Letter from the Editor

From the Rio Olympics to Middle Eastern deserts, from Auschwitz to El Camino, Carolina Passport invites you to join us on a trip around the globe! We are excited to bring the world to you, and we hope that you accompany us in leaving the comfort of Chapel Hill, even just for a moment. This will be our sole edition of the school year as we transition to a new editorial team, making this my last publication.

Serving as managing editor has been such a humbling and energizing experience throughout the past three years, and I am sad to see this chapter come to a close. This will also be Morgan Bush’s last semester as content editor. Passport has been such a wonderful community for us to share our love of travel with, and moving forward we will take the stories of our peers with us wherever we go. I thank all the contributors throughout the past three years for sharing your experiences with us and allowing us all to live vicariously through you. I encourage all of you reading to get lost within these pages and learn from the experiences of your fellow students. Take advantage of the resources we are endowed with here at Carolina and be inspired. Get out, explore, and remember that Carolina isn’t just a place you go, it’s a place you take with you.

Anna Weddington
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I was three years into studying the Middle East, yet it had never really hit me that Jordan was in the desert. This was not a fact that I was prepared for. Raised in coastal North Carolina, I grew up in a thick, swampy climate in which school was frequently canceled for torrential rain – where anything that stood still long enough was overrun by kudzu.

However, the startling climate was not the only part of my trip to Amman, Jordan, that I was ill-prepared for. From day one, I was painfully aware of being a foreigner. I stumbled when I tried to speak Arabic, panicking and forgetting simple words. I was paranoid about making basic faux pas, like drinking in the streets in front of someone who was fasting for the month of Ramadan. Each morning when I left the house, I felt hesitant and self-conscious, like nothing more than an ant under a magnifying glass under that desert sky, hard, unforgiving and sterile – as if all of its impurities had been scoured away by the sun.

I lived with a host family but was surprised and dismayed by our inability to communicate. I had taken Arabic for two years at UNC-Chapel Hill but didn’t speak the Jordanian dialect. My host father would say hello to me five or six different ways when I entered the door. Those were the only words I could understand and respond to before I would run out of vocabulary and lapse into uncomfortable silence. I would last only a few minutes, starting some homework or guiltily pouring myself some of the water that my family, fasting for Ramadan, could not drink.

Soon enough, I would retreat into my bedroom, far away from the sweat and the silence and the great, penetrating gaze of the sun.

I was told that a small portion of Jordan’s population still lived a nomadic lifestyle underneath that sun. I saw them occasionally, the long-skirted women and the men wearing the traditional kuffia head-coverings, pitching their tents in open construction sites and feeding their herds of sheep on the scraggly plants growing alongside the highway. One day I was walking home from school and found a camel eating out of a dumpster, his owner nonchalantly holding him by the end of a frayed rope. They barely seemed to register the roar of motors which overpowered the bleats and belches of their animals, as if the jagged cluster of buildings that was Amman was just one of many obstacles in their wanderings.
across the desert, no more notable or disturbing to their route than a canyon or sand dune.

For the Bedouin, temporarily making camp in the streets of the city, the desert was inevitable; it was a constant within their lives. For me, it was just plain lonely.

It wasn’t until my trip to Wadi Rum, the most famous desert in Jordan, that I could imagine the country as something different. Early in the morning on the first day of our trip, we hopped in the back of a Jeep with our Bedouin tour guide. We took off into the Wadi, weaving among the rose-colored canyons underneath the hard blue sky. About an hour into our trip, we stopped at the tent of a Bedouin family. Underneath their tent, the bonfire over which they were boiling water for tea intensified the sweltering heat. Already eager to guzzle down the sweet, gold liquid, I asked our tour guide if the families living in the Wadi fasted during Ramadan.

“Of course,” he responded, surprised at my question.

The thought made me cringe—I could barely go five minutes in this weather without swigging from a bottle of ice-cold water, let alone an entire day.

His answer set off an endless stream of questions running through my mind. Did people get heat stroke out here? How far were they from the nearest hospital? What about a school? Where did the children in this family study? Did they have anyone to play with other than each other? Didn’t they get bored? Lonely?

My anxious thoughts were interrupted when a man about my age, wearing a white tunic and a kuffia to shield his head from the sun, leaned over and said something to my guide in Arabic.

“He wants to know if you want make-up,” my guide said, gesturing to a stick of kohl and a small plate covered with thick henna paste. I nodded in consent.

First, the young man lined my eyes with kohl. Then, he began to paint on the henna. The feeling of the dye, cool and damp as a kiss, was soothing against my flushed skin. I watched, fascinated, as he painted elaborate floral vines that snaked around my wrists and bloomed over my knuckles, the brush soft as sand and the dye as copper-colored as the Wadi.

The longer I stayed with this family, the more I was comforted by their presence. Two little boys played alongside the fire. One of them was petting a scruffy cat with wild little tufts of orange hair on its ears, as if the wildcat had not quite been bred out of it. The boy lifted her up by her front legs, stretching out her torso and petting her on the stomach until she became frustrated, screeched and ran away. I laughed at his antics, so similar to the way my own nephew teased his pets at home, but it wasn’t long before our tour guide told us that our time was up, and we had to get into the Jeep and onto our next activity.

Our time with the Bedouin family was short, but I thought about it long after my return to Amman.

As my Arabic improved, I would sit on the front porch with my host family every night drinking Turkish coffee. Our conversations were still limited, but I became comforted by the familiar rhythm. On any night that was cooler than 90 degrees, my host mother would scrunch up her nose.

_Hiya burid_, she would say, in Arabic—“it’s cold.” And I would burst out laughing.

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**The feeling of the dye, cool and damp as a kiss, was soothing against my flushed skin.**

**During the month of Ramadan, even the tiniest alley is decorated with lanterns.**

**Amman’s alleys frequently feature modern art, like these decorated flower boxes in Wasat el-Blad.**
Some nights, our conversations made it further. She told me about her relatives in Saudi Arabia, and how she wished her children would spend more time with her. I told her about my friends from class, and the things I missed about home.

Some nights, I thought about the Bedouin man crouched over in the heat, painstakingly lining my hands with the refreshing henna paste. I remembered him smiling at me, his own kohl-lined eyes matching mine, as his little brother chased the squealing cat off into the desert.

It was thanks to Wadi Rum and the kindness I experienced on that seemingly barren outcrop of rock that made me see Amman differently. When I first entered the Wadi, all I could focus on were the obstacles – the isolation from civilization, the harsh climate, the loneliness. But in this seemingly hostile environment, these young men had made a home. They kept pets and drank tea and welcomed visitors. They could find beauty among the crumbling rocks and frayed wild grass and had the kindness to show it to others. Just as the small Bedouin family had thrived among the rocky cliffs and crevices, I could thrive in my new environment in Amman.

For the first time, I realized that, sometimes, feeling overwhelmed or vulnerable isn’t a curse - it’s an opportunity. Suddenly, every unfamiliar street was an opportunity to see something new, every beat of silence an opportunity to learn a new word.

These were the thoughts that comforted me on those nights with my host family, sipping our coffee down to the bitter dregs that the ancient Arabs would read to reveal their fortunes as the lights of Ramadan decorations flickered off, crumbling away like so many grains of sand. We were still in the desert, and I was still a stranger in a foreign land, but the desert didn’t feel empty anymore. It felt wide open.
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The sun was high above baking the ground, the old train tracks and the barbed wire. The wind was dusty, hot and dry, hinting at stillness and sterility. I stood silently outside of Birkenau, the sweat pasting my shirt to my back. Noise surrounded me. Swarms of tourists descended, jabbering in different tongues, each with packs and cameras, sandals and sunscreen. Tour buses filled the parking lot. Guides yelled, corralling their sheep. The mob pushed for the entrance.

The mood felt more Disneyland than death camp.

With a sigh, I followed the rails and the crowds under the arched brick gatehouse and into hell itself.

I could tell you the statistics and the history of Auschwitz-Birkenau, of the Holocaust and the “Final Solution,” but that would miss the point. We learn the facts in schools and textbooks, in Wikipedia articles and Google searches. And that does matter. But with memorials especially, you have to feel the impact, feel the weight of the past, feel the significance in a personal way. We forget facts but not feelings.

But I wasn’t feeling much. Instead, I watched the groups mass together by the barracks, by the train cars, by the monuments, talking and talking. Guides instructed, families chatted, teens laughed, and little children played in the dirt. Everybody recorded the scene on iPhones.

I wanted to keep my distance, but we all had the same destination: the gas chambers.

Now, they were just heaps of bent steel, broken concrete and shattered bricks. The Nazis had dynamited the many gas chambers and crematoriums to bury the evidence of their crimes. But the world still found out.

Genocides are committed – since before the Holocaust and persisting to this day, despite our best efforts to ignore it.

But what was appalling about the Holocaust in particular was the calculation. The cold, systematic and precise way in which the SS murdered 11 million people.

From across the continent, train cars brought victims to Poland and its many camps, far away from Allied eyes. Mass rail infrastructure moved millions to the east and deposited them at the doorstep of death. The tracks ran through the gates, past the barbed wire, underneath the watchtowers and right up beside the gas chambers. These ruins dotted the landscape. At Birkenau, the extermination-specific camp, prisoners came to die.

Unloaded from cramped cars that stank of shit and decay, victims were sorted. Most were ushered underground, disrobed and forced into “showers.” Quickly, the chambers were closed and sealed. Gas, not water, was released, and breathing became difficult and
then impossible. Many screamed, but no one above ground could hear them. Soon, the victims collapsed, and bodies began to pile on top of each other. Later, other prisoners removed the bodies and carried them to the furnaces.

These workers, the sonderkommando, were the only prisoners who knew the actual purpose of the camps. They knew the machinations. They knew the horror and the terror. They knew the sight of human beings stacked a meter high, the life gone out of their lungs. They knew the sight of cold, naked bodies clutching each other in a last desperate attempt to live. And they knew that this was their fate, too.

I knew all this as I stared at the ruins. But I couldn’t imagine it. I couldn’t sense it. I couldn’t feel, in any way, the horrors of some seventy years ago.

A thousand iPhones kept clicking away.

I had never expected to grasp the full reality of the past; that would be impossible. But now, I couldn’t even escape the present.

I wandered past some memorial plaques, each in a different language, all preaching the same message. “For ever let this place serve as a cry of despair and a warning to humanity...”

I knew the warning, but the cry was muffled. I went off to escape the clamor.

Near the back of the complex, the crowd finally thinned, and I was somehow alone.

And I walked into other showers.

The red bricks still held together and housed the old, legitimate showers that had cleaned the prisoners who were to live a little longer. I entered the same way a prisoner might.

The first room was for disrobing, where valuables were taken and clothing sent to be steamed and de-loused. Next, it was down a long concrete hallway, where prisoners were ushered, herded and shoved along in a scared mass.

Then, it was to the shaving room, where everyone’s hair was shorn. The cutting was rough and quick and ruthless, the barbers taking scalp and blood with the hair. Naked and bald, the prisoners were tattooed with numbers in the next room, their names, identity and humanity facing destruction. Bleeding and cold, still disoriented and hungry, they were crammed into actual showers by the hundreds. Everyone squeezed into one large concrete room, and the water poured from the ceiling. The temperature was never pleasant, either boiling hot or ice cold. The guards leered and harassed the naked sufferers. After the showers, the prisoners were left to dry in the next room, often for hours, shivering until uniforms arrived. The newly numbered victims were then sent to barracks and work, putting off the day when they would ultimately go to the other showers.

I walked this same path alone. My footsteps echoed in the cold, cavernous rooms. I walked slowly and deliberately and imagined. The pictures on the walls--of the process, of the suffering--came to life before me. My steps were not unique; they had been trod by terrified thousands, some seventy years ago. My stomach crept into my throat. I tried to breathe slowly, but my pulse would not slow. I felt terror. It wasn’t a fear of impending harm, but rather a fear of the cruelty of which we are capable. I walked the footsteps of humans who had been degraded by other humans to numbers and pests. My stomach pushed harder in my throat.

I came to the end of the corridor and emerged into a dimly lit room.

A freestanding wooden wall, painted black, dominated the space. Small, yellow-tinted incandescent bulbs offered light from above. A small bouquet of white flowers sat at the wall’s base, left there recently, the petals still fresh. And photographs covered the wall’s entire surface. Each photo shimmered in black and white, all the faces happy, each different and each beautiful.

These were the humans who lived and died here. These were the victims of atrocity and terror. These were lives that were carelessly and callously and deliberately eradicated. But these were lives nonetheless.

The “Final Solution” was aimed to eliminate Jews and other minority groups from Europe. Through calculated murder and dehumanization, the Nazis created the Holocaust. Yes, they killed 11 million people. Yes, they tortured more. Yes, they destroyed families and villages and towns and entire populations.

But they did not destroy anyone’s humanity.

I approached the wall and investigated the photos. Each face still smiled.

And I felt the saltiness in my eyes, however brief and quickly wiped away. I felt the evil in that damned, dehumanizing place. But now I felt life, too. In every smiling face, I felt--I knew--that life existed and that death does little to extinguish the soul.

I knew that, and that’s why I had come to Auschwitz. To know that evil exists, but that life has the audacity to continue anyway.

I retraced the route through the showers slowly, looking for the exit.

But a noise broke my contemplation.

The sound echoed in the large room and off the hard walls. I searched for its source, pivoting left then right, finally landing on the rattling corner window.

A small bird was banging against the inside glass.

It was a slender songbird, with dark brown feathers, the coloring subtle and soft, like rich soil. She was flapping desperately at the glass pane, knocking into it again and again, but to no avail. The thin glass was enough of a barrier to that frail, frightened thing. Her wings would flutter quickly, and the window would shake as she hit it over and over. The outside sunlight made her wingtips almost a translucent hazel.

Instinctively, I walked to the next window over and wrenched it open. I swung it wide and felt the breeze, cooler
A boxcar stands as a reminder of the prisoners shipped from across the continent to their deaths.
now, with a hint of rain in the distance. I stood back and assessed the approach. I spread my arms a little and tried to make myself large, almost a wall. I slowly moved closer to that being trapped in the corner. With a gentle, “Shoo, Shoo little bird,” I waved my hands, ushering her out of this place.

She flew, and my eyes locked on her sauntering path. She was going to get out.

But of course she didn’t.

She just flew down the long corridor and threw herself against another window. Both the rattling and my footsteps echoed as I followed after her. For a while, she and I played this dance. She’d lead, and I’d follow. She’d fly, and I’d chase her. She’d perch and I’d open a window. But she always flew off to some other corner, to beat herself against some other glass cage.

Another man came along eventually and we stared together, watching her plight.

“Shall we save her?” he asked.

“I’ve been trying,” I replied.

He nodded and approached the poor creature slowly. She grew frantic as his footsteps grew closer, and her light wings beat heavily on the walls. He reached his arms forward, trying to surround her so she wouldn’t fly, trying to catch her. Trying to carry her to freedom. He bent down and grasped at her wings.

She flew away.

He watched her go, shook his head and walked on through the halls. There was nothing he could do.

But I continued the dance a while longer. I couldn’t keep her trapped, not here, not now. I could do something, and I should do something. So I tried, following around this little songbird through the old haunted halls of the Birkenau showers.

And she led me on her sad, doomed dance with her hazel-tipped pirouettes.

Finally, the bird flew where I couldn’t follow. She perched on an eave in the back corner of a roped-off room. From her wooden rest she watched me, the beams of light reaching out from the windows, coloring her breast. But the light couldn’t reach her fully. And she couldn’t reach it.

I left her there, perched in her room. She seemed calm, if only for a moment. I left with an ache in my chest, defeated.

I’m too young to say much with certainty. Then again, maybe I’m young enough to be certain about everything. Regardless, I know this. There is suffering in this world. There is pain and tears and ultimately death. This is true, whether we see it or not. There is pain out there, always. What’s damning is what we don’t know, what we can’t see, what we can’t help. And even worse is what we can see and can’t help.

But there is this audacity in life, this determination to fight against the inevitable – to fly towards the window, even if it’s closed. To understand that death will always come, but to build families and societies and civilizations anyway. And life clings to this, it builds on other life, it helps other life, it loves other life. It continues to exist in spite of chaos and evil and the astronomical complexity of the universe.

And life will always be audacious. It will always be bold. It will always struggle, always continue.

Because life exists in spite of death.

I know this, but I just wish I could have helped that little bird in Auschwitz.
Viewing the World, Dramatically.

Written by Katherine Jones
Designed by Megan Morris

The Inspiration

When I was younger, my grandfather was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s disease. For many years, my grandparents had requested that my family and I join them on one of their yearly expeditions to Ireland. In 2006, knowing it could potentially be one of the last trips for my grandfather, my brave parents boarded a plane with a 10 and a 12-year-old in tow. I was young, but I soaked up every moment in Ireland.

During my sophomore year of high school, my grandfather passed away. My grandmother asked us to return to Ireland with her and spread my grandfather’s ashes as a final farewell. This second trip was an opportunity for my family to keep my grandfather’s memory...
alive. I was so enchanted by Ireland’s beauty and the meaning that it held for my grandparents after that second trip. I knew I would return someday. My grandparents had found a home in Ireland. Because of them, Ireland has a very important place in my heart and in my memories.

As I grew up, I was drawn to a life in the theater. Theater itself is the documentation of life and the sharing of it with others. So, inspired by my grandparents and their love for life and for Ireland, I knew exactly where I would choose to study abroad.

The Journey, Not the Destination

One weekend, some friends and I traveled out to Westport, a small town north of Galway in the western part of Ireland. We had intended to explore the town and then hike Croagh Patrick, the Holy Mountain in Murrisk. Croagh Patrick was the most difficult hike I have ever been on. Never before had I so desperately wanted to turn back and give up. However, I had planned the trip with the specific goal of hiking this mountain.

The whole hike was an ascent into a cloud as we attempted to navigate the loose, rocky terrain. Mist and wind whipped around us as we kept scamperring up the rocks, trying not to fall down all the elevation we had just worked so hard to gain. My friends and I took the hike at different speeds, but eventually, we all made it to the summit. Upon arrival, we could barely see more than 12 feet in front of us. The white church at the top was only visible due to the outline of its windows and the outlines of huddled people hoping to keep warm from the wind.

In the example of Croagh Patrick, the end destination was significantly less impactful than the journey itself. Continually, I am reminded of how applicable acting is to everyday life and vice versa. In acting, many people assume it is all about making it big or landing a role. In reality, acting is about understanding life, displaying truth and trying to open a dialogue about our experiences. It sounds upon Irish theater. My professor spoke of the power of an ensemble in theater. He explained that when you work as a group, no single person should stand out, but the community as a whole must be unified and must work together to create the world of the theater.

A few weeks in, the Orlando tragedy occurred. I felt safe in Ireland. I was privileged to be able to fit in within the city, but I couldn’t help but think of the people in Orlando, the minority and the queer community. I could feel comfortable while traveling in a different country, but they felt frightened in their own home. The attack, my friend noticed some graffiti on our path from school. It read “Love>Hate,” “50 Pulses,” “Have Pride” and “Pray for Orlando.”

In that moment, I was struck with the amazing way your studies can coexist with the world outside of the classroom. In Ireland, there were people urging others to pray and think about the victims of the Orlando shooting.

No matter your beliefs on the matter, 50 lives were lost in the Orlando tragedy. It is time to start acting more like an ensemble. It is time to acknowledge that everyone is different, but as a group we can care, love and create a more beautiful existence, defined by richness in diversity.

The Grass is Always Greener

As I prepared to head home, I was torn. Living abroad made me crave traveling, but it also reminded me of the roots I left back home. In this inner conflict, I’ve seen that even while being in one place, you may always be searching for another. Looking ahead isn’t so bad, but in some cases, my dreams for the future kept me from fully experiencing the joy of the now.

One major take-away I learned in class was the idea that we live our lives horizontally. We are perpetually looking to the past and to the future for answers. We are in constant motion – always looking for what’s next. As my acting teacher told us on the first day, “Strive to live vertically. Be present, be connected. Firmly align yourself with the earth below you and reach up in an attempt to
gain more awareness. Then take that mindfulness, and put it into your work. Learn to ground yourself so that you may then give to others.”

In acting, finding truth in your work and giving to your ensemble and your audience are what make theater a work of art. Theater is a momentary joy. As actors, we are constantly chasing our next chance to experience it. But, if we don’t live in the moment we are given onstage, we will never find or be able to express truth.

So, this summer was about discovering those qualities: truth in theater, rootedness in self, peace in the world and joy in today. Sure, the grass is always greener on the other side, but looking down, the grass here is pretty neat, too.

This was a picture-perfect moment with cows grazing on quilted farmland in the Dingle Peninsula. On a clear day, the ocean and the mountains can be seen. This was one of my grandfather’s favorite places in Ireland.

From this place, the mainland of Ireland was swallowed by mist. The cliffs, the sea and other adventurers were the only things visible. I was drawn to this photo because it felt like I was on the edge of the earth. I felt balanced between the fear of the drop and the comfort of the strong rock earth.

This photo was taken the third time I went to the Cliffs of Moher. This time, I hiked from a small village named Doolin up to the top of the Cliffs. It was a perfectly sunny day (unusual for Ireland) and the flowers were in full bloom. I went back to the Cliffs later on my trip because the view never ceased to amaze.
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It all started on a plane to France. My friends and I strapped on our shoes and our packs, heading for an unknown adventure that would begin in the Pyrenees Mountains, inching over the border of Spain. My friends and I arrived in St. Jean Pied du Port with wide eyes, anxious to start on a road that led into a seemingly endless expanse of land. We had been planning to walk the Camino de Santiago together for almost a year, but none of us felt prepared as we arrived, disoriented to see our distant dream becoming a reality in front of our jet-lagged eyes.

But, despite our worries and the heavy fog that surrounded us on our first day, we filled our camelbacks and started our initial ascent into Spain. The first days were full of body and expectation adjustments; our feet and legs were shaky, and our hearts were cautious to fully relax in the new environment of the Camino. But the yellow arrows and blue shells unfailingly led us down the alleys, through the dense forests and along the trickling streams just as promised. We spent our first week getting to know one another on a much deeper level – explaining our family trees, discussing our religious preferences and walking through our real hopes for the future. Slowly but surely, we started to peel back layers of the walls that the school year had built around us, starting to relax into our own bodies with every kilometer we conquered.

But after a week or so of this intense bonding period, we each began to long for alone time – speeding ahead to catch up with excitement after finishing our real hopes for the future. I started settling into myself and started to become accustomed to the weight I carried with each step.

With this newfound comfort, I was able to really open my eyes and to appreciate every person and experience. I got to know a girl from Catalonia, brimming with excitement after finishing her master’s degree in economics. She was passionate to teach me about her region’s yearning for independence from Spain. I met a couple from Bilbao at a small hostel in Mansilla de la Mulas who helped me bandage my blistered feet, communicating only with soft hands and kind smiles. I talked with a woman from Paris about her transition into normal life after she began the Camino before, explaining her renewed conviction to spend time with her husband and kids instead of leaping face first into her work. I had the amazing opportunity to

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Adele in our own expanse of the Spanish countryside. I found myself needing these little quiet moments, getting antsy after spending time with people 24/7 and even awaiting the last 20 minutes of my day when silence would fall in the albergues, and I could write in my journal or think about myself in a soundless space.

As the weeks passed, and I became more and more used to the environment around me, I craved this solitude more and more. I would decide to start my day earlier from the group and speed ahead or hang back from the ladies I loved in order to gain the independence I missed. I started settling into myself and started to become accustomed to the weight I carried with each step.

With this newfound comfort, I was able to really open my eyes and to appreciate every person and experience. I got to know a girl from Catalonia, brimming with excitement after finishing her master’s degree in economics. She was passionate to teach me about her region’s yearning for independence from Spain. I met a couple from Bilbao at a small hostel in Mansilla de la Mulas who helped me bandage my blistered feet, communicating only with soft hands and kind smiles. I talked with a woman from Paris about her transition into normal life after she began the Camino before, explaining her renewed conviction to spend time with her husband and kids instead of leaping face first into her work. I had the amazing opportunity to
walk with people in all stages of life – some eager to start their careers, some celebrating their loving marriages and some continuing to explore the decisions they have made; yet, all yearning for clarity and assurance in their own ways. I was lucky to be able to walk with people that cared deeply so about me – friends from UNC who held my hands when I cried or distracted me when my feet were so blistered that I had to go to a clinic. I was repeatedly humbled by the people who didn’t know me, but who would go out of their way to help me. They would bandage my feet or give me a simple smile when I needed it most. I was and still am constantly amazed by the capacity that individuals have to love others, even those they don’t know.

I learned from this adventure that people are people everywhere. I am lucky to have friends and family that love me back home, but I learned from the Camino that people have the capability to be inclusive and to grow. Creating meaningful relationships with strangers with extremely different life experiences gave me the confidence to believe in myself and to continue to ask challenging questions, establishing a new comfort regardless of my surroundings.
I didn’t know what to expect as I was sitting in the Raleigh-Durham International Airport. I was propped up on the floor next to an outlet, phone plugged in, Starbucks venti iced latte to my right, backpack stuffed to maximum capacity to my left, legs stretched out ahead of me. My boarding pass was placed neatly behind the cover of my passport, shyly sticking out reading “RDU BOS”. It was the first of three flights, a mere forty-five minutes long. After landing in Boston I would take another flight across the Atlantic, all the way to Dublin, Ireland. I had never been on an airplane for more than six and a half hours, when I flew to LAX with four of my best friends. After a quick 60-minute forecasted layover in the green of DUB, I would fly my last three hours to my final destination: Rome.

Only a dreamland in my mind for the last ten years, I truly did not know what Italy’s capital would have to offer to my excited, anxious and – most importantly – hopeful 22-year-old self. I sat on the floor of RDU, strangers meeting my wandering eyes only for quick glances then darting away. I wondered if my curiosity could be seen through my Carolina blue eyes. The strangers seemed to look at me with question, as I stared back. “I wonder where they’re going once we arrive in Boston,” I asked myself. I’ve always been curious to ask the fellow passengers on my flights to where they’re ultimately flying. The world is such a big place, yet we can go anywhere. We finally boarded the plane, and I sat awaiting my first of many takeoffs. I was alone, yet surrounded by about 200 others on this aircraft headed to Boston. I no longer had control over my destination. I no longer cared.

My brother’s advice to me as I flew to Europe was this: “Eat, drink and be merry.” He encouraged me to leave all of my cares back in America and to fully dive into my new life in the EU. I was going there to learn, to explore and to engage in new ways I had never been able to within the four walls of a classroom. I had five weeks to eat, drink and be the merriest I could possibly be. I think I took his advice - and then some.
It was raining the morning we arrived in Rome. I stepped onto the shuttle that would carry me from the plane that just recently landed on the tarmac of Fiumicino Airport all the way to the baggage claim. I had no phone connection, although the clock on my front screen now read 10:30 a.m. instead of 4:30 p.m., as it would’ve been back home. I quickly connected to the seldom but free Wi-Fi that the airport offered in hopes of messaging our Honors Carolina GroupMe chat. I was suddenly in a whirlwind of people who were grabbing luggage off the moving belts and running every which way to find their drivers or their loved ones. There was no English to be heard. I sent a message to my parents letting them know that I was alive and well, and soon I started en route to find the people I would be spending the next five weeks with.

I finally found a group of tired twenty-somethings, arms sprawled wide to lend me hugs of endearment as I walked up to the conglomeration of Carolina students. “You’re Britney, right?” I heard, nodding my head with a wide smile on my makeup-less face. “Yes, so happy to be with you guys,” I returned. I meant it. I had just traveled a little less than 24 hours from North Carolina to Italy, by myself; therefore, I was very relieved to be with the people whom I was supposed to accompany. I could not believe I was in Rome, Italy. I had no idea what these oncoming weeks were going to bring.

I have never experienced life as I did during my time in Rome. Here I was in a foreign country, with essentially foreign people - those whom I had only met once or twice at school - yet I was living in a way I never had before. It's almost hard to explain. “How was your trip?!” friends and family would eagerly ask after my return home. I didn't quite know how to respond with an accurate depiction to truly describe my experience. I was carefree, living life from someone else's point of view. Have you ever been fortunate to do such a thing - to experience a life in which it is no longer yours, but someone else's - your culture and way of life no longer resonant? It was the way of life of someone else now, and you learn to love it or leave it. I loved it. I loved the food, the street fashion, the currency, the tradition. I loved the fact that wine was cheaper than water at dinner, that the Coliseum was about one block away from our apartment. To walk down a narrow Roman side street, look to your left and see the Coliseum. Now that is something I will never forget.

There is a sort of magic in Rome that I have yet to experience in any other city. . .
days passed, in the few weeks I still had ahead of me, I found myself drawn to one of Rome’s most endearing features: its doors.

Doors have always held such curiosity to me: they are the opening and closing of life. They are the definition of whether the glass is either half empty or half full. Do you look at a door and consider it shut or waiting to be opened? Rome inhabits hundreds, no, thousands of these wonders. I was instantly drawn to their charisma, their beauty, the fact that no door in Rome is the same. What was behind each of them? What kind of life was being lived or had been lived behind the graffiti-filled door as compared to the one surrounded by vines and colorful blossoms? Perhaps I found myself encompassed in my own Roman door narrative: what lay behind each door as I passed by? What would I take away from each? True wonder, exploration and admiration – that is what I took from my Roman door narrative. With-

in the 5,000 photos captured on my Nikon in five weeks, these would be my favorite. There is no alternative way to exhibit Rome than through a collaboration of the whimsical doors which I walked past every single day.

I am utterly thankful and even nostalgic while reminiscing on my time in Rome. It was not to lavish myself in Roman pizza or vessels of house white wine, and it certainly was not a vacation. I am thankful it was none of the above. My experience in Italy was one that I will hold close for the rest of my life. I changed as a person – for the better. I learned to appreciate the small things and to understand that the American way is certainly not the only way. I learned that strangers can become best friends in a matter of days and that beauty can be felt through moments. I learned that our world is the biggest thing we know, yet under the night stars of a foreign country, drinking a bottle of limoncello and staring at the Trevi fountain, one feels smaller than ever before. I learned that history is real, that kings and queens and apostles and saints lived in cities in which their stories can be read on the walls of churches and within the frames of paintings. To be honest, it is extremely difficult to summarize five weeks in a new city in a few short paragraphs. Five thousand pictures can bring back glimpses of my fondest memories, but only my heart can relive the feeling those pictures lent before they were photographs. I am forever indebted to Rome, and the magic it showed me. I learned beyond the classroom, I learned about others, but, most importantly, I learned about myself. I can travel, see and be whomever I want to be in this life. For the last ten years, my mind created a world in which I envisioned Rome, Italy. My five weeks there captured that and so much more. I will forever hold a wonder, admiration and love for that romantic city and all that it allowed me to feel while living there.

My doors opened to Rome.
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Photos from around the world:

Jessica Amberg, Barcelona, Spain
Britt Willis, Rome, Italy
Morgan Bush, Chefchaouen, Morocco
Bailey DeSimone, Berlin, Germany
A CRASH COURSE in CULTURE SHOCK

Written by Sean Cavanaugh
Designed by Sara Morris
“Worst Olympics ever. Nothing will be ready. I would not go if I were you. Don’t get Zika. Have fun getting robbed.”

For a group of 29 students from UNC-Chapel Hill venturing to Rio for the 2016 Olympics, these were the warnings they heard on a loop in the weeks leading up to the trip. The excitement of experiencing one of sport’s greatest spectacles was swept aside. Instead, a dose of fear came sprinting in like Usain Bolt racing toward a world record.

Six of those students had never stepped foot out of the country before. This was the place they decided to experience first? A place infamous for its favelas, urban slums often riddled by crime. A place that kept popping up on every news outlet’s front page, displaying its “deathly” water and infestation of Zika-carrying mosquitoes.

“I was quite terrified,” said Kiley Burns, a sophomore who worried her bright blonde hair and blue eyes would scream American tourist to any pickpocketer. Her interactions before the trip did not ease her anxieties: “Every time I told someone I was going to Rio, they would say ‘don’t get Zika’ or ‘don’t die,’ which is quite comforting and excellent advice overall… Not!”

“Even my physical therapist told me to watch ‘Taken’ to know what not to do,” said Burns. No word on if Liam Neeson was available with his particular set of skills to lead a rescue mission if Burns and the group needed it.

Cory Smith calls Mount Airy, North Carolina, home, just a few worlds away from Rio de Janeiro, where the population is 620 times that of the Carolina mountain settlement. Going to Rio was the first time out of the country for Smith and his second flight ever.

“Despite being the chance of a lifetime, I actually considered not going. It just seemed too unstable and very prone to attacks,” said Smith. “I had no idea what it was like to be in a city that big, domestic or international. Being from a rural area, I had never seen so many people in a single area.”

Recent graduate Louis Fernandez could relate all too well. “I’d be lying to you if I said I wasn’t nervous. The thought definitely crossed my mind that, if all this negative media was true, I may not be coming back from Rio,” said Fernandez.

But he brushed those terrifying thoughts aside: “I wasn’t going to let that stop me from going on an adventure. There has to be a little bit of danger after all, right?”

So the group swallowed all fears and boarded that flight to Rio. Upon arrival, there were no protesting police holding signs that read “Welcome to Hell,” but the group had a collective feeling that they were not in Carolina anymore.

For the inexperienced aboard, culture shock hit harder than Simone Biles sticking her landing on a ferocious vault.

“The second we left the airport in Rio was when I realized I was in complete culture shock. We took this van to our house in the mountains, and I remembered just seeing a pig on the side of the road right outside a favela. It was so surreal and it was my first moment of being like whoa, this isn’t home anymore,” said senior Brett Thompson.

For others the culture shock settled in like a marathon race rather than a 100-meter dash. Moments would spring up in the first of their three-week stay in the city of Cariocas (also used as terminology for a person from Rio).

Kendra Douglas witnessed the notorious petty crime of Copacabana on her first visit to the world famous beach: “There was a pregnant lady with her son playing in the water in front of me, and I turned around for like two seconds, and out of the blue she’s screaming because someone stole her book bag with all her things in it. I think that was the moment when I realized I was not home anymore… I kept trying to figure out how anyone could steal a pregnant woman’s things.”

Douglas was not the only one to get a quick experience into the darker sides of a foreign city. Sydney Holman vividly recalls getting lost with the group in a favela. “We were very out of place to say the least. I had never been in this type of situation before, and I was warned before this trip to never go through a favela, let alone on foot. There were men with no limbs, and I saw a man with a large chunk of metal sticking out of his calf,” said Holman.

Burns remembers that little detour as well. Unlike at home where she can walk while texting, she immediately hid her phone and sunglasses, gripping her bag with a tightly clenched fist; yet, it was not that fear of being a victim that left an impression.

Brazilians speak Portuguese. These six UNC students do not.

Although even the Brazilians who spoke English had no idea what the group meant when they casually used “lit” in a sentence. Things were lost in translation from both sides.

“I didn’t know a word of Portuguese and couldn’t understand what anyone was saying,” said Smith bluntly in his Southern twang.

“I’ve never felt so helpless… knowing that I had no idea what the people around me were saying,” admitted Fernandez.

“I feel so sorry for anyone in the United States who can’t speak English and all the negative stereotypes that come with that. It’s scary and lonely,” Just as fast as the rhythm chugs along in a samba beat, the group began to ease into their own comfort zones despite the cultural differences - becoming temporary cariocas.

What once was a terrifying feeling of discomfort became something they crave to this day.

“I want to see every continent now. I’m dead serious. I want that feeling of shock and discomfort again, because by the end of my 23 days in Rio, I felt like I
had a second home,” said Thompson.
He was not the only one missing the
shock. “It was incredible, and I want to feel like that again. It just gave me such
a new perspective and exposed me to a whole different lifestyle,” said Burns.
The six people that went down to Rio came back a little different. It was
an experience that invaluably opened their eyes in a way you cannot learn in a classroom.
Fernandez knows he is not the same person that boarded a plane at RDU a couple of months ago: “I really felt like Rio and my experiences changed me, and for the better,” he said. One trip out of the country and he is already hooked: “I’ve never wanted to explore more than I do now, and Rio played a huge part in that.”
Thompson also learned a worldly lesson: “It made me realize that no matter where you are on earth, if you’re with good people, you can always find a way to be home.”
A place so far from where they were from, much farther than they thought they might ever go, is now a place they can call a second home.
Oh and that deadly Zika thing? Not a single bug bite to be seen on any of the group.
Berlin is a huge city packed with history. There are hundreds of memorials and museums and billions of reminders of the many people and tragedies that played out here. Like those of many new residents, my first few days were spent as a tourist. I marveled at reconstructed buildings, massive institutes dedicated to art and learning, and the many dark reminders of the past. However, the most moving and poignant representation of humanity that I found in Berlin was a stained glass window.

The first day I arrived at my apartment, my host father took me on a tour of the area. While walking into the apartment, I noticed the large stained glass windows in the hallway. They depicted red roses with large black thorns. They were not in perfect condition. It was obvious that they hadn’t been cleaned in a while, and one pane was broken. The red of some of the roses was starting to fade. It seemed strange to me that the thorns were so prominent, but they were beautiful nonetheless. I asked about the windows and my host father explained that they were original to the building, dating back to 1910. We continued our walk.

On our doorstep my host father pointed out nine memory stones. Across the city these stones mark where Jewish families lived before they were deported. Each stone has the family’s name, the date they were deported and where they died. Our stones were comprised of two small families; all of them read “Auschwitz.”

In that moment it dawned on me. Every day when I walk up the stairs and marvel at my beautiful windows, I look through the same glass at our nine stones.

I wondered if the families found the windows as beautiful as I did. Did they ever think about why the black thorns were so big compared to the red roses? Who was the person who designed the windows? If life was a rose, why make the thorns so large? Perhaps he should have made them even bigger.

Museums and memorials are important. It is good to remember the magnitude of tragedy, but it is difficult to translate stones and plaques into people. Every day when I look through our shared window, I glimpse something outside my own world. The red roses are no longer stones that represent history and a lesson on global politics. They are people with a lesson to teach on the dangers of dehumanization and how easy it can be.

Written by Erinn Crider
Designed by Elle Sommerville
What I remember most about Paros is the feet – the copper-colored, sandy-soled, black-toenailed feet, peeking out from the patterned blankets and hanging off the edge of truck beds in a moonlit gravel parking lot. The feet were part of bodies, of course – dust-colored, sunbaked bodies, lifeless as an olive grove during siesta hours, and hair as black as the Grecian sky under which we walked.

Yet, even as the five of us ambled through the parking lot at 3 o’clock in the morning – all of us laughing – they were still. It was a daily occurrence for people to walk through their bedroom at all hours. They were used to the exposure that comes with having the world as one’s home, the lack of ownership that comes with placelessness.

These people were homeless. They were among the first homeless people I had seen in my three weeks in Greece. It wasn’t uncommon to see similar mo-
ments on street corners and in public spaces. Yet, it wasn’t until I saw those feet that I thought about the vacant spaces where people experiencing homelessness naturally fit and occupied in all of the cities and towns so familiar to me.

Thirty-six hours later, we would find ourselves in Piraeus, where the homeless no longer hid themselves in trunk beds and under the ceiling of sky, but rather flocked together like city pigeons, clutching at women and making permanent nests in vacant storefronts. In Paros, the homeless lived like nomads – quietly, contemplatively and out of the backs of their cars. In Piraeus, they could hardly be called homeless – their accumulated belongings and territorial stances let us know that everything of this port city was intrinsically theirs.

My friends later went on to describe these places as being “the scum of the earth” and “sketchy,” placing their fear of otherness and anything less than tailored-for-traveling-teenage-girls before their sense of immersion, before their understanding that we – like every other person, placeless or otherwise – are simply trying to find ourselves in places in which we do not naturally fit.

When I was eighteen, I tried to kill myself. Or, rather, I attempted passive suicide, always ready to allow the world to erase me from its story.

I drove through midnight red lights, eyes closed and hands off the steering wheel. I drank myself into blackness, willing myself to forget entire segments of my own history. I locked my phone in the bottom of my underwear drawer and wandered off into the winter woods, no coat on my back and too many painkillers in my bloodstream.

I wanted my story to disappear into the world, another narrative distilled into a five-line obituary, another name turned over on a news anchor’s tongue.

I spent the entirety of my twentieth birthday in transit, intentionally setting my clock forward to Grecian time while still in the States, so as to make the little time I had left of that day disappear. May 29, the one day devoted entirely to me, was released from the tailpipe of our aircraft with the rest of the anxieties and bad memories I hoped to leave behind in my travels.

I knew nothing about Greece, I realized as I sat aboard a flight where bilingual no longer simply meant being able to speak English and Spanish. I sat in the too-firm seat and readjusted my neck pillow (that I eventually threw out because I was embarrassed to carry it throughout the streets of Athens) and wondered why I even traveled at all – why I did so to avoid my birthday, and if going away would really allow me to escape the world I left behind.

I knew I didn’t want to turn twenty. It seemed like a useless year, marked only by feelings of antiquation and knowledge of how little I had accomplished in my two decades of existence. Yet, I spent so many of my teenage years grappling with my fears of inadequacy and mistrust of life itself that I left no time for existence to be pursued. We are all manifestations of contradiction. For some of us, this internal tension propels us forward; for me, it did nothing but bind me to the certainty of erasure, the comfort of having no obligation to keep going.

During the first year of sobriety, it is recommended that recovering addicts establish a routine and avoid change. This premise exists so that addicts reduce chances of relapse and increase the chances of clean longevity.

When I told the 20 members of my recovery group that my summer plans included studying abroad in a European country where white wine was served with every meal and where AA meetings were infrequent and largely inaccessible, they naturally looked at me with apprehension. I was only five months sober, they reminded me; I shouldn’t pursue change at a time like this.

Yet, the irony was that the decision to stop drinking was the biggest change I ever had to make. The decision to travel – although seemingly smaller and certainly less definite – felt as though it could be as significant and intrinsic to my being as my inability to drink. I wanted to do something big – to make such a large change that it too would define the rest of my life.

During a meeting, an older man with a breathy voice like a whistle and a sailor’s cap atop his freckled, balding head quoted Invictus, reciting the lines, “I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul.”

I thought about these same lines again as I sat on a crag a month later in Poros, overlooking the clay-tile rooftops that broke out over the hillside like emerging summer freckles which turned into a

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“This is Naupliio, Greece: the world, our classroom.”
cove that was the brown-orange color of the common octopus in the sunset. The waters washed up onto sleeping, steeping mountainsides that wound their way through the landscape in the dimming light. I watched the world move around me: sailboats willed their paths to the Aegean winds; architecture willed its foundation to stable rocks; and the beginning of volta – the evening walk of the Greeks – willed itself to the ringing of the clock at 8 p.m. And yet, as I looked over the rocky face below, fingers gripped around a metal flagpole that securely grounded the fluttering Greek flag to the earth upon which I stood, I felt no longer like a successful flight risk, but rather, as someone who needed the absence of comfortable surroundings in order to reconcile with my past.

In that church, the man in the sailor’s cap paused for a moment after reciting the lines, letting the poem echo in our ears: “I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul.”

“Write that down,” he said. “Write the important things down, and remember that quote. Only you can choose the path that’s right for you.”

In high school, I took a semester of Latin in an over-ambitious attempt to learn about the origins of myself through the origins of the languages I speak. In an entire semester I memorized five words. I lost the rest to time and misuse, much like the history of the language itself. Still, I retained one phrase that seemed to be the only thing driving me forward in years that felt like they were filled with nothing but stagnancy: Quid tum? What?

On my flight to Athens, I wrote this on the top of my notebook page and underlined it. (The irony of writing a Latin word on my page while traveling to Greece didn’t escape me, and I ended up covering it with my hand so the Greek woman sitting next to me wouldn’t see it.) I rolled the words over and over again in my head, like the spinning balls within an air mix lottery machine. Quid tum? Quid tum? Quid tum?

I didn’t know the answer. I had no way of knowing what would happen next, what my first time traveling alone would bring me, or what stories I would have to tell once it was all complete. But I wrote that phrase over and over again, sealing indefinitely that half-baked feeling in words and within the pages of my notebook. I wrote it down so I could keep it forever.
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UNDER THE Andalusian SUN

Written by Lily Stine
Designed by Yixue Li
-An ode to my semester abroad-

Falling in love and meeting new friends, discovering yourself - a means to an end. We watch the sun set and rise, all in one night, eating *tapas* with friends, laughing with each bite.

Working on our lisp, as we take another sip.
*Tinto de verano*,
with a side of *jamón serrano*.
*Estrella* or *Cruzcampo*?
The answer? I still don't know.
A forty by the river, how I miss that so.

A day trip to the beach.
Spanish omelet? I guess it's like a quiche.
“Study” abroad: well, to me it’s no fraud.
I didn’t come to drink and to party.
And if you believe that, I’m truly sorry.
This semester taught me more than any teacher ever could.
If I could go back, God knows I would.
Immersing myself in a culture so ripe,
Now I understand all of the hype.

Friendships formed stronger than before, the time we spent together, on our European tour.
A bond that can’t be broken,
we’ll cherish like a token.
As we dream of *flamenco*
Or *La Catedral en el centro*.
In our hearts we’ll always be, true *Sevillanos*.

I’ll be on my *Sevici*,
If you’re looking for me, check Tea and Coffee.
Remember that time I got hit by a car? Or the bachelor party at the old people bar?
Yeah, Paris is always a good idea. But I know one thing that’s not: Cobblestone and heels.
The constant debate: *Abuela* or *Rayas*?
*No pasa nada, si vamos a la playa!!!!*
Sweat drips from my lip as I say, you buy the *ron*, *botellón en el parque*!
*Discotecas and reggaetón…*
I won’t have wifi, hit me up on my trap phone.
*Semana Santa*, please not another paso.
*Feria de Abril*, rebujito en mi vaso!

No boat in *Plaza de España*, did you really go to Spain?
Cheering on your team from 4,000 miles away.
*Betis versus Sevilla*, a rival like our own.
*Carnaval in Cadiz*, the check was never shown.
Lefties, *Zara*, *Pull & Bear* - the amount of clothes I’ve bought.
An ode to you *Sevilla*—but why are you so damn HOT?
Somewhere in the campo, hiding in the orange trees.
Or skinny-dipping in the ocean, never feeling so free.

Six months of true Spanish zest.
When I look back I only see one thing:
Pure Happiness.

*Arriba, abajo,*
Cheers to you Sevilla, *no me ha dejado.*
study abroad scholarships

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 at UNC. Must have 2 semesters at UNC after the Burch experience.
STIPEND: Up to $6,000
DEADLINE: Late February
MORE INFO: www.burchfellows.unc.edu

PROGRAM: Class of 1938 Summer Study Abroad Fellowships
DESCRIPTION: For U.S. students interested in pursuing independent career or personal projects outside the United States. The number and amount of the fellowships are subject to approval by the 1938 Endowment Committee board members.
REQUIREMENTS: Sophomores, juniors or seniors planning on 5th year of coursework. Must be a U.S. citizen.
STIPEND: $5,000
DEADLINE: Mid February
MORE INFO: oisss.unc.edu/programs/class38/

PROGRAM: C.V. Starr International Scholarship
DESCRIPTION: For students who have 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: $3,500 - $5,000
DEADLINE: Early March
MORE INFO: cgi.unc.edu/awards/cv-starr
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 have attended high school in N.C.
STIPEND: Up to $9,000
DEADLINE: October 15
MORE INFO: studentaffairs.unc.edu/students/philipstravel

PROGRAM: Mahatma Gandhi Fellowship
DESCRIPTION: For students to develop and implement civic engagement projects that employ innovative, sustainable approaches to complex social needs in one of the eight South Asian countries.
REQUIREMENTS: Full-time returning undergrad or grad students.
STIPEND: up to $3,000
DEADLINE: Early February
MORE INFO: mfg.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 February for summer/fall programs; mid September for spring programs.
MORE INFO: studyabroad.unc.edu

PROGRAM: Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowships (SURF)
DESCRIPTION: For students to enhance their educational experience by engaging them in research opportunities.
REQUIREMENTS: Full-time undergrad students in good academic standing. Projects must last at least 9 weeks (min. 20 hrs/wk).
STIPEND: Minimum $3,000
DEADLINE: Late February
MORE INFO: our.unc.edu/students/funding-opportunities/surf/

PROGRAM: Robert E. Bryan Social Innovation Fellowships
DESCRIPTION: For students who are interested in making a significant contribution locally, nationally or internationally through the creation of an entrepreneurial project that addresses a community issue or need.
REQUIREMENTS: Any returning, full-time undergraduates and teams.
STIPEND: Up to $1,500
DEADLINE: Mid October
MORE INFO: cpps.unc.edu/awards-recognition/bryan-social-innovation-fellowships

PROGRAM: Sonja Haynes Stone Center 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: TBD (check website)
MORE INFO: sonjahaynesstonectr.unc.edu/undergraduate-fellowships/

PROGRAM: Honors Thesis Research Grants
DESCRIPTION: For students carrying out research for senior honors thesis projects.
REQUIREMENTS: Undergraduates performing research for senior honors thesis. Students apply directly to their departmental Honors advisor.
STIPEND: Up to $500
DEADLINE: Varies by department
MORE INFO: honors.carolina.unc.edu/current-students/honors-thesis-and-undergraduate-research/honors-thesis-research-grants

PROGRAM: Phillips Ambassadors Program
DESCRIPTION: For students across all majors who are applying for a university-approved study abroad program in Asia.
REQUIREMENTS: Students accepted to a UNC study abroad program in Asia with min 3.0 GPA. Additional consideration will be given to students who have not previously studied abroad in Asia.
STIPEND: $5,000
DEADLINE: Early February for summer/fall programs; mid September for spring programs.
MORE INFO: phillips.unc.edu/

PROGRAM: CGI International Internship Awards
DESCRIPTION: For students who wish to implement a summer internationally focused internship.
REQUIREMENTS: Full-time undergraduate students returning to UNC. Graduate students pursing a master’s degree.
STIPEND: $1,500 - $3,000
DEADLINE: TBD (check website)
MORE INFO: cgi.unc.edu/awards/internship

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: $1,000 - $3,000
DEADLINE: TBD (check website)
MORE INFO: cgi.unc.edu/awards/cuhf

PROGRAM: Office of Global Health Funding Opportunities
DESCRIPTION: For undergraduates to pursue international/global health internships.
REQUIREMENTS: Varies
STIPEND: Varies
DEADLINE: Varies
MORE INFO: sph.unc.edu/global-health/ggg-internships-and-funding/
The Study Abroad Office at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill provides opportunities for students to travel all across the world. The map shows the diverse travel experiences of students. This does not include international programs offered by other units.
For Spring 2016, Summer 2016, and Fall 2016
1,413 Students • 54 Countries

BY THE NUMBERS
UNC students travel all across the globe. The numbers on the map reflect participation in the Spring 2016, Summer 2016, and Fall 2016 Study Abroad programs.

SOURCE: Mark Nielsen, Information Systems Director, Study Abroad Office