

Chapter 10

"Do you think August heard what I said?"

Day asked Mhok the next day. He was very drunk last night, but he still remembered that he accidentally let it slip. He didn't expect August to arrive at the restaurant at that exact moment. Day pretended to be drunk and asked Mhok to take him home. But even though he drank a lot, he was always sober. He learned that August had seriously injured his finger during practice and had to go to the hospital as soon as possible, and left his phone in the closet, so he didn't receive his call. Other than the fact that he accidentally said everything last night, it didn't seem too bad.

"I don't know either, Day, my back was turned to him."

Mhok's voice was strangely calm.

"You didn't lie to me, right?" Day asked with a hint of doubt.

"No, why would I lie to you?"

But why did he think there was something abnormal about Mhok's voice?

"Can you come to my place for a moment?"

Day said softly as a joke, Mhok sat in another corner of the living room, stood up and walked to Day. Before he could stop, Day took his face in her hands and slowly pulled him closer. When the distance between them was no more than a foot away, Day's eyes met Mhok's. Day wanted to see the emotion of the person in front of him, but Mhok's eyes seemed to have no reaction to August's matter, and it showed a sadness, a sadness he didn't understand.

"Your eyes are a little strange and seem sad. What happened to you?" he asked.

"My parents have passed away, my sister has also passed away, I myself have been in jail, and now I am heavily in debt, and I can't pay it back no matter what." Mhok seemed to be laughing at himself.

"I'm talking about things I don't know yet. Are you worried about anything at the moment?" Day thought so because Mhok's eyes showed what he was worried about.

"No...but even if there is, I won't tell Day. If I tell you, then it will become something you know."

Mhok smiled when he finished speaking, but the young man saw no happiness in his expression. He was about to say something in rebuttal when the bell rang. Mhok made an excuse to go out to pick up Aon, saying that today Teacher Aon would bring some Braille* books for Day to try to practice reading.

(*Louis Braille, also translated as Braille, is the inventor of Braille, a world-wide writing system used by blind and visually impaired people. Braille is a writing system that is touched by readers with their fingers. A method of reading text consisting of raised dots. This system has been adapted to almost all known languages.)

"Day. "

Just after the living room door opened, Day heard someone calling his name. In fact, he heard Aon and Mhok talking about something else, but that call sent shivers down his spine, even if it was mixed in with the voices of other people in the room.

That voice belongs to August...

"We met Day's friend at the door, and I heard he was also an athlete," Aon said.

"Teacher Aon told me that he will go for a run. Day, I think you should also go for exercise. You haven't exercised for two years, right? Don't you feel a lot of pressure? Go and vent, you will feel much better." August said in a normal tone! Everything was normal, as if he hadn't seen or heard anything last night.

"You said it easily, and you don't care about my current state." Day also tried his best to act normal.

"Do you want to try it? I can be your runner."

"What do you mean?"

"Brother, are you talking about me?"

"I'm talking about nothing, Day, why are you being so sentimental?"

Mhok's tone became lighter, and even though the two were still bickering, Day's hanging heart relaxed. So, the two began to have lunch. Today, Day decided to eat noodles. He felt that he could no longer escape. He must try his best to do everything well.

"Are you eating with your mouth or with your face? You see it's all over your face, and it's almost on your eyebrows." Mhok said with a chuckle.

"Eating these slippery noodles is like going to war. It's difficult to even use a spoon and fork, let alone chopsticks and spoons. It took so long to make a mess, but I still don't feel full."

"Wait a minute, I'll feed you. If you eat like this, you won't be able to finish it until the evening." Mhok said and grabbed Day's hand.

"Brother, you don't have to help me. If you keep helping me, when can I live alone? Day didn't respond, but Mhok's hand was still holding tightly.

"Do you really want to live alone?"

Mhok sounded like he was asking about small, everyday things, like what the weather was like. But Day sensed something else from the question. If he really wanted to answer this question, he might say, yes, he hopes to be an ordinary person as much as possible, no matter how difficult and difficult it is.

"Brother, do you plan to take care of me for the rest of your life? If only today, when brother pays off the car loan, he can live a good life. I know that no one is willing to do such a job, not even my mother and brother. Otherwise, why would they Do I want to hire you?" Day said a series of words, bringing the conversation between the two to an end. Mhok did not continue to argue, but he still tried to feed Day with chopsticks. Day resisted vigorously, preventing the other party from doing what he didn't want to do.

"I'm just going to feed you today and hold Day's hand tightly so that Day can remember this feeling and distance. I know Day doesn't want me to take care of you for the rest of my life. I don't like to force others to do something they can't do." Something you're willing to do."

Perhaps it was because of Mhok's words that Day loosened his hand that was originally strong. Mhok held Day's hand tightly and moved, smoothly bringing the noodles to Day's mouth. Everything went smoothly in silence, Day opened his mouth to chew and remember this moment, and Mhok was thinking about what he was going to say next.

"Brother, do you want to go running with us?" Day asked before the new topic started.

"Go ahead, it sounds fun. It's also a good opportunity to exercise after work. It's worth a try." Mhok said, and Day smiled. He finished the noodles easily and thanked Mhok for his help and for being willing to run with him as a friend. For some reason, Day felt a little strange without Mhok by his side. Mhok has become his support, always helping and supporting him. His presence is like a magical talisman, ensuring that everything goes smoothly.

Day is looking forward to it more and more, waiting with excitement for the promised day to arrive. On the appointed day, his excitement had not diminished at all.

"Is it tight enough?" his caregiver asked as he tied Day's shoes. Now, the young man's wrist has been firmly tied to August's body with a guide rope, and everything is ready. Aon and his partner taught basic running techniques and prepared before splitting because it feels more freeing. Now, on the park track, it was just the three of them—Day, August and Mhok.

"Let's do it," August said, pulling gently on the guide rope. Day moved along. In the beginning, everything was uncertain. However, with every step, the good feeling from before gradually returned to the body.

"Go forward about ten steps and we'll start to turn left."

His runner gave such a hint in advance. Combined with body language signals, running for the visually impaired is not as difficult as imagined. Day felt an indescribable freedom, and he didn't know if it was because he started sweating, as August said, or because he was doing something he hadn't thought he would do since his eyesight failed.

"How are you?" August asked.

"I'm fine, I'm enjoying it," Day replied.

They chatted along the way, Mhok not far behind. He was taciturn and barely participated in the conversation between Day and August until they sat down to rest after a few laps and Mhok excused himself to the bathroom.

"you..."

August hesitated while Day drank water to quench his thirst. He turned to look in the direction of the sound. He could only see vague outlines and couldn't understand the other person's eyes.

"I'm sorry for what happened before... let's have another meal together." August continued. Day tried to analyze his tone but couldn't capture the exact message. He had absolutely no way of telling whether August heard what he said that day. But if August heard it, then it might be a hint that two people went to eat alone.

"Again?" Day said with a playful smile.

"This time I won't break the promise like before."

The voice was deep and firm, stirring up hidden emotions deep within Day. All the images from the past came flooding back—those days when they'd run laps together on the playground, compete against each other until dawn, cheer when they won the qualifiers, or hug each other and cry when they lost to August. August is mixed in Day's memories and emotions and cannot be easily let go.

Day promised him again.