

STEALING CINDERELLA

HOW I BECAME AN
INTERNATIONAL FUGITIVE FOR LOVE

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PREVIEW 21

“A class told me about kidnapping here in Korea,” I said. This class was a 103, so the students were less able to express themselves on such topics. That was okay. My main objective in raising the subject was to break the monotony of book-slogging for a few minutes, in hopes of saving my own sanity.

“They said young women are kidnapped and made into prostitutes, and they can’t go home again,” I said.

The class concurred.

“The ugly ones peel garlic,” a young man called Rudy said.

The class laughed.

“Mark, do you know eunjangdo?” a young woman calling herself Sue asked. “Korea woman knife? Traditional Korean woman wear knife on ribbon around her neck.”

“Oh, really?” I asked. “Women carried knives to protect

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themselves, to fight back? Maybe they should still carry them today.”

“No,” Sue said. “Not fight.” She mimed stabbing herself in the chest. “She kill herself so man cannot rape.”

“Really?” I asked. “So every woman carried a knife all the time, just so she could kill herself?”

“Not every woman,” Rudy said. “Good women from good families. To protect family name.”

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