

OUR TEAM  
MASA  
PUN  
TOMOYO

GOEUN  
NAICHIAO  
ROYA



**IELI NEWS**

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# Life of Pun

Hi!! My name is Sutthavee Buaklee. I come from Thailand. I have been in the United States for a year and a half. Right now, I am studying English language at IELI Hunter College, taking level 6. In fact, I have taken level 8 twice. One of the teachers said that my writing has stopped improving. As a result, I chose level 6 for my new life, LOL. For example, I already got accepted from BMCC, college in CUNY.

Thus, I need to be ready as a college student. I remember that when I was in level 6, the first time, the teacher was concerned about students' writing, so I think it would be great to review what I need for college courses. This level I have two teachers, Gurlemis, and Wheeler. Actually, Victor Wheeler was my first grammar teacher when I came to Hunter. I was so happy this term, like coming back home. I hope I will get a lot of great knowledge and experiences in this level.



I am eating Banana Split!!



Have you ever tried it???

This picture was taken at Serendipity3, which is located at 225 E 60th St, very close to the very popular department store Bloomingdales. I go to Serendipity3 about twice a month. In the photo, you can see a dessert called small banana split. The reason why I usually order a small portion is because their usual portions are too big for me to finish by myself. I often go there with my older brother. Why don't you bring your special person there?

Goeun is my first name which

# GOEUN YOON

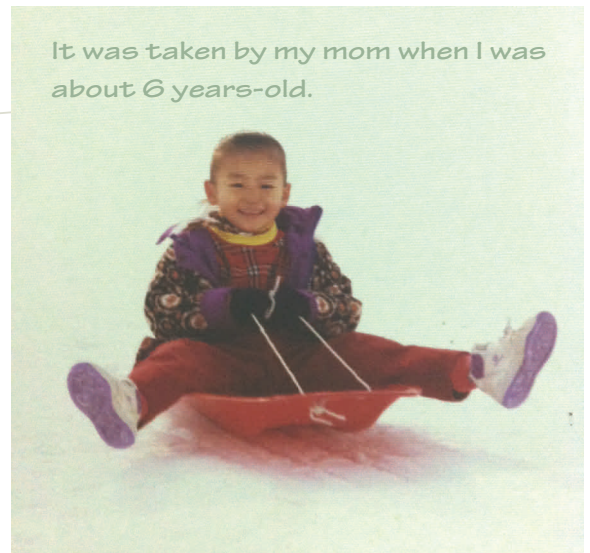
I was born in Seoul, the capital of South Korea in December 23rd 1991. South Korea is a small country



I like going to museums, listening to music, walking around anywhere and traveling. I like many things to do but I would like to tell you about experiences when I traveled in Japan where is near my own country.

When I was in high school, I

rean governments. I was one of the finalists, who was given a chance to travel and share some time for photography with the Korean Finalists and Japanese finalists in Japan and Korea. For 4-5 days, in each country, we were going to historical places and were getting sharing times for our photos. In a group, I talked about my photos and listened to other's stories. We had very great time together despite of the language barriers.



It was taken by my mom when I was about 6 years-old.



My second life was began when I moved to New York in the summer in 2010. That was the year when I graduated my high school. Leaving my own country where I was born and grew up was hard but I had always dreamed of living and studying abroad ever since I was young. Even though I was a bit nervous and my parents were worried about me so much, I had a full of excitement. This picture is when my older sister came over to



## Visitors from America



### My friends and I at the Golden Temple of Kyoto

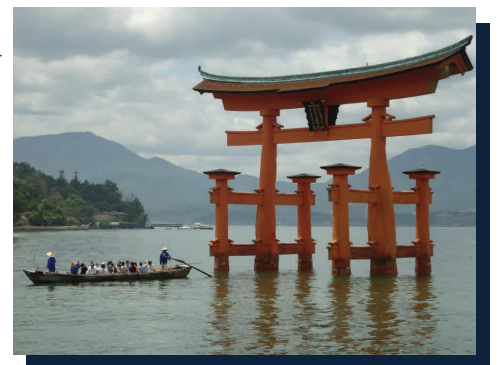
Hello, my name is Tomoyo Ikeda. I am studying at the IELI. I came here last September from Japan, and had studied at SUNY Rockland Community College until last December. I started studying at Hunter from this February. I love movies, fashion, novels, eating and art, especially Basquiat!

Now, I'm taking level 8 class with Genevieve and Michele. They give us such fun and well organized classes. I especially love to do discussion in class, because there are so many classmates from different countries, so their ideas always surprise me!

The picture above was taken at the Golden Temple in Kyoto. I am currently a student at Doshisha University in Kyoto, where I belong to the

International business marketing class. In that class, every year American students visit us. This time I was a leader for this program, and we spent an awesome time together.

Because my university is located in Kyoto which is famous for its authentic style, we took visitors to every nice place in Kyoto. Besides sightseeing in Kyoto, we also traveled to Hiroshima which is located in southern Japan. We enjoyed learning about each other's culture and seeing new things together. I love new experiences like this!





# *new* *Beginning*

As a major, law sounds hard and boring for most students. However, I chose it as something that goes with me everywhere. After finishing 4 years of study in a Chinese law school, I came to the USA to pursue a major in American law. Why did I do that? Chinese law is totally different from American law and I want to deeply study these differences. We can see that American law has been developing over hundreds of years, whereas modern Chinese law has been in existence for less than sixty years, from 1952, when our first constitution was created. Compared to American law, Chinese law is like a child, young and less experienced. Fortunately, China is a good student. She can learn from others. As a current world leader, America could be a good teacher. I hope to be the bridge between this teacher and student.

In fact, Chinese law is more derived from German and Japanese law. Traditional Chinese law is not suitable for modern life because most traditional Chinese law is just about crime and little of it concerns civil issues. Furthermore, there are rarely documents about business or economics, which are very important in modern life. Thus, after the founding of The People's Republic of China, the Chinese built a new law system by studying that of The Republic of China, Japan and Germany and creating some new rules based on its own situation. All these laws are based on the code rather than case precedents. However, while developing the Chinese law system, Chinese legislators find that cases are useful in distinguishing the exact type of case at hand. Previous similar cases can help judges make their sentences more reasonable. Therefore, Chinese legislators begin to learn from Common Law like American and English law, which are more based on the cases but not code. In addition, because America is more developed in the economical area, China can also learn how to manage new business and economical issues.

Finally, I have come here, to America, a model of a modern and developed political and economic system, to hear, to see, to learn, and to find a new way for my country and my life.

*Chinese characters have several different artistic styles to write law in Chinese. The origin of the characters is from an animal's name. The animal looks like that mixed with a deer and cattle, it as a tool to settle a lawsuit the ancient people, and whenever a case of multiple suspects, people usually put it out. The person that his horn points is the offender.*





*Grand Champion Taiho*

## I Love Sumo Wrestling

by Masa

I learned karate in a dojo during my high school years, and kickboxing during my university years. I used to watch martial arts, however, my interest eventually focused on watching Sumo wrestling. Although some young people think that it is old-fashioned

and obsolete, Sumo is an attractive and irresistible sport to watch.

Sumo is about one thousand years old. It started in a very different way at first. It was composed of punches and beating. It was like a battle in the Colosseum in Rome because it was shown before the aristocracy. Sumo has changed gradually; eventually in the Edo period Sumo got to be a professional sport with a ring.

Sumo is related to Shinto, Japanese animism belief. In Shinto we admire many gods in nature such as the god of water, the god of the mountain, and so on. We worship the power of nature. Sumo wrestlers do ritual activities before fighting starts because they are part of the worship of nature. Of course, winning is important in Sumo, but that is not the only factor. The spectators enjoy the process of ritual activities and the spirit strength of each wrestler. There was a foreigner grand champion in the past who only cared about winning. He was very strong, but his behavior was not in the spirit of the real Sumo wrestler. Even though a wrestler wins a match, he is required to act calmly. A sincere and mature attitude is essential for a grand Sumo champion. In this sense, the foreign wrestler didn't understand the Sumo spirit. It's kind of a samurai spirit.

As I explained, I love Sumo because it presents not only exciting matches but also elements of spiritual rituals.



*Shinto Shrine in Miyajima*



It was the first time that I felt imprisoned in a big jail called New York City. I was desperately searching for the key, my visa, to escape. Someone was taking his last breaths thousands of miles away in my hometown, in Iran; one to whom I owed everything I had, my existence, education, social status and the understanding of happiness in conjugal life — my father.

Time was passing fast. I wished I had had control over it, but even in that case, I was not sure what I would have wanted, for time to slow down, so that my father's last days could last longer, or for time to speed up, so I could get that visa and go to Iran speedily? I was just sure about something, that I owed it to myself to pay the last visit to my father to tell him how much I loved him. I wished to tell him that a big part of my heart had always been his.

After he had been transferred to the ICU, I had lost the opportunity to be in touch with him; I could not talk to him on the phone. His condition was deteriorating so rapidly. My hope to see him for the last time was gradually fading, as well as his will to survive. The unfolding events left me with just one alternative, to talk to him over the phone.

*I saw him as a young boy who wanted to turn the world upside down.*

One day, I finally got on the phone with him. I was aware that he could not answer me, he could talk, but his voice was too weak to be understood. Yet, I had decided to unleash whatever I had stored in my heart for years, since I had always been too proud or probably too shy in his case to express my feelings. My eyes would always pour out

# DAD

## I LOVE YOU SO MUCH



what my lips could not speak. I started talking to him. Someone had placed the cell phone close to his ear. I let out all my sincere feelings. At last I said twice, “Dad, I love you so much”. I could hear him breathing, which was like a slight hope flickering in my heart that was about to be soaked in despair.

That same night he passed away, and left me alone in this world. It was as if all my happiness suddenly left with him. I felt buried deep in the soil. I felt as if I was dangling from the sky. For me, he had been like a shelter to go to when I was scared. In my childhood I would hide behind him whenever Mom was mad at me, I knew that she could never punish me when he was present.

I had felt the same way several years before, when Mom had passed away. Our lively house with frequent visitors had suddenly changed into a deserted place; we could even hear the clock ticking away. I was eighteen when she died. I changed into a bad-tempered, aggressive girl; at the peak of my youth, I started to wither before I blossomed. I would miss my classes; I regressed a lot. As a teenager, I wished to soar in the blue sky, yet I had lost a wing. However, Dad was there to support me; he took my hand patiently, and

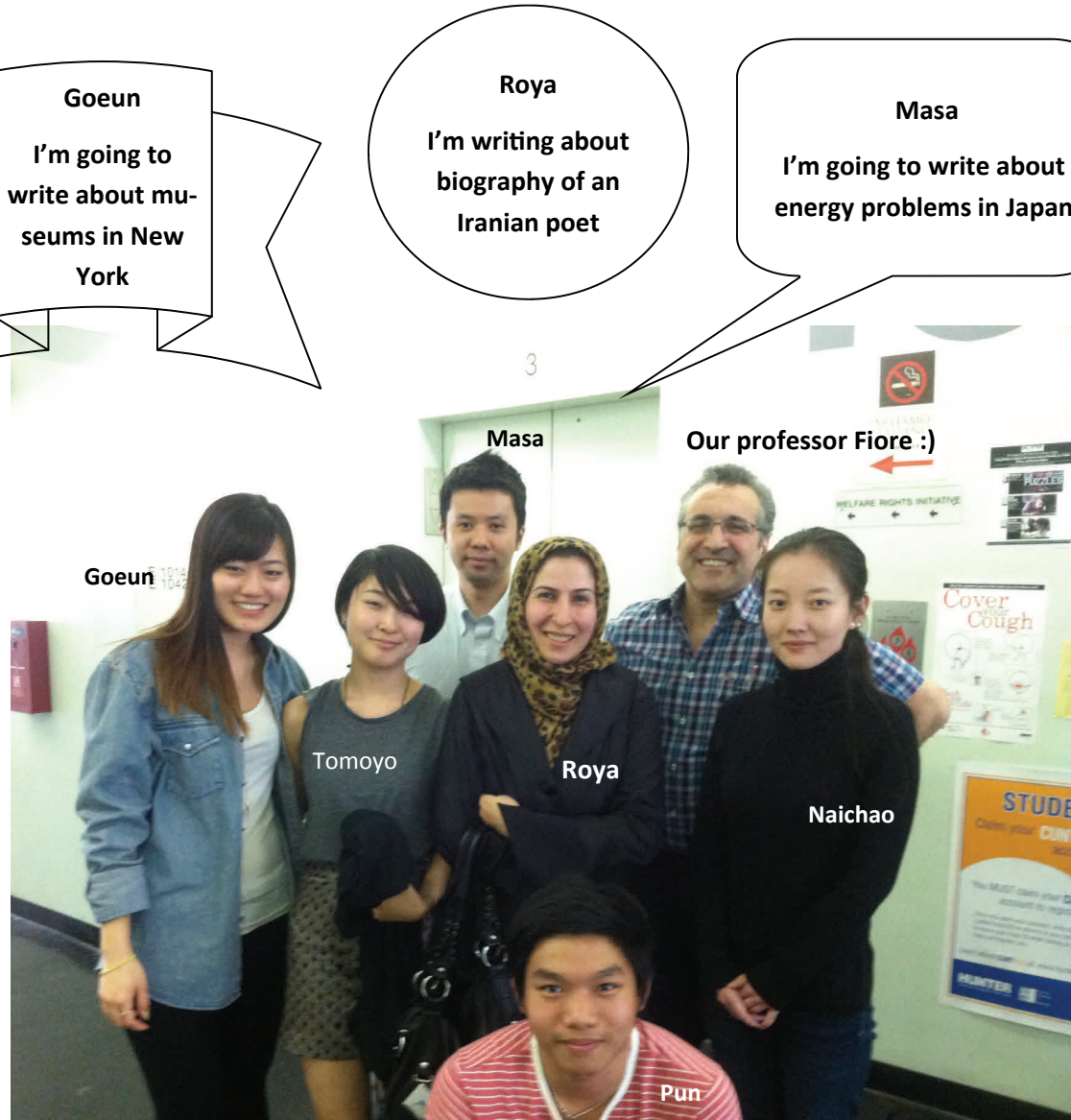
helped me to stand on my feet again. He provided me with the missing wing, and helped me to fly.

We were alone; my brother was away for his military service. We seemed to have a lot of time. Every day, after lunch, Dad would share true stories about the past, ones that I had never heard before. With him, I started my journey back in time.

Hand in hand, we traveled to the small beautiful town in which he had been born and raised. I saw him as a young boy who wanted to turn the world upside down. I was told about the girl whom Dad had been deeply in love with. I felt his excruciating pain as he had been entangled in a one-sided love which had consumed his whole heart. I cried with him in the dark of the night as we were listening to the sad song blown out of an old flute, when that girl married another person. I witnessed how love became a sacred word for him after going through all those tortures. I could see his face glowing as, in time, he was moved by my mother's beauty and fell in love again .

Through his words, I was born again among the happy chattering of the family. I took my first steps again holding on to the hands of a patient father and a kind mother. I saw myself again at school, as all Dad's hope was set upon me to satisfy his long-lasting aspiration to have educated children. The journey, which I started many years ago, is now over. As I consider the arc of our lives, I can see that, without sensing it at the time, a powerful intimacy had grown between us and created a bond that will last forever.

*By: Roya S. Pargou*



**Goeun**  
I'm going to write about museums in New York

**Roya**  
I'm writing about biography of an Iranian poet

**Masa**  
I'm going to write about energy problems in Japan

**Tomoyo**  
"I'm going to write about art festivals."

**Pun**  
"I'm going to write about a special Thai dish"

**Naichao**  
"I'm going to write about Life in Modern Shanghai"