

# Poke That Hippo's Eye

Author Yang Ujun

A creature horror novel by the leading publishing brand in the horror genre, "Horrible Garden".

Twelve travelers stranded on a mountain cabin must make a choice between fighting a giant monster hiding in the forest or waiting for rescue in the cabin. But they must be careful, because there is a murderer among them...



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Author Yang Ujun

# Poke That Hippo's Eye

ENGLISH



# Poke That Hippo's Eye

Author Yang Ujun



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# Poke That Hippo's Eye



## Genre

Horror

## Target Audience

Women ages 20s~30s

## Total Episodes

Full-length novel

## Serialization Period

2024.07.31 ~

## Age Rating

Suitable for all ages

## Work performance

Published by the K-Thriller team in Korea's first full-length horror novel brand, "Horrible Garden"

## Completion Status

complete

## Country of Release

Korean

## Hashtags

#Creature

#FamilyHorror

#SurvivalGame

## Synopsis

A family consisting of an unemployed, depressed daughter, a son who never leaves the house even after coming of age, a father drowning in debt after a failed business, and a mother who is thinking of nothing but divorce takes their terminally ill grandmother on a last family trip to visit Mt. Gongma. As they head to their cabin, they encounter a landslide and their car overturns, killing the grandmother on the spot.

The four surviving family members try to retrieve her body, but a fierce monster in the shape of a hippopotamus hunts them and the dead body becomes its food.

When the family finally makes it back to the cabin, they learn from the other guests that the landslide, caused by a typhoon, has led to them being stranded in the middle of nowhere. Trapped in the cabin, the family is forced to compete with other guests—an elderly professor couple, a young couple with a son, a YouTuber, twin sisters, and the owner of the cabin who seems to be autistic—for food and survival.

With a man-eating monster outside, the struggle for survival begins inside. But from the second day, the guests are found murdered one by one. Terrified, they try to escape the woods, but to their horror, they realize no one can leave.

## Selling point

**Murderers with a shocking secret:** The isolated guests in the cabin all have the same secret. They've either killed a family member, or they've decided to kill a family member in this cabin. The fact that they are unable to escape suggests that they are trapped in the sin of patricide.

**A creature horror movie with a hippo:** A giant hippo-like monster lurks in the woods and hunts the guests. The horror of the brutal, man-eating creature outside is enhanced by the series of murders of the guests trapped in the cabin. It becomes impossible to tell which is more dangerous—the monster outside, or your own family next to you.

**A new fear of family:** In this extreme survival game, your family may be the most terrifying thing in your life. Unveiling the true nature of your parents and siblings as a monster chases you creates a horrifying family adventure like you've never seen before.

## Run If You Can

She ran, her gasping breaths threatening to rip her lungs apart.

The beast's sinister cries tore through the darkness. Chasing her. Close.

Grass cut into her skin like little blades, but she couldn't stop running. The rain-wet ground made her slip again and again, her legs getting heavier every time she got back up. Her light blue dress was stained with mud.

She dared glance behind her. On the far side of the forest, through the dense trees, she could see a hint of dark purple skin crouching in the shadows. It was glaring at her, just about ten meters away.

It was a beast that resembled a hippopotamus, but it was something much worse than that. A four-legged monster with teeth strong enough to crush a man's head, bones and all. It opened its mouth in a bloody grin, the severed head of a man in its gaping maw.

She trembled. It had found another victim to feast on, crushing bones and tearing through delicate skin with its razor-sharp teeth.

Shaking her head vigorously to clear the dizziness, she began to run away again.

A large tree loomed in front of her, its branches hanging down like long hair and thick roots sticking out of the ground. Failing to notice the roots in her panic, she tripped over a particularly thick one. The ground rumbled with the weight of its footsteps, getting closer by the second.

The fear of having her head ripped off slammed into her like a tsunami. Screaming, she scrambled to hide herself behind the tree.

It was not in a hurry at all. The woman clamped her hands over her mouth.

With a thud, something rolled over to the woman and touched her feet.

It was the head that had been in its mouth. A face gnarled with age stared at her, glassy eyes still open. Muddy water dripped from his wrinkles. A muffled groan escaped her lips.

"...Grandpa."

With shaking hands, she groped around for something behind her back. Her hands found a rock with a pointed end.

It seemed to be toying with her, prowling through the trees in a deadly game of hide-and-seek. Her grip on the rock tightened. But

when she took her eyes off It to quickly scan the ground beneath her feet, the creature disappeared. It had been barely a second. Blood rushing to her head, she leaned forward in a panic. The forest was empty.

The forest itself seemed to hold its breath as both she and the creature waited without making a sound. At that moment, the beast's head suddenly surged up from behind her. Howling, she swung the rock at its head.

"Help, help me, help!"

She swung down with all her might, slamming the rock against the monster's head to her cries of help, help, help. Thick blood splattered over her.

It did not even flinch, just staring at her with its yellow eyes. A grayish-white, slimy liquid oozed from the cuts on its head. It grinned again. Crushed bones shifted back into place, fully healed. The cuts sealed themselves, as if they had never been there.

She screamed.

She threw down the rock and fled. Spare me. Don't kill me.

It began to follow her, almost as if it had heard her plea.

Her legs gave out and she fell to the ground. She scabbled at the ground, trying to get up, but the ground was too slippery.

The monster, which had been stalking her at a leisurely pace, began walking faster and faster.

Its high-pitched cries echoed through the forest, much like her own screams.

It should have been nothing more than an ordinary, boring family trip. Now it had turned into a bloody massacre.

It had all begun at the photo studio.

If only she hadn't gone to that studio that day, everything would have been different.

But she hadn't done anything wrong. It was all her grandpa's fault. Dazed, the woman began muttering to herself.

"...He always told me that I was an ungrateful bitch who killed her own parents. He always said he wished I would disappear!"

That was why she had planned her revenge. But it wasn't supposed to be like this...

The ground rumbled again. She turned around and saw Its face, followed by its large body. Giving itself a shake, the monster began running at full speed toward her. She got to her feet. Her mouth tasted like blood. She ran, tears streaming down her face. She knew It would rip her head off and sink its teeth into her body.

The monster's hot breaths touched the nape of her neck. She could

see a cliff not far away. There was only one way to get away from It.

It howled, as if realizing her next move. She threw herself over the edge of the dark cliff. Her head smashed against a rock jutting out of the cliff. She landed on a tree by a dirt road, its branches impaling her stomach. The rain started dripping down onto the blood-soaked branches.

It opened its mouth, hungry for the tainted blood, one that it had failed to finish off.

## Family Photos

Alone in the container, he noticed a lot of things he hadn't before. First, there were a lot of cabinets. Wooji searched every cabinet he laid his eyes on. Strangely, they were all empty.

That was when he saw a tiny chest of drawers right next to the boss's desk, deeper inside the container. Those drawers were filled with sundries, but there was nothing useful. Just when he was considering walking out empty-handed, he found a bunch of keys in the bottom drawer.

"Found them!"

As he rushed to leave, he noticed a stack of photos deep inside the drawer.

"...What are these?"

The first one was a photo of Surak's family that looked like it had been taken at a photo studio. Oddly enough, Surak wasn't in the photo. The background of the studio was also vaguely familiar.

Somewhat mesmerized, he looked at the next photo, which was of



Lee Ritae and a man who seemed to be his younger brother. The next one was of Seoh and a woman who seemed to be her younger sister.

The photos all looked like they had been taken at the same photo studio. The background and the composition of the photos were also all identical. The dates printed on the photos were different, but all of them had been taken within the last year or two. It was strange. What were the odds that a random group of people would all have their family portraits taken at the same photo studio?

Wooji scrutinized the next photo. An elderly couple and a woman who appeared to be their daughter were smiling awkwardly at the camera.

The last photo was of Wooji's family with his grandmother.

His lips began to tremble as he looked at it.

"How is this..."

His family had taken this photo with the free coupon Jinhyung had given him. But where did the boss get this photo?

Suddenly, he saw the light of a lantern flickering in the distance.

Wooji quickly put everything back and tried to leave, but it was too late. He could hear footsteps approaching the container, so he had no choice but to hide under the desk.

Judging by the heavy footfall, it was the boss.

Wooji held his breath, pulling his limbs closer in. Mr. Park was muttering something unintelligible that could've been either humming or just mumbling. The floor creaked with every step he took. He seemed to prowl around the couch, then stopped in front of the desk Wooji was hiding under.

"Wh-where did I p-put the k-keys?"

Mr. Park rummaged through the things on the desk. Wooji clamped his hands over his mouth. His heart pounded like it was going to explode, and beads of cold sweat broke out on his back in seconds.

Mr. Park, not moving from his desk and muttering "k-keys, k-keys," all the while, began to look through his drawers. Wooji curled up into himself even tighter. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes. The first drawer opened, then the second, then the third, then the fourth.

Wooji clamped his eyes shut. Suddenly, all sounds of rummaging stopped. Wooji slowly opened his eyes. Mr. Park's grinning face was staring at him.

To be continued.

# Shackles

Author Jeon Hyejin

A boy and his sister wage war on their family, shackled to them by unwanted blood.

When Junhyun returns as an adult after spending five years in prison for a crime his sister Nahyun had committed, Nahyun swears once more to protect him with everything she's got.

As Nahyun and Junhyun face the greedy family members who seek to take over the hospital that their grandfather left them, the dark secrets of the family rise to the surface!

ENGLISH

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AZZ ENTERTAINMENT



# Shackles

Author Jeon Hyejin



A2Z ENTERTAINMENT

# Shackles



## Genre

Thriller, Mystery

## Target Audience

Women ages 20s~30s

## Total Episodes

Full-length novel

## Serialization Period

2024.05.08 ~

## Age Rating

Suitable for all ages

## Completion Status

complete

## Country of Release

Korean

## Hashtags

#FamilyThriller

#Taboo

#Incest

#Revenge

## Work performance

Adapted into a webtoon and exported to China as well

Webtoon adaptation by the famous Korean webtoon artist Min Song-i

## Synopsis

After serving time for the murder of his parents five years ago, Junhyun has finally been released from prison. His younger half-sister, Nahyun, has been waiting for him for a long time. She has had a guilty conscience ever since her autistic brother was sent to prison, because he had taken the blame for her crimes. Now, Nahyun is determined to protect him, even if it means risking her own life.

When Junhyun is released from prison, his grandfather Pilhwan, the owner of Seoyoon Hospital, also makes a big decision. He decides to leave the hospital to Junhyun and Nahyun. But those who want their fortune and those who harbor hatred for the family begin to approach the siblings.

Nahyun struggles to protect Junhyun, but the rest of the family dismisses her efforts. As their threats become more relentless, Nahyun wonders if they've discovered 'the secret' between the siblings. Meanwhile, a series of events occurs that shock everyone, and Nahyun and Junhyun realize two things: that the family has a long-hidden secret, and that the ugly truth that the family has been hiding for so long is inextricably linked to the events of that day five years ago and 'the secret' between the two of them.

## Selling point

A thrilling family war: A story with a strong enough plot to be developed into a webtoon. The story depicts the downfall of a family that owns Seoyoon Hospital, once a prominent family in the region. The family members grow jealous of each other over the inheritance of property, and brutally destroy each other as they fight. In the process, the hospital owner's misguided desires in the past and their consequences are revealed, providing catharsis to the audience.

A family history full of twists and shocks: At first glance, the story seems to be just a squabble over property that involves kidnapping and assault, but the shocking development of incest between brother and sister and the revelation of their grandfather's secret is a surprising addition to the suspense. Although it seems like it had all started with Junhyun, it is revealed later that everything was a preordained tragedy that started with the desire of Seo Pilhwan, the owner of Seoyoon Hospital.

## Discharge

“You be good out there. And don’t you come back.”

The old prison guard set down a large box of instant noodles beside Junhyun. The steel gates slammed shut in front of him.

The boy who had been arrested five years ago for the murder of his parents had come of age behind those steel gates. Although he was already over twenty, and probably would have been enlisted into the army if this hadn’t happened, he still seemed to be just a boy. Even after everything he had been through.

“Junhyun.”

At Taemin’s voice, Junhyun turned around hesitantly. But Yeongkyu quickly stepped forward and put a hand on Junhyun’s shoulder before he could even take a single step forward.

“U-uncle....”

“I’m glad you haven’t forgotten my face. Come now, let’s go.”

“Excuse me, Dr. Kim.”

Taemin stopped Yeongkyu as he started to drag Junhyun away.

“You should know better, sir.”

“You’re the one who ought to know better than to interfere. This is our family’s business.”

“All the more reason you shouldn’t. Family comes first and all that,

you know.”

Taemin pulled Yeongkyu’s hand away from Junhyun’s shoulder and pulled the boy behind his back, then put one foot on the box where Yeongkyu had put his foot.

“Family, my ass. What family can that bastard have, after killing them all with his own hands?”

At Yeongkyu’s words, Junhyun trembled.

## What Happened Five Years Ago

“O-On my twentieth birthday... I got a package by mail. It was a registered package... Registered, but with a fake address on it, and a weird name, and... a bunch of newspaper clippings in a yellow manila envelope.”

“And?”

“Y-you... You sent it, didn’t you?”

“They say autistic people are either geniuses or idiots.”

Seongchun laughed in glee.

“Since you don’t seem to be a complete idiot, I’ll tell you that I know some things that may interest you.”

Junhyun’s shoulders shook, his eyes on the ground avoiding Seongchun’s gaze. After a while, his eyes flicked up, then right back down.

“You know why your mom died?”

“...”

“Not Ms. Jang Junghye, the one you stabbed to death. Your real mom, who died after the car accident. Hmm?”

Junhyun’s blank eyes lit up for a moment. But the boy soon turned his head away and staggered past Seongchun.

“It’s... all... over.”

Only those three mumbled words made their way past the boy’s chapped lips. Cho Seongchun hurried after him to shove his business card down his pocket.

“There’s something I’d like to ask you about the case five years ago. In exchange, I’ll tell you anything you want to know. How your mother died, what your grandfather was like, or who your father and that attorney Im Taemin were. Anything you like.”

## The Promise

Our grandfather, Director Seo Pilhwan.

The man who had single-handedly built up an entire region from scratch and was now the de facto ruler of Zhangjie City. Nahyun had thought that it was an exaggeration. But now that she was outside the city, she realized how influential his status had really been.

No one would harm them there if they went back to stay under his wing. The rumors could follow them wherever they went, but it would be calm and peaceful at least within the walls of his house. Not her aunt, not her uncles, and not that reporter from Zhangjie Daily who had contacted her brother for reasons unknown to her, would dare touch them.

Cold air ran through the house, but it was strangely humid.

Nahyun waved one hand in the air and put her forehead to Junhyun’s cheek, trying to determine his fever, then buried her face into his shoulder. She remembered the picture books they used to read together as children. She lifted her head back up and looked behind her at Junhyun’s bookshelf.

The Wild Swans, it was called.

Her heart throbbed as she looked at the back cover of the old storybook.

I don't care if I get cursed, if it means I can save you.

So I swear I'll protect you, my brother.

## The Kidnapping

"Let me go! Help!"

Nahyun struggled desperately against the man, using her feet to hang onto the car door. Mr. Kim, the driver, tried to push her into the back seat, but she kept kicking him and screaming for help.

"What the... What's going on there?"

Some people stopped walking to watch, but soon walked away with indifference as if it was just a scene from a TV show.

"I'm going to pulverize this shitty town, you hear me?" she screamed in frustration.

"Shut your mouth and get in!"

Aehee, late to the party, swung the Chanel handbag she had left on the front seat at Nahyun's cheek. Nahyun lunged to bite Aehee's hand. Aehee slapped Nahyun again, this time with the chain wrapped once around the bag.

"Now look what happened to your pretty face. You should've shut up."

"I'll kill you!"

Nahyun's eyes widened.

It was Junhyun.

He was stumbling toward them, running-almost falling-as fast as he could with one leg dragging behind him.

"Junhyun!"

Nahyun tried to push Aehee away and get out of the car, but it was no use. To make matters worse, Mr. Kim had gotten Junhyun in his iron grip.

"Take them both."

"One, yes, but two of them might be..."

"You've got duct tape, haven't you? Tie that one up and put him in the trunk. If something happens, you can throw him away somewhere or kill him. Or don't you want to get paid this month?"

Mr. Kim grabbed the struggling Junhyun, whose face was bloody, to tie his wrists firmly with duct tape. He shoved Junhyun into the trunk like a piece of luggage and slammed the door. Nahyun tried to escape, but there was a partition between the front and back seats, and the door wouldn't open from the inside.



## Guardian

“Don’t worry, Junhyun. Our aunt can’t harm us now.”

“How could she... We’re her family...”

“I promise it’s okay. She won’t be bothering us now.”

“Wh-what? Wh-what do you mean, she won’t be bothering us?”

“I knew what that was when I ate it.”

Nahyun smiled.

“Our aunt would have tried to poison us one day, anyway. At least it’s better to know what you’re eating beforehand. Right?”

“Why...?”

“I wanted to save you.”

Nahyun closed her eyes. Her lips were curled in a smile, but a single tear slipped from her eye. Junhyun watched the tear roll down her cheek, and suddenly leaned forward.

Her hair curled around his fingers.

The moment of hesitation was all that was needed for Nahyeon to push closer. Her lips were chapped but soft, and Junhyun could not resist the movement of her lips. Their fingers clasped together. Heat blossomed like flowers wherever they touched. As the two hearts raced against each other in fiery tandem, Junhyun suddenly pushed Nahyun away.

“...Junhyun?”

Junhyun’s face had gotten stark white.

“It was... this room.”

“Junhyun...”

“Where Dad... to Mom... my mom...”

Before Nahyun could think about what that meant, Junhyun started screaming, clutching his head.

“Stop... stop thinking, stop! Junhyun!”

“Mom, Mom, Mom, Mom, Mom...!”

To be continued.

# I Did My Best

Author Jeong Sejin

Sparkling figments of imagination made into stories like shooting stars in the night sky, captivating stories that only Jeong Sejin can tell.

A collection of short stories that depict the most realistic fantasy. The author's stories begin in the real world, but a sprinkle of imagination leads the plot to change direction in an instant, like a stream of water hitting a rock and changing course.

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AZZ ENTERTAINMENT

Author Jeong Sejin

# I Did My Best

ENGLISH



# I Did My Best

Author Jeong Sejin

## 'Jeong Sejin' Other Works



I'm Not Such a Bad Person



A2Z ENTERTAINMENT

# I Did My Best



## Genre

Mystery

## Target Audience

Women ages 20s~30s

## Total Episodes

7 Episodes

## Serialization Period

2023.10.10 ~

## Age Rating

Suitable for all ages

## Completion Status

complete

## Country of Release

Korean

## Hashtags

#Mystery

#Creative

#Reversal

## Work performance

Participated in the 2023 GConnections Story IP Export Consultation

Participated in K-Publication Expo Singapore

## Synopsis

A family of four living in a semi-basement house with a cheap deposit receives a call from the police station saying they've found the father, who ran away from home forty years ago. But to them, their sickly, smelly father is nothing more than a burden.

This new addition to their house, which they thought would be for a month at most, stretches on for a year until the father eventually passes away. When they go to the city office to register his death, they find out something unexpected—the father had assets worth ten billion won. Dreaming of a happy future, they move to the mansion their father left them. But those dreams are shattered when they find the remains and ID cards of not one, but 28 people. Which brings up the question: what kind of man had their father been?

## Selling point

Shocking twists and suspense: The story alternates between slow builds and sudden twists and turns to give suspense and build up to the climax. This development has led to it being recognized in the domestic and international IP market as the Korean Black Mirror.

Questions of ethics: Should you honor the dying wish of your father who abandoned the family forty years ago? What will you do if your father, who left you ten billion won, turns out to be a serial killer? If you could choose to save your father but lose all your wealth, would you? The characters are constantly torn between practical and rational choices. The story's twists and turns continually put the characters through ethical tests.

## Father

It wasn't like I felt comfortable about my father, either. My father hadn't spoken to me since he left when I was five, and it was only with a phone call from the police station forty years later that he'd showed up. I didn't know where he'd been staying or what he'd been doing in those forty years, but he was a homeless man with Alzheimer's and pancreatic cancer when they found him.

We brought him home on the word of the doctor who told us that he wouldn't live more than a month, but over a year had passed since then. Four people-me, my wife, my younger brother, and my teenage daughter-living in a tiny two-room semi-basement house with barely enough light was cramped enough, so he was nothing more than a burden to our starving family.

I could tolerate a couple hours together with him at home, passing the time with sleep. But any longer than that, I didn't care for, so I headed outside.

"Hey, there's rice and miso soup in the kitchen, so have some when it's time to eat, okay?" I said sullenly.

Although I had planned to leave like that, his lack of response made me somewhat distressed. I ended up making him a simple meal and placing it in front of him, not forgetting to fasten the lock on his waist.

## Good Fortune

My heartbeat quickened at the sight of his impending death. My family started to sob, and even I frowned and lowered my head, feeling that I might burst into tears any moment-at least until the thought that this was ridiculous took its place. "I'm not crying," I said, straightening my face. My family nodded in agreement, and my brother added that "Tears are a bit of an exaggeration."



We avoided eye contact, for fear of giving away our emotions, and the fact that we were more relieved than sad.

The funeral went on smoothly. We kept it as simple as possible, avoiding anything that would cost money. Since no one would come to pay respects, we decided we would just scatter the ashes in the mountain behind our house. But when we went together to the community center to fill out the death registration form, we were hit with an unexpected revelation.

“The deceased owns some property.”

The family went hand in hand to see the property my father had left us. Although it was on the outskirts of Pocheon, the 16,500 square meters of land and the mountains surrounding it were all ours.

The driveway was blocked with a locked iron gate. I personally loved the sign on it that said: Private property. Off-limits.

## The Discovery

The puppy barked incessantly at the mound of soil, so I climbed down to see what it was. The unbelievable horror that greeted me made me freeze in my tracks.

The heavy rain overnight seemed to have collapsed the mound, uncovering the things that had been buried under. At first I thought it was just garbage that had been buried in the ground, but upon close inspection, I realized those were human bones. I was stunned at the horrible sight, until the thought that this may have something to do with my father jolted me into action.

I gritted my teeth and walked over to the body, searching through its clothes to find something. The pocket of the jacket yielded a wallet with an ID card. The name was familiar-identical to the one we found on the car registration form of the abandoned Mercedes. My legs gave out and I slumped down on the spot. Sprawled on the ground, I tried to organize my thoughts. This would certainly explain a lot of the strange things about this house. When I staggered back down to shout desperately for my brother, it was my daughter who answered me in-

stead.

“Uncle left early this morning.”

“Where to? Where did he go?”

“He went out with the car. Said he was going out for a drive. In the Mercedes.”

I glanced over at where the abandoned Mercedes should have been as soon as she answered me. Alas, the car that was supposed to be there wasn't anymore. I tried calling my brother, but all I got was the never-ending dial tone.

As cold sweat trickled down my spine and my foot tapped the ground nervously, someone tapped me on the shoulder.

## The Old Man

When I swung open the heavy iron doors hanging from the rusted hinges, it was like all the dismal air that had been pent up in there was rushing outside. The stench was unfamiliar and horrible, a mixture of mold and feces that I had never smelled before in my life. I forced down my nausea and stepped inside.

There was another large room there. Part of the dirt wall was exposed to the dim light, and something was wriggling in the darkness. My daughter, standing behind me, pulled out her cell phone and flashed a light into the darkness.

The crouching figure against the dirt wall was unmistakably human. We were so startled that we almost passed out on the spot. How long had this guy been trapped in here? He tried to hide with his hands over his face, unable to open his eyes even in the poor light.

He had been quaking, stupefied with fear, but he soon seemed to realize that we were not a danger to him. It was as if he was relieved that we weren't the one he was so terrified of. When he crawled toward us, begging for help, we saw that he was a thin, old man with

nothing but skin and bones. His bushy beard and deep wrinkles were covered with grime, and his eyes were a cloudy ashen color. The odor emanating from his body was nothing short of terrible.

“P-please... get me out of here. The murderer could be here any moment. Hurry, call the police...”His voice shook, close to tears.

“Do you know about the murderer? Do you know who he is? Do you know his face?”

The old man nodded vigorously. I fumbled for my phone to show him my father’s face, to prove to myself that he had nothing to do with these murders. But I soon realized that in the year we’d lived together, I hadn’t taken a single photo of him.

“I saw it. The evil man killing people in cold blood. Please, help me escape.”

The long chains around the old man’s waist were connected to an iron ring on the wall, so that he could only move within the length of the chains. When I saw my brother trying to break the chain with a pickaxe, I stopped him.

“We can’t let him go when we don’t even know who the killer is. What if it’s really our father? He’ll tell the cops all about this place,” I whispered.

Dead men may tell no tales, but survivors were different. The bod-

ies could be buried, but this was a completely different matter. If there was an investigation, we would be accused of disposing of the corpses.

“How can we trust you, when we don’t even know the reason why you’ve been tied up in here?” I asked, my voice deliberately filled with doubt.

The old man opened his mouth weakly to speak.

“We met when I was working on construction sites all over the country. I was drinking with him in an inn one night. I fell asleep first, and I was here when I woke up.”

To be continued.



## A2Z ENTERTAINMENT

### STORIES BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION

A2Z ENTERTAINMENT is a comprehensive entertainment content company that provides IP planning and development, production of movie, TV series, and reality content, book and music publishing, and management services.

GOZKNOCK ENT, the IP business division of A2Z ENTERTAINMENT, plans and develops high-quality original story IP together with experienced writers and PDs, publishes them as novels and web novels, and expands the IP into various fields such as movies, TV series, and webtoons.

As a result, several of movies, dramas, and webtoons are being produced through rights agreements with broadcasters (MBC, KBS, SBS, JTBC), drama production companies (Studio Dragon, RaemongRaein), movie production companies (CJ E&M, NEW, Barunson), and webtoon production companies (ToYou Dream, Jaedam, Daon Creative), and even being optioned by Universal TV in the United States.

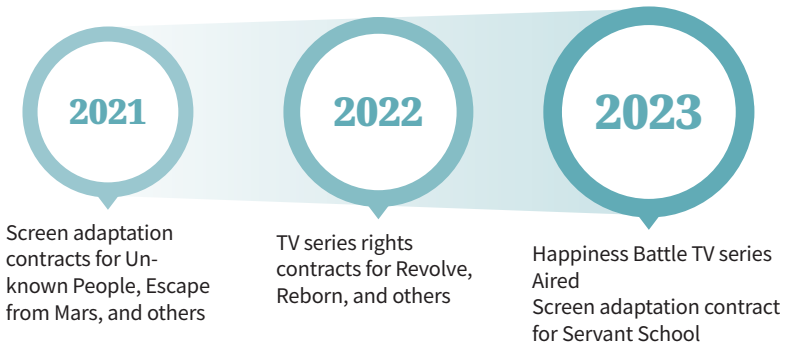
#### Industry Field

IP Business  
Transmedia  
Publishing  
Production  
Management

#### Contact

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## Major Achievements



### 2022

Merged GOZKNOCK ENT and three other companies to launch A2Z ENTERTAINMENT, a comprehensive entertainment content company

### 2018-2021

TV series rights agreement for The Secret Her's Band  
TV series rights agreement for Lady Coroner in Joseon with MBC  
TV series rights agreement for My Mom lives My Life  
TV series rights agreement for The Missing People  
TV series rights agreement for The Abandoned  
TV series rights agreement for Zoom In  
TV series rights agreement for Unknown People with Studio Dragon  
TV series rights agreement for Escape from Mars with JTBC Studio  
Webtoon and TV series rights contract for A Woman Who Makes the King  
Musical adaptation of Mr. Lee Clean Center  
Film rights contract for Sister and On-Site Inspection  
Option & Rights agreement for Hostages Trial with Universal TV

### 2018

Received a citation from the Minister of Culture, Sports and Tourism at the 2018 Korea Contents Awards

### 2017

Incorporated GOZKNOCK ENT

# Major Work



Happiness Battle



Servant School



Revolve



Lady Coroner in Joseon



Hostages Trial



Reborn



Zoom In



On-site Inspection



The Abandoned



Bad Mom



Unknown People



The Missing People



The Secret Her's Band



Eat Drink Sleep



Young Man Gu Unmong  
Became a Housemaker



Escape from Mars



A2Z ENTERTAINMENT





Ministry of Culture, Sports  
and Tourism



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