

*Works of
Korean American
Writers*

2023 vol. 3

NEW YORK LITERATURE

A Collection of Poems, Essays and Stories



Korean American Writers Association of Eastern USA

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* Translated by Lee Yoon-Hong

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Lee Chune-hee, Chung Hee-Su, Ha Myung-ja, Hwang Mi-kwang
Bang In Sook, Lee Kyung-ae, Lee Mi-kyung, Chung Eunsil,
Kim Bong-Rhee

Foreword

Our Story is Our History



NohRyo Keh / President

Korean American Writers Association of Eastern USA

In 2015, when President Mr. Ha Woon announced his intention to publish a collection of member's works in English, many members opposed the idea.

Their reason was clear: 'We are individuals who write in Korean while living in a foreign land. We must preserve the Korean language.' It stemmed from a deep love for the country we left behind and a sense of pride in the Korean language, 'Han Geul'. Perhaps another reason was that we found solace in weaving our sorrows as immigrants, caused by struggles with the English, into Korean letters.

However, the issue lies in the fact that our writings are rarely read by anyone other than ourselves. Even our children cannot read them. It feels as though we write and read, trapped in a never-ending cycle within a small circle.

Mr. Ha Woon bravely published the booklet, which was likely the first of its kind for Korean American literary associations in America. Six years later, the late Ms. Yang JeongSook, who was the president at the time, attempted to produce an English version again, and more members participated. It was a step forward, but some members remained uncertain about the quality of the translation of their writings.

When we sighed over *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Sorrows of young Werther*, and stayed up all night reading *The Brothers Karamazov*, and when our hearts trembled at Yeats and Apollinaire, we didn't concern ourselves with whether the translation was good or bad.

It is now 2023, with the hope of making the literatures written by Koreans living in the America accessible to a wider American audience and understandable for the future generations, I am publishing the third volume of 'New York Literature'.

If someone who read our book places it in a free little library at the corner of the neighborhood, another person will pick it up and read it, creating a ripple effect. This will enable us to form a large circle, welcoming anyone who reads English to join.

Realizing that our story, filtered through the net of translation, represents the history of immigrants, I believe it is the time for us to put more passion into the Korean language.

Congratulatory Address

Higher and Further



SukYeul Jang / Adviser

International PEN Korea Center,
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〈New York Literature〉! Just mentioning the name fills my heart with joy, and the more I think about that name, the more my heart swells.

This year marks the 31st anniversary of the establishment of the New York Literature Rookie Award and the 33rd anniversary of the publication of its first volume. And this year the 3rd English version of New York Literature is published.

Upon receiving a request to write a congratulatory message, I took out the first volume of 〈New York Literature〉 and read it carefully. In the fourth volume, I also saw my own name as a young day's recipient of the Rookie Award. It was filled with familiar faces, cherished faces, and faces that I

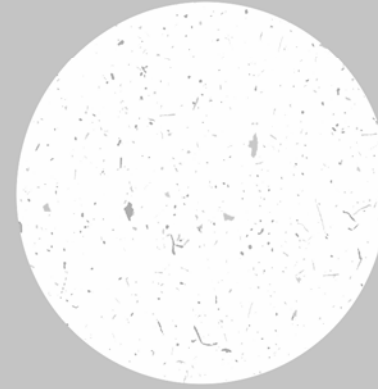
could never see again. And today, as I look at the last year's volume, I feel an indescribable emotion. During the difficult immigrant life, I was able to discover the profound power of the history that has lasted for more than 30 years. The names, like jewels, embedded with works, are so precious and proud! How is this possible? I wondered, who and what led you through the difficult path of literature during those long years.

Since Plato banished the poets in his 〈Republic〉, the path of intellectuals has been lonely and arduous. Just as Korean writers who immigrated to the United States over 30 years ago chose New York, our literature has also chosen 〈New York〉. In New York, which is the epitome of capitalist domination, we, as writers, face the colossal material world and confront it, shedding blood. That is why we adopted the title 〈New York Literature〉. Korean American writers in New York put a huge mountain range called 〈New York Literature〉 in the spirit world of New York immigrants like a wasteland. This mountain range will continue to rise higher and extend further in the future.

To the members of the literary community, I sincerely ask you to cherish the history of the past years in this hope and

become noble writers who bravely navigate the treacherous path of the intellectual. As the scent of acacia flowers fades and the fragrance of azaleas exhausts itself at the entrance of summer, as an old timer New Yorker holding the volume of new 〈New York Literature〉 and being filled with gratitude, I end this writing by expressing my thanks once again.

2023. New York Literature vol.33



Poems





The Halo

Therese Young Kim

In the lobby of a Midtown hotel the morning starts
with fragrances of hairspray and Eau-de-Cologne,

a potful of forget-me-nots and narcissus behind a
picture window elbowing for attention from passersby.

Outside in the pink morning hue people stream down
the sidewalk alongside the rush-hour traffic.

A homeless man weaves through the crowd dragging
a rickety old cart heaped with possessions hollow,
wheels rolling astray.

Midway through, he peers into the window of the hotel
looking for someone he used to know behind his beards

only to turn away to a destination long forgotten.

The sun throws an angel's halo over his golden mane
he cannot see, nor does he know how glorious he looked
in the window he just left.

(My gratitude to Soundings East, Salem State University,
in which "The Halo" has previously appeared.)

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Poems

Who Breathed Life into it?

Jungsook Byun

It is the beginning of spring

Now, when spring should be celebrated,

The sunlight warms the earth,

And at the edge of the roots, a warm breeze arises.

Who breathed life into the ember?

The frozen bones of the tree will come alive and breathe.

Last autumn,

The tulip bulbs buried in the backyard,

After barely sprouting, now exhale a fresh breath.

Ah,

When suffering subsides, joy comes.

I learn once again that hardship and pleasure are intertwined.

Thinking of the deep roots,

Their passion,

I think of the noble name that gave me breath,

Mother!

Throughout this spring, my throat aches.



Gap

Every day, my eyes are dry.

Jungsook Byun

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Between person and person
Between wall and wall
A gap emerges
And the gap grows
A fertile gap
Like a faint trace of gold
Now a chasm where we cannot reach each other
A distant place

Scattered hearts lie like skeletons

Sighs seep out like smoke
Bitter sighs
Unable to heal or break apart
A daunting gap with a flowing river
From this side and that side
A gap observed with strained effort

Which corner of a gap am I?



Poems

SPRING

Ok Sunwoo

A bitter wind standing by the window
Full of holding tight to the pouring cold with my hands

Early spring day
I walk on the dream road led by the
Forsythia that hastily came to me

The story of flowers
That became friends after being unable to go for a while
Sitting on a hill without a sound
His solitude
His laugh
His hand brushes against the wind

The sun rises without waiting
The lover's come without waiting
The time carries the weight of life and stands for away without
waiting

Flowers

Trees

Me

Today we became one and open a new door



LOVE

Ok Sunwoo

I love love now
Because it's cozy and be able to lean on your heart

I love love now
I can see a kind mind
Through your eyes

I love love now
Be able to see a rainbow through a dark tunnel

My heart is out of breath
Because
It's a size that can't be expressed
A length that can't be measured
A weight that can't be held in your arms forever

If you are there
So many sins becoming nothing
Even a dying life becomes a flame

If you are there now
This is paradise
This is an eternal watered garden

The sunlight comes to my neck and hugs me

Friends
Tears
Sadness
Came to me and became my lover

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Poems

The Path to Love

Sohn Jung - Ah

As the sun sets,

Don't dwell on the melancholy night, they say.

Morning will come.

They say that smiling alone

Doesn't mean you're lonely,

Even when you're together, you can still be alone.

If you want to cry, you can cry,

Because everything will pass.

They say not to give up on what's old,

Even in a place where the sun has set,

Light will still emerge.

They say to embrace new beginnings,

Flowing water never stagnates.

They say to let go of resentment,

Only after false flowers have fallen

Can love be seen.

The path to love is



Smile with the Hand of Peace

Sohn Jung - Ah

The hand of a wildflower is so small,
Very small indeed.

Not burdened by the weight of stones,
Not afraid of the storm's sword.

Only with the warmth rising from the ground,
And the moisture descending from the sky,

In that place without coldness,

The smile with the hand of peace
Circulates freely, untouched even by the wind.

The smile with the hand of peace
Is love.

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Longing in Love

Young Mi Yun

Talking
to no one
without emitting
even the sound of breath

In the mountain
a tree is growing.



Poems

A Forest Path

Young Mi Yun

Morning of walk in the forest path
tree are exuberant and
between the wild flowers
insects are humming

Imprinted
on the quiet, narrow path
the tread of Mother's black rubber shoes

suffused
in the plantain flower,
shadow of her hand,
still remains

Fully blossomed
flowers cry out

The hill past
of August

so deep and green
hazed with
mist of yearning
surging sound of waves
Can be heard even from this forest.

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The Landscape with The Bipa Tree

Lee Myung -sook

The fragrance of the first snowfall gently descending
on an old homespun coat,

Placing frozen hands among the petals,
watched the waves returning
along the path of petals across the winter sea,
leaning against the Bipa Tree for a long time.

The still immature flounders were biting the mud but,
not disturbing the slumbering floor.
Like horses running swiftly,
the short days of February were passing by.

The winds behind the lighthouse hill,
letting long thoughts flow,
was breaking with the sound of Bipa
blowing through the layers of leaves that enveloped the seashells
of the night.

How gently the fingers of the waves bend as they rise from their
tears!

The ink flowing from the deepest pocket writes endless letters.

The seaside hill,
where the green and blue sea that has been sealed
without being sent is ripening along the curved shore,
under the abundant moonlight of enchanting hues.

Every night, peering into the dark sea,
clusters of round moonlight break down, swaying the ladder of
light,

The sea of golden sounds over the tall gray shoulders
was hovering at the tip of my tongue with the scent of the first
snow.

It was a high note, a 'la' sound,



The Sea Within the Bottle 4

-Rimsky-Korsakov Scheherazade -

Lee Myung-sook

The ship entered, embracing white shadows.

The way out to sea, where the dancing waves of Adagio lean against the bay and soak in, and cows' black eyes hide into the field of yellow canola while descending the hill was the path leading to the long-forgotten home.

In the ceiling where withered flowers bloom with the scent of the sea,

The rising waves were breathing long.

Behind the school, where the peacock spread its wings,

A tall hydrangea tree stood guard over the afternoons of those days when swings were pushed towards the edge of the clouds.

The roots, scooping up the blue water,
called out the names of fresh times that wear nothing.

Somewhere, dancing in the light of the first and last earthly rays,

after spending a lifetime and taking a long journey,
is the night of all the days remembered by a single drop of the universe.

Like the sunset seeping through the balcony pipes,
where the thousand days of the world blend,

Sounds engrave themselves where they were born
With the footsteps that extinguished the flame
through the gap of the door closed.

The water birds cried a few times
under the shade of hydrangeas pulling the strings of the night.

The sea, unable to sleep,
with the long-haired seed of shellfishes,
being transformed into stars on the faded path.

The shining hydrangea petals, like tears, couldn't be counted yet.

Somewhere, the sound of an anchor dropping.

The sea was bending into the depths of the body.

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Poems

Spring Rain

Lee Jong-bi

The wet rain
Causes a withered flower
To plop... and fall,
Its petals scattered on the ground.

The April shower
Colors each life
Deepening the hue of green,
Underneath the sun,
A tall tree
Casts a wide shadow,
And we find ourselves
Seeking refuge beneath its embrace,
Wiping away our sweat.

Beyond the window,
A gentle sound of raindrops,
Between the cold spaces of our hearts,
A handful of warm comfort

Sneaks in,
Patting softly,
Calming our minds.



Poems

A Single Leaf Swayed by the Wind

Lee Jong-bi

In the darkness,
When a sprout emerges,
At that time, I thought
It was pain.

The radiance
That shone towards the sky,
One day,
Was howling in the night-long wind,
A large tree,
And hanging on the tip of a small branch,
Just a single leaf -
It was a leaf!

But still,
Because the past days were beautiful,
For all of that,
I'm thankful, so thankful,
Even with a passing breeze,

A leaf. A single leaf,
Overflowing with joy,
Swaying gently!

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Poems

Crocus

Lee Chune-hee

Heavy concrete sky,
Snow pouring down, the dawn of a new garden.
The purple crocus is dazzling.

Without wanting anything,
Without making any promises,
Even the pearl-like pain, melting like snow,
How can one be so indifferent, simple, and pure?

Kneeling down and looking closely,
Unable to bear the weight of a person,
Standing alone on the frozen ground,
Tightly denching the white eyebrows and gesturing.

It was a whisper of nothingness,
Silence itself.

More valuable than a noisy and miserable war,
Their language,

Breathing silently,
Entering into your being,
Nothing more,
Fragrant and purple,
To bring life.



Poems

Flying over a Snowy Mountain

Lee Chune-hee

Flying over the Dinali Mountain Range,
Thousands of feet above the ground,
Between canyons filled with massive ice,
The world beneath my feet
Is nothing but snow, rocks, and sky.

Buried beneath the wings of a helicopter,
Holding a camera instead of a pen,
I capture fearful thoughts in photographs.

Behind the blue sky, there is nothing
But the color white, with no more promises to record,
No colors to leave behind,
A hollow beauty that permeates my very bones.

The mountain within the mountains,
Taking the first step,
We become tied to the stars as longing falls.

In this place of endless beginnings and endings,
Transparent light descending into the realm of the Earth,

In this silence that exists alone,
In this mountain covered in eternal snow,
We are reborn once again.

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Ball Drop

Annie A. JUN

On December 31st, people from around the world
gathered in Times Square, New York City,
to witness the ball drop and welcome the New Year.
The crowd surged like a wave,
overflowing onto the 42nd street.

Bid farewell to the eventful year that passed,
filled with anticipation for the new year,
the prayers of blessings shook the Earth.

...4, 3, 2, 1!

As the countdown ended,
simultaneously, the crystal ball dropped to the ground,
and the thunderous cheers of the crowd
seemed to momentarily pause the upcoming year.
Tears streaming down people's faces,
those shaking the neon-lit structures,
embracing, kissing under the ball,
the diverse array of people, each with their own colors,

merged into a collective joy.

The thought
that in the face of predetermined time,
humans can do nothing but be indifferent,
latched onto my mind.
Observing the grand event of heralding the New Year,
as I age one year more,
a whirlwind of emotions swept through me.

In this life, which is an extension of today,
why do we feel nervous about something new?

With the ball drop,
as I open the door to the new year,
whether I desire it or not,
the tangled leaves naturally unwind,
and the bound time flows.
Mixed with regret and excitement,
I boarded the train of the New Year,
a world filled with uncertainty,
alongside people from all walks of life.



Poems

For myself,
for my family and loved ones,
for all the people gathered at the ball drop,
raising a toast of blessings high in the air...

* Ball Drop : An event that takes place in New York City on December 31st, where a crystal ball is dropped from Times Square.

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Moonlight on a Winter Night

Yonah Jeong

too trustful
reed leaves song
words from love
white teeth of the lake
waves and trees
thorny vine
memory in spring
cool clouds
thinking dewdrops.



a Reason we Broke up

Yonah Jeong

You loved me but
You didn't want to marry me
It was a dream to remain friend forever

I was going to marry you
I didn't want to fall in love with you
It was a dream to remain as lover forever.

before the uphill road

Yonah Jeong

I like the uphill road
I can't raise my head
I can't look straight ahead
I can only bend down and look at the ground
Far away,
I can't see it beyond the hills
If I walk to see it, I will lose more strength
I can't even see right in front of my nose
Even if I look at my toes,
nothing to fight
on the uphill. Because there is no
single competitor
Watching drops of sweat fall to the other and spread
making walks step by step
I like the uphill road
And beyond that there will be a downhill road
I reminisce,
The road that I don't have to go on my own;
If the road doesn't go heavy hill,



will not be able to meet light hill.

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Crape Myrtle

Chung Hee -Su

In the front yard of our childhood,
You bloomed in various colors,

During the dry summer,
Even when Mom diligently watered you
with leftover waters,
You laughed and smiled,

When I saw you in the garden
of a Korean elderly center in a distant land,
across the Pacific in America,
Tears welled up uncontrollably.

Longing for the return of the departed,
The spirit of the maiden who prayed for a hundred days,
Blossomed into a flower, they say.

Just like your name, "Baekilhong,"
The end of the longing you could endure



Poems

Must have been one hundred and ten days,

Even the blind loves that briefly touched my life
Withered away at that time.

Yet, what is precious is that
Finally, after a long yearning,
We have become flowers.

Lost Shoes

Chung Hee -Su

I had been putting off organizing my closet,
But I finally decided to take out all the shoes.
The shoes, accustomed to the darkness, seemed startled,
Glancing at each other to confirm their pairs, relieved.

My son's shoes, meticulously polished with my wishes of peace
Every morning before he went to work,
Still carried a youthful bounce, making me proud.

My worn-out, wrinkled shoes,
I gently comforted them, asking them to endure a little longer,
Spraying air freshener and tucking in crumpled newspapers.

As I saw my husband's shoes, waiting
as if pretending to yawn,
Sudden tears welled up.

The ownerless shoes,
Unaware of the malignant tumor growing inside,



Poems

wandered through unfamiliar streets of a foreign land
For the sake of my family,
Bearing the burdens of a challenging life.

Unable to bring myself to discard them,
I tenderly caressed them, time and again.

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Homeless

Chung Hee -Su

On an early Sunday morning,
On my way to catch the bus to church,
I passed by a park bench where the homeless slept.

In New York, where there are many tough people,
The immigrant seniors advised me
to always carry some emergency cash
So, being a fearful person,
I kept loose change in my bag,
And hid my emergency cash in my bra.

Of all days, it happened on a holy Sunday,
As I walked past that park,
I struggled with conflicting thoughts
and prayed with the sound of mosquitoes buzzing.
("Love your neighbor as yourself, Lord,
Shouldn't I give my emergency cash to those poor souls?")

Unable to hear any response,



Poems

I momentarily gazed at the sky,
And like an angel, a bus came rushing towards me.

Oh my God, thank you!

With a radiant face,
I ran towards the bus stop,
A Korean American.

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Winter Tree

Ha Myung -ja

Is it an illusion?
A single sparkle of sunlight
passes by,
shaking the trembling body of the autumn tree.

It resembles a shadow,
an incessant and relentless shadow.

On the narrow forest path where the cold wind flows,
I hear the sound of wind calling for starlight.

Who has passed by here?
Someone coughs one by one,
while I can hear a dry cough,
and can see my hometown road
out of the curved mountain

In the vacant spot
where you left that day,



Poems

on the bright and curved mountain path,
the crimson autumn tree stands vividly.

The Path of Spring

Ha Myung -ja

As the wind blows,
Somewhere, light pours down.

Butterflies are dancing
as wild flowers send out signals
like shadows

In the shimmering mist,
A silent cloud floats in a corner of the sky.

Are you coming down?
Dandelion seeds scattered in the gravel field dream,

Yet,
Flowers still shimmer from afar

Far away,
Waving hands gently.

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At the Golf Course

Hwang Mi-kwang

In the largest field of sports,
I spend my day following the smallest ball.

Be careful not to underestimate the ball lying there.
Quiet ones should always be handled with care.

If the trees, the wind, and the clouds
pretend not to see it,
and keep their mouth shut,

A hidden ball in the grass field
is a deep silence

Hide yourself completely,
not even a strand of hair should be visible.

A small white ball
buried in white time,

It feels as bleak as lost time.

First Rain

Hwang Mi-kwang

Even in the rain, there is a first drop
It examined ahead of time
And brought a downpour

On a dear day, in the afternoon
Someone swung a brush once
Enveloping the blue sky in an ink-colored hue

The first drop of rain to fall
Kissed the soil with its lips
And asked how far it had come

I don't know how far it had traveled
But I could speculate why it came alone

With the first raindrop's
trembling gesture on the earth
The ground opened up to receive the rain



Poems

As the heavens and earth became wet
Flowers bloomed and birds sang

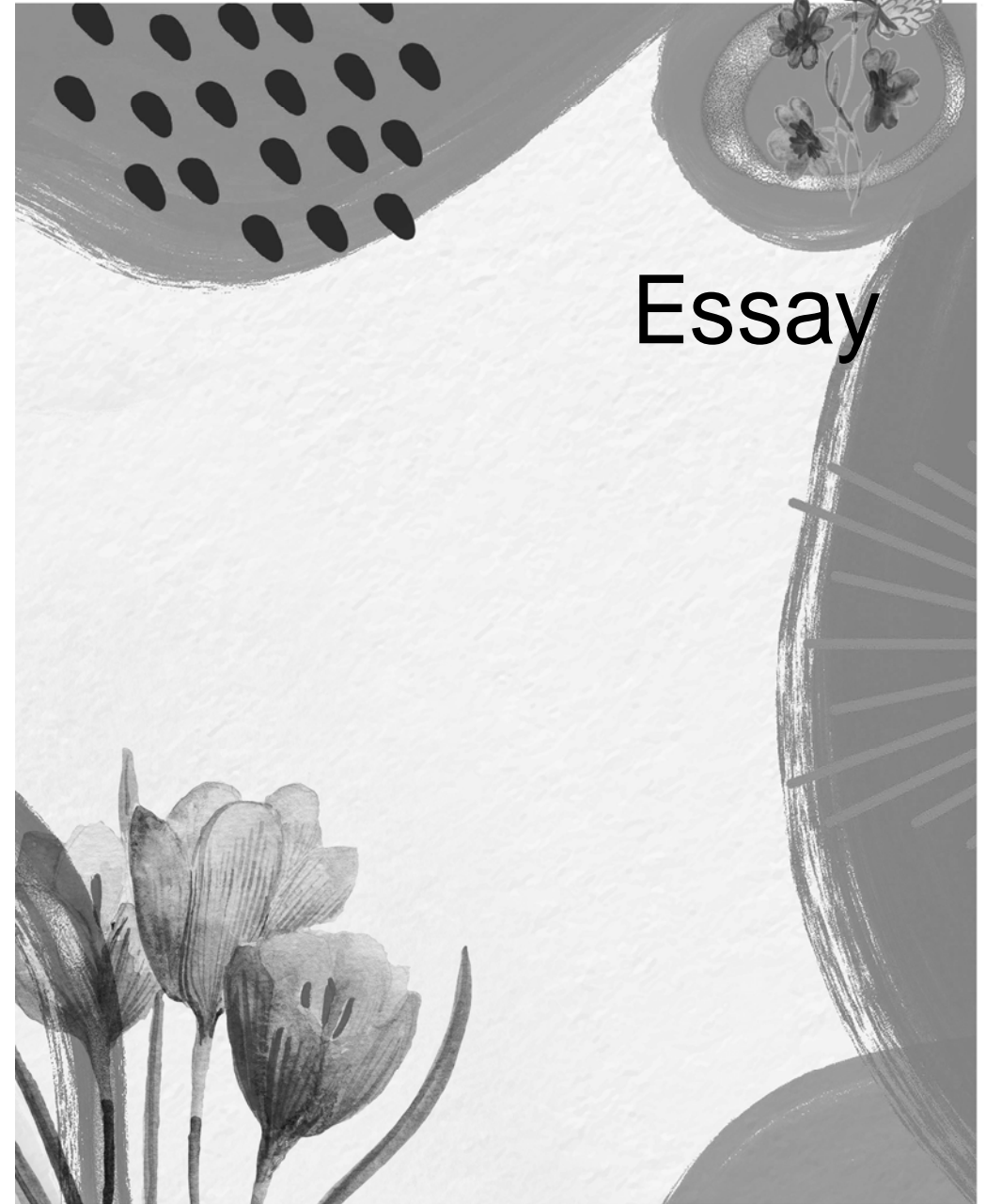
I witnessed the presence of
the first drop in the rain on that day.

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Essay





Essay

One Easter morning scene

Kyungsook Kwak

There is something I do when I wake up every morning. I shut off the alarm and step out of my gate. I look to the left and right, searching the roads and sidewalks. Most of the time, I see trash: empty snack bags, dirty napkins, paper plates with food scraps, cigarette butts, plastic gloves and more. I pick up the broom and dustpan and start sweeping up.

This morning I saw something different. Across the street from my house, right next to the blue USPS mailbox, I saw two crumpled and opened envelopes. At first, I swept them in the dust pan. Then I noticed the new unstamped postage stamps, and when I looked inside, there was only a bill enclosed. The checks were gone. The amount of the bill was \$1,000 in taxes to the IRS and \$500 to the State. I looked in the mailbox and saw that there was a sticky substance on the flap door. Instead of sliding into the mailbox, these two envelopes had stayed stuck long enough for someone to grab and steal the checks.

I noted the sender's name and saw that the address was in the Bronx, where I also lived, but I wasn't familiar with the street name. I was just going to throw it in the trash, but then I thought about it again. The person who paid this tax by check was probably thinking that he had paid his taxes on time, and would realize months later that he has yet to pay his tax bills, with penalties on top of it. How absurd and indignant would that be?

Didn't the newspaper a few days ago say that a thief could steal a check, replace the intended recipient's name with his or her own, and have the funds deposited to him or herself?

While struggling to decide how to inform the sender, I showed the letter to my neighbor, Joe, who is Italian. He was struck by the sender's name, as the sender had the same first name as himself and an Italian last name. However, as it was Easter morning, he seemed hesitant about whether he should put aside his other responsibilities and drive to the sender's house to deliver the envelopes to them. Finally, he asked for one of the letters, saying that he would keep it and deliver it to the house on his way to work tomorrow, Monday. And he drove away, saying he had some errands to run.

Inwardly, I was worried that the person who stole the checks would cash the check tomorrow morning. I went home with



Essay

the other envelope and was eating breakfast when the doorbell rang. I answered the door to find Joe standing there. It turns out that he had driven to the house after all. He said it wasn't too far away, that he met the other Joe and had given him the envelope. The other Joe said it was for his old father. My neighbor Joe asked for the second envelope because he was willing to drive back and deliver it right away. So he delivered it well and came back to close the finale.

Presumably, he went the so-called extra mile because the sender had the same name and was the same culture as him.

I congratulated my neighbor Joe for doing a good deed to be blessed on Easter. And my heart felt as light as a feather, as if a heavy burden had been lifted. If it hadn't been resolved like this, I would have had an Easter that didn't really refresh my mind. How did I come to see these crumbled and opened letters? And how did my neighbor Joe decide to seek out the sender today when he initially decided to do so on Monday? Also, today is Easter, so the person who stole the check could not cash it, so the sender Joe is a very lucky person. No, since it's Easter, it's correct to say that I am a blessed person.

At this time when I am also busy living my own life, aren't Joe and I going the so-called extra mile? We felt the pain of the victim as if it were our own, instead of just saying, "It's

none of my business." I was really proud of it because I felt like I showed my civic spirit.

When we ask for directions while walking, many people say they don't know and just go, but some people deliberately take us to our destination even though it is a different direction from where they were headed. There are some people like that, so I think this world we live in is a good place to live.



Essay

One Easter morning scene

Kyungsook Kwak

There is something I do when I wake up every morning. I shut off the alarm and step out of my gate. I look to the left and right, searching the roads and sidewalks. Most of the time, I see trash: empty snack bags, dirty napkins, paper plates with food scraps, cigarette butts, plastic gloves and more. I pick up the broom and dustpan and start sweeping up.

This morning I saw something different. Across the street from my house, right next to the blue USPS mailbox, I saw two crumpled and opened envelopes. At first, I swept them in the dust pan. Then I noticed the new unstamped postage stamps, and when I looked inside, there was only a bill enclosed. The checks were gone. The amount of the bill was \$1,000 in taxes to the IRS and \$500 to the State. I looked in the mailbox and saw that there was a sticky substance on the flap door. Instead of sliding into the mailbox, these two envelopes had stayed stuck long enough for someone to grab and steal the checks.

I noted the sender's name and saw that the address was in the Bronx, where I also lived, but I wasn't familiar with the street name. I was just going to throw it in the trash, but then I thought about it again. The person who paid this tax by check was probably thinking that he had paid his taxes on time, and would realize months later that he has yet to pay his tax bills, with penalties on top of it. How absurd and indignant would that be?

Didn't the newspaper a few days ago say that a thief could steal a check, replace the intended recipient's name with his or her own, and have the funds deposited to him or herself?

While struggling to decide how to inform the sender, I showed the letter to my neighbor, Joe, who is Italian. He was struck by the sender's name, as the sender had the same first name as himself and an Italian last name. However, as it was Easter morning, he seemed hesitant about whether he should put aside his other responsibilities and drive to the sender's house to deliver the envelopes to them. Finally, he asked for one of the letters, saying that he would keep it and deliver it to the house on his way to work tomorrow, Monday. And he drove away, saying he had some errands to run.

Inwardly, I was worried that the person who stole the checks would cash the check tomorrow morning. I went home with



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the other envelope and was eating breakfast when the doorbell rang. I answered the door to find Joe standing there. It turns out that he had driven to the house after all. He said it wasn't too far away, that he met the other Joe and had given him the envelope. The other Joe said it was for his old father. My neighbor Joe asked for the second envelope because he was willing to drive back and deliver it right away. So he delivered it well and came back to close the finale.

Presumably, he went the so-called extra mile because the sender had the same name and was the same culture as him.

I congratulated my neighbor Joe for doing a good deed to be blessed on Easter. And my heart felt as light as a feather, as if a heavy burden had been lifted. If it hadn't been resolved like this, I would have had an Easter that didn't really refresh my mind. How did I come to see these crumbled and opened letters? And how did my neighbor Joe decide to seek out the sender today when he initially decided to do so on Monday? Also, today is Easter, so the person who stole the check could not cash it, so the sender Joe is a very lucky person. No, since it's Easter, it's correct to say that I am a blessed person.

At this time when I am also busy living my own life, aren't Joe and I going the so-called extra mile? We felt the pain of the victim as if it were our own, instead of just saying, "It's

none of my business." I was really proud of it because I felt like I showed my civic spirit.

When we ask for directions while walking, many people say they don't know and just go, but some people deliberately take us to our destination even though it is a different direction from where they were headed. There are some people like that, so I think this world we live in is a good place to live.

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142nd Street, My Hometown

NohRyo Keh

517 West 142nd St., NY, NY 10031. This was my very first American address. The house was located just a few steps east of Broadway, while the Hudson River flowed a couple of blocks west of it. Both the Hudson River and Broadway held a special significance for me, as I often used their names as a reference point. In my letters to Korea, I would write, 'I live right in front of Broadway, and if you continue walking, you'll reach the Hudson River.'

While that statement held a literal truth, the underlying meaning was quite different.

A hundred blocks north of the renowned 42nd Street and Broadway lies a different world. The streets are filled with impoverished people, and the adjacent Amsterdam Avenue is in ruins. For someone like me, a frog in the well, coming to New York to visit a friend, it was an extraordinary neighborhood, known as Spanish Harlem.

I hoped that my family and friends, who watched me with

envious eyes, would read my letters and exclaim, 'She has truly gone to wonderful New York.' Or, more precisely, I hoped they wouldn't inquire too much about my living situation. Whenever someone thinks of Broadway, they envision the vibrant neon signs of dazzling musicals, and when they hear the name Hudson River, it conjures the romantic ambiance of the Seine River in Paris. The name 'Hudson' carries a sense of artistic elegance.

In my letters, I chose to portray Manhattan streets: "In Manhattan, dashing men donning mink coats stroll about," "Talented Juilliard students fill the air with the melodies of violins and the enchanting sound of their voices on street corners." I carefully selected these words to create an alluring image.

My friend Wonsook, who invited me to New York, assured me not to worry about accommodations because her house on 142nd Street had plenty of rooms. That was indeed true. The five-story brownstone building had numerous rooms, but none of them were in decent condition. The entire building, from the basement to the rooftop, was under construction. Wonsook had purchased a century-old brownstone at a low price and was gradually renovating it. The temporary joy I experienced in the beautifully decorated room that she had prepared was short-lived. I had to pack my bags and relocate



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to another room on a different floor.

Now, I remember that address by heart where I lived that summer in 1982 with the dust of ongoing construction, the sweltering heat, and the street noises. As a devoted Christian and artist, Wonsook's house was always bustling with people besides myself. There was a seminary student couple residing in the basement, a Korean painter who had fallen in love with New York at first sight occupying the 5th floor, and various Korean artists in New York coming and going all the time. Could that have been the seed that eventually led to my friend having an art college named after her now?

Those times, when I had to navigate through challenges without even a moment to pause and reflect, are deeply etched in my heart. I left that place shortly after, but I still live near the Hudson River. Even in my current neighborhood, which is more than a hundred blocks further north on 142nd Street, it takes just ten minutes to reach the Hudson River. I used to attend a church on a hill overlooking the river, and in the summertime, I would take my children to a park by the river to play. Living in such a serene neighborhood yet failing to leisurely appreciate the beauty of the river feels reminiscent of those times. However, the place where I first set foot in

New York evokes a sense of nostalgia in me.

On 138th Street, where I would get off the bus and make a phone call at the telephone booth to the seminary student who used to pick me up with his dog, it feels like of the bustling streets of Changgyeonggung Palace, the vibrant shopping district of Myeongdong, and the refreshing ambiance of Jeongneung Valley with its sound of stream water. It resembles the road in Hyoja Dong, where I would walk with a heavy school bag, stooped over.

Only affection remains.

In the United States, a place that still doesn't quite feel like my land, (517 West 142nd Street, NY, NY) is gradually becoming my hometown.



Essay

A Spanish Mom and Me

Nohryo Keh

I Changed the Gardner. It was because the gardener who had taken care of our small lawn for a long time had sent in other workers instead of him who did bad jobs and raised the price.

While driving around town I noticed a woman working on the lawn of a house in the neighborhood. It was the first time I had ever seen a female gardener. When I stopped and looked at her, the woman also looked at me, then yelled back and a young man appeared. He speaks in English to me and speaks Spanish to her. He gave me the phone number.

On the day I told him to come to my house, four people came. They were a husband, wife and two sons. The father could not speak English at all, the mother understood and answered everything with a smile, and the two sons in their 20s spoke English well.

With a few Okays, I set the price and entrusted the yard work.

While the son cut weeds and blew away fallen tree limbs, the father mowed the lawn, and the mother carried a garbage bag and followed her son and husband to clean up.

The men also work on the construction jobs, and in the winter, they do snow removal, and the wife does cleaning work. The whole family is working full time all year round. It is a typical immigrant family.

They reminded me of my immigrant life raising two children. There were times when I wished I had just one more hour a day. There were days when I was financially strapped to pay for my children's college education. Now, I thought I endured those hard times, and I lived a relatively comfortable life, but I suddenly saw myself in a woman sweating profusely among men in the summer sun. Even though I didn't do laboring jobs, in the eyes of Americans, I may have looked like that.

For us Koreans to do business, we must have a relationship with Spanish people. When I got to know them, I found out that some of them had received higher education in their country, and there are so many people like us Koreans who are literally working day and night to bring their children into mainstream American society.



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When an Ecuadorian woman who works at my store mentioned that her daughter would be attending college, I congratulated her and asked, "Which university?" She immediately responded, "NYU!" I was taken aback and couldn't help but exclaim, "Oh, really?" Prestigious 'NYU' as her daughter's university came as a surprise to me.

She did a cleaning job when she first came to America, then she worked as a store employee seven days a week. She recently came to see her family in Ecuador for the first time in over 10 years. She was so excited to go to her country. To me it's an ordinary thing even for immigrant families visiting their home country from time to time. But when I heard, her daughter was going to NYU, I unknowingly looked at her face again.

There was an indescribable smile on her face. It was clear that she suppressed the desire to boast. That's right, that was me too, who subtly wanted to show off, wasn't it?

What is the difference between a Spanish woman gardener and a Spanish house cleaner and a Korean woman who hired them? No difference. They are all treated equally based on their skin color.

It is said that we Koreans live relatively well compared to other immigrants. Moreover, Korean culture is widely known through TV dramas and K pop singers. But we can't be arrogant and boastful. Now, in this time in America, in this fearful country where the children of those who came to live are seized and imprisoned where Asians are beaten for no reason, all immigrants are treated the same.

A Spanish mom and I are still waiting for the real American dream.

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Essay

Kimchi Praise

Bang In Sook

It was at dinner last night. After putting rice in her soybean paste soup, my 14-year-old daughter diligently picked up kimchi as if she were picking up peanuts. My husband asked if his daughter's eating looked so delicious.

“Young Ah! Do you want to eat more when you see kimchi now?”

The daughter at first responds to her father's unexpected question by saying, “No!” Then she seems to think for a moment. Then she corrected herself, laughing as if she was surprised.

“Yes! When I eat, it feels weird without kimchi and I think of kimchi!”

“Okay! So when you eat meat?”

“When I eat meat, I eat more kimchi!”

My husband asked his 11-year-old son this time.

“Hyunmin! How do you like kimchi?”

“I still don't really want to eat kimchi, but kimchi is very delicious when eaten with meat.”

As I listened to the conversation between my husband and the children, I was delighted inside. ‘Finally successful! I felt like I was done. How much effort have I put in all this time?’

This is because I wanted my children to like kimchi like their parents, even if they are not fanatics of Korean food.

We brought them to Perth, Australia when my daughter was 6 years old and my son was 3 years old. As the children get used to living there day by day, the tastes of the two children also change. As the children assimilated into Western food, they were falling in love with food that was more greasy than we thought. Sandwich, hamburger, pizza, of course, spaghetti, meat pie, western food (my kids call steak western food), etc.

Sometimes the children tried to eat only Western food, and for two or three days, they avoided kimchi and even rice. I didn't understand, so I asked the kids.

“Don't you think of rice? Don't you want to eat rice with kimchi?”

Surprisingly, all the kids answered “No!”. The moment I heard that answer, I thought that my children should not lose the taste of Korean food.

How precious are rice and kimchi to the Korean people, the representative leaders of food culture. Isn't it the most traditional representative food of Korea that has been passed down since



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the distant Three Kingdoms period? What's more, besides the superiority of kimchi as a nutritionally fermented food, how excellent the taste is and how diverse the types are. Indeed, what kind of food in which country can be eaten from the moment it is made until a few months later, or even a year later. The taste of taste that changes over time and the proliferation of lactic acid bacteria are also unmatched.

Interestingly, the name of kimchi is different depending on various ingredients. In addition, there are countless types of dishes derived from various types of kimchi. For example, when it is old and sour, wash it lightly and stir-fry it or make kimchi rice. I cook stew and soup, make Korean pizza, make dumplings, and mix them with noodles or naengmyeon. In any case, there is never a case where it is spoiled and uneatable or thrown away because it is old. It is truly a food ingredient that undergoes transformation after transformation. It is our No. 1 food that we are really thankful for, hearty and proud of.

If there is one flaw in such a luxury kimchi, it must be that it smells awful. In fact, it is despised by foreigners because of it, but in fact, it is a nobleman compared to the smelly kind of cheese.

This is what happened when I lived in Australia. There was

a Japanese friend of mine as a tennis club. One day we finished her tennis and brought her over to my house to have her lunch. Since I know kimchi, I served kimchi, radish kimchi, green onion kimchi, and radish seasoning that my husband loved and saved. She liked it so much. She said that she has always liked kimchi and used to go to Korean restaurants in Japan. When she ordered bulgogi, only a little kimchi came out and the portion was so small that she added another plate and of course paid more. When I heard that, I felt sorry for her because of her rude hospitality at her Korean restaurant. I packed the kimchi seasoning that her husband also likes very much. The following week, at the request of the friend, I even practiced making whole kimchi at a friend's house.

However, if our children, who are Koreans, did not know the excellent and subtle taste of kimchi, it would be a great loss to themselves. Also, if they kept ignoring kimchi, it wasn't even Korean. From that point of view, it was a very serious problem. The eldest child somehow remembered eating kimchi in Seoul, but the younger child left Korea before he knew the taste of kimchi and refused to eat it, giving an impression that it was spicy.

So, even when I was living in Australia, when Korean cabbage was not available, I made kimchi with Western cabbage. I



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diligently made kkakdugi with the long, tasteless radish that they usually use to make yellow pickled radish.

It was so hard to find ingredients for young radish and young radish, so I used to make bachelor kimchi with Radish. Then, whether it was eating rice or Western food, I unconditionally put kimchi in front of the kids.

Then one day, not only my daughter, but also my son, who was not very fond of it, gradually became friendly with kimchi. After coming to the United States, thanks to the abundance of kimchi ingredients, the types of kimchi in my house have diversified, and the children have come to enjoy kimchi evenly. Even so, his son couldn't forget his old taste and used to look for radish kimchi.

Even my son, who said that he only thinks of kimchi when eating galbi, becomes an adult and says that if there is no kimchi on the table, even if he is full, he does not feel like he has eaten.

This is definitely what my children fell for the true taste of kimchi. So now I don't even have to try to feed the kids kimchi anymore.

What a relief. Truly Hallelujah! is not it. As a result, my kimchi operation, which I put a lot of effort into, was 100% successful. Even if our children live here, they will instinctively and desperately

realize that they are Korean because of kimchi. Furthermore, they will live with a sense of pride.

Once, when my son was in college, he had traveled to Miami and held out a flat, round white stone. One day, after seeing me putting stones in the kimchi container, my son thought it was strange and asked why. At that time, I explained that kimchi is delicious only when it is pressed with a stone. Then he kept my words in his heart and picked up a kimchi stone from the beach. It was proof that my son also loves kimchi and has an understanding of the taste of kimchi.

My daughter doesn't hesitate to buy any kind of kimchi that I've made. My daughter even distributes young radish kimchi and Haruna kimchi to the people she works with. Even when my daughter goes to her friend's villa to play, she brings kimchi with her, and she is more popular than anyone else, she says. She is said to be popular 'Chan'.

Every time I do that, I ask my daughter. "Which country are they from?" Listening to my daughter's answer, they are from different countries. It is truly international. People who like kimchi are now truly international. Europeans, Australians, Asians, etc. all seem to like and love kimchi.

Now, kimchi has been selected as one of the top five health foods in the world. Foreigners also began to pay attention to



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kimchi as the true value and taste of kimchi was scientifically proven. It has changed to a trend where many people in many countries are interested, and everyone is fascinated by the charm of kimchi taste.

Of course, the recent rise of kimchi is largely influenced by former First Lady Michelle Obama, who publicly praised kimchi. However, if there is no mystery of taste, will it captivate people's sense of taste? People from South America I met while working also said that kimchi is the best when eating ramen. Nowadays, there are quite a few foreigners who come to Korean supermarkets to buy kimchi bottles. Considering that she came alone, it may not be because she married a Korean.

So these days, even though I live in a foreign country, my pride in kimchi rises. In addition to automobiles, home appliances, mobile phones, and various high-tech industrial products, Korean culture and Korean food, including kimchi, are being re-examined and receiving various attention.

Unlike industry, the fact that our unique culture or food is receiving attention means that the 'Korean people's soul' is elevated.....

Grandson's learning Korean

Bang In Sook

When my first grandson was 16 months old, I started going to his house two or three days a week to take care of him.

Just as each baby takes its first step at a different time, it is said that some babies start early and some babies start late. However, while the grandson understood everything and expressed his intentions with facial expressions, he did not speak at all. When I tell a story while looking at a picture book and tell the name of an object, my grandson likes it with his eyes wide open, but he doesn't express it in words.

My first grandson listened to the singing toy as if he were a musician, but never sang along.

But one day, instead of singing the lyrics, 'Flying, flying, airplane' and 'Twinkle, twinkle little star', I just sang 'La, la la' with my voice, and my grandson hummed along with me.

Some time after two years passed, one day, my grandson suddenly burst into speech.

My grandson and I always enjoyed watching squirrels, birds,



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trees, flowers, and airplanes from the window on the second floor, and talked to him a lot. Maybe that's why the grandson was looking outside and the first thing he said was, "The squirrel quickly went under the tree." I was really taken aback.

It was because the first words of the grandson were not simple words, but sentences using prepositions and adjectives in their own way. When the floodgates of the dam opened, he suddenly started talking like water pouring out. The grandson had stored in his little head all the words he had learned from his grandmother, and it seemed that they jumped out of him without realizing it.

A few days after that, it was a rainy day. The grandson said, "It's raining, so there's no plane. It's in the clouds." One day when it was raining, my grandson was annoyed that the plane didn't come. At that time, I explained that he couldn't see it because of the rain.

The grandson remembered that and it was the first time he expressed his thoughts in his words.

Then out of the blue, he laughed and said, "Leaf is good at swimming!" At first I was puzzled by what he was saying, but I knew it only when I saw the baby pointing with his finger. Rainwater was flowing like a stream on the side of the road, and the grandson shouted when he saw a fallen leaf

somersaulting away.

His dad had taken him to the pool a week ago, and the image of swimming seemed to be etched into his head. Even so, it was amazing how a young baby could associate swimming with leaves floating on the rainwater. Even as an adult, I couldn't even bring out such an imagination.

One day I made a circle out of a toy railroad track and had my grandson put a ball in the circle with a toy golf club. Then he said, "Yeah, I put it in the hole in the train track!" The word 'trainhole' is a word I never said, something my grandson invented himself. At this point, I have no choice but to become a 'stupid grandmother' who leaps forward when it comes to grandchildren. Grandson has excellent writing skills and rich sensibility, so he must have some artistic literacy...

Generally, babies have difficulty pronouncing grandma or grandpa at first. They call them by nicknames like "Halmi" and "Habuji" with ease. However, while the grandson was slow to speak, his pronunciation was accurate. But my grandson pronounced the words of 'grandparents' skillfully and flexibly. New words were quickly followed. As if the onomatopoeia, mimetic words, and adjectives in Korean sounded interesting, the grandson laughed and recited them right away. For example, my grandson was good at pronouncing 'chug-choo, ding-dang



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-ding, kkang-chung-kang-chung, fondant-pong-dang, shrug-shrug’.

Of course, I exaggerate my hand gestures in front of my grandson, dancing and singing at the same time. Even so, it was never slick words, so I thought again that my grandson might be a voice actor or announcer in the future.

The grandson, who had only learned Korean, began to change his language expression as he went to school after the age of three. It seems that the child who was so creative in Korean language is gradually falling into the pond of English.

Instead of saying Hana, Dul, Shet in Korean, the English word “one, two, three” comes out of the grandson's mouth first.

What grandson had previously pronounced as ‘Chorok sakwa’ is now pronounced ‘green apple’.

He calls ‘Bulgasarui’ as “star fish” and ‘Mudangbulrae’ as “Lady bugs.” My grandson pronounces his favorite ‘Mujigae’ as “rainbow.”

Whenever that happens, I inject Korean words into my grandson again, asking “What is it in Korean?” In my own way, I care so that my grandson does not forget the words he learned through hardship. However, it is regrettable that as my grandson grows older, it is clear that my efforts will fall short.

At some point, the grandson spoke only Korean to his grandmother and grandfather, but was subtly replaced by English to his aunt.

In front of his white cousin, he speaks only English. My grandson seems to be distinguishing between talking in English with someone who can speak English and talking in Korean with someone who can speak Korean. Still, I have no choice but to comfort myself by saying that among Korean kids his age, his Korean skills are number one.

It is said that the first words a person encounters and learns from birth naturally settle into his or her mother tongue.

Romanian-born French writer ‘Emile Cioran’ asserted. “My country is my language.” Even though the grandson will be born in the United States and will live in the English-speaking world all the time, I just hope that he will keep his native Korea and the Korean language as his roots, as long as he does not forget the Korean language. Therefore, I hope that Korean, the native language, will be firmly imprinted in the grandson's mind. I just hope that the fact that Korea is the real motherland will always remain deep in his heart.

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My KakaoTalk Disappeared

Jisun Song

On the morning of February 24th, a Friday, the KakaoTalk app that nobody could or would have stolen, had vanished overnight, just like that. Without ado, it was simply gone.

Whenever I visit Korea, I spend time at my older sister's country home in Anheung, Gangwon Province. Situated atop the highest hill in the neighborhood, the home has a picturesque view of Chiak Mountain. On this particular visit, I arrived late at night, and I awoke early in the morning to a pristine mountain view. The stately, glistening peak of Chiaksan stood tall and dignified, greeting the dawning sun, as if it were a matter of carrying out one's morning duties.

I wanted to share this magnificence with my husband in New York, who was likely still finishing up the day's work in the early evening, but the yellow chat bubble that should have been in its usual place on my phone was nowhere to be found. I swiped the phone screen back and forth, again and again, wondering if the app icon was somehow misplaced, but the

Kakao logo was nowhere to be found.

"Unnie!" I exclaimed, anxiously. "Ka-Talk is gone from my phone!" Taken aback with the desperation shrill in my voice, my sister mildly replied, "Huh?" How could that have happened?"

I was at a loss! It had simply disappeared overnight, and I could not understand why or how. As my anxiety grew, in stead of looking to restore the data on my phone, I found myself sinking into despair, as if there was a good reason to lose all hope. A perplexing, confusing conflict, one I found unable to reconcile.

What is Ka-Talk anyway?

I wrestled with different options on my phone, helplessly going back and forth on searching through my app library or considering reinstalling the app, but I wasn't sure if doing so would overwrite or erase all of the photographs and conversations with family and friends, from my original account. As I felt more and more helpless, I began to see how obviously more than just an inconvenience this really was to me. I felt a youthful frustration, as if I truly had no words to describe the emotional loss I was experiencing. I had no choice but to somehow regain access to Ka-Talk, and I decided to create a temporary account under my maiden name, Park Jisun.

Trying to find the solace and peace that Chiaksan had just



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given me, I found that the beautiful mountain scenery was somehow dull and unmoving. The refreshing pine scents, as meaningless as air freshener scented card.

My sister, watching me with concern finally grew impatient with my feeble attempts to seem normal. She reassured me that I would be able to recover the account and that the problem would be resolved when we would later return to Seoul, where we could visit a customer service center, but I just could not help myself. What if I had lost everything? What if everything stored in my Ka-talk app was gone? I felt restless throughout my stay in Anheung.

On our way back to Seoul, I felt a growing regret in my gut, on how I spent my two precious days in the countryside, full of unease. All this, because I had lost my Ka-Talk app? Since when had I become so timidly attached, so dependent on a single app? It had been more than a decade since I had decided, determined myself, to let go of all my preoccupations and anxieties, to try to empty my mind of excessive negativity, but I felt a humiliating shame; that I had hardly helped myself but this much deeply resounded in my reflection.

I do not feel that within that time, I have not truly lost my memories. Forty years of friendships, growing my love for family, and the time well spent with all of whom I know. Still, the

profound sense of loss was somehow akin to the fall of the Great Wall in my mind, as if all had crumbled but overnight. To begin all over again…….

“Today is the first day of the rest of my life,” I hum a line from a poem by Sister Lee Hae-in.

Upon arriving in Seoul, I sought out the service center, alone. They informed me that there was no other option but to log in to my account again, but because my account was based in New York, US, I would have to first return home to resolve the issue. It seems that technology is useless when it comes to borders…….

When I returned to New York, obtained the security code I had needed, and logged into my account, as I had expected, my palatial digital memories had disappeared without a trace, leaving only a blank white screen in its place.

The traces of time vanished, but as if those who have shared their time with me had faithfully remained patient, awaiting my glorious return, their names filed onto my screen, one after another. How fortunate that I had not lost my contacts! I was simply grateful and composed a quick message of well-wishing:

“Dear friends, I have returned safe and sound to all of you!”

Suddenly, a notification popped onto my screen, with a number “1” indicating an unread message. Who could it be? I wond



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ered, and I quickly tapped the notification button to see. And there it was, an automated notification from Ka-Talk, on behalf of Park Jisun, suggesting that we should be friends.

Maybe it was a sign, losing my Ka-Talk app, like a command to start anew.

Reflections while Commuting

Jisun Song

Every morning at home, I prepare breakfast, lunch, and daily prescriptions for my elderly mother-in-law, and then I head to work.

Most days are dull, but today, I had felt a glorious April morning, filled with sunshine. As I entered the Palisade Parkway, I turned on the radio. The road was serene, even sleepy, without the bustle of the usual morning traffic, but still, filled with spring vigor. The classical music station gusted a Wagner march, a little too grandiose for the moment, a piece unsuitable, I had felt, for the germinating leaves rustling gently in the spring breeze. I changed stations to the local jazz station. The soft strumming of a guitar began to flow gently through the speakers, a lonesome solo. The sunlight, tinted green, pouring over the dashboard, a mood to match. Coincidental moments, lovely.....

As the guitar solo drew to an end, a velvet voice, female, begins to sing, soft and intimate, blending with muted guitar. I find myself swaying with the music, driving only with mechanical



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instinct. Before I find myself letting go entirely, the song ends, and the radio show host's voice announces the title in a deep but soft-spoken voice: "April in Paris."

I had thought so, though I did not remember the title, that there was a reason I had felt lost in the music. The fatigue of my morning labor all washed away in but four, five minutes of a timeless classic. In that moment, I felt recharged, ready to get to work.

The radio show host continued explaining the background of the famous composition, explaining that the songwriter wrote the lyrics before ever having visited Paris. As the popular story behind April in Paris goes, most believe that the songwriter was looking upon the Eiffel Tower from the Café de Joujou, but in fact, he was sitting at Lindy's, a restaurant on Broadway, in Manhattan, across the street from the Marquee of Winter Garden. He wrote the song, while staring at the theater.

In this era, where artificial intelligent assistants that live in smart devices help with every little task, the vicarious experience opens the mind to more than the mundane quality of the day-to-day matters we attend to, as if one has been to places one has never visited. But could it not have also been so, in 1920, for the songwriter yearning to be where his heart had set, in Paris?

The songwriter was known to have said that writing songs about places he had never visited, about people he had never met, was exciting, stimulating work. The artist's soul and conviction in expression is the beauty of the art we appreciate.

The yearning to meet someone, anyone, and falling in love, is the very charm of springtime that the songwriter captures in April in Paris, and so, his soul and imagination had manifested this romance, for someone must have, met some stranger with warm embrace on a street corner in Paris, under a flowering chestnut tree.

Some years ago, I once undertook watercolor painting for a short while. Ever since childhood, I was greatly envious of my friends who were skillful at drawing, so I finally mustered up the courage to try learning to paint and signed up for a class.

The class was held in a room with no windows. The first lesson was about depth, perspective, and dimensions. I had already watched thousands of online videos and several dozen books on painting, but the moment I actually put a brush to a blank sheet of paper, everything I had thought to paint, everything I had thought I had learned dissipated from my mind.

In a painting by Andrew Wyeth, a half-open window orna



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ted with lace curtains that flutter to what must have been a strong but gentle wind. Though the curtains seemed to have been truly moving to the eye, though I desired it, I could not imagine the warmth of the feeling, as if I were in the room pictured. In that moment of lacking, I reminisced about how I had felt in my youth, precocious, with too lofty a dream, feeding my insecurities ever further.

Before I had noticed, I found myself gradually slowing down as my car climbed a steep hill right past Exit 4 of the Palisades Parkway, and I stepped hard on the accelerator. Feeling the motor churning faster, I could not help but wonder, what actually motivates the imagination? The nature of inspiration tends to elude description.

In the movie *Seopyeonje*, the singer Song-hwa was blinded by her father so that she would complete *deukeum*, a traditional vocal regimen for ritual performance, and somehow, she perfected her voice in darkness.

In the drama *Dae Jang Geum*, Jang-geum, a royal chef, begins to lose her sense of taste, and her cooking suffers. When facing excommunication from the royal palace, her mentor guides her to trust in her training, to imagine a taste instead of depending on sense, and so she draws from her experience a novel dish of prawns that saves her professional career.

To overcome limitation, to seek perfection, is passion. Limiting the sense of sight, to devote the body, the soul to channeling the perfect voice for ritual exorcism, an introspection of sound that reaches and draws from the depths of the soul, burning with passion. The agonizing over preparing perfection in cuisine, countless repetitions of cooking without being able to test the taste.

The devotion to perfection in artistic expression is a narrative we find to be beautiful, often filled with self-sacrifice, insurmountable odds, and great suffering. To create perfection for others is to be a perfect self, limitations nonetheless.



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Letters Make Me Wonder

Sherry Clearwater

Kyung Sook Lee

The fun of sneaking into other people's stories.

I remember savoring books of exchanged letters such as those between 'Vincent Van Gogh and his brother, Theo', or Sung Hee Han's 'The psychology letters to my daughter' or Helene Hanff's delightful '84 Charing Cross Road'.

The pain of loss is painful for everyone.

One day I ran into her in our apartment parking lot under the building. She greeted me with a sad bright smile. It was Sherry, who lives right next door in our shared hallway on the 5th floor. She asked me whether I knew that her husband had passed away a while ago. I was surprised since I had not known at all. Tears ran from my eyes as I hugged her. I added my sorrow. For a few minutes, I patted her back and shared my deepest feelings.

Maybe our life is meant to be experienced as a traveler.

Even though we live in the same building, same floor, we don't know who lives next door. Neighbors can be close or

far. Sherry and I ran into each other by the 5th floor elevator 2 or 3 times since she moved in.

There is a moment when we open our hearts to each other.

A few days after one of our paths crossing, a card was tucked under my door from Sherry. It was a card that showed her aesthetic sense: beautiful handwriting, a warm greeting, and words meant just for me. I felt she was as clear and pure as her last name, Clearwater.

The spontaneous bell that rings in the mind is not tied to trivial things.

I replied with my heart by painting a picture for her and enclosed it with my favorite card. I had to write the contents of the card in English, which I wrote as best I could. I thought and hoped it would be enough to convey my heartfelt response.

If you concentrate, it works.

After that, we would surprise each other with letters under each other's door. One day when I got home from being outside, a little paper bag was hanging on my doorknob. In the bag were chocolates and a card decorated with a collage. I got pleasure from reading the card and appreciated the collage that danced in the bag with the sweet chocolates. I understood the contents of her letter by looking up various words in the English dictionary. Sometimes I could not read her handwriting,



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but overcame that by inferring or cross-referencing her words back and forth. I got used to her handwriting.

The world of the mind is bound to be revealed.

My response was to hang a small bag of mung bean pancakes on her doorknob. I was careful to make mung bean pancakes because there are many vegetarians, so I put only ferns, bean sprout, kimchi and chives in them. When I first came to the United States, I often shared food with Americans. Sharing food is one important aspect of the Korean culture. But, I stopped doing this when I realized that someone might be allergic or uncomfortable with the food. Once again, however, I was feeling the urge to cook for another.

It's a masterpiece because it is touching.

She showed me small books she made with heart-touching ideas. I admired the design and works of her little booklets when I saw them at her apartment. As a lover of butterflies, she made many butterfly-themed works and decorations. After I sent her a few of my paintings she made a small book with reduced photocopies of my paintings. She gave me the small book with a sophisticated collage cover. On another occasion I told her that on a car trip to Harrisburg I delighted in the surroundings and roadsides. Later, I was moved by her collage card expressing a journey on a local road. I studied it for a

while: how elegant and artistic it was!

Interest and understanding broaden knowledge.

At the end of the winter, with spring just around the corner, I took a picture of a blooming small white flower and sent that to Sherry. Her reply included a poem titled "Snowdrop" written by her husband, Bill, along with an exceptional card, both left under my door. I did not know the name of the flower until then. She lets me know the names of birds that can be heard singing outside our living room windows in the early morning. She shares good poetry with me, has lent me children's books for English study and conveyed information and insights about various artists, with me.

It is said that a close neighbor is better than a distant cousin.

Communicating with someone, caring for one another and sharing time together with openness and thoughtfulness are like a light spring breeze to the door of a closed apartment. Since then it has become routine to look under my door often. I wonder if there is another letter, whether the letter will bring any answers to questions. I raise and turn my head toward the door.

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Essay

On such a good day

Lee Kyung - ae

It is a field that has changed into new clothes, and the trees sway in the soft wind.

Sunlight pours down like a blessing from the blue sky, and common wild flowers bloom profusely under your feet. Small white flowers resembling purple violets, yellow dandelions, and unknown pear blossoms are swaying in clusters.

On a day like this, who could be sad? Who can put sorrow on their faces? Heaven is giving equal grace to all. On a day like this, it seems that no one will be sick, no one will be hungry, and no one will be lonely. It will be a happy and pleasant day for all. Trees that open their pointed baby finger-like leaves on empty branches and fill the sparse branches with green gradually resemble a pregnant woman.

A pair of bronze ducks draw a fan current on the calm river and go out. The finely combed silky hair of the male duck looks light blue and then light green whenever it turns its head.

The grasses along the river are waving their hands with a big smile towards the sunlight shining down as if they were more excited. I quickly took a few pictures of how pretty the bird, which is smaller than a sparrow with yellow hair on its chest, playing in and out of the wire fence of the park fence. The chirping of birds is also beautiful and cute. Could the world be so beautiful? How can you know all about this strange nature? Even though I have passed through spring dozens of times, I still can't fathom the amazing and wonderful providence of nature.

Children, young people, and the elderly, let's all go out to fields full of vitality. Let's overcome the darkness of the cold winter and breathe the energy of spring into our bodies. Let's straighten the bones that have been confined to the house and shake our arms. The green wind whistling, slapping the cheeks, and the fleeing hair playful. Drunk with the fishy scent of new grass, shall we lift up a white cloud from the blue sky, cover it, and go to sleep in the field?

Now, spring is in full swing with the freshness of the shade gone. Already early in the morning, the sun warmly shines its rays all over the world. As soon as I had breakfast, I was about to run to the park, but I got a KakaoTalk message from a friend. "What should I do on a good day like this, it's a



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waste to sit or stand” She must have been thinking the same thing as me when she expressed today.

It has not been long since the state executive order that masks can be removed outdoors has been enforced. The fearful time, not knowing when, where, from whom, and how unknown germs would attack, passed blackly, like a story from a distant alien world. I couldn't believe the absurd years of not being able to take a deep breath while feeling the horror that tightened up to my neck. I was anxious about whether this situation could end, but fortunately, a vaccine has been developed that can fight germs and win, and now my mind is at ease.

How many people have died, been injured and suffered……. Amidst the unfairly sad stories of many people around them, the living cannot offer any consolation, and it hurts their hearts.

As if comforting the pain of mankind, the sky is opening the most beautiful spring. Spring greens are also noticeable here and there. Shall we pluck a handful of plump mugwort and boil mugwort soup in the evening? Today I have to eat mugwort soup to fill my body with spring. On a fine day like this, let's go out to a field full of spring stories.

Such a Doctor

Kyung - ae Lee

Last year I felt some numbness in the left side of my nose. I thought it would be resolved soon and left it for a few months before contacting my doctor. My doctor also said that he was not sure and asked me to take an MRI. After consulting with my doctor, I had an MRI done more than a month later. Because I didn't have any sick symptoms, I didn't take my symptoms seriously.

The otolaryngologist at the hospital who did the MRI said I needed surgery right away. However, there is no doctor at the hospital to perform the operation. I couldn't understand that there was no doctor to operate in such a large hospital. The doctor who took the MRI said that there are two doctors who can operate in New Jersey, and gave their contact information. It was a hospital about 2-3 hours away from my house. My kids called to make reservations, but I was told that I would have to wait over a month **랙** the surgery. It was urgent, so I made a reservation.



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My family and I were very surprised and heartbroken when I heard that I had to undergo surgery unexpectedly, but just then I got a phone call from my daughter.

My daughter told me she had a call from the doctor at the otolaryngologist I saw today. The doctor told my daughter that he had described my condition to his professor at a large hospital in Manhattan, and that the professor had agreed to perform my nose surgery.

The handsome young doctor, who laughed and even joked to reassure me, was very sorry for my condition, which had to be operated right away.

That afternoon, my daughter informed me that the professor had called her. My daughter told me that the doctor had told her to take mother to the hospital today as he will prepare a team for the operation.

When my daughter asked the doctor if there would be any problems with New Jersey insurance, the doctor told her in detail.

The doctor's words are that if the patient comes to the emergency room, everything will be covered, and that the patient will not have to worry about seeing a doctor on an outpatient basis.

My daughter told me that if there is a part that can't be covered, the doctor will take care of it in advance, so don't worry and

come quickly. We hurriedly prepared for hospitalization and arrived at the hospital in the evening when it was drizzly raining.

After taking various tests and MRI again, I went into the operating room after 10pm. I underwent surgery without knowing the face or name of the doctor who was going to operate on me.

"Mom!" I heard a faint voice calling me from far away. When I opened my eyes, my son was with me. The postoperative pain was not as severe as expected.

The next morning, around 6 am, the doctor who operated on me came to my hospital room. His name was Dr. Samuel Helman, a Jewish physician. He looked like an impressive man in his 50s, dressed in an ordinary jacket. He was truly humble when he bent down. He held my hand and asked me about my condition.

The next morning, doctors from the hospital's otolaryngology team made rounds and told me I could leave the hospital today, but I was not discharged. The next morning, the doctor who operated on me came to my hospital room again. He explained that it takes time to cultivate the bacteria because he need to know the exact type of bacteria to prescribe the right medicine. I stayed in the hospital for a few more days and was discharged with an antibacterial drug prescribed for my illness.



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Two weeks later, I visited the doctor as an outpatient at the hospital. He was dressed in a doctor's gown, a young man in his forties, different from the one I had seen in the twilight dawn.

It is said that a person's face has an empty space (Sinus) on either side of his nose. This is referred to as fungal infestation. When asked by my children why this happened, the doctor said it was just a bad luck. Mold is a germ that is everywhere around us, but I couldn't win because my immune system was weak. If the germs went up to the eyes, it could lead to blindness, and if it went to the brain, it could be a more serious condition. Fortunately, I'm told it's not an acute case. And, this is how I got lucky to meet a good doctor.

While living the long journey of life thrown into the world naked, there are times when I meet bad luck (unlucky), but I thought that luck has always been with me to have lived this far.

A month later, I went back to Dr. Halman. The doctor who looked inside my nose through an endoscope smiled brightly, saying that it was very clean. Thinking he was looking a bit excited today, he pulled out his phone and showed us a picture of his baby, who said he was 3 weeks old.

The doctor proudly said that the baby was his firstborn. We heartily congratulated the Doctor and returned, thinking that the baby would grow up to be just as good a man as his father.

It may not be only because of the Hippocratic oath that he swore to devote his life to serving mankind when he first entered the medical profession. I could see in him a holy humanity that truly loves people.

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My thoughts that aren't grandiose

Lee Mi-kyung

A slightly trembling, expectant voice came through the receiver. The voice on the receiver asks me if I'm using this number for a long time.

When I replied that I had been using this number for a long time, the person hung up the phone after cautiously mentioning that she had lost contact with a relative.

I, too have a phone call that I am waiting for. He is my older brother who has been out of contact for twenty years, but sometimes, out of nowhere, in my fading years, somewhere in my memory, his face appears. For this reason, I can't respond ruthlessly to stranger phone numbers that sometimes call me.

A few days ago, a long message came. According to the content, "I", the main character of this phone number, is an unscrupulous father who has been in arrears in paying child support for his son born to them after they divorced.

As the sender of the long message, she said that "I", the holder of the phone number, was solely responsible for "our"

unhappy marriage, and was constantly reprimanding "me" for child problems and financial problems.

I thought that she would just quit, but messages kept coming I sent an answer as it seemed like I would be questioned for the crime of avoiding an answer.

- I can't be a father according to conventional wisdom. (Because we live in a controversial era, so I was careful with language choices) I'm a woman. Please check your phone number again-
No more messages from her came.

We say "Call me" with a gesture of shaking our thumbs and little fingers lightly around our ears.

In a way, this is a case similar to saying let's eat when we have time someday, and it is not uncommon for it to be a means to leave some room when it is ambiguous to draw a line in a relationship.

There are many anecdotes about the days when telephones were not common. I also had an incident that made me laugh bitterly. There was a person we were supposed to meet in front of the clock tower at Seoul Station (Alas, the choice of the location was too obvious. Now that I think about it, I think I absolutely decided on a place where I could meet him.).

He sent me a letter with a strong aftertaste, and I sent a



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reply specifying the place and time of the appointment. Due to the delay of the letter, which was not common in those days, he could not come to the place. I waited and returned home depressed, and my family informed me that he had come to visit me. It was as if he had received my letter late and came straight home. However, my family informed me that he, too, turned away with a guilty look.

As I later found out, there was not just one clock tower at Seoul Railway Station. There were as many as five clock towers. It's hard to imagine in today's world that we were destined to fall apart anyway.

If I happen to go out without my phone, it's literally a red flag for everything. All information is entered through the save function, so I can't remember a phone number that seems trivial.

I've seen a documentary where five people were quarantined in separate spaces without phones and tested to see how long they could survive.

There were people who gave up participating in the experiment the day before, and there were people who cried and complained, and even people who showed symptoms of depression. The experiment was terminated as four individuals exhibited severe maladjustment. This is a story that most of us are not unfamiliar

with. The phone is a contributor to the so-called 'killing time' in a situation where we are waiting for someone or something. It is very common to see people looking at the phone in any situation.

I also unconsciously look at my phone. I wait for someone's call that won't come, look back at the photos I took recently, and even pay attention to what the weather will be like tomorrow. I do not own the phone, and it seems that it has been a long time since the phone became the subject.

I want to give back a bit of this speed and great convenience. I belong to the analog age and still like to write and receive letters. It was definitely fun to calculate the date the letter would reach the other person.

I go around a little bit, go slowly, sometimes drive in reverse, and think of a ray of wind in my head. This may be a rebellion of my heart, which is out of tune because I can't keep pace with the era of becoming smarter day by day.



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Killer Whale's Dream

Lee Mi-kyung

He ordered French toast, and I ordered an omelet with vegetables. No matter how complete protein is good for the body, the egg dish I often eat was not very appealing. I won't be able to eat it all anyway. I cut the omelet into thirds.

While I was eating the middle part, he talked about killer whale. As a result of tracking the mysterious death of a group of great white sharks that washed up on the beach without any injuries, the officials concluded that the liver, a part of the great white shark's organ, was missing.

It wasn't a conversation fit for a friendly breakfast table with nice morning sunlight and the occasional clinking of coffee cups.

If you go to Virginia Beach, you can see whales soaring through the silvery foam breaking through the midsummer waters. It is quite encouraging that Japanese-born novelist Haruki Murakami decided to write while watching a ball soaring into the blue

sky at a baseball field. Because I also felt something wriggling in the depths of the whales' hearts.

It was a whale soaring through the water that symbolized the hope and achievement of an autistic lawyer who appeared in a hit drama. That wasn't all. We remember the song of veteran singer Song Chang-shik - Whale Hunting. What you really see is a pretty whale in the open sea - it must be the end of dreams and hopes that are out of reach but exist somewhere. A place where a hard life can rest.

What was the dream of me, yes Killer Whale? It seems that there were no dreams or hopes. My mom used to scold me for that part sometimes.

Killer Whale recalled the 101 steps she had to go through to get to her house when she was a girl. She lived in a (?) neighborhood where a famous beer company president also lived.

I agreed to the installation of the stairs. Anyway, after school, several of my classmates had to carry heavy school bags and climb the stairs, which was more difficult than the long way back, but it was a shortcut.

Several times in the middle of the climb, we stretched out our weary legs on the landing. Occasionally, we bumped into an old man with a haggard and scanty smile, but we were



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afraid and ran away. Anything small was a feat for us.

By sharing our secrets (?), we became close, we were loyal, and we used to show chivalry in our own way. And we wanted to become adults quickly. We wanted to be free from many things that vaguely controlled us.

As an adult, am I really like that in everything? Could I express my thoughts without paying attention to the people around me? Somehow, I suddenly miss the recklessness and innocence of such thoughts.

And there is more.

In my mid-teens, there was a secret(?) house of mine that I ran into on my way to and from school. There were mossy steps leading up to the old wooden gate, and I would sometimes climb to the top of the steps. With a kind of curiosity and vague longing, I walked in front of the house. It seemed that someone who lived in that house, who seemed unlikely to exist in reality, would provide an answer to my adolescence that was beyond my strength. Like this and that, my house moved a few times after that, and the house faded in my memory.

I, Killer Whale, vaguely wanted to become something with out a clear dream. If I ask my child, he wants to earn a lot of money. As for me, yes, it must be an unexpected dream

in a similar context. Living a life that is like me, what happens one day.

There is no definition of what is like me. Thoughts bit the ir tail after tail and I became more and more confused.

Suddenly, I think of the 101 steps and the front of the house covered by trees.

I recently went to see an oriental doctor. The oriental doctor pointed out that my toes were constantly tense. Apparently I was breathing in a comfortable position following his instructions, but my toes were pointing forward.

Take a good rest, don't be nervous, the oriental doctor told me.

Don't leave, eat more.

The man in front of me pushes more pieces of omelet from my plate in front of me.

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WHEN 20,000 THOUSAND US CITIZENS EMIGRATED EN MASSE TO BRAZIL

Bong W. Yeon

This is an unbelievable true story of how over 7 thousand US families, totaling more than 20,000 Americans, emigrated in masse to Brazil. While so many people from all over the world dream of immigrating to the USA, what were the circumstances that could have caused so many US families to emigrate to Brazil? It's not a recent story but it did happen about 150 years ago right after

the American Civil War.

- Confederate States situation after Civil War

After the end of the Civil War, embittered and wounded White American Confederates found themselves in a very difficult situation. Having their states completely devastated by the war, these families not only suffered economic hardships but also were subjected to political persecution and discrimination. This combination of factors forced the Confederate

population to seek better living conditions elsewhere. This flight to Brazil was the largest population exodus in U.S. history. The Southerners, especially farmers were driven to despair.

They lost labor hands due to the liberation of slaves and their farms were totally destroyed. Many of the Southerners felt that life under the rule of the Northern carpetbaggers was unbearable. They wanted to resettle to a safe place out of the reach of the Northerners.

They wanted to find some safe place to restart their lives. While it was out of the question to move their entire families to England or Ireland, they did find a more reasonable alternative, Brazil. Brazil was a land where there were no wars, no trampling, and no confiscation of goods.

- American's inferiority complex to monarchy

The USA became a world leader after World War 1. In 1919 in Paris France, President Wilson led the Peace Conference to determine new national boundaries after the German surrender. The English Premier Lloyd George and French Clemenceau and President Wilson of the United States gathered to lead the Peace Conference. But the USA was recognized as de facto the leader of the world and superpower after the victory of World War 2.

Traditionally the United States has been feeling an inferiority complex to European countries because it has never had a monarchical system. The Founding Fathers went so far as to offer the position of the king to George Washington who definitely



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declined the offer. The Presidency political system began in the USA with the suggestion of Thomas Jefferson who found a similar system in the history of the Venice Republic. It's hard to imagine the American nostalgia for a monarchy two and half centuries ago, considering that America presently has been so successful as a nation without a king.

- Unique legitimate monarchial country in the American Continents -

Brazil In the 19th century, Brazil was the only legitimate monarchial country on the

American continents. Actually, Haiti had two self-proclaimed kings who had no support from the people and thus were toppled almost at once. Mexico had Emperor Maximilian who was a brother-in-law of Emperor Napoleon in France. He was imposed on the throne by Napoleon and after some time shot to death with his wife by Mexican revolutionaries. However Brazilian emperor was a descendant of the Portugal Emperor who took refuge in Brazil.

Therefore, Brazil had the only legitimate monarchial system in the American continents.

- Why Brazilian Emperor welcomed American immigration to Brazil?

The Brazilian Emperor Dom Pedro II was the first foreign

Chief of State and head of Government to visit the USA in 1876 and also attended the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Dom Pedro II admired the diligent American people and system, especially the well-advanced agriculture, tools in America compare to Brazil. He saw a good opportunity in the economic disruption in the southern United States and hoped to build up its cotton production for export to the looms of England and France, which had long relied on the American southern states. The Emperor encouraged the immigration of cotton planters from the former Confederacy to Brazil to enable the expansion of that industry in his nation.

- American Delegation to Brazil and their report

In November 1865, the state of South Carolina sent Major Meriwether and Dr. H.A. Shaw, among others, to Brazil and investigate the possibility of establishing Americans in Brazil. On the way back, they published a report with a favorable assessment of Brazil and mentioned that two gentlemen had already bought land there which costs less than 10 percent of the Americans.

Many Southerners who accepted the Emperor's offer, lost their land during the war, were unwilling to live under a conquering Northern army, or simply did not expect an improvement in the Southern economic situation.



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- The Southerners to Brazil

On December 27, 1865, Colonel and Senator William H. Norris of Alabama landed in the port of Rio de Janeiro, the first Protestant group to settle in Brazil. They settled in the Sao Paulo state and formed a new city Americana

whose climate and land conditions were similar to the south of the United States. Upon his arrival, Colonel Norris began to give a practical course in agriculture in the region, especially cotton cultivation, and soybean, and to use American advanced plow caused so much sensation and curiosity.

The American immigrants introduced into their new home many new foods, such as pecans, Georgia peanuts, and watermelon; new tools such as the iron plow and kerosene lamps; innovations such as modern dentistry, modern agriculture, and the first non-Catholic churches (Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist). Some foods of the American South also crossed over and became part of general Brazilian cultures such as chess pie, vinegar pie, and southern fried chicken. Here is one interesting episode. Brazil has the biggest bovine herds in the world but she had no buffalos. Now they have many water buffalos in the Amazon region. One of the Southerners' immigrant ships was wrecked at the entrance of the Amazon basin and a couple of American buffalos escaped from the ship and became the ancestors of

the current Brazilian water buffalos.

- The descendants of the American immigrants

The Confederate emigres were some 20,000 Southerners, from 12 southern states who preferred the Brazilian Emperor and wildness to life under Yankee rule after the Civil War. In the year 2000, the statistic shows that there are around 260,000 American descendants all over the 27 Brazilian states. As is typical, in the third generation, most families had already married native Brazilians or immigrants from other countries. Confederate descendants increasingly speak the Portuguese language and identify themselves as Brazilians.

Descendants make a connection to their history through an organization named "American Descendants Fellowship" to preserve American immigrant culture. They have their own cemetery in the city of Americana because the Brazilian Catholic church didn't want to mix with Protestants. The descendants of the Confederate also hold an annual festival in Americana called "Festa Confederada" on the second Sunday in April. During the festival, Confederate flags and uniforms are worn, while Southern American food and

dances are served and performed. The American descendants have contributed enormously to Brazilian society notably in agriculture, education, science, medical and pharmaceutical



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industries. There are many eminent American Brazilian sportsmen also.

- Governor Jimmy Carter's visit to Brazil in 1972.

Jimmy Carter then Governor of Georgia State visited Brazil to check the Confederate's descendants in Brazil. During his visit, Carter also visited the city of Americana where confederate flags were flown and covered the city and the grave of the great-uncle of his wife, Rosalynn Carter, at the American

Cemetery "Cemiterio do Campo". At the time, Carter said that Confederate descendants sounded and looked exactly like their country's Southerners. I met an American descendant in Sao Paulo city in 1964. His name was curiously Philadelphia. I asked him if he is regretting his ancestors immigrated to Brazil instead of remaining in the United States. His answer was an absolute "No". His ancestors' decision was quite fortunate to choose these hospitable Brazilian people living in Brazil not only with good food and climate but also his families in Brazil intact compare to his relatives in the USA who were victimized during many subsequent wars. He said we are really happy to live in this peaceful country Brazil.

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Praise for Snow

Chung , Eunsil

The scenery outside after waking up at dawn to the sound of rustling sounds is an indescribable spectacle. Standing by the window as if enchanted by the white group dance falling like flying in the wind.

The dazzling white snow lightly lands on the bare winter tree as if to comfort it, and the naked tree welcomes it with its swaying long arms open.

The holy encounter between a bare tree and a pure white where every last leaf has fallen and only bare branches remain, began this night. After the long-awaited reunion, the bare tree, soaked all over the body, will burst into a green smile when dawn breaks. The world is shaken here and there by a single small pathogen, and everyone cowers in fear, but the snow-white messenger of winter is dancing down proudly. The dark surroundings suddenly became bright. Even the mild barking of a dog that seems to be heard from afar is friendly enough, the time around



Essay

me stops for a moment, and I stay in that time.

As the dawn slowly emerges, the pure whiteness begins to accumulate one by one. I see sublime beauty in the tender branches that hold each snow-white flower with all their might, with the joy of a silent shout. It is still quiet everywhere, but the backyard is bustling. While the pure white snowflakes are making white blossoms on a dry flower tree that has already fallen, a squirrel wanders around from nowhere. The irresponsible wandering child of the sky, who wanders without direction following the wind, stumbles everywhere he touches, but the moment he stays is extremely fleeting. However, in order to enjoy that moment, there were countless hours of waiting while losing sleep. Everything that exists in the world is finite, but I have lived my life under the illusion that it will last forever. Even if we live only in love, our lives are short, but we felt anger and hatred for being different from me. I also couldn't see far with a big heart, and only developed pettiness inside me like a squirrel spinning on a treadmill. I feel ashamed of myself when I see the son of nature covering the earth, the silvery, flawless jewel.

Finally, the red sun begins to rise and the occasional car

horn breaks the silence and opens the morning. Now the dance of the group dancing of the holy white snow that had descended from the sky had ceased.

However, their traces have turned the whole world into pure white, and now people will cry out in wonder when they open their eyes. Poets will compose poems, musicians will sing, and painters will paint on the white guest who miraculously descended into the world overnight. And in order to taste the momentary joy that will disappear into the water in a moment, the snowflakes will consume the whole day and eventually the whole life.

Just like we do now.

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Presidents show human faces

Ted Han

When foreign leaders are invited to a dinner at the White House, it is customary to take a commemorative photo and then toast and answer questions from journalists. The host has never before asked the guest of honor to sing a song!

However, on the evening of April 26, 2023 (Wed), as the host, President Joe Biden invited South Korean President Yoon Suk-yeol, who was visiting as a state guest, to the stage and made an unprecedented request. The host asked the guest what their favorite song was, and even encouraged them to sing a verse. The guest, waiting eagerly, took the microphone and sang a verse of "American Pie," a beloved song for many Americans, with the original lyrics that stirred the audience, and matched the melody flawlessly, all in English, without the help of an interpreter. The guests at the dinner, not just those at the table, but people all over the world, were captivated. The one minute and fifty-two second performance seemed to

"bring down" the White House.

The "singer" delivered the English lyrics with accurate pronunciation and seemed to understand the meaning of the lyrics perfectly.

Even the president, who was in his eighties, clenched his fists and cheered. He said, "We will host another State Visit soon, and I hope President Yoon will also take on the role of entertainer."

President Biden did not forget the audience in the gallery and showed consideration and kindness toward the guest, saying, "Don't expect me to sing. I'm a stuttering person." He showed a very different human side from his predecessor, who lived in narcissism.

If President Biden is successful in his re-election campaign in 2024, it will be thanks to the wonderful stone that he laid for South Korean President Yoon Suk-yeol.



Essay

April 21, 2023 (Friday) Diary of An Immigrant

Ted Han

- 8:50 AM - Went to K Kimchi Factory in Douglaston, NYC to pick up 8 cases of Kimchi.
- 9:15 AM - Delivered 5 cases of Kimchi to Food Emporium Supermarket in Fresh Meadows.
- 9:30 AM - Had a cup of coffee at Greek Gyro Corner during Every Morning Senior's Meeting.
- 10:00 AM - Picked up embroidered shirts from Stitches for Z One Restaurant in Staten Island and Mike's Royal Diner in Bay Ridge.
- 11:00 AM - Picked up a sample from a doorman and delivered it via FedEx.
- 11:58 AM - Delivered 3 cases of personalized coffee cups imported from Taiwan to Michael at Cross Bay Diner in Howard Beach. Also presented coffee cup sleeves that he had been keeping for 2 years.
- 12:45 PM - Had lunch at AY Kebab Turkish Cuisine in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn.
- 1:45 PM - Delivered holiday menu to Z Two Diner at the end of Staten Island and received a \$1,000 check.
- 2:55 PM - Delivered shirts to Z One Diner in Staten Island and received \$168 in cash.
- 3:45 PM - Collected \$345 for shirts and quoted a price for 2 floor mats at Hylan Diner in Staten Island.
- 5:30 PM - Delivered shirts and flipper samples to Bay Ridge Mike's Royal Diner, but the owner was not present.
- 5:50 PM - The owner of AY Kebab promised to pay \$450 next week due to current tight circumstances.
- 7:45 PM - Delivered 2 cases of Kimchi to Trade Fair Supermarket in Astoria, Queens, but Andre, who is in charge of the Produce Department, was upset due to being late.

The day involved driving 150 miles and was successful, despite the challenges of living as an immigrant for years!

While other friends are enjoying overseas trips, "he" is still working hard in the "jungle".

Analysis & Solutions

It sounds like you had a busy day as an immigrant entrepreneur!



Essay

It can be challenging to balance all the tasks involved in running a business while also dealing with the added stress of being an immigrant in a new country. It's inspiring to see that you are persevering and making it work.

It's important to take note of the successes you had throughout the day, like delivering the holiday menu and receiving payment from the diners. However, it's also important to address the challenges you faced, such as the upset Andre at the supermarket and the delayed payment from AY Kebab. Finding ways to address these issues and improve upon them can help make future days smoother and more successful.

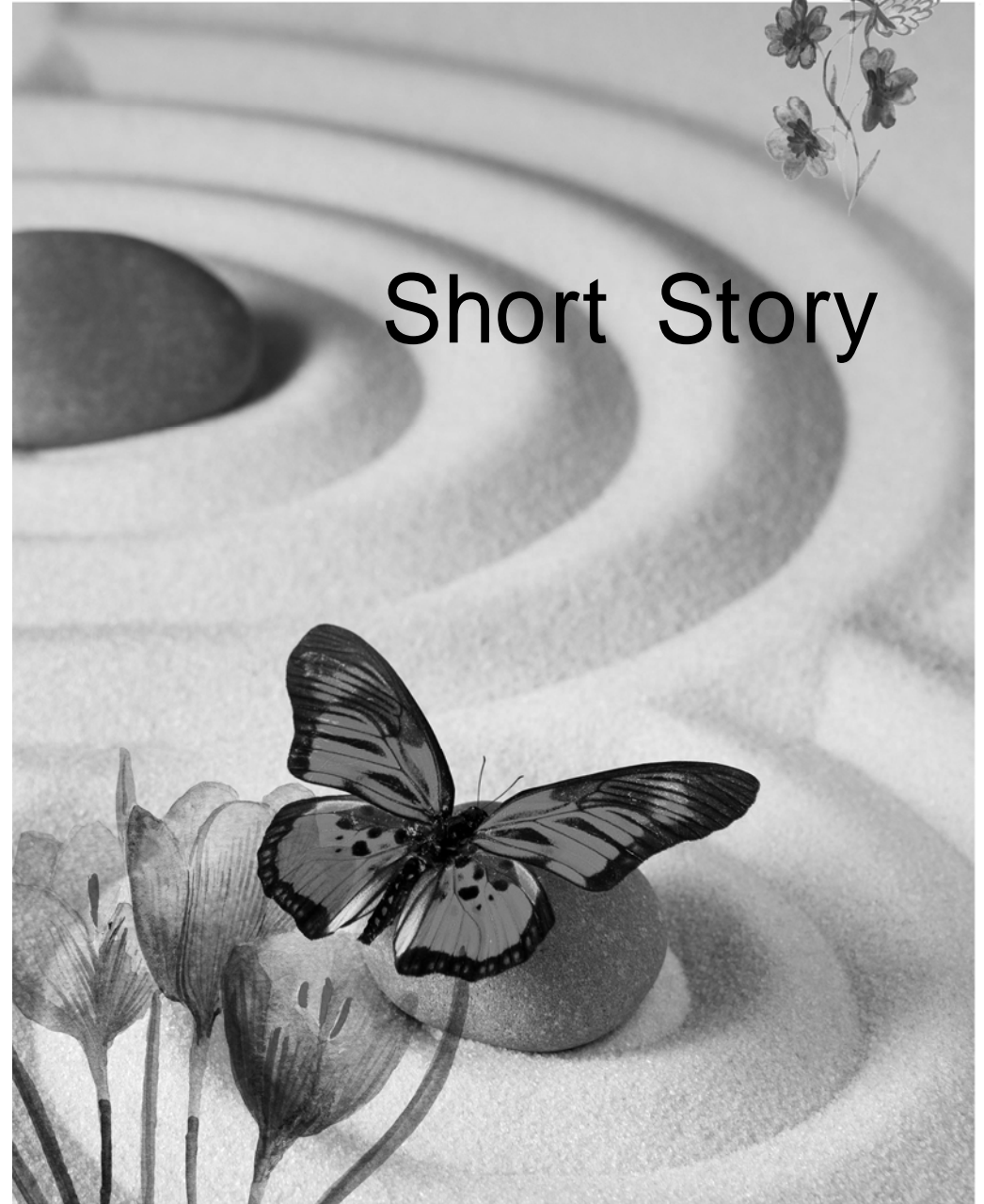
Remember to take some time for yourself to rest and recharge after a long day. Running a business can be exhausting, and it's important to prioritize self-care to maintain your well-being. Keep up the hard work and don't forget to celebrate your successes along the way!

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Short Story



A Star in Debt to The Sorrow

Kim, Bong Rhee

1. Actor

She has lived in this apartment for over thirty years.

She was an actress when she was young.

In Manhattan, she worked as a musical actress and also worked as a waitress in a restaurant.

At the end of the year, she went to a nail salon to make herself look good.

She was going back in time with a red manicure and pedicure. She wasn't famous, but she danced and occasionally sang on stage.

When it was her full-time job, there were no difficulties in life.

She was able to make a living from her waitressing job, sometimes when she was losing her job.

She started living on the fifth floor of an apartment building, and in the mornings, she would come out to this park to exercise and sometimes looked out the window.

There were many statues along the Hudson River where she strolled with him. Even now, many of her beautiful flowers are blooming, but the man who always brought her to her house is no longer here. Wherever she went, in New York she couldn't see him anymore. He left without a word and never appeared again, and it was said that he had returned to his hometown.

He came to New York with the dream of becoming an actor from Africa. His unique body movement stood out, and his exciting madness-like heated acting impressed the people around him, and he was also noticed by the director because he was so outgoing. He sometimes starred in scenes set in Africa. His amazing acting skills and natural talent were used in all of his performances, which made his reputation once great.

The two of them loved each other, she says. She also says that he helped her a lot when life was difficult for her. She had dated several men besides the one who had left, but there was no one by her side now. The only thing that gave the old woman pleasure was her dancing, waving her arms and legs every morning in this park.

Young people gather. She avoided places where there were a lot of men and women, and just looked straight ahead and ran.



Sometimes the wind blows, but usually there is only a gentle breeze.

Going to a place where fragrant herbs smell and flowers bloom, a man named Julji lay down on a wooden chair, looked up at the sky, took a deep breath, and occasionally practiced vocalization while shouting.

Being from an Arab royal family, he was one of those who enjoyed musicals. He was one of the people who waited on her and took her home when she finished her work.

He became close to her when she worked as a waitress, and he came to all the musicals she appeared in and was excited to praise her and liked her.

He was one of her fans who gave her a lot of motivation, as she had never played a lead role before and had only played minor roles in her corner. It was fun when he came. He liked many things about him, but she doesn't know where he is now either. She had been told that she lived in New Jersey, but she had no desire to know more.

After a day's work, when she feels that her life is really over her strength, she remembers the people who helped her.

She laughs as she looks at young women while they are walking or painting important parts of the nude in Times Square.

There are many footsteps that do not stop there, which is always crowded. She used to go back and forth between the theater and her workplace, listening to the applause of martial artists from many countries and the crowd of passers-by who stopped and looked at them.

She also followed the places where Koreans gathered and protested. Protesters were walking with handwritten signs to inform the world of the history of comfort women. Protesters in each country sometimes scream and run for their claims.

A strong anti-racism march also fills the streets with young people and protests. Old people and young children are seen. As you go about your daily life in such a cluttered atmosphere, the ecstatic view of the night view unfolds at night.

She wakes up in the morning and sometimes goes to the early morning service at a Korean church. She walks around the park, waving with familiar people. Sometimes she likes to take the ferry to Staten Island for breakfast and coffee.

There were times when she was alone in the large compartment on snowy days when there were no passengers. She stands on her deck in the boat and watches her snowflakes falling. Large snowflakes were melting as they fell on the river. There is no one on deck, she was alone. Seeing her falling snow, she screams and sings. She starts dancing excitedly. The entire



stage becomes her own.

The Statue of Liberty also seemed to be giving praise as if cheering with torches with open arms in the snow. She sings and dances, running from end to end where no one is, no one gets in the way.

This is her solo stage. As if flying in the sky, she feels refreshed. Her mood was lifted, and her feet were light. The accumulated fatigue had melted like snow and was entering the river. It was snowing so much that the buildings could not be seen, and she stared at it to make sure not to miss any of it before coming inside.

Her heated body and mind melted again in her warm indoor air, and when the ship arrived, she got off the ship and went into the waiting room.

There are two large fish tanks. When entering, look into the fish tank on the right. There were many tropical fish in it. She was saddened when the fish that always met and greeted her was not visible. Whenever a new member of the fish family came in, she decided to keep the beautiful figure in her mind again.

As she leaves the shop with a hot coffee, she returns to the waiting room and goes to the fish tank on the other side. She

responds with her hand to the familiar fish that comes to the transparent wall with its mouth open and kisses her as if to greet her.

She taps her fingernails and makes eye contact. Her meeting with the fish in the morning was happy, and the hot coffee seemed to melt her whole body. Pleasant tiredness wakes up again and her eyes widen.

She goes back the way she came, boards the parry, crosses the river, returns home, takes a shower, and has a quiet time. Everything prepared for a busy day is revived.

She comes out with a big bag. She puts her body on a crowded train and runs. She sits down with her eyes closed, and when she opens her eyes, she sees people's feet. All wore thick chives. It seems to be snowing a lot. Looking out the car window, busy people were running around making the morning alive.

Why do they have to come out and move in the morning, but the beating of life rings. The steps flowed like flowing water. She got off and got on another train to change again. Even in it, many people were embracing the heat, forgetting the cold, and trains waiting and leaving were moving busily at the intersection of various lines.

It seems that busy mornings, like everyone else, have no choice but to be busy with the heavy weight of being responsible

for their lives. It wasn't snowing inside the subway, but she could tell that there was still a lot of snow outside, and the snow on the feet of the passengers.

Wearing boots like boots, she is holding an umbrella. To avoid a lot of prying eyes, she sometimes uses an umbrella. She doesn't feel that the weight of heavy boots is too heavy. The thick clothing covered her whole body and was also worn over her head. The hat was a black hat that covered the ears and hung down.

She had prepared everything to avoid the exceptionally cold Manhattan street wind.

Many people were already moving for the morning business at the store where she works. She also moves to do her job according to the manager's instructions. The day started with snow, but many people pouring in only then greeted the morning.

The day started with drinks and sandwiches ordered. Her steps were quick, and she moved her whole body, sensitive to calls, through her shop.

2. Father

The place she often visited holding hands with her father

is where there is a monument with the names of many people who fought during the Korean War. Her father had gone to Korea as a veteran of the Korean War. Her father fought fierce battles in the Korean War with the UN forces.

Her father, young and young, risked his life to go there without knowing where it was. Occasionally her father told her stories of the place, but she couldn't understand what he was saying, and only her memories of running and playing among the memorials to fallen soldiers remained. There was also a statue of a soldier with a gun there. Looking at her younger self standing there taking pictures of her, she often thinks that her smiling self doesn't suit her.

Her father worked for a brokerage company, and she still has many memories of her father taking her to many theaters from a young age.

The Korean War is said to have occurred in 1950 as a result of illegal invasions from the north to the south.

Because the ideology was different, the Communist Party caused a war in a different place with a different idea, which caused a problem on the international stage.

US President Truman sent US troops there, the fierce war was disastrous, and refugees descended from the north to the



short Story

south. Her father often told her of his memories of walking with them.

She imagines her father as a young man in military uniform and helmet, but with no apparent accuracy, just like a faraway fairy tale. She only had many memories of a place she went with her father, where war memorials stood.

She speaks her words.

One day she saw her father squatting by the monument and ran to see him crying. I don't know why her father cried, but when she appeared, her father put her on his shoulder and walked away, and she screamed in excitement at the scenery around her.

She sometimes brought flowers to the statue of the man with the gun.

She liked it.

Her father liked to make fun of her in front of her statue.

Her father sometimes sang, calling out the names engraved on stones with his fingers, saying that the names of his father's friends were there. Her father was smiling, showing off his muscles, straining his arms.

Her father, who left home in the morning or afternoon, was

very upright. His appearance in his suit was always neat, even straightening his tie in the mirror. She says she misses seeing her father like that.

She learned dance and sang hard, but also sang along with her excellent voice, which was given to her by her father.

The war was devastating, and cries were heard from all directions.

Her father was able to eat with the hands of Korean residents helping soldiers on the battlefield and was close to them.

Hearing the news that his family members had died, he felt sad and filled his mind with the horrors of the battlefield where he spent time together. Her father had also thought of carrying a dying child on his back. How did the child grow up? How does he live? Sometimes her father wept as he remembered the people who had died helping him.

Soldiers who were wounded while fighting together parted ways without a promise to meet each other. Her father thinks of the work he had to deal with and the time when he felt the limit of his physical strength because it was too cold.

He also reminds me of the people who looked after him when he was swept away and lost consciousness. When her father woke up, there were no injuries on his body. He later checked and found nothing wrong, but he often complained that his head hurts.



He was taking medicine sometimes. However, he is getting along well with his day-to-day affairs, and she sees him looking depressed sometimes. When he had a bad headache, he took a vacation at home and rested, but he did not show any serious symptoms. He looked healthy on the outside and was handsome.

He goes to a barber shop or beauty salon to get his tousled hair trimmed, but mostly to the barber shop. He used to take his daughter with him on those occasions. He also liked to take his daughter to the nail salon.

Since she was young, she followed her to the nail salon, doing her nails together, and drawing pretty flowers on her nails.

One day, a woman from Korea who was studying abroad was working as a part-time job, and her father was happy to talk with her. Then, even though her father's fingernails were bleeding because of her fault, her father smiled at her and said it was okay, and her father liked her very much.

Her father loved the place that welcomed women. My father and she were really close, so maybe that's why my father hung a picture, a picture of a father and daughter soaking both legs in hot water in slippers on a snowy day, on the wall of the salon.

Even when it rained, she went there and cleaned her hands

and feet and applied pretty colors, which was a very good memory. She sometimes took her friends there for her birthday, and her father had paid for everyone during her prank days, and her children and father were all amused.

My father's health got worse and worse, so he stopped working and spent more time at home.

He spent a lot of time outside on the excuse of being busy.

He often visited the site of her monument and stayed there all day, so that sometimes she went looking for her father. His squatting figure was motionless, and he seemed to be dragging himself along with the thought of digging deeper. When she returned home with her father, she felt the weight of him weighing on her, but she had more time to work than she had to take care of him.

She felt sorry for her beloved father's weakness, but she could not stop the speed of her life, and she had to spend too little of her time for him. My father, who went in and out of hospitals, eventually went to a nursing home for soldiers.

When she visited, her father recognized her and was delighted, saying that he was in good health and not to worry, and would show off his muscles.

He was gradually getting worse, and he was going out less

frequently. He couldn't even go to the monument statue he used to go out from time to time.

3. Single Mommy

Life isn't easy for a single mom, but she's had a hard time even raising one son. When she was working, she had a hard time because there was no place to leave her son, and when the school called when her child was sick, she often did not know what to do. Even when she went to the hospital to vaccinate her child, there were always difficulties. Everything about raising her child was beyond her strength.

She went to a place where there is a group that helps each other and takes care of the children. She was clumsy at first, but when she saw the children contacting each other and helping each other, she liked it.

The older children were taking care of the younger ones, so she had to work extra to give them some pocket money.

There were many times when everyone in the theater had to live together and practice, and it was more difficult at that time. Each time she had to find a suitable place to leave her child and go to work.

There were many times when she was happy to have her

child. But her financial power and the time to raise him made her very hard.

Sometimes, when her parents had to go to her child's school events, she often couldn't.

She had to work harder to take care of her busy New York life and school meetings and parties, so she couldn't find time for her child.

There were fights between students everywhere, gunshots were heard and deaths were taking place. Each time, knowing that her child was not there, she could safely go to work.

Her son sang very well, but he said he didn't want to major in music and preferred to play with a game console and he wanted to stay home.

Even in her busy life, she made her son, who loves music, take music lessons, and had to share her work with raising her children. It was nice to be able to forget everything when she sang. She sang for others, but she was also a good consolation to herself.

She felt that her child was growing and that she herself was getting older and losing her strength.

While she worked as a waitress for a long time, she got a job in a less demanding department and her income increased. She sometimes had to deal with drunk people's commotion,



so she sometimes had to do something new. Now she has more other things to do and she has to pay more attention to managing her staffs.

Her son spent a lot of time with his friends, and as he grew up, he spent less time with her, and more and more days the mother and son slept without seeing each other. Her son was doing his job well on his own. As the child grows up, the world changes and it was not easy to keep up with the many things that fit the new environment.

When the child left the camp, she was busy preparing each other, and after leaving, her son was not at home, so she was free, but she was worried about her son and couldn't get work done. The two had to be close. She was accustomed to a life where her child's life became all of her life, and she had both difficulties and joys when she had to care for him.

She was proud of her son, who studied well and received many awards. Her son had grown up to be the kind of boy who would understand when her mother was too busy to attend his graduation.

There was loneliness and joy in her when her son liked that he had his girlfriend.

The son sometimes brought his girlfriend home, but he was often out. She wanted to lessen her attachment to her son and

focus more on her own business, but her body was worn out and old.

She often said that her stage life was getting less and less and that her strength was running out.

The place where her son graduated and got a job was a stock company where her father worked. When her son got married and left, she was infinitely lonely and shed tears, but she felt happy and liberated.

The son and daughter-in-law set up a new home and left, and then she felt an unknown separation. Meeting with them and eating together was a part of her pleasure for her.

No one knows how she feels when she goes to the theater and sits down with her son and daughter-in-law. In the meantime, she only stood on stage, but her heart was pounding when she sat with her son and his wife and watched the performance. She thought she was ashamed to say that she was a stage actress. Her life as an unsuccessful actress remains only as a pleasant memory.

She sees the encounters with countless people and the hands of those she is grateful for.

When she invited her son and his wife to her house, she felt that she had nothing more to do for her son because the atmosphere in the house was cozy and pleasing. When she

left the house after being treated very warmly by her son and daughter-in-law, there was a feeling of sadness in a corner of her heart.

A problem arose between the son and daughter-in-law, who were so close, and the two quarreled. Her upset was when she came to her own house and saw her son. But she surprised herself that she was happy that her son was by her side. She was stunned that when the relationship between her son and daughter-in-law flared up, she herself couldn't stop feeling like she had found her son again.

She thinks of the men who have left her. At the thought that one of hers was her son, she couldn't resist her strong desire to hold her son by her side.

However, she feels lonely when she sees the back of her son who has returned to her wife. Her daughter-in-law used to visit her frequently, but now came to visit her occasionally. what can she say

Her daughter-in-law was still young. She sees herself in her youth in her daughter-in-law. Her heart was the same as then. She didn't like to go deep between them. She kept her mother's heart for the best for her son.

He called her to say that he moved, but since then he hasn't

called his mother to his house. She was very sorry for her son, but she did not show her resentment for her son and daughter-in-law. Both her son and her daughter-in-law were working hard, and she herself was also working.

The restaurant work increased and the busy life continued. Her son's thoughts were always with her, but she was too busy in her own way to get out of the loop of her life. She sometimes invited her son and daughter-in-law to her house, but since only her son came, she no longer expected her daughter-in-law. Her son was also continuing what he was doing. The way her son talked about stocks going up and down was just like her father. She wondered if the stocks would give her son a headache, just like his father.

She had a daughter-in-law, but she couldn't see her. She felt very sorry for her daughter-in-law. Generations were changing. She sees her old self in her daughter-in-law, and she even gets the idea that she is jealous of her daughter-in-law. She thinks that her obsession may have made her daughter-in-law feel resistant.

On her daughter-in-law's birthday, she wrote her a pretty card and invited her. Her daughter-in-law says she is busy that day and she comes the next day. Having made up her mind, she made her preparations as she waited for the next day.

The next day, the three of them met again and had a happy heart while talking about various things, but her unsolved feelings were indescribable.

From that day on, her daughter-in-law came home again, and the opportunity to have a meal with the three of them increased a lot. Her son seemed to like it, and her daughter-in-law seemed to like it too.

As before, the three of them became natural, and each of them went back to their lives, burying their feelings of regret for each other. Her daughter-in-law is also getting a little calmer, working fewer hours and more time at her house, she says.

4. 9.11 (September 11)

On Tuesday, she left the house and went to work. Smoke was rising from Manhattan. Smoke was rising from the Twin Towers. A suddenly spreading light filled the large building. She makes the mistake of seeing her son jumping out frantically in her burning building. she screams loudly As she runs, she calls loudly for her son to come out quickly.

Suddenly the cell phone rings. The phone cuts off while her son is saying he's sorry and that he loves mom. She couldn't connect with her son again.

A suicide bombing of the plane took place. It was a surprise attack prepared in advance, so no one could stop it. The same thing was happening elsewhere. An urgent voice was pouring out of the broadcast telling everyone to avoid it. All firefighters were mobilized to extinguish the fire, but they could not stop it.

She spent all day looking for her son. The building her son was in became a fireball and neither of them could even get close to it. She couldn't believe her son was in it. She is obsessed with the idea that her son got out through the fire. She wanted to believe that her son was inside the building and he ran out.

Fire trucks are mobilized and water is poured from the sky. Numerous fire hydrants are all pouring water.

All she has to do is find her son. She can only think that her son is out there somewhere. She was roaming the area, searching with the police and searching with her daughter-in-law. She returned her daughter-in-law, who was pregnant and her body was heavy, to her house first, and then she again wandered streets like a madwoman in search of her son.

The street, not even a car, was full of expressionless crowds. Roads are blocked here and there, so everyone only walks forward and follows each other behind. Passing by, enter an

open restaurant, eat something, and follow the crowd in a line. Tears flow from her eyes and she thinks of her daughter-in-law's swollen feet. Everyone was just walking in sync, with surprised expressions and expressionless faces. They couldn't even go fast. The crowd can only go forward. All roads were blocked and controlled.

She searched for her son for days and days, but she could not find him and never saw him again. Her beloved son, whom she had raised with all her might, had disappeared. She wants to see her son, but she can't see her son anymore. Her tears didn't come out, only her crumbly face was groping with her hands. Suddenly the atmosphere around her changed and the smell of burning ashes tickled her nostrils. She couldn't breathe. It took too long for the flames around her to extinguish. The streets all turn into a sad atmosphere, candles are lit, flowers are placed in remembrance, and passers-by bow their heads. All living people were in the same mood. It was hard to be alive. It shows a missing shape, but it is not easy to give up.

All of a sudden, the lights went out and the whole world had to go through the day and night in a state of blackout. Only hospitals or special places that generate electricity were on. It would all be a dark world. People had to light candles. Frustrated, people came out and left the engine on in their cars.

Students from nearby schools came out and merchants opened their doors, but more and more stores were closed because they could not keep up with fewer customers. Everyone had no choice but to give up everything that suddenly happened.

She finds her son in the ashes. It looked as if the son would come out at any moment. Tears come out. Take care of her daughter-in-law. Her daughter-in-law only cries. The baby in the womb moves. She suddenly feels sorry for her daughter-in-law. Today, her son does not come back. Looking at her son's graduation photo, she smiles silently, and she is pure and lovely. She was too lazy to wait for the unforgettable child.

Even though she tried to work, she couldn't concentrate on her work. She runs out again and wanders the streets looking for her son. She is so exhausted that when she gets back to her house, she lies down without washing. she can't sleep The mind is awake, but not awake. Like a dead body, her body was heavy,

Her daughter-in-law gave her a phone. she just cries She said the baby in her stomach was healthy.

The theater district is still open and tourists can be seen. Stage actors continue to do what they do. Many shops were closed, but many were still open and working. Many people left Manhattan. The place where young people always gather

is filled with young people again. She hated their spirit of giving up early. It seemed like a street where you could easily throw away things you should have. Rather than keeping the order of her life, she was afraid of a life that was easily taken and discarded lightly.

Even today she was looking for her son. She couldn't give up. Months have passed, but the streets are still the same. Students go to school and the number of people studying in the university library has also increased. Students prepare for the future. They are studying with anticipation and hope for a tomorrow that they do not know what will happen.

Graduation and entrance ceremonies are held again, and everyone is walking with bags on their backs to create hope in the streets full of the smell of ashes. Students come to the tattoo shop near the school and get tattoos as a sign of friendship and affection. It is said that the number of people who value family is increasing.

Not only in New York, but also in other places, the crashed plane exploded and set a sea of fire.

George W. Bush, the 43rd president, also came to New York. The mayor of New York focused on stabilizing and returning citizens to sort everything out. The number of victims increased every day, and the various groups caring for them began volunteering

to help.

Contacts have come from many places, and it takes a lot of time for people's expressions to come alive on the street.

It reminds her of the famous twin towers. The appearance when it rains, the tall buildings that are hidden when the clouds come in, the beautiful tall buildings that were reflected in the sun when the sun rises are completely gone. The good memories are also alive in it. The place where the young brains that her son was proud of were gathered, the lives with great pride disappeared. It's an impossible disaster.

Evil hearts and forces took away the fate of innocent people. In this terrifying environment, she was unable to speak and her heart ached so much that it was a shame that she was alive. There is only a longing face in the dying candle. The faces she wants to see that she can't see

5. New Life

The daughter-in-law, who had been crying, said that her belly was getting bigger and that the baby was moving too much. The doctor showing the baby moving in her belly, says the baby is perfectly healthy.

She is so proud of her daughter-in-law who keeps going to

the hospital according to the schedule she has set while continuing her work and taking care of the child in her belly.

She considered her daughter-in-law her own child and offered to live with her in her own house. But her daughter-in-law rejected her offer and she wanted to live alone.

She went to her son's house, where she hadn't been before. When she went, she found that her son's clothes and things he had used were still there. A picture of her with her son was also hung. Tears poured out of her eyes as she met the eyes of her son in the photograph, who was looking at her smiling. She hugged her daughter-in-law next to her as she wiped away her tears. She touched her daughter-in-law's belly and she could feel her life in motion. The two went out and went to the restaurant. She ordered what she wanted and what her son liked to eat. The daughter-in-law smiles as if she noticed. When her daughter-in-law smiled, she felt better. Her son was gone, but now she was at one with her daughter-in-law. She will become a family with her child.

A phone call came in. She busily prepared and ran to the hospital, but the child was already born. Born without her father, she was a cute little girl. It broke her heart to see how lonely her daughter-in-law must have been. Her son, who should be

by her daughter-in-law's side, is not there at this moment. How lonely and scared she must have been.

Both mother and child were healthy. The baby, wrapped in a blanket, was wearing a pink hat.

The baby's eyes are closed, but the image of his son is visible in the baby's face. The baby looks like her father. She misses her son. She is happy to see the baby.

Happiness seemed to overflow. While in the hospital, the daughter-in-law recovered. After her discharge, her daughter-in-law left for her home with her newborn baby. Now it was a pleasure for her to visit her daughter-in-law every day and take care of her granddaughter. Her granddaughter continues to grow, laughing, recognizing people, sitting, turning over and crawling. When she buys toys, she feels better. She knows how difficult it is to raise a baby alone, so she tries to be more attentive.

The three of them went shopping together and immediately ran to take care of them when they needed a helping hand.

Whenever she went to get a shot or something happened, she eagerly helped her daughter-in-law.

Her granddaughter, who called her grandmother and followed her as she began to speak, was now becoming her friend.

Her granddaughter was a good singer and loved to dance

and move her body. Her granddaughter's face was so cute that every time she looked at her granddaughter, she couldn't help herself.

She brought her granddaughter home, played with her, read to her children's books, and was happy together. She took pictures of her granddaughter growing up, organized them, and showed them to her daughter-in-law, and the two were delighted.

At the theater, she helped with the chores, took care of her juniors, and continued to work at the restaurant. She did her job and took care of her granddaughter and helped her daughter-in-law.

A lot of time had passed until the collapsed building was put in order, and her heart was only hurt as she looked at it. There was not a day when she forgot her son..... Her son's appearance as he was alive was stuck in her head.

It was her sincerity to comfort her daughter-in-law until her granddaughter walked around without her diaper on. The two became closer, and the need to raise her granddaughter together made them more united.

As the granddaughter grew up, she began to resemble her father. She was so pretty when she smiled. Her granddaughter gave her her smile and gave her hope. When her granddaughter

didn't eat well, cried, or couldn't sleep, she looked at her granddaughter, thinking she resembled her father. She looked prettier when she sat down and took pictures.

She was strong, unlike a girl, as she rode around in a walker. She was a healthy child. The granddaughter dragged the big one around the house. Power is applied to the overweight ankles, and when the feet touch the floor, they turn vigorously and quickly follow people around.

The granddaughter was showing the vitality of getting what she wanted through crying. Her narcissism grew stronger and she was getting everyone's attention. Her cheers as she sang were great. She screamed at her with all her might until her wants were met. Her granddaughter had many demands of hers and she did everything in her power to meet them. When her granddaughter was so tenacious, she felt that her granddaughter resembled her.

She was seeing her life, which had been frightening and harming many things without a break, in the child. Her granddaughter knew what she couldn't get from her mother she could get from her grandmother.

When her granddaughter's sorrowful heart, looking at her grievously, captured her heart, she seemed to see something surprising and new. Her beloved granddaughter was the image

of her only son. Her granddaughter was approaching her again in the form of her son.

All the colleagues and people in the neighborhood were comforting each other and taking care of the birth and growth of a new life. She would take her granddaughter to her church, hold her granddaughter in her arms and say her prayers. Her heart darkened whenever she looked at the backs of the young couple in her front row embracing each other affectionately, but she thought of her daughter-in-law and pretended to be lively and cheerful, smiling and boasting about her granddaughter.

When the children were gathered and baptized, she stood with her daughter-in-law. She looked at her granddaughter, who had grown up wonderfully. Her granddaughter's blood type was the same as her son's, and she grew up the same way. Her tantrums and whining in her sleep were stereotyped with her son. She expresses her liking when music is played when she sleeps.

Her daughter-in-law is busy and has a lot of time to go out. She doesn't want to meddle in what's going on outside.

The child likes her words little by little and riding the rhythm of the music.

The way she waddles and tries her best is ridiculously great. She also enjoyed walking around the house holding hands and

playing. Her screaming and grinning teeth were sprouting one by one in her mouth, biting angrily but only pretty.

6. Babysitter

Her granddaughter avoids a stream of water rising from the ground. She runs around in her bathing suit as she moves around in the water.

Her daughter-in-law asked her to take care of her granddaughter, saying that she was leaving for overseas duty. It was difficult for her to quit what she was doing, but she said she would. Now she was at her house with her granddaughter. As she followed her granddaughter around all day, she became even closer to her granddaughter. She learned through her granddaughter the flow of love deeper than she raised her son. The pretty appearance of her granddaughter, who was different from her son, also caught my eye more.

If the granddaughter goes into the water, she has to change her granddaughter into a swimsuit and watch her play. She waits by her side until her granddaughter is exhausted, prepares something to eat, and feeds her from time to time. The two often went to the park.

In the park, at a certain time, mothers come out with their

children and spread a mat. They are young and close to each other. The granddaughter also got along well with children and made new friends.

The young mothers were a good relationship, exchanging new information and getting along well. Sometimes dads take their kids out, but they get along well and spend time with them. She was the only grandmother at the park gathering.

A beautiful river runs around the apartment and there is a playground for the children to play. Even there, her granddaughter was playing with children her age. When she came home with her granddaughter, they cooked together and fed them together. The cooking was simple but very enjoyable. Cooking was fun for the two of them.

Her granddaughter drew on her drawing paper and then colored it. It was so amazing to her that her granddaughter pictured her own father in her picture. After watching her granddaughter draw a similar picture of her father, she changed her granddaughter's drawing into a smiling figure.

The moment she saw her granddaughter smiling and looking at her grandmother fixing the hard expression in her painting with a smiling face, she was mistaken that her dead son was alive.

When the granddaughter drew her family, she drew her mother

and herself and her grandmother next to them. When her painting was finished, she took the pose she wanted her granddaughter to ask for her permission. She was surprised again by herself saying thank you to her granddaughter, giving her compliments on her drawing.

She bought her granddaughter a small instrument and taught her how to play it. In the figure of her granddaughter following her magnetism, she was seeing a reflection of herself.

As she learned her instrument from her father, her quick imitation of her father was now showing in her granddaughter. The sight of her granddaughter reminded her of her father in a nursing home.

The granddaughter had developed her motor skills and could follow her movements very well. Her granddaughter did all the moves with wit. She also follows the action on the screen very well.

When she was taught how to write, she did well, but sometimes she wanted to finish quickly, so there were times when she just stopped in the middle.

When it was time to play with clay, the granddaughter gave strength with her small hands and made her mother, grandmother, and herself, and put her paper-drawn father between them. When she asks why, her granddaughter replied that it was

because he was the father who is only in the picture.

Her heart ached.

Still, her granddaughter would have liked to have her own father by her side. How did she have such a heart when no one taught her? She was amazing as she looked at her granddaughter with pity, she could see her girlish grandeur, something inexpressible and empty.

She loved her granddaughter so much when her granddaughter said she loved her grandmother and hugged her neck. The close touch she felt for her granddaughter was good for her. She said her grandmother smelled good on her. She liked the close touch of her granddaughter. Her granddaughter said her grandmother smelled good.

The time to make doll clothes in the toy sewing machine play was not long because my granddaughter was bored. However, she took time to ask her granddaughter to make clothes for her dolls. Then her granddaughter said that her grandmother had to make her own doll clothes, so she learned to sew and made clothes for her doll with her granddaughter.

The granddaughter who played the game was confident as if she was proud of being ahead of her while teaching her grandmother. It was not easy to play with the machine she was not familiar with, but she learned and played hard beca

use she had to know that it changed according to the times. After all, her granddaughter was alone in her corner, quietly absorbed in the game.

The granddaughter is away from her side and focusing only on herself. In the meantime, she does the laundry that has been overdue and cleans her house. E

When the granddaughter goes to sleep, she brings the blanket she has covered since childhood. The granddaughter sleeps tightly hugging an old blanket that has been torn down. When she threw it away, the granddaughter would bring the blanket back and always carry it with her. That blanket is a blanket that her granddaughter loves more than a game console and feels more comfortable and reassuring than her grandmother.

She plays music quietly as she looks down at her granddaughter as she lies on the blanket with one hand sucking her finger.

She calls all over the place when the child is asleep. In the meantime, she is taking care of what she couldn't get out and couldn't do. Looks like everyone is busy. She thinks that people are losing interest in her and forgetting about her. The short time she is alone is quickly over.

She washed the waking child, ate together, and went outside to get some fresh air. She goes back into the house and shares her child's favorite things or watches television together.

Occasionally, while receiving phone calls from her daughter-in-law, her granddaughter delivers news of her mother to her. Feeling that her granddaughter likes her mother more than her grandmother, she feels a bit sad. The time spent with her granddaughter was passing quickly.

Even if the two of them go hand in hand, if there is a child of a similar age to her, the granddaughter goes to that child. Children who are easy to get along with are often seen in parks.

If you tell her that the place she is riding her bike is dangerous, her granddaughter won't go far and stay by her side. Sometimes she even runs away. It seems that someone has a desire to go somewhere far away. Even if she runs far, her granddaughter comes back to her grandmother. She buys her granddaughter her ice cream. It is also pretty to see her granddaughter eating deliciously and following her words well. She feels proud of her granddaughter.

She knows that her young granddaughter, who is growing up learning to live one by one, will grow up and do the same thing again, but everyone lives like that.

She looks at the back of her daughter-in-law carrying her granddaughter and waves her hand helplessly. she can't sleep. The space her granddaughter left is too big. It was hard for her to get over her feeling of emptiness.

7. Puberty (Encounter with BTS)

As a teenager, she wore jeans and a t-shirt, and on the weekends, she took pocket money from her father and ran around Manhattan. Sometimes she went into the theater and often spent the whole day in and out of it. She enjoyed the streets she wandered with her children. Even now she can't forget all those places. She has lived there all her life. Rather than spending time in the arcade, she goes around the theater while buying something to eat, or goes back and forth to numerous stores to buy what she wants and come out.

There are many clothing stores for teenagers in Manhattan. It is fashionable and well-made at a low cost. As if the value of the stable baseline has been set, there are many good and inexpensive products. Shoes and stickers aren't brand names either, but there are plenty of good ones that don't go out of style. As befits a fashion street, the stores there knew everything about their customers' pockets.

There were many famous department stores there. When she goes there, she goes with her father and all she has to do is pick it up, and when her father pays for it, she just picks it up and leaves. The father, who seems to enjoy buying her daughter something she likes, follows her behind her and makes

eye contact with her daughter who is looking back and chases after her daughter. At that time, her father was barking a happy expression.

Her granddaughter has reached puberty. Every day she was rummaging through her computer, looking for a new T-shirt. In her granddaughter's behavior, she sees herself as a child.

It is BTS that her granddaughter is fascinated with these days. Her granddaughter said she loved their music and she followed them to all their performances and events, singing and dancing, buying souvenirs and everything related to him. When they come to New York, the granddaughter follows them everywhere. She has to make a reservation in advance. The granddaughter came to visit her grandmother, saying that she was upset that the tickets were all sold out. She booked her ticket at a very expensive price as she and her granddaughter went to the computer.

Her daughter-in-law was busy and couldn't go, so the two of them went.

The concert hall is clamoring without a chance to set foot. It seemed that all the young teenagers of the world had gathered there. She saw a lot of people with towels on their heads. Wearing a short mini skirt and jeans, wearing short pants or

a dress caught her eyes.

She also saw a lot of boys too. Before the start, the chaotic atmosphere was heating up.

As many people filled the stadium, cheers resounded when BTS appeared in the midst of them gathering, and as they entered, mad-like fans screamed and waved the things they had prepared, singing along with their flamboyant dance, and children running together clamored.

She took her granddaughter's hand and entered the theater and danced with the crowd. Their performance captivated everyone and made them lose themselves to the extreme. She was falling in love with all their inhaling motions and music. Since when, their popularity has been great. Almost similar heights and beautiful body proportions harmonized, and the dancing and music were at a great level. When BTS sang Arirang in Korean, the audience was singing along, and her granddaughter went around and sang Arirang, Arirang. She spent the whole day following her granddaughter around. Her granddaughter carries her grandmother by her side, who spends generously for her granddaughter.

She pictured herself playing as a child. She has a youthful run. She vigorously shows her healthy beauty, and the movement attracts her heart. Although BTS sings in English and also sings



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in other languages, the language doesn't matter. Only that rhythm attracts the hearts of young people around the world. Only the dynamic movements and the body movements of young children had something in common with time. There were performances not only in New York City, but also in other places.

She decided to go there with her granddaughter, who was begging to go far in the car, and got behind the wheel. As her car moves, she plays her music and sings along, which her granddaughter loves. Looking at her granddaughter, she laughs too. She also liked going with her granddaughter. However, in her eyes, her granddaughter, who has grown up prettier, is cuter than anything else.

The sight of her favorite granddaughter eating a snack in the car was giving vitality to her life after losing her son.

It's exciting to be together as one. She was also happy and rejuvenated with her granddaughter who followed her BTS wherever they went.

Looking at her granddaughter's delight that she has a boyfriend, she thought that her granddaughter was all grown up now. The two children were growing up hanging out and playing together in Manhattan.

Her granddaughter was also diligently doing well in her school li

fe. She was doing well in her studies and she was also doing well in her music studies.

Her granddaughter said she broke up with her boyfriend. Meanwhile, she was more deeply into BTS than ever before, and she's picking one of them, she says.

She worries about her granddaughter's madness. However, she thinks that the pure heart she poured out when she was young is her instinct.

On vacation, her daughter-in-law and granddaughter went on a foreign trip. New York they left was turning into a lonely place for her. She envied her granddaughter as she waved her hand vigorously and left. At that time, she felt that the strength of her youth was amazing.

She looks at the pictures of mother and daughter that her daughter-in-law sends her from time to time. While she told her to be careful, she was careful as if she was nagging for nothing.

Looking at her granddaughter, who goes to many places, I hoped that her granddaughter would like to broaden her horizons, see the world, see herself, and live a creative life. They take pictures of her grandfather in Korea and send them to her. The photo shows a landscape with tall buildings and Busan, Cheolwon, and Seoul, where her father used to talk. Her daughter-in-law and

her granddaughter were traveling through the country her grandfather had risked his life to defend. They go to Japan and China to learn Eastern culture. Her granddaughter, who lived only in New York, will have a dream of another environment. There is no longer racial discrimination. I see a colorful city.

They visited the historical sites of Korean life in the past and also visited the country of BTS. They will visit the splendid places, especially the places that young people like, and feel another new thing. When they came back, they were bringing in souvenirs from BTS. Many of the places that interest young children have been changed with great changes.

She went to pick them up with the New York Panic. A lot of Asians and many other people poured out, and among them, I noticed a child dressed up as a doll.

After returning home, the mother and daughter have many things to say. Mother and her daughter excitedly told their stories as she drove back, but when she got home, her granddaughter didn't stop and continued to explain her grandmother. The daughter-in-law was also excited and told the story of the trip in detail.

Through her granddaughter and daughter-in-law, she is listening to a world with a different atmosphere to herself, who has never been outside and was only in New York. Manhattan,

where many people live together, is where many races gather and live. No one is blocking the footsteps that come and go without any objection.

8. Bellary Park(battery park)

Groups of boys who are familiar with Zex (the famous 99 cent store on 34th Street) enter. They were almost the same height and had a neat atmosphere. The BTS members must have come to this place near the hotel. They came pouring in. When young people who speak Korean appear, Koreans naturally talk to each other, exchange greetings, and then go out. After the BTS fans chatter out, it seems that suddenly there is only an empty space left.

They also appeared at Macy's department store. The surroundings become clear, and the passers-by stand and stare at them. In New York, they stood out in everyday life as if they were playing in many places.

Children are running and playing in a place where there is a fountain in Pak. Next to it, you can see many young children showing off their talents, dancing and performing tricks. He is dancing while imitating the dance of BTS.

There is a lot of business going on around it. They sell hot

dogs and various souvenirs from a car with wheels.

The children come and dance. They beat drums and dance traditional African dances. Next to it, they stop passers-by and draw portraits. There are people who take pictures and make prints on the spot. There is also an ice cream vendor. Most parents buy ice creams for their children. Homeless people are sometimes seen lying on benches, but no one is involved.

The Korean War Memorial, which her father often visited, is also there. There are many other statues.

The flowers blooming in every corner were clustered in their fields, and along the beautiful Hudson River, manuals and guides with various commemorative signs were standing pretty. There are many places where anyone can come and rest. It gives a naturally calm atmosphere, and you can see many tall buildings around it compared to the soft atmosphere.

It is a place where many trains and buses pass by and many spectators come and go. There are also many people who get on and off the parry.

It is a cozy and quiet place where the love of many people blooms. There are many restaurants around and many apartments to live in. Many movie stars live there too.

There are many memorials such as the East Coast Memorial,

The Statue of Liberty is also nearby. A place where you can see a beautiful sunset, a place where you can see the night view of the lofty Manhattan., It is a place with many historically significant places.

It is a nature-friendly park with many large trees, providing shade and rest. It is also a place where you can see the beautiful sky and river because the front is open. A cool breeze blows when you walk with your dogs, and it is a good place for squirrels to run and play. There are old buildings and it is also where the British military base used to be. She grew up here, where she also saw street performances and had wooden chairs to sit and rest on her bench. And she still lives here. She sits on her bench and thinks. She thinks how great it would be if BTS performed here where her father used to visit often. Think about how much the victims of the Korean War would love to see their dance against the background of the monument. You will see that their sacrifices were not in vain.

9. Covid 19(Coronavirus)

Suddenly, the virus spread and everyone was at home. From March 15, a pandemic was declared to stay at home and not go out. The government announced that everyone should wear

masks and start keeping distance. Every day the president comes on television and reports on the situation, and so do the governors and mayors. The virus that is spreading worldwide is spreading all over the world, including China.

There were many people on the screen who fell down and died on the way. Sudden dying is a disease that damages the lungs, makes it difficult to breathe, and dies.

Suddenly, the mask runs out and the breathing machine runs out. Schools are closed and children must stay at home. All stores are closed and only pharmacies are open.

It became a dead city.

Sometimes people you see on the street wear masks so you can't tell who they are. All gatherings were closed, and the nursing home could not be visited by family members. All events were blocked, and weddings and funerals could only be held by family members.

Too many corpses increase every day at once, and there is not enough space to store them for freezers to mobilize. They even dug up the ground to temporarily store the corpses. Due to the lack of medical staff and the influx of patients, it was impossible to treat other patients. The government is announcing the number of people dying every day. Many old people died. They were passing away all of a sudden.

As everyone is confined to the house and the number of days with family members increases, housewives have no choice but to cook all day long. All restaurants were closed and only cooking was allowed at home, and many homeless people were sent to vacant places and immobilized.

Schools were helping parents of children by serving meals. The elderly also ate food delivered upon request and were not allowed to go out, and the government provided subsidies for the unemployed. The government even gave money to all citizens. Although the government provided help in various areas, the economy was not resolved and there were many difficulties.

Many people struggled with mortgage and rent payments. In many places, food was distributed and there were many silent volunteering hands. Computer classes are held in schools, and many people have changed their businesses to work from home.

The number of unemployed and the number of patients increased. Medical workers also get sick and die on the screen, and the news of a famous musical actor dying at a young age is heartbreaking. This pandemic, which is spreading all over the world, is caused by breathing, a movement to wash hands thoroughly, and hand sanitizers are provided everywhere. Organizations



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that sell masks or give them away for free are also increasing.

Everything was being done with a computer system. Every thing went through invisible radio.

Seniors also take classes at home via Zoom. In the meantime, what was done at the senior welfare center was being delivered to the elderly through Zoom.

All government office work was to be connected to a computer. Renewal of driver's licenses was also carried out by mail via computer.

Relatives who couldn't meet people had no choice but to meet by phone, e-mail, or Facebook.

Even during this time, there were new children, and it was difficult to get together, so they had to be confined and raised. All non-urgent surgeries can't be done and the little medic is home and closed.

Nail salons and barbershops were all closed, and family members had no choice but to live at home. Shopkeepers closed their doors and everyone who worked there lost their jobs and stayed at home.

Presidential elections are held in November.

The incumbent president and the Democratic Party candidate are pouring their heat into each other's campaigns.

They said there was a new vaccine coming out. Protests are

taking place for black people who died of racial discrimination. Young people roam the streets without masks. The bus was covered with thick transparent vinyl and all passengers rode only in the back. This was a measure to protect the bus driver.

The beaches are all closed but some groups go. You see signs on the street. They go and get off and get tested for viruses. There was a lot of help from many places for single moms.

The choir members all practice using zoom. There are many free movies to watch here and there. Wherever people go, they cover their faces with vinyl and work apart. Banks also consult at a distance.

The emergency room doctor committed suicide. He recovered and was discharged, but it relapsed and he passed away due to exhaustion. Sailors came to New York for medical help. While working hard, the supervising nurse fell ill and died.

It's been a long time since she visited her father. News came that her father had died. The hearts of the people who hear the news are so heartbreaking and unfortunate, but it is not just them. After the funeral of her family members, she sits quietly in her house and thinks. Her father gave her too many memories and left. She cheers up, gets out and walks. My father

was standing with a gun. A healthy young man smiles broadly at his daughter. she cries in her mask. My father was a brave soldier. Get along with his friends. Her father was smiling brightly.

10. Vote

The new born granddaughter is now of voting age.

She looks dignified as she excitedly chatters about being happy to vote with her grandmother. She thinks of her father and son when she thinks she's grown up. In the meantime, she felt proud of her granddaughter, who became her new light, and became her strength.

The granddaughter shows off her driver's license and brags. Seeing her busy in and out, it seems she has something to do somewhere.

The election campaign is in full swing. Each party decides the president and vice president at the national convention, and they start attacking each other and are eager. Since the global game is determined by who becomes the president, the US presidential election draws a lot of attention from all over the world.

Granddaughter is very interested in elections. She says she likes the election.

She was at her house to spend the day with her granddaughter. Her daughter-in-law and granddaughter came. When the three of us came out, the air was clear and nice. She went with her daughter-in-law and her granddaughter to the nail salon she went to with her father. It had been refurbished and the design had changed.

Looks like the owner has changed. The people who work there haven't changed much, but the owner has changed.

The international student her father liked took over the shop and became the new owner. When the three of them enter, the new owner comes over and greets them. The three sat with their feet in the water and told the story of the past to the new owner, and her tears were flowing.

When the warm water made a noise, the new owner went to greet another guest. Her whole body was relaxing in the warm water. She came to the United States to study and majored in design at New York University. After she graduated, she did not go back and she became the owner of the shop here. She has been with them for a long time. The career she built here and her major changed the atmosphere in her nail salon. She floated petals on water, relieved customers' tiredness with a good aroma, and tried many new things.

She looks around as she gets her foot massaged. The beautiful



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decorations in her room are enough to blow away all tiredness and immerse you in a new cozy atmosphere.

The chattering granddaughter is quiet. Has the granddaughter become an adult now?

Everything that is changing is getting better.

The last time her father came with her, she wasn't here. After she graduated, she moved from place to place and did not have time to meet her father. Her father missed her and was very sad that she was not with him.

When she heard the news of her father's death, she wept.

In the meantime, people are coming back to this place that has been closed. It was a new atmosphere, but many people who had come before were coming back, and there were also many new faces.

Everyone is wearing a mask, keeping distance, and talking while having a conversation inside the mask.

When choosing her color, she chose a bright color. Her daughter-in-law opted for a French manicure, while her granddaughter opted for black and red. The world was all in the same situation, but women wanted to embellish. More people than expected entered the store and seemed busy.

Sometimes men come, but mostly women. The chatter and the loud laughter seemed very good. The words are spoken

inside the mask, so they are not pronounced correctly and you can see them listening intently. Laughter never leaves

She sees the happiness of those who enjoy this luxury in the midst of hardship. She warms herself in the warm atmosphere and sees her beautifully decorated hands and feet. The wind is blowing when they come out dressed up in the colors they have chosen. But it feels cool. With hot coffee in front of her, her granddaughter's chatter began. It's a fresh start from today.

-The End-

My Short Life: I Started a Joke

Jun sung Chun

Everything seemed like a dream. As my mind became drowsy and hazy, and my body was as light as cotton wool, I felt like I could fly in the sky. Yes, I must be dreaming now, I thought. But to call it a dream, everything was so realistic. The faint wind brushed the tip of the nose and conveyed the freshness, and the smell of urine wafting from somewhere……. The blood soaking the floor convinced me that this was not a dream. It was flowing like a river from the right side of my head towards the sewer. The blood mixed with the dust on the floor, turning it dark red, and I began to gasp for breath.

Someone from the fifth floor saw me lying on the floor. It was her. Our eyes met for an instant. Looking at me, she put on an apologetic expression for a moment, then quickly became full of life and gave me a ghastly smile. She often moved her head from side to side and was very careful to see who was watching her. After a while she nodded to the woman she was with and asked her to come over. The two of them stood

side by side and looked down at me and put their hands together as if praying.

After a while, something strange happened. Scenes I had never seen before began to appear in front of my blurry eyes. I tried to calm down myself and looked closely at the scenes. There I was with people I never knew. Even I was having a good time talking and laughing with them! How could I have had a good time with people I hadn't even met? I couldn't understand. The scenes in front of my eyes flashed like bullets, revealing the entirety of my life at once, as if I were pressing the play and rewind buttons at the same time. Before my death, it seemed to me that something in my brain tried to organize my life over the past 30 years in a file, put it in a memory stick, and throw it away.

The scenes unfolding before my eyes were not in chronological order. Several scenes came to me at the same time, overlapped and scattered. Some scenes hovered around me like a sailboat on the water. It wandered, was erased, and played again repeatedly. In addition to what I experienced, saw, and felt in my life, I saw many unfamiliar things. They were hidden in the other side of memory, in the dark and gloomy alleyways. Some were tightly sealed in wrapping paper and could not



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be seen at once. Now that I think about it, they were embedded in my brain like bullets, so I took it for granted that they were natural memories. These were the things I put into my mind from time to time for control at home, at school, in society and in the military, 'I can, I must, sacrifice'. It was the effect of mind control, which was overused to the point of exhaustion. It was inconvenient, regrettable, and sad to know that my memories were devastated and bubbled up due to mind control, and that I was finally going to find my original memories when it was time to die. Most of my hidden memories were leaking out like bubbles when it was time to die. When everything came out, like a joke, I was alone, a very lonely, pitiful, dirty, and ugly Asian child.

*

“From now on, you must go out of the territory of the United States. And after that, you cannot re-enter any United States territory.”

At the airport, the immigration officer's words were solemn and cold, like a death sentence. It was the moment when thirty years of life in the United States was summed up in a few

simple words. At that time, the Bee Gees song 'I Started a Joke' was playing in my head.

- I started a joke which started the whole world crying.

I started to cry which started the whole world laughing.

The first time I heard the Bee Gees' song was when I was 15. It was when I was abandoned by my perverted stepfather and was in a child shelter for a while. I was used to sexual violence for long years, so I just lay down for days and days without doing anything. One day, when the sunset was bathing the window of my small room red, the song played on the radio or somewhere. As I listened to the song, everything I was facing sounded like a joke, and I finally felt something come out of my heart. I could live listening to that song. yeah it's all a joke It's a fleeting joke that fades away with time. Since then, when I bump into something and get stuck, I've been reminded of that song to escape.

On a hot summer day in August, I was arrested by police in Las Vegas, Nevada, for possession of drugs. At that time, I was standing in the dark alleyway of life, wandering the streets as a homeless person. On a dark street with no street lights, I thought of suicide countless times. I was accustomed to drugs. This was the second time I was arrested for possession of drugs.

I had to go to trial because he had more possession than last time and was a repeat offender. A public defender was appointed for the trial, and through him I learned a surprising fact.

“I don’t know about you, but your adoptive parents did not apply for permanent residency, so you have been living in the United States as an illegal alien. Since you have committed a crime as an illegal alien, you will be deported to Korea in accordance with the Immigration Act. You will have to prepare your mind firmly.”

At first I thought he was telling me some boring joke or I had heard it wrong. Having even participated in the Iraq War as an American soldier, I naturally thought that I would have to spend a few days in detention, or in the worst case, be taken to a rehab center and complete a short-term rehabilitation course. However, the situation became more serious than I thought. At the first trial, I was ordered deported, and since I could not afford to request a retrial, I was on the verge of deportation proceedings. There was no hope left for me. To me, Korea meant just the same as any country in Africa, and it was a scary place like Siberia where you can't go and live. I asked the immigration officer, hoping for some sympathy.

“How should I live in Korea?”

He answered my desperate question without any change in his expression.

“Go to your country and ask. You are just an illegal alien. I will not take any further questions.”

*

I sat down on the toilet lid and flushed. I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, taking out a picture of my mother from the pocket. It was handed to me by an officer from the Korean Ministry of Foreign Affairs while examining me at the office at the airport.

“After researching, we found that your mother and older sister live in J City, Chungcheong Province, running a small Jjokbang (motel). It doesn't look good financially, but I think that it's a blessing for you to meet your mom and sister alive, isn't it?”

As the officer handed the photo of my mother to me, he

narrowed his eyes and put on a holy and solemn expression, like a local pastor baptizing a new believer.

In the picture, she had deep wrinkles all over her face, as if her weary life was reflected. Her deep eyes, indifferent expression, and unknown hostility were hidden there. Her teeth were missing, and her wrinkles ruffled around her lips, and her hair was twisted and tied up with a Korean traditional hairpin. The forehead was narrow and small, but it was full of wrinkles, so it looked like a contour mark on the map.

The older sister, on the other hand, had a friendly appearance because of her round face and plump flesh, but as I look closely, her eyes are very ferocious. She was about the same height as her mother, but in contrast to her skinny mother. No matter how I looked at them, they didn't look like mother and daughter. Strange as it may sound, I never cried out of emotion while looking at the photos. To me they were just strangers I didn't know.

I left the bathroom and met the officer again. I asked him not to tell them about me for a while as I wanted to surprise them. He said he would not.

After a few days of various training, the Korean government gave me a small settlement allowance. I decided to visit my

mother with the money, the money I brought with me when I left the US, and the donations from Korean-Americans. I found their addresses in the documents and wrote them down.

I stopped by the market yesterday, the day before I came down here in J City. There, I bought and wore the best suits, shoes, and ties I could afford. It was because I wanted to make a good impression on my mother. After buying some presents for my mother and sister, I got on the bus to J City in Chungcheong Province.

The city of J, where my mother lives, is a typical port city facing the sea, and the fishy smell is thick all over the city. It is divided into an old city and a new city, and the Jjokbang (small motel) run by my mother was located inside the traditional market of the old city. It was said that the old city was as good as Busan when it prospered as a port city a long time ago, but when Pyeongtaek Port was opened and the nearby US military units moved to another place, it began to rapidly decline. The traditional market area, which was about to be redeveloped, was rapidly turning into a slum due to deteriorating economic conditions. The staff told me that the new town is an area where entertainment districts are concentrated, and it is an area that has recently started to prosper due to a large influx of population from nearby cities.

The road to my mother's Jjokbang was not easy. After walking for a long time along the narrow and winding alleys of the market, the entrance to a small demolished village surrounded by a shabby wall suddenly appeared (there was no other appropriate word). It was narrow, more like a small gap than an entrance. The entrance is small and messy, but once I stepped inside, it's as if I've entered another world. The shabby houses on the verge of demolition lined up in huge groups and filled the hill. The collapsing houses stretched one after the other, long and thin and endlessly. It looked even worse than the black slums in America where I lived. And there was a small jjokbang run by my mother. My mother's house seemed to support the collapsed houses with its two axes. It was a place where long-term guests and wanderers who worked mainly for labor could stay for a day cheaply.

Finally, I stood right in front of my mother's jjokbang house. The name of the place was Gaebyeok, but I thought again that it was a pretty great name for a shabby jjokbang. Of course, I didn't know the meaning of Gaebyeok at first, so the officer explained it to me before.

“It means to open the world……. Opening women's hole is the same as opening a world……, ha ha ha.”

He smiled smirking while making strange joke. But I had no idea how it was like and what was funny. Anyway, I put my foot in a shabby little room with a grandiose name that opens the sky and the world.

Even though it was broad daylight, the interior of the jjokbang was dark, probably trying to save electricity, and a rotten smell lingered because it was not properly cleaned. Gradually, as my eyesight got used to the darkness, I could clearly see my mother dozing inside the counter. There was an ashtray on the counter, but it hadn't been cleaned well, and cigarette ash was stuck to it like pine bark. Inside the ashtray lay a yellowish cigarette butt that had been spat and rubbed by someone a long time ago. Opposite the counter was a large trash can, half open, and the smell of the gutter wafted from it. Plump dung flies buzzed around the garbage can. I felt like being in a garbage dump.

My mother didn't even know I had come in and she kept nodding her head and dozing off. I watched my mother doze off, hoping she wouldn't wake up. As I saw her in the picture, my mother's wrinkles were deep like a rock that had been weathered for a long time. Looking at her, a sudden rush of resentment and unknown longing mixed together, and somehow



I felt uncomfortable. There was no immersion in her heartbreaking emotions that she was the mother who gave birth to me while looking at a woman she hadn't seen in over 30 years.

After a while, she suddenly raised her head. She opened her eyes wide and looked at me. It was a faint but strong impression. She asked me how I got here. I said that I would stay for a few days. Then she asked me the same question again since as I was wearing an expensive suit and shiny leather shoes, she might think I looked rich for her shabby jjokbang. As I was serious, a strange smile suddenly appeared on her face. I sensed an unknown hostility in her strange laugh. It was a sharp emotion that easily reveals its claws even at the slightest stimulation, with an aggressive tendency that appears from people who have lived through hardships for a long time.

“How many days do you want to stay?” she asked.

“About three days.” I told.

“Pay me 15,000 won.”

I deliberately showed her my wallet with full of bills. I noticed that my mother's eyes changed. She looked me up and down as I took the money out of the wallet. She received the money, put it in a drawer, locked it, and left the counter. She took

out a room key and a pitcher of water and walked ahead down a long, dark hallway. All of sudden, my mother, who was suddenly sucked into the darkness, was nowhere to be seen. Did I fall into a place from which she could never return like before? I suddenly became frightened. I snuggled up behind my mother's back. Looking at the bent back of my mother, I felt relieved instantly and walked into the darkness.

“It's dark, so watch your feet. If you fall, I will never be held responsible. Last time, some ignorant guy said that he had slipped and got a broken leg, so he trembled and screamed to ask for medical expenses. Wow, I'm so pissed off by that clown……. You don't look like that pathetic guy.” she said.

We had to go through multiple doors and mazes to get to the guest room from the counter, perhaps because it was renovated by integrating several houses to be demolished. When I opened the last door and went out, I saw a washroom with a conventional pump in the large yard. Next to it was a toilet and a shower that was blocked off by a curtain. The smell from the bathroom filled the yard. In the corner of the yard, there was a small flower bed planted with vegetables and peppers. Standing at the door to room 208, my mother opened the door with the key she had brought and gave it to me. She put the kettle on,



turned on the fan, and said that since it was hot, she could go to the washroom and take a shower. I pushed my bag and the presents I had bought into the room. My mother's eyes stopped at the bags and presents.

“Looks like you bought some presents.” my mother said.

“Yes, I did. I want to give to someone I haven't seen for a very long time.” I said.

“Looks like you went abroad. I heard that there are many people who go abroad to make big money these days. The person receiving it will be happy.”

“I wish they would.”

*

After I unpacked, I told my mother that I wanted to eat something. She said that there were delicious soup restaurants in the market, and kindly explained how to get there by drawing a detailed map. But when I came out, my hunger disappeared, and I suddenly wanted to see the sea. In fact, I had never seen the sea properly. The neighborhood where I was adopted and lived as a child was the corn field of Iowa, and when I grew up and wandered as a homeless, I lived mostly in warm

Las Vegas, Nevada. The first time I saw the sea was from a transport plane prepared for the dispatch of troops to Iraq. The sea I saw at that time was insubstantial, so I felt blind. It seemed that the dark blue was not seawater, but a thick curtain. I remembered that the foreign ministry staff told me that J city, where my mother lives, is a city close to the sea. Instead of going to a restaurant, I left the market and took a taxi and said I wanted to go to the beach.

“If you just walk, it takes less than five minutes. No need to take a taxi. Get off and follow the road in front of you and turn right. There is the sea right there. Don't waste your money.”

He told me to get out of the taxi and walk. He was a strange taxi driver, but he seemed like an honest man with his own philosophy. I got out of the taxi and walked for a while in the direction he told me. When I passed the intersection and turned right, strangely, I saw the sea right away. It seemed that the sea had been waiting for me there for a very long time without moving an inch.

On that day, the sea was full of light. The sky was clear

and blue, and the density of light gradually increased. It sizzled without a single empty corner. Sometimes the wind blew, and each time it raised the waves and caused the light to float in the air. The light spread brightly between the sky and the sea, filling the space like a living creature wherever there was space. I liked the sea. I thought that if I lived here with my mother, it would be nice to be able to see the sea often.

After seeing the sea, on the way back to my mother's jjoekbang, I was revealing my identity to my mother and thinking of a touching reunion.

*

When I entered the jjoekbang, my mother and sister were waiting for me. I thought then that they might already know about me.

"If you have time, let's have a drink at a nearby karaoke bar." My older sister told me.

As I wanted to have a drink too, I said yes. When I said yes, my sister winked at me and at that very moment, I knew they didn't know me yet.

The karaoke room my sister guided me was a bit far from my mother's motel. It was at the far end of the demolished village, inside a concrete building that had faded to black. The exterior of the concrete building looked ugly, with all the paint peeling off and parts of it torn down. However, the monstrosity was in strange harmony with the surrounding houses, creating a strange scene that was awkward like Siamese twins who could not be separated from each other. It looked like a sacred symbol where the spirits protecting the demolition village lived, and in a way, it looked lonely like the palace of a cruel dictator who oppressed the demolition village.

On the way to the building along the dirty alleyway, the sun began to fall quietly behind the building. The energy from the red sunset was blowing the steam of life into the blackened building. In a way, that time was like a solemn ceremony of offering a sacred sacrifice. In the elongated light of the sunset, the buildings glowed golden and began to shine a beautiful and splendid light toward the dark, shabby, demolished village that seemed about to collapse at any moment. It was the moment when new life came into the dying village. At that moment, it was no longer a dirty slum, but a place where the people of the temple covered in beautiful flowers lived.



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A shabby building greeted us. I looked up at the building. Various shops were lined up inside the building, and the karaoke room was at the far end of the fifth floor. The building was seven stories tall, and shop signs were randomly attached to the exterior of the building like rags. Most of them were not doing business, just hanging signs. The inside of the building was even worse. There were piles of garbage all over the place as if it hadn't been cleaned at all. The smell of urine was vibrating, and the smell of human waste was coming up endlessly from somewhere. It was difficult to breathe. But people came and went endlessly, and I saw drunk people taking turns screaming, spitting, and vomiting all over the place. In a word, it was the appearance of Asura. My sister led me to a karaoke room through the drunkards. At the entrance of the karaoke room, my sister said to me as if passing by.

“That's the bathroom.”

My sister pointed to the bathroom with her thick finger. As I tried to turn around to go to the bathroom as I needed to pee, my sister threw her arms around me and dragged me into the karaoke room. My sister smelled like cheap perfume.

When I entered the inside, a clean and shiny karaoke room unfolded in front of me as if a dramatic twist had been planned.

The waiters were polite, and I couldn't find any drunken guests. The subtle scent of lavender tickled my nose. It was to the extent that I fell into the illusion that I had entered another world. We were shown to our room. My sister handed some money to the waiter and whispered, “Bring what I ordered in advance.”

The food was a strange mixture of Korean and Chinese styles, but the taste was not too bad. The waiter brought some beers and soju too. I was not used to Korean soju, so I drank only beers, but my sister came close to me and wrapped pork in kimchi and told me to open my mouth with an ‘ah’. When I said ‘ah’ and opened my mouth, my sister put the meat into my mouth. Suddenly I felt good. My sister asked for another toast. After hurriedly drinking a few glasses, I got drunk.

My sister continuously offered me a drink. As I kept drinking, all I could think about was how and when to tell them about me. After a while, the door quietly opened and my mother entered. As soon as she sat down, she poured soju into a water cup and gulped it down. She didn't look at side dish. I bowed lightly to her. I told my sister that I was going to the bathroom for a while and left the room. I wanted to wash my face in the bathroom and organize my thoughts.

I went outside and went to the bathroom my sister had told



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me about. Suddenly, I felt that someone was following me, but I didn't look behind me. I thought he was just a drunk.

I stood in front of the bathroom and knocked, but there was no response. I waited a moment, opened the door, and stepped right foot into the bathroom. But for some reason, I couldn't set foot. I tried moving my feet, but there was no floor to tread on. I woke up. Instinctively sensed danger. I barely got to my feet and looked straight ahead. Surprisingly, there was no toilet in front of me, and only a cliff of unknown darkness was watching me. It was a terrifying moment. I pulled myself safely back and looked at the bathroom door again. There was clearly a sign on the door that said it was a toilet. It was confusing. I was holding the doorknob and staring blankly outside, bewildered. It was then. Someone pushed hard on my back.

“Thud.”

Head first hit the floor and I couldn't scream. The right side of the head was shattered, and it seemed that the neck bones were broken. I collapsed and stared into space when someone poked their head through the railing on the fifth floor and looked around to find me on the ground. Oh my god! That person was my sister. My sister was the one who pushed me off the

ledge on the fifth floor. Our eyes met for an instant.

Alas, please don't misunderstand. Now she has no idea who I am. If she had known, I'm sure she wouldn't have done anything so cruel. So please, don't drive them as unscrupulous people who even kill their own flesh and blood. My mother came to my sister's side. They looked down at me as I was dying and put their hands together as if in prayer. It was then,

- That person is you, la~la~ la~ la~ la…….

My mother squeezed her waist to find her cell phone, then pulled out the phone after a while. And immediately there were screams and wails.

“I beg your pardon. what do you mean……, that can't be. Oh my God!”

She dropped the phone to the ground and looked down at me. My mother, with a devastated expression, just looked at me with her tears dripping. It was as if she finally realized that I am her lost son. She looked at me with her sad eyes and shed tears. Tears welled up in the deep wrinkles. She sat down on the spot. Because she had created an absurd situation where no words were needed, the degree of despair



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she felt must have been so overwhelmed that it was difficult to guess. I got scared. It was because she thought that the fact that she had killed her own child would drag her into unbearable despair and give up her own life. I wanted to tell her that it was okay, but the words didn't come out. I just kept looking at her.

“Mother, I am fine. It's really okay. I will die soon, but you must live. Please don't die.”

I kept talking to my mother in my heart. My mother only looked at me and cried.

“What's the matter? What's the matter? What kind of conversion were you doing? Tell me quickly what's the matter!”

My sister let out a short scream, frightened by my mother's sudden scream. But my mother said nothing after the screaming and she quickly broke down. My sister tried to raise my mother up but she collapsed again and again as she had no strength in her legs. My mother looked down at me with sad eyes. She sat down as if she had given up on standing, and she turned her head to my sister and said something. My sister

also collapsed and began to cry. My mother must have told her about me. After a while, something terrible happened that I hadn't even thought of in my dreams. My sister, who was standing behind my mother, had pushed her down from the fifth floor.

“Thud.”

Less than three meters from me, her head was broken and her marrow was bursting, and my mother, covered in blood, was struggling to come towards me. But I knew she couldn't move. She just stared at me with her eyes wide open. I also blinked at her mother. Soon after, seeing her mother who had fallen, my sister also threw herself to the floor. All of us fell to the floor, unable to say anything, just looking at each other and weeping.

*

Our meeting ended like this. It was short but intense. Others would say that our deaths were very tragic, but in fact it wasn't that sad. It was because, broadly speaking, I would not be alone in such a pitiful and unlucky life. And the more I thought about it, my life from the beginning was fleeting and pointless,



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like a joke. Moment by moment, instinctively, I should have endured, humming a song under self-hypnosis that everything was a joke. Born and abandoned by my parents, adopted to the United States and abandoned again by my adoptive parents, wandering the streets as a homeless person and addicted to drugs. Standing in the dark alleys of my life, I thought of suicide countless times, and even at this time of my death after being deported to Korea, I was humming that song again and taking my insignificant end as a joke.

- 'Til I finally died which started the whole world living
Oh, if I'd only seen, oh yeah, That the joke was on me,

* Korea was once the undisputed number one exporter of orphans in the world. It was a shameful result of sending children abroad as if they were exporting them through public-private cooperation. It was a miserable time when anything was justified to earn foreign currency. Abandoned in Korea and the United States, they had no country until now.

The motif of this novel is the story of an adoptee (Han H o-gyu, American name Monte Heinz) who was deported to

Korea.

The scene in which the main character was killed by his mother and sister was inspired by a newspaper article in Albert Camus' *The Stranger*, Part 2, Chapter 2.

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