

**English Sample of  
Wish We All Die in Peace**

## Author's Preface

“Isn't it supposed to be social satire? Why is it so terrifying?”

Aunt asked me when she found out what kind of book Pitay is.

At that moment, I just smiled, unsure how to answer. But now, I have a simple response: Perhaps it's terrifying precisely because it's social satire. 'Patriarchy' comes from the Pali words *pita*, meaning father, and *adhipati*, meaning supreme power. Together, they describe a society that glorifies men and masculinity—what we commonly call “male dominance.”

But... why “Pitay”?

If you read this book to the end, you might find the answer. Patriarchy spares no one. The privileges of a few crush countless others, and not all men enjoy those privileges. Social hierarchies are not that simple. Race, literacy, social status, and economic class all weigh down on us, confine us, and tear us apart.

You and I are born and raised in this society. Perhaps we sometimes ignore things because we think:

“This is just how the world is.”

“It doesn't hurt me, so it's fine.”

“This is just the nature of gender.”

Because of this, Pitay exists to ask: Will we keep letting the world be like this? Will we keep ignoring the suffering of others? Will we continue to believe gender is merely a natural fact? Perhaps some truths Pitay reveals are the kind that people prefer to hide under the rug—out of sight and out of mind. I can only hope that this book, which uncovers wounds hidden under the rug, is less frightening than trying to close our eyes and step on those very wounds.

Pitay exists, survives, and reaches readers thanks to the help of many. I am grateful for the encouragement and advice of friends and family who have always stood by me. Everything that shapes me comes from the powerful love around me.

I am delighted that Shine Publishing and Pitay have come together. My thanks to the editorial team for their dedication in helping bring this work to the public.

The journey of Pitay has not been easy. Many things had to settle repeatedly, and there were times when it felt almost impossible to continue. I am deeply grateful for the most important encouragement: the readers. Thank you for bringing Pitay into your hands, for seeing it with your eyes. From its popularity on Twitter (X), readAWrite, and MEB, to the first two handmade editions, and now to this Shine Publishing version—it has been a wonderful, unimaginable journey. I hope we meet again, time and time again.

With love, and hoping Pitay dies,

Chirana

## **Author's Note**

Content Warning: This book contains depictions of violence, abuse, and discrimination, including ableism, misogyny, queerphobia, transphobia, homophobia, racism, classism, sexual assault, rape (including gang rape), child abuse, incest, coercion, manipulation, gaslighting, slut-shaming, victim blaming, domestic violence, toxic relationships, toxic masculinity, abortion, infidelity, humiliation, stalking, blood, pedophilia, substance abuse, and mental health struggles such as depression, antepartum and postpartum depression, and PTSD. It also includes strong language, sexual content, and emotionally intense or triggering situations.

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To every tears

Every pain

Every wound

Every lives

Every drop of blood

Every soul

Every lives sacrifice to patriarchy

Reader Discretion Advised:

This book contains mature themes and depictions of violence, abuse, and sensitive topics.

Readers under 18 years of age should read only under the guidance of a responsible adult.

## Equality

“If we are equal, harming women is acceptable...”

My dear,

Bodies that are violated, lives that are shattered—just because someone smiled at a stranger

Bodies that are defiled—just because of sexual desire

Faces that are scarred with acid—just because of rejection

Youth that is destroyed—just because they caught someone’s eye

If this is what equality means,

then no one should have to die for these reasons at all.

That is the difference.

## Parasite

There is a parasite living inside me.

It spreads, feeding day by day, week by week, month by month. It absorbs the nutrients I take in. It can breathe because my heart is still beating. It causes me back pain, nausea, and frequent vomiting.

At first, I didn't think it was a parasite. I just didn't know what to call it.

What is it? Honestly, I didn't even know whether I wanted it or not.

My mother once told me:

“You're already 35. Hurry up and find a husband so you can have a child before it's too late.”

My father once said:

“As a woman, having children is the ultimate goal in life.”

My husband also told me:

“If you don't have a child, then what kind of woman are you?”

In the end, I had to struggle through unbearable pain, screaming, crying, begging for him to stop, as my body trembled, tore, and bled—just so another life could be born into this world, taking shape inside my womb. Everyone rejoiced when they learned that there was another life growing inside me.

But I didn't feel any joy at all.

So I still blamed myself endlessly. The night I lay curled up in pain, I only later found out that he had gone out drinking with his friends. The times I woke up in the middle of the night—how many times, I don't even know—I only later found out that he hadn't come home because he went to a party.

I began to call the life inside me a “parasite.”

My lack of pain turned into reality. I convinced myself that... I hated it.

When it was almost time to remove the parasite, I pulled the nurse's arm closer, “*When is it coming out? I'm going to fucking die already!*” At that moment, I was sitting alone, typing messages, chatting with friends as if everything were normal. I still hated it when I delivered the parasite from my body.

My heart—every part of my body—felt like it was being torn apart, shattered, unbearably painful, unbearably agonizing, until I collapsed in tears.

“I don't want it anymore. I won't have it, won't keep it, won't do anything... Just let me go.”

There was a moment when I pity the parasite, but its tiny form was far too small. The mouth that could only cry in the cradle, the hands that could only clench and unclench.

Deep inside, I still felt something strange— as if it were a living being from another world. As if it were something that was forcefully handed to me.

“Congratulations, Mom,”

*What the fuck are you congratulating for?*

I held the cloth bundle with trembling hands, wrapped it with a blanket, a soft cloth, and the head that was just beginning to form—yet I still tried to throw it away like garbage.

Was I throwing it away, or throwing away this unbearable state of mine?

I don't know.

I became the “mother” of the parasite.

From the moment I gave birth to it prematurely at only a few months,

I had to keep waking up often because of its crying.

I had to change diapers.

I had to feed it milk.

I had to cradle it...

I had to...

It felt like hell in my own home at two in the morning.

The parasite slept peacefully, while my husband smelled of alcohol.

“Still not sleeping?” he said lazily.

*How the fuck was I supposed to be sleeping?*

Finally, Saturday arrived—his day off when he stayed home.

He slept comfortably, while I was too exhausted to even stand.

“Watch the child for me, I’m going to take a nap,” I said before leaving that night.

For the second time, he looked irritated before I left.

When I stepped out and looked up at the sky, it was still early evening.

But I must have been so tired that I fell into a deep sleep, forgetting even that I already had a child.

I don’t know how many hours passed before I started to wonder how the little body lying in that room was doing. The image that appeared in front of me made me freeze.

The clock showed 3 a.m.

His voice mixed with the sour smell drifting out.

That man yawned lazily and said,

“Still not asleep?”

I stood there, unsure of what to do.

I reached out both hands and pushed him,

No tears flowing, no guilt at all.

Thud.

He slipped from my hands.

Thud. Thud.

He rolled down the stairs, his tiny body ready to break apart.

Thud... Crash.

His head struck the edge of the step, crying out in a twisted roar as his neck broke into horrifying shape. The same image as when that small parasite lay quietly off the bed, lifeless.

I stood there, numb.

The alcohol smell still lingered faintly.

I didn't know what I should feel.

After all, it was just a "parasite" I had always called it.

Another parasite is dead now.

If I let its body decompose and disappear, the weight of being a burden to society probably wouldn't change much anyway.

“Cruel-hearted mother”, “fake-hearted wife”, “mad woman” — labels like those would probably still be thrown at me anyway. It is likely a fitting punishment for someone like me who does not love the parasite.

## **Wounds as Honor**

A single red paper can change a life forever.

A wound so deep it pierces a poor mother's heart, a journey he must endure.

A scar etched into his body, a mark born of relentless training.

A stamp of what it means to be a "true man."

An honor, inked upon his skin, for serving his country.

The highest rank he attained was to become a body without a soul.

#BanConscription

## Refrigerator

“Where’s dinner?” he asked after a long day at work. I glanced up from the pile of laundry and replied softly,

“In the fridge.”

“What? Why’d you put it in the fridge?” he raised his voice. “Your husband just came back tired, and instead of cooking something fresh, you made me eat frozen shit?”

“I just got back home from work too. I had to mop the floor and do laundry. If I don’t have time to cook, it’s not wrong,” I replied. “Please understand me.”

No, he never understands. He beat me like a punching bag. My eyes were swelling, my head was throbbing, my stomach hurt from being pushed into the table’s edge.

He went to bed while I curled up behind the fridge. I called the police.

“Your husband beat you?” the voice at the end of the line sounded indifferent. “Just have sex for a round or two and it’ll get better. Talk to each other, will you?”

I buried my face in my knees. The back of my hands wiped away the red liquid.

I heard the sirens coming from far away. An aunty neighbor told the police, “I heard them fighting last night. Until now, it’s been so quiet. Please go inside and take a look, sir!”

The door swung open, and a man in uniform rushed in. I was still sitting, hugging my knees against the fridge. I looked up with tears on my face.

“Miss, what happened? Why is the entire house covered with blood? Where’s your husband?”

“Something wrong?” I asked, tilting my head against my knee. “It’s none of your business.” It’s a husband-wife thing, yes.

“What are you talking about?” the policemen asked, confused. Someone came to grab me. “Where is your husband?!”

“I don’t like to cook fresh food,” I muttered quietly, glancing up again with a smirk. “So I put it in the fridge.”

**End of English Sample**