Letter from the Editor

In this edition of Carolina Passport, you will cross the Atlantic Ocean, see Georgian vistas, feel the haunting history of Rwanda, taste Italian pasta, and share the rich experiences of your fellow Carolina students from Guatemala to China. You will join in their triumphs and their sorrows; you will be humbled and excited. I felt these emotions and many more in compiling these accounts.

I’ve been grateful for the opportunity to share these stories throughout the past year as managing editor, and I’ve been inspired to explore this world once again. As much as I love transcending every corner of the globe through these pages, I have been compelled to form my own experiences in Spain for the spring semester. I attribute my decision to every author in this and in previous editions of Carolina Passport for igniting an unquenchable thirst for adventure within me. I hope that in reading this edition you too consider leaving the comfort of Chapel Hill behind and taking advantage of the immense cultural opportunities that await you at Carolina. But for now, join us on a trip around the world in this Fall 2015 issue of Carolina Passport!

Anna Weddington
Managing Editor

Meet the Editors

Cover photo by Colleen Dewyer: When exploring Singapore, Dewyer was impressed by the wide range of architecture and culture.

Back cover photo by Li Sian: Taken in Jardin du Luxembourg in France, Sian felt like it captured the sophistication and charm of Paris.

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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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smoldering arm gasped for air, sticking out of the blazing pyre. It was charred, wrinkly, and cracked like a long forgotten piece of plastic. Bent at the elbow, the arm rose rigidly towards the sky, fingers clenched, maybe in agony or maybe in excitement. The dead man’s son, face covered by a shirt tied around his freshly shaven head, poked the fire with a long stick. He made sure that it stayed hot, allowing no piece of wood to escape. Later he would start prodding and hitting the body, attacking its frozenness, as if by sheer will he would be able to turn it into ashes.

In the city of Varanasi, the River Ganges brought everyone to its banks. Teenagers played cricket in the open air next to the river. Kids splashed and screamed, diving into the water, holding onto boats and reveling in the pure pleasure that can come from playing in water. Some wore swim caps and were having a group swim lesson; the summer swim league looks a bit different in India. Others came to bathe or wash clothes, enjoying the practical nature of the river. Older pilgrims reverently entered the water, and finally those who had passed on were burned on the banks and then sent in one last time.

There is power at Varanasi. It is a crowded place. Tourists, pilgrims, and locals all flock to the city in their hopes of finding something of worth. After climbing the steep Ghats away from the river, there is a labyrinth of alleys. They are forever twisting and turning, filled with buyers and sellers, temples and spirits, restaurants and food stands, waste and trash. In

Written by Stephen Gay
Designed by Megan Morris

Varanasi a powerful place

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In this daunting maze there are many different types of people. Pilgrims, painted and stoic, make their way to the river or to a temple. Some are preparing for a family member’s cremation by having their heads shaved except for a small patch in the back. People in stands sell religious necessities while beggars hold out their hands, hoping for necessities of a more existential sort. Dogs scavenge the roads. And cows, great behemoths and tiny calves, live like kings, going where they wish and eating from rubbish piles in the streets.

It reeks. The smell of rotting trash mixes with animal waste. Cows, even when revered, do not smell good. While many cities don’t have a “pleasant” smell, the alleys of Varanasi have a positively cruel odor. It is a sharp, biting scent. Not powerful waves but precise darts of smell attack the nose. The smell is a mixing bowl of so many ingredients that it is somewhat difficult to clearly summarize the experience.

Despite the trash and the crowds and the smell, the place is magnetic. There is an unmistakable energy and charisma that is thoroughly mysterious and addicting. I could spend many sunrises walking up and down the riverbank. There is so much to see. A wiry man with a long beard and hair that looked like squirming snakes squatted low while covering himself in smoky white paint. The holy color of orange was smeared across his craggy forehead. Nearby a meditator sat on a mat, entranced by the river, or at least by the concept of it. Huge swaths of bright colors covered the steps as saris dried in the sun. A beggar asked for money in a deep, chafed voice. Even in the morning it was hot, and big beady drops of sweat rolled down my skin to the river. The sun, like the place, was powerful.

I’m not entirely sure what I was expecting to find in that city by the river. And now, after the place has receded to just another spot on a map, I can’t really say what I walked away with. I do know that there is something special in that place. There is a power to transform, to heal, and to challenge. Like everyone else who went there, I hoped to be washed clean by something bigger than myself. Being there can change a person. Maybe the change, like the city, has faded to nothing more than something on a page, but on some nights when I’m alone and unable to sleep, staring into the darkness above, I feel myself shiver. I feel like I’m brushing up to something powerful once again, and the city lays itself out in front of my blank eyes.

Stephen Gay, from Greenville, North Carolina, is a senior double majoring in English and Philosophy and minoring a Creative Writing minor. Gay went to India to experience a culture that was entirely different from the one he grew up in.
stood outside of the church at the Ntarama Memorial Site, watching the workers dig a mass grave. Twenty-one years later, they are still digging graves. Twenty-one years later, they are still accidently finding bodies. The genocide is incomprehensible and immeasurable. As I watched a worker lift his shovel into the air, my eyes followed the arch of the blade and heard it hit the soil with a resounding “thump.” My body recoiled. I wasn’t watching this man dig a grave; I was imagining another man completing the same motions, this time to end someone’s life. I stared. I couldn’t stop watching the motion of the shovel, listening to the sound of it hitting the soil. I felt sick.

Even after seeing the bones of victims, their clothes faded and dirty in piles, my mind still can’t seem to fully recognize that the genocide happened. Roughly 800,000 to one million people were killed in a 100-day period in 1994. Hutus against Tutsis, neighbors against neighbors, sometimes even family against family. How can something like that happen? How can people do such a thing? Yet, Rwanda isn’t an isolated incident. Germany, Yugoslavia, Syria, the list goes on and on. Today, my mind is at war with itself, still struggling to come to terms with reality.

When I told people I was studying the Rwandan genocide last summer, a common response was, “Wow. That’s some heavy stuff!” I always thought it was just a phrase people say when discussing complicated, saddening issues. But many times throughout the trip, I felt physically heavy. My body resisted every step I took. It was similar to that feeling you have as you begin to recover after being sick for a long time. In some ways, you feel fine, but you cannot summon the energy to feel completely whole.

Inside the Kigali Genocide Memorial, the room with bones hit me the hardest. The room was otherwise empty, and I was overwhelmed with a wave of silence. I rotated slowly, disturbing the eerily still air. I was surrounded by cases full of skulls and bones. Inside one case, I saw an identity card with the imprint of a rosary cross etched into it. It was clear that someone had been clutching the two objects so tightly together that the rosary had left a permanent imprint on the piece of paper. It seems impossible to me that people could maintain...
faith in God in the face of the genocide. How could a loving God allow this to happen? It made me angry. But, at the same time, I was overcome with an urge to pray.

Staring at the bones, I realized that I was viewing them as a whole, not as individuals. I felt guilty, as though I was disrespecting the individual lives lost, viewing them more as a statistic than as a person. So I went back through the room and took the time to look at each skull individually, just for a split second, but I felt that if I gave no time to each individual than I was, in some way, disrespecting their lives. Some of the skulls were whole, but some had clear cracks made by the harsh blow of a machete.

I was overcome with guilt and remorse. For one entire case, as my eyes focused on each skull individually, all I could think was, “I am sorry. I am so, so, sorry.” I wasn’t even alive during the genocide, but I still feel the burden of guilt that the Western community needs to carry for years and years into the future. We could have done so much more to stop the violence than what we chose to do. The genocide’s victims deserve my remembrance; they deserve my respect.

How does a country move on from such unimaginable devastation? How can Rwandans live side by side with their killers, sometimes even under the same roof? It doesn’t seem possible. While underneath the surface Rwandans are still full of resentment and deep sadness, reconciliation is occurring. We met a man who participated in the genocide and a woman he attacked. They sat side by side and told us their stories. This man killed many people, yet he seemed completely normal. He had done terrible things, committed horrific atrocities, but he was completely human. He was full of remorse for his actions, and I couldn’t help but feel pity for him. But he didn’t chop off my hand and kill my 9-month-old child; he did that to the sweet woman who sat calmly two feet from him. And she had forgiven him. I don’t think I could have done that.

Throughout my five weeks in Rwanda, birds filled the sky and followed my thoughts everywhere I went. Watching them dance through the air, unrestrained and free, my mind always returned to an Emily Dickinson quote:

“How is a thing with feathers that perches on the soul and sings a tune without words and never stops at all.”

I left Rwanda with more questions than I arrived with – questions about humanity, politics, and everything in between. I look forward to 20 years from now, when I can see what Rwanda has become. Is Rwanda a setting or rising sun? Will its rapid development continue to grow, or will it fall back into political turmoil?

And yet, amongst all these questions and uncertainties, I know one thing for sure. The soil may be stained with the blood of its past, but Rwanda’s skies are full of hope.

Abbie Largess, from Charlotte, North Carolina, is a sophomore majoring in Global Studies and double minoring in Middle Eastern & Islamic Studies and Social & Economic Justice. Largess chose to study abroad in Rwanda because of her interest in human rights and international politics.
I hear the bell clanging in the tiled station, echoing up through the staircase I’m scurrying down, my toes landing on each step briefly before moving to the next one. The metro doors close behind me, and as I turn to congratulate my roommate Briana on our success in making it on, her shocked face stares at me from the other side of the glass. We’re now separated in Rome on our way to Bracciano, a small lake town northwest of the city.

Earlier that morning, Briana and I were on a mission to leave town. We rushed around the apartment, grabbing our bags and debating on what to wear and what to bring. On our way to the train station, I texted our friends who were already there, having realized that Briana had forgotten her phone back at the apartment.

I now stand on the platform at our transfer station, hoping Briana hopped aboard the next train. The digital numbers count down to its arrival. The wind rushes out of the tunnel ahead of the train, and as each car passes, I look for her shirt and her halo of black, curly hair. When I spot her, I run onto the train, grab her arm, and pull her off. We laugh at our misfortune and walk to the next platform to catch the one o’clock to Bracciano.

Halfway into the trip, the conductor steps into our train car. He greets us in Italian but ceases speaking once he realizes we do not understand him and cannot respond in kind. His fingers beckon for our tickets. The silver tool in his hand, like a specialized hole-punch, moves toward the tickets, but then stops as he stares at the tickets. They are returned to us un-punched, and he flips them over and taps the section about validation. We didn’t validate them before we left. The small green plastic box went unnoticed and unthought-of in our haste and our relief at being safely reunited.

“You must pay a fine,” he says in slow English as we read the section about the penalty for not validating a ticket.

“How much?” Briana asks.

“Dieci Euro,” he replies.

“Each.” My fingers fumble around in my bag for my money, coming out with 10 euros. Though the fine could have...
been higher, that bill could have been lunch or five trips to a gelateria. Our easy conversation and chatter ceases. Flashes of blue water begin appearing in between the trees, and as the train rounds a curve, the high stone walls of a castle appear. Bracciano is in sight. Our friends have yet to respond to my message, but Briana and I pick a street and walk towards the lake, confident we can find a sign pointing us down the hill. There is only one, and it points in a vague direction at an intersection with three roads – it could be any of the three. One slopes sharply downhill, so our feet begin plodding downward, but at the first curve, our feet falter as we stop at the lookout point, surveying the landscape of the lake. Back up the hill we go, our backs curved to accommodate the hill as well as the weight of defeat on our shoulders. And back down again, when a helpful townsperson confirms our first choice of road. I plod, my feet slap-slap-slapping against the pavement.

Finally, we find the lake in a valley. There are restaurants strung along the shore, and across the water, I see other small lake towns, dots of civilization in clusters like herds of sheep. My frustration reaches a peak when, after walking along the entire shore and back and after texting our friends numerous times, we still cannot find them. This is not a metropolis; there are limited areas of beach. First, we couldn’t find the lake. Now we can’t find three American students.

‘Briana! I am going to cry. I am so frustrated and tired, and my legs hurt, and what if we’re in the wrong town, and I just … I can’t!’ The words burst out of my mouth, and at once I feel relieved, though still defeated.

‘Okay, it’s okay. Let’s go get something to eat, because I’m starving, and we’ll figure it out,’ she responds in her even tone. It’s now almost four in the afternoon. We left Rome at 11 a.m.

Only two of the restaurants are open, and the one we choose says they will only cook pizza. At 4 p.m., and for 8 euros, I’m satisfied. It arrives hot and white with cheese, the thin green strips of zucchini caramelized into the top and spots of char crackling around the edges. The food lifts our mood, and we talk and laugh, free now to vent and replay the events – someday, we remark, this will make an excellent story.

A swan swims by our table (we’re sitting on a deck on the water), and our friends paddle by on kayaks. I shout at them and wave my arms in huge windshield wiper swipes. Reunited at last, we sit on a nearby deck and rehash the day. The sun warms our skin, and the frigid water cools quickly. Golden light illuminates the surface of the still water, and the surrounding hills roll around us. I sit and breathe deeply and feel the heat of the sun and the cooling of the breeze.

And then it’s time to walk back up the steep hill with its winding road and lack of sidewalk. But now I’m fortified by sunshine and pizza, and my feet have walked in the icy lake water. And, as can be found on every street or at least on every block in Italy, there’s a gelateria awaiting us at the top. At the train station, we make sure to validate our tickets.

Octopi (polpi) and other seafood were piled onto ice and into white Styrofoam boxes at the Mercato d’Esquilino.

This sign could be found in our neighborhood of Monti, where there were many small trattorias and pizzerias.

Octopi (polpi) and other seafood were piled onto ice and into white Styrofoam boxes at the Mercato d’Esquilino.

Molly McConnell, from Shelby, North Carolina, is a junior double majoring in English and Creative Writing. On the way home from Italy, McConnell had food items hidden in every piece of luggage she was carrying because she was not ready to leave.
Photos from around the world: 📷

Linda Zhang – Shanghai, China

Emily Troxell – Sevilla, Spain

Amanda Kubic – Athens, Greece

Louise Goodfellow – Quilotoa, Ecuador

Amber Pritchard – Queenstown, New Zealand

Anna Weddington – Copenhagen, Denmark
"Piña, coco, mora, mango, guanábana, chocolate, HELADOOOOO." The monotone chant is skillfully loud, with the Ecuadorean ice cream man’s bellow still intelligible from over a block away as he continues. Dulled only by the erratic roars of passing vehicles, every day his nomadic vocation takes him past the café in which I work. Though he never ceases, he always waits for someone to stop him for just a moment. Like the tiny children hawking candy bars for twenty-five centavitos apiece and the trucks which drive around blasting advertisements for who-knows-what, knowing of the existence of this one-man hustle is an integral part of understanding Latin America’s perseverance.

My memories of this place are as unforgettable and diverse as the people whom the barrios themselves have formed. Each locale is an expression of its residents and their desires, pasts, and realities, from political graffiti in zona viva to the indigenous descendants now resigned to making a living selling grenadillas on street corners. Theirs are the faces of hope and truth and endurance, and I have grown accustomed to an occasionally overwhelming sense of weariness and lassitude leaking from my bones; a feeling of not quite belonging, but continuing all the same. To be honest, my time in Latin America has been a continuous practice of patience, gratefulness, and flexibility, and I would not change a minute of it.

For instance, in August I wanted to go south to visit some friends, but a nearby volcano was exploding, and the ash made the drive impossible. So instead, when confronted with this problem on a Saturday morning, I turned it into an opportunity. I picked a random city to the west and went on a whole different adventure of salsa dancing, rock climbing, and coastal accents. That weekend I practiced patiently waiting two more hours for a new bus, being grateful I could go anywhere at all, and adapting to a new situation by changing my plans. This happens a lot down here. After several months of solo travel, and with a few months still ahead of me, I have realized that there is one trait that all good travelers possess: acceptance.

Though not a character trait in the traditional sense, for those who have been away from home and all that is...
truly familiar, it has become one. Acceptance has begun to ooze from their pores, not as an expression of submission, but of strength. The folks who cannot only withstand but also enjoy the world outside of their safe shell of familiarity for months on end, develop an arsenal of accepting habits which end up slowly dissolving the aforementioned shell. The person who develops at the end of the journey, if it ever ends at all, is recognizably different, as they are now equipped with the power of acceptance:

- of new friends and situations and foods;
- of established places and cultures;
- of changes in the plan;
- of fixed traditions;
- of being different, so very different.

They are accepting of homesickness and the ceaseless wants and desires that come with it:

- of sudden bridges and finding a way over them;
- of fierce friendships with an expiration date;
- of being wrong, and greatly humbled;
- of the wealth of knowledge which Mother Nature never ceases to give away freely.

Good travelers practice acceptance of the sweet fleeting moments as future memories to be cherished long after the scars have faded and the bank account has been refilled.

I have learned to accept that not everyone I meet wishes me well or wishes me harm, and that they may not in fact think of me at all. The term “good traveler” is not limited to the youth I have met on their gap years but encompasses anyone journeying to a new place. A little boy leaving his war-torn home country, an old woman leaving her state for the first time, a man visiting his hundredth new country; each of these people is by necessity practicing acceptance at all times. Through each individual exchange of memories, books, and cultures, we help to grow a more understanding world populace. In traveling by choice, we hone this necessary skill; beyond just flexibility, it is a way of approaching all of the situations which come your way. By accepting the dynamics pulsing below the surface of each individual life, interacting with and changing each of the ones around it, we accept that we are a little part of the vast world that we are helping to change bit-by-bit. So to join us, the weary but still wandering, is to choose to form your own world.

Max Gandy, from Washington, D.C., is a senior double majoring in Global Studies and Hispanic Literature and minoring in Geography. Gandy received the Burch Fellowship to study cacao cultivation and chocolate making in Ecuador.
I was standing in front of a closet full of millions of tiny, brown wood pellets surrounded by a group of Chinese tourists. As the tourists haggled Fujifilm cameras around my body for a better glance through the narrow door, my hands became sweatier and edgy from the claustrophobic surroundings, and I fumbled my own Nikon DSLR. Three weeks into my six-week program and my first time in Europe, I had busted the only lens that I had typically been able to see the world through. I walked out into a knoll near the biogas generation plant and plopped down in the wet grass. As I fumed about how much repairs would cost and how I would never have pictures to document the remainder of my trip, one of my friends on the trip walked over and sat down beside me. “It’s about being here,” she said. “Living in the moment.”

And my camera had been preventing me to do just that. As a journalism and political science major, it can be easy to get caught up in documenting experiences or observing society. Once I literally and figuratively broke free from that pattern, I was able to truly enjoy studying abroad. I took breaks from assignments to roam the streets in Berlin in search of flea markets and map stores. On free days, I traveled via bus and light rail to places like Salzburg, Austria, and Colmar, France. In Colmar, with both of my hands free and camera-less, I...
ate not one but two hazelnut-filled, chocolate covered éclairs. In Salzburg, without a camera to juggle around in my backpack, I ran through the mountains and sang *The Sound of Music* like every other tourist has. I even began to be more present in dinners with my study abroad group, talking about renewable energy over warm bowls of potato soup.

This all sounds flowery and ridiculous, I am sure, but it is the most important thing I learned while abroad. It is the thing anyone who involves themselves in any of the million immersive opportunities at UNC-Chapel Hill should learn. And learn as quickly as possible. At UNC, everyone falls into the natural flow of campus life. Waking up, eating oatmeal, dragging your feet to class, going to student organization meetings, doing homework, studying for tests, and trying to get some kind of sleep after all of that necessitates a routine.

This routine is something that we all become comfortable with. It becomes a new normal.

The problem with this routine is that rather than living in the moment, we become obsessed with whatever is next. Rather than looking at the Carolina blue sky on a sunny day, we look down at the calendars on our phones to see what is next. Instead of cooking dinner to share over conversation with our friends, we heat up frozen meals while we do homework to save time. And while this all seems okay and good, it is not. It leaves you in a field, in the middle of nowhere in Germany, complaining about how you have broken a tiny, meaningless piece of technology.

It may be cliché, but after being in Germany for three weeks, I noticed that it was much more rewarding to live in the moment. This also came with a newfound love of witnessing my friends and fellow students on the Burch Summer Research Seminar in Germany and Spain also enjoy life.

Jessica Porter, from Clermont, Florida, is a junior double majoring in Media & Journalism and Political Science and minoring in Environmental Studies. Porter chose to study abroad in Germany and Spain because of the huge power of renewable energy across the pond.
Something peculiar happened when I arrived at the airport in Tbilisi in the pitch-black hours of early morning. It was not that all of the arriving travelers were handed a small bottle of Georgian red wine as a welcoming gift, or that the air was full of energetic murmurs of a tongue I never knew existed. The most peculiar thing that happened was that I immediately had a strong and unexpected sense of the grandeur of the country. With a population of around 4.5 million, a landmass 2.2 times smaller than that of the U.S. state of Georgia, a language and alphabet foreign to many, and a position on the periphery of the global economic and political stage, Georgia’s relative obscurity is not surprising. However, after spending this summer there, I find it shocking; the Republic of Georgia, or Saqartvelo, is awe-inspiring and grand.

Traditional Georgian polyphonic singing combines layers of sharp dissonant harmonies over deep, rhythmic drones. Rich Georgian voices clash majestically and tragically, producing a sound that attests to some ineffable part of the human experience. The country has suffered a terrible history of battles and bloodshed, so much so that the Georgian word for “hello,” gamarjoba, literally translates as “victory,” and after sundown Georgians wish each other “peaceful night.” Traditional Georgian music pulls out beauty from dissonance, both mournful and exultant at once. The rich chords express the fierce love that Georgians have for their country, with its abundant rivers and imposing mountains, its deep religious tradition, and its generous and compassionate people. The music speaks to the warmth and strength of the Georgian spirit.

At a Georgian supra, or feast, only

Written by Ana Dougherty
Designed by Elle Sommerville

The music speaks to the warmth and strength of the Georgian spirit.
tiny parts of the table are left visible under the colorful spread of at least a dozen different dishes. There are fresh-picked mushrooms cooked in a rich, warm mixture of spices and oils. Someone has plucked fish from the river and roasted them over a fire in the woods. There is eggplant covered in walnut paste, and later walnuts dipped in thickened grape juice. The feast would be incomplete without khachapuri, a massive piece of bread filled with bubbling warm cheese and topped with a single egg. There is homemade wine and a team of people carefully watching to ensure that the guest’s glass is never, not for one second, less than full.

The mini-buses, or marshrutkas, bring strangers together on long journeys through the beautiful countryside. Every village that the marshrutka passes has a Georgian Orthodox church and at least a laugh’s worth of defiant cows blocking the roads. Ancient fortresses dot the hills, often with countless human bones and skulls unceremoniously piled up nearby, most of them the remains of Georgians said to have sacrificed themselves by leaving their villages when they became ill with the plague. The marshrutka driver switches between traditional Georgian songs and modern Russian pop on the radio. One or two passengers exchange nervous glances, wishing he would drive ever so slightly slower, but knowing that he will slow down only to pick up the next farmer looking for a lift with a sun-cracked smile.

These are the things that I came to understand as distinctly and stunningly Georgian.

Ana Dougherty, from Montezuma, New Mexico, is a junior double majoring in Economics and Global Studies and minoring in Philosophy, Politics & Economics. Dougherty spent Summer 2015 in Georgia and is spending her Fall 2015 semester studying abroad in Argentina.
It’s dark in Shanghai, and I can’t see much as I make my way through the rain in the magnolia-lined streets of the French Concession. Foreigners have been coming here to try their luck in the Chinese market for five generations. Most have failed, but the glimpses of the huge houses built by merchants of years past remind me that it is possible.

My name is Will Jarvis, and I am a senior English major from Rocky Mount, North Carolina. This summer, I worked at a company called Peony Solutions in Shanghai, China. Our mission was to transform the way doctors get their questions answered, encouraging collaboration around the world. Our company was founded by a woman with a Ph.D. in molecular medicine who gave up her six figure salary and a life of luxury as a vice president of research and development at GlaxoSmithKline to change the world. I may have been an intern, but I was the most experienced (read, the only one with any startup experience) on the team. I was thrust into the role of building our business model and recruitment strategy and began helping our founder prove her concept.

Times weren’t always sunny in China. Venture capitalist Peter Thiel is quick to remark that China is not the best place for innovation, and he very well may be right. It is difficult to build the future when your Internet only works half the time, and China, despite all the hype, lacks the technical prowess available in developed nations such as Japan or the United States. Investors may be bullish on emerging markets like China, but very few venture capitalists (except perhaps Sequoia Capital) have made any money at all.

Despite these challenges, it was awesome to watch the company grow before my eyes, as I had a direct impact on the company’s success. In the beginning, the staff consisted of me, the founder, and one other intern; everything we did mattered. The company doubled in size during my time in Shanghai—we hired five paid employees and raised enough money to keep us going until the first of the year. The idea went from a figment of our imagination to a working product in three months—it was a wild ride!

During my time in China, I learned a lot about doing business there, but more than anything, I learned about myself. The father of the modern MBA, Peter Drucker, often reiterates that the toughest job for effective humans is finding the one thing they are good at and leveraging that skill to make our greatest impact. For me, that skill is critical analysis and feedback. Much of my time was spent driving my boss, tightening up the recruitment strategy, and not letting anyone on our team become passive or intellectually lazy.

I was in Shanghai for only two months, but in that time I started out as an intern and progressed to become a valuable team member, finally leaving with equity in a company with an estimated valuation of 88 million dollars. When I was 10, I wanted to be a venture capitalist after viewing a 60 Minutes spot on Tom Perkins. My time in China did nothing but to solidify that ambition. Building the future is the place I am meant to be.

Will Jarvis, from Rocky Mount, North Carolina, is a senior majoring in English and double minoring in Philosophy, Politics & Economics and Entrepreneurship. Jarvis studied abroad in China as a Phillips Ambassador.
Photos from around the world:

Allison Murphy – Kensington Gardens, England

Li Sian – Venice, Italy

Amber Pritchard – Melbourne, Australia

Colleen Dewyer – Bali, Indonesia

Li Sian – Tower of London, England

Stephen Gay – Ganges River, India
On the first day of my journalism class at the London School of Economics, BuzzFeed World Features Editor Paul Hamilos said, “If I can Google a news story and find ten different versions of it from ten different organizations, there’s really not much value in me adding to that. I’d much rather go off and do my own thing.”

Paul’s statement got me thinking — what did I want my six weeks in London to look like? Did I really want a Facebook album full of pictures of me smiling in front of Big Ben and Buckingham Palace? When I called my mom to tell her how my trip was going, did I only want to report that I had ridden the London Eye and eaten fish and chips?

Don’t get me wrong — I did all those things, and they were great. But I wanted more. I found myself bustling to lively markets, elegant galleries, and quirky coffee shops between my classes. I took a weekend trip to Whitstable, a charming seaside town in Kent that famously hosts an oyster festival every summer.

I went to Hillsong Church every week. By a strange twist of fate, I met some girls from Meredith College one Sunday morning, and we hopped on the Tube to Brixton. We spent the afternoon at Lambeth Country Show, listening to a reggae band and eating chocolate waffles.

I saw a stage production of George Orwell’s 1984 and ate dinner at a restaurant that only serves cereal. I went to a boat party on the Thames, strolled through Notting Hill for a morning, and took a photo at Platform 9¾. I walked an average of ten miles every day in my $20 Target sandals and quickly developed sizeable calluses all over my feet.

Those six weeks in London transformed how I looked at my life. Two lessons in particular stood out to me. First, I learned that I cannot be afraid to go it alone. Before my trip, I worried that I wouldn’t even make it out of Heathrow Airport by myself. By the end, the automated voice of the London Underground was permanently ingrained in my mind: “This is a District Line train to Ealing Broadway.”

I got lost, retraced my steps, and
I visited the Whitstable Oyster Festival, a weeklong event to celebrate the first catch of the season.

Thousands of people watch the Changing of the Guard ceremony in front of Buckingham Palace every day.

Allison Murphy, from Salisbury, North Carolina, is a junior double majoring in Media & Journalism on the strategic communication track and Political Science. Murphy loved the charm of England and felt like she could become a Londoner, while not sticking out like a sore thumb.

England
Population: 64 M
Capital: London
Language: English

got lost again. I ate at Pret A Manger by myself dozens of times. Spending a lot of my time alone simultaneously humbled me and boosted my confidence. I am much quicker to swallow my pride and ask for help when I need it. I am also more comfortable taking the initiative to approach and befriend new people.

The second valuable lesson I learned was to make each day purposeful. Knowing that I only had six weeks in London prompted me to make a long list of things I wanted to do and strategically plan out my days. Granted, Chapel Hill isn’t exactly a global city. But if I was willing to scour every blog on the World Wide Web to find hidden gems in London, why am I not willing to do that when I’m home?

If I’ll visit Green Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, St. James’s Park, Regent’s Park, and Hampstead Heath, why do I hesitate to spend an afternoon picnicking in the Arboretum on campus? If I’ll roam through Portobello Market, Borough Market, Camden Lock Market, Southbank Centre Market, Brick Lane Market, Old Spitalfields Market, and Covent Garden, why do I never go to the Carrboro Farmers’ Market?

Just like Paul Hamilos, I would much rather go off and do my own thing. Studying abroad taught me to wander off the beaten path and to be intentional with my time. There’s no place like London, and I hope to go back someday. But for now, I’ll make Chapel Hill my city to explore.
Photos from around the world:

Amber Pritchard – Kata Tjuta, Australia

Ana Dougherty – Shkhara, Georgia

Colleen Dewyer – Brighton Beach, Melbourne, Australia

Ana Dougherty – Georgia

Colleen Dewyer – Gili Islands, Bali, Indonesia
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 5
More Info: www.burchfellows.unc.edu

Class of 1938 Summer Study Abroad Fellowships:
Description: For U.S. students interested in pursuing independent career or personal projects outside the United States. The number and amount of the fellowships are subject to approval by the 1938 Endowment Committee board members.
Requirements: Sophomores, juniors, or seniors planning on 5th year of coursework. Must be a U.S. citizen.
Stipend: $5,000
Deadline: February 2
More Info: isss.unc.edu/programs/class38

Carolina Global Initiative Award:
Description: For students to complete a global opportunity, ideally during the summer, in the United States or abroad.
Requirements: Full-time returning undergrad or grad students with financial need.
Stipend: $1,500 – $6,000
Deadline: March 18
More Info: cgi.unc.edu/awards/carolina-global
Frances L. Phillips Travel Scholarship:
Description: For students with individual, self-designed/directed international travel experiences of 2 to 6 months.
Requirements: Juniors/seniors in the College of Arts & Sciences with financial need. Must have attended high school in North Carolina.
Stipend: Up to $9,000
Deadline: October 15
More Info: studentaffairs.unc.edu/students/philipstravel

Mahatma Gandhi Fellowship:
Description: For students to develop and implement civic engagement projects that employ innovative, sustainable approaches to complex social needs in one of the eight South Asian countries.
Requirements: Full-time returning undergrad or grad students.
Stipend: up to $3,000
Deadline: Early February
More Info: mgf.uncsangam.org

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

Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowships (SURF):
Description: For students to enhance their educational experience by engaging them in research opportunities. This program is administered through the Office of Undergraduate Research.
Requirements: Full-time undergrad students in good academic standing. Projects must last at least 9 weeks (minimum of 20 hours per week).
Stipend: Minimum $3,000
Deadline: February 25
More Info: our.unc.edu/students/funding-opportunities/surf

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: ccpps.unc.edu/awards-recognition/bryan-social-innovation-fellowships

Sonja Haynes Stone Center Undergraduate International Studies Fellowship:
Description: For students pursuing academic research or study in an international setting.
Requirements: Full-time second-term freshmen, sophomores, and juniors who are U.S. citizens or permanent residents. Preference for students with financial need from underrepresented groups and for programs in areas of the African Diaspora.
Stipend: Up to $2,500
Deadline: TBD (check website)
More Info: sonjahaynesstonectr.unc.edu/undergraduate-fellowships

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

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

Office of Global Health Funding Opportunities:
Description: For undergraduates to pursue international, global health internships.
Requirements: Varies
Stipend: Varies
Deadline: Varies
More Info: sph.unc.edu/global-health/ggg-internships-and-funding
Traveling Heels

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.
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.

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

BY THE NUMBERS

UNC students travel all across the globe. The numbers on the map reflect participation in the Year Long 2014, Fall 2014, Spring 2015, Summer 2014, and SH Year 2015 Study Abroad programs.

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

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