

# Ithaca Chatter

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**Travel Fever:** In this issue read about the places in these photos: the Silk Road in China (p. 2), visiting South Carolina (p. 3) and fun in Hawaii (p. 4) plus a trip to Inner Mongolia (p. 4).



**A section of the ancient Great Wall, Shandan, China.**



**Hawaii volcano**



**Sheep grazing on the grassland below the snow-topped Qilian Mountains**



**Huanjue and her husband paraglide in Hawaii**



**Gabriella in South Carolina**



**Dan in Inner Mongolian meadow**

## The Great Wall, Qilian Mountains, and Horses – A Trip to Shandan Hui Liu, China

Along the Silk Road, there are countless historical sites, old cities, and distinct sceneries. It is a route full of legendary stories and breathtaking beauty. My husband and I once traveled along the Silk Road to a small county ---Shandan---in Northwest China. It's an ancient battleground, and also famous for horses and pastures and beautiful scenery. Qilian Mountains topped with snow all the year round stretch as far as the eye can see.

Passing along its northern slopes, the ancient Great Wall alongside the modern highway extends away into the distance. In some areas, we even could see two ancient Great Walls running in parallel on the grassland—one was built in the Han Dynasty (about 2,000 years ago) and the other was built in the Ming Dynasty (about 700 years ago). Compared to the grand and majestic sections of Badaling Great Wall, the sections of the Great Wall in Shandan were not built of bricks and stones, but rammed earth, and the thousands of years of weathering and erosion from sandstorms and rains have taken their toll. Touching the watchtower of the Great Wall was touching 2,000 years of history.

There were still flocks and herds on the sides of the Great Wall with the background of vast grassland and snow-topped Qilian Mountains. I thought that it might be the same scenery thousands of years ago. (Later, I heard that the Shandan Great Walls are the best preserved ancient Great Wall in China and there is an ancient post office built along it.)

Other than the Great Wall, the grassland or the pasture attracted me most. The Shandan Horse-raising pasture is the oldest horse-breeding and horse-raising pasture in the world and the biggest one in Asia. Bred and raised in the plateau, Shandan horses are smaller than others but famous for good stamina. For about 3,000 years, army-horses were raised and trained in Shandan. I am a horse-lover, and when I first heard about the Shandan army horses a few years ago, I was totally captivated. Shandan, and only Shandan, should be the home of army-horses. Only there were they in the company of the Great Wall, strolling on the grassland at the foot of the great Qilian Mountains.

It took a few hours to drive to the pasture. It was summer, and the glittering golden rape flowers in the vast fields undulated in the breeze; the mountain conifer forest was dark green; the vast grassland was verdant. They formed a beautiful tapestry. We saw hundreds of horses roaming on the pasture in the morning. I was told that there were over 10,000 horses two decades ago, but now there were about

1,000, because cavalry as one of the army forces had been disarmed in 1985.

We rented horses from the local people and rode through a beautiful gorge and visited a lake with the pure water melting from the thousands of years' mountain snow. The gorge was very beautiful; creeks and rivers meandered through it with various wild flowers along the sides. Clouds of mists shrouded and slipped slowly into the valley, and grotesque stones dotted the mountains. There was a huge rock looking like a standing person with his sword sticking in the ground in front of him. Local people believed that it was a famous young general who lived in the Han Dynasty 2,000 years ago, standing there and protecting them.

The horses that we rode were still raised and trained traditionally. There were numbers on their bodies, as in the army, and they were disciplined. It was a long ride, about three to four hours, and the route was very difficult to pass through, but the horses never stopped to take a rest or eat grass or drink water from the river. They only rested and ate when the host removed the saddles, which was a break signal, and they only drank flowing water, as in a river, but not the stagnant water in a pool or a lake. After such a long ride, my husband and I were excited but exhausted. Our waists and legs ached; we couldn't even walk or stand for a while.

The next day it was raining and the temperature dropped to just above freezing. We borrowed winter coats from the host of the house that we stayed in and understood why local people still wore sweaters and heavy clothes in summer. Everything was covered in the mist and drizzle. The horses went to the pasture deep in the mountains every morning and would come back before dusk. They wouldn't come back when the weather was bad, so we didn't see the horses again, but there was a "horses' road" dimly visible on the grassland. According to local people, the horses always ran and stepped the same way, and year after year they created a "road" on the grassland where not even a blade of grass grew. We were a little disappointed that we didn't see the horses again, but we gathered many mushrooms on the grassland and cooked a delicious soup.

At the end of the trip, we went back to the Great Wall and visited a photographer friend who lived in a small house beside it. He quit his job in a hospital in a big city, sold his family property, and moved there at the bidding of the Great Wall. He shot the Great Walls from various angles and the people who lived there. When asked about his small house, He said slowly with a smile: "The beauty of the Great Wall is not for a passerby."

## **Moonlight and Mangnolia...and Slavery**

### **Gabriella Guercilena Jacobi, Italy & Germany**

During spring break my husband and I decided to fly to South Carolina for two reasons: we wished to leave the cold and long Ithaca winter behind us and we wanted to visit the South-East of the US. For us it was still an unknown area. We were not disappointed by our decision!

The first stop was Charleston, an unbelievably beautiful city. I used to say that Charleston is like a dream, so well-preserved, so clean and so colorful. The pre Civil War houses have large verandas and wonderful gardens, where luxuriant vegetation grows: azaleas in every color, blue-violet wisterias, tall palms and large oaks. The oaks are everywhere, in the gardens, in the parks, along the roads forming shadowy avenues. Only the magnolia trees were not in bloom yet or they had already faded.

It was interesting to take part in guided tours and get the opportunity to visit some historic houses, to look at the antique sumptuous furniture and to listen to the houses' history. History is everywhere in Charleston. The Civil War began in South Carolina. Most of the houses have historic markers in the facades that inform us of the original owners and of the historic events which they were involved in.

Due to the fact that the wealth of the Southern States was based on the slaves' hard work we were interested in not only admiring the beauty of the city but also in discovering its "dark" side. We found it in the "Old Slave Mart", where the slaves were sold and bought. Today it is a small museum with exhibits and a large document collection about slavery from the beginning until the end of the Civil War.

Boone Hall Plantation, only a few miles North of Charleston, still has nine original slave cabins (the only ones well preserved in the US), where the slaves lived in very tight quarters and poor circumstances. Every cabin shows different aspects of the slaves' lives and history via modern media and traditional exhibits.

After having visited Charleston and surroundings we drove further South. Along the coast there are a lot of small islands (Edisto Island, Hunting Island etc.) connected to the continent through mile long highway bridges. On Port Royal Island is Beaufort, a small town with rich flora and wonderful pre Civil War houses. It looks like Charleston in miniature. Beaufort is only a few miles from Savannah.

So we decided to go to Georgia also. We crossed the Savannah River that makes the border between the two Southern States and we arrived in Savannah situated on the right bank of this river. I had expected that Savannah should be like Charleston but I got it wrong because most of the old and well preserved buildings are made of red brick and don't have a veranda. Here the British influence (Revolutionary War 1775 – 1783) is present everywhere.

Savannah was founded by James Oglethorpe from England in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century who gave the city a geometric structure with 24 small parks called "squares". In the squares are flowers, big trees, fountains, statues, historic markers and benches for resting. Also, the river front is very interesting. The historic storehouses for cotton and other goods along the river have been turned into nice restaurants and cafés. The Savannah harbour was a very important place for the trade with slaves. Here we found many markers reminiscent of the cruel history of slavery as well.

The sightseeing of the cities was an interesting experience but we also enjoyed hiking in the swamps and in the marshes of South Carolina. We went to "Magnolia Plantation and Gardens", to "Charles Pinckney National Park", to "Audobon Center at Francis Beidler Forest" and to "Congaree Swamp National Park". Sometimes we had to hike for miles and miles on boardwalks built above the swamps and through the marshes. Here we admired trees we have never seen before and learned a lot of things.

We saw "Loblolly Pines" growing in wetland areas and this is unusual for pines, "Tupelo trees", or the centuries old big "Bald Cypressess" with their countless "knees" (similar to pinnacles) which are part of the root system rising up from the forest floor. All these trees root in slow flooding or standing water. The landscape of the swamps is very strange and looks like an enchanted forest.

A lot of animals live there. We saw many alligators waiting for prey in water or basking in the sun, snakes rolled in the tree holes, water turtles swimming in lakes and big birds like herons, egrets and others.

I learned the difference between swamps and marshes. Swamps are flooded forest and marshes are flooded grasslands. Very impressive was the "Spanish moss" drooping from the branches of the trees like a long grey beard which made the trees look very old (wonderful on the oaks!). I learned that the "Spanish moss" is neither a parasite nor a moss but an independent plant living on air and humidity.

Spring and fall are the best seasons for visiting the South of the US because it is warm but not too hot and there is no mosquito plague yet. We enjoyed this very interesting vacation also because the weather was wonderful, sunny and warm. Upon our return to New York State in Ithaca we found ...winter!

*[Note: About slavery I read the book "Incidents in the life of a slave girl" by Linda Brent (Harriet Jacobs) who was a slave. (1861)]*

## **Trip to Inner Mongolia Zhao Xiaodan, China**

One of my great trips was to Inner Mongolia. In that trip, I saw both deserts and meadows. The Mongolian meadow had been my dream place for a long time. When I personally experienced the beautiful scenery, I was shocked at the vast meadow. It looked like a huge green carpet covered the whole land. The scenery was completely natural, but the meadow was so beautiful that we couldn't believe it was real. At the same time, I felt very sorry about desertification, but I was also impressed by the desert scenery when I walked into it. And riding a camel through the desert really was a lot of fun. Besides the fantastic natural view, the delicious food and cordial people also impressed me.

At Inner Mongolia I first tasted the real home-made milk tea and yogurt. Even though I'm not a dairy-lover, the fresh tasting and rich smell of milk attracted me very much. And their traditional lamb BBQ was also made without any artificial sauce but salt. I found that the Mongolian method of cooking food, in fact, followed their philosophy about being a sincere man. In that trip, we had a dinner with our Mongolian friends. They used how much alcohol people drank to measure how deep our friendship was. We saw their famous hospitality and straight personality again. That night we drank a lot, ate a lot and even sang together. That experience was unforgettable, because I found how wonderful the natural life

## **A Memorable Trip to the Paradise of Hawaii Huanjue Fu, China**

Hawaii is one of my dream places. There are beautiful beaches, tropical plants and warm sunshine. Last year, I was very happy that my dream finally came true: my husband and I visited Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii. After about five hours' flight from San Francisco, I saw the green jade sea through the window of the airplane. At that time, I guessed I would get into the paradise soon.

Once landed, I walked out of the airplane with excitement, feeling a special warm breath which is characteristic of the tropical zone. After reaching the hotel and resting for two hours, we went out to visit the most famous area in Honolulu – Waikiki. It was evening time and there were a lot of visitors walking on the street. Some visitors took pictures here and there to record this beautiful place. Some visitors walked into the duty-free or luxury stores which are the best shopping places. As a symbol of Honolulu, we saw a lot of torches in the shapes of spears in front of many buildings. Looking at these torches, we felt the warm welcome from Hawaiians and their strength, optimism and courage.

The next day, we visited Pearl Harbor where we paid tribute to the USS Arizona Memorial and watched the movie of the Pearl Harbor event. I could imagine the scene of the war that was very terrible at that time. Also, it makes everyone reflect deeply on the history. On our way back from Pearl Harbor, we joined a

city tour and had a wonderful chance to look around the city. From the guide, we learned quite a lot about the history of Hawaii, the local Polynesian culture and got to know some simple greeting words of the local language like “Aloha” that means “Hello” in English.

When the evening came, we joined a sunset cruise which had a lot of entertainment such as the ebullient Hawaiian dance and fantastic Polynesian magic show. We appreciated the dance and the show very much while tasting delicious food. Also, we had an amazing opportunity to enjoy the gorgeous sunset on a boat.

During our visit, the aquatic sports were very exciting and memorable. My husband and I tried parasailing for the very first time. When we were raised in the sky, we felt like we were flying as birds, overlooking the beautiful and charming sea and the scenery of Honolulu. Besides, we had a very interesting experience when an airplane passed right over the top of the paraglider!

This trip was so wonderful and marvelous that I wanted to stay there for my life time. I would certainly like to visit Hawaii again in the future.

## **Five days: An Unforgettable Experience with a Baby Ronnachai Leelachat, Thailand**

As you can imagine, as a single man I have never had experience feeding a baby before. I am an uncle who took care of my nephew while his parents were out of town for five days. I was on duty to take care of him. In fact, he is a cute baby boy, just nine months old. I bonded with him. He imitated my tone of voice by blah blahh blahh and I had such a wonderful time with him.

Yet it was not as easy as I expected. Although I fell in love with him I was tired. Now I realize that taking care of a child is a full-time job! To begin with, he has meals six or seven times a day, feeding him with formula, milk and solid food. It depends on his routine and nap time. However, it takes about 2 hours for each meal. Changing his diaper is really important to protect his skin. He would easily get heat rash if you ignore it. It is best to change diapers 3 or 4 times a day. A baby crying is a sign indicating that something is wrong, but you have to guess what the sign means.

I started each day with him at 6:00 a.m. He definitely needed milk and then would continue to sleep after feeding until 8:00 a.m. After that, he would have milk for a second time around 9:00 a.m. At 10:30 a.m. I would feed him solid food, and he would sleep from noon to 2:00 p.m. Later on, he might play with toys and crawl around the floor. At 4 or 5:00 p.m. he would either take a nap or feel hungry and play. At 6:30 p.m. it was time to have solid food. Finally, before falling asleep at 9:00 p.m. he would get milk. That was my routine taking care of my nephew!

## **Rethinking Nuclear Power**

**Zhao Xiaodan, China**

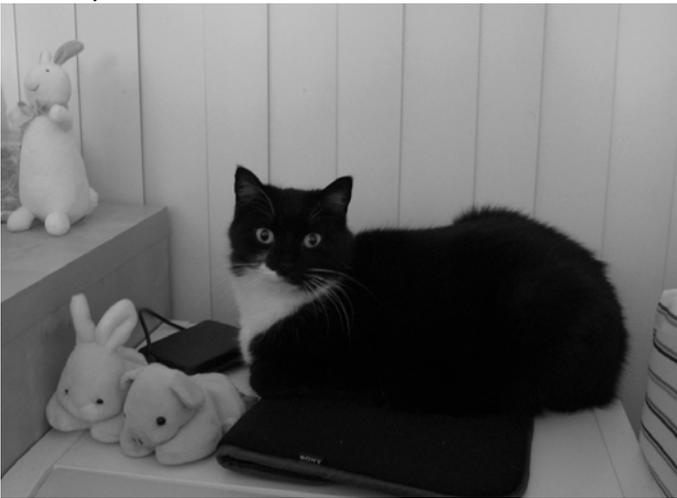
It's time to rethink those nuclear power development plans. The nuclear disaster that recently happened in Japan really shocked me profoundly. We cannot see the nuclear radiation, even can't smell it, but those radioactive particles can spread all over. Unlike a virus, the radiation hurts people invisibly but critically. If someone has a cough or headache, they could realize that maybe they contracted the virus somewhere. In contrast, it is less common that people have any knowledge about radiation. Without technical equipment, no one knows whether they are exposed to the radiation.

Although nuclear power is still considered to be the cleanest power, a series of nuclear station accidents in the most recent three decades already gave the world enough alarms to make us rethink our former considerations about nuclear power.

In fact, my severe worry about nuclear just came up recently, because the latest nuclear release disaster is happening in East Asia, where I come from. My family and friends may be living under the radiation threat. It sounds a little selfish, but I have to say that before this accident I didn't concern myself with this issue too much. I even thought it so far away from my life. Not until a certain problem crashes into our lives do we begin to think about it seriously.

Since the Japanese nuclear accident happened, a lot of European people have started to protest nuclear power stations in their countries. I think this accident in Japan maybe caused them to recall the terrible Chernobyl Disaster. It seems only those people who have been threatened by nuclear disasters can really know how horrible it is. I don't want to believe that we won't realize how dangerous nuclear power is until more people suffer.

### **Monna, Yi-Sook's cat**



## **My Kitty Friend**

**Yi Sook Lim, Korea**

Three months ago, my husband and I adopted a 5-year-old cat, Monna. When I saw her for the first time, she looked like she was wearing a tuxedo because of her white belly and black back. She was very shy and seemed to be afraid of me and my husband, her new family. However, since 3 days after the adoption, she gradually has adjusted to the new environment and new companions. It is my first time raising a cat, so it brought me many discoveries about cats, one of mankind's best animal friends.

First of all, while raising Monna, I realized that cats are as affectionate as dogs. Monna usually likes to be petted over the head and under the chin. She also snuggles up, touches her nose and sleeps close to me every day.

Secondly, cats are very easy to care for. They can use a litter box by themselves after a little training, even as kittens. Also, we don't need to wash them because they are able to clean their bodies on their own by grooming unless their fur is too long.

Thirdly, cats are relatively independent compared to dogs. They can be without people for 2-3 days if there is enough food and water. Therefore, I can leave for a short trip without worrying about her.

Lastly, cats are very playful. They like to play with a little toy or a ball and to chase some moving objects. This behavior is similar to hunting: stalking and snatching. Among many recreations, Monna's favorite is chasing a laser pointer's red dot.

Monna has brought not only a lot of unexpected joys but also a great responsibility into my life. I realized that keeping and learning about a pet brings people emotional satisfaction and interesting intellectual findings. Also I came to understand what it means to be completely responsible for another being. My only hope is that my kitty friend will stay healthy and be with me for a long, long time.

**Poems by Archana Jaba, India**  
**ESL Teaching Assistant**

**A Priceless Gift**

I am not a poet,  
Words I have very few,  
Silence is the best clue  
To all within me that churns  
As my famished soul yearns  
With you to effortlessly unite,  
Be inundated in pure delight.  
Here I was, all spent,  
Prepared to at last dismiss  
That which I so deeply miss  
As only a tempting illusion,  
As only a painful delusion,  
But then our paths crossed and...  
A rare glimpse I had of bliss,  
Lips melting in a gentle kiss.  
A burrow in an endless embrace,  
Far from misery in a secret place.  
Bubbles in a cauldron of desire,  
Overwhelming, as they conspire.  
Mingling minds immensely pleasing,  
Carnal rawness irresistibly teasing,  
The piercing warm sighs so potent,  
Awakening beauty, long dormant.  
Caution ousted by surrender,  
Compelled by force so tender.  
A strike of an enchanted weapon  
And one is in a very real heaven.  
The lost abandon of being a child,  
The naked sincerity of being wild.  
A simple humanness undiluted,  
Neither defiled, nor convoluted.  
A willed, nourishing drunkenness,  
A rapturous ecstasy, also guiltless.  
Quenching of a maddening thirst,  
Lost in another as one is immersed.

An unruly, righteous hunger quelled,  
Mocking, pathetic demons dispelled.  
Life is but moments strung together,  
I am richer by a cherished moment,  
You I have to thank for this present,  
Always within the recesses of my heart,  
Memories will dwell, even after we part.

**Ever...**

Does it ever seem elusive,  
That which you so desire?  
Are you impelled to seek  
All that can truly inspire?  
Have they ever gone to waste,  
Your cascading earnest tears?  
Have your candid words  
Ever fallen on deaf ears?  
Have you ever given your all  
But lost and been battered?  
Has your beloved dream  
Ever violently shattered?  
For your irrepressible passion  
Have you ever been punished?  
Is there still safe within you  
An aliveness unblemished?  
Do you relish your solitariness  
Yet musing, wistfully, ever long,  
That the one who can be yours  
Would some day come along?  
If your answer is a yes...  
When your poor head  
Begins to spin and rattle,  
Remember you are not alone  
Fighting this unending battle,  
The naughty river always has  
Some surprises at every bend,  
Many more times as life unfolds,  
Your poem you will still amend.

## Limericks:Advanced Class D4 (these are a lot of fun!!!)

A snake charmer with charges in clasp  
Had pest problems exceeding his grasp.  
When he found out his daddy  
Was really St. Paddy,  
He had him get rid of his asp.  
-Amy

There once was a school named Cornell  
From whose tower there pealed out a bell  
The tunes that it ringeth  
Most everyone singeth  
Though nobody knew them too well.  
-Amy

Once was a fellow named Toman  
Who fell in love with an Irish woman.  
So he wore clothes of green  
And tried to look clean  
But alas! She said no cause he's Roman.  
-Asako

There is a young lady on the beach  
Resplendent in swimsuit of peach  
Two men see her beauty  
But soon learn their duty  
With a family, she's out of their reach.  
-Tia

There was a fat pig from New Delhi  
Who wants to buy a big bottle of jelly  
He started on a diet  
Trying to be quiet  
But all he got was a big belly  
-Wendy

One day when I was at Cornell  
I entered Sage Hall at the bell  
A student told me a story  
I said I am sorry,  
I dont understand, can't you tell?  
-Hong

There was a young girl named Nat  
Who adopted a small pretty cat  
But with a dog on the stair  
Soon everywhere hair  
And Nat's cat wasn't happy with that.  
-Hui

There was a young student named Xime  
Who went sugaring in NY one spring day.  
Sap flows up the xylem  
and not down the phloem  
She explained with some help from friend  
Hui.  
-Cheryl

There is a man in my class named Tia,  
Which sounds like the Chinese word jia.  
The meaning is home.  
We met at the dome.  
My gosh, who has stolen my Kia?  
-Hui

A girl named Mary always wanted a pet  
But her parents said you're too young so  
not yet.  
She found a stray cat  
A dog and a bat  
Mary's parents were angry, I bet.  
-Hui

There once was a student from Peru  
To meet funny people like you  
He started at college  
To pick up some knowledge  
But all he picked up was the flu.  
-Enver

A woman from Taiwan named Pei Ju  
To Ithaca & our class is quite new  
From a tropical isle  
Here must seem vile  
But soon we'll have spring right here too.  
(we hope!)  
-Cheryl

From China comes a man called Hong.  
He worries that his words sound wrong.  
No need to despair.  
His efforts repair.  
Wrong words will will sound right before  
long.  
-Julie

There was a young man from Peru  
Who studied climate "moles" at CU  
I'm hungry, he said  
But I don't like your bread  
And it tastes like a meteorite, too!  
-Cheryl

There was a young woman called Laura,  
Whose family missed seeing their  
daughter  
From Barcelona they came  
To see Ithaca's cold fame  
Next time they said try Bora Bora.  
-Julie

There was a Brazilian au pair  
with two little kids in her care  
She read the book "Thief"  
No, really "The Book Thief"  
We pronounced it until it was clear.  
-Cheryl

There was a young woman called Betty  
She liked to walk down to the jetty  
Right now there is ice  
But soon will be nice  
She may see a sailboat called Hettie.  
-Julie

There is a young student named Hui  
Who spreads sunshine all on her way  
She is helpful and kind  
Loves expanding her mind  
And she always has good things to say.  
-Cheryl

There was a woman from Mexico  
Who liked her adventures on the go  
Each day she would walk  
To see and to talk  
Stories to tell and pictures to show.  
-Julie

There once was a student from Spain  
Who watched movies over and over again  
Even "The King's Speech"  
Was not out of his reach  
He certainly was using his brain.  
-Cheryl

Wendy had never seen snow  
Far from home she had to go  
She skated on the lake  
Snow ice cream she did make  
Now she hopes for grass to grow.  
-Julie

## My Memories of the Spring Festival Huanjue Fu, China

Based on historical records, the Spring Festival is derived from god and ancestor worship in the Shang dynasty. Chinese people have celebrated the Spring Festival for four thousand years. It is called the Chinese New Year and is the most important traditional holiday in China. The arrival of the Spring Festival indicates that the season of Spring will be coming and sowing and harvest time will be beginning. People have endured the chill of winter and expect spring blossoms to come soon. So, at the approaching of the Spring Festival, the joyous people meet to celebrate this great festival.

Before the New Year arrives, people must clean the whole house, sweeping away any bad luck, defilement and diseases in the past year. Also, every family takes down lanterns and couplets of last year and then hangs new lanterns and pastes a pair of spring festival couplets in front of the door. People prepare traditional food which represents good luck and fortune. For example, new year cake has the shape of gold and silver blocks that suggests better fortune in the new year; dumplings, shaped like the money of ancient China, suggest bringing in wealth and treasure; round sweet rice balls symbolize the getting-together of the whole family. Besides preparing special dishes, candies, peanuts, tangerines and oranges are often sent out to children and guests.

When I was a little girl, I was especially looking forward to the spring festival. As you know, kids always want to grow fast, and according to the Chinese culture, they are one year older as the New Year comes, getting closer and closer to adulthood. They want to do everything by themselves, such as spending red packets (money gift from elders) freely without being controlled by their parents. Whenever this holiday came, my parents took me back to the countryside where my grandparents and relatives lived. There was so much fun and entertainment: all the kids in our family got together to play games, shoot off firecrackers at the courtyard, and watch the dragon and lion dance at the country road. On New Year's Eve, all the family members got together to prepare a lot of delicious and traditional food from which both elders and kids can find their favorite one for sure. Furthermore, the kids were very happy that the parents bought them new clothes and shoes. Particularly important on the New Year's Eve, younger generations expected to take red packets from their parents, grandparents and relatives.

However, as I grew up, I gradually lost my enthusiasm for the Spring Festival since I almost couldn't find the funny things that I have liked in my childhood. All my siblings and I had grown up and we were no longer interested in what we played as kids. Instead, we paid more attention to on-line games, poker, entertainment TV shows. After I came to US, I missed my family very much, especially during the Spring Festival. I called my parents and relatives one by one, sending my greetings and good wishes to them while accepting blessings from them. Also, I watched the Chinese Spring Festival Gala on-line to feel the holiday atmosphere. I began to understand the real meaning of the Spring Festival. After one year's hard work, people need to take a break to relax themselves. This is the best time for the whole family together to celebrate the achievements of the past year and wish each other the best of luck in the coming year.



Photos from <http://www.cultural-china.com/>