From left to right: 
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CONTENTS SPRING 2011

Bears, Vodka & Lenin by Emily Jacobson 8

An Italian Affair by Emily Nycum 10

The Difference Orange Soda Makes by Annadele Herman 12

A Humbling Summer in Zanzibar by Annie Kimberley 14

Aldozatok: Voice from Behind a Fallen Iron Curtain by Gwendolyn Bellinger 15

Mwana by Troy Smith 16

Beauty in Beads by Diana Lee 18

The India of Trains by Gregory Randolph 19

Same Same but Different by Emily Noonan 21

A Humbling Summer in Zanzibar by Emily Noonan 21

Kyoto - The Walking City by Benjamin Wang 24

Would You Like to Split My Coffee? by Marieke Fenton 26

Istanbul: A Mirror of Myself by Burku Bozkurt 28

My Real South Africa by Casey Edlund 32

How a Volcano in Iceland Taught Me the Value of Spontaneity by Laura Hoxworth 34

HOOKED ON PASSPORT?

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Left: A sunrise in Sevilla, Spain.
Above: An ape perched on a wall on top of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Katie Hounshell, junior

Right: While waiting for her husband to collect their share of the food supplies after the passing of the tropical storm Ágatha, this young mother proudly presents her child who is carefully wrapped up in a perrage, a typical way of carrying an infant.

Below: The national bird of Guatemala: el quetzal or the Resplendent Quetzal. The national currency is named after this beautifully colored creature, which plays a large role in Mesoamerican mythologies.

Benjamin Rosado, junior

Below: The national bird of Guatemala: el quetzal or the Resplendent Quetzal. The national currency is named after this beautifully colored creature, which plays a large role in Mesoamerican mythologies.

Left: Notre Dame was transformed into an all-night exhibition space as white light glowed and dimmed to the time of faint piano music.

Sarah Acuff, junior

Above: A no-parking sign indicates that day and night it is forbidden to stay there.

Below: People gathered in the streets to enjoy being outside on an October’s night and take advantage of France’s lack of open-container laws.
On the morning of Dec. 18, 2010, I woke in the London flat I had called home for three months. My bags were full, the fridge was empty and I was all set to check out the door. I booted up my laptop to check on my flight time, hoping that the snow descending on the U.K. hadn’t interfered with my plans.

My flight was canceled. I spent the rest of the morning on the phone sitting on hold, listening to

the same three minutes of Rhapsody in Blue over and over and over again. As you can imagine, this did not help my stress in the slightest. When stranded alone in a foreign city, a recorded voice thanking you for your patience and assuring you that an airline representative will be with you shortly is not very comforting. But after a couple of calls, I successfully booked a flight for the following evening. The flat management agreed to let me stay on for another night.

In my explorations of London, I had covered most of the major sights—the Tower of London, St. Paul’s, the British Museum and so on. But over a thousand years of history are crammed into London, and it was physically impossible to see it all in a semester. I decided, on the extra day I’d been given, to visit one of these places I’d overlooked: the Churchill War Rooms. The headquarters of British operations from World War II have been preserved almost intact since 1945, and are now open to visitors. When the rooms were re-opened to the public, they discovered one officer had left behind some sugar cubes, hoarded during the days of rationing. The headquarters are completely underground—in the museum, you leave the modern London completely behind.

Or rather, you do on most days. With the modern London in the midst of a snowstorm, the museum closed at two. I had just enough time to finish looking around the museum, and still most of the afternoon left open. What to do next?

The obvious answer presented itself as I walked out of the museum and came face-to-face with St. James’s Park. The park is one of my favorite places in London. Hundreds of birds spend their days in St. James’s Park, most of them eager to take handouts from passerby.

What with the snow now blanketing the city, I didn’t manage to fly out until the 22nd. I savored every day of delay. I realized, too, that in my three months there, I’d come to know London as well as I know Chapel Hill. I never felt lost or disconnected over those days. I navigated snowy, wind-strewn streets without ever consulting a map. Along with some other girls caught by the weather, I managed to fit in some of the extra London experiences I’d missed: an English breakfast, London’s breathtaking production of Wicked and even dinner at a nice Thai place the other students on my program loved.

Looking back I remember how, on the first day of my delay, trudging through the snowstorm in search of breakfast, I passed a mother and her daughter, who couldn’t have been more than five years old. As I walked by, the girl turned up to her mother and asked happily, “Is this what winter wonderland is like?” After a day of wonders, from war history to feeding squirrels, I was inclined to say yes.

Claire is a junior English major.

By Claire Korzen

On the morning of Dec. 18, 2010, I woke in the London flat I had called home for three months. My bags were full, the fridge was empty and I was all set to check out the door. I booted up my laptop to check on my flight time, hoping that the snow descending on the U.K. hadn’t interfered with my plans.

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Claire is a junior English major.
The sun was rising. I walked slowly out of my apartment building, yanked open the heavy iron gate and stepped out into the street. The uneven, dirty sidewalk took me a way that had already become familiar, past shabby and discolored old apartments that had not yet begun to look beautiful to me. No one passed by me as I crossed toward the canal and wound my way along it. The September air was cool, and I had a bounce in my step. As I rounded another bend in the canal, five wildly colorful onion-shaped domes came into view: the Church on Spilled Blood. “I’m studying abroad,” I thought. “I’m actually here.”

That morning was exhilarating, and the excitement of being on my own in a totally foreign city finally hit me. To be honest, my first few weeks in Piter were not as smooth as I had planned. It’s easy to nod along and listen when advisors and peers talk about culture shock, but no matter what they tell you, in the moment it doesn’t feel like culture shock. It feels like everything is wrong, and if you’re overdramatic like me you have visions of yourself suffering for four long months. I seriously thought I had made the worst decision of my life. Fresh off the plane, I didn’t understand much Russian, I had never owned a winter coat and I didn’t like the massive concrete, dilapidated apartments or the imposing Soviet monuments. It occurred to me that this might be a serious problem. Despite my self-perceived and perhaps illusory open-mindedness, there is a side of Russia that is in fact cold, bleak, scary and bureaucratic. You could have gone anywhere, I thought to myself, and you chose Russia.

That was before I fell in love. St. Petersburg, or Piter as the locals call it, is such a beautiful city. The colorful architecture, park fountains and winding canals betray its creation from a European model; in fact, amongst my Russian professors seemed cold and harsh in Russia, which made adapting a total nightmare. However, instead of focusing on the freezes, the apparent indifference to my presence on the sidewalk, or the grating tone of annoyance by the cashier, by the end of the semester I found absolute joy in unexpected warmth and disregarded everything else. No, I don’t remember if the crowd shoved me into my metro car on some Wednesday morning—chances are good. Yes, I do remember if the woman who stepped on my toe and kept tapping my shoulder until I took out my headphones so she could apologize warmly; the man who made room and motioned me into the train car when I looked at the packed space with weak hope; or the woman who smiled at my imperfect Russian and took the time to understand me anyway. My Russian professors seemed stern and distant, but by the end of the semester they topped my list as the some of the warmest people I know.

When a man heard I was going to Russia, his best advice was to take Marlboros and blue jeans to sell to Russians. “They can’t get enough of them over there,” he said. Before adding, almost as an afterthought, “Go to the Hermitage, too. I hear it’s good.” I spent four months in Russia, but I don’t want to talk about bears, vodka or Lenin. Too often I find myself confirming trite preconceptions, describing my semester in a way I think people with no interest in Russia prefer to hear: It was cold, and yes, vodka was cheaper than water. But something drew me to that country despite its dark reputation and its complexity, and I knew I had to actually go there to discover why. I found beauty in a city torn by revolution, war and a totalitarian state, and I found the warmth of a cold inhabited country in its people. It may have been the hardest and coldest semester of my life, but in the end I realized I wouldn’t have given up my semester in Russia to be anywhere else in the world.
An Italian Affair

By Emily Nycum

It is the City of Art, of Dante, of leather vendors and gelaterias. "Firenze" in Italian, Florence is a metropolis in an otherwise vineyard-coated rural landscape. One thousand years ago it birthed the Renaissance, and the minds that followed have altered the course of human history: the Medici family, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Botticelli and Machiavelli among others. All created in Florence, inspired by its brilliance. Years ago they lived la bella vita, the beautiful life, and for the next five months, so would I.

Today, this city is a vibrant juxtaposition of old world Tuscany and bustling Europe. There are trattorie, cafes, enotecas, ristorantes and McDonald’s. Tour guides rattle off fun facts and stories in broken English to camera-bearing travelers on double-decker red buses. Vespas zip down tight cobblestone alleys, precariously close to the leather coattails of pedestrians. The sidewalks are often the size of oversized curbs, leading to the awkward dilemma of who steps down into the street, risking both life and limb for the sake of good manners.

I remember the first time I felt like a local in Florence. It was not when the barista at News Cafe knew my order before I placed it. Nor was it when I engaged in fluent conversation with the attractive Italian man who sold us chicken at the Mercato Centrale. He had dark hair and even darker eyes. He had a baritone “ciao bella” and a corner-of-the-mouth smile. It is a work of art. Like the winding trail up to the Piazzale Michelangelo and absorb a view that will steal your heart as well as your breath. Hundreds of terra cotta roofs cluster before your eyes, painting a sea of rust amidst the deep green of the Tuscan hillside beyond. The Duomo dominates the horizon with its enormous warm-hued tiled dome, pristine white marble façade and adjacent bell tower. The dusty brown tower of the Palazzo Vecchio points to Florence’s former center of government and the piazza that hosted my favorite street musician every night.

Continue your visual tour south and rest your eyes on the Fiume Arno, the river that splits Florence in half, separating the historic center from the Oltrarno, the neighborhoods where the “real” Florentines live. The Arno was my favorite part of this Tuscan landscape. Sometimes it would be still as glass, perfectly reflecting the 500-year-old golden-hued buildings that lined its banks. The bridges are the brushstrokes that unite each half of the city. They have been rebuilt, and together, they dominate the city’s skyline. I love Firenze for its muted, yet vibrantly colorful frescoes that bring life to dull plaster walls. The five euro cup of my favorite gelato. The warm glow of the sunset reflecting off the Arno and the rich hue it poured upon the city. The necessity for sharp Parmigiano Reggiano cheese on every dish. The picturesque canals in the Piazza della Repubblica that we finally rode on our last night. The superior pictures of gelato, Reggiano cheese, the Arno and the rich hue it poured upon the city. The necessity for sharp Parmigiano Reggiano cheese on every dish. The picturesque canals in the Piazza della Repubblica that we finally rode on our last night.

I love Florence. Not just for its Renaissance architecture that captivates historians and artists alike nor the splendor of the Ponte Vecchio nor the Eden-like paradise of the Boboli Gardens or its famed orange dome that dominates the city’s skyline. I love Firenze for its muted, yet vibrant, colorful frescoes that bring life to dull plaster walls. The five euro cup of my favorite gelato. The warm glow of the sunset reflecting off the Arno and the rich hue it poured upon the city. The necessity for sharp Parmigiano Reggiano cheese on every dish. The picturesque canals in the Piazza della Repubblica that we finally rode on our last night. The superior pictures of gelato, Reggiano cheese, the Arno and the rich hue it poured upon the city. The necessity for sharp Parmigiano Reggiano cheese on every dish. The picturesque canals in the Piazza della Repubblica that we finally rode on our last night.
The Difference ORANGE SODA Can Make By Annadele Herman

Every traveler is addicted to a handful of moments that define a trip: those that make the cost, the illness, the occasional discomfort, all well worth it; the moments that make you briefly consider disappearing into the unpredicatable arms of travel forever. The first stop into a strange land is one of these moments—a well-anticipated launch into a fleeting second during which every sense is suddenly self-aware of its previous inadequacies. For me, this moment floated me into my first hours in eastern Tanzania. These hours were spent on a rickety bus that carried its passengers, somewhat precariously half-on and half-off the road, from the congested capital of Dar es Salaam to the lush valley of Moshi at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania.

It was my first time on the continent, my first trip lasting more than a week out of the United States, and my first time traveling anywhere alone. While a few changes of clothes were stuffed below, safe on my lap was my most prized burden and companion during the 10-hour bus ride: a microscope, along with specimen slides and a few books. In a few days I would be pouring over these materials with an inspiration to get around the problems of scarce resources in the laboratory in order to still do right by their patients. What I did not yet know was that the social lessons I garnered far exceeded any others. I learned about true community in which hitchhiking is a way of life, neighbors do not hesitate to add another two months, I already felt as though I were leaving a plane to Lilongwe. Though I would not leave Africa for another two months, I already felt as though I were leaving home.

Annadele Herman is a junior clinical laboratory science and chemistry major. She traveled to Malawi and Tanzania with the help of the McClendon Laboratory Scholarship and the June C. Albert Fellowship.

Below Annadele perches on a short cliff on Malawi’s most prized ecological possession. Lake Nyasa, or Lake Malawi, is the largest and most biodiverse “inland sea” in the world and is home to over 600 species of cichlids and the dreaded Schistosome parasite.

Opposite Two men peddle their neat load down one of Malawi’s best thoroughfares. Goats for special occasions, chickens, lumber, stick bundles, and passengers were common sights on the backs of bicycles.
A summer far from Carolina,  
Around the world to the Wall of China.

A remnant from the days of Ming,  
This path of Wonder near Beijing;  
Centuries of history rest in this rock,  
So in torrid weather I will walk.

My journey is not for the faint of heart,  
For a seven-mile hike I now depart;  
Up and down the slope I stumble and climb,  
Each step marks some ancient time.

Walking along the path's thick brush,  
I'm struck with an adrenaline rush;  
No words can describe the place I stand,  
Tired, I stop to admire the land.

Defying Gravity

Act upon act of stunning tricks,  
In the front row I sit transfixed;  
The law of nature's turned on its head,  
Will gravity hang by just a thread?

Upon a bike they mount as twins,  
Chasing wheels caught in spins;  
As each pair rises, I'm more impressed,  
Is this for real or a magician's jest?

The finale brings the Cage of Death,  
Anxiously I wait with bated breath;  
Around the cage the motor bikes dive,  
Circling as five; will they survive?

The show is over and the troupe has bowed,  
Everyone's clapping; we all stand wowed.

A Wall with A View

A summer far from Carolina,  
Around the world to the Wall of China.

The clean-cut, tall towers of the Great Wall most visited by tourists.

20 acrobats circle the stage on a single bike.

Annie Kimberley is a Junior studying business and journalism. She received the Phillips Ambassador Scholarship and went abroad to Shanghai, China.
I knew little of Hungary’s history before I landed in Budapest in August 2010. I certainly wasn’t expecting to be living three blocks from this legendary building, an infamous symbol of repression and violence to the Hungarians. This building, the ‘Terror Háza,’ or “House of Terror,” was the headquarters of both the Arrow Cross fascist regime during the early 1940s and the Communist ÁVH after the communist takeover in 1945. Entering what is now a memorial museum, I witnessed the horrors of the multiple occupations of Budapest. Photos and videos of the pallid dead bodies piled on the streets; walking skeletons in the Gulags, the cramped cells incarcerating political prisoners before they were hung as a statement: This government did not belong to its people.

Having never traveled outside of Western Europe, I had only learned from within the safety of textbooks about the stark repression in former Soviet bloc countries. Of course I knew of the Iron Curtain from school, but it seemed as if the everyday conditions that these people faced was still hidden away from Western classrooms 20 years after the fall of communism. I had never fully grasped the misery of the communist regime in these countries. Nor will I ever.

There were even more faces plastered on the walls inside Terror Háza. As I came to learn, these were all people who gave up their lives during the 1956 revolution. A few years after the communist regime overthrew the government, the repression became too much for the people. Hungary fought back. They swarmed the streets, they tore the Soviet emblem from their flag, and fought for their freedoms. The rebellion was crushed by Soviet tanks, bombs and bullets, leaving their mark on the city in the form of bullet holes in the concrete buildings, scars that are still visible when you examine the walls. Thousands were killed in the 13-day rebellion and in the later executions of political prisoners. Hundreds of thousands fled to nearby European countries and the United States.

I must have heard the year ‘1956’ over a hundred times during my four months in Hungary. Looking around the city, one is immediately struck by the glittering chain bridge, the Buda Castle, the picturesque Parliament building and the city lights scintillating in the Danube River. This city, over a thousand years old, is rich with history. But even as I tried to turn to other historical eras, the medieval archaeology from Castle Hill, for instance, I could not escape the grim photos of explosions and ruins from the city’s occupation. Every monument, place and person in Hungary felt the damage of communism; everything has been tainted by Hungary’s recent past. It’s ironic that the Hungarians so firmly demand that they are part of “Central Europe,” almost as if in protest of being associated with the bleak past and modern connotations of “Eastern Europe.” It is ironic because their national holidays, their celebrated national heroes, the road names, even the aged Hungarian senior citizens shopping in the market halls are all a testament to the very terrible, very real past that this nation possesses. It is a shame that so much that occurred behind the Iron Curtain never penetrated into our society. There was so little I knew about this country’s past few decades of history. How have we excluded these tragedies from our knowledge of history? However, unlike so many countries, Hungary had a generally happy ending. The people are free to work, travel and live how they like, and they can be sure that any visitors will not leave without learning just how hard they had to work in the past 60 years to enjoy those freedoms. They certainly will not let future generations forget.
These photos were taken during my time as an in-the-field intern with GlobalGiving, a D.C.-based NGO. The photos depict the children of Malawi and Zambia, some of whom sacrifice their childhood to poverty, hunger, disease, and a severe lack of education. I was lucky enough to meet some of the people who are trying to right these wrongs, and give these children a childhood once again. Mwana means child in both Chichewa and Chinyanja, major languages in Malawi and Zambia.

By Troy Smith

Above left: Young boys smile during class in Mukuni Village, near Livingstone, Zambia. The school and countless other parts of the village are funded through The Butterfly Tree, an NGO that provides rural Zambian communities with infrastructure and HIV/AIDS assistance.

Above right top: A toddler and young boy look on during English lessons in the slums of Lusaka. These lessons are a service project organized by the boys of the Kucetekela Foundation to give back to their former communities.

Above right below: Beehive students ham it up for the cameras. Niall Dorey has managed to push through two government closures, and is now nearing completion on a brand-new facility.

Below: Orphan girls from the Chikumbuso Project enjoy a plate ofshima, the staple dish for most Zambians. The Project manages to feed nearly 300 children a day. Many children were only managing to eat one meal every other day.

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Above: Children at play at the Chikumbuso Project compound, Ng’ombe district, Lusaka, Zambia. Founded in 2005, the Project provides educational support for orphans, microenterprise opportunities for local widows, and food for all.

Below left top: Two children walk the dirt roads of Mutakwa Village, Zambia. An extremely impoverished community, Mutakwa recently began construction on cheaper, sustainable, mud-brick homes through a partnership with The Nubian Vault.

Below left below: A group of girls hula-hoop during a break from class at the Beehive School in Mzuzu, Malawi. The school is quickly becoming the premiere center of education in a community plagued by poverty.

Below right: A group of boys play football in a local slum in Lusaka, Zambia. Many of the children are affiliated with the Kucetekela Foundation, a non-profit that provides private boarding school scholarships for children from the slums.

Troy Smith is a junior from Deep Run, NC studying public policy and Arabic.
We are bombarded by images of perceived beauty in every form of media possible. When I turn on the TV, scantily clad women offer gym memberships, sneakers or toothpaste. When I go to the bookstore, I pass rows of celebrities on magazines and ads promising washboard abs, shining hair full of volume and millions of men noticing me.

But in Ghana, I see beauty in the strength of the girls in the program that my friends and I started last summer. With the money we won from the Carolina Challenge, we were able to pursue our non-profit venture, A Ban Against Neglect, and provide 10 young street mothers with housing, a living wage, sewing training, English and business education, daycare for their babies and the means to transition from a life of poverty to a life of possibilities.

I watched our girls struggle in the classroom, not having stepped inside one for years. With pencils and paper, they tried to figure out the basics of business and how much they would need to save each week to have enough money to do what they wanted in two years. I wish I could describe how much they shined. I imagined how difficult it must have been for them to sit in a classroom for hours at a time with rules they had to follow. All of our girls, aged 15 to 19, had spent the majority of their lives on the street, sleeping under bridges or wherever they could, selling oranges, cocoa drinks or sachets full of drinking water. Underneath our roof, they were just teenage girls taking care of their babies. Out in the world, they must have been similar to the other hawkers we had seen. With babies strapped to their backs, the mothers ran between speeding cars to sell whatever goods they had to sell. They would have been on their feet all day. Adua, a 19-year-old in our program, was rubbing ointment on the face of her 3-month-old baby, Abena. Abena had small speckles on her skin but they didn’t seem to irritate her. Abena had a band of white beads around her waist.

“I have beads, too,” I said. My friends and I had purchased them from the street-side market.

“Oh yes?” Adua smiled. She always spoke with a huge smile in a way that was close to shouting. I showed her the beads resting on my hips, tucked into my shorts.

“Yes, yes!” she said again, laughing. She didn’t speak English well. “They are for woman!” She shook the beads around Abena’s waist. “You Americans like the many colors. Ghanaians, we like one color.”

Abena’s beads were a pure white, wrapped twice around her chubby baby waist.

“They are for woman,” she had said, and I read so many meanings in that one sentence. The beads are especially for women to accentuate the beauty of women and to revel in the hips that can birth babies, that can support them as they grow older: hips that only women have even if they don’t plan to use them in that way; hips that the girls in our program appreciated and knew the strength of; hips that supported their weight from the streets to our program; hips that carried the sorrow of loneliness, poverty and rape; hips that carried these women through the toughest parts of life with the hope that things would get better. And that, I realized, was beautiful.

I wear beads around my waist because my girls in Ghana have taught me what it is to be beautiful. And I am proud to know them in all of their beauty.
The India of travel blogs is complacently hierarchical. Visitors often paint for their friends and family back home images of an opulent and wealthy class, unconcerned with the destitute poverty just outside their pearly gates. I won’t dismiss these depictions. I can’t say I’ve never been frustrated by the signs outside expensive establishments that read “Right of Entry Reserved,” signaling to the poor their subservience—come to sweep, but not to shop. Similarly frustrating is the Western media’s jubilant celebration of “The New India,” the result of economic liberalization that has yet to really benefit more than 25 percent of the population. Both of these depictions—India as a hopelessly caste-ridden and hierarchical society and India as an exciting, roaring economic giant—tell an incomplete story of an unimaginably dynamic place.

There are many other Indias. There is Arundhati Roy’s India of radical political activism, where anarchist Maoists seek to overthrow the corrupt and powerful government and where villagers in the southern state of Kerala fight successfully to close a Coca-Cola bottling plant that is polluting the local water supply. There is the India imbedded with religion and ritual, where whole cities unite in the springtime revelry of Holi, but where religious fervor can dissolve into stampedes or, worse, communal violence. There is the India of unconventional efficiency, where Mumbai’s _dabba wala_ network manages to deliver tens of thousands of lunches across the megacity everyday without making a mistake, and where _chai wala_ serve customers with an alacrity that would leave Starbucks baristas gawking.
I like the India of trains.

On the surface, trains appear sliced into hierarchy, too. On some trips, there are as many as eight different classes, varying drastically in cost, roominess, and cleanliness. But in my favorite class, Sleeper, the most common and also the cheapest for those who hope to lie horizontal, the ridership is beautifully amalgamated, heterogeneous and hyphenated. I’d like to share a story of the Sleeper car.

The train station in Varanasi was teeming. Masses of people anxiously awaited the arrival of overdue trains. They were sprawled out on the dirty floor—even those who, judging by appearance, wouldn’t normally rest in the corner of a train station. Our train was also delayed, the platform undetermined, but a friendly security guard directed us to Train 3006’s normal point of arrival. Still a bit confused, I turned to a young guy waiting at the platform and asked, “Aapka train teen hazaar chhe?” (Your train is 3006?) He smiled and nodded, pleased to hear Hindi from a foreign mouth, and asked me which railcar I was in. “S7?” he proclaimed, glancing at my ticket. We were in the same car.

About ten minutes into the train ride, my new friend Vikash appeared at my seat, motioning me to come with him. I followed him to the grimy, thunderous section between railcars and he flung open the train door, exposing clear and newly crisp night air. His face lit up to tell me that the Ganges was coming. Devout Hindus honor the river as a goddess, Ganga, and sometimes offer it coins for luck. As the train crossed over the river and the pilgrim’s city of Kashi (Varanasi) lit up under us in beautiful shades of honey-colored light, Vikash turned to me and in eloquent English declared: “There is nothing rational about this. It is something of the spirit.” His two-rupee coin clanged against the bridge before dropping into the water as he performed a subtle devotion.

When we slipped back into the people-packed railcar, Vikash’s father was signaling the two of us to join him. He wanted to introduce us to the woman sitting next to him, a new acquaintance. Her heart-shaped face was wrapped with a soft pink shawl to break the infant chill of the open-air sleeper car, and she was sitting cross-legged inside worn pajama pants. Her smile was intelligent and infectious. This was Nilanjana Deb, a head lecturer of the English Literature department at the prestigious Jadavpur University of Calcutta—riding sleeper class with an uneducated pilgrim father and an interested foreigner. The conversation drifted naturally from Hindi into English and back again (a kind favor to me, as all the others spoke Bengali as their mother tongue); philosophies of literature and politics and religion rooted themselves in stories of sadhus and saints, poets and mystics. We talked about the centuries-old Bauls of Bengal, itinerant musicians who defy categorization—influenced by the devotionals of both Islam and Hinduism. I mostly listened, reveling in their rich streams of thought, seamless but broad and reaching. By the time I returned to my seat with research project ideas, book recommendations, e-mail addresses and three new friends, I’d also acquired a new love for sleeper class. Not only for its cheap fares and flung-open windows, but for its passengers—people who don’t mind riding with rats.

Gregory Randolph is a junior Religious Studies major. He received the Phillips Ambassador Scholarship for semester study abroad with IES Delhi program in India in Spring 2010. He can be contacted at gfrandol@email.unc.edu

Left: Randolph with friend and fellow train enthusiast, Rishi Jha, on a journey from Amritsar to Delhi. Photo by Elliot Montpellier.

Below: Passengers gather as a train of the “Bharatiy Rel” (Indian Rail) arrives at Kalka station in northeast India. The station is the last before the famous “toy” train to the Shimla hill station.

Opposite: A train station in the northwest Indian state of Punjab. Photo by Elliot Montpellier.
When my plane landed in Suvarnabhumi Airport in Bangkok, I was sure I had stepped into the past. I was hit by a deep pang of nostalgia as I remembered meeting friends for the first time outside of baggage claim and later running through the airport to catch a flight. Then I remembered being close to tears waiting for my flight back to the United States while drinking a cup of coffee, bought with the last of my Thai baht. I had been so sure that if I returned to Thailand again, I would be much older. Yet, here I was, almost one year later, stepping through the doors into the hot Thai sun and negotiating for a taxi with my rusty Thai.

My biggest fear was that the country I was returning to would not be the Thailand where I had studied abroad. Like the rest of the world, I had seen the headlines reading “Bangkok is a live-fire zone” and watched the once peaceful protests turn bloody. The Thailand on the news was a frightening place. Ordinary citizens were afraid to leave their houses, while the military and protestors waged war in the streets. As the protests ended, my television and computer filled with apocalyptic images of familiar sites in the city burning to the ground.

Then again, the Bangkok I knew was not always quiet, but rather full of quirky politics. Protestors had shut down the airport a few weeks before my arrival, carrying signs apologizing to the tourists. One of the buses I regularly rode was set on fire during protests in April but only after protestors evacuated the bus and cleared a 100-foot radius. Still, becoming a live-fire zone was something I had, perhaps naively, thought inconceivable from a country famed as the “Land of Smiles.” So when I saw the travel ban lifted after two weeks of obsessively checking the state department’s website, I anxiously packed my bags, but not without mentally preparing for change.

“Same, same but different” was a phrase that constantly raced through my thoughts during the first week. This phrase is commonly used in the markets to sell goods such as knock-off Rolex watches. Like a good fake, the city seemed identical on the outside. Trains had resumed schedule, people returned to work; in short, life went on. Yet there were subtle signs of a counterfeit: the charred skeleton of the Central World Department store, signs encouraging Thai unity and the political ramblings of an angry taxi driver.

Thailand was certainly different, but not just politically. So much of my first experience had been shaped by study abroad and friends that the working world alone was new territory. After a few weeks, I caught on to how the Thai work environment operated. Meetings were run on what we called “Thai-time,” or five to 15 minutes late. Elders were to be addressed with the title “Khun” and greeted with the wai. I even relearned how to speak on the telephone: slowly and with a basic vocabulary.

I also began to realize what a stranger I was to southern Thailand. From riding my first motorbike to eating a clay pot dinner, I saw things differently when I was outside of the study abroad setting. I explored an area of Thailand I would not have experienced otherwise. With the other interns, I discovered local waterfalls and spent evenings critiquing the Thai music channel. We learned how to play cards with the kitchen staff of our coworker’s restaurant. When it was time to say goodbye, I was able to say “I will miss you” in Thai.

They say that love is not perfection but being able to see imperfections perfectly. This summer I fell in love with Thailand all over again because of its flaws. I loved that the buses operate ten minutes to ten hours late. I loved eating off the streets even if it meant the occasional food-borne illness. I loved that Bangkok was filthy and crowded; those traits gave the city character. Most of all, I loved how the country bore an ever-changing façade that continually pulled me back in.

In the end, my greatest fear was realized; this was not the Thailand of my study abroad. It was a second country I had come to love just as much.

Emily Noonan is a senior Asian Studies and Business Major. She studied in Thailand as part of the Semester in Southeast Asia program and was part of the Tsunami Recovery Action Initiative with Kenan Institute Asia, a non-profit affiliated with the Kenan-Flagler Business School.
I remember watching the ferry take off toward the mainland of Tanzania on the day I caught my flight back to North Carolina, watching the orange rooftops grow smaller and smaller until they disappeared. I fought back tears. Would I ever again return to this small island of Zanzibar? I knew that I must one day.

I traveled to Zanzibar to work with Students for Students International (S4Si), a small nonprofit organization on campus that provides scholarships for young women in Zanzibar to attend secondary school. My fellow S4Siers and I sifted through almost 50 applications, interviewed those 50 young women, and somehow narrowed the applicants down to just 12 finalists. Eight would receive the scholarship.

For the first time in S4Si’s history, we conducted home visits to ensure that our scholars were not only brilliant and caring but also in financial need. Within those few days of visits, I fell in love with every one of them. They giggled as I pointed to a cow and proclaimed, “ng’ombe!” attempting to practice my Kiswahili, and they joked about how light my skin looked compared to theirs. I felt spoiled as families fed me fresh coconut milk and humbled when one applicant proudly showed me the chalkboard she used to tutor young children in her neighborhood.

I learned during these home visits, too, that every single one of these young women was in dire need of financial aid. Three of them had lost their fathers, and their mothers had no form of income. One had to travel each night to an aunt’s house because her family could not afford electricity and the kerosene lamps burned her eyes. Another had to walk for 45 minutes to school because she could not afford the public transportation that cost the equivalent of about seven cents. Each one of these young women had overcome tremendous obstacles, but they flourished as if they had all of the opportunities in the world.

Tears were shed during our late night of deliberations. We went back and forth between the girls, desperately wishing that we had just one more scholarship to give. Somehow, we chose eight: Asha, Saida, Nargis, Mirfat, Rahma, Maryam, Wasila and Hadia.

That next day, when we visited Lumumba Secondary School, I was almost unable to say the words, “I’m sorry, but you all were not selected to be S4Si scholars.” I choked up and was afraid I could not speak. I took a deep breath and somehow managed, though it was clear they were heartbroken.

We were forced to recover quickly because the five selected scholars from that school walked in just moments later. We simultaneously cried, “Congratulations! You are our new S4Si scholars!” This might sound cheesy, but I promise that it’s true: that moment, telling these young women that their lives for the next four years had just become significantly easier thanks to this scholarship, was truly one of the happiest moments of my life. They all squealed in joy, yelling things in Kiswahili that we did not understand. They hugged each other; they hugged us.

I thought of this moment as I watched this tiny island disappear, preparing for my long journey home. Humbled by the relationships I formed that summer, I became energized to return to school and spend my time focusing on increasing S4Si’s impact to the greatest extent that I could. Mosty, though, I thought of how much I already missed these young women, realizing the magnitude of the impact that they played on my life. I am truly a better person for knowing them.

Alison Grady is a junior peace, war and defense major with minors in philosophy, politics and economic and women’s studies. She traveled on an anonymous donor travel fellowship.
Kyoto
The Walking City

By Caroline Guerra

The map I received from the travel ancient called Kyoto “The Walking City”. Believing in this, I decided to attempt to walk around the ancient capital of Japan during the hottest, most humid time of the year. Nonetheless, wandering around Kyoto gave me a feeling of how Japan was like hundreds of years ago and gave me a greater appreciation for the beauty of the city itself.

The trip between Kyoto and Tokyo is only two hours long thanks to the shinkansen bullet train. I was fortunate enough to have my good friend Analise travel along with me. Both of us wanted to visit as many of the UNESCO World Heritage Sites as possible, which included ancient Shinto temples and castles. During the day we attempted to visit as many temples as physically possible on foot. At night we wandered around the geisha district of Gion, hoping to catch a glimpse of geisha walking between teahouses.

The following photos were captured during two days of walking miles and miles in the rain, heat and humidity of the Kyoto summer.

Caroline Guerra is a senior from Little Rock, Ark., studying political science and international studies. She received the Hogan Fellowship from the Johnston Scholars Program.

The first shrine I visited was the Fushimi Inari Taisha located in the mountains of Kyoto. Hundreds of bright orange Shinto Torii lined the trails to the top of Mount Inari.

A photo inside the shinkansen bullet train that was traveling at almost...
would you like to split my coffee?

By Marieke Fenton

“Would you like to split my coffee?” offered the government official, staring across the office table at me in the suburban villa that I rented with nine international college students and recent grads in Muscat, Oman, last summer.

“No thanks,” I replied. This was supposed to be a meeting to renew the visas of my Indian and Brazilian housemates, but so far we had listened to the man ramble about how many children his father had and how many wives his uncle had.

“You sure?” he asked. “It’s a great proposition—you drink half then I’ll finish the rest!” He pushed the drink into my hands, and I glanced at Esha for help, since she was the only guest. However, she was too busy to hide her amusement to be of much aid, and by that time it was too late; in an attempt not to spill the coffee, I had messed up.

That was the first time I experienced serious culture shock in Oman. I hadn’t expected a short business meeting to extend for hours, or to be offered a guest’s coffee. When I had arrived in Oman three weeks prior, I had expected the addition of a headscarf, while still others wore the full aba, a black floor-length brightly decorated robe with a matching headscarf. Men chose between clothes that would blend in perfectly in the U.S. and traditional kuma and dishdasha, headwear and a loose, white floor-length robe with a tassel that was at one point used for cologne. My friend Moe (short for Mohammad) liked to joke that the underwear that went with the dishdasha, called a wizar and resembling a sarong, is the only kind of underwear that can fall off while you’re walking down the street if not put on properly.

The balance of modernity and tradition was everywhere. In my time in Oman, I ate lunch in a rural pomegranate orchard where the women and men sat on separate blankets. I went dancing weekly at a local salsa club. I watched World Cup games ly at a local salsa club. I watched World Cup games and figured out how badly I had just messed up.

I tried ignoring the mug—because, in what country is it right to drink another man’s coffee?—but our guest was quick to comment on my lack of thirst. Resigned, I took a sip of the coffee. It would have tasted good had I not felt that I was breaking a thousand rules of etiquette at once. He stuck in another comment, and I drank more until he was satisfied and took the coffee back. From that moment on, all I could think about was getting out of the meeting, asking someone what was going on, and figuring out how badly I had just messed up.

Top The candelabra inside the national Grand Mosque.

Below Two Omani boys playing on Qurm Beach, where my coworkers and I often went for a swim after work.
By Burcu Bozkurt

If there is one thing I have learned from the many suitcases I've packed and planes I've boarded in my life, it's that to lose track of time is a common symptom of travel. It's intriguing how a traveler's perception of time shifts with changing surroundings, whether those surroundings are old or new. Coupled with the exhaustion and rush that come from living day-to-day during travel, I have noticed that time becomes an increasingly insufficient measure of how much experience the passing hours have actually contained.

In thinking back on the city whose stories and images filled my childhood (and one might venture to say adulthood), I have settled on the conclusion that Istanbul, unlike any other place I've ever encountered, is, above all, a city of juxtaposition. The silence within the luscious green layers of Yıldız Park starkly differs from the hustle and bustle of a street in Üsküdar. The Arabic script embedded in Ottoman fountains and mosque entrances are situated right next to colorful, digital ads in Turkish—sometimes even in English—to accommodate the influx of tourists that Istanbul expected to receive last year, when it was named the 2010 European Capital of Culture.

Istanbul is very much a city experiencing growing pains. An aged man waiting with me to cross to the Asian side spoke of widespread speculation that the unofficial population in Istanbul had exceeded 20 million “because of globalization.” Yet in the midst of modernizing forces, you can count on finding locations where huddles of men crowd around tables in coffee shops playing games of backgammon and a mere 20-minute walk will take you to a place where both women and men converse loudly over some Turkish çay. It’s also hard to believe that the economic pulse from Bebek—and its multi-million dollar homes—thrives less than a couple of miles away from littered streets and barely middle-class workers in Beşiktaş.

Personally, it’s most compelling to me when these juxtapositions transcend physical things. Above all, Istanbul masterfully juxtaposes different realms of time. Nowhere else have I walked down a busy street filled with honking cars and symptoms of industry before my eyes catch sight of the something as ancient and sacred as that Hagia Sophia.

This juxtaposition of time reflects my life, as well. With my Nourish International team, I was now walking down the same street where, a year ago, I had first mentioned proposing a project to Nourish to a friend. It’s weird to think that I walked down the same streets when I was a child. Who had any idea I would come back this way? But strangely, none of this seems to be a surprise. Istanbul, this shimmering city, is my utopia because it abounds with examples of compatible differences and distinct truths that run parallel with one another. In it, my past meets my present and my future. Its evolution mirrors my own.

Burcu Bozkurt is a junior studying International Studies and Public Health. She was the 2010 Campus Y Fellowship Recipient and is the Nourish International–Turkey Project Co-Leader.
**Think you can’t afford an international experience? Think again.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scholarship Program</th>
<th>Eligibility</th>
<th>Requirements</th>
<th>Deadlines/Contact Information</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Burch Fellows Program**                                                         | 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 17  
www.burchfellows.unc.edu |                                                                                                 |
| **Class of 1938 Summer Study Abroad Fellowships**                                | 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 21  
oiss.unc.edu/services_programs/1938/ |                                                                                                 |
| **C.V. Starr International Scholarship**                                         | 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 19  
http://cgi.unc.edu/awards/cv-starr |                                                                                                 |
| **Frances L. Phillips Travel Scholarship**                                       | 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  
www.unc.edu/depts/travel/ |                                                                                                 |
| **Mahatma Gandhi Fellowship**                                                    | For students to pursue independent summer projects that benefit South Asians.                    | **REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time undergrad or grad students.  
**STIPEND:** up to $3,000  
**DEADLINE:** March 1  
mgf.uncsanoram.org/ |                                                                                                 |
| **Study Abroad Office Scholarship Opportunities**                                | 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 Feb. for summer/fall programs; late Sept. for spring programs.  
studyabroad.unc.edu |                                                                                                 |
| **Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowships (SURF)**                             | For students to carry out research, mentored scholarship or creative performance projects during the summer. | **REQUIREMENTS:** Full-time undergrad students in good academic standing. Projects must last at least 9 weeks (min. 20 hrs/wk). Additional support for international projects provided by the Center for Global Initiatives.  
**STIPEND:** min $3,000  
**DEADLINE:** February 24  
www.unc.edu/depts/our/students/fellowship_supp/surf.html |                                                                                                 |
| **UNC Entrepreneurial Public Service Fellowships**                              | For students carrying out summer projects that employ innovative, sustainable approaches to complex social needs. | **REQUIREMENTS:** Returning full-time undergrad or grad students. Projects must have a UNC faculty advisor and include a community partner.  
**STIPEND:** up to $3,000  
**DEADLINE:** January 28  
www.unc.edu/cps/students-fellowships-eps.php |                                                                                                 |
| **Sonja Haynes Stone Center Undergraduate International Studies Fellowship**     | 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:** mid October for spring programs  
http://sonjahaynesstonecenter.unc.edu/programs/forms/uisf |                                                                                                 |
| **Philips Ambassadors Program**                                                  | For students participating in summer or semester study abroad programs in Asia approved by the College of Arts & Sciences. | **REQUIREMENTS:** Students accepted to a UNC program in Asia with min 3.0 GPA. 25% of scholarships awarded to qualified business majors/minors. Students going to China and India receive additional consideration.  
**STIPEND:** up to $7,500  
**DEADLINE:** Early Feb. for summer/fall programs; late Sept. for spring programs.  
studyabroad.unc.edu/phillips |                                                                                                 |
| **CGI International Internship Awards**                                         | For students who wish to implement a summer internationally-focused internship.                  | **REQUIREMENTS:** Sophomore, junior or senior students returning to UNC. Graduate students pursuing a master’s degree.  
**STIPEND:** $500 - $3,000  
**DEADLINE:** March 18  
cgi.unc.edu/funding/internship-award-ugrad.html |                                                                                                 |
| **Carolina Undergraduate Health Fellowships**                                   | 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 18  
cgi.unc.edu/funding/health-fellowship.html |                                                                                                 |
| **Office of Global Health Funding Opportunities**                               | For undergraduates to pursue international/global health internships and practice.               | **REQUIREMENTS:** Varies  
**STIPEND:** Varies  
**DEADLINE:** Varies  
http://www.sph.unc.edu/globalhealth/students/student_funding.html |                                                                                                 |
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.

Data includes those who traveled on 2010 year long programs, programs in fall of 2010 & programs in spring of 2010.

SOURCE: Mark Nielsen, Information Systems Director, Study Abroad Office
My Real South Africa

By Casey Edlund

I had been looking forward to this day for months, years if you count all the time I spent buying books like Animals of Africa and drawing pictures of zebras, lions and giraffes since I was little. After more than a month in Cape Town, we were traveling to the Imfolozi game reserve to begin the much-anticipated safari. We entered the reserve in an enormous silver bus, and I stared out the smudged window until my eyes hurt, searching for signs of wildlife. Everyone rushed one side of the vehicle when we came upon a young rhino rolling around in a mud bath, its forehead caked in mud that cracked down the deep wrinkles in its face. We charged to the other side when a giraffe, almost close enough to touch, ambled down the length of the bus in perfect silence.

By the time we saw a rhino family pick at the yellow grass with their triangular lips, I knew that something was not right. I did not feel the satisfaction I expected. Watching the animals, I could not stop thinking about the last time I was on a luxury bus in Cape Town—on a township tour.

We had gone to Langa, one of the Cape’s many townships. I remembered looking out the window of the bus and seeing shacks—the homes of millions of South Africans—extending past my line of sight. I remembered people craning their necks to see the electrical wires hanging low over the tin rooftops like a spider’s web, the woman walking down the road with a baby sleeping against her back and the old man selling leather bracelets, his face shriveled like a raisin.

Cape Town is renowned for its stunning beaches.

The South Africa I wanted was not the South Africa that existed. I wanted the country to fit neatly in the space I made for it in my mind. I wanted to see the real-life images that were in the Cape Town travel book and lose my heart to the beauty of the Mother City. I realized at the safari that this could never happen. I could not witness the stunning vistas at Cape Point or the mountains of Drakensburg without ignoring the ugliness, the violence and the persistent prejudices of the townships. I could not close my eyes to the man in the newspaper who was shot dead while mowing his lawn for the cell phone in his pocket or the woman who was raped, beaten and killed for being a lesbian. My little fantasy of an Out of Africa experience shattered. I felt hopeless and, more than that, useless. What was I here to do? Live for a few months in South Africa and return home with stories of safaris, and bungee jumping and a new appreciation for the little things, like food, water and shelter?

Two days later, I was sitting on a boulder watching rhinos lower their massive heads towards the murky water on the opposite side of the river. How strange it was that being in one of the most beautiful and tourist-driven areas in the country made me realize how jaded I was about my outsider’s perception of South Africa. I knew that I could not save it. One of the rhinos near the river raised its head and looked straight at me. It had the largest horn of the group, so wide at the base that I could just barely see its eyes on either side. Someone told me that Cape Town is a very beautiful and a very sad city, and it can be difficult to accept both sides. I had been in denial that the sad side existed, because I so badly wanted to be enchanted by South Africa that I couldn’t accept the atrocities I could not change. I could not love only the parts of the country that I chose. If I really wanted to love it, I had to see it all—the crowd of more than a thousand in protest at parliament, the happy drunks at...
Above left A sunny day in Glasgow

Above right In between Stromness and Thurso, two towns at the Northern edge of Scotland

Left Ayşe and Guluser Doğdu, my host sister and mother, sit in one of the family’s gardens in Turkey.

Bottom left Tea, tea, and more tea! This image is from one of the many times I shared tea with the Turkish women in the village.

Bottom right Three students in a project based on a political controversy about displaying crosses in front of the presidential palace.
I am a list-maker. A planner. One of those people who occasionally adds things to her to-do list after she’s already done them, just so she can cross them off.

I know; it’s a little dorky. But as much as I admire the spontaneity of others, I’ve never been one to fling myself boldly into the path of the unknown. So while studying abroad was something I’d been wanting to do since I was 16, stepping onto that trans-Atlantic flight to begin my semester in Montpellier, a small city in the south of France, also meant that I was stepping into situations full of things I usually try to avoid: confusion, disorder, uncertainty.

My spring break trip to Greece was one of those.

The one-week vacation also happened to be my first big trip during my time abroad, and I put all my neurotic planning skills to use: navigating convoluted train websites in French, reading countless pages of Internet feedback to find the best hostels, scouring travel sites for the cheapest flights. But even when the bags were packed and the boarding passes were printed, I tried to steel myself with the knowledge that something was bound to go wrong.

I did not, however, think that something would be a volcano in Iceland. When the Icelandic volcano Eyjafjallajökull erupted without warning on March 20, 2010, spewing plumes of billowing ash into the atmosphere and halting nearly all air traffic across Western Europe, I was blissfully enjoying what I thought was my last day in Athens. I was thanking the gods of travel for the refreshingly uneventful vacation and looking forward to spending the second week of my spring break relaxing on the beach in Montpellier.

Then news of the eruption hit. Airports began canceling flights, and another eruption shortly followed: one of mass confusion and general mayhem throughout Europe. As it turns out, I wasn’t alone in failing to consider volcanic activity in Iceland when securing travel plans.

So when my travel buddy caught one of the last planes out of Athens to meet a friend in Italy while my flight back to France stayed grounded, I was suddenly left alone and confused, stranded in Greece.

I had not planned for that.

My initial reaction was a casual sort of denial. I’d just catch another flight the next day when this all blew over, I told myself. No big deal. Twenty-four hours and a stressful trip to the overcrowded, hectic airport later, my calm had given way to a mixture of panic and despair. Not only did I not have a plan, but as Eyjafjallajökull showed no signs of slowing down and flights continued to back up, I also had no idea when or how I would be able to get back to France.

The irrational thoughts quickly took over. “You’re going to be here forever,” they said. “You only know three words of Greek, and none of them are going to be very helpful when you’re broke and homeless on the streets of Athens.”

And then, all of the sudden, I came to my senses. I’m not sure what exactly triggered my revelation, but a peaceful calm settled over me as I realized: I was stuck in Greece and nothing was going to fix that, least of all worrying. So what if this wasn’t in the plan? If I was going to be in Athens for another week, I was going to make the most of it.

So that’s exactly what I did. I explored tiny neighborhoods and winding back streets of Athens where the tourist maps had never led me. I traded travel stories with hostel mates as we picked oranges from the trees outside to make our own sour (but delicious) orangeade.

I slept in on a beautiful Sunday morning before joining the crowd to watch the changing of the guards at Syntagma square, snapping photos of their traditional outfits and shoes adorned with pom-poms. I picked up a gyro from a street vendor, then spent hours wandering through the National Archaeological Museum, trying to comprehend the centuries of history behind the sculptures and artifacts.

I caught the tram down to the beach, befriended a group of girls on vacation from London, and spent an entire day relaxing on the sand and swimming in the Mediterranean.

I learned a lot of things during my unexpected week in Athens. I learned that “yamas” means “cheers” in Greek, that the Acropolis is stunningly beautiful while lit up at night, and that it is entirely possible to live off of nothing but $3 gyros for a week.

But most importantly, I realized that when plans inevitably veer off course, it’s probably best to throw your itinerary to the wind and accept whatever new opportunities you have. The result will likely be a thousand times better than the satisfaction that comes from crossing something off of a to-do list.

Laura Hoxworth is a senior majoring in journalism and French.
Sudan

Abby Moore, senior

Below left Ena, Boy and Diko dancing for us after they had made us food.

Right Ena, Onestar, Viola and Monday carrying water jugs on their heads after they had pumped it from the well.

Below right Ena walking through the tall grass to our hut.