

DISCOVERING OUR WORLD THROUGH STORIES



DISCOVERIES

The 2020 Collection of Stories
Written by BoulderReads Learners

BOULDERREADS

is the community learning program of the
Boulder Public Library.

OUR SERVICES INCLUDE

- One-on-one adult literacy tutoring
- Reading Buddies for children
- English conversation groups
- High school completion

Learn more at

boulderreads.org

boulderreads@boulderlibrary.org

BOULDER
PUBLIC LIBRARY

1001 Arapahoe Ave.
Boulder, CO 80302
boulderlibrary.org

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 2-3** AHOO BY TAYEBEH FIRUZKUHI
- 4** VENEZUELAN CHICHA BY IRMA SEQUERA
- 5** CHRISTMAS IN BOLIVIA BY KAREN AGUILAR
- 6-7** CREATING PUPUSAS FAMILIA BY FRANKLIN ESCOBAR
- 8-9** CULTURAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN SOUTH KOREA AND AMERICA BY JIEUN SHIM
- 10-11** DASHAIN FESTIVAL BY GYANENDRA POUDEL
- 12** AFRICAN RECIPE BY DJENEBA SAKO
- 13** KIWI AND THE COYOTE BY BLANCA UREÑA
- 14-15** L.A. TRIP BY KAREN AGUILAR
- 16-17** BOULDER HISTORY: MORK & MINDY BY DAVID ALLSHOUSE
- 18-19** HAMEDAN, A CITY IN THE WEST OF IRAN BY HAMID SAMARI
- 20** A VISIT WITH OUR FAMILY BY NISA FERNANDO
- 21** THE FUNNIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME BY ORADAN BARLOW
- 22** SKULL FRIGHT BY SWATANTRA NEUPANE POUDEL
- 23** WE ARE TWO PEOPLE BY DJENEBA SAKO
- 24** PEOPLE IN AMERICA CHASE FREEDOM BY XIAOKE FANG

AHOO BY TAYEBEH FIRUZKUHI

Lynn Weatherwax, Tutor

Around our hometown of Zabol in southeastern Iran, we had some wild and domestic animals. Some people used to hunt them. One of my father's cousins, named Mr. Afshary, used to go hunting. He hunted deer and gazelle. Every time he hunted a deer, he brought us a thigh. I became very upset about that victim because I thought, maybe she or he can be a mother or a father or a child of a family. So I didn't eat their meat.

Several years later when I started to work in Tahlab (near the border of Iran and Pakistan) I heard more deer and gazelles were living around there.

One day when I was sitting in the office after work, our foreman's brother, named Kharok, came in the office. He held a baby deer in his arms.

He said, "I found him in the desert. I think he lost his parents. If I left him, he would be killed by hunters or predators." He put him on the floor and went back to his work. I was surprised. I took him

and hugged him, then I seated him on my lap. His weight was the same as a chihuahua dog. I could carry him.

He was very cute. He had big black eyes, bright brown skin with beautiful speckles on his forehead and his back. He had sweet ears. I felt I loved him, so I wanted to keep him. I picked him up and took him home. First, I washed him. My mother believed he wasn't used to living with people because he belonged to the wilderness. I thought like her, but I had a plan. I wanted to raise him until he became ready to live in his real home.

When I was at work he sat on my bed. Sometimes he went out for eating, peeing or pooping. I fed him vegetables, grass and herbs. I called him Ahooh, the original name for him in my language, Farsi.

Every day in the evening, I took him to our yard. He jumped around the small yard for 20 to 30 minutes. After that, he came to my room and sat on my blanket

over my bed. He listened to me very well. When I said, “Stop jumping, Aho,” he stopped jumping. When I carried him in my arms, he stuck himself to me and calmed down like a baby. When I arrived from my work, he jumped toward me. I had so much fun with him. I think he loved me. Also, I loved him.

He was getting bigger and bigger every day. His horns started growing, but he was still lovely. I think he had been big enough to go to his normal life.

One day our cook, who prepared lunch for staff at our work, asked my husband and me, “Can I pick up your deer for breeding my deer?”

We answered him, “Ok, take him, but be careful and good take care of him.”

After one week, I asked my husband, “Why doesn’t he bring him back?”

He said, “Maybe the breeding hasn’t finished.”

One month later I asked again because I missed him and I was worried about him. Then my husband told me, “I have to tell you the truth. I am sorry. Your deer died.”

I was shocked. My heart started beating very fast. I was trembling with rage and pain.

I asked, “Why? How?”

He said, “He ate a plastic bag ten days ago, but I couldn’t tell you.”

I became very upset and angry too. I lost him forever and I could never take him to his real home in the woods.

When I remember his sweet behavior and beautiful face, I get depressed. I have never had a pet since that time. I wish I could go back to the past and keep him for longer. He is always in my heart.



VENEZUELAN CHICHA

BY IRMA SEQUERA

Maryann Edwards, Tutor



INGREDIENTS: (makes 6 glasses)

- 1 cup of white rice
- 5 cups of water
- 1/2 tsp. of salt
- 3 tbsp. of sugar (optional)
- 1 cinnamon stick
- 1 tbsp. vanilla
- 1 can of condensed milk (14 oz)
- 2 cups of whole milk

Chicha is a traditional drink from Venezuela.

PREPARATION:

The rice is cooked with water, 1/2 tsp. of salt and a stick of cinnamon. When the rice is very soft (approximately 45 minutes), it is allowed to stand to cool and the cinnamon stick is removed. Take the cooked rice and gradually mix in a blender with the whole milk, condensed milk and vanilla. If you want it sweeter you can add sugar to taste. The chicha should have a creamy texture. Then, place it in a jar and cool in the refrigerator. Chicha is served in a glass with ice cubes and cinnamon powder sprinkled on top.

NOTE: If you feel that the Chicha is too thick when cooling, you can add a little more milk. Enjoy!

CHRISTMAS IN BOLIVIA

BY KAREN AGUILAR

Diane Hill, Tutor

The Christmas in my country is so important because it is a time to spend with the family. It starts on December 1st, when the families go to the markets to buy gifts for all family. The parents go with their kids to buy the perfect gift, and the kids know that they can choose the gift, but they can't open them until Christmas.

In Bolivia, December is the start of summer, so the weather is warm and perfect for starting vacations. Most families decide to travel to spend vacations and Christmas together. For example, when I was a child every year I traveled with my family, uncles and cousins to visit my grandparents. Those trips were crazy and fun, because I have eight uncles and approximately sixteen cousins and we all stayed at my grandparents' house.

In Bolivia, there are a lot of Catholic people, so more people believe in the birth of Jesus, and this is the most important celebration in Christmas. The celebration starts on the morning of December 24th, when people wrap gifts and put them under the Christmas tree. Then everyone starts to prepare the Christmas dinner. Traditionally, the Christmas dinner is served around 11:00 pm. The whole family sits together for dinner, and we say thank you for being together for another year of life. Ten minutes before midnight the children start lighting the fireworks.

Finally, when midnight arrives, we all embrace wishing you a Merry Christmas!! The doll-like Jesus is placed under the tree as a symbol of his birth. Ending the night are the spectacles of fireworks in the sky and the excitement of opening all the Christmas presents.

CREATING PUPUSAS FAMILIA BY FRANKLIN ESCOBAR

Marcia Kahn, Tutor



Everything started last year when the company that I had worked at for over six years didn't get their application approved to be a food vendor at the Farmers

Market. I was really sad because I love working at the Market. It was really fun being around people from different countries.

After a couple of weeks, I asked Cindy, my old boss, if she wanted to apply for the market and she said no. I told her that if she didn't mind, I was going to apply with my own business. She explained to me that it was really hard, a lot of work, and to make sure they accept me before I start spending money on it. She said she would be happy to help me with anything I need.

My mentor, Marcia, also has been a huge support to me from the beginning. She is always pushing me to do better. There have been moments when I just want to give up because I feel so overwhelmed by the amount of things I need to

learn and do. Even now sometimes I still feel stress.

It was around the second week of December when I called to set up a meeting with the operations manager of the Farmers Market, Elyse. We set up a time for the same week and I was so nervous about it. I knew that if I didn't make a good impression at the interview, they would not consider me for the market. The meeting went well, and Elyse was super nice to me. She explained to me what they want for the market and wanted to know what makes Pupusas Familia special.

After the meeting Marcia and I started working on the applications, the business name and logo. Everything was very challenging, but I feel like the hardest part was getting the licenses, especially the health department one. After about two weeks, Marcia and I were almost done with the applications. The only thing left was to double-check them and send them out.

Right after I sent my application, I sent an email to Elyse to see if she could check my application to make sure we filled out everything

correctly. She replied to me saying that everything looked fine. A couple of days later I received an email from Elyse. She wanted to set up another meeting with me and the people in charge of running the Boulder, Longmont and Lafayette markets. Also, she wanted me to bring samples of my food to the meeting.

I prepared everything for that day, and I was ready to answer all the questions. Everything went well and I did my best to prove that I was ready for the market. A couple of weeks later I received an email saying that my application to be a vendor at the Farmers Market was approved!

I have also been working with Jesse from the Small Business Development Center. He has helped me so much with a lot of stuff I don't understand, like filling out confusing paperwork for business and tax licenses.

After I got approval, I started working on my logo and identity with Marcia and her daughter, Heather, who is a graphic designer. That was a very fun part of the process and Heather did a fabulous job putting all the ideas together. I couldn't have gotten a better logo.

I also started working on supplies that I needed. The first day of business was really busy but we were prepared for the day. I was really stressed because I knew it was a huge responsibility. I was working at my landscaping job and taking care of the market at the same time. In May the Wednesday market started, and it was really hard having both jobs, so I quit at the landscape company and I think it was the best decision.

In June the Lafayette market started and that one has been really challenging. We continue to make it more successful. I am grateful for the feedback from customers that they like the food. Hearing the comments that we are doing a great job makes me feel all the hard work I put into this business is worth it.

The process has been really fun and I know it is not the same it used to be. Now I am responsible for keeping everything in line and making sure not to make many mistakes. The market is almost over for the season and I am so proud for all the work we have done.

CULTURAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN SOUTH KOREA AND AMERICA

There are lots of differences between different countries. My tutor, Susan, and I enjoy discussing the cultural differences between the United States and South Korea. This paper describes just three of the many differences we have identified.

To begin with, typical house warming gifts are very different in each country. House warming parties in South Korea are known as Jipdeuri. When someone moves into a new house, family and friends gather to celebrate the home owner's new home with food and gifts. The most traditional gift is rolls of toilet paper. The length of the toilet paper means you wish the new owner great prosperity such as health, wealth, honor, and success. If you are worried about your host having too much toilet paper from other guests, you could bring paper towels or facial tissues instead. I am not sure why toilet paper became the typical present for housewarmings but some people say this tradition goes back to when Korea was a poorer country. At that time, not everyone could afford to buy toilet paper as it

was considered pricey. Susan was very surprised by this custom. She told me that in the United States people bring houseplants, wine, candles, candy, or towels to housewarming parties. I'm glad to know, in advance of a house warming party, that a toilet paper gift, though practical, would be a strange gift here. Talking with my tutor about different housewarming gifts was fun.

A second cultural difference is the way strangers interact in public places. My American friend, Hailey, told me one day that when she visited South Korea, she was very surprised at the way people acted in the subway. She said it was very quiet. Everyone just watched their own phones. Koreans speak with their friends, but they do not normally speak with people they do not know. In South Korea, people are not familiar with making small talk with strangers. When you purchase something in a store, the cashier usually doesn't make small talk with you. They may ask if you found everything you wanted but they don't ask about your day. I am not sure why Koreans feel this way but my

BY JIEUN SHIM

Susan Labovitz, Tutor

personal guess is that it is due to shyness. Also, the cities are very densely populated, and the stores are very busy. There isn't much time for small talk. However, Koreans are very friendly when foreigners ask for directions. Sometimes they offer to walk them to their destination. On the other hand, when I first came to America, the most surprising thing was that strangers didn't hesitate to talk to me in grocery stores, department stores, planes, and elevators, etc. At first, I felt a little embarrassed but soon it felt very sweet and friendly! It seems that Americans like to show their interest in each other and enjoy this communication with others even if it is just for a very short time.

Another cultural difference is how people address each other in Korea. When two ladies meet for the first time, they will have normal conversations about where they work and live. If they decide to be closer friends, they usually determine how to address each other. They will make sure that they show each other the correct respect and closeness based on age. So, they typically ask each other their ages. When

addressing an older woman, the younger female will call the older lady her name followed by Eonni. For example, Susan, would be Susan Eonni. This only applies to women that are within a few years of each other and is only used in informal relationships. A woman wouldn't call her boss, Rachel, Rachel Eonni since it is a professional relationship. There are lots of other ways to address each other based on the relationship such as nuna, oppa, hyeong, ajumma, and halmeoni. Susan thought this difference was very interesting. She explained that in America people don't ask other people their ages until they know each other pretty well. It is possible to show respect without addressing someone with a special extra name. It still feels strange to address my tutor, who is older than me, by her first name only. It is cool and very different for me.

There are lots of interesting cultural differences between America and South Korea. I think learning about these differences is a great way of understanding others!

DASHAIN FESTIVAL

BY GYANENDRA POUDEL

Toby Hankin, Tutor

Dashain, also known as Bijaya Dashami, is the greatest, longest and most special festival in Nepal. It takes place in the Nepali Ashwin month (mid-September to mid-October) and lasts for 15 days. Dashain is celebrated by the whole country for the Goddess Durga's victory over the demon Mahishasura. In addition to worshipping the Goddess Durga, Nepalis hold celebrations for the land and for a year of good harvest. Meanwhile Dashain has also emphasized the importance of family reunion, which helps keep close relationships within the family. All the government agencies, educational institutions and other public sectors close down during the festival period. Since the Nepali lunar calendar is issued one year ahead, it's really hard for us to pinpoint the next date of Dashain. However, it usually occurs in September to October.

There are four special days during Dashain. The first day of Dashain is Ghatasthapana. On that day people fill a vessel with sand and mud. In the vessel we plant maize and barley seeds and pray for a good harvest for ten days. On the seventh day, called Phulpati, it is a tradition in Nepal to bring nine types of phulpati (flower and different colored powders) in the room where Goddess Durga is worshipped. The eighth day is called Maha Astami. On Maha Astami, animals like buffaloes, ducks, goats, hens, are sacrificed as prasad or holy food. The ninth day is called the Maha Navami or dark night. On this day mechanics, traders, etc. worship their equipment and tools. The tenth day is named Vijaya Dashami which is the most important day of this festival. On the tenth day the younger people in a family receive tika, jamara and blessings from elders or respected people.



The Dashain festival is in fact the ceremony of reunion and fun. People who are living far away from home or the homeland revisit their homes and get together with their families. Parents buy new clothes for their children. People make a lot of different kinds of food and play a lot of games. People invite guests, visit their relatives' houses and fly kites, build bamboo swings and participate in a lot of activities.

Dashain symbolizes the victory of justice over evil. Goddess Durga fought for nine days and nights and finally killed the devil and saved the whole country. Since then, offering sacrifices to the Goddess has become one of the most popular festivals in Nepal.

AFRICAN RECIPE BY DJENEBA SAKO

Katy Hess, Tutor



Here is an African recipe I made for my friend Leslie. She loves it.

My teacher Katy has tasted it before. She loves it, too.

ONION SAUCE

Put some olive oil in the bottom of a big pot.

Add medium pieces of lamb with a sprinkle of salt.

Add 5 or 6 chopped onions.

Add 2 or 3 chopped tomatoes and ½ small can tomato paste.

Cook until everything is soft.

Add water (a little for a small group of people and a lot for a big group) and 1 cube of chicken or beef bouillon.

Add a cabbage (cut in fourths) and some chopped carrots.

Cook until soft.

Add eggplant (cut in fourths) and some fresh okra.

Simmer until thick! Thick is good!

Serve with rice.

KIWI AND THE COYOTE

BY BLANCA UREÑA

Jacqui Wentz, Tutor



In 2008 my family and I lived near Green Mountain Park in Lakewood, CO. One day my daughter Jackie went on a hike with her dog Kiwi, a Yorkie Terrier, to the hill Green Mountain. She let Kiwi off of the leash. They walked for a while and then she saw several deer running far away. Kiwi started running away over a hill toward the deer and disappeared. Jackie thought, “Ah, Kiwi is never going to catch up to the deer.” Suddenly, Jackie heard Kiwi cry and ran to see what happened. A coyote had grabbed Kiwi’s neck! Jackie screamed and the coyote started running away while holding Kiwi. Jackie ran behind the coyote shouting, “Help! Somebody help me, please!” and crying and crying for Kiwi. The coyote kept running and hid behind a thicket.

A man named Ben was working in the backyard of his house and was watching everything. At first he believed that the coyote had grabbed a rabbit, but when he heard Jackie scream, he told himself, “The coyote didn’t grab a rabbit, it grabbed a dog!” Ben picked up a wooden stick and ran to help Jackie. When Ben reached Jackie, the coyote released Kiwi. Kiwi came out from the branches shaking and bleeding. Ben took off his shirt and wrapped Kiwi, and they fled walking to Ben’s house. When they arrived at the house, Ben’s father called 911 to ask for an open veterinary. He got the directions and everybody (Jackie, Ben and both his parents) drove to the veterinarian.

Once they arrived at the veterinarian, Jackie was still crying. The veterinarian was very calm and told her everything was going to be fine. Then he took Kiwi and shaved Kiwi’s neck. He put an ointment on the bite marks and gave Kiwi a rabies shot. Ben’s mom called me to let me know what was going on. I immediately drove over to join them. I am happy to say that Kiwi survived!!

L.A. TRIP BY KAREN AGUILAR

Diane Hill, Tutor

From the first moment I arrived in the United States, I have wished to visit Los Angeles, and two weeks ago my wish came true. I had many reasons to travel, but the most important was that I won the trip. How? I participated in an Instagram raffle and fortunately I won. When I read the news, I was ecstatic, because I had the ticket for travelling. Additionally, I won tickets for a concert of my favorite boyband. “CNCO” is my favorite boyband because I love the kind of music they sing—it is Latin pop music. I also like the personal history of each member of the group. They are an example of struggle and that anything can be.

On the other hand, I felt fortunate to visit Los Angeles, because L.A. is the second most populated city after New York. Also, it is culturally and diverse city where a person can see Latin, European, and Asian people living there. L.A. has more museums than any other city in the world. It is fantastic and makes L.A. attractive to visit.

When the day came to undertake the trip, I was a little nervous, because I had never been to L.A. It was unknown to me. I just took a backpack, because I was going to stay alone one day. When I arrived in L.A. for the first time, I got lost in the airport, because I didn't know where the zone was to meet an Uber. Finally, I arrived at the Hilton Hotel. The Hilton was amazing, elegant, big, and beautiful. I loved it! Immediately I needed to go to the place where the concert was, because I wanted to be in the front of the line. When I arrived at the Avalon, there was a large line. I had to wait a long time to get in, but it was worth it. In the middle of the wait, I made new friends that lived in L.A. and they were Latin people, too. The concert was amazing and exciting! I really enjoyed it!

Finally, I came back to my hotel, and the next day I met with my friend Erica. She is an Au Pair in L.A., and she took time off to see me. We went to the Walk of Fame and the Chinese museum. I didn't have more time for visiting other places, because I had to leave. When the time for leaving was near, I heard that my flight was delayed. This happened two times. That was bad, because I was really tired! I only wanted to sleep. Fortunately, after one hour I boarded the plane. This travel was crazy but very exciting. I was a little tired, but I really enjoyed it.

BOULDER HISTORY: MORK & MINDY

BY DAVID ALLSHOUSE

Lindsey Anderson, Tutor

Part of my history growing up was a show called Mork and Mindy. I liked it because I grew up in Boulder and went to Pearl Street Mall a lot—that's about all you could do in Boulder at that time. Back then, there was only Crossroads Mall and Pearl Street; you could drive down Pearl Street then. Pearl Street became a walking mall right before Mork and Mindy started filming, in 1978. The mall was always an important symbol of Boulder that was in almost every episode.

I think people watched Mork and Mindy because it was Robin Williams' first big acting job. The character of Mork first appeared in an episode of the show Happy Days. People probably knew him as a comedian and wanted to check him out on Mork and Mindy. I was in high school in 1979. After school, I used to go home and watch a little TV and

have a snack before dinner. One of the shows I watched was Mork and Mindy. I watched the whole series, from 1978 until it went off the air in 1982! Every time they showed Boulder, it made me feel proud; I was happy millions of people were seeing where I lived and the places I went often in my daily life. I would walk on Pearl Street back then and look at everything that was going on and the different style of clothes you could buy then. I always liked seeing places I recognized on TV.

PART ONE: LOCATIONS

When you first see the opening credits of the show, Mindy and Mork pull up in front of a house in their Jeep; this is the house at 1619 Pine Street. In the show, Mork lived in the loft upstairs. There was a kitchen upstairs. Mindy lived in the main part of the house downstairs.



The house was originally built by Ira T. McAlister in 1883. Mork and Mindy producers saw the house in a Chamber of Commerce brochure. Today the outside of the house is basically the same except for a wooden fence instead of the original metal one. Also, the exterior shutters have also been replaced, but look similar to the originals. The house is still here in Boulder, and people visit it a lot — it is part of Banjo Billy’s History of Boulder Bus Tour. The inside of the house on the show was actually a sound stage in California.

Mindy worked for her Dad at a music shop. The shop sold records and instruments like pianos, guitars, and horns. The character of Eugene took music lessons from Mindy’s grandmother there. The shop’s physical location was on Pearl Street, where Athleta Sports Wear is now, at 1133 Pearl.



One place they had in the show was the New York

Delicatessen. I went there for lunch one day; it might have been even before Mork and Mindy started. The prices were expensive even back then, but it was worth it because the bread was fresh, they flew in meats from New York. According to a 1999 article in The Chicago Tribune, the deli closed on June 16th, 1999, after being in business for 25 years. At the time, the deli manager said, “I’m disappointed to see it go, but our history wasn’t drawing in enough people.” The deli was replaced by Hapa Sushi.

To be continued... watch for Part II in next year’s magazine!

HAMEDAN, A CITY IN THE WEST OF IRAN BY HAMID SAMARI

Rachel Steinberg, Tutor

I was born in Hamedan. It is in the west of Iran, in the Zagros Mountains. Alvand Mountain is one of the Zagros High Peaks located in the western part of Hamedan. Everyone can see Alvand Peak from the city. Children grow up at the edge of Alvand. Grandmothers tell them a lot of ancient stories about Alvand and its brave-hearted warriors. Hamedan was the capital of great Iran 7,000 years ago when Iran was the biggest empire in the world. Four thousand years ago, Hamedan again was the capital of Iran during the Hakhamaneshian Empire Period. At that time, the king of Iran commissioned two stone tablets engraved with his legislation. His laws included many protections for human rights and peace. Artists used carving techniques to draft the legislation. After 4,000 years, these two granite tablets are still intact and shining on the Body of Alvand in Gangnameh, one of the attractive destinations for national and international tourists.

Hamedan was destroyed several times throughout history. After the Second World War, downtown Hamedan was redesigned by a German engineer. He planned a big square in the heart of the city, with six long symmetrical streets connected to it. Later, as the town grew, gradually a number of concentric loops were added to that plan. This marvelous urban architectural design can easily be seen in Google Maps.

Since our home was in one of those streets called Abbas-Abad, I knew that street very well. I knew most of the shops, shopkeepers, and buildings in Abbas-Abad Street. My friends and I walked along the street a few times a day because that street was the only way to our school. As soon as we grew up enough to protect ourselves, we started to discover the rest of the five streets and their loops. Our favorite hobby after school was walking along those streets, watching the shops and people, and occasionally eating a sandwich and drinking a Coca Cola.

I love Hamedan because it is a historical city that nowadays is equipped with modern technologies. It is one of the six most popular tourism destinations in Iran. Attractive places for tourists include Avicenna Tomb, Babataher Temple, Ghanjnameh Fall, the king's stone tablets, Lion Stone Status, Ester-Mardkhaie Temple, the traditional Bazaar, and many others.

Hamedan has four distinct seasons like Boulder, including lovely springs with green hills and blossoming trees, moderate summers with a lot of domestic and local fruits and vegetables, beautiful autumns with colorful leaves, and cold winters with a lot of snow. It's noteworthy that Hamedan has the second biggest ski resort in Iran. That is why I am comfortable in Boulder.

I lived in Hamedan for eighteen years. After I was accepted at the university, I moved from Hamedan to Tehran. At that time, I did not know that I would never

return to live in my hometown. Sometimes when I fall asleep, I ride my dream horse, and I fly to Hamedan. I see my father and some of my relatives in our garden; they are alive, happy, and smile at me, although most of my dearest relatives were gone.

The similarity in nature between Hamedan and Boulder makes this beautiful city to me like my hometown. The presence of people in the city who are so kind, generous, and welcoming made this city more attractive to me.

Nowadays, after living three years in Boulder, I am not able to imagine living elsewhere; maybe I was enchanted by it.



A VISIT WITH OUR FAMILY

BY NISA FERNANDO

Nancy Erickson, Tutor



Hello everyone,

My name is Nisa. I'm from Sri Lanka. I have been here for 7 years. I live in central Boulder. I'm married. I have one daughter. My husband works at the Boulder Public Library.

My relatives came to visit our family in Anuradhapura 6 years ago. My mother has two sisters. The older sister's name is Mary, and the younger sister's name is Malani. They live in a city called Kegalle. We live about 100 miles away from them. They traveled by train.

They stayed for 3 days with us, and it was a vacation for them. We talked about our families. I remember they brought us a variety of special fruits. Normally, those fruits don't grow in our area. Some of the names were rambutan, red banana, mangosteen, pineapple, and they also brought some sweets.

We went on several trips. First, we went to Sri Mahabodhiya Temple, and then to Thissa Maharama Temple. We bought flowers to take with us to the temple, and they were blue water lilies, red lotuses and jasmine flowers. Also, we bought special incense sticks and coconut oil lamps. Then we visited some lakes such as Thisa wawa lake, Nuwara wawa Lake, and Thissa Maha wawa Lake. Finally, we went to the market. They enjoyed the trip.

When my aunts came to visit our house, we had five family members. Our house was big enough for everyone.

I think, it could even be fun to have relatives staying at my home.

Thank you so much for all.

THE FUNNIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME

BY ORADAN BARLOW

Laura Roettiger, Tutor

When I was nine or ten years old, we were moving some boxes and Aunt Norma told me to pull up my pants. I thought it was really cool to have them low. There was a trend that was going around to wear them really low and I thought it was cool, so I was test-driving it. I jacked them way up to my armpits and tightened the belt. I walked back in with them up into my armpits and she told me that was too high. She said to pull them back down to where my hips were. So, this happened 2 or 3 times and I put them below my behind. Then she told me if I didn't pull them up, she was going to pants me. She was going to drop them all the way to the floor.

A couple of weeks went by and I was still wearing them low. When I tried to run with my pants like that, I waddled. So, she caught up to me and she pantsed me. I was so angry I slammed the door and said I'd never go back in the house. And then one of my sisters, Kate, came out and had a talk with me so I would cool down. I did and I went back into the house. After that, I wore my pants on my hips where they should be because I wasn't going to have that happen again.

It still makes me laugh today.

SKULL FRIGHT

BY SWATANTRA NEUPANE POUDEL

Judy Vlastakis, Tutor

My family used to live in the countryside in Nepal when I was 13 years old. Saturday was our day off from school. My friend and I took our water buffalo to graze by the riverside. One day, we found a human skull. My friend and I played with the skull for the whole day, either as a football or just putting a small stick from one ear and taking out from another and saying it will give us millions someday. The skull had a squiggly mark in the forehead. According to our ancestors, 6 days after the birth of a child, god comes down to the earth to write the child's fate on them and that squiggly mark was the fate of that person. And as children, we tried to read the squiggly marks. After a long fun day, we went back to our home around 5 pm. I was having dinner and all of a sudden I heard my neighbors gathering outside. One of my friends who was playing with the skull was crying really hard. She was sick and scared after playing with the skull. She was unable to breathe. Shortly she was unconscious. We called it pichas. Everyone was scared looking at the situation, and they thought she might die. They

wanted to take her for treatment. As we were in the countryside and an underdeveloped country, there were no hospitals within 75 miles. There was no reliable transportation, so we had to use the oxcart to take her to the hospital, which would take around 5 hours and wasn't reliable. So we took her to another place, not to the hospital, but to the *Dhami Jhakri* (Shaman).

After a few hours of treatment, she was conscious, but she wasn't sure what was going on. She started asking what happened, where am I and why is everyone here? She said she felt better than what she remembered. We left around 4 am to go home. The next day, the *Dhami Jhakri* came to her house and did another treatment just in case. After that, she said she was feeling much better. The *Dhami Jhakri* isn't who you are supposed to see when you are sick and need treatment, but it worked for her.



WE ARE TWO PEOPLE BY DJENEBA SAKO

Katy Hess, Tutor

A POEM ABOUT ME AND MY BEST U.S. FRIEND, LESLIE

We are different, you and I.

I am short, but you are tall.

I like to dance, but you like to teach.

I am from Africa, but you are from the United States.

We are different, you and I.

We are similar, you and I.

I am funny, and so are you.

You like to eat, and so do I.

I love people, and you do, too.

We are similar, you and I.

PEOPLE IN AMERICA CHASE FREEDOM BY XIAOKE FANG

Jacob Oliver, Tutor

People in America chase freedom. Once I talked to a traveling woman. She rode a motorcycle from California; you could say for sure that she was pretty cool. But during her long adventures, she ended up being covered with dust, and she seemed exhausted. She was preparing to pitch a tent near the creek. I was passing by there, and she asked me for some tissues. We chatted a little. She was an accountant, sitting in the office the whole day; she said life was short and she couldn't keep herself in a cage because nature was her home. She said that people were born to pursue freedom. So, she just quit her job and began to travel through the country. And she said her parents were proud of her and supported her. American people don't need to always care about what others around them think about them. They can create the life which exists in their heart. You can still be single no matter how old you are, maybe you are already fifty years old! You do not live to influence the lives of others—freedom is legal, and nobody can charge you with anything. People here can discuss politics. They can even complain about the president in public. They certainly have the right to express their perspectives!



DEDICATED TO SHELLEY SULLIVAN

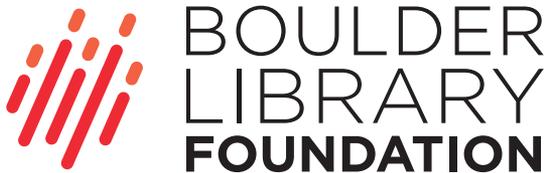
This issue of *Discoveries* is dedicated to Shelley Sullivan, our BoulderReads Manager. BoulderReads began in 1986 and has continued under her leadership to fulfill its mission to empower learners to achieve their full potential by providing free literacy and language classes. Shelley took the helm of the program in 2012, bringing it forward with expansion of Conversations in English groups and Reading Buddies. We congratulate her on her retirement and her many years of service and leadership at the Boulder Public Library. Heartfelt thanks from your staff, your colleagues, volunteers, and the many learners and their families!

BOULDERREADS

LITERACY FOR ALL

boulderreads.org

BoulderReads would like to thank the Boulder Library Foundation for its ongoing support.



boulderlibraryfoundation.org