

A HERO STORY





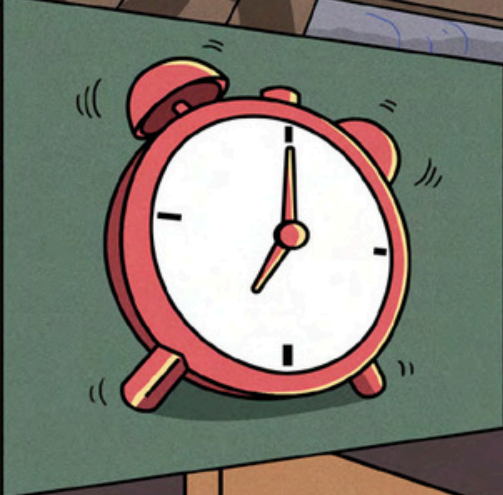
Myanmar has a tradition of waiting for a hero. Not because we have an abundance of them--

we're just waiting to see if someone will come and help us in times of need.





At the time of King Thibaw's fall,
some Burmese held back--

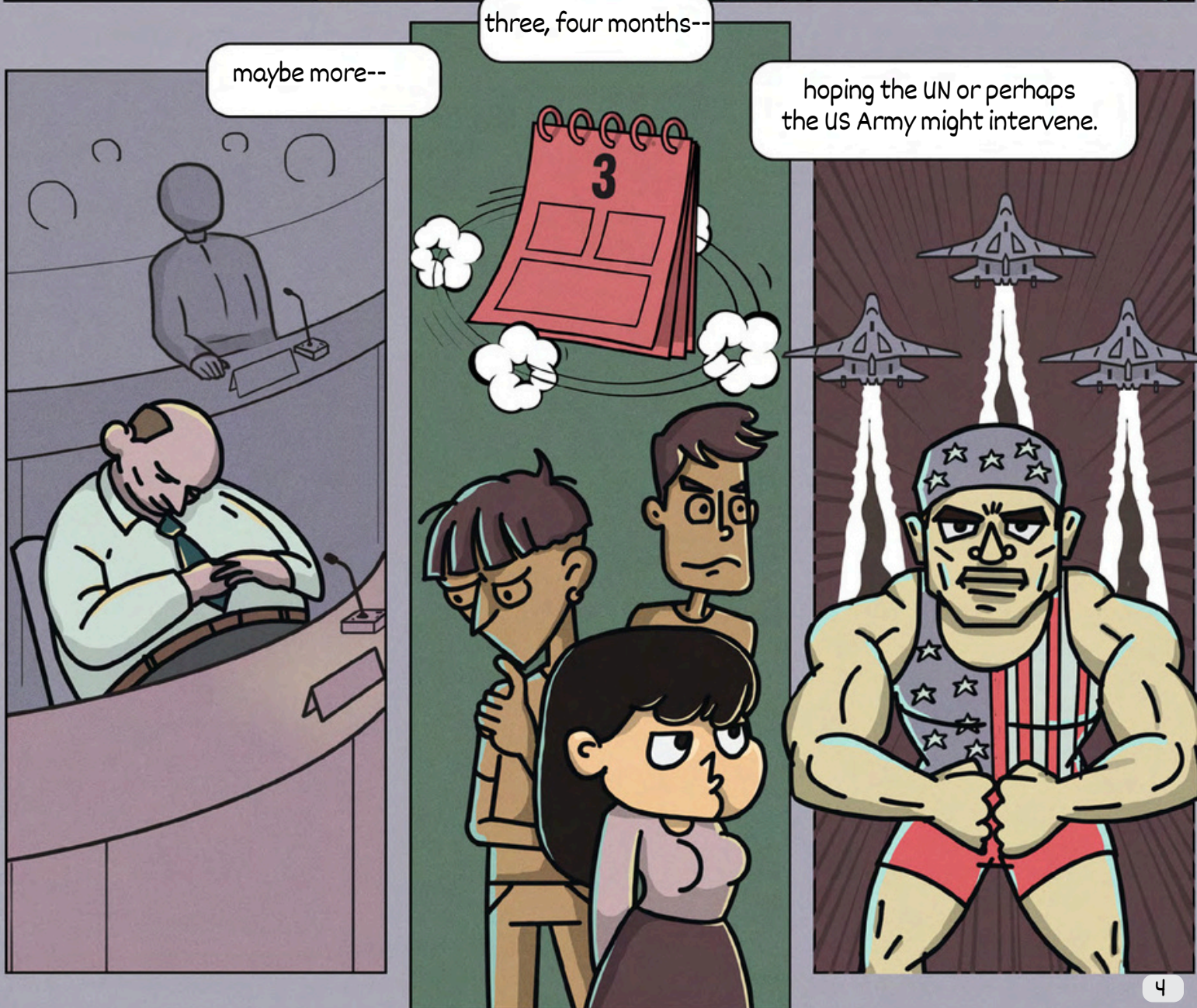


waiting for a prince to ride in
and save them.





When the military seized power,
we waited again...



maybe more--

three, four months--

hoping the UN or perhaps
the US Army might intervene.

It's not that
heroes never emerged in Myanmar.



There were a few—since ancient times. There were
the heroes of Bagan. Daw Khin Myo Chit wrote of them in
English, Thaw Tar Swe translated their tales.



Even Buddha, who rode
a horse in search of truth,
is regarded as a hero .



Many more followed: General Aung San,
who freed us from colonial rule--

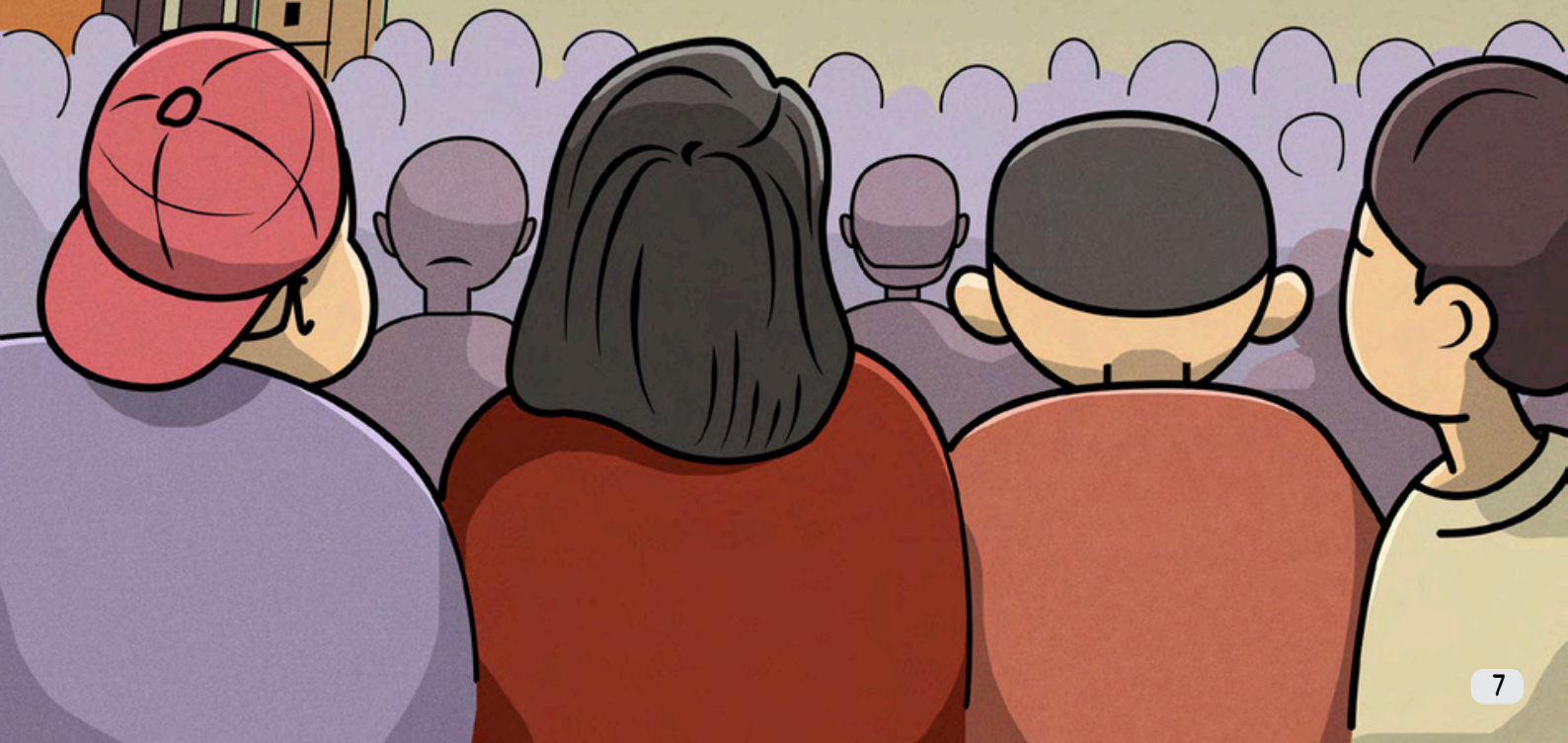


U Thant,
who represented Myanmar on the global stage,
Ludu Daw Amar, a Burmese scholar and activist.
The list stretches on...

Then came the Spring Revolution.
This time, we learned early on--



that no hero was coming to save us.
(Thanks to the UN)





A year into the coup--

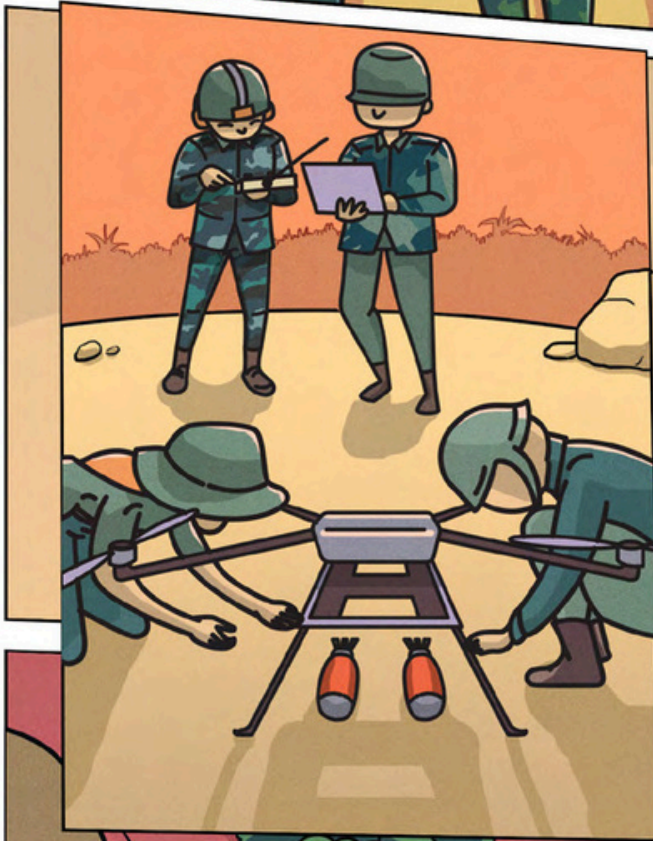


non-violent protests transformed --





into a fierce armed-resistance.



Now, even military strongholds are not safe anymore, taunted by drop bombs!

We do have heroes now, but they aren't the towering figures of old.

CDM staff



PDF comrades



Watermelons



"Click to Donate"
IT technicians



And the public who supports them all.



Fundraisers



Urban guerrilla protestors

The difference today is that we're no longer waiting for a single savior.



Our heroes are ordinary people, leading the way in ways we never expected.



Long ago, there was a story from the Bagan times.



A giant bird terrorized the people, demanding seven virgins every day.



The bird was picky too--



the virgins couldn't be too thin,
or too large--



so people sacrificed their
families to protect
themselves.





Those who refused to be victims fled their homes.

They hid in caves--



which are, some say, passageways--

leading to Mandalay, or to the sea.



Today,
we face a new monster.
Min Aung Hlaing is the
modern giant bird.



Young men and women are
forced into military service
by his regime--

they take the fittest
and the youngest away
from families.



But some flee through
their own caves--



some to foreign lands,
others to the jungle.



In the old myth, a hero would rise to slay the giant bird.

Today, it's many heroes fighting this new threat, side by side.



If you're one of them...



Each time you look into the mirror,
You'll see a reflection of a brave
warrior.



This is the hero of Myanmar's story.



End