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When I was a child, I used to wait for Seolnal with a long neck. On that day, I could wear a new Hanbok—a beautiful traditional Korean costume—handmade by my mom. After Mom dressed me up in this colorful Korean dress and braided my long hair with red silk ribbon, I visited my grandparents and relatives with my father and siblings. It was always a joyful and festive day.

Seolnal, which comes on the first day in January by the lunar calendar, is the biggest holiday in Korea. A huge movement of people from one city to another occurs across the whole country. Looking forward to meeting our family members and old friends, we head for our hometown.

In preparation for the holidays, housewives usually busy themselves preparing special food for the ancestor-memorial service and guests. When everything is ready, the first thing we do on Seolnal is to set the table for a service in front of the ancestral tablets pasted on a folding screen. Wearing our neat Hanbok with a chaste attitude, we bow down on our knees, praying and asking for the prosperity of our home.

We have another big holiday, Chuseok, on the 15th day of the Eighth Moon. This celebration is a kind of Thanksgiving Day called the Harvest Moon Festival. Again, we perform an ancestor-memorial service, this time with freshly harvested grains and fruits.

On the night before Chuseok, all the family members sit around and make Songpyon, a crescent-shaped rice cake. Prattling women try their best to make their Songpyon as pretty as possible because it is said that a woman who can make good-looking Songpyon will give birth to beautiful or handsome children.

The important thing to do on Chuseok is to visit our ancestors’ graves, which are usually situated in a nearby or distant mountain. One or two weeks before the holiday, we trim the mounded, grass-covered tombs. Some food and fresh fruits are offered to give thanks for our ancestors’ blessings—an abundant harvest—and to cherish the memory of our departed ones.

On these two festive holidays, which we consider the most important in our tradition, Korean family members get together and enjoy each other’s company after a long time of not seeing each other. We feast together and make merry playing traditional games. But why, foreigners might wonder, do Koreans still need the formal rites? Some foreign Christians criticize our ancestral ceremonies as idol worship, and the young Korean generation also regard them as useless. I believe that my forefathers and foremothers were religiously devoted to an indefinite god, highly respectful of their parents, and grateful for all they received; so naturally they wanted to commemorate their deceased relatives and show respect to their living elders in a characteristic form. Even though as a Christian I think serving food to the dead and bowing to them in front of their tombs is not necessary, I respect the devotion and wisdom expressed in our holiday traditions.
The Wrong Planet
Karina Young
Chile

Report No. & U
Planet: EARTH
Re: The Wrong Planet

To all my fellow Zenoans, this is ArkZeno2987, reporting my experiences, findings, and conclusions on planet Earth after [+/-], or two years Earth time, of exploration here. Of all the hundreds of missions I have undertaken, I would say this has become the most interesting one due to the basic difference I have discovered between Earthlings and us, which I shall explain to you in detail in this report.

Just to summarize the objective of this mission so as to avoid misunderstandings in the future: I am on planet Earth on a mission to obtain information, in the same way that other Zenoans are working on other planets, particularly in this case to find out what human beings' weak link is so that we will be able to dominate their minds in the near future. The reason for such investigation? As we all know, our planet Zeno will be extinguished in exactly [++/:"], or 5 years, 4 months, 2 days, and 3,366 seconds Earth time, and we need a place to transfer our advanced civilization, preventing its disappearance from the universe. We have already finished 100% of the natural resources of our planet, including every vestige of plant and animal life.

At first we thought of Earth as the best planet to move to because it seemed to us that it would be easy to dominate a civilization that is politically divided into continents, countries, and even cities and smaller communities. This would seem to facilitate the process of domination because it wouldn't be necessary to focus on the entire population of the planet at the same time and we could take advantage of the lack of communication among the various segments.

We had another reason to think that this planet wouldn't be very hard to conquer: the fact that human beings still have vestiges of their souls, which we assumed was a big weakness we could take advantage of. Even though every day I have seen humans perpetrate thousands of aggressive verbal and physical actions against each other, deep down almost every one of them has a very sensitive heart. At first I thought this sensitivity of theirs would become our most powerful weapon against them in the war for survival to come. But now I have changed my mind. I have seen that this trait might in fact represent their strength rather than their weakness, a strength that we Zenoans lost when we decided that it would be better for our scientific development to abandon souls and ethics.

To illustrate what I am getting at here, I want to describe a situation that I witnessed yesterday in a small and obviously not very developed town.

I was in a jewelry store, unsuccessfully trying to understand why such small colored stones, just because of their scarcity, are considered so desirable by human beings. As required by my mission, I was invisible at the time, so my presence there went unnoticed throughout the following episode.

The jeweler was alone in his store, gazing dreamily out the window at the street, when a blond-haired little girl with eyes the color of the sky—around eight years old—came up to the store and pressed her nose against the window. Her eyes lit up when she saw a blue turquoise necklace in the window display.

She came into the store and asked the jeweler to get it. "It's for my sister," she said. "Would you gift-wrap it, please?"

The jeweler looked at her dubiously and asked her, "How much money do you have?"

With no hesitation, she pulled a tied tissue out of her pocket and untied the knot very carefully on the counter. She opened the tissue and proudly displayed all the money she had, only a few coins. "Is this enough?" she asked. "I want to give this present to my older sister. Since our mother died, she's been busy taking care of us and doesn't have any time for herself. Today is her birthday, and I know she'll be very happy with this necklace. It has the same color as her eyes."

The jeweler put the necklace...
The Wrong Planet . . .

in a case, wrapped it with red tissue paper, and tied it with a beautiful gold ribbon. “Take it,” he said to the little girl, “and take care.”

She was thrilled, and the jeweler smiled as he watched her leave the store with her package and go running and jumping down the street.

A little later, a beautiful blond-haired young woman with marvelous blue eyes came into the store. She put the same package, now open, on the counter and asked, “Was this necklace bought here?”

“Yes,” the jeweler said. “And how much did it cost?” she asked.

“The price of any product in my store,” he answered, “is always a confidential issue between the seller and the customer.”

“But my little sister had only a few coins!” the young lady said. “This necklace is expensive, isn’t it? She couldn’t possibly have had enough money to pay for it.”

The jeweler carefully re-wrapped and re-tied the package and then gave it back to the lady, saying, “She paid the highest price that anybody can pay. She gave everything that she had.”

Silence filled the small store. The beautiful young lady was deeply moved, and a tear rolled down her cheek. She took the gift into her hands, and with great admiration she thanked the generous jeweler for his wise words.

So, my fellow Zenoans, now I see that maybe our discarding of our souls thousands of years ago explains why our planet is about to become extinct and why extinction will result again and again wherever we transplant ourselves. Humanity has remained here on Earth for a great many years, and I think I have discovered the reason. Human beings give themselves entirely when they really want to help or love somebody, with no restrictions. And the gratitude they feel in the face of these tender gestures has no limit. In the deepest part of their hearts, in their souls, human beings love each other compassionately. Their hearts link them together, and I think that any attempt we make to dominate their minds will be unsuccessful since it will be impossible for us to dominate their souls.

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Good Nightmare
Yumi Takahashi
Japan

Can you hug color like a child?
The monster dances with you on the roof under the stars.
In the kitchen, pigs and chickens sing a funny song for the moon.
Do you catch your future from the sky?
If you watch and really see this scene, you can enjoy your dream forever.

Disappearance
Yoo-chung Lee
Korea

When we are small, everything shines for us.
Both I and other are growing like a dream.
We don’t care where the dream comes from, even though we are little, tiny in the world.
When we become big, everything turns into darkness.
Neither I nor you have a dream.
We care where we are, what we are, even though we are tall, big in the world.
Tijuana, a City Without Borders
Sara Flores
Mexico

Located in the Northwest of Mexico, Tijuana, Baja California, borders San Diego, California, and is part of the Baja territory which is well known for the Baja 1000 race. Tijuana can be called a very young city, not just because it was founded less than 90 years ago, but because most of its population is under 40. As a border city, Tijuana is greatly influenced by the California lifestyle, which has turned it into a very interesting place, distinct from the rest of the country.

Tijuana is a marvelous place where you can find beautiful landscapes and all kinds of entertainment activities and business opportunities. As a matter of fact, people from all around the world identify the city as a strategic business center.

Due to the area's blessed weather, Franciscan missionaries established themselves all along California and Baja California, where they built beautiful churches and cultivated extensive vineyards, yielding some of the finest wines in the world. Famous vineyard areas such as Calafia, Santo Tomas, and Napa Valley, are located near Tijuana. The magnificent Pacific Ocean, with its orange-red desert sunsets, creates an extraordinary backdrop for Tijuana's nonstop celebration of life.

For many people, Tijuana is a place where you can find fun all day long. Every weekend, San Diegan Marines and neighboring people in general from both the U.S. and Mexico flock to the city, looking for various kinds of entertainment—from nightclubs, bars, and discoteques to horse races, gambling bookies, beach sports, bullfights, gamecock fights, and jai-alai matches. In Mexico, the law allows young people 18 and older to drink alcohol, so you can imagine the myriads of U.S. teenagers that cross the border to have fun in Tijuana. They come to "enjoy the party."

Music and Nature Are Food for the Senses
Lara Vence
Colombia

Your feelings are a mystery. There are ghosts in your mind. Try to find the solution in music and nature.
Before I graduated from elementary school, my classmates and I got to take a trip together. We went on a three-day trip to a famous mountain in Korea. The last night of our stay in the mountain, some of us planned to sneak out of our room after our teacher came to check on us. We wanted to have an adventure in the mountain night.

Obviously, we weren't allowed to go out like that, but we were so naughty that we were determined to do it anyway. That night, after our teacher came to our room to make sure we were all safely there, we stepped out very quietly so that the other students wouldn't hear us. About fifteen students in my class went on the adventure.

As we walked in the darkness, we all felt scared but pretended that we weren't afraid. I just held my classmate's hand tightly and kept walking. We took flashlights with us to see where we were going, and we talked all the way, making sure everyone was still with us at all times.

Deep into the mountain, we saw a lot of fireflies all around us. We were so happy that we forgot our fears. We had never seen fireflies before because we lived in a big city, so we were all excited. We turned around and around, stretching out our arms and dancing among the fireflies.

Then we found a lake and saw the moonlight illuminated on the lake. It was so beautiful! We sat down beside the lake and told stories, sang, and joked around. We laughed so hard we forgot about the time. When we finally thought about it, it was almost morning!

We hurried back to our room. Fortunately, our teacher hadn't discovered our disappearance.

We were very happy about that. We got back into bed and fell asleep instantly.

When our teacher woke us up—not long after we had gone to sleep—I felt I could not open my eyes because I was so tired. Then when I saw that all my classmates were in the same condition, I felt the humor of our situation. Going home on the bus that day, we all fell asleep. But thinking about all that had happened the night before, I was still very excited. We had danced among the fireflies, as if in a dream. Maybe it was not a good thing that we had done, because it was very dangerous, but I was so happy to have had a big adventure like that, one that I think I will never forget.
The 2002 World Cup is now being held in Korea and Japan. Not so long ago, the World Cup was only a soccer tournament enjoyed by a relatively small number of people from relatively few countries, but in recent years it has become a world festival. Even though the World Cup is just one sporting event, about 30 billion people enjoy watching it today. According to recent reports, the Argentines hoped to win the Cup even more than to achieve economic growth. The Chinese were depressed all day long when their team lost. Watching the World Cup, thousands of young people all over the world hope to become star soccer players.

Why do so many people get so wildly excited about this game? Isn’t it just a game like many others? Or is there something special about it? In my opinion, the unique traits of soccer, the holding of the World Cup event, and the powerful worldwide organization promoting the sport can be counted among the reasons for soccer’s great popularity.

First of all, soccer has some distinct traits that make it an especially attractive sport. It is an easy game to play, and its rules are not difficult to understand. With just a ball, we can play the game and generate a lot of excitement. And watching it is fun, too, even for people watching it for the first time. Furthermore, soccer is not a game between individuals but a game involving cooperation among team members. The more modernized our societies become, the more individualized we become. People have come to feel that human relations today are drier than they were in the past. When we play or watch soccer, we are not alone. The feeling of isolation breaks down. And there is no trick to winning the game, no royal road to victory. All of the team members have to do their best to win. How good such a game is in modern societies!

The world holds a big soccer event, the World Cup, every four years. This periodic event has made soccer more and more popular. Millions of people look forward to the beginning of the World Cup. As mass communication and transportation have developed, the World Cup has become a bigger and bigger event. Today most people hear news of a big event wherever they live. And with our modern transportation systems we can go wherever and whenever we want to cheer on our team. If we don’t have the opportunity to go in person, we can watch it on TV. This means that soccer isn’t an area-bound game. It can easily be enjoyed all over the world.

I think FIFA also contributes greatly to making the World Cup a global festival. The staff of FIFA do their best to make the event known to everyone in the world. FIFA earns a great deal of money from selling its broadcasting rights and pours money into popularizing soccer. Branches of FIFA have been established in many countries around the world. Numerous members of FIFA play active roles in strengthening the power of the organization. Even if we don’t know about all the activities of FIFA, they have an influence on us. FIFA performs something like mass hypnosis. If we don’t live apart from mass communication and other people, we are no doubt subject to FIFA’s planting the World Cup firmly in our minds. In the past, dictators of various underdeveloped countries have used sports to keep the people under control. In recent years, dictators have largely been replaced by powerful organizations that utilize mass communication.

Soccer seems to be a world language like music. Today people all over the world are crazy about the game.
He is one of my old friends. I have known him for twelve years, since we were classmates in high school. At that time, however, he made no deep impression on me because I was focused on being an excellent student and I had much better grades than he did. After several exams, we were both chosen for the Olympic Competition Class, which was composed of fewer than twenty students, but he was not a shining member. My main memory of him in high school was that he was the head of our championship volleyball team.

The real connection between us began seven years ago. I was a third-year student in one of the oldest universities in China, the best one near my hometown. He was in another famous university in another big city. I was still a good student, ranked first in my class, and I wanted to do everything perfectly. I was also busy in various school activities. Eventually, though, the stress of my driven lifestyle caught up with me. I came down with an illness and had to lie in bed for several months. During that time, some bad news came to me that someone else in the class had won the prize that the school awarded annually to the most excellent student. I felt that it was unfair, that I was the best student and deserved the prize, though my grades were not as good as before because of my involvement in too many activities and my awful illness. Lying in bed, I was so sad and worried. I thought about lots of things every day, but I didn’t want to tell my friends about my troubles because I knew I was always a shining girl in their hearts. I suffered every day and hated the world. Then one day I got a letter from him, my old high school friend.

It was a typical letter, one like other friends might write, but as I read it I got a sense of a life completely different from mine. Maybe God had arranged that surprise for me? My friend wrote that he was preparing to travel by bike from the easternmost part of the country to the westernmost—a journey something like going from South Carolina to California! He was doing some practice and exercises every day to get his body in good condition for the long ride. Amazing! He had never cared much about grades or fellowships or prizes. He was living the way that he liked. He was healthy and enjoying his life. He was living in the sunshine. He said that he loved photography, and he included some photos in the letter. They were not perfect but lovely.

Not perfect but lovely. Yes, that was true. I started to think about my troubles. I had thought I could do anything well if I tried my best, but it was not true. I was a limited person. I was ill because I had been working on too many things at the same time. Despite my good intentions and efforts, I had never been perfect. There was nothing wrong with trying to be perfect, but I had cared too much about the results. I realized that even though I had always gotten better grades than others I was always more nervous than others at exams. Yes, I had cared too much about the results.

From then on, I started to change, and I became a happier person. I encouraged my friend and gave him my best suggestions. In turn, he told me about many interesting things going on around him. After I got well and returned to school, we continued writing to each other, and wrote more often. I always surprised him with my creative ideas, and he shared his love of reading and his knowledge of things with me. He introduced me to many good books. From reading them and discussing them with him, my world became wider and wider.

And now this good friend is my husband.
Possibilities of Writing
Yoshiyuki Kusanagi
Japan

You realize writing is the mystery
Words we bring up become the whole landscape
Your touch clears the voices of their birds
Though we don’t find all of them
We are free from darkness

Poems
Younghee Bae
Korea

Open the word house,
pick some words,
select the finest for my work.

To step up to a soul,
to touch and sprinkle,
to give joy and news.

Dress up,
make up,
decorate.

Ready to go,
look again in the mirror,
precisely hit the road.

Touches
Ky Hyun Kim
Korea

Touches,
I see you.

Touches,
You realize, here.

Touches,
We dance.

Touches,
Everything turns into the real story.

Answers
Dick Holmes
USA

A cowboy in Kansas
cheers on the final finalist
in the Miss Universe contest,
who answers her question
with smiling aplomb.

Beyond the TV screen
is a world.
And beyond the world,
within it,
is Nameless Infinitude.

A faintly twinkling star
stretches all the way
from its already
extinguished existence
to the beaming eyes
of the cowboy’s little girl,
outside lying in the grass
watching fireflies.
A Long Journey in the Afternoon

When I arrived at her house, I saw her, bent over, pulling weeds in her vegetable garden. Hearing my car, she looked up and turned around to see who was there without stopping her work. I walked up to her with a smiling face as if we were old friends and sat down next to her.

“Where are your children?”
“Playing inside.”
“Your husband?”
“Not at home.”
I asked some more usual questions as I bent down and joined her in her weeding. There were so many nice vegetables in her garden—red pepper, sesame, lettuce, matting wild greens, cucumber, zucchini, etc.

Suddenly she stopped working and faced me. “How about going out? The weather is so pleasant; isn’t it? 5:20! We have a long day in the summertime, almost four hours until dark. Let’s go to Swan Lake.”

I had no reason to reject her suggestion. “That sounds great. Let’s go!”
We hurried off to enjoy the remaining sunlight.

Her daughter and my children sit chatting in the back. I finally get the chance to talk with her intimately. Sitting in the passenger’s seat next to the driver’s seat, I think, “How can I get her to open up to me?”

She seems to be a good hand at the road. The blue sky with its towering white masses of clouds and the green roadside running parallel to the road make me feel so relaxed. Somebody’s remark—“She is from a rural district”—flashes into my mind.

“When I was a child,” I say, “there wasn’t any electrical system in my hometown. Whenever I talk about my childhood, most of my friends don’t understand and they make fun of me, calling me a country hayseed.”

“Same for me!”
“When somebody asks me about my favorite flower, I say I like small, unknown wild flowers in the field more than roses or lilies in flower shops.”

“What similar taste we have!”
She is so delighted to realize how much we have in common. She tells me her own childhood story. I can clap with her on the same team. Eventually she begins to talk about her conflict with her husband, the problem I have been wanting to help her with.

She says, “One of my friends said that I have not only the same name—Laura—but also the same personality and situation of a character in a novel. I can neither leave my home and children nor stand the discord between my husband and me. I don’t know what to do!”

The children’s shouting, the noisy sound from the car TV, our struggle talking... Disorder!! She stops talking and stares at the street with a gloomy face. What she wants to do is to change her life somehow. I can understand her anguish.

The trees, houses, cars, and people move backward very fast. The only thing not drifting is the spacious, high sky in front of us. We are on our way to Swan and Irish Lake. Before sunset, we will have enough time to enjoy the scene. It will be the perfect time to take a walk in the park! But how can I comfort her, I wonder. I remember what my sister told me when I was so deeply depressed not long ago.

“Laura, when my older sister had a hard time, she heard this on TV. After around ten years of marriage, women usually have a convulsive period like puberty. If we are in a period of violent shaking in our life, this kind of chaos is natural in a way. Then why don’t we wait until we become steady to make critical decisions?”

I don’t know whether it will work for her or not. But I look forward to continuing our talk at the lake, focusing on how we can love even the other’s weak points. Now the color of the sky is turning gold, and the hot air of summer is cooling down. I think it’s the best time of the day.

Younghhee Bae

Korea
John is an American who visited Saudi Arabia for the first time last year. He likes to visit as many countries as he can to learn about their cultural differences.

He arrived at Riyadh Airport on a Saturday night. Abdullah, a Saudi friend he had gotten to know in the U.S. two years before, met him at the airport. After John was finished with Customs, Abdullah picked up John’s bags and put them in the trunk of his car.

On their way to downtown Riyadh, John was shocked by what he was seeing. He hadn’t expected to see such a modern city. All the way to the hotel, he looked out the window, marveling at all the beautiful buildings.

They arrived at the Sheraton hotel, where Abdullah had paid for a couple of days’ stay. Entering the hotel, John saw that it was not like the Sheraton hotels he had seen in the U.S. and other countries. Everything in the room had a golden, luxurious look. John was amazed by the modernity and luxurious comfort he was finding in Saudi.

The next day he woke up at 10 a.m. John opened the window and took a deep breath. The air was soft. He called the receptionist and ordered breakfast. Abdullah had given him his cell phone number and told him to call whenever he wanted anything, so he called him, too.

“Hi, Abdullah, this is John. Good morning.”

“Good morning, John. How was your night? Was everything okay?”

“Yes, it was very nice and comfortable, especially after that long trip.”

“Good. Would you like me to come pick you up now?”

“Yes, I’ll be waiting for you.”

Abdullah arrived at the hotel 30 minutes later and called John from the reception desk. John came down and they went out together.

Abdullah drove, and John looked at all the beautiful office buildings, shops, and parks they passed by. After a while, they arrived at Al-Faisaliah, the second tallest building in Riyadh. They got out of the car and went inside the magnificent building. John was fascinated with its beautiful design. They toured the mall at the entrance and then went up to the 30th floor, where there was a giant silver ball with a restaurant inside. They had lunch there and took in the surrounding view of Riyadh.

After lunch, Abdullah drove John back to his hotel.

“Can’t we go to another place now?” John asked.

“No, we can’t,” Abdullah answered. “Every place is closed from 12 p.m. to 4 p.m.”

John didn’t ask why. Abdullah said that he would come and pick him up at 4 o’clock.

Abdullah returned to the Sheraton at 4 o’clock, and the two friends drove to the tallest building in Riyadh, 70 floors high. There they took a long journey inside. After their tour of the building, they went to a high-class restaurant and had dinner. By then it was two hours after sunset. It was a change for John to be eating dinner so late. Two hours later they went back to the hotel. John took a shower and slept like a rock.

They visited almost every place in Riyadh in a week. Then on Wednesday afternoon, Abdullah called John and asked him if he would like to join him and his friends that night for a camping trip in the desert. John didn’t say no; that was exactly what he had been waiting for ever since his arrival in Saudi Arabia.

At 5 p.m., Abdullah picked
An American in Saudi Arabia . . .

John up in his truck, loaded with such things as food, water, wood, a gas container, and some dishes. They went deep into the quiet desert, listening to an Arabic song on the tape player. The sky was so clear that John could see all the stars.

After a while they arrived at the chosen spot, where Abdullah’s friends had set up a big tent that could hold more than 15 people in it. Abdullah’s friends were sitting on the ground around a campfire. John and Abdullah sat down with them, and after introductions Arabian coffee was served in small cups.

“What do you call these cups?” John asked.

“We call them Finjan,” Abdullah replied.

“Do you use them for drinking other things, too, such as tea?”

“We don’t actually.”

John drank his coffee and ate some dates. Soon he finished his coffee and put the Finjan on the ground. The guy who was hosting came over and filled it up. After the fifth refill, John said “No thanks” when the host was about to refill his cup again. Abdullah whispered in his ear that he should just shake the Finjan to indicate that he had had enough.

They talked about all kinds of things as they sat around the campfire. Some of them talked in English and some of them didn’t.

“But why do you guys go camping in the middle of the week?” John asked. “Don’t you have to go to work tomorrow?”

“I’ll tell you why, John,” one of Abdullah’s friends answered with a big smile on his face. “Our country is different from yours. In Saudi, our weekend is Thursday and Friday because in Islam the holy day is Friday.”

“Okay, now I understand why.”

For dinner that night, the campers ate a traditional dish of rice and meat called Kabsa. After dinner, John and Abdullah went walking in the desert under the moonlight. They didn’t even need flashlights. After walking for two hours, they came back to the campsite, got inside the tent, closed it, and lay down on their beds.

“Why are you all wearing the same kind of clothes?” John asked.

“Well, I’ll tell you why after you put this on,” Abdullah said, handing him the same kind of Saudi garment they were wearing.

John changed his clothes and said, “Well, I can see now what you’re going to answer me. “Wow, man, I feel great. Those jeans were too tight and they were giving me a hard time when I was sitting on the ground.”

The next morning, they packed up their things and headed back to the city. This time John rode with Abdullah’s friends. They were all singing and dancing in the car. John was so happy he was laughing all the time.

The following day, it was time for John to leave. Abdullah drove him to the airport, where he gave John a going-away present and told him not to open it until he was back in America. John boarded the airplane and went back to his country with a different opinion about Saudi Arabia and the Saudi people.

Your Eyes

—to my sister—

Lijana Bozinovska
Macedonia

Your face, your eyes become as real as they are when I see you.

It is not a dream; you have just come into my head, flowed into my heart.

But time peacefully takes you back among the stars, where you shine.

When I Look at You

Yi-Wen Chen
Taiwan

When I look at you, your face shines.

When I look at you, your eyes sparkle.

Everything turns into stillness.

It’s not a dream.

It’s the truth.

Searching for Something

Saleh Al-Dhaheiri
UAE

Searching for something

In my book, I find your pictures

Between the pages
Have you ever been to a great land of white sand where ducks walk in a line across the road and the pleasant voices of carefree children playing in the sea after school brighten the air with happiness? One afternoon when I was around eight years old, I visited such a place, a village in Taiwan called Baisa, which means “white sand” in Taiwanese. It was like a fabulous nursery land.

If you visit Taiwan and ask people where Baisa is, most of them will probably answer, “I’m sorry, I don’t know.” Baisa is a very small fishing village in southernmost Taiwan. Only one road, which is mainly traveled by bus, passes through this quiet, sparsely populated village.

When I visited Baisa that day, I went directly to the town’s sole elementary school with the teacher who taught there. I was really attracted to the active character of the students in that tiny school. From the sound of their passionate laughter, it didn’t seem as if I was in a school at all. I felt that the way students could live in Baisa was such a happy thing.

After all these years, I still keep three pictures of Baisa in my mind. The first one is of the beautiful bright beach there, which stretched out before me so invitingly. Black fishnet, hanging high, wafted in the breeze above the great white sand. Nobody was there but the hot sun.

The second picture is of children playing in the coral reef just behind their houses. They scurried around looking for hermit crabs or just growled or screamed. They seemed not to have any homework but just the vast blue sea and sky to pay attention to. I really wanted to join those half-wet girls and boys, but I just civilly stood far away and watched them. Gazing at that idyllic scene, I really hoped I could come back someday. I told myself that I wouldn’t give up on my dream to jump into Baisa’s wild world.

The third picture is of a flock of ducks winding their way across the road. The first of the ducks was a big one, and the smaller ones followed the leader, who was probably the mother. They were not scared by our car. In fact, we thought we should wait for them as they crossed the road because they walked with such a swagger. I have never since seen a flock of ducks walk in a line like that.

Almost twenty years later, I returned to Baisa with a friend. After losing our way several times, we had finally made it there. We walked along the narrow streets of the little town and eventually arrived at the beach, which I had been so eager to see again. There were still only a few people there, even though tourism had become quite developed elsewhere in Taiwan. During lunchtime, nobody was there. At first we thought we had better not play in the sea under the hot noon sun, but we were too strongly attracted to the clear, cool-looking water. We took off our shoes and then our pants and then our T-shirts. Before we knew it, we were almost naked.

As we were playing in the sea, we spotted a couple strolling along the beach not far away, coming toward us. We knew that we should hurry out of the water and put our clothes on, but we were so elated that there was no way we were going to get out. Maybe the approaching couple could sense that we were sticking to our uncivilized behavior; they civilly kept their distance from us.

I was thankful for their giving us the freedom to enjoy our time at that moment. Before that experience, I hadn’t realized that civilization had any benefits; I had thought of its “good manners” only as limiting. Baisa gave my friend and me an experience of the gray region between civilization and wilderness.
Japan and Japanese Culture
Hiro Kobayashi
Japan

Each people has its own culture, and there are various kinds of customs, values, ways of thinking, and religions in the world. I would like to introduce my home country, Japan, and our particular culture.

Tokyo is the capital city of Japan and the biggest city in Asia. About ten million people live there, but the city is confined to a relatively small area, so most people live in apartments. The Diet Building, the Prime Minister’s Official Residence, and many skyscrapers can be found in this teeming city. The people of Tokyo like Karaoke, a place where people go to sing their favorite songs. When we have time to spare, we go to Karaoke with some friends and sing a lot of songs together.

We Japanese have our own customs just as people of other countries do. When we greet each other, for instance, we bow to someone whom we especially respect—for example, a professor or a person who is much older than we are. Most people in Japan like gifts. We often give and receive gifts. Gift giving shows our appreciation of each other. When presenting a gift to someone, we typically say, “This is not a good thing, but take it, please.” It is polite to say that. In some countries, it seems to be common sense to pay tips for restaurant, hotel, and taxi service, but in Japan you must not give tips to anyone anywhere. If you leave a tip for waiters or waitresses there, they will get angry or confused.

There are many Buddhists in Japan, but most young Japanese people have little knowledge about Buddhism. Today, the manners of Buddhism are simply our way of life. Respecting our ancestors is a very important thing to us. We must go to our own ancestors’ graves twice a year. This custom comes from Buddhism.

If you visit Japan, you will meet various kinds of people. This variety is one of the things I like most about my home country. 

Hiro Kobayashi
The Shy Prince

Yi-Wen Chen
Taiwan

There is this prince of a small country that existed long ago. He is amazingly handsome and intelligent, but because of his being perfect he was cursed when he was born and he can speak only one word per year. Day by day as the prince grows up, he becomes aware of his defect and develops a fear of mingling with others. Consequently, he asks his parents (in writing, of course) to build him a castle located in an uninhabited forest. When the castle is finished, he moves into it and settles into a life of seclusion.

To soothe the loneliness he feels in his new home, the shy prince likes to stand beside the window and watch the wild animals of the forest passing by. One day, the prince is standing beside the window as usual when he notices a beautiful young woman sitting under a tree reading a book. She has long hair like golden silk. Her face is flawless like a doll’s. Suddenly, the prince realizes that he is falling in love, and he decides to express his love to her. However, he can say only one word a year. “How can I express my love?!” he wonders.

The prince decides that he won’t say a word for three years so that he can save up enough words to say “I love you” to the beautiful woman when he breaks his silence.

Three years pass, and the prince’s love for her hasn’t faded. In fact, he loves her more than ever. Therefore, he decides that it is not enough to just tell her that he loves her; he wants her to know who he is. So he resolves to wait three more years before he tells her he loves her so that he can also tell her his name.

As time passes, the woman becomes more and more beautiful. By the end of the second three-year wait, it dawns on the prince that it is not enough to just confess his love and tell her his name. At this point, he feels he cannot live without her. “If she becomes my wife, I can see her every day!” he thinks. Therefore, the prince decides to propose to her.

But the problem is that the phrase “will you marry me” consists of four words, meaning that he will have to wait four more years to speak with her.

“But the wait will be well worth it,” he thinks, “if she consents to be my wife!” For this reason, the prince decides to wait four more years before he approaches her.

Finally, four years later, the prince is ready to talk with the beautiful woman. One day, she comes to the forest again and sits under a tree reading a book. The prince runs out of the castle to meet her. When he comes face to face with her, he is so nervous that he can barely speak a word. He takes a deep breath to calm himself, and finally out come the precious words. “I am John. I love you. Will you marry me?”

The woman stares at him a few seconds and then says, “Beg pardon, I couldn’t hear you!”

A Key Made of Song

Dick Holmes
USA

Can words free one
from the tyranny
of words?

There’s no lock
on a cage made of words,
but to fly off

into the silence of freedom
a key made of song
can come in handy.
"Don't be sad," I say, "I am here to make you happy!"

I am incredibly anxious, finally on my way to the arms of that sweet young lady with the most beautiful smile I have ever seen, but also with that enigmatic and melancholic look in her eyes, as if she were carrying all the weight of the world on her shoulders. I have waited a great many years for this lady that I have chosen to be my mom. I can’t wait to be with her.

Everybody outside is worried about my future, and I can hear them, but they can’t see how very excited I am, knowing life is a gift and a challenge that I really want to take on. I have so many ideas to share with this world! Everything is going to be perfect! As the song goes . . .

To all who are expecting me
I would like to say
everything is going fine
I can’t wait to be part of their lives—
to laugh, sing, play, feel the love, and also cry
I am growing fast
It is not too cold nor too warm
I am not hungry nor worried
and now I can move and feel everything
I can smile and I feel a great love.

You never know what unexpected thing will suddenly occur each new day in here. Everything is changing really fast, and my body already has so many little parts. When I kick now, my mom can feel it! It is so great that I can communicate with her in this way. Every little thing that is happening to me will come to fruition in five months. WOW! Less than five months to the day I meet my mom! She will start explaining everything to me the moment I come out. At first, I will only have to learn how to breathe.

Sometimes I feel such a strong sadness coming from my mom. She is feeling so depressed. "Why are you crying, Mom?" I say, "There is so little time left before I join you out there."

Hey! What is happening? The water just disappeared and something is pulling me out. I am not ready to leave! I need more time here!

I feel cold for the first time, and it hurts to open my eyes—it's too bright! I am scared to death!

Now an old woman is taking me into her hands.
"Who are you? Where is my mom?"

Oh, there she is over there, crying and shaking! I want to be with her to comfort her, but it is impossible—I am in a hard, cold steel bowl, kicking my feet and trying to cry. As time goes on, I kick and move less and less. I try to take a little breath, but I don’t know how.

Now I can’t feel anything, and I can’t move. I realize that this is the end of my life. I can’t deal with this anymore. I won’t have a chance to live in this world, after all . . .

"Okay," the doctor said, "we have finished with the procedure. Are you feeling all right? Don’t cry. All this will pass, and you will be able to forget this incident. At least, you have your life again now, and one less thing to worry about."

She couldn’t avoid looking over at him, and she never forgot what she saw. She was always haunted by the face of that little boy. It was the most perfect, angelic face she ever saw.

Lonely
Saleh Al-Dhaheri
UAE
I am alone
What can I do
How can I tell you
No one knows how I feel
Without you
I am caught in your trap
“I can’t understand your attitude,” her husband said. “Why don’t you think about our family?”

“I think about my family, always!” Jenny shouted, her face red with anger.

She had gotten so enraged that she didn’t even think about the fact that they were having dinner in a decent restaurant. A lot of people around them shot them a glance. Fortunately, the Korean team was playing soccer against the USA on TV and people could barely take their eyes off the screen. Tears were running down her face. She turned away from her husband. For a while, a cold silence fell between the couple. Her husband ate dinner silently. He must have been upset, but his face didn’t change.

“You know how much I want to be a good pianist,” she said, finally breaking the silence. “Why can’t you understand my dream?” Her voice trembled with tears.

“But, Honey, we have everything people want,” her husband said, as cold as ice. “I can’t agree with you. You have to take care of our family.”

Her husband was so calm that she choked, looking at him. He looked like a robot.

Suddenly there was nothing around her. She was sinking into a darkness that seemed impossible to get out of. After a while, there was thunder so loud it threatened to break her eardrums. She couldn’t move. Not a ray of light. No people.

“Help me! Help! Anybody!” Her body and mind froze with terror. She desperately tried to escape the hell she had fallen into. But nothing seemed to work.

Jenny feels someone touching her arm. Everyone in class is laughing. Not realizing what is going on, Jenny looks around. Her grammar teacher gives her a gentle smile.

“Did you dream during your nap?” he asks.

“Hhhhm . . .” she replies, letting out a deep breath instead of giving an answer. She feels that worms are crawling around on her back. She lifts her water bottle, takes a drink, and thinks, “Water! How could we live without water?” Her mind gets distracted on this point till the class is over. “And dreaming is just as essential as water,” she concludes.

“Hurry up!” her friend urges. “We don’t have much time.”

Her friend is also taking an English course in EPI at New York University. They meet a lot of people from the audience after concerts. They want to be able to speak English fluently to express their feelings. Today they are scheduled to hold a concert in Central Park.

In a taxi on her way to the park, Jenny mentally replays again and again the “daymare” she had in class that afternoon. She frowns all the way to the park. She can’t seem to shake it off. She tries to focus on the music she is about to perform, but over and over again she gets dumped into that frightening dream.

“Good night, Jenny!” her friend says giddily. Unlike Jenny, she seems to be walking on air.

In fact, today’s concert was a great success. In New York, it doesn’t take long to gain a reputation as a pianist, and among New Yorkers, Jenny has become famous. Many people say that her performance radiates something beyond description. It is by her spirit, not her considerable skill, that they are inspired. And now thanks to her training at EPI, she can talk to the audience freely. Her smile can make anybody go to hell without hesitation.

Her husband used to say that it was just because of her smile that he had made up his mind to marry her. He had never even considered her musical talent. Before she married him, she had thought he was a very good-natured man. Her parents thought he was nice, too, and urged her to marry him. She didn’t even need their encouragement; she wanted to marry him.

When she gets home, she sits down on her bed. Ever since that awful dream at school, she has been depressed. All kinds of thoughts keep coming into her mind.

“How can I get out of this deadlock? How terrible!”

She lies down on her bed and begins to sob. She thinks about her children. She has heard that Jun hardly eats anything. Eight months have passed since she left Seoul. She misses her children so much. Her hatred of her husband Hong, ten years now into their
A Dream . . .

marriage, has been piling up higher and higher. In her dream, it was he who had pushed her into hell. He just stood there like a titanic rock. What a terrible experience! And this is not the first time since leaving Seoul that she has had such a nightmare.

She knows that she has to do something about her intolerable situation. If she doesn’t take action, she will crack up. She decides to call her best friend in New York. He always tells her that if she has problems he will help her.

"Can I meet you now?" she asks him.

After a long conversation with him, Jenny goes back home and thinks over what he said. At 6:00 a.m. she is still up, hearing his words in her mind again and again.

"Jenny, you’ve crossed the Rubicon River!" her friend said. "You have to make up your mind. You came here to achieve your dream."

She can’t stop thinking about his urgent advice.

"Already crossed the Rubicon!" Looking out the window at the sun coming up, Jenny finally makes up her mind. Her dream of being a world-class pianist is so precious that she can’t give it up. At that moment, she thanks her friend in her heart. "Yes, he has helped me whenever I was in trouble!"

Suddenly she comes to miss her friend. And a ray of unexpected happiness begins to brighten her face after a long, dark night.

Ohrd, originally named Lichnidos, is one of the few cities in the Balkans that thrived uninterruptedly throughout the classical period and survived the classical civilizations. Today it continues to thrive under its new name. Ohrd has long been a very significant town in Macedonian history, tradition, and literacy, and it is now more significant than ever.

The old town, dating back to the fifth century B.C., was called Lychnidos because it was established on Lake Lychnidos. It became an important town because it was located on the shorter route of Via Egnatia, the oldest Roman roadway connecting the Roman Empire to the East.

Over the centuries more than a hundred churches have been built in Ohrd. The ancient churches there were responsible for spreading Slavic literacy. The first Pan-Slavic university, which developed the oldest organized form of education in Europe, was built in the town. Because of its many churches and monasteries, and because of its preservation and promotion of religion and literacy, Ohrd became known as "the Balkan Jerusalem." In addition to Ohrd’s cultural tradition, it is also noted for its natural heritage, featuring rare flora and fauna.

Today Ohrd is a popular tourist attraction in Macedonia. Every year, many tourists visit the city to enjoy beautiful Lake Ohrd and to experience the truth of Ohrd as an eternal town, to feel its magical, primordial pulse, linking the ancient and modern sections of town and ways of life.
December in New York
Ji-Yeon (Garbin) Ko
Korea

I can remember it as if it were yesterday. The bright sunlight of December flowed through the green curtain in my hotel room. I had arrived at JFK airport late at night, coming to the city during my vacation to take some pictures for my graduate exhibition. I was staying in a hotel near Central Park for two weeks.

It was 7:00 a.m. I woke up and opened the window to see a view of Manhattan. I was excited and exceedingly expectant. I put on a white shirt and blue jeans and went out to drink morning coffee. What a beautiful day! Looking around nearby, I found a Starbucks coffee shop and went inside. I was the only Asian woman there. I sat by the window with my cup of coffee and looked outside. There was such a variety of ages and races. People were walking this way and that, and they all seemed lively.

After my coffee, I went to Central Park to go for a walk. I was sitting on a bench there when a little boy, who seemed to be about five years old and Russian, approached me, stopped, and looked up at me. He looked so sad.

“Good morning,” I said.
He didn’t answer but just started crying. I glanced down at his hands. He was holding a small crab. I asked him what it was.
“It’s my pet!” he said, and then he told me why he was crying. His pet had died. His father had given him the little crab the day before.
His eyes were very pure. I held him in my arms.
Soon a casually dressed, gray-haired man with emerald eyes behind his glasses came up to us. I could easily tell who he was.
“I’ve been looking around to find you,” he said to the boy.

“Let’s go, son!”

“May I take a picture of you?” I asked.
He looked at me for a moment and then smiled. “Sure!” he said. “Thank you, Ma’am!”
I didn’t understand why he thanked me. I wanted his phone number to give him a copy of the picture, and he graciously gave it to me.

Four days later, it was Christmas Day. I called him from my hotel. I could hear his soft voice on the phone. I asked what he was doing that day. We promised to meet in front of the Rockefeller Center, and his son would be coming with him.

When I arrived at the Center, I could find them easily, even though there were lots of people there. There was a festival going on, and it was fantastic. We had a nice time together.

Before I got in a taxi to leave, he gave me a little letter.

“Thanks,” his note said. “You gave me the best Christmas gift. I am very happy.”
I felt his warm heart.

I wanted to meet him again, so I gave him another call. During the following days, we spent lots of time together. He helped me in my picture taking. He was a journalist working for the Times. He gave me hope about my future. Maybe I loved him from the first time I saw him. I couldn’t forget anything about him.

On the last day of my trip, he

Now
Sara Flores
Mexico

Focusing on your love, I’ve become stronger and happier than ever before. I’m not afraid of darkness anymore. I can walk on the clouds and live my dreams. I can feel the stars on my face and the fire in my heart. But I can’t breathe if you are far away from me.
December in New York . . .

called me. “Why didn’t you tell me that you would be going back to Korea?” he asked, his voice trembling.

At first, I couldn’t say a word. Finally, I found my voice and said, “Thank you! I was happy when I was with you.”

When I arrived at JFK airport, I found him there waiting for me, reaching out to me with his hands and his smile. He hugged me, and then he put his hand in his pocket and took out something. It was a silver ring, a letter, and a picture. I looked at the picture. It was the one I had taken the day I had first met him and his son. Evidently, he was showing me that it was one of his most precious keepsakes. Now I realized why he had thanked me that day when we met in the park. Maybe he loved me, too. Even though he didn’t say so directly, I could feel it.

Soon after I arrived in Seoul, my graduate exhibition was held. My works included lots of memorable moments with him and his son. I wanted to keep them.

Four years later, I got married. I gave my husband all my pictures because they were the most important things in my life before I met him. I wanted him to have them.

Now, I am sitting again on that same bench in Central Park. Everything is the same except that he and his son aren’t here this time. I think I’ll go back to that same coffee shop now. I want to spend some time there, too. My husband is going to join me in an hour. I’ll tell him about the little boy I met in the park that day and his little pet . . . just that much.

Who?
Yumi Takahashi
Japan

“Can you scoop the whole world all at once?”
“?? Yes.”

“Can you see the air?”
“?? Of course I can.”

“Can you make your wings bigger?”
“What!? You can see my wings?! Uh oh . . .”

My Life
Saleh Al-Dhaheri
UAE

Always something is missing in my life
Because you are not with me
My life half in a day dream with you
Half in a long night alone
No spirit
More than seven years have passed since that Monday, March 20, so I might not be able to remember the day in detail. But I remember that it was clear early in the morning. Flying out of my apartment without breakfast, I got on the train to downtown Tokyo. Because I had gone to the office the day before even though it was Sunday, I felt somewhat fatigued. But in those days it was ordinary for me to work on weekends as well as weekdays. I didn’t think twice about it; I just went to work. I had to spend so much time at my office because I had a lot of little jobs to take care of, not important tasks but troublesome ones. I had to meet a new businessman, for instance, have a chat with him, decide on the price of goods my company was buying from him, and make a report about that. Though it all seemed automatic, it kept me busy. There were too many appointments, and too many documents every day.

Spring was approaching in Tokyo, so that day I didn’t need to wear my coat, which was bothersome on a congested train. Fewer passenger were on the train than usual on a weekday. That the next day was a national holiday had convinced many people to take the day off, so that they would be able to have four consecutive days’ rest. It delighted me to have more space, enough to unfold my newspaper and read it on the train for a change.

The collapse of the economic bubble had begun to make my company ill at that time. I hadn’t thought the recession in Japan would continue for such a long time, but most people felt an ambiguous sense of anxiety about their future. In January that year, a huge earthquake had killed more than five thousand Japanese people, the first catastrophic loss of so many lives at once since World War II.

But I was too young and ignorant to let myself feel anxious at the time. I was only busy clearing off the many tasks I faced. Dreamily following the words in the newspaper, I recalled the irritating call I had gotten from my girlfriend the night before. “I’m thinking about our future, but you’re not serious,” she said angrily. “Why don’t you provide more time for us?” We planned to get married in June. Of course, I understood what she said and knew that my behavior might just be my way of trying to escape everything that bothered me.

As I walked past the ticket gate at the station near my office, I encountered a situation I had never experienced before. The loud noise of sirens filled the air, and a lot of ambulances were at the scene. All the chaos suggested that there must be a riot of some kind going on. But people just continued walking to their office without talking. Skyscrapers kept sucking in lines of office troops from nearby stations. They too, no doubt, faced many inescapable, boring things that needed their attention.

Another year was needed before the details of that incident could be clarified, but it was the event of March 20, 1995, when a fanatical religious group terrorized the rush hour subway by releasing poisonous gas into the air. Five people lost their lives and 5,311 have suffered from hangover effects of the gas.

After that particular day in my life, did anything change? I got married in June 1995 according to schedule. Promotion in my company in 1999 didn’t change my circumstances, and I am still involved in a lot of little jobs. But my realization of the fact that we live with madness planted something like emptiness in my mind, along with a memory of the vivid blue sky that day.
Parents
Younghhee Bae
Korea

I didn’t know what parents are—
like the air every day I breathe.
I didn’t feel how high their love is—
like the sky every day I see.
I didn’t know how much they give—
like the earth every day I stand on.
I didn’t know how far they forgive—
like the ocean every day I sail.
Now I know—
after becoming a parent myself.
I was their child—
just as my children are now my life.

Time and Control
Lara Vence
Colombia

You can control the past with just a mirror.
You can control the present with a positive attitude.
And you can control the future with your intuition.

Morning
at Mill Creek
Dick Holmes
USA

More rain last night,
grass a shade greener.
Petals of wildflowers, all colors,
splay in thousands of angles.
Open white lotus blossoms
replace last night’s bright stars
in the lily pond.
Healthy green rows of beans
climb the hill to
tall, waving corn at the top.
A crow’s caw joins
a chorus of cicadas.
Ever here, ever now,
consciousness breathes.
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

Official bank seal

English Programs for Internationals - Housing Application

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?

Fall I 2002 August 11 - October 11
Fall II 2002 October 20 - December 20
Winter 2003 January 5 - March 7
Spring 2003 March 16 - May 16
Summer 2003 May 25 - July 25
Fall I 2003 August 10 - October 10
(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.

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How did you find out about EPI?
Housing Information

Average EFL apartments have one bedroom and one bathroom, providing space for two students. All bedrooms have two beds. All students share a bathroom with a roommate of the same gender. Kitchen facilities include a stove and refrigerator, all dish towels, a study lamp, cleaning supplies, and utilities for cooking and eating. Linens are available upon arrival for $35. Please note: EFL will not send your housing 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. EFL housing fees per term are as follows:

- One Bedroom Apartment Fee: $950
- Two Bedroom Apartment Fee: $700

Please note: One or two-bedroom preferences can be requested; however, preferences may not be available upon arrival.

Campus housing is for single students of those who come without their family. EFL housing is usually available on-campus housing Do you wish to apply for a space in campus housing? Yes ☐ No ☐

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

- Yes ☐ No ☐
- Yes ☐ No ☐
- Yes ☐ No ☐
- Yes ☐ No ☐

Education: Did you finish high school (secondary school) in the U.S.?

- Yes ☐ No ☐

Email: 

Telephone number: 

City: 

State: 

Zip code: 

Signature of student: 

Date: 

City: 

State: 

Name of sponsor: 

Date of birth (Month/Day/Year): 

City: 

State: 

Telephone number: 

Country or citizenship: 

Country of birth: 

Country of citizenship: 

Family关系: 

Sex: Male Female