One of the most anticipated events of the year turned out to be a huge success. My first piece of evidence to this statement is that the tickets for the Global Fest show were sold out in an astonishing 36-hour period!

Global Fest is an annual show staging performances by students from the different corners of the globe. This mega event on the Highline Community College campus includes dance performances, cultural booths, talented MC’s (Master of Ceremonies) hosting the show, the smiling welcoming faces of the reception team, and of course the wonderful out-of-this-world “space” theme headed by the decoration team. The success of the show would not be complete if one of the above-mentioned elements was missing. Preparations for the show started about 3 months ago when students and student clubs were approached and asked if they had interest in portraying their talent to an audience. Volunteers were recruited in the form of participants for dance, music, decoration, reception and creating booths for representative countries.

Since I am new to Highline, I thought this would be a great opportunity to impart my cultural influences and also learn new ones along the way. Being a part of the Cultural Exchange club and the Arab Student Association let my friends and me discover that. It was truly an amazing experience; speaking on behalf of the whole crew who was involved, it would not have been possible if it wasn’t for all the time and dedication the volunteers gave.

As the days grew closer to approaching Global Fest, everyone was excited, yet nervous. On the day of Global Fest, the doors opened to the public at 5pm. As they entered they were allowed to follow their imagination and pick a world to visit—China, the Middle East, Japan, Korea, Guatemala, Turkey, Brazil, Indonesia, and U.S.A to name a few. Visitors could ask questions they had about a specific culture at these culture booths and got answered back by the students wearing spectacular traditional outfits. All the culture booths had been set up very well and it could clearly be seen that adults and children alike were having a fantastic time.

The show opened with a skit performed by the International Leadership Student Council that was followed by an energized performance by four girls from the Cultural Exchange Club that fused Indian, Guatemalan, Brazilian and South African songs. This was followed by dance performances to a beautiful Chinese song, edgy African singing and drumbeats, a traditional Vietnamese dance, ear catching Japanese tunes based on anime and an old fisher song, two acts of traditional Middle Eastern folk dancing and bellydancing, Japanese Taiko (drum), a song about Seattle, Korean talchoom and a take on modern and Korean pop music by a group of amazingly spunky girls, and a sizzling Latin dance performance. A dazzling finale followed this with all the volunteers and participants of the show representing their countries in their traditional outfits. It was truly an amazing and wonderful experience, and I’m glad that I was a part of it. The ISP has once again done another great job of combining an experience of the diverse world on the equally diverse Highline campus.
For nine years, Highline Community College (HCC) has hosted the excellent and extremely popular Global Fest, showcasing the countries and talents of students with the college’s International Leadership Student Council (ILSC). Tickets to this year’s event sold out in 36 hours! For the first time the entire Des Moines community, home to the great HCC campus, was allowed an opportunity to enjoy a smaller version of Global Fest, on May 20th, from 6-8pm at Wesley Homes, a local Retirement Campus.

Ms. Amee Moon, coordinator for the International Students Program (ISP) at HCC, enthusiastically agreed to share the talents of the HCC students with an event that was not only an opportunity for the residents to attend, it was also a fundraiser for Des Moines Senior Center, a program for adults fifty-five years of age and older. Titled “Culture Fest,” this event was hosted by Wesley Homes, HCC and the City of Des Moines Parks, Recreation and Senior Services Department.

The audience for this first-time event was smaller than hoped for but enthusiastic and AMAZED at the student performances and culture booths. Faith Callahan, one hundred and four years old, sat in the front row close to the stage. She can no longer see well but she was thrilled with the music and sounds from the stage. Retired architect Jack Kniskern, who has traveled extensively around the world, said he had no idea what to expect from this community event, but he too was extremely pleased and impressed by the students’ performances and the details in their culture booths. Mr. and Mrs. Moon especially enjoyed talking with the students at their culture booths.

I was so impressed with the energy, talents, warmth and hard work of the students. Performances ranged from the Pacific Islander dancers to the Japanese singers and dancers. The entertainment was lively, beautiful, and showcased many countries. Keeping the show all together were the three emcees whose energy and joy were evident as they worked through their scripts. Nine culture booths displayed photos, artifacts, and even hand built, detailed, recreations of important palaces and religious relics. Wesley Homes Director, Mark Gustafson, shared that he had no idea the caliber of the performances and booths would be so outstanding. Before the event had even ended he was sharing ideas to make next year’s audience even bigger!

There was also plenty of international food samplings, provided by the culinary chef at Wesley Homes. Tickets at $8 each were a BARGAIN for the array of entertainment, educational booths, and food. It was with MANY thanks that the staff and senior citizens appreciated the international student volunteers, Crystal Kam and Mandy Pai, for coordinating Culture Fest 2010. What a great job of planning, organizing and keeping everyone on time, in the right location, with the right props, music and small details that such an event involves. And many thanks to Amee Moon for her belief in sharing the talents and knowledge of the HCC international students with the larger community. We hope for a second annual event next year.

ALL of this year’s audience expressed that the folks who did not come to this first event really missed a fantastic fest! It was an evening of intergenerational sharing that was enjoyed by both the older adult audience and the college students. THANK YOU HCC ILSC for bringing ageless smiles and our wonderful world of diversity to the older adults in the Des Moines community. We are excited and hope for a second annual event next year!

The Moment I Was Reborn

By Tanokura Yuta, From Japan

Walking on a catwalk as a fashion show performer at the Halloween Party last year, hundreds of eyes were expecting and focusing on me as if I was an entertainer. This is the time I was born to become something new, like an Asian bird getting out from a cage to explore the outside world—feeling scared of everything, but excited because so many things are new, attractive, and interesting. This is how I started to get out of my cage.

When I first became a Highline student, I was a typical new international student who preferred to stay home. Even when some of my friends asked me to hang out, I always ignored them and refused. I was totally not interested in any volunteer events or activities from Highline. I usually just went back to my house and used my laptop all day after my classes were done. I didn’t have many friends, only a few Japanese friends, and I didn’t know many people from different countries. I didn’t want to get out from my comfort zone. However, living the same way every day made me feel bored. I had thought to do something fun, but I had no idea how to change the mundane cycle.

The day finally came. In October, my Japanese friends suddenly asked me to join the Halloween Party from International Student Programs as a performer. I had a hard time deciding whether or not I would join the party as a performer or not, but one of my friends finally decided for me, and signed me up himself. The moment was like pushing a new born bird out from the comfort nest. On the day of Halloween party, I was really nervous to perform in front of many people, but when I finished my first performance in Highline, everyone seemed to be having fun. That made me feel happy and I ended up having a great time.

I actually had so much fun and made a lot of friends from different countries at the Halloween party, and I’ve also got valuable experiences and unforgettable memories. From that moment, my school life became colorful. My feelings had awoken and from then I continued to join the other events such as Winter Dance, Conversation Pal and Globalfest. Those events were pretty hard and made me very tired, but I absolutely don’t feel any regret. Only brilliant achievements lie on my pathway.

As a result, I’ve finally written an essay for the MOSAIC. This is really unbelievable coming from the guy who used to stay at his house all day long, but now I know one thing—that if I try to do something, I will get something good. I will never refuse if my friends ask me to hang out together. This is because I know it will be so much fun. Nowadays, I feel like everything is interesting and exciting. If you try to do something such as I did, you will not regret it. Let’s try to do something!
9.5 Thousand Miles Away

By Ron Keller, From U.S.A.

I remember sitting in the window seat watching the airstrip disappear and the cars shrink as we gained altitude. I was going to the country of half my cultural identity—Malaysia. For the first time, some 9.5 thousand miles away home, I met my family—my cousins, uncle and aunties, grandma and grandpa. I had never met my mother’s side of our family before, yet I felt at home with them. I took for granted that I was on the other side of the world in a multicultural country, that I was meeting people with such diverse histories, of a different culture than the one I would come to know and form my identity in. I took for granted my multicultural family, my father, a 3rd generation German, and my mother, a 1st generation Malaysian. What I took for granted at age 12, I would one day reflect on in awe—the diversity of literature, culture, language, music, religion, people, and international students.

I admire my international friends, abandoning belonging and boldly facing language barriers while trying to figure out how to be a student in America, and furthermore then sharing their experiences in the Mosaic. I feel honored to have position of Mosaic editor, helping students publish their numerous numbers of international students, and helping them to adapt into new situations and environments. Honestly, I just wanted to design the Mosaic as a graphic designer, but at the same time I kept feeling the urge to put myself into new environments to change myself. I used to be a quiet, shy, and non-talkative person who never imagined he could be a leader.

Before I came to U.S.A, I was a graphic designer in Japan, and I had faced the busiest time in my life, staying in the office for a week without going home, like a prisoner. From that experience, I was pretty confident that I could work in any kind of environment, but ILSC was even harder, and I was always facing multiple types of jobs, with multicultural people. Even though I have often felt like a prisoner while working in the ISP office, I have never regretted and am grateful for joining the ILSC.

Working as a team was the hardest part of being an ILSC member. We faced uncountable problems in most of the processes in planning events, but the five of us—Crystal, Jennifer, Mandy and Nami, with Amee Moon—always had managed to knock the problems down. And even though we argued, each argument was necessary to make the fabulous events we did—Halloween Party, Enchanted Winter Dance, GlobalFest, etc.—because we had for our goal was always the same—success for the event.

Lastly, I would never make those events come true without our volunteers’ help. As I wrote in the past Mosaic, “Humanity’s creative imagination is as deep as ocean, and as high as sky,” working with various people from so many countries made me realize each person has the potential to contribute and also what a leader needs to be—always seeking the sparkling light from the students.

I just want to thank everyone who participated and helped us, and thank you to ILSC and ISP.
Boredom had yawned for the meeting. At the meeting, when place on earth, all of the human /uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0 Once upon a time, in some even as I grow older. It is based /uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0/uni00A0 numerous tales. The Day with the, I am not fond of princess stories that are meant to scare them aren’t fond. But, there is once upon a time, there lived two brothers named "Heung-Boo" and "Noll-Boo". The older-brother was Noll-Boo and he was greedy and ill-natured while being filthy rich. The younger brother was Heung-Boo, who on the other hand was very poor but with a good heart. My mom always told me Noll-Boo was malicious, and that he took all the money that both he and Heung-Boo were supposed to get from their parents. "One usual day, a swallow bird came to the humble house of Heung-Boo and built its nest. But then a vicious snake came to eat baby swallows. Good Heung-Boo drove away the snake, saving the swallow’s life. A couple of seasons came and went. A swallow brought a gourd seed in its beak to show its appreciation for Heung-Boo’s caring deed. Started, Heung-Boo and their family planted the seed with great care while thinking they could eat it once it ripens. As the gourd grew big and split in half, instead of the plant’s fruit, massive amounts of silk, silver and gold came out and Heung-Boo became very rich. Now the greedy Noll-Boo got jealous at this. He wasn’t able to sleep nor eat because all he was thinking was, "How can I get even more rich than my younger brother Heung-Boo.” This is where my mom made sure I paid attention. “After hearing some stories, Noll-Boo caught a little swallow and raised it in the same way. Day after day a snake never showed up and Noll-Boo only wanting his gold, broke a leg on purpose and then treated it himself. So after some time, a swallow brought a gourd seed in its beak. Thrilled, Noll-Boo planted the seed in haste and raised it in the same way. Day after day a snake never showed up, the money was all gone. Noll-Boo became very rich. He asked for forgiveness, and even promised to be Love’s new eyes. Insanity then heard Faith arguing with God about zoology, and felt Passion’s and Desire’s ruckus in the volcanoes. He found Envy, and through her found Triumph. Selfishness came out of his hiding spot by himself, chased by countless wasps. After so much walking Insanity felt thirsty, and he found Beauty when approaching the lake, and then found Doubt who was deciding which side of the fence she should hide behind.

In the end, Insanity eventually found them—Talent amidst some herbs, Angst in a dark cave, Lies behind the rainbow, and even Forgetfulness who had forgotten he was playing. But Love was still nowhere to be seen. Insanity looked behind every tree, below every river in the planet, and in at the top of the mountains. Just as he was about to give up he noticed the rose bush. He started moving though the bush and he heard a scream from Love.

The thorns of the rose had hit Love in the eye. Insanity didn’t know what to do to apologize; he shouted, screamed, begged, proposed, and even promised to be Love’s new eyes. Since the first time Hide and Seek was played on the earth, Love became blind and Insanity has been always next to her.

Love and Insanity
By Rolando Sierra,
From Honduras

Usually Honduras bedtime stories are meant to scare children and my memories of them aren’t fond. But, there is one story which I find appealing, even as I grow older. It is based on an old Mayan tale called “Love and Insanity.”

Once upon a time, in some place on earth, all of the human qualities and feelings had a meeting. At the meeting, when Boredom had yawned for the third time, Insanity feeling annoyed and crazy, proposed: “Let’s play Hide and Seek.” Intrigue lifted an eyebrow at Curiously, and asked: “Hide and Seek? How do you play that?”

“It’s a game,” explained Insanity, “I cover my face and count to a million while you guys hide, and when I finish counting, the first one I find will take my place to continue the game.” Enthusiasm danced with Happiness jumped around gladly. Doubt was finally convinced to play, and even Apathy, usually not interested in anything, agreed to play the game. But not all of them wanted to play; Truth did not want to hide, because in the end she was always the first to be found, and Pride thought it was a dumb game, and Cowardice just didn’t want to take a chance.

“One, two, three…” Insanity started counting. The first one to hide was Sloth, who let himself fall behind the first stone he saw. Faith flew up to the heavens and Envy hid behind Triumph’s shadow. Generosity couldn’t find a place to hide, because after finding a good place immediately: comfortable, ventilated, but only for him. Lies hid in the bottom of the ocean (she actually hid behind a rainbow) and Passion and Desire in the center of volcanoes. Forgetfulness… everybody forgot where he hid. When Insanity counted the number 999,999, Love still hadn’t found a place to hide, until finally she saw a rose bush and, infatuated, hid between the flowers.

“One million!” Insanity counted and began to seek. The first one to be found was Sloth, three steps away from the stone. Insanity then heard Faith arguing with God about zoology, and felt Passion’s and Desire’s ruckus in the volcanoes. He found Envy, and through her found Triumph. Selfishness came out of his hiding spot by

special topic: bedtime story

Heung-Boo & Noll-Boo
By Dahe Kim (Left),
From Korea

My mother never read any bedtime stories that I asked for. Whenever I would ask to read princess stories like Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty, she would tell me that those are

for girly girls (ironic as it sounds). Most of the time she would pull out a story that I found “boring”, stories that had morals with an attempt to educate young children. However there was ONE that I asked my mother to reread over and over again, week after week.

"Once upon a time, there lived two brothers named "Heung-Boo" and "Noll-Boo". The older-brother was Noll-Boo and he was greedy and ill-natured while being filthy rich. The younger brother was Heung-Boo, who on the other hand was very poor but with a good heart. My mom always told me Noll-Boo was malicious, and that he took all the money that both he and Heung-Boo were supposed to get from their parents.

"One usual day, a swallow
Legends make people live, their amazing stories legends. stories of their lives. People call them. The only things that will him or her will be taken from with unique partners to protect a peach who defeated demons which is about a guy born from a memorable bedtime story I can time stories at night. The most forward to listening to the bed.

**Story of My Bedtime Story**

By Ricky Alex, From Indonesia

After men and women die, everything that belonged to him or her will be taken from them. The only things that will still belong to them are the stories of their lives. People call their amazing stories legends. Legends make people live, survive and move beyond their limit. Denias was a child from the countryside ethnic group located in the Papua, Indonesian countryside. He was educated, despite the fact that it was not appropriate to be mentioned as in school. One day, the teacher had to leave the school for personal reasons. Before he left, he told Denias and other students that they will find a better school in the city. In the same week, Denias’ mother died because of an accident when his house was burned down. Denias put a torch near the hay and went to hunt animals in the jungle.

Denias ran away from his village to a city because his father was mad at him for the incident. He didn’t know that one of his friends also went to the same city. When Denias went to the city’s school, he met his friend from the same village, but his friend acted like an enemy because Denias was smarter than him. His friend got Denias in trouble with the school many times, but Denias never got revenge. Denias graduated from the school with the highest score and got the scholarship to study in Australia.

I come from a small area in Papua where I can’t even find the name of my place in our national map. When I was a little kid, my mom usually told us a story before we went to bed. Among all stories, my favorite was about the little boy Denias —I had wanted to study in a big city. What I believed was if he could do it, then I can do it too. This passion pushed me to move forward to get more knowledge about studying abroad.

The passion for studying abroad also pushed me to study harder. I got the highest score in junior high school. The government awarded me with scholarships from World Bank and from the Indonesian Government. My mother had seen my passion about school, so she sent my grades to the women’s program, and I got another scholarship. A few years after I graduated from high school, I heard about The Fulbright scholarship, and I applied for it in 2007. Eventually, The Fulbright commission accepted me in 2009 and sent me to Highline Community College.

I can now say that bedtime stories have changed my life. The story about Denias helped me push myself beyond my limit. For parents, older siblings, and everyone else, it is worthy to spend time telling children stories. Not only do children love them, they want to be like the heroes in the stories, and perhaps they will, as the story may also push them beyond their limit.

**Momotaro, Peach Man**

By Yuki Hayashi, From Japan

When I was a little kid, my mom always read me bedtime stories. Every day, I was very excited and I would look forward to listening to the bedtime stories at night. The most memorable bedtime story I can remember is called “Momotaro” which is about a boy born from a peach who defeated demons with unique partners to protect a village from demons.

Once upon a time, there were an old man and an old woman. One day while the old man went to cut lawns, the old woman went to the river to wash clothes, and she saw a huge peach floating slowly from the upper reaches of the river. Although she was surprised, she thought it could make great food and brought it back to her house.

That night, when they cut the peach, they saw the brightest light from the gap, and a baby came out from within the peach. They were surprised and confused, but because of their kind personalities, they decided to raise him as their son, and they named him Momotaro.

Momotaro had a nice life with the couple and he grew up very healthy. One day, he heard that so many villages were attacked by demons full of greed. They robbed the money and jewels from the village. Since Momotaro was taken care of by the two grandparents, he had wanted to do something for them. He decided to go to the demon’s hiding place to defeat them and get back what had been stolen. When he left his house, his grandparents gave him the millet dumplings called Kibidango, for lunch.

On the way to the demon’s hiding place, Momotaro met three partners. First he met the dog. He asked the dog to be his partner and the dog said, “If you give me a Kibidango, I can help you.” He gave it to dog and got the first partner. Next, he met a monkey. He asked the monkey to be his partner and the monkey said, “If you give me a Kibidango, I can help you.” He gave it to monkey and got the second partner. Lastly, he met a pheasant. He asked the pheasant the same questions as he did to the dog and monkey, and the pheasant replied, “If you give me a Kibidango, I can help you.” He gave it to pheasant and he got the third partner.

The trip to defeat the demons was harder than Momotaro thought. There were steep mountain paths and serious waves in the ocean. Finally, they got to the demon’s hiding place. Momotaro hit their body with his sword, the dog bit their legs, the monkey scratched their face, and the pheasant picked their head. The demons finally gave up and promised that they would never attack the village. After that, Momotaro went back to his home with the money and jewels and forever lived happily in his rest of life with his parents.

Whenever I couldn’t sleep well, my mom always read a bedtime story to me. Bedtime stories always gives dreams to children, which help them sleep better. Also, my mom always said good night with a smile so that I could sleep well. It always made me feel relaxed and very happy.

Students Sharing Their Cultures With Des Moines People At Culture Fest.

Vietnames Students Playing A Game At The Culture Booth.

Group Picture At What The Pack???

Group Picture At Culture Fest.