

Chapter 2

"Where did Day go!"

The person who shouted loudly was his mother. To Mhok, he was not surprised because Day's mother was a nationally renowned chef. The middle-aged woman started yelling as soon as she stepped into the home. Day heard the low muttering of the strange man next to him.

"It's all my fault, Mom," his brother explained.

"Can you stop pretending to be pitiful?" Day said with a hint of displeasure, "I ran out of the hospital by myself, and happened to meet a kind person who helped me, and he sent me back." He said and pointed to Mhok.

"What's wrong, Day? Where did you go? Why did you run away? Why didn't you tell your mother if something happened? What would your mother do if something happened to you?" Day's mother's voice was full of anxiety.

"If something happens to me, my mother doesn't have to do anything, because I am already like this. The doctor said that I will be completely blind in a few months. Can anyone help me? In the end, I can only rely on Myself!" His voice rose, almost becoming a roar. All the helplessness and inferiority came out at this moment. Day knew in his heart that his mother had done nothing wrong and she had always been the one who took good care of him. But he still couldn't help but feel pain, and he wanted to scream. He knows that his current behavior is bad, as if he is looking for someone to share his pain.

"I'm sorry, Mom."

After a moment of silence, the young man apologized. He heard his mother's heavy sigh, and seemed to hear it from his brother as well.

"How about canceling the nursing interview first, Mom. Day probably doesn't want to talk to anyone right now. They'll just annoy each other," Night said.

"But I have to fly to Milan tomorrow." That's all my mother said, and then she fell silent. Day raised his left hand, clearly aware. His mother wanted someone to take care of him, mostly because he had just hit the kitchen table and cut a gash on his finger. She fears the next accident might be worse than this.

"Look, Mom, I brought someone." Day turned his head and pointed at Mhok.

"What? I just sent you home, I'm ready to go now" Mhok whispered.

Day whispered, "You just need to pretend to be doing an interview. Then when you hear the salary, act dissatisfied, then you don't have to do the interview, and you can leave then."

"Why do you need me to help you? I've already done my best by sending you home." The man complained.

"First of all, you are doing a good deed, that is, helping my mother, so that she will feel at ease. You will definitely go to heaven in the future. Oh, and one more thing, I will remember to owe you a favor, no, two favors, including you taking me home. If you need help in the future, just come and tell me, but a blind person like me may not be able to help you much."

The young man said a lot, but the other party did not respond. Day saw the man walking straight up to his mother and brother, talking to them about something, but he couldn't hear clearly. He stayed there quietly. He thought Mhok would refuse directly, but luckily he didn't. His mother asked him to come to the living room to chat with her, so he had no choice but to follow in.

"What's your name? How old are you?"

"My name is Mhok, I'm 25 years old."

"Where did you graduate?"

"I graduated from a technical school."

"What job have you had before?"

"I worked various jobs, repairing cars, cleaning air conditioners, connecting electrical wiring, whatever someone hired me to do. Also, I sometimes drove a motorcycle."

Day laughed out loud. Mhok really looked like he was here for an interview. He could imagine his mother's expression when she heard the background of the person in front of him, because all the caregivers who came before were at least college graduates, or at least had some experience in nursing. System training courses. No one dares to use someone who graduated from a technical school to fill such a position. Night also asked Mhok a lot of questions, mostly about his commute, working hours and accommodation.

"The work you need to do is to help Day adapt to the possibility of blindness in the future. The doctor said he has about six months to go. During this time, Day will need to learn how to use crutches, learn Braille, and learn to take care of himself. Basic daily life, it is not convenient for him to do these things alone for the time being. This work may only be temporary until Day can adapt to it on his own." Day's mother explained in detail.

"Are you ready to get to work?"

"Tomorrow."

"The salary is 50,000, including room and board and all overtime pay. You can take one day off per week, but you need to agree with me on which day to take off first, because I need to arrange shifts." Night said.

Day smiled slightly at the thought of his mother and brother being immediately rejected by this man.

"Okay, I'll start working tomorrow," Mhok replied calmly, which surprised Day.

"Wait a moment!"

Day couldn't help but stood up and hurriedly followed the man, then pulled Mhok and asked him to go outside to chat privately. His mother and brother did not object, as they had always asked the caregiver to communicate with Day privately.

"I told you to refuse!"

Day said with a hint of annoyance as he walked out of the living room and closed the door. Mhok couldn't help but laugh, which made him angrier.

"I never said I would refuse. Although this care taker job is not so arbitrary, the salary is 50,000. If you want to earn more, you have to win the lottery."

"I don't need you to take care of me. You see, I can take care of myself." Day retorted.

"Really? Who almost lost their life on the road?" Mhok shot back.

Day felt frustrated and didn't know how to respond, but he became increasingly angry and said firmly: "I don't know, but I'm sure I don't need you to take care of me."

"Whatever you want, it's your mother who pays me, not you." Mhok chuckled.

Day was furious, but before he could snap back the door opened. Night comes out and says he has the book ready. Day is a journalism student and loves reading books. Every time he interviews a caregiver, he asks them to read aloud from a book as an interview item. Because sometimes he will ask his caregiver to read him a whole book or more, depending on his mood.

"Which one do you want to read?" Night asked.

He held a book and Day took his brother's arm back to the living room. Although he usually doesn't have a good relationship with his brother, now he wants to go against Mhok more. Day remembered that in the past, he had asked various questions to interviewees to see their

reactions. For those who seemed serious, he had them read "The True Man" because it was so touching. For those who seemed nervous, he jokingly asked them to read "The Little Prince" to gauge their reactions. But for someone as vulgar as Mhok, a complex piece of literature might be required.

"Until the red star fades." He mentioned the name of a literary novel that chronicled the history of ethnic cleansing by the Khmer Rouge. It's about a blind man named Ruthira who had to escape from Phnom Penh to the Thai side. There is a carer named, Uthit, who helps him through the difficult and war-filled path.

The brother took Day to sit on his favorite chair and then walked around to the bookshelf to find the book Day mentioned. Not long after, he took out a book with a black and red cover and handed it to Mhok, who was sitting not far away. The sound of opening the book immediately sounded.

"Read it out loud and I'll tell you when to stop," Night said.

"Why are you reading this?" Mhok asked.

"Day loves to listen to books, and one of your duties is to read to him."

Mhok nodded, seeming to understand, and then he began to read as Night directed. Night chose the part about Ruthira and Uthit's escape from Phnom Penh for Mhok to read. The plot in this part is very tense, mixed with the horror of war. Mhok's voice starts out steady, but soon it becomes passionate, rising and falling with the emotional changes of the content, as if he's so immersed in the story that he forgets he's conducting an interview. Mhok's voice is alternately confused, hopeful, weak, and endlessly amused.

"boom!"

Mhok loudly imitates the sudden sound of a gunshot in the story. Day felt like he was there, so close to the mood of the characters in the book that he felt like he was Ruthira himself.

"That's it."

After that, the sound of turning pages of books stopped abruptly. Mhok didn't stumble or stutter over the complex literary work, although he sometimes mispronounced it or paused in places. But Day had never felt like a character in a book before. Mhok was not reading to Day, but to himself.

"Do you think that 'bang' was a tire exploding or a gunshot?"

Day asked, In the story, Ruthira and Uthit were traveling with a driver, and as the two briefly left, there was a sudden "bang" sound. Uthit told Ruthira that the tire had exploded, so they had to

go on foot. But Ruthira suspected the sound wasn't tires and that the driver might have been shot.

"It must have been gunfire, the driver was killed." Mhok replied without hesitation.

"Then why didn't Uthit tell Ruthira? Why did the caregiver lie to her employer?" he asked.

"Have sympathy." Mhok simply replied, "Ruthira is a blind nobleman. Just sleeping in the open air has made him feel very anxious. Uthit may be out of sympathy and dare not tell him the disturbing truth for fear that he will not be able to bear it. , a waste of energy."

"If it were you, would you tell him?" Day asked nervously.

"Yes." Mhok replied quickly, "We are not children anymore, why do we still sit here and talk about irrelevant things? Life is like this, you have to get used to it."

After Mhok finished speaking, the whole room fell silent. It seems that he also felt that he talked too much in this interview. Mom reaches out to squeeze Day's arm as if to get Day to make a decision. Day raised his head with firm eyes. A breeze blew in from the living room window, and he felt the bright light woven together with the breeze.

Maybe the person in front of me is right, life is like this, if you can't accept it, how can you continue?

"Okay, I've decided to hire you as my caretaker... but if you ever take pity on me, I'll let you go."