

The Sword of Nonsakhorn



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THE SWORD OF NONSAKHORN

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

THE SWORD OF NONSAKHORN

Lian and her boyfriend, Nop, lived with her father on his farm in the Isaan district of Udon Thani. Although the farm was small, they were able to scratch a living off the land from growing rice and raising some pigs. Lian's mother had abandoned her and her father when she was young, preferring the bright lights of Pattaya and the rewards that working as a bargirl could bring there, compared to a hard life in Isaan. Lian didn't know the truth about this and so she was happy and contented with what she had.

She loved her father dearly who was a heavy smoker and drinker. He liked to play cards in the evening with the other local farmers, and that was his social life, however she complained to him many times that his lifestyle wasn't good for his health.

Shortly after his fifty-second birthday, he became sick, and the local doctor regrettably told him that he was terminally ill with lung cancer. On his death bed gasping his last breath, he whispered into Lian's ear,

CHAPTER ONE - A DEATH SECRET IS UNVEILED

“At the bottom of my wardrobe there is a wooden box. It contains something that I found along time ago when I was working my land,” he told her just before he died.

She was distraught over his death, so much so that she couldn't bear to go into his bedroom, and what he said to her, she also soon forgot.

It was the start of the rainy season, which meant that there was a lot of work to be done on the farm. After the first falls of rain, the land had to be turned over with a plough and fertilized. Then, when there were a few inches of water laying in the paddy fields the young shoots of rice had to be planted. It was back breaking work for them, and whether it was a sunny day or torrential rain, it had to be done. Nop was a strong man, and he worked relentlessly from daybreak through to sunset, until his toils were completed.

“I'm very proud of you,” Lian told him, “If my father was here to see what you've done, he would have been very pleased with you, I'm sure of it.”

“Well,” he replied, “I think he is probably watching us, but I also think that you have mourned his death for long enough now... It's time to move on, Lian..., I'm sorry to say, but it has been over three months now.”

She held his hand and asked,

“Okay, I guess that you're right. Will you clear out his room for me, because I still can't bear to go inside it?”

“Yes, if you like. I'll do it tomorrow morning after breakfast.”

There was a terrific thunderstorm that night and neither of them was able to sleep until dawn. As a consequence cleaning out her father's bedroom wasn't done that day. In fact several more days passed by before he made an attempt at it.

He opened the door which creaked on its rusty hinges as he stepped into the musty air filled room. He closed the door behind him. He felt very strange to be in that room, because he

has never been in there before. He actually didn't want to clear the room out at all, however he felt that it was time to do it. He knelt down in front of the small Buddhist Shrine by the window, and he prayed for a while asking his father-in-law to forgive him for disturbing his things.

"Where should I start," he thought, "There are boxes and boxes of stuff in here to sort through?"

To begin with he was going to take each box outside to see what was hidden in them, but then he decided that would be too insensitive towards Lian's feelings, and so he started to open them. The first box contained nothing more than some old newspapers, magazines and a few dead cockroaches, and the next few were more of the same. Some boxes had women's clothes inside and photographs of which were her mothers.

"Is she going to want to see these," he thought, "no, I don't think so."

He pushed those boxes to one side and then he sealed them with tape. It didn't feel good to him to be going through a dead man's things and he started to get depressed over it, and so, he knelt before the small shrine of Buddha, and he prayed some more asking for forgiveness to be doing it.

There were only three boxes left, and upon opening the second one he found something wrapped in a yellow piece of cloth. It was a small innately carved wooden box about six inches long by three wide and two deep, he carefully unwrapped it and then he opened it. His eyes widened for it had some gold and money inside. There were three large gold rings, an ingot of gold, a heavy gold chain and thirty-five thousand baht in one-thousand baht notes.

His heart pounded in his chest, because he had stumbled upon a fortune. He leapt to his feet and he ran to show Lian.

"Look," he shouted, "you are rich."

"What... That can't be true... What have you found?"

"Here, there's a lot of gold and some money too."

"I don't believe it... Wow... I always thought that my dad

was poor.”

“Well, he wasn’t. I think there must be over one-hundred thousand baht’s worth of gold in this box.”

“Where did you find it? Was it in the bottom of his wardrobe?”

“No, it was hidden in a cardboard box. Why..., could there be something else? He asked excitedly.

“I don’t know, but he told me to look there just before he died.”

“Alright, I’ll go and have a look then.”

He went back into the bedroom and there he opened the wardrobe doors, and at the bottom stood a pile of blankets and pillows. He slowly removed the items. Right at the bottom was a long slim old plain wooden box about 30cms wide. He lifted it out to find that it was quite heavy.

“Here it is Lian and I can’t wait to see what’s inside of it... Let’s open it together.”

He placed it down on the floor in front of her and then he sat down next to her. They didn’t do anything other than to sit there in silence staring at it. After about fifteen minutes he said,

“Well..., aren’t you going to open it?”

“I’m trying to imagine what it could be,” she replied.

“Don’t do that, because you have no idea about it at all, and you might be disappointed,” he told her, “so, open it.”

“I don’t want to... You open it.”

“I can’t.”

“And, why not?”

“Because, it’s not mine, it’s yours.”

“That’s not fair... It isn’t only mine, it’s ours... So, you open it,” she insisted.

“Oh alright..., I’ll do it,” he reluctantly told her.

There were two small rusty metal clasps holding the lid tightly closed and they were stuck fast because of the rust. He tried to unlock the left-hand side one with his thumb nail, but it wouldn’t budge. He pressed harder and broke his nail with the effort.

“Ouch... That hurts.”

A drop of blood oozed out from under his nail.