

The Ups and Downs

THAILAND



Alan Little.

Part III

THAILAND - THE UPS AND DOWNS, PART THREE

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INTRODUCTION

Dear reader,

To fully understand the storyline and the history related to this issue you will have to have read the previous books,

[Thailand. The Ups and Downs.](#)

&

[Thailand. The Ups and Downs Continued.](#)

Available at www.bangkokbooks.com

I'm sorry for any inconvenience that this may cause you, however to write an introduction summing up the two previous books would cover about ten pages and 4,000 words. I hope you understand and please forgive me for not writing such.

Many thanks for being one of my readers,

Alan.

CHAPTER ONE - A DILEMMA!

“Five hundred pounds a week for a Setter Operator,” Ian thought, “That’s nearly one hundred thousand baht per month after deductions for tax. I’m going to have to do some serious thinking about this, Scott. Four months in England will pay me more money than I can earn in a year out here. I’m hardly going to miss being with Yao now am I?”

He didn’t sleep very well that night, and I’m sure that if he had any money in his pocket then he would have sat outside Ruan’s shop until closing time having a few beers. His bouncing around on his mattress as he tossed and turned wasn’t disturbing anyone, because Yao was still sleeping on the floor snoring her head off. They hadn’t slept together since moving into their house, and this was another subject that was eating away at his mind. He thought, “Why stay in Thailand anyway apart from the weather?”

In the past he always had his credit cards to fall back on during a financial crisis, however he was overjoyed to have cleared the debt on those cards after selling his house in England, and no longer possessed them. His main concern now, though was how he was going to pay the mortgage on his house at the end of the month. In order to reduce the interest payable on the mortgage, he had paid an extra six-month’s premiums, so therefore he was possibly six-months in advance, and maybe he thought that the bank would look favourably at his unfortunate circumstances. The cheque that he had sent to Scott to cash for him from his English bank account wouldn’t land on Scott’s door mat for several weeks.

He went to the toilet several times during the night for a cigarette with Scott’s words buzzing around inside his brain.

At Wanchen 4 he refused to give the details of his email address to his students even though many of them asked him for it. His phone number was also top secret after the episode with Gift three years ago when she called and text him many times to Yao’s an-

noyance. Not only that, but having outside communication with the female students could be seen in a different light as well, all be it innocent, it may not appear that way. He did stay in contact with some of his old students and he couldn't be criticized for doing it, in fact Ajarn Jatgaan at Wanchen was pleased that he did so.

When the Mathayom Six graduation ceremony had finished on the 31st of March, Pui from 6/2 told him,

"Teacher Ian, I'm going to miss you. Do you play 'facebook'?"

"No, Pui I don't."

"You have email?" she asked.

"Yes, I do..., why?"

"Can I have email you? I want to let you know how I do at University."

"Well..., yes Pui as there's nothing wrong with that it is..."

He didn't know the real names of any of his students inside and outside of school as he only knew some of their nicknames. He was sitting at his computer Saturday afternoon on the 16th of April trying to come up with an idea for this book that he wanted to write. He decided to check his email inbox. There was an invitation to join a website called Quepasa from someone called Sunita, and he thought that the name was familiar. His other problem regarding Thai names for him was that he couldn't distinguish the difference between male and female names, which is another problem when working in a far eastern country. Naturally you understand the difference in the sex of a name in your own language. This was mainly due to the fact that his student lists were always in Thai script and he couldn't read them.

Curiosity got the better of him and so he logged on to the website. He couldn't believe his eyes as it appeared to be a chat and date site for sex swingers in Spain. It was Pui who had sent him the invitation. He could see that as her photograph was clearly displayed with the invitation, once he entered the site. Not amused by it at all he wrote on her wall; 'Hi Pui, I don't understand why you have done this, and I want you to send me

an email to explain.’

When he returned to the home page on his email site, he was shocked to see many invitations from European swingers. What he didn’t realise was that Quepasa’s website had logged into his computer sending out automatic invitations to everyone on his email contact list. While he sat there puzzled about what to do about it, one of his friends on his contact list sent him an acceptance to the automatic request. He lit a cigarette and whilst he was smoking it the horrifying realisation of what had just happened hit him on the back of his head like a sledge hammer. “Shit!” he shouted, “I’ve just invited my lawyer in England to join me on a sex date site.” The only experience of personal computers that he had was the one that he was looking at. He wasn’t computer literate at all and he knew that he wouldn’t be able to unsubscribe from the site. He frantically sent a reply back to his friend telling her the truth and that it was all down to some stupid student’s prank and could she unsubscribe him from the site. He gave her his password and pleaded for her to do it for him. He then sent out an email to everyone on his contact list saying that he was sorry as it was an accident, and for them to ignore their friend invitation request. Once again he had paid the price of giving a student his email address. Pui always appeared to like him, but on the other hand maybe she didn’t!

Later that afternoon Hans called him,

“Hey Ian, happy Thai New Year, how’s it going?”

“Hi Hans thank you. It’s pretty shit actually. I’m sitting here with only two baht in my pocket.”

“Why is that Ian? It is only five days since payday. What’s happened?”

“It may only be five days for you Hans, but it’s nearly five weeks for me. Stars-and-Stripes changed my contract this year to ten months.”

“You’ve got to be joking. I thought that you were on an eleven month contract and so you should be paid for working until the end of March.”

“Well I’m not, and if I hadn’t been so stupid in the first place and noticed that last year when I signed the contract, I would have made provision for it and saved some money. I was just so pleased to be going back to Wanchen for another year that I didn’t bother to read the contract..., it’s my fault Hans.”

“Maybe so Ian, but Wanchen owe you some money and you’re entitled to it. I’ve got some problems of my own Ian and that is why I’ve called you.”

“Really Hans, what’s wrong?”

“We can only have our work permits sponsored by a government school for two years without a bachelor degree. I have to transfer my work permit back to the academy, the way it used to be before I started teaching at this school two years ago. The problem is that the government has changed the immigration laws again and you can not get a Non-imm class B visa in Thailand’s neighbouring countries anymore without a degree. They have told me that I have to go to either Australia or back to my home country. That’s going to cost me a fortune and I just haven’t got that kind of money.”

“I’m going to be in the same situation as you then, I suppose in August, and the way I’m feeling at the moment Hans, if I have to go back to England then I may as well stay there for a few years and earn some money.”

“Are you seriously thinking of doing that?”

“I’ve searched the internet time and time again to find an online university degree course in Thailand, and yes there are plenty of them if you can read and speak Thai fluently. There’s nothing for me only an International Open University course at Ramkamhaeng which entails attending the university all day Saturday and Sunday plus two evenings a week for four years. I suppose that it is possible to do it however I just don’t know how I could do that, with working a fulltime job as well.”

“Yes, and I’ve looked into those possibilities as well, and I can tell you that there’s no-way that I could do that. I’m going to see someone tomorrow about this visa problem, my wife Off

has made some enquiries. I'll call you tomorrow evening and let you no how I get on."

"Well, make sure that it is above board and legal Hans. I wouldn't like you to get into any trouble."

"Of course, neither do I... I'll call you tomorrow."

"Okay, and thanks for the pre-warning."

As if Ian didn't have enough to worry about as it was, without this landing on his plate. You could ask the question, 'why didn't he look into what he needed to have to work in Thailand before he came?' well he did to a point and the advertisements that he had seen when he came to Thailand for a holiday, only said that he needed a certificate of further education, and he had four of those after attending a Technical College one day a week for five years, when he was an apprentice engineer. What he should have done though was to go and ask the government, and for Yao to go with him. Needless to say that he had another restless night.

Hans phoned him again saying that he was going to fly to Malaysia the following day which was against the advice given to him by the academy. Scott called him as well to say that his cheque had arrived which was faster than Ian had thought. He told Scott all about what Hans had said, and also that he now believed that he was going to have to try and finance a return flight to the UK from only two months salary. Scott replied,

"Well matey, don't you worry too much about that. I'll put some money to one side and you can pay it me back some day." Well... Ian thanked his lucky stars that he had a friend like Scott back in England however he didn't particularly like that option, and felt that either the academy or the school owed him some money. He went to bed that night chewing over his options.

The following morning out of the blue Jatgaan called, he nervously answered his mobile phone due to her being one of the prominent people on his contact list that Quepasa had sent an invitation to.

"Good morning Ajarn Jatgaan."

"Yes, good morning Ian, I was wondering if you are free on