

Those who act as ghosts

One day in high school, I fell asleep in the classroom and woke up feeling like something had been changed. I looked around, but nothing was different.

A year later, we graduated. On graduation day, a person showed up and claimed he had been stealing things from our school. He laid out everything he stole, as if at a market.

We made our way downstairs to get our lost things, during which I heard two people talking about the thief. I found out that he stole things not by coming in and taking them, but by moving everything in the classroom to a new room in a nearby building. One by one, including people.

The thief had stolen like this for a year, thing by thing, room by room, person by person. Finally, he moved the entire building to another building, without anyone noticing. In this year he became familiar with every object, room and person and in each room, he chose something to take. He only took things that would not be noticed missing, like a sock.

Looking back, I realized that when I woke up that day, I had also been moved to another place by the thief. That's why I didn't feel my surroundings had changed; what I sensed was actually a displacement of my body.

Now I'm being told to look for the things I have lost, but I don't know what they are. The hundred people around me are just like me, we are searching in the streets, looking for something we don't know what.



written by qihang
for theetat thunkijjanukij

may 6, 2022 in arnhem

