A Wedding in America
Miwa Daishaku
Japan

On the 26th of May, I went to my friend’s wedding here in Columbia. When I had gotten the invitation, I was so excited. I had never gone to an American wedding before. From attending my friend’s wedding, I found that a wedding here is different from one in Japan. It was my first precious experience here in the U.S. Through it, I was able to come in touch with American culture.

When I arrived in Columbia at the end of March, my friend and her fiancé had already started to prepare for the event. Before the wedding, I was invited to the bridal shower, a girls-only party. There were several generations of people—the bride’s relatives and friends—at the party. Invited guests brought gifts to the bride, and we enjoyed a special lunch together. Although I couldn’t speak English well, I enjoyed the party. At the end, the bride showed the presents to everybody.

One day some time after the shower, I stopped by my friends’ house. As we were eating pizza, they suddenly asked me, “Do you want to be a bridesmaid?” I was amazed. A piece of pizza stuck in my throat! But of course I accepted their proposal without hesitating. In Japan, we don’t have bridesmaids or groommates, so this opportunity was very, very happy news for me. I got a special dress for the wedding and eagerly anticipated the event.

On the day of the wedding ceremony, I took part in the wedding as one of the bridesmaids. There were seven in all, including me, and seven groommates. It was a fantastic wedding ceremony. And the wedding reception was also wonderful. A jazz band came to the reception and gave a great performance. Invited guests were served a special dinner, and we danced to the music. I have never danced at a wedding in Japan. It was so exciting for me.

From this experience, I got to know an important part of American culture. I like the more formal style of the Japanese wedding ceremony, but I also like the American-style wedding.

Now I am engaged, and I want to get married here in America, too. I want my guests to take part in the ceremony, just as I participated in my friend’s wedding, because I know how delightful this privilege is. Now the special dress I wore that day is sleeping in its clothespress with my good memory.

Miwa Daishaku

Under the Blue
Zhen Wei
China

Under the blue, it is also blue; here sky and sea circulate.

Under the gold, it is gold too; there sunshine and sand mingle.

Under the beach umbrella, it is various colors, though we sing the same song.

Paradise and Us
Diana Fonseca Bolanos
Colombia

Two beautiful people walk on the beach. A great silence fills this wonderful place. Multicolored sea and blue sky merge at the horizon. Who owns this paradise?
A Special Day at EPI

Yazeed Al-Jelaify, Saudi Arabia; Bandar Al-Shamrani, Saudi Arabia; Hernan Carrion, Ecuador; Ta-Wei (David) Chao, Taiwan; Pei-Chun Chen, Taiwan; Elwys Garcia, Venezuela; Isabel Iberico, Peru; Geovanna Izurieta, Ecuador; Hwa-Kyoung (Esther) Kim, Korea; Chi-Chang (ivan) Kuo, Taiwan; Chun-Nan (Luke) Lai, Taiwan; Yoshifaka Ozaki, Japan; Jae-Yed Park, Korea; Myung-Hee Park, Korea; Fu-Yu Sun, Taiwan

On Tuesday, week two of the Fall I term, we EPI students had a special day. In the morning, we went to the Congaree Swamp National Monument, about a 30-minute bus ride from Columbia. There were a lot of students on the buses.

When we arrived at the swamp, a guide showed us a movie about the place. Then we took a walk through the swamp on a boardwalk. Our guide pointed out a number of things to us along the way—for example, various kinds of bugs, tall trees, and birds. He also made some loud sounds to call birds. Eventually, we came to a lake, where some of us saw some fish.

Soft drinks were waiting for us when we returned to the buses. After quenching our thirst, we got on the buses and rode back into town to Thailand Restaurant, near EPI on Assembly Street. There we ate Thai food, including chicken wings, rice, meatballs, salad, and fruit. Some of us thought the food was very spicy. Most of us were really hungry, so we ate fast.

After lunch, we got back on the buses and rode to the nearby South Carolina State Museum, where we met another guide, who introduced various parts of the museum to us. We saw strange machines, astronaut clothes, scientific inventions, and many other things. There were also objects to play with.

Some of us got bored because the guide talked so fast, but most of us thought the museum tour was exciting. We enjoyed being with our friends, and we learned some interesting things about South Carolina. The buses returned to Byrnes building at about 3:30 p.m. We were tired but happy. It had been a nice day.
It all began one summer Saturday afternoon when I came back home after an intensive week of work and study and found a small, circular-shaped package with an attached letter waiting for me. I opened the package immediately. Inside it was a little compact disk with a word in some foreign language I didn't recognize written on it. The letter gave instructions on how to access the contents of the CD, which, it stressed, were of utmost importance.

A lot of thoughts began to sprout in my head: What was on the disk? Who had sent it? Why had it been sent to my house and not to my office? Why was it so important? I was determined to figure out the answer to this mystery as soon as possible, not realizing that I was embarking on a great adventure that I could never have imagined.

Following the letter's instructions, I inserted the CD into my computer, and the face of a retired general appeared. The general explained that I had been chosen to carry out a secret operation: The message ended with a clear directive: “You must travel to your hometown, San Miguel (El Salvador), where you will find another package awaiting you.”

After pondering this strange situation for a few minutes, I decided to take a vacation from my job as a financial analyst in the national bank I worked for. Despite some problems getting free from my work and studies, I was soon on my way to my hometown, eager to see what I would find in the next package and to enjoy once again my mother's tasty dishes, the quietude of my father's farm, and some pleasant conversation with my three sisters.

When I arrived in San Miguel, I went directly to the post office, where the second package was supposed to be waiting for me. I gave the clerk my name and asked her if there was a package for me. She walked into a dark room to check and a moment later emerged with my package—a bigger, heavier one than the first. The clerk was very amicable. Her name was Elizabeth, the name of my grandmother, who had recently died.

Again, another compact disk, but this time accompanied by several microfilms labeled with the same kind of foreign writing that was on the CD in the first package. And again, the retired general appeared. He introduced the information I was about to see on the microfilms and emphasized its importance. Exhausted from my trip and all the emotions that had pumped out my adrenaline to the limit, I decided to save the microfilms for the following day.

The next morning, I viewed the microfilms on my computer. There, the retired general, named Jason, revealed his secret. A machine invented by NASA ten years before had transported him to Jesus' time, just one week before Jesus died. The crew of this dangerous mission had had the privilege of being the first time travelers.

Jason said that his first meeting with Jesus had been in the house of one of Jesus' friends, where Jesus came over to the amazed time traveler and said, “Jason, you come from another time, long after this one. I want you to take a very important message back to the people who live with you in that age. Tell them that even with all the material possessions they have, the most important, most useful things of all times are things they can't buy—for example, love, friendship, humility, and respect for all humankind. The only key to true fulfillment is to pursue all these great things. Tell them, too, that even if they gain material wealth they must not fall into pride and selfishness. These things build barriers—physical ones, like boundaries between countries, and ideological ones—and as such they are a source of wars between brothers and sisters. Only one race exists: humanity,
The Message . . .

and only one religion: love. And tell them they should not look for God in the heights of the sky but within themselves; in this way they can arrive at real peace and happiness in their time."

Having said these things, Jesus turned back to the other people there, leaving Jason with a great message to take back to his age. Jason reboarded the space capsule, traveled back to our time, and began to spread the message. After a few more trips in NASA’s time traveling machine, Jason died of cancer caused by the radiation emitted from the machine. Now the record of all his adventures is entrusted to me, and I keep these wondrous microfilms as my most precious treasure. And as long as I live, I will continue to propagate the wise message they contain.

My Dreams
Serguel Maximenko
Russia

Wind is not a dream
But a flow into your feelings.
My dreams are fantasies
Flying among stars
And looking at other worlds.
Everything turns into my dreams
Like serenity trying to convince
My heart that you are
The living source of magical water
That feeds my dry loneliness.
My dreams are as real
As flowers on snow.

One by One
Woo-Young Hong, Korea
Dick Holmes, USA

A field we ascend into
Shines, enfolds, turns gracefully
Neither I nor you
Stands alone in the stillness
We grow like
White boats drifting in
From the fog
One by one
They touch our dream
The heart slowly brings back
The real story

Dearest Friend
Miwa Dalshaku
Japan

You must want to ask me to go to the movies
But you have never asked willingly
You must want to sing a song for me
But you have never sung willingly
You always make me invite you
What a cunning fellow you are
But I can’t help inviting you
Because I love you

You listen to my complaint
Silently, with tears in your eyes
I sincerely want to say
“Thank you”

We were in the cafe
There was only one shortcake
You said
“I don’t want to eat now”
You must have wanted to eat
But you pretended not to want to

You are such a kind person
I love you so
You will always be in each beat of my heart . . .
American Views on the Death Penalty

Kerstin Eyrich
Germany

Shortly after the widely publicized execution of Timothy McVeigh, I overheard a student and a teacher discussing the death penalty in America.

"It's necessary," the student said.

"It makes us all killers," the teacher replied.

A difficult issue. Who's right, and who's wrong? To better understand my own views on the subject, I decided to ask some American citizens what they thought about the death penalty.

I asked each of my survey respondents four questions: 1) Are you for or against the death penalty? 2) Why? 3) Do you think an innocent person has ever been executed? 4) How fairly do you think the death sentence is given—to the poor versus the rich, to minority versus majority citizens?

Most of the people I interviewed seemed not to have seriously thought about the death penalty and weren't 100% sure where they stood on the issue. But most decided that they were probably in favor of it.

When I asked them why, a lot of my "victims" started sweating. "You're asking difficult questions!" was a typical first reaction—another strong hint that the death penalty is a "not-to-think-about" topic in this country. But finally the answer would come, usually something like "We need to have the death penalty because no one has the right to end another person's life."

Yes, I agree. No one has the right to kill another person. But does "no one" include the State?

When I asked people whether they thought an innocent person had ever been executed, most of them fumbled around in the dark. "A few" and "In recent years, no one" were typical responses. But being the well-prepared researcher that I am, I already knew the facts concerning innocent victims of the death penalty. In *In Spite of Innocence*, a study of the death penalty published in 1992, Hugo Bedau and Mike Radelet reported that they had found 416 wrongful convictions in "potentially capital cases" between 1900 and 1991, that the death sentence was given in 139 of those cases, and that at least 23 of those death sentences resulted in wrongful executions.

My respondents also seemed generally uninformed about statistics related to the fairness issue involved in the death penalty. Research reveals that black people who commit crimes against white people are 3.5 times more likely to get the death sentence than whites who commit crimes against blacks.

I informed my respondents of the facts and then asked them one last question: "Do you think such facts are reason enough to abolish the death penalty?" To this question I got a greater variety of answers. Some respondents unflinchingly held onto their pro-death-penalty view and answered with words to the effect, "No, even so, we need the death penalty." Others, though, were petrified by the shocking facts and replied, in so many words, "If those are the facts, I have to say yes, the death penalty should be abolished."

One respondent's answer especially impressed me because it included some ideas about how the death penalty—which, he thinks, is necessary—can be carried out more effectively. "I don't believe the death penalty should stop," he said. "Three things should happen to make it more effective, in my opinion. First, in any case where DNA
evidence can be used to determine innocence or guilt, it should be used immediately. Second, if there is absolutely no question of guilt—in other words, there is a confession and nobody challenging a guilty verdict—the death penalty should be carried out within two years of conviction, if not sooner. Third, if no new evidence can be gathered and all tests have been done, the appeals process should be greatly reduced and the penalty should be carried out immediately after three appeals."

From conducting this survey, I found that the death penalty is apparently a difficult, sticky issue for Americans—and for many people of other nationalities, too, as I learned from conversations with a number of EPI students. It is definitely an important issue to think about—really think about. No one should be for the death penalty just because it vaguely seems necessary. Is it really just the victims' families who want the death of the killer? Or is it you, and you, and you...?
Since I came to the USA and started studying at EPI four months ago, I’ve made many friends from various countries and learned a lot about their cultures, which are so different from Korean culture. Sometimes I’m surprised to discover some new aspect of a different culture, but such an experience is a really good and memorable one for me.

I’m also interested in finding out about good places to visit around the world, so I asked some of my friends here at EPI to tell me about some special places in their countries. Now, after gathering information from them, I really want to visit each of those places.

Sutathip (Fon) Thongsongsri, from Thailand, recommends Trang, in southern Thailand. Trang’s beautiful beaches, Fon says, are not as famous as Pattaya’s, but nowadays the Thai government is promoting Trang to foreigners more than Pattaya because Trang’s beaches are much cleaner than Pattaya’s and feature greater natural beauty. There, you can dive into the sea and snorkel in the heart of the sea. The color of the sand is white, and the color of the water is emerald green. The water is so clean and clear! One of the most spectacular attractions is Emerald Cave. You can swim into this cave, and inside it you can see amazing stalactites hanging from its beautifully colored limestone ceiling. When sunlight streams into the water in the cave, the water reflects the light, so you can see the ceiling’s beauty through the water. Oh, it sounds so impressive!

Yoshi Nakamura, from Japan, recommends Okinawa, one of the islands located in southern Japan. This place is Yoshi’s favorite, especially because it’s his mother’s hometown. Yoshi says that there is a black tide near Okinawa that makes a big circle in the Pacific ocean but that fortunately it doesn’t influence Okinawa. The sea around the island is very clear, and you can see so much coral there that it’s called the coral Sea. When Yoshi grows old, he wants to finish his life on this island. He says you must visit Okinawa at least once in your life.

Carlos Sanchez, from Venezuela, recommends Margarita Island, a famous place in northern Venezuela near Aruba. I’d heard about this island before. The climate there is very hot, good for a beach atmosphere. The temperature stays around 31 degrees every season. Margarita is famous for its white sand, clear water, and casinos. Prices are very cheap and taxes are low, so many foreigners live there. The island is also famous for the pearls that can be found there. The women on the island cook empanadas, a traditional Venezuelan beach food. And there are many seafood restaurants. Margarita Island is Carlos’ favorite place to eat seafood.
Great Places to Go ...

Paola Camacho, from Colombia, recommends San Andres, an island located in the Caribbean sea in northern Colombia. San Andres is such a small piece of land that it takes only three hours to travel around the whole island! The native residents speak Patua, a blend of English and Spanish reflecting the island’s history of English and Spanish colonialism. This peaceful island is surrounded by water of various beautiful colors depending on the depth of the sea. There, you can go scuba diving and sunbathe to relax. You can also learn how to dance reggae. San Andres is famous for reggae. Lots of people dance to the lively reggae rhythms on the beach. It’s also famous for a special cocktail called coco loco (“crazy coconut”), consisting of several kinds of alcohol mixed with coconut milk and served in a coconut shell. San Andres is a very popular destination for honeymooners and Colombian students on school excursions.

Talal Al-Shehhi, from UAE, recommends Wonder Land, a famous and very entertaining amusement park in his country. Located near the sea, Wonder Land is a water park featuring many kinds of water games. For $30 per day, you can do everything in the park. Because there are so many kinds of games, it takes a whole day to play all of them. There is also a huge, real-looking artificial volcano in the park. Wonder Land is the best park in the Middle East, Talal says. Another famous place in UAE is Arab Tower, one of the three biggest hotels in the world. Located on an island, it’s such an expensive hotel that only the very rich can afford to stay there. The cost is almost $10,000 per day! Just to see this hotel, you have to pay $60. In the basement of the hotel is a fantastic restaurant, the walls of which are made of glass and surrounded by the sea, so while you’re eating you can enjoy seeing fish and seaweed and many kinds of sea creatures swimming and floating around you. And it’s not an artificial aquarium, but the real ocean! How marvelous! I really want to visit Arab Tower. But it sounds so expensive!

Zhen Wei, from China, recommends the Terracotta Figures in the tomb of a Qin Dynasty (310-159 B.C.) emperor. This important historical site is called “the eighth wonder of the world.” The emperor's mausoleum is a magnificent palace built deep underground. More than 700,000 people were employed to construct it, and the work took 36 years to complete. The huge size of the mausoleum and its contents is staggering, and everything remains just as it was at the time it was built. If you go to this amazing place, located in Xi’an, you can learn many things about China. Known as the “City of Everlasting Peace,” Xi’an was one of the most important cradles of Chinese civilization. You should definitely not miss the Terracotta Figures on your journey through China.

For visitors to my country, South Korea, I recommend Kyoung-ju, famous for its great display of Korean culture and history. In Kyoung-ju, you can see various historical relics and visit many kinds of temples and Korean towers. In contrast to Seoul, the busy, noisy, complicated capital city, Kyoung-ju is such a calm, clean town. The air of Kyoung-ju is fresh, and the city is nestled in an area full of beautiful nature. Anybody who travels to Korea should make it a point to visit Kyoung-ju.

I hope that someday we all get a chance to visit one or more of these special places around the world. Happy travels! ☀️

sunrise
Welcome to the exciting world of Muay Thai, a martial art like no others and a proud heritage of a nation. Perhaps you have heard of this amazing style of hand and foot combat or even seen it on TV.

The history of Muay Thai is intertwined with the history of the Thai people. A gentle, peace-loving people, we Thais have had to defend ourselves and our land from some aggressive foreign powers for centuries. A great milestone in the history of Muay Thai was the triumph of Nai Khanom Tom over ten Burmese boxers. Taken captive after the Thai capital fell, he was chosen to fight before the Burmese king. After defeating ten of the Burmese boxers in a row, he was freed and he returned home a hero.

In the old days, Muay Thai was a dangerous sport, with no safety gear of any kind for the fighters, and only cords to wrap around the fists as gloves. Muay Thai is fought in five three-minute rounds with a two-minute break in between. The fight is preceded by a wai khru dance, in which each contestant pays homage to his teachers. He bows slowly three times, gracefully brings his gloved hands up—palms together—and touches his forehead, and slowly brings them back down to touch his heart. Then, praying, he rotates his arms in a circular manner, bends his knees, and stands up sharply in time with the rhythmic music. Besides its symbolic meaning, this dance is also a good warm-up exercise before fighting. Each boxer wears a headband and arm bands. The headband, called mongkhol, is believed to give luck to the wearer. It is removed after the wai khru dance, and only by the boxer’s trainer. The arm bands are believed to bring him strength and protection during his fight. They are removed only when the fight has ended. A match is decided by a knockout or by points. Three judges decide which boxer has carried the most rounds and won the fight.

Muay Thai, along with boxing is also very popular, and the country has produced dozens of world champions, but they all started out as Muay Thai fighters. It’s not surprising that a Thai boy as young as seven or eight would start training to become a boxer.

Ocean Song
Dick Holmes
USA

I lay my head on an ocean pillow
and hear some fish singing.

"The cottony clouds, the towering clouds—"
they sing, "what are they?
We hear of them, but we can’t see them."

I look up and there they are,
the cottony, towering clouds,
ever-moving, quiet, and free.

"They’re the sounds of fish singing,"
I sing to the musing fish,
ever-moving, quiet, and free.
The Gold Museum
Paola Camacho
Colombia

variety of forms, including the human figure; animal species native to Colombia, with its great diversity of fauna; plant species; geometric forms, such as straight lines, circles, squares, triangles, and spirals; and the combination of all these. The Museum has organized its displays in two groups: ornaments for the body, such as masks, bracelets, necklaces, and earrings; and objects used in daily life, such as jars, cups, and vases.

Pre-Columbian goldsmiths conceived and made a “universe” that integrates such opposites as the natural and the non-natural, the human and the animal, soul and body, nature and culture, and gold and copper. Their spectacular art work teaches us a great deal about the social, economic, and political structure of Colombia’s ancestors.

The Gold Museum features over 33,000 gold artifacts and 11,000 ceramic objects. Many of the gold artifacts were used to decorate tombs because the pre-Hispanics believed that after death there was a better life in which they would need to offer gold. The Museum has found some tombs with gold-adorned skeletons and daily-life objects made of gold and ceramic surrounding the skeletons.

The shapes of pre-Columbian artifacts were inspired by a...
One day, when almost all the cherry blossoms had fallen, I was waiting for him at the train station with my mind made up. I was recalling what had happened to me the week before.

He had spoken to me of his recent decision. "I want to go to America and be a graduate student," he said.

I listened attentively to him as usual. He was one of my close friends. Whenever I had any problems, I talked with him. He also talked with me about everything, not only good things but also hard things. We’d been best friends since I was a first-year high school student.

When I heard this news of his, some unusual, strong emotions surged up within me. "What is this feeling?" I asked myself. "Going to America to study is a good thing for him! So it must be good news for me, too." I tried to be delighted. Actually, I was so glad for him, but, on the other hand, I felt some empty emotions that weren’t yet clear to me at the time. "He’s my best friend. He’s going to America. In other words, he won’t be here. If I have some trouble, I won’t be able to talk with him..." I repeated these words in my mind again and again. And I thought, "Now what should I do? What do I want to do?"

Suddenly, there at the train station, he turned up in front of me. "Hi, how are you?!" he said to me as usual, taking a seat beside me.

I was not as usual. My heart was starting to beat fast. I tried to calm down. And then I started to speak straight from my heart. "I’ve always depended on you. After you’ve gone to America, can I still depend on you?"

Motionless, he just looked at me.

"Now," I continued, "you’re not only my best friend, but also..." At last, I’d thrown a straight fast ball to his heart!

He sat there thinking for a while.

I wasn’t able to say anything more.

Finally, he slowly started to talk, "Thank you... but I can’t be responsible for you, because I won’t be in Japan."

Certainly, that was the fact. Of course, I knew that. I thought again about what I wanted to tell him. "I know. I don’t need any responsibility from you. I just want to confess my mind."

Eventually, the cherry blossoms in my life came into full bloom again. That moment of openness with my friend became the greatest turning point in my life. We maintained a long-distance relationship for two years. Now he’s my fiancé as well as my best friend. If I hadn’t paid attention to my feelings and had the courage to confess, I wouldn’t be here in America today.

Look around you! If you notice some changes in your mind about one of your close friends, it might be time for you to change your life. Mr. Right or Ms. Right might be right beside you! Your cherry blossoms, too, can come into fullness forever.

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The Necessity of Believing in Yourself

Woo-Young Hong
Korea

There are days when you are drowning in darkness, but you have to be everlasting like the sun, because you are stronger than anything in the world.
Love Letter
Taehee Kim
Korea

Love Letter is a great movie that reveals the beauty and power of personal memories.

Sachiko, still missing her boyfriend, who died on a mountain two years ago, looks through his graduation album and finds what she thinks is his old address but is actually the address of another friend of Itsuki's, a woman who is also named Itsuki. Even though she knows that Itsuki is dead, she nostalgically sends a letter to him at the address. The woman Itsuki receives the letter and replies, informing Sachiko that she isn’t the Itsuki whom Sachiko was addressing in her letter but that she too knew Itsuki. Sachiko writes back and asks Itsuki to share her memories of the man Itsuki, and she complies with Sachiko’s request. I like this movie not only for its interesting plot but also for its beautiful scenes. The director presents every scene beautifully and delicately.

I especially like the scenes of recollection about Itsuki. Each of these scenes depicts the Japanese school culture of the 1980s. For example, in the bike parking lot, girls wait for their favorite boys to confess their love or give them a love letter. It is interesting to see the difference between that time and now. These days, the boy Itsuki would express his interest in the girl Itsuki by asking her to go out, but at that time he is too shy to confess his feelings to her directly and honestly. Instead, he covers her head with a paper bag when she is riding her bike.

She also has good feelings about him. At the library, she happens to see him, leaning against the wall by a window and reading a book in the dazzling sunshine. Although the director doesn’t directly tell us how she feels about him at that moment, the scene is slowly and gorgeously filtered through her memory, so we can infer that she is attracted to him.

My most favorite scene is the one in which she finds her portrait, which he drew on the lending card in a book he asked her to return for him at the end of middle school, just before he left town to move to another city. This portrait has an important meaning to her. Before finding the portrait, though she thinks he might have liked her, her memories of him amount to just a recollection for his girlfriend and he was just a classmate to her. However, seeing her portrait on the card, she becomes convinced that he liked her very much and that she was a meaningful person to him even during the time she wasn’t aware of that at all. This revelation is so touching. Now her memories of him become precious and very pleasing to her.

Besides these, there are many other interesting and beautiful scenes in Love Letter. If you think about what the director is portraying, I am sure that watching this movie will be a fascinating and touching experience for you.

Taehee Kim (right) & friends

Ode to Tears
Sin-Duck Eom
Korea

Your magnificent urge is a perfect match for my heart, and together we’ll return to freedom, like vapor rising from a quiet lake at dawn.
The dense vegetation does not allow them to see more than a couple of meters ahead. Their clothes stick to their bodies in the intense humidity and heat. The scream of parrots, so loud that it makes their skin crawl, sounds out all around them. The sunlight glares through the leaves and hurts their eyes as it reaches them. Sometimes, that’s the last thing they see. They scan for snakes or other animals because a bite from one of them might be fatal. But dangerous animals are not all they watch out for. They pay attention to any movement nearby, like leaves suddenly moving; any strange sound, like a piece of wood cracking or the interruption of a bird’s singing; or even a different smell. When your used to the jungle, recognizing different smells is one of the things that can keep you alive.

The heavy pack he’s carrying makes him feel more tired than he should feel. The munitions are the heaviest thing in his bag; personal belongings occupy a small place; and the rest of the bag contains a first aid kit, vaccine shots, and a lot of precooked meals, each of which contains the necessary amount of energy to prepare for another day of scuffling through the jungle.

He’s the man in charge, and he carries an AK47 assault rifle full of bullets, his index finger attached to the trigger. His eyes dart around, looking carefully for any movement. Every step is precise. To make certain that nothing goes wrong, he takes his time. Occasionally, he raises his hand and waves it back and forth, and the rest of the platoon follow in his tracks.

For five weeks, they’ve been trudging through the jungle looking for the enemy. Lately, the same flashback has been playing over and over in his head. Two weeks ago, they had a close encounter with the enemy and fought courageously, their country in their minds and their families and friends in their hearts. Their bravery recalled that of ancient warriors, fighting without fear until meeting death. Even though the enemy outnumbered the platoon, they successfully resisted the unexpected attack. The bullets had come from nowhere, and in a flash the lieutenant barked out orders to his men—first they were to find refuge, and then they were to shoot back. Unfortunately, though, not all of them were able to find refuge. However, when most of the platoon was in position to fight back, the battle began. The more violent the attack became, the more furious the response. Finally, the enemy was compelled to retreat. But when the lieutenant and his men emerged from their shelters, they found the dead bodies of two of their comrades. Since that day, the remaining members of the platoon have been searching desperately for the group that attacked them, not only out of a sense of duty but also out of a desire for revenge.

As the soldiers continue their trek through the jungle, a distant sound suddenly triggers their trained survival instincts, but, listening carefully to the sound, they realize that it’s a friendly, familiar one: It’s the sound of laughter, of kids playing, of people chatting, of singing. What a beautiful sound! They walk on, and soon a village comes into sight. Just ahead lies the perfect society.

The natives concern themselves only with day-to-day life. They hunt only to eat, and they take advantage of everything that nature provides. The women take care of the children and do household chores. The children play and study how they can live in harmony with nature. The natives seem unconcerned about the sight of strangers approaching them, but when the soldiers reach the village the natives stop their activities. They stand up quietly and look attentively at these forlorn-looking men wearing so many clothes and carrying long, weirdly shaped
Is It Worth It? . . .

pieces of metal in their hands. The natives wonder why these men carry those big bags on their backs. Are they moving to some other place?

The children run quickly to hide behind their mothers, and some of the adult natives run to the chief’s house. Soon the chief comes walking toward the soldiers, who remain standing in protective posture. The lieutenant steps forward to meet the chief. The chief asks him why the visitors have come. But the sounds coming from the chief’s mouth are meaningless to the lieutenant. He was told about some tribes living in the jungle who had never seen “civilized” people, but he was sure he would never encounter such a tribe.

The two leaders try to communicate with each other using body language and any other kind of visual aid that might help them. In the end, they manage to understand each other well enough, and the chief invites the platoon to stay awhile and rest from their tiring journey.

The platoon sit among the natives sharing water, fruits, and a little happiness and compassion. Remembering the joy of sitting among their own families, the soldiers have to remind themselves of the reasons to keep fighting this war. But they realize that their families might rather share more time with them than sacrifice their presence to the cause they’re fighting for. They miss their life and all the feelings that they’ve been avoiding to survive. As they sit here in this primitive paradise, the same question begins to haunt each of the soldiers: Is it worth it?

Cultivating Relations with Elders in Korea

Beom-Sang (David) Kim, Korea

Throughout the world, various customary practices are followed to make and maintain relations among people. In some countries, people greet each other with kisses. Americans often shake hands when they meet. In Korea, we too have conventional ways to cultivate relations, especially between younger people and their elders.

Whenever we meet older adults, for instance, we bow to them. By bowing, younger people remind themselves and others of their position and the need for respect of elders. When two people close in age meet for the first time, not knowing which of them is older, they usually both bow to each other; then once they find out who is older, the younger of the two continues to bow to the older. And in observing people around us, we take care to notice who bows to whom. In this way, we can figure out our position as older or younger in relation to each of them.

Another important aspect in cultivating relations in Korea is the use of honorific forms to show respect. For example, if we meet people the same age as we are, we say “An nyoun” to them, but if we meet elders, we say “An nyoun ha se yo.” In this case, ha se yo is the honorific expression. Using honorific forms makes our relative positions clear. Younger people need to watch their language when speaking to their elders.

For two thousand years, Korea has been called “the most courteous country in eastern Asia.” Courtesy and respect are very important in our culture. If people ignore these traditional manners, they will be criticized by others. We consider bowing and using honorific expressions important in making relations harmonious.
Because of its population and economic activity, Cali is the third most important city of Colombia. Once you have lived in this great city or even just visited it, you feel a great attraction to it, and you always want to return. Cali is known as the salsa capital of the world; there you can see people dancing all the time. Discotheques are open every day, and in some places the music never stops. In Cali, you breathe rumba, kindness, happiness, and warmth. You can feel the excitement.

Ending every year in the city is the Festival of Cali, held from December 25th to the 30th. The first day of the festival, there is a horse riding event, and many people buy or rent a horse and ride around the city amid the music, dancing, and singing. This event is attended by the popular queens selected to reign over the festival’s proceedings.

The second and third days, various districts have parties, where several salsa orchestras participate, cheering up the people with their songs until sunrise. Sales are encouraged, especially of foods, drinks, and all kinds of souvenirs, because thousands of people visit the city at that time, filling the hotels.

On the 28th of December is the festival of orchestras, with the participation of almost twenty groups from various countries. Approximately 40,000 people enjoy this great event every year. Of course, the festivities go on until sunrise. That day, Cali is visited by such artists as Celia Cruz, Oscar de Leon, Aragon Orchestra, and others, including the best singers of various kinds of tropical music, such as salsa, merengue, and vallenato.

The next day, on December 29th, the local government organizes a huge bonfire. A lot of people gather there and throw pieces of papers with their goals and wishes written on them into the fire. This is an emotional event, and people give it a great deal of importance.

On the 30th of December, the last day of the festival, all the dancing places open very early and people continue dancing as they have been doing since the first day. But the party doesn’t end with the festival; the bullfighting continues until January 6th.

Bullfighting is another important event in ending and beginning the year, since it is an extension of the festival. Some people don’t agree with this spectacle, considering it so cruel to the bulls. However, those who enjoy bullfighting have a different point of view. They see it as a form of art, with the bullfighter as the artist, the bullring as the gallery, and the spectators as the art lovers.

The Festival of Cali is the principal party of the year, but in Cali there is a party going on all the time. Cali is a city so attractive and pleasant that people call it “Branch of Heaven.”

Blue Water’s Rest
Carolina Rodriguez
Venezuela

It stands alone in the darkness, but it feels better now. It has become quiet by calming down its waves. I know how it feels.
Marriage in the United Arab Emirates

A wedding is a special event. Every country in the world has its own special marriage customs and celebrates marriage differently. Some countries' marriage customs are based on their religions, beliefs, and traditions, and the United Arab Emirates (UAE) is one such country.

In UAE, we consider marriage a very important part of our life, so we highly respect it. Before he can get married, a man must be able to provide his wife with food, good shelter, and clothes. He has to think carefully about whom he wants to marry because she will be with him for the rest of his life. When a man decides to get married, he should first ask his parents to look for a good woman for him. Some people prefer to marry their relatives, while others don't. After the parents have found a good woman and the man agrees with his parents, he has a right to meet her. If he likes her and she likes him, the two families choose another day to meet together and talk about the marriage. On this day, they talk about the marriage, wedding party, and the Mahr (a gift from the groom to his bride, part of the marriage contract required for the legality of the marriage.) They also talk about everything else that needs discussion, for example whether the woman wants to work or not and whether she wants her own house rather than to live in the groom's house with his family. They talk about many things, even small matters, to avoid problems later. After that, the couple sit together and talk to get to know each other's habits, personality, and everything about each other. Then they choose the day for the ceremony.

Some people hold the wedding party in a hotel; others hold it in the bride's house or near the house in tents. Some people prefer to make the wedding party a two-day event, holding one party for men and another one for women. The groom has to pay for everything and prepare everything perfectly. He is responsible for the food, invitation cards, and wedding halls. Many people come to congratulate the groom and bride and their families. The groom brings traditional music, like Liwa and Alayala, and bands to sing and make the wedding great. Most people wear traditional clothes at a wedding. Some women wear traditional clothes, while others wear fashionable clothes. Wedding guests bring lots of gifts, like gold, diamonds, and roses. The wedding hall is crowded with people eating, talking, and greeting each other. Children are very happy to be able to get together and play. Little girls dance traditional dances. After the wedding party is over and the guests leave, the two families sit together and congratulate each other.

On this day, you hear birds singing and see the sun shining. Nobody forgets a wedding day. It is especially memorable for the bride and groom because it is such a special day in their lives.

Ode to the Deep

Yu-Man Cheng
Taiwan

Your magnificent bright blue eyes
are a perfect match
for my new blue raincoat,
and together we will run through the rain
like two jumping drops of water.
Time Out
Veronica Sanchez
Venezuela

I was an ordinary thirteen-year-old boy who had the good fortune to live in a beautiful, quiet town surrounded by big mountains. Wild animals and exotic vegetation abounded in the area, and the weather was almost always perfect.

My hometown was also recognized for some legendary ghost stories. One of the most chilling of these legends was about a big house called La Panchera, which had been lep empty for nearly a hundred years. The legend told of two little boys who had died of starvation in the house after their parents had abandoned them. The boys’ souls were said to be still prowling around inside the house.

One afternoon, I was taking a nap when the telephone rang. It was Constanza, my best friend, and she wanted to invite me to a big party at her house Saturday night. How exciting! But the day before the party, my parents received my report card, and when they saw my bad grade in mathematics they punished me by not allowing me to go to the party.

With or without my parents’ permission, though, I was determined to go to the party. Every Saturday, my parents would go to bed early, so I decided I’d escape after they went to bed.

The next day, I pretended to be tired, said good night to my parents, and went to my bedroom. I selected the clothes I was going to wear to the party and then waited until my parents were sound asleep.

The night was cold but clear, and I walked the eight blocks to Constanza’s house. The party was great, with all my friends there. The music was fantastic, and I danced late into the night.

Walking home after the party, I saw that the weather was changing and that a storm was coming. A lot of black clouds drifted over town, and then suddenly it began to rain. I ran to the porch of the nearest house to wait out the storm. After a few minutes of standing there watching the downpour, I realized that I was on the porch of La Panchera. Nevertheless, I felt confident that nothing would happen to me. I lay down on the porch and fell asleep for a couple of hours.

Suddenly, I was awakened by the sound of a baby crying. Panicking, I jumped up and ran home as fast as my legs would carry me. When I got back home, I was still so scared that all I could do was to pray.

At daybreak, the first thing I did was to confess to my parents what I’d done the night before and what had happened at La Panchera. After a moment of silence, they burst into laughter, to my great surprise. A few days before, they told me between laughs, La Panchera had been sold to a foreign couple, who had two little boys, and the family had just moved in.

I guess my parents considered the big fright I’d experienced to be punishment enough; they didn’t impose any more on me for sneaking out to go to the party. ☐
Death Can’t Separate Them
Sitthiporn (Joe) Silphiphat
Thailand

Ghost stories are an interesting part of Thai culture that we Thais are introduced to at a very young age. Almost all Thai mothers occasionally use the threat of ghosts to quiet their children’s crying, which, mothers tell their children, might tempt ghosts to break their necks and eat their heads with chili sauce!

One ghost story reflecting various aspects of Thai history and culture is about a teenage girl named Naak, who was born in a small village in a rural area about one hundred and thirty years ago. She fell deeply in love with Maak, a poor, handsome young man she had grown up with. Despite their difference in social level, they eventually managed to get together. Shortly after they got married, though, Maak was called to military duty. As he marched off to his remote station, Naak was already about three-months pregnant. Now she had to live a lonely life and do all the household work by herself. She eagerly awaited her husband’s return. However, that day was never to come within her lifetime.

Five months after Maak left, Naak went into labor, and be- cause she was very weak from working so hard, she died with her baby still inside her body. So, unfortunately, she became a phi-tai-hong-thong-klor (“spirit with a round belly”). Even though she had died, she still waited day after day for her husband to return to her. Every night, her neighbors heard her singing a lullaby to her baby. Sometimes, when people walked by her house, she would appear before them and frighten them away.

Eventually, Maak came back home and resumed his life with his wife, not realizing that she was a ghost. Although people warned him that his wife was dead and that he was living with a ghost, he didn’t believe them.

One day, though, while Naak was preparing dinner and Maak was bathing, she accidentally dropped a lemon and it fell through the floorboards to the ground below (a traditional Thai house stands about two meters above the ground on stilts, and there are spaces between the floorboards); Naak lengthened her arm and picked the lemon up from the ground. Coming out of the bathroom at that moment, Maak saw this impossible feat and realized that his wife actually was a ghost. Immediately, he ran away from his house. She called out to him to come back, but he kept running.

Following that day, Naak began to frighten all her neighbors. She even killed some people who opposed her attempts to meet her husband. Fortunately, a powerful monk living nearby managed to get control of her and imprisoned her in a small bottle. He covered the bottle with a special cloth in order to keep the spirit from getting out and then threw the bottle into a deep river.

But the story wasn’t over yet. Two fishermen in the area found the bottle in their net and opened it, allowing Naak to escape. By then, Maak was living with another woman. When Naak saw them together, she got angry and tried to kill the woman.

Finally, after the powerful monk promised Naak that in her next life she would live again with Maak, she agreed to stop killing people. And then she was never seen again.

All Day Long
Feng Chun Sun
Taiwan

lonesome lover
comes goes

Haiku
Takahiro Nishi
Japan

standing under the eaves
nothing else to do
a sudden shower

lots of flowers
come out in the darkness
over Lake Murray
Before Venezuela became independent, it was a colony of Spain. At that time, the original Venezuelan people were treated like slaves without any rights. The Spanish colonists had all the economic, political, and social power. When they finished their lunch or dinner, they gave their leftovers to the native people.

The natives harvested various kinds of foods and mixed them to make their dishes. Thus was born a dish called hayaca. This word comes from the combination of two words: haya, meaning “there” (Spain), and aca, meaning “here” (Venezuela). As this name reflects, hayaca combines Spanish ingredients with ingredients the natives had in their houses.

The ingredients of hayaca include minced beef, chicken, and pork, together with egg and various types of vegetables and fruits, such as fresh young corn, garlic, green pepper, sweet chili, green onion, onion, potato, raisins, and tomato.

The preparation of hayacas is considered an art, and it takes a lot of time. First of all, all the vegetables except the potatoes are sautéed in oil. Next the meats are added to the vegetables, mixed in with them, and then cooked for a while, with a lid covering the pot. The kernels of the corn must be ground and then kneaded into a dough. The following step is to divide the dough into small balls and then to flatten each ball into a disk. A portion of the cooked vegetable-meat mixture (guiso) is placed in the middle of the disk, topped with slices of hard-boiled egg, slices of boiled potato, and raisins. Then, the dough is folded over the guiso into a rectangular shape, enclosing it. Next, the folded disk is wrapped in plantain banana leaf, which is then tied up with thread. Because the corn is not yet cooked, the last step is to boil the hayacas in water for one hour. Then they’re ready to eat.

Making hayacas is an all-day event that brings all the members of the family together. Everyone plays a role in the preparation process, under the supervision of the mother or grandmother, who has the most experience and skill in the art of making this traditional dish. It’s a lot of work, but it’s not only work; as we work together in the kitchen, we talk, listen to music, drink, and joke around with each other. Usually, each Venezuelan family makes about a hundred or more hayacas for Christmas time and preserves them in a freezer. In this way, we can eat hayacas throughout December. Customarily, neighbors and friends exchange hayacas with each other.

On Christmas Day and the last day of the year, Venezuelan families sit around a big dinner table and enjoy delicious hayacas, hen salad, baked pork, and ham bread.
**Mate** is a kind of green tea that we Argentineans drink all day and every day—morning, afternoon, and evening. It is the most popular and traditional beverage in Argentina. Mate has a lot of potassium and it helps eliminate toxins, so it is good for health. Consequently, Argentineans of all ages, from children to old people, drink a lot of it. But mate is not only a popular beverage; there are so many feelings associated with it.

If you want to prepare mate at home, you need a kind of glass called **porongo**, a tea kettle called **paba**, and a kind of straw called **bombilla**. All you have to do is to pour water into the porongo and drink your mate. There are not many rules in drinking this delicious tea. You can drink it cold, hot, with sugar or without. Many people mix it with a little coffee, cinnamon, or other spices. Other ways to drink mate are with lemonade, orange or lemon peels, or milk (a popular way among young people).

When we invite our friends home or meet them somewhere, we usually make mate and sit down around a table to drink it, taking turns from right to left. The person who pours water into the porongo is called the **cebador**, and when you have drunk a glass full you must return the mate to the cebador, and he or she will refill the porongo with water and pass it to the next person, who will then drink mate while you enjoy the conversation.

If you forget to return the mate to the cebador or make a mistake and pass the mate to another person, this means that you pass your luck to that person and you will be unlucky from that moment on. And if you say thanks after finishing your glass of mate, this means that you do not want any more to drink.

While we are drinking mate, we typically talk about our problems, life, and the Argentinean economy, but the most important purpose of the activity is to share time with each other, remembering situations we have lived through together and focusing on the common feelings in our hearts as we are gathered around the table. Mate means to share time with close friends and family.

If you go to Argentina and someone invites you for mate, this means that you are welcome and that the person inviting you expects to be your close friend, so just drink your mate with a big smile and enjoy the good taste! 

---

**Yours**

Joon Pyo Lee

Korea

The mystery of your shining comes from your eyes,
created by the moonlight.
It shines and disappears bit by bit.
The wind blows the blossoms,
the darkness touches your face.
At the end of my dream,
I see you in the wind.

---

**My Dream**

Diana Fonseca Bolanos

Colombia

My dream is a voice
As real as your eyes
As real as your face
Where the real story is in your wind
Crying in the darkness of the mystery
Independence Day
Bianca Zuluaga
Colombia

I'll sit here . . .
And I'll wait till he comes back.

* 

I don't say anything about your feelings,
because I don't know.
I just know that your eyes are much brighter
when you're looking at me.

* 

I couldn't believe it . . .
but that body was on mine.

* 

You were my first kiss,
the first flower of this sunrise
the color of your eyes has given me.

* 

Fire, water, earth,
your components . . . and everything else.

* 

How are you, my darling?
Are you happy, my love?
We didn't say a word,
but our eyes could talk.
Are you happy, my beloved?
Tell me the truth, as I tell you:
After you, I couldn't ever love anyone else.

* 

I know I've already told you this,
and I promised not to say it again,
but I can't shut my heart up.
I know this is impossible,
but at least let me tell you what I feel.
At least let me tell you
you embody everything I hoped to find
in a friend, in a lover, in an eternal partner.

Moonlight
Takahiro Nishi
Japan

Everything turns into darkness
But the half moon shines
Among the stars
I see you by moonlight
Though we didn't blossom in the garden
Neither I nor you stand alone
At the edge of darkness
Rupinass
Emi Kurihara
Japan

In a certain area of Japan that has become somewhat desolate of late, there is a snack bar called Rupinass, managed by an affectionate husband and wife. In recent years, their sales have decreased little by little because the style of their bar has gone out of fashion and also because the business of some companies around the bar has declined, leaving the discouraged couple with fewer potential customers. They are not so young anymore, and now their bodies are getting weak. However, they refuse to close their beloved bar, even though there are days when no customers show up. The couple just keep single-mindedly opening the bar and waiting for people to walk through the door.

It has been twenty-one years since they opened the bar. The origin of the bar’s name is a certain marvelous flower, and before the economic situation became so bad, customers were attracted to Rupinass like bees to a single small flower blooming in a corner of town. The owners of Rupinass have a special ability to heal people’s wounded hearts by just listening to their difficulties or problems as they drink alcohol with them. Some of their customers have moved on to other places in Japan or abroad, or have passed on. Their having observed such a variety of people’s lives is the pride of their significant lifetime. Rupinass is a place where there is treasure in every meeting and sadness in every separation. Around Rupinass, everything and everyone is changing; only Rupinass remains the same.

One day when Rupinass was looking for an employee to help out in the bar, fortunately a certain young woman called them and after their phone conversation decided to visit the bar in order to check it out in person. As soon as the owners met her, they decided to hire her. She had walked into the bar with an awesome smile, and they liked her at first sight. As the relationship among the three become closer and deeper, the young woman came to consider the owners her second parents, and the owners felt likewise. They always praised and encouraged her, so she made a great effort at her job. Since she was a student and lived alone apart from her family, they supported her as much as they could by cooking dinner for her or advising her about any difficulties she encountered. Before she started working there, the bar had already lost popularity, but after she began to work there the owner and his wife at least became more lively.

However, the young woman’s time to work at Rupinass was limited because she had to go abroad to study. She worked there long enough, though, to learn the way to live naturally, humanly, and ethically. She also learned a lot about work. All in all, she spent an awesome time there. Before she left, her second parents let her know that they wanted her to return to Rupinass someday, and she assured them that she wanted to do just that. They promised absolutely that she could work at Rupinass again and that until that time they would stay healthy. They presume that she will be a mature person the next time they meet. She hopes to live up to their expectation.
If I Were a Chocolate
Feng Chun Sun
Taiwan

If I were a chocolate,
I would be a high-fat chocolate
so I could make skinny people fat
and they would still like me.

If I were a chocolate,
I would be a no-fat chocolate
so I could make fat chicks slim
and they would really adore me.

If I were a chocolate,
I would be a sweet chocolate
that would make everybody happy
and totally love me.

True Colors
Vanina Colombo
Argentina

Beautiful warm pink sky
Sweet bright green apples
Big honest white smile
Deep black coffee eyes
Soft old blue jeans
Big velvety sweet violets
Funny restless yellow songbirds
Nice hot beating red hearts together
A whole warm world of colors
A whole life together
A life of love

I Know . . .
Taehee Kim
Korea

I know
The most beautiful landscape.
The sun shines brightly.
Birds fly joyfully.
White clouds glide peacefully.
So many flowers blossom.
Under the big trees
There you are,
Smiling quietly like a half moon.
And
Beside you
There I am.

Love
Sin-Duck Eom
Korea

I see you
in my heart, in my mind.
I feel peaceful.
Everything turns into the freedom
it comes from.
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 $4100. 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; $175, fees; $150, books; $950, housing; $800, food and $300 personal 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

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 $80 non-refundable application fee.

When would you like to start?

- Winter 2002 January 6 - March 8
- Spring 2002 March 17 - May 17
- Summer 2002 May 26 - July 26
- Fall 1 2002 August 11 - October 11
- Fall II 2002 October 20 - December 20

(Orientation first Sunday only; Classes Monday through Friday.)

Program costs for each nine-week term:

$1725  Tuition
$ 175  University fees

The program costs include instruction, activities, academic counseling, computer 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? 

***
Average EPI apartments have one bedroom and one bathroom, providing space for two students. All students share a bedroom with a roommate of the same gender. Kitchen facilities include a stove and a refrigerator. The apartments are furnished and all fees for electricity, water, one telephone, and local phone service are included in the housing fee. You will need to bring with you (or purchase upon arrival) bed linens, a study lamp, and cleaning supplies. Linens are available upon arrival for $15. Please note: EPI does not provide non-refundable $30 application fee due with the housing application. Once you have moved into the housing space, you must pay the housing fees for the entire term. EPI housing fees per term are as follows:

- One Bedroom Apartment Fee: $500
- Two Bedroom Apartment Fee: $700

**Housing Information**

- If you currently live in the USA, please give the name and address of the school you are attending.
- Are you currently a student in the USA?
- No
- Yes

- After EPI do you intend to attend the University of South Carolina?
- No
- Yes

- Did you finish high school (secondary school)?
- No
- Yes

- Date of birth (month/day/year)
- Email

- Phone number
- City

- State
- Zip code

- Country

- Country of citizenship

- Sex: Male/Female

- Family/Legal name
- Spouse/Given name

- City:

- State:

- Zip code:

- Country:

- Name:

- School name:

- Street post office box:

- City:

- Zip code:

- State:

- Country:

- School name:

- Street post office box:

- City:

- Zip code:

- State:

- Country:

- School name:

- Street post office box:

- City:

- Zip code:

- State:

- Country: