

## Sae/49352; = Bird

Jeon, Sung-tae, author

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### Abstrak

<Bird-Jeon Sung-tae> Asia Publishers presents some of the very best modern Korean literature to readers worldwide through its new Korean literature series <Bi-lingual Edition Modern Korean Literature>. We are proud and happy to offer it in the most authoritative translation by renowned translators of Korean literature. We hope that this series helps to build solid bridges between citizens of the world and Koreans through a rich in-depth understanding of Korea. <Part of the story> Su-dong threw his bicycle away and pushed Miss Jeong's back towards the pear orchard. "Go to the family graveyard. Now," Su-dong ordered. "Who the hell did you see?" "If you don't want her to pull the hair out of your skull, get going. Quick! If you can't get to the graveyard, then lie low in the garlic field in front of it." Su-dong was stamping his feet impatiently. His wife's head was already visible above of the wall. She hadn't seen the two of them, she'd better have not, but only because she was lowering her head, avoiding eye contact with everyone passing by. "Hurry!" Su-dong hissed. Su-dong pushed Miss Jeong's waist hard in the direction of the graveyard. Only then did she leap into the pear orchard. Every time her heels dug deep into the earth, large divots of soil accompanied them out. It seemed her pants were falling down, because she was holding them up to her armpits by the elastic band. I should have offered her a necktie to wrap around her pants, Su-dong thought. She was quick-footed and slipped under the low branches as skillfully as a pheasant. Although she looked somewhat clumsy, she was certainly a veteran when it came to running away. Get going! Su-dong thought. That's right, that's the way to get into the bank! Su-dong rooted for her silently. He clenched his fists without even being aware of it.