LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We all fit somewhere along the spectrum of international experiences. There are those of us who watch the travel channel, those who attend campus cultural events, and those who have just turned in their study abroad application. Then there are those who constantly reminisce about their semester abroad, and those who know exactly how many more stamps they need to completely fill their passport.

Members of the UNC community cover this range of experiences, making our Carolina home the perfect place to begin your international journey.

Carolina Passport is where it all comes together. Just by picking up this magazine, reading the stories and looking at the pictures, you become part of the international experience at Carolina. By sharing our stories, we can all learn from each other and gain global insight from the comfort of our couch.

The Passport editors have been personally inspired by the way this campus connects us to our world, and we hope that this magazine will further you in your own journey.

From left to right:

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Over the past decade of my life, I have become quite intimate with different airports all over the world. As the son of Turkish parents who immigrated to the United States when I was only 7 years old, my childhood involved a significant amount of traveling back and forth between countries. At the time, these moves went by in blurs of adventures until the reality of long-term separation from my loved ones in Turkey began to sink in. I would go back to Istanbul every summer to ease the homesickness, only to experience a different kind of homesickness for my life back in the United States. I guess you could say I grew up torn between two places, not truly developing a complete sense of belonging in either. Yet, at the same time, my two homes had become inseparable parts of me, harmoniously intertwined to form the yin and yang of my identity.

I guess I’m pretty similar to my city of birth in that way—caught between two cultures, trying to incorporate pieces of both while maintaining a certain sense of individuality. Placed right at the crossroads of Europe and Asia, this bustling metropolis serves as the perfect stage for the meeting of Eastern and Western culture. The growing young population eagerly looks to the West for music, movies and popular culture. On the other hand, there are also a significant number of traditionalists that urge against this assimilation to Western culture. They turn to Turkish culture and heritage in the face of modern Americanized Turkish slang and a rising number of foreign franchises replacing local businesses.

Like me, I see Istanbul as struggling with its identity and place in a globalizing world as it sorts through political, social and economic issues. It tries to find a sense of balance amidst the tugging of Eastern and Western influences, yet having served as the capital of several empires over thousands of years, the city is no stranger to diversity. Amidst the chaotic and lively atmosphere of Istanbul’s streets, one can clearly see that common thread of humanity, hospitality and friendship that ties us all together.

Although I have been back and forth between Turkey and the United States for years, this summer was my first trip without my parents, and I was able to fully immerse myself in the experience that is Istanbul. Another point that made this summer so unique for me was that I was able to share my experience with four American friends that came to visit during my six-week stay in Turkey. Somewhere between rekindling old friendships and discovering new ones, something in me changed and I stopped seeing myself as either American or Turkish and stopped having to choose one identity depending on my surroundings. Introducing my American friends to my family and being in close contact with both simultaneously for two weeks, I started to see that humanity, love and friendship know no boundaries, even one as crucial as language. Seeing the joyful smiles and interactions between my friends and relatives was incredible and comedic when misinterpreted hand gestures led to more than a few hilarious moments. They could not understand a word of what the other was saying beyond an awkwardly pronounced greeting or two, yet their eyes still glowed with happiness when they saw each other and hugged.

Before this summer, my Turkish roots were my past—a separate self that I stored away until summer vacations when, for a month or two, I was granted a temporary escape from who I was in the United States. During those carefree months, I could almost pretend that I never left home—that I hadn’t missed the chance to experience my child-

A colorful sight of lamps and antiques during a stroll through the bazaar.
hood years in Istanbul. The sunsets were more vibrant, the food more flavorful and the friendships more satisfying. I would focus on the moment and live as if I were going to stay there forever, only to see summer after summer end in tears and relatives coming to see me off at the airport. With all the joys of being here, leaving is that much more painful.

Things changed completely this summer as my American life, my present, suddenly existed at the same time and in the same place as my past. Every day I interacted with distant relatives that I had only seen once or twice during other trips. I went to the southwestern Aegean coastline of Turkey to spend a week with my aunts and cousins. The water was indescribably beautiful and the ruins I saw at Ephesus were awe inspiring. Yet the most memorable part of my visit wasn’t the color of the water or the sunsets or the historical significance of the places I saw. It was enjoying the simple pleasures of sitting down to dinner with my extended family that I had been devoid of for years. Living in a small house with nine other people had its beautifully chaotic moments, and I savored every minute of it. I had never realized how much I had missed out on growing up separated from my family, being in a house full of laughter and loved ones.

Because Turkish people interact daily with extended family, it meant so much to me to have time alone with my aunts and cousins now that the safety blanket of my parents was a seven-hour time difference away. I learned greater self-sufficiency and how to enjoy some of the smaller joys in life. As the call to prayer echoed throughout the urban jungle of Istanbul, I would go out to the balcony and just close my eyes. I felt more awake, more aware than I had in a long while, and I let my senses soak in the smells, noises and sights of Istanbul. Only after the arrival of my American friends did I realize what I had been lacking. I had compartmentalized my life into the Turkish and the American me. Following the arrival of my friends, my two selves collided into one, perhaps for the first time. I lived out the following two weeks to the fullest trying to experience as much of Turkey as I could with my friends. Spontaneous adventures found us ferry-hopping to hike up the island of Buyukada just off the coast of Istanbul, where the peak of the mountain welcomed us with one of the most majestic views I’ve ever seen. The happiness of getting lost amidst the lively chaos of Istanbul’s streets and bazaars seemed richer and more fulfilling with my friends at my side to enjoy it with me. Although the entire trip was amazing, that small two-week period where my two lives existed as one was the highlight of my summer, and it stands out as quite possibly the best life experience I’ve ever had. In those moments, I stopped seeing Turkey and the United States as two lives that I had to balance and maintain separately. For two weeks, I felt that exceptional joy of feeling complete, of feeling whole. I finally began to comprehend the term “living in the moment.” My summer experience was my moment, my moment to finally open my eyes and become aware of who I am.

I find it kind of funny when I think about how much Istanbul mirrors my life experience. In the chaos is where the extraordinary brilliance of Istanbul lies—it is tucked away in the bazaars and alleys, in the smiles of hospitable people and in small cups of Turkish tea. For me, there wasn’t any single grandiose moment that altered my view on the world. It was through learning to savor the smaller joys of life that I finally saw myself become whole and truly happy.

Top center: Pigeons flock by the hundreds to “The New Mosque” near the tip of the historic Golden Horn Peninsula in Istanbul. Left: Spices of endless variety, color, and aroma fill the alleys of shouting vendors in Istanbul’s Spice Bazaar. Right: The Blue Mosque located across from the Hagia Sophia in downtown Istanbul.

Tuner Ergin is a freshman from Cary, N.C. He was born in Istanbul, Turkey and moved to the U.S. in 1997.
Pablo had my credit card. I was informed of this as I hurtled through the countryside of the Czech Republic, far away from the Berlin hostel where Pablo sat twiddling my emergency source of money between his thumbs. Throwing up my hands, I turned to my travel companion and laughed. It was merely another country, another travel disaster, another fabulous story to record in my journal. I was on country number seven out of eleven in my journey and at this point I knew there was no use crying over spilled milk. Food poisoning, cancelled ferries, dirty hostels, redirected flights, creepy men, lost credit cards—good times. Without the hilarity of any of these catastrophes, the sheer exhilaration of being on your own with only a backpack and an adventurous spirit would be lost.

The realization of the need to abandon my usually neurotic control-freak ways occurred to me in the Pisa airport at 5:00 a.m. I was leaving the fairly structured environment of a study abroad program for the insanity of a self-planned foray across Europe. My belongings were scattered in a ring around me and my excruciatingly heavy suitcase was wide open and tauntingly full. My roommate looked sympathetic while the woman behind the counter showed only condescension. To pay the overweight baggage fee, I would have to fork over about 200 euro—an unforeseen expense on the trusty budget sheet.

In desperation I did what anyone in my situation would do: throw out the replaceable and keep everything Italian. The stones collected from Cinque Terre remained safely stowed in a knee-length argyle sock. The Carnivale mask from Venice and the bottle of Vin Santo from Florence held their positions resolutely, filling space and adding weight. Out went the flimsy black flats, edges worn away by thousands of crossed cobblestones. Out went the comfy teal towel, now crunchy from the hard Italian tap water and numerous clothing-line dries. The trash bin filled up rapidly as my priorities took hold. What started as a hopeless situation soon turned into a highly enjoyable cathartic experience.

While I did purge my suitcase of many a material possession, I do have to say that my time in Europe must be viewed as a testament to the joy of consumption. The 20 extra pounds resting around my middle was worth every noodle, every blueberry steak and every little square-shaped spoonful of gelato from Italy. I can easily classify my Venetian meal of guinea fowl, cheese puffs and sautéed artichoke hearts as a religious experience. Add chocolate-dipped tea cookies in England, juicy sausages from Germany, hearty goulash from Austria and gooey Parisian pastries, and you can call me a veritable connoisseur of European cuisine.

Bustling port in Dubrovnik, Croatia.

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Madeleine Clark is a junior English major from Great Falls, Virginia. She studied abroad in Florence, Italy through the Lorenzo de’ Medici program. I found a serious fan as we watched the Euro Cup Austria vs. Germany game in Vienna.

Aside from severe gluttony—as there is no other way to describe my eating habits—I voraciously consumed culture, art, landscapes, fashion, music and people. In the 21st century we have supposedly entered an age in which advertising and popular culture permeate the global economy. Thankfully, European countries have retained their individual customs and charms, allowing eager travelers like myself to step off each train into an entirely new world. Every new city has the power to produce sensory overload. Real cowbells echo throughout the mountain trails of Bavaria while the faint scent of ripening fruit piques the nostrils in Barcelona markets. The endless Irish fields saturated in vibrant green can only be compared to the sticky warm humidity of a Croatian sunset.

Sometimes it was the discomfort of a heavy backpack digging into my armpits that made the experience tangible. Other times it was the beads of sweat dripping down my back as I ran for the Metro. I had blisters on my heels as I admired L’Arc de Triomphe and bug bites covering my legs as I meandered through Kensington Gardens. The juxtaposition of pain and pleasure always makes the tours that much more powerful, not that I’m a masochist or anything.

When I recount these stories to friends, they often apologize for the trip being so fraught with difficulties. I smile and brush their condolences away. I drank beer and sang chants with a professional Danish football player. I kissed the Blarney stone. I paid homage to Oscar Wilde’s grave.

I celebrated San Juan holiday on the beaches of Spain. I do not deserve any form of pity.

July 16, 2008 was a sad day for me. My backpack had ripped in three places and was being held together with duct tape, safety pins and even some caulk I had found under the sink in a hostel bathroom. My face was tan, my back was sore, and I hadn’t had a decent shower in two months. Check-in went smoothly and security was a breeze, an anti-climactic end to the adventure. I boarded my plane with a heavy load and an even heavier heart. Deep down I was praying for something to go wrong again so I could stay. A weather delay? Pilot strike? Anything?

It seems that most travel mishaps are a blessing in disguise. While the experience of studying abroad innately expands your cultural horizons, the inevitability of obstacles is the true education. I learned to welcome failures and revel in the inconvenient. So what if they don’t flush toilet paper in Greece or if the Irish guy next to you just poured a Guinness down your back—memories last a lifetime.

Food poisoning, cancelled ferries, dirty hostels, redirected flights, creepy men, lost credit cards - good times.

Madeleine Clark is a junior English major from Great Falls, Virginia. She studied abroad in Florence, Italy through the Lorenzo de’ Medici program.
It was 11 a.m. at the Villa Fatima bus station in La Paz, Bolivia and time for the daily bus to Rurrenabaque to set off. I was embarking on what would prove to be quite a journey from the capital of Bolivia (actually, one of two capitals) to the burgeoning town of Rurrenabaque, situated in the north along the Beni River. As soon as I had selected a window seat on the portside of the bus, the dark-skinned Aymara ticket taker exclaimed with a slight chuckle, “¡Ahhh si, buena vista!”

There is only one route that motor vehicles can use to travel directly to low-lying Rurrenabaque from the 12,000 feet high city in the Andean Altiplano. To some Bolivians, this path is still called ‘el camino del muerte,’ or ‘the death road,’ but I was reassured that the majority of the one-lane dirt road with two directions of traffic had been paved in the last three years. Having heard this and read that the typical travel time via bus lasted 18 hours, I was slightly unnerved by the chuckle that came with ‘buena vista,’ or ‘good view.’

After an hour of questioning my decision to take this trip, the bus finally pulled out of the station at 12:30 p.m. The sloth-like monster of a vehicle chugged upward through the city. A short 15 minutes later, the bus stopped with a yell from the conductor, “Five minutes for food!” One quarter of the bus’s 60 passengers sped off to the swelling of homes along the highway that also served as food stands. The rest of the passengers began opening windows while the local chefs sent their children to the base of the windows with filled plastic grocery bags. In this Bolivian style drive-through, coins were thrown out of the windows and into the children’s hands as bags of food flew through the bus’s windows. Soon enough, the satiated passengers sat down and filed back inside as the bus puttered away. Finally leaving behind the outermost fringe of a city described as “nuts” by the citizens themselves, the spiritually majestic and snow-capped Mount Illimani—the mountain that reigns over La Paz—bid us farewell.

An hour out of the city and still lumbering on paved road through colossal peaks and copper grassland, the bus stopped again for the routine narcotics trafficking inspection. Passing through, one could sense the end of the mystical and empty Altiplano.

Cresting over the edge of the fallow-tinted land, green foliage quickly became the new contrast to the same stark blue sky that lit up the eerie Altiplano. Upon arriving in a serene jungle in the clouds known as Los Yungas, I immediately understood why this route was still sometimes called ‘the death road.’ I was in a 12-feet tall bus on a road with a 3-feet high guard rail that was built along 3,000-foot cliff sheers! On the positive side, I was ecstatic to find out that the road did have two lanes and was paved. Nevertheless, riding by the clouds through a sky-high jungle was spectacular.

After recovering from my initial shock with the help of a Bolivian chocolate bar that was perhaps more reminiscent of a caramelized sugar bar, my astuteness got the best of me. Although items going in and out of windows should have been normal now, I was puzzled when I noticed people throwing food out of the windows. I soon realized that many of the Bolivians were offering food to the god Pachamama, or Mother Earth, as sacrifices for safe passage on their journey. A little agitated, I told myself not to think about it. Looking to my left at the heavenly sight for the next three hours, my worries were swept away in the enrapturing scene as we descended through Los Yungas.

After staring leftward for so long, not only did my neck hurt, but I also had not realized the change of terrain below us. I would soon learn that the paved road bypassed the highest levels of the infamous ‘death road,’ but not all of it. We were now traveling on a two-way, one lane dirt path with no guard rails along 500-foot cliff sheers.

I would soon learn that the paved road bypassed the highest levels of the infamous ‘death road,’ but not all of it. We were now traveling on a two-way, one lane dirt path with no guard rails along 500-foot cliff sheers. Not so thrilled, I began reevaluating the term ‘buena vista’ while I quickly finished the chocolate bar I started earlier.

Although I hoped a vehicle driving in the opposite direction would never come, my wishes undoubtedly proved useless. Luckily there are miniscule patches of dirt along the road sides that are supposed to give buses enough space to pull off while the other vehicles pass. On account...
The Asian elephant is considered a national icon of Thailand. Its majestic features and notable intelligence have always been considered a symbol of status and good fortune. Throughout history elephants have been an important facet of the Thai community. They have been used for ancient warfare, commercial logging and more recently tourism. Due to deforestation and growing development, there is concern for the treatment and conservation of these animals.
At the Rainbow Elephant Camp a few kilometers north of Khao Lak, in the Phang Nga province—devastated by the 2004 tsunami—I met Surin Jaitrong. He was the first mahout, or elephant caretaker, I met. He was so full of personality and love for his elephant, Plai Gaew, the largest male in the group. I was eager to go meet the elephants, but learned that, like people, it would take time to really get to know them. Surin explained that mahouts spend a considerable amount of time with their elephants. They dedicate themselves to a single elephant, as if they were brothers. He goes on to say, if the elephant is older than he, it is treated like an older brother; if it is younger, it takes pride in his elephant. He lives a simple life in nature where the elephants remain close to their natural environment and released back into the wild to forage.

Selket Guzman is a senior Photojournalism major from San Mateo, California. She traveled to Khao Lak, Thailand to document the aftermath of the tsunami. For more information...
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Selket Guzman is a senior Photojournalism major from San Mateo, California. She traveled to Khao Lak, Thailand to document the aftermath of the tsunami. For more information about the program she participated in, visit andamanrising.org.
I’m not sure if it was the chicken on the bus or the fact that I was going to fight China, a woman with a flaming black panther tattoo, at my first boxing lesson, but I quickly realized my first week in Havana would be one of many that I would spend outside of my comfort zone—and that it was going to be awesome.

If someone had asked me before I left for my spring semester in Havana, Cuba if I could see myself boxing, I would have said what anyone who has seen “Dirty Dancing: Havana Nights” would say and promote myself as a soon-to-be amazing salsa dancer, not soon-to-be super fighter. Although I did put my feet into salsa dancing, I poured my heart into boxing. I invested everything I had for a popular Cuban deporte and a short man named Nardo Mestre.

Meet the 5-foot-2-inch version of awesome.

I discovered Nardo from a friend who had been in Cuba the semester before with Harvard University. She recommended I call him and learn to box. She told me he had coached the Chinese Olympic boxing team in the 1980s and had sparred with Kid Chocolate, the most famous Cuban boxer. In addition to all his experience, she added that although Nardo was honest in the-he-told-her-friend-the-reason-she-didn’t-have-a-boyfriend-was-because-her-thighs-were-huge way, deep down he was really sweet.

Needless to say, I was petrified. I spoke Spanish, but not Cuban. I knew nothing about boxing, and I was sure that I was about to be insulted by someone I didn’t even know.

My friend Catherine and I were brave and called to set up our first lesson. If I thought calling Nardo was nerve-wracking, it was only because I had no idea that the only other girl at the gym would be the flaming-black-panther-tattooed China who could kill someone with one hit from her Tae Kwon Do arm.

It took an hour, but after the P11 bus’s livestock, flying sandwiches and crumbling roofs, we found El Gimnasio San Rafael and Nardo, the man who would change our lives.

The first lesson was only on the basic stance and it lasted the shortest any practice ever would—two hours. Time in Cuba has no limitations, especially when you are exercising. The concept of a water break means less time working out, so it is unacceptable.

Catherine and I were clearly out of shape and had no clue that Nardo was telling us to bend our legs and keep our weight on the balls of our feet. All we could do was try to understand and smile. By the third lesson we were throwing punches without gloves and could confidently plan on our lessons lasting a solid five to seven hours.

After running stairs, lifting weights and repeating the básico until it was right, Catherine and I would pay our coach 5 Cuc, about $5, for the lesson. On the way out, without

A stormy waterfront in Havana.
fail. I would be asked to a salsa club by the other boxing instructor. You know you are in a different place when men will ask you out even after you’ve spent the past five hours working out.

“¡Ay, mami, que rico!”

Boxing became the highlight of my week. I took it to the next level and got up in the mornings to run along the Malecon. When men would catcall me, I thought about what they could totally take them in the ring. I felt super athletic and sought out every athletic opportunity Cuba and the University of Havana had to offer. I signed up for los juegos del caribe and was able to swim in a meet for the philosophy department. I won three medals, but I’ve never been in such a non-competitive atmosphere; the team was just happy I showed up.

I expanded my sports passion even more with the University sponsored Women’s Day Maraton—a marathon, but not a long one by any means. My UNC-Chapel Hill friends whole-heartedly jumped at the chance to celebrate the day by racing in red pants, animal-shaped backpacks and sandals like everyone else. I elected, however, to wear my tennis shoes and shorts.

The race was the first time I’d ever run with the purpose of trying to escape a stampede of women in flip flops. After waiting three hours to register, I was almost sure the race wasn’t going to happen when my mentality of “I’m fine to just run on my own” was abruptly replaced with “Oh crap, I’m going to get hit by a teddy-bear mochilla.”

I sweated more from this mini-marathon, which ended up being about a mile, than I ever had from boxing for five hours because the cars driving along the streets on which we were running stopped for no one: not for dogs, not for marathon races, not for anything. Nothing gets you running like a 1957 Chevrolet and a stoplight turning green.

But this particular sporting event was different than any athletic ambition I’d attempted before. Instead of numbers on our backs, we opted for “Eve Carson” signs, as we had found out on the previous Thursday that she had been killed in Chapel Hill. It felt appropriate to wear the signs; I was told in my first week that all of Cuba cried when Eve left two years ago.

That was one hit not even 160 hours of boxing lessons could have prepared me for. You don’t have to speak Spanish (or Cuban) to understand the magnitude of that statement.

Although the Cuban students met didn’t know her personally, the inquisitions were worth it. “Who is Eve Carson? Well, she was here two years ago…”

We weren’t in Chapel Hill, but we felt it too. We felt it from our University of Havana professors who taught her, from the residence where she had lived and from her Cuban friends down the street—and we wanted to do something.

So that is how we honored Eve Carson, and that is how we grieved a truly international loss.
There is nothing you can do to prepare yourself for Africa before you get there,” a friend of mine told me on the phone the night before I flew to Tanzania. There I was, a young, white American woman standing on the brink of what would be the most profound experience of my life without a clue of what I was getting myself into. I had called my friend expecting words of comfort and practical advice, but the words I received turned out to be wiser and truer than I ever could have imagined.

I went to Moshi, a town at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro, with the intention of being an assistant acrobatics teacher at the TunaHAKI Centre for Street Children and starting a dance program at a secondary school. Thinking back on these small, detailed titles for my intended plans, I can’t help but laugh a little at my younger self, my pre-African-reality self. Things change. Information gets brought to your attention that changes the entire path you tried to create for yourself, and you’re left to start over again from scratch. So, that’s what I did. While it was frustrating and overwhelming at times, more than anything it was really damn fun.
Assistant acrobatics teacher? Kind of...

TunaHAKI, an extremely small center in rural Moshi, houses 23 children—some orphaned, some abandoned. I went into the experience thinking that I would be there for hours every day doing hardcore acrobatics and stretching, like some kind of arts conservatory. However, I had no idea until I arrived that during July the children were in school until nearly 4 p.m. every day. This greatly affected how much time I was able to spend with them, because it would get dark around 6:30 p.m., giving me just over two hours each day to spend with them before I had to catch one of the last safe daladala back to my hostel. Because it is very unsafe to be out past dark in Moshi—in fact, many of the locals don’t even do it—everyday was a race with the equatorial sun to arrive home before the thieves went to work. Upon their return home from school each day, the children were often too wiped out to work. Upon their return home, the advice I was given the night before I left returned to my mind, and the Duka la Dawa, the drugstore, along with a carrot. That day in class was one of the most memorable experiences of my life, watching each one of my students giggle as they rolled the condoms onto this carrot. It was so memorable because during this hour, it truly hit me—who cares if I’m not teaching dance, if these kids aren’t ballerinas? Not me.

A lesson learned? Yes.

To anyone considering traveling to this region, all I can say is to expect the unexpected. Completely rid yourself of any preconceived notions regarding time and how things “should” be. You are given no helmet. You only have your own stamina, your own faith. Trust that even if things aren’t going “as planned,” you are doing what you’re meant to be doing at all times. Expect for your world to be turned upside down. But trust that you will survive and emerge from the experience with an entirely redecorated mind.

Now that I’m home, it’s starting to feel much less like a dream and more like a chapter that was just written, and to which I return to daily to read excerpts. I don’t know everything, but I certainly know more than I used to. I feel like the world just took off her shirt and bared some of her ugly scars to me. Upon my return home, the advice I was given the night before I left returned to my mind, and I couldn’t help but laugh. My friend had been conceived notions regarding time and how things should. “Teacha Kate, can you…bring…condom?” The class burst into laughter. “Of course I can,” I replied, with a huge grin on my face. The next day I bought 50 condoms at the Duka la Dawa, the drugstore, along with a carrot. That day in class was one of the most memorable experiences of my life, watching each one of my students giggle as they rolled the condoms onto this carrot. It was so memorable because during this hour, it truly hit me—who cares if I’m not teaching dance, if these kids aren’t ballerinas? Not me.

**Tanzania**

Population: 40.2 million
Capital: Dar es Salaam
Language: Swahili

*Carolina Passport*
By Will Halicks

S

omewhere on the road between Exeter, England and the tiny town of Black Dog, you realize you have a fever.

You don’t remember waking up with a fever. You checked out of the bed-and-breakfast feeling ready for a long day of traveling. You hauled your gear to the bus stop—a fat rolling suitcase and a backpack containing a video camera on loan from the university. You picked up the rental car and drove half an hour without incident across Exeter, a city as busy during rush hour as a pinball machine. All of this with barely a cough.

Now, a sudden weariness behind your eyes tells you that all is not well with your immune system. Your forehead is sweaty, and even though you’ve turned off the air conditioner in the rental car, you can’t rid yourself of the chill that’s starting to creep into your limbs. You turn up the radio, hoping it will help you focus, but the only clear signal this far out in the country is a ferocious political debate which hardly proves restorative.

The roads here are like the roads in Yorkshire-steep and unpredictable, hemmed in by stone walls and barely wide enough for your little Peugeot. When another car passes you heading the opposite direction, you’re close enough that you could reach out and shake the other driver’s hand.

You didn’t come here to get a fever. Back home in Georgia last December, as you sat with winter at the window and banged out draft after draft of a proposal for the Burch Fellows program, you didn’t work a fever into your calculations.

Your mind was full of the folk legends of England you had been studying for months. They crowded together as you wrote the proposal. At the forefront were the stories of huge black dogs people had seen out on the moors—dogs bigger than any dog should be—that vanished without trace or explanation.

“The Hound of the Baskervilles” came out of this folktale. Half a dozen other famous tales incorporate it in a similar way, or at least mention it. It has spoken to some of literature’s master wordsmiths, and you felt it was also trying to speak to you, but the message was difficult to discern from so great a distance.

Now here you are in pursuit of that message, halfway done shooting a documentary on the legend that inspired this journey, and your teeth are chattering.

When you make it to Black Dog and locate your B&B, your first stop is a cup of strong tea. You leave out the cream and sugar, hoping the tea gods will reward your restraint with an extra dose of fortitude.

Later, you will recall tonight as the night you fought a solo showdown with a bad fever using only a bottle of Advil and an entire box of English breakfast tea.

The scope of your existence shrinks to a grueling cycle of drinking, shaking and going to the bathroom. You forget your friends and family and the documentary. Anything that lies outside the walls of your room and the soft halo of light from the bedside table lamp ceases to exist.

You also have your first encounter with fever dreams. They are a curious mishmash of English countryside and the streets of your hometown, and they lurch into life the...
moment you close your eyes, like grainy film trailers playing on a continuous loop. Later, when you try to write down what you dreamed, it will feel like trying to recite the lyrics to a song you heard years ago, and you’ll set the project aside in frustration.

You’re still miserable in the morning. The owner of the bed-and-breakfast, whom you’ve already pegged as a little odd, seems less disturbed by your rocky condition than by your inability to finish the huge breakfast platter in front of you. You’ll spend the rest of the day in bed, slumbering through what you believe to be the best sleep you’ve ever had.

The next few days will see your strength return, and like all bad days, this one will wind up buried in the bottom of the hourglass. Your sleeping patterns will smooth out and the headaches will cease. You’ll drive back to Exeter from Black Dog with a week’s worth of successful interviews and some good landscape footage, including a few shots of a sunset that stained the clouds the deep purple of good wine. The better memories from that place will overcome the bad ones.

But even after you’ve wrapped up the project and returned home, you’ll find yourself going back to that night in your mind. The immediacy of the experience will startle you – you’ll revisit the ache of your hunched shoulders and the sore, cottony taste of the fever burning at the back of your throat. You’ll fancy for a moment that you can still remember the design on the packets of English breakfast tea and the heavy smell of the teabags.

But more than all these things, you’ll remember the sense of battered triumph you felt upon waking after that first night. Miles away from the country where you were born, you wrestled with something greater than yourself. You snatched at the tattered bat wings of the fever as it swooped down on you. You grabbed it roughly and didn’t let go.

That kind of satisfaction – the confidence of survival – is a primal feeling unlike anything you’ve ever known. You’ll have more opportunities to experience it, albeit on a lesser scale, when you find yourself stranded in far-flung train stations or wandering cities so electric with life that your mind has to struggle for days before it can comprehend your surroundings.

It is this sense of independence that will endure long after the turbulent details of that night have gone fuzzy at the edges, no more substantial than a fever dream.

Will Halicks is a senior English major from Peachtree City, Georgia. He received the Burch Fellowship to travel to the British Isles, where he filmed a documentary about phantom black dogs in English folklore.
Dinner time at a street market in Marrakech.

A man was hacking away on a ram’s skull. With each draw of his butcher blade, he chopped further into the brain. The sheep’s head was decapitated, sanguine and gory, its still-open eyes glaring from beneath the knife. I watched him crudely throw the head into the flames as each ribbon of red licked the blood from the slices. He was not alone. The crowded corridors of the streets were filled with men and children bathing in the blood of the slain sheep. I was in a horrified stance—pressed so forcefully against the whiteness of the alleyways of Essaouira, Morocco that the prickles of the concrete poked into my back. I took a shuddering breath.

We approached the entire experience by chance. Even the inkling of visiting the country was a fortunate experiment, as our preconceived notions of the predominately Islamic Northern Africa had thwarted our ideals of safety. My sister, my mom and I came from an American background, and the curiosities, questions, awes and wonders surrounding the mystery of something so removed from our American eyes was something the three of us yearned to experience. Touristic principles would restrain us no longer.

It was our eighth day in Morocco, and after the abrasive stress of Marrakech, Essaouira was a traveler’s sigh of relief. The placidity of the paradise was strongly encouraged by the whiteness of each building, giving the place an overall Mykonos-esque air. These white walls pressed against my back as bits of sheep flesh leapt out of the flames.

That morning, I crept from our hotel room and snuck into the hush of New Year’s Eve. In the middle of the street, there was a large group of men from an assortment of ages. Flames climbed through the sea-salted air as they escaped from a giant, spontaneous bonfire. On the ground in a scattered, haphazard display was the bloody field of sheep heads.

In an attempt to slip past the group and continue the walk to the seaside, I put my back against the walls of the streets and shuffled along, trying not to be noticed. In any other situation, this attempt would have been futile, as my skin appeared to be a bleached rag compared to the majority. But the men were too distracted with beheading the sheep to notice my startled expression.

I finally escaped from the crowd, gasping for unblemished air, my mind clutching at my thoughts. I had no concept of what I had just experienced, no intelligible notion. It left me sputtering for comprehension as I made my way to breakfast. My twirling thoughts began to unravel as I discovered from a shopkeeper that blazing sheep’s heads was a ritual of the Islamic sect—something from which I was very distant.

After several more audiences with flaming heads on nearly every street corner, the spinning and whirling ceased and all my thoughts aligned. This was culture as pure as the white walls I cowered against; this extreme paradox to the life I had was the life I wished to live. I understood that this moment—this eighth day—would serve as a template for the days I craved, and that this was the diversity I wished to envelope. I wanted all of it—so
much more than one can obtain in a lifetime.

The darkness fell that night just as in every place I had ever been. Here, however, the cobblestone streets were mysteriously slick. I concluded that it was the slivers of sheep burned into the heavens that created this slithery gauze on the alleyways.

This was the rawness that I yearned for, and I was lucky enough to learn that the bloody oozing of sheep’s heads was exactly what defined a culture. The burning heads had crossed the line separating the typical chute for the tourist and the slippery road for the traveler. I could feel the real culture pulsating beneath the grime of the streets.

Colorful tanneries are commonplace in the back alleys of Fez.

Pyramids of spices in a local souk or market.

McKay Roozen is a freshman International Studies and Asian Studies major from Lexington, Kentucky.

MOROCCO
Population: 34.3 million
Capital: Rabat
Language: Arabic
Carolina Passport

A Pedido de los Desconocidos
At the Request of the Unknown

By Kennetra Irby

In August 2008, students from the Organization for Tropical Studies spent a day on Isla Carenero, a small island of the Bocas del Toro Archipelago in Panama. The island is home to the Ngöbe, an indigenous population currently struggling with land rights issues.

Stars flittered across my vision as I walked along the shore, 
Wondering what happened to the paradise Bocas del Toro was slated to have in store. 
esesqinted by the light, intensifying my emerging migraine, 
My eyes focused on the trash sprawling along the sandy terrain. 
On tires and purses buried in the sand, 
On children running barefoot, 
On white doll heads left abandoned. 
Left abandoned. 
Left alone. 
To fend for themselves without limbs. 
Eyes staring into a future that was markedly grim.

The shrill of drills cutting through plywood amplified, 
Wardrobes hanging from bits of tied twine. 
Distorted images of driftwood bridges. 
Houses filled to capacity, 
Overflowing with people sheltered only by tin. 
Still bursting from love within. 
Yet the hope without etched the lines of their faces. 
Smiling was difficult but somehow they’re determined to make it.

Tell what you see, 
Because there’s a possibility 
That when you return 
No longer will we be 
Here on the shores that for generations we’ve called home. 
Tell what you see, 
Because tomorrow isn’t known.”

PANAMA
Population: 3.3 million
Capital: Panama City
Language: Spanish

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Their coast may be sprinkled with debris,
But the tourists who roam their seas
Don’t see their struggle to manage what rightly belongs to them.
Since 1904 the constitution has granted land ownership to the government.
Captivated by marine life, wild life and aquatic wonders.
You may stay for a week and never realize the nightmare above the water.
Panama’s law says you own it after living and working the land for one year.
Sadly, limited resources and capitalist ambitions make that reality disappear.

The Ngöbe have no way to fight against the powers that be,
Unless they enlist the help of people like you and me
Who can give voice to their silent cries
Give eyes to injustice plaguing their daily lives.
How such things can still go on today
Bewilders and amazes me to this day.
Perhaps the auras and sound sensitivity
Heightened my connection to their heartfelt plea:

“Tell what you see,
Because there’s a possibility
That when you return
No longer will we be
Here on the shores that for generations we’ve called home.
Tell what you see,
Because tomorrow isn’t known.”

Kenneta Irby is a senior Spanish and Medical Anthropology major from St. Petersburg, Florida. She received a scholarship from the Sonja Haynes Stone Center, a grant from the Organization for Tropical Studies, and the Theta Woman Scholarship from Theta Nu Xi Multicultural Sorority, Inc. to study abroad in Costa Rica and Panama through the Organization for Tropical Studies.
afternoon. My dad taught me how to fly a kite and now I teach my grandchildren. In fact, go ahead and keep this one.

In a country where personal space is limited, the Chinese people know how to utilize public spaces. From about 5 a.m. to midnight, Beijing’s city parks are filled with people doing everything from practicing martial arts and flying kites to playing with Chinese hacky sacks and dancing a combination of traditional and modern dances. Many of these pastimes have been handed down from generation to generation. The vibrant atmosphere in these parks reflects the Chinese love for tradition as well as their collective culture.

These examples reflect not only the immense cross-cultural connections, but also the impact that U.S. culture has on the culture of other countries.

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Say Cheese!

“Get a picture of that foreigner,” I heard a man behind me tell his friend in Chinese. I turned around just in time to see a man take out his camera and snap a quick picture of me while pretending to focus on the historical building behind me. This was just one of many times I found myself in this situation. I walked up to them and—in Chinese—asked the man if he could take a picture of me and my friend in front of the historical building. The surprised look on their faces upon hearing me speak Chinese was priceless. As they walked away, I heard the man’s friend say, “I guess she’s not just a foreigner. She’s our foreign friend.”

All Aboard!

“Hurry, hurry!” the ticket lady on the bus yelled as we all scrambled to get on. Just as the bus doors closed, I squeezed onto the bus and found myself wedged between some ladies that managed to squeeze in behind me. Standing in the hot, crowded and noisy bus, I was so far in front that I was closer to the windshield than the bus driver. In subways and buses alike, it seems as though it is always a competition to see how many people can fit. The concept of personal space flies out the window and you’re left to crowd in with everyone else.

College Life 101

“Our curfew is 10 p.m. and if we aren’t back, the doormen won’t let us back in,” my roommate explained. We were talking about dorm life in China. “Normally, universities fit six people to a room with strict curfews. No one of the opposite sex is allowed in our room either,” she continued. Contrasting this situation with that of American college students, these rules have created a unique college culture in China where bars and clubs are not frequented by college students and Friday nights are spent playing computer games and watching movies.

Let’s Go Fly a Kite!

“How do you say the name of this park?” I asked an elderly man flying a kite. “Purple Bamboo Park,” he replied. “I come here every day to do Tai Chi in the morning and fly kites in the afternoon. My dad taught me how to fly a kite and now I teach my grandchildren. In fact, go ahead and keep this one.

A “Great” Night

“I’m sorry, I can’t let you stay on the Great Wall tonight, but you are more than welcome to stay at my place.” The words of the gatekeeper made it clear that, because of a new Olympics policy enacted two days before, we were by no means allowed to sleep on the Great Wall. Although we were disappointed, our night had really just begun. After climbing down the Wall, we paid $1 to stay in a room at the gatekeeper’s family restaurant. We spent the rest of the night playing cards and eating before hiking back up the Wall to see the sunrise. It was at this point, watching the sunrise with the Wall all to ourselves that we started to contemplate life. We walked along the un-restored part, trying to get a feel of what it would have been like to defend our country.
from an invading army. Although we may not have been able to spend the night on the Wall, our trip allowed us to imagine a different way of life.

**Toodle-loo!**

I walked into the restroom at the Xian train station. Since it was an outdated train station, I had expected the loo, as they say in Britain, to be a little dirtier than usual, but nothing prepared me for what turned out to be one of my most scarring experiences in China. ‘Whoa,’ I muttered under my breath as I walked in. While I had become accustomed to traditional Chinese toilets, which are nothing more than a hole in the floor, I was not prepared for the kind of layout which still exists only in old train stations. With only two foot tall separators in between toilets and no real stalls, privacy was nonexistent and your business was everyone else’s business. Literally. I took a deep breath and thought, ‘I have no reason to be embarrassed, right?’ I inwardly groaned, remembering that foreigners are likely to attract attention. My mission was to get in and get out—fast. And that’s exactly what I did.

**Are We There Yet?**

“I can see the top!” my roommate yelled as we climbed the stairs. After a 12:30 a.m. start, five hours and 6,000 steps later, we made it just in time to see the sun rise over the beautiful Mount Tai. Step after step, I was reminded of the saying of Lao Tzu: “A journey of a million miles begins with just one step.” I knew I couldn’t give up now. As we neared the top with hundreds of other visitors, both young and old,

I couldn’t help but think about all the emperors that climbed Mount Tai before me to worship the gods in hopes of gaining immortality. Although the sunrise at the top was definitely breathtaking, it was the journey that really gave me time to reflect.

**Sustainable chopsticks?**

“Save China’s forests!” a sign in my neighborhood read. With all of the hype surrounding China’s stance on environmental issues, I decided to take a closer look. Upon further examination, I found that the sign was promoting alternative materials with which to make chopsticks. According to the sign, China uses 4.5 billion pairs of disposable chopsticks annually, creating a widespread deforestation problem. Coming from a society where we typically use forks and spoons, this wasn’t an issue I had previously considered. Currently, Chinese scientists are experimenting with new materials like metal and plastic, and chopsticks users are encouraged to employ more sustainable options. It was refreshing to see attempts being made to educate the public.

**A Cultural Twist**

As I was sitting at an Olympic handball match, watching Germany play South Korea, I noticed a throng of Chinese people start to stare and take pictures of a male foreigner. “Who’s that?” I asked a Chinese man sitting next to me. “Dirk Nowitzki!” the man replied. “Dirk Nowitzki?” I asked. “Who’s that?” The man looked incredulously at me and said, “Only one of two German basketball players in the NBA! You’re obviously not from America.” I merely smiled and continued watching the game. Even though I am American, our conversation was a perfect example of the Chinese’s extensive knowledge of American culture. In another odd cultural twist during the game, Chinese cheerleaders came out during intermission to engage the crowd and dance to the likes of “Hey Mickey,” made famous by the cheerleading movie “Bring it On.” These examples reflect not only the immense cross-cultural connections, but also the impact that U.S. culture has on the culture of other countries.

Anneliese Gegenheimer is a junior Business and Chinese major from Columbus, Ohio. She received the Phillips Ambassadors scholarship to participate in the CET Summer Language Program in Beijing.

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**CHINA**

Population: 1.3 billion
Capital: Beijing
Language: Mandarin
One way to experience a country is to visit and have someone show you exactly how everything works. Another way is to visit and have your alleged teacher drop you off in a random place and expect you to find your way... with no money.

My study abroad program, SIT-Samoa, preferred the latter approach. Programs through the School for International Training (SIT), an affiliated program with UNC Study Abroad, use a different approach to learning: learning by experience. One of my first assignments upon my arrival to Samoa, a South Pacific island in the heart of Polynesia, was to write a DIE journal entry (which stands for Description, Interpretation and Evaluation) based on the village drop-off experience. The drop-off instructions were to go to the bus station, get on a bus headed for a village far from town and live the true fa’āSamoa—the Samoan lifestyle. With no expectations and no prior knowledge of anything related to the Pacific, I was on my way.
February 11

**Description:** I’d been advised by a Samoan girl sitting next to me on the bus that the easiest thing to do would be to visit a pastor’s house and they would take care of me. I got off the bus in a village called Fasitoo-uta when I saw a huge house next to a church that I assumed was the pastor’s. Nobody was home because, as I learned later, the pastor had gone to New Zealand. As I wandered around the outside of the home, a girl named Vaile came and began talking to me. She welcomed me, showed me around the village and introduced me to her family. I met some of her relatives and went to their home down the road where I met even more of her family. One of the younger boys, Mafa, climbed a huge palm tree and knocked down coconuts. This was my first taste of fresh coconut water. Mafa showed me around after Vaile left. He spoke English well and helped me with the language and the unwritten cultural rules. He was actually preparing to return to New Zealand where he worked and played rugby to help support his family. His family continuously asked me if I would spend the night, and I finally agreed. They gave me clothes and a towel, and I took a cold shower in the makeshift aluminum bathroom. Afterward, Mafa and I ate. Once I declared *ma’ona*—I’m full—the newlywed couple, who had the highest status in the family, ate the leftover food. We sat inside, talking and listening to Samoan music. Once it was dark outside, Mafa and I walked along the road with many other Samoans; it seemed like this was their form of nightlife. Before we arrived at the house, we stopped at a *fale’oloa*—a shop—for some soda. Since one of the unwritten cultural rules is that it is rude to walk while eating or drinking, we hung around the shop long enough to see three drunk Samoans, a *fafafine*—the third gender in Samoa—and many other local people. We finally got back to the house and sat on his father’s grave in the front yard to talk before going inside to go to sleep. I slept on the floor with half of the family. When we first went to sleep, a young girl sleeping next to me was fanning me and would occasionally slap bugs off me. In the middle of the night, two cats started fighting inside the house. It was a rude awakening and it scared me half to death. The next morning I caught the bus with Tasele, Mafa’s older brother who works in Apia, the capital. On the bus ride, I had to sit on his lap because there were so many people. He paid for my bus fare, and upon arriving in Apia, he got me a cab as well.

**Interpretation:** I would have never expected a family to take me in the way they did. They gave me food to eat and a roof over my head without even knowing me for 24 hours. In this society, everyone works for each other. I had been told that Samoa is a communal society, but it was not until I saw it for myself that I understood. Each person contributes. It was refreshing to go into a home from a completely different culture, language and tradition and be accepted without any discrimination. They were actually just as interested in me as I was in them. One thing that struck me as strange was how we sat on Mafa’s father’s grave to casually talk. In the United States it is almost taboo to step on someone’s grave, and here we were sitting on it. This reflects the way that Samoans view death: It is something that happens but life goes on, and the deceased’s spirit remains.

**Evaluation:** This whole experience questioned many of my morals, beliefs and my judgment. I’m a city girl who was raised to be tough and not to fall into a trap by being naïve. My first reaction to the unexpected hospitality was to wonder what the family thought they could get from me. Money? Also, I felt uncomfortable when I was sitting on Tasele’s lap on the bus. He was married and a very respectful adult, but it was still awkward. I was always taught never to sit on a man’s lap unless it was my husband or father, but here I was, sitting on a random man in a bouncing bus. In Samoa people trust others. If there were no trust, many of the things that I experienced would never have happened. The way they all help each other, whether it is family or just a random person roaming the village, made me wonder about how different our world would be if every society were like that. Perhaps if we all put in our share and work together there would be less violence, starvation and homelessness, and a better quality of life.
Having given up on finding a suitable sleeping position, I resolved to pass the last of 10 hours on the road gazing out the window.

It was as if the earth and sky had switched places.

Morning darkness peppered with cacti silhouettes replaced the city lights. Stars flooded the sky in the absence of civilization. The road unrolled before our old white van.

Bri was still enjoying her most recent spurt of sleep beside me. Araceli was stretched out across the middle row. Doña Antonia was snoring in the passenger’s seat while her husband, Don Javier, drove on with the soft rumble of bachata escaping from his radio.

Signs welcomed us to Taxco, the former silver-mining town and tourist attraction. We didn’t stop.

It was week six of our travel with Students of the World documenting the C.A.S.A. (Centro para los Adolescentes de San Miguel de Allende) midwifery school. The other four group members had gone back to the United States, but Bri and I were on our way to Tlamacazapa, Mexico. We had met midwives and their students, seen their classes, interviewed their administrators and watched as they delivered babies. Now we would meet a graduate in her home community who was using her education to hold the town together.

Tlamacazapa is a community of around 6,000 indigenous Nahua inhabitants. Situated high in the mountains of Guerrero, Mexico, it is rarely visited by gringos. Our arrival was news.

We drove up just as the sun greeted the town. At a stand near our van, a woman and her children set out strips of metallic paper: unused, uncut candy wrappers directly from the factory.

The woman at the next stand heated oil to make gorditas. She set out a variety of salsas in palm baskets.

Every now and then a man passed the short row of stands, but mostly there were only women—many of them pregnant—and children.

What appeared to be cement port-a-potties contrasted starkly with the natural surroundings.

These seemingly insignificant details would have remained insignificant had we only passed through the town. But we came to discover that those little, puzzling details were much more than local quirks.
Bri and I made our way to the market where we recognized the metallic wrappers from earlier that morning now woven into little bags. On the way we passed a woman in her doorway weaving palm baskets like the ones at the gordita stand. There were pigs sleeping soundly near what we assumed was an empty pool.

Nohami, the community midwife, found us without much trouble; there were only a few streets in the town. She showed us around a little before taking us to her clinic.

She and Doña Antonia, who had been her teacher at the C.A.S.A. midwifery school, talked about the trials and rewards of being a midwife. Their conversation ranged from eruptive laughter to deep-rooted frustration as they exchanged stories of beautiful babies, mothers’ first worries, successful deliveries, difficult ones, community problems, abusive husbands and death.

A knock at the door interrupted their conversation. We watched intently as Nohami gave the woman a checkup. She checked for fluid in the mother’s belly and listened to the baby’s heartbeat. Everything she did appeared to be rooted in gentleness and understanding. As Nohami handed her a bag of beans and rice—an incentive she offers to every patient—she explained her due date could be two weeks early or two weeks late since this was her seventh pregnancy.

“Being here is difficult,” Nohami said after her patient left. “With births, two in five women will have complications.”

She explained: Palm baskets and metallic wrapper bags are Tlamacazapa’s main source of income. Women in the town make them, and men sell them in tourist areas. To make them more attractive to tourists, they decorate the baskets with the cheapest paint they can buy—lead paint. High levels of lead intake during pregnancy can cause miscarriage and stillbirth. Even lower levels can lead to learning and developmental disabilities in children.

The empty pool we passed was actually one of three town wells. It would fill up during the rainy season, but the rain would also wash feces into the wells because the town’s sewage system was inadequate.

The cement port-a-potties were the beginnings of an alternative sewage system: They were dry toilets that required little cost and no water to operate. Unaware of the dangers of lead, women made tortillas with paint-stained hands and washed the paint off in the wells. Their water was contaminated with lead, arsenic and—during the rainy season—human waste.

The more fortunate population could afford bottled water, but those who couldn’t drank from the wells. Those were the two in five with complications.

“A graduated doctor isn’t going to come to a town like this one,” Nohami said, because at the very least, they would expect clean water. But Nohami, a graduate of the C.A.S.A. midwifery program and now the sole healthcare provider of Tlamacazapa, was there in her home town to care for her people. We watched her for the remainder of the day, even more proudly now that we had a deeper understanding of the significance of her work.

As we piled back into the van at the end of the day, I noticed a small, metallic bag that Araceli bought as a souvenir for her sister. Twelve hours earlier, I would never have guessed that such souvenirs, although vital to the local economy, were contributing to increased infant mortality.

The sun’s final rays disappeared behind the edge of the earth as we waved goodbye to Nohami. Don Javier sang quietly to his radio as the stars peeked out to join us for the long drive back to our base in San Miguel de Allende.

Caitlyn Greene is a sophomore Journalism major from Cary, N.C. She traveled to Mexico with Students of the World, a non-profit student documentary organization.

Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Doña Antonia (left) and a community midwife discuss the trials of being a rural midwife; Dry toilets in the town are a reminder of local efforts to keep fecal matter out of Tlamacazapa’s water; Candy wrappers directly from the factory will become colorful bags—a main source of income; Pigs rest by one of the community wells.

Below: Nohami Luna Rojas, a midwife, performs a routine check-up on a Tlamacazapa woman.
The thing that struck me first about Jordan was the land. Mostly desert, it isn't hard to understand why Jordan has been so sparsely populated over the years. The capital city of Amman, where we studied, is the site of ancient Philadelphia that later held a Roman garrison and became part of the Umayyad Empire.

During one of our first nights in Amman we came upon the Umayyad Citadel. The citadel overlooked most of Amman, and as we walked through the ruins, the sunset prayers rang out over the city simultaneously. There were dozens of kites flying over the city, and the Jordanian flag, one of the largest national flags in the world, was flying in the distance.

Even with all of these remnants of Roman antiquity, Jordan is mostly a desert country. Despite the heat, there were wild fig trees and beautiful thistle plants around. I took some time to take pictures of some of them whenever I had the chance.

During our first weekend all of the students went to Wadi Rum, one of the great desert sites of Jordan, filled with rock faces of sandstone and granite. The area is a stark, endless desert broken by huge granite pillars. The location is said to have made a great impression on T.E. Lawrence who used the valley as a base for his military operations. We spent time with a Bedouin family, our guides, and watched the sun set over the valley. At night we slept under one of the clearest night skies any of us had seen before.

Given the starkness of the landscape, it was at times hard to believe that the country had agriculture of any kind, but we had seen the fruit markets in Amman and knew that there were many farming villages. One weekend we went to Dana, a once-failed agricultural village that had been rejuvenated when the government invested money in the town to make it a nature preserve. The landscape that surrounded Dana was impressive: It had the size and feeling of the Grand Canyon and was littered with abandoned clay shanties.

In some of the walks around the reserve, we saw both ancient

Left to Right: An abandoned house in Dana village in Jordan; The Citadel in Amman, Jordan; The outer wall of the Citadel of Salah Ed-Din (Saladdin’s castle); The view overlooking the Citadel of Salah Ed-Din, Saladdin’s Castle, in northern Syria; Cavern walls inside Petra; An irrigation canal in Dana nature preserve; Thistle growing inside Saladdin’s castle.
Christian sites and rich farmland, irrigated through skillfully engineered canals that line the hillside. The town was teeming with almonds, apples, figs and livestock but after sunset a deep silence set over the valley that is impossible to describe. That night one of the Jordanian guides told us stories of the valley and explained to us that the night has tears, falling stars and music. The night, he said, even had a devil. We could not guess what that could be; he told us to come back someday and perhaps we would understand.

It is impossible to speak of Jordan without mentioning Petra, the site of ancient Nabataean ruins popularized by Indiana Jones. Although it is overrun with tourists, Petra is still one of the most awe-inspiring places we visited. A long road wraps down into the valley. From there the main road becomes crowded with huge rock walls until it opens up into the Treasury, probably the most celebrated of the ruins. It was certainly impressive, a massive temple carved into the red rock that typifies the area.

We walked miles in Petra, past countless tombs and homes carved into the rock walls. Petra is both ancient and vast. We walked miles up cliff sides and steep rock paths to the largest site, the monastery. However high we climbed, there were always more caves and tombs, all decorated with small façades that seemed strangely out of place on deserted cliffs. We met Bedouin children along the way and encountered countless other tourists and the families that cater to them. We walked over a dozen kilometers a day in the heat but still felt that we had only scratched the surface of what was there. Indeed, archeologists think the excavated section of Petra may be only one layer on top of an even greater wealth of archeological sites.

During my studies and afterward, I had the chance to visit old Damascene houses, some from the 16th century and before. Some had been converted to restaurants, others were still owned by families who entertained tourists.

We also had the chance to visit the Damascus suq - one of the oldest markets in the region flooded with vendors selling goods of all sorts, from antiques to knock-off designer clothing. During the week the suq is a chaotic place, but on Friday, the day of prayer and the first day of the weekend in Muslim countries, the shutters of the shops are closed and you can clearly see from one end to the other.

Outside of Damascus we visited many castles and ruins in the countryside, the best of which were Krak de Chevaliers and Saladin’s Castle.

In all my travels I encountered gorgeous cities and ancient ruins, the beauty of which still seems beyond my comprehension. Still, the most valuable thing I did was interact with people. In countries that should have seemed strange and foreign, where part of me expected to be mistreated because I was American, I encountered a warmth and hospitality which I have not experienced anywhere else. Despite America’s reputation in the world today, the people in Jordan and Syria seemed cognizant of the limited extent to which a country can represent a person and vice versa.

The basic wisdom that people are neither stereotypes nor ideologies is what I took home with me, and it is what I hope other people learn in their travels.

Daniel Smith is a senior Political Science major from Chapel Hill, N.C. He studied abroad in Jordan through UNC Women’s Studies program.
“Aa’m.” This word (that rhymes with “Tom”) was one of the first in my Hindi vocabulary. It, along with dozens of unintentionally hilarious gesticulations, helped me complete my first important purchase in India. This word refers to one of the only upsides to Northern India’s oppressive pre-monsoon heat—a mango, ripe and sweet from the extreme temperature. Though buying a piece of fruit on a sporadically paved market street amidst sweltering heat, churning crowds and ruminating cattle in New Delhi may not seem like it would stick in the mind of a wide-eyed Westerner amid so many other unforgettable experiences, it did. Moreover, it would be the impetus for a month-long intellectual journey across a border few Americans dare to transgress: language.

Hindi is one of the official languages of India. There are 14 others. According to the CIA World Factbook, 41% of India’s approximately 1.14 billion citizens speak Hindi as their primary language. Along with Tamil, Punjabi, the dozen other official languages and the dozens more that are unofficial, Hindi helps create a national linguistic tapestry with an intricacy seldom matched on Earth. Upon my arrival at Indira Gandhi International Airport in New Delhi, however, I was more interested in Rosetta Stones than tapestries; these tongues were all worse than Greek to me. Thankfully, I was able to function. Our professors spoke Hindi and could act as translators. And thanks to the demands of the current world economy and several centuries of often brutal British rule, most educated as well as many uneducated Indians speak English with varying levels of proficiency. One of the most regular yet startling occurrences from my trip was the reaction that native Hindi speakers would experience when I explained my purpose for being in their country. With only a handful of exceptions, the Indians I met were pleased and intrigued that an American would take such an interest in India. Their emotions almost invariably turned to utter bewilderment when I added that I was learning Hindi. They reacted the way a tech-savvy teen might if I said I was putting an 8-track player in my living room. It wouldn’t be hip like a vinyl turntable or cutting-edge like an iPod hookup. Hindi was seen as a dead technology, something that anybody would upgrade if he or she could afford to. The future was English.

English in India was a popular topic of conversation for me and my classmates. We celebrated those Indians who spoke our language with skill. Those polyglots less advanced in the use of the tongue were said to speak ‘broken English.’ This term was used for some time until one of our professors, Afroz Taj, an Indian expatriate and professional speaker of
both Hindi and English, questioned some of our assumptions about language. More specifically, why is Indian English, as we so maladroitly put it, ‘broken?’ We tried for a moment to wrap our minds around this new term: Indian English, a dialect as legitimate as American English? We Yankees assume that our own special brand of English is as correct as the original even though it is quite a bit different from the version used in England. But when we encounter a style of English that differs in many of the same ways as does our own, we are not quite as accommodating as we are with our own. Further complicating things is that, by most measures, more people speak English in India than do so in England! And, depending on how one might define ‘speaking English,’ more people can in India than can in the U.S. The only definite conclusion to be drawn from this labyrinth of logic is that, to a fair-minded person, this subject is complicated.

I am a Phillips Ambassador, and I agree with my benefactor’s belief that the 21st century belongs to Asia. At what point in this century Asia will take up her mantle of hegemony remains to be seen, but at this point it seems inevitable. My study abroad experience made me believe that. It also raised questions in my mind about the future of language. If America wants to retain its elite status in the world economy, must it cease teaching its children Spanish and French and begin teaching Japanese, Mandarin and Hindi? Moreover, will the role of learning a foreign language change from a luxury and aspect of cultural enrichment, to an essential tool in our economic survival kit? It may sound outlandish as employees in Mumbai call centers speak with perfect American, British and Australian English accents and assume pseudonyms to make us feel comfortable. It may make us angry or sad as the candidates for this fall’s presidential election malign the loss of American jobs to places in Asia and elsewhere. But although we may not wish to admit it, incredulity, anger and all those other uncomfortable reactions are more often than not the harbingers of change.

Just as my intellectual journey through my time in India had a beginning and middle, it had an end. On the last day before my flight home, I found myself in the same market in which I had purchased my mango. This time, however, I was buying DVDs. My mango had evolved, and so had I. I was using complete sentences, firing off questions to the shopkeeper in what he would probably describe as ‘broken Hindi.’ The world’s hegemonic powers have spoken English for a long time, but this may soon change. We Americans are confident that our language is an advantage to us as we interact with the rest of the globe, so much so that we rarely even consider the concept of a language barrier. I had many unforgettable cultural experiences in India, but the most important lesson I learned was that in the future, America must evolve along with the world, especially in how it perceives languages.

Walker Donaldson is a senior Economics and Peace, War and Defense major from Phoenix, Arizona. He received the Phillips Ambassadors scholarship to spend the summer in India.
As I stepped off the plane, my first thought was ‘why am I here?’ This program had nothing to do with my major, I hadn’t taken Spanish in two years and I was standing in the middle of an airport in Costa Rica with no idea where to go.

It was 1:30 p.m., and the program’s van would not arrive until 3 p.m. There was no place to wait—it was either the baggage claim area or the taxi loading zone outside. I pulled my bags over to a corner and perched myself on top of them, hoping to find somebody who looked like they would have signed up to spend a month studying the sustainability of ecosystems. I could only imagine the type: grungy hippies who would never shower and would lecture me about eating meat. Maybe I should have just come here on vacation.

As more flights arrived, I was joined by equally confused people from all over the country. I was delighted to hear that they were from a variety of academic backgrounds—not just environmental studies—and most of them seemed like they had showered recently. Maybe it wasn’t so weird that someone who wanted to be a physical therapist was about to spend a month in the School of Field Studies.

However, nobody seemed to know exactly what we were doing. Studying sustainability seemed like a really cool idea in March when we were applying to the program, but none of us had any idea of how exactly we were going to go about doing so. All we knew was that the bus was now 15 minutes late, which is a long time when you are in an unfamiliar country. Finally, around 3:20 p.m., the daily torrential downpour arrived and so did our van. The director greeted us, and we squeezed our overstuffed bags on the bus and headed off across the Costa Rican countryside.

We watched as the outskirts of the city gave way to the rural foothills. Finally, after 45 minutes of twists and turns, the bus bounced up to the small town of Atenas to our home for the next month.

Our casita, or hut, was small but comfortable, and surrounded by mango and orange trees. Giant iguanas scampere on the roof. We slowly adjusted to life in Costa Rica: beans and rice for every meal, cold showers, no dryers and the sound of giant lizards on the roof. There was one true hippie on the trip who loved the cold water showers, washing her dishes by hand and eating mostly vegetarian food. She lectured us at mealtimes about the effects of meat on the environment and how it was toxic to our bodies and led us in yoga classes anytime she felt the need. Whenever she was in a good mood, she would take a huge breath and say, “Aren’t you just so glad to be here? It’s so wonderful to be alive right now.”

At first I wasn’t sure how wonderful it was. Beans and rice get old really fast and so do cold showers. And we actually had classes—real classes with PowerPoint slides and everything, but these classes were in a tiny classroom in the middle of tropical paradise. Usually I would stare out the window at the view of mountains or at the tropical fruit trees right outside. Or we would struggle to hear the professor yell over the clatter of an afternoon rainstorm on the tin roof.

Did I mention I have really bad motion sickness? And how speed limits, driving laws and paved roads in Costa Rica are merely suggestions? Don’t get me wrong, I loved the trips that we made to a variety of parks around the country, but my stomach did not.

I discovered this on a trip to a national park. The finale to the two hours on the windy, paved roads was two more hours on even windier, unpaved roads. Then we hiked three miles in rain boots to reach the ranger station where we would be staying for a few days. I was literally green by the end of this journey.

For the most part, however, the motion sickness was worth the experience. We explored the national parks, from the twisted, winding forest at the continental divide to the towering trees and vines of a lowland rainforest.

Finally, the research project—the real purpose of our being here. Beyond taking classes and touring different ecosystems of Costa Rica, this was what we were going to leave

Just having them seriously consider our ideas made me feel that the bug bites and several outfits I had permanently stained with mud had been worth it.
behind. For this project, we had to leave our cozy quarters in Atenas and travel into the wilderness of the Carara National Park, an infrequently visited destination on the way to popular Jaco Beach. Our living accommodations consisted of a hut with several leaks in the ceiling that let in heat, bugs and water. After one look we decided to camp in tents on the porch.

At first the concept of leaving something behind was a novelty. I had come here just hoping to see some wildlife, maybe to catch some sun. Now here I was, up to my shins in mud and trying to balance a tape measure, a pen and a notebook while taking “ecological data.” At this point I failed to see the benefit of measuring the amount of mud on a trail. It was starting to seep above the tops of my boots, and I could feel the mosquitoes beginning to circle and trying to land on any exposed skin. Our particular project was to measure the impacts of tourism on the trails. Apparently, mud was one of these impacts. During this research, we decided that the muddy trail would have to go, and that the unofficial trail used by private guided tours should be officially opened.

After we were done sweltering and battling bugs in Carara, we returned to Atenas to analyze our data and prepare presentations for the park rangers about how to improve the park. This made me nervous—who were we to tell them how to run their park? It made me even more nervous that I was nominated to give part of the presentation to the park rangers in Spanish, a language with which I had only a passing familiarity.

So the day came to give the presentations. I nervously shuffled to the front of the room to give my part of it, mentally rehearsing the more complicated bits. I stumbled a few times, but I surprised to see heads nodding in agreement. After the presentation our professors and the rangers began to debate in rapid Spanish. I couldn’t quite make out what they said, but it seemed that the park administration was giving our ideas serious consideration.

Do I know if they actually opened up the unofficial trail? No. Considering the scarce funding given to park operators, probably not. But just having them seriously consider our ideas made me feel that the bug bites and several outfits permanently stained with mud had been worth it.

On the last day we went to a national park called Manuel Antonio. It was, without a doubt, the most beautiful place I had ever seen. Towering mountains and jungle gave way to white sand beaches and blue oceans. Monkeys frolicked on the beach while sloths languidly ambled from tree to tree. As I sat on the beach, I thought to myself, ‘I could have spent the entire month just doing this—sightseeing, relaxing, being a tourist.’ But the lasting impact was so much more than just recognizing the natural beauty of the area. I think the entire group, including myself, learned that we could impact change, no matter how small. My major didn’t matter, nor did the fact that I only came to the country to see monkeys and get away from everyday life.

So what was the end result? Do I want to devote my life to the study of sustainable development? No. I think I’ll be happy helping rehabilitate injuries. Did I become a vegan and stop taking hot showers? No, I like my steak and I still occasionally deplete my apartment’s hot water supply. But even though I didn’t fall in love with the field of study or drastically change my lifestyle, I fell in love with Costa Rica. Perhaps most importantly, I learned not to underestimate myself or my peers when it comes to making a difference.

**Emily Williams is a senior Journalism and Exercise & Sport Science major from Clemmons, N.C. She studied abroad in Costa Rica through Boston University’s School for Field Studies.**

**COSTA RICA**

Population: 4.2 million  
Capital: San José  
Language: Spanish

Left: Doing field work in Costa Rica.  
Right: The sulfuric crater of Volcan Poas.
My feet were always dirty. The red clay road made a soft crunching sound, still damp from the last night’s rain. With every step, a few small pieces of gravel slid underneath my feet. Often, small pebbles would get caught in my sandals, bumping around inside, refusing to leave. The pebbles hurt my feet—a tender, constant ache.

The air was clean. Not just clean to satisfy environmental standards, but there was a real, deep freshness. Each breath was nourishing; a rhythmic human motion.

The air here is dirty. Every breath is heavy. Sometimes I gasp, but I can never breathe enough to feel fulfilled. My lungs are empty, void and sad.

I spent two months in Ghana this summer, but I was only in Lawra for one month. The 14-hour trek to the town was uncomfortable, and at times felt unbearable, both in mind and body. I stared out the window the entire time, struggling to understand the scenes before my eyes—poverty, filth, disease, malnourishment…and the smiles. Crooked stark white teeth, wide grins, shiny dark skin. I felt despised by the human actions, negligence and ignorance that allowed for these lives to exist as they are, yet uplifted at the human spirit that remains resilient, thankful and kind.

Lawra was calm. The red clay road set against the vast green fields, dotted with gigantic trees. Solid, wise trunks swelling upwards to twisted limbs and reaching arms decorated with sprouts of green life. The mud-thatched homes blended into the panorama, an extension of the earth. Bright patterned fabrics fluttered softly in the lapping breeze. Men worked quietly in the fields, the sweat on their lean muscular bodies glistening in the warm sun.

I helped lead a health workshop in a church in Zambo, a small village outside of Lawra. The church itself was a simple mud structure with plain wooden benches and a small platform. It was devoid of any decorations or comforts, yet the spiritual presence was more than I have ever experienced. I started handing out stickers and bracelets to the children, some excited and some timid. They were all dressed in their best clothes, their gorgeous faces bursting with light and joy as they played outside. Adults began filing into the church, a few people started to play on two xylophones, and others joined in, singing. I couldn’t understand the words but the message was clear.

One morning, I was walking along the road alone. It was early, a little before 7 a.m. The sun was strong, but not scorching. I walked steadily and felt the sweat begin to gather on my lower back and bead on my brow. The path was dotted with strong, beautiful women carrying enormous loads on their heads. They stood erect, graceful and relaxed, carrying out their usual chores. My feet were dirty, the air was clean and I felt at peace.

When people ask me what my trip was like, they seem to expect a bundle of adjectives coupled with a few exciting anecdotes. There is not a single adjective that could explain what I saw. Instead, my response is a verb. Travel.

Lauren Slive is a senior Public Policy major from Shaker Heights, Ohio. She is co-founder of Project HEAL, an organization that leads trips to Ghana for undergraduate students.
Think you can’t afford an international experience? Think again. Here are just some of the scholarships available at Carolina. Visit global.unc.edu for more information.

**PROGRAM:** Burch Fellows Program  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students with self-designed off-campus experiences pursuing a passionate interest.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time undergrads who have completed at least 1 but not more than 6 semesters. Must have 2 semesters at Carolina following the fellowship experience.  
**STIPEND:** up to $6,000  
**DEADLINE:** February 15  
**MORE INFO:** www.burchfellows.unc.edu

**PROGRAM:** Class of 1938 Summer Study Abroad Fellowships  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students who need support to pursue independent career or personal projects outside the U.S.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Sophomores, juniors or seniors planning on 5th year of coursework with financial need. Must be a U.S. citizen.  
**STIPEND:** $4,000  
**DEADLINE:** February 23  
**MORE INFO:** oiss.unc.edu/services_programs/1938/

**PROGRAM:** C.V. Starr International Scholarship Program  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students who have a strong financial need to undertake an independent, internationally-oriented experience during the summer.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Undergrad students eligible for Pell Grant with min. 2.8 GPA; grad students who are NOT U.S. citizens or permanent residents and have demonstrated financial need.  
**STIPEND:** up to $5,000  
**DEADLINE:** March 20  
**MORE INFO:** gi.unc.edu/funding/cv-starr-ugrad.html

**PROGRAM:** Frances L. Phillips Travel Scholarship  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students with individual, self-designed/directed international travel experiences of 2 to 6 months.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Juniors/seniors in the College of Arts & Sciences with financial need. Must be a U.S. citizen and have attended high school in N.C.  
**STIPEND:** $5,000 to $7,000  
**DEADLINE:** October 15  
**MORE INFO:** www.unc.edu/depts/travel/

**PROGRAM:** Mahtma Ghandhi Fellowship  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students to pursue independent summer projects that benefit South Asians.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time undergrad or grad students.  
**STIPEND:** up to $3,000  
**DEADLINE:** February 27  
**MORE INFO:** mtf.uncsangam.org/

**PROGRAM:** Study Abroad Office Scholarship Opportunities  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students to participate in study abroad programs approved by the College of Arts & Sciences.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time undergrad students accepted in a study abroad program. Specific requirements vary.  
**STIPEND:** Varies  
**DEADLINE:** Early Feb. for summer/fall programs; late Sept. for spring programs.  
**MORE INFO:** studyabroad.unc.edu

**PROGRAM:** Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowships  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students to carry out research, mentored scholarship or creative performance projects during the summer.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time undergraduate student in good academic standing. Projects must last at least 9 weeks (min. 20 hrs/wk). Additional support for international projects provided by CGI.  
**STIPEND:** min $3,000  
**DEADLINE:** February 26  
**MORE INFO:** www.unc.edu/depts/depts/our/students/fellowship_supp/surf.html

**PROGRAM:** Travel Fellowship Fund  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students pursuing personal enrichment through travel experiences outside the U.S. of 2 to 6 months.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time upperclassmen in good standing with at least 51 credit hours (min 27 at UNC-CH). Must be a U.S. citizen. Itinerary must include at least 4 days in London. Cannot be used for formal study abroad programs.  
**STIPEND:** up to $6,000  
**DEADLINE:** March 31  
**MORE INFO:** studentaffairs.unc.edu/what_we_do/travel.html

**PROGRAM:** UNC Entrepreneurial Public Service Fellowships  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students carrying out summer projects that employ innovative, sustainable approaches to complex social needs.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Returning full-time undergrad or grad students. Projects must have a UNC faculty advisor and include a community partner.  
**STIPEND:** up to $3,000  
**DEADLINE:** February 13  
**MORE INFO:** www.unc.edu/cps/students-fellowships-eps.php

**PROGRAM:** Undergraduate International Studies Fellowship  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students pursuing academic research or study in an international setting.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time second-term freshmen, sophomores and juniors who are U.S. citizens or permanent residents. Preference for students with financial need from underrepresented groups and for programs in areas of the African Diaspora.  
**STIPEND:** up to $2,500  
**DEADLINE:** Contact the Stone Center  
**MORE INFO:** http://sonjahaynesstonectr.unc.edu/programs/forms/uisf

**PROGRAM:** Honors Thesis Research Grants  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students carrying out research for senior honors thesis projects. (http://cgi.unc.edu)  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Undergraduates performing research for senior honors thesis. Students apply directly to their departmental Honors advisor. Additional support for international projects provided by CGI.  
**STIPEND:** min $500  
**DEADLINE:** Varies by department.  
**MORE INFO:** www.honors.unc.edu/thesis_grants.html

**PROGRAM:** Phillips Ambassadors Program  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students participating in study abroad programs in Asia approved by the College of Arts & Sciences.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Students accepted to a UNC study abroad program in Asia with min 3.0 GPA. 25% of scholarships awarded to qualified business majors/minors. Students going to China and India receive additional consideration.  
**STIPEND:** up to $7,500  
**DEADLINE:** Early Feb. for summer/fall programs; late Sept. for spring programs.  
**MORE INFO:** studyabroad.unc.edu/phillips

**PROGRAM:** CGI International Internship Awards  
**DESCRIPTION:** For students who wish to implement a summer internationally-focused internship.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Sophomore, junior or senior students returning to UNC. Graduate students pursuing a master's degree.  
**STIPEND:** up to $4,000  
**DEADLINE:** March 20  
**MORE INFO:** gi.unc.edu/funding/internship-award-ugrad.html

**PROGRAM:** Carolina Undergraduate Health Fellowships  
**DESCRIPTION:** For undergraduates to create a self-designed health-related project anywhere in the world.  
**REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time returning undergrad students. Projects must have a health-related focus. Preference for students with financial need.  
**STIPEND:** up to $4,000  
**DEADLINE:** March 20  
**MORE INFO:** gi.unc.edu/funding/health-fellowship.html

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TRAVELING HEELS

The Study Abroad Office at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill provides opportunities for students to travel all across the world. The map shows the diverse travel experiences by students in the program. This does not include international programs offered by other departments.

Map colors correspond to the bar chart below.

BY THE NUMBERS

UNC students travel all across the globe. The numbers below reflect participation in the Spring, Summer, and Fall 2008 Study Abroad programs.
Spring, Summer, Fall 2008

1,303 STUDENTS

50 COUNTRIES

SOURCE: Sally Molyneux, Ph. D., Associate Director, Finance and Operations in the Study Abroad Office
Trinidad of the Iglesia y Convento de San Francisco, Cuba.

Photo by Emily May