

Chapter 19

Day didn't want to stay and hear what Dad had to say, and he didn't regret not staying. The father made a mistake and abandoned them, leaving the mother with the sole responsibility of raising two children. Dad had many opportunities over the past nearly two decades to make up for his mistakes, but he didn't. Day meets him again by chance in his hometown, but Day is reluctant to accept it.

He asked Mhok to take him back to Aon's home as agreed before to rest. The person whose face he could no longer remember called his name lonely, just like the loneliness he had experienced continuously in his life. Day feels that he has never been lucky, but he feels that he is not wrong. He does not smile easily at other people's disappointments.

"Wow, the food you cook is so delicious, I can open a restaurant." A friend named Singha, who is also temporarily staying at Aon's house, praised him repeatedly. Mhok, who was in charge of cooking, smiled and thanked, while Day listened quietly, not knowing what to say.

"No, actually I can only cook some simple food." Mhok responded.

"It's not easy at all, brother. It's actually difficult to make simple and delicious food. Do you want to open a restaurant? I can introduce you to the head chef. The salary is very good, especially if you can make Thai food like you, go. If you open a Thai restaurant abroad and persist for a few years, your life will change a lot.

Day ate in silence, expressing no opinion. Mhok tried to avoid the topic, but Singha still wanted to get his contact information. Day didn't express any opinions because things about his dad kept running through his mind.

After breakfast, Mhok invited Day to go out to buy daily necessities, because he had to wait until the afternoon to go up to the cliff like the back cover of "Last Twilight", and then he could just see the sunset.

Mork drove Day down the road, and the whole thing was quiet. Day has barely spoken since returning from the wedding last night until now. His heart was in a mess, especially when he heard his father's last words.

"Night, he felt very sad kid."

"Take me here and take a look." Day held out the phone screen to Mork, which he had captured last night when he found his father's information on Facebook. With Aon's help, he found his father's contact information. He The father knew Aon's mother, and he had never been able to find a way to contact his father because he did not use his real name on Facebook.

Mork accepted his request and changed his driving route. Day's heartbeat accelerated, and he didn't know why. But he couldn't get those last words out of his mind, "He felt very sad that night,

kid." This sentence swirled in his mind all night, and maybe if he didn't go to see his father today, this sentence would linger forever. heart. My father was in the general outpatient department of the internal medicine department of a provincial hospital. He would come here as a charity singer, singing for patients and their family members waiting for examinations. When Day arrived, he sat in a corner not far from the performance area, with Mork sitting next to him. Day listened to the voice he hadn't heard for nearly twenty years until the last song.

"How does Dad know that Night is sad?"

After hearing Mork say that his father came over and sat down to say hello, Day was not interested or even willing to say 'hello' and just started asking questions.

"Actually, there's not much difference between Dad and Night, Day." Dad replied.

"Really? Did Night tell dad that he made me blind?"

Day tried to control himself from getting too loud, but it was difficult.

"Did Night tell Dad that he asked me to drive to pick him up when he was drunk? Even though I have said that I drive unsteadily at night. Did he tell Dad that the car accident was serious that night and he was not injured? But I lost my sight?"

Day became more and more excited as he spoke, and his voice became more and more trembling. He had always wanted to understand that his brother Night meant no harm that night, but he was about to go blind, his career as a national team athlete was over, and he became a pitiful and worthless disabled person.

"Did Night tell dad that he killed Day?" The young man tried his best to control his tears, and his body was shaking uncontrollably. But he couldn't actually do it, and tears came out of his eyes and flooded his entire face. Although he was still breathing; he was dead, and his eyes had lost their light, never to return. He is dead, he is really dead.

"Dad knows how sad Day is." Dad hugged Day tightly, although Day wanted to refuse his hug because the person in front of him was the person who had abandoned him, but at this moment, he felt very desperate. Disappointment was like waves, washing away his outer shell, leaving only helplessness and despair. He hugged his dad tightly, like he was clinging to the last piece of driftwood in the vast sea, trying to survive.

"Dad wants to tell you that Night and I are no different." The speaker gently touched Day's head. "When dad did something wrong, I know how much pain mom suffered, and I also know how big of a mistake I made. Mom told Day about dad, and everything she said was right, Day. Dad was not a good dad, and I I'm a bad person and I don't deserve a second chance as a mom."

Day was shocked and confused as he listened to his father's words.

"But Dad's only hope is that Mom can forgive him. He wants Mom to move on and live a happy life and leave all the resentment and hatred to Dad. Day, you know what? We feel most relieved when we forgive someone. Not them, but ourselves."

The father saw that his son was just crying and seemed not ready to answer anything, so he continued.

"Even if Mom forgives Dad and Day forgives Night, the hurt Dad did to Mom and my guilt, or Night's feelings for Day, will never go away, kid. Dad and Night have to live with that guilt. A lifetime. Because this is the mistake I made and this is what Dad deserves."

This sentence stunned Day. The young man always knew that Night was hurt just as much as he was; that his father was feeling the same pain as his mother. But he never let go of the hands that hurt each other more. He also always believed that the person who caused him pain should also suffer the same pain.

"But it would be better if even one person in this feeling of guilt feels pain, kid. Anyway, I hope that Mom and Day can be relieved, free from anger, and let their hearts heal. And like Dad, People like Night will live with this feeling of guilt throughout their lives."

That hug taught Day a lot, and the young man didn't know when he had forgiven his father. When he realized this, Day felt like that hug had become a safe place. Even though he didn't take it all in, he had to admit, he'd taken in a lot from the past few minutes.

Day felt like he was always in the eye of the storm, with no way out. But at the same time, when someone extended his hand, he always refused. Because he is afraid in his heart that if he steps out, he will lose the right to blame and find someone to share the pain with.

But does he really want to live out his life in this storm? The question came to his mind. He thought of his brother, how before his life changed, he and Night were like close friends, with plenty to talk about and everything to share no matter where they went. Home was a place he cherished deeply and longed to stay.

Does he really want this desire to win? After victory, who must lose and who must be injured? And when he still has to bear the pain of anger and hatred, can his victory still be called victory? He couldn't answer himself, the truth was that he was very tired and he wanted respite from the pain.

"Have Dad and Night been chatting?"

Day asked as he pulled himself out of his dad's arms and wiped away his tears, his face was probably a mess by now. His voice held a hint of anger towards his brother.

"Night has been calling dad since mom took you to Bangkok. In fact, Night is very dependent on dad, and dad has been learning about Day's situation through Night." Dad said frankly.

"Then why didn't dad contact me directly?" He asked unable to conceal his disappointment.

"Because Dad knows that Day hates Dad." The voice seemed to be admitting a fact that could not be concealed. "Dad is wrong. Dad has no right to contact Day and Mom. In addition, Dad also has low self-esteem. Dad knows that since Day moved to After Bangkok, you may not remember dad. If dad contacts you, you will only know what mom told you about dad."

The young man felt that his father seemed to have aged a lot.

"Dad was afraid to face reality, so he chose to stay in the memories of being with Day when he was a child. At least Day didn't hate Dad as much as he does now."

"Then why did dad come to see me yesterday?" the young man asked, and the other party was silent for a while.

"Because Dad knew that Day wouldn't have much time to see him. Night called and told Dad that Day would come here to attend the wedding and asked Dad to wait to see Day. Dad knew that Day might not want to see Dad, but if Dad didn't come to see Day, I will regret it for the rest of my life, just like my father feels about my mother." These words of my father seemed to have accumulated in my heart for a long time. Day lay down on the bench, head resting on Dad's lap. This may be the only remaining memory of childhood. He remembered that he loved snuggling in his father's arms and listening to him sing lullabies.

"Day, do you want to see what dad looks like? Night told dad that if he looks at it from a close distance, Day can still see it." Dad said with some hesitation.

"I don't want to see it," Day said in a deliberately naughty tone.

"But Dad wants to see what Day looks like."

Dad's voice became gentler, and the young man sat up and put his face close to his father. Dad's face gradually became clearer and clearer. The first thing that appeared was a pair of eyes full of sadness, which seemed to say that no matter what the reason, he would never forgive himself. Wrinkles covered his rough face. Dad was old, older than he thought. In contrast, my mother has also become older due to his illness and distress.

"I also hope that my father can forgive myself." Day said, "Since my father wants my mother and I to have the courage to forgive my father and Night, then my father and Night must also have the courage to forgive themselves. My father hopes that my mother and I can continue to live together, and I also hope that my father and , Night can move on with her life. I know it may be hard, but I want Dad to know that I won't be happy if I see Dad and Night wallowing in guilt."

Then he saw the tears flowing from those sad eyes, slowly sliding down the wrinkled cheeks. That was a man who might have struggled to be forgiven all his life. Dad pulled Day over, hugged him tightly, and repeatedly uttered words of thanks, as if there was nothing more valuable in the world.

"Forgive, and move on..." If this long journey was about meeting Dad by chance, it would be like a story. Day may end his story with this simple please, but of course he will continue to turn over a new leaf and move on with his life.

Life comes back to life...even if it's not exactly the way you dreamed it would be.