

Kurigo, ch'ukche/And then the festival

Lee, Hye Kyung, author

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Abstrak

<And Then the Festival-Lee Hye-kyung> 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> My husband returned from his business trip but when he took me in his arms, I couldn't open up to him. His touch would usually get my nether parts to spread like a girl smiling ear to ear, but that night they refused my bidding and shut themselves up. "I must be tired too. I can't get it up." He knew what was happening, but that's how considerate he was. The next time was the same. I was shocked_how could my body betray me like this. What was worse, when he reached out for me I was already tensed up. "Wow, just like a virgin," he said, but the excitement of that prospect soon wore off, and one night he said, "You must be mad at me, what's wrong?" We took another break, longer than the previous one. But when we tried once more and I responded with less interest than ever, he finally suggested I see a doctor. But instead, the next day I met him near where he worked. I was afraid our domestic life would be contaminated with volcanic ash if I broke the news at home. I told him, practically in a breath_I thought I'd forgotten it, I thought I'd finally overcome my past when I met him, but the moment I saw that milky, maggoty face at the wedding I reverted to the 12-year-old girl oppressed by a secret she could tell no one, and I begged my dear husband to wait until I was ready again.