

Chapter 4

"Teacher...Teacher...Teacher Day!" (*This word comes from the Thai a75, which means teacher or professor. This is the affectionate and slightly joking name given to Day by Aon, a volunteer of the Association for the Visually Impaired.)

A series of shouts woke the young man from his sleep. He swallowed to relieve the dryness in his throat, then turned his head and called "Aon." He often calls the person in front of him Aon, brother, or Aon, teacher. Aon is a volunteer from the Association for the Visually Impaired and will come to the homes of new visually impaired patients to talk, share experiences, and provide life guidance. Outside of his family, Day feels most comfortable talking to Aon about his visual impairment, sometimes even more comfortably than talking to his mother or brother.

"You called me teacher? Oh... don't scare me." Day pretended to complain. "Then what should I call you? I have taught you to walk four or five times with a cane, but you are just there silently facing me. If I were a junior visually impaired person, I would think you are a ghost. You lied to me. But, I am a high-level blind person." Aon said this very affectionately, but in fact, Aon was nearly a year older than Day.

"Do it again, teacher."

The young man held out his hand and was handed a cane. He began trying to learn to walk with a cane, following Ann's instructions. He has refused to learn how to use a cane and Braille. Deep down, he always told himself that his eyes would heal soon. But now, he wanted to make up for something, he wanted to apologize to someone. If you feel guilty, go apologize to him. He is not a mind reader and cannot hear your inner apology. "The person next to him said. After hearing these words, Day stopped waving his cane. He didn't know whether he should feel uneasy because of the sharp words, or he was shocked that Aon could read him so accurately. Feelings. Day felt very sorry for Mhok. Looking back, Mhok was not wrong at all. Even if Mhok saw him when he was not wearing clothes, it was really for his safety. To put it another way, if he really had an accident, if Mhok didn't help him, his life might be in danger.

"I...."

Before Day could respond, the doorbell rang. The corners of his mouth turned up unconsciously, and he sincerely hoped it was Mhok. If Mhok comes, it means he is not angry anymore and has forgotten about his dismissal for now.

"I'll go take a look." Night said. Day was ready and excited, mentally sure it must be Mhok because his mother never rang the doorbell. As for who else might come to the house, he couldn't think of any. Day stood quietly, fiddling with the crutch in his hand unconsciously. Footsteps crept down the aisle until the door opened. Night indicated that the visitor wanted to talk privately and returned to his room.

"Hello Day, my name is Porjai and I'm Mhok's friend."

The person speaking was a woman. In his blurry vision, Day could see a woman with long hair and a slender figure. That's all he could see, and he was disappointed to find that the person in front of the painting wasn't Mhok, and his palms began to turn watery.

"Did Mhok ask you to collect his salary for him?" His voice was a little dry.

"No." She shook her head. "Your mother transferred the money to Mhok yesterday. But he had something to give you and he couldn't come in person."

Porjai handed over a bag with some embarrassment, and Day took it with confusion. Feeling what was inside, he realized they were a pair of large soft-toed slippers. It made him feel even more guilty, thinking about the injury he'd had on his toe since he first met Mhok. Although he never bumped into anything at home again, the other person never forgot.

"What's the pattern on the shoes?" he asked curiously.

"It's a goldfish," Porjai replied. "If there's nothing else, I'll leave first. This is what Mhok asked me to give."

The person in front of him turned around to leave after saying that, and Day was in a mess inside.

"Teacher Day..." Aon's voice was very soft, but it contained a lot of things, and Day finally made up his mind.

"Miss Porjai," shouted the young man, causing the departing man to stop and turn around.

"Can you take me to Mhok? I have something I want to talk to him about."

Day and Porjai went out together. Day did not tell his brother and chose to leave quietly. He added a car on his phone and headed to Mhok's house. On the way, he had been worrying about what he would say to Mhok when he arrived.

How does he respond if the other person gets angry and starts an argument?

"We're almost there, Day. Almost five minutes," Porjai told him after the car turned into an alley. The environment here is quite crowded, and it is not difficult to guess that Mhok's family conditions may not be that good.

"What do Mhok's parents do?" Day couldn't help but ask.

"Mhok's parents died when he was a child. Mhok grew up with two sisters, and he lost his sister last year. Mhok acted strong, that's all. But apart from his sister, his life was almost empty. Who's left, me too." Porjai said a lot, but suddenly realized that she was sharing too much about Mhok's personal affairs and decided to remain silent. Day pursed his lips, realizing just now that he barely knew the man who had saved his life.

"Didn't he have a regular job before he became my carer?" Day decided to ask further.

Porjai sighed heavily, as if something was weighing on his heart, but he finally spoke out. "Not at all, Day. Mhok used to be a very rebellious person and he made a lot of money while working in a repair shop. He even used the money to pay for his sister's car loan, which was the last thing his sister Rung left him. Otherwise, someone like him might not even think about taking care of others because he can't even take good care of himself." Porjai's last sentence seemed like a joke, but her tone of concern showed how much she felt towards Mhok. of concern.

"Sorry for taking up a lot of your boyfriend's time, and I drove him away rudely, even though he did nothing wrong." Day seemed to have some power in his heart that urged him to say this.

"Well... As for what you said, Mhok and I did date, but we broke up almost five years ago. I already have a new boyfriend and we are about to get married. But as you can imagine, Mhok and I have been We are very close and have never really left each other. Especially now that he has no one else around, if we can help each other, we will try our best to help each other."

The car stopped, as if to signal the end of the conversation. Day opened the car door and got out, and Porjai came over to greet him. Before the car drove away, Porjai took Day slowly into the house. She seemed to be familiar with the place and easily opened the door with the key. He walked excitedly, unable to form any images in his mind. What he could see was a small house, probably with two floors and not many living rooms. Near the door, there was a motorcycle parked. Porjai opened the door and took him into the house.

"Porjai, is that you? What a coincidence. Can you help me find out if this is soy sauce or soybean paste? These flavors make me dizzy."

Mhok's voice came from inside the house. Porjai leads Day inside. Arriving in the kitchen, Day smelled an aroma. Mhok just stood there and Day made no move to say hello.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy?" Porjai yelled in surprise.

"I was just trying to see if I could make soup without seeing it, I'm not crazy," Mhok explained casually, handing a bottle of spices to Porjai.

"Why are you doing this with your eyes closed, are you idle? Are you playing some strange game?" Porjai complained, but still told him the name of the condiment he was handed.

"I just wanted to know what it would be like to not be able to see." Those words echoed in Day's mind.

"Even in such a short period of time, I felt so uncomfortable. If I had to live like this for a year or a few years, I might be so depressed that I want to die." After speaking, he let out a long sigh.

Standing in someone else's home as an uninvited guest seemed a bit uncomfortable. Day had never thought before that Mhok would want to try so hard to understand him. Everyone who

comes into his life, regardless of their status, looks at him with sympathy, seeing him as a helpless bird. But this man is not. He is willing to feel and understand his helplessness from his perspective, supporting him and accepting him like a true friend.

A tear slipped from the corner of Day's eye. For the first time since his world went dark, he met someone who tried to understand him.

"If you can see, open your eyes. Closing your eyes doesn't make me see," Day joked.

"Day!"

Mhok shouted in surprise, and Day saw in his blurred vision that the man in front of the stove hurriedly took off his blindfold, turned off the fire, and walked directly to him.

"How did you get here?"

"Maybe it's a superpower."

"Wow... this joke is quite profound. Fortunately, I am studying mechanics and know a little bit about it. Do you have anything to do with me?" Mhok asked while laughing.

"Yes..." He paused, "Why don't you come to work? You haven't passed the probation period yet, why are you in such a hurry to resign?"

"Because you fired me."

"Oh, didn't you say that my mother hired you? - I didn't pay your salary, so why should you listen to me? You can go back to work, otherwise my mother will really fire you this time, really."

Mhok laughed, trying to find ways to escape being fired, but all failed. Day also smiled and did not continue or explain anything. It was easy to let Mhok leave without any delay or obstruction.

"Just leave like this..." Mhok asked.

"Wait a minute," Day said. "I want to try the soup made by a man who wants to go blind to see if it's really edible. I'm the son of a famous chef. If it doesn't taste good, just wait to be criticized by me. . The young man blushed a little when he said this, and he slowly walked to the table in the middle of the kitchen that could be used for dining. He pulled out a chair and sat down happily. PorJai told Mhok that he had to go to work, and Mhok told He didn't have to worry, he'd take care of the rest. Mhok happily closed the door and ladled the soup into a bowl, but didn't add any rice.

"If it tastes good, don't ask me to make it again. My labor costs are very expensive." Mhok said half-jokingly.

"Did anyone ask for it?"

"Tough talk."

The other person responded loudly, as if on purpose. Day frowned, then tasted the soup in his hand. He originally thought it would taste terrible. But surprisingly, it tasted pretty good. Although it's not an out-of-this-world delicacy, it's much better than the soup in ordinary fast food restaurants. Just one taste and he knew he wasn't using instant soup packets. The meat is simmered and black pepper is sprinkled on top for added texture. The vegetables are cooked just right, with just the right amount of softness and hardness, and just the right amount of sweetness.

"Is it tasty?"

He didn't answer and took another bite.

"Is it delicious?"

Day still didn't respond and continued eating happily. He finished the meat, the bowl was empty, and he shrugged, his face looking nothing special.

"Just, it's not bad."