

Airdrop

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Hyun was being mistreated, every single moment. Hyun was very angry but he did not dare to speak up, or he might be arrested and forced into hard labor by the North Korean regime. Kim Jong-Un was the cause for every single problem he had. But what could he do? Hyun decided to escape. *I bet life is way better in South Korea than in North Korea*, Hyun thought, *Maybe I should escape*. Hyun tossed and turned in his bed. Hyun remembered the word of the 2nd Commander: *Don't trust those South Korean imperialists. It is not the Grand Marshall's fault we are in famine*. Hyun started to argue with himself. "Silly," he said out loud. "I'm arguing with myself?" Then he read the clock: midnight. It was time for the airdrops. Hyun got up from bed and went outside to see other people also waiting. The airplanes made a slight sound and stopped in mid-air. Then it dropped the supplies secured by a parachute. No one wanted to report the airdrops because practically everyone was in famine.

Hyun opened the package from the airdrop. Wonderful things- A white shirt, ready-to-eat meals, a backpack, a map of the Korean Peninsula, and so on. Hyun felt his pulse increase. *Tonight will be the night. I will meet my family again in South Korea*. Hyun quickly dressed and packed with the backpack he had received from the airdrop. Hyun hopped on his bike and began to head south. Hyun began to worry because the southern parts of North Korea were more rich and would likely report an attempted escape. A police officer stopped Hyun and asked, "What are you doing in Pyongyang?" Hyun fidgeted nervously. "Uh.... financial things?" "By the rags your wearing, I don't think you are part of the Elite." the officer rudely said. Hyun began to notice more things about the police officer, such as a large body and a gun attached to his belt. The police officer was looking expectantly at Hyun. "So where's your ID?" Hyun hesitated. "I don't have one," Hyun replied and hopped on his bike again and sped the opposite way of Pyongyang. The officer shouted, "Stop him!" and tried to chase Hyun on foot. When Hyun was beginning to feel more relieved, he felt an infliction of pure agony onto his elbow. Hyun gasped, it was a bullet! Hyun stumbled off of his bike and got injured even more. He feebly crawled into a bush and peeked out. Blood was gushing out, but Hyun

was hidden in the bushes. Hyun bandaged it with some supplies from his pack. Hyun's left arm was injured, otherwise he was fine. Hyun's bike was now broken, so Hyun walked. *Whatever it takes to get to South Korea*, Hyun thought.

5 days later-

Hyun's lips were cracked from thirst and took a meager swig of water from his bottle. Hyun found an abandoned hut and rested inside for a bit. *Maybe I should give myself up*, Hyun thought. *At least there won't be a severe punishment. Maybe a few months at a re-education camp.* Hyun kept thinking as he sat on a rough cot. *No one ever escapes from North Korea.* Hyun sighed. *STOP. Stop whatever you are thinking about and keep on going.* Hyun weakly stood up. *I have to find some water and maybe food.* Hyun weakly stood up and searched his surroundings. Nothing. Hyun laid down. *I'm going to die. I am going to meet my friend Tae-Yung and my grandparents.* He kept lying there. Even the rebellious part of his brain- the one that told him to keep going- had somehow ceased. *Whirl, whirl, whirl.* Hyun feebly sat up. What? What would make a whirling sound? *WHIRL, WHIRL, WHIRL.* Then the thought hit Hyun like a physical blow. *Helicopters*, He thought in a cloud of desolation. *They have been searching for me.* Hyun stood up with more strength. "Ok," Hyun said to himself softly. "Now or never." Hyun started in a desperate dash toward the DMZ. *Patter, patter, patter*, Hyun's own footsteps scared him now. *Patter, patter, patter*, almost there. "Hey, you! Stop right there or you will be punished for disobeying the Grand Marshall!" an officer shouted. Hyun estimated there would be at least 2 kilometers left. Hyun ignored the thirst growing in his throat or his growling stomach. There were too many butterflies in his stomach to care anyway. Hyun dashed as fast as he could for how many minutes? He had lost track of time. Hyun slowed for a bit and heard a helicopter directly above him. 200 meters now. "I'll count to ten and if you don't stop, I'll shoot!" Hyun kept running. "1...2...." "No! Don't shoot!" Hyun weakly said. The search officer said, "I wouldn't want to, but I need to obey the rules." Hyun's mind was racing. Maybe he bought a few more seconds. He gained speed and adrenaline surged through him again. BANG! BANG! A blinding pain drove itself into Hyun's spine. *No, I didn't get shot.* Hyun kept telling himself that but he was slowing down. There! The DMZ! Hyun sprinted one last time and tumbled onto the grass. Hyun started to crawl. More bullets into the back and right arm. Hyun crawled for what seemed like an hour. Something warm was soaking the back of his jacket. Hyun stopped and looked up. A concerned face looked at him and smiled mildly. "Well, you made it! Now let's get you fixed up."