

"Tremendous insight . . . Essential reading for any family yearning to step off the treadmill and plunge into the world."  
—DANIEL H. PINK, *New York Times* bestselling author of *A Whole New Mind*

the new

# GLOBAL STUDENT



*Skip the SAT,  
Save Thousands on Tuition,  
and Get a Truly*

## INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

MAYA FROST



## CHAPTER ONE

# Creative, Not Crazy

## OUR FAMILY'S STORY

### FOLLOWING OUR INSTINCTS

If we did all the things we are capable of,  
we would literally astound ourselves.

T H O M A S   A .   E D I S O N

In the summer of 2005 my husband and I decided to sell everything and move abroad. There's nothing too unusual about that these days—except that we had four teenage daughters at the time, and the youngest three were about to enter their freshman, junior, and senior years of high school.

This book is about the lessons we learned—and the loopholes we discovered—while shepherding our kids through high school, into college, and beyond. Luckily, we stumbled upon a number of **affordable, accessible, and stunningly advantageous strategies that American parents *anywhere* can use** to help their kids get both an enriching education and a perspective-shifting international experience.

Sweet bonus: We saved a couple hundred thousand dollars in the process.

We were not on a crusade of any kind and never once waved a flag bearing the name of a particular educational movement. Our exodus wasn't spurred by fear, exasperation, or legal problems; it was simply a matter of following our instincts in order to give our kids what we felt would be a series of amazing opportunities for more learning and creativity.

When others hear our story, they can't help but make assumptions about us. Some we find hilarious.

**ASSUMPTION 1: WE HAD A TON OF MONEY AND/OR SERIOUS CONNECTIONS.**

Hoo-boy! That's a good one.

Let me be clear:

- We did not have a corporate cushion or support system of any kind.
- We had never received a bonus or stock payout in our lives.
- We didn't have a windfall from a business we had sold or an uncle who had died.
- We did not know anyone who had done what we were considering.
- We had no contacts where we were going.
- We did not speak the language.
- We were staring at multiple simultaneous college tuitions.

Need some numbers? Our annual income was firmly planted in the five figures—*together*. We weren't exactly swimming in cash, but we were more than comfortable. Our lifestyle was lean by design—we were choosing to work less than we could have because we valued our time with our kids. Or at least, that was our story.

Anyone looking at our tax forms would have said we were wildly optimistic (that being the polite way of putting it) to entertain the thought that we could move abroad, figure out how to make a living, *and* afford college for our girls.

And yet we had this feeling that not only could we continue to make enough to live well but that we'd actually *save more money for college* by living abroad than we could by staying in Oregon. (Juicy details later, but suffice it to say that this turned out to be a fantastic college-savings plan that only the most astute and progressive financial adviser would recommend.)

**ASSUMPTION 2: WE WERE ODDBALL PARENTS.**

*Quirky.* They think we must have been the kind of people you whisper about at parent meetings or avoid when you run into them in the grocery store.

The boring truth is that we were nice, normal people leading ordinary lives.

There was nothing particularly noteworthy about us. We weren't wild-eyed survivalists seeking a place to hunker down and wait for the Big KaBlooley, nor were we adrenaline-junkie adventurers off to scale the highest peaks. We didn't have a dream of sailing around the world; nor did we have an irresistible urge to go out and save it. Reasonably well mannered and inconspicuously attired, we did not embarrass our kids in public—unless my husband wanted to have a little fun, that is.

You wouldn't have looked twice at us at Starbucks, I swear.

**ASSUMPTION 3: WE WERE DISCONNECTED OR JUST PLAIN MISERABLE WHERE WE WERE.**

Well, no more than most people living in suburban America.

We didn't rant about the failings of our education system or launch into tirades about the decline of modern civilization—at least, not in mixed company or without provocation (or a few beers). Staunch supporters of the public schools, we had a tremendous amount of appreciation for the many caring teachers and conscientious administrators who were so committed to our kids and their classmates.

Sure, we felt that people bought too much stuff, wasted too

much gas, and packed their schedules too full, but we tried to view this with humor rather than despair. (Tip: It's easier that way.)

For several years we had lived in a Portland, Oregon, subdivision located about five miles from the Nike World Campus, another five from a huge Intel industrial park, and just down the way from Leupold and Stevens, the world's largest supplier of rifle scopes. I jokingly refer to this particular Bermuda Triangle as "the belly of the beast," but I had lived there as a kid when the area was nothing but fields and it holds a soft spot in my heart. The subdivisions bear the last names of my elementary school classmates whose grandparents had farmed the land there, and I used to catch butterflies in the meadow where Barnes & Noble now stands. I've been known to get all misty just standing in the business book section; I have deep roots there.

**ASSUMPTION 4: OUR GIRLS WERE ENMESHED IN A SCANDAL AT SCHOOL THAT NECESSITATED A QUICK EXIT TO PROTECT THEIR SOCIAL STANDING.**

Sorry—no gossip here. Our daughters were doing quite well and were far from being considered weird by their peers; they were excellent students, had lots of friends, and were involved in a number of activities. It's fair to say that they were generally happy (keeping in mind that we are talking about teenage girls).

In fact, everyone we knew seemed *generally* happy there.

But we couldn't shake the feeling that there was something more *vibrant* out there for us. The richness of life isn't recognized in a rush-rush world, and though we were personally committed to keeping things as simple as possible, we were immersed in a culture in which being "swamped" was a sign of success and being "exhausted" counted as a personal virtue. Perhaps we were just too lazy to run on that treadmill, but we prefer to think that we simply saw how unnecessarily urgent it all was. Besides, our kids were going to be leaving home soon; we wanted to share one last pivotal blast.

\* \* \*

We knew from experience (more on our minisabbatical in Chapter Eight) that we'd do more laughing in one day abroad than we would likely do in a month of living in Generica. The world is a zesty place, but it's easy to forget that when you're surrounded by clusters of nondescript cul-de-sacs and uninspired strip malls. I guess we were searching for more oomph in the form of jaw-dropping visuals, chin-trembling poignancy, and almost-pee-your-pants hilarity—and we didn't want to simply watch it on a television or movie screen.

Of course, we recognized that leaving our home and our country wouldn't be a bed of roses, but then, neither is making a living and raising kids in suburbia. Hey, if we were going to go through the struggle of daily life anyway, we might as well get some serious wow out of it. A little extra frustration seemed worth it if it ultimately led to unforgettable peak experiences for everyone.

Plus, we realized that it was our responsibility as parents (not the school's job) to move our daughters toward maturity and autonomy. We had two harebrained ideas.

- **Harebrained Idea 1** was that they needed to become **flexible** and **innovative** in order to be prepared for an exciting future full of all kinds of impossible-to-predict opportunities. Everywhere we looked, parents were intent upon providing secure, consistent living situations that would allow their children to have the same friends, schools, and activities throughout childhood. To us this seemed like a way to promote head-in-the-sand syndrome. Shouldn't we be helping our kids learn how to deal with uncertainty, feel comfortable as outsiders, make new friends, and thrive wherever they go?

Or was this just plain *mean*?

Instead of sheltering our kids from the world, we believed we ought to hang a loving life preserver around their necks and toss them into it. How could they learn to become

creative and resilient adults without leaving their zip code? Let's face it: a suburban school setting can't be expected to serve as a training ground for flexibility and innovation, and a trend-worshipping culture isn't likely to inspire kids to think for themselves. It was time to take matters into our own hands.

- **Harebrained Idea 2** was that we wanted our daughters to develop **empathy** and **responsibility** in order to become upstanding global citizens. It seemed ridiculous to think that it wasn't our responsibility to teach our kids responsibility. Besides, modeling trumps teaching. Parents need to *embody* the qualities they feel are important. Portland's ethos had seeped into our souls; we wanted our kids to develop a sense of duty to others and a desire to work for the greater good of society.

But beyond this wish list for wow, wonder, and world citizenship was education. We needed to get that nailed before we could allow ourselves to get all excited about finding cheap airfares online or selling our stuff on Craigslist.

There was research to be done! Logical first stop: the schools.

Teachers were full of praise for our daughters but expressed concern about how they would manage to complete high school in a new country. They assumed we would be homeschooling, and we kept our mouths shut about the fact that we had a more play-it-by-ear approach; we couldn't say for sure what our kids would be doing until we got there and tried a few options. We felt like we had to be a bit stealthy about the move, and we did our best to avoid stirring up unnecessary resistance. Still, I was looking for at least a hint of validation, so I contacted a school administrator. The father of a couple of bilingual grown children bearing graduate degrees, he seemed like a good person to offer advice on incorporating global experiences with school requirements.

After patiently listening to me rhapsodize about pulling our three daughters out of the local high school in order to experience life abroad as a family, he sighed and served up a steaming plate of reality.

“I agree one hundred percent that what you’re proposing could be a fantastic experience for your kids,” he told me. “But frankly we’re not really set up to support it at this point. There are virtual options, but none that work with our district. Things are definitely moving in that direction, but we’re likely a decade away from having a seamless system in place that would allow your daughters to complete their requirements to graduate from this school remotely.” He explained that we’d need to withdraw the girls from the district, and then gave me a couple of websites to check out. “Listen, I’m cheering for you, but this might be a frustrating process. You’re going to have to be quite bold.”

Hmm. It was clear that “old school” thinking still ruled, and we did not have a decade to wait for things to change. We needed an approach that would work for our kids *right now*.

We had a family meeting. Within minutes we were nodding and grinning. It was decided: we would walk away from the school district and its requirements and set out for new territory.

### **Good-bye, Old School. Hello, Bold School.**

Now, I’ll admit that we had some advantages as we set about planning our departure. As small-scale entrepreneurs, jumping into things about which we are clueless is our modus operandi. My husband likes to invent things, I teach people how to pay attention, and we both enjoy playing with marketing. Consequently, we’re good at noticing what’s going on around us, coming up with creative ways to handle challenges, and convincing ourselves (and others) to try something new.

Our career teeter-totter has tilted toward cockiness more often than caution. Acting boldly is second nature to us. Still, we knew that being bold wasn’t enough; we were going to have to get

clever as well. It's a good thing that brainstorming happens to be our favorite family pastime.

Of course, we didn't have this book. *You do*. You're already *way* ahead of where we started.

Two points to remember:

- ❑ Things turned out to be easier than we'd anticipated.
- ❑ *Anyone* can benefit from a bold(er) approach to education.

The options in this book are well within reach of the vast majority of families considering sending their kids to college. You don't have to make any choices that cause people to question your sanity (though it *is* fun and highly recommended), and *you can certainly stay right where you are while giving your kids some great opportunities for a global education*.

All you need are the tips in this book.

However, it does help if you're a little bit of a rebel inside. The good news is that most of us are. In my work with people from around the world, I've learned that almost everyone has a thirst for beauty, freedom, and discovery—and a hankering for more *fun*.

Scratch the surface of any Dockers-wearing Intel guy, and you'll find a budding novelist. Get a Nike exec talking, and she'll admit that what she really wants to do is start her own design company. Chat with a soccer mom over a latte, and she'll tell you that she longs to spend a year cooking in Tuscany. The dad coaching your son's Little League team has a dream of taking his kids on a great adventure in the Amazon, and the barista at your favorite coffee shop is fantasizing about studying architecture in Prague.

Boldness is *in* us—and it's screaming to get out.

If my husband and I weren't modeling innovation and flexibility—not to mention a 'burb-busting case of boldness—how could we expect our daughters to develop these qualities for themselves? Showing them that we were willing to look like idiots on a regular basis in order to experience more beauty, freedom,

discovery, and fun would give them a brand-new way to view adulthood and their own possibilities.

There are those who take mini-steps toward their goals, and there are those who prefer to pole-vault. We opted for the flying leap.

Sure, we expected to take a few tumbles, and we had some spectacular ones. (Don't miss the "Mutinies, Meltdowns, and Other Merriment" section of Chapter Nine.) But despite the inevitable mistakes and embarrassing moments, we knew that our daughters would thrive (eventually), and we felt that the move would turn out to be the best thing we would ever do for our family.

Once we'd made our decision, we couldn't wait to dig into the details. We gave ourselves six weeks. Each morning we leaped out of bed, bursting with energy and buzzing about the tasks to be accomplished.

Making our businesses virtual? Piece o' cake. Within a week, we'd set it up so that we could work from anywhere.<sup>1</sup>

The bigger challenge: figuring out how to do school.

Oh, wait. That part was pretty easy, too, once we got the hang of it. I'll share plenty of tips so that you won't have to make the same goofs we did.

Actually, the hardest part about leaving the United States was dealing with the naysayers. And there were just so *many* of them, each with their own detailed arguments, devastating facial expressions, and deafening silences. Basically, everyone told us we were crazy.

- ◆ Our friends asked us how we could sacrifice our kids' education for the sake of an adventure. They couldn't imagine how we could consider yanking our kids out of perfectly good schools solely because we had sprouted a midlife wild hair.
- ◆ Our kids' friends' parents felt we were being more than a little selfish for not letting our girls have a "normal" high school experience. Some were convinced that our daughters were

going to wind up in therapy for life in order to come to terms with their missed slumber parties, homecoming games, and winter formals.

- ◆ Our family members were worried about us taking our girls out of the country. Who knew what terrible fate awaited them beyond our nation's borders?
- ◆ And as I've hinted already, school officials, most of whom will tell you that it's not a good idea to move across *town* when your kids are in high school, shook their heads and said we might be sabotaging our daughters' chances of getting into any top colleges.

We were feeling like very, very bad parents.

Fortunately, as entrepreneurs, we'd had a lot of practice ignoring seemingly sound advice; "They just don't understand our vision" is our motto. Pros when it comes to brandishing false bravado (another by-product of being self-employed), we came up with some great ways to deal with the criticism and even had a little fun with it. (You'll love the "Snappy Comeback Cheat Sheet" in Chapter Nine.) After being painfully pierced by the first few barbs, we learned not to take it all so personally. It helped to remember that people have a natural tendency to respond to new ideas in defensive ways, and we figured out how to handle disapproval (and ignorance) with humor and at least a sliver of grace. After a while we relished our role as rebels.

And so during those final weeks of skillfully shutting down the doom-and-gloomers (carefully avoiding any mention of our midnight what-the-hell-are-we-doing conversations), we sold everything we owned except a few items that fit into a five-by-five-foot storage unit. With two bags each, we boarded a plane for the sunny South.

Sometimes you just have to follow your instincts.

**THE RESULTS ARE IN**

So, how did things work out?

Did our daughters hate us for depriving them of their  
proms?

Did they fall hopelessly behind their peers in the race to  
get into college?

Did they end up on a tropical beach somewhere with no  
inclination to do anything but smoke weed all day?

They seem to be turning out all right.

- ❑ **Taeko** (our oldest daughter) spent her junior year of high school in Chile, entered a liberal arts college in Canada at eighteen with enough credits to start as a junior, spent a summer working virtually as a research assistant for a Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation project while living on a tropical island, graduated with a BS (and honors) in psychology at nineteen, traveled around Latin America for several months, flew to New York, and despite having no connections, got a job as a health educator within days, beating several candidates with graduate degrees and a decade of experience. (Secret weapon: fluent colloquial Spanish and a killer condom-and-cucumber demonstration.) As part of her personal mission to prevent sexually transmitted diseases and unplanned pregnancies, Taeko is finishing up her master's degree in urban public health while working at a nonprofit community health clinic in Harlem. She's twenty-two.
- ❑ **Tara** spent her junior year of high school in Brazil, graduated early, took college courses online while living with the family in Mexico for a year, spent a summer studying in Germany, enrolled at a university in Canada for a semester, and spent several months studying Spanish in Argentina. Despite  
*(continued)*

her continent hopping and major changing, she earned her bachelor's degree (and honors) at an Oregon university two years ahead of her high school classmates. During her final year of studies in communications and Spanish, she did an internship at the Mexican consulate, taught at a nonprofit that offers Spanish lessons for preschoolers, and served as a mentor for Latino youth. Interested in cultural awareness and media literacy, Tara is juggling two internships in Manhattan: one at a leading Hispanic brand-communications agency, and one in MTV's international division. She's twenty.

- ❑ **Teal** spent her junior year of high school on exchange in Brazil and then joined the family for a new adventure in Argentina. She finished high school online, took intensive Spanish courses at an Argentine university, worked with an American writer to develop her expository skills, studied privately with a Canadian professor in world history, and transferred to a liberal arts university in Canada as a junior at eighteen. She's been both a TA (teaching assistant) and an RA (resident assistant) and will finish her degree in sociology and Spanish shortly after she turns nineteen. Unsure of where she wants to live but looking to work and save money while perfecting her language skills, Teal aced two interviews (in three languages) and accepted a position as a multilingual events coordinator for Norwegian Cruise Lines upon graduation.
- ❑ **Talya** never attended high school in the United States. Instead she moved with our family to Mexico and was the only foreigner in her all-Spanish private high school. After a very eventful year, we decided to move on. (Find out why in Chapter Nine.) Knowing the value of buy-in, we asked her where she'd like to go next. "Buenos Aires, Argentina," she declared, after due diligence. We packed our two bags each and

headed to the “Paris of South America,” where she studied Spanish, worked with private tutors from around the world, and attended a small American university with students from a dozen countries. She was awarded a very nice scholarship/grant package when she transferred to a private university in upstate New York with enough credits to be a junior, and she snagged a TA position (and a profile in the college newspaper) within her first few days on campus. She’s seventeen.

None of our daughters ever submitted an SAT score. They never dealt with the typical senior-year stress of getting into college. They skipped the angst about GPAs, never took a single AP course, and ditched the drama of waiting for those fat envelopes from colleges to arrive. They had *zero* contacts in the fields they are pursuing and, like many of the global students you’ll meet in this book, have been making their way based on their own experience and enthusiasm rather than on personal introductions or their university’s reputation.

Educating four kids must have cost a fortune, right? Well, you can’t do it for nothing, and we certainly could have chosen less expensive options (or grabbed a bigger slice of the financial aid pie), but we’ve kept to the budget we set. *Total* cost to us for *each* daughter’s kindergarten-through-bachelor’s-degree education: about \$35,000, including *all* travel, study abroad, tutors, and college expenses.

None of us has any debt. Everybody seems pretty happy about that. During each year that we lived abroad, we were able to save enough for one daughter’s education expenses. The old SIP (Save, Invest, Pray) approach to paying for college can work fine, but I think you’ll find the new HAB (Have A Blast) technique far more appealing.

Contrary to what you might think by looking at the timelines,

our girls haven't been on a joyless head-down race to finish school. They simply learned how to work smart, eliminate repetition, maximize opportunities, and be their own advocates. There's nothing remotely robotic about them; they've learned to navigate the bumps in their paths, and they're thrilled to be in complete control of each step. "I LOVE my LIFE!" is our daughters' most frequently expressed sentiment these days.

This is the part where you say, "Oh, those poor girls! They rushed through school and probably didn't have any fun at all."

Yes, they've worked hard, but they've attended their share of high school events, experienced college dorm life, and even managed to squeeze in a *few* memorable good times outside the traditional school environment.

Collectively, our daughters have:

- climbed the green peaks of Machu Picchu
- gone snowboarding in the Andes
- danced for days during Brazil's crazy Carnival festivities
- camped with friends under the stars in the Atacama Desert
- danced in the Nebuta festival in northern Japan
- snorkeled in the turquoise waters of Bermuda
- kayaked among whales in the South Atlantic
- celebrated in Venice on the day Italy won the World Cup
- attended all-night raves with sixty thousand others in attendance
- hiked the glaciers of Patagonia

and much, much more.

(But damn—they did miss a prom or two.)

What about the poor parents? Did we slave away while living in a shack in a third-world country in order to pay for all of this?

Not a chance. My husband and I have a simple yet surprisingly luxurious lifestyle in the very cosmopolitan city of Buenos Aires, Argentina, deservedly one of the world's top tourist destinations:

- ◆ We enjoy relaxed, months-long visits with our daughters.
- ◆ We own our beautiful (but small) home outright, and it's perfect for exchanging with others anywhere in the world we'd like to visit.
- ◆ We are blissfully car-free.
- ◆ We have become valued members of our community and enjoy a rich social life with a wonderfully diverse group of friends from many places.
- ◆ We have creative work that we love and complete freedom to arrange our own schedules.

But those are simply perks. What matters most to us is that our kids have developed a comprehensive and compassionate worldview, fluency in at least one foreign language (if not two or three), a strong sense of their passions and talents, and a sizable set of skills and qualities that will enable them to find opportunities for engaging (and reasonably well-paid) work anywhere they choose to go.

So are we crazy . . . or creative? You be the judge. This book will help you see your own comfort zone and decide how far you'd like to stretch it.

Listen, I apologize if this section sounds like the scary beginning of the gaggiest holiday newsletter of all time. I'm using my girls here as the first examples (they're used to being guinea pigs), but I promise that you'll meet plenty of other students with whom I do not share blood ties.

I'd also like to point out that Tom and I are laughably imperfect parents and our girls cringe at the thought of being held up as beacons of hope for their generation, and that's the point: **there's no need for perfection, and no reason to choose someone else's path.** It's so much more fun (and ultimately far more beneficial) to discover our own best options, so in this book we're going to do some serious lightening up in order to release our

grip on the one-way mentality. Laughing shakes and stirs a nice little chemical cocktail in our brains (more on that magic ball of goo in Chapter Six), so we'll make sure to do plenty of that while learning how to guarantee that our kids are global and grinning.

Every single day we feel grateful that we decided to trust our instincts, and I wrote this book to encourage other parents to trust theirs. No matter where you are or what you're considering, I'm offering facts and lessons learned in order to help you envision the possibilities for your own family. You don't have to take my word for it. You're about to read:

- ❑ remarkable stories from students who have learned how to get a kick-ass education *their* way
- ❑ pep talks from those who've spent a year abroad during high school—and how the experience changed them forever
- ❑ surprising advice from experts about the advantages of doing things differently
- ❑ tales of tears and triumph from my daughters
- ❑ straight talk from those who have found ways to study abroad—and get full credit for it—for pennies on the dollar
- ❑ no-holds-barred accounts of the ups and downs of living abroad—from the perspective of both parents and kids
- ❑ a clear explanation (courtesy of my formerly cranky husband) of the savings and relief you can expect if you choose to leave your U.S. lifestyle behind.

My hope is that you and your student will consider stepping off the traditional track—if only for a few steps—in order to explore enriching ways to discover more about the world. And the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow will be that you watch your kids soar beyond anything they'd ever imagined for themselves.

Your student's potential is far greater than you realize. The beautiful part is that you can choose to offer them love, guidance,

and the occasional kick in the keister in whatever way you feel is most beneficial. There's no need to squeeze them into a mold that is suffocating. Breathing is *good*.

I have a hunch that we have something in common. I knew there was a way to help my kids open their eyes and really see the world—and their possibilities—with greater clarity. And yet it wasn't showing up in the standard approach to parenting, going to high school, and getting into—and through—college.

I was longing for something . . . *different*.

I promise you'll find that here.

**Old School:** earnestly staying within the lines

**Bold School:** happily scribbling wherever you go

## HIGH-FIVING VS. HAND-WRINGING

A reform is a correction of abuses; a  
revolution is a transfer of power.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE

LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON

We're not going to wring our hands about the state of education in the United States. You see, we prefer high fives to slumped shoulders. It's so much better for your frame of mind, not to mention your posture.

Instead of focusing on what's wrong with our system, we're going to celebrate the fact that we have an enormous amount of freedom to choose from a tantalizing smorgasbord of education options. Our task is to encourage students to grab a plate and fill it with their favorites.

I know that what I have to say in this book isn't likely to be praised by university officials, educrats, study-abroad program coordinators, or those who've just spent a pile of money on their

kids' education (my condolences). That's okay. I'm not beholden to anyone, nor am I trying to win any popularity contests. My intention is to embolden students and parents who are ready for a change. Sometimes all we need is a story or two to give us the courage to try something new, and my goal is to offer a bit of inspiration along with valuable information.

**Prefer to participate in a happy education revolution rather than a heated debate about education reform?** I thought so. We're about to summit the old-school peak and skip along the trail toward a much **more joyful and personalized approach** to learning and success.

Whew! Don't you feel better already?

So put your climbing gear away and relax. There's no hurry. There's nobody coming up behind you, nor is there anyone racing *ahead* of you. This is a completely different kind of path, and you'll find it far less crowded and far more congenial than any you've encountered. It's got its own pace, and there's no rushing allowed.

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❑ **Smart Move:** The single most important thing parents can do to help their student prepare for a global future is simply *slow down* and step back in order to see the big picture.

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We'll get to the tips, stories, and resources soon. But right now there are a couple of things you should know about why this approach works.

Let's begin by looking beyond math and Mandarin.

**Old School:** fretting about the obstacles blocking education reform

**Bold School:** celebrating our freedom to participate in an education revolution



## A MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR

Well, that's a taste of what you'll find in *The New Global Student*—and I promise there are tons of expert tips and great stories (from students and parents) in the rest of the book!

There are many ways to get a great global education without spending a fortune. I invite you to discover your own best options by ordering a copy of *The New Global Student* from your favorite bookseller at [www.MayaFrost.com/buy-the-book.htm](http://www.MayaFrost.com/buy-the-book.htm)

Thank you so much for reading this chapter. I hope it opens your eyes to new possibilities.

**BE BOLD!**

*Maya*

**Questions? Ideas? Please send me an email at [Maya@MayaFrost.com](mailto:Maya@MayaFrost.com) and tell me what's on your mind.**

**Want to join me at a flashsigning?**  
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