

世宗 御製訓民正音

製정 한글 지슬州 御製정 한글 지슬산
그리라 訓民正音 한글 지슬산 民正音 한글 지슬산

이오 音음 어스리 訓民正音 한글 지슬산
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그리라 訓民正音

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HANGUL

CRISPIN BEST

Nobody could read. It was too difficult. There were 26 letters and there were at least two ways to write each one. There were the weird fonts that people liked for some reason, all these different kinds of handwriting. And when people joined up the letters, forget about it. It was impossible.

After a while, people couldn't remember how. It was over. Nobody could read and nobody could write.

People got sad. Thick tears filled up their eyes. Their ears grew big. Their teeth went tie-dyed. People laid their foreheads on the table in front of them and felt rotten.

People were sad that they couldn't read or write. And before long, people couldn't speak either. They couldn't explain it to anyone. They couldn't tell anyone else how awful they felt. They felt stupid. They had this chemical sadness in their brains and they felt awful. They pretty much felt like they wanted to be sick everywhere, all the time.

So everyone walked around with their huge ears and felt ashamed

because they thought that they were the only person who was sad about the fact that they couldn't read or write or speak.

The King was on a throne. He was very comfortable. The cushion underneath him was made from the finest something in all the land. He didn't know what the cushion was made from. He was so comfortable, this was really the best cushion he had ever had underneath him. He wanted to know what the cushion was made from. But he didn't know how to ask. Thick tears filled the King's eyes. His bottom lip got heavy. The King sat back in his throne. He let his crown fall forwards and cover his eyes and he felt totally comfortable and he started to cry.

Everywhere, people walked around with a heavy bottom lip and the back of their neck itching because they couldn't explain to anyone how they felt. If someone had just smiled, if there had been something to smile about, they would have seen each other's teeth, and they would have known, maybe they would have known, that other people felt the same way. But nobody smiled. People felt sad and went home and got into their beds fully clothed and fed themselves blueberries and cried.

The King knew something must be done. The King knew that, as the King, if something was to be done, he had to do it himself. He tried to think about what he could do. He dipped his finger in peanut

butter. He walked over to the wall and drew a straight line, from left to right.

He rang the bell. Three dukes ran into the room. The King pointed at the wall with his finger. He opened his mouth and, very slow and with great difficulty, he started to speak,

“This. Is. Sad.”

The dukes looked at one another. The King put his finger in his mouth and closed his eyes. The King liked peanut butter.

The dukes tried to remember exactly how the King had moved his mouth,

what sounds he had made. They had understood.

The dukes went out into the court, up onto the balcony. They hit the huge gong. People stopped what they were doing and looked up. They looked up at the three dukes. The middle-sized duke had a bucket of molasses. He dipped his hand into the bucket and smeared a long, straight line on the palace wall right behind where they were standing.

The tallest duke pointed at the line and said,

“This. Is. Sad.”

The people looked at each other. They understood. The middle-sized duke had molasses on his face, his whole hand was in his mouth. The shortest duke was weeping into his sleeve.

Soon, the walls of the city were covered with lines, everywhere, multi-coloured. People would spend whole days walking with a paintbrush in one hand and a bucket of ox blood in the other, drawing one long line. People looked for walls long enough for how horrible they felt.

Some people started to feel better. Some of these people took to waiting by long walls. When someone came and started drawing a line, these

people would walk alongside them, whispering encouragement. People would trace lines on each other's arms or backs, up and down. After a while, this was how some people made love.

The King saw all this of course. He couldn't believe that so many people felt so bad. But the King felt good that he wasn't alone in feeling this way. He rang his bell. The three dukes ran into the room. The middle-sized duke was slouching and drawing a line on the wall with a crayon. The King went straight over and put his hand on the middle-sized duke's shoulder. The two of them walked around the King's chamber while the other two dukes watched. After about half an hour, the middle-sized duke nodded and

the King patted him on the back and the middle-sized duke went over and stood with the other two.

The King put his finger in a jar of strawberry jam. The wall was striped and messy from all the lines he had drawn, but the King drew a dot.



The King pointed at the dot and said,

“This is. I. Am. OK.”

And the dukes looked at each other and went over to the wall. They each put their finger in their pot of whatever it was they carried with them and drew a dot,

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And the King looked at the dukes' dots and he felt OK. The King kept drawing his and it got a little bigger,



And the Dukes looked at it and they felt OK and the King looked at it and he felt good.

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The King had more and more bright ideas. He came up with more things in his language, things that meant ‘hungry’ and ‘tired’ and ‘I didn’t like that face you just pulled’ and ‘you have something on your shoulder let me get it for you’ and ‘rectal sex’. And slowly people were able to talk to each other again. The King came up with things that meant ‘I like you lots’ and ‘rhubarb’ and ‘crossbow’ and ‘octopus’. And people started creating great works of art using the King’s new language. And they wrote love letters and shopping lists and poetry and homework and instructions for how to assemble chests of drawers. People started keeping diaries again. And people started talking.

There were still people walking around every town drawing long lines with heavy tears in their eyes, and wanting to do nothing else with their days. Some of the lines were the longest anyone had seen. Somebody drew a line that snaked around the country's tallest mountain and right up to the summit and this line became very famous. Some other people went on a pilgrimage every year where they followed the line like a path, all the time feeling very awful indeed. Somebody else spent five or six years drawing a long line in a huge circle around the entire country and this became a border.

And some other people just drew dots.

Sometimes the King still drew lines. Sometimes he walked round and round his chamber holding a paintbrush and drawing over one thick line that joined up with itself. He would ring the bell and the dukes would come in and the King would point at the line. The dukes would walk over and put their hands on the King's arm while he sat perfectly still on the ground and shook his head.

And one day, the King put his fingers in a tub of chocolate ice cream and smeared a small circle. He looked at it and rang the bell. He pointed at it and stood there waiting for the dukes to come and he felt OK.

Then, the next morning, the King woke

up and looked at the circle. He thought for a moment. The King rang the bell and ordered for more chocolate ice cream to be brought immediately. The dukes brought the ice cream and the King put his whole hand in. He put his hand against the wall and with his palm he made the circle just a bit bigger. And then he pointed at it. The dukes smiled.

The next morning when the King woke up he did the same.

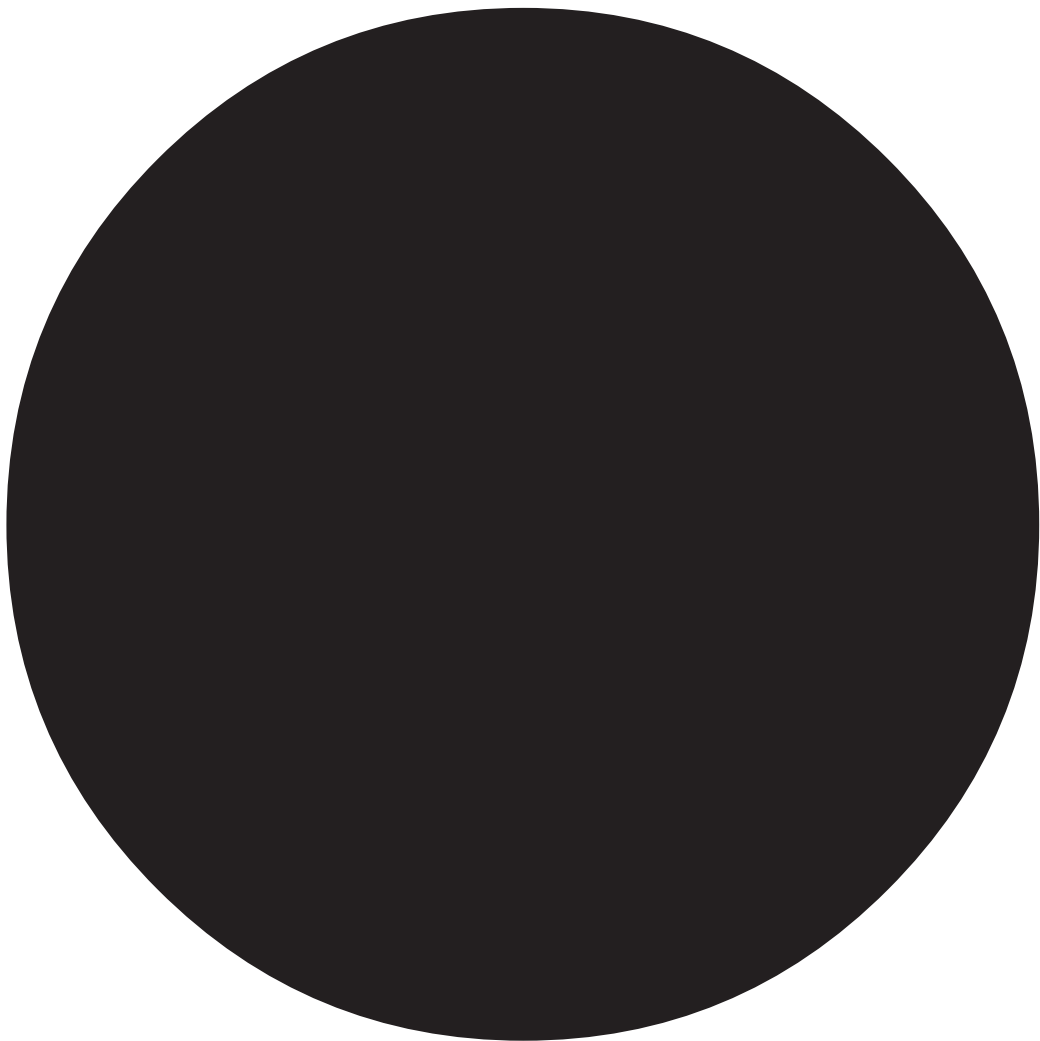
And the next.

Every day, just a little bigger.

Every day.

And the next.

And so on.



with love from:

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