

English Sample of
Wish We All Die in Peace

ปิตาย

Amarin Coporations PCL.

Author's Preface

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

Aunt asked me when she found out what kind of book *Pitai* (ปีศาจ) 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 a social satire.

‘Patriarchy (ปิตาธิปไตย)’ comes from the Pali words *pitā* (ปิตา), meaning father, and *adhipateyya* (อธิปไตย), meaning supreme power. Together, they describe a society that glorifies men and masculinities—what we commonly call “male dominance.”

But... why “*Pitai*”? Why join *pitā*, the Pali for patriarchy, to *tai* (ตาย), the Thai for dying?

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, *Pitai* 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 *Pitai* 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.

Pitai 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 constructs me comes from the powerful love around me.

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

The journey of *Pitai* 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 *Pitai* 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 *Patriarchy* dies,

Shiraana

Author's Note

Most of the content in this book presents violence and psychologically harrowing material of the kind that arises in a patriarchal society, and so most of it involves gender-based violence. That said, scenes involving sexual violence avoid direct depiction; they may be distorted through the narrator's point of view, or handled through figurative language.

Each piece carries its own content warnings. If you are worried about spoilers, you may skip past them. If you need to watch out for sensitive material, please read them closely. And if you find yourself affected, please do not force yourself to keep going.

Trigger Warning: abortion, abusive relationships, ableism, ableist language, angst, antepartum depression, blood, body shaming, bullying, cannibalism, catcalling, cheating, child abuse, classism, coercion, depression, domestic violence, drug abuse, femicide, gang rape, gaslighting, guilt-tripping, homophobia, humiliation, incest, infant death, manipulation, misogyny, murder, pedophilia, postpartum depression, PTSD, queerphobia, racism, rape, rape jokes, sexism, sexual assault, sexual harassment, slut-shaming, stalking, suicide, torture, toxic masculinity, toxic relationships, transphobia, unlawful confinement, victim blaming, violence, zoophilia.

Content Warning: rude words.

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Dedicated to every drop of tears

Every pain

Every wound

Every life

Every drop of blood

Every soul

Sacrificed to the 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.

TW: femicide, pedophilia, queerphobia, transphobia, homophobia

Equality

“If we are equal, then we can punch women too, can't we?”

Oh, my friend—

The body whose life was taken just for offering a kind smile,

The body thrashed just for being “sexual deviant,”

The face splashed with acid just for breaking up,

The childhood beaten to ruin just for catching someone's eye—

If we are truly equal, then no one should have to die for these reasons at all.

TW: antepartum depression, baby blue, rape, infant death, manipulation, murder

CW: rude words

Parasite

I had a parasite inside my body.

It grew, taking days, taking weeks, taking months. It absorbed the nutrients I took in. It could breathe because my heart was still beating. It gave me a sore back, swollen feet, and had me getting up to pee over and over in the middle of the night.

At first I didn't think of it as a parasite. I just didn't know what to call it. Honestly, I didn't even know whether I wanted it.

My mother-in-law once told me:

“You're nearly 35. Hurry up, take some supplements and get pregnant already!”

My father-in-law once said:

“Only a boy will get a gift. I will give him several ounces of gold.”

My husband also told me:

“No child at this age. It's embarrassing for me too, you know.”

In the end, I had to go through with the rite as though my life depended on it, until I flinched at it, until I was crying and begging him to stop, until it stung to piss and there was blood mixed in — just so another life could take 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.

I was not happy, and this made me feel guiltier.

The times I lay curled up because of backpain, I only found out later that he had gone out drinking with his friends.

The times I woke up at two in the middle of the night (I had lost count how many), I only later found out that he hadn't come home because he was off with the bar girls.

I began to call the life inside me a "parasite." My lack of gladness began to turn into loathing. I cried harder, frightened of myself.

Wicked... I was wicked.

When it was almost time to get the parasite out, I grabbed the nurse's arm and stammered,

"When is it coming out? I'm going to die!"

My husband was sitting beside the bed just then, typing messages, chatting with friends, and enjoying his pizza, perfectly at ease.

I hated it even more when I pushed the parasite out with everything I had. Every part of my body screamed as though it were splitting and bursting apart, so painful, so agonizing, that I was hollering through my tears.

"I can't do this anymore. Kill me. Kill it. Kill anything. Just let me go!"

There was a split second when I pitied the parasite. It was far too small. Its mouth could only wail, its limbs could only flail. But deep inside, I still felt something strange, as if it were a living being from another planet. As if it were something shoved into my hands along with the words:

"Congratulations, Mom."

What the fuck are you congratulating for?

I held the bundle of cloth with trembling hands, surrounded by my husband and his family. Hearing their joyful laughter made my disgust grew.

Was I disgusted with it, with them, or with myself? I truly couldn't tell.

I became the “mother” of the parasite.

From the day I gave birth to him until now, a little bit over four months, I was woken up constantly because of its crying. I had to change diapers. I had to pump out enough milk to feed it. I had to cradle it... I had to...

I stared blankly at the front door opening at two in the morning. The parasite was sleeping peacefully, while my husband smelled of alcohol.

“Still not sleeping?” he murmured.

How the fuck was I supposed to be sleeping?

Finally, Saturday arrived—his day off. He comfortably watched TV, while I was extremely drowsy.

“Watch the child for me, I’m going to take a nap,” I said before going upstairs. He gave me a dissatisfying look, but I just left, not in the mood to deal with that.

When I left, it was still early evening. But I must have been so tired that I fell into a deep sleep. By the time I woke up, it was already night.

I went down to see how my husband was getting on with the child.

What appeared in front of me made me freeze in shock.

The clock showed 3 a.m. **It** came staggering up the stairs, the sour smell of beer drifting out. It drunkenly looked up at me and said,

“Still not sleeping?”

I stood on the step above it. Without a word, without a tear, I reached out both hands and pushed its shoulders.

Thud!

It fell down one step.

Thud! Thud!

It fell down two steps in a row with a long wailing shriek.

Thud! Crash!

Its head struck the newel post. Its neck snapped and twisted out of shape and stayed that way – in exactly the same state as the little parasite that had rolled off the bed.

I sat on the stairs, watching its corpse in silence.

I didn't know what I was supposed to feel guilty of. I was the one who had let a parasite die anyway. Another dead parasite wouldn't change the weight of societal condemnation much.

"Vicious mother," "ruthless wife," "wicked woman" — labels like those were going to land on my head regardless. A fitting punishment, no doubt, for someone like me who did not love the parasite.

TW: violence, toxic masculinity

Wounds Are the Highest Honor

One red slip changes a life forever.

Wounds cut deep in an aging mother's heart, crying that her son must go so far away;

Are stamped on his body as a mark of relentless training;

The inscription of what it means to be a "real man;"

Highest glory of service to the nation, carved into flesh;

Honor whose last rank is Private, a private with no soul.

#AbolishConscription

In the 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 refrigerator.”

“What? Why did you put it in the refrigerator?” 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. It shouldn’t be a surprise if I don’t have time to cook,” I protested weakly. “Please understand me.”

No, he never understood. He beat me like a punching bag. My eye socket split and bruised, my head swelling, my stomach knotted where he had shoved me into the edge of the table.

He went to bed while I curled up shakenly behind the refrigerator, dialing the police with shaking hands.

“Your husband beat you?” the voice at the end of the line sounded indifferent. “It’s a family matter. Just have sex and you’ll be fine. Just talk it out nicely, love.”

I buried my face in my knees. The back of the hand that I wiped my tears with came away smeared with something red.

A siren wailed in the distance. The auntie next door was hollering at the police, “I heard them fighting last night. Until now, it’s been so quiet. Please go inside and take a look!”

The door swung open, and four men in uniform barged in. I was still sitting, hugging my knees behind the refrigerator. I raised my head, tears all down my cheeks, and they started pressing me with questions.

“Miss, what happened? Why is the entire house covered with blood?”

“Where’s your husband?”

“Are you hurt?”

I set my chin back down on my knees.

“It’s a family matter.”

Yes. It’s just a family matter.

“What the hell are you talking about?” An officer shouted in confusion. One of them approached and grabbed me. “Where is your husband?!”

“I don’t like to cook fresh food,” I murmured.

“What?”

I raised my head again and gave them a smile.

“So I put it in the refrigerator.”

End of English Sample

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