

Exchange student lives, learns American way



Bartow photo

Senior Fernando Zuccolotto pauses to make small talk with fellow senior Taylor Foust. Zuccolotto is fluent in both Portuguese and English.

A whole new world: 18 year-old exchange student Fernando Zuccolotto completes his senior year away from Brazil, learning a new language and culture.

By Natalie Kaplan
Staff Writer

In the past few years, Grimsley has not only extended its borders in redistricting lines and to accommodate the ever-growing population boom which Guilford County schools has been coping, but also its international borders. Fernando Henrique Candelas Zuccolotto is one of the many different foreign-exchange students whom Grimsley hosts each year.

Zuccolotto, who is 18 years-old and originally from Brazil, has been studying in America for only seven months, yet he will be completing his senior year requirements at Grimsley. He will return to Brazil in June to complete high school and take the college-entrance exams.

Although his visit is relatively short, Zuccolotto has found this school year to be a huge change, very different from his home in Ribeirao Preto, Sao Paulo.

"Everything here is different. First of all, the school that I used to attend was a small private school, having just 290 students. My classes there would start at 7:00 a.m. and we would finish by 12:30 p.m.," said Zuccolotto.

Zuccolotto is staying here in America with his aunt, uncle, and two cousins, whom he enjoys very much.

His cousin is the one who first interested

him in studying in America. She told him of an organization, the America Interchange Student Exchange, that helps students with acquiring visas and finding host families in America.

With the difficult task of adapting to a new culture and completely different lifestyle, Zuccolotto, who is fluent in both his native language Portuguese and English, is also tackling Mr. Maness's Spanish II class in his second language, English.

Zuccolotto has found that speaking English in his daily life has helped him to speak the language more frequently and proficiently by applying what he has already learned in his years of study.

"English is not too hard. I have been studying it since 1997, but when I came here I realized that I was just beginning to learn the language when I needed to use it in my everyday life," said Zuccolotto.

As well as studying in Greensboro, Zuccolotto has enjoyed many aspects of the American culture while holding onto his own heritage and native interests.

"I like trance music and MPB (a style of Brazilian music). I also like TV and movies a lot. Here, I have a lot of time to see movies on the weekends," said Zuccolotto.

Many students at Grimsley have studied abroad, and several students from other countries are currently studying here along with Zuccolotto.

"Each student has his own experience," he said. "I don't know if mine is better or worse, but I can say that I'm having a great time, and nothing is like it! Since I moved here, I have realized that I'm not just learning a new language, but much more," said Zuccolotto.

Where's Max? Boldly braving Greensboro's perilous streets, Part II

In the second of a two-part series, Max recounts the high-intensity adventures of a police ride-along.

By Max Socol
Staff Writer

There were many times during my ride-along with Officer Alex Stout that I feared for my life. Not because of the criminals, of course; no, I was mostly worried about the typing.

Allow me to explain. Most police officers are allowed to drive pretty much as fast as they want. Officer Stout, an experienced mechanic, explained to me as we hurtled down extra-windy streets that he was an experienced mechanic and knew how to push his car to the limit, meaning that he often and with pleasure transformed it into a speeding metal box of fiery death.

Furthermore, most officers have cars equipped with high-tech computer terminals which allow them to communicate with dispatch and with other cars on patrol. They require typing, with at least one hand and some amount of eye contact.

While a great driver, Officer Stout was not much of a typist, tending to go with the "one finger in slow motion" method, which is not my personal favorite as you can probably imagine. It was for these reasons that I had visions of the car as a tumbling inferno, rolling end over the street as Officer Stout meticulously called for backup. I got to take a break from my worrying, however, because it was time for dinner.

On our way to eat, however, dispatch came on over the radio and asked us to head to the recycling center in district one to check out a possible burglary. Being the responsible policemen that Stout and I most assuredly are, we made the rookie do it. We were hungry.

Dining with police officers is far from a normal experience. We ate in a "friendly" gas station, meaning we got free fountain drinks and no one spat in anyone else's food. Stout and I sat down at some booths in the back, joining four or five other officers al-

ready there. They discussed the business of the evening: bust troubles, car problems, occasional shooting and, most importantly, which prostitutes were in and back out of prison. Apparently Greensboro is home to only ten or so prostitutes, because the police officers know them all by name from frequent arrests.

The mood was relaxed and enjoyable until something very awkward happened: three state troopers walked into the station to eat.

Personally, I had been under the impression that the rivalry between local police and highway patrolmen was just a myth, propagated by movies like "Super Troopers."

I was very much mistaken. As the three troopers stepped inside, something in the air changed drastically. The cashier began to look nervous. You could have cut the tension with a butter knife. The rookie, who had just arrived from breaking up the burglary at the "indoor landfill," made a crack about the state

troopers' haircuts. Everyone snickered except for me. I was waiting for someone to throw something so I could duck under the table before the shooting got too heavy.

Luckily, it was time for Stout to go back

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on shift, and we left without any bloodshed, though I am sure we were only just in time.

After a drug bust at a local high school, Stout and I called it a night and headed for the station. As I got out of the car, Stout wished me luck. After my firsthand experience from that memorable evening, it seems like he is going to need it more than me—especially with the learning to type.

Are you ready? Top ten predictions for March 29th

By Molly Chadbourne and Max Socol
Staff Writers

10. Milk purchased on March 13th spoils.
9. Construction finally finishes (none of the signs indicate what year.)
8. Regime change, aka Laundry Day.
7. Everyone is ready!
6. The sinister phase II of Operation "Together We Can" begins.
5. The Whirlie develops legs and experiences uncontrollable glandular secretions.
4. Chik-fil-A closes, rendering Grimsley a vast wasteland of what was once high school.
3. Nothing, nothing at all.
2. The apocalypse.
1. The day before March 30th.

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