

STEALING CINDERELLA

HOW I BECAME AN
INTERNATIONAL FUGITIVE FOR LOVE

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PREVIEW 17

“Korean children only study,” a usually quiet young businessman called Spring said. “There is no time for a part-time job.”

“Yes,” Lucy said. “Really, no time. In Korea, we say students who sleep five hours cannot go to college, but students who sleep four hours can attend.”

The class concurred.

“Wow,” I said. “So, the average high school student in Korea only sleeps four hours a night?”

“Yes,” Spring said. “School begins at eight in the morning and stops at midnight.”

“That is for boys,” Lucy said. “Girls high school is until ten.”

“Yes,” Spring said.

“That sounds like torture to me,” I said, smiling. “You Koreans are tough! You know, it really is used as torture, like

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with war prisoners, not letting them sleep, and then brainwashing them. Have you heard of brainwashing?”

“Yes,” Spring said. “China did brainwashing during the Korean War.”

“Yes,” I said. Switching to what I hoped was a comically spooky voice and peering at them sideways like a conspiracy theorist caricature, I added, “Maybe someone is trying to brainwash Korean kids, trying to make them all the same!”

“Of course,” Pen said. “Schools make kids all the same.”

“Is that a good thing?” I asked. “To be the same?”

“Yes,” said a cute girl with bangs, who called herself Cookie. “In America, you say something is different, or you say something is wrong. In Korea, we have only one word. Different and wrong are the same word.”

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