The first change you feel in the USA is your new name. When I came here, I heard one question all the time, what is your name and what you like to call yourself? Once I tell them they start pronouncing and say, am I right to pronounce it. Every time I get new name due to the hard pronunciation of my Arabic name or perhaps Americans don't speak other languages other than English. But I see my Chinese friends often choose a new English name when they come to the USA. I started thinking how to avoid weird names, and finally figured it out. My name is “Azam” but if you want to pronounce it correctly, it sounds like “Awesome”. Now whenever someone asks me about my name, I say my name is “Azam” but you can pronounce like “Awesome”. Now people don't remember my original name they just say, Hi Awesome. Even my teacher says how you are, Awesome? I feel I am really awesome in the USA.

Confusions and Puzzles are always part of learning and exploring the new world. I get confused whenever I visit big shopping malls and restaurants. Often, I forget what I need to buy, and my brain also stops working after seeing a lot of variety and range of items. I always ask myself, is this store for one city or one country. It was my first shopping day, when I went to Meijer for some grocery shopping and clothes. I selected one fine-looking short pent and bought it. When I returned back to my apartment, I saw a tag on it and just started laughing. Guess what was this? It was labeled “Pent for women”. I think it was enough to make my day. Although, I can return back, but I am keeping it for silly smiles. Similarly, I am also learning how I can get one tasty and spicy burger from Subway by selecting ingredients, toppings and much more. Life in the USA is like “MCQS” it’s easy but confusing. As you can see tens of brands and sub brands of one drink; Coke, Coke plain, Diet cherry Coke, Diet
Coke Black Cherry Vanilla, and Diet Coke with Lime etc. All these enormous options are enough to confuse my simple and plain brain.

Education in the USA is an amazing experience full of thrills, adventures and fun. Classroom culture is totally different than I had experienced back home, like students are free to eat and drink, come and go, and even use laptops in classes. I totally get it now that sometimes you definitely need Starbucks coffee for attending next class here, otherwise it is likely that your brain will shut down. In addition to class, homework, assignments and quizzes all those don’t let you have free time for fun and hanging out with friends. I wish I would have a weekend without homework in the USA. In my country, I had two things holidays or exams in student life, but here I have exams and only exams. Teacher comes here with more class preparation than students. Teachers are so friendly, social and cooperative with students. They always encourage and support in learning and achieving your study goals. They never mind what you ask and how many times you ask. Once I asked in class, could you repeat please, he did but I couldn’t understand. He again did it and after class teacher called me, you still look nervous. Please meet me in my office, I can help you more. This is study in the USA where the teacher wants you to learn everything. Most classes follow interactive learning by asking questions, opinions and revisions that are well worth it.

Stereotypes always travel with you, no matter, where you go. Simply, a stereotype is a “thinking before seeing”. I feel United States a completely different world from Hollywood action movies and Media News. American life is full of admiration, compassions and connections which is in contrast of my previous perceptions about the USA. They are more responsible and hardworking people. I can’t distinguish who are men and women, who is old and who is young, they all work and struggle as hard as they can. I get surprised to see women driving buses and working old people, it tells me about the hardworking and independence of the nation.

Since I came here, it seems as, it is not one country, but it is a whole world. I see people speaking different languages, having different beliefs, working on different
ideologies and carrying diverse cultures. This wonderful blend of colors, races and cultures makes this country more awesome. It will not wrong to say, the USA is a “Rainbow of the World” that holds all shades and shines.

There is another world “online world”. People work online, study online, shop, and even eat online. You can buy everything online except hugs. In my country, I think people drive technology, but here technology drives people. My first friend is a Google map, I get lost if I don’t have a Google map on my mobile. And you are a half man if you don’t have car and credit card in the USA. It is also hard to see people, mainly students not having an iPhone, iPad and MacBook, etc. Online shopping and shipping is an incredible thing and you can live your whole life inside the home by doing all stuff online. But it is hard to remember user name and all passwords living in this online world.

I joined Michigan State University in fall, 2015 and for me the most uncertain thing is the weather of Michigan, even weather forecast proves wrong at times. But I am falling in love with this fall season, because of its beautiful colors, cool and crisp air. Michigan State is so green I see myself living in a forest, and I also feel the green blood running in my veins. Although, I have not experienced winter here, but it seems the whole green state will turn into entirely white. It makes me afraid about surviving here, but now I am Spartan and anxious to see the snowy winter. I am also planning to kiss the snow man, play snow ball game and go ice skating. I am hoping that winter will bring fun and joy for us. Go Green, Go White.
I was living Riyadh all my life. When I got married, I wanted to develop my English. I decided to go to the U.S. Results appeared and I was accepted and moved to live in East Lansing, which is quite different from Riyadh.

Riyadh is very large with an area of 380,000 kilometers and a population of about 8 million. Half of them are residents and half of them are citizens. It's very crowded and noisy because of the large number of people, cars, factories and ministries. East Lansing is different from Riyadh. It is quite and small. Its population about 50,000. There is no Crowd. It is a studying town because it has MSU, which is one of the most important universities in the U.S.

Riyadh's desert climate is extremely hot in summer, and cold in winter. It has a generally arid climate, and it is marked by irregular rainfall throughout the year. Riyadh has been under many dust storms. On the other hand, East Lansing is characterized by abundant rainfall throughout the year and heavy snow in the winter.

In Riyadh, there are many shopping centers and many of the skyscrapers and a lot of international companies sell their products in this city. The people in the city of Riyadh love shopping throughout the year. Most shops are closed for a late night. While East Lansing has a few stores, which are closed at 6 pm, and all of them are closed on the weekend.

It is an exciting challenge to be living in a city which completely different from the city which I lived in before. That will teach me the ability to adapt to a new situation and how to contact other people having diverse cultures, beside learning English.
One of the greatest challenges faced here was in winter break, I decided to go back home. I made reservation. Flight duration was 16 hours, but to come back it would take 27 hours. That is too long, but I said to myself when I landed in my country, I would change the return flight. I landed and had a great time. One week from the deadline, I called Saudi Airline to change the return flight, but they said to me that I could not travel, that all the flights were full. I was shocked; I couldn't suffer for 27 hours without a layover for at least half day. Later, I felt frustration.

On the flight, I felt tired. I couldn't sleep in the seat. Finally, I landed in the U.S. at 12:00 am so there were no buses and no Taxis. I was trying to call my friend in the Taxi Company. I told them before about the time of my comeback. While I was searching for my American SIM, I remembered that it was inside my baggage. I needed to open my baggage. When I found my SIM, the driver didn't answer. I felt frustrated. While I was walking in the street, I saw a Taxi driver. Then, I asked him to take me to my apartment. Finally, I had already entered my apartment after a long and hard day.
“Oh I noticed a small accent, just didn’t want to say anything.”

“Yeah, I am from Brazil.”

“Wow, Brazil! That’s awesome.”

“So do you speak Spanish...no wait, Brazilian?”

“Portuguese...”

I lost count of how many times I’ve had the same conversation. It is funny how people react when you say you are an international student. For some it doesn’t really matter, but for the curious ones, they are all surprised. Soon after that, the question that I expect, that comes religiously every time, “But what made you choose MSU?” I laugh to myself as I formulate my answer.

“Good question,” is my answer right away.

I was born and raised in São Paulo, Brazil. I come from one of the biggest cities in the world, a metropolitan city that consists of about 11 million people chaotically running from one place to the other, following their busy routines. It’s a beautiful city, surrounded by culture and diversity. However, even though I love that city, I was ready for a change. Coming to a place like East Lansing would allow me to focus on the things that surround me, escaping from the everyday chaos. I knew the place was going to be different, however the question that always came to my mind was, how different were the people going to be?
In Brazil, people are always very welcoming and always open to meeting new people. That’s one of the favorite things about my country. Brazilians tend to be very friendly and open-minded, and I didn’t know what to expect from the people here. Back at home, as soon as you meet someone new, we give each other a hug followed by kiss on the cheek. When we see our friends, and family, it works the same way. The reason why I like this so much is that it’s an icebreaker, in which allows a sense of intimacy between the people right away. Here, people tend to do it slightly different, they go for the handshake. I have been here for almost a year and a half now and I still haven’t gotten used to it yet. For me it creates a sort of distance between people, and this is what differs mainly about the people here and in my country. Other than the Latinos who also go to MSU, and who I hug and kiss every time I see, I have to go for the handshake with everyone else. In that moment, I don’t feel Brazilian, I feel like a stranger to my own culture. However, if I did otherwise, I feel like I would be the stranger to them, since in a way, I would be invading their space. It might be a curious way of viewing it, but the strength of the handshake for me, can tell a lot about the person, and how pleased they are of meeting you, therefore I always take this into consideration when meeting someone new. I do however feel like people here tend to have a more individualistic culture as compared to us Brazilians, who have a more collectivist one. With that I have learned the different ways people have of expressing their feelings and emotions towards others.

In Brazil, when people meet you, a lot of times they make it seem like they’ve known you for a longer time. Us Brazilians are noisy and rowdy, we exuberate happiness. On the other hand, I feel like people here a little bit more reserved. Not that they don’t like or agree with these norms, but they do feel a little surprised at first. I don’t blame them. A few weeks ago, when I went to the synagogue here in East Lansing, I sat at a random table since I wasn’t familiar to the people who were there. I tend to do that at times, I don’t hesitate going to places just because I don’t know the people. I can definitely say this is a “Brazilian thing.” If it was back at home, people would automatically start talking to me, so I figured it could perhaps be the same. A little bit
after I sat down, I started a conversation with the girl who was sitting in front of me, Elana. I told her where I was from and she told me that her mom coincidentally had done a study abroad in Brazil in her high school days. As soon as she said that, our conversation was all about Brazil, and of course, how I ended up here. Needless to say, it took a little while for me to explain myself. Well, she took it. She seemed to be pretty intrigued by our conversation, and couldn’t wait to tell her mother about it. I told her I wasn’t so familiar to the cities in Michigan, since I have only been to a few this past year. First thing she said was, “I have to take you around. You have to come home with me can stay there with my family and I.” I won’t lie that I was really surprised by that. That is something Brazilian people do, we are always inviting people to come home with us, for family reunions, friends gathering, and what not. For a moment I felt like I was in Brazil, meeting a new a friend. Elana then told me how she really liked the hospitality in Brazil and how she wanted to do the same. I knew exactly what she was talking about.

This is the main difference between the norms here and in my country, the space between people. I did feel very welcomed here, and still do, however compared to where I am from, one can feel surprised at first. As I walk through the streets of this beautiful campus, embellished by lovely fall leaves or by snow and rays of sunshine, between one class to the other, it allows me to reflect about myself and my purpose here. I walk around thinking about the correct answer to “What made you come to MSU?” The answer was here all along; the truth is that there is no right answer. Of course, I want to leave with a degree, however as each day goes by, I realize that I will go back with much more than that. As J.M Coetzee says it, “The irony does not escape him: that the one who comes to teach learns the keenest of lessons...” and I have realized that I am not only here to learn, but that I have also come here to teach. Everyone here is teacher to me, a teacher of culture, passion, religion, goals, and experiences. Why can’t I be one as well?

I have always valued everything I have. I am thankful everyday for being able to come to MSU and having the immense privilege of being part of such an amazing place, with
such incredible people from all around the world. It’s almost as if I am escaping reality. From an apartment in the middle of the city, to a dorm within campus, from soccer matches, to football games, from classes of 15-20 people, to lectures of 500, and from a kiss to a handshake, I have been lucky enough to have been through wonderful and enriching experiences that have taught me how it is important to stick to a goal, but that nonetheless it is okay to change directions.
I have been a student for sixteen years since I was seven, it is too long for being a junior college student and too old for the age of twenty-four. Most people aged as me already graduated from college, getting a job, and maybe have already got married. But there is one thing good for me: I have been around.

It was complex to explain why I went to the college so late. But I can tell you with confidence that I have been through any kinds of teachers. Primary teachers, tutors, professors and etc., most of them took this job for purpose. Some took it for a stable income, some took it for their child’s good and some took it simply for fame. In summary, most of them took the job for their own goods; only few regard this job as a great educational cause, especially in my home country, China.

There was once a college lecturer impressed me the most in my life so far.

It was three years ago, back when I was a part-time student of a science and technology university in Shanghai, suffering from the TOEFL test and applying for American colleges. So I spent all my leisure time taking English courses in the university. Due to my student status, I could only take the lowest level language course. Such class was filled with the kind of students who had neither learning nor skill and pass the exam by cheating. All they did in class was sleeping and playing on cell phones.

So I met him, the lecturer, for the first time in the first English class in fall 2012. He looked no difference with other common college lecturers: Middle-aged, male, bald, fat and short. I can even smell the cigarette he just smoked by seeing his brown and black teeth. To be honest, I was impressed by his self-introduction, not his
appearance, but the way he talked. He was trying to joke around with us, but most students did not pay attention to him. He even called himself the old rogue, because he owned a degree of Master of Law, which the first initial “LLM” was the same as “the old rogue” in Chinese Language. Of course, that caught me. The short time studying abroad experience did not help his career a lot. He had tried so many types of jobs but all ended in failure. According to his own words, he was at the middle of his life, still achieved nothing and not married. He worked for the university just in order to pay for the tuition of PHD he was working on.

It sounded like a sad story, but the way he gave the class made me like him so much. He was used to teaching by showing classic movies. It was in his class that I first saw the classic tango moves and debate fragment of Al Pacino in the “Secret of Women”. Also, it was in his class that I first heard about the seven deadly sins in the Catholic Church by watching the movie “Seven”. It was no exaggeration to say, he opened a door for me that no one of my English teachers had ever done before. Because of him, I started understanding the cultural value of the western world and changed some of my original point of views. He did not just teach us how to pronounce and recite, but how to be a useful and good man. I can still remember the words of Al Pacino said in the movie: “There is nothing like the sight of an amputated spirit. There is no prosthetic for that.”

Unfortunately, few people like me could understand his care and thought. I felt pity for him every time the most of class gave ignorance and silence to his hardworking. Surely, that was also the reason why he noticed me. He was quite confused why I appeared in such low level class by his judgment on my grades and performance in class. After I told him my situation, we became just like friends.

We always talked a lot every time the class was over. He gave me many tips and suggestion for my coming life in America. I liked the way he talked to me, cigarette in his mouth, frankly and honestly, and smile on his face, just like my old brother. “ A man is lucky enough if he finds out what he really want to do in his life before thirty.
Unfortunately, I am still working on it”, He told me with laugh. I could not understand his words at that moment, but I can feel his sincere that I only feel from my parents.

Good time went so fast. The only thing left I can still remember about him was the last class of that semester. It was cold and snowing. He just walked in the classroom silently and wrote down some words on the blackboard: “I leave no trace of wings in the air, but I am glad I have had my flight.” He turned around, facing the noise and chaos, spoke to us: “I appreciate the time we spent together, and I will be so happy if you learn anything or change anything in your life by taking my class. I hope you have the time of your life.” The same as before, no one except me paid attention to him. I watched him leaving the classroom peacefully, yelling in my mind: “You really did a good job, old rogue!”

I have never seen him again or heard anything about him.

There are always ordinary people in your life, they are just passengers, but they light up the street lamp of your life roads. I am always thinking about old rogue and his words. Now I am a junior college student and I am at the middle of my 20s, I always ask myself what I really want to do in my life. Am I willing to contribute the rest of my life to my current major? Is what I am doing right now for surviving or living for myself?

Unfortunately, I am still working on it. I know I will be no longer young and I do not know if I can figure out the answer in the rest of my life. But I wonder if old rogue finally find out what he really want to do.

There are millions of people like old rogue, they are busy surviving and working hard for their careers, but never get the repay and respect they deserve. To me, it is a tragedy. But I will never forget the greatness of old rogue.

Having a dream is a good thing. Following your dreaming is the best thing.
Strong winds blew in my face, as I made my way through the crowds to step on a foreign land, thousands of miles away from the place I call Home. Light showers of rain welcomed my presence when I took my first step in this new place. Foreign dresses on unfamiliar humans, the different unseen models of cars on the roads whose names I hadn’t heard of, the different trees around buildings I had never seen before, and the new shade of blue that covered the sky, made me realize that the country I was in was visibly different from mine.

It was time to trust the magic of new beginnings.

My aunt had graciously come to the airport to pick me up. We walked our way towards the parking area to get to the car, and were ready to get in the car after stuffing my luggage in the trunk. I opened the door of the passenger seat to get inside, and I saw something unusual. A big round steering wheel was staring at my face. I had opened the door to the driver’s seat! In Mumbai, the driver’s seat is on the right side of the car! Over here, it was left.

The roads were smooth, clean, and somehow, all the cars drove in systematic lanes. We do not follow the lane system on the roads of Mumbai, and yes, it’s a slight mess, but we somehow manage to function despite the absence of this system. Seeing the cars drive in systematic lanes was somehow so fascinating to me!

I kept feeling something unusual about the whole driving experience. After thinking hard for a while I figured out the reason for myself. Silence surrounded the roads on which we drove. Nobody honks here. Well, it’s the exact opposite in Mumbai. Driving on the roads in Mumbai is full of noises of all kinds coming from honks from vehicles and street vendors using their vocal chords at the highest frequency trying to grab the attention of potential customers so that they can sell their goods. The silence here was somehow uncomfortable to me.
We had taken the exit from the highway and were approaching Okemos, where I now live. Houses were present one after the other on the roads. Living in houses was so common here! I came from a place where living in houses is not only uncommon, but also impractical, considering the huge population of the city! Most people in Mumbai live in apartments in tall buildings. Living in a house felt different.

The neighbors were far away from us. Not physically, but emotionally and socially. Coming from a place where neighbors are literally like family, getting used to the fact that a “hello” along with a smile was the closest that I would come to getting to know them, was a disappointment.

The city was beautiful. It was filled with trees and small lakes too! This place was closer to nature than the suburbs of Mumbai were. And that was one thing that I immediately fell in love with about this place.

I had to take the bus to campus one day. The bus stop was on the other side of the road, and so I had to cross the road. I made sure to look on my right side for any speeding cars before I cross, reach the middle of the road, and then again look the other way on the left for cars coming from the other side. Can you imagine a girl looking at the right side of the road while crossing as a car approaches from her left? That’s exactly what happened. I forgot they drove on the right side of the road. We drove on the left side of the road.

I would see people from all around the world on the streets of Okemos and on campus too. Living in a place shared by Americans, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Africans, and so many more made me feel like a global citizen living in a small world full of affable individuals who almost never fail to smile at you. It was beautiful to know how smiling at strangers was considered so naturally normal for most people here. I came from a place that is full of people who are so busy in their own lives, that nobody has the time to give a smile to somebody they do not even know.

I eventually got over the ‘culture shock’ phase and partially adapted myself to the new environment, which I believe is necessary. I also try to retain certain aspects of my own culture, which I believe is also necessary. I catch myself instinctively smiling at other people
most of the times, looking at the correct side of the road while crossing, and enjoying theeauty of the silence instead of feeling uncomfortable as I did earlier.

Change is beautiful. Change is necessary. It’s good to know that you’re physically strong
enough to deal with the winters of Michigan even when coming from a hot place like Mumbai.
It’s good to know that you’re emotionally strong enough to stay away from your Home and
family. It’s good to know that you’re mentally strong enough to deal with the sudden
academic changes and yet not make your grades suffer. It’s beautiful to look forward to seeing
snow for the first time in your life, when others think it’s a trivial thing. After all, it’s the little
things in life, that make you wake up the next day and keep you alive.

There’s a very simple way by which I have tricked myself into adapting to this new place and
making this transition extremely easy for me. Every time that I get stressed out a bit about
making conversions in my head because of the fact that people here prefer miles over
kilometers, pounds over kilograms, Fahrenheit over Celsius, or every time I remind myself
that a dustbin is called trash, a bag is called a backpack, and football here is not the same as
soccer, and when I do something differently here than the way I did it home, and when I feel
homesick or think that life was way easier back home, I always tell myself that an education
here is, indeed, a blessing that was denied to many so that I could have it.

And boom, all emotions evaporate. And I am filled with joy and gratitude.

I have taught my mind to free itself from all the previously existing stereotypes that I brought
along with me from India, because after getting to know so many people from different parts
of the world, and I must thank Michigan State University for this wonderful opportunity,
there’s only one profound truth that I have learnt by myself - No matter where you were born,
no matter where you grew up, no matter where you come from, no matter what language you
speak or what clothes you wear or what color your skin is, deep inside we’re all the same,
always had been, and always shall be.
“Winter can be horrible, just to let you know.” A senior student frowned his eyebrows when talking to me about winter in Michigan.

“Oh, I’ll be fine. In the past 22 years, I have survived the endless rain in Chongqing, the soaring wind in Lanzhou, and the thick snow in Beijing. Thanks, though,” I grinned as he frowned his eyebrows more.

The weather in Michigan is just awesome. I arrived at Michigan in summer, and wandered around the green in campus. The birds were singing passionately in the crystal blue sky. The lazy, fat ducks were taking naps beside the Cedar River. At night, fireflies came out to chase the stars, and almost became blinking stars themselves.

When winter approaches, the view became magnificent. The colorful autumn was like a painting, while some melancholy made it a poem.

The poem ended suddenly. The winter came. First snow! I ran out happily, held snow in my hands, and appreciated the beautiful shape of the flakes. But... There was more snow. Piles of snow. And tons of snow. Finally, I was overwhelmed by snow.

Before the sky turned light, I had to go outside of the apartment and go to class. People sometimes said, “It is white out”. For me, it was “black out”. Both walking and taking the bus would be an adventure. Walking in the winter is basically stumbling forward while trying to seal my scarf. As for taking a bus, it is a psychological exercise. In the soaring wind, when I was waiting for the bus, I stared at any light that was moving, suspecting that it might be headlights of the bus. When the bus finally came, the eyes were already sored and brain was exhausted by too
much imagination about the snow. What’s more, I got to know the meaning of winter blues (a terminology I only read in books) by personal experience.

But brightness appeared in winter, just as headlights of the bus, in a form of friendship. In the International Friendship program, I met Brita Bucklin, a blond-haired, kind-looking woman, who was nice, caring and strong-minded. Interested in cultures, she and I had lots of topics to talk about deeply, and a lot of new ideas to inspire each other. She brought me to dinner, took me to one-day trips, and invited me to her mom’s house. When there finally was sunshine outside, it was perfect to have hot coffee in a warm restaurant with a friend after short trips. When the temperature dropped again, it was even better to cut brussel sprouts and chat with her, while the soup was bubbling, and the steak’s pleasant smell filled up the room.

There were always activities in winter. In the West Circle, I played ping pong as well as tennis with friends. We took off our heavy coats and wore comfortable T-shirts. In the Main Circle, I jumped into pool and had a good swim while watching the white snow shining in golden sunshine outside the window. When the snow became thicker, some classmates in my department decided that it was the right time for ice waterfall climbing. Therefore, we went up north, crossed the bridge, put on special shoes and held ice axes. We took turns to climb and encourage each other. When I was almost paralyzed by the tiredness and the cold, their shouting motivated me to climb to the top of the ice waterfall.

As I made more friends, got used to the everyday life in the US, put my studies on track with my advisor’s help, and developed clear goals for the future, the anxiety gradually faded away, and peace was taking its place. As for winter, I began to take tough things in my stride and cherish the positive side. I found that walking and waiting for the bus was not that bad, if I could laugh at the stumbles of me and friends, and if I could pay attention to the driver’s smile instead of the gloomy weather.
When Christmas arrived, there was no need to take the bus to school. I celebrated Christmas with Brita’s whole family. To my surprise, I found my presents for me under a decorated Christmas tree. What’s more, there were extremely cute cardinals in a bird house. With my stomach full of salad, pasta, shrimps, and hot coffee, I stood on the balcony to watch the red birds flying around, as well as the smile of members of the family. It occurred to me that winter was actually also a very beautiful season.

Seasons came and went, just like the flow of Cider River, or the passing of time. After searching for blue flowers in the early spring, discussions about how many acorns the squirrels gorged to become that fat, afternoons of lying on the lawn and reading books, late nights of doing assignments in the library, I found the date of graduation approaching.

With help of my advisor Gwen Wittenbaum as well as inspiration from other professors, I have been developing interest in academia. Previously, I planned to graduate and go back to China to work as a journalist and report reality. Now, I found that conducting research is a more thorough exploration of reality. At first sight, the endeavor in research seemed to be a torture. However, as I became more and more used to it, I began to feel the excitement in pursuing knowledge, I developed a sense of achievement when I found some answers to research questions. Academia was just like Michigan winter, when I got used to it, I began to appreciate it, greatly.

Gradually, I made up my mind to apply for admission into a PhD program next year. After graduation, I will try my luck to find a job to support my academic pursuits. My future is uncertain, but I am confident and determined. Moving to another place, I can show off to people: “In more than two decades, I have survived the endless rain in Chongqing, the soaring wind in Lanzhou, the thick snow in Beijing, and the winter in Michigan.” Perhaps there would be tornados in the new place, but I will finally learn to face it and appreciate it with the experience in Michigan.

The next winter is coming. I can now drive in winter, since I got a driver’s license and bought a car. But people struggling in snow would still attract my attention. As social
animals, helping others is intrinsic in humans. Moreover, others’ kindness made my life much easier than it was supposed to be. Therefore, I feel a sense of duty to help others in need, as proving of basic human integrity, as an expressive understanding from my own experience, and as a way to feed back to the society.

Last winter, I knew a visiting scholar who had to go from the Communication Art & Sciences building all the way to Grand River Avenue to take a bus. And when he got off the bus, he had to take about half a mile’s walk to his house. So I offered him ride every week after his 8 pm class.

This summer, a new student came to Michigan State University. I went to the airport to pick her up. “Is Michigan winter horrible?” She asked me.

“Oh, the winter will be good, though it could seem horrible. You will be fine on your own. And I will give you a ride if you need,” I grinned.