Around the World ......................... 3
One of the great things about studying in an international English program is the opportunity it presents to get to know people from all over the world. Here, you can get the inside story on various countries around the world and their special places, people, customs, foods, and viewpoints.

Around Here ............................... 12
Gracing this section are the beautiful faces of the Spring term Speaking/Listening classes.

Stories & Poems .......................... 17
What would life be without the inspiration that stories and poems provide? This section features the creative talents of some fine storytellers and poets here at EPI.

Personal Messages ..................... 40
Get your friends to fill these two pages with personal messages to you.
Enjoy your Sunrise!

Sunrise Staff

Editor-in-Chief  Dick Holmes
Layout  Dick Holmes  Zhen Wei  Andrea Palmezano  Cristiane Negromonte
Technical Assistants  Loralee Donath  Timothy Stewart
Illustrators  Chao-Chang Lee  Gabriel Fernández  Edilberto Sanchez Cruz  Saho Murata  Olivier Thys  Natalie Paganelli  Mee Hyun Bahng  Sang Eun Cho  Clara Fena

Sunrise is a publication of the
English Programs for Internationals (EPI)
at the University of South Carolina (USC)
Byrnes 207, Columbia, SC 29208 USA
Phone: (803) 777-3867 Fax: (803) 777-6839 E-mail: www.epi.sc.edu
Copyright © 2001 by English Programs for Internationals
AROUND
THE WORLD

Zhen Wei China
Ali Al-Rawahi UAE
Mohamed Al-Mazrooei UAE
Jose Carmen Gonzalez Mexico
Santiago Canela Mejia Colombia
Andrea Palmezano Colombia
Akira Kuroiwa Japan
Rie Yoshitake Japan
Wasana Aunprom-me Thailand
Spring Festival in China

With Chinese New Year comes the most important traditional festival celebrated in China. Because it occurs during the springtime, we call this event Spring Festival. It lasts for fifteen days, beginning with the first day of January according to the lunar calendar. These days are filled with traditional Chinese activities and food.

We start preparing for the festival several months ahead of time by buying presents, food, and clothing. The entire house is cleaned, symbolizing the sweeping away of all ill fortune, making way for new good luck in the coming year. Spring Festival Eve is the most exciting part of the whole festival. At that time, all family members come together to enjoy a feast. One of the most popular courses is Jiaozi (dumplings), which symbolizes a wish for the family’s long-lasting good luck. After supper, almost all families in the country sit watching TV until midnight, enjoying the special national TV program broadcast by China Central Television. At midnight, after the New Year’s bell rings, parents give their children money in red envelopes for luck, and then everyone goes outside and sets off firecrackers with the wish that bad luck will never come back. The sky is lit up with fireworks for about an hour. People’s excitement reaches its zenith.

There are a lot of activities in the following days. The first day, all the people get up early, especially children. Children wear their new clothes and greet their parents. Then the family set out to say greetings to their neighbors. In today’s China, we often use the phone instead of visiting in person. On the second, third, and fourth days, married couples, along with their children, get together with their parents and parents-in-law. On the fifth day, called Po Wu, people stay home to welcome the good luck of the new year. No one visits outside; otherwise, it would bring bad luck, both to themselves and to the people they would meet. From the sixth to the tenth day, we visit our relatives and friends or take part in the temple fair, where we can watch many kinds of traditional shows, such as the dragon dance and the lion performance. We can also taste various international delicacies there. It is wonderful to play the traditional games offered at the fair and win a prize.

In addition to the many enjoyable activities of Spring Festival, food plays an important role throughout the Festival. Vast amounts of traditional food are prepared by families. Whole fish represents togetherness and abundance, and chicken stands for prosperity. The chicken must be presented with the head and feet to symbolize completeness. Noodles are eaten to promote longevity, so they should be uncut. Another favorite dish is Nian Gao, sweet steamed glutinous rice pudding, symbolizing progress throughout the year. Facing so many kinds of delicious food during the Festival, people on a diet might soon find themselves off their diet.

Spring Festival customs vary from place to place, yet the spirit underlying the diverse celebrations of the festival is the same: a sincere wish for peace and happiness among family and friends.
Dubai, the Pearl of the Gulf

Ali Al-Rawahi
UAE

Dubai, a great city located in the North of UAE, is one of the most important Emirates of the country. It is known throughout the world as a petroleum producer and as the capital of the Middle East. Dubai has many tourist attractions, beautiful scenery, and two big annual festivals.

There are two kinds of tourist attractions in Dubai: the old and the new. One great old place is Sheik Rashid Fort, an ancient fortress where you can see old artifacts and learn about the old lifestyle, including the way Sheik Rashid and his family lived. Another attraction is Al-Bom, a big old boat that our ancestors used for diving and fishing. You can enter Al-Bom and see lots of diving and fishing equipment. There is also a restaurant in the boat where you can eat many kinds of seafood.

Besides the old tourist attractions, there are a number of new ones. Dubai has the most beautiful beach along the Gulf. There you can see the shining blue sea and flowers and green trees along the beach. On the other side are beautiful tall buildings. When you want to relax and refresh yourself, you can enjoy one of the city's many parks, for example Al-Mamzar Park, Al-Kore Park, or Al-Khalidia Park. If you like to get wet, you can visit two sea parks, Wild Wafie and Dream Land.

Dubai's shopping festival starts in March and ends in April. You can have a great time at this festival, especially at the International Village, a huge place inside which you can experience the whole world, with its various customs, foods, cultures, clothes, and products. You can also see magic shows and fireworks. All the major shopping centers celebrate this festival by holding shows and big sales on everything.

Dubai's second big festival starts during the summer. The many events at this festival can be divided into three main kinds: ice, water, and food events. Everyone knows that the weather in my country is very hot in the summer, but when you go to the ice city at this festival you should bring your jacket because it is very cold there. Inside this amazing exhibition you can see snow (artificial snow, of course) and ice sculptures of the statue of Liberty, the leaning tower of Pisa, the Eiffel tower, Big Ben, the Egyptian pyramids, and other famous structures. Another great feature of the summer festival is the opportunity it provides to taste food from all over the world, served in various places in Dubai. Last but not least is the abundance of water to play in during the festival. You can swim and play all kinds of games in the cold water.

Dubai is called the Pearl of the Gulf, and it certainly lives up to this name. I don't need to make the city sound special; it is special. 🌍

Kala
Mohamed Al-Mazrooi
UAE

Kala is one of the famous forts in my village. Located on top of a small mountain in the village, Kala is a very old fort, built about 1600 years ago, but it is still strong as it was in the past. I like this fort much more than any other fort in the village for several reasons.

Kala represents an important part of my people's history. My grandfathers used it to protect themselves and their village from invaders. Kala played a vital role in the wars fought in the area. The site of the fort is a very strategic one. It is located in the center of my village, which, surrounded by mountains, has just one entrance.

I'm intrigued by how my grandfathers managed to carry the large stones used to build the fort, especially since there were no stones on that small mountain or anywhere near it. Nobody knows how to explain the mystery of the building of Kala. I have asked many old men about it, but I haven't gotten an answer to my question. Although it is far away from my house, I used to visit Kala every Friday to sit on the front of it and think about the
Kala...

history of my village and about the suffering my grandfathers endured in the wars to protect us and preserve our future.

When I sit on the front of Kala and look at it, I feel that I'm a strong person and that this

I look at Kala as a monument that gives me the power and energy to study, work hard, and think of my future.

strength comes from Kala. Some people in my village think that Kala is like any other fort in my village, but I disagree with them. I look at Kala as a monument that gives me the power and energy to study, work hard, and think of my future.

Kala is an important thing in my life. When I look at it or remember it, it leads me to remember the history of my people. I think this ancient fort is a gift from my God even though my grandfathers built it, and I wish that my government would make it a museum to show everyone who doesn’t know about Kala how great it is. I dedicate my heart and my whole self to protecting this historic fort from anyone who might try to destroy it. □

Bacalar

Jose Carmen Gonzalez
Mexico

Along a beautiful lagoon not far from Chetumal, the capital city of Quintana Roo State, lies a small village called Bacalar (originally called Bacalal, or “place of abundant comcobs,” in the Mayan language).

In the 1600s, many famous pirates, such as Barba Negra (Black Beard), and other brave invaders, tried to disembark on the shore of the village and attack, looking for gold and jewels in Bacalar and in the neighboring Mayan communities. Bacalar’s inhabitants, tired of being attacked, finally constructed a fort with thick stone walls, nowadays known as El Fuerte de Bacalar and used as a regional museum. It houses all kinds of items that belonged to the ancient Mayas.

This beautiful, peaceful village is surrounded by the lagoon and wild jungle. Most of Bacalar’s inhabitants grow tropical plants, including mango, coconut, lemon, and orange trees, in their backyards. There, you can listen to the birds’ relaxing, multi-language concert during the day, and at night the stars seem to sparkle more vividly than they do in the city. Time has stopped its steps in this smiling village. Tribal rites are still performed, and ancient legends continue to be told as if the characters and events composing them occurred just yesterday.

The people of Bacalar, like all other Mayans, are very friendly. Quick to smile but shy, most of them are pure Mayans. Com-

monly, their family names have a significant meaning, for instance, Pool (“Head”), Cab (“Wood”), Dzul (“Gentleman”), etc. Bacalarians are very hardworking people.

But Bacalar is known not only for its history and people but also for its amazing lagoon, the Seven-Color Lagoon. At noon, when the sun shines profusely on it, the lagoon lights up with a variety of colors: green and light green, blue and light blue, emerald, etc. This is because its bottom contains algae in various quantities, as well as white sand and sea grass. The unique colorfulness of the lagoon is enjoyed by the inhabitants of the area and the many visitors that go there to refresh themselves.

Every weekend, people from Chetumal and the surrounding region delight in the fresh, turquoise water of this magnificent lagoon. Periodically, an international boat race takes place there. Just to take a dip in the lagoon’s colorful water is well worth the trip to Bacalar. □

Jose Carmen Gonzalez
Guatavita
Santiago Canela Mejia
Colombia

In Colombia, my country, there's a little town called Guatavita, located twenty minutes by car from Bogota, the capital city. Guatavita is a very small town, and almost all the people who live there work in agriculture. Nearly 600 years old, Guatavita has a fascinating history. It is famous for the El Dorado legend and for the intentional flooding of the original town.

In Guatavita there's a small, beautiful round lake surrounded by mountains called Lake Guatavita. According to the legend, the ancient people of Guatavita, the Muiscas, used this lake as a very important ceremonial site. The ritual developed there was a secret one. Only the most important chiefs and priests of the tribe could be present at it. The ritual consisted of rowing a canoe full of gold to the center of the lake and throwing all the gold into the water; then the most important priest, all covered in gold, jumped into the water and washed all the gold from his body.

Because this legend has been famous since the colonial period, many people have searched for and tried to steal the gold of El Dorado. But so far it apparently hasn't been found. There are some rumors about people who have found the gold and kept their discovery a secret, but who knows?

A very interesting fact about the El Dorado legend is that several years ago a group of archeologists in the area found an artifact made of gold by the Muiscas that illustrates their ancient ceremony. The importance of this finding is that it suggests that the El Dorado legend is perhaps a true story.

Guatavita's other claim to fame is a matter of recent history. Forty years ago, Colombia was facing a very serious energy problem. There was not enough energy generated to supply the country's demand. As a solution to this problem, the central government decided to flood Guatavita to create a reservoir for energy generation. To do that, all the people from Guatavita had to leave their homes and move to the new Guatavita constructed by the government a few miles from the original town.

The fascinating thing about this story is that the government managed to relocate all the people of Guatavita without a problem—and that under the reservoir, called Tomine, rests a town, a very old town with a lot of history and memories that emerge every time the level of the Tomine goes down and you see rising from the center of the lake the main steeple of the old town church.

Macetas
Andrea Palmezano
Colombia

Have you heard of the important Valle del Cauca region in my country, Colombia? Valle del Cauca is famous for its friendly people; sugar, the principal product in the region's economy; and macetas.

To better understand the link between sugar and the macetas tradition of the region, you need to know the story of Dorotea, a very poor old lady who once lived in the region. One day, June 29th, she decided to give something special to her kids Pablo and Pedro. So, Dorotea mixed sugar, lemon, and water in a bowl and then slowly baked the mixture in the oven. When she finally removed the mixture from the oven, the result was a soft, malleable substance that she could mold into all kinds of shapes with her hands. She made a lot of figures, such as pigeons, dogs, flowers—you name it. Then when these figures were dry, she painted them various colors and stuck them onto a thin stick called a maguey. And so it was that macetas came into being. From then on, Dorotea gave a maceta to each of her children every year on the same day. Making macetas became a tradition in Valle del Cauca and eventually inspired the creation of a festival day like St. Patrick's Day named St. Pedro's and St. Pablo's Day.

My grandmother Sixta and her family have been making...
Macetas is a word that means a lot of things to me...

Macetas is a word that means a lot of things to me. My grandmother is very famous because she makes the best macetas in the region. We work together very hard for three months every year preparing for the celebration of the festival. I was a kid when I fell in love with this beautiful tradition and art—it is an art. Macetas is a word that means a lot of things to me, such as family, cooperation, fun, hard work, teamwork, friends, and profit.

For my family, making macetas is a business, a good one. Every year, we sell a lot of macetas around the time of the festival, and my grandmother makes a good profit to live on for the rest of the year.

Akacyouchin is a Japanese word that means "red lantern." Usually a red lantern is hung in front of small restaurants, so these restaurants are also called Akacyouchin. You can find such places in alleys or near stations. But even if you are Japanese, you might hesitate to enter them because they are generally considered to be places for middle-aged Japanese businessmen. Most of the customers are a little old, and usually they are acquaintances or friends.

In an Akacyouchin, there is a master, who serves all the customers by himself. He can manage this because Akacyouchin can hold less than fifteen people and because his regular customers help him pass the food and drinks to other customers.

I used to go to a few Akacyouchin in Tokyo. When I went to one with my friends for the first time, I was nervous, even though my friends were regular customers, since I was not a regular and didn’t know what an Akacyouchin was like. But after I had been there four times, the master remembered my name. This meant I had become a regular. From then on, I used to go there twice a week after work to eat dinner and drink. I would always ask the master what he was serving that day. Usually, he had an off-the-menu daily special that was like my mother’s home cooking. I really liked the food there.

When you are ready to leave the Akacyouchin, you say “Oaiso,” a cool word for requesting the check, and then the master tells you how much. In my case, the master of my favorite Akacyouchin always said thirty dollars, even if my bill came to more than that. If you are a really regular customer, you can charge it to your account and pay after payday.

If you have a chance to visit Japan, I strongly recommend that you go to an Akacyouchin with Japanese friends who are regular customers. I am sure you will feel that you are at home, and you will get to know the life of Japanese businessmen.
It is often said that Japanese people can't say for certain or can't assert themselves and that they are shy or mysterious. When I came to the USA, I clearly realized this perception and began to think about Japanese behavior compared to other cultures.

First of all, we Japanese traditionally prefer conformism to individualism. In Japan, there is a saying that “A nail that stands up will be pounded down.” If you strike an attitude of defiance when everyone else reaches agreement on some point, you might feel uncomfortable and alienated. We Japanese care a lot about how other people think of us, so we tend to act as a group. Besides, we just aren’t used to individualism.

In Japan, there is a saying that “A nail that stands up will be pounded down.”

One of my Japanese friends told me about an incident she had experienced related to the Japanese style of communicating versus other cultural styles. When she was talking with her international friend one day, she began to feel uncomfortable because something she objected to came up during the conversation. Then her friend said to her, “I know you’re uncomfortable now because I can tell by your expression. Why don’t you tell me when you don’t like something? That kind of behavior is rude! You always tend to hide what you want to do and want me to do. You should tell me everything you think.”

My friend was embarrassed and realized what she should have done. Her friend had reminded her that in a conversational situation among internationals she needed to express herself honestly even when she was not feeling good about something.

I was really impressed by my friend’s account of this conversation because it shows a big difference between Japanese custom and other customs. In Japan, complaining about something as we are talking indicates rude behavior. If you act that way, Japanese people might feel, “How impolite you are!” or “You’re kind of strange!”

I was born in Japan, so of course I well know my country’s custom, but if you’re not Japanese, it might be hard for you to understand Japanese behavior. In fact, even though I’m Japanese, it’s incomprehensible to me in some ways! However, I can point out that we Japanese carefully attend to how another person feels, and we can read each other’s minds, as if we were telepathic. I like this aspect of our communication style. I think this intuitive kind of communication is important and beautiful. Beginning in our childhood, we learn such behavior through our lifestyle. Consequently, we often don’t need to tell each other about how we feel. And, following our Japanese custom, we emphasize deep respect for others.
Songkran Festival is a traditional Thai New Year event that takes place from April 13th to 15th each year, the most important event in Thailand, a special time when we go back home to see our parents, grandparents, relatives, and their friends. Everybody looks forward to going home at this time of the year. No matter how far away from home they are, people go back to their hometown for this great festival. Buses and trains are filled with passengers. Highways connecting cities and towns are crowded. Bangkok, the capital city of Thailand, where people from all over the country live and work, becomes a quiet city after so many of its residents have left for their home provinces.

When I was young, Songkran Festival was the most exciting event of the year for me because at that time I could see my family and relatives who were working in other provinces. We would all get together and have big meals. We gave new clothes or presents to our elders. We went to Buddhist temples to donate food, clothes, and useful things to the monks and listen to their preaching. We poured water on our parents and relatives, asking for their blessings. The most exciting part was the water festival, when I would team up with my friends and we would splash water on each other. The sun was always so bright and hot, and I would participate in the water festival all day long.

When I grew up, I learned the deeper meaning of Songkran Festival and realized the importance of it. Songkran is a Thai word that means “move” or “change place.” It is the day when the sun moves into a new position. It also means changing to the New Year. The Thai New Year festival is important to us Thais because it celebrates our values in three important areas: family, religion, and community.

For families, Songkran Festival is the annual “home-coming” event when everyone, near or far, rich or poor, successful or not, comes back home. We all wear new clothes, and the whole family gets together. The young ceremoniously pour water on the hands of their elders, who in turn wish them all good things in the coming year. This ritual of pouring water means washing away bad luck. From then on, we know we will be receiving all good things. We have big, delicious meals together.

Various activities we do during the Festival promote our religion. We all go to the temple to donate money, food, or things and listen to sermons. Together with our parents and elders, we bathe the images of the Buddha to ward off evil.

Songkran Festival strengthens our communities. In the water festival, we splash water on each other to have fun and relax. This activity, like all of the other Songkran activities, allows people to meet each other and enjoy the festival together. I have made many friends during the water festival. We also do community service by cleaning houses, temples, public places, and official buildings. The Miss Songkran beauty contest and some beautiful parades are held during this time, too. In the evening, we always have plays, shows, rides, and special food.

We Thais consider Songkran Festival a valuable tradition. It shows the ways we think about ourselves and the importance we give to family, religion, and community. The loving way we support each other makes me feel so lucky to be a Thai.
Around Here

SL10 (left to right) — front: Chiqui, Norma, Eduardo, Carmen
back: Carlos, Hee-Kyun, Ms. Gardner, Adelaida

SL20 (left to right) — front: Carolina, Jesus, Jea-Ho, Yoshiki, Yoshiki, Paulo
back: Mi-Jung, Bronia, Adriana, Samir, Nicoleta, Beatriz
SL30 (left to right) — front: Pedro, Yu-Man, Young, Sin-Duck, Mauricio, Viviane
back: Sang-Hyuk, Nam-Hoon, Joe, Dick, Wani, Miwa

SL40 (left to right) — front: Hideyuki, Kuo-Chen, Masha, Hee-Kyung, Paola, Yuki
back: Said, Ko, Ali, Mr. Rice, Wilton, Yousef
SL50a (left to right) — front: Diana, Debbie, Keiko, Veronica, Wasana, Yira
back: Felix, Mohammed, Isao, Shin, Mark, Talal

SL50b (left to right) — front: David, Masaaki, Yahya, Shin, Tae-Hee
back: Young, Yu Jeoung, Freddy, Hyeong-Yeon, Hena, Jacqui
SL60S (left to right) — front: Pablo, Federico, Bill, Steven
back: Un-Sung, Congren, Bill, Dalmiro, Juan

SL60AC (left to right) — front: Tarek, Nereo, Mayu, Kathy, Daniela
back: JJ, Haruka, Leonardo, Benito, Carolina
SLSW (left to right) — front: Saleh, Ali, Mohamed, Ali, Ali
back: Wafaa, Marit, Mohamed, Yagoob, Sultan

SL70 (left to right) — front: Jay, Perla, Martha, Katia, Rosa, Abdullah
middle: Zhen, Pilar, Silvia, Andrea, Virginy, Maria
back: Terry, Jose, Julio, Santiago, Christos
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Country</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tarek El-Jundi</td>
<td>Lebanon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young-Woo Shin</td>
<td>Korea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea Palmezano</td>
<td>Colombia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilar Otalora</td>
<td>Colombia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jose Carmen Gonzalez</td>
<td>Mexico</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debbie Sun</td>
<td>Taiwan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mohmmed Al-Ghamdy</td>
<td>Saudi Arabia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yu Jeoung Chang</td>
<td>Korea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wasana Aunprom-me</td>
<td>Thailand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haruna Ominami</td>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young-Kyu Kim</td>
<td>Korea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pontorn Penpradabporn</td>
<td>Thailand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pili Viatela</td>
<td>Colombia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rie Yoshitake</td>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dalmiro Sanchez</td>
<td>Venezuela</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zhen Wei</td>
<td>China</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dick Holmes</td>
<td>USA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jun Tokita</td>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masayuki Kato</td>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Akira Kuroiwa</td>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adel Al-Hosani</td>
<td>UAE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha Quevedo</td>
<td>Mexico</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayu Hayashi</td>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juan A. Oviedo Salcedo</td>
<td>Colombia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nagako Shimabukuro</td>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abdulla Al-Nuaimi</td>
<td>UAE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Santiago Canela</td>
<td>Colombia</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A Young Chicken, the Sky, and a Sly Fox

One day on a big, beautiful farm near some woods, a young chicken was out walking alone, looking up into the sky and thinking about it. Suddenly, as he was walking under an apple tree, an apple fell on his head.

"OH, NO!" the young chicken screamed. "We’re in big trouble! The sky’s going to fall on us!" He began running and jumping around and hurried to the great rooster to tell him the bad news.

When the great rooster saw how scared the young chicken was, he asked him, "What’s the problem, son?"

"We’re in big trouble!" the young chicken answered. "The sky’s going to fall on us!"

The great rooster was surprised to hear that, and a scared look appeared on his face. Then the young chicken and the great rooster began running and jumping around. Soon they came upon two ducks near the river.

The ducks could see that the chickens were quite agitated.

"What’s the problem, guys?" the ducks asked them.

"We’re in big trouble!" they answered. "The sky’s going to fall on us!"

The ducks were surprised to hear that, and a scared look appeared on their faces. So, now the young chicken, the great rooster, and the two ducks were all running and jumping around.

Unnoticed by the birds in all the excitement, a fox was watching them and listening to them panic each other about their funny problem. He stepped over to them very slowly, thinking about the best way to "help" them.

"What’s the problem, (yummy) birds?" the sly fox asked. "We’re in big trouble!" they answered. "The sky’s going to fall on us, and then we’ll die!"

"Don’t worry about that!" the fox said. "My wife knows what we should do about that problem. Come home with me, and she’ll tell us what to do."

Of course, the birds wanted a solution to the problem, so they went with the fox to his house.

That was a lucky day for the fox. He got to enjoy a big, delicious dinner. And that was the end of the birds. They’d died because of the fox, not because of the sky.

Who Understands It?

Young-Woo Shin
Korea

Life is a mystery that maybe no one can understand exactly. Who understands it?

If I were 70 years old now, I still might not understand it. I want to know about the end of my life. What will I be?

We will be parents. We will be someone. We must prepare for our life.

What should we do? Nobody knows the exact answer. Everything is up to us.
On My Way to the Mountain
Andrea Palmezano
Colombia

Two months before I came here to the U.S., my father came into my room and said, “Imagine that you’re in a vast, beautiful desert and that far away you can see a mountain and behind it a paradise. You are not alone. Accompanying you are a monkey, a horse, a cow, a sheep, and a lion.”

“Dad,” I interrupted, “do you think that midnight is the perfect time for a joke? Are you crazy, Daddy? I’m tired.”

But he said, “Listen to me. This isn’t a joke.”

He was really serious, but I just wanted to go to bed. He went on to explain the rules of this strange game he wanted me to play with him. As he was talking, he sat down on my bed. I was sitting in a chair near the window waiting for him to leave.

“On your way to the mountain,” he said, “you have to leave behind all the animals but one, one at a time, so that when you come to the mountain you’ll have to pass over it with just one animal.”

“Okay,” I said, going along with the game. “Do you think that I’m going to need some food and something to drink?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “It’s your game. How far away is the mountain for you?”

So I set out for the mountain with my animals, and the first one that I left behind was the monkey. When I was tired of walking, I rode my horse. The lion was the second animal I left behind. I hate milk, but I was thirsty so I used the cow for drink. Eventually, though, I had to leave her behind because she was walking slowly and I had to walk fast since I was tired and I couldn’t go to bed until I’d completed this game

with my father. Finally, when the mountain was right in front of my eyes, I left the sheep behind. At the end of the road, only the horse remained with me.

My father smiled and said, “Each of the animals has a particular meaning. The first one that you left behind was the monkey, meaning that money is not important to you. Then you left behind the lion, which represents pride. Next you parted with the cow, your career. The fact that you kept the cow so long indicates that your career has an important place in your life. You kept your family, the sheep, with you almost until the end, but then you made the decision to go ahead by yourself with the horse, whose meaning is perseverance.”

My father came over to me.

“It’s like your situation right now. You’ve made a decision to go to the U.S., but you have to go without us. Now this is your life and you’re the only one who’s going to be responsible for yourself. Have a good night.”

Finally, I could go to bed. But I didn’t go to sleep for a while, thinking about all the important decisions I’d be facing in my future.

To God
Pilar Otalora
Colombia

I know you are here, but I only feel you
I know you are beautiful, but I can’t imagine you
I know you are at my side, but I don’t see you
I know you don’t have wings, but you can fly
I know that I don’t say a word, but you always read my mind
I know you don’t have a phone, but you always call me
I know you don’t have an answering machine, but I can leave a message
I know you give me everything and I don’t thank you
I know you are everything and I am nothing
Lupita
Jose Carmen Gonzalez
Mexico

Her smiling face and shining eyes were a kind of light that her parents loved the most. Lupita was a vivacious, pretty nine-year-old girl. Her black hair perfectly matched her eloquent eyes. Her melodious voice was like a song coming down from the scented hill. Her parents never had a complaint about her.

When Lupita was born, her parents were the happiest people in the region. They thought Lupita was a gift from God, and they were delighted to have her with them. She was always singing and helping her mother with household chores. At night, Lupita used to sit under the mango tree that grew near the well in the yard. She would spend long, long hours there contemplating the billions of stars, which seemed to be saying hello to her, blinking and skipping in the sky like crazy little rabbits. She always dreamed of becoming a star—the most shining and beautiful star of the night—in order to play with the other stars in the sky and from there watch all the children around the world playing every night. Her parents knew about their fanciful daughter’s wish, but they didn’t pay much attention to it. They thought it was just a child’s dream.

One night, like almost all other nights when the sun had hidden itself behind the mountains, Lupita went to her favorite place—her tree—and sat down under it. Her mother was in the kitchen preparing some food for dinner. Her father was coming home from a hard day’s work.

When her father got home, he asked for Lupita, and her mother told him the little girl was, as usual, sitting under the tree watching the stars. Lupita’s father was surprised to hear that because when he had passed near the tree he hadn’t seen her there. Immediately, the anxious mother and father rushed to the tree and found nobody there. In a panic, they began to look all around for their beloved daughter. They ran from here to there shouting her name, “Lupita! . . . Lupita!” But nobody answered them. They swept the surroundings, shouting as loudly as they could, “Lupita! . . . Lupita!” But their attempts to find her were in vain. Only some nocturnal birds answered their calls.

The next morning, exhausted from looking for their tender daughter, they went to bed to take a rest, but first they went to Lupita’s bedroom for a peek. She wasn’t there. They found only a beautiful little star shining on her pillow. Suddenly, they understood this amazing message.

Every single night since then, Lupita’s parents have sat under the mango tree gazing at the most beautiful star that appears in the East.

Life
Debbie Sun
Taiwan

I dreamed I was flying hard in the sky.
I saw the sun strenuously chasing the moon.
I heard the moon say,
“Keep going, but take it easy; you will get there in the end.”
I wondered who it was talking to.
In the winter of 1999, a visitor from the USA came to visit my father. His name was Abdullah, and he was in Saudi Arabia to collect money for an Islamic organization that he was working for. My dad invited him to have dinner with some businessmen from my city to make his work easier. Abdullah arrived at my house at 7:30 to meet all these businessmen and speak with them about his mission to help Muslims in the USA. A bunch of the people were already inside, so he met them, and then others came in.

At the same time Abdullah got to my house, another man, Turki, arrived. Before going inside, they met outside the house and exchanged greetings and a few words with each other. The two men began to go inside the house together side by side. Abdullah was on the left and Turki on the right. Then Abdullah stepped ahead and went in first. Turki was surprised by that because traditionally the person on the right should go first. Consequently, Turki felt that he hadn't been properly respected. Turki immediately told Abdullah about this custom so that he wouldn't make the same mistake again with other people from the same culture.

When Turki told him about who should go first, he forgot to tell him about another thing that he needed to take care of before going into the living room or any other room in the house: shoes and sandals were not supposed to be worn in the house. Unfortunately, Abdullah entered the house with his shoes still on, and he was immediately criticized by a young boy who had been kicked out of the house for the same reason a few times before. Abdullah didn't take the boy seriously, though, and just kept going with his shoes on. Then when he got to where all the men were gathered, he saw that they were staring at his feet. Abdullah felt that something was wrong, and then remembering what the boy had told him, went back out and took his shoes off. When he returned, no one stared at him.

After these two embarrassing situations for Abdullah, the guests were called to dinner at 9:30. Abdullah followed the other men into the dining room. The American was no doubt expecting to sit at a nice dinner table in the Arab's home, so he was disappointed when he saw that the dinner was laid out on the floor. Abdullah's shock was clear from the look on his face, and you could tell that he was asking himself, "Am I going to sit on the floor to eat?" A second later, he asked me, because I was the youngest person at the dinner, what was going to happen. I wondered why he asked this question. Then I remembered that he was an American, that this was a completely different experience for him, that he had probably never seen anything like this in his life. I asked him if he wanted a chair and a table to eat at, but he declined my offer. I took him to a place in the room where relatively few people were sitting so that he could feel as comfortable as possible with the new customs and people. He still looked as if he didn't feel well when he sat down, but he didn't say anything to me.

This was Abdullah's first problem with the dinner, not feeling free with the position of his body while he was eating. Some of the people around him noticed how awkward and uncomfortable he looked sitting on the floor. But yet another challenge was waiting for this
An American...

American lost among all these Arabs. The meal was rice and meat, which was okay with him, but how was he going to eat it? Typically Arabs eat with their hands, while Americans are used to using forks, knives, and spoons. The first thing Abdullah asked me for was a spoon to eat with, but I pointed at the person next to him and told him to imitate the way he was eating. Abdullah thought I was joking with him, but I was serious.

I finally convinced him to eat with his hand because no spoons were available at the time, anyway. After a minute or so, he wanted to try, and he picked up some food in his hand when no one was paying attention to him. Instead of going into his mouth, though, the food dropped onto his clothes. His face color changed, and I started laughing at him; then everyone turned to look and started chuckling at him. Abdullah's face was red, and I could see that he was a little shy in front of all these people. To make him feel comfortable and help him relax, people started kidding him about his misfeed. The American looked around at them and asked, "How come you don't use forks, knives, and spoons?" Their answer was easy and clear: "We are not used to them."

Abdullah was overwhelmed by Arabic culture that evening because of the huge differences between American and Arabic culture. Even though he didn't feel right at this occasion, he learned a lot about Arabic culture and about the difficulty of adapting to a different culture.

An Interview with Shin
Yu Jeoung Chang
Korea

I'm always glad to see new faces at EPI, and old faces, too. Young-Woo Shin is one of my favorite friends here, so I decided to interview him as part of my first writing assignment this term. We focused on his favorite things to do.

First of all, Shin likes to watch and play basketball. Because of this hobby, he has become an almost professional analyst of the game. He remembers all the NBA players' names, and sometimes he fantasizes about some strategy for his favorite team whenever he has time. He plays basketball with friends. Another of Shin's favorite pastimes is reading. He especially likes books that tell a sad story. He has several favorite writers, one of them Ji-Man Ha, a Korean writer. He also likes to read modern historical novels by such Korean writers as Mun-Yul Lee and Kyong-Suk Shin. The Son of a Person is one of his favorite historical novels.

I think Shin is a typical healthy Korean of the young generation. Through sport, he keeps his body in good condition, and through reading he develops his mind. As a fellow Korean, I'm very proud of him.

Yu Jeoung Chang
with Young-Woo Shin

Warm Day
Wasana Aunprom-me
Thailand

The tree is green
It makes me happy
The sky is clear
I feel fresh
The bird is singing
on a branch of that peach
And I too am humming
like a bird that's even freer

How Many
Haruna Ominami
Japan

In the sky
How many stars are shining
In the sea
How many shells are sleeping
I don't know
How many stars I can find
I don't know
How many shells I'm reminded of
Looking at his four-leaf clover, J would often fall into his beautiful memories of S.

One sunny day some time ago, he'd gone camping in the suburbs of Seoul with his friends from the university and some other young people. As they were pitching tents and beginning to cook, he met a kind, beautiful girl. This shy guy who had never dated before fell in love with her at first sight.

Oh, she was approaching him! Immediately, he became nervous.

"Hi, good to see you." It was the first time he'd heard her voice.

"What's your name?" she asked him.

"My name is ... J," he replied, gasping and sweating. Smiling brightly, she said,

"My name is S. What year are you? I'm a freshman."

"Um ... so am I," he replied.

After dinner, all the campers were to have a party with drinking and dancing, but J decided not to participate because of his shyness around girls. He remained in his tent. Then he heard someone calling his name.

"J! ... J! Where are you?"

"Here I am. Who's that?" At first, he couldn't tell who was calling him because it was getting dark and the voice was drowned out in the noise of the camp. He soon realized, though, that it was the beautiful girl he'd met. She was coming toward him, calling out loudly for him. He couldn't believe his own eyes and ears. He was bewildered by her surprise visit, and he didn't know what to do.

"What's wrong?" he asked, hesitantly emerging from the tent. "Everyone is waiting for you. Why don't you join us?"

"Um ... actually I can't dance well, and ... um ... uh ..."

"That's okay. I'll teach you how to dance, as much as I know how to."

"I'd rather stay here than go to the party," he said with a palpitating heart.

"Alright, if you want to stay here ... it's up to you! But if you're not going to the party, I'm not going either."

He was stunned by her graciousness. Clearing his throat, he said, "Well, okay."

They talked for a long time and laughed and sang. They became more and more acquainted with each other that evening, and they promised they would become good friends with each other.

After the camping trip, J and S often met at a movie theater or theme park. Gradually, they became lovers. They always shared everything with each other—their happiness, their sadness, their every thought and feeling. Taking care of each other became their everyday activity and made their love strong.

One day, they were going to meet at a park. When J arrived, S was looking down at something on the ground, and then she bent down and reached for it. He wondered what it was she had in her hand.

"What's that? Show me."

"Here you are."

"Oh! It's just a four-leaf clover."

"But this clover will be special for you!"

"What do you mean?" he asked curiously.

But she didn't answer.

An oppressive silence hung between them for several minutes.

Finally, he couldn't endure it anymore, so he decided to ask her seriously. "Please, tell me what's going on! I can feel that you're keeping something from me, aren't you?"

But she just listened to the birds chirping with her eyes closed. A little later on, she began to talk in a calm tone.

"I'm going to emigrate to the USA tomorrow. I'm sorry I didn't talk to you about this. I worried that you'd be disappointed."

He could hardly believe her story, but apparently it was true.
A Four-Leaf Clover...

"So, when are you going to come back here?"
"I'm not sure, but I won't be back anytime soon."
"What does the clover mean?" he asked, his heart sinking.
"Well... I just wanted to give you something or other as a memento. It's this clover that I want as our memento. A four-leaf clover is supposed to bring good fortune, and I hope you succeed with this clover that expresses my heart to you, even though you should always keep in mind that a man's worth lies not so much in what he has as in what he is."

Weeping so sadly, she ran away from him. He couldn't stop her, and he still hadn't really comprehended what she'd said.

In his desperate loneliness without her, he decided to join the Army. Several months later, he began to lose memory of his love little by little, thanks to his hard life as a soldier. Then one day during military operations, he happened to find a four-leaf clover. Suddenly, the memory of S came flooding back. That same day, he received an anonymous letter informing him that S had passed away. He couldn't believe it. As he read on, he found out that she hadn't actually emigrated. She'd had a serious disease and she hadn't wanted to let him see her haggard figure.

After his discharge from military service, he often went to her house to relive his past with her, but nowadays he remembers it just by holding in his hand the four-leaf clover she gave him.

I Miss You
Pil Viatela
Colombia

In my dreams, I can see you.
Your face, your eyes.
It's as real as being, one by one,
dancing among the stars.
But slowly my heart turns into sadness
because I can't find a way to be near you.
You're so far away,
and I miss you so much.

There Is...
Rie Yoshitake
Japan

There is no maybe
There is only yes or no
There is no choice
There is only striving and abandoning
There is no confidence
There is just hope and fear
There is no one
There is just you and me

A Moment
Pontorn Penpradabpom
Thailand

I stand alone behind the darkness
I see you among the stars
your face created by all of them
how far away they are
though we aren't actually here
inside my head it is all real
the wind blows away my dream
everything turns and disappears
my dream is what isn't

Lives
Haruna Ominami
Japan

I'm not alone
I'm in the circle of life
I belong to somebody
Somebody belongs to me
The circle of life never ends

The Wind
Dalnino Sanchez
Venezuela

The ingenious wind alone
With all its marvel
Still dancing like a gift
From infinity
There was once a beautiful, graceful butterfly, and her light flying was like a wonderful dance full of music and harmony. Commonly colored butterflies didn’t love her because she was so different.

She tried to approach others, but she didn’t have enough resolve to demonstrate that she was unique. Eventually, she became sad about the situation. Her appearance began to change into that of a dull-looking butterfly, and her flight seemed very heavy, as if she had lost her freedom.

She was forgetting her intelligence and freshness, but at the same time she held a secret that could change the life and the mind of the whole universe. Others always avoided her, and eventually she no longer remembered she was fair and charming. Because of her shyness, she decided to hide herself. She often flew to the moon on cool nights, and the moon always lit her way. They shared their loneliness with each other, and she became a little more confident. She wanted to be free, but she still remained trapped by her fear and beauty.

At dawn, she would wake up and realize that tears of sadness covered her tired wings like a sprinkling of dew. As the sun rose in the sky, she would remain under the fallen leaves where she had gone to sleep, thinking that the sun might burn her body. The sun had never seen a butterfly like this.

One warm, quiet spring night, a firefly saw her and, astonished by her shining body and her despondent attitude, asked her about her feelings toward life. The melancholy butterfly didn’t say a word. She looked tired and mute.

"Okay," the firefly said after getting no reply from the beautiful butterfly, "I’m going to give you some advice. Be proud of yourself because you are startlingly and creative, as I’m sure you feel. I am not as brilliant as you, and you can light up your body like me, but you just keep your wisdom to yourself and you’re becoming selfish. You have the tools and the values to be happy, but if you just fly to survive and don’t share your energy, all that others can feel is your unhappiness. You need motivation. Otherwise, your wings are going to be covered with oxide. You’re losing your charming appearance. By tomorrow, you’re going to look like a piece of tin if you keep this up. No one will believe that you were once precious and valuable."

The next morning, the beautiful butterfly was thinking about how to begin to change her mind, what to do, where to go... when it suddenly dawned on her that she could just start enjoying whatever she was doing, second by second, minute by minute, day by day.

She flew up and felt the atmosphere, the music of the air, the sun warming her dainty body. She visited the lake and covered her body with crystalline water.
Orange
Zhen Wei, China
Wasana Aunprom-me, Thailand

Orange is a color.
It is.

Orange is a fruit.
It is.

Orange is on Thursday.
In some countries is.

Orange . . .
Is it sweet?
Of course. But
I like it not only because it’s an orange.

Reality Check #1
Dick Holmes
USA

Sequential time, dividual space—
what are they
but habitual illusions?

Profound Eternity, seamless Infinity—
what are they
but the whole Truth?

In Your Eyes
Wasana Aunprom-me
Thailand

In your eyes
I see your eyes

In your eyes
I see your mind

In your eyes
I see your smile

In your eyes
I see your sky

In your eyes
I see you’re shy

In your eyes
I see you cry

In your eyes
I see you try

And in your mind
I see my mind

Mr. Honesty
Jun Tokita
Japan

There is a fact.
There is a reality.
There is the truth.
Therefore,
there is his alias:
Mr. Honesty.

Profound
Masayuki Kato
Japan

It’s dark, and there is nothing around me.
There is a sound like waves breaking . . .
But there is no water near here.
It’s so cold.
I’m sleepy . . .
That sound takes me so far away . . .
When will I wake up?
Maybe never.

(P.S. In fact, that mysterious sound might just be noise . . .)
A Cigarette
Tarek El-Jundi
Lebanon

One day, I found myself in a small, dark, bad-smelling room with some friends. It was a very uncomfortable room because we were packed so close together. Suddenly, we were shaken by a terrible earthquake. Then I saw the ceiling fly off, and a huge, scary hand reached in and took hold of me. I felt a big wet mouth closing around me. Then a fire blazed up and approached me. Finally, I understood who I was. I was one of the worst things in the world. I was a cigarette.

"STOP!" I shouted. "DON'T DO THAT!"

"Who's that?" the man asked.

"It's me, the dirty little thing in your mouth," I answered.

"WHAT?!" the man exclaimed. "A dirty little thing wants to stop a man! So funny! Why are you trying to stop me? What do you want?"

"Don't you know?" I asked.

"No," the man answered.

"I am a bad thing that makes you feel bad, become sick," I said. "I'm a bad thing that makes you smell bad, gives you a lot of bad diseases that lead to a terrible death."

The man was surprised to hear that, and a scared look appeared on his face. But his smug look soon reappeared and pushed the scared look away.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "Don't worry about me! Cigarettes are for men, and I am a man, so nothing will happen to me!"

"Well, as you wish," I said. "But there have been a lot of men who have died from the worst diseases, like cancer, which cigarettes caused in them because they didn't take the hint from their parents or other people. Trust me, I know what I'm talking about."

Fortunately, this hard-headed fat guy finally got the point and agreed to take some advice from a dirty little thing like me. Suddenly, I was falling down very fast to the floor and a huge shoe came pressing down on me. Then the small room I'd been in was falling on top of me and the giant shoe crushed it, too.

I want to urge all smokers to stop smoking however they can and all nonsmokers not to try it because smoking only ends in death.

Reality
Pontorn Penpradabporns
Thailand

a gracious dead body
burned into
ash

Reality Check #2
Dick Holmes
USA

You mean this is the afterlife?!

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction
Haruna Ominami
Japan

"Oh, poor boy! What in the world are you doing here? Do you think it's going to stop raining soon? No! No! Come in and stay here until it stops."

I thanked God that she'd happened to come out of her house.

I was traveling through the countryside by bicycle to get inspiration for a novel. You know, I was a writer, though I hadn't published a novel yet. I guess you could say I was a would-be writer.

The sun was setting, and to tell the truth, I was absolutely at a loss about where I was going to stay that night. I had no reservation for lodging. I didn't even know whether there was a place to stay for a night around there or not. Besides, it had started raining so heavily. That's why I'd rushed under the eaves of her house.

She brought me inside and made some hot tea for me. I placed her in her 70s or 80s. She seemed to be living there by herself. It didn't matter. Anyway,
Truth is Stranger ... 

I had a place to take a rest. And fortunately she looked very kind.  
Over tea, I told her about my situation. She listened to my story, nodding gently from beginning to end.

"Okay, young man. You seem to be at a loss what to write for your novel, so I'm going to tell you about my daddy's strange experience. I hope it might help you."

Her story dated back to her childhood. Her daddy had been a heavy drinker. He was always dying for alcohol. For him, no week was complete without it. On his way home from work, he never failed to drop in at a bar. And he was always the last person to leave there. Whenever he drank, he became quite merry. The sound of his cheerful whistling always let her know that he'd returned home.

One night, it was very late and he still hadn't come home. Her mom was getting worried about him. "What's happening to him?" she wondered out loud. "I have a bad feeling. I'm going to have some neighbors go out and find him."

A few minutes later, some young men who lived near them gathered and set out to search for him.

Carrying a lantern, they beat their way through the grassy countryside. Finally, they faintly heard his whistle and headed toward where it was coming from. Can you imagine what they saw when they came upon him? He was soaking in a pond, as comfortable as he could be, his clothes lying all around it! Though he was alone, he was mumbling away about something.

"What in the world are you doing here?!" the young men yelled at him, running toward him to lift him up out of the pond.

Obviously still quite cherry, he said, "Where's my new friend? I made friends with him on my way home. We hit it off right away because he loved alcohol as much as I do. And he asked me to go with him to this hot spring to sober ourselves up. That's why I'm here. Is my wife angry?"

They looked at each other, amazed, and took him home.

"I suppose you're going to say that your father was tricked by a raccoon or a fox?" I asked her in a disappointed voice. Her story sounded like a typical folk tale, not material for an original novel.

"No, no," she said. He was just too drunk to distinguish between dream and reality. He didn't remember anything at all the next day. This is just a true story, not a folk tale.

Her voice gradually slipped away from me, and I fell asleep without noticing.

Brilliant sunshine woke me up. Sitting up and looking around, I realized I'd been sleeping in the middle of a field. Everything but my bicycle had disappeared. I couldn't help laughing at myself. I wondered if the old lady had been hiding a big tail behind her back.

Then I rallied my spirits and got back on my bicycle to resume my trip.

Industrial Wastes
Akira Kuroiwa
Japan

An old woman sleeps in a cardboard box on the street
Tomorrow it may be my turn
But I pass through the place without stopping
Birds that don't have wings are attacked by dogs
But preserved by us
Children always stay in their rooms
Taking care that they are on the same rail as others
Someday they will learn what inconsistency is and suffer
Waiting
Debbie Sun
Taiwan

"You’re late again!" Rebecca squawked at me.

"I’m so sorry! You know, the traffic..." I explained hurriedly. I begged her forgiveness for my being late. But she didn’t want to hear it. She just turned abruptly and strode angrily ahead of me into the train station. I didn’t know what to do in this kind of situation when she was really angry. We sat down in the waiting room, full of noise, smoke, and bad smells, and didn’t say another word to each other.

Waiting there with us were some children running around energetically, a couple of groups chatting cheerfully, and some people by themselves reading or just staring blankly. Suddenly, a neatly dressed woman around forty years old caught my eyes. I looked at her in the distance and wondered how an elegant, graceful woman like her could be so quiet, patient, and peaceful in this messy place.

From that day on, I found her again and again in the train station. She was always nicely dressed and quiet, sitting alone. I never saw her get on a train. "Why is she here so often?" I wondered. Then after hearing a story about a woman waiting for her lover in the station, I realized that she must be that woman...

They had met each other on the train they took to school. At first, they just talked about school. But day by day, as they got to know each other and care about each other more and more, their relationship became a close one. In time, they fell in love. They studied at different schools, so almost all the memories they made together took place at the train station. They appreciated each other and shared their life with each other. They were so well matched. Anybody could tell from their eyes when they looked at each other that they were in love.

The young man came from a wealthy, upper-class family. When his parents discovered he had a girlfriend who came from a poor family, they could not accept this. His parents thought that such a mismatched relationship humiliated their family. So they did everything they could to stop the couple from getting together. Barely in their teens, these lovers were going out of their minds and didn’t know what to do about their situation.

"I want to take care of you forever," the young man lovingly told his sweetheart. "Let's go far away from here."

"And I want to spend the rest of my life with you," she replied. "I'll go anywhere with you."

These tender young lovers privately committed their lives to each other and decided to run away from their hometown. They promised to meet the next day at the same train station they had met at every day and set out on their own. But just as the young man was about to leave his house the following morning, his parents sensed what he was up to and ordered him to stay home.

The young woman waited for her lover at the train station. Time passed and passed. One train after another went by before her eyes, and she just kept waiting and waiting...

From that day on, the young man was not allowed to leave his house, no matter how much he begged his parents to let him go. Eventually, cut off from word from her and even news of her from others, he became ill from worrying about her. He missed his lover so much, but he could do nothing about it. He got weaker and weaker day by day. Finally, he died of lovesickness.

Meanwhile, the neatly dressed young woman continued to come to the train station every day and wait for her lover patiently and quietly, from morning to night. Over two decades passed, and she was still waiting...

Recently, I haven’t seen that elegant woman in the train station. I always purposely look over at her usual seat and try to find her. I wonder where she has been lately. Has she finally met the one she was waiting for? Now at the end of summer, in this crowded train station waiting room, full of noise, smoke, and bad smells, I sometimes seem to see those sweet lovers sitting there intimately talking with each other about everything.

Debbie Sun
Nails

Zhen Wei
China

When I was a boy, I was often in a bad mood. One day, my father gave me a bag of nails and told me, "When you lose your temper, you should take a hammer and drive a nail into the backyard fence."

The first day, I drove thirty-seven nails into the fence, and the second day I drove in twenty-nine. Gradually, the number of nails I drove in decreased, and I found that my temper was improving a lot. I discovered it was easier to calm myself down than to drive in a nail. Finally, I could control myself thoroughly and never got angry anymore.

When my father noticed that I could now control myself, he said to me, "From now on, you need to pull out a nail each time you manage to control your temper." Several days passed, and then I told my father I had pulled out all the nails.

My father patted me on the shoulder with great satisfaction, smiled at me, and said, "My son, you have done a good job. However, as you can see, you have left holes in the fence, and the fence will never return to its original condition. When you got angry, you also left holes in the people you hurt just like the holes in the fence. If you thrust a knife into someone, the wound in his or her heart will remain even if you say you are sorry thousands of times. The injury you have inflicted by the expression of your anger is like a real wound; it cannot be endured and it is hard to heal." □

If I Were a Tree

Jose Gonzalez
Mexico

If I were a tree,
I would have the freshest shadow in the forest
and give shelter to the spider, the bird, and the bee.

If I were a tree,
I would like to be the friendly host
where all kinds of living beings
would live, play, and rest the most.

If I were a tree,
I would like to live for a long, long time
and be admired and protected by all kids.

If I were a tree,
I would like to be thick and strong
and to grow so tall that I could touch—at last—God's feet.

Teachers

Adel Al-Hosani
UAE

How did you learn to write
By yourself
No

There are messengers
Who teach you such things
Who they are
What they have
They give you
What you need

They have spent a long time learning things
And you can gain knowledge easily from them in a short time
They are our teachers

Blue

Dalmiro Sanchez
Venezuela

A salty breeze in my face
Surrounded by a perfect blue
Only the sound of my heart
Breaks the quiet in the air

Reality Check #3

Dick Holmes
USA

It's around here somewhere.
It has to be.
Where else could it be?
Nine years ago, I was a nursing student in a nursing college in Thailand. The college was forty years old, one of the oldest nursing colleges in the country. As nursing students, my classmates and I had to stay in the dormitory on weekdays because there were hospital tasks and practices we had to do during that time. Some of us didn’t go home at all because we lived in other provinces far away from the city the college was located in. Most of the students went home on weekends, though, so there were only a few students left in the dormitory then and the college was quiet, especially during the nighttime.

We third-year nursing students all lived in dormitory #5. It was located at one side of the college next to the side gate. Along the side wall, there was a covered walkway that nurses, doctors, technicians, and hospital employees used to enter the hospital, a huge one that could occupy more than two thousand patients at the same time. Because of the size of the hospital, there were a lot of patients dying every day. The place where they kept the corpses (we called it the post-room) was located at the front of the nursing college, and post-room staff members were always carrying corpses, laid out on stretchers, along the covered walkway. Of course, we would always take a look at them every time they came passing us. At first, we were scared; sometimes our hair stood on end. We thought those dead bodies might somehow come alive and knock on our doors!

As time went on, though, we became used to the sight of corpses and totally ignored them. We just focused on our hard studies and had fun with our friends. No one felt so scared of them anymore since it was the normal picture we saw every day, just like seeing people running along the street. It was always normal and peaceful—until one night, the night that all of us, those who were in the dorm and those who weren’t, would remember well for the rest of our lives.

It was a long, hot Saturday night in the summertime. About two-thirds of the students had gone home for the weekend. Since it was so warm, we stayed up late, talking and gossiping about our teachers. No one seemed to get tired of talking or to want to go to bed yet. Four of us—Tiph, Rung, Varit, and I—teamed up and hung out in room 208, Tiph’s room. It was almost midnight when we all finally went to bed.

Varit got into bed first as the rest of us went downstairs to get some drinks. Everything was okay until we got back to the room. Varit, with a pale face, said to Rung, “I thought you were already in the room!”

“No,” replied Rung, “I went downstairs to get some drinks...
One Night...

with Tiph and Wasana. I wasn’t in the room.”

“Well, who was that then?! I thought I saw you sitting on that bed over there combing your hair.” Varit pointed to the bed at the far end of the room next to the window.

“Don’t be silly! I have witnesses.” Rung pointed at Tiph and me, and we nodded.

“Well, I must be tired from talking too much tonight,” Varit said, pulling her bedspread up over herself.

“I’m going to the rest room,” Rung said. “I’ll be back soon. Have a good night!”

We had a bathroom with two accesses. One access was from our room and the other was from the neighboring room. The rest room was unlocked as Rung walked in, and she saw a woman with long, shiny black hair leaving the bathroom through the other door. From Rung’s position as she entered the bathroom, she could see only the woman’s back and her shiny black hair. That must be Phen, Rung thought. She must have just finished her night shift and taken a shower.

“Phen!” she called out to her. “Phen!”

There was no reply.

“Well, she must be too tired to respond,” she said with a sigh.

We all had to work so hard during the third year of our training, when we had more patients than we could take care of during our shift. Rung did her business, went back into the room, and got into bed, thinking she was going to get a good night’s sleep.

Knock, knock, knock.

By this time, it was very late at night. Tiph was the only one who heard the knocking.

Knock, knock, knock.

There it was again. She sat up and looked to see if someone was at the door. But there was no shadow there.

“What’s going on?” Tiph muttered to herself.

The hallway was so bright that if there was someone at the door, you could see the caller’s shadow through the window.

“Well, anyway, the door’s locked and we’ll be safe in here,” Tiph said, starting to lie back down in her bed.

Then suddenly she saw someone with long hair and wearing a long bathrobe standing in the corner of the room combing her hair. The rest of us were sound asleep.

“Who are you?” Tiph wanted to ask, but she couldn’t get her voice to come out of her mouth.

Then the woman started floating toward her! She came so close that Tiph could see her face.

“Oh, my goodness!” Tiph screamed out loud. “Help me!”

Suddenly, the woman disappeared! Everybody woke up and rushed over to Tiph.

“What happened?!” I asked, touching her shoulder.

Her back was wet with sweat, her face as pale as a piece of paper.

“Did you have a nightmare?” Varit asked.

“It wasn’t a nightmare!” Tiph said. “It was real! I couldn’t believe it!”

“Tell us what happened to you,” I said. “Why do you look so frightened?”

“I saw a woman with long hair and wearing a long bathrobe. She was combing her hair, and then she started floating toward me! Then she disappeared right before my eyes!”

“What?!” we shouted almost in unison.

“That was the woman that I told you about before!” Varit said.

“Yes, she was the one I saw in the bathroom, too!” said Rung.

“Everyone believe me?” Tiph asked.

“I believe you!” each of us said.

“I don’t want to sleep here anymore!” Tiph said. “Let’s go to Wan’s room!”

In the morning, we went to one of our teachers and described what had happened the night before. She nodded as she listened to us, and then she told us a story about a student who had hung herself on the door in that room. “For the sake of peace,” she said, “you know what you should do.”

We understood what she meant, and we didn’t tell this story to the others. We knew it was a matter of individual belief, anyway.

What do you think? Do you believe in the existence of ghosts? ☝
I spent a lot of time with him. He showed me lots of interesting things and treasures I hadn’t seen before. He also took care of me kindly. My life was exciting, and I lived full of happiness and appreciation. I just regret I never expressed my thanks to him.

My name is Chappy. I moved into a little boy’s house the night of a festival. At the festival, the little boy watched me for a long time, but I was too busy to show him much attention. Lots of humans were feeding me, trying to win my affections. I bit off a little piece of cabbage each of them offered me because I didn’t want to belong to any one of them. When the little boy joined the game, I thought I’d be able to escape from him just as I’d gotten away from the others, but I couldn’t. His eyes caught my eyes tightly.

When I moved in with him, my adventure started. Everything in my world changed. First, he introduced himself to me. His name was Tom, he was 8, and he liked me very much. He named me Chappy. Even though I was excited to see lots of big things all around me that night, I was so tired that I fell asleep without realizing that I was nodding off.

The next day, Tom made me a house with a red roof, but unfortunately I preferred to explore this strange world I was in rather than pretend to be a cute doll. So in my first days at Tom’s house, I was always being joyfully chased around by him (and angrily by his mom).

My favorite place is the blue sofa, with all its tunnels, in Tom’s room. It’s tight in the tunnels, but they lead to a hidden gymnasium, where I have a lot of fun playing. When I told Tom about this secret place, he said he had the same thing outside, only without the tunnels. He said it was called a jungle gym. Wow, that sounded cool.

One day, Tom brought me along with him and his friends to show me the jungle gym in a park near his house. It was extremely huge. He asked me if I wanted to go to the top of it. Of course I said yes because I’m a cool guy, you know. So he pocketed me and started climbing. At the top, he let me stand there and asked me how it felt. “It’s cool, isn’t it?” I answered, though I was actually thinking, “I’m gonna wet my pants!” It seemed my pretense succeeded. He introduced me to his friends, saying, “Chappy’s a tough guy, huh?” But he knew me well and pocketed me after a second.

From this short trip, I discovered how interesting the world outside Tom’s room is, and I began to search for the best way to go out by myself without running into Mom, who always screams whenever I meet her. I wonder how she makes that shrill sound—exactly like that of a sander. Anyway, I finally found a nice way out, a tunnel-like passage going from Tom’s window out along the roof. It’s a thrilling escape to the outdoors, but I can’t just go out impulsively because sometimes cats are standing by the place I come out at.

It’s raining today. Tom and I hate rain. It makes me feel a little down. So I came here to my gym to exercise, hoping I’d feel better. But even though I’m in one of my favorite places, I can’t seem to warm up today. It’s getting cold, and I’m so tired. I should go home. I’m going to stay in my red-roof house today, as he wishes. Maybe that’ll make a nice surprise for him.

The time came suddenly.

When Tom got back home from “prison,” as he called it, his heart stopped an instant. Beneath his handmade red roof, he found a small brown lump. He picked up the lump immediately and held it in his hand to warm it because he’d learned that sometimes warming a small animal can revive it.

“Chu,” came a small sound from Chappy, and the boy’s eyes shone. But time was short.

Now Chappy lay asleep in Tom’s hand. With his other hand, Tom covered Chappy’s beautiful brown fur to prevent his little friend’s getting wet from the raindrops falling from his eyes.

The little boy wondered whether Chappy had been happy or not, with all the changes he’d brought to his friend’s life.
Ignorance?
Juan A. Oviedo Salcedo
Colombia

Once upon a time in Santander, the state where I used to live, there was a tiny, gray-haired, wrinkled old rich man, and everybody wondered about his fortune because he seemed to be rather ignorant. He was always thinking about how to help people in some small way. He never gave money to anybody, but if somebody needed a job, he tried to find one for that person. If somebody was ill, he talked to the doctor. If somebody lost a relative, he called for the priest and gave emotional support. Really, this old man was wonderful to everyone in his community.

One day, he mysteriously disappeared from town. At first, nobody noticed his absence. Everyone kept to his or her own affairs, and nobody asked about the kind old man. No one seemed worried about him. But then some people lost their jobs and there was no one to help them get other jobs. A young man became ill and soon passed away and his family was all alone at the funeral ceremony. Finally, a woman in the family asked herself, "Where is that kind old man who always helps in situations like these?" Then she went to his house and found him alone and very sad.

"What happened?" the woman asked.

"Some young people attacked me two weeks ago, and I almost died," the old man answered. "They hurt me terribly. I'm still in bad condition, close to... oh, God."

"Why?" she asked.
"They were looking for money," the old man told her, "and they destroyed my home. They asked me why I help people."
"And what did you do?"
"What could I do? I didn't have any money to give them."
"Whaat? Everyone in town knows you have money."
"No, everyone thinks that I'm a rich man, but I'm not. I used to be a rich man who worked hard and stayed alone almost all the time, with no family, no time for myself. I just worked and did nothing else. And then one time I looked up for a while and realized that no one in this world is alone; each of us has a God. It's not important which God; the most important thing is just to have some idea about God. To believe in that idea. Everything in life is temporary—money, youth, even friends. But God is eternal. With that new understanding, I started helping people and sharing all my belongings—not giving them money but helping them find jobs, recover their health, and do other such things. When people are hungry, you don't have to give them bread; you can teach them how to make bread. That's my philosophy. I've spent my money in that way, and now I don't have any money left. My wealth now is my wisdom, my common sense, and my wish to help people who need help."

The woman thought that despite his apparent ignorance the old man was truly wise. His knowledge of academic subjects might be nothing, but his knowledge of life was vast and accurate.

"What are you going to do now?" the woman asked.
"Please help me get better," the old man answered. "I have to look for my attackers, pray for them, help them, get them to understand why I help people. I know they need God's help."

"Are you crazy?!" the woman exclaimed. "They attacked you, and now you want to look for them and help them? Oh, my God!"

"No hate in your heart, dear," the wise old man said. "Don't worry about others' actions; just worry about your own, about what you will do, and what you won't do."

Reality Check #4
Dick Holmes
USA

Who were we before we were?

Who will we be after we are?
"I'll come back soon."
These last words of his remained in us after he left, when I was a two-year-old. "Us"... my mother and me.

My father, a U.S. Army soldier, and my mother met in Japan in 1973. They soon fell in love, and one year later they got married. And then I was born in 1975.

"We were really happy in those days," my mother said to me. Their married life lasted just four years. My father had to leave Japan on orders from the Army. So he left us in Japan and headed for his next station, in the U.S. Why didn’t he bring his family to his country? He was worried that my mother and I would have to change our life in a foreign country while I was still a baby. So he promised my mother that he would come back after one year and take us to the U.S. And until that time he was going to prepare for our coming.

My mother believed him and waited for him. They sent letters to each other once a month. She never doubted him, and she continued to prepare for our move to the U.S. After one year had passed, though, my father’s letters suddenly stopped coming, and my mother’s letters began to be returned to her. After three returned letters, she gave up trying to write to him. She thought, "He might be having some trouble, so he hasn’t had time to write." She decided just to wait for him with their little child.

As the years passed, I began to doubt my father. I also felt sad for my mother because she was still waiting for him after such a long, long time. She still decorated his pictures, and she wouldn’t move to another place because he wouldn’t be able to find his family when he came back. I wanted to see my father, but after so many years, how could I believe in him? I thought that if he didn’t come back, I’d go find him. How? Nobody knew where he was now. But I was determined to seek him out.

I was different from others because my mother was a Japanese, and my father was an American. My hair color was light brown, and my face didn’t look Japanese. No one would ever believe that I had Japanese blood. I hated my looks. I was always spurned by my classmates due to my difference. I felt lonely and hated my father. So I couldn’t understand my mother. I grew up as a Japanese, but people didn’t admire me as a Japanese. Throughout my teenage years, I always had trouble with my identity: Who was I? Was I Japanese, or was I American? I was disappointed in my father, but I studied English harder and harder so that I could communicate with him in English someday. It was my dream, one that my mother didn’t know about. I never told her my "big secret."

After graduating from college, I passed the government’s study abroad program examination, and I had the opportunity to enter graduate school in South Carolina, USA. Yes, a chance to go to the U.S! My stay would be limited to two years, so I had to find my father within that time. But I had a problem: How could I find him?

I went to his country, but I didn’t even know whether he was still living or not. I just knew that he’d been a U.S. Army soldier, that he came from North Carolina, that he was fifty years old.

Several months passed, and I’d done nothing, but I never forgot about my father.

I started taking action during school break. First of all, I asked the U.S. Army where I could find my father, but they said that there was no one by his name in the Army. I was shocked and sank into sadness. Now I wondered if it was impossible to find someone in this huge country by myself. Before coming here, I’d thought I could find him easily and would soon be able to tell my mother something. In a letter to her, I wrote, "I’ve been trying to find your husband." Soon, I got a letter back from her. She was so surprised by my secret, and pleased. I had to restart my search.

While staying here in America, I felt a different kind of feeling about my Japanese/American identity. One day, I was sitting on a bench near two Japanese students. I spoke to them in Japanese, and my speaking their native language surprised them. They said, "Your Japanese is very good." Since I’d given them my middle name, Chris, rather than my Japanese name, they probably assumed that I didn’t have the same nationality they had. Before, I hadn’t looked like a Japanese, and now I was thought to be an American even though I’d grown up as a Japanese. I still wondered where I belonged.

I continued searching for my...
found...

father. I asked the Army about him again, and the Veteran’s office, too. I asked each American I met here about him, thinking I might find somebody who had stayed in Japan when he was there. I wanted to find some clues. I thought about taking out an ad in some newspapers, but I gave up on that idea. My father probably already had a new family that might not know about me. I didn’t want to make trouble for them.

Several more months passed. I had only six months left in the U.S. I had to find him for my mother and me. Since I’d started looking for him, I’d come to realize that finding him was important to me in discovering who I was.

Then one day when I was watching TV, I heard a name—Lawrence—that sounded somewhat like my father’s. It dawned on me that my father’s name, Larry, might be a nickname for Lawrence. Maybe that’s why I hadn’t been able to find him, I thought. I called the Veterans office again and this time asked about Lawrence Hoffman.

A week later, I got a call from the U.S. Army informing me of my father’s phone number and address. Immediately, I sat down and wrote a letter to him saying that I’d been looking for him and that I wanted to see him. I was nervous about whether he’d answer my letter. Soon, I heard back from him that we could meet. I was thrilled but scared.

We met in a park on Sunday afternoon. I got there five minutes early and saw a man sitting where we’d agreed to meet. Was that my...?

He asked me first, “Are you Chris?”

“Yes.” I said, feeling something dropping on my cheek. “Are you Mr. Hoffman, my father?”

“Yes.”

He took hold of me warmly and strongly, and I saw tears dropping from his eyes, too.

After a while, I asked him why he’d cut contact with my mother, and he began to explain.

“One year after I left Japan, my apartment caught fire, and I was injured in the incident. All my stuff—everything—burned in the fire. I lost everything, even your address, our family pictures, and so on. And then I had to undergo rehabilitation for two years. For a long time after the fire, I led a depressing life. I never forgot about you, but I couldn’t do anything for you. So...” His next words were nearly lost in his tears. “I met my second wife seven years after the fire, and I have another family now. I just hoped that your mother and you would be happy. I was really sorry, but...”

I could say nothing in reply, thinking of my mother, who was still waiting for him.

After a moment of silence, he looked off to the side and signaled his other family. A woman, a boy, and a girl came walking toward us.

“Hi, I’m Grace,” the woman said, “and this is my son, Joe, and my daughter, Anne. You’re Chris?”

I nodded.

Although Joe gave me a smile, Anne showed some hostility toward me. Studying her face, I could see that she and I both took after Larry. I could also see that she, like me, was confused by this situation.

Grace finally broke the uncomfortable silence. “Before we got married, Larry told me about you and your mother, so I could imagine this day, but our children didn’t know until recently. We told them about you carefully, and we all came together today because we want to welcome you into our family.”

“You are one of my family,” my father added.

I was really confused, but happy.

Though I knew now that my father would never return to my mother, I felt refreshed. At least I’d found out who I was. All the vexations I’d suffered since I was a child disappeared at that moment. I decided I’d live, really live, my wonderful life of double nationality that my parents had given me. Even my mother might be delighted by the report I’d be giving her soon. Suddenly, as I left the park to go to lunch with my new family, I realized she’d probably already given up on my father many years before and had made, without my knowing it, a new life of her own. □

Nagako Shimabukuro
A Poet Is Born, Not Made
Abdulla Al-Nuaimi
UAE

The beginning was hello.
They pushed me, and I said, “No!”
Then they pulled, and I said, “Whoa!”
To the driver they said, “Go!”
In my mind I said, “Please no!”
They stopped there in the cold, cold snow,
And I said, “Please, no, nooooo!”
I’ve learned not to say so-and-so.

If I Were God
Young-Kyu Kim
Korea

If I were God,
I could make the earth
Clean, quiet, and peaceful, but . . .

To do that,
I would have to eliminate
The filthy and bothersome,
And, as you know,
God cares for everything,
Feeding even the cockroaches.

So, to clean up the earth,
I would first have to get rid of Myself,
And you know
What that would mean for the earth.

Traveling
Santiago Canela Mejia
Colombia

I’ve been traveling for seven months, and
Now I’m arriving back home.
Everybody is there,
Everybody is looking,
Everybody is willing,
Everybody is waiting,
Everybody is waiting and thinking,
Yes, everybody is thinking and waiting because
Everybody wants to know
If I’m still the same.

Hey!
Abdulla Al-Nuaimi
UAE

Don’t be stuck up, with your nose up.
Or you don’t know where you’ll end up.
Or your life will get screwed up.
Give up, shut up, and listen up.
If you stay like this, you’ll never grow up,
So don’t even think about being stuck up.
Between the Green Trees
Juan A. Oviedo Salcedo
Colombia

Between the green trees
I saw a pink sea
full of turquoise stones
and orange silence
floated over the unfolding
garden of bright mystery.

Aleatory
Santiago Canela Mejia, Colombia
Dalmiro Sanchez, Venezuela

In a rain of red leaves
That spread before you
The sky gets quiet
And your soul reveals
The shadow of the unknown

The Truth
Pilar Otalora
Colombia

The night became a mystery.
I saw the moonlight in the deep,
and among the stars
my memories disappeared.

The wind was blowing . . .
and in the distance sparkling white boats
were carrying away
my shattered dreams.

I remained serene . . .
meanwhile the sand and the water
touched my soul as well as my feet.

Neither I nor You
said a word, but the roar of the silence
cried out the truth.

Some Company
Debbie Sun
Taiwan

The earth is turning
A bird is flying
Both are looking
For some company who
Can listen to them
Finally the earth finds the moon
The bird finds a stone
And both are happy with their company

Reality Check #5
Dick Holmes
USA

within within beyond
beyond beyond
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

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

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

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

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

When would you like to start?

___ Fall 2000 August 6 - October 6
___ Fall II 2000 October 15 - December 15
___ Winter 2001 January 7 - March 9
___ Spring, 2001 March 18 - May 18
___ Summer, 2001 May 27 - July 27

(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?
Housing Information

Average EIF apartments have one bedroom and one bathroom, providing space for two students. All apartments have two beds. Students share bedrooms with a roommate of the same gender. Kitchen, laundry, and storage areas are available. Rent includes all utilities except phone and internet. Guarantees are required for all apartments.

Zip code
City
State
Street/Box
School name

If you are currently a student at the University of Southern California, please provide your name and address for student mailings. If you are not currently a student at the University of Southern California, please provide your name and address for non-student mailings.

Contact Information

Email
Phone number
Fax number
Postal code
City
Street

Mailaddress
Ms. Gardner ... or Adriana?

Wasana's Thai Dancing!