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 lightly-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 relatively new staff, we have come together, fighting in the dark to put together a travel magazine for you. 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 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.

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These are the sort of marvelous stories I'd have never told without CouchSurfing.

Last May I decided that I did not want to spend my “last summer of freedom” doing an internship or working an 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. job. There would be enough time for that after graduation next year. Instead, I decided to surrender to the serendipity that comes when you arrive in a new country on a student budget and no plan.

I started my two-months solo journey in Germany. I was born in Munich 21 years ago, but the notion of my motherland was limited to my childhood memories at my grandparents’ house. This wouldn’t be a family trip; I was on my own. I had only five train rides paid for and a Southern German accent mixed with strong Spanish “Re” to get me by. I landed in Frankfurt and would take it from there, maybe Bamberg, Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden...and after that who knew?

Though open to the unexpected, I set some goals: I’d try to spend under $10 a day; I’d meet someone new in every place; and I’d enter every bakery on the way; but above all I’d avoid as much as possible being Mr. Tourist. CouchSurfing would allow for everything in that mix—except maybe for the bakery hunt.

When people ask me what CouchSurfing is, my first response is always a wide dreamy smile as I remember Seville, Buenos Aires, Uruguay, or San Francisco. Basically to couch surf means to stay with strangers or, as couch surfers say, “friends you haven’t met yet” while you visit the cities where they live. It works like a social media site for world travelers. You create a profile, look up a city, sort through local hosts, send them your itinerary in a request to “crash their couch” and wait for their response.

That’s how I found Martin. From his profile I could tell he was a goofy guy studying urban design, who was into really funky jazz music and had a mild obsession for gourmet cooking. Most important, he had plenty of positive reviews from other people who had stayed at his place. My friends, and of course my mother, felt a bit uneasy when I told them about the plan: I would meet Martin outside a subway station on my first night in Hamburg and he would show me to his apartment.

Although by now I’ve had more than 20 CouchSurfing hosts, all extremely great (and safe), I still get a little nervous myself with every new experience. As soon as I met Martin I remembered I had nothing to worry about and I got ready for an unpredictable couple of days.

Carrot-ginger soup and French cheese helped me charge batteries after a long day of pushing my little trolley around train stations. We had dinner sitting on the floor of his hipster living room; Italian folk playing from a bright-red record player in the background. Martin was among the conversational couch surfer types. He was one of those people I didn’t need to know anything about to find myself delving into difficult questions on the purpose of life or the dangers of globalization.

Most of the magic of CouchSurfing resides in the trust system it builds on. Today, our “social media generation” gets a lot of criticism for being too individualistic, hiding behind virtual “wanna be” identities, rampant narcissism etc. etc. Initiatives like CouchSurfing always give me hope for...well...people! I’ve had hosts who give me their keys as soon as I arrived to come and go as I please during my whole week. My host in Buenos Aires drove me around to get my paperwork for my visa; in Cordoba my host took me to a huge family dinner; in Florence I ended up at a Hawaiian party in a villa; my host in Washington, D.C., took me on the best street-food tour ever; and in Berlin I went on midnight bike-tours to explore anarchist camps.

If I had any doubts left about never checking into a hostel again, my latest CouchSurfing adventure threw them out the window. After my German exploration I set off to Prague without a slightest clue of what I was getting myself into. Before arriving at my host’s little attic in the Czech Republic, I didn’t even know that there were over a thousand islands in Croatia. Kuba, my host, and three of his young professional friends take a sailing trip every year to get a break from office work and city life. Call it coincidence, call it fate but one of them dropped out in the last second and they needed a fourth crewmember.

Two days later I was anchoring at Vis, a tiny fishermen’s village, and watching the sun set behind pine forests while we grilled the fresh octopus while watching the biggest full moon rise of my life, swimming ten feet away from wild dolphins, walking through stone cities that seemed frozen in time and all in good company.

I may just have been lucky over and over again. Maybe I believe that if you assume the best about people, they are likely to uphold that trust. I started “surfing” around the world two years ago, every experience has been different, but they all had something in common: I saw places through someone else’s eyes. In the end I may not have checked off all the touristy things to do, but I learned so much more than I could have ever read in a Lonely Planet guide.

Faima Ramirez is a senior from the Canary Islands, Spain. She is studying journalism and political science. She traveled to Germany and Croatia.

Do Talk to Strangers
by FAIMA RAMIREZ

“I was walking the romantic passageways of Prague one evening and gazing over the Croatian coast the next morning. I traveled the 670 miles that separate both places in the back seat of the car of someone I had met just 48 hours ago. I was embarking on a ten-day sailing trip in the Adriatic Sea with three young Czechs who took me along in the last minute.”
Similar to any month I’ve spent abroad, I witnessed varying cultures and languages. But unlike anywhere I had previously traveled, in Kosovo, I came to know individuals who were limited to where they could travel within their own country. I saw them as trapped within their own city.

At the passport check, your hometown and last name determine if you can pass. The soldier tells you that as an American, you can walk into the northern side of Mitrovica, but Xili, the man you are traveling with, cannot. No reason is given, but it’s clear that his ethnicity prohibits his access. He is from the southern side of Mitrovicë and today cannot walk to the northern side of Mitrovica. Maybe tomorrow will be different.

In connection to the war of the late 1990s, population pockets are not unique to Mitrovicë. Rather, the majority of villages in Kosovo have been abandoned or homogenized. Daily, you read and hear the dialogue surrounding passport restrictions. As an outsider, it is these internal passport restrictions that are most difficult to understand.

As you visit more and more towns you began to wonder how, if and when your friend from the south side of Mitrovicë will address these restrictions? You mention it briefly and surprisingly he tells you, “There are not two Mitrovicës, only one.”

But your experience with the guard yesterday keeps running through your head. It was cordial, it was accepted, it was ordinary—for the Kosovars. Not for you.

I was trapped looking for a specific answer. I wanted to know how these physical restrictions influence how Kosovars perceive their cities and their state. Since 2008, when Kosovo declared independence, restricted areas have always existed. I saw the individuals as being trapped within one of two sides. How did Xili see only one Mitrovicë?

I continued to ask around. I read academic texts and local newspapers. I traveled to places such as Gračanica, Prizren, and Janjevo, all of which had different ethnic majorities. I spoke with youth, nuns, and professors. I was searching for one simple answer. I was trapped by my question, to understand how Kosovars overlooked the divides and, in general, respected even the areas they could not access.

The single answer I sought did not exist. Rather, I found diverse interpretations, even between neighbors and family members. And this scope of narratives that I found along the way proved that it was not the physical boundaries in which we are trapped, but rather only those that we perceive.

Kelsey Aho is a senior from Marietta, Ga., studying geography. She traveled to Kosovo.
Wedding Extravaganza
Chennai, India
February 13, 2013

by ANNA SPICKARD
Family, friends, decorations, traditional Carnatic music, drums, dancing, elaborate clothing, an abundance of flowers, the smell of candles, smorgasbords of food, days of ceremonies and celebrations, and a grand groom. This is the scene of a wedding in Southern India.

In the state of Tamil Nadu, arranged marriage is widely practiced. These marriages occur between two people of the same caste, whose parents collaboratively decide they would make a good match. After the engagement the couple spends a few months getting to know one another before the wedding festivities begin. The weddings are an explosion of culture and celebration. The opportunity to take part in this tradition offers a pure taste of one of the most highly valued Indian customs. So, when my host mother (we call her “Amma”) offered to bring my roommate, Holly, and me along (we call her “Amma”) offered to bring my roommate, Holly, and me along to her friend’s wedding celebrations this February we immediately agreed, knowing we could not let this opportunity pass us by.

We borrowed traditional sarees and jewelry, and Amma dressed us head to toe in authentic garb. The art of putting on a saree can only be attained by a sit-down dinner with South Indian cuisine.

The marriage ceremony itself was the next morning, and the reception was that evening. We were dressed in new sarees for the second night of festivities, and arrived at the reception with about 1,000 more “peripheral” friends, if you will. The reception was a more casual event, and mainly consisted of mingling and eating. As is the custom, the bride and groom stood on stage for hours while people presented them with gifts and had their picture taken. We stood in line for our picture (which I found hilarious since we clearly stood out from the crowd and didn’t know the bride or groom at all), and then proceeded to the dinner. I have never seen anything like the array of food set before us. The buffet had at least 40 different cuisine options, if not more. I now know the true definition of smorgasbord.

My mind continues to be widened every day as my perspective shifts through various experiences. The honor of taking part in yet another valuable cultural experience is something I will undoubtedly continue to cherish.

South Africa’s post-apartheid constitution is incredible on paper. But how much has actually been implemented in practice since 1994, when the African National Congress (ANC) overthrew the apartheid government? It’s hard to say. Many members of the ANC sacrificed everything — their childhood, their education, their homes — for their current government, but now feel like not much has changed since the end of apartheid. Sure, the Truth and Reconciliation committee has done great work to conjure forgiveness and reconstruction, but many want justice.

On our way to Zwelethemba on April 10, we were stopped at highway checkpoint to be searched for drugs. The policemen were white, and were shocked when they heard where we were going. They released us, a group of mostly white students from the United States, to proceed without completing the investigation.

We soon learned that it is more likely to find white foreigners in a black township than white South Africans. Even today, black South Africans and white South Africans are raised so differently. So many barriers, including language, exist between these two groups. In this area, white people typically speak Afrikaans and English, while black people in the township speak Xhosa and some English. Breaching these barriers into the unknown is scary.

I question my role as an outsider in all of this. Pauw’s work is on structural violence (socially constructed deficiencies contributing to inequality, poverty, and suffering) warn us against confusing structural violence with cultural difference and “otherness.” The line must be drawn between things that are part of a different culture, and things that are human rights violations. It is easy to attribute certain infrastructures or practices as something of “their” culture. And remain uninformed. This view often perpetuates a system in which the elite remain privileged and ignorant, while those in poverty continue to suffer from an inordinant lack of resources, education, infrastructure, etc. with subsequent detrimental health outcomes. I think back to a couple nights ago — when I found myself sitting in a cold house in a township wearing two sweatshirts and a pair of thick socks, writing an essay about structural violence on my Mac computer. I remember laughing at the juxtaposition and irony of this image.

What do I do with this information now that I have not only read and understood it, but also now experienced it first-hand? How do I respond as a privileged American? Food for thought as I continue on the last portion of this journey.

Ann Spickard is a senior from Nashville, Tenn., studying biology with minors in entrepreneurship and medical anthropology. She traveled to India, Argentina and South Africa.

Opposite upper: Laundry hanging outside an apartment in Chennai, India. Opposite lower: Henna done by my host sister in Chennai, India.

Left: African penguins in Simon’s Town, South Africa.
I’m sitting on a balcony looking out over suburban – if one can call it that – Buenos Aires in the wee hours of the morning. I hit the shutter on my camera and wait thirty seconds, a minute, for the shutter to close. It’s my last weekend in the city.

On the tiny screen of my camera, the sky is bright. It looks like the middle of a cloudy day rather than a clear night. It’s a good metaphor for my life abroad: not at all what I expected, but beautiful nonetheless.

I was ready for study abroad to bring all of the cliché life-changing experiences that result in a heightened sensitivity to all things un-American, the feverish friendships that unfurl like whirlwind romances, perhaps a more independent outlook. What I wasn’t prepared for was an out-of-body experience.

The departure of the bubbly, outgoing, and self-disciplined girl I spend most of my time being came as I walked my best friend to her cab on the night before my orientation. I watched her car disappear towards the international bus station, felt the key slide the lock in the door of my sterile, eighth-story apartment, and felt utterly alone.

The feeling was gone the next morning when I met some English-speakers at my university, but so was my identity. Officially, I arrived with one goal, and that was to become fluent in Spanish. Off the record – I also came to escape my overwhelmingly overloaded schedule as a junior at UNC, and to make a few memories of my own on foreign soil that I could share with three best friends that had taken the entire school year to study abroad.

I did my best to live like an Argentinian. I will admit I am still unsure of what this entails, but for me it consisted of eating every bite of food placed in front of me, reconfiguring my wardrobe, and speaking as little English as possible.

In that vein, I could complain about how all that fried meat and pizza went straight to my thighs, how I twisted my ankle wearing high heels on a cobbled street, or how cultivating friendships with those who only shared a limited vocabulary with me made me feel a bit empty inside.

But that would be only half of the story. In my studies I’ve been taught to have a beginner’s mind – an unbiased perspective – and that’s what I worked on developing. I took a break from being myself for six whole months, and that’s an experience that humbles me and refreshes my perspective. This I hold – much more than the correct posture for dancing tango, the facial expression to wear in order to avoid catcalls, or how to conjugate the past perfect subjunctive (although I can’t even explain to you how proud I am to do the last one – finally).

I was granted the perspective of a person with whom I thought I had nothing in common. For this I am grateful: I struggled to keep up with the strange arrangement of classes at a foreign school, living essentially on my own, and without the comforts of home.

I turn my camera towards my companions, two stick-thin young men conversing rapidly in French. They pause, comment on my photo, and switch to a language I can understand. We talk about the rain and about the semester. It feels like a beginning. But really, it’s the beginning of the end.

I try to see the three of us from the perspective of an outsider. That’s who I was, just four short months ago. I marveled at our ease in understanding each other, though none of us speaks our native language.

I hit the playback on my camera. I scroll through the rows and rows of tiny thumbnails, some frames overflowing with skyscrapers and others sparse, with a mountain or a grinning friend. I like to review them all at once. For me, my experience is better looked at as a whole. Not every photo turned out, there were good and bad days, but the important thing is what I learned, and I’m still trying to articulate that – in one language or another.

Margrethe Williams is a senior from Cary, N.C. She is studying public relations and information and library sciences. She studied abroad in Buenos Aires, Argentina.
At the start of summer, as many of my friends jetted off to taste Italian cuisine, sit beneath the Eiffel Tower or ride a red double-decker bus through London, I packed a backpack full of long skirts and malaria medication and boarded a plane for Kisumu, Kenya. The dusty city on the shores of Lake Victoria is one that embodies my personal journey towards finding purpose and learning to love. I remember the first time I set foot in Kisumu the previous summer, it was utterly overwhelming. The chaotic clamor of honking tuk tuks and rattling matatus. The smell of smoke, raw fish and sometimes sewage. Blaring African pop music drifting from behind metal paneled shacks, and the foreign rattle of Swahili and Luo composing a rhythmic background to the infinite commotion.

I remember the first time I walked through the large open market with a Kenyan. I unintentionally held my breath as I worked to avoid two-wheeled carts piled high with goods, little children weaving in and out and an occasional goat or cow running loose. I skipped over trash and puddles of water in my navy blue TOMS to the sound of, “Aye, mzungu! How ah you? Seesta, what can I geeve you?” It is quite funny looking back on how flustered I was being dropped inside this world that was completely unfamiliar and overly stimulating. This time, however, it was a welcomed sensation as I dove into the sounds and smells of a place that has overtaken my heart. While the thrilling feeling of novelty was gone, and in some ways missed, it was replaced with a calmer and more consistent feeling, a sturdy, reliable sense of belonging and familiarity. I felt at home.

On the outskirts of the city is a forlorn campus for 700 primary and secondary students. I walk along the rugged cement pathway, noticing the melancholic grey walls, broken windows and chipped blue paint. Women toil with bent backs, washing clothes in a small drainage ditch filled with cloudy water.

As I round the corner I know exactly what to expect: A group of young students sitting outside one of the dorms. Heads turn, smiles emerge, and thus begins my welcome to Joyland School for the Physically Disabled. Before I’ve even reached the building, I am ambushed by children. A little boy with no arms greets me confidently with a foot, an 8-year-old girl waves and begins taking laborious and painful steps towards me in heavy leg braces that go clear to her hips, others come pushing chairs or leaning on a crutch, and although some cannot speak they still welcome me with beautiful smiles and tugs on the edge of my shirt. Young refugees from Somalia peek out hesitantly from their colorful head coverings, pretending to be shy as they usually do, but their eyes are bright, and it won’t be long until they join the gathering crowd.

Each child has a story, from the third grader with a bone disorder who was nearly murdered by her father, to the gentle young woman with one arm who was raped at age 13, to the young man who fled Somalia and spent ten years of his childhood in a refugee camp. There are stories of heartbreak and oppression, but also portraits of unwavering love like the one painted by a mother who carries her teenage son on her back to and from school each day because he can’t afford a wheelchair. I think back to days of pure joy as I sat with little girls on the grass, listening to them chatter and bend over in laughter at my poor Swahili skills. Opposite: Casey Crow dances with a friend at Joyland School for the Physically Disabled.
her lower leg and knees because she has no feet.

An image of 30 children hovering around my laptop screen, watching a movie for the first time as rain gently tickled the ground outside. A brief moment of awe each time I caught a child laughing, opening up or carrying themselves with incredible dignity despite the intense adversity and stigmatization they had endured. In a tiny forgotten corner of the world, I discovered a love that can't be spoken—a love, not for a “cause,” but for individual people. Love that took a 21-year-old from rural Colorado and a group of students with completely different life experiences and allowed us to reach across lines and barriers to connect in our common humanity. A love that gave me new eyes to see the world, eyes that empowered me to look past my Western paradigm composed of Save the Children ads and Hotel Rwanda, to see the immense beauty, potential, and unmistakable ability of a people and a place so long defined as “disabled.”

I walked across the vast campus one afternoon, the sun warm on my cheeks, and a soft, smoky breeze drifting through the dilapidated buildings. A bubbly teenage girl ran up beside me, sliding her hand into mine. Swinging our arms back and forth, she began to study our contrasting skin and exclaimed, “You are WHITE!” I laugh at her surprised tone. “I am black,” she says. “But we are both beautiful.” I respond, glancing at our hands intertwined. “Yes,” she nods gently. “Because we are human beings.”

Casey Crow is a junior from Pagosa Springs, Colo., studying political science and global studies. She received the Class of 1938 Study Abroad Fellowship to study in Kisumu, Kenya.

Below: A group of students at Joyland School for the Physically Disabled poses for a photo.

Right: Casey Crow helps a young girl into her shoes.

Within the throbbing sounds
Of car horns and bike bells,
And shouts of “Yī kaui, yī kaui!”
Beijing beats.
Subways rush underground
Like veins below the skin
Pumping essential blood
Beijing beats
Mechanized voices repeat
As I sway along to the rocking
Rhythm of the rails, listening
Beijing beats.
As the heart of China
Pulsing wealth, life, and renewal
Into the countryside
Beijing beats.

Mandy Melton is a senior from Concord, N.C. She is studying English and computer science. She studied abroad in Beijing, China through the Philips Ambassadors program.

CHINA
Population: 1.3 billion
Capital: Beijing
Language: Chinese

Beijing Beats

by MANDY MELTON
Seis Semanas en Sevilla

by ROBBIE HARMS

The question, artless but benign, has been asked countless times since the return, and it will surely be asked many more as we regress into The Real World of college and schedules and time and worries: “What was your favorite part about studying abroad?”

Well there’s Rafa and Coro and Angeles and Fernando, our professors. Then there’s Javier and Sandra, our homestay parents, and los peques (the kids). And, of course, there’s the waiter at the Spanish bar on the corner (La Zurita, it’s called) who would smile and wave every time you walked by because you were unfailing habitués. (He’s probably serving un café de Cruzcampo and two montaditos to a group of Spanish college kids right now.)

There’s the uncomplicated approach to marriage and relationships: work hard, love your spouse, and eat what’s cooked. And the lifestyle in which you spend more time doing things that matter — eating, drinking, being with family and friends — and less time doing things that don’t — showering, driving, checking how many times your last tweet was favorited.

There’s the realization that Spaniards are just like their bocadillos (sandwiches), which consist solely of meat and bread: they cherish the essentials and cut out all else. (And, as it were, they are of the highest quality, fresh and salubrious.) Of course bocadillos were only one of a vast number of delectable dining options. Spanish plates, the typical ones you read about in your blue picture vocabulary book in seventh-grade Spanish I, consisted of patatas, gazpacho, tortilla española, arroz con pollo and jamón ibérico. Then there were the atypical plates: anocoles (snails, and their sea-green juice), chariza de sangre (blood sausage) and mayonnaise as the principal condiment. Finally, there were the everyday staples: pan (bread) at every meal, tomates (tomatoes, the best you’ve ever eaten), aceite de oliva (olive oil; Spain is the world’s No. 1 producer) and fresh fruit. Out-of-home eating was equally elegant; Los Coloniales and Rayas were frequented for authentic Spanish cuisine and ice cream, respectively.

We can’t forget the feeling upon entering the sea of green and white at the Real Betis soccer game, before which thousands guzzled the last of their Cruzcampos and packed their bocadillos (for halftime consumption) into their pockets. Then, as we entered the stadium, choking on the cigarette smoke and absorbing the atmosphere of the greatest sporting event of our life.

It felt like you were coming home when you returned to Spain. It wouldn’t be right not to mention the nightlife: there was Long Island, a very Westernized bar; Biltón’s, a very Spanish discoteca; Calle Betis, Alféalfa and The Route 66 Challenge; Diego, Juan and the guy in rollerblades at that bar; La Cerverería Internacional (they had the world’s best beer, as voted by some unnamed entity); leaving a club at 4:30 a.m. and walking past a line of people waiting to get in; seeing a 60-year-old on his morning run on your way back from the night out.

There was the trip to Morocco, where you walked into a tapestry shop and met Elmo, the magnetic and brilliant storeowner (“If you buy this blanket the Moroccan people will smile. It’s a good investment of money.”) who put into words the closest thing that you’ve heard to a life motto: If you smile at life, life will smile back at you. Then how it felt like you were coming home when you returned to Spain. There was the time when you saw two policemen on horseback texting on their smartphones, and you realized that that image is Spain in a nutshell: embracing modernity but always rooted in its past.

The moment you understood how attached you had become to this foreign land came, fittingly and genuinely, on your last night there, after you had just watched Spain defeat Italy in the semifinals of a World Cup tune-up tournament. When, on your walk home, someone asked you who had won and you said, “We did.”

Robbie Harms is a junior from Port Orange, Fla., studying journalism and economics with a minor in Hispanic studies. He received a $5,000 study abroad stipend to travel to Seville, Spain.
18 hours had not always been my first trip by train. This had felt a rush of pride. This had been a blooming tunnel to his Japanese water garden, I felt a growing sense of horror, I desperately mouthed “Vernon?” to the relaxed guy across from me, who gave me a look of deep pity, as we examined a peeling board peppered with taxi cab cards. Many of these featured an image of rolling dice, which felt like a grim metaphor. Finally, after several futile phone calls begging for a taxi, we found someone named Vivien who agreed to drive us to Vernon, several towns away.

As the taxi hurtled through the impenetrable darkness of the French countryside at midnight, I reflected on whether this was becoming the sort of adventure that would earn us a spot on the American morning news as a chilling warning for other study abroad students. However, as we sat stiffly in the backseat of the taxi, we found someone else, a guy across from me, who turned on the radio and began to hum along. His relaxed, cheerful manner soon had us all chatting animatedly in French and discussing the French and American music on the radio. However, it was only after the awful moment of finding our hostel dark and deserted, closed that we realized Vivien’s real worth. Even though his shift was over, he insisted on helping us find a hotel, assisted with the hotel’s electronic check-in, and even warded off some rowdy locals. We were giddy with unexpected accomplishment as we collapsed in our hotel room, and kept repeating his name to each other, like an incantation or a grateful prayer. Although I had already experienced the endless warmth of the French people with my host family, I would never have imagined such support from this scruffy stranger who had only just met. The next day, we found our way to Giverny, which by this time had acquired the aura of an impossible promised land, almost denied to us by our own
bungling, inexperience and the French National Railroad Company. Our weekend of patrimoine was spent blissfully exploring the museums, fortresses, cafés and countryside of Vernon and Giverny. The explosive colors of Monet’s gardens popped against the blue sky, as we spent lazy hours winding through the serpentine maze of flowered paths that opened to stunning views of the house and water. What I loved most, however, was the sharp thrill of independence, the sense of wonder and satisfaction of traveling in a foreign place alone and feeling it become my own. This freshly realized competence sparked dozens of other trips throughout my semester. Whether in Spain or Prague, dreamy French villages or lively European cities, my ability to travel internationally with confidence and create meaningful cultural exchanges will always be evocative of Giverny.

Caroline Cope is a senior from Spartanburg, S.C., studying global studies and art history. She studied in France and received the Elizabeth and Frank Queally Study Abroad Scholarship.

Above: Even in September, a blooming central alley of flowers visually connects Monet’s water garden and the main house.

Below: My friends and I loved exploring the interior of Monet’s house, which was carefully restored to its original state.
A Brazilian exchange student here at Carolina tells us about her experience and what the biggest differences are between college in Brazil and in the United States.

Friday, August 16th
Guarulhos International Airport, São Paulo, Brazil
9:30 pm

It's cold here – 59°F. My two big suitcases, that contain practically all my life, are already on board the American Airlines Boeing 777-300. I have my passport in my hands, and I'm just waiting for them to call the passengers of my flight. I'm nervous. It has been almost five hours since I said goodbye to my family in my hometown Santa Catarina, a state in the south of Brazil, and the campus is amazing! I have never seen such a big campus. I dare to say that this is the most beautiful campus in America. The food is not so bad, but I miss Brazilian food: delicious beans, amazing barbecue, our desserts... oh, I miss it! However, the dining hall and the "all you can eat" system here is something that Brazilian universities could imitate.

Saturday, August 17th
Walking around Chapel Hill
3:00 pm

"Sorry." "Thank you." "You're welcome." "Excuse me." I don't know how many times I have heard these words today. People are very polite here, and I really like it. Ok, so my first meal in the United States was a sandwich from a chain I have never heard of: Chick-fil-A. It was fried chicken sandwich. Fried food? This is America.

Week One
I still think people here are very polite and the campus is amazing! I have never seen such a big campus. I dare to say that this is the most beautiful campus in America.

Saturday, August 17th
Embraer RJ-140, on my way to Raleigh-Durham International Airport
10:30 am

I have never seen such a small plane. I'm not lying when I say that it fits approximately 17 people and one flight attendant, who is a very funny lady. One more hour and I will be in North Carolina. Is that true? I am so excited.

Saturday, August 17th
Boeing 777-300, somewhere in Central America
1:00 am

It's a long flight from Brazil to New York: 10 hours. I have many movies to watch, but my back hurts, and I cannot stay in one position for too long. I cannot sleep. So I made a mantra and repeated it millions of times: in five hours or so I will be in New York, in five hours or so I will be in New York...

Saturday, August 17th
On my way to Chapel Hill
12:00 pm

This is a little disappointing; it's raining here! After all those articles that I read about Chapel Hill and the numerous mentions of the "Carolina blue sky," I confess I was wanting a little more.

(We just passed a sign that said Chapel Hill, so I guess that we are here.)

Wow, it is so beautiful here. Just the way I have seen on movies. Everything is so organized, the streets are so clean, and cars really yield to pedestrians.

The iconic Old Well under a "Carolina blue sky." Photo by Dan Sears.

A Brazilian exchange student here at Carolina tells us about her experience and what the biggest differences are between college in Brazil and in the United States.

Friday, August 16th
Guarulhos International Airport, São Paulo, Brazil
9:30 pm

It's cold here – 59°F. My two big suitcases, that contain practically all my life, are already on board the American Airlines Boeing 777-300. I have my passport in my hands, and I'm just waiting for them to call the passengers of my flight. I'm nervous. It has been almost five hours since I said goodbye to my family in my hometown Santa Catarina, a state in the south of Brazil, and the campus is amazing! I have never seen such a big campus. I dare to say that this is the most beautiful campus in America. The food is not so bad, but I miss Brazilian food: delicious beans, amazing barbecue, our desserts... oh, I miss it! However, the dining hall and the "all you can eat" system here is something that Brazilian universities could imitate.

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The iconic Old Well under a "Carolina blue sky." Photo by Dan Sears.
Coming in Out of the Rain: Lessons from London

by KATIE QUINE

“Take an umbrella. I hear the weather can be miserable.”

A common word of warning from friends and family prior to my arrival in London had me triple checking to see if my backpack’s side pocket had an umbrella on the way to Charlotte’s airport. Still there? Yes. Still there? Yes. Still there? Yes. After all, they say nothing’s quite as awkward as being caught without an umbrella in the rain.

I'm not really sure what called me to study abroad. The adventure and thrill of a world city were alluring enough, but I would be lying if I said London didn't offer a chance at escape. My weary bones ached from routine and longed for the extraordinary. Umbrella stiffly in hand, my trip to London would be the tale of tales, unmarred by imperfection, just beautiful.

I took to London, gingerly at first. I tried to dodge the rain, I got wet. I ran, I hid, I darted. I always got wet. I quickly realized the city, known for its messy traffic and loud noises, is impractical in every way, unyielding to an object as practical as an umbrella. Perfect.

Put through the wringer, wrinkled and soaked, I found a familiar friend in awkwardness. I asked the sales representative at the London-Heathrow Airport if I should go back through customs because I wasn’t sure if I really had anything illegal to declare. Awkward. I knew less about Mississippi-born Elvis Presley than my first cabbie, Keith (“but you can call me Bruce”), did. Awkward. I once took four unnecessary Underground lines to get to a fish and chippery where I never could find my friend. Awkward. And as I began to accept London for all its awkward, messy and impractical glory, the more I began to love it.

Sights became sharpened — the regal Westminster Abbey, the breath-taking London Eye, the quaint Covent Garden — all the more beautiful when punctuated by a little rain. Emotions, too, became more vivid. Love, contentment, purpose — I felt all of it. For the first time in a long time, I felt remarkably awake, present.

One day in early April, just a few weeks before I headed back to the United States, clumps of wet snow started to fall on my walk home from class. I opened my umbrella, but then with a twirl, I promptly closed it. I looked up into the sky, smiled and stuck out my hands while watching messy snowflakes march across my mittens. I didn’t notice my already drenched and well-worn flats. Insignificant to some it may be, but that walk remains as one of my favorite memories from my three months there. Maybe practicality and the extraordinary can’t exist in the same place.

Sometimes, if I close my eyes tightly enough, I dream myself back to London—winter’s extended embrace wrapped around me, a warmth in my heart as it yearns to hold onto these feelings I fear I’ll lose. Little moments take me back.

It’s the sound of raindrops pattering softly against the window. It’s the fleeting upturn of a voice much like, yet so different, from those I heard echoing in the Tube station. It’s the rush of a bus blowing past me when I step haphazardly onto the street, as I admittedly still get reacquainted with which way to look first when crossing the road.

Then, there are the old and familiar vignettes of the Carolina I love that are starkly unlike those of London. The sunny days with their elegiacally blue skies, for one thing. But then there are the rainy days too, as hunched-over and frazzled students hurriedly zip their way through the quad.

It’s the faces of sheer terror among those caught without an umbrella in the rain that are the same faces of those who have never lived nor loved London. Even with its chaos, London has a funny way of straightening the spine, calming the heart and making those lucky enough to have lived there reach for more. How lucky I was to have called it my home, however briefly.

So if it’s London that calls you, always be sure to carry an umbrella. Or better yet, don’t.

Katie Quine is a senior from Charlotte, N.C., double majoring in journalism and political science. She traveled to London.
It's been four weeks since I first went scuba diving and three since I went snorkeling, yet I still feel like I'm shaking water out of my ears. Not because there's actually anything between them, other than wax and slowly depleting gray matter, but because the memories are lodged so permanently and deeply that I'm sure I'll never be able to shake them out. I'm going to make room for the next onslaught of experiences by putting on paper everything I've learned about the ocean by sharing my sea of memories and overusing every water metaphor I can in the process. Because they're coming in waves.

It started with a thoughtless impulse. In retrospect, signing up to get scuba diving certified in Thailand, despite the fact that I've never been more than waist deep in the ocean, I swim about as well as I drive (i.e., not well), and I am, in fact, terrified of open water, probably wasn't my brightest impulse. Traveling does some interesting things to your frontal lobe; I don't know who's been steering my decision making faculties lately, but I imagine they have a tramp stamp and are Duke fans. The certification was divided into two weekends of training: a pool course and a weekend of actual diving. I realized the full extent of my fear on day one of my training, when I failed two consecutive swim tests in the pool and almost cried it salty thinking about the fact that I was going to be stuck three atmospheres underwater with hundreds of sea monsters and no emergency exits. Our assignment that weekend was to read a 200-page manual on everything that could go wrong underwater and how to handle it. It included how to avoid your lungs exploding, your ear drums bursting, being swept out to sea, eaten by sharks, and other casual stuff like that. The entire week I was in a daze.

I really don't think I was properly awake again until the water smacked me on my first jump. I'm going to skip forward a bit, past all the fear and anxiety and adrenaline and just try to explain what it feels like to be sitting on the ocean floor with fish nipping at your fingers. These are the sensations I remember: Falling through darkness, not looking at anything but the person falling directly in front of me, because every other direction left you feeling small and scared and lost. Landing with all the noise and clumsiness of a newborn giraffe on sand and rocks and coral and wishing walking didn't suddenly feel like the most unnatural thing in the world. Not needing a seashell to hear the ocean (which sounds like whooshing water, crackling salt, and the occasional roar of a speedboat above). Sucking in deep, slow breaths to calm myself as I silently watched schools of fish pass right in front of and around me. Feeling as light as a feather swimming over reefs, waves gently tossing me around. And finally, having vivid Little Mermaid flashbacks as I soared to the surface and tossed my head out of the water like there were cameras waiting for me. I remember thinking of Schrödinger's cat. It's in a box, and until the box is opened it can somehow be both dead and alive. As long as I was in the water I was the most powerless and powerful, most panicked and most peaceful I've ever been. It only took hundreds of dollars of equipment and the world's largest aquarium but I finally understand physics.

Four weeks since I dove, three since I snorkeled, but this is the lesson I'm going to remember forever – that the things that intimidate you the most are often the most worthwhile. After spending 21 years cowering from the deep end of swimming pools, it only took two weekends and a frontal lobe malfunction for me to get my sea legs. And I didn't even have to trade in my voice.

In case I haven't effectively communicated what the ocean is like, I'm going to let Pixar wrap this up:

Bubbles: So the big blue, huh? What's it like?
Nemo: Big...and...blue?
Bubbles: I knew it.

And Disney put a bow on it:

Darlin' it's better! Down where it's wetter! Take it from meeeeee.

It really is.

Madiha Bhatti is a senior from High Point, N.C., studying English and biology with a women's studies minor. She studied in Thailand as a Carolina Scholar and as a Mary and Elliot Woods Scholar.
I asked her as she picked up one of the snails. She grinned cunningly and held the snail up to my face to scare me. Playing along, I took off running. The wind that whipped past my ears blocked out every sound but Mariam giggling as she chased after me.

Soon after, Mariam’s Mama Jamila called us inside for dinner. Red-checked and winded, three beautiful pairs of dark eyelashes settled in between their two new American siblings to tug at my heart. The food that Mama Jamila served us, for the week that the village hosted my troupe of 10 students, was always delicious. There were steamed vegetables, chicken, couscous, and an endless supply of bread. Mama Jamila also made sure that our glasses were never emptied of the famously sugary Moroccan mint tea.

She wove the paste into swirling patterns on my skin. As the henna dried, it cooled, leaving my hands icy.
I'm so tired. I can't think. Will they like me? How am I going to speak Japanese? I can't even speak English right now.

I had just arrived in Nagoya, Japan. Thirty-six hours of flight and several transfers had induced heavy jet lag. I had waited in customs and been through many security lines. I had been stamped at immigration for my four-month stay in the country to have been through many security lines. I had to establish myself and register at immigration. It was my very first time meeting a new host-family which included my aunt, my uncle and my grandparents. I even grew into my daily life in Japan. My host-family had hosted before, and it was terrifed.

At the airport, I ate a bowl of ramen with my host-family in a little ramen shop. I was struggling, someplace between hunger and exhaustion. It was my very first time meeting them, and in my meager Japanese, I only understood some of the things my new host-family was saying. I watched as my new host-brothers, Kenshin and Kouta, asked my host-mom a question. Then, out spouted the most beautiful words I have ever heard in the English language.

“How can I help you?” asked Kouta, my younger host-brother. He meant this in reference to the ramen I couldn’t seem to finish. I thankfully pushed the bowl over the table and watched as Kouta and Kenshin devoured it with the ravenous appetites of small boys. I soon discovered my host-mom taught English for the neighborhood children, and my brothers were learning English from her. I was the luckiest host-student in all of Japan. My host-mom was bilingual. I was so grateful when at that point I could not function in any language and desperately needed sleep.

Despite my rough start, I slowly grew into my daily life in Japan. My host-family had hosted before, and my host-mom did her best to help me. Her knowledge of English was invaluable in my quest to get settled. I now understood the life of an immigrant. I had to establish myself and register at the local ward office for immigration paperwork. My host-brothers taught me their ways and made sure I didn’t get into too much trouble without their guidance. My brother Kouta often shouted his disbelieve when I understood what he said whereas my older brother Kenshin preferred to try and help me understand.

Every day, I rode my bike to and from the subway station to my home in Nishinomiya, a suburb of Nagoya. If I needed to get anywhere else in Nagoya, I took the subway. It was liberating not having to rely on a car. On Thursdays at 8 p.m. I watched Pokémon with my little brothers. My friends and I would go dancing on Friday nights in Sakae or eat at cheap little restaurants during our lunch breaks at school. Saturdays I would spend with my host-family going to a temple or festival of some sort. One time we even went out to an amusement park all day. Sometimes I just went with my host-family on errands. The boys went to soccer practice while my host-mom and I went grocery shopping.

Those four months were the most stressful and most wonderful of my life. They were also four months I lived my life to its fullest. I tried new experiences every single day. I learned how to eat raw fish and raw egg. I learned to tolerate being stared at constantly while my family rejoiced at how beautifully it had been delivered in Japanese.

A few days after that I got on a bus bound for the airport. I hugged my entire host-family goodbye. Hugging is not a normal thing in Japan, but I did it anyway. My brothers chatted the bus all the way around the block before they fell out of sight. And as the sun rose and I caught a glimpse of the Chubu Airport of Nagoya, I couldn’t help but think, Sayonara, Japan.

But only until we meet again.

by KIMBERLY MIGLINO

Kimberly Miglino is a senior from Lexington, N.C., studying global studies. She studied in Nagoya, Japan.

Kenshin (left), Kouta (right) and Kimberley at the temple complex of Ise Jingu. The photograph was taken next to a small river, and Kouta almost caused everyone to fall in. Photo by Rei Daphne Ketsu.

Top: This is my host-family. We were at the shrine of Ise Jingu when we stopped to eat some snacks and food made with red bean paste. Photo by Rei Daphne Ketsu, one of my host-family’s former host-daughters who came for a visit.

Previous host-children who were from Australia and Hong Kong. Everything amazed me, and I amazed everyone. Sometimes my Japanese was horrible, and they took pity on me. Sometimes it was good, and they thought I was fluent. I eventually learned to order food at McDonald’s with some fluency, but I still needed to have my host-mom with me at the local ward office for immigration paperwork. My host-brothers taught me their ways and made sure I didn’t get into too much trouble without their guidance. My brother Kouta often shouted his disbelief when I understood what he said whereas my older brother Kenshin preferred to try and help me understand.

Every day, I rode my bike to and from the subway station to my home in Nishinomiya, a suburb of Nagoya. If I needed to get anywhere else in Nagoya, I took the subway. It was liberating not having to rely on a car. On Thursdays 

Language: Japanese

JAPAN

Population: 132 million
Capital: Tokyo
Language: Japanese

Japan, they tend to make it very apparent that you are not Japanese. The language barrier was very difficult at first, but with practice I managed. The hours of Japanese classes every morning at Nanzan University, the university where I was studying abroad, probably helped as well.

I eventually met the rest of my host-family which included my aunt, my uncle and my grandparents. I even got to meet two of my host-family’s previous host-children who were from Australia and Hong Kong. Everything amazed me, and I amazed everyone.

However, just as soon as I had arrived, I had to return once more. My host-family had a going-away party for me, and it was one of the most emotional experiences of my life. I made homemade bread, and we all ate a giant meal together. I had my host-mom call everyone to the table, and I delivered a speech in Japanese thanking everyone for letting me be their daughter, sister, niece, and granddaughter. My brother Kenshin and I burst into tears during my speech while my family rejoiced at how beautifully it had been delivered in Japanese.
Some places I’ve traveled I remember for the sights—picturesque views from hilltops, gorgeous domes and cathedrals, sunsets in bursts of rose and orange over the water. Florence has all of that, but I remember Florence for its people, especially Pietro.

We met at a gelato festival, as I was unsuccessfully deciphering my map to determine the route to the Uffizi, a fabulous art museum. An old man with short-cropped white hair, a large reddened nose and glasses like my grandfather’s materialized before me. Pietro’s smile shone as if he appreciated the beauty in every moment and wanted to share it.

“Can I help you?” he asked.

I mentioned the Uffizi and presented my map.

“I’ll take you there,” he offered. “It’s a short walk.”

I thanked him. Relieved of my duty to navigate, I enjoyed the scenery as we walked.

“Like to take tourists around my beautiful city,” Pietro told me, as we passed the Duomo’s colorful mosaic. “I have lived here all my life. But as I get older, Florence becomes more beautiful in my eyes.”

We approached a small church.

“Let’s go inside?” he asked. “I want to show you something very beautiful.”

From the outside, it looked like nothing special. Inside I beheld intri-}

ated the beauty in every moment and

sand. “The work of the Medicis,” he said. “Every job was important: artist, writer, garbage collector. Everybody played an important part in making the city beautiful. It’s still that way here, but not so much.” His eyes became sad. Then he brightened. “They gave us the art we have today. They’re still with us. I’d like to thank you.” I said, when we’d completed our tour, my mind still reeling with art magnifico. “How about a cappuccino?”

He suggested Café Rivoire. “I’ve been going there since my school days,” he told me.

I frowned. “At the Uffizi,” he said. “You wanted to visit today?”

I nodded.

He checked his watch: an hour “til close. ‘Til go with you, show you the highlights.”

Without Pietro, I’d probably still be aimlessly wandering those hallowed halls, overwhelmed by all there is to see. I got the Chevy Chase tour of the Uffizi. Pietro clipped an incredible pace with a bad knee after “planting 100 tomato plants this morning.” Determined that I wouldn’t miss anything, he parted the clustered crowds with a wave and a smile.


“I’d like to thank you,” I said, when we parted at the bus stop.

The bartender knew Pietro, of course. I got a cappuccino. Pietro ordered “black” coffee in a tiny glass cup and half-filled it with sugar, sipping quickly. His wife would be expecting him for dinner.

We parted at the bus stop.

“Kissing my cheeks, he boarded the bus and disappeared.”

I lingered at the bus stop sign long after he departed. If I left, I’d wonder if that afternoon had even happened.

Afterward, I decided to hike to Piazzale Michelangelo, where Pietro’s least-favorite David stands, watching the sun set in peaches and plums against the skyline.

Instead, I got hopelessly lost. Wandering aimlessly along the hilltop, I was on the verge of giving up, when I almost ran headlong into a guy about my age.

He introduced himself as Emmanuel. He was also looking for Piazzale Michelangelo. With his better map, we arrived as the sun set. washing Florence in golden rosewater. We spent the rest of the evening together. Over fettuc- cini, we marveled at the timing of our meeting. “Just 10 seconds in either direction and we’d never have met!” he said.

First Pietro, then Emmanuel, and the glorious sunset forever casting the city in gold. So much beauty. Just 10 seconds either way, and it might never have been.

Emily Palmer is a senior from Durham, N.C., double majoring in journalism and global studies and minoring in creative writing. She traveled to Italy.  

Lots of people crowded onto Ponte Vecchio, the main bridge in Florence, to watch the sunset. They burst into applause as the sun set in magnificent pinks and blues.

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First Pietro, then Emmanuel, and the glorious sunset forever casting the city in gold. So much beauty. Just 10 seconds either way, and it might never have been.
I arrive in Gulu at the start of mango season. The mango tree outside of Health-Alert-Uganda’s office, where I will be interning for the next six weeks, is full of fruit. Flavia, the secretary who has been giving me a tour of the building and its small surrounding compound, watches me stare up at it, giggling. “Do you want one?”

I’m fresh off the plane, jet-lagged and dazed. She makes the decision for me, and it’s one of the low-hanging fruits. When it falls, she picks it up and runs it through the thin stream of water spraying out of a hose that curls across the yard. It does not have the thick, orange skin of imported mangos. It’s palm-sized, green that fades to yellow, and sticky with sap even after it’s washed.

“Do you know how to eat it?” She shows me how to bite through the tender skin then peel it off with my teeth. When I finish, I have a bare, squishy sphere of fruit in my hand. Juice dribbles down my arm, and when I bite into it, it leaves orange strings bristling from between my teeth. “It’s so sweet.”

When a butterfly visits the compound, I chase after it. The employees drinking tea from the shade of the tent in the yard watch me. “You will never catch it! It’s too fast!” The butterfly escapes over the fence in a matter of minutes. Pink-faced, I walk over to the table where my coworkers sit sipping from ceramic mugs.

Stella, who helps coordinate HIV and AIDS counseling, leans over the table. “Do you know what it’s called? It’s ‘lafofo.’”

“Lafofo?”

“No. Say, ‘Amaro lafofo.’”

I repeat after Stella, and she claps a hand to my back. “Ah! Very good. Amaro lafofo. I love the butterfly.”

I bring my new-found words to the office in turn. Now, when my coworkers approach me and say something to me in Luo that they know I won’t understand, they laugh when I reply with a nod and my go-to phrase. They teach me more: how to complain of hunger, how to say where I am going, and how to call people troublesome. After my first week in Gulu, the office caretaker, Nomulinda, calls me over to the tea table. “You have been in Gulu for ten days. It is time you get a new name. Lanyero.”

Stella smiles as she as she spoons sugar into her tea and says, “Lanyero, do you know what your name means? It means ‘very happy.’ Someone who is always smiling.”

While in Gulu, I learn many things. I learn to dodge the sticky handshakes of youngsters holding mangos they picked themselves by teaching them to fist-bump. I learn that mzungu, the word children have been shouting at me since I arrived, means “European” and is meant in a friendly way. Now, when kids run over to greet me with shrieks of “Mzungu, how are you?” I answer in Luo, “Little boy, little girl, how are you?” I learn how to sit like an African woman, with my legs curled to one side beneath a long skirt.

While I wear that same skirt, Junior, who supervises peer support groups, tries to show me how to situate myself on a motorcycle so we can ride to see a client. He tells me where to put my feet in relation to bits of machinery I can’t see through all the fabric. No one believes me when I say I can ride a bicycle, so I am made to prove it. I straddle the top tube with my skirt hiked up to make a few quick rounds of the compound on a borrowed bike.

Half way through the internship, I abandon my floppy-brimmed straw ‘mzungu’ hat.

I prepare to leave at the end of mango season. The leaves on the tree beside the Health-Alert office have turned yellow and are starting to drop. Everyone is looking ahead to crops of groundnuts and maize. On my last day in the office, Stella watches me as I dart from one project folder to the next, in a rush to finish organizing. “How old are you, Lanyero?”

“I’m eighteen.”

“Okay. You finish your studies and get your degree quick, alright? Or we will be enjoying mangos again without you.”

“Afright.”

Stella pulls me into a hug, “Lanyero, we will miss you.”

I’m left entertaining wild ideas, stuck in a double bind where both my options hurt to think about. The half-joking insistence of my co-workers that I should stay hardly helps. In the end, my plane ticket doesn’t go unused. I’m back to finish my studies and get my degree. But I think it is impossible not to miss a place once you’ve let its roads tear up the soles of your shoes, and its dust ingrains itself permanently in your favorite pair of jeans. I know I’ll find my way back to Gulu again, even if it’s not before the start of next year’s mango season.

Clara Williams is a sophomore from Hickory, N.C., majoring in biology. She traveled to Uganda.
Think you can’t afford an international experience? Think again.

Here are just some of the scholarships available at Carolina. Visit global.unc.edu for more information.

PROGRAM: Burch Fellows Program
DESCRIPTION: For students with self-designed off-campus experiences pursuing a passionate interest.
REQUIREMENTS: Full-time undergraduates 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 28
MORE INFO: www.burchfellows.unc.edu

PROGRAM: Class of 1938 Summer Study Abroad Fellowships
DESCRIPTION: For students who need support to pursue independent career or personal projects outside the U.S.
REQUIREMENTS: Sophomores, juniors or seniors planning on 5th year of coursework. Must be a U.S. citizen.
STIPEND: $5,000
DEADLINE: February 18
MORE INFO: oiss.unc.edu/services_programs/1938

PROGRAM: C.V. Starr International Scholarship
DESCRIPTION: For students who have strong financial need to undertake an independent internationally oriented experience during the summer.
REQUIREMENTS: Undergrad students eligible for Pell Grant with min. 2.8 GPA; grad students who are NOT U.S. citizens or permanent residents and have demonstrated financial need.
STIPEND: $3,000 - $5,000
DEADLINE: March 6
MORE INFO: cgi.unc.edu/awards/cv-starr

PROGRAM: Frances L. Phillips Travel Scholarship
DESCRIPTION: For students with individual, self-designed/directed international travel experiences of 2 to 6 months.
REQUIREMENTS: Juniors/seniors in the College of Arts & Sciences with financial need. Must 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 returning undergrad or grad students.
STIPEND: Up to $3,000
DEADLINE: TBD (check website)
MORE INFO: mfg.uncianigma.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 undergraduate 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 28
MORE INFO: www.unc.edu/depts/oas/our/students/fellowship_supp/surf.html

PROGRAM: Robert E. Bryan Social Innovation Fellowships
DESCRIPTION: For students who are interested in making a significant contribution locally, nationally or internationally through the creation of an entrepreneurial project that addresses a community issue or need.
REQUIREMENTS: Any returning, full-time undergraduates and teams are eligible to apply.
STIPEND: Up to $1,000
DEADLINE: mid October, TBD (check website)
MORE INFO: cgi.unc.edu/awards-acceptance/bryan-social-innovation-fellowships

PROGRAM: Sonya 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: http://sasiohaynesstonestcenter.unc.edu/programs/forms/susf

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/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. 2.0 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 September for spring programs.
MORE INFO: studyabroad.unc.edu/phillips

PROGRAM: CGI International Internship Awards
DESCRIPTION: For students who wish to implement a summer internationally focused internship.
REQUIREMENTS: Full-time undergraduate students returning to UNC. Graduate students pursuing a master’s degree.
STIPEND: $500 - $3,000
DEADLINE: March 6
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 6
MORE INFO: cgi.unc.edu/awards/cuhf

PROGRAM: Office of Global Health Funding Opportunities
DESCRIPTION: For undergraduates to pursue international/global health internships.
REQUIREMENTS: Varies
STIPEND: Varies
DEADLINE: Varies
MORE INFO: www.burchfellows.unc.edu

See global.unc.edu for more information.
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, and SH Year 2011 Study Abroad programs.

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 SH 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
View of Cape Town, South Africa and a full moon from the top of Lion’s Head Mountain. Photo by Anna Spickard.