

*In my life, I find that I am always counting down by myself in endless darkness and deep loneliness. And that sudden burst of dazzling light was short and weak. I lay down quietly and looked around this dark, small square space. There was no light, no color, and no exit. I can only cry silently and scream silently. I embraced this last dazzling light, and the person's appearance became clearer.*

*The final journey of my life began so simply. I move towards the bright, thermostatic animal far away from home, shining with the light of hope. Just to reach the place that was about to disappear, in the scattered light... I saw hope, and I called this small piece of beauty "hope." That is the hope of standing on the same side as something as wonderful as life, and even if my eyes cannot see it, I will still remember it forever.*

### **Danaiyanat Koprannaphakun**

#### **Chapter 1**

The bright light in the isolation zone in the middle of the road suddenly appeared in a circular shape, and then gradually disappeared and turned dark. The light came on again, but like fireworks at night, it eventually disappeared. The air around him was dead silent, only the sound of heavy breathing could be heard, and everything in front of him became hazy again.

Add molasses peach! Although the young man's eyes were hazy, he was very familiar with the surrounding environment, and he did not want to pay too much attention to the depressive atmosphere. There was no hope. Doctors started treating him a long time ago, but his vision is still improving every day?

"You are Danaiyanat Koprannaphakun, right?"

A familiar voice sounded, and the young man confirmed.

"Based on the eye exam and vision test, I think things don't look good. The function of your eyes has declined since the last time you were checked. I don't want you to be too worried, but I still want you to be prepared."

It was becoming increasingly difficult for Day to remember what the doctor looked like. Now he can see the water and the doctor said word by word, but in fact everything is blurry. It's as if the world around you is blocked by a thick curtain of water. If he wanted to see clearly, he had to get as close as possible. But he didn't like doing it. It was like telling a stranger that he had an eye problem, even though it was a foregone conclusion. Chronic keratitis had damaged his vision for a whole year, and it just kept going. of deterioration.

"How much time do I have?" The consulting room was quiet, and he broke the silence. "I really don't want to say anything negative, but I still hope that you and your home will deteriorate, and one day you may become completely blind" The doctor's voice was filled with depression.

"How long?" Day said trying to remain polite, but there was anxiety in his voice.

The exact number: "I can't give you an exact number. There are many possibilities. But judging from my past experience..." She stopped and took a deep breath, "I think it may not be more than six months."

The young man responded politely and stood up to salute. A hand quickly supported him, and he knew it was his brother without turning around. He smelled the faint smell of his brother's cologne. His brother helped him out of the consulting room, and he almost fell down. "You wait here, I'll pay for the medicine first."

While his brother was talking, he led him to sit on the hospital bench. The sounds around him made him feel like he was near a pharmacy. The young man sat glumly, and his brother left after giving a few instructions. The young man watched silently as his brother disappeared from sight. He stood up immediately, but he didn't understand why he stood up or what he wanted to do. But the words "six months" kept vibrating in his mind. He really wanted to escape from here, as far away as possible, and if possible, he never wanted to come back.

Peach with molasses! The whole building was a light cream color. The young man grabbed the handrail and walked along the corridor. He planned to leave as soon as possible. He should get a taxi and go wherever he wanted to go. After that, he may start a new journey. The young man walked forward at a loss like a lost child until he reached the end of the corridor and the sun shone on the ground. He had nothing to hold on to, and he couldn't see the road ahead clearly, but he stepped out without hesitation.

"Do you want flowers, little brother? Fifty baht a bunch."

"Young man, do you want to buy a lottery ticket? You will be rich tomorrow."

"What's the matter with you? You're walking too slowly." "Want to take a motorcycle, little brother? You decide how much it will cost." "

"Would you like to order food? There is also roast pork available."

"Young man, can you lend me some money? I want to find my child, but I'm lost."

"Support our handmade dessert bar, we are raising funds for the Association for the Blind."

Completely contrary to what he had imagined before, he became more and more confused as he walked, feeling like he was lost in a huge maze. He stumbled as he walked, his sense of direction based on his memory gradually blurring. He found that he was just following pedestrians around. He smelled all kinds of smells, but none of them were familiar to him. He



wanted to find something to lean on, but the street vendor asked him to walk very carefully for fear of hitting something. "Oh my God, are you blind? Do you need help crossing the road?"

asked a stranger, with a mixture of sympathy and impatience in his voice. The young man did not respond. He was heartbroken that he encountered someone with malicious intentions, and his mind was in a mess. But before he could answer, the strong arm grabbed his arm tightly and led him. He could only follow and felt that he was stepping on a slightly higher platform. He thought he had reached the end of the sidewalk. He felt dissatisfied with this unsolicited help.

"Thanks."

The young man said as he broke away from the stranger's hand. The voice on the other side suddenly got louder, but that was about it. He saw the man wave and leave. The crowd around him started moving again, getting farther and farther away from him. There was a sudden chill in his heart. He glanced around and realized that he had made a complete mistake. This is not a sidewalk, but the center of the road. Pedestrians passed in front and behind him. The world was starting to become chaotic and he didn't know what to do.

"Is there anyone... I..."

Day decided to seek help from pedestrians. He reached out to touch the shoulder of the person in front of him, but at that moment, everything became chaotic and he could only see shadows around him. A gust of wind blew, the traffic lights turned green, and the vehicles began to move again. Less than a shoulder's width away from him, a motorcycle sped past. If he had taken half a step more, he might have been hit and killed on this road. His legs were shaking uncontrollably. Since his vision became impaired, he has never acted alone.

"Please..."

"Help..."

"Help!"

His voice grew louder and louder, until it became a cry of despair. Things were constantly moving around him, and Day couldn't tell which side was the road and which was the median. He doesn't know where in the world he is now. Everything became dark, and the despair in his heart engulfed him. He tried to reach out and grab someone, but all he caught was a worn-out metal railing. Someone laughed at him from a passing vehicle.

"Help!"

Day screamed for help as loud as he could, but his cries were almost drowned out by the din around him. He didn't know how long he stood there. One minute? Ten minutes or more? Countless pedestrians may have passed by him, and his mind was spinning.

The young man didn't want to stay here until dark, when things would get worse. After dark, it will be harder for drivers to see pedestrians. If he took even one step forward he could be hit by a car. He suddenly smiled faintly and decided to take his right leg and walk forward. What should come will always come.

Walk forward with your right leg, and what should come will always come. "What are you doing? Do you want to die?"

There was a sharp sound, and suddenly a hand tightly grabbed the young man's arm and pulled him back forcefully. Day's body hit the chest of the man yelling at him. He smelled a pungent smell of smoke. In Day's blurred vision, he was very close to the stranger in front of him, so close that he could see his faint stubble, as if it had grown out after just shaving. . The weathered skin looked very rough. From this angle, Day couldn't see the man's entire face clearly.

"I can't see very well," Day stammered.

"Then why are you here? Where are you going?"

There was no tenderness, comfort or concern in this voice, just a straightforward inquiry. But honestly, the stranger seemed to be the only one willing to help him in this situation.

"I want to go home," the young man replied dejectedly, silently accepting that it is not easy to live alone with limited vision, especially in a strange place. Now, nothing is more important than surviving. The incident still sent shivers down his spine.

"Can you take a motorcycle?" the voice from the front asked.

"OK."

After hearing Day's answer, the stranger slowly led Day's hand to the back seat of the motorcycle. At the same time, rapid sirens sounded all around. Young people can roughly imagine how chaotic the surroundings are now. The strange man stopped his motorcycle, seemingly to rescue him from the rightmost lane. This scene undoubtedly attracted the attention of many people. As the red light turned on, people gathered in the middle of the road, and there was a lot of gossip. Day wanted to leave here as soon as possible.

"Come up."

The stranger shouted, starting the motorcycle at the same time. Day quickly jumped on it. He clearly recalled how to sit firmly. His feet were firmly on the pedals, but he didn't know where to put his hands because the motorcycle had no armrests. Before he could hesitate, the stranger's hand reached out and took Day's hand, holding him tightly around his waist, reminding him not



to be naughty if he couldn't see. Day couldn't help but laugh. He didn't know if it was a complaint or a joke, but this was the first time Day laughed out loud today. No, it was probably the first time in months that I laughed out loud. "Thank you"

Day yelled into the fast wind. He simply explained the way home to the stranger, who immediately understood. Day decided to say thanks. In his heart he wants to give back or do something to show gratitude, but he doesn't know what to do.

"You're welcome, I didn't mean to help you."

The voice responded coldly. The young man was a little confused by this response and didn't know what to say.

"I just don't want to see anyone die in front of me...that's all."

The low voice continued without any hesitation. Day couldn't help laughing and was a little surprised by this unusual reaction. He realized that he had misunderstood. If most people are willing to help, it's either out of pity or because they want to get some kind of reward, but the man in front of them is different. "What's your name?" Day asked.

The man in front of him smiled, and then replied, "Mhok."

This short answer seems like a joke from heaven. Day feels like his life is lost in a thick fog with no way out. But now, a stranger is willing to lend a hand to help him, and this person happens to be named "Mhok". It seems that God has arranged the most wonderful coincidence.

"Do I need to tell you my name?" Day asked.

"No...we may never meet again after we get to your house. Such a blunt rejection did not offend Day. On the contrary, he found himself attracted to this mysterious and forthright person. This mysterious and straightforward stranger was full of curiosity. At this moment, he felt an unspeakable regret in his heart. It would be interesting if there were more people like this in the world.

"My name is Day, and it's okay if you know it or forget it, but I want to tell you...that's all."