little doll.

(chorus)
I would always guard you.

This song is about a man that loves a woman who is always looking in other places and doesn’t know what he feels for her. He is forever waiting for her, like a little doll. His dream is that she will someday take notice of him and let him into her life. The lyrics can just as well be about a woman that loves a man.

“A Dream of a Doll” is on the third album by Il-gi-ye-bo. When it first came out, it became the top song. I think that most people have had an experience like the one expressed in these lyrics, so they can easily sympathize with the narrator. Many people like this song. Good songs remain in people’s minds, and this one still plays in my mind.

Especially now... I too used to like someone... Maybe I still do...
Behind the Scene
Laurence Duong
France

A little gray cat
is playing cheerfully
in a meadow.
A bird’s mellifluous song
suddenly turns into
a strident scream.
Behind the sweetness
of the breeze
and the beauty
of this landscape,
what’s happening?

EPI
Carlos Rodriguez
Venezuela

Every single day I wake up in the morning
Pals forever I’ve gotten there
Illuminated I’ll always be in Byrnes Building

What It Meant to Me
Abdullah Al-Kaabi
UAE

It was my whole life.
I cried when somebody
said something bad about it.
It was light when I couldn’t see.
It was air when I couldn’t breathe.
When I didn’t have it anymore,
I felt like I’d died.
If I still had it,
I wouldn’t let it go.
That’s what it was like.

Winter 2000
Margaret Perkins
USA

Ice-wrapped limbs, each protected and preserved by a clear, crystalline cocoon.

Limbs layered in sweaters and fleeces, wet with the imprint of snowballs, sleet,
and rain.

Limbs bent low to honor us as we honored them with shivering fascination at
naked bark and sawtooth leaves.

Fingers molded snow into statues with umbrellas and glasses, carrots and coal.

Legs steered plastic trays down Pickens Street.

Children peeled off wet clothes; mothers offered dry replacements.

Limbs ripped from Southern trunks by the weight of Northern weather,
their fresh, yellow wounds confounding our usual ways to the Horseshoe.

The suspension of life’s routines allowed for hot chocolate, The Red Violin, and
wonder at the symbiotic relationships we pass daily.
The Little Tiger and the Little Antelope

Salomon Ngu Nve
Equatorial Guinea

In a large jungle lived two big families that were enemies, the tiger family and the antelope family. Because in the past the tigers had constantly preyed on the antelopes, the antelopes had moved farther and farther away from their original place in the jungle.

One day, two nice babies—a little tiger and a little antelope—were born to the two families. As they were growing up, their families didn’t tell them about the past relationship between the two families.

In time, the two little animals were big enough to go off exploring on their own. Every day, they moved deeper and deeper into the jungle, looking around at everything. One day, after many adventures, the little tiger and the little antelope came across each other. They greeted each other happily and told each other everything about themselves. They became good friends and decided on a place to meet every day to play together.

As they had agreed, they began to meet each other at the fixed place. One day, their parents asked them why they had been coming home so late, and the two young animals explained everything to them. The little tiger’s parents couldn’t understand how their son could have discovered the antelopes again. They hadn’t eaten antelope for a long time, and this was their favorite food. They asked him to catch the little antelope and bring him home so that the tiger family could once again enjoy a taste of antelope. The little tiger hadn’t known that his new playmate was a good food for him and his family.

Meanwhile, when the little antelope’s parents found out that he had a tiger as a friend, they became angry and forbade him to meet the little tiger again, explaining to him their family’s terrifying history with the tigers.

In the morning, the little tiger went to the usual meeting place to wait for his friend, this time to kill him. But the little antelope was nowhere to be found. The little tiger was disappointed.

Early the next morning, the little tiger again went to the meeting place to look for his friend. This time, the little antelope went, too, but he was afraid to get too close. He just stood nearby, watching his friend. He wanted to say good-bye to him.

When the little tiger finally spotted the little antelope, he called out to him. “Hey! What are you doing over there? Come here! Come play with me!”

But the little antelope didn’t want to go there anymore.

When the little tiger realized that the little antelope must have been informed about their families’ history, he immediately decided to chase him to catch and kill him.

But the little antelope got away and the little tiger never saw him again. □
Riddles

Abdulla Al-Dosari, Qatar;
Abdulaziz Badlab, Saudia Arabia; Daniel de la Pena, Spain; Cassiano Falangola, Brazil; Ibanez Fernando, Colombia; Koji Kanda, Japan; Hyun Woo Kim, Korea; Bonhong Koo, Korea; Leonardo Magnoni, Argentina; Hossam Ragaban, Saudia Arabia; Hwa Soo Son, Korea; Wan Tzu Wu, Taiwan; and students in Tim Bunchman's class, sponsored by Communities in Schools, at the Department of Juvenile Justice, Broad River Road, Columbia, South Carolina

5
I'm on your head.
I may be straight for a while,
and in time I might recede.
I'm where the trail may lead.
What am I?

6
I'm hot, red and yellow,
and I have a face.
The more you feed me,
the bigger I grow.
But I'm not living.
What am I?

7
I'm a room with no doors,
windows, or ceilings.
I have a top and a bottom,
but you can't sit inside me.
I'm living.
What am I?

8
I never stop working.
Everyone has one.
I beat all day, all night.
When I stop beating,
you may lose your life.
What am I?

Answers
1 - a mushroom
2 - a bar of soap
3 - a garage
4 - a bar of soap
5 - a baseball
6 - a necklace
7 - a bracelet
8 - a heart

DEAR PAT

Got a problem?
Don't worry!
Pat's got the solution for you!

Dear Pat,
I have a very serious problem.
I look like a woman, but in fact I am a man. What shall I do?
Half and Half

Dear Half and Half,
I think that you have to go to the doctor and get your sex changed. Who knows, maybe after that I can love you!
Pat

Dear Pat,
I can't cook very well and I don't have enough money to eat out every day. What can I do?
Hungry

Dear Hungry,
You'd better visit a friend's house at dinnertime (around 6 p.m.). And you should make a lot of friends.
Pat

Dear Pat,
I have a terrible problem. I forgot my left shoe today. Please, what can I do?
Son

Dear Son,
Take off your right shoe and walk without it, too.
Pat
Dear Pat...

Dear Pat,
I have a terrible problem. I'm not blond and I don't have long legs. Please, what can I do?
Short And Brunette

Dear Short And Brunette,
You should play basketball and change your hair color.
Pat

Dear Pat,
I have too much money. I am so rich that I can't spend it all. What should I do?
Millionaire Woman

Dear Millionaire,
You can give some of that money to me. You don't need so much money. It's not good for you.
Pat

Dear Pat,
I have a problem. I want to sleep every night, but I can't. What can I do?
Sleepy Classmate

Dear Sleepy,
Try going to the moon. There you can sleep as long as you want and no one will disturb you.
Pat

Dear Pat,
My problem is you. What can I do to kill you? Please help me.
S

Dear S,
What do you mean by "kil"? Please correct your spelling, and then maybe I'll be able to answer your question.
Pat

Dear Pat,
I have a problem. Can you tell me how to lose weight?
Fish

Dear Fish,
Stop eating American food.
Pat

Dear God,
I have a terrible problem. I'm never absent from school, but I can't understand English! Please, what can I do?
Confused student

Dear Confused,
Be absent from school a few days and sleep for 48 hours straight. Take it easy! I'm always with you!!!
Pat
(as God's spokesperson)

"ARE YOU PULLING MY LEG?"

Dear Superman,
I have a very serious problem. You have to help me! Maybe you can. I'm very handsome, intelligent, and hardworking, but I can't find an American girlfriend. What can I do?

Superman

Dear Superman,
I think your problem is a very simple one to solve because there are a lot of girls in the U.S. Go to Five Points when it's snowing.
Pat
A Refuge in México

Manuel Salazar
Mexico

How would you feel if someday you were dropped into a remote village far away from your beautiful, comfortable city?! Would you be willing to take a walk along streets that seem like lonely, overgrown paths, where the bright lights you see come incomparable to those of any other place in the state. Its huge old limestone mansions, built as palaces for the Spanish settlers who lived there when copper and silver mining flourished in the rich soil of the region, stand like guards at the foot of the mountains. The Spaniards’ mining in the mountains lasted for about two hundred and fifty years, and the mines continued to be operated until the 1980s.

Despite the closing of the old mines, life continues in Tepezál. Walking down the steep, stony streets during the daytime, you meet no more than ten people. In your solitude, you can admire the spacious backyards with their nopalites (a kind of fruit-bearing cactus), magueyes (another kind of cactus), and herds of goats and donkeys munching on bushes.

In Tepezál, the women start their daily housework long before the sun rises over the San Juan and Altamira mountains. Carrying clay pots of corn on their heads, they walk hurriedly in their brightly-colored dresses to the town mill. After their corn is ground, they take it back home to feed their large families. Once they finish cooking, they keep on with their housecleaning until everything is finally done.

The men involve themselves in farming activities, working day and night at harvest time and leisurely taking care of routine farming tasks during the rest of the year. Their smiling faces reflect the purity of the land and the calmness of their souls. Their only worries are to finish their work in the fields so that they can meet each other on the street corners to admire the sunset in the valley below them. As dusk deepens into nightfall and the stars begin to shine in the darkness of the clean sky, everybody thanks God for the day and goes to bed.

Now that you’ve experienced the relaxed feeling of this wonderful village, you’ll be eager to return to its tranquility someday, won’t you?
CS60UP (left to right) — front: Koji, Manuel, Yousef, Javier
middle: Dae Hun, Susan, Miyuki, Boubacar
back: Daniel, Dani, Myeong Ho, Sanghoon

CS20 (left to right) — front: Hythem, Jennifer, Jung Ho, Kuo-Yuan
back: Akira, Abdulla, Saleh, Jin-Ho, Jeng-Hoon
The Mission

Atsushi Suzuki
Japan

It was a rainy day, and nobody was walking along the street. In a few hours there would be lots of people out shopping, talking on cellular phones at a trot, etc., despite the rain. After all, this was one of the biggest cities in the country. But now it was 3:15 a.m., it was raining, and the city was asleep.

I had begun to plan it immediately after being commissioned to do it. It had to succeed. I had never failed since beginning my new business. The absolute illegality of it, though, made it like having a terrible dream during a silent night. I always threw up before doing it. Indeed, I wasn’t sure whether I was suited for the job or not. I was determined, however, to do it successfully, perfectly.

I was born and raised in a totalitarian country. When I was twenty-nine years old, my motherland disintegrated with the coming of democracy. As a statue of our once revered leader, the founder of our country, was toppled over by the people, I just stood there and watched, wondering what I was going to do next. I had been an agent in a clandestine organization working for the government, and now with the fall of the regime I had lost my job. I needed to look for a new job, but as I didn’t know how to become a common person, just another member of the public, I drifted into isolation.

One day, though, a man with a piercing look approached me and asked, “Can you come with me?”

I followed him without saying a word and my new business got underway.

Jane, my client in this case, was a woman who worked for an insurance firm. Somehow, she had enough money to pay for the job I was about to do for her, an unbelievably huge amount for a common person to have. But she had already deposited the money into my account. Jane was married and had two children, both sons. The older son was five years old and the younger two.

But that was not my concern.

Jane’s husband Ronald, who worked for a power company, was a forty-year-old alcoholic heroin addict, was exactly six feet tall, and weighed 175 pounds. By now, I knew all about his daily life. Ronald had wielded violence against his family for some time, and Jane hated everything about him. No doubt that explained why she had hired me. In any case, I was not interested in my client’s situation or emotions. I just did what I was paid to do.

It was still raining and the time was now 4:00 a.m. I finished my preparations for the job. I was used to handling any kind of gun. I had already decided what I was going to use for this job. It was time to go. Suddenly, though, the usual repulsive feeling came over me and I threw up, as always. After that, I was ready to accomplish my business.

My destination was nearby, only about two miles away. I got in my car and headed out. There was still nobody out on the streets. Minutes later, I arrived at his office. Ronald would be there—that was certain because I had already checked it out.

I broke into his office easily. As soon as I was inside, I found him asleep on a couch. I moved my right hand toward my holster, drew my gun, and took aim. But just then, some strange alarm went off.

When I finally realized that the sound was coming from my alarm clock, I cut it off. Hmm... it was a fine morning, 7:30 a.m. I felt so tired. What was that? Who was I? It was time to get up. Today I had to go see my doctor. I wasn’t feeling so well...
He had been looking for a woman to enter his mind and heart, but he hadn’t expected to meet her that day. But there she was. He felt very shy about talking to her, but he also felt as if somebody were telling him, “Go ahead, don’t worry.” For a moment, he stood there thinking about what he should say to this beautiful woman.

She stopped at the table next to his at the mall where he was sitting. She was looking for a pair of sunglasses. He commented on how nice a pair looked on her as she tried them on. She blushed and thanked him for his compliment, but she was so shy that she didn’t buy them.

“Are you beautiful?” he asked her, just to make her laugh. Then he asked her to take his number, but she just looked at him, smiled, and walked away.

Even though she had left him, he felt something coming from her and decided to follow her. He caught up with her, tapped her on the shoulder, and begged her to take his number.

“What do you want with me?” she asked.

“God sent you to me,” he said.

“Really?” she asked.

She took his number, and he asked her to telephone him the next day.

“Okay,” she said.

“I’ll be waiting for you, waiting for you and your call,” he said.

Then he offered to buy her something to drink. She politely refused, and they parted.

Though she had promised to call the next day, she was shy and afraid. Her heart had once been broken by a man, and now she found it hard to trust men. But she did have a special feeling about this man.

“Maybe God has brought the two of us together,” she said to herself.

Finally, she called him, trembling a little as she held the phone.

“Are you busy?” she asked timidly.

He was surprised to hear her voice. He had thought she probably wouldn’t call. He asked her a lot of questions during that phone conversation, like a guy who hasn’t seen his girlfriend for a long time.

“Are you busy tonight?” he asked her eventually.

“No,” she said.

“Then please meet me tonight,” he said.

She agreed to meet him, and he told her they could go wherever she wanted to go. They decided to go dancing at a Western club.

When they got to the club, she found her cousin there and began to dance with him. He became very jealous, standing there watching her dance, and made up his mind to dance continuously with her the rest of the evening, not sharing her with any other man.

When they stopped dancing and left the club, it was late. Inside the car, it was warm, and the windows were so fogged over that nobody could see inside. He touched her hand and pleaded with her to come home with him. She was surprised by this bold invitation.

“This was only their first date.

“Come to my house,” he said.

She thought that maybe he didn’t respect her. She didn’t know whether he had good or bad intentions.

As she wished, he dropped her off at her house.

She still wondered what kind of man he was, but she couldn’t sleep because she missed him. After a few days she called him and explained to him what had been going on in her mind as they sat in his car late that first night together.

“Come to my house for dinner,” he said.

This time, she accepted his invitation. He cooked a nice meal for her, and from then on they have spent almost all their time together. After dating for a while, their hearts became one. Now they are living happily ever after.
One fine day, Bada was heading for the State House with a big smile, because today he and Jinjoo, his girlfriend, were going to celebrate his birthday together.

"First of all," he said to himself, "we’ll have a great dinner, and then we’ll go to the movie theater. After that, we’ll have a nice time at a bar!"

Standing before the State House, he looked for a good place where he could sit.

"She’ll be able to see me easily if I sit there."

Walking toward the huge staircase of the State House, he took a cigarette out of his pocket and started to smoke.

"What style will she be wearing today?" he wondered. "What will her present be for me?"

Closing his eyes, he imagined what was going to happen.

Ten minutes after their appointment time, he stood up and began to walk around the building to see if she might be waiting at another spot on the State House grounds.

"She’s late. It’s weird. She’s never been late before . . ."

Thirty minutes later, he went back to his post on the stairs and smoked another cigarette.

"What’s happened to her? A traffic jam? No way! Today is Sunday!"

He was getting anxious.

Forty-five minutes later, he was counting the cigarette butts on the ground.

"If she doesn’t come in ten minutes, I’m going!"

He pulled out a last cigarette and flicked on his lighter.

Just as the sun was disappearing below the horizon and he was taking one last drag on his cigarette, Jinjoo showed up.

"I’m sorry for being late. You’re not angry, are you?"

"Do you know how many cigarettes I’ve smoked, sitting here waiting for you?"

"Bada, come on! Don’t be angry!"

"Don’t be angry?! Today is my birthday, as you know! Anyway, I don’t want to say anymore. I’m going to go!"

"Okay, Bada. If you want to go, you can. But first you have to take this." She handed him a sketchbook, his birthday present.
A True Love
Laura Mata
Mexico

Grace was looking at herself in the mirror. She saw a beautiful face with a splendid smile. She was used to being flattered. She had had lots of boyfriends and broken up with all of them for various reasons. She didn’t care about others’ feelings.

Grace and her mother had just moved into a big old rebuilt house. After she had unpacked, her mother asked her to go downstairs and set the table. They had dinner and washed the dishes.

Later in her room before she fell asleep, Grace saw an old picture on the wall. She hadn’t noticed it before when she was unpacking. She took it down and stared at a young man’s face. His eyes seemed to be alive. Grace was impressed. It was the very first time that she really wanted to meet someone.

“It just doesn’t make sense, but I wish I knew your name and all about you,” she said.

Suddenly, she heard a strange noise and a light appeared in a corner of her room, where a blurry figure began to take shape.

Suddenly, she heard a strange noise and a light appeared in a corner of her room, where a blurry figure began to take shape. Grace was speechless. “I must be dreaming,” she thought.

It was him—the boy in the picture!

“Who are you?” he asked.

“Grace,” she replied in a low voice. “Who are you? Where do you come from? Have you always been here?” inquired the surprised young woman.

“My name is Daniel. I used to live here, before I died. And for some reason, I’m here again. What have you done? How do you have the power to bring me back home?”

“I don’t know. I just wanted to meet you. Your eyes have told me more than words could say.”

They continued talking and getting to know each other. Their hearts became one. Their minds were similar although they belonged to different worlds.

Daniel’s words had touched Grace’s heart. She forgot her superficial lifestyle and came to know the real meaning of love. She only wanted to be by his side.

“Say that you’ll always stay here,” Grace pleaded, reaching toward Daniel. He extended his hand, too. Even though there was no physical touch, a sweet magical warmth invaded Grace’s body.

“I would like to say that, but I can’t,” replied Daniel. “I don’t know why but I have to go. This moment is the sweetest I’ve ever had.”

“Why do you have to go? What’s there beyond death?”

“A different world, with other needs and sensations. A world you can’t go into yet. I wish I were alive and could live only for you. Sometime in the future, we will be able to reunite. Don’t forget me, my dearest.”

These were the last words Daniel said. His figure slowly faded until he disappeared. A crying Grace was in despair. However, Daniel’s words were engraved in her heart.

The next day, Grace didn’t look at herself in the mirror. A special picture was on her bedside table. Now, she had a reason to change her life and a future date to prepare for. ☐
Unforgettable Recipes for a Happy Millennium

January 15th is a very important day for my gourmet friends and me. Every year on that day, we, the world’s most passionate gourmets, gather to participate in our annual gourmet convention. In a fancy hotel in one of our countries, we trade what we have learned during the past year, share ideas for new culinary creations, and make resolutions for the coming year.

This year was worth a special celebration, for it was the beginning of a new millennium. Our chief threw an exciting potluck party for us. Each of us and his or her cook were to prepare two dishes representing our country’s food. In a glorious hotel, we made thousands of dishes—roasted, fried, steamed, boiled, stir-fried, sautéed... you name it, and all kinds of cakes, desserts, beverages, and fruits. Can you imagine how grand and appetizing all those dishes looked and smelled? Pleasant music filled the lobby; colored balloons decorated the place; we all socialized and accepted compliments. At last, everything was ready. The tables were set, and the participants could wait no longer to enjoy the food.

There was just one problem—a glaring, disturbing one for a group of hungry gourmets: two of the platters on one of the food tables were empty, as if one of the cooks had forgotten to prepare his meal. Everyone began to gossip about the negligent cook, discussing how ridiculous and rude it was of him not to do his part.

The chief tried to moderate the gossip with a little humor. “What’s this?” he asked, pointing at the empty platters. “Do we have a Y2K problem here?”

The guilty cook looked embarrassed but also a little proud. “Well...” he began to explain.

All eyes turned toward this weird person. Everyone wanted to hear what he had to say for himself.

“Think of it this way: those two empty platters are the sign of a perfectly successful party. I mean, the reason these two platters are empty is that the dishes they held were out of this world. I’m not trying to toot my own horn, but... trust me... You know, even though I’ve cooked those dishes almost every day for the past three months, I still can’t help eating them up myself right after I cook them. You’ll just have to take my word for it—they were simply delicious!”

“What on earth did you cook?”

“Would you please cook those dishes again?”

“Are you trying to boast?”

“How about showing us the recipes?”

“Oh, sure, why not?” he said, immediately passing out copies of his recipes for Three Cups Chicken and Tofu with Hot Meat Sauce, a couple of Chinese dishes.

Putting our appetites on hold for the moment, we all eagerly read the recipes...

Three Cups Chicken

Ingredients
1 1/2 pounds chicken (chicken legs are best, cut through the bones into 1 1/2-inch pieces)
1/4 cup cooking wine
1/4 cup soy sauce
1 tablespoon sugar
10 leaves fresh basil

Preparation
Heat sesame oil in a medium saucepan over medium heat. Add ginger, garlic, and chili; cook 1 minute. Increase heat to high. Add chicken; stir-fry until meat turns white. Add wine, soy sauce, and sugar; bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium low, cover, and simmer 20 to 30 minutes or until sauce is reduced. Stir in basil leaves.
Unforgettable . . .

"The three main ingredients—the sesame oil, cooking wine, and soy sauce—are put in three cups," the cook explained, "and that's why the dish is called Three Cups Chicken."

Tofu with Hot Meat Sauce

Ingredients
1 tablespoon cooking oil
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 slice ginger, minced
4 ounces ground pork
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons hot bean paste
1/4 cup water
1 package tofu, cut into 1-inch cubes
1 stalk scallion, chopped

Preparation
Heat 1 tablespoon cooking oil in a medium saucepan over medium high heat. Add garlic and ginger; stir-fry until fragrant. Stir in ground pork; stir-fry until cooked through. Stir in soy sauce, hot bean paste, water, and tofu, blending well; cook 1 minute. Sprinkle with chopped scallions.

By popular demand, the Chinese cook immediately prepared a fresh batch of these two scrumptious dishes, and after having a taste of them everyone seemed unable to refrain from having more. We all admired the incredible cook's specialties, surrounding him like a superstar.

Thanks especially to the Three Cups Chicken and the Tofu with Hot Meat Sauce, it was the most marvelous party I have ever attended. It was really an unforgettable gourmet millennium party. ☠

CS50b (left to right) — front: Brian, Rino, Glen, Hisataka middle: Yuko, Mi-Sun, Joshua, Nina, Daniel back: Luana, Sachin, Alfredo, Salomon
I loved the view from the picture window of our apartment. I’d always wanted to live close to the sea. After a busy, stressful day at work, I liked to sit down, relax, and admire nature. Absolutely, living in that beautiful place provided me with a great opportunity to escape from the heavy traffic, pollution, and crowds of Caracas.

My family and I lived very happily in our apartment, located on the second floor of a big building. Every weekend, we went to the beaches located just a few minutes away. My wife and I thought that we’d chosen the perfect place for raising our two daughters.

Unfortunately, though, our life changed completely one day. I remember that day like a nightmare.

“Daddy, I want to play on the computer, please!”

“I’m still working, Sweety. Go play with your little sister.”

“She’s playing with Grandma.”

“Okay. Well, it’s bedtime, anyway, so you should try to sleep now, and then tomorrow you can play on the computer.”

“Can you tell me a story?”

“Okay, Honey, I’ll be finished in a few minutes, and then I’ll tell you a story.”

Christmas Day was approaching. My mother had come from Colombia to share the holidays with us. She was excited to see her grandchildren. I knew that she’d been counting the days.

“Do you think we’ll have good weather tomorrow?” she asked me, watching the rain through the window as she held my younger daughter in her arms.

“I don’t know. I hope it’ll at least stop raining by tomorrow.”

It’d been raining all day long. It was a freak thing because the dry period was supposed to have already begun in December.

“In the past,” she said, “the rains stopped in November, but these days it seems that the weather is changing.”

“Yes, Mom, something strange is happening with the weather. Maybe it has something to do with the La Niña phenomenon.”

“Ah, maybe . . .”

Suddenly, we heard a strange noise, like the sound of thunder, and it was rapidly getting louder and louder.

“What’s that??” my wife asked, scared. Before anyone could even attempt to answer her question, a flood of water carrying tree trunks and branches, rocks, and other debris rushed into our home. I couldn’t believe what was happening. Everything was so confusing. All I could hear now was the crashing roar of the flood sweeping everything away and the screams of terrified people.

In a fraction of a second, I lost sight of my family. Struggling in the current, I caught hold of something that I thought was a tree trunk but that turned out to be a column of a building.

Because of it, I was able to save my life, but I didn’t know what had happened to my daughters—just five and three years old—my mother, and my wife. They’d disappeared before my eyes, and now there was nothing I could do to help them.

The flood swept away everything in my neighborhood and in many other places in the city, leaving just death and destruction in its wake.

After three desperate days of searching for news of my family on every single list of survivors and going around to every hospital and refuge, I finally found my younger daughter lying in a bed at the Hospital for Children.

I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. I’d lost faith that I’d find even one other member of my family alive.

My eyes blurring with tears, I ran over to her as a doctor was checking her injuries.

“Do you know who found her??” I asked the doctor, taking hold of my daughter’s precious little hands.

“She was found by a group of people looking for their belongings in a place affected by the flood.”

“How, where??”

“They were walking in the area when suddenly they heard a child’s voice coming from under some debris on top of the mud. When they removed the debris, they found this little girl buried up to her neck in the mud. She was singing the national anthem. They rescued her, and now she’s recovering from the surgery that was required to rebuild part of her body. She’s healing nicely.”

Being reunited with my little daughter has been a great blessing in my life. I just thank God that she was saved. It was a miracle. She was found more than half a mile away from our home, thirty hours after the flood occurred. Now I feel I have a reason to keep living. ☀
CS30 (left to right) — front: Halis, Pedro, Frixos, Mohamed
middle: Enna, Bronia, Yuka, Eliana, Lei, Hyun-Jung
back: Hun, Jin-Hoon, Jun, Khalid

CS50c (left to right) — front: Othman, Judy, Emi, Amna
back: Kathy, Alassane, Seong-Min, Anna, Sejin, Luciano
There was a lot of beautiful snow where I grew up, in Utanobori, a small village in Hokkaido surrounded by nature.

My parents ran a farm and kept sixty cows. They got up at four o'clock every morning to milk the cows. Every morning, 365 days a year! They had no holidays, no vacations. Sometimes, they needed help, so my five older brothers and two younger brothers and I also had to get up at four a.m. to pitch in.

One winter day, I didn’t want to get up early in the morning, especially because it wasn’t my turn to help with the cows that day, it was snowing a lot, and it was dark. Besides, I hadn’t slept well that night. It was too cold to sleep and sometimes the snow slipped in through the cracks around the door. When I woke up and looked over at my brothers, their heads were covered with snow. I couldn’t believe it. How could they sleep? I had seven brothers, and unlike me they could easily get up and get on their way every day. I didn’t know why I was different. Finally, though, I got out of bed that ice-cold morning, changed my clothes, and followed one of my older brothers to the cow shed, even though I wasn’t supposed to have to go there that morning.

How could everybody sleep last night?” I asked him. “It was too cold.”

“How long have you been living here, little boy?” was my brother’s answer. After working with the cows, I sometimes saw “diamond dust” in the sunrise. My breath turned into white puffs in the air, and my hands and legs were almost frozen with the cold, but I felt so lucky to experience the beauty of nature that I kept standing there for a long time enjoying the sunrise.

When I went back to the house, milk fresh from the cow was waiting for me every day. We always boiled it first, so it was hot when we drank it. Hot, a little sweet, and so delicious.

Before I went to school, my father came home from the cow shed and shoveled snow off the roof and off the road. If he hadn’t cleared the road, we couldn’t have gone anywhere.

Getting to school and back home from there—on foot—was also hard. When I was an elementary school student, my brothers and I always tried to get to school on time, but we often couldn’t arrive at all because there was so much snow; all we could do then was to trudge back home. When we managed to make it to school, it took us about two hours to get there. Sometimes we lost our way, and then it would take us as much as four hours or more.

After school, we went home as soon as possible because after dark we might lose our way. Then I usually played at home with my brothers. I was always wanting to play with my neighbors, but that was impossible; it would have taken me an hour to walk to the neighbors’ on our right and I would have had to cross a mountain to get to the neighbors’ on our left.

It was so hard to live in that land of snow. The snow didn’t thaw until April in my village. Every spring, we waited impatiently for the snow to melt. But except for the wintertime it was very comfortable there.

Nature still spreads out beautifully there. I would love to visit my village right now and have a hot cup of fresh milk.
Love Doesn’t Ask Why
Van Tran
Vietnam

Sitting there at a small table with a white tablecloth, two candles, and a red rose in a vase. They were delighted to see each other in person, and as they talked and ate they almost forgot the time. It was midnight. Time for them to say good night already.

"I'll call you, and I hope to see you soon," Nguyen said.

The smile on Vy's face was her response. Even though she had just met him, she couldn't resist thinking about him every second.

Unfortunately, life can be very hard. After being together for four years, they were about to be separated. Vy had to leave her country to study in the U.S.

"I'll come back to you as soon as I finish my studies," she said quietly.

Month after month, their love continued and deepened. Even though they were living so far away from each other, nothing could change the way they loved each other.

A year had passed when Vy's sister called out, "Vy wake up! Mom is on the phone and wants to talk with you."

Vy slipped out of bed and took the telephone. "Yes, Mom, how are you?" she said sleepily.

"I'm doing fine, but I have some bad news for you." Her mom's voice sounded serious. "Nguyen died from a motorcycle accident at 1:35 p.m. today."

What her mom had just said jarred Vy awake. She was stunned. "Mom, what did you say?! I couldn't hear you very well!" Suddenly, something came from her eyes and she was looking through tears.

"Nguyen died," her mom replied, "and that's the truth. There's nothing you can change or do about it. Before he died, he wanted you to know that he would be leaving you for just a short time, that his love for you would live forever."

Vy wanted to cry, to say something, yet the words wouldn't come out.

Even though he has left her and he will never come back, she still loves him and thinks about him every single day. It takes the ringing of the telephone to bring her back to her real life.
A Letter From Someone
—a story that could happen to you—

Katsuhisa Albiki
Japan

It was a warm, shining spring day, and new life was coming into being. Everyone was happy to have a new life beginning—everyone, that is, but him. He didn’t like his new classes; none of his friends were in them.

On his way home with his best friend, he saw the postman putting a lot of mail into the mailbox in front of his house. He rushed over to the box to see if there was any mail for him. Five letters were inside. One was for his father from the bank, and the others were the usual junk mail.

But wait—there was one more letter in there, a blue-colored one. He pulled it out and checked the name on it. It was his name!—and only his name; there was no return address on the envelope. He was so happy to get a letter. He hadn’t received one for a year.

He opened it up immediately and found a single sheet of paper inside with nothing but the words “Who are you?” written on it. What?! Was one of his friends playing a joke on him? He was really disappointed to get a letter like that, even angry about it.

He went inside his house and called out, “Mom, I’m home!” But nobody was home. Maybe his mother was out shopping. He went directly to the kitchen and found some cookies waiting for him. He was delighted to find such a treat. It was like discovering gold. He went to his room with the gold and thought about his blue letter.

“Who am I?”—he’d never thought about that, and he never would have if he hadn’t received this strange letter.

“That has to be the hardest question of all to answer,” he thought, unable to reach a final answer. “If my mom and dad hadn’t gotten married, would I still be here?” he pondered further. “If I hadn’t been born precisely on my birthday—if I’d been born even one day later—would that person be me?”

It was really hard for a ten-year-old elementary school boy to grapple with such deep philosophical questions, but he began to feel the power of God surging through him, and pride in himself. He was the only one in this entire world who was exactly as he was, he realized. No one, nothing else was the same as he was. It felt like a miracle, knowing that he was the only one who’d decided that he’d be born into this world. He began to cry. He didn’t know why, but he couldn’t stop.

Suddenly, he heard his mother’s voice. He rushed downstairs and blurted out, “Thank you, Mom!”—to the amazement of his mother, who couldn’t understand what he was thanking her for. □
Personal Messages

Dad,
The best thing about being your daughter is the feeling of being protected, safe, and completely happy.
I love you.
Elizabeth
Personal Messages
Personal Messages
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 EPI.”

Signature of person responsible for providing money for the student

Date

Name of bank

Address of bank

Official bank seal

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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?