

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



**Just Another January Day** by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | Jan. 2020

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by Mike Bozart

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Image: Two parka-wrapped North Korean females are walking along a frozen creek on a gray winter's day in North Korea.

The voice of a middle-aged Kangwŏndo woman: "Yes, it was just another January day, Mike. Just another typically ultra-frigid January day to get through – to survive through – in Wŏnsan."

I wondered to myself: *Never heard of that town. Is it near the border? [with South Korea]*

"You look confused, Mike. Wŏnsan is on the eastern side of the peninsula; it's a coastal city and a provincial capital located on the Sea of Japan, as the rest of the world seems to call it. Wŏnsan is now North Korea's summertime beach-resort destination. It's also where we captured one of your spy ships [the USS Pueblo (AGER-2)] on a January day in 1968. And, we didn't give it back; yep, we still have it. It's docked as a museum piece on the Potong River in Pyongyang. It's a trophy to our government. Kim Il-sung was very proud of it, as was his son. [Kim Jong-Il] I don't think Kim Jong-un will give it back, either. To snatch a ship from the mighty United States Navy ... It was a very big deal for us. We were constantly told that America is the ever-expanding evil empire that wants to take over our country and enslave us. Though from this perspective, it seems that we were already serfs, mentality-wise. The brainwashing was astounding, Mike. And the insecurity, why, it is so pervasive; it's in the DNA of the Kim dynasty. Well, I certainly didn't say such when I was alive. Way too risky." *When I was alive?!*

"So, you're a ghost?" I mumbled.

"My name is Ae-sook. You can categorize me as a subconscious phantom if that is convenient for you." *Convenient for me? Huh?*

"Uh, ok," I murmured.

"Getting back to the weather on that super-chilly January day. Well, Mike, I don't think that the high temperature even reached -20° Celsius. [-4° Fahrenheit] I believe that the year was 1990. Anyway, my younger sister Da-hee and I – oh, she must have been ten and I would have been fifteen – were bored and hungry. It seems that we were always hungry – a hot bowl of rice was like a gold nugget to you

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