As another semester comes to a close, the sights I’ve seen and stories I’ve heard through the narratives of my fellow students marvel me once again. But beyond the sights, sounds and tastes I’ve experienced through these students’ words, I’ve been moved by the keen cultural observations. I am wonderfully taken aback by commentaries on society, dress and gender roles that these students so mindfully acknowledge. I hope that within this edition you not only develop a thirst to experience every corner of this world, but to understand the diversity, oppression and challenges that make it up.

This semester we say goodbye to our design editor, Katie King, who is to thank for arranging so wonderfully the stories and photos within the magazine. Katie got involved with Passport in the fall of 2013 as a designer, moving up the ranks to assistant design editor and now design editor. Katie, as you, and many others, move into post-grad life, take with you the lessons learned within these pages – those of independence and open-mindedness, and a conviction to transcend cultural and physical boundaries throughout the world. We hope you enjoy this Spring 2015 edition of Carolina Passport.

Anna Weddington
Managing Editor

Cover photo by Danielle McLaughlin
“We were on a road trip through Salta, a province in Argentina. We pulled to the side of the road, probably to look at the sites but more likely to take a break from the winding, steep roads.”

Background photo by Elly Withers
Laguna Sesenta Nueve, a lagoon outside of Huaraz, Peru. This lagoon is the destination of a long, full-day hike and is filled with beautiful blue water because of the large glacier that rests behind it.

From left to right:
DESIGN EDITOR KATIE KING is a senior journalism and global studies major from Etowah, N.C. Contact her at cking71@live.unc.edu.
MANAGING EDITOR ANNA WEDDINGTON is a sophomore global studies major from Charlotte, N.C. Contact her at awedd@live.unc.edu.
CONTENT EDITOR CATHERINE CHENEY is a junior English and art history major from Rocky Mount, N.C. Contact her at ccheney@live.unc.edu.

Questions? Comments?
Carolina Passport welcomes feedback and suggestions. If you are interested in submitting stories or photos, contact the editors at carolinapassport@gmail.com.
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BY ALEX STEWART

Three, two, one... so the inaudible countdown begins as the tube approaches the platform. There is a fleeting moment of stillness as the doors remain closed and our fidgeting anticipation of descent is at its climax. With a roar the doors swipe open, and we are set free.

“Mind the gap between the train and the platform,” a recorded voice echoes over the intercom. The warning is also printed on the ground where I quickly dismount from the over-packed tube. Lots of bumping and jostling ensues. Grumbling under the breath. Exasperated huffs.

I breathe a sigh of relief. A bus and two tubes later, I’ve reached my destination.

Another day, another successful commute through the busy rush hour without stepping on too many toes or hitting too many people with my cumbersome book bag. I join the silent throng that moves in seamless syncopation toward the exit, swerving around those that aren’t quite able to keep up the pace and smiling to myself that I am able to finally do so. After a month of being here, I feel like a Londoner.

It’s felt like a long time coming. I had been warned about culture shock. “Culture shock is part of the experience,” they said at the King’s College orientation. “If you’re not experiencing any shock, then why did you even study abroad, right? The shock is a natural part of the process and reminds you that you’re learning and becoming accustomed to your new environment.” Looking back, I didn’t quite prepare for all the little culture shocks that come along with studying abroad in a place where English is spoken and I have visited before several times. Visiting a place is much different than actually living in it, though, especially when you are trying to immerse yourself in the culture as much as possible.

There are little details of living life in London that are just different from what I am used to back in the Southern Part of Heaven. I think that was the biggest “gap” in my understanding before I came to London. The first time my friends and I tried to go to a grocery store on a Sunday evening, we couldn’t understand why in the world it would already be closed. When using public transportation, there is no time to say ‘sorry’ or ‘excuse me;’ people expect you to know that they are coming, and, as a result of my naiveté, I was forcibly pushed aside several times without warning in the early days. Also, I’ve had numerous confusing conversations that revolved around me unknowingly using the wrong term. Within the first few days, I asked a receptionist for the directions to the pub on our campus (yeah, we have a place where you can buy rounds for friends right on campus!). She just looked at me blankly, said that there was no pub, and went back to busying herself. I then went on to say, “Oh, I mean, I was told there’s a place you can buy drinks and...” She replied, “Well, we have a restaurant on the second floor and that has a bar...” A bar. Yes. If I had just used that word originally, I wouldn’t have gone through the disorienting interchange. This may seem like an inconsequential anecdote, but for a linguistics major, learning to navigate my native tongue has been quite an educational experience. The language is essentially English, but with the varying accents and the underlying understanding about certain terms and phrases that I am still trying to sort out, basic conversation can easily turn into a puzzle.

“Mind the Gap” is a phrase that I’ve heard over and over again, from Point A to Point B of my daily commute. In the first few weeks of living in London, I would have to say that I minded the gap in my understanding very much; I found myself frustrated by the little differences and ignorantly thinking, “We just wouldn’t do it that way in America.” As time has progressed, however, I have found the differences that once seemed like obstacles to now be thrilling adventures. Indeed, what would be the point of studying abroad if it weren’t for learning about a different culture and a different way of life? I have thankfully gotten to the point where I don’t mind the gap in my understanding because each time there is a gap, there is a new opportunity to learn and to grow. Instead of being frustrated by the gap, I’ve now grown to embrace it.

Each time there is a gap, there is a new opportunity to learn and to grow.

Alex Stewart is a junior linguistics major with minors in speech and hearing sciences and music. She is from Hendersonville, N.C., and studied in England.
You never realize how big a lake is until you walk across it.

I’d spent the past four months of my semester abroad at the University of Oslo dreading the impending snow. For me, winter had always meant wet socks, the sniffles and being barred from enjoying the outdoors. A Norwegian winter cuts through your clothes no matter how many layers you’re wearing. It sneaks up on you after the warm sun sets and, despite the myriad of holidays that are littered across that wintry season, it still seems to be the most depressing season.

However, the mythical Norwegian winter had so far not delivered. I had climbed Jotunheimen, the tallest mountain in Northern Europe. I swam in the Mediterranean Sea, guzzled beer at Oktoberfest, went clubbing in Stockholm, danced to ABBA in Lund, spent seven hours trapped in a Latvian airport, retraced my Scottish heritage and just returned from London with a terrible case of food poisoning; yet each time I came home thrilled that there was no snow.

When I lie down in my bed to finally rest after my travels, I was too tired and much too spoiled to notice the small, devious flakes of white drifting past my window. When I woke up the next morning, I was in a completely different world – a dreadfully cold, snowy world. Like any exchange student in the throes of the final leg of a semester abroad, I feared that I hadn’t made the most of it and forced myself to join the rest of the internationals and make the trek to Sognsvann, a large lake near the run-down apartment complex we had all been crammed into.

Upon reaching the frozen lake, a good friend lingered by the edge, wanting desperately to walk across it, and so I offered to join him. The food poisoning suddenly slipped from my mind, my exhaustion became only a mental hurdle, and the fact that the sun was setting only provided a more splendid backdrop for us to adventure under.

And so we walked. The thick ice groaned in protest under our weight but remained strong, and the lightly falling flakes whipped by in the gusts of wind that dragged trails into the blanket of snow on the ground. Underneath two pairs of long johns, a hooded sweatshirt, windproof pants, a three-layer winter coat guaranteed to -20 degrees, wool socks, hiking boots and mittens, I allowed myself to interact with the world around me. It was fascinating. I had never seen a white like this. Billions upon billions of tiny, crystal motes that caressed and shocked my lungs with every breath I took.

There are some conversations that have no real theme, no tangible worth, and certainly no relevance, but you never want to end them. There is snowfall that you wish for no matter how oppressive
it builds up to be. There is weariness that you ignore because it is nothing compared to how pleasant a good walk in pure snow with a close friend feels. As we stepped from the frozen lake to the pier extending into it, we realized that we had accomplished something.

However, by this point my legs were shaking. I had expended more calories in an hour than I had consumed in days, but the fastest way back home was back across the lake. So after eating a few handfuls of snow, we started back again.

The sun was setting but the spots I was seeing shone like stars against the pink and gray sky. I staggered on for what felt like hours, but I refused to let my uneven breaths interrupt our discussion, and I’d be damned if I’d be coddled or carried the remaining way home. The closer I got, the more convinced I felt that I wouldn’t make it, but before I knew, I was hugging my friend goodbye for one of the last times and tracking snow into my apartment building as I trudged up the stairs to my flat. I slept through the rest of the day and into the next. When I woke up, it was to a familiar white world and my unfamiliar pleasure at seeing it.

The day I left Oslo, the salt that had been sprinkled all over the city finally ate through the resilient snow. I watched it melt around me as the sun rose, and by the time my plane took off, it was gone. But when I arrived home it snowed – really snowed – for the first time in years. I traipsed all over campus, smiling at all the strangers who had their heads down and arms crossed as they bitterly endured the cold, and I laughed at how afraid I’d once been of this perfect, refreshing weather.

They had never walked miles across a frozen lake with food poisoning. They’d never been exposed to the wintry wonders that a combination of friendship and lightheadedness can cultivate. They were never lucky enough to have an experience where it was worth withstanding the elements and our own human frailty to enjoy someone’s company for just a little longer, knowing that you would miss them all the more because of it.

I joke that I now love the snow because crossing that lake and back was so awful that my mind was not adequately equipped to process how terrible it was, but in reality, it was only bad enough to teach me the beauty of doing something that is worth doing. Looking back on it, sometimes I find myself wishing it were a little colder. It makes everything else seem a little warmer.

Salem Dockery is a senior from Pfafftown, N.C., studying Romance languages and English literature with a minor in sustainability. She studied in Oslo, Norway.

This bench, covered in the infamous Norwegian snow, was at the end of the magical Sognsvann lake.
The summer of 2014 was a life-changing one for me. It was the summer that one of my biggest dreams came true: the dream of travel. While my travels that spring and summer took me all over Europe, some of my favorite experiences came from traveling in the East.

**Plitvička Jezera, Hrvatska**

“Plitvice Lakes National Park is surely one of the most beautiful places in the world,” I thought to myself as I thumbed through a worn brochure, a steady stream of rain quietly humming in the background as my bus quickly veered down the winding country road. I arrived early that morning and after dropping my stuff off at the hotel, proceeded to go in search of this promised paradise.

Armed with a map, a camera and an all-important umbrella, I was determined to make the most of my time here. Already a solid week and a half into my Croatian tour, I thought that I had already seen the best of what the country had to offer. I was wrong. Making my way down the dirt trail, the ground beneath squishing with every step of my mud covered boots, I finally reached the water’s edge. The color of the water seemed otherworldly. It was such a striking shade of blue-green – the likes of which I could never have imagined existed. The water was not only breathtaking, but also clear as glass, making it easy to see the schools of fish swimming about.

I pressed forward, hiking further along the trail, streams of rushing water flowing past me in symphonic unison with the falling rain. Gushing waterfalls would appear and disappear in a cloud of warm mist almost as if by some form of magic. After an hour and a half of hiking, I finally reached one of the lookout peaks featured in the brochure. The photo paled in comparison to the raw beauty of the landscape that unfolded beneath me. The turquoise waters framed by the bright green vegetation and overcast skies seemed like something from the scenes of a sci-fi movie.

On my way down from the lookout point, walking along the torrent streams that sprayed my legs with a cool mist, I stumbled upon a peculiar part of the lake. Through the crystalline waters, I could see something shining up through the water. Upon further inspection, I realized that glistening below the surface was an amalgamation of coins of all different shapes and sizes. As I watched my silvery coin sink to the bottom, a wave of understanding passed over me, and I realized that I would never forget the time I spent here.

Some of my earliest and happiest childhood memories are from visiting my godparents in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. After immigrating to the U.S. as a child, I rarely got the chance to go back and visit. This past summer was one of only a handful of times that I have been able to return. What always strikes me every time I go back home is just how much things can change while still remaining the same.

Much like my memories, Plovdiv itself is a living juxtaposition of both the ancient past and the modern era. Like a peeled onion, every layer of Bulgarian history is represented in this ancient city. In walking down the main road in the city center, you can see the exposed remains of an ancient stadium, the remnants of Roman rule. Next to the partially uncovered stadium stands a beautifully preserved mosque, a remnant of Ottoman rule in Bulgaria. The surrounding buildings, many of which have been restored, reflect the architectural ideals and grandeur of the communist era.

Located a short walk from the city center is Stari Grad, the historic sector of Plovdiv. There, the cobblestone streets of the old city wind through a network of restored traditional houses and shops. In walking back to the new city center, you glimpse the modern era in Bulgaria – the era of capitalism, marked by Bulgaria’s recent entrance into the European Union. The streets that used to be filled exclusively with family-owned shops and cafés are now dotted with western franchises.

On my last night in the city, I found myself walking down familiar streets, struggling to remember that which has been replaced and that which has been forgotten. As a treat after dinner that night, my godmother decided to take me to an ice cream shop that I used to love as a kid. I was surprised to see that it had remained virtually unchanged, located in the same place across the park that I played in as a kid.

As I sat there eating my ice cream on a hot summer night surrounded by family and thousands of years of history, I finally accepted the inevitable. Change is one of the only certainties in life, and more importantly, just because things change, doesn’t mean they are gone forever. The impact of their presence can be seen all around and within you, just like in Plovdiv.

Boriana Mravkova is senior from Wilmington, N.C., studying global studies, psychology and Hispanic studies. She studied in Sevilla, Spain, and traveled in Eastern Europe.
Born to Dance

BY ADRIENNE LANIAK

Down a side road in Latacunga, Ecuador, past the two sheep grazing and the woman washing clothes beside an outhouse; here lies the cement wall gating Hogar Para Sus Niños. It’s a haven in the valley of Cotapaxi, a home for the orphans of Ecuador.

Friday night on the second floor, the clock chimes 6 p.m., and the music roars. It’s a mix of Michael Jackson and Hispanic bachata, not your typical weekend playlist. But even though the music is loud, it seems to solely exist in the background. Salsa tunes fade fast from perspective as the night’s dancers emerge: seven of the stars are in wheelchairs, completely detached from any lower body sensation. Of the five that do have leg movement, their choices for utilizing them vary greatly.

Adriana only sits crisscross on her red cushion, rocking forward and backward with her mile-wide grin. José locks eyes with you from across the room, and as he slowly makes his way into a hug, completely collapses in his receiver’s arms. If you’re not fast enough he’ll fall straight to the floor, his smile never faltering.

Josue uses his limbs as if they were the greatest inventions to have ever found his small body. As soon as his hand finds another, the spinning begins. He’s small, about waist high, and has no idea how much work it takes for his dance partner to hunch under his arms every spin. Josue just keeps going.

Tatiana has no chair either; jumping is therefore her specialty. It’s no surprise when constant saliva stains her chin. How could it stay in with her up-down motion never ceasing?

But to me, Jofrey is the dancing star. Buckled to his wheelchair by all four limbs, his heart is beating out of his chest. Back arching, neck swaying, mouth gaping; his dancing cannot be contained. These children, Sus Niños, were born to dance.

Our second floor dance party is an hour full of tipping chairs, spinning wheels, catching collapsing orphans and neglecting the slobber that has now transferred from my cheek to my neck. All the hands crave to be held, the eyes looked into, the hair pushed behind ears. Most of all, though, the orphans crave celebration. They desire dance, movement, mouths stretched wide in laughter. It’s moving to see the small, bound bodies vibrating and thumping to the stereo, their heads knocking with glee from side to side. Their laughter, these squeals and falls and drooling smiles are all a celebration of life. So why not dance?

Adrienne Laniak is a junior from Charlotte, N.C., with a major in English and a minor in linguistics. She studied in Quito, Ecuador.

ECUADOR
Population: 15.7 million
Capital: Quito
Language: Spanish
1 // Stuart Agnew; Maloti Mountains, Lesotho. 2 // Sharla Sugierski; Great Barrier Reef, Australia. 3 // Kristina Cheung; Paestum, Greece. 4 // Danielle McLaughlin; Torres del Paine National Park, Patagonia, Chile. 5 // Stephanie Zayed; Yangon, Myanmar. 6 // India Lassiter; London, England. 7 // Boriana Mravkova; Plitvice Lakes National Park, Croatia.
Las calles are hazy, and the only people around are dreamy tourists and the occasional homeless person sitting outside of a store with his lap dog. The late afternoon sun has baked the cobblestones into a crisp that only your Great Aunt Jan’s apple pies could rival. The heat is normal for Sevilla, the spicy southern city. Siesta time.

The sunlight slants as it catches on buildings when you decide to venture back out for tapas. The streets are crowded again with people bustling home from work on foot and zooming past on Sevicii bikes on the green bike path that zig-zags throughout the city. Mothers with strollers meet friends and saunter along. Cafés and cervezerías are just waking up and getting ready for the dinner marathon that no one cares about winning. Old men in button-downs and women in wedges relax with jarras of beer. You enter the maze of streets that is the ancient city of Sevilla, doing your best to remember the route you took last time, so you won’t have to pull out your map and look like a tourist. Apartments and churches are sandwiched together above you, and you wonder how this part of the city is always so quiet. Suddenly the narrow way opens into a little plaza, and you hear the fluid elegance of Spanish spoken by the natives, and you remember that here, life is lived in the streets.

Your friends are at Las Coloniales. Of course, all the tables outside are taken because twilight is the best time. So you venture into the brightly lit inside and stand awkwardly in front of the bar, gazing at the four giant legs of ham hanging next to the liquor shelves. You ask for a menu in broken Spanish and giggle as you hurry back to the refuge of your table. You order

“Una Noche Loca y Besar tu Boca”

Dancing the night away beneath a Spanish moon.
cervezas or tinto de verano and decide to share jamón ibérico, queso, camarones fritos and patatas bravas. While you wait for your tapas, you talk and joke about your families and home, and you think about how nice it is that everyone’s iPhones only work with Wi-Fi.

It’s time to head over to the best gelato shop in Sevilla, so you all walk up to the bar to sort out your check. No one splits checks in Spain, so when the waiter hands you the receipt, you automatically pay for everything, and your friends happily agree to pay you back later. Somehow the people and culture encourage you to be more giving and less uptight. It’s refreshing.

The sky is a deep violet hue as you amble over to Rayas. Your mouth waters as soon as you enter, because you’ve never tasted such a perfect form of ice cream. Enjoying your treat you sit outside and watch the trendy chicas walk by holding hands with their novios and smile at the gaggles of tweens roaming the streets.

You rush home and only have time to whip your hair into a bun, slip on some wedges and pump up your lips with red lipstick. You meet your friends by the river on Calle Betis. The moon casts a perfect reflection on the tranquil water and illuminates the beautiful Triana Bridge. You watch groups of young Spaniards laugh and flirt on the concrete wall by the edge of the river, and you wish more than anything you could join them. You turn your attention back to your friends and the group of international students from Colorado you just met and wonder, “How are there so many Americans here?” But it’s always nice to have a small break from Spanish, so you make a new friend.

There are scarcely any street lights, but somehow the colors of the buildings seem to be just as vibrant.
now as they are during the day. You hear Discoteca Buddha before you see it. When you enter you run into one of your Spanish friends, and you both automatically start dancing to Taylor Swift. Afterwards you can’t stop, won’t stop mooooving and you don’t even care that it’s “International Night,” because you’re just going to shake, shake, shake.

Your roommate gets a message on Whatsapp from your host mom saying your host sister and her friends are at Discoteca Alfonso, and you should meet them. The two of you freak out because you think your host sister is so cool. But first there is more dancing until 3 a.m. when almost all the other Americans have left. When you arrive at Alfonso, the bouncer asks to see your ID, and you proudly retrieve it to show him that yes, you are definitely over 18, but in Spanish you accidentally tell him you’re 12... #languagebarrier. Luckily, he just laughs at you. Alfonso is packed. On the dance floor you wonder how you’ll ever find your host sister, but then she appears out of nowhere. All at once, you and your roommate rush up to her, and all hug and squeal with happiness. You cannot believe she’s as excited to see you as you are to see her, and you think you’ve actually died and gone to heaven when she says she wants to take a picture with you.

Back to dancing, you bump into a cute Spanish guy. You don’t know why you start talking, or if it’s Spanish, English or Spanglish, but suddenly you’re dancing, and your rhythm is a perfect match. This is your first Spanish dance, and it’s new and delicious like fresh strawberries in the heat of summer. You memorize each individual black curl on his head and pray you’ll miraculously become Facebook friends later.

Glancing at your phone, you realize it’s 6 a.m., and you have class in three and a half hours. You and your roommate debate whether you should sleep at all, but then some type of common sense wins. You hug your host sister and take a taxi home. As you fall asleep, Enrique Iglesias plays on a loop in your head.

You cannot believe she’s as excited to see you as you are to see her.

Marie Claire O’Leary is a junior from Chimney Rock, N.C. She has a double major in political science and English with a minor in Hispanic studies. She received the Bejarano-Benning Study Abroad Scholarship to study in Spain.
Machismo is good
To recognize the differences between men and women
To treat women with more respect than men
To open the door for women
To pay for the bill of women and their trips on the public buses
To see women as precious and delicate
To treat her like something that you have to nurture, and love, and care for
To dedicate songs of love to her
To see her as an angel completely different than you
To protect her from all dangerous things
To give her all of your love
To have patience with her
To want to be at her side all of the time
To smile when she can’t lift something
To love her for all of the things that she is and you aren’t
To hide her because she is beautiful and you don’t want others to see your precious one

Machismo is bad
To tell her what to do because she doesn’t know like you know
To anger when she doesn’t listen to you
To hate when she doesn’t speak with you, because you think she is with another man
To control her because you don’t want her to know other men, who are potential threats
To have embarrassment when she shows her independence in front of your friends
To stop her from dancing in front of people because you don’t want them to watch her
To want to keep her in your house only for you
To be embarrassed when she leads and you have to follow
To be embarrassed of her confidence
To want her not to do crazy things
Because you don’t like it when other people see her
Because you are afraid that they are going to think that you can’t control your woman

Elly Withers is a senior global studies and Spanish major from Asheville, N.C. She studied in Lima, Peru.
When the plane landed, I was scared. Actually scared. I hadn’t felt like this in any other trip during my semester abroad in Thailand. But this was different. This time I was by myself, and I didn’t have a place to go. This time, it was Myanmar.

Previously called Burma, Myanmar is a country in Southeast Asia that borders Bangladesh, China, Laos, India and Thailand. It won its independence from the British in 1948 after the struggle of Aung San and his army, but its weak democracy lasted only until 1962, when the military took over and installed a dictatorship that would shape Burmese history and society to this day. Myanmar, once a thriving kingdom, is a place characterized by political unrest, oppression and extreme poverty. I explored the country by foot, bike and boat.

**Walk Yangon**

When I set foot in Yangon’s downtown, I knew this place was like no other. The buildings, all next to each other, seemed like they hadn’t been repaired since those long gone colonial days. Yet you could see, behind the weeds, the dust and the scraped paint, the beauty of their architecture.

Taking it all in is no easy task; one moment you are mesmerized looking up at those strange mysterious structures, and the next you analyze the concrete that seems like the scene of a massacre because of the bright red betel nut remainders that men and women spit as they walk. As you look ahead, you are greeted by bloodstained smiles (again, product of the betel nuts) from the locals. Men wear long skirts called *longyis*, and women coat their faces with *Thanaka* cream, a yellowish cosmetic paste used for beauty and sun protection.

Walking a few more feet, I encounter the famous teahouses: places where politics, daily occurrences and friendships all blend together. Inside, you stumble into rooms filled with tiny tables and even tinier chairs, all with a jug of tea in the middle and frantic young kids serving mostly men.

Pyathada Paya in Bagan during sunrise, where tourists gather and watch the spectacle of the sun rising amidst many temples, while hot air balloons fly by.
Teahouses are a staple of Myanmar. They are everywhere and make for a perfect pit stop if you’ve been walking all day in the suffocating heat.

After a much needed rest, I continued my walk around the city, trying food from street vendors and buying books from street stores. But the best thing about walking Yangon is encountering the friendliness of the Burmese people, their eagerness to help me out, and discovering the history that lies within the narrow streets of the city.

**Bike Bagan**

My next stop was Bagan. Bagan is an ancient city that was the capital of the Kingdom of Pagan from the 9th to the 13th centuries. It has over 2,200 temples that come in all sizes, colors and shapes. What do you do if you want to get “templed-out”? You rent a bike.

Getting “templed-out” is a term known by a lot of tourists that travel in this devout Buddhist country, referring to when you’ve seen so many temples that they all start to look the same. Yet it is impossible to stop looking since each temple, if you look hard enough, is unique and beautiful.

I started my day by watching the sunrise on top of the Pyathada Paya. The blend of colors emanating from the sky painted the temples, while hot air balloons swiftly passed by. It was a scene I never want to forget. After the spectacle, I made my way to some of the most important shrines and was amazed by how beautiful they are. I could not help but think about how imposing this kingdom must have been in the 12th century; there is so much history behind its walls.

**Boat Inle Lake**

Inle Lake is a beautiful highland lake located in the Shan plateau. It is known for the unique leg rowing technique of its people. They stand up on their boat and use one foot to row. This might be obvious, but the best way to explore Myanmar’s second largest lake is by boat. What is less obvious are the places that boat will take you.
I went to a monastery where monks had taught their cats to jump hoops. I saw women rolling cigars and weaving silk. The boat also took me to a market that moves each day and travels to different townships around the lake. As one of the few tourists, you are offered everything from dried fish to tea leaves and many unpronounceable yet delicious spices and dishes.

Myanmar has been isolated from the outside world for a long time, and as much as I wish this place would freeze and remain as a picture of the past, I realize the preservation I was able to witness is the product of the military repression.

Myanmar is a country where student voices were silenced when they protested for better living conditions, where political opposition was silenced behind bars, and where the military still has tremendous power over the decisions made by the government.

Yet it is also a country with resilient people who have fought for their rights and have overcome many challenges – who are happy to have you explore their country and always have a smile to offer you.

Stephanie Zayed is a junior economics and political science major from Bogotá, Colombia. She studied in Thailand and traveled to Myanmar.

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The process of making betel nuts, which act as a stimulant when chewed: betel leaves, a little tobacco fermented in rice whisky, a few cardamom seeds and other ingredients. Men and women alike chew on this constantly, hence their red-stained teeth, so characteristic of Burmese people.

Top: The rotating market in Inle Lake. These are some dried fish, which are very common to see anywhere you go in Myanmar.

Bottom: A fisherman in Inle Lake during the sunrise, showing off his tremendous ability to row with one foot.
PHOTOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

1 // Stuart Agnew; Deadvlei, Namibia. 2 // Kexin Yin; Mount Bromo, Indonesia. 3 // Danielle McLaughlin; Monte Fitz Roy, Patagonia, Argentina. 4 // Sharla Sugierski; Sydney, Australia. 5 // Boriana Mravkova; Bucharest, Romania. 6 // Sharla Sugierski; Sydney, Australia.

MYANMAR
Population: 55.7 million
Capital: Naypyidaw
Language: Burmese
Several months ago, tucked away at the foot of one of the countless plunging green valleys of Rwanda, I found myself in a work camp for perpetrators of the 1994 genocide. With the sun beating down, my eyes strained to soak in every detail of the hundreds of men making bricks amidst the beautiful serenity of the hills. Without thinking, I stared at one man carrying mud. The dried, gray mud that was caked from his bare feet to his knees and from his hands to his elbows was in stark contrast to his dark skin. Despite the heat and the conditions of his labor, he wore a wool hat, and his face looked buoyant. I stared at his muscular arms straining to bear the weight of the mud, and I thought about how they had once wielded a machete and possibly ended multiple lives. As I was staring, he caught my eye and winked. I immediately whipped around as my heart started pounding against my chest in a mixture of embarrassment that I had just been caught staring and panic-stricken shock that a genocide perpetrator and I had just made eye contact.

The camp commandant invited my classmates and me to introduce ourselves in Kinyarwanda, which I did with my eyes carefully averted. The men carried on with their work and politely smiled. We were prompted to start asking questions but none of us wanted to step forward, and an awkward pause ensued. Finally, the silence was broken, and as the
conversation started to flow, the men dropped their tools and came one by one to join in. All of our faces gradually began to relax, and I realized that without noticing it, we had formed a tight circle – one half being our cluster of students and the other half being close to 20 men in navy blue, sun-bleached uniforms gently pushing forward to answer our questions or to tentatively ask their own. Afterwards, when we all shook hands, I made a point of shaking hands with the man in the wool hat.

The best advice my mother ever gave me was to study abroad for a semester somewhere off the beaten path for an average American; from this August until December, that “somewhere” became Rwanda. With a plunge into unfamiliarity and abandonment of many of the norms with which I grew up, I found the gift of a truly open mind. It was a semester in which frustration about being unable to definitively find answers became a lesson in valuing the complexity that is the human condition. I expanded my concept of learning: It’s not always the number of answers I have but the evolution of the questions I’m asking.

As the men in the work camp ceased to be identified in my mind as “perpetrators,” they were humanized. Some of the men have avoided mirrors for years – too scared to face themselves. Some of the men know that their children are hungry without anyone to provide for their families. Some of them have had their apologies thrown back in their faces. I saw that these men were not evil. While their actions remained horrendous, I could both sympathize with and understand them. This was reassuring and terrifying, as it opened a floodgate of unanswerable questions I would face: Are the people that I think I know well capable of the crimes these otherwise ordinary men committed? Am I?

“Sometimes, no answer tells you more than an answer ever could,” I was told by one of my Rwandan mentors early on during one of my bouts with frustration. Those four months have given me a voracious appetite for asking questions, even the ones that cannot be answered.

The man in the wool hat showed me the common humanity in every encounter and the remarkable uniqueness of each individual’s world. Sometimes I ask the wrong questions. But I’m not going to stop asking. The honor of hearing people’s stories in Rwanda sparked a passion in me and – more than anything – I would love the chance to learn to translate those extraordinary interpersonal connections so that everyone can share them.

Sara Skutch is a junior peace, war and defense and psychology double major from Montclair, N.J. She studied in Rwanda.
We were pretty much in the middle of nowhere. A teeny tiny pueblo in the distance, but that hardly counted. Just a few cafés and places for travelers to rest along the camino. It was just blue skies, rolling clouds, fading sunlight and the wind. Fields upon fields alive with swaying grasses, dancing like waves. Spring was tumbling into summer. I find myself saying aloud, "Wow, qué bonita." How beautiful.

And now I’m famished. We’re waiting in a line that bends around the street corner, but we can already smell it — steam rising from huge pans like hula hoops as the chef turns over the rice, meats and vegetables. We carry our lunches out and laugh at the funny dogs in the neighborhood we pass on our way. Squinting against the sun with our toes in the sand, we take our first bites of the best paella we will ever have. Breathing in the sea air and looking out at the endless horizon, again I am saying, "Qué bonita." How beautiful.

I’m crossing the little park in front of my flat, Plaza Felix Huarte. Everyone is decked out in white and red — all clean, no wine stains. (They’ve had some time to clean up between parties.) Behind me, los Pirineos, the Pyrenees. I can’t believe I’m mailing the last of my things home – home to my little Pittsboro, North Carolina. I can’t believe it’s time to say, “Nos vemos!” to the people, the places and the life I’ve loved for seven months. “See you.” Yet, it feels like just last week I was looking out at the mountains for the first time, thinking to myself, “Wow, I live here now. Qué bonita.” How beautiful.

They hit me at the time, too: these fleeting moments, quiet and seemingly small, that would come to define my time in Spain. A road trip picnic in the vast fields of Castilla y León, sampling the rich Spanish dish paella on the stunning beaches of Valencia and...
running errands in Pamplona during the famous San Fermín, the running of the bulls festival. In those seven months, I fell in love with Spain. I fell in love with the rich food, the beautiful landscapes and the slower life. Now, in my last semester at UNC, all I dream of is going back.

For me, the Journalism School exchange program in Pamplona was the place to be – merging my passions (and majors) of journalism and Spanish while studying at Spain’s oldest journalism school. Wandering around campus during the first week of class, I found myself outside of the office of the school’s prestigious student-run news magazine, Nuestro Tiempo. The phrase on the wall caught my eye and stuck with me during my study abroad and travels: “Este es nuestro tiempo para cambiar las cosas.” This is our time to change things.

It was my first time leaving the states. Period. I was terrified and already counting down the months until the end of the spring semester, until the plane ride home. Now I realize I had to leave what I thought I knew, the place I was comfortable, to truly grow, learn and, in the end, find myself.

I was exposed to so many new ideas and diverse life experiences, and I walked away with an enriched global perspective. The world is so big and filled with so many incredible opportunities. I am only one person, but, in my life, in those moments and the ones to come, it is my time to change things.

Top:
The peaceful fields of Castilla y León, where I stopped for a picnic on a road trip with my friend, Nadine. On our way back to the car, an 88-year-old farmer working in the fields stopped us to share his sweet peas and ask us why with all Spain’s splendor, we were there, in the middle of nowhere. We thanked him and told him we were right where we wanted to be.

Bottom left:
Me with my familia internacional, my flatmates in Pamplona, Navarra. Posing in the city center, Plaza Castillo, left to right: Maydie (Peru), me, Philipp (Germany), Laura (Romania).

Bottom right:
La Cuidad de las Artes y las Ciencias (City of the Arts and Sciences) of Valencia, home to the largest oceanographic aquarium in Europe, as well as a planetarium and science museum.
As unfair, disappointing and a bit tragic it is, we can spend our whole lives chasing those moments. But when we find them, we step back and look at our lives, what we’re doing and how we’re doing it, and we feel that we are doing the right thing – making a change in our own lives and in the lives of others.

The greatest impact I think I had in the lives of others in Spain was the time I spent tutoring kids in English. I grew so close to the family and the adorable kids I taught. It wasn’t until the last lesson and our last goodbyes that I realized how much I had grown to love them and how much they had taught me.

I’ll never forget the six-year-old daughter’s wide eyes and ecstatic smile as she threw her arms around my waist “¡Gracias!” she squeaked, clutching the parting presents I’d just given her, shipped all the way from Chapel Hill. And as I tucked the Carolina blue bow into her small brown curls, “Gracias,” she said again. “Qué bonita.” How beautiful.

Elizabeth Bartholf is a senior from Pittsboro, N.C., studying journalism and Hispanic linguistics. She traveled to Spain on the Journalism School exchange in Pamplona.

Top left: ¡Viva San Fermín! ¡Gora San Fermín! Celebrating San Fermin, the running of the bulls festival in Pamplona.

Top right: The beautiful coastal village of Cudillero, Galicia.

Bottom left: Exploring Real Alcázar, the royal palace of Sevilla, with mi melliza, my twin sister, Catherine.

Bottom right: Una sevillana: The ladies of Sevilla decked out for feria, the famous spring festival of southern Spain.
A CHILD’S SMILE

Two Cambodian boys sit on a bicycle and converse as they watch us explore and take photographs of an abandoned, ancient Hindu temple. They followed us on their bicycle as we drove our scooters to the ruins of the temple on the outskirts of Siem Reap.

BY MAITRI PUNJABI

“Rock, paper, scissors! Rock, paper, scissors!” Laughter. High-pitched screams. Then giggling. The scratching of pencil against rough paper. The sloshing of waves against the wooden beams. These are the sounds that can be heard from an orphanage in a small fishing village located just outside the town of Siem Reap, Cambodia.

“Can we play?” we asked. They expanded their circle to make space for us, and then one of the little boys handed each of us three soda pop tabs. We put in our bets. “Rock, paper, scissors!” More screaming laughter. It had been three rounds, and I had already lost everything. Who knew that losing rock, paper, scissors could be so disheartening? As I was getting up from the circle, a little girl reached up from the floor and handed me one of her pop tabs. She didn’t know English very well, but her bright smile and shimmering eyes said enough. I had just made my first friend in Cambodia.

The children that I met during my travels abroad made the journey seem less frightening. Even little encounters on the street served as a reminder of their innocence and curiosity. They would stare at us from the corner of their parents’ shops, intrigued by our Western wear and different skin tones. They would say hello and ask where we were from before their parents could grab their arms and drag them away. Most memorably, they would smile. In a country where hardly anything is familiar, there is nothing that can make you feel more at home than a child’s warm smile.

In Chiang Mai, a city in northern Thailand, a little girl dressed in traditional Thai clothing approached me near the entrance of a 14th century Buddhist temple. She mumbled a greeting and continued to stare at the ground. Her smiling mother urged her from a few feet away, encouraging her to say something. “Dance?” she said with a turn of her head. She then began to sing and dance, happily skipping around, smiling and showing the gap between her front teeth. Her garments were colorful, her cheeks were blushed pink, and she jumped around cheerfully, dancing barefoot in the rain. That moment made me wonder, “Is this what Thailand must have been like many years ago? The vibrant colors, the air filled with song, and the cheerful people, inviting foreigners for no other reason other than to share their culture and traditions?”

After all, the children of Southeast Asia did exactly this. They seemed to embody the region’s past through their innocence, tradition and curiosity. In today’s commercial treatment of tourism, these children preserve the centuries-old culture in its purest form.

I only met a few children during my semester abroad, but they all managed to leave a lasting impression on me. They taught me to be happy in the midst of sorrow, stress and difficulty. They taught me to be curious and open-minded to new experiences and people. But most importantly, they taught me that even those who have nothing but soda pop tabs can have a lot to give.

Maitri Punjabi is a junior from Charlotte, N.C., with a double major in mathematical decision sciences and economics. She was chosen as a Phillips Ambassador to study in Singapore.
I could divide my semester abroad into two parts: pre- and post-Sicily. Of course, I had heard the rumor that the Sicily trip is “life-changing” from professors, former students and our program director, Franco, but I never thought it would change my life in as many ways as it did.

I spent the fall of my junior year at the Intercollegiate Center for Classical Studies in Rome, living on the Janiculum Hill with 34 other classics majors in a rather small four-story building we all called the “Centro.” When I first arrived at the Centro, I was jetlagged and, to be honest, underwhelmed. Where were all the ancient monuments? The Centro was across the Tiber River, which at the time felt like miles away from the city center. Soon enough, though, the semester became a classicist’s dream: morning field trips around Rome and Latin in the evening on Mondays and Thursdays, full day field trips outside Rome on Tuesdays and Renaissance and Baroque art history field trips on Friday mornings.

Centro time moved twice as fast as normal time. I would never have guessed that in just two weeks, new and unfamiliar landmarks would transform into familiar and comforting old friends. The Pyramid of Cestius, the Largo Argentina and the Porta Portese became just as important as the Colosseum, the Circus Maximus and the Vatican. Yet as the first couple of weeks flew by, talk about our first weeklong field trip grew until it finally arrived: week six, the Sicily trip. Never mind the fact that I had been living in and traveling around Rome for over five weeks – the pre-Sicily jitters sent my mind in a thousand different directions. Every day would be a Tuesday: countless hours on a bus traveling to one site after the next and another after that.

“Ciao, ragazzi. Sorry to disturb your nap.” I don’t know how many times on that trip I awoke to Franco’s voice on the PA system. “We are about to stop at Taormina. It is very beautiful. You will like very much. I recommend you take your book, your notes and your cell phones, and please, do not forget your good walk shoes,” he said. The first time, I looked around the bus at all the others who were also trying to shake away the exhaustion from the traveling, only to realize that they, too, were perplexed by his shoes comment. Franco said it at almost every site we traveled to. Each time, we would all giggle at his comment. How could we ever forget our shoes?

Sicily was a dream. I grew closer to the friends I had already made and forged friendships with those that I had only talked to a few times. Long hours on the bus were balanced with games of Frisbee in ancient amphitheaters and on the beach and singing rounds of “Row, Row, Row Your Boat” in the echoing Ear of Dionysus. We made our
By “not forgetting our shoes,” he meant not forgetting our adventure. Not forgetting our friends. Not forgetting the wonders of the ancient world, not forgetting to be prepared for anything and not forgetting that things that originally seem underwhelming can be astounding.

After the Sicily trip, I continued to be amazed by the history and beauty I encountered, whether it was inside or outside Rome. We traveled to other places around the Ancient City, including Ostia, Monte Testaccio and Isola Sacra, as well as several sites on our second weeklong field trip through Campania, including Terracina, Saepinum and Pompeii. Before I studied abroad, I never imagined how much my life would change, or even how it would shape my Carolina experience. The full-day field trips prepared me for anything I could possibly encounter, from waking up early for 8 a.m. classes, to running across campus for various club meetings, to meeting new people in unexpected places. Even though my Centro friends and I still joke around with each other about not forgetting our shoes, I remember Sicily and what I learned from the trip every time it comes up. I never know what will come next, but I’ll be sure not to forget my shoes.

Kristina Cheung is a junior business and classics major from Basking Ridge, N.J. She studied in Italy.

acting debut in a German experimental film at the theater in Segesta and learned how to play Scopa, the Italian national card game. After a long day at Segesta, I delivered the assistant professor’s lecture on the unfinished temple on the acropolis there. I was filled with sheer awe at the centuries-old temples in the Valle dei Tempi in Agrigento, the theater at Taormina, the 11th century Capella Palatina in Palermo and the multitude of other places around the island.

It wasn’t until one of the last days of the field trip when I was sitting 20 feet above the ground on a column from the destroyed temple in Selinunte that I realized what Franco meant. By “not forgetting our shoes,” he meant not forgetting our adventure. Not forgetting our friends. Not forgetting the wonders of the ancient world, not forgetting to be prepared for anything and not forgetting that things that originally seem underwhelming can be astounding.

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Kristina Cheung is a junior business and classics major from Basking Ridge, N.J. She studied in Italy.

Right: Spiral staircase in the Villa Farnese in Caprarola. It was used in the Godfather III.

Left: My friend Erika and I sitting atop a giant column capital at the ruins of a massive temple in Selinunte.
In the Pines

By Will Jarvis

“The longest train I ever saw/Went down that Georgia line/The engine passed at six o’clock/And the cab passed by at nine.”

It was a warm moonlit night at St. Edmund Hall in Oxford, England. I was an adventurous young freshman stuck right into the thick of it: Honors Study Abroad in London and Oxford with Professor Armitage, a man taught by Lewis and Tolkien, who had subsequently taught my father. We had arrived in Oxford the week before and were getting settled into our dorms at St. Edmund Hall. The college featured its own bar, which naturally became our nightly hangout. The bar, affectionately known as “the buttery,” featured snacks and pub food, a dark medieval feel and a sense that you were walking back in time.

One night as we were talking and carrying on, in walked one of the caretakers of the college. His name was Tim; he was what we would call in eastern North Carolina, a “good ole boy.”

“In the pines, in the pines/Where the sun never shines/And we shiver when the cold wind blows.”

Short in stature but tough as nails, Tim was the kind of guy who had seen a pub brawl a time or two. The banter was good, and we stumbled into talking about the history of the college. St. Edmund Hall is the oldest college of the University of Oxford, making it the oldest institution of higher learning in the world.

“I asked my captain for the time of day/He said he threw his watch away/A long steel rail and a short cross tie/I’m on my way back home.”

The conversation was good, and we bought Tim a drink to keep the stories flowing. We soon learned that there was an ancient crypt under the college church, St. Peter-in-the-East. Tim assured us that this crypt was the oldest remaining structure of the church; the church had been rebuilt, but the crypt remained intact. This guy probably had access to the oldest section of the oldest university in the world!

“Little girl, little girl, what have I done/That makes you treat me so/You caused me to weep, you caused me to mourn/You caused me to leave my home.”

Unfortunately, Tim told us the crypt was closed to the public because of structural issues. Tim however, had a key, and after a few more minutes of banter, our caretaker (perhaps emboldened by the ale) asked us if we wanted to see it. We were floored. We accepted, and at midnight on a warm moonlit night in Oxford, we descended into the crypt of St. Peter-in-the-East.

“You caused me to weep, you caused me to mourn/You caused me to leave my home.”

Perhaps I should give you a little background on myself. Born and raised in eastern North Carolina, I
have always been a student of history and a lover of stories. It’s in my blood. As a young child at family reunions, I would always sit with my great uncles, all five of whom were larger than life. Tom, the ship captain; John, the builder of airplanes who stormed the beaches at Normandy; Doug, who encountered his brother John on Omaha beach and later worked for NASA; Bobby, who worked as a luthier; and James, who stole a flag from Batista’s palace. Scrappy Scotch-Irish from Virginia, they taught me the value of history, wisdom and stories. They were the craftiest, the cleverest and the funniest men I ever met. They all gave me gifts, but the gift Bobby inspired in me was music. He built a banjo with me for my senior project (a story in its own right). This love of music spawned an idea, just as I entered the crypt....

As we explored the crypt, we decided to memorialize the occasion. The eerie lights of Tim’s flashlight danced over the walls as water quietly plunked-plunked-plunked down from the ceiling; it seemed a perfect setting for music. Not just any song, but a tune that epitomized where I was from. I knew what it had to be: the eerie “In the Pines,” an Appalachian folk song popularized by Bill Monroe, the master of bluegrass.

“
My father was an engineer/Died a mile out of town/His head was found in the driving gear
But his body was never found.”

Eerie and dark, “In The Pines,” with its themes of death, envy and rebirth, seemed the perfect fit for a crypt. As I was sitting there, I realized something. I was about to sing a folk song from North Carolina, a student from the oldest public university in the New World, in the oldest part of the oldest institution of higher learning in the world. In awe, we began to sing.

“In the pines, in the pines/Where the sun never shines/And we shiver when the cold wind blows.”

As we gently began to hum “In the Pines,” moonlight shone in through the open door. It was as if we could hear the ghosts whispering through the walls. Our quiet harmonies echoed through the catacombs, reverberating as if we could feel a thousand years of history. It was electric...It was magic....

William Jarvis is a junior English major from Rocky Mount, N.C. He studied in England.
The salty, bitter taste of trying Vegemite for the first time. The breathtaking, panoramic views off the top of a dormant volcano. The mysterious sounds of a desert sandstorm whipping against the tent. The soft, fuzzy warmth of a koala’s fur. The exhilaration of discovering sharks 18 meters under water.

My travels throughout Australia and New Zealand while studying abroad in Sydney created a colorful array of experiences that inspired me and brightened my life. I learned how to be an observer and how to treat each moment as if I were painting a picture of it. Often, beauty and creativity are found in unexpected places and can easily be overlooked. My experiences abroad encouraged me to take risks and let my sense of adventure guide me to my next destination. I found myself in incredible places, witnessing magical scenery and wildlife and trying unexpected, new things that both scared me and excited me. Each moment had different feelings, colors and memories that are never far from my thoughts.

**COLOR — MY WORLD**

**RED —**
I felt the intensity of RED in The Outback. The RED of the sand was like a desert of lava, but so stunning that you forgave it for its severe heat. The immense limestone rock formation, called Uluru by the Aborigines, radiated RED throughout the vast nothingness in Central Australia.

RED was the unknown and the never-before-seen.

**BROWN —**
To me, BROWN represents nature, earthiness, and stability.
In Australia, BROWN was playful and exotic; it pulled me outside into the fresh air. The soft, warm fur of the kangaroos matched their curiosity. They would stand and stare at me, wondering what I was. More curious than afraid.

**YELLOW —**
I absorbed the bright, exciting YELLOW of Australia in many ways.
The sun, unforgiving, illuminated each day without fail. YELLOW was the corals on the reefs and the seashells on the beach. I was inspired by the YELLOW of Australia to relax and enjoy the little things.

**GREEN —**
The cool, vibrant GREEN of New Zealand awakened my inner explorer.
The thick, soft grass of the endlessly rolling hills offered peace and serenity. I was immersed in the GREEN of The Shire, like being welcomed home after a long adventure.
Crossing alpine mountain ranges, swimming in hidden lakes and exploring sea caves left a spirited GREEN swirl of adrenaline in my mind.

**BLUE** —
I could hear the BLUE of Australia’s long stretches of coastline. I heard the waves, hurrying with determination over the sand, only to leisurely withdraw back. The BLUE of the vast sea was so bright on the surface, it was nearly deafening. In the deep water, the BLUE was an enormous, cosmic silence. So soundless and heavy that all I heard was my own breathing, distorted by equipment and the urgency of bubbles rising to the surface. The BLUE was bewitching, a mysterious color that continues to occupy my dreams, beckoning me back.

**PURPLE** —
I was excited by the PURPLE I found in Australia. Energetic and dauntless, the PURPLE morphed in the sky at sunset and twirled between the stars at night. I caught the scent of PURPLE on a cool breeze, like the flowers themselves were prancing beneath my nose. The PURPLE in my travels enticed me to run, jump, sway and drift to the rhythm of the moment. PURPLE told me it’s okay to spend the night dancing.

**WHITE** —
The pure, glistening WHITE of Australia was as fresh and young as the nation itself. The Opera House beamed a perfect WHITE across the harbor, proudly standing as the icon of the city. The WHITE of Australia’s beaches was too blinding to be real, but the gentle caress of the fine, sifted sand was unmistakable.

**GRAY** —
GRAY is unassuming, gentle and wise. The fuzzy, languid GRAY of the koalas was soothing. New Zealand’s bubbling geothermal springs and geysers were a testament to the island’s tectonic history. They were strong and powerful, yet constant. The GRAY was steaming with passion, but subdued and in no rush.

The colors of traveling depict an image so powerful, emotional and idyllic, so enticing, exotic and diverse, that you just have to paint it for yourself. Find your rainbow, and never look back.

Sharla Sugierski is a sophomore from Denver, N.C., majoring in biology with minors in chemistry and marine science. She traveled to Sydney, Australia as a Covenant Scholar.
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 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. Must be a U.S. citizen.
STIPEND: $5,000
DEADLINE: Mid February
MORE INFO: oiss.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. Preference for freshmen, sophomores and juniors who are U.S. citizens.
STIPEND: $3,500 - $5,000
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 carry out research, mentored scholarship or creative performance projects during the summer.
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: www.unc.edu/depts/our/students/fellowship_supp/surf.html

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 are eligible to apply.
STIPEND: Up to $1,500
DEADLINE: Mid October
MORE INFO: ccps.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: sonjahaynesstonecenter.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: honorscarolina.unc.edu/current-students/honors-thesis-and-undergraduate-research/honors-thesis-research-grants

PROGRAM: Phillips Ambassadors Program
DESCRIPTION: For students participating in summer or semester study abroad programs in Asia that are approved by the College of Arts & Sciences.
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: studyabroad.unc.edu/phillips

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 pursuing 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/health

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/ggh-internships-and-funding/

See global.unc.edu for more information.
PHOTOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

1 // Danielle McLaughlin; Torres del Paine National Park, Chile. 2 // Clara Ferren; North Sea, The Netherlands. 3 // Kexin Yin; Hong Kong. 4 // India Lassiter; Soho, London, England.
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.
TRAVELING HEELS provides opportunities for students to travel all across the world. The map shows the diverse travel experiences of students. This does not include 1,279 Students • 56 Countries for Year Long 2014, Fall 2014, Spring 2015, Summer 2014, SH Year 2015 participation in the Year Long 2014, Fall 2014, Spring 2015, Summer 2014, and SH Year 2015 Study Abroad programs.

SOURCE: Mark Nielsen, Information Systems Director, Study Abroad Office
It was incredible how pristine and clear the water and air was in YangShuo – I was able to see the submerged vegetation and towering mountains off in the distance. It was such a stark contrast from the polluted cities that China is infamous for, but alas this natural wonder comes with its own taint – commercialization. Photo by Kexin Yin.