Carolina PASSPORT bridges the Atlantic Ocean, crosses the Strait of Gibraltar, surfs the Caribbean, and fills newsstands around UNC’s campus. Each page holds a unique story — and a way to leave Chapel Hill, even if only for a moment. Readers can travel the world in less than an hour. Of course, this can all be done from the comfort of your futon or pre-used sofa. Bringing the world to you, we hope PASSPORT encourages you to open your mind and take some chances.

Similar to the stories of adventure and broken comfort zones you are about to read, our staff has faced a semester of uncharted territory. As a completely new staff, we have come together, fighting blindly in the dark to fulfill previous editors’ shoes. However, the challenges we face in our everyday lives don’t compare to the complications of conversing with another in Italian or blending in with the Arabic culture. As the following stories illustrate, the most prized memories come from the most unlikely of experiences. It only takes a little push out the door. We hope you’ll enjoy the pages of this issue as much as we have. And once you’ve finished reading this magazine, put it down. Immediately. And get out there.

Enjoy the issue,
Katy, Jen, Courtney and Georgia
contenets fall 2011

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Above: The view of Jerusalem from the road leading to the Old City. Jerusalem is one of the most ancient cities in the world, filled with historical architecture, cultural artifacts, and relics.

Left: A group of soldiers in uniform walk through the streets of Jerusalem to keep the peace on Nakba Day, the Palestinian “day of catastrophe.” In Israel, army service is compulsory after high school.

Photo by Carolyn Treasure
Student brushing his teeth with fluoride during an educational school visit. Carolyn spent two months in Ollantaytambo, Peru – a small town nestled in Incan ruins along the way to Machu Picchu.
One of the many beautiful gardens in Suzhou, China. Suzhou is about a one-hour train ride from Shanghai. Besides its well-known gardens, Suzhou is also famous for its spectacular water towns and delicious cuisine.

ITALY

Photo by Jessica Roache

The ferry ride through Venice’s canals fulfilled my fifth-grade dream of one day visiting this beautiful merchant city.
Sealdah station. Kolkata, India. I’m with my two friends who I’ve known for four days, Bopi and Sekhar. They’re the experts, I’m just a volunteer. We are 20.

2 boys inhaling Dendrite construction glue through their shirt. This is common for boys to do at the station. They are 14.

Sekhar tells them to stop. Older brother to younger. Disappointment.

They flee.

Less than a minute later we hear yelping. A crowd gathers on either side of the tracks looking down at them. Cops everywhere. One of the boys’ feet had landed on a railroad spike when he was trying to run from the cops. He fell, the spike driven through his foot. He lay on the ground shaking in agony. Motherless.

He is helped up from the tracks. I hold his hand. Bopi and Sekhar clean the wound. I am reminded of someone else who suffered as a nail went through his foot. I turn my head away.

In the hospital. Dirty, overcrowded, frantic. Shots are one form of pain he hasn’t felt yet, until now. We carry him and rush him through. We wait.

Stitches. He leaves with no crutches. He barely limps.

Soldier.

We walk him back to the station. I show him an American. He smiles. It was only time I saw him smile. Then we left. He went back to the same spot we first saw him in and sat down. Motherless.

One month later a boy who I had met at the station before was high on Dendrite one night and touched the electric wire of the train. I went to the hospital with Sekhar and couldn’t block the reality of the situation any longer.

He died within the week. A mother, childless.

When I was 14, I was playing in tennis tournaments every weekend. Pain was a blister on my hand. Life was a game in the summer sun on a clean court.

Why?

Will Barbour is a junior from Boone, N.C., majoring in religious studies. He is a Morehead-Cain scholar.
to improve their English. I could barely squeak out my own introduction in English, let alone Italian. I was at a loss for words. Their English speaking seemed to be on par with my own.

Then I remembered the deal I had struck with myself before coming to Italy. I had promised myself to live out my dreams of speaking the most beautiful language and to stop being afraid of things that make me uncomfortable. So I bravely stepped into the conversation, “Ciao, mi chiamo Skylar” (Hello, my name is Skylar).

When I explained that I am a history major and am fascinated by Julius Caesar, I was met with blank stares from Daniele and Alessandro. I looked to Caitlin for assistance. Surely these born and bred Italians knew of the great Roman leader, Julius Caesar. I tried again, saying in Italian, “Julius Caesar, the dictator.” They still displayed no signs of recognition. I made a final attempt with a discussion of ingredients and we explained that it is a popular salad dressing served in American institutions like “Olive Garden” (which ironically enough are attempting to serve their best Italian fare).

At this point, we sat in silence. What I had thought was sure to be a worthy addition to our conversation left us staring at one another. Finally, after nearly 3 minutes of an awkward lull, Alessandro realized who I was talking about. “Ah, Caesar!” My pronunciation of Caesar sounded so foreign to Alessandro and Daniele that they chuckled at the sound. I encountered my first instance of being lost in translation.

After an hour we exchanged contact information and agreed to meet again later in the week. I had made it through my first attempt to hold a conversation in another language. I felt proud of myself for stepping out of my comfort zone. I saw that while scary, going for the unknown can yield better outcomes than the well-worn comfortable path. Now I am ready for what our next conversation will bring.

Skylar Zee is a senior from Wilson, N.C., majoring in history.

Siena is a quiet, pedestrian friendly city near Florence. It’s a perfect day trip to experience other parts of Tuscany.
Above Left: Cheung Chau Island (literally, “Long Island”) is a popular place for local people to enjoy short vacations. Although it takes only half an hour by ship to get to the island from central Hong Kong, Cheung Chau is quite isolated and native people keep their old lifestyle. There are no cars on the island.

Above Right: Escalators in subways, malls and office buildings all operate much faster than those in other parts of the world. Still, it is a rule to stand on the right and leave the left space for people who walk on them. Is it that Hong Kong people really live in such a fast pace? I would probably say yes, especially here at the International Finance Center.

Middle Right: If you live at central Hong Kong, this scene will be your daily window view. Want some fresh air and a breath? That’s why the richest people live at Mountain Top as shown in the background of the picture.

Below Left: Looking from the Mountain Top, the entire Hong Kong is under your feet.

Below Right: Students are enjoying the sea view outside my dorm at Chinese University of Hong Kong.

Photos by Ruopiao Xu
A Tale of Teal

BY JESSICA SMITH

I'm a big believer in the power of colors. I'm fascinated by how they can evoke particular emotions — how you can create an entire atmosphere out of a well-chosen palette. So when I think of my arrival in India and the environment that greeted me once I touched down, the first thing that I remember is the teal.

Bright and in-your-face — the only hue vibrant enough to match the bustling markets and crowds of Delhi; the only color loud enough to drown out the honking of the bumper-to-bumper-to-rickshaw traffic I encountered as soon as I stepped onto the streets.

Teal — on the saris of passing women, on the exaggerated statues in the Hindu temples, layers of it slowly chipping away on the walls that support the entire city.

It's an unassuming beauty — a beauty born from enduring years of weathering and human abuse. Confronted by the elements, it chose to struggle against layers of dirt and filth rather than simply fade into nothingness.

This is not a teal that would be accepted in America — garish it would most likely be called. But in India no such judgments were passed; there were far worse problems than controversial paint choices.

Perhaps that's what I enjoyed most about India, the “anything goes” attitude that stood in stark contrast to the tightly regulated Singapore from which I was traveling. (Although I must add that when “anything goes” means that a red light is a mere suggestion, that's when I started to miss the safe, if less entertaining, seats of Singapore's metro system.)

It took a little time, but eventually I became accustomed to India's character. The rickshaw rides that I found so perilous and chaotic at the outset of the trip seemed almost graceful by the end, as the countless green and yellow carts effortlessly wove a tapestry of turbulence around me, leaving behind only fraying trails of smoke. Yet despite all the energy and chaos that prevailed, there were still quiet moments to be found — in an abandoned temple, the prayer hall of a mosque or the pews of a cathedral.

I think those surprising, poignant moments are the parts of India I miss most; the quiet paths that would lure me through a maze of alleyways before I was mercilessly dumped into a torrent of people; the kites that emerged on rooftops around sunset, slicing the smog with their tails; the passing scent of freshly-baked sweets fighting against the overwhelming stench of garbage and urine; and of course, the unexpected glimpses of teal.

Jessica Smith is a sophomore from Charlotte, N.C., majoring in environmental science. She traveled to India (and Singapore and Brunei) with the Carolina South East Asian Summer (SEAS) program.
I opened my eyes and lifted my head from the headrest. I had been awakened by the mixture of bright sunlight and the drone of the heavy Scottish accent coming from the tour guide driving the bus. He was telling us that Loch Ness would be up ahead on our right. I looked to my left, where the older Scottish woman beside me was asleep, as were the two Russian girls across the aisle that she had brought along on the tour. The women had befriended me hours before during a stop at Ben Nevis, buying me a plate of stiffly priced fish and chips because she felt sorry that I was by myself.

The sappy traditional Scottish music the tour guide was playing over the speakers (which was probably the reason for my slumber) wailed to a new high as the bus rounded the corner of a mountain and I glimpsed Loch Ness for the first time.

Between the sound of lamenting bagpipes and the tour guide’s narrative, I noticed that the lake perfectly mirrored the surrounding mountains and the cloud-laden blue sky. It was wide and stretched to the left and right for as far as I could see (which was exactly 23 miles, as I later learned).

After the bus stopped at a gravel parking lot next to a gift shop, I found a little path that wound away into some trees — away from the mumble and picture taking of the others. I followed the path up a hill and around some rocks, where I came to a fork and continued along to the right.

I walked further until I could no longer hear the others from the bus. As I rounded the corner, there was a magnificent combination of sky, mountains and water. The tallest mountain had its head in the clouds and I walked to the edge of the water and looked down.

“What do you think of Scotland?”

The older Scottish woman from the bus.

“Hm?”

“I see... do you like it, lad?”

“Yeah, I like it a lot, very pretty. The scenery is breathtaking, I can’t believe it just goes on and on for miles.”

“Ten wat’s it like where you come from?”

“We were back on the bus again. In the mid-afternoon sun, the highlands were rolling past, the sleeping giants that were covered in the violet heather — the national flower of Scotland. The music was back on and I looked over at the two Russian girls who had once again fallen victim to the music. The head of one of the girls was in danger of falling on her friend’s shoulder, as the other nestled a bottle of Scottish whiskey from a gift shop in her lap.

My old lady Scottish friend had told me she met the girls while at a McDonald’s in Moscow. They had been in line in front of her and came to the rescue at her failed attempt to order in Russian.

“How did you like the boat tour, lad?”

“It was great. The water was so still and all...”

I adjusted my newly purchased souvenirs in my lap — whiskey, a Scot-
tish flag and a Nessie t-shirt — and my mind went back to the lake. I was off on the cliff looking down. I could see the clouds move across the water until they covered the mountaintops. On the ground the air was still, and I kept walking down the path, climbing down some rocks until I was at the water’s edge. I stuck my hand in and it was colder than I expected for late August. I wanted to take some with me to keep but I just let it fall through my fingers, murky and cold unlike the day.

It struck me that I barely knew a soul in the entire country. I had arrived the day before and had never been or felt so alone in my entire life, yet I felt freer than I had ever felt before. The cloud tipped mountain would always be mine.

The water on the loch was like glass, and I couldn’t hear a single sound except my own heart beating. This moment needed to last forever, so I asked the rock a little ways away to take my picture, and he obliged. I closed my eyes and listened to the silence while the sun touched my cheeks, and it was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard.

I wondered how many others had stood at that spot and left a part of themselves with the rocks and the water and the sky and the mountain and the beauty. Had anyone else ever felt so relieved to be rid of the rest of the world for a while, or had my loch friend saved it all for me, waiting until I could come?

This was a new part of the world and I was its ruler. Magical was the word that came to my mind, but that wasn’t right because my moment with the loch was completely real and had happened just as I had experienced it.

I sensed that it was time to go, and despite wanting to stay I turned around and made my way back to the bus and the mumble of other tourists, leaving my moment back with the reflection and the rocks and the mountains in the clouds. I stepped out of the woods back into the world of others as they were boarding a tour boat.

My old lady Scottish friend waved me over with a cup in her hand for me and we filed onto the boat...

Patrick Stancil is a senior from Rocky Mount, N.C., majoring in French with an English minor. He studied abroad in Paris with IES and traveled extensively in Great Britain.

Invemess – where Loch Ness begins or ends, depending how you look at it.

View from the boat on Loch Ness. The water was very blue and looked like it was never going to end.
CHILLED TO THE BONES

BY KATIE TRAINOR

The Holocaust, the story of “the burnt offering,” has permeated every history class I’ve taken since the sixth grade. No matter what is studied, its presence has impacted the world so greatly that it is included, though generally it is skimmed over, as part of World War II. For Americans, the Holocaust is a sad part of history, but it is just that — history.

We may have grandparents who fought in the war and a few may know survivors, but it remains an interesting topic to read about and rarely anything more. For Europeans, it is still alive in their everyday lives.

The aftermath of World War II and the Holocaust can still be seen across the pages of newspapers and in the memorials that wind through most major cities in Europe. Studying the Holocaust with Europe as the classroom opened my eyes to a more powerful view on both perpetrators and victims, especially when you talk to someone who participated in the Underground resistance against Nazism in Denmark or when your half-German teacher talks about his grandparents’ lives during the experience.

While abroad, I had the unique experience to travel to Hamburg, Germany, with my class to study the effects of WWII on the city. We toured museums and sites around the city, but the most powerful experience was our visit to the Neuengamme concentration camp about 45 minutes outside the city in the deserted countryside.

It was the middle of February, freezing cold and the ground was blanketed with a fresh layer of snow. We were the only group at the camp that day, and the eerie silence of the past seeped into our bones.

Neuengamme was used as a forced labor camp from December 13, 1938 to May 4, 1945, when it was liberated by British troops. German Jews, political adversaries, criminals and those purely deemed antisocial elements of society were brought here to work. This wasn’t an extermination camp; there were no gas chambers, and people...
weren’t brought here to die. But that doesn’t mean they didn’t. It was one of the deadliest concentration camps in Germany with about 50 percent of the camp’s population dying throughout their stay there. People died from being worked to death.

The camp today is used as a memorial site. It is one of the best-preserved camps because it was used as a prison after the war until 1965. The buildings housed exhibits about life at the camp, and for half of our time there we were free to roam and explore.

I only got to the second exhibit, which was regarding the prisoners themselves. Row after row described those who were brought there, where they came from, what they did, how they died. There were also video testimonies collected over the years from survivors. Faces filled the halls, and the stories brought to life what existed there. We toured the museum portion, and after the exhibit, we took a tour of the grounds.

No one else was there. The sky above was a sheet of steel. It was desolate. It was haunting. It was powerful.

The scattered barracks, worn train tracks and sparse trees gave the feel of utter and total loss of hope and depicted the tragedy perpetrated not only on that land but across the fields of Europe.

We trudged through the snow to see where the barracks used to be, where the crematorium was, where the railroad tracks were — and we only covered a fraction of the space. On a set of lost train tracks stood a single cattle car, painted with a picture of lost prisoners. Beside it was a small stone square depicting the space available to stand; our 15-person group could barely stand on it.

It was an eerie feeling being there, knowing what had happened, but at the same time I gained an appreciation from it, from experiencing part of the Holocaust, not just learning about it. Actually standing on the grounds where history has taken place changes your perspective. It opens your eyes to how alive past events still are today and makes the experience take on a new level of dimension. Europe as a classroom made learning a different experience and made me appreciate learning from a new angle. Overall, it’s not something easily put into words. That experience chilled me to the bone — and not because it was 14 degrees outside.

Katie Trainor is a senior from Charlotte, N.C., majoring in psychology and biology. She studied in Denmark and Hamburg, Germany.
ENGLAND

Photos by Diana Nassar

Above: Notting Hill. I didn’t find Hugh Grant but I did find a lot of great vintage finds and made memories on the rainbow-colored Portabello Road.

Top Left: Camden Town Market. It will never cease to amaze me how different all the different faces and places in one city can be.

Bottom Left: This was the first thing we saw when we started our hike up the mountains of the Lake District. If this isn’t perfection I don’t know what is.

BULGARIA

Photos by Diana Roycroft

Above: The Alexander Nevsky Cathedral, an Eastern Orthodox church built to honor the sacrifice of Russian soldiers who liberated Bulgaria.

Left: Where a hammer and sickle once hovered above the communist administrative buildings of Sofia, national flags now wave proudly.
Photos by Valerie Voight

Above: A view of Granada from the torre de velas.

Right: A stained glass window in the cathedral of Sevilla, depicting Saint Justa and Saint Rufiana with La Giralda.

Photos by Audrey Ann Lavallee

The younger ones invade the makeshift park at the Syrian refugee camp in Boynubuyu, Antakya, Turkey. Despite their young age, they chant “Al shad yuriid isquat al nitham!” (“The people want the fall of the regime.”) The atmosphere is a mix of sadness, frustration and uncertainty. Near the limits of the camp, a big poster states “We will not return to the country (Syria) until the fall of the regime.”
Immediately after I arrived in Delhi, I got on a 12-hour bus ride to Dharamsala, a small town at the foot of the Himalayas. I was still jet-lagged and was the only one awake at 5 a.m., feeling nervous about the next two months of traveling and public health research in India. I looked outside my window and saw a breathtaking view of snow-peaked mountain ranges. I knew I was already in the Himalayas. The sun was just rising and rays of delicate sunshine were peeking through the valley, shining onto a perfect rainbow. That moment was magical. The person sitting right next to me woke up shortly and started talking to me in Tibetan.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t understand what you are saying,” I explained.

“Oh, you are not Tibetan? You are probably the only Asian on this bus who’s not Tibetan. Where are you from?”

I paused. Knowing that Dharamsala is a place with strong anti-Chinese sentiments, I had no choice but to hide my identity. His name was Sonam*, and we started talking to make our long bus ride more enjoyable. Sonam told me that he climbed over the Himalayas when he was 12 years old to escape to India. It has already been 10 years and he has never seen his parents since. Despite all the difficulties he had to go through, Sonam now goes to a university in South India and helps run a jewelry shop during vacation to help pay his tuition.

Being an international student, I always thought only being able to go home once a year was one of the hardest things to go through. But talking to Sonam made me realize what “leaving home” and “independence” really mean. I never thought someone I ran into on a bus would have such a story to tell.

Aaloka* is a woman from a tribal group who I met in Jamkhed village in...
one month of backpacking and one month living in rural Maharashtra, I filled my backpack with memories of bed bugs, stinky bus rides, 116 degrees of hot desert wind and three episodes of food poisoning. However, it also overflowed with magical moments like seeing the sunrise over the Himalayas, admiring the beauty of the Taj Mahal, eating mangoes with rickshaw drivers, constantly being surprised by the most unexpected observations and feeling the heartbeat of this ancient land. I spent two months trying to understand this country but was only left with more questions. The juxtaposition of the beauty and ugliness made me realize nothing can ever be generalized about India. I know when I recall these two months years from now, images of grandiose moments, the camel tour or the long train rides will stay. But the memories of these faces will remain much more vividly because they shared with me stories I never want to forget.

* Names changed for confidentiality

rural Maharashtra during the month I did my public health research project. She belongs to a caste called Pardhi, which is branded as the caste of “thieves.” She told me nobody trusts them, and they are labeled from the moment they are born. The fact that Aaloka is a girl made things worse. In her caste, girls are seen as the enemy of the family. During delivery, pregnant women are forced to go into the field, far away from the house, because they are seen as impure and dirty. If there is a difficult delivery, they are just left in the field to die. Aaloka was forced to marry at ten and became a playmate for her husband, who was twelve. A week after menstruating for the first time, she got pregnant — at the age of twelve. Domestic violence was as normal as daily meals. Aaloka attempted suicide three times.

Who would have ever guessed that Aaloka is now the President of Welfare of 13 trial groups in Maharashtra? She could not find a job after her husband passed away because she is a Pardhi. Through her aunt, she joined a local NGO (Comprehensive Rural Health Project) and started training to be a midwife. She eventually rose from the lowest class in society to a reputable community leader. I never knew the lady who brought me tea every day had such a story to tell.

The insurmountable hardship and injustice people had to go through constantly made me speechless. Yet, these people also have the most beautiful smile. They have achieved things so incredible that I still find it hard to believe in. Having heard their stories, I could not be sadder and yet prouder.

It was only when I sat on the plane back home that I started realizing that I was really leaving India, where I lived out of my backpack for the past two months. It was not at all what I expected it to be, but much more. With her marriage, her husband was diagnosed as HIV-positive. The doctors checked both Rashmi and her son, who both turned out to be positive, too. Her mother-in-law immediately kicked them out of the house. Rashmi returned to her mother’s home only to find that she was even more unwelcome by her own family. She and her son started living in a slum, treated like a plague by everybody else. For many years, she only weighed 55 pounds.

Who would have ever guessed that Rashmi is now a respected farm manager? She manages a team of 15 people who work on innovative water harvesting and farming techniques. I never knew the girl I wave to every morning had such a story to tell.

Chenxi Yu (Chex) is a sophomore from China and studied in Singapore, majoring in mathematical decision sciences, economics and minoring in entrepreneurship. She received the Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowship, Honors Program Taylor Fellowship, Community-based Research Fellowship and Carolina Undergraduate Health Fellowship.
In Brunei, this place I have no frame of reference for, I met a man who I call father. Awi. We meet late in the afternoon on a June day, when he pats me several times on the arm with an energetic grin and thrusts a shot of rice wine into my hand. I look at the cloudy golden liquid suspiciously and he nudges it closer, his grin widening with mischief.

Finally I shrug and knock it back, emerging with a poorly disguised grimace as it burns my throat. He lets out a loud, screaming laugh, tears rolling down his face, occasionally gaining enough control to imitate my shocked expression. Soon, I am laughing too. The two of us cracking up on the porch, doubled over and in tears, make a ridiculous picture.

Finally I relax and look at each other for a few moments. He speaks no English, and I speak no Iban. There is a language barrier, but at the moment I am wholly unconcerned. Eventually his brother, who speaks some English, joins us and they spend the remainder of the afternoon teaching me basic Iban. Mostly this is done through a series of comical charades on Awi’s part, with the translations provided by his brother. Each time I manage to get one right I am congratulated with a joyful exclamation, “Pandai! Lawa!” Clever; he calls me. Beautiful.

Our fun eventually ends, each of us called to our respective dinner time duties. Once we are served, I sit across from Awi and let him point to food and objects around us, earnestly and loudly teaching me the names of my surroundings in Iban. I barely eat the food in front of me for how focused I am on repeating sounds.

A tap on my shoulder interrupts our lesson, and I turn to see Adde, the chief’s son, standing behind me. “I need you to come with me.” I turn back to Awi, who is making a concerted effort to hold back a smile and staring studiously at his plate. Adde helps me to my feet and leads me to his doorway, where his mother, smiling, takes my arm. “You are the bride! We will make you like Cinderella!”
Trying to keep my imagination in check, I smile and nod enthusiastically. A few minutes later I am wrapped in brightly colored fabrics, and a bodice of coins is hooked around my waist. His mother and sisters spend the next hour piling jewelry on me and fixing my hair, all the while cooing, “Lawa, lawa.”

Adde’s little sister, who is about five, makes a game out of winking at me and then hiding. I am suddenly nervous and unsure. Adde puts in a VHS tape, a sort of educational video, about Iban culture. I recognize that the girl is wearing an outfit similar to mine and assume it’s talking about a wedding, but it’s in Iban so the only word I recognize is lawa. Beautiful.

Finally, I’m ready. The women all touch me and smile and I find myself incapable of wiping the grin off my face. I try to feel every piece of jewelry on my body, try to feel the sway and gentle weight of the fabrics. How I came to be there, in that moment, is beyond my comprehension.

I meet my groom, a close friend of mine on the program, and we are introduced to the rest of the longhouse and our class. Everyone cheers and takes pictures, and the two of us laugh uncontrollably as we sit on our little thrones. Eventually I calm down and look around the room. Awi is sitting in the front row, and he has tears rolling down his face. He claps and smiles and touches his heart, I see his mouth form the word, “lawa.” Beautiful.

I wondered if he’d ever know how that word needed to be reflected on him and his family a thousand times over. They are a testament to the beauty of the human spirit, to how present beauty can be in our interactions. How could I thank someone for instilling in me a value I can barely articulate? I was overcome with a sudden and unwavering commitment to taking risks and reaching out. I said it back to him. Lawa. Beautiful.

Madison Scott is a sophomore from Greenville, N.C., majoring in global studies and drama. She traveled to Brunei with the Carolina South East Asian Summer (SEAS) program.
Now flash back to UNC. It’s fall semester of my junior year, and I’m sitting in my room in Spencer residence hall with the leaves falling outside and my gut wrenching in nervousness over the significance of the acceptance letter in my hands. I’ve been up late looking at brochures for King’s College London, the program I have just been accepted to. I didn’t know what was ahead. All I was in control of were my classes and my residence hall (a dorm I later found out that was mostly reserved for freshman with an affinity for drinking). I knew it was going to be a big jump into the world, but I was excitedly nervous for the challenge. So a few months later, I packed my bags and boarded a plane to a country I had never even visited before.

The truth is, you never know what lies in your future. When I set off for England, all I knew was that I would be getting a world class education at one of the top universities in Great Britain. I didn’t know that I would meet people who would have a life-changing impact on my worldview and understanding of my identity, especially as an American abroad.

The three people who I ended up watching the royal wedding with had no connection to my university at all. I met Jonathan, the high school teacher, on a night out in central London with three English girls from my dorm. We randomly talked in a club, made jokes about my “American-ness” and ended up meeting up for dinner the following week. While our friendship eventually turned into a romantic relationship, that’s not the point of the story. Jonathan was the door to the English psyche for me.

While it was fun to attend class, explore the city and make small talk with the British students, Jonathan was a deep conversationalist who wanted to know about me, where I came from and what I valued as a person. Having spent most of my life within a 50-mile radius of North Carolina, I slowly realized that — like most Americans — my values were not the default of the world. Jonathan, who was born and raised in London, had a starkly different understanding of pretty much everything.
Some of my most valued memories of my time in London come from lively dinners around an old wooden table at his house in a northern suburb of London — Ruislip. Jonathan lived at home with his family (a common theme among college graduates in England) and was able to invite me over for home-cooked meals and extremely lively discussions with his parents, and later his Irish grandmother. I quickly learned that unlike my family where politics is not a common dinner table discussion, Jonathan’s family wanted to know my opinions on everything from Barack Obama to what was happening in Libya at the time. At first I was embarrassed. My mom had always said that politics, money and religion were impolite to speak about openly. But slowly, I learned that I needed to be able to discuss and defend my opinions, just as I would in a class at UNC.

People measure their time in different ways. T.S. Eliot measured his in coffee spoons, while others mark their time at UNC with basketball games and nights at Top of the Hill. My time in England was marked by roasted meat, mashed potatoes and hundreds of cups of tea. I was lucky enough to be invited into an inside world of English people who taught me more about being British than I learned from Jane Austen novels in my classes. No one else I know who went to London last spring had the experience of sitting in someone’s cozy living room with three generations of people who wanted to know my opinions on the royal wedding, as well as share their own. In essence, I was privileged with an invaluable experience that would be hard to imitate. And that’s what makes studying abroad so special.

While Jonathan and I are still together and communicating over a very long distance, I would never have imagined on that fall day in Chapel Hill that I would be immersed in a family that accepted and challenged me. Some study abroad students choose to live with a host family, but mine was organic and accidental. When planning a future study abroad experience, you have to account for the fact that life happens, you meet people who you never would have thought would be significant to you, and you benefit all the more.

Colleen Volz is a senior from Cary, N.C., majoring in English with a minor in advertising. She traveled to London with the Charles Garland Johnson Scholarship.

Tips for your London visit:

1. Check out the British Library. It’s beautiful, has an amazing cafe, and has some of the oldest manuscripts known to the English language.

2. Attend a play at the Globe. You won’t regret it. You’ll never see a better Shakespeare play anywhere, and for such a great price!

3. Take advantage of all the free art museums. I found that I could spend hours wandering through the Tate Modern.

4. Go to Borough Market! It’s an open-air food market that offers free samples at every turn. I highly suggest the fish curry.

5. Sign up for Groupons. They saved me tons of money and led me to unexpected places like a half-priced Harry Potter themed tour.
It’s a funny thing, watching the Arab Spring take place right outside your bedroom window. I was fortunate enough to see democracy begin to take hold in a new manner while living in Fes, Morocco this summer. I lived in the Ville Nouvelle of Fes, and the apartment my family lived in was directly above a cinema, right at a major intersection in the newer part of the city. Every Sunday, men (and even women) would take to the streets to cry out for reform. While they paraded the streets on a fairly long route, they would congregate for the most boisterous part of their rally right outside my bedroom window.

I could watch the protests safely by standing on the balcony of our apartment, directly outside my bedroom. I listened to their chants and by the end of my nine weeks had memorized the more popular ones. Four of my five host siblings, who ranged from a newborn to a 16-year-old, would gather on the balcony with me to watch, and sometimes the ones old enough to understand would chant quietly along. They were excited by this break from routine, and while most of them were too young to understand exactly what those people were demanding, they knew it was something big.

I had been following the Arab Revolution since it first began in Tunisia, and seeing a tiny slice of the movement was nearly indescribable. Listening to Moroccans — young, old, poor, middle-class, rich, male and female — cry in unison their demands of lower food prices, better housing and more jobs in order to create a better future for their children and the country they loved was simply overwhelming.

Speaking with Moroccans on the subject was the same way. On July 1, in the middle of my stay, Moroccans held a constitutional referendum in which they passed a new constitution with 98 percent of voters’ support. While there were concerns over the new constitution (most of which were that it didn’t go far enough, or there was not enough time for review), the excitement in the build-up to election day was palpable. Many Moroccans couldn’t contain their joy over the changes happening in their country.

I was lucky enough to speak with a leader of a group supporting the new constitution on June 30, the day before the election. In our conversation (in Arabic, his native language), Dr. Amrami Azel-Arab explained the constitution to me in great detail and explained why he felt the changes would be good for Morocco.

Every time he referred to the document, he referred to the constitution not yet passed as the constitution of “now” and the former (not yet replaced) as “the past.” He held no doubt that the document would pass and that it was the right thing for his country. He explained that the new constitution had been written by Moroccans, for Moroccans — a stark difference from the previous document, which had been written by the French and handed to the Moroccans. The constitution provided by the French after the end of colonialism was writ-
ten, of course, in French. While French is a language spoken by many in Morocco, it is still not the mother tongue. Despite the document having been translated, Moroccans never forgot that it was actually a French constitution in origin.

Another pervading pride that came with the passing of the new constitution was that it was brought about peacefully. While Morocco did have protests spanning several months, which continue today, there were very few incidents of violence. Even though there were police at every protest, they were almost always mere observers, there to guide traffic and prevent the situation from getting out of hand. There were no incidents such as in Egypt, Syria or Tunisia where reports indicated that large groups of protesters were attacked by authorities. In Morocco, the people made their demands, and the king listened. He set up a commission, which developed a new constitution that in turn was passed. There were never months of life-disrupting turmoil, or fear of walking in the streets or of overthrowing the government. The Moroccan king, much loved by his people, listened to their demands and change began peacefully.

I had many wonderful experiences in Morocco, and I’ll certainly remember my summer there for the rest of my life. However, the thing I will remember most is witnessing a tiny slice of the Arab Spring. Something to go in the history books, and something that will (as the Arabs say, insh’allah) change the course of Morocco’s future—and I was able to witness it from my bedroom window.

Sarah Wentz is a senior from Raleigh, N.C., majoring in political science and global studies with a minor in Arabic. She traveled to Morocco with the FLAS Fellowship.
By Ellen Cline

"You might want to consider taking the train from the Paris airport down to Montpellier," read the email from my program director. I had never been to France, never been out of the country for more than two weeks and only had a few semesters of French under my belt. I took her advice.

The train took four hours to travel from the capital to the southern shores of the Mediterranean, where I would be studying. I perched restlessly on the tip of my seat, alternating between peering curiously out the large window to my left and glancing nervously at my watch. After an hour or so of this whole anxious bird routine, I bit my lip and tried to distract myself by doodling in my journal. France didn't look the way I had expected it to, the way I had imagined it to be in class and in the many glossy pictures and travel articles I had poured over during the weeks leading up to my departure.

Where were the châteaux? The tall, gloriously old buildings that surrounded beautiful city plazas and fountains? Or even the farms? All I could see rushing by me were empty plains and clusters of trees, with a hint of small villages in the distance.

Ashamed, I quickly buried this sentiment, fearing its implications, which tasted suspiciously like disappointment. I would be spending a year in this country, I reminded myself strictly. I couldn't afford to be disappointed on my very first day and certainly not because something didn't look exactly the way it had in a picture.

Thankfully, feelings like this were quickly forgotten when we pulled into Montpellier and I abandoned the train and any lingering disenchantments for a short walk to the place where I would be staying. In the weeks that followed, I explored this southern city of which I was now a part, forged new friendships and attended classes at the local university. Although I was first wary of convers-

"France had ceased to be foreign and Montpellier had become my home."
As I recognized certain landmarks and familiar buildings in the distance, a sense of warmth and relief bubbled up inside of me, as if I were returning from a long voyage.

As my out-of-town trips expanded to include other parts of France, so did the happiness and sense of belonging I felt upon my return to Montpellier’s city limits, until it encompassed the entire metropolis, then the south and gradually, the country as a whole. How could I have ever thought that those verdant green plains were empty, that the gently rolling countryside was boring to look at? This land meant something to me now. Without realizing or even searching for it, French had invaded my brain and replaced English. France had ceased to be foreign and Montpellier had become my home.

The train, as I eventually discovered, was my friend. Relatively inexpensive and quite convenient, I used it as often as I could to make short, half-day excursions to the outlying villages and towns around Montpellier. I was coming back from one such excursion when I glanced out the window and glimpsed the outskirts of the city of Montpellier. As I recognized certain landmarks and familiar buildings in the distance, a sense of warmth and relief bubbled up inside of me, as if I were returning from a long voyage.

As my out-of-town trips expanded to include other parts of France, so did the happiness and sense of belonging I felt upon my return to Montpellier’s city limits, until it encompassed the entire metropolis, then the south and gradually, the country as a whole. How could I have ever thought that those verdant green plains were empty, that the gently rolling countryside was boring to look at? This land meant something to me now. Without realizing or even searching for it, French had invaded my brain and replaced English. France had ceased to be foreign and Montpellier had become my home.

The France that I had read about in textbooks and travel guides and seen plastered on large posters depicting Parisian life was gone. But the France — the real France — that had taken the place of the false one in my mind was so much more than I had ever dreamed it could be. Eventually, I found the famous châteaux, the plazas with the fountains and all the other images of France that pre-study abroad pictures had afforded me. Beautiful as they were though, I had other things that had become much dearer to my heart: afternoons in the park, volunteering in English classes at the local high school, dinners with my host family and an array of other memories and experiences from my time in France. And they were better than anything any picture could give me.

Ten months later, I boarded my final train. The four-hour journey from Montpellier to Paris, where a plane would take me back to the United States, passed by all too quickly. Once again, I sat in my seat and stared out the window, but this time I fought back tears as I watched the countryside flash by, now for the last time. I took the train from Paris to Montpellier, and I’m glad I did.

Ellen Cline is a senior from Durham, N.C., majoring in global studies and French, with a minor in Japanese.
“When you hear hoofbeats, expect horses, not zebras.” Every medical student has heard this adage used to teach a simple principle of diagnostics: consider common diagnoses before rare ones. This summer at the Clinic for Special Children in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, I learned that hoofbeats meant horses in the literal sense from horse-and-buggy traffic in the parking lot.

The non-profit clinic is a medical home for Old Order Amish and Mennonite children with inherited disorders. In 1990, members of the “Plain” community organized a traditional barn raising to erect the clinic’s timber frame in the middle of an alfalfa field. Since then, the clinic has been quietly revolutionizing the landscape of genetic medicine with its groundbreaking advancements in the treatment of metabolic diseases.

Today, the clinic is a bustling but peaceful place. Hardwood floors, exposed beams, hand-stitched quilts on the walls, rocking chairs for mothers and old school desks for children soften the typical sterility of a doctor’s office. Outside, patients tie up their horses and buggies at a hitching post. Meanwhile in the lab, a DNA microarray maps novel genetic mutations to be added to the list of 110 genetic disorders treated at the clinic.

Because the Amish end formal education at the eighth grade, they have no licensed physicians or nurses of their own. Though they shun most forms of technology, the devastating effects of the genetic disorders that disproportionately afflict their children have led them to embrace modern medicine. Amish parents have come to trust their children to the capable hands of Drs. Holmes Morton, Kevin Straus and Nicholas Rider — physician-scientists who have received worldwide recognition for their research while remaining country doctors at heart.

During my 10-week fellowship at the clinic, I studied glutaric aciduria type 1 (GA1), a rare genetic disorder characterized by the inability to metabolize protein. With an incidence of one in 200,000 non-Amish births, GA1 is a medical zebra. But among the Lancaster County Amish, one in 200 babies has GA1. Infants with undiagnosed GA1 grow and develop normally until the stress of a childhood illness causes irreversible, debilitating damage to motor centers in the brain. If diagnosed at birth, the crippling effects of GA1 can be circumvented through dietary restriction and careful treatment of illnesses. Since the clinic’s inception, the number of its GA1 patients who experience brain damage has dropped from 95 percent to zero.

Hoofbeats in the parking lot may...
indicate real horses, but at the clinic, medical zebras are the rule. I met patients with maple syrup urine disease, "chicken-breast" syndrome, dwarfism, severe combined immunodeficiency, "pretzel" syndrome, and Mennonite microcephaly. I felt the sutures of a four-month-old boy who had just had the right hemisphere of his brain removed to alleviate severe epilepsy. I scrubbed in for a liver transplant and held a cadaveric liver in the abdomen of a seven-month-old with a rare metabolic disease. I watched neurosurgeons guide electrodes deep into the brain of a teenage girl with a GA1 brain injury.

Each evening after a full day at the clinic, I got in my car and drove along meandering country roads, past a woman hanging clothes out to dry, a boy in a straw hat and suspenders riding a kick scooter and a man mowing the yard of a one-room schoolhouse with a horse-drawn mower. I waved at the twelve-year-old boy who maneuvered his team of five plow mules to the shoulder for my Prius to pass. When I reached the home of Elam and Barbie Stoltzfus, my Amish host parents, their four children drove up in their pony cart to greet me.

Aside from the absence of a car garage and power lines, the red brick house was indistinguishable from any mainstream American home. Yet the immaculate produce garden, squawking chickens in the hen house and open-air spring wagon in the driveway reminded me that this was no typical household. In the kitchen, Barbie bustled between the stove and gas-powered refrigerator to prepare supper. After bowing our heads for a silent prayer, we enjoyed a hearty meal of meat and potatoes, fresh-from-the-garden vegetables, fruit pie and ice cream.

The family and I spent many evenings around a campfire — chatting, firefly-catching and eating whoopie pies. There was something about the dancing firelight that gave my body a sense of warmth not thought to be missing on a 95-degree day without air conditioning. The casual and intimate conversation between friends, free from the pressure of a ticking clock or buzzing cell phone, did the same for my soul.

Each night as I headed to bed and turned out my lantern (or had it burn out while I was showering), I was inundated with darkness — not the unsettling kind but the kind one longs for when sleep is precluded by the glare of streetlights or an alarm clock display. Despite acquiring several bruises groping for doorways, my body appreciated the day's natural rhythm of darkness and light. It also appreciated the fact that it was impossible to work or study after eight p.m. The daily 4:30 a.m. wake-up call from the roosters outside my window was a different story.

At times I forgot I was living with Amish people because they were really just people. The children squabbled
like any siblings, exhausted parents fell asleep during the three-hour church service, and I once overheard a teenage boy express his surprise with a choice expletive at being caught in a sudden rainstorm. But every now and then, something would remind me I was living in a different time and place—like the time nine-year-old Stephen asked what the Toyota emblem on my car meant. I told him it was the brand of car, like Honda or Ford. He stared at me blankly; I searched for a more meaningful answer.

“You know how the breed of your driving horse is a Standardbred? Well, the breed of my car is Toyota.”

Stephen’s eyes lit up and he nodded. “Oh, I get it!”

A common way of conceptualizing the Amish is to think of them as remnants of the past, unfortunate victims of some time warp that has trapped them in the eighteenth century. This is far from the truth. It may be paradoxical, but the Amish are fully modern people. They shop at Target, talk on telephones, use ATMs and wear transition lens glasses. Their kids even collect Silly Bandz. At the same time, the Amish sew their clothes in the style of their forefathers, live largely on the land, restrict telephone conversations to phone shanties, eschew birth control and drive up to the bank teller window with horse and buggy. They may not exhibit their modernity like we do, but they possess it nonetheless.

Nearly every “English” person I spoke to about my summer had heard of rumspringa (“running around”), the period beginning at age sixteen in which Amish youth are allowed to experience the world before deciding whether to be baptized into the Amish church or to abandon that life for the lure of technology, convenience and independence. In contrast to many books and documentaries that depict rumspringa youth dancing and drinking at house parties, racing sports cars and experimenting with drugs, the Amish teens I observed were extremely tame. Their wildest activities amounted to playing co-ed volleyball, courting future spouses (while saving the first kiss for marriage) and gathering on Sunday evenings to sing German hymns at a faster tempo than would be permitted at church. A few particularly rebellious teens might wear jeans, get a driver’s license or even have a beer, but at the end of their rumspringa years, ninety percent of youth join the Amish church.

I consider this experience to be my own reverse rumspringa of sorts. I gave up electric lights, air conditioning, skirts above the knee, television, the Internet and equal status to men. But in return I got something much greater—lifelong friends, a reminder to slow down sometimes and proof that medicine can be powerful yet personal. The Clinic for Special Children has incorporated genomic science seamlessly into small-scale primary care. The result of this combination is a special kind of medicine—one that heals and one to serve as a standard by which I will judge the experiences that await me on my journey to become a pediatric geneticist.

Kiri Sunde is a senior from Holland, Mich., majoring in quantitative biology and mathematics. She traveled to Lancaster, Pa. with the Burch Fellowship.
INDONESIA

Photo by Justin Loiseau
An economic recession and heavy flooding have left many of Jakarta’s plans for skyscrapers unfinished. Here, a fisherman has turned an abandoned lot into his personal urban fish farm.

ENGLAND

Photo by Justin Loiseau
Making their way back from a play at the Globe Theatre, tourists stop to enjoy the sights and sounds of Millennium Village before thrusting their way back into the city chaos on the other side of the Thames.
My story can’t be separated from the night — from streetlamps and headlights, from makeup and heels, from tank tops and skinnies, and pubs and beer and bass and the silent sighs of relief that accompany the screeches of a red bus’ brakes. My story unfolds above the labyrinthine tunnels of the Tube, sometimes hours after they’ve been abandoned in the early morning for rest and repairs. My story is about the breaths and steps and nods and drops of sweat that fall in rhythm every Thursday after the sun has set; it’s about those people and their stories and thoughts and works: their sounds, their moves.

It’s about queues. The riddims you feel, even through the concrete, while you wait in London’s brisk, dim air for a burly man to check your wallet for drugs and your back pockets for knives, those riddims, they’re why you’re there. The warm pulse of bass and the crisp clattering of cymbals and snare, slipped between digital kicks and analog synths—you can feel it.

There are always dubplates spinning on Thursday in Shoreditch. Some faster, some slower, but they’re always moving—moving London to dance, moving London forward, moving London to think. Dark, loud, small, it smells of sweat and booze. The girl in the denim cutoffs is eyeing three tall, blonde guys. They’ve cut the sides out of their white tees; pale ribs plainly lay beneath grey screen-printing. She’s pretty cute, if you can get past the suspenders. There’s a guy in the corner, right beneath the speaker, with dreads and a dark sweatshirt. He’s watching the discs spin, probably wondering if the acetate will hold up for another gig.

They’re an interesting contradiction, dubplates. They keep the scene moving forward, sure; you can play them less than a hundred times before they wear out. That’s pretty good insurance against hearing the same tune twice in a month. But they also keep it rooted in the past: going to a special shop in South London to get your tunes cut into soft, plastiicky gel, when you could simply export as an mp3, makes little sense to most. But maybe it’s best that London will remember its past, especially as it pertains to dubplates and Dubstep. It is the shady past of Imperialism; it’s the reason why Jamaica speaks English and why London cuts dubplates. It’s the reason why Dubstep exists in the first place—migration to the old colonial hub. That and slavery, of course.

The DJ booth is a peninsula that juts into the dance floor. Massive speakers hang like boulders to its right and its left; a matching pair hangs from the opposite wall, and smaller ones are interspersed throughout the ceiling. The space is oversaturated with speakers, oversaturated with sound.

There’s nothing quite like the way you feel when you step out of Plastic People. It’s soothing. Without the black cabs, the people, the lights, the darkness, the buses, it’d be too quiet; it’d be eerie. But London’s nocturnal ambiance provides the perfect antidote to the inevitable tinnitus that comes after a night at Plastic People. Elated, confident, light on your feet, like the city’s gravity disappears with the sun... 1:00 is a great hour on Friday’s early morning.

It’s strolling back through Shoreditch’s windy streets that you realize how incredible what you just witnessed really is. It’s a city—a country, even—reconnecting the cultural fragments of it’s much maligned past with pride. This is our city; this is our sound; this is our identity.
**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.

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**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:** February 23  
**More info:** www.burchfellows.unc.edu

**Program:** C.V. Starr International Scholarship  
**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:** February 20  
**More info:** cssis.unc.edu/services_programs/1938

**Program:** Frances L. Phillips Travel Scholarship  
**Description:** For students with individual, self-designed/directed international travel experiences of 2 to 6 months.  
**Requirements:** Juniors/seniors in the College of Arts & Sciences with financial need. Must be a U.S. citizen and have attended high school in N.C.  
**Stipend:** Up to $9,000  
**Deadline:** October 15  
**More info:** www.unc.edu/depts/travel

**Program:** Mahatma Gandhi Fellowship  
**Description:** For students to pursue independent summer projects that benefit South Asians.  
**Requirements:** Full-time undergrad or grad students.  
**Stipend:** Up to $3,000  
**Deadline:** March 1  
**More info:** mfguncsangam.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 carry out research, mentored scholarship or creative performance projects during the summer.  
**Requirements:** Full-time undergraduate students in good academic standing. Projects must last at least 9 weeks (min. 20 hrs/wk).  
**Stipend:** Minimum $3,000  
**Deadline:** February 24  
**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 undergraduate teams of at least four students at UNC are eligible to apply.  
**Stipend:** Up to $1500  
**Deadline:** November 4  
**More info:** www.unc.edu/apples/students/fellowships/index.html

**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:** February 28  
**More info:** http://sonjahaynesstonectr.unc.edu/programs/forms/usif

**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:** Minimum $500  
**Deadline:** Varies by department  
**More info:** honors.carolina.unc.edu/current-students/resources/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. 25% of scholarships awarded to qualified business majors/minors. Students going to China and India receive additional consideration.  
**Stipend:** Up to $7,500  
**Deadline:** Early February for summer/fall programs; mid Sept. for spring programs.  
**More info:** studyabroad.unc.edu/phillips

**Program:** CGI International Internship Awards  
**Description:** For students who wish to implement a summer internationally focused internship.  
**Requirements:** Full-time undergraduate students returning to UNC. Graduate students pursuing a master’s degree.  
**Stipend:** $500 - $3,000  
**Deadline:** March 2  
**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:** March 19  
**More info:** cgi.unc.edu/funding/health-fellowship.html

**Program:** Office of Global Health Funding Opportunities  
**Description:** For undergraduates to pursue international/global health internships.  
**Requirements:** Varies  
**Stipend:** Varies  
**Deadline:** Varies  
**More info:** www.sph.unc.edu/globalhealth/students/student_funding.html
Above Left: This is a photo of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers in Athens. Our Heritage Greece group was given the privilege of placing a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers; this is a rare and highly regarded honor usually bestowed only on foreign dignitaries.

Above Right: The Old Windmills are a lasting symbol of Mykonos' innovative past of harnessing the wind for agricultural exports hundreds of years ago.

Right: The Temple of Poseidon, constructed c. 440 B.C, is situated atop a cliff with breathtaking views. Lord Byron carved his name into one of the columns on his visit to the temple in 1810.
More Than Running Shorts
A surprising find in a Guatemalan market

By Benjamin Rosado

This is an excerpt from my blog this past summer in Guatemala, where I spent three months studying the perceptions of the mental health problem depression:

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 2011
I was leaving INEPAS* around 11 a.m. I went there to chat with Maria Antonieta and to get another book called Contex
to Histórico Político de Guatemala y su Impacto en la Salud Men
tal that would serve as a resource for my research. As I was leaving I stopped to check out a local second-hand clothing store that was on a nearby corner. I decided I needed a new pair of running shorts. I ended up finding a good pair for about Q25 (about $3) and was about to head out when I had a revelation in all of two seconds.

I realized that my time in Quetzaltenango (locally known as Xela) was slowly but surely coming to an end. I have about four and a half weeks left and all my interviews have been organized either though INEPAS, my host family or friends. Maybe I should just take the initiative to ask people myself. So I did.

There was an 18-year-old working in the store as well as an older woman. I explained that I came from the United States, was doing some research for my thesis and was wondering if they could give me an interview. And they said yes! The 18-year-old told me that 5:30 p.m. would be that best time to come back — perfect.

I left my house about 5:15 p.m. and while walking there I started getting a little nervous because maybe they wouldn’t have time or the store would be closed or maybe they forgot (because that has happened). But I soon discovered that I would be pleasantly surprised.

As I entered the store, the 18-year-old seemed to be pretty preoccupied with a customer, and I was also informed that the woman had left. However, while I was waiting, a man came up to me, asking me if I wanted anything in particular. After explaining my purpose, I soon discovered that he was the store manager and owner. He seemed very interested in my research and my concern for Guatemala and, of course, was elated to discover that I was the son of una Guatemalte
ta. And just like that I ended up interviewing him.

It was such a nice and relaxing interview. Granted it was taking place in the middle of store with women’s underwear and rain jackets around us and with some kids running through the clothes racks — but it felt somewhat natural and organic. The owner gave me very honest responses.

Our conversation continued to bring out fascinating viewpoints and thinking back on that experience always makes me feel empowered. I remember just needing to write how I felt in that moment because I was so proud of myself for taking the initiative to start up a random conversation and conduct a random interview in a foreign country.

Not only did it help affirm my own confidence in various ways, but I now realize that doing an independent research study requires us to be courageous at times. As a result we learn about our own limits and our own unexpected capa
bilities. I could not have been more grateful for the respon
dents that gave me an interview this summer and the courage that each of them demonstrated as we discussed mental health-related topics. We all have a story, and I have been lucky enough to hear 46 of them this summer in Guatemala.

*INEPAS (Instituto de Español y Participación en Ayuda Social / Institute of Spanish Language and Social Aid Programs) – a Guate

talan non-profit that greatly helped me with my research during my time in Xela.

At 3,828m in elevation on top of La Torre, the highest point of the Sierra de los Cuchumatanes (highest non-volcanic moun
tain range in Central America), I am looking down over the entire southwestern area of Guatemala and catching glances of Mexico between moving clouds.

Benjamin Rosado is a senior from Wilmington, N.C., majoring in psychol

ogist and global studies. He traveled to Guatemala with the Class of 1938 Fellowship and the Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowship (SURF).
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 Year Long 2011, Fall 2011, Spring 2011, Summer 2011, Southern Hemisphere Year 2011

1,224 Students • 56 Countries

UNC students travel all across the globe. The numbers on the map reflect participation in the Year Long 2011, Fall 2011, Spring 2011, Summer 2011 and Southern Hemisphere Year 2011 Study Abroad programs.

BY THE NUMBERS

Over 100 students
30-100 students
10-29 students
Fewer than 10 students

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