

SPRING VIEWS

Spring International Language Center

Littleton, Colorado

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Spring Has Sprung: This Issue Welcomes New Beginnings!



Student Amy Chan shown above with Debby McBride and Missy Hull, honored all the staff and faculty with flowers to celebrate Spring time holidays.

Students Experience Turning Points, First Times, New Beginnings

Surgery Changed My Life...by Khalid AlKhalidi, Saudi Arabia

Have you ever tried to experience life without one of your five senses? It's very difficult because everything in your life changes. When I had surgery on my eye, it was a hard time. However, it changed my life for the better.

First of all, it started when I was in my first year of high school. I had many problems. For example, I could not take notes from the board, and I could not drive a car because I was having problems with my vision. It made me nervous about my future. What if I could not see anymore? Then I went with my father to the hospital to get my eyes checked. After the doctor checked them, he said, "Your problem is *keratoconus*. Glasses will not work unless you get a cornea transplant." My father told me that it would have to be my decision. I was worried, but I said I would do it.



One week later, I went to do the surgery. I was afraid about what would happen. After I woke up from the anesthesia, my eye was covered. I was tired, but at the same time I was excited to see the difference. The doctor came and removed the cover. After two weeks, it was amazing. I would see clearly!

In short, it was a good experience for me and it helped me to understand how blind people feel. My life changed for the better. I will never forget this amazing change in all my life.



My First Day as a Kindergarten Teacher...by Sakura Shioda, Japan

I have wanted to be a kindergarten teacher since I was in elementary school. My dream never changed, and I became a kindergarten teacher. I will never forget the day I was called "Sensei" for the first time (Sensei means "teacher" in Japanese).

The day was beautiful with cherry trees in full bloom. I was excited but a little bit nervous at the same time because it was the first day I would meet my students. My heart was beating hard while I was waiting for the children. Then they arrived by bus. The children who were at the school the previous year looked happy and smiling. On the other hand, the new ones seemed uncomfortable and lost. Some of them were crying; other teachers and I took them to classrooms. To our relief, they started playing on the playground, and I joined them.

Next, I told them to go to their classrooms as it was time for home room. Some children seemed reluctant to go inside, but I tricked them into going by playing tag with them. Unfortunately, one of the classes was missing a child, so the teacher asked me to look for him. I looked around and found him playing on a slide. I urged him to go back to his classroom, but he said, "No!" I was at a loss how to persuade him, so I just watched him play. After awhile, he lost interest in the slide and went to his classroom. When I followed him to the room, I saw a child rushing out of the other classroom. I hurried to follow him and was running for ten minutes. I finally caught him and brought him back to his room.

Since I was a sub-teacher, I often helped other teachers as well. I took care of crying children, stopping them from going outside, and having quarrels. Sometimes I felt so frustrated, but I didn't have time to dwell on it. Time flew while I was at work! It was soon time for the children to go back home. I put the children on the bus. Most of them had started to enjoy being at school. One of the girls who played with me in the morning said, "Goodbye, Sakura-SENSEI! Shall we play tomorrow?" At that moment, I felt so fulfilled and rewarded. I had played with her only ten minutes, but she remembered me.

What a day! I was so nervous and stressed out, just like those new students. On the other hand, it was very enjoyable being able to interact with children who gave me the power to keep on doing what I dreamed to do.

A Frightening Turning Point...by Yi Wei Huang, Taiwan

Have you ever experienced something that still has an effect on your life? When I was a child, I was outgoing. I liked to ride my red bicycle around my neighborhood and walked on a wall. It was not so high, but my view got wider than from the ground. I also liked to play in water, especially at the beach, so that became a place we went every summer. The memory that I will not forget is when I almost drowned when I was about eight years old.

It was a hot day; the sun was shining so brightly I could hardly open my eyes. My brothers and I were swimming in the pool beside our house. The water was so cool and clean, and I felt comfortable in it. After we played an hour, my brothers got out of the pool and ran into the house to get some food. Even though they had left me alone in the pool, I wanted to play some more. Suddenly, I could not touch the bottom of the pool, and I was swallowing water. I panicked and was extremely scared. Then I caught hold of something although I didn't know what it was. I got out of the pool and ran into the house. I pretended that nothing had happened.



I was frightened. Even now, I am still afraid of water. I could not stand in front of a huge tank of water, so I didn't go to Sea World after that happened. My friends have suggested that I learn to swim because Taiwan is an island and they think I had better know what to do to save myself. However, I have failed to learn to swim. I think that swimming in my dreams is easier for me.

A Lesson Learned from a Memory

What is the best memory in your life? A lot of memories stay in the brain forever. Most people have strong memories from when they were children. I have many memories from my country. Some are funny, sad, and surprising, but the best memory is sad.

When I was 16 years old, I spent a lot of time sleeping. One time after I came back from school, I went to my grandmother's home, and I slept in her bedroom. She didn't see me, and I didn't tell my parents that I had gone to her. At lunch time, they didn't see me. When they called me, my phone was locked, so they became frightened. They looked for me everywhere, but they couldn't find me. My father asked my friends and they said that they hadn't seen me for a couple of hours. My family called the police after they couldn't find me. My mother was crying because she thought that I wasn't okay.

After eight hours, I woke up and my grandmother cried aloud. My parents found out I was okay when my grandmother called them, and they were happy and crying at the same time. I apologized to my family for my stupid action. In conclusion, I will not repeat this action again because it was a harsh lesson for me. Memories are wonderful to think about when they are happy, but hard to remember when they are sad.

We Respect Our Roots, Say Beginning Writers

Hong Kong: My roots are in Hong Kong. It is a beautiful city that is nicknamed the Pearl of the Orient. The things I love most about Hong Kong are the architecture and its scenery. First, Hong Kong has so many modern buildings. The buildings are so new and tall. They are designed so well. Everywhere has so many shops, restaurants, buses, and trains. Hong Kong is so hot and rainy, so the buildings help people stay inside. For example, when my son goes to school, he doesn't need to go outside, but he rides a train and bus. Also, all of the buildings have places for him to eat lunch and dinner. All of the restaurants have good food and are cheap. In addition, Hong Kong has so many mountains and sea, so all of the buildings have wonderful scenery to look at outside. The mountains have many trees and animals. Some places have monkeys. Also, the sea has so many big, beautiful boats. People from the whole world come to see Hong Kong. Sometimes I miss my beautiful roots. I love my roots. **By Amy Beckstrom**



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Japan: Two things I like best about Japanese culture are the food and animation. First, Japanese food brings out the natural flavor of its ingredients. It is healthy and delicious. For example, we broil fish with salt, or we make sashimi. Sashimi is sliced raw fish. It's very delicious. Second, Japanese animation is famous in the world. I've been watching animation from an early age. I was able to get the imagination and the ability to draw pictures by watching animation. In conclusion, I love Japanese culture. **By Mia Yamashita**

Ukraine. My roots are in the Ukraine. Two things I like best about my country are music and food. First, the Ukraine has beautiful classical music, and the Ukraine culture is in the music. My favorite composer is Tchaikovsky. Sometimes I like to watch ballet. Second, I like Ukrainian food. For example, I cook borsht and fish, and ravioli. My favorite food is fish. In short, I am proud of my Ukrainian heritage, especially the music because it is who I am. **By Natliya Hodzelykh**

Saudi Arabia. My roots are in Saudi Arabia. Two things I like about my culture are family meetings and the importance of the mother. First, family meetings are important, and we enjoy talking and eating together for a long time. We get together almost every day. This makes us strong. Second, the mother is important. The Quran talks about the mother four times and the father only one time. The mother brings life, and she takes care of everybody. In short, the family and mother help to make you strong. I love my country! **By Mohammed AlKharraa**

Saudi Arabia. My roots are in Saudi Arabia. Two things I like best about my culture are the food and clothes. First of all, Saudi Arabia has delicious food. For example, we like *kabsa* and rice with meat and vegetables. Also we like salad, and there are many kinds of salad, such as yogurt and cucumber, *tabboulah*, and *fattoush*. Second, I love Saudi Arabian clothes. The women wear long dresses, skirts and shirts. Men wear a long white robe and a head covering. In short, I am proud of my country, especially the food and clothes. **By Nouf AlFarraj**

China. My roots are in China. Beijing is the capital. Two things I like best about China are the food and music. First, China has so many different styles of food. Chinese food is very famous and popular in the world. *Din Sum* is delicious in Guangzhou. There are a lot of kinds. They are my favorite food. We enjoy talking together for a long time. Spicy is special in Sinchuan. Spicy taste is very strong. China has 56 nations. They all have different cultures and languages. They are good at singing and dancing. They like to play *Erhu*. The sound is very beautiful. Opera is full of famous stories, beautiful facial painting and wonderful gestures. In short, you are welcome to visit China. **By Coco Du**



Memories Are Made of This

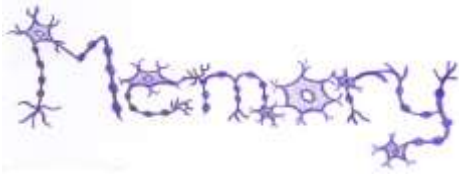
My Dad's Kitchen: The kitchen made me a strong worker. That place was the first training for my work life, and I learned about moral practice on the job. I had amazing meetings with my dad in the kitchen. That place was for my father like a vacation on the beach. He loved cooking and taught me his love for food.

My dad wasn't a good cook, but he read the recipes and followed the instructions very well. His dishes were wonderful. He chose the ingredients with extreme care and cut everything slowly and perfectly. He took time to check the recipe, ingredients, and flavor while he talked with me and explained important things about work. Because of him, I learned to be patient, follow directions, and that if I am not an expert, I will be if it's my goal. In this small place with a beautiful dinner

table and two chairs, he talked with me for years about the right things to do, how to make good decisions, and how to always serve other people.

The kitchen was the place for my dad and me to share stories, learn about patient, process, following instructions and choosing only the right way, all things necessary to do a good job. **By Maria Ines Linan, Colombia**

My Desert Memory: Before I came to the U.S., my family and I went on a short trip to the desert. We had a lot of fun together. My younger brothers enjoyed playing football while my father and I prepared the food. After a long, exciting day, we gathered our stuff to go back home. The unexpected happened when our car broke down because one of the tires exploded. At first, we felt scared but after that the driver controlled the car. When we were scared, my father shouted at us to be quiet and said everything would be all right. A few minutes later, a man stopped his car and came to help us. It did not take much before the car was fixed and everything was OK. When we reached the house, we were tired and went to sleep after that long day. **By Abdulrahman AlAbbass, Saudi Arabia.**



My Uruguayan Memories: Doing my business, I travel a lot across the world and sometimes I meet with people whom you wouldn't expect to meet in remote places like Australia or Uruguay. In my topic, I would like to share my memories about my meeting with the very interesting people in Uruguay.

In 2007, I arrived in Uruguay with an official delegation of Russian veterinarians to inspect slaughter houses and meat processing plants to choose the best among them and give them approval for exporting meat products to the Russian Federation. By the time I arrived, I had not known the Spanish language at all and to solve that problem, the Ministry of Agriculture of Uruguay (MGAP) had designated several translators to serve our delegation. By the time we arrived at the Ministry, our translators were there and greeted us by using the Russian language. Actually I was surprised to see Russian people who left my country many years ago and were living now in Uruguay. There were two young women whose names were Olga and Natasha, and they explained to us where we were going to go and what were the names of processing facilities we were going to visit. Olga told us she was born in Russia, but her family migrated to Uruguay because her father was a Uruguayan citizen. Her mother and father studied together in Moscow University and after they graduate, they decided to marry and live in Uruguay. Her story impressed me and I thought how many interesting people from my country I can meet in foreign countries...

Suddenly Olga got a call, spoke a little, and then told us that one owner of a meat processing plant wanted to invite us to a restaurant to have dinner. We accepted his offer with great pleasure. His name was Carl Schneck. Olga told us he had been waiting for us for 30 minutes and was so excited to see us. Further, he told us he recently visited Russia to see a place where his brother was buried, near Stalingrad. Olga did her best to translate his emotional story. It was obvious he was touched deeply by the people of a small Russian village who took care of the cemetery of German soldiers who died near Stalingrad on the battle field.

His history translated by Olga touched me deeply. We arranged all the formalities associated with an official approval of his meat processing plant very quickly. Two years went by after our meeting and one day I received a message from Olga. She informed me that Mr. Schneck had unexpectedly died... To tell the truth, I was so angry to hear that news.

In 2010, I accepted an offer with pleasure to work in Uruguay as a representative of a Russian meat importing company. By the time I arrived, I had studied some Spanish words and could greet the people and no more. One day I received a message from Moscow to visit Schneck's meat processing plant to load a container with meat. A woman who met me in the reception told me that she was the Director General and I got her personal card. I read it and was surprised; her last name was Schneck. I asked if she was any relation to Carlos Schneck, and she replied that she was his daughter. She told me that her father dreamed to go once again to Russia to visit Moscow and St. Petersburg, but he couldn't. I told her that she was always welcome to Russia and I could arrange a visit to the village near Stalingrad. She told me that she had some relatives in Russia now, but she did not have their addresses and wanted to find them. Sometimes I meet very interesting people in the most unexpected places. Maybe this is the reason my life is interesting.

By Malik Gradisov, Russia.

Childhood Memories: Have you had some experiences in childhood that you just can't forget? My childhood is the best moment in my life that I prefer to relive because I was care free about many things: for example, working to get money to take care of myself, like clothes, shoes, hair. One reason I prefer childhood memories is that everything was done by my parents.

When I was a child about 5 years old, I was like a princess. My parents did everything for me. When I woke up, I always found breakfast on the table. I just had to sit and eat my breakfast. My father dropped me off at school giving me a lot of candy and money for my lunch. At noon, my mother came to pick me up and drove me home. I ate dinner and then we did home work together, and then I slept. If I needed to wear a new dress, I just had to tell my mother and bought me everything I needed in the mall. I didn't have to care about anything. In conclusion, my childhood was my favorite time, a carefree life, no problems to think about is the best life. This is the reason my childhood is still my favorite time in life so far. **By Audrey Mupwapwa**

Mwambele, Democratic Republic of Congo

Funny Memories: Do you remember a funny event in your life? Everyone has had funny, happy or sad events because that's life. I remember a funny event that happened when I was studying at university.

At the university, I also worked part-time in a small company. Actually it was owned by my cousin. I was so happy to be working; however, my dad said, "You have to stop and focus on your studies, and I will pay your bills." One day I was in the office and some lady called me. She reminded me about an appointment with her regarding business. I told her I was ready to meet her if she would tell me her address. By the way, in my country it is not easy to meet a lady, especially without her husband or a member of her family present. The address she gave me was a restaurant, and I went there at 10 p.m. When I met her, we sat together but suddenly her husband came into the restaurant by coincidence. He saw us together and he was so angry that he wanted to hit me.

She screamed, "Stop!"

He said, "Who is this?" She told him to shut up and he looked afraid of her and said, "Okay, baby." I left the restaurant and laughed all that night. Finally when her husband came to us I thought it was a big problem, but it was nothing because she was in control of her home. I think this event is the funniest one in my life. **By Mohamed Arwini, Saudi Arabia**

Friends and Enemies: I remember a day when I was ten years old and living in Alkafje. I have two cousins who are from Riyadh. There was a big family living next to my house. Their children would hit me every day because I was alone. I did not like to go outside because I did not want to see them. When I did go out, they would always hit me and if I wanted to play with them, they would say no. When my cousins came to visit, I had two bodyguards to protect me from my neighbors, so we went to their house to hit the children, but the children did not come outside because they were afraid of my cousins. When my cousins returned to Riyadh, my neighbor's children started hitting me again. After I turned twelve, they stopped hitting me because we decided to be friends.

By Abdullah AlDousari, Saudi Arabia.

[Spring Views is published at the end of each term as a showcase for student writing. Connie Shoemaker, Editor].



Whose turn is it anyway? Game Day at lunch