

Chapter 21

Mhok takes Day down a cliff, with Day's eyesight almost zero at the time. He was neither excited nor surprised by what was happening because deep down inside he already knew that there wasn't much time left. Yesterday when he was taking a shower, he was blind for a few more minutes. He prayed in his heart that he could only have the opportunity to go to the edge of the cliff to see the last ray of light. If God existed, perhaps He would hear this young man's prayers. Because when he finally made it up, he ended up going blind in his eye.

Day's friend Aon drove him home to rest before taking the train back tomorrow. His phone kept vibrating, but like before, he pretended not to notice anything. The car drove slowly, and the phone continued to vibrate, even when it stopped in front of Aon's house.

"Day...why don't you answer mom's call!"

As soon as I entered the door, my mother's roar could be heard. Although he couldn't see it, Day could still guess what his mother's expression was like.

"I've already told my mother that I won't go back until I finish handling the matter. I'll go back tomorrow."

He said calmly that not long after leaving Bangkok, Night called and told him to go back quickly because his mother had urgent matters that she had to return to Thailand to deal with. But he didn't care and decided to stay until his mother came back and the matter was revealed. He didn't want Night to take responsibility, so he admitted everything.

"Why don't I know anything?"

Mhok said in confusion as he took a detour to take pay to find his mother and Night who came with him. Day chuckled slightly before telling the truth.

"I secretly took my brother's cell phone and blocked my mother's and Night's numbers."

"Day! "

The young man cried out in surprise, but it was no use, Day's journey was over, and just like the child in that book, there was nothing left to be sad about.

"How did you bring Day here? Who allowed it? You took Day out last time and caused trouble in Chatuchak. This time you took him to Songkhla. If something happens to Day, what will you do? Responsible!"

Day's mother screamed and scolded Mhok, and Night had to step in to stop him. Day held Mhok's arm and offered encouragement. His mother never imagined that her youngest son would be running around while she was away in Thailand. She always thought that her son, who

was about to become blind, would stay at home and lie in despair. Unexpectedly, one day her son ran away from home and came to Songkhla, and her world collapsed.

"What's wrong, Mom, what's going on?" Day asked calmly.

"Day, don't talk back to Mom." The voice sounded irritated.

"Day didn't talk back, Day just wanted to know what Mom was worried about what would happen to Day." The young man asked calmly. He already had a feeling that this moment would come sooner or later—either here or back home in Bangkok.

"Go home, Day. If anything happens, let's talk about it when we go home." Night tried to mediate, but Day still stood there.

"Night said that Day lost sight a few days ago. The doctor said that there may not be much time left and Day may become blind." Mom stammered, as if she thought this truth would hurt the listener's heart, but Day was better than her. Much stronger than imagined.

"Then what is mom afraid of? Are you afraid that I will become blind here?" he continued to ask.

"Yes, Day, what will happen if Day becomes blind here? Have you ever thought about it?" The mother's voice softened. She may have softened, but she still firmly resisted her son's stubborn temper. Day heard his mother's worry and could only nod. It seemed that Night was holding his other arm, but he ignored it.

"Mom, Day is blind now, I can't see anything." This revelation made everyone silent for several seconds, and then the mother's burst of crying was intertwined with Night's panicked questioning. Day felt like either his mother or brother had grabbed his shoulders and nervously asked how he was doing.

"Mom, don't you want to ask me how it feels to be blind here?" he continued, "Day saw everything he wanted to see before he went blind, Mom. Day has a life of his own, and Day can decide for himself Day's life. It's not that my mother is wrong to worry, but my mother can't keep Day locked up at home all his life."

"Mom, I'm sorry for you..."

Mom's simple apology shattered the walls Day had built up. My mother is a strong woman. She is a single mother and a well-known chef in the catering industry. This means that the word "weak" has never been mentioned in the image of mothers that Day has seen in his life. Mothers are always resolute.

He couldn't even remember the last time his mother said she was sorry. Mom didn't say anything more, because he believed she had thought it over carefully and was ready to accept everything. So his mother's apology was something he didn't expect. He thought his mother would remain silent at best.

"Day is also sorry. It was my fault to run away like this. But my mother also understands me, just as I understand my mother. My mother will not let me leave like this."

The young man said, turning in the direction where he thought his mother was standing. His mother's walls seemed to crumble as she ran her hands over his face, wiping away his tears - the tears he had shed at her unexpected apology.

"Let's go home." Night said calmly.

"Um."

Day replied, letting Mhok lead the way to Night's rental car. His brother gave Mhok the driving duties so he could arrange a flight back to Bangkok. Even though she knew there was nothing that could be done, his mother insisted that Day needed to go to the hospital.

It didn't take long for Mhok to drive to the airport. Night went to return the rental car while Mom went to handle check-in. Mhok was the only one left with Day, who had finished his check-in in advance and now found a corner to sit down.

"Day, are you okay?" Mhok asked in a gentler voice than usual.

Day let out a long sigh, not sure which question to answer first. Is it about my eyes that are completely blind now, or about my mother, whether it will cause more conflicts in the future, or about the unresolved problems in the chat with my father, or about my vision in the future being the same as now. An ambiguous future.

"I don't think so, but I don't know what to do if I don't think so." He smiled as he said it, as if he was mocking his fate. Two years ago he was an athlete on the national team, the hope of the country, everyone knew him, he appeared on TV shows, won trophies and made a lot of money. But what now? He still couldn't give a clear answer.

"If it's not good, let me comfort you. If Day can do everything, then what's the use of me?"

Mhok's intention in speaking was to lighten the mood.

"Then I don't think about it anymore, come and comfort me." Day replied teasingly.

"Day has always been important to me, no matter what. Day may find it funny, but you made me realize how important I am to a person. Before this, I had no real goals in life, but at least today I know why I have to live."

He reached out and took Mhok's hand on his knee, not caring whether his mother or brother saw him. Having a boyfriend is probably no worse than being blind.

"Brother, don't forget to love yourself," he said.

"Of course I do, but I love Day more."

Day smiled, then reached out and rubbed the other person's head. Who would have thought that the fiercest gangster in those days would become such a master of flirting today.

"That's my brother's business, but I have to say that I love myself the most, and I won't love you more than myself. If my brother is going to suffer a loss, then so be it." He shrugged pretending to be relaxed.

"It's up to you, I've always been suffering," Mhok said.

"Brother, does Sister Rung still have half of the installment on Sister Rung's car unpaid?" Day suddenly remembered and asked.

"It will be cleared by the end of this month, and I have to worry about finding a parking space again. Porjai is full of things." The other person answered with a smile.

"Brother, have you ever thought about what you want to do next?"

Day asked seriously, his joking tone gone. Mhok felt it too and was silent for a while.

"What, Day want to kick me out?"

"Brother, do you still remember that my mother said that I was going to take care of me when I was adapting to life as a blind person? Now I can take good care of myself, using a cane, learning braille, and living at home. When my brother is not here, I can live a normal life."

Day squeezed the other man's hand.

"I plan to go back and continue studying. I think it shouldn't be too difficult, because our college has also had blind people complete their studies before. I plan to return to a normal life as much as possible, and I also want to be able to stand up independently and truly be like a normal person. to live."

The young man didn't know whether the other party felt distant from the decision he had made, but he thought over and over again that this was the best way. Brother Mhok also needs to have his own life, even if they continue to date, he cannot be an employer and caregiver.

"I may feel sorry that it is not easy for people like me to find new jobs. Who would hire someone with a bad record?" Mhok laughed at himself.

"Is it difficult for me to find a job?" he asked.

"Of course, Day, for people like me, when people hear my background, they shake their heads. No one dares to give me a job."

Mhok said and laughed loudly. The corner of Day's mouth moved, and there was a wave of excitement in his heart. His hand unknowingly let go of Mhok's hand. But Mhok's laughter remained hearty and unaware.

"Day! "

Before they could continue the conversation, their mother's call rang, interrupting their conversation. Day turned to the direction of the sound, his brows furrowing. His mother's voice sounded strange, full of emotions—excitement, surprise, joy, anticipation, all mixed together.

"The Cornea Donation Center called and said that Day's cornea has been found!"