"I borrowed that book," Ji-yong said.

He pointed toward a pile of books that the man was going to carry away. The young man turned around and looked down at Ji-yong.

"I borrowed that book and I need to return it," Ji-yong said.

The young man pulled the book out of the pile. *The Wild Animals I Have Raised.* The man looked at the book and then looked back at Ji-yong. "Do you know what kind of book this is? This book is a translation from the bourgeois west."

"I borrowed it and I have to return it tomorrow," Ji-yong said.

"How dare you plead for this damned book," he said. "You little black bastard."

He held the book in front of Ji-yong’s face and began to tear the cover over very slowly. Ji-yong rushed toward him and grabbed the book. The man grabbed Ji-yong’s collar and pulled my brother toward him, and then suddenly pushed away. Ji-yong staggered several steps backward and fell on a heap of clothes. He tried to stand up and rush at the man again, but Ji-yong and I jumped on him and held him down.
“He hit me!” he creamed. His eyes were filled with tears. I could feel him gasp for air against my face.

Six-Fingers bustled in, right in the middle. He pulled Thin-Face into a corner and whispered to him. Thin-Face watched us like a hunter watches animals in a trap. Ji-yong stopped fighting and I straightened up. I felt an intense rush of heat, as if my whole body were flushed. I shivered. Ji-yong grasped my shirt and buried her face in my back. Thin-Face’s head was only inches from mine. His bloodshot eyes bulged out so much that I could only see the white in his eyes. His skin was red with rage. He looked savage, and I was sure that he was going to hit me. I shut my eyes and clenched my teeth.

My heart pounded.

I waited.

Nothing happened.

I opened my eyes.