



The Parrot

Your ARC newsletter by and for ESL, multicultural, international students, new Californians, and, well, anybody really...

Issue #38

Spring 2010

From Georgia to Japan: Prof. Hindman

Parrot: Hello, today we are here with Mr. Hindman. He is an ESL teacher that is going to tell us about himself. Where are you from?

Mr. Hindman: Good question. I was born in Columbus, Georgia. So that is where I was born; but I've really grown up all over the world. So you want me to talk about the different places I've grown up in?

Parrot: Oh, yeah. I want to know.

Mr. Hindman: I grew up... first I was in Georgia for 2 weeks. Then I went to Florida; then in Florida I was there for three years. Then from Florida we went to Okinawa, Japan.

Parrot: Okinawa, Japan?

Mr. Hindman: Yeah, Okinawa, Japan. No, no, I am wrong. I'm sorry. No, no, I am wrong. From Florida we went to England.

Parrot: Oh, England?



Mr. Hindman: That's right. We were in England for three years; then from England we moved to California.

Parrot: California!? How long in California?

Mr. Hindman: I think about seven years.

Parrot: What part of California did you move to?

Mr. Hindman: That's a great question. Actually to this area. Do you know North Highlands?

Parrot: No

Mr. Hindman: North Highlands is by the former air force base McClellan.

That base got closed down. I think it is still open to the public but there are not military people there. Yeah, it's around North Highlands.

Parrot: After North Highlands, did you move to another place?

Continued on pages 19, 20 & 21

Parrot International -- 1st Parrot Foreign Correspondent!

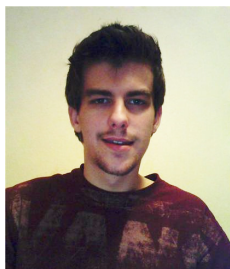
Editor's Note: Bogdan Kolmyk, ARC student, is in his native country, Ukraine, this semester. The following is from his blog.

п'ятниця, 22 янв'ря 2010 г.

Elections!

So, the first run of president elections in Ukraine is over! We got two leaders -- Janukovich with 35% and Timoshenko -- former primer-minister - with 25%.

Well, no matter who wins, the situation in Ukraine is probably not going to change.



воскресенье, 3 янв'ря 2010 г.

Cold!

So, I've been living here for 16 days. IT IS DIFFERENT. No, seriously, it is totally different. First of all it was 5 degrees (-15 Celsius) and snow. Like a lot of snow

Continued on page 4

How to be the Best Student!

See page 9

"Not everyone who drinks is a poet. Some of us drink because we're not poets"

Dudley Moore



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Student Chirpings

Ahmad the P.O.W. (Parrot Fiction)

The sound of the handbrake of the bus awoke me, and I realized that our bus had stopped at a small café. My son, Reza, who was with me, said, "Mom, we should go outside. It's lunch time." I stood up and while I was trying to undo the wrinkles of my clothes, I told Reza "I'm ready. Let's leave."

The café was small and the odor of kabob everywhere made us very hungry. Reza found a table at which nobody was sitting. I sat on a metal chair, its back covered by an old and orange plastic sheet with many holes. The ceiling fan rotated slowly. A large fly turned around and obviously waited for food. Two dirty salt shakers and a sugar bowl were on the table. The oil stains on top of the table were clearly seen. I tried to clean the table with a tissue that I took from my purse and I called a waiter, a young boy growing a beard. He wore dirty and old jeans with a white shirt now turned gray. I ordered kabob with two Cokes. He left with our orders, while shuffling his shoes on the filthy ground. While we were waiting for our lunch, I talked to Reza, who was staring intently, soaking up the atmosphere of the café. His brown eyes were full of excitement. He didn't want

to talk to me. He knew how nervous I was; however, I tried to show myself as relaxed as can be. The waiter brought us two bottles of Coke with two glasses full of ice, and a large white onion. Its smell drove the fly over our head wild. It was the middle of summer in Iran and the thermometer in some regions pushed 110. I started to fan myself with some pages of the newspaper that I brought from Teheran. When the waiter went to bring the kabob, I poured my Coke into our glasses, which shattered the ice and its sound stimulated me to drink it immediately. After I finished my first glass of Coke, which made me refreshed, I said something funny to Reza, "God bless the inventor of Coke." We laughed together and he drank his own. I was watching the other passengers who were eating their lunch. They must be very hungry to eat so fast, I thought, or maybe they're afraid to be left behind. Suddenly, the door opened and a dervish* came in. While he sang one of Khajeh Abdullah's poems, he twirled a bowl suspended by chains and he walked around the café to collect money. I took out some coins and when

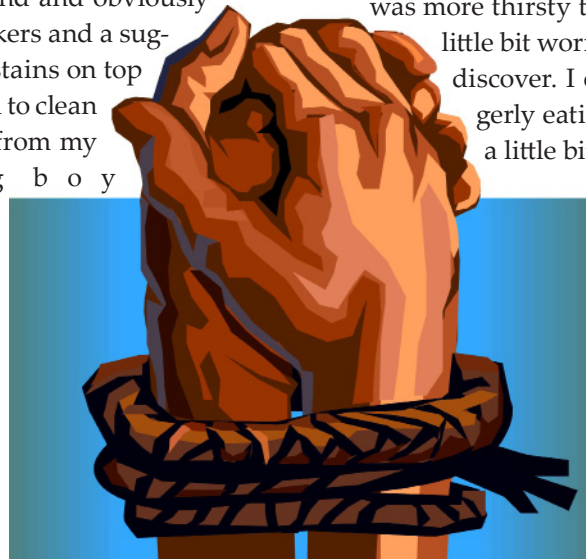
he came near us, I threw some in his bowl, which made him happy, and he started to pray for Reza and me. I always loved the dervishes because of their long white robes and black vests, with their long hair and beards. I loved the melody of their songs. They always gave me a kind of peaceful feeling. I was enjoying the dervish's voice when the waiter brought us two plates of rice with yellow saffron on top, and a plate that had two large kabobs sided by two red tomatoes, lemon, and parsley. We started to eat, but I couldn't eat more than two spoons of rice because it didn't taste so good and I was more thirsty than hungry. I was very excited and a

little bit worried about whatever we were about to discover. I enjoyed watching Reza, who was eagerly eating his food. He was fifteen years old, a little bit shorter than me and full of capabilities.

He was more handsome to me this morning than before. These fifteen years, he was my entire world. I enjoyed watching him grow. I asked him, "What are you feeling? Are you happy?" He smiled and answered, "What do you think, mom? I'm really happy. I have been waiting for this day for years and years." I stared into his eyes when he was telling me these words. His eyes looked like his father's eyes. Yes,

they were Ahmad's eyes. I knew them very well. I felt how lucky a woman I was that these beautiful eyes loved me, Reza and Ahmad's eyes; however, I hadn't seen my Ahmad's eyes for more than ten years. His mysterious, calm, deep, innocent, and happy eyes were dancing in my memories. Suddenly, our bus driver's helper called loudly, "Get on the bus, we are leaving. Don't miss your bus!" I stood up and I told Reza, "Hurry, we should go to the restroom and then pay our bill."

When we came back, most of the passengers had returned to their seats. Reza and I also sat. The bus left that small café, that young waiter, and that aged dervish. The aroma of kabob and cigarette smoke still filled the bus. I opened my window, and the sudden heat combined with wind came in, and it firmly shook the khaki curtain beside me, which forced me to hold the curtain. I looked at my watch. In two hours, we would arrive at Shahabad, almost at the border of Kermanshah and Iraq. The bus driver turned on his ra-



dio. It was Shajarian, the famous Persian singer, who was singing one of Hafez's poems. The music created a big harmony with the atmosphere of our bus. I held Reza's hand while I watched outside and I listened to this beautiful music. The mountains, the gardens, the villages, the cows, the sheep, and the shepherds one by one they passed my eyes. I was thinking about Ahmad and I was recalling some of the memories that I had with him when Reza asked me, "Mom, do you want me to tell you what you are thinking about now?" I told him, "Please tell me." "Mom, as usual, you are thinking about my dad, and your first trip to Mashad. You are thinking about the moment when you wanted to go to the airport on a snowy winter day and your taxi broke down near the airport and you and my dad ran to the airport without taking your suitcase." I answered, "Well, I was not thinking about this particular incident, but I was thinking about him and about myself. How much I have changed and how much he might have changed! Is he a healthy man? Do you remember that the son of Auntie Sima when he came back from Iraq could not walk properly? He had a bullet in his leg and Hussein our neighbor became insane and sometimes he talked to himself and sometimes he forgot everything." Reza interrupted me, "No Mom! You always think about bad things. He will come back safe and sound. He will give me a big hug. Haven't you heard that everybody says these days that people should think positively?" I told him, "Of course, but Reza it has been a year since we received a letter from him. Two weeks ago I had a letter from the Red Cross that informed us Ahmad Sourì would be released today. God knows everything; we can not do anything. I have given my life to my God." We were talking when we saw a hand with a plastic bag filled with yellow dates appear from the space between two seats and a middle-aged woman said to us, "Here you are. They are from my trees. After lunch these dates are extremely good." I thanked her. I took one and I asked Reza to have one. I was sitting behind her and I could not see her face completely. I could just see half of her face, which was mostly covered by a chador. Apparently, she had heard the conversation between Reza and me because she told me her son would also come back that day after eight years. I told her, "It is wonderful that you have this chance to go to see your son." These words helped us strike up a lengthy conversation, and she told us about her life. She had six sons, two of whom got killed in the south of Iran when Iraq seized Khoramshahr and two other of her sons were captured by Iraq as prisoners of war in 1982. One of them was released four years earlier because of health problems and another one was going to be released today. She talked easily to me about her sons, but, unfortunately, I could not see her face very well to sense her feelings from her eyes and from her body language. I could

just hear her voice, which did not sound sad to me. I felt that she was used to her miserable life and nothing seemed extraordinary to her. She was from Ahvaz, a city located in the southern part of Iran which is famous for its warm hearted people. She asked me if I would like to have more dates and I answered, "No thanks, I have had enough." I looked outside from my window.

We arrived in Sahneh, a small city with beautiful mountains, numerous streams, and walnut trees. Outside the city, on the shoulder of the road, some little girls and boys with trays full of walnuts, figs and cherries shouted loudly, "10 walnuts for 200 Rials*," "20 figs for 100 Rials." When the bus went further, their voices got lost in the wind, and we could not hear them any longer. Our bus passed a cemetery. In its entrance some boys and girls sold bouquets of flowers. I said Reza, "Look at these small children who have waited on this hot afternoon just to get some coins." Reza didn't say anything. He was watching outside. Shajarian was still singing, and I felt sleepy, but I didn't want to sleep. I didn't want to miss these unforgettable moments. I was thinking about Ahmad and how much I loved him. How much I missed him these past few years and how much his absence changed my life! The bus was getting close to Shahabad where we should go to the barracks, and wait for our prisoners. It was supposed that they would arrive at seven o'clock at night. I saw the sign of Shahabad and I became more nervous. There were three hours left until seven o'clock and we had to wait in the barracks yard until they would come. Shahabad had a big sugar factory, destroyed by Iraq bombardments many times. This city also had been ruined, and for years nobody lived there. Iraqi missiles and airplanes didn't leave this city in peace and attacked it many times. We entered Shahabad. The bus passed along the main street, and I was watching outside. I could see how much war had ruined this beautiful city. People weren't as happy as much as before. Some people stood in queues to get bread, milk, and cheese. These poor people had to stand for hours in those boring and tedious queues. This was a part of their life. The bus arrived at the terminal. I saw my father, my brother, my mother, and my sister-in law. They waited for us. I waved my hand, and I said to Reza, "Look at your grandpa and grandma, there." He saw them and said, "Yes mom, Uncle Hassan is also there." We were happy to see all of them. The bus stopped at the terminal. The driver pulled up the hand brake of his bus and told everybody, "We have arrived. Welcome, and have a wonderful day." I took my purse and my thermos and, after the woman who gave us some dates, we got out of the bus. I told her that I wished the best for her, and she told me the same. As soon as I put my feet on the ground, my mom and dad hugged me and they firmly pressed me.

They hugged Reza too. My sister in-law took my hand and told me, "Elaheh, everything is done. Thank God, you did a great job." I told her, "I don't know, I'm very nervous. I don't know if I'm happy or not. May God help me!"

We got in my brother's car. His car was an old red passenger car. My father and Reza sat in front and my mother, my sister-in law, and I sat on the back seat. After two attempts at starting up, my brother's car turned on and it left the terminal to the destination of the barracks. My brother's car was very hot, and it didn't have air conditioning. He opened four windows, but the heat and the sun came in. He hung some blue pearls from his front mirror for blessing, for many people in this land believe that blue takes away the devil's powers. My father and my brother talked to Reza and he was very happy. The entrance of the barracks was very crowded and many people, women, men, and children stood up and waited for their dearest. Some people distributed cool lemonade and rose water syrup. Some people distributed watermelon. The odor of frankincense, rose water, and Espand* filled the yard. Two men held two sheep and were waiting for the moment that they would slaughter these sheep at the prisoner's feet as a tradition for making newcomers blessed. The sheep were scared and started to cry. Some children were crying. I told my mom, "Why have the people brought these innocent children here, this hot afternoon?" As I talked to mom, suddenly a man cried loudly, "They are coming." I became more worried. Four buses stopped in front of the barracks. Some men pushed the sheep in front of the bus and started to slaughter them. I ask my mom, "Let's go over there. I don't want to see this scene." The prisoners of war got out of the bus and some of them ran to the bosoms of their fami-

lies. People started to cry. Some women who were excited cried loudly. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know who I was looking for. Everybody seemed to me like Ahmad. I forgot the face of Ahmad. I didn't know if he had a beard or not. What he had worn. The prisoners mixed with the people. At every corner, some men and women were hugging each other. I was crying. I was exhausted. My mom held my hands and pressed them. Suddenly my father told us that he could see Ahmad. Upon hearing the name of Ahmad, all my body became cold and I shook. Yes, I saw him. He was Ahmad. He was in my father's bosom. My mother hugged him; Reza and my brother too. I looked at him. I wanted to hug him, but I was embarrassed. I couldn't hug him in front of everybody. I just said to him, "Hi, Ahmad jan*." He raised his head and it seemed that he was looking for me. He told me, "Where are you, Elaheh?" I told him, "Here, in front of you." He told me that his glasses were very dark and he couldn't see me. I held his hand, his familiar hand that in these years I always kissed in my mind. I pressed his hands and I asked him, "Welcome back, Ahmad!" He told me, "It was a long trip, wasn't it?" I answered him, "Yes, too long." I told him again, "Did you see Reza? He is a big man. He is exactly like you." His hand in the air was looking for Reza, and he said, "Where are you, my Reza?"

Reza looked at me. I read his eyes. I was crying. Ahmad still had his sense of humor, and he was as kind as before. He was my Ahmad, but with dark glasses. I didn't know my feeling. Ahmad couldn't see anything. We went to my brother's car. Ahmad held Reza's hand. I was near him. His smell was very familiar to me.

Parisa Samadi

*The term comes from the Persian word Darwīsh, which usually refers to a mendicant ascetic. This latter word is also used to refer to an unflappable or ascetic temperament (as in the Urdu phrase darwaishana thabiyath for an ascetic temperament); that is, for an attitude that is indifferent to material possessions and the like. (Wikipedia.com)

*Rial is Persian monetary unit. One dollar is equal to 9000 Rial.

*Espand is a kind of wild rue, which has a good smell when it is burned.

*Jan in Persian means soul and life. This word is used after a name and means "dear."

Continued from page 1

пятница, 1 января 2010 г
First not last!

I was shocked to see that much snow. Changing of temperature also was surprising. In one week temperature jumped up to 34 degrees (0 Celsius) and again back to -1 (-18 Celsius). So, basically I still freezing. Fresh pictures will be added in few hours/days.

Starting from the first day of a new 2010 I will be making posts about Ukraine and my life there once in a while. Enjoy it, correct my mistakes and just have fun. Fill free to ask questions, if there any. Let's journey to begin!

<http://meinukraine.blogspot.com/>

Thai Nurses vs American Nurses

I have been working as a registered nurse for many years. When I was in Thailand, I worked as a registered nurse for 13 years. Many people asked me why I did not come to work in the US. They said I could make a lot of money. So that is the only thing I knew about working in the US. Since I became a registered nurse in the US, I have learned the differences between being a registered nurse in the US and being a registered nurse in my country. In my opinion, there are many differences between working as a nurse in the US and working as a nurse in Thailand.

As a registered nurse in Thailand, I did not get paid very much for my work. Nurses in Thailand are paid a salary per month. When I started my job in Thailand, my salary was one hundred dollars per month. My last salary there was five hundred dollars per month. Nowadays, a newly graduated nurse starts at two hundred dollars per month. Thai nurses have to wear white uniforms, white shoes, white hat, and no accessories; no rings, no earrings, and only short fingernails. A wrist watch is the only thing that Thai nurses can have. As a Thai nurse, you can not choose which shift to work. The schedule is rotating. A junior nurse has to work a night shift more than any other shifts. When you become a senior nurse, you work only the morning and evening shifts. So with this schedule, I had to work nights, evenings, and morning shifts. In addition, registered nurses in Thailand have to work hard because we don't have enough nurses. The patient-nurse ratio is over ten. In general units, this ratio can be up to 20 and in the intensive care units the ratio is still 5-6. When I was a nurse in Thailand, I had to do the nurse assistant's job and the phlebotomist's job.

On the other hand, working as a registered nurse in the US differs from being a registered nurse in Thailand in every

way. Whereas Thai nurses get paid a salary, registered nurses in the US get paid per hour. So registered nurses in the US make more money than registered nurses in Thailand. My first month paycheck in the US was equal to ten months of paychecks in Thailand. Registered nurses in Thailand wear only white uniforms but registered nurses in the US don't wear white uniforms. Nurses in the US wear scrubs that are colorful. In the US, they also wear earrings, rings, and have long fingernails. I have many color scrubs in my closet. Indeed, I was so glad that I could wear my pretty earrings to work. Nurses in Thailand can not choose a shift to work but nurses in the US can apply for the shift that they want. In the US, the schedule does not rotate, whereas the schedule in Thailand does. For example, I am a night shift nurse so I only work at night. While the patient-nurse ratio in Thailand is over ten, this ratio in the US is five in general units. In the US, the patient-nurse ratio in the intensive care units is 1-2. I used to do everything including emptying bedpans when I was a registered nurse in Thailand. Even though I work in the US, I still do everything I can even if it is not in my job description.

Taking care of people is hard work and nurses are the one healthcare professionals who take care of all people and maintain their health. Nurses use nursing knowledge to take care of the patients. Although we use the same nursing knowledge, working in the two places is different. Working in a developed country differs from working in a developing country. From my experience, clearly, working as a registered nurse in the US is different from working as a registered nurse in Thailand in many ways.

Juturat Klahan
ESLW50

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Career Opportunities

Employment in the field for registered nurses is excellent locally and nationally. The registered nurse enjoys a well compensated, rewarding, highly flexible career, which should continue in the future. This field is expanding; growth in the job market is projected.



A Place I Liked to Hang Out as a Teenager

I would like to talk about a place I liked to hang out as a teenager (in my college days). As a college student in Osaka, the second largest city in Japan, there were so many places to hang out with my buddies and girlfriend such as in the mountains, at the library, at the museum, and at the coffee shop. My favorite place to hang out was at the movie theater.

I love movies. The trigger to become a movie lover was my part-time job at the theater. My good friend introduced me to this job by chance when I was in my freshmen year. The theater was a typical mid-size, first-run theater for foreign pictures (mostly American pictures) in a huge shopping mall near a large train terminal station located in downtown Osaka. My job duties were to assist at the snack bar, in the projection room, with ticketing, and with cleaning inside the theater. I was able to see movies for free anytime after I finished my duties at the theater and also I was able to borrow the free admission pass (like an ID card) from our manager to enter other theaters for free in the downtown Osaka area. It was a big deal to me, although my wages were pretty low.

I enjoyed many different types of movies such as romance, suspense, comedy, science fiction and musicals. I could enter another world with the actors when the show started with dynamic sound after the lights would gradually get dark inside the theater. I was always curious and excited to see what pictures would appear and what stories would unfold on the screen. All of the movies gave me dreams, hopes, good lessons and expanded my curiosity regarding the unknown world. I had a lot of influence from the movies, which also affected my subsequent life.



Additionally, I had one more reason why I hung out at the theater. It was that I liked the atmosphere of the theater. The theaters are open 365 days a year and many people gather there. Everyone at the theater has a different lifestyle and background. Maybe, some people are rich or poor. However, they have the same purpose, which is to see the movie. They are sucked into the fantastic world on the screen and play the story with the actors and share smiles, laughs, thrills, and cry during the show at the theater. At that moment, in the fantastic world on the screen, everyone at the theater is equal without rich, poor, young, old, men or women. They get dreams, hopes, and life energies from the movies. After the show is over, they return to their real lives which are waiting for them outside of the theater. I liked the atmosphere of theater which creates a special space for people.

There are so many different, wonderful entertainments. However, I think that a motion picture is the best one among human created entertainment, and is a sophisticated art as well. Also a motion picture is a borderless entertainment and an art to introduce different cultures, customs, people and ideas to everyone worldwide.

I think that a movie is like a vitamin, like supplement to supply vitality for people's lives, and a theater is like the capsule of the vitamin. Why did I hang out at the theater in my college days? Because I wanted to have a lot of vitality to develop myself without conscious effort.

Nobi Tsumusura
ESLW40

A Concession Stand Snack in Japan

"In a country where quirky candy's the norm, nibbling on these snacks at the movies still seems bizarre: fish skeletons baked in soy and sugar, a crunchy snack known as iwashi sembei that has Japan's notorious sweet-savory umami flavor."

(For more information and to also see what other people are eating at the movie theaters around the world, see the following site:)

</articles/worlds-strangest-movie-theater-snacks/1>



Udupi Cafe Healthy Indian Vegetarian Restaurant

In this season of grey skies and rainy weather here, places which bask in endless sunshine become very appealing. Southern India is one such place. The bright colors of its landscape and the heat of its climate are reflected in the colors and spice of its cuisine. Fortunately, there is a restaurant in the Sacramento area which serves South Indian cuisine: Udupi Café.

Although it is located in Gold River (2226 Sunrise Boulevard), just east of Rancho Cordova, it is absolutely worth the drive. The night we went there, the sky was that murky blue-grey color so typical of a Sacramento winter sunset. This made it particularly refreshing to walk into the sunny oasis of the Udupi Café.

Saffron-colored walls hold peaceful pictures of Ganesh, the Hindu elephant god of wisdom and good luck. The soundtrack features ladies singing in ethereal harmony, accompanied by meditative flute and drums, playing the calm forward-moving drumbeat of a spiritual journey. Sitting at a table there feels like sitting in a meditation class, with its feeling that life is going to get better. The atmosphere is one of optimistic harmony.

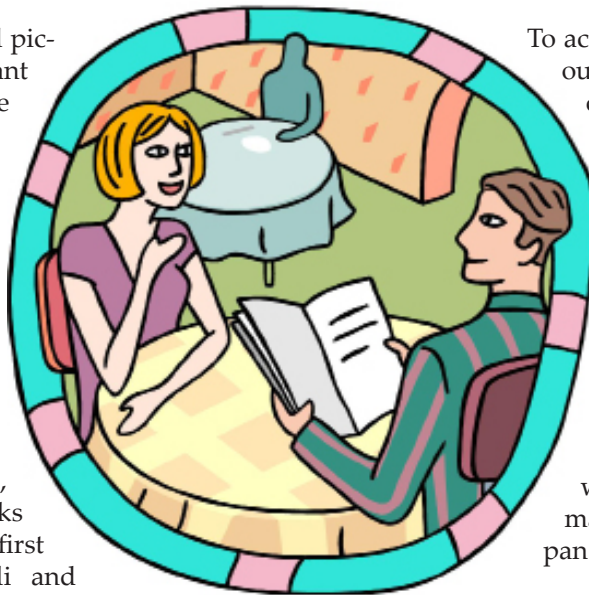
Srinivasan Rangarajulu, "Sri", the part-owner and chef, speaks both Telugu and English as his first language, but also speaks Hindi and Bindaloo. He had worked in Indian restaurants in other parts of the country, but he decided to open a restaurant here in Sacramento (in 2007) because the pace of life is calm, yet varied.

Usually a vegetarian goes to a restaurant and expects to find three to ten vegetarian choices on a menu. The Udupi Café has an entirely vegetarian menu, offering an astounding 80 plus (!) menu items, many of which are vegan (containing no dairy or egg products). It's a vegetarian's paradise; in fact, it is the only Indian vegetarian restaurant in the area which offers not only the traditional North Indian dishes, such as curry, but also a wide assortment of delicacies from the Southern Indian repertoire. To sample some of them, we ordered the "South Indian Thali": roti, white rice, sambar, dhal, kootu, avial, poriyal, rasam, papad, payasam, pickled lemon, and chai tea.

The Thali was served in circular stainless steel dishes, with smaller dishes served in a circle around the bowl of rice, an edible mandala. The colors looked like a tropical artists'

palette: chili-red, emerald green, and saffron yellow, complimented by tamarind magenta, lentil brown, and coconut-ginger ivory. The spice palette was equally balanced, engaging all flavor centers of taste.

Another South Indian creation is the Uthappam, "a plain pancake". The one we ordered was "topped with tomatoes, peas, carrots, chilis, and red onion". Another "pancake" dish we tried was the Malabar Adai; it's made of mixed lentils and vegetables. We also ordered the Masala Dosai. Picture a large (also a foot across) rectangular crepe rolled up lengthwise around a bright yellow potato massala filling, South Indian comfort food, the perfect antidote to a bleak River City day.



To accompany the spicy vegetable dishes, our waiter recommended the magnificent batura, an enormous puffed oval of handmade bread, measuring a good foot in length and 6 inches in height. It sat there, an ephemeral presence defying gravity, until one of us finally pulled off a piece of it, and let out the hot air within. It deflated gracefully, melting in our mouths: a sweet winter wheat transformed into a crunchy, yet malleable flat bread. The batura is a grand version of a poori badji, which is also available, along with many other types of made-to-order pan breads.

We also tried the vegetable appetizer plate: Medhu Vada (fried lentil-flour donut), samosa (fried wheat-flour pocket filled with potatoes, onions, and peas), Pakora ("batter fried potatoes, cauliflower, onions, and chillies"), and Iddly ("steamed rice and lentil" patty).

The dinner portions are generous, and the selections are varied. A group of people can share dishes, family-style. From the earthly anchor of the curried root vegetables (avial) to the heavenly honey-infused dessert donuts swimming in rosewater, the experience is an uplifting one.

(The Udupi Café is open every day, except Tuesdays. The lunch buffet is served from 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. . Dinner is served every night from 5:30 p.m. until 10:00. For more information, visit their website: www.UdupiCafe.net or call (916)851-5900).

Student Views on How to Be the Best Student



Here are a few characteristics about how to be the best student. First, the best students are very talkative. Second, the best student should know many languages, and like to study English. The best student never has time to watch T.V.

Liudmila L.

My sister is the best student because she loves to study. She does each homework assignment on time and gets "A" for them. She enjoys studying and is able to spend all day with a book. My sister always gets up on time for school; therefore, I can tell she is very organized. She is glad to increase her education, so she is the best student I know.

Diana Sontseva

Best students are those who get good grades and do their homework. First, they are punctual and do their homework on time. Second, they are involved in class activities, so they become more confident. Third, they are very friendly, but they are serious in their studies.

Dur-E Shahwar

The best student is someone dedicated and really organized in everything. They are present in all the classes. They concentrate in class to understand. Finally they read every day to prepare and understand each lesson.

Kelly Vasquez

My brother is the best student. There are three reasons why. The first reason is that he likes to study. He always borrows books from the library and sits in the library reading. Sec-

ond, he is hardworking. He reads and studies everywhere: at home, on the bus, at college, and even while walking. Third, he is always helping anyone who asks for help. I sometimes ask him to explain something, and he does explain calmly. My brother is the best student because he is helpful, hard-working, and likes to study.

Orysya Koutsemal

The best student is a person who comes to class on time and has neat homework. A best student doesn't complain about homework and doesn't forget her book for class. A best student is always ready to take a test so she can get a good grade. In short, a best student is a person who has good attendance, does her homework on time and is always ready for a test.

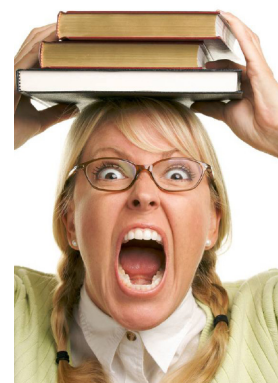
Sanaollah

To become a best student, you need three characteristics. First, you should be a good listener in class, but don't be passive. You need to listen to what the teacher says, and if you don't understand, you can ask questions. Second, you have to work hard. After every class, you should do all the homework that can help you to understand the lesson and pass the test. Finally, you have to be in every class on time. That means you are a responsible person and you know what you are doing. All in all, you need to be a good listener, hard worker, and responsible person.

Y La

All students want to be the best, but they aren't. First of all, you must like the subject that you are studying. Second, you have to attend classes, listen to your teacher's explanations and work hard. You must do your homework. Finally, you need to train your brain to memorize and think in new ways.

Jurate Kasparaniviciene





Netscape - Articles from the Web

A History of Haiti's Language Situation

French and Creole

Two languages were spoken in Haiti: Creole and French. The social relationship between these languages was complex. Nine of every ten Haitians spoke only Creole, which was the everyday language for the entire population. About one in ten also spoke French. And only about one in twenty was fluent in both French and Creole. Thus, Haiti was neither a francophone country nor a bilingual one. Rather, two separate speech communities existed: the monolingual majority and the bilingual elite.

All classes valued verbal facility. Public speaking played an important role in political life; the style of the speech was often more important than the content. Repartee enlivened the daily parlance of both the monolingual peasant and the sophisticated bilingual urbanite. Small groups gathered regularly in Port-au-Prince to listen to storytellers. Attitudes toward French and Creole helped to define the Haitians' cultural dilemma.

Language usually complicated interactions between members of the elite and the masses. Haitians of all classes took pride in Creole as a means of expression and as the national tongue. Nevertheless, many monolingual and bilingual Haitians regarded Creole as a non-language, claiming that "it has no rules." Thus, the majority of the population did not value their native language and built a mystique around French. At the same time, almost every bilingual Haitian had ambivalent feelings about using French and did so uncomfortably. In Creole the phrase "to speak French" means "to be a hypocrite."

Fluency in French served as an even more important criterion than skin color for membership in the Haitian elite. The use of French in public life excluded the Creole-speaking majority from politics, government, and intellectual life. Bilingual families used French primarily for formal occasions. Because Creole was the language of informal gatherings, it was filled with slang and was used for telling jokes. Haitian French lacked these informal qualities. Monolingual Creole speakers avoided formal situations where their inability to communicate in French would be a disadvantage or an embarrassment. In an attempt to be accepted in formal or governmental circles, some monolingual Creole speakers used French-sounding phrases in their Creole speech, but these imitations were ultimately of little or no use. Middle-class bilinguals in Port-au-Prince suffered the greatest dis-

advantage because they frequently encountered situations in which the use of French would be appropriate, but their imperfect mastery of the language tended to betray their lower-class origins. It was in the middle class that the language issue was most pressing. The use of French as a class marker made middle-class Haitians more rigid in their use of French on formal occasions than Haitians who were solidly upper class.

The origins of Creole are still debated. Some scholars believe that it arose from a pidgin that developed between French colonists and African slaves in the colonies.

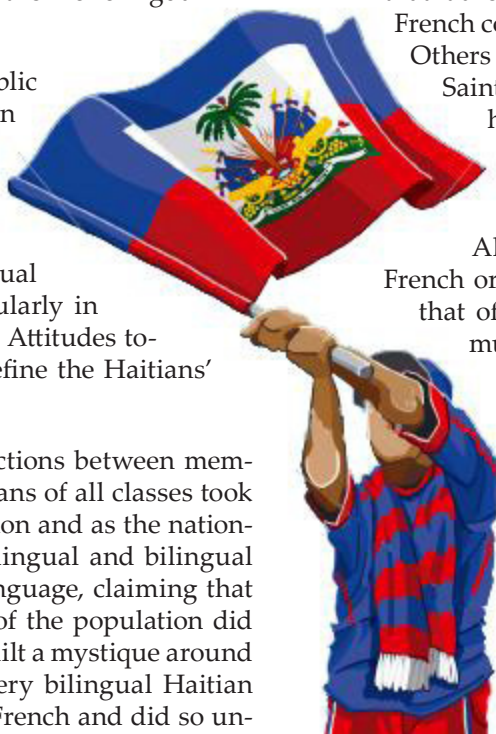
Others believe that Creole came to the colony of Saint-Domingue as a full-fledged language, having arisen from the French maritime-trade dialect. Whatever its origins, Creole is linguistically a separate language and not just a corrupted French dialect.

Although the majority of Creole words have French origins, Creole's grammar is not similar to that of French, and the two languages are not mutually comprehensible.

There are regional and class variations in Creole. Regional variations include lexical items and sound shifts, but the grammatical structure is consistent throughout the country. Bilingual speakers tend to use French phonemes in their Creole speech. The tendency to use French sounds became common in the Port-au-Prince variant of Creole. By the 1980s, the Port-au-Prince variant was becoming perceived as the standard form of the language.

The use of French and Creole during the colonial and the independence periods set speech patterns for the next century. During the colonial period, it was mostly whites and educated mulatto freedmen who spoke French. When the slaves gained their freedom and the plantation system disintegrated, the greatest barriers among the various classes of people of color collapsed. French language became a vital distinction between those who had been emancipated before the revolution (the *anciens libres*) and those who achieved freedom through the revolution, and it ensured the superior status of the *anciens libres*. French became the language not only of government and commerce, but also of culture and refinement. Even the most nationalist Haitians of the nineteenth century placed little value on Creole.

Attitudes toward Creole began to change during the twen-



tieth century, however, especially during the United States occupation. The occupation forced Haitian intellectuals to confront their non-European heritage. A growing black consciousness and intensifying nationalism led many Haitians to consider Creole as the “authentic” language of the country. The first attempt at a Creole text appeared in 1925, and the first Creole newspaper was published in 1943.

Beginning in the 1950s, a movement to give Creole official status evolved slowly. The constitution of 1957 reaffirmed French as the official language, but it permitted the use of Creole in certain public functions. In 1969 a law was passed

giving Creole limited legal status; the language could be used in the legislature, the courts, and clubs, but not in accredited educational institutions. In 1979, however, a decree permitted Creole as the language of instruction in the classroom. The constitution of 1983 declared that both Creole and French were the national languages but specified that French would be the official language. The suppressed 1987 Constitution (which was partially reinstated in 1989) gave official status to Creole.

<http://countrystudies.us/haiti/30.htm>

Language of Haiti - Haitian Words and Phrases

Language

Haiti has two official languages, French and Creole. French was the only official language until 1987 when Creole was officially recognized, however, Creole is without question the most prevalent language in Haiti. Large quantities of people only speak Creole.

Haitian Creole is the most spoken form of Creole in the world and derives about 90 percent of its words from French. It also contains words derived from African languages, Arawak, Taynos, Caraibes, Spanish and English.

The word Creole can be traced to the Portuguese word *crioulo*: *criado* meaning “raised” (as in a raising a child); “servant” plus a diminutive suffix. Originally the word was used to describe second-generation African slaves and Europeans born in the Americas. Eventually it was used by linguists to refer to a specific type of language.

There are two theories as to how Creole developed.

The language was used as a form of communication between masters and enslaved people.

The language was created by the enslaved people to communicate amongst themselves due to the different African dialects.

Although Creole is spoken by the majority of the population it is still seen as inferior and only French is spoken in schools. This limits the availability of education to a majority of Haitians and has resulted in a large illiteracy rate.

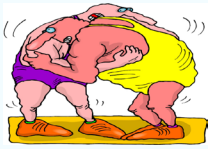
Haitian Creole

Creole is written phonetically. Each letter is pronounced, and each word is spelled as it is

<http://www.earthfamily.com/H-words.htm>

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| Family: | Six – sis Seven – sèt Eight – uit Nine – nèf Ten – dis | Other words and phrases: |
| Mother – maman | | Ti – little (contraction of the French word “petite”) |
| Father – papa, pè | | Bocor – Voodoo priest |
| Grandmother – gran-papa, grann | | Bon nuit – Goodnight |
| Grandfather – granpè | Colors: | Ba bay – Good-bye |
| Son – fis, pitit gason | white – blan | Bonjou! - Good morning! |
| Daughter – tifi, pitit fi | gray – gri | Pa gen pwoblem - No problem |
| Sister – sè | black – nwa | Komon ou ye? - How are you? |
| Brother – frè | red – rouj | Atansyon! - Attention!/ Watch out! |
| Aunt – tant, matant | violet – vyolèt | Piti piti - A little bit |
| Uncle – tonton, monnonk | yellow – jòn | Anpil - A lot |
| Numbers: | green – vè, vèt | Komon ou ye? - How are you? |
| Zero - zero | pink – roz | Mesi – Thanks |
| One – en, youn | orange – zoranj | Tout bagay anfon? - Is everything OK? |
| Two – de | brown – maron | |
| Three – twa | blue – ble | |
| Four – kat | gold – lò | |
| Five – senk | silver – ajan, lajan | |

Parrot Warbling



Grappling with Grammar

Zero Conditional: certainty

We use the so-called zero conditional when the result of the condition is always true, like a scientific fact. Take some ice. Put it in a saucepan. Heat the saucepan. What happens? The ice melts (it becomes water). You would be surprised if it did not.

| IF | condition | result |
|----|----------------|----------------|
| | present simple | present simple |
| If | you heat ice | it melts. |

Notice that we are thinking about a result that is always true for this condition. The result of the condition is an absolute **certainty**. We are not thinking about the future or the past, or even the present. We are thinking about a simple fact. We use the present simple tense to talk about the condition. We also use the present simple tense to talk about the result. The important thing about the zero conditional is that **the condition always has the same result**.

Look at some more examples in the tables below:

| IF | condition | result |
|----|--------------------------|---------------------|
| | present simple | present simple |
| If | I miss the 8 o'clock bus | I am late for work. |
| If | I am late for work | my boss gets angry. |

| result | IF | condition |
|--------------------|----|---------------------------|
| present simple | | present simple |
| I am late for work | if | I miss the 8 o'clock bus. |
| My boss gets angry | if | I am late for work. |

<http://www.englishclub.com/grammar/>

Idiom-Attic



All Thumbs

Hey Bea. Can you help me out? I don't seem to be able to button up the back of my dress.
 Sure. Let's see if I can do it for you.
 I guess I'm **all thumbs** because I'm so nervous. I'm already late for my date.
 Well, I suppose that being so nervous would make you **clumsy and awkward**. But don't worry. I'm sure your date will wait.

<http://www.englishdaily626.com/idioms.php>

Beak Speak

- Of all the words in the English language, the word 'set' has the most definitions!
- "Almost" is the longest word in the English language with all the letters in alphabetical order.



- "Skepticisms" is the longest word that can be typed using alternate hands.
- The letter combination "ough" can be pronounced in nine different ways, which can be heard in this sentence: A rough-coated, dough-faced, thoughtful ploughman strode through the streets of Scarborough; after falling into a slough, he coughed and hiccoughed.
- "Polish" changes from a noun or a verb to a nationality when it is capitalized.
- "Subcontinental" is the only word that uses each vowel only once and in reverse alphabetical order.
- "Underground" is the only word that begins and ends with "und".
- The only words with three consecutive double letters are "bookkeeping" and "bookkeeper".

<http://www.vat19.com>

Some More Parrot Fun Stuff



Adverbs Wordsearch

Find and circle all the adverbs that are hidden in the grid. The remaining letters spell a secret message. Solutions on page...



| | | | |
|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| ACROSS | DOWN | LOUDLY | SLOWLY |
| AGAIN | EARLY | MONTHLY | SOFTLY |
| AHEAD | EASILY | NEARBY | SOMETIMES |
| ALMOST | FAST | NEVER | SOMEWHERE |
| ALREADY | FIRST | NOWHERE | SOON |
| ALSO | FOREVER | OFTEN | THEN |
| ALWAYS | FORWARD | ONCE | THERE |
| ANYWHERE | GENTLY | PRESENTLY | TODAY |
| APART | GREATLY | QUICKLY | TOMORROW |
| AWAY | HENCE | QUIETLY | UPWARD |
| BACK | HIGH | QUITE | WEEKLY |
| BEFORE | HOMEWARD | RARELY | WISELY |
| BEHIND | HOWEVER | RATHER | YESTERDAY |
| BELOW | LITTLE | REALLY | |
| BRISKLY | LONG | SHORT | |

Tuba

Years ago, everyday, just before dawn
 When the stars procrastinated their leaving
 And wanted to prolong their embrace of the bosom of
 the sky
 In Firuzabad, in that small and forgettable town
 Its name not written in
 Geography or history books of the time
 With electricity having ignored the nights of the town
 An old woman in a tiny room was snapping some
 dried wood
 To make a fire in her old tandoor

That old woman who had a navy blue cotton robe
 With a black velvet vest
 And a necklace of thread holding her household keys
 Was Tuba, a well known baker and a trustworthy
 woman
 Whose house was always open to the people of her town

She was murmuring her favorite song
 With a sad melody that she remembered from old times
 She was waiting for her tandoor
 To be warm enough to bake her dough

Tuba that tall and wise woman
 Who had many wrinkles on her forehead
 Gazed at everything with a deep glance
 To find some wise ways for her plans

When her tandoor was warm enough
 Tuba flattened every chunk of dough
 And as she hunched over into her fiery tandoor
 She slapped the dough on the burning walls
 After a moment, she took out her bread one by one
 And covered them with a white tablecloth

When Tuba was finished with her task
 She sat on her colorful hand-woven rug
 Making tea in her stony tea pot
 Waiting for her family to come
 And have breakfast before going out

Then dawn gave its place to the light
 The sun rose in triumph over the night
 Tuba like the sun stood up with a smile
 To manage her everyday job

Still, after years, the rays of her mild smile are shining
 in my mind

Parisa Samadi

Rigoberto's Riddles

What do you call cheese that is not yours?

Nacho cheese •

Where do you find a no legged dog?

Right where you left it •



Silly Vasily's Chuckle Chamber



I have Contacts

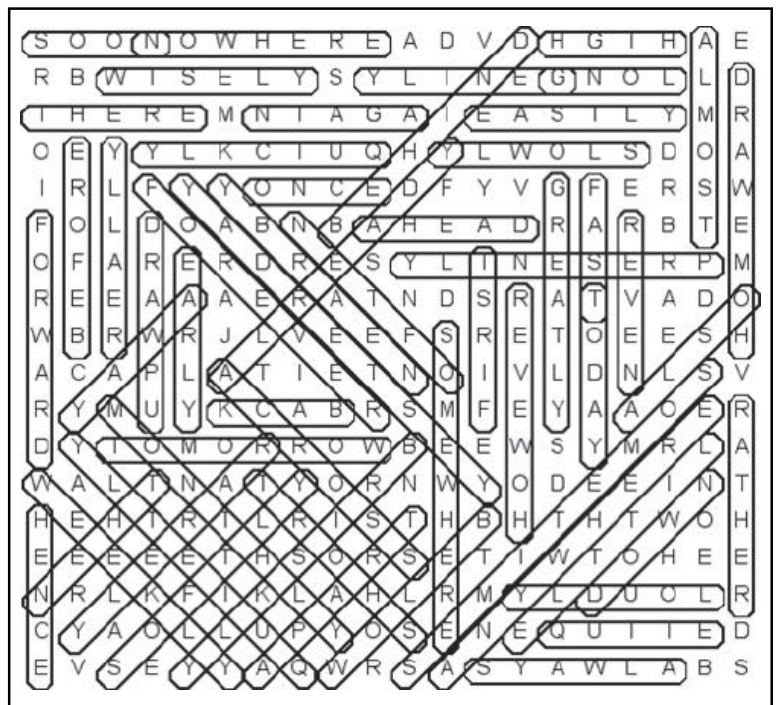
A policeman pulled a female driver over and asked to see her license.

After looking it over, he said to her, "Lady, it stipulates here on your license that you should be wearing glasses."

"Well, I have contacts," the woman replied.

"Look lady, I don't care who you know," snapped the officer. "You're getting a ticket."

Solutions for Puzzle on Page 9



The Three Sisters: Rada, Ella, Inga (Counselors on Courting)

Dear Sisters,

My girlfriend never seems to have any time for me anymore. She's constantly playing with her video games, either on her computer or with her new cell phone. Do you have any recommendations?

Ona Gadulg

Dear Ona

You should hide all of her games, while she is away from home. When she comes back, I would just tell her that you lost some money in a casino or a poker game, for example, and that you had to sell all of her games to repay a part of your debt. If she throws a fit, you should give her all of her games back and tell her that your relationship has to end. If she understands and tries to be supportive, do not return the games to her at all. Instead you should ask her to help you get more money to repay the rest of what you lost. When you get enough money together, tell her that you were joking and that you will use this money to go somewhere on vacation -- together!



Ella, Rada, Inga

Rada

Dear Ona

Ask one of your friends to invite her to a private poker game where a few poker sharks will be playing. When

she goes there, take her video game system and take it out of the house. Preferably to your backyard. Don't forget to bring a baseball bat with you. When you go outside set her video game system on the ground and play some baseball with it. By the time you are done with that you should be expecting her to call you and tell you about the money she

lost in the poker game. Tell her that this fact is unfortunate because while she was taking time away from her relationship to gamble, she also lost her video game system and her boyfriend. Tell her to have a good life, and move out.

Ella

You should find one of your best pictures, preferably the one that she loves. Go and get it enlarged to the size of the screen that she is using to play her videogames on, the TV or the computer one. Then when she is gone from the house, get some superglue and glue your picture to the screen. After you do that, take a marker and write in big letters across the picture: "Game Over, We are DONE". Pack all of your stuff and leave before she comes back home. It

will teach her a great lesson on paying more attention to her significant other than her games. Good Luck.

Inga

Granny Noetal

Dear Granny,

In our writing class, the teacher gives us about two hours to do an essay. Some of us noticed that one student got more than three hours to do the essay. (We were waiting outside the classroom because we had another class in that room.) We don't think that's fair. What should we do?

Not Happy

Dear Not Happy,

Thank you for your question -- it certainly is an interesting one. At time there



are students who have certifiable learning disabilities and may need more time than what is considered usual. Often a teacher is alerted of this at the beginning of the semester by counselors. As it may cause embarrassment to the student, a teacher does not make a general announcement to the class. My suggestion is that you and your classmates talk to your teacher during office hours -- not during class -- to find out what the situation is. I'm sure there is a satisfactory explanation. If not, your next step would be to contact the dean of the department.

Granny

Parenting the Parrot Way!



In a new, possibly unique, possibly controversial approach to the raising of children, for this issue the Parrot recommends the following: Let 'em squawk, let 'em talk, let 'em be.

(Editor's Note: Professor's Moon's column will resume next issue.)

Mim's Cafe

Since mangos are plentiful at this time of year, I thought I would share a mango salsa recipe I have been making. But first, ways to enjoy mangos: Mangos are tropical fruit that can be eaten at many different stages. Here in the US, it's challenging to find tart, sour, young mangos. (My favorite! I usually find these in an Asian supermarket but only at a certain time of the year.) In Cambodia, young mangoes are very popular among youths. We have a saying that only "old folks with no teeth" eat "mushy" fruits. (It is very rare for a mango to survive to a ripe, old age in Cambodia.) Khmer people devour young mangoes with a mixture made with pounded chili peppers and salt, or fish- sauce-sugar dip, or a dip made with shrimp paste. Mangos are quite versatile, too. Young mangoes can be shredded to make salad or they can be pickled for later use (non-mango season). Ripe mangos are usually eaten plain or as a dessert accompanied by sweet, sticky rice. Mangos are also delicious in curry dishes. Since the mangos you find at your local grocery store, are mostly soft and or ripe, the best way to utilize them is to turn them into salsa if you don't want to eat them as is.



Prof. Montgomery with happy eater.

Mango Salsa

Ingredients

- 2 mangoes – chopped into small cubes
- 2 chopped avocados
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice (more if you like)
- ¼ cup chopped red onion
- ½ - 1 bunch chopped cilantro
- ¼ teaspoon salt (more if you like)
- Chips for dipping



Mixing Instructions

1. Put ingredients in a bowl and mix gently, but thoroughly, without bruising the mangoes too much
2. Transfer into a pretty dipping bowl.
3. Accompany salsa with chips (my favorites are rice chips) and serve right away to friends who aren't allergic to mangoes.



History of the Mango

The mango tree, *Mangifera Indica*, is native to south Asia, by eastern India. It is a member of the Anacardiaceae family and is a distant relative of the pistachio and cashew trees.

The plant has been highly honored and exalted in its native land from time immemorial and today is considered one of the most popular fruits in the world.

Since the mango seed is too big to be carried by water or wind, historians believe that Persian traders carried mango seeds with them to the Middle East.

During the 16th century, the sea-faring Portuguese introduced the mango to Africa, who then took their tasty cargo to Brazil in the 1700s.

The popularity of the mango spread north in the Americas through the years. It reached Mexico in the early 19th century, and finally reached the United States in 1860.

Today, more and more consumers are discovering the unique, mouth-watering flavor of the nutritious mango, making it an essential part of their shopping lists.

"Facts" About Mangos

- The name 'mango' is derived from the Tamil word 'mangkay' or 'man-gay'. When the Portuguese traders settled in Western India they adopted the name as 'manga'.
- In the Hindu culture hanging fresh mango leaves outside the front door during Ponggol (Hindu New Year) and Deepavali is considered a blessing to the house.
- Many Southeast Asian kings and nobles had their own mango groves; with private cultivars being sources of great pride and social standing, hence began the custom of sending gifts of the choicest mangos.
- Burning of mango wood, leaves and debris is not advised - toxic fumes can cause serious irritation to eyes and lungs.
- Dermatitis can result from contact with the resinous latex sap that drips from the stem end when mangos are harvested. The mango fruit skin is not considered edible.

Artie's Corner

Dear Artie,

Now that a new year and new semester have started, what can you tell me about new art shows in the region?

Sincerely,

Wondering Art Lover

Dear Wondering Art Lover,

Your question caused me to delve into Northern California's future exhibitions for interested readers of my column. Here are some of the results of my research into your question.

CARTIER AND AMERICA (12/19/09-4/18/10) at the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. This exhibition covers the history of the House of Cartier from its first great successes as the "King of Jewelers and Jeweler to Kings" during the Belle Epoque through to the 1960's and 1970's when Cartier supplied celebrities of the day with their jewels and luxury accessories. Cartier was famous for his beautifully made diamond and platinum jewelry created for the courts of Europe and Americans of the Gilded Age. This show features pieces from the private Cartier Collection housed in Geneva, Switzerland and includes more than 300 objects. Among the objects featured are jewelry of the Gilded Age and Art Deco periods, as well as freestanding works of art such as the famous Mystery Clocks. Jewelry materials range from traditional white diamond suites to the highly colored exotic creations of the 1920's and 1930's. Cartier made its mark with the ingenuity of its designs and its exquisite craftsmanship. (I highly recommend this show if you are a jewelry lover and history buff.)

AMISH ABSTRACTIONS (11/14/09-6/6/10) at the de Young Museum in San Francisco. This show features approximately 48 full-size crib quilts dating from the 1880's to the 1940's. Quilts, made by girls and women of various Amish communities in Pennsylvania and rthe Midwest are visual reflections of the Amish lifestyle as it represents itself

through art. The Amish faith embodies the principles of simplicity, humility, discipline, and community, but their quilts are anything but humble. Using a rich color palette and bold patterns, these quilts are truly a unique contribution to American textile history. The quilts highlight the beauty and complexity of the abstract patterns. (For those folks of you who like handcrafts and sewing, this is a must see art exhibit.)

TUTANKHAMEN AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE PHAROAHS (showing until June 2010) at the de Young Museum in San Francisco. More than 3,000 years after his reign, and 30 years after the original exhibition opened in San Francisco, Tutankhamen, ancient Egypt's celebrated "Boy King" returns to the de Young Museum. In the Summer of 2009, the de Young presented "Tutankhamen and the Golden Age of the Pharaohs", a marvelous enhibition of over 130 outstanding pieces of art from the days of the Pharaohs. This show includes



Prof White -- Artie's Mentor

many new and exciting art items that were not seen in the previous show at the museum. Also available with the present show is a new catalogue, a new audio tour, and additional artifacts from Tutankhamen's tomb. (Visitors stand in long lines to get into this show, but it is spectacular and well-worth the wait.)

The above exhibitions should keep you busy on a free weekend. I suggest that you plan for three weekends in order to see them all. Afterwards, why not have a nice lunch in San Francisco at a cozy cafe or take a home-cooked picnic to the park where you can sit under the trees and open sky? In any event, these shows will excite you and make your creative juices bubble. Happy viewing and walking!

Look for more information on regional shows in my next column. Ta, ta.

Artie

To contact Artie: braccop@arc.losrios.edu

Boots on the Ground: Get Slick with Trail Mick

Eight Mile Trail, Sly Park Recreation Area

Did you ever hear of Eight Mile Road in Detroit? No matter. We have our own - Eight Mile Trail that is. In this hike you will travel completely around a mountain lake and end up back where you started. Though this trail is considerably longer than the Miwok Trail featured in a recent issue, there are no real hill climbing involved.

Jenkinson Lake is a fairly large reservoir that supplies drinking water to western El Dorado County. To get there, drive on highway 50 East from the Sacramento area for approximately 45 minutes to the Sly Park Road exit in Pollock Pines. Turn right, and head south on Sly Park Road for about 10 miles to its junction with Iron Mountain Road (also known as the "Mormon Immigrant Trail"). About a half mile before the junction you will see a sign that says "Park Entrance 500 feet". Do not turn at this entrance unless you wish to pay a \$10 per vehicle entrance fee. I prefer instead to turn left onto Iron Mountain Road and park my car (for free) off the road at the first available dirt turnout.

Once you have parked, walk down toward the lake, where you will see the trail and the boat launch/marina complex on your left. Walk on past the boat ramp and marina. Throughout the hike the trail keeps closer to the shoreline as it winds through tall forest of Ponderosa Pine, Douglas Fir, and Incense Cedar. Typically you will have a view of the lake as filtered through the trees. Soon you will pass through some picnic areas along the sun-exposed north side of the lake. You cross a couple of creeks on tiny footbridges before skirting around Pine Cone Campground. There is a park access road on this developed side of the Lake. The trail generally remains parallel to, and to the lake-ward side of this road. Past Pine Cone, your path takes a sharp right as it enters Sierra Campground. Here you leave the main body of the lake as the trail follows the lake's Hazel Creek fork. It's quieter here, where boat speeds are limited to 5 miles per hour. Hiking along you will pass a seasonal canoe/kayak concession and dock, followed by yet another campground, called Chimney Camp. Chimney gets its name from the ruins of an old cabin situated below the high waterline. Only a massive rock chimney remains.



Mick Soaking his Tired Dogs

Here the trail merges with the park access road for about a quarter mile before reaching the east end of the lake at Hazel Campground. The path resumes at the right side of the road, crossing Hazel Creek on a little pedestrian bridge. This marks the approximate halfway point of your journey. There are no developed roads or facilities along the remainder of your hike until the last half-mile or so, when you reach Iron Mountain Road. Most of the remaining trail from this point is protected from the sun by hills and dark forest. You'll find it cooler and damper there than on the lake's sunny north side. After another mile you will arrive at the Park Creek Bridge. Before crossing the stream you might want

to follow a path along the creek for about 50 meters to a 25 feet high waterfall. This impressive man-made falls exists as the outfall of a long tunnel built to channel water to Sly Park Reservoir from Camp Creek, which occupies the adjacent canyon. For the next mile after Park Creek, your path traverses some steep terrain. Portions of the trail are carved into a steep hill, staying just above the lake. Watch your footing — you don't want to slide into the water! As you continue on, the trail eventually reaches the main

body of the lake. After two miles more of walking through pleasant, shaded woods you will reach Iron Mountain Road. Follow the Road to the right for a half-mile or so until you reach the point of beginning — your parked car.

The Eight Mile Trail is open to bicycles and hikers, and dogs are okay as long as they are leashed. (I biked this trail once and found parts to be pretty rough for mountain biking.) During the warmer months, there is water available on the lake's developed north side from faucets in picnic and camp areas. Primitive toilets are also provided there for visitors' use. I prefer hiking this trail during winter, spring, and fall. Although the weather is best in summer, it's also when scores of people and loud ski boats use Jenkinson Lake.

Happy Hiking !

Trail Mick

To contact Trail Mick: braccop@arc.losrios.edu

Continued from page 1

Mr. Hindman: I did. Good question. From North Highlands we went to Okinawa, Japan.

Parrot: Okinawa, Japan?

Mr. Hindman: Yeah. That was about three fourths of my high school years. I was in Okinawa, Japan. That's where I graduated from high school.

Parrot: In which neighborhood do you live in Sacramento?

Mr. Hindman: In Citrus Heights.

Parrot: In Citrus Heights?

Mr. Hindman: Yeah Citrus Heights, so you could be my neighbor.

Parrot: Oh no, I live in Natomas. What kind of house or apartment do you live in?

Mr. Hindman: I'm blessed to live in a house. My first five years of marriage I was in an apartment in Sacramento. And then, you know, after you work so many years, and save up money, get some help from relatives and put all those resources together, we got to buy a home in Citrus Heights. It's not really a big home but it has a back yard, garden and trees to climb in.

Parrot: What do you like about your home?

Mr. Hindman: That's a great question. I think my favorite thing... some of my favorite things is number one it's on a very quiet street. It's on a dead end street. So there are not many cars going up and down our street, so it's quiet and I like quiet. Another thing I like about my house is I have a wood stove. So in the winter time I actually put wood in my stove and makes my house really warm and I like to look at the flames and stove. There is more, but go ahead.

Parrot: Is there anything you dislike about it?

Mr. Hindman: About my house?

Parrot: Yes

Mr. Hindman: I don't like that it is so small.

Parrot: So small?

Mr. Hindman: Because I have four children.

Parrot: Really.

Mr. Hindman: Yeah. But I have only a master bedroom and two kid bedrooms. So it's like... you know three bedrooms and we only have one bathroom.

Parrot: One bathroom!?

Mr. Hindman: So we have six people with one bathroom.

Parrot: Oh, my Gosh.

Mr. Hindman: So that's difficult.

Parrot: Do you want to talk about your family?

Mr. Hindman: Sure.

Parrot: Okay. I already know you have four children; would you like to tell me a little about your children?

Mr. Hindman: I will. One thing that's really interesting is that my wife is from Japan. That's really special. A lot of people marry people from the same countries, same culture, but I fell in love with a wonderful woman from a different culture and different country. You know it's been challenging sometimes because we have different expectations or ways that we do things. A small thing like you take your shoes off when you go in the house and in my wife's culture that's really important that you do that. But in my family we actually wore our shoes in the house. And so... it was a kind of a little... you know it was a small thing but sometimes it can be a challenge if you try to change the way you do things.

Parrot: Do you have any relatives living here in Sacramento?

Mr. Hindman: Not in Sacramento. I have a relative living up in Forest Hill.

Parrot: Forest Hill?

Mr. Hindman: That's... if you go on highway 80 to Auburn and once you get to Auburn there is a 17-mile road up in the mountains that goes to a place called Forest Hill. And that is where my mother and father live. They retired up there; they love the mountains where there are, you know, animals, trees... it's really quiet.

Parrot: Nature...

Mr. Hindman: Yeah, nature.

Parrot: Do you want to talk about your education?

Mr. Hindman: Sure.

Parrot: What subject did you like in high school?

Mr. Hindman: Oh, in high school I think my favorite class was P.E., Physical Education. I love sports but also... I also enjoyed... I had a class like social studies or history kind of class. It was the government of the USA and the teacher was really a good teacher. I think what made that class fun ... the main thing is a really good teacher ... he was positive, he was trying to make it interesting and trying to have the students have debates about different ... you know things in American government and he really made that a special class.

Parrot: Did you go to college in another country?

Mr. Hindman: Did I go to college in another... No I did not. I was in high school in Japan. But when I graduated from high school I flew all the way to Chicago, Illinois. And that's where I went to get my undergraduate degree. So, no, I didn't go to college in another country.

Parrot: Did you do well in your junior high and high school?

Mr. Hindman: Yes, I actually have always been a person who likes to study. So you know I would pretty much in my life would do some kind of sport and then homework and then just with your family... you go with your family on

trips or whatever.

Parrot: Where did you learn English?

Mr. Hindman: That's a great question -- from my mom and dad.

Parrot: Okay.

Mr. Hindman: I spent a lot of my life traveling and living on military bases because my father was in the air force. So you might say I was around military people who would speak English. So in the military you really have people from all over the world, all over America. Sometimes you don't get one dialect for one variety of English because there are so many different people so you hear many kind of dialects and varieties.

Parrot: What was your major in college?

Mr. Hindman: I had two majors. My undergraduate was... this is a really interesting question. I had a major in studying the bible.

Parrot: Studying the Bible?

Mr. Hindman: For undergraduate... this was for my first four years. Isn't that amazing?

Parrot: Yeah.

Mr. Hindman: And then when I went to learn to be a teacher, then my major was how to teach English to people from different countries. So it's kind of neat, in America it is kind of interesting. You can have a different degree in your undergraduate studies and you can transfer to a school to get a master's degree that might not be in the same subject, even though... but I think one of the reasons they accepted me is because we had to do a lot of reading and research papers and writing and so because we had to do some of the same skills that you need to be an ESL teacher. I think that's probably why they let it be acceptable to transfer. But I still had to take... to make up some of the classes at Sac. State in Sacramento. To make sure I could get into the MA program, I had to do a couple of extra classes.

Parrot: Where did you get your undergraduate degree?

Mr. Hindman: In Chicago at a school called the Moody Bible Institute. So it is actually a famous school... it's kind of... it's a private school but it's a famous school in Chicago -- like all the business people in that area know about those students. Many businesses come to that school to ask the students to work for them because they like the students there because they are usually honest, they usually work hard and people want those kinds of people in their organizations.

Parrot: Do you want to talk about your work life?

Mr. Hindman: Sure.

Parrot: Did you work in another country?

Mr. Hindman: Great question. Yes, I did. Not for a long time but for one summer when I was a junior in college.

Parrot: Junior in college?

Mr. Hindman: You know at the Moody Bible Institute. When I was a third year student, we went on a summer trip. So for about a month and a half we were in China.

Parrot: Wow!

Mr. Hindman: And it was in the Guangxi province. That's a part of China like a state. It's an area of China close to Hong Kong and we taught English and so you know... because I was taking some classes in ESL even at the Bible school and so we went there and we taught English classes in their government school. And that was really neat because there was a picture of Mao, the famous Chinese leader on the wall and you know it is kind of interesting because as an American I believe in freedom and democracy and over there it is like you have to listen to the leader or die... kind of like that. But there were really friendly people. It was so much fun. I remember when we came. We had a team of teachers, about 15 teachers. We came as a team and they had firecrackers go off. Chinese firecrackers are very loud. And then they gave us tea to drink; it was really special. It was... I can actually talk very long about this. It was a very good experience. It was just a month--and-a-half but it was great.

Parrot: Have you ever had another job here in Sacramento besides teaching?

Mr. Hindman: Yes. Should I tell you about it?

Parrot: Yeah, please.

Mr. Hindman: When I was first going to school at the Chicago school, The Moody Institute, my parents were living in California, so I would come home for the summer. And for the summer I worked one time as a waiter.

Parrot: A waiter!?

Mr. Hindman: At Baker Square restaurant. So it's like food and pies and stuff and cakes, and so I would ask people if they wanted to have Pepsi or coffee or French fries or hamburgers... and I learned a lot from that experience. That was a good experience. There is more but you go ahead.

Parrot: You said you like sports. What is your favorite sport?

Mr. Hindman: Favorite sport. When it comes to action or intensity I like soccer. I think that makes me really get excited. But when it comes to maybe my health maybe one of the... like to be healthy one of the best things is swimming. Swimming is really good because you can really make your heart and muscles work and it doesn't hurt your bones. I also like to jog. Jogging is probably what I do the most.

Parrot: What is your favorite season?

Mr. Hindman: Favorite season. It would probably be early summer when it is warm but it is not super warm. It's not so hot that you are dying but I've always liked the warm or hot weather more than the cold weather. That's why I like my stove; in winter time it can warm me up because I really don't like the cold weather.

Parrot: Do you want to talk about your personality?

Mr. Hindman: I don't know... sure.

Parrot: Okay, are you outgoing and friendly, or reserved and shy?

Mr. Hindman: I'm outgoing and friendly. I really love to talk to people, to get to know people. But I also like it quiet. So maybe when I teach, I'm outgoing; when I'm with my family, I can really talk to them. But sometimes when I get tired I'm quiet -- not a lot of action.

Parrot: Do you enjoy meeting new people?

Mr. Hindman: I do, I do enjoy meeting new people.

Parrot: Do you want to talk about a bad experience in your life?

Mr. Hindman: A bad experience? Sure.

Parrot: Have you ever been in an accident, or had a friend or relative who was in an accident?

Mr. Hindman: Yes, I have been in accidents three times. But they've all... are kind of... two were serious but one was not serious. The first serious one was when my parents were in England. They had a small British car called a "Mini". So, a really small car and back then they didn't have car seats, so I was sitting in my mom's lap in the front seat; my dad was driving the car. My mom had a seat belt on but I didn't have a seat belt on and there was ice on the road. So my father went around a turn and that little mini-car slid off the road and crashed right into a brick wall. And during that time I hit the windshield and the windshield broke. But I had no bruise or bumps so maybe my head hit in the right way, I don't know. And my mom held onto me and I didn't fly out of the car.

Parrot: Wow! Have you had any wonderful experiences in

your life so far?

Mr. Hindman: Any wonderful experiences? Yeah, I've had a lot of them.

Parrot: Can you talk about any special one?

Mr. Hindman: Sure. I think one of the best things is that I got married. And you know when a person is not married, they kind of get lonely. They have some friends they can do some things with, but it is something special to have someone that you really know and you can be with, talk about the good things and bad things, and to have a real friend. And so my wife is a wonderful person. And now I'm not lonely anymore. When I go home, I don't really feel lonely or sad. I have someone to spend life with.

Parrot: What are your goals hopes or dreams for the future?

Mr. Hindman: That is a great question. I've often thought about maybe going to Japan where my wife is from. And maybe try to live there like an immigrant there. And maybe try to start an English school or do something like that. I'm probably not going to do that. I'm pretty happy where I am. Maybe if I lose my job, lose my house... I'll try that. But I thought about doing something like that. I also like to work with kids. It's been a lot of fun. Our local church, once of a week I'll go to help kids out sometimes. I just need to be with children.

Parrot: I think those are all the questions that I have.

Mr. Hindman: Okay, thank you so much. Good job!

Steven Vasquez
ESLL320



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UC Davis Representative Visits American River College

Monday, February 22,
8:30 am - 4:30 pm

The UC Davis representative is visiting EOP&S from 8:30 a.m. - 10:30 a.m. Then in the Transfer Center, Drop-Ins 10:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. and appointments 1:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. Call the Transfer Center to schedule an appointment at 916-484-8685. Or just stop by the Transfer Center.

College Without Walls: Death Valley, Yosemite, Point Reyes, and other Famous Classrooms

Tuesday, February 23
12:15 pm - 11:15 pm

Join John Aubert, ARC Professor of Geography, as he discusses the benefits of college level field-based teaching and learning. His talk will highlight the field courses available through American River College, especially his upcoming Spring Break field course to Death Valley (GEOG 390).



Location: Location: Raef Hall 160

CSUS Representative Visits American River College

Wednesday, February 24

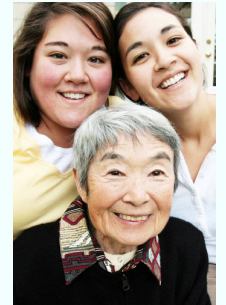
CSUS representative visits A.R.C 9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. drop-ins between 12:00 p.m. - 1:00 p.m. Call the Transfer Center at 916-484-8685 to schedule an appointment, or stop by from 8:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

Life Cycles: Issues with Your Aging Parent

Monday, February 22,
12:00 pm - 1:00 am

Join this on-going discussion series by Barbara Gilgoly.

These discussions focus on how to balance your own life and remain supportive of your parents' aging process. Additionally, Life Cycles provides guidance towards understanding your role as a caregiver, insight into the stages your parents might experience, how to evaluate proper care for these stages, and how not to lose yourself in the process. Life Cycles discussions are held on the last Monday of the month for this semester. This activity meets ARC goal 4. This professional development activity is limited to employees of American River College and invited participants. Repeated on Mondays March 29 and April 26.



Location: Ranch House

Skills in the Workplace

Wednesday, February 24
11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.

What skills are employers looking for? What skills do you want to be using at work? What skills do you want to develop? How important are skills when you are looking for your ideal career or job? The answer is: VERY important. SKILLS are one of the key factors that determine whether you are a good candidate for a job. But skills cover several areas. This workshop will look at 3 important areas of skills: 1) Soft skills (the main ones employers are looking for) 2) Transferable skills (skills you have that you take from one job to the next) 3) Job specific skills (skills you go to school for to develop for a future career)



Location: Career & Job Opportunity Center

Questions/Comments?



Please let us know what we can do to improve "The Parrot." We appreciate any and all feedback you are willing to give us. Send us an e-mail, call, or just drop by Professor Bracco's office D387 (Davies Hall), or call (916) 484-8988, braccop@arc.losrios.edu

Senior Editor: Christian Valenzuela, parrot-arc@live.com

Apprenticeships: Earn While You Learn

Thursday, February 25,
12:00 pm - 1:30 pm



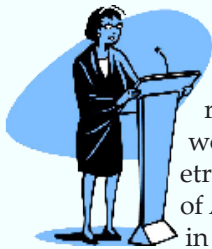
Is a hands-on career right for you? Discover how you can “Earn While You Learn” through the Apprenticeship and Pre-Apprenticeship programs at American River College.

Call the Career Center at 916-484-8492 and register.

Location: Technical Education Room #326

Kathleen Lynch Reads From Her Poetry, Both Hinged and Unhinged

Tuesday, March 2,
12:15 pm - 1:15 pm



Kathleen Lynch, American River College graduate and author of the award-winning poetry collection Hinge, will read from her past and new poetry. Hinge won the Black Zinnias Press National Poetry Book Competition (California Institute of Arts and Letters) in 2006. Ms. Lynch lives in Carmichael with her husband and her poetry

Location: Raef Hall 160

See the World! -- Peace Corps Experiences

Wednesday, March 3, 2010
12:00 pm - 12:50 pm

Join ARC faculty who will present their Peace Corps experiences through pictures and stories. Get a glimpse of Peace Corps life throughout the world. One of the main goals of the Peace Corps is to share the world with others, and we'd like to introduce you to cultures and life experiences from around the globe. There are MANY people on campus involved with the Peace Corps, so this is a special two-day event. Join us Wednesday to hear from Ally Joye (English Teacher trainer in Madagascar), Sharon Burke-Polana (Math teacher in Kenya) and Andrew Halseth (Math teacher in Vanuatu). On Thursday, come see Elizabeth Specker (English teacher in Romania) and Paul Andre (Math teacher in Benin).



Location : Raef Hall 160

Do You Have a FACEBOOK Page? Add us as a Fan!



“ARC ESL Department”
Has a FACEBOOK page for our students!!

Post and Read Items About:

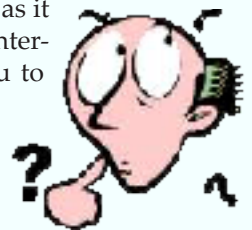
- The ARC campus
- Fun things happening around Sacramento and CA -- Your favorite restaurants, art exhibits..., parks and hikes ...
- Your dance or musical recital
- What's happening in ESL -- cool links to use to study that crazy English grammar.

Search for ARC ESL Department
and click on “Become a Fan”

“How to Choose a Major” Workshop

Tuesday, March 9
12:15 pm - 1:15 pm

Choosing a major is not as difficult as it may seem. Join us for this fun and interactive workshop that will help you to pick the right major for you.



Location: Raef Hall 160

Free Income Tax Preparation Assistance

American River and Cosumnes River Colleges invite all students, staff, and neighbors in the Los Rios District to use the Volunteer Income Tax Assistance services provided by the students and faculty advisors in conjunction with the Internal Revenue Service.

| | American River College | Cosumnes River College |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Where? | Howard Hall (next to Admin Building) 4700 College Oak Drive, Sacramento | Room BS145 A |
| When | 5 Saturdays: Feb. 6, 20; Mar. 6, 20 & 27 | Fridays 9:30-2 Feb. 5 thru April 9 (closed 2/12 and 4/2) Saturday 2/27 & 3/20 9:30 -2 |
| Who qualifies for service? | Low to moderate-income taxpayers (to \$50,000). Students at any college, staff, and neighbors are all welcome. | |
| What service will be provided? | Forms 1040EZ, 1040A and 1040, CA 540. Federal and California taxes filed electronically. Bring Social Security Card (taxpayer & dependents) & Picture ID. | |
| More information | By appointment only. Call 568-3100 after Jan. 29 & leave message on voice mail box 12334. See webpage: http://ic.arc.losrios.edu/~vita | No appointments Walk-in |



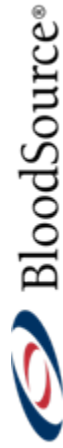


American River College Blood & Marrow Drive Tuesday, March 2nd & Wednesday, March 3rd 9:00 am – 3:00 pm

Located in the Cafeteria Banquet Rooms

For more information contact:
Health Center @ 484-8383

- *Please eat and drink plenty of fluids
- *Please bring a photo ID



Yes, you do save lives.