

HORIZON

Thank You Writers!

Dear Students,

I thank all of you for your submissions to our magazine. This is the first of what I hope will be 3 issues of the Horizon magazine this Fall Semester. Start sending more writing to your ESL teachers!

Enjoy reading the articles, stories, and poems written. The stories here are personal yet share many points in common between us. I hope that this magazine pulls all of us closer together as a community of international people.

Sincerely,

Thomas Nowalk, Ph.D.

ESL Director

Teachers' Corner

I believe that everyone possesses a story inside of them, and writing provides an avenue in which to express your story. It gives you an opportunity to voice your inner thoughts, and in doing so, you become a part of a community of people who will read your story, perhaps quote it to their loved ones, their co-workers, or even their friends, and before you know it, your voice will have reached many people and maybe.. just maybe.. touched many hearts.

Ava Blair

There was a time in history when stories were only passed on by word of mouth. Nothing was written down. There was nothing to read. Now, writing is a way to make a place for yourself in history. In recording your thoughts, feelings, ideas, and emotions today, people will be able to read these stories and enjoy them with friends, family and acquaintances for years to come. Thank you to all the students who contributed stories for our first issue of *Horizon*. The stories are very creative, informative, and entertaining. Everyone who reads our magazine will remember these stories and share them with generations to come.

Angela Francis

Within the pages of this magazine you will encounter thirty-six pieces of prose and poetry that will take you to Stonehenge, a Japanese forest, a Korean dormitory, Turkish villages and even an American gas station! You will meet vivid and diverse characters that reflect on life's most valuable lessons because they find yellowed letters, shiny key chains, red toy cars, unique clocks, and dusty pictures. You will get into a car accident, remember your lost loves and dance until morning. You will find out what, exactly, a *Whu-Chin* is and experience the beauty of its haunting, ancient melody.

These fine pieces represent the diligence of students who brainstormed, wrote, revised and rewrote through the first half of the Fall Semester, 2004. I am very impressed by the intelligent and original manner in which they have already become able to express themselves in English and I know that you will be as well!

Linda Wright

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Life in the United States

By: Fanny Bonilla

The United States is a rich, big and modern country and has all the last technology. Obviously, this country is very different from our countries; here everything is done, while our countries are living in poor conditions. The people are very kind, helpful

Most important is the equal opportunity for everybody, regardless of the nationality, religion, sex, race, age, language, etc. All people have the same opportunities for: education, jobs, medical attention, credit, leasing apartments, buying houses, etc. I think this is the country with most immigrants in the world.

The immigrants suffer when they are starting their lives in this country because of language, legal status, living alone, etc, but after some years they can establish their lives. The life is different for the immigrant and the American citizen, but this is not discrimination. It is only that the immigrant needs to work harder and longer to progress, while the people born in this country already have their lives and studies finished. I see this in my case. While I need to work a long time every day, my husband, who has lived in this country for 32 years need work no more that 40 hours every week.

Life

By: Hasan Cayli

I am from Turkey. When I came here, I understood this country why it is a super power. Also I understood why people have so many problems (psychological, lonely, they do not have friendship...)

Why, are we busy like that, for what to find happiness, a good life, a good career than...?

Are we thinking to live for today or are we honest and know that we live for 70 to 80 years .And then what about eternity?

I think the question is do you believe in god or not? Because if you believe we have to live differently. If not the answer is work hard, live nice. This means not if you do not believe god you have to live bad but I think we live just for world and we do not believe god really tat is why, we are not happy we are busy always ,we are looking for happiness but we do not find and we live with a lot of problems.

My First Impressions When I came to The United States

By: Ana D. Crespo

I had many impressions about the life style in the US. Some of them surprised me and amazed me as well.

My first impression was the language. Another impression was that most of the population was well-being. I never imagined that I was going to meet people from different countries. The language was very frustrating for me at the beginning, because I didn't

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understand when people were talking to me and at the same time I could not answer them.

It was very sad to listen to a kind of sound which didn't make any sense in my mind. I had the impression that most of the population was well-being, because I saw nice cars everywhere and they also looked like they had all the comforts in their life styles.

I also had the opportunity of meeting people that were from different countries than mine, and I heard so many different types of languages. It was such a big thing for me which it just really amazed me.

Some impressions were good; some impressions were bad, but I'm here to discover the best part of the United States.

Terrible Holiday

By: Kemal Demircioglu

My cousin and I decided to go on holiday. We bought our tickets. Later, we went to the bus station, and we got on the bus. Although everything was good but I did not feel very well. Part of the time, I did not want to go to on this trip. When it became night, we fell asleep. Suddenly, the driver pressed the brake. The bus stopped, and we woke up. I was trying to understand what had happened. A man was saying 'help'. We looked at the other side of the road.

Another bus had fallen from the precipice. First, we got off the bus. There were many people on the grass, and everybody looked injured. Then we started to help them. A few people who were on the grass died and a few people were screaming. While we were helping the people, we saw a woman. She was looking for her child, but he had died. The woman started to cry. Later some ambulances came and we left.

That day was terrible for us. We were so sad. Our holiday had started very badly. I thought of the woman until the morning. Later, we decided to go back home.

The Millennium

By: Kenan Gedik

It was December 31, 1999 and we were getting ready to start a new year. The millennium...

My friends and I decided to go to a millennium party in the Hilton hotel. Everyone bought new clothes for this party. We were very, very excited. Especially me; it was the first time, I would celebrate the New Year without my family. I had one idea in my mind. It was: drink alcohol and dance like a mad and crazy person from 11 o'clock pm till morning. I met all my friends. I think it was 9 o'clock. And it was just a party because so we decided to eat something before we went. We went to a restaurant and we finished our food at 10:15 pm or something like that. We quit the restaurant to go to the Hilton hotel. The restaurant and hotel were not so far from each other, just about 5 minutes by cab. Because of this we took a walk in Nisantasi. Everywhere was shining; it was amazing.

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And we took 2 cabs because there were seven of us. And when we came to the front of the hotel, well, you should have seen that line. It was awful. We were shocked. We were thinking, “what are we gonna do now?” Because it was very important to get into the party by 11:59. It was 11:20 and we were waiting in the line. I almost cried. I was very angry. But my friend Mert suddenly saw a man and Mert told us to “run, run, run”. And I perceived that the garage door had opened. And we could enter in the party from this door. And we enjoyed it so much. We had a wonderful New Years party.

At the party, there were a lot of people on the dance floor. It was as if they were distributing free money on the dance floor. Everybody enjoyed themselves. And we were on the clouds. We were very happy. We were dancing, you should have heard the music, and the DJ was super. He could do the changes from one song to the next. He knew his job. And then it was getting hot in the party. Everything went well. We met the people. It was as if everybody knew each other. It was kind of weird, but I had fun till the party was over. And I was getting drunk. And everything was going as well as when I am not drunk. It was the most beautiful party I’ve ever been to. I do not think that I will ever forget this party.

My first impression when I arrived in the U.S.

By: Erdenebileg Jidjigsuren

The first time, when I arrived in the U.S. there were few unexpected things. Mostly because of the weather, hurricane Isabel. The flights were canceled so I was stuck in the airport, was late for my school and I had to spend 2 days and one night at the airport. Suddenly I remembered that I have a friend who lives not far that airport, so I told him the situation and he picked me up. That was the first unexpected thing.

Another one is that the people were so much different from the Asians: how they talk, dress and react to things.

When I met my host family I started to learn the American culture for real. It was totally different than I expected. They were friendly, very open to and always willing to help people. It seems that religion is one big part of the American culture. Most of the families go to church every Sunday and pray to god. They even pray for people they don’t know. That was really kind of them. Also pets, I saw at least 1 pet in every American family. But my host family had a lot. They had 5 dogs and 3 cats. It was unusual for me, because in my country only a few people have pets in their houses. Of course, it was difficult to feel comfortable around those humongous dogs. But after a while I started to like them.

The last one was nature. It was beautiful. What I was imagining were big heavy factories and tall buildings every where, always foggy and etc. but it was just amazing. My host family had a big house on the beach, surrounded by woods and by a pond. Every morning, when I woke up the sound of the waves was great, and the fresh smell of the morning breeze felt so good.

To recapitulate this, my first impression was full of unexpected things. Such as the weather, the people and nature.

Horizon.

By: Jung-Woo Kim

When I was a young child, I loved wide and open skies. I loved the serenity and the expansive mood that the vast skies presented to me. I could imagine many things while watching various kinds of clouds. I had a particular curiosity about the horizon where lands and skies meet together. At that time, I thought, as people who lived before Copernicus did, that I could reach the horizon one day as long as I kept going forward.

Unfortunately, I can not see it any more in my country because people have erected so many things on the ground. In this matter, it is a great fortune that I can see it again here in America. It is still where lands and skies meet. It is the same horizon as the one I saw on a desert of the Arabian Peninsula except for the sand storms and scorching sun.

The horizon gives me a particular meaning over the geographical one. First of all, when I realized that my childish thought was not scientifically correct, I shifted it into my mind. Even though I can't see the horizon any more, I am still walking to my own horizon. At the moment, the horizon in my mind is the terminus which I have to reach and meet some day in my life by destiny. It is a goal in my life. It is where my hope is, and it is my won Shangri-La.

However, walking the invisible horizon is a difficult job. Neither finding a clear target nor imagining difficulties that block the way is easy. Moreover, it is a lonely path. The thought that it is not a place I can reach easily, and I might eventually fail to reach it makes me feel a bit down at the moment. The time rendered to me is limited. While my energy is being exhausted, the mundane affairs are tackling me. My shoulder is burdened with a heavy load, and my target is often obscure in the fogs. Things remained in my hands are not enough for a long journey, but my horizon is still very far. Therefore, I confess that I was chilled when I saw the horizon again. Because it is as far as it was. Didn't I make a step forward to my horizon for the last forty years?

These days, I see many horizons-horizons in the mind of persons who came from many other countries. Though I don't know where they are heading to, I feel pleasant when I think that they are heading to somewhere following their hopes like me. And, to tell the truth, I envy them because they are undoubtedly wiser than me. At least, they chose the same directions that I chose at much younger ages.

Horizon is a place where lands and skies meet together; a place where a reality and an ideal of life meet together. Everyone should keep going to reach one's horizon. But it is not easy to know where it is and how to get there. Therefore, everyone must seek the wisdom and save the time. And those who have already spent much time should diligently run forward. Then, anybody can reach his or her horizon.

The Lesson

By: Mehmet Basar Ozdikici

I have a good family. I have only two sisters and no brothers. Both of my parents are hair dressers in GAZIANTEP, TURKEY. They have a big hair saloon. They make good money. They bought me a new car for my birthday, which is on June 28. That made me so

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happy. I liked my car, which was blue, nice, comfortable, sporty and small. In 1998, I was with my girlfriend who was pale, tall and sexy in my car. Also she had long and black hair green eyes and a sweet smile. She was so beautiful. I was so drunk. I had drunk a lot of whisky before driving. The whisky was so hard. Its taste was like a pure alcohol. It burned my tongue and my brain. I drove so fast. My speed was around 100 miles per hour. She had turned up the pop music very loud; I said to her 'please turn down the volume.' Then a donkey, which was so big and black, suddenly appeared in the road. I lost control and I hit the donkey. After the crash, I drove off of the road. The donkey died, and my car was damaged. The accident happened close to my girlfriend's house. Ten minutes later, her parents came to the scene of the accident. They only brought their daughter to the hospital. I went to another hospital one hour later. My girlfriend's leg was broken. I found out about this two days after the accident. I felt so bad and so tired. She stayed for one month in a famous hospital in Gaziantep.

It was a big experience for me. I learned that I must never drink alcohol and drive a car.

My first impression in the United States

By: Tayeb Ouazzani Touhami

My first impression in the United States was very complicated but I was prepared for any surprises. When I traveled to the United States of America it was the first time that I went abroad, so every thing was strange for me. I felt a lot of pressure, and also I felt alone. However I was around thousands of people, but no one spoke my language, I started discovering a new world, including culture, traditions, communication, and also food, Those things were strange for me.

I began many questions: I am going to speak the same as they do? How can I survive in this world? How can I integrate in it? How deeply this travel can effect my life, my character, my personality my imagination to the rest of this world, will it influence me positively or negatively? But when I meet other friends that are International students, who were here before me, I conclude that all those problems are common. It just may take several times to become familiarized with them.

So my first impression in the United States was right for just a small period of time, I mean before integration in this environment.

The Unknown Man

By: Yusuf Cakir

It is hard for a person to live in a neighborhood that is replete with people who gossip. Nowadays, people in that neighborhood talk about an unknown man who hung around with his old, black, leather bag and never talked, smiled or said, “hi.” He had a long, tangled beard, a thin face, redness in his eyes, unsynchronized steps and a weak body condition. By the time he came, a fear had taken over the neighborhood.

The man whose market was a place where the neighbors gathered is a man who is very provocative. That man was always complaining about that stranger. He was always telling his customers, “Today, he is hanging around here, and tomorrow he will be hurting our wives and children.” He was really affecting peoples’ thoughts.

The unknown was always going a place where the poor people hung out. However, nobody knew that he was helping abandoned people with the things in his bag. It was unclear where he got the food and medicine. The poor appreciated him by thanking him.

People felt safe when he died. They were still thinking that he was a dangerous man. Especially the man who owned the market.

A Question of the Price of Gas

By: Kyung Hyun Han

One Day, the new car, which comes from Korea and is silver and has four doors, goes to the gas station to fill its tank in the USA. The car meets the gas and they introduce themselves.

The car says “Hi, my name is Sonata, I come from Korea, and I arrived in the USA two days ago. Nice to meet you.”

The oil (which is a black, volatile liquid) says, “Hi, my name is Gas. I help you to move on the street.”

The car says, “I have a question. Can I ask something?”

The gas says “Yes.”

“Why is the price of gas different in every country? When I was in Korea, the price of gas was about 6 dollars per gallon. And I have heard that it is cheaper than the price of water in the Middle Eastern countries.”

Gas says, “Well, I think the price of gas is lowest in an oil- producing country. For example, in Saudi Arabia it is cheaper than the price of water. Many countries that don’t produce oil import gas, because the gas can create the needed electricity for cars to move, that is, we are the source of power. Well, why is the price of gas different in every country? On the one hand, oil-producing countries control the quantity of oil production, on the other hand, taxes on gas are different. Although many countries import gas, the reason that the price of gas is different is the tax on the gas is different in each country. In your country’s case, I think that the tax on gas is too high. So, our price is too high in your country.”

The car said “Ah, I know that. Thank you for teaching me. See you later.”

A Small Key Chain and an Old Dream

By: Eun-hee Ko

Merill visited her mother to celebrate her mother's birthday with her two sons, one is 12 years old and the other is 9 years old. They were so naughty that they ran around the house all day. They even went up into the attic. "Be quiet, my son, please." Finally they pulled down a box which was covered with heavy dust. With a clink, stuff poured out of the box such as an old diary, notebooks, pencils, and a small key chain. It was a cute key chain which was made of metal. It was very cold and shiny. It looked like a star. As soon as Merill saw it, she was very surprised because the key chain reminded her of an old memory.

It was 20 years ago. Merill was a university student majoring in history. She was especially interested in Japanese history. So, she went to Japan with her best friend Annie. They Traveled to Hukuoka, Nakasaki, Gumamoto, and Betbu. At that time she was a student so she didn't have enough money and couldn't speak Japanese. Their trip was very hard and uncomfortable. But they were young and had a great dream of becoming historians so they were very happy. It was a snowy cold winter. They were walking on the street in Betbu. The two girls, skinny and tall, were very hungry, so they entered the noodle house. It smells like fish soup. It was very hot and delicious. After they had noodles, they bought the same key chains, and they made up their minds to become eminent historians. But, now Merill is a 42-year-old housewife. She spends a lot of time taking care of her sons, so she has forgotten her great dream.

She sighed and walked out toward the backyard, and sat on the chair. She thought that when she went back home, she should buy a history book and call Annie. She missed Annie and her old dream. It was windy today.

The Picture

By: Zeynep Onat

The old woman had been crying for a long time when her grandchild came in. Merve was holding an old picture when the grandchild saw her with tears in her eyes. Her old skin was almost wet and looked more than 60 years old. But she was just 55 years old. Her big, black eyes had become so small and red because she had been crying for a long time. She was sitting on the big chair while and she was putting her hands through her almost white hair. Her small body was almost lost in that big chair. What made this old, dusty, torn and moldy picture so important that it made her so upset? The picture was so dusty because no one had looked at it for more than 20 years. The grandchild understood that there was something about the picture for her grandmother. The little girl didn't want to disturb her so she left the room without making any noise. She was such a clever girl that she realized that she should leave her alone with that old picture.

Now the time is going back as far as London in 1992. Merve was with Greg and walking in Height Park with a huge smile on her face. It was such a lovely day with fresh wind. The sun was shining and the sky was brighter than ever and the park was greener than it had ever been before.

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She was 20 years old at the time, Greg was 25 years old. They had been together since they meet at the language center where she was learning English while he was learning French. She fell in love with him when she saw his blue eyes in his baby face, which was surrounded by gold blonde hair. They were both looked happy and excited about going to Turkey when they were in the park. They talked about their future which would never be real. They had already bought their flight ticket that took them to their unhappy dreams. There were two days left to go. She was so excited about introducing Greg to her family and she was ready to tell them that she had fallen in love with him and how much they wanted to marry.

In the London airport, it was the last announcement for the passengers of BA, flight number 576. The trip was okay. It took four hours to get to Istanbul. It was at the height of holiday season so the airport was full of many tourists and travelers who had come to spend their holidays in southern Turkey. They could not find a taxi easily because the airport was so busy. She had not seen her family for almost two and a half years. She did not call them before coming home. They did not know that their little daughter wanted to get married to a British guy.

This news was like a bomb in her house. It was almost killing her father, who was 55 years old. He was a nervous and angry man who was very devoted to Islam. He lowered his black eye brows and with an angry voice he said

“This marriage is impossible and unacceptable to me.”

According to the Islamic religion they could not get married. Muslim people were not allowed to marry people who belong to any other religion.

Merve said with a hopeless sound in her voice, “Please father, we love each other, he is a wonderful person, please, I can not do without him.”

Her mother was so quiet that she did not say any words about this argument. Although they tried to persuade them by telling them how much they loved each other, it could not change anything. Greg had to go back on the same day without Merve. It was the end of their love. She did not see him again after he went to London or even receive any news from him.

Just an old picture reminds her of this love. She has been married for 20 years to a Turkish man who her family chose. She has two children and four grandchildren. But none of them can stop her from being upset when she remembers Greg or looks at this old but nice picture. When she holds the picture she just wishes that things like this would never happen to anybody in any countries or from any religion.

She put the picture back gently where she had taken it from with the last tear in her eyes. That picture is the last thing from the past what she has from Greg.

It's not just a clock.

By: Siriphen Rattanapngkiat

A clock, it's a simple thing and every house has one. It's the part of people's lives
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that tells them the time, from the past through the present, to the future. I have one, too. But it's not just a clock. The shape of the clock is the letters of my nickname "PENN" and the clock's hands are on the top of the letter "P". It's a wooden clock, it has a light color and it has a hard base. This is a special clock! It can tell me more than time, it can also tell me about my past. It makes me think back to a happy period. I feel warm, amused, fresh, and joyful every time I think of this period.

Why is this clock so important?

In busy classroom, a thin teenage girl who is friendly, active and optimistic got a birthday gift from her close friends. They were a joyful and sincere group. "Happy birthday..." "They sang loudly around her." "This is your birthday gift" her friend said. When she opened the box, she saw her nickname on the clock "Oh! It's my name. You ordered it for me, thank you and thank you so much" she said. It was a beautiful moment. After that, she took her gift home and she put it on the desk in her bedroom. She left it there for long time.

Now she has become an adult, a serious and responsible person. One day in her silent bedroom she was alone. She was cleaning her desk when she saw something she had left in her desk for long time. It was her clock, the gift she had gotten in high school. A lot of good feelings suddenly came to her. She thought of her friends, relationships, happiness, and her teenage years.

The teenage years! The great period of life. The age everyone wants to go back to. At this age, you can get the meaning of happiness, friendship, good cheer and sincerity. It's the colorful age. I want to go back but I can't.

Even so, I look at my clock and it seems like I'm a teenager again and I understand something more. Although I can't return to being the way I want, I can keep the wonderful memory with me, anytime I think of it.

Anna's Pendant

By: Satoko Sakihara

Anna is sitting in an armchair holding her granddaughter on her knee. Anna is an old but very beautiful woman. She has long and beautiful white hair and she ties her hair up. She loves her granddaughter like her grandmother loved her. She has just given her granddaughter the pendant. The stone of the pendant is deep green. It's an ellipse. The chain is long and fine. The pendant is very beautiful and elegant. She tells her granddaughter about this pendant. "My grandmother gave me this pendant. It helps me whenever I'm in trouble..."

When Anna was five, her grandmother gave her the pendant. Her grandmother was a beautiful woman. She always put this pendant on. It was brilliant on her chest. Anna's grandfather had given it to her grandmother when they got married. They loved each other very much. They were always together, all the time. Anna loves them. They told her about themselves.

When Anna was five, her grandfather died of a sickness, and her grandmother was shocked. She always cried when looking at her pendant. It was

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grandfather himself to grandmother. She always told Anna about her life with grandfather. Anna thought, "they were so happy, I want to be like them." And the pendant became important to Anna too.

One year after Anna's grandfather died, her grandmother died. Before she died, she gave the pendant to Anna. Anna always talked with her grandparents through the pendant.

One day, after Anna became seven, she lost it. She was a tomboy. She always climbed trees and caught bugs in the woods. She liked listening to the murmur of streams and the songs of birds. She went home early in the evening and thought about talking with the pendant as was the way with her. She touched her chest. However, she couldn't feel it. At that time she realized she had lost it. She returned to the woods, and looked for it every place she had played. But it wasn't anywhere. She went back home, crying. She couldn't do anything. She prayed to her grandparents to find the pendant, "Grandpa and grandma, please tell me where the pendant is," and went to sleep that night.

A strange thing occurred that night. She had a dream. In the dream, she met her grandparents.

They comforted her, "Anna, you can find your pendant soon. Don't worry about it."

"But grandpa and grandma, I couldn't find it anywhere..."

"O.K. Come here!!" they said and took her in front of the tree she had played during the day. And they told her the pendant was there. But she had already looked for it around this tree and she hadn't found anything.

So she told them, "I couldn't find it here, I looked for it already."

However, they shook their heads and said, "You can find it here in the morning. Come here after you wake up." Then they pointed the branch. And smiling, they faded away.

Anna woke up and went to that tree soon after. She checked the branch they had pointed at, and she found the pendant. She shouted "Thank you grandpa and grandma!!" She felt how her grandparents had helped her.

However, after that, the same thing never occurred again. Since then, she always asks the pendant for help whenever she comes up against problems. And it always gives her courage. So, she believes the pendant is her grandparents.

And now Anna's granddaughter is 7. She is the same age as Anna was when her grandmother gave her the pendant. So, now Anna has given it to her granddaughter.

Days that sun was shining.

By: Jae Min Soh

I open a small, yellow box. There are many letters and small things in it. All of them are letters I had received except only one letter. It is the only letter I wrote, but I didn't give it to the receiver. That letter looks very old. My vision is being blurred.

"Hi, Revel. How is it today?"

"Nothing new."

"Come on. Tell me about your school work."

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"Sorry, but really I don't have any idea."

"OK. Fine. So, How about a piece of cake? I tried to bake this morning."

"Oh, I have an important thing to do right now."

"Hey, don't escape."

One day, a time I can remember with shining sunshine, I was with Kaniel. She is my cousin and we had met when I was 10. She was 9 then. She was very small, but energetic. Even though her voice was small and soft, people could hear her voice clearly. She had long straight hair. I liked that. I think her blue eyes were very deep.

Until I turned 14, for 4 years, we were always together. I recall that I was very brusque and not talkative. I saved my words, emotions and heart. When Kaniel had moved in near my house, I had no thought about that. She was just a cousin to me. But she had really wanted a brother, and gave me a lot of things. She gave me many pretty letters and I didn't reply to them. She also gave me some small presents and I still just received. When she smiled, I felt mild. She opened my heart and emotions.

When I told her that I would go to high school, she looked so sad.

"Really? You will stay in a dormitory?"

"Yes, sorry about that. But I promise you I'll come back every weekend."

"Ok."

But her face told me she was not okay. She leaned on my arm. I stroked her head. We made faint smiles at each other. The feeling of her hair was very soft. The sunshine, which came into the room through the window, was somewhat warm.

It is last week's story. Today, the third day of being at my new high school and dormitory, I received a letter. It told me she had suddenly died. Nobody knew the exact reason. She fell down suddenly, and didn't wake up.

I entered my room. A bed is in a corner of the room, and a desk is in the opposite corner. Some books and a pen are on the desk. A chair is placed neatly in front of the desk. Between the bed and the desk, there is a large window without curtains. Through the window, wind, which I usually like most, is coming into my room. With a chill, I am crying quietly.

The Miracle of the Blue Marble

By: Sai Srirattana

When I saw the blue marble at a souvenir shop, it reminded me of this story. A middle-aged woman opened her eyes while she was lying down on a bed in a hospital. There is a little blue marble in her left hand. Now she's safe from the sickness that she had had for many years.

There were two young girls, Kran and Sandy. They went abroad by themselves and didn't know much about the country that they were traveling in. Kran had straight shoulder-length hair and black eyes. She had a dimple on her chin. She was thirteen years old. Sandy had long, wavy gingery- dark brown hair, dark brown eyes and high cheekbones. She was also thirteen years old. They departed from their own country around 7' clock in the morning. The plane landed at Heathrow airport in London at 8 am on the next day.

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Two little girls walked around the airport and they saw that many people were in a hurry and serious. Kran asked Sandy where those people were going to. After that they followed the people to find out where they were going. They found a little baby crying beside a woman who had had a black out and had fallen to the floor. The doctor came to see her and took her to a hospital and an officer took the baby in her arms. The baby was crying louder and louder. Kran came closer to the baby, smiled and played with her. The baby stopped crying and laughed.

The officer said, "Thank you, pretty young lady!"

Kran smiled and said, "It's my pleasure." After that the two girls found a public telephone to call someone to pick them up.

Sandy called a cousin living in Chinatown to take her and Kran to an apartment. They waited for the cousin around 45 minutes and then a teenaged boy, who had messy long hair, wore old jeans, white shirt and sneakers came to them. He was Nick.

He said, "Hi, Sandy. Long time no see."

Sandy asked her cousin, "How long does it take to get there??"

Nick said, "It takes one hour."

After that he drove them to the apartment in Chinatown. There were many people over there. They seemed so busy all the time. The two girls got into the apartment finally and they stayed in a little room. There was no furniture. There were only two pillows and two sheets. They lay down on the floor. They talked to each other about why that they had come there.

Kran wanted to find a little blue marble from Stonehenge. Her family believed that it would help her mom to recover from sickness. The blue marble had some magic power to reduce or get rid of some toxins in peoples' bodies. When the person who is sick puts the marble in his/her left hand, the pure coldness from the marble will touch the palm, which is full of blood vessels, and expel the toxins from the body.

They planned to go to Stonehenge in the next few days. They fell asleep at 11 pm after talking. They got up at 7' clock in the morning. They went out to find something to eat. They stopped at the oriental restaurant. While they were having breakfast, they heard that some people sitting next to them were talking about traveling to Stonehenge.

They came to them and asked "Excuse me sir, Are you going to Stonehenge tomorrow??" Somebody answered, "Yes, we will go there tomorrow morning. Why do you ask??" Kran said "We want to go there too but we don't know how to get there." The lady in the red dress said, "Do you want to come with us? We are looking for a few persons to share the cost of gas."

Kran and Sandy said "Yes, we do. Thank you so much."

They went back to the apartment and packed some important things for the new trip. They were ready in the early morning. They waited for the group in front of the oriental restaurant. The group left at 9 am. They reached Stonehenge at 2pm. Two girls were excited and they walked around that place. They looked for a little blue marble.

Suddenly, they saw something that was shining in the bright light at the corner of the biggest stone. They came to make sure that it was the thing they wanted. It was a light blue marble. Kran touched it. It was so cold, smooth and bright.

They were very glad. They went back to their apartment in the late evening with hope.

Whu-Chin: A memory which haunted me always

By: Saa-yeon Tai

He died, but I've been thinking about him since I came to America. The picture in my mind of him and his music instrument seems real.

Whu-Chin is an ancient Chinese music instrument. It has been played in the traditional Chinese opera for more than two thousand years of Chinese history. In the movie "Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon" the main theme music was played on a Whu-Chin and a lot of different Chinese instruments. Some people say it is a Chinese violin, but it is totally different. It is made of wood which is covered with a snakeskin. There are two strings. The bow is made from a pony's tail and is like a violin bow. It is light and is played on the lap. The sound belongs to the ancient tones which can touch your heart. It makes time return and calls back your memory.

Re-Chun, Whu-Chin's owner, was struggling for his life by himself. He left home when he was only 13 years old because of the Chinese Civil War. Life was tough for a boy but he succeeded in overcoming the difficulties. He became a doctor, got married and had a family. He had gray hair, was silent and had wrinkles on his face. He was a quiet person and sometimes looked a little bit sad. No body knows why in the beginning, until the day he got his musical instrument. Whu-Chin was a gift for his 50th birthday from his daughter. There were a lot of cakes, wine, presents and guests at the party. Everyone seemed excited except him. He liked people but he looked lonesome in the crowd.

He loved that Whu-Chin because it had been a gift from his daughter, and she had just gotten her first paycheck when she bought it for him. The Whu-Chin was a symbol that his daughter had grown up. She was independent and could sustain herself now. He started practicing Whu-Chin with the songs from his childhood memories. That is the reason he sometimes looked sad. The instrument and the song brought back the memory of his own family: his father and mother. His daughter dropped him off at the Whu-Chin class once. They discussed the music and shared a lot of old time stories on the way. He sometimes had performances and his daughter would come and take pictures.

Then his daughter got married and left home. When he missed her, he played the Whu-Chin and the music haunted the empty house. While he played, he remembered a lot of wonderful times.

When he died, his daughter got the best treasure from her father, the Whu-Chin. Now, she plays it as her father did with the Whu-Chin on the side.

A Miniature Car of Friendship

By: Mami Yonemaru

Jessie was seven years old and had blonde straight hair and big eyes. He was a very kind and innocent person, so he had a lot of friends. He is especially friendly to Mark. Mark has a bitter tongue, but he had a sense of equity and a gentle spirit, so he was adored by his friends. Mark was an honest boy, so Jessie had absolute trust in him. They always played together with Jessie's miniature car, because they liked cars so much. Their favorite

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miniature car was a red and four-wheeled vehicle, and Jessie treasured this miniature car more than all his other toys.

Their dream was to drive a real car like this when they were grown-ups. They promised each other to do it. However, Jessie had to move to a town a long way off, because his father had been transferred to another town. They promised to keep their friendship even after Jessie left there.

The very windy day that Jessie moved to the town, Jessie gave Mark the red miniature car, which was a token of their friendship. However, Jessie moved many times, so Jessie couldn't stay in touch with Mark.

Then, fifteen years later, Jessie became twenty-two years old.

One day, Jessie saw a red and four-wheeled car when he was walking through his town. Jessie was looking at the car because the car was like the miniature car he had had when he was a child. Also, a red miniature car was in the car.

The miniature car was the same as the one Jessie had given Mark. The miniature car even had the same scratch on it as Jessie's had had. Then a man came up to the car and opened the door. They stared each other, and Jessie realized that he was Mark. Also, Mark realized that he was Jessie.

Mark remembered the promise he had made to Jessie. Their friendship revived after an interval of fifteen years, and they got in the car for a drive.

Since then they have become good friends again.

Serdar's Camera

By: Omer Bahar

On his fourteenth birthday, Serdar got a gift from his father and his life changed. The gift was a camcorder. He could not know how much his life was going to change after he got the camcorder.

The camcorder was small, grey and it had technological equipment with many buttons and lights. After that birthday, he started to live with his camcorder. He had had an ordinary life before the camcorder. Afterwards, he took the camcorder with him wherever he went. He recorded anything he saw. The camcorder had become the most important thing in his life. Serdar did not go anywhere without his camcorder.

Serdar is a tall guy with blonde hair and he has beautiful eyes and he is a very honest man. His only goal was to make a movie and this goal became a passion for him. To reach this goal, he knew he had to improve his abilities so he went to a film academy after high school. During his studies, he made a couple of movies with that camcorder.

One day, when he was sixteen, he was recording pictures with that camcorder on the street. While he was recording, a man who was about sixty-five came to him and he helped Serdar to film his shots. The man gave Serdar some advice about recording and taking pictures. They liked each other and they started to meet every weekend. After a while, when Serdar went to that man's home, he saw some old movies and watched all of them. These were very famous movies and he realized suddenly that the man was the

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director of these movies. At one time, he had been a famous director in Turkey. The longer he knew him, the more he wanted to be like him and he promised himself to be like him. Serdar watched all of his movies again and again and analyzed all of them. Serdar used all of his advice.

Nowadays, he is on the way to becoming a famous director in Turkey because he is making his first movie with famous actors and actresses. And he still takes his first camcorder with him for luck.

The Gift

Burak Sahin

It was a sunny Sunday. It was a perfect day for shopping for Tony. Actually, every day is a shopping day for him. He really loves to buy things for himself. It's a big habit of his. Because of his shopping habit, he had lots of shoes and clothes. In fact, there is a secret reason behind his shopping habit. He likes to make an impact on everyone. He is a handsome guy with his black and short hair. He speaks to everyone in a very charming way because he knows he looks good in his clothes.

One day, Tony was walking down the street downtown. He saw his close friend. Her name was Sandra. He said to Sandra

“Do you have any plans for tomorrow?”

She said, “I have an appointment with my doctor because I have had problems with my leg recently. Two months ago I had a car accident. But we can meet at 2 o'clock.”

The next day, Tony and Sandra met in a Mexican restaurant. They talked about days of the past. Then Sandra gave Tony a special gift. The gift was a tie. Tony was so excited because that tie was a dream for Tony. He had wanted to buy that tie but he couldn't. The color of the tie was dark blue and it had many contrasting red lines. Tony was very happy. He said to Sandra, “I'm a very lucky man because you are my friend.”

He never forgot that gift because it was so special. After dinner, Tony gave Sandra a ride.

Love

By: Zeyneb Onat

Light soft bright and hot
unforgettable but cold
indispensable

By: Siripen Rattanapongkiat

Dog - loud - lovely - cheerful
naughty - clever - terrible
dirty - annoying

By: Satoko Sakihara

White fine sandy ground
Emerald green blue water
The sea makes me calm

By: Jae Min Soh

Ocean horizon
press me to recall last year
the year we were together

Friends

By: Sai Srirattana

caring - supporting
understandingly helping
fighting -competing

Mountain

By: Saa-yeon Tai

High, huge, wide, wild, peaked,
standing on the top

Savage, solitary,
smelling unrestrained life

By: Mami Yonemaru

In the fall there are
many ripe fruits and dead leaves
It is beautiful

Conquerable, great,
but feeling alone

Embarrassed

By: Kemal Demircioglu

This emotion expresses something in our culture. I think it is the same in other cultures. If the people do something personal, they can show this emotion. For example, when the boy says to his girlfriend something like 'I love you,' the girls face gets red. In other words, she is embarrassed. Generally, when people experience this emotion, they don't look directly into another person's eyes.

Korean Smiles

By: Eun-Hee Ko

Facial expressions can be the same for all people, but some facial expressions have different meanings for different cultures.



(sorry)

This face shows somebody who feels sorry, it is not used in a serious case. If I'm late for the class, I would make this face.



(satisfaction)

This means satisfaction or happiness. When somebody gets a good score in an exam or is promoted at work, they smile happily like this. This facial expression may have the same meaning in all cultures.



(smile)

But this facial expression has a different meaning in Korea. It is not 'satisfaction' but 'embarrassment' and 'feeling sorry'. Most Koreans make this face when they are embarrassed or feel sorry. Sometimes, people who come from other cultures misunderstand this face and think we are ignoring them. But it is not true. It just means embarrassment and it is a kind of apology.

Therefore, if we want to understand facial expressions correctly we need to know the cultures and customs of the people who make them and we have to be cautious when reading the facial expressions of people who come from different cultures.

Differences and similarities between Eastern and Western Body Language

By: Siripen Rattanapongkiat

Can you understand every language? I think you can't. There is one language that anyone can understand. Body language is the universal language. What is body language? It's the way we show a feeling or thought with our bodies and faces. Some simple

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expressions are when people get angry, their faces become red and when they get afraid their faces become pallid. Sometimes body language has different meanings in different cultures. When we compare Western to Eastern body language, we can see some different meanings. For a first example, when Western people knit their eyebrows, this means "concentrating" but when Eastern people do that it means "moody". The second difference is that when Western people get little smiles on their faces, that means "satisfied" but when Eastern people make this face that means you agree with something. And the last example is that when Western people smile that same face means either "enjoying" or "bashful" to Eastern people. Although there are some different interpretations in different cultures, this isn't a problem for making new friends. The best facial expression we can make is "smiling". This is the way to learn about different cultures and get more friends.

Views on Facial Expressions in Japan

By: Satoko Sakihara

In Japan, people seldom express their bad feelings, such as boredom, distrust, disgust and so on, on their faces in front of anybody else. So we don't show our feelings in these situations. For example, when you listen to speeches by the principal in school, you can't express on your face how boring it is. If you make a bored face like an American, it's rude.

Also we don't show distrust. Even if we can't believe what somebody says, we don't let it show on our faces. Moreover we don't make disgusted faces. If you show that face, it's very rude, because the people you make the face at don't feel good.

In conclusion, Japanese people don't like showing their feelings on their faces, because we treasure harmony between ourselves and other people

Views on Facial Expressions in Japan

By: Mami Yonemaru

Most Japanese don't express their emotions on their faces very often, because if they express that they feel disgusted by making a face, it is rude. Even if they feel displeasure, they shouldn't express their emotions on their faces. They should endure it in front of the person. For example, disgusted faces, disbelieving faces, bored faces and distrusting faces are ones that they shouldn't express on their own faces. Also, if they made disappointed faces, grieving faces and regretting faces, they would involve other people in their sorrow.

Most facial expressions show people's feelings more than any words do. So we have to be careful when we make facial expressions.

Cross Cultural Views on Facial Expressions

By: Sai Srirattana

How are facial expressions different in different cultures?

Facial expressions show basic reactions that everyone has to situations but he or she might show the feelings differently depending on his or her culture. The bigger factors that make the expressions differ from one another are society, ideas and beliefs.

A group of people in a cultural society in which everyone has a lot of freedom to think or give their opinions without limit will show their expressions on their faces more directly and revealingly. For example, the western people respond to a situation that makes them feel very self-confident by smiling or showing the satisfied expression on their faces. Others might express such situations by making a concentrating and determined face. People from cultures in which it is believed that the younger people must respect older ones will not show a lot of feeling. For example, Asian people will show stony-faces or sometimes smiley-faces when someone, especially older people, complains about them. On the other hand, people from cultures in which it is believed that everyone is equal and on the same level will respond to such situations by showing dissatisfied-faces, blushing or even bored-faces.

Because of cultures, ideas and beliefs, the expressions that people show on their faces can be different in different cultures. To communicate with these people effectively, others should learn and accept these differences with an open-mind.

War

By: Yusuf Cakir

In every phase of history, there are wars. People have been fighting for money and land, some people just for to be eminent. Why do people choose war instead of negotiation? Is war the only solution?

The fact that all human beings have at least little bit voracious feelings. Rarely can a person or a nation be completely satisfied. We can never satisfy ourselves enough. That put us in a condition like have-it-all or not.

History is all about recurrence. The same things are happening now in 21st century that happened before. According to wars in Afghanistan, Palestine and Iraq, What we can see is just confusion, nothing else. Can we say “War is a solution.”?

It is obvious that war is not a solution for anything. But people’s voracious feelings never let them do the right thing. It will force peoples to violation

Red Sea

By: Effat Othman Felemban

The body of water covers two thirds of the earth service lifting the last third to the land. One of the most beautiful water surfaces on earth is Red Sea.

The Rea Sea was formed about 25 million years ago when the African and Asian continental plates started to move apart.

It continues to widen at a rate of about 1-2 cm per year. Today, the sea is actually part of the Great Rift Valley system that cuts through much of East Africa. The northern part of that rift has created the Dead Sea, which is the lowest region on Earth. So the waters of the Gulf of Aqaba, east of the Sinai Peninsula, reach depths of almost 2000 meters in certain areas, but the Gulf of Suez is relatively shallow with maximum depth of around 80 meters. The connection to the ocean is in the south through the Bab el Mandeb. The Bab-el- Mandeb (Arabic for “the gate of tears”) is the strait separating the continents of Asia (Yemen on the Arabian Peninsula) and Africa (Djibouti, north of Somalia on the Horn of Africa), connecting the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean (Gulf of Aden). The northern end of the Red Sea is bifurcated by the Sinai Peninsula, creating the Gulf of Suez in the west and to the east the Gulf of Aqaba. The Gulf of Suez stretches some 175 miles north by northeast, terminating at the Egyptian city of Suez and the entrance to the Suez Canal. The canal allows water transport from Europe to Asia without circumnavigating Africa. Before the construction of the canal, some transport was conducted by offloading ships and carrying the goods overland between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

The Sea is roughly 1900 km long and at its widest is over 300 km. The sea floor has a maximum depth of 2,500 m in the central median trench and an average depth of 500 m, but it also has extensive shallow shelves, noted for their marine life and corals forms a natural barrier between Africa and the Arabian peninsula. Through the Gulf of Aden and the Arabian Sea, it empties into the Indian Ocean.

Bordering countries are: Northern shore: Egypt, Israel and Jordan

Western shore: Sudan and Egypt

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Eastern shore: Saudi Arabia and Yemen

Southern shore: Djibouti and Eritrea

Towns and cities on the Red Sea coast include: Assab, Port Sudan, Port Safaga, Hurghada, El Suweis, Sharm el Sheikh, Eilat, Agaba, Dahab, Jeddah, and Al Hudaydah.

Is the Red Sea red? If so why?

Of course it's not actually red, but sometimes it appears that way. Located between the East African coast and the Saudi Arabian Peninsula, the Red Sea got its name because of a type of algae called *Trichodesmium erythraeum* which is found in the sea. When these blooms of algae die off, they appear to turn the blue - green color of ocean to a reddish-brown.

The thermal winds that once sped clippers to the East still bring thousands of migrating birds to the shores of Red Sea, making it a paradise for bird- watchers. today the ancient ports are better known as some of the best diving and fishing resorts in the world.

The Red Sea was discovered as a diving destination by Hanas Hass in the 1950s and by Jacques-Yves Cousteau later.

Most bodies of water can and are used for recreational diving like Ras Mohammed. Elphinstone, The Brothers and Rocky Island in Egypt and the even better and less known sites in Sudan such as Sanganeb, Abington, Angarosh and Shaab Rumi.

The Car

By: Yasin Kusak

My father bought me a car. Having a car was the aim of my life because I had loved cars and also I have dreamed a lot of cars.

When I was 17 years old, I started attending a university. Transportation was very difficult because the university was very far away from my house. I lost two hours going to school and more time coming back. One day I asked my father if he could buy a car. He is a very serious man. He is a worker and he had a car which was old. He told me he had wanted to get a new car for himself but he knew that I loved cars very much and that I needed a car.

I loaned money from my father and I added my own money and I bought a car which was very exciting. The car was almost new and had a big engine and only six miles on it. It had genuine leather seats, four doors, and the color was deep ocean blue. It had five gears. When I got in the car, I felt like a king.

After I had bought it, I called my darling. I asked her to come out of the house. She saw the car and asked if my father owned it. I said "No, it is my car!" She was anxious and she blushed. She is a very pretty girl. She is a doctor. She has long black hair, blue eyes. She is tall. She had saved money and wanted to give it to me but I did not accept it because she was a student and needed the money.

I drove ten hours non stop with her on the day I bought the car. After that we went to school together and we lost less time for transportation. We used the time to study. The public transportation is very crowded most of the time. I had to stand. It made me very tired. When I arrived home, I had to rest for one hour. My life changed after I bought the car because I was not tired and I had more time. So I studied very hard and I succeeded in my lessons. It gave me more prestige and my girlfriend accepted my proposal of marriage. The car made me braver.