

Chapter 5

"I really hope you'll read this book, it's really interesting. But I don't want to spoil it for you. You should read it for yourself anyway."

Aon said when he visited Day's home the next week. In fact, Day's teacher always recommended some interesting books to him, especially short stories that were interesting and thought-provoking. But the book he is recommending now is an unusual old book written by a foreigner who came to Thailand to live temporarily. After being translated into a book once, it disappeared from the market. Aon himself read it after borrowing someone else's book and said he shouldn't miss it no matter what.

"Last Twilight. "

Day was still mumbling the title of the book as Aon left. He was very curious about what the book was about, but the recommender was vague and unwilling to reveal too much. He only said that he must read it himself, but did not leave the book to him.

"It's really hard to find."

Seeing Day sitting quietly, Whok raised his voice and tried to search on shopping websites, hoping that some online stores still stock this book. However, it seems like every store is out of stock, even second-hand malls on various apps.

"Brother Aon, brother Aon, piqued our interest, and then left. Why don't you go online and see if anyone has spoiled the story? Even if brother Aon doesn't say it, there must be others who will. Now that I'm like this But I can't sleep well." Day said with a resentful tone.

"Actually, there is another place. No matter how rare the bad book is, it can be found there. It just depends on one's ability." Mhok said, and Day felt the other party laughing.

"Where?"

"The second-hand bookstore in Khanducha," Mhok said. "I sold clothes there for a while." One bookstore seller boasted that they had a variety of I-Day books. Even if it's not available elsewhere, it can be found in them. I think this book must be there. "

Before Day could say anything, Mhok hurriedly picked up the phone and called the bookstore owner. Day was waiting nervously, he couldn't hear the voice on the other end of the phone clearly, so he could only wait for Mhok to end the call and tell him what was said.

"He said he had it, but he didn't know where it was in the store. If we want it, we have to go find it ourselves, otherwise he won't find it for us," Mhok said after hanging up the phone.

"I can go look for it on my next day off," he continued.

"No, we'll go today, I'll go with you." Day said decisively.

"Are you serious?" Mhok asked again, but he didn't argue too much.

"If I don't read this book today, I will definitely not be able to sleep. This book must be related to the blind." The young man clenched his fists and said firmly.

"But I can go alone. Aren't you afraid that your mother will scold you if you leave like this?" Mhok objected.

"As long as you don't let my mother know, just go and come back early. If I let you go alone, what if you buy the wrong book? How many books can you read in a year?" Day was a little impatient, because the other party kept Asking questions, he rubbed his hands on the wall, obviously not wanting to wait any longer. If the delay continued, he would call a taxi himself. But before he could walk out of the room, a familiar hand grabbed him, put his hand on his arm, and led him to continue walking.

Day smelled the faint smell of cigarette smoke lingering around him, making him dizzy. Since his vision became blurred, he relied more on other senses, and many memories were hidden in these intricate feelings.

Mhok took Day to the car called from the app. Along the way, Day seemed a little uneasy. He took out his headphones and listened to the music on his phone, which calmed his confused mood. Mhok sat in the back seat with him. It went on and on as usual - mentioning where they were, what their surroundings were like, what the traffic jam was like. Even though Day didn't ask this, it didn't bother him, and no other caregiver had done this before.

"We're here," Mhok said.

Mhok took Day out of the car, and the fever subsided. The young people have not been to Chatuchak for a long time and have almost forgotten what it looks like here. Since falling ill, he has hardly been anywhere except the hospital. His university teacher strongly advised him to suspend his studies. He entrusted Night to manage university affairs on his behalf and deceived everyone that he had gone abroad. As for those social media software, he no longer uses them at all.

"Is anyone staring at me?" Day asked. The scene must have been strange because Day had to hold Mhok's arm the whole time and walk like a blind man.

"There are a few, but most are smiling shyly," Mhok said softly.

"Shy? What are you shy about?" Day was confused.

"They probably thought we were a new couple just falling in love because you kept holding on to my arm and didn't want to let go."

Mhok laughed as he explained, and Day looked at him dumbfounded. He turned around and looked around, wondering if someone was really staring at them as Mhok said. He was annoyed by the opponent's constant teasing. He clenched his right hand and punched the opponent ten times. Although the punch was not light, it was not heavy. This immediately made the person in front of him groan in pain.

"You hit hard, you know that? Are you a boxer?" Mhok complained.

"I'm a badminton player, but my punches are probably as good as a boxer, want to try again?" Day said threateningly, and Mhok continued to lead him slowly without further argument. It seemed that he had been deliberately taken to a small alley with fewer people to make his walk more comfortable. Day was a little relieved because of this, feeling that he was no longer the center of attention.

"What is that?" The young man who had been following suddenly stopped and pointed to a shop displaying various products. Mhok also stopped and turned to look. "A clothing store, what's wrong?" He looked a little confused.

"What's that green and orange thing?" he continued.

"A shirt...just a regular shirt. Only it's very brightly colored, like a fire brigade uniform," Mhok said with a half smile. Day frowned in approval and left the store. Soon after, they arrived at the destination of their trip, a second-hand bookstore. The store owner told them to look around and the book would be somewhere in the store.

The young man glanced around the place and felt a little discouraged. The store in question was a second-hand bookstore, and it was packed with so many books that it looked very cluttered, and you had to find them one by one, and this store probably had at least one or two books.

The shop owner and Mhok separated to check the piles of books stacked together in the center of the shop, which was the most troublesome to find. At first they all told Day to just sit back and wait, but eventually he couldn't help but join the search for the book. He approached the bookshelf, almost pressing his face to the spines of the books, looking over them one by one, thinking that he might be lucky enough to encounter a miracle. Day watched unhurriedly, taking the opportunity to find some other books he wanted to read. He went through everything from Nicholas's sweet love novels to Haruki Murakami's magical realism books to Jese's documentary stories. "You...come here quickly!" Day shouted excitedly to Mhok. The other party hurriedly ran over. Day asked with a trembling voice if he had found the right book. Day handed the somewhat worn-looking book to Mhok for inspection, and then he opened the picture on the web page to compare it to make sure it was the correct book.

"By the way, this is it!"

"Yeah! Found it, bro! We found it, bro!"

Day grabbed Mhok's hand and shook it happily, shouting with excitement. Mhok looked at him and smiled happily. However, after a few seconds, Day snapped back to his senses and quickly let go of Mhok's hand, then concealed his embarrassment by picking up the book again to look at it.

"What did you call me just now?"

Mhok asked, but Day didn't understand.

"What did you call me just now?"

Mhok asked again and this time Day understood.

"I call you brother...you are older. So, I should call you brother, right? Like the motorcycle drivers and taxi drivers in front of my house, I also call them brother. What's wrong? Should I call you uncle Mhok?" Day argued.

"It's okay, I didn't say anything."

Mhok chuckled and left with Day after paying the shop owner for the book. Mhok suggested finding something to eat nearby to fill his stomach, but Day was still hesitant because he didn't want to eat outside, and he would feel a little sorry if he ate messily in the store. However, his growing hunger made him change his mind and he decided to drink orange juice. Mhok said he would take him to a vegetarian restaurant he frequented.

The two of them walked through the bustling market alleys again. As they spend more time together, Day becomes more and more accustomed to having Mhok as his compass.

He realized that this trip was the closest thing to getting out and having fun. Day held the book happily, going out wasn't as scary as he thought. But at this moment, the noise in the distance began to get louder and louder. It seemed that someone was quarreling and gradually escalated.

"There was a couple arguing."

Mhok whispered and Day could hear it a little if he paid attention. The woman's voice grew louder. Forcing the other person to decide who they want to be with. From the looks of it, it seems that the man is having an affair. The sounds of the crowd of passers-by became louder and louder. Quarrel between lovers seems to have become a kind of entertainment for everyone. Mhok also led him closer and whispered that they would pass an orange juice shop in a while.

"Damn it, Keng!"

Before the quarreling couple could finish speaking, Mhok suddenly rushed forward and shouted a scolding. That high-pitched sound is terrifying. Day recalled that Porjai once said that when he was with Mhok before, Mhok was a troublemaker, which should be correct.

"Who is this woman, Porjai, what does this mean?" This confrontation seemed to make the young man forget everything. Mhok rushed forward and faced the man named Keng with an angry face. Day began to understand what was happening. Porjai's words came to mind again, the man he planned to marry...

Is it this person? Day's heart suddenly became cold, and he began to sympathize with the two women. He felt heartbroken. But before he could react, the food flew away and there was a crash: a fight apparently broke out between Mhok and Keng. People around began to become noisy. Some people wanted to get closer to see what was going on, while others wanted to stay away from the scene. The scene became very chaotic.

Day tried to call out to Mhok, but it was in vain. He was pushed away from the scene and gradually moved away from the center of the commotion, feeling somewhat lost. He looked left and right, but couldn't see anything clearly, and his eyes were in chaos. He tried to ask or call for help, hoping someone would respond, but no one could hear him. The crowd pushed him further and further away. Mhok's voice, his only support now, grew smaller and smaller and eventually disappeared entirely. Day felt desperate and tried to pick up his phone.

However, the young man left his shoulder bag to Mhok.. Now, he was completely lost in a world of darkness.