Faces of the Dead, Lives of the Murdered:

The Martyrs of 10 April 2010

(วีรชน 10 เมษา: คนที่ตายมีใบหน้า คนที่ถูกฆ่ามีชีวิต)

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Table of Contents

Foreword to the English edition: Remembering state violence[1]

On the evening of Tuesday, 19 September 2006, free-to-air television channels in Thailand interrupted their usual programming with stock historical footage of the royal family and a looping soundtrack of nationalist music. Coupled with the tanks rolling down the streets of Bangkok, this signaled that a coup was underway. The elected prime minister, Thaksin Shinawatra, was removed from office by a royally-approved coup of the armed forces while he was out of the country attending a meeting in New York City. Proponents of the coup claimed that it was a bloodless coup for democracy. It was neither bloodless nor democratic. While it is correct that blood was not shed on 19 September 2006, the fractious color-coded yellow and red politics that followed led to a string of violent clashes in Bangkok streets. The most significant of these clashes were those between state security

[1]I would like to thank the Heroes of Democracy Foundation for permission to publish this English translation. Thank you to Mutita Chuachang who arranged this permission and for encouragement of the translation. An earlier version of the translation was greatly aided by the comments of Jasmine Chia and Charissa Iluore while I was a fellow at the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study in 2014-2015. Thank you to Hannah-Abigail Mosier and Nalin Sindhuprama of the JSEALab at UW-Madison for their excellent editing. All errors that remain are mine.

forces and red shirt protestors during April-May 2010, which left 94 dead and over 2000 injured. The red shirt demonstrators who went into the streets were calling for elections, an end to double standards in politics, and genuine democracy in Thailand.

These clashes, which can more accurately be described as a crackdown by the state security forces on the red shirt protestors, began on the afternoon of 10 April 2010. Within less than twelve hours, twenty-four people were killed, twenty-one of whom were civilians. In the fourteen years that have passed since that day, those lives have remained legally unaccounted for. This lack of accounting means that neither has the minimum requirement of holding postmortem inquests as stipulated in Article 150 of the Criminal Procedure Code been met in all of the cases of those killed on 10 April 2010, let alone all of those killed in the subsequent weeks leading up to the end of protests on 19 May 2010, nor have any more substantial attempts to hold the perpetrators to account advanced within the judicial system.[2]

During the crackdown, prime minister Abhisit Vejjajiva and deputy prime minister Suthep Thaugsuban gave the orders for the state security forces to use lethal force. In late 2013, on the basis of the inquests that were held up until that point and an investigation carried out by the Department of Special Investigation (DSI), the Office of the Attorney General (OAG), with the families of those killed were co-plaintiffs, brought a case in the Criminal Court against Abhisit and Suthep for premeditated murder in relation to giving these orders. If convicted, the prime minister and deputy prime

[2]Article 150 of the Criminal Procedure Code stipulates that when state officials have been involved in the deaths of civilians, autopsies and inquest hearings must be carried out. Inquest hearings have been carried out in only thirty cases of those killed between 10 April and 19 May 2010. In seventeen cases, the Criminal Court has ruled that the cause of death was from being bit by bullets shot from the side of the state security forces and in thirteen cases the Criminal Court has ruled that the responsible side cannot be determined.

minister faced a possible maximum punishment of life in prison or the death penalty. The indictment was significant because it marked the first time that criminal proceedings were initiated against state officials, at any level, for an incident of mass violence. But the prosecution was halted less than a year after the indictment and before witness hearings began. On 28 August 2014, the Criminal Court dismissed the charges against the pair and the judges ruled that the case did not fall within their jurisdiction as Abhisit and Suthep held political office at that time. As such, the only body that could examine the case was the National Anti-Corruption Commission (NACC), which is tasked with determining if public officials have committed malfeasance of duty. If the NACC determined that this was the case, then the matter would be transferred to the Supreme Court's Criminal Division for People Holding Political Positions. The harshest penalty that this body could mete out would be to bar Abhisit and Suthep from political office. In addition to this comparatively minor penalty, the families were also unable to be party to the examination by the NACC or any proceedings subsequent to it. As Thongchai Senamontri, the chief justice of the Criminal Court, noted in a dissenting opinion, the decision was both legally incorrect as well as unjust. The DSI and the OAG had followed the Criminal Procedure Code and the case fell within the Criminal Court's jurisdiction.[3] Further, and echoed in the appeals written by the OAG and the families of the victims, murder is not an action that can be captured within the category of malfeasance of duty.[4]

The Criminal Court dismissed the charges against Abhisit and Suthep only a few months after the 22 May 2014 coup by a military junta led by General Prayuth Chan-ocha

[3]The entire text of Thongchai Senamontri's dissenting opinion was published in *Khao Sod*, 30 August 2557 [2014], 3.

[4]Even this possible accusation did not stick: in January 2016, the NACC announced that their examination found no evidence of malfeasance of duty by Abhisit or Suthep.

that called itself the National Council for Peace and Order (NCPO). During the five years of military rule, the NCPO criminalized dissent, institutionalized the violation of human rights, and reigned through intimidation, surveillance, and abducting and torturing those deemed to be enemies of the junta. As part of the criminalization of dissent, the NCPO banned political demonstrations and placed severe restrictions on public seminars. A gathering on 10 April 2015 at a temple in Nonthaburi to make merit for those who were killed organized by their families was even banned by the junta.[5] In the absence of justice, even mourning in public was too dangerous for the military regime. The NCPO officially ceased to exist following the March 2019 election, yet General Prayuth remained prime minister until the next election in May 2023. Over the lastfive years since 2019, in a nominally democratic regime that often instead resembles an authoritarian one, human rights have remained under threat and impunity for state violence has continued. Any accountability process for the April-May 2010 crackdown remains deferred.

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The stories of the lives, struggles and deaths of the twenty-one civilians – twenty Thais and one Japanese journalist – are the subject of this book. *Faces of the Dead, Lives of the Murdered* was published in Thai on the one-year anniversary of the violence of 10 April 2010.[6] A range of people and organizations, including Prachatai, Aan, and the Heroes of Democracy Foundation collaborated to produce the book, and the proceeds were donated to the families of the people killed or injured on 10 April 2010.

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[5]See Prachatai, "Thai military forces cancellation of Buddhist ceremony to mourn victims of 2010 political violence," 10 April 2015, Available online at: http://prachatai.org/english/ node/4960.

[6]This translation includes all of the contents of the Thai-language book with two exceptions: the photographs included in the book are not included here and the detailed timeline of events.

Each account begins with basic facts about the person whose story is on the following pages, including name, date of birth, age, place of birth, family status, education, occupation, cause of death, place of death, and time of death. Then three-to-eight page testimonies of each person's life and death are presented. The life story, political biography, path to the protests, and events of the last hours of the person in question are explored. The original compilers explained that the information they were able to collect was not identical in each case. This unevenness reflects the status of the incident in society, the pervasive and personal nature of the cleavages in society which made possible the violence and the failure to redress it, and the practicalities of assembling the life stories quickly.

In the English translation, I have adhered as closely to the original text as possible in order to preserve this form of witnessing the lives and deaths of 10 April 2010. A small number of short notes in [] and longer footnotes have been added to explain events, places, organizations and objects familiar only within a Thai context. I have chosen not to capitalize the category red shirts. The reason is to reflect the heterogeneity of the group, and in so doing, to critique the attempt of their opponents to render them as both identical and less than human. As will become clear upon reading the accounts of those who died and those who were left behind, the reasons that brought individuals to protests varied widely, from those who supported former prime minister Thaksin Shinawatra and his government's policies to those who were long-time radical democrats to those who were only inspired in the several weeks before their deaths to join with the protestors walking through the streets of the city.

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Faces of the Dead, Lives of the Murdered is not a human rights report.[7] The information contained in it is not in a

[7]A series of reports that fall into this category were produced. The most comprehensive investigation and report was carried out by the

format that could be used in a court. But that is exactly the point. These accounts do not document the physical injuries sustained by the twenty-one people who were killed on 10 April. Facsimiles of signed, authenticated medical reports are not included. Instead, the accounts are testimonies that document the communal experiences of protest, the relatives and friends who cared for one another and protested together, the shape of the lives of those who were killed, and the lacunae that their deaths have left in their families and communities. The accounts are written in the form of conversations, with many of the details of the interviews between the authors of the book and the families and friends of the people killed included. By writing the tenor of the conversation into the accounts, the sorrow caused by the deaths in the lives of those who remain is made visible.

This sorrow only grows more acute in a time in which human rights and dignity are devalued. In a talk given in October 2011 at the opening of Book Re:public, a bookstore and space of intellectual exchange in Chiang Mai, Ida Aroonwong, the editor and publisher of Aan, critiqued the role of intellectuals in Thai society during a time in which the form of rule is democracy with the king as head of state. She queried the narrowness of whose voices are heard in society and whose voices count as authoritative, even among progressive intellectuals. She commented: "The people who died along Ratchadamnoen Avenue and at Ratchaprasong, did not learn about democracy from political science books. They did not learn about rights and freedom from philosophers. They did not learn about human interaction from a textbook. They did not learn the true essence of being

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People's Information Center (PIC): ศูนย์ข้อมูลประชาชนประชาชนผู้ได้รับผลกระทบจากการสลายชุมนุมกรณี เม.ย.-พ.ค. 53 (ศปช.), *ความจริงเพื่อความยุติธรรม: เหตุการณ์และผลกระทบจากการสลายการชุมนุม เมษา-พฤษภา 53* (กรุงเทพฯ:ศปช., 2555 [2012]) [People's Information Center for Those Affected By the Dispersal of Protests in April-May 2010 (PIC), *Truth for Justice: The Events and Impacts of the Dispersal of Protests in April-May 2010* (Bangkok: PIC, 2555 [2012])].

human from the idle chitchat of anthropologists or the pages of literature. They did not learn about the heart and soul from preachers or artists. They learned by giving themselves and their hearts in exchange. This is a method that the intellectuals behind the bookshelves are too stupid [to use]."[8] There is no clever retort to be made to her searing critique. In the intervening years, democracy has been deferred through first a coup and then entrenched authoritarianism. Upon reading the testimonies in this book in the continuing absence of justice, there can only be the recognition that the cost of democracy grows higher and higher.

Once one begins to read *Faces of the Dead, Lives of the Murdered* it becomes impossible to look away. The authors of the book, and the readers, become witnesses to the twenty-one deaths on 10 April through the testimonies present. The testimonies function just as testimonies of revolutionary activism did in post-apartheid South Africa. As Nadine Gordimer notes, "Testimony creates the conditions for reflection. It is a re-examination of the past to which, whether or not we were direct protagonists, we all find ourselves subject."[9] She made this assessment *after* the end of apartheid, both when material that would have been banned under the regime could circulate and after a

[8]"ประชาชนที่ออกมาตายตามราชดำเนินและตรงราชประสงค์ ไม่ได้เรียนรู้ประชาธิปไตยจากหนังสือรัฐศาสตร์ ไม่ได้เรียนรู้เรื่องสิทธิและเสรีภาพจากนักปรัชญา ไม่ได้เรียนรู้เรื่องปฏิสัมพันธ์ระหว่างมนุษย์ด้วยกันจากตำรามานุษยวิทยา ไม่ได้เรียนรู้เรื่องแก่นแท้ของความเป็นมนุษย์จากขี้ปากนักมนุษยศาสตร์และวรรณคดีหน้าไหน ไม่ได้เรียนรู้เรื่องหัวใจและจิตวิญญาณจากนักเทศน์และศิลปินคนใด พวกเขาเรียนรู้จากการยอมเอาตัวและหัวใจเข้าแลก ซึ่งเป็นวิธีวิทยาที่โง่เกินไปสำหรับปัญญาชนหลังตู้หนังสือ"; ไอดา อรุณวงศ์, "ตำแหน่งแห่งที่ของ 'คนทำหนังสือ' ในระบอบประชาธิปไตยอันมีพระมหากษัตริย์เป็นประมุข," *ประชาไท*, 24 ตุลาคม 2554 [Ida Aroonwong, "The position of 'those who produce books' under a democratic regime with the kind as head of state," *Prachatai*, 24 October 2011], Available online at: https://prachatai.com/journal/2011/10/37576.

[9]Nadine Gordimer, "Hanging on a sunrise: Testimony and the imagination in revolutionary writings," in *Writing and Being* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1995), 29.

process of accountability and transition had led to a more democratic and just regime. The testimonies in this book, by contrast, were compiled and first published during the period sandwiched between the April-May 2010 crackdown and the May 2014 coup. In retrospect, this was an interstitial period in which accountability for state violence may have been possible. The testimonies have continued to circulate during a time of military dictatorship when that possibility of accountability has disappeared, at least for the foreseeable future. Gordimer further notes that, "In the much-quoted words of Milan Kundera, 'The struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting.' Testimony is the agent of that struggle. But testimony in my country today is not only provision against forgetting what we knew; it is also the provision of what we never knew."[10] Her observation holds for Thailand as well as South Africa: the dreams, ideas, and sacrifices of those who died on 10 April 2010 and in the subsequent weeks are not known. The stories of the lives of those who died, and those they left behind, are not known. Engaging in the reflection prompted, indeed necessitated, by these testimonies then becomes an urgent act of learning about the crackdown and remembering it. This is a remembering that is in direct opposition to the state's attempt to erase both their violent acts and also the demand for democracy made by the red shirts. This erasure only grows as more time passes. Our job – as thinkers, as human – is to arrest it.

Tyrell Haberkorn
Madison, WI
November 2024

[10]Ibid., 23.

Introduction to the Thai edition

On the 10th anniversary of Black May 1992, the Heroes of Democracy Foundation provided support to a journalist, Salai Phuli, to collect the facts and interview a range of individuals who played a part in the event. The Confederation for Democracy published his research as a book, *Record of May 1992: A Historical Testimony of Blood, Sweat, and Tears*.

After 10 April 2010, the Heroes of Democracy Foundation realized that this was another instance in which many people lost their lives and were injured while fighting for democracy. Testimonies from those who were injured and the families of those who lost their lives were needed in order for the truth to come to light. Who were the people who were maimed and killed? How did they come to be there? Were they paid to attend protests (as they were accused) or not? What caused them to join the protests?

This record is needed because the majority of society is misled by the distortion of the truth by the government, those who are in positions of power, and a segment of the media. This record is needed so that society will learn about, understand and empathize with the living conditions, troubles and suffering of the families of the people who died or were injured. These are people whose testimonies have not been recorded to date. This telling of their stories will make visible the courage and sacrifices, including those of blood, flesh, and life, of these heroes of democracy.

The Heroes of Democracy Foundation wishes to thank the families of the deceased and the various news agencies who shared information, interviews, and personal stories about these heroes of democracy, as well as the editorial and production teams for bringing this book to completion. In line with the aims of the Foundation, the proceeds from the sales and distribution of this book will be given to the families of those who were killed and injured during 10 April.

Emeritus Professor Dr. Sant Hatirat
President, Heroes of Democracy Foundation

The Path to 10 April: A demonstration that ended in tragedy

Prachatai Editorial Collective

The United Democratic Front Against Dictatorship (UDD) demonstration began on 2 March 2010 and ended on 19 May 2010. During those two months, 92 people were killed and more than 2,000 people were injured.[11]

The dispersal of the demonstrations at Phan Fa Lilat Bridge and Ratchadamnoen Road, on 10 April 2010, or what is known simply as "10 April," was the turning point at which what began as a demonstration calling for the Abhisit Vejjajiva government to dissolve Parliament ended with many people being injured and killed. The first death occurred after the government decided to use soldiers and weapons of war to disperse the demonstrations. The government asked the soldiers to conduct an operation to "request the return of the area," and then in May, they launched another operation, "the clearing of the area."

Before 10 April: From the call to dissolve Parliament to the Emergency Decree

Before reaching the turning point of 10 April, the protestors had already pushed back against state officials

[11] The total number of those killed later rose to 94.

at many important sites. Most of the face-to-face standoffs between protestors and police or army soldiers ended without the demands of either side being met, but also without the use of heavy weapons or the loss of life. Shields, batons, and teargas were the harshest weapons used.

This was true in the case of the demonstration in front of the 11th Infantry Regiment (which was used by the government as the Center for the Administration of Peace and Order, or CAPO), in the case of the pouring of blood in front of Government House, in front of the Democrat Party headquarters, and in front of Prime Minister Abhisit Vejjajiva's house on Sukhumvit Soi 31, and in other instances when the demonstrators forced the soldiers to return to the barracks.

After the leaders of the UDD and the Abhisit government failed to reach an agreement during negotiations on 3 April, protestors entrenched themselves at Ratchaprasong in order to create additional pressure on the government. Then, on 6 April, there was a face-to-face standoff with soldiers and police on one side, and protestors on the other underneath the Chidlom BTS station and on Lang Suan Road. However, the incident was settled peacefully. The protestors gave drinking water to the soldiers, they negotiated in a reciprocal fashion and in the end, the soldiers agreed to retreat.

The final straw for the government was when the protestors invaded the Thai Com satellite station in Ladlumkaew in Pathumthani province on 9 April. They went to Thai Com to demand the return of D station, a red shirt satellite channel whose signal had been cut by the government. Fighting ensued and the government forces used water hoses and teargas. People on both sides were injured. In the end, the protestors were able to successfully get inside the station and to seize the soldiers' guns. They then laid the guns in a pile to display to the media and made the soldiers walk in a single-file line to board trucks to return to the barracks. Protestors surrounded the line of soldiers and clapped as they boarded the trucks.

Even the prime minister himself acknowledged that

this event was a significant factor that spurred him to take decisive action. He issued a statement late on the evening of 10 April after the violence had abated and began by noting that:

> "The situation that has arisen over the past 2-3 days has caused the government to have no choice other than to express the necessity of following the law. This is because the incidents that have occurred, whether yesterday's incident (9 April) or the other actions of the protestors which many times were illegal, have had serious repercussions on the citizens' confidence in the sacrality of the law. Especially and in particular, yesterday's incident does not only impact the matter of following the law, but impacts important institutions that protect the sovereignty and the foundational institutions of the nation, which, if the government does not protect, will reflect weakness, not of the government, but of the state and the country."[12]

Before he decided to use weapons, Abhisit Vejjajiva, in the position of Director of National Security, applied for a legal motion to order the leaders to lead the masses out of Ratchaprasong. However, the court dismissed this motion and noted that the Director of the Center for the Administration of Peace and Order (CAPO) [Deputy Prime Minister Suthep Thaugsuban] already had the authority to do so.

Another important juncture in laying down a red carpet for the use of violence took place on 7 April. After a group of leaders brought protestors to demonstrate at Parliament, the government declared a state of emergency. The protestors entered the Parliament building in order to

[12]See "นายกรัฐมนตรีแสดงความเสียใจต่อผู้เสียชีวิตจากเหตุปะทะพร้อมพิสูจน์การเสียชีวิตอย่างตรงไปตรงมา," กลุ่มยุทธศาสตร์และแผนการประชาสัมพันธ์ สำนักโฆษก, 10 เมษายน 2553. Available online at: http://www.thaigov.go.th/th/governmental/item/43847.

surround the officials and noticed that the military police present were carrying 11 millimeter guns and weapons of war. Suthep Thaugsuban, the deputy prime minister, was appointed director of the Center for the Resolution of the Emergency Situation (CRES).

The Day of 10 April: Red Ant Army versus Thai Army

The demonstration split off into two locations and the situation continued. There was a big assembly at Ratchaprasong, one of the most luxurious shopping districts in Thailand, and a large number of protestors had come from the provinces and established temporary dwellings places in front of the shops. Pots, jars, clotheslines, and all manner of things were spread out and there were no indications that they were going to be removed. On 4 April, the Prime Minister requested via the Television Pool of Thailand [the four free-to-air television stations] that the protestors please move out of Ratchaprasong and "return to use their constitutional right to demonstrate at Phan Fa." He said:

> "Today, I maintain that the announcement of the CAPO for the brothers and sisters to leave the area is still in force. The government will proceed with having the officials make the demonstrators understand that they should return to use their constitutional rights to demonstrate at Phan Fa. At the same time, they will request cooperation in not having [new protestors] travel to demonstrate in the aforementioned area. This is in order to mitigate the effects of hardship and to avoid confrontation."[13]

A few days later, on 10 April, the government led by the CRES began military operations to disperse the demonstrations at Phan Fa Lilat Bridge. This plan was carried out by the 11th Infantry Regiment, the King's Guards, which

[13]See "นายกรัฐมนตรียืนยันเร่งผ่อนคลายสถานการณ์นำบ้านเมืองกลับเข้าสู่ภาวะปกติโดยเร็วที่สุด," 10 เมษายน 2553. Available online at: http://www.thaigov.go.th/th/governmental/item/43636.

had troops from the 2nd Infantry Division, Phromyothi Camp, Baan Phra sub-district, Muang district, Prachinburi province. This unit is referred to by the name "Buraphaphayak" and is led by Major General Warit Rojanapakdee. The commander of the 2nd Infantry Division led two additional battalions to the city on the evening of 9 April. The media reported that the reclaiming of the area was under the control of the Commander-in-Chief of the First Army Region.

During the afternoon of 10 April, there was news of movement of troops into the city. Kwanchai Praipana, a UDD leader from the northeast, announced that people who had cars should bring them to block the six roads which provided access to the Phan Fa stage: 1) Democracy Monument; 2) Miskawan Intersection; 3) Makkawan Rangsan Bridge; 4) Mahachai Road (Pom Makakan); 5) Lan Luang Road; and 6) Phra Sumet Road. When the protestors spread out, they would be able to intercept the soldiers in different areas and at many points.

Then came a strong push by the First Army Region soldiers who walked from their headquarters on Ratchadamnoen Nok Road to confront and push back against the demonstrators. In front of Government House, they joined with troops from Phitsanulok Road and Wang Daeng Intersection. All in all, they comprised three different lines that attacked the protestors from Government House to Makkawan Bridge.

In the area of Makkawan Bridge, the protestors attempted to counterattack and resist the attack of the soldiers. There was a report that one person was shot and killed by gunfire – this was the first casualty, Kriangkrai Khamnoi. But the government fervently denied afterwards that there was any use of real bullets during the daytime.

At nearly the same time, there were fights in the area of the Khurusapha Meeting Hall. Soldiers armed with shields, clubs, shotguns, M-16s and TAR-21s, along with T-85 armored vehicles, Humvees, and Unimog trucks moved from Samsen Road to Nakorn Ratchasima Road. At Wang Daeng

Intersection, they faced off with protestors and shot rubber bullets and teargas at them. The soldiers used their shields and clubs to push the protestors back.

The harsh reprisal and push back occurred in many areas throughout the afternoon. In some places, such as Pinklao Bridge, the protestors claimed victory and seized the weapons of the soldiers and displayed them on stage. This continued until the evening, when the soldiers were able to seize all areas and reinforced their presence in each area as they entered. The red shirt groups withdrew to mass together at the Phan Fa stage, where at least two helicopters dropped copies of the arrest warrants issued for red shirt leaders from overhead. They dropped many canisters of teargas until the demonstrators scattered. In some areas, protestors released balloons and lanterns in response to the teargas.

The Night of 10 April: Death under a dark sky

The big confrontation occurred in the evening in the general vicinity of the Democracy Monument, concentrated in the areas of Kok Wua Intersection (Tanao Road) and Satriwithaya School (Dinso Road).

When dusk settled at Kok Wua, the situation at first seemed peaceful. The red shirts even turned on familiar fun dance music. But after the national anthem finished at 6 pm [the Thai national anthem is played daily at 8 am and 6 pm in public places] the situation changed entirely. The soldiers began to shoot their guns into the air and the demonstrators tried to counterattack. Violence ensued. Meanwhile, the media were primarily forced into the area near the stage. Mayhem followed. The loud sounds of bombs and guns were constant. Urgent calls were made for reinforcements from the Phan Fa and Ratchaprasong stages.

All the while, reports of many injuries, including a report of a demonstrator who was shot and killed near Kok Wua Intersection, began to circulate. Corpses were being brought up and announced one-by-one on the stage.

Around the same time, there was another ripple of

fighting in the Tanao Road area. Injuries and deaths there occurred closer to 9 pm. There were reports of bombs being deployed and what were suspected to be 2-3 M79s being shot into the group of soldiers. Five soldiers were killed and many more were injured. One of those killed was Colonel Romklao Thuwatham, deputy chief of staff of the 2nd Infantry Regiment, Chakrabongse Camp, Muang district, Prachinburi Province, from the Burapha Tiger Force. Not long after that, there was an announcement from the stage that Korbsak Sabhavasu had announced that the government had ordered the soldiers to stop shooting. The leaders on stage asked the demonstrators to stop all of their fighting.

Calm began to emerge. All of the soldiers around Tanao Road and Dinso Road retreated. They abandoned their Humvees, their six T-85 armored vehicles, and their Unimog trucks complete with broadcasting equipment. In the days that followed, the remaining detritus was left as an exhibition of tank carcasses in the middle of the city.

From 'Men in Black' to 'Terrorists'

After the incident, the "men in black" who used heavy duty weapons to fight back and killed soldiers ranging from private up to commander became the talk of the town. However, multiple times each day, every television channel broadcast a special report of the CRES which gave the facts from the government side. The CRES report refuted the accusation that the government shot the people, and denied that there were snipers who concealed themselves and shot the protestors until there were piles of human brains on the street. The government said that this was all hearsay.

However, soldiers from the First Army Region, who were in charge of the forces at Satriwithaya School, subsequently gave testimony to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Thailand (TRCT) and admitted that there were soldiers from their unit stationed on top of the buildings.

Right after the incident, both Suthep Thaugsuban and Abhisit Vejjajiva declared that there were terrorists

camouflaged as protestors. On 12 April, Abhisit announced that the CRES would proceed from then on out to, "differentiate between the aforementioned terrorists and the innocent people." Abhisit said:

> "We have begun to see clearly that there is one group of people we believe are terrorists. They dwelled among the innocent people who came to demonstrate against injustice and for democracy. The terrorists used the people as an instrument to foment unrest in the country in the hopes of creating large-scale transformation. The government and every state agency, including the Center for the Resolution of the Emergency Situation (CRES), will determine standards for proceeding with the problems that have arisen. The most important goal is to differentiate between the aforementioned terrorists and the innocent people. We would like to call on the innocent brother and sister citizens to not go participate as instruments of this process. When we are able to differentiate more clearly, we will be able to set appropriate standards to proceed to solve the situation of unrest."
>
> — Abhisit Vejjajiva, 12 April 2010

Suthep commented:

> "The people who were hiding inside the demonstrations had weapons of war, including AK-47s, M-16s, M79s, they had the opportunity to get inside. I followed [the matter] from both the recordings of the mass media and what the people have sent to me. Some pictures show the demonstrators shooting each other. Some pictures show people who knew nothing about the matter being shot. Some pictures show them shooting the soldiers. Losses resulted…. I told the mass media from the beginning that the protestors had these plans, they had really prepared for this. They attempted to establish a people's army and had armed units. There was the matter of sabotage. Except that Saturday's incident was in

> excess of what we had predicted. We did not think that the Thai people would be so cruel and vicious and destroy their brothers and sisters of the same nation. We did not think that they would destroy the country … I want to tell the brothers and sisters to return home. Allow the country to be peaceful for a time. Political matters should be dealt with politically. Whoever was camouflaged within the protests in order to commit wrongdoing are terrorists and will be dealt with under the law."
>
> —Suthep Thaugsuban, 11 April 2010

The deaths on 10 April were the beginning of a period of significant loss of life in Thailand. The discourse of "terrorists" began on 10 April and intensified in the period before and after the dispersal of protests at Ratchaprasong Intersection that followed on 19 May 2010, in which a large number of people lost their lives at the hands of soldiers.

The events of April-May 2010 resulted in the largest politically-driven loss of life in modern Thai history.

The Martyrs of 10 April

Charoon Chaimaen

Name	Charoon Chaimaen (จรูญ ฉายแม้น)
Date of birth	17 February 1964
Age	47
Place of Birth	Kalasin province
Family Status	Married to Nuan Chaimaen Father of Nonglak Chaimaen (Age 25 in 2010) and Miss Kanokwan Chaimaen (Age 18 in 2010)
Education	Grade 4
Occupation	Taxi driver
Cause of Death	Chest wounds caused by bullets from a high-powered rifle destroyed his liver and lungs (Institute of Forensic Medicine)
Place of Death	In front of Satriwithaya School, Dinso Road
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 8 pm

1

Charoon Chaimaen was born in Kalasin province. He came to Bangkok to work and start a family in 1984 as part of a broader wave of migration to the city by people from the countryside.

Since the beginning of his life in Bangkok, Charoon lived with his wife, Nuan Chaimaen. His first job was working in a chicken factory, beginning as a worker in the slaughter-house and then securing a promotion to delivery truck driver. Charoon worked in deliveries until the first round of avian flu [2004] when he was one of the many workers laid off by the company. He then drove a delivery truck for a beauty shop for several years. His last job before he died was driving a taxi. He also helped his wife prepare northeastern food to sell. Every evening, they sold larb [minced meat salad], koi

[sour raw meat salad], and grilled meat along Onnut Road, slightly past the entrance to the lane where their rental home was located.

Charoon's wife and daughters described him as a straightforward person who loved his family. He was friendly with his children and their friends. His daughter's friends liked to hang out at their house whenever they could.

He was an unstinting participant in the red shirt movement. He went to every important demonstration -- he never missed a single one. In addition, every time there was a protest, he encouraged other red shirts in their neighborhood to go as well.

"Sometimes we left before dawn when it was still dark outside. We would have set a meeting time and then we would have to wait and wait for everyone to arrive. We complained -- why did we have to wait for them? The car belongs to us. We are wasting our gas. Charoon always told us that since we are red shirts, we have to be generous. We cannot be selfish," Nuan said.

Charoon became interested in politics and began attending the protests after the 19 September 2006 coup. At first, he went with his friends. Then he began to invite his family to join him.

"He smiled happily when we went with him and was proud that we came along. From the beginning, Charoon would attend the demonstrations and then tell us about it when he came home. At first, we were not really interested. But afterwards, it was almost as though we became even more fervent than him." Nuan's eyes shone as she told the story of how she joined the demonstrations.

2

When asked what caused Charoon to protest, Nuan said it was because he liked the way that Police Lieutenant Colonel Thaksin Shinawatra governed the country. Ordinary grassroots people could make a decent living. There were no drugs in the community.

"During that period, Charoon drove a taxi. After deducting the daily rent for the taxi, there was a surplus of 700-800 baht. We were able to sell things. We were able to live comfortably. Our parents had enough. Our children had enough. Charoon really liked Prime Minister Thaksin a lot. For Charoon, he was the beloved prime minister. That day [the day Charoon died], a picture of PM Thaksin that Charoon had saved fell on the floor. He picked it up and brushed it off. Charoon said that Thaksin was always the prime minister in his heart. Who does this? He kept his picture on his car dashboard. Charoon said that Prime Minister Thaksin truly helped people. He was not just talk -- he actually took action."

After the red shirts faced setbacks during Bloody Songkran in April 2009, Charoon did not accept defeat. He continued to attend the protests along with the other rank-and-file supporters. When plans were made to mobilize again, he joined without hesitation.

"Charoon went to nearly every protest. He took us along with him. If it was a big demonstration, an important gathering, then we all went together. Sometimes we did not sell anything for the entire month. During those periods, we were without a source of income. No one hired us to go. We went because my husband liked to go. We did not go to struggle for ourselves, he said, we went to struggle for democracy. Charoon said that this was a struggle for our fellow humans. No need to worry about those who did not have time to go to the protests. We had time and so we went."

Even though he lived hand to mouth and without a stable income, Charoon was the type of person who could not be suppressed. When it came to joining the activities of the UDD, he was always there.

"When the concert at Khao Yai [January 2010] was approaching, Charoon asked me and the children if we were going to go. He had the cash to pay for the tickets, he said. At first I teased Charoon playfully, by saying oh, why are you

going to go so far? He looked dejected. After a day or two, I said, Okay, I guess I will go too. Charoon could not stop grinning. He woke up early to polish the back of the car until it looked glossy and brand-new."

During the phase of the struggle that began in March 2010, Charoon was present at the protests from the day they began until his death.

"Charoon always went to the protests. He went to the 11th Regiment twice before 10 April. He went to Thai Com. He went out every day, often from the early morning until he came home to sleep once it was late. Sometimes our whole family went. Sometimes his friends or our daughters' friends went as well."

"Charoon listened to UDD radio almost all the time. Sometimes his taxi passengers complained that listening to it was unpleasant. Charoon then asked them to get out in the middle of their trip. He would say, 'Please get out. I don't want your fare. I am who I am.' This went on such that some days Charoon would come home and tell me that he did not make the rent for the taxi for that day."

During long periods of demonstrations, Charoon had no time to earn a living at all.

"We lived for the days when Charoon did not drive the taxi. We alternated. We sold food. Sometimes we would go to demonstrate. Then Charoon would drive the taxi, so that we could survive. On the days that Charoon drove the taxi, he went out and worked for an hour or two. Once he made the rental amount, he would come back and we would go protest."

"I once asked him, joking, how far are you going to go? We never had any money during this period. Charoon responded by saying not to prevent him from doing anything. He said that if he died, he would be very proud to die wearing a red shirt. He did not know what was to come next in his life. Charoon invited us to go take pictures at the demonstrations. He told us to post them on the wall so that we could tell our children and grandchildren that their

parents and grandparents struggled for democracy." While she talked about Charoon, Nuan flipped through the photo album of her red shirt family at the protests. Their faces held expressions of happiness -- the happiness of being on holiday for a time.

3

The final results of the Institute of Forensic Medicine autopsy noted that Charoon Chaimaen died from wounds inflicted by bullets from a high-powered rifle. The bullets entered his chest and destroyed his liver and lungs.

You could say that Chiab, Charoon's oldest daughter, is like an acorn that did not fall far from the tree. She herself joined the demonstrations many times, especially during the later period. She went with her family and with her friends. She drove her motorbike to protests after she finished work as a cashier at a small shop close to the family's home.

Chiab talked about the series of events leading up to her father's death. After her father returned home from the protests the night before [9 April], he slept. Then, at noon, both her father and her mother went to rejoin the protests. They came because she called to tell them to come offer support in confronting the police troops who were assembling in lines opposite the protestors at Ratchaprasong.

"I got off work at 10 am on 10 April. When I came home, I saw my father sleeping. I told him that I would leave before him to go to the protests. I told him, if there is anything, I will call you. Then, after I arrived, those on stage asked for able-bodied men to confront police around the Police Hospital. I called him and said 'Papa, come quickly. They are calling for reinforcements. Bring a facemask and cloth to protect yourself against tear gas. When he arrived, he told me to take care of my mother. Then we separated. He went to the far side of the protests near the Police Hospital. After that, around 6 pm, we met up again."

At 6 pm, Charoon was outside the Ratchaprasong

protest site. He came inside to find his wife and daughters. Nuan gave an account of what happened.

"He walked inside to find us. We asked him whether or not he had eaten. He had eaten, and he asked us if we had eaten. He brought us khao lam -- two hollow bamboo pieces filled with sticky rice and coconut milk. He went to the car to get the khao lam and we ate half of it. At 7 pm, there was a request from the stage for reinforcements to go help at Phan Fa. There were a lot of soldiers forcing their way into the area, but there were few of our brothers and sisters there. Charoon told us to wait for him at Ratchaprasong. After he went to help our friends at Phan Fa, he would come back. We thought he was going only to push the soldiers back. That was the last time we were with him."

This time it was not the same as Thai Com in Ladlumkaew. It was not the same as pushing back the police in front of the Police General Hospital at noon. The night of 10 April was when the most devastating losses began.

"We sat and waited until well after 8 pm. They began to bring the corpses of people who died onto the stage. But the body of my beloved was not among them. Then, around 9 pm, I called Charoon on the phone. A nurse answered. She said that he was in critical condition at the Bangkok General Hospital. By the time I arrived, Charoon was dead."

"At first, I did not believe my husband had died. All the other times, nothing had happened to him. We had been relieved that nothing had happened to any of us. Charoon went to the demonstrations during the Songkran that turned bloody the year before. When I called Charoon then, I heard gunfire. He was in the mob by Government House on the night that there was shooting. But he did not die. He was spared." Nuan's voice trembled as she spoke.

Chiab talked about the day she went to see her father's corpse. "When I learned about my father, I had come home to bathe. But I hopped into a taxi and went to the General Hospital. When I arrived, I located my mother. The staff would not give us permission to go up to see him, but

I went up anyway. At first, I saw another body in the morgue with his ID card attached to it. I was relieved because the corpse was not my father. Once I knew my father was on the ninth floor with the other patients, I negotiated with the staff to let me look at his trousers. I told them that they did not have to show me his face. They gave me permission to go up alone and I went up to the ninth floor. My father was in a room full of other patients. I thought he was injured, not dead. But as soon as I went up, I learned that my father was dead. The staff said that he died before he arrived at the hospital. Then why, I asked, was he brought to be with other patients if you were not going to do anything, anything at all, for him? There was only one blanket covering him. There was no saline drip. There was nothing at all."

"After that, there was a decision to move the corpse to the morgue. There were a lot of red shirt people who accompanied us. They told us to lock every door, and lock them tight, because otherwise the body would disappear. They called for red shirt guards to come block the doors. They guarded my father's body all night. They watched over the body until it was moved to the Police General Hospital."

"I appreciated their sincere generosity. We didn't know each other at all. They were people from the provinces, people from the country, like us," Nuan interjected, before Chiab continued.

"After that, we asked people who had been in the same area to bring pictures of our father to us. Where did he die? There was a person who said he was shot in front of Satriwithaya School. He said that our father died in the same area as Sawat Wangam."

"At first we thought he had gone to fight off the soldiers. My husband had said that we have to go help, we have to go shore up our side. We have to fight them off, we have to show the soldiers how many of us there are. We have to tell them to not do anything to us, because we are unarmed, our hands are empty. When I went to see the area where Charoon was shot, I felt weak in the knees. All the

bullets. The armoured vehicles were all shot through with holes. In a setting like this, how could he have survived?" Nuan asked.

4

After the loss of the cornerstone of their family, Charoon's widow and two daughters are trying to adjust. They have red shirt friends in their neighborhood. Some red shirt leaders have come to visit them, and they offer assistance and encouragement. State agencies such as the Department of Mental Health and the Ministry of Social Development and Human Security have been in contact as well. The Office of the Royal Household Bureau has offered support.

"I do not really sleep -- I only sleep two hours per day. I have to take painkillers almost everyday. My weight has gone from more than fifty kilos to just over forty kilos. Some days I want to forget what happened, but I cannot. My daughters ask me, Why do you look [at the pictures of Charoon]? You look and then you cry," Nuan said.

"Most of the time, when I am with my friends at work, I am not as bereft as my mother. But I dream about my father often. When he was alive, my father liked to take me and my friends around places. Now I dream that he takes me to go eat, and to go on holiday," Chiab commented.

Nuan is now the pillar of the family. She supports herself, her daughters, and her extended family by selling food.

"Sometimes it's enough, sometimes it's not. We have to pay the house and the shop rent, which combined is more than 10,000 baht per month. We have to send additional money to my mother in the countryside. When Charoon was alive, he made 300-400 baht per day driving the taxi. Combined with the 200-300 I earned per day, it was enough. Our oldest daughter works and contributes a share of her earnings. But I still have to support our youngest daughter."

When asked if they would join red shirt protests in the future, Nuan and Chiab responded in unison: "We must go."

"Charoon wanted this era to finish and pass. He wanted us to have rights and to be able to elect the people we wanted. He didn't want the other side to be right all the time, with one side always wrong. We will keep going. We are not afraid at this point in our lives, because we have already sustained a great deal of loss."

Chiab maintains that she will also continue to struggle in the name of the red shirt people.

"During the period that the curfew was in force, there was an uncle who came to buy things at the shop. He said, 'Be careful, the red shirts may come and occupy and burn your shop.' My boss responded and said, 'How can they come and burn the shop? All of the staff here in front of you are red shirts.'" Chiab's laughter conveyed the confidence of one who will steadfastly carry on the mission she inherited from her father.

The information is drawn from an interview with Nuan and Chiab Chaimaen, Charoon Chaimaen's widow and his oldest daughter, at their Onnut rental house on 19 June 2010.

Therdsak Fungklinchan

Name	Therdsak Fungklinchan (เทิดศักดิ์ ฟุ้งกลินจันทร์)
Date of Birth	2 December 1980
Age	29
Place of Birth	Bangkok
Family Status	Unmarried Oldest son of Suwimol and Bancherd Fungklinchan
Education	Bachelors' Degree, Home Economics, Faculty of Science, Ratchaphat Phra Nakorn
Occupation	Office worker
Cause of Death	Penetrating wounds to his heart and lungs that shredded his right and left chest and left five oval holes with clean edges in his chest (Autopsy report, Ramathibodi Hospital)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 8 pm

1

Therdsak Fungklinchan, or Boat, was a 29-year-old man born into a close-knit family in Bangkok. His parents were rice and curry vendors in the Don Muang area. Boat and his parents shared the same perspectives on politics and they began attending the demonstrations around the same time. The only difference was that Boat was more radical and went deeper than anyone else in the house. On the day that he was shot and killed at Kok Wua Intersection, his parents were clad in red shirts and were waiting for him at Ratchaprasong.

"Boat was the most radical in the house. He joined the demonstrations beginning last year [2009]. That day, he rode his motorcycle without us to taunt and throw bricks at the soldiers at Yommarat Bridge -- Boat did it because he was

angry that the soldiers besieged the red shirts. We chased after him to try to make him come back because it was dangerous and we were afraid. When the soldiers closed off the area in front of Nang Lerng and there was gunfire, we were frightened. Where was Boat? He said that he was at the bridge. What bridge? It appears that he was at Yommarat Bridge, far from us."

Suwimol Fungklinchan, Boat's mother, was candid, sincere and frank, in the spirit of luk thung [Thai folk music originating in the countryside] music, as she told the story of her son's life and death. About a month after she lost her oldest son, Boat, the sound of laughter began to resurface in the house. Until then, she was plagued by nightmares every night and the atmosphere was heavy with sorrow. After Boat's death, the family had to close their restaurant for a month -- the death of their oldest son shredded the family's economic security. Particularly in the years when the economy was bad, their profits sometimes shrank until they could not even cover the labor costs of selling made-to-order food. Before he died, they used Boat's monthly salary to make the loan payments on the house and car, which were a heavy burden for his parents.

Boat was a good-humored person. He was easily offended, but quick to forgive. He was straightforward and he loved justice. He was very self-confident. His mother speculated that this caused him to come into conflict with his bosses at work, and was why he had to change jobs frequently.

"He had a lot of confidence in himself. If Boat wasn't appreciated at work, then he didn't want to work. He was resolute, and if he was right, then he was unmoving in his conviction. If his boss picked on him or did something unfair, he would speak up in the middle of a meeting." Boat's mother spoke about her son with gusto. Speaking to her, there was no doubt about the origins of Boat's persona.

"We -- I and his father and both kids -- shared similar thinking. At home, we raised the children democratically. The four of us voted on what we would do and when we would do it. Boat could not have been brainwashed to come out and join this struggle. One day he watched television and looked at various media sources. He felt things were neither right nor fair. Through their behavior, those in power revealed themselves. It was Boat's nature to love justice. Before we started going to the demonstrations, Boat watched TV and said, 'Mother, why is it like this, huh?'" Boat's mother talked about the moment when they decided to join the movement.

"This year, we joined all along, from the beginning. We went in the late afternoon and returned home late at night. On 10 April, Boat said to me, Mom, so we'll meet up at Ratchaprasong, okay? You and Dad wait at Ratchaprasong, I'll go to Kok Wua Intersection. But we never met Boat at Ratchaprasong. I only heard his voice -- at 7:55 pm. I remember it exactly." His mother tried to keep her voice light and cheerful, as it was when she began to tell the story.

It was late at night on 10 April before the family learned of Boat's death. But one of Boat's close friends, Ray, or Phichai Phaesthidthaworn, who was also in the CLICK Club (a club of drivers of the CLICK model of Honda motorcycles) with Boat, was with him all evening, including when he was killed. For more than two years, Boat and Ray had gone everywhere and done everything together. Boat shared his passion for politics with Ray, and first invited him to visit the demonstrations and see them with his own eyes. The pair of young men were compelled to go out when they heard the news that morning that the soldiers were going out to "request the return of the area." They knew that what the news really meant was that the soldiers were going to disperse the demonstration.

"I am not a radical, at all. I only thought that I could go and help. If a lot of people went, then the soldiers could not disperse the people." Ray recounted the series of events

and how he felt that day. First they went to the area of the Rama V Equestrian Statue. They stared and faced off with the soldiers. Until that point, no clashes had taken place yet. Then one of the leaders called urgently for motorcycles to provide reinforcements. By then, soldiers had already come to Kok Wua to disperse the protestors. Boat and Ray sped to the area on their motorcycles. It was past 7 pm.

"We parked our motorcycles and walked into the area. The soldiers were on the other side. We went to help, to help keep the soldiers out of the area where the demonstrators were located. We didn't want to throw bricks, because the soldiers were far off and we could not hit them. So why would we throw them? We stood firm. As soon as the soldiers shot, the red shirts retreated. But Boat did not retreat. He said, 'Don't flee, older brother. Confront them. Don't let them enter, okay? Go ahead, confront them.' I still joked with him then, 'Hey, you don't have a wife and kids yet, why would you go to the front?' Boat said, 'Don't worry about it, older brother, really. I've been here before. But I can see it's beginning to go bad. There are a lot of them. Now they are firing with real bullets. People are getting hurt.'"

"At that point I asked him if he was afraid. Since we didn't actually see the bullets, we were more afraid of bombs. We saw fallen bodies, and then we knew that people had been shot. But we thought, if you [soldiers] won't retreat, then we won't back down. Just then, a bomb went off over on the side of the soldiers. Then there was intense shooting. The people in front of us were dropping. The man standing in front of me was shot in the chest. I picked him up and carried him off the street. Boat told me, 'older brother, go take the injured person out of the area.' So I did. I carried him out. Then, after a moment, I gave him to someone else, because I was worried about Boat. But when I got back to where we had been, Boat was not there. Maybe he changed location. I called him to check, but he did not pick up. This was only a short amount of time after I had last seen him, only a few minutes later." The din of the unending gunfire was

coupled with the sound of many bomb explosions, Ray said. This created tumult and confusion.

"We didn't see the bullets. We only saw the fallen bodies. But the bullets definitely came from the soldiers' side. Boat was definitely hit by a soldier. He was out in front. When the CRES spoke, I didn't want to listen. It is all lies. It is madness to say that bullets were fake. The soldiers shot directly at the chest, at the heart. Like in Boat's case, he was not hit by a stray bullet. There is no way it was a stray bullet. His chest was filled with bullets, five of them, dispersed. Two bullets went into his heart." Ray's tone reflected how deeply moved, and angered, he was by Boat's death.

Ray looked for Boat all night, but found no trace of him. Waiting at Ratchaprasong, Boat's parents could not locate their son and were growing anxious. But still, they tried to maintain the belief that nothing had happened to their son. There were scores of people at Kok Wua Intersection.

"I called him (around 7:54 pm), and he picked up right away. 'Where are you, my child?' 'I am on Khao San Road, Mother,' he said. We thought he was near Wat Chana Songkhram, not so dangerous, but no, he was right in the area with soldiers. He said he was with Ray. And he shouted out, 'Hey! Hey! Watch out for us. We're being hit.' We thought they were throwing bricks at one another. I didn't hear the sound of bullets at that point, I didn't think it was dangerous. There was a lot going on, so I let him go. At 9, then 10 o'clock, I called 3 or 4 more times, but I could not reach him. At that point we were sitting at Ratchaprasong. After that, they said there was someone who had been shot. The body was brought onto the stage. I sent his father to go look. It was not him. We thought then that nothing had happened to our son. At about 1 am, when the phone rang, we answered right away. 'Boat, why haven't you called me? I've called you many times and you haven't picked up.' But it wasn't Boat, it was a doctor using Boat's phone. The doctor said, 'Wait, listen please. Wait, listen. I am calling from Ratwithi Hospital. Your son has been shot. Right now, his heart is weak ...' At

that point, we did not think Boat was going to die. His father cried and cried, he could barely drive. We had to try to get him to calm down. Nothing like this had ever happened in his life." Boat's mother retraced the events of that day.

"When we got there, the doctor would not let us go up to the room. It was off-limits. But we persisted. The doctor then allowed us to sit and look at Boat. He was being given oxygen. The nurse said they had done everything they could and that they had used the strongest medicine. What percentage survives, his father asked. At that point, we had not yet seen our son's wounds. I embraced our son and told him that we were there. The heart rate monitor went up to 70-80. Before it was only 30 or 40. We were happy, we thought our son would be okay. But within a short time, the monitor went down to zero, three times. Then we realized what was happening."

Suwimol continued the story. There was a line of stitches that stretched across Boat's chest from where the doctor had made an incision to remove the bullets. The surgeon who operated on him told her that her son's heart had been torn in many places and that he tried to repair the damage to it. Afterwards the doctor had used his hand to pump Boat's heart until he began to breathe again. Even though, in reality, Boat stopped breathing when he was shot, before his parents arrived to see him.

Boat's mother tried to keep her voice steady as she told the story. She would not succumb to being enveloped by hurt and emotion for very long. When tears threatened to drop from her eyes, she reigned in her emotion. With a combination of cheerful laughter, indignation, and cursing, she described the next scene in the story. This is how she concealed her tears.

"The police asked me, So you didn't forbid your son from protesting? Why would I forbid him from going, I responded. The red shirts had no weapons. He went to sit and listen when he went to the demonstrations. Boat walked around, bought this and that, and ate all sorts of foods. Forbid

him from doing this? That would be crazy, wouldn't it? (she laughs). We saw no need to forbid our son from protesting. On the 10th, his father and I went too. We were going to come back home together once it got late."

3

After the loss of their son, Boat's parents continued to join the protests at Ratchaprasong. They stayed right up until the measures to reinforce the area became increasingly severe. From then on, they followed the news from home for the sake of safety and because they were mindful of their other son who was still alive. The family was not prepared to suffer a second loss.

"Truly, in a profound sense, we still want to struggle, for our son. We want to struggle because our son is dead. He was innocent. It is not right that he died. It is not right that this happened to him and we feel as though there is nothing we can do. We are just ordinary, insignificant citizens. All we want is to have a share in progress, that would be okay. But no matter what, we will not forget," Boat's mother said. She was also firm in her vow to join other families whose relatives died in doing everything they can to bring a case against the government.

Boat's younger brother, with whom he grew up, is still alive. His name is Book, or Rungroj, Fungklinchan. His mother said that Book tends to keep to himself and is not one to go out in front like his older brother.

"I never joined the red shirt protests. But I see them as a group calling for democracy. Each person shares the same goal: simply to have new elections."

"Even though there was a change in the system a long time ago, Thai politics has returned to the way it was before the change. Even though new faces have entered politics, oppression remains and there has been no progress. They have to bow before the older generation of politicians. This is what causes Thai politics to remain unchanged, no matter how many times the people come out to protest."

"What I can now say is that I miss my older brother. I want him to rest peacefully, knowing that he does not have to worry about our family. And I want him to know that we will always be brothers."

With respect to their ideas about recent politics, Boat's parents acknowledged that they were satisfied and agreed with Thaksin Shinawatra's Thai Rak Thai (TRT) party. Prior to TRT's rise, they found the Thai Citizen Party of Samak Sundaravej compelling. While election campaigns were taking place, they went to listen to the TRT speeches at Sanam Luang when they had free time. The Fungklinchans and other grassroots people preferred this party for a similar reason: they saw many policies that actually worked and benefitted the ordinary citizen. Yet despite the effectiveness of TRT's policies, the party was ousted by the 19 September 2006 coup. Even though they felt that the coup was not right, Boat's parents had not come out to protest yet. They did not come out to protest until the political situation deteriorated and their accumulated frustration was too much to bear.

"We acknowledge that at first, we went out to join the movement because we liked Thaksin. But now it is about much more than that. The society is divided and split. There is a society of high-class people and a society of low-class people. The movement is not just about love for Thaksin. We are frustrated because we feel like the problems are all around us. It is an issue of things not being right, an issue of injustice. Many things, in many ways, are not democratic. It is as though Thai people have been suppressed right up until today. Everything has been completely blocked. This is how Boat felt, and my feeling is that this is how it really is. I am only an ordinary vendor -- I did not study political science or law. But there is no need to have a degree -- it's plain to see. And don't mistake people who grow rice, people who grow fruits and vegetables, as stupid. They have suffered like us. They feel the same way that we do. They may be in the provinces outside the city, but they know everything that goes on. The times have changed."

"No one hired us to go demonstrate. No one induced us to go. We went wholeheartedly. We roused ourselves completely. If someone wants to say otherwise, I will swear at them. I cannot take it anymore," Boat's mother said with the air of one who has run out of patience.

Amid the fierce hunt to smash the red shirt networks after the dispersal of the demonstrations in April and May 2010, it became apparent that ordinary people could not depend on peaceful resistance any longer. This was the case, at least, for the relatives and friends of the Fungklinchan family.

"Let's just say it all. This is the society that we are faced with. Don't bother looking for reconciliation. You will not find it, you will definitely not find it. Believe me, it is absolutely not there. Look around at the state of things -- those who have sacrificed, they are going to hold a grudge. But they can do nothing, so they will bury their feelings deep inside. If you ask, given the chance, if we would seek revenge, then absolutely, yes. Put directly, from now on, there will no more ahimsa [nonviolence]. Even when they were still wading through, the leaders said that we must use nonviolence. Even when they captured the soldiers, they let them go. I said, why not hold on to them? I want to tread on their faces, just enough to make my fury disappear. But they were all released. The leaders released the soldiers. How is that? The leaders released the soldiers, and then the soldiers came and killed them."

"Peace will not work anymore. We cannot fight against them face-to-face with peaceful methods. We have to quietly do what we can. I am an ordinary vendor, but if I can still fight, then I will." Boat's mother vented her sense of hopelessness. At that time, Boat's father still placed his hope in elections. He believed that they would be able to express their strength peacefully using this method. That is, if they were not dissipated further.

"We are not violent people. We do not want to topple the institution, like they have accused us of wanting to do.

Truly, we love and respect the institution. It does not even have to be said. This is in the hearts of the Thai people. We are not only repeating the line that we love the king. We put up stickers after the opposing side accused us of not loving him, after they said we were going to topple the monarchy. This is how they fight. All we want is the truth, all we want is justice. This is how they fight. Ten years, twenty years, it will not be too late. We will struggle until we are old, if we don't die first." Boat's mother was firm and resolute.

4

Boat's family views his body as the most crucial piece of evidence in the case of his death and so it is being preserved at a temple. If one day there is a just examination of the truth of what happened, his corpse will be an essential piece of evidence.

"I think that Boat's death was unjust. We think it is worth waiting until we can obtain justice. I don't know if we will be able to secure justice. As days go by, things get even worse. Abhisit may not even know the full extent of loss, sorrow, and suffering. He does not know how horrible it is to sob everyday as I think of my son."

At present, Boat's parents spearhead the group of families who have suffered and who are organizing to demand justice. His mother and father carry a bag filled with evidence and moving photographs of their son's body. They are always ready to pull the photos out and inform people about what happened on 10 April. They do this again and again for those who ask to hear the story.

The information is drawn from an interview with Therdsak Fungklinchan's family at a merit-making ceremony held at Wat Tamru in Don Muang on 30 May 2010, fifty days after his death.

Khanung Chatr-teh

Name	Khanung Chatr-teh (คนึง ฉัตรเท)
Date of Birth	27 March 1960
Age	50
Place of birth	Ayutthaya province
Family Status	Married with one child
Education	Unknown
Occupation	Security officer, Chulalongkorn University
Cause of Death	One bullet from a high-powered rifle penetrated his right thoracic cavity, lacerated both his lungs, and shattered his spine
Place of Death	Vicinity of Satriwithaya School
Time of Death	10 April 2010, time unknown

1

Khanung Chatr-teh was born in Phachi district of Ayutthaya province. Since 1985, he had worked as an employee funded by the annual government budget at Chulalongkorn University. He started as a uniformed security guard and his last position before he was killed was as a plainclothes security officer at the university. His job was to monitor and patrol inside the university and deliver different kinds of information to the commander of the security force.

The results of the forensic examination found that Khanung was hit by one bullet shot from a high-powered rifle during the dispersal of the protests of the United Democratic Front Against Dictatorship (UDD). The bullet penetrated his right thoracic cavity, lacerated both his lungs, and shattered his spine.

Khanung's wife said that when he went to the protest area at Phan Fa bridge on the day he died, it was the first time he had gone to Phan Fa. It was unbelievable to her that

it was also his last. Usually Khanung joined the protests at Ratchaprasong, since it was close to where he worked. One of his primary work duties was to observe the demonstrations and look out for anything out of the ordinary to report to the university, which bordered the protest area.

After Khanung's death, his family was faced with hardship. They had borrowed money to buy a house as well as a motorcycle, for which only a few repayment instalments had been made before Khanung was killed. With the loss of the pillar of the family, they fell into debt and the difficulties faced by his widow and teenage son were compounded

Khanung and his family lived in a block of staff flats at Chulalongkorn University. His wife works as a cleaner at the university, on a contractual basis. His son is age 15 [in 2010] and an only child.

Khanung's coworkers, with whom he had been close friends for a decade, recounted stories about him. Khanung was a cheerful and fun-loving friend, and a husband and father who dearly loved his family. After he got off work, he would go buy rice, fish, and other food for his family. His wife often worked overtime and only returned home around 9 or 10 pm and so Khanung took care of the work around the house. Khanung also took in washing and ironing for university faculty and staff to supplement his income.

Khanung was a complete man-about-the-house. At the same time, he was an expert drinker. All his friends praised his drinking prowess and his expertise at pouring drinks without ever missing anyone when they gathered together to drink. He even made savory snacks for the group.

When they got together to drink and chat about the problems of their lives, Khanung and his friends used to stick to mundane issues. They did not talk about politics. Then the 19 September 2006 coup, and the political incidents which came in its wake, changed everything. Politics came to occupy more and more space in their conversations. Various incidents caused the members of this group -- whom society refers to as those on the lower rungs -- to ask fundamental

questions.

Perhaps the questions and political analysis and critique that streamed from his close friends can be seen as a reflection of Khanung. His friends raised questions about what was right and what was wrong in society, court decisions in political cases, the issue of double standards in the judicial process, and populist policies, among others. They clearly approved of many of the populist policies designed by the government of former prime minister Thaksin. They had followed the news about the red shirt movement for quite a long time. This kind of perspective was dominant among Khanung's coworkers. One security officer at Chulalongkorn University estimated that among the nearly 300 security officers who worked there, about 90% were either red shirts themselves or sympathetic to them.

Of a piece with the other comments of his coworkers, they said that Khanung, from the very beginning, always said that he did not like the Democrat Party government. All they did was use eloquent words without delivering clear results. In contrast, he had been satisfied with the policies and the government of the Thai Rak Thai Party. Khanung liked Thai Rak Thai's 30-baht healthcare policy, even though he personally already had insurance from the university. He favored the policy because it benefitted his relatives in the provinces.

Friends asked Khanung why he joined with the red shirts. Was he really red or not? One of his friends still remembered Khanung's answer precisely: "I am truly red. I go because I do not like double standards. There is disparity in society."

Khanung was dissatisfied. He complained about the lack of equality, the unfairness of the differential prosecution of cases against the red shirts and the yellow shirts. He criticized the case of the dissolution of the Thai Rak Thai Party and the People's Power Party. He criticized the case of Samak Sundaravej, who was removed from the position of prime minister because he cooked food on television. Khanung

also did not like the post-coup 2007 Constitution.

2

Khanung and his coworkers often gathered to watch red shirt television together in the block of flats. But when they joined the demonstrations, they separated and went on their own or with their families. At the end of the workday, they took off their uniforms and transformed themselves into red shirts. They went and walked around the protests, sat and listened to the speeches for a time and then went home. To protect themselves from ill effects at work, they did not greet each other when they saw each other at the demonstrations. Everyone was on his own. But when the next morning came, they would sit and compare notes about who had gone where and what it was like.

As for the security officer named Khanung, he first joined the demonstrations as an "observer." The first demonstration he observed was the mass gathering at Supachalasai Stadium [National Stadium] on 13 December 2008.

At first, Khanung's duty was to go collect information to give to the security department at the university. He went to observe the demonstration at Ratchaprasong, took photos, and made a report to the commander. But as he listened to the political news about the demonstrations and watched the government's actions, he began to feel deeply dissatisfied.

In reality, 10 April may have been the first day that Khanung had an opportunity to join the demonstrations as a participant, not only as an observer. His wife had travelled to the countryside, so he could do more than go and wander around the demonstration before returning home. His coworkers said that since this was his first time really joining the protests, Khanung was determined to demonstrate at Ratchaprasong. But when Khanung heard the call for people to go help after the soldiers used force to disperse the protestors at Phan Fa, he went immediately.

Khanung parked his car and left it at Pathumwan Intersection. He then went to Phan Fa with a group of people from Ratchaprasong.

His friends asserted that during his final demonstration, Khanung was only an ordinary participant. He was not a UDD guard. Khanung was a gentle man with a cool temperament, completely lacking any thoughts of violence. His coworkers surmised that there was no way that he would have rushed to join the clashes with the soldiers. Even though he was a security guard, his philosophy in his work was always "safety first."

When one of his coworkers and friends went to pick up his corpse, a witness to his death told them that Khanung was shot in the area of Satriwithaya School. He was leading the group he was with around to the front of the school, but his fellow protestors did not keep up with him. This is when Khanung was shot. He was then taken to the hospital.

One of Khanung's close friends from work, who was himself unable to go to the protests on 10 April, heard a news report on the radio that evening at 7 pm that "Khanung Chatr-teh" lost his life in an incident at Phan Fa. His heart was filled with fear, and he wished for the name to be wrong. But the name was correct. This friend called to check at the various hospitals around the city, until he ascertained that Khanung's corpse was at Vachira Hospital. He went to the hospital to see the corpse of his co-worker and friend. At first, when the hospital staff told him that Khanung had suffered from heart failure, he did not believe it. He asked if he could take a photo. Shortly thereafter, Khanung's wife and family arrived at the hospital. When they arrived, they learned that Khanung had been shot and killed. In the pockets of Khanung's pants, there were 6-7 bullet casings. His coworkers speculated that before he was shot, Khanung must have walked around collecting bullet casings in the area of the clashes.

In terms of the community inside Chulalongkorn University, Khanung's coworkers explained that there were both those who were red and those who were yellow.

"But if an order from above came down to us that we had to take action, then we had to do it. For example, when there was news that there were red shirts who were going to come inside the campus, we had to close the gate and protect the university. Even though in our hearts we might cheer for the red shirts, we adhere to duty at work. We cannot be sympathetic to one side or the other. This time, the protest was close to the university. The university had a wide-ranging safety policy and we had to be alert at all times. We had to find information about the number of protestors present, and the number of police and soldiers present. If they were going to come inside, we had to close the gates. No one was allowed to come inside to interfere in the university."

One of Khanung's coworkers also said that in recent times, Chulalongkorn University students played a very minimal role in politics. From the time he began to work in 1980, he almost never saw any protests by students. All was quiet. Even this time, when there were incidents in which many people were injured and killed, the students were quiet.

This is all in spite of Chulalongkorn University being well known as a university that routinely organizes intellectual activities about society and politics in Thailand. But Khanung's friends, who are security officers like him, said that as low-ranking staff, they were unable to access and be influenced by the teaching and other events at the university. At best, they could sit and guard in front of the meeting rooms where various seminars were held. They could not enter to listen or participate. Their interest in politics instead came from following political news and then getting together to discuss it with each other.

"We had no right to register and listen at the different academic seminars. But sometimes, when completing

our duties to investigate out of uniform, we might secretly sneak in to listen to what they talked about and see who came to join their meetings. Then we would go report to the commander."

"Low-ranking staff tend not to converse or exchange ideas with the students or professors. We are deemed to be in a separate group. Intellectual issues belong to the students and professors. As far as political activities outside the university -- for example, going to red shirt demonstrations -- if low-ranking staff go to the demonstrations, it is when we are off duty."

"We slip out of our uniforms and go to protest."

The information is drawn from interviews with Khanung Chatr-teh's coworkers at Chulalongkorn University on 11 May 2010. Some information has been compiled and edited from ชัยธวัช ตุลาฑล, "แด่คนึง ฉัตรเท: ไพร่-แดง-จุฬา," *ประชาไท*, 12 พฤษภาคม 2553, http://prachatai.com/journal/2010/05/29403, and "รายงานพิเศษ: เสียงครวญจากญาติผู้สูญเสีย," *ข่าวสด*, 20 พฤษภาคม 2553.

Anan Sirikulwanit

Name	Anan Sirikulwanit (อนันต์ สิริกุลวาณิชย์)
Date of Birth	5 March 1956
Age	54
Place of Birth	Nakhon Phanom province
Family Status	Married to Kornthong Sirikulwanit Two daughters
Education	Bachelor of Arts, Faculty of Political Science, Ramkhamhaeng University
Occupation	Aluminum contractor
Cause of Death	A bullet at the base of his neck severed his spine and he died due to a lung infection after being in the intensive care unit for one month and five days
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	Shot on 10 April 2010 at approximately 8 pm, died on 15 May 2010

1

Anan Sirikulwanit's original surname was Muangkhotorn, a well-known name from Nakhon Phanom. He was descended from Khaisaeng Suksai, a deceased leftist politician. But there was a time when having this surname name made one's life difficult. With this surname one would be passed over every time no matter where one went looking for work. The allegation that one was a radical, a Communist, went along with this surname. So in the end, the family had to change it.

Anan was married to Kornthong, or Eed. She came from an impoverished Chinese family and only finished Grade 7. Eed learned about politics via her husband, who had followed politics closely since he was a teenager. Anan had experienced many political events, including Black May 1992, himself. Once uninterested in politics, Eed became a true supporter of "actual democracy" along with her husband.

At one time, Anan worked as a construction contractor. Then, he became an aluminum contractor, a job which he held for more than ten years until his death. The family had once been part of the new middle class and had owned a house and a car. Eed took care of the housework and did the accounting for her husband. But during the 1997 economic crisis, nearly all of their assets were repossessed. After that, they slowly, slowly began to make a living again, and began to build themselves back up. However, after the 2006 coup, the economy came to a halt. The family's economic status once again began to decline. Their house and car were repossessed another time.

"Think about it. On 18 September 2006, we had an aluminum order from an Australian. They had already ordered the materials. Then the next day the coup happened. The foreigners abandoned everything. They said it wasn't safe and they didn't want to make their home here anymore. They said that if someone dreamed up a coup, then there would be a coup. The Australians went home to their country. My husband had to find the money to pay for all of the materials. It was a heavy load."

"People who didn't experience it themselves may not know who benefitted. But citizens at the roots of society, they know well who benefitted," Eed spoke about life under Thaksin Shinawatra, the former prime minister ousted in the coup.

2

"I was really discouraged after the coup. Why did this happen to Thaksin? Why weren't things fair at all? We went out to protest right away. We stood and listened to the speeches at Sanam Luang. If it rained, we took a plastic sheet with us."

"I looked at the accomplishments that had made it clear to us. We have never had someone who was completely good. But we should choose the one who does the most good for the people. Frankly, I had just become very involved in politics when the country went into crisis. Eh, what could

we do? The economy was bad. It was tough for my husband to save money. We decided to go out to protest because it was not right and we wanted the good people to come back to administer the country. We went out to protest because we wanted a government under which the people could survive. All I can say is that smart people cannot make it in Thailand. Only stupid people can withstand being in this country."

"We went out every night to join with the DAAD (Democratic Alliance Against Dictatorship). We went out in the falling rain. A greater number of people started to join. We went to besiege Prem's house together. Anan was on the front page of the *Daily News* newspaper. I don't know if he was still there when they went to fling shoes and lie down in front of the prime minister's car. People still ask me why my husband was so resolute. This is how it is: we did not like Abhisit because the way he entered government was not right. He did not enter office because he received a majority of the people's votes. He just snatched the position."

"Once people started to come out in large numbers, we did not always go. Last year [2009], my daughter was with her dad at Government House. Teacher Pratheep gave out roses to give to the soldiers. The father-daughter pair liked to go together. After I got off work, I went on my own. We would set a time to meet up," Eed talked about the time when her husband was still alive.

3

In 2010, Anan participated in the protests every evening. After she finished work, Eed joined him and would stay at the Ratchaprasong stage until 2 am. Then she would return to their home not far from Ratchaprasong, and make preparations for the morning's work. Anan often stayed at the protests until dawn.

Before going to join the protests on 10 April, Anan went to cut aluminum in the Ram Indra area. But when he heard the news that there were soldiers coming to surround Ratchadamnoen, he hopped into a taxi to head there. His

wife tried to protest via telephone but to no effect. She was afraid that it would be dangerous because she had seen two airplanes flying back and forth overhead in that area for two hours.

Eed told the story of where she was when she fled from the violence. She did not know that at the same time, Anan was being struck down by the sharp blade of bullets nearby.

"He arrived right before 7 pm. Then he called to tell me to go ahead and return home. That was the last time I heard his voice. At nearly 8 pm, I heard gunshots. I was anxious, but I thought it was probably nothing. I finished work after 8 pm and rode on a red shirt motorcycle heading to Kok Wua Intersection. When I saw soldiers standing on the tops of buildings, I quickly told the driver to turn around. I could tell that the situation was already grave and I was afraid they were going to shoot down at us. I got off at the Democracy Monument. Then just after 9 pm, the soldiers were shooting near Satriwithaya School. I saw this with my own eyes and fled inside a building, and then went to lie down on the street in front of a bookshop across from the monument. After a moment it was quiet. They carried the corpses of those who had died onto the UDD stage. I sat in front of the stage until 11 pm. I called Anan's phone, but he did not pick up. A short time passed and I called again. A nurse picked up and said that that the owner of the phone had been seriously injured. He had not been identified yet. I told her that he was my husband. I climbed up on the stage to tell them, and then I went to the hospital. Anan was shot on the left side of his neck at Kok Wua Intersection at around 8 pm."

At first, Anan was with a friend at the Democracy Monument and in the area of Dinso Road. But when there was a call for reinforcements to go to Kok Wua, he went quickly on his own. He did not return.

Anan was gravely injured and was treated at Taksin Hospital. Eed described the difficulties of his treatment. He had to have surgery at Taksin Hospital. But they had to

x-ray his lungs, and so he had to be sent to another hospital because the equipment wasn't available at Taksin Hospital. The lengthy movement caused his bleeding to become uncontrolled. The doctors told Eed to begin to prepare herself for the possibility that he might not survive. She decided to contact a Pheu Thai Party MP to ask for assistance in moving Anan to Rama IX Hospital. Anan spent many days in recovery, but his condition did not improve. The family felt guilty about the people who were bearing the rising costs of his medical care, and so Eed asked for him to be moved to the General Hospital.

"He was conscious. But as time passed, he was unwell and began to wake up less. The pressure from the bullet dispersed as spots in his left lung. The doctor did not tell us anything at all. But my nephew is a soldier. He went to visit and looked at the wound and said it was caused by an M16. The entry wound is small. But the bullet expands and punctures inside. The bullet went from his neck to the left side of his spine and disappeared. The nerve that controls the movement of the arms and legs was damaged. Anan could not move."

4

There are two daughters in this family. The first one received a scholarship to study abroad and married and lives there. The other daughter, Sirdarat Sirikulwanit, or Kwang, was in the final years of secondary school in 2010. When her father was shot on 10 April, she was on a school outing in northern Thailand. For four days before she went on the trip, she felt odd. When Anan was preparing to leave to go to the demonstrations, she unexpectedly ran to hug him and told him to be careful. Anan answered her: I will be fine, because I am clever.

"Before he went out, he explained to Kwang that he went to call for democracy, not only for her, but also for the Thai people, so that the children and grandchildren of the nation would not have to be tools of the elite. He went out

to secure complete democracy and progress for the country. This is what he said, I remember," Eed explained.

When she learned the news from her mother that her father had been shot, Kwang sobbed. But she thought that he had been shot in the leg, or the arm, and that he would be okay.

"At that time, I did not return immediately. I still went to Mae Sai market with my friends. My mother had asked me to buy her a hat, and so I called her to ask what color she wanted. I had found a black coat in the style that my father had once said that he wanted, so I was going to buy it to give to him. When I called, my mother cried and said there was no need to buy it. She said that the doctor said that my father would be paralyzed and disabled for his whole life. He would not be able to do anything, she said. I was shocked, and quickly returned to Bangkok."

"When I returned to Bangkok, I went to the hospital and saw my father lying there. A machine was helping him breathe. I woke him up, and said I am here, Dad. He nodded in assent. He was no longer able to move at all," her voice quavered. "He could no longer speak."

"When he was still laying in the hospital bed, I asked him, 'Dad, you don't regret going to the demonstration, right?' He nodded. I felt happy that he had truly decided, and could accept what had happened. He did not regret the things that he had done. This made me respect his decision."

Anan remained in the hospital until he died on 15 May 2010.

5

Anan's family is one of many that were satisfied with the policies of the Thai Rak Thai Party and appreciated Thaksin Shinawatra.

"I am one of the poor who benefitted from the Thaksin government, such as the 30-baht health goldcard. My mother's eyes are not good. She has cataracts. If there was no goldcard, a vast number of poor people would go

blind. No government has done anything before. In the past, political parties would just give out money during the campaign. But once they entered power, they never came to say thanks. When they came campaigning, they would raise their hands in a wai. Politicians must come and explain in detail what they plan to do and say whether or not they will really do it. Thaksin campaigned on Sanam Luang and we had an opportunity to talk about his proposed policies. I asked him whether or not he thought he could do it. Thaksin said he could do it. Okay, I said, then my family will vote for you. If you implement the policies you have advertised, then I will be satisfied. The people chose him. That's all it was -- it was a simple matter. We could relate to him. The people could relate to him."

Even so, Eed maintained that the struggle of the people who came out to challenge what they called "elitocracy" had long surpassed being about one politician.

"Thaksin is already gone. All they want is someone they choose. They want someone who can run the country, someone who can make the country progress, someone that the world community can accept, someone under whom the people at the grassroots level can survive, someone who will provide social benefits for the people in the provinces. All we are asking for is to have a full democracy and an end to double standards. Every day, we can clearly see the double standards and it is unjust. If one had to act the same way whether one was a yellow shirt or a red shirt that would equal justice. When the yellow shirts can do whatever they want without being wrong and whatever the red shirts do is wrong, there is no justice. Where is democracy? The majority of the people do not accept this government and yet the government still remains in power. A large number of the people die, and still they will not stop. All of the losses were borne by the people."

"There was a big difference between their words and actions. They said that they would not use weapons and that they were unarmed. Every day that my husband is dead it is

because he was a hit by a real bullet when he went to call for democracy. He didn't do it for Thaksin. He did it for our children and grandchildren." Eed began to tremble but her voice remained steady.

6

After Anan's death, Eed became the pillar of the family by default. The daughter of peddlers, she had always worked relentlessly, but now she worked to sell even more. She woke up at dawn to go pick up snacks to sell in front of one school, as she had done for 11 years. Her daily profit was a little more than 100 baht. Then, she went to sell drinks at a coffee cart until after 9 pm and earned another 200 baht. All of it went to pay for the monthly rent of 2000 baht, water, electricity, Kwang's school fees, and the other miscellaneous costs of daily life. This did not include the fees for special tutoring for Kwang. After Anan died, Kwang announced that she would stop attending cram school after the regular school day. She felt compassion for her mother who struggled to find money for their survival.

The loss of one's husband -- one's love -- is horrendous. But after this loss, Eed still had to face color politics. A newspaper ran a story about her husband's death, and then a group of teachers at the school decided to boycott her stall. They did not want to buy snacks from a "red shirt vendor."

But she still fights on and gives support to the ongoing struggle. Eed continues her life on her own. This year [2011], she is alone, because Kwang received an exchange scholarship to go study in the United States.

"We are only ordinary people of this earth. We live from hand to mouth. I may not have very much time to go to political protests. But no one can change my mind. In the end, the things that are in my head cannot be banned," Eed concluded.

The information is drawn from interviews with Anan Sirikulwanit's family at the funeral in May 2010.

Yutthana Thongcharoenphunporn

Name	Yutthana Thongcharoenphunporn (ยุทธนา ทองเจริญพูลพร)
Date of Birth	6 January 1987
Age	23
Place of Birth	Muang district, Ratchaburi province
Family Status	Engaged
Education	Bachelor of Science degree candidate, Electrical Engineering, Mahanakorn University of Technology
Cause of Death	Bullets shot into his head from a high-powered rifle caused brain damage (Institute of Forensic Medicine)
Place of Death	In front of Satriwithaya School
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 8 pm

1

If that tragedy had not happened, if that day had not come, by now a new electrical engineering graduate would have walked out through the gates of Mahanakorn University of Technology. Perhaps he would have found work as a systems engineer for a company, or perhaps he would have been on the path to further study in order to increase his future opportunities.

Yutthana Thongcharoenphunporn, or Toey, was 23 years old. He was from Ratchaburi province. Mai Khunarong, his girlfriend since he was 18 years old, was also from Ratchaburi. After nearly six years of being in love, the couple was making plans to get married after Toey received his diploma.

"Shortly before Toey died, he had gone to register to graduate. He was going to receive his diploma in May [2010]. Then after that we were going to get married." Mai spoke about the original plans for her life. These are plans that will now never come to fruition.

Those in Toey's family liked Police Lieutenant Colonel

Thaksin Shinawatra, the former prime minister. Toey himself was impressed by him as well. When the red shirts came out to demonstrate, Toey supported them. He did so because the majority of the red shirts liked the same politicians that he did.

Mai spoke about her feelings for the man she had loved. She said, "He simply liked Thaksin. He went to join the rallies just like other ordinary teenagers. He liked Thaksin because he came from a family of merchants. All it really was, eh, is that Thaksin and his family were good merchants."

The simplest way for people in the provinces to follow and become involved in politics tended to be the local red shirt cable channel. This is how Toey kept abreast of the political movement from Ratchaburi. Then, when he came to study in Bangkok, he had the opportunity to be exposed to the demonstrations in person. He often went to chat and hang out in the tent belonging to the red shirts from Ratchaburi.

From the beginning of the demonstrations in March 2010, Mai and Toey often stopped by the protests on their way to the university. Typically, they left home early on Sunday morning. They arrived at the protest by late morning and would stay until around 6 pm. Then they would leave and go to the university to prepare for classes on Monday morning.

A compact sky-blue Fino motorbike was the vehicle that ferried Toey and Mai, the pair of lovers, between Ratchaburi and Bangkok. "If we only had one day of classes, then we would go in the morning and come back to Ratchaburi in the evening. But if we had multiple days of classes, we would stay in Bangkok at the university dormitory. Toey and I were never apart," Mai said.

If Toey went to the demonstrations on any given day, then Mai went also. Wherever one of the two went, the other went as well.

... Except on the day of 10 April 2010.

2

On that day, the red shirt cable station reported that the atmosphere at the demonstrations was tense. The demonstrators and the soldiers were close to clashing with one another. Upon hearing this news, Toey prepared to head towards Phan Fa Bridge. He did not heed Mai's voice of opposition.

"He said, 'Eh, it's no big deal. I will go to help, in case anything happens,'" Mai said as she recalled the day Toey was killed.

Around 1 pm, Toey left his house in Ratchaburi on the Fino motorbike. Around 4 pm, he called Mai. He told her he would return and pick her up at her house in Photharam district later. Then they could go to his house in Muang district together.

But by the time dusk arrived, Toey had not yet come to pick up Mai. Mai's mobile phone battery had died, but she did not realize it until close to 7 pm, when her mother said that Toey called their home phone. His voice quavering, he told Mai's mother to tell her to call him back. Mai called Toey back many times, but no one picked up on the other end. This went on until almost 9 pm, when one of Toey's older relatives stopped by to see her. He told her not to worry and that Toey had stopped by another relative's house. But this kind of silence was unusual. In all of their time together as a couple, Toey had never fallen out of contact with Mai. In the end, they had to tell Mai the truth.

The next morning, Mai and Toey's family went to pick up his corpse at the Police General Hospital. Then they took his body home to Ratchaburi to be cremated.

3

Toey was shot at approximately 8 pm. He was taken to the hospital by his friends in the Ratchaburi tent. They also collected his belongings, and his motorbike, and watched over his body at the hospital.

On the day that the corpse was meditated over at Wat

Hua Lamphong, an older woman, about 60, attended the funeral. She told Mai that she was with Toey in front of Satriwithaya School on the night he was killed.

"The aunty told me that actually, Toey had already run to escape the fighting. But then she fell down, and he returned to help her. That is when he was shot. The aunty said that she saw the whole thing. Toey was shot and then he fell down. Then someone pulled the aunty away from the area. She said that she really yelled and screamed. She yelled that she saw what happened, she saw it, this man came to help her, and instead he was hit instead of her," Mai said.

The autopsy report noted that Toey's death resulted from brain damage due to injuries sustained to the head caused by bullets from a high-powered rifle. In addition, one policeman told the family that Toey was likely hit by a sniper from the second floor of Satriwithaya School. But this was only hearsay, an off-the-cuff statement. This was not proven clearly. All the government will say officially is that on that day, it was red shirts shooting each other.

His death devastated his older aunts and uncles. They had taken care of him since he was small and loved him as if he were their own child. Toey was an only child who lived alone with his disabled father. He never met his mother.

At present, Toey's house in Ratchaburi is closed-up and deserted. Six months before Toey was killed, his father died. The death of the only child quickly followed the death of his father. After Toey's death, Mai decided to move back in with her mother. She was unable to stand the vast empty silence of the old house. All that remains in the house are memories of the past smiles, hopes, and dreams of one couple.

"Even though he is gone, he will remain in my memory forever..." One of Toey's friends wrote this on his Hi5 [social media platform] page on 16 April 2011.

The information is drawn from an interview with Mai Khunarong in February 2011.

Thotsachai Mekngamfa

Name	Thotsachai Mekngamfa (ทศชัย เมฆงามฟ้า)
Date of Birth	17 September 1966
Age	44
Place of Birth	Yommarat neighborhood, Suan Chitrlada area, Dusit, Bangkok
Family Status	Divorced, Two children
Education	Technical college
Occupation	Office worker
Cause of Death	A bullet wound in the chest perforated his heart (death certificate)
Place of Death	In front of Satriwithaya School on Dinso Road
Time of Death	10 April 2010, 8 pm

1

"I grieve deeply for the death of Thotsachai. He died from the actions of a cold-blooded state that was able to kill unarmed civilians. May his spirit go to heaven."

– from Sunanta Preechawet's eulogy about her younger brother

Sunanta, or Oah, gave an account of her younger brother's life. They are native Bangkokians and their father was a civil servant. Thotsachai was the youngest of five children. The other siblings were deceased and only Sunanta and her youngest brother were left. The pair lived together in the family house in Yommarat that they inherited when their parents died.

"Our parents taught us that whether or not you have food to eat, you cannot abandon your relatives. This is our family policy. What this means is that this house is a collective one. If you have nowhere else to go, then you can come back and live here. Everyone helps buy necessities: rice, shrimp paste, fish sauce. If someone in the family has nowhere else to go, he can come here."

Thotsachai's first wife passed away and he married for a second time. The couple had two children together: Thotsaphon, age 19, and Thotsathep, age 11. But Thotsachai and his second wife did not remain together. After they broke up, Thotsachai raised their sons.

After Thotsachai finished studying at a technical college, he lettered advertisement signs, screened shirts, and worked for a company that produced remote-control toy trucks for children. Thotsachai was persuaded to work for the parent company in the same network and he worked there for more than 20 years. Thotsachai's final position was as a delivery truck driver for the company.

Thotsachai knew the people who were in charge, but he never used those connections to improve his work position.

"Oah was considerate of other people. He liked to help people, do things for this or that person. He was a very good-natured person. He liked to read cartoon serials, like *Khai Hua Roh* [Silly Laughs] and *Maha Sanuk* [Great Fun]. I still have them."

Thotsachai was beloved by his coworkers. This was apparent from the overwhelming number of friends who came to the merit-making ceremony fifty days after his death.

In terms of political news, Sunanta explained that in the beginning, the family watched free-to-air news and read mainstream newspapers. Then in early 2010, Thotsachai suggested they attach a C-Band 53 satellite dish.

"We had attached the dish only recently. We watched the red shirt speeches. When Nattawut spoke, we all laughed, until we were almost on the floor. It helped us de-stress," Sunanta said.

As far as ASTV, Sunanta said, "We never watched it. Ever since the moment that they seized the airport, we disapproved of them."

Sunanta referred to the time before the members of the family watched red shirt television and before they joined the protests, as the period in which "the message had not

reached us yet."

Then, once the family attached the satellite dish at the beginning of 2010, they began to watch the speeches broadcast on the People's Channel. In March 2010, Thotsachai and others in the family started to attend the big red shirt protests. They went to Phan Fa Lilat Bridge and when the red shirts expanded the protests to the Ratchaprasong Intersection on 3 April 2010, they went there.

However, even when "the message had not reached [them] yet," although no one was a member of the party, this family always picked Thai Rak Thai. Sunanta said they chose them because the policies and the ideas of the party were in line with the needs of people at the grassroots of society. They were suspicious about why MPs had to change parties. Then, after studying the political situation, they understood why. They understood how MPs returned to join the original party again, and most importantly, they understood what caused parties to be dissolved.

As for Thotsachai himself, he was different from everyone else in the house. Another relative who joined the protests on 10 April commented that Thotsachai had long followed politics. Ever since May 1992, he had joined in the people's protests. After the 2006 coup, the pair went to Sanam Luang nearly every time a protest was held. They went even before the United Front for Democracy Against Dictatorship (UDD) officially existed and there was only the "Saturday Group Against Dictatorship" and other small-scale groups who gathered and made speeches against the coup at Sanam Luang.

2

"We had to put Oah's son to sleep before we went to the protests. Oah, my husband, and I went to protest together. Once the protest was located in two places, we joined during the day. In the evening, we returned home to make dinner for the children. Then, we went back to protest during the night also. We returned home at 2 or 3

am. We went as a group of three people. Oah drove the car. He always parked the car in a place where we could escape if we needed to do so. Oah said, 'Okay, look around first.' We looked to see how we would get back to the car. He made a plan. Oah was a person who always had a plan."

After 7 April 2010, a state of emergency was declared. The Center for the Resolution of the Emergency Situation, or CRES, was created and they attempted to cut the satellite signal of the People's Channel.

Then, on 10 April 2010, the government sent forces to disperse the protests at Phan Fa Lilat bridge. This was the day that Thotsachai was separated from his family without any possibility of return. That day, Thotsachai got off work at 2 pm. When he left, he told his coworkers goodbye and said he was "going home to pour water for Songkran." After work, he went to the demonstrations at Ratchaprasong in order to buy a t-shirt for his sister.

"He said that he was going to Ratchaprasong first, to buy a t-shirt to bring back for me."

But, Sunanta continued, 10 April was when the trouble started. That day, they were not going to go to the protests and were instead going to watch the speeches on the People's Channel. But the situation compelled them to do otherwise.

"We sat and watched TV. We thought, today, we won't go. We watched for a little while. Then the signal failed again. And then the screen went black."

Sunanta and her husband left the house and went to sit and chat on a bench outside their house, along Sawankhalok Road. Just then, pick-up trucks of red shirts drove past, exhorting them to, "Come quickly! Phan Fa is being taken."

Sunanta and her husband both went to join the protests at Phan Fa Bridge. They went via Nang Lerng Bridge, and around the 111 Foundation building on Nakorn Sawan Road. They stayed until 4 or 5 pm. When they were hit with tear gas, they left and went home.

There was another important reason, Sunanta

explained, that meant they needed to go home first. "Eh, we had to come home to make dinner at home, then we would go back. Once night fell, we would go back."

At that time, Thotsachai was likely at the protests already. Sunanta told her younger brother not to go, to wait. But Thotsachai told his older sister to come later and they would meet at the protests. Sunanta told him to keep his mobile phone on so that they could reach each other.

"I said, 'Don't forget. Keep your phone on, I will call you.'" This turned out to be the final admonition from the older sister to her younger brother.

Thotsachai went to the protests with his relative who shared the same political views. This relative wrote a report of what happened and submitted it as testimony to the police after the incident. The testimony noted that a little after 4 pm, they received the news that the soldiers were going to disperse the protestors at Phan Fa. A little after 5 pm, the pair hired a motorcycle to come to Jor Por Ror Intersection. By then, the fighting had ended there and so they went to join the demonstrators at Phan Fa.

By a little after 7 pm, there was continuous helicopter traffic overhead, inspecting the demonstration area. From the stage, there was an announcement notifying the demonstrators that the soldiers were moving towards Kok Wua Intersection and Dinso Road. The pair joined with a large group of protesters who were racing to Kok Wua Intersection. They saw fully-armed soldiers in the area of Khao San Road and Tanao Road. Then, after a short time, they heard intermittent loud gunfire. So they retreated into a traffic island in the center of Ratchadamnoen Klang Road. He also noted that when they looked up to the top floors of the Lottery Office Building 2 (at Kok Wua Intersection), there were figures who appeared to be soldiers holding sniper rifles on the third floor.

From there, the two walked to the Democracy Monument. They saw armored personnel carriers and tanks from the Queen's Guard stationed in front of the gate to

Satriwithaya School on the corner of Dinso Road. The demonstrators yelled and asked the soldiers which unit they were from. The soldiers responded that they were from the Second Regiment in Prachinburi. By now, it was slightly after 8 pm. The protestors who were adjacent to the soldiers yelled that, "The soldiers are actually carrying real guns." A moment later, Thotsachai and the relative heard the loud sound of guns coming from Kok Wua Intersection again. There were continuous rounds of gunfire. There was a continuous rhythm of shooting. After that, some of the protestors ran away from Kok Wua Intersection, screaming that the soldiers had shot and killed people already. When they heard that news, the demonstrators in front of Satriwithaya School began fighting with the soldiers who were stationed there with tanks and armored personnel carriers. There was a scuffle between the demonstrators and the soldiers. On the terrace at the southern end of the school, the soldiers fired on the protestors who were below. The helicopter descended and continuously released tear gas for five minutes. The protestors retreated. The soldiers withdrew to the area of Wan Chat Bridge. As the soldiers withdrew, they continuously fired at the protestors, Thotsachai's relative said.

Thotsachai ran to the front with the other protestors. They had not gone more than 10 meters. During that time the relative saw Thotsachai fall over. His head was pointed towards Satriwithaya School and his feet were pointed towards Wan Chat Bridge. At that time, he was still alive. A crowd of protestors came to help pump his heart. When they opened his shirt, they saw the hole where the bullet had entered the left side of his chest. The medic unit took Thotsachai to the General Hospital.

3

Sunanta was still at home that evening when Thotsachai was shot. She turned on the television and flipped to Channel 11, the NBT (National Broadcasting Services of

Thailand) channel.

"We turned on the television and saw people running. There was a list of names and my younger brother's name was included in the list of those sent to the General Hospital."

When she saw his name, Sunanta raced to the General Hospital to check to see whether or not it was her younger brother. Since Sunanta uses her husband's surname, rather than the one she shares with Thotsachai, the doctor would not allow her to see him. She had to bring Thotsathep, Thotsachai's son, to confirm that the body was really Thotsachai.

"That was even more difficult. The doctor said that Thotsathep was too young and would not let him see the body."

However, there was an MP from Samut Prakan province who came to visit the wounded people that evening. Sunanta asked the MP to find out for her if Thotsachai was one of the people killed in the incident.

The autopsy report said that Thotsachai died at Kok Wua Intersection, even though a friend of his maintains that he died on Dinso Road. The autopsy report notes that the cause of death was a bullet wound from a high-powered rifle. The bullet entered his chest and perforated his heart.

After Thotsachai's death, the burden of responsibility on the Mekngamfa family grew. Before he died, Thotsachai was the one who paid his sons' school fees and gave them money for snacks. He also gave his sister 1000 baht every month to contribute to the cost of food at home. Since Sunanta is a housewife, the family's income now solely came from her daughter and her husband. Sunanta has taken on the responsibility of raising Thotsachai's sons.

Although the family has received financial assistance in the amount of 400,000 baht from the Ministry for Social Development and Human Security, Sunanta said that they have not dared to use it yet. There may be another need for the money in the future. Additionally, she is going to ask for

scholarships from Thai Com for Thotsachai's sons.

The loss of her younger brother has not caused Sunanta to be afraid of joining political struggles or to become despondent about them. Her original perspective remains intact.

"All of it has entered my heart. What they did to him was far too much. He went to protest. Why did they have to kill him? He demanded his rights. He asked for the return of democracy. He asked for the dissolution of Parliament and an election. In a contest, they [Abhisit Vejjajiva and the Democrat Party] would be at a disadvantage."

"I read the newspaper. I look at the news and the headlines. It is as though the people have no rights and liberties. The way in which the news is presented is as if it is meant to be indoctrination, some of what is in the news is not real. What I see and experience myself and what I see in the news are not the same."

Sunanta said that when she turns on the television and sees CRES announcements, people inside the house persuade her to turn it off and come sit and chat outside. Or if there is a film of any sort, Sunanta will turn to that channel.

"My feeling is that it is unjust. Arrest warrants have been issued for many unarmed people who demonstrated. The soldiers were indoctrinated. It is a shame that the budget has been used to buy them weapons."

"Ask this of the government for me, would you? Have they offered the red shirts a word of apology? I have not heard one. Thotsachai's father was a soldier. Two of Thotsachai's older brothers are soldiers, and their younger brother was shot by soldiers. Thotsaphon, his son, should we allow him to be a solider? At first, we thought we would. But now, probably not." This is a big question coming from a military family.

The information is drawn from an interview with Thotsachai Mekngamfa's family during the merit-making ceremony held fifty days after his death.

Wasant Phuthong

Name	Wasant Phuthong (วสันต์ ภู่ทอง)
Date of Birth	5 March 1971
Age	39
Place of Birth	Samut Prakan city, Samut Prakan province
Family Status	Separated from his wife Father of two sons: Sonthaya Phuthong [age 17 in 2010] and Sorawat Phuthong [age 15 in 2010]
Education	Grade 12
Occupation	Tailor, Saen Charoen Uniform Company
Cause of Death	His brain was lacerated by a bullet that entered his head from behind and exited in the front
Place of Death	Dinso Road
Time of Death	10 April 2010, 8-8:30 pm

1

One clip stood out among all of the video clips of violence that were distributed over and over again after the dispersal of protests at Phan Fa and Ratchadamnoen on 10 April 2010. This clip was shown repeatedly. This was the recording of the killing of Wasant Phuthong by a bullet of unknown origin. The Center for the Resolution of the Emergency Situation (CRES) used the clip to say that the bullet came from the red shirt side and the red shirts drew on the same clip to say that the bullet came from the government side.

In the clip, the light is dim and hazy. A man is standing and waving a flag in the center of a group of people who are scattering. The man falls. It is perhaps in that second that his life is extinguished, although the image does not have enough detail to be definitive. What the image clearly shows

is the brutality and horror of the situation.

The truth of that incident has yet to unfold. After a year, his corpse was still being held, awaiting an answer. As for the video clip, although it was distributed widely on many websites, shortly after the incident, it could no longer be found online.

2

"Before he died, he called to say that it was over. The attack was over. I went to sleep at 8 pm. But then I heard a voice on the radio say that there were people who died, and I heard the name 'Wasant Phuthong.' I was floored. I rushed to take my heart medication and to wake up his oldest son who was keeping me company since everyone else had gone to the protests." Wasant's 74-year-old mother spoke about what happened on the day her son died.

On 10 April 2010, Wasant Phuthong left the house along with other members of the family to protest. Their mother was the only one who wanted to listen to the news from home. As with every other time, before going to join the protests, everyone came to ask her for a blessing. But this time, the composition of the family that returned was different from the one that had left home that morning.

Before leaving the house, Wasant told his mother that from now on, she should wear a red shirt every day. If we do not succeed, he said, we will not return home, we are prepared to stay overnight at the demonstrations. For Songkran [Buddhist New Year, 13-15 April], he told his mother to pour water at Ratchaprasong Intersection, not at Wat Thamru as usual. Ratchaprasong would be better. The entire family will go to celebrate there … This was his special request to his mother [before leaving the house to protest]. His words were a portent of what was to come.

Klin Thienyim, who is married to Ploen, Wasant's older sister and the second oldest in the family, also joined the protests and said that they arrived at Ratchaprasong at 6 pm. When they heard that the Phan Fa stage asked for 1,000

people as reinforcements, they piled into pick-up trucks with other protestors and went towards Phan Fa, accompanied by a parade of motorcycles.

Namthip Puangthuam, the youngest daughter of the family, who grew up with Wasant and was the closest to him, said that it felt like tear gas had already been used when they arrived at Phan Fa. There was information circulating that the soldiers were lining up. But she still did not think that there would be violence. They sat and ate noodles close to the stage. They were given cloths to cover their noses and mouths.

After eating the noodles, they went to sit in front of the stage in the FM 101 [red shirt radio station] tent. When the people on stage called for 2,000 men to go provide backup at Kok Wua, the group divided. The women waited in the tent and the men went to Kok Wua.

Namthip and Ploen Thienyim added that a lot of tear gas was being thrown down by helicopters in the area near the stage. Many people suffered, including children, the elderly, and tourists who walked by the area. Some of those affected did not know anything about the situation and had nothing with which to protect themselves. The two of them, and another older woman, therefore protected themselves and also assisted other people in the area.

"I went, I had no idea where Satriwithaya was located, but when we arrived at the Democracy Monument, we were hit with tear gas. It fell from helicopters like rain," Klin described the experience of the men a little after 7 pm. Even though they answered a call to act as backup at Kok Wua, Klin and Wasant only made it to the Democracy Monument.

Klin and Wasant walked with a male teenager. But once they encountered harsher tear gas near the monument, Klin felt like he could not breathe. He turned around and went back to the stage area. He retraced his steps and rushed to return because he thought that there was going to be a dispersal in front of the stage and he was worried about the women. Wasant walked on his own to the area of Satriwithaya

where there were soldiers stationed. This was the last time that Klin saw his younger-brother-in-law alive.

Slightly after 7 pm, when the sky was already dark, Klin walked separately back to the tent and heard what sounded like repeated gunshots. Before that, some protestors were setting off firecrackers, and he thought the sound was simply that of a firecracker.

When Klin arrived at the tent, another shower of tear gas came down. By luck, he found the women amidst the confusion and chaos.

Namthip's mobile phone recorded 7:55 pm as the time of Wasant's call. But she did not answer. By the time the fighting subsided and she called her brother back, it was 8:30 pm. But ... no one answered.

A few minutes later, the family was congregated in front of the stage when there was an announcement that a person from Samut Prakan named "Wasant" had died. Namthip did not think it was her brother, because many people from Samut Prakan were part of the demonstrations. But when the family name, "Phuthong," was announced, Wasant's older sister immediately walked up to the stage. His body had already been carried to the area behind the stage.

No one dared call their mother to tell her the news. They were scared that it would aggravate her heart disease. But she was strong. The figure in crisis shifted. Wasant's son, who usually was strong, suddenly could not breathe when he learned his father was dead.

"We were only apart from him for half an hour," Namthip said.

After Klin went to go look at the body behind the stage, he was full of rage. Why did soldiers have weapons of war to shoot unarmed people? Their actions demonstrated that soldiers now lacked any honor.

From accounts of those present before Wasant died, Klin added that there had been fighting between the red shirts and soldiers and red shirts had been shot. A procession of military vehicles arrived at the Democracy Monument. If

they turned left, they would have encountered a large throng of protestors. But because they were hit with a weapon they believed to be an M79, the soldiers retreated. What can be seen in the clip is that the first time that the soldiers see smoke from a blast, they retreat. If it had been an M79, it would have been unlikely for the soldiers to have survived. After that, the red shirts advanced upon the soldiers from the left and the right. In the clip, Wasant could be seen carrying a flag in the group that went to the front.

Klin said that Wasant died in front of Satriwithaya School, at the fifth line of the zebra crossing. People who were in the area when he died confirmed this identification.

In addition to the bullet in his skull, Namthip added that Wasant was also shot in the leg. A bullet pierced through his leg on one side, and then was lodged deep into his other leg. The family surmised that when he leaned over to grab his leg upon being shot, he was then shot in the head and collapsed. Therefore, they do not know if he was shot by someone from above or someone at the same level.

From the medical analysis, the doctors surmised that Wasant's death was caused by a high-speed bullet that entered his brain. But they did not specify what kind of bullet hit his leg.

"His older brother said that there were weapons of war. They were shooting from planes," Wasant's mother shared the opinion of another son who used to be a naval soldier. He made this comment when he saw the condition of his brother's corpse and examined pictures of the event. He also said that the bullets used to shoot people were not in regular circulation. They were for soldiers only. This solidified the family's belief that Wasant's death was the work of soldiers.

"I know that the journalists know, the people know. Everyone knows that the soldiers shot the people. If the protests lasted a year, and soldiers were at home, were on the base, no one would have died," Klin said .

"We love the soldiers, because our brother used to

be a soldier. But this incident caused our feelings to sour," Namthip added.

3

Wasant's family joined the protests from the beginning after the coup in 2006, when the UDD still used the name DAAD, or Democratic Alliance Against Dictatorship. The family joined because the government had come to power by unjust means. One privileged group of people in the country could do whatever they wanted.

"When there was a protest, we all went. We were frustrated and tense and without any way to express our frustration. Wherever a speech was being made, we would all go. It was a way to let out the frustration," Klin commented.

"We went to demand rights, that's it, we went to call for democracy. I did not think it would be like this. If I had, I certainly would not have allowed my children to go," their elderly mother added.

In 2009, Namthip, Wasant, and Worn, another older brother, secretly went to the protests because they were afraid that the family would worry about them. After they went to the protest at the Samut Prakan provincial building, there was a call for those who wanted to go to demonstrate at Government House. They jumped into someone's car without thinking twice. They returned and told their mother that real weapons had been used. Wasant showed her a wound on his stomach that likely came from being grazed by a bullet while they walked on a small lane in the area of Jor Por Ror Intersection during the clashes.

During the 2010 demonstrations, since the house was not too far from the demonstrations, at first members of the family went back and forth between the protests and the house.

"Because we were close, we could quickly return to recharge. Some went by vehicle on their own. Sometimes there was a car with a red flag that drove by. If we saw it, we would hail it and all go together," Wasant's brother-in-law

said.

In addition to joining the protests nearly every day, the family assisted the protests in other ways. For example, one sister who worked for the city administration invited her friends to go after work to operate a free haircutting service in the area close to Phan Fa. Wasant's mother, who could not go to the protests, stayed at home and provided provisions. She prepared food and snacks to give her children to take to the protests to distribute among the red shirts.

Even after they lost Wasant on 10 April, the members of his family still went to join the demonstrations at Ratchaprasong on a daily basis. They started by going to sit behind the stage as relatives of one of those who had died. Then, Namthip and Wasant's older siblings went to help with registering donations. His mother continued to perform the duty of providing provisions with the help of her children and grandchildren. Her "Wasant khao tom [Wasant soupy rice]" became well-known among the demonstrators. Her children and grandchildren distributed 400-600 packets of it at a time to the demonstrators at various tents.

"There were people who told us not to go. Why are you continuing to go? How are you not afraid? But we said, why be afraid? Our younger brother is already dead. We are beyond fear already. Afterwards, there were people who said that we went to continue to struggle for Thaksin. We said no, it's not that. What was for Thaksin has long since been gone," Ploen said.

"It was not about Thaksin at all. It was about asking for democracy and asking for an election. Can we have that? In other words, in the language of the people: I want to choose, myself. That's it, it's simple. We really cannot [choose]?"

Namthip continued with feeling, "They took what was ours – the people that we chose. And we have no right to do anything about it at all?"

Klin put forth the opinion that Thaksin was Thailand's first prototype of a democratic leader. People saw him as a good person and someone they could trust. From his sense

of government and politicians, Klin saw Thaksin as someone who acted for the people. He was willing to do things that were risky, such as the suppression of drugs, the suppression of influence, and the suppression of the illegal lottery. Even the 30-baht health policy and the policy of giving capital to the people were risky programs. These were things in which old-style politicians were uninterested.

"In other words, he was a prototype of a democrat who included the grassroots. We do not claim that Thaksin is the best in the world, but he was the best that this country has seen."

"He was willing to do for the people. And the people were willing to do something for him. How is that wrong?" Klin asked.

Before this, the family voted for the Democrat Party. They wanted to elect the opposite party from that of the reigning MP, who controlled everything in the area.. During his campaign, this MP had promised the people that he would build an asphalt road, but never did it. The reason the family changed parties because the Thai Rak Thai MP was a person that the people could access, and a person who satisfied the people with the results of his work.

4

Klin said that once the Village Fund was established in 2001, the family took their first steps into local politics. Klin was already a community leader and the village chose him to be the chair of the Village Fund. His younger siblings were chosen by the villagers to fulfill duties in various positions. Their participation in the meetings made them aware of what development the villagers needed and what kind of budget would be needed. After that, Thai Rak Thai's program of supporting Small-Medium-Large business development began.

Before this, no one in the family was interested in politics. They were ordinary workers. But then Klin decided to enter the election race for village head in 2005 and his

younger siblings helped with campaigning. But he did not have money to buy votes and was not elected. In 2007, Klin entered the race to become a member of the Tambon [sub-district] Administrative Organization (TAO), and made it.

During the first round of elections for the TAO, Klin did not think he would enter. He thought that even if he was not an elected member of the TAO, he would be able to assist the people. During that time, he was part of the work team of "MP Joe," or Prasert Chaikijdennapalai, the TRT member of parliament for Samut Prakan. Klin said that from the time that the TRT Party was established, all local politicians worked with the MP in the area, no matter if they were from different parties.

But Klin did run for election to the TAO during the second round of elections. He ran as a pair with another candidate who had formerly been an assistant village head and was expected to win. They were successful.

After Klin sprang wholeheartedly into politics at the local level, his siblings became an energetic work team. The family's house became a center for receiving complaints of different sorts and a place where people in the area could meet and consult one another.

5

Throughout his life, Wasant was never separated from his family. He and his wife divorced when their younger child was two years old. His younger son went to go live with his mother and the older son stayed with him. Wasant remained unmarried. He supported his son by working as a tailor in a uniform shop owned by Ploen and Klin, where Namthip, their younger sister, also worked. For almost twenty years, they lived and worked together twenty-four hours a day.

"Being without Wasant also means that we are missing an important person in the shop. He was all of these things: younger brother, employee, and an incomparably talented craftsperson," Klin said.

"We still miss him now. We worked together for a long time. Wherever we turned around, we would see him. We

were together all day and night. After 9 or 10 pm, we would separate and go to sleep. We would then wake up in the morning and meet again. It's hard to adjust." Namthip, who was very close to Wasant, described her feelings.

The death of Wasant caused everyone to lose all enthusiasm in their work. During that time, the store had to close down for a month and orders went unfinished. They were fined because the products were not sent in time according to schedule. But as time passed, the family's state of mind improved. Even though Wasant's mother cannot stop her tears from falling when she thinks about her son, everyone still has to go on with life. They wait in the hope that one day the truth will be made manifest.

"Absolutely. We will wait. Ten years is not too long. We can wait." Klin's voice did not waver.

The information is drawn from an interview with the Phuthong family at their home in Samut Prakan in October 2010.

Amphon Thitiyarat

Name	Amphon Thitiyarat (อำพน ตติยรัตน์)
Date of Birth	12 February 1984
Age	25
Place of Birth	Bangkok
Family Status	Unmarried Oldest son of Suradit and Nang Thitiyarat
Education	Completing the final semester of a Bachelor of Arts degree in the Faculty of Law at Sripathum University
Occupation	Vendor
Cause of Death	A bullet entered his skull from behind and exited in the front and lacerated his brain (Erawan Center)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, after 7 pm

1

A wooden house many decades old stands on Ratchaprarop Soi 8. The house looks austere, like an elderly man who has passed through many seasons of changes. A large bougainvillea is planted in front of the house. The bright red of the flowers contrasts with the dull, melancholic color of the house and brightens the atmosphere slightly. The area in front of the house has been made into a food shop. The shop is the primary source of income for the family, and on days when most of the family is not around, the customers who come to buy things stop to greet and chat with the owners. They are the friends who relieve Amphon's parents' loneliness and help them tolerate the passage of desolate time.

Suradit and Nang, the father and mother of Amphon Thitiyarat, or Ood, received us with cordialness and good-

will. They were willing to tell the story of their son, the one who has departed. They began by explaining that the Thitiyarat family is an ordinary middle-class family. They had three children. Ood was the oldest son. His younger sister just graduated and his younger brother is still in school.

Ood attended primary school at Mae Phra Fatima School. He completed his secondary education at Wat Thepsirin School. He chose to then study in the Faculty of Law at Sripathum University on the advice of his father. The score needed for the Faculty of Mass Communication, where he wanted to study, was too high. Ood was someone who was not diligent in memorizing thick books. But by his third year, he had settled into liking the subject of law. He spent longer than usual studying behind the walls of the university, but then he lost his life in his final term before graduation.

In terms of personal character, Ood deeply loved his friends. He had many friends and they were all people who appreciated beauty and who were playful and cheerful.

"He liked looking smart. He liked getting dressed (up). Before he could leave the house, he would put on a shirt and ask everyone whether or not it looked good. The same with the shoes. He would put this pair on, then that pair, and show us. He took very good care of his body. He never drank Coke. He ate only vegetables and fish -- things that were good for him," his mother talked about her son's habits.

According to his mother, Ood was not interested in politics. Like typical middle-class people, the family was focused on making a living. Ood's circle of friends was comprised of all yellow shirts. Therefore, there was nothing strange about the fact that Ood had initially stopped by and joined the demonstrations of the People's Alliance for Democracy while he did not join the red shirt demonstrations until 2010. After the red shirts came to visit the house, Ood then stopped by to wander around the protests. Then he joined the red shirts in their movement for democracy.

"Last year he was disinterested in everything. He did not seem to like anything. He was unmoved. But this year,

the red shirts came to the area when they moved from the Democracy Monument to Ratchaprasong. And they filled (her voice rises) this road. Ood, he passed them when he drove home from school. He came to tell me, 'Mother, Mother, the red shirts are all around our house. I am going to take a bicycle to go see them, Mother.' And he rode his bicycle to go see them. At night, he walked to go listen to the speeches. After that, he came to tell me, 'Mother, I like their ideas. They don't go after anyone. They speak in line with the truth.' He spoke like this in his own words. I told him, 'My child, we can like them, we can help them. But we do not fight. Don't go wade in, my child. We have to look after ourselves.' This is what I said to my children. After that, he went every night to Ratchaprasong. He went to listen on his own."

At night, Ood sold grilled meatballs at the bar of an older friend in the Ratchathewi neighborhood. He had been selling meatballs for many years and business was good. After the red shirts came to Ratchaprasong, Ood added listening to the speeches at Ratchaprasong to his daily routine. He also kept track of the movements of the red shirts that went out to call for democracy in the daytime.

"When he came back from somewhere, he would ask, 'Mother, where did the red shirts go today? [Tell me] Then I will go.' I would answer, 'Oy, I don't know, son. I was selling things.' 'Today I saw that they went here and there. Let me borrow your motorbike, Father.' And then he would take his younger siblings with him. He had a younger sister, a younger brother, and a nephew, the child of my younger sister. There were two motorcycles, and he took them to every event. This is what it was like," his mother said.

Everyone in the family was very close to one another. Ood was very close to the three younger children and they spent a lot of time together. Whatever came up, they would talk together and help solve every problem. They never talked about politics though, perhaps because they were not very interested in political matters.

"Political issues, it was up to them. Whoever a child liked, it was a personal issue. We did not really talk about it. But we voted in every election. We chose Thaksin's party because he truly worked, and he worked quickly. In other words, he was a person with a brain. His policies were good. But I did not like him to the degree that I would struggle for him," Ood's father offered his opinion.

"As for my personal opinion, I like Thaksin because when he was in office, we could work for a living and be free of hardship, and the economy was good. We were not troubled. But we only talked about it among ourselves, with Ood's aunts and uncles. We never indoctrinated the kids. We never said anything to the children. We never spoke about politics together. My son came to know later and asked, 'Aw. You like Thaksin, oh?'" his mother commented.

Ultimately, neither Ood's mother nor father identify as red shirts. When their oldest son started going to the demonstrations regularly, his father tried to forbid him from going out because he was worried. From his own experience from 6 October 1976, he knew that the people in power were serious and would use real guns. In addition, his father still saw politics as a struggle between various sides of power. In the end, the people who go out to join together to make demands have little impact and are unable to achieve anything. But Ood never believed that the soldiers would really shoot in this era.

"We told him not to get involved at all. If they do anything, stay away. Don't get mixed up with them. We are not ministers or anything. They have the power. They are all mixed up together with people like themselves. Us grassroots people, whatever we do is without effect. We are disadvantaged at every door. Whether it is a matter of law, any issue whatsoever. This is what we taught him. But he was stubborn. I did not know what to do ... If he was a child, I could drag him home and smack him. But he was grown up. He had come of age. This was all we could do." Ood's father

let out a deep sigh.

2

Ood's new daily routine was short-lived. Only one week after the UDD set up the stage at Ratchaprasong, he lost the opportunity to participate any further.

"That day, he brought more than 10 kilos of meatballs home and prepared them to sell. I figured he would go to Ratchaprasong in the evening and return late. He went to sleep and woke up again at around 4 pm. Just then, his father turned on the television. Ood walked in front of the house, and said, 'Mother, Mother, is there fighting at Phan Fa?' I said, 'I don't know, son. I have been here selling things, I have not been able to watch television.' He said, 'I will go, now.' I pleaded, 'Don't, don't go. See, they are saying the soldiers are serious. I heard this from someone.' He said, 'Oy, the soldiers will not kill the people, no. I have to go call for democracy.' This is what he said. His father forbade him and said, 'Don't go, son. I have a premonition.' Ood insisted that he would go. His father said further, 'If anything happens to you, no one will be sorrowful. Only we will mourn you.' He said, 'Why would you grieve? I am going to go to call for democracy. The soldiers, they won't do anything. Or if I am going to die, then I will die, and it [injustice] will become well-known.' He spoke half-jokingly like this."

Ood was dressed to leave the house by about 5 pm. He was wearing a Japanese hat that had flaps to cover his ears on the sides and to protect his face from the sun. Of course, after he finished getting dressed, he came to ask his aunts and uncles for their opinions, did he look okay or not? All of the aunts and uncles warned him again that the soldiers were serious this time. But Ood still would not yield. Clutching a red flag, he walked out the door.

"People who knew came to tell us that our son had walked almost to the Ratchaprasong stage, when they announced that, right then, Phan Fa had been bombed, who

would go assist at Phan Fa? Just like that, cars were filled. My son, he leapt into the procession of vehicles. After that, my younger sister (his aunt) called to say that they had already dispersed the protests and were shooting at each other. She asked if Ood had gone. I started calling him. I called and called. He did not answer. He had left his phone in a pair of shorts that he left at home." Ood's mother relayed how worried she was that day.

After that, the same aunt called to tell them that Ood's name was among those listed on the television screen as having died. So they walked to the Ratchaprasong stage in order to inquire. The surname was not yet confirmed. In addition, it was unclear if the Amphon who was killed was age 34 or 43 years old. Everyone in the house was relieved ... it wasn't their Ood.

The same aunt called again and told them that Ood's corpse had been brought onto the stage. After that, Ood's mother and girlfriend went to search for him at Ramathipodi Hospital, but they did not find him. Finally, they found him at the General Hospital.

Ood's mother's voice remained strong as she continued the story. The details of the incident have not dimmed in her heart.

"He was shot in the head. When the bullet entered, he felt very little. It entered and opened here (she used her hand to grasp the back of her skull) and his brain spilled out completely. He was shot at Kok Wua Intersection at around 8 pm. A person who was at the scene said that he and my son ran and made it to an electrical pole together, running from one place of shelter to another. After that, my son walked and he was shot. The person he was with was shot and grazed in the head. He almost died, but did not. But he spent many months recovering."

3

Tong or Rattanasak (last name withheld), age 46 [in 2010], was with Ood on 10 April. He witnessed Ood fall after

being shot not far from him, after 7 pm, at almost 8 pm.

"It was already dusk and so I did not see him clearly. But I knew that he had been shot and had fallen, I knew that people dragged him away. After the incident, I tried to find out who was shot there. I turned around and saw that Ood had fallen. A person yelled that another is down and pulled him out. But we were in front and we could not get out. When we got out in the end, I learned it was younger brother Ood."

Tong is an upper middle-class person. He drives a Mercedes Benz and owns many restaurants. He speaks English well. He has two adorable children. On the evening of 10 April, he ran into what became the front lines of the battle around Kok Wua Intersection out of a sense of fury that had been brewing since earlier in the day. During the afternoon, he saw soldiers set up barriers in the area of the Rama V Equestrian statue. He was so angry that he parked his car and got out to talk to them. He asked, "Why are you carrying guns?" After that, there was shoving between the crowd of protestors and the officials nearby. Tong was hit and his head was injured badly enough that he had to go to the hospital for four stitches.

"I was about to get their hat and shield too," Tong told the story with pride.

After dropping his wife and children off at home, Tong returned to the Ratchadamnoen area in the evening. He was greeted with teargas that was dropped by the helicopters. A red shirt foothold was established at Kok Wua in order to face off with a company of armed soldiers.

"Then I was even more furious. I had just been hit in the afternoon, and to then meet up with the soldiers again like this? I felt as though I could not put up with it. Why did they act like this?"

"It was as though the soldiers were like bees streaming out of a hive. If we were not there, they could have easily come in (to the entire area). I thought that I should be one of those who faced them. When I did so, all the others who confronted them were taxi, samlor [three-wheel motorized vehi-

cles], and hired motorcycle drivers. How could we let them struggle alone?"

"We flocked there. The soldiers were all lined up. But they had not begun fighting yet. When they began, we rushed them. We threw stones, we threw Lipo bottles that were filled with oil and set on fire. The soldiers retreated. The soldiers threw rocks back. It was like this for 20-30 minutes, until it climaxed with people being shot and falling to the ground.

"The shots came from the soldiers. I can say this with certainty. We stood only a small distance from the soldiers. We had to wait and find a place of shelter. There were six-seven people in the very front, they were all taxi brothers. Little brother Amphon was on the right. But I was on the left the entire time. There were only a few people in the very front. Some fell, and others went in to pull them out. Fall, out, fall, out, fall, out. This is what it was like."

"They had soldiers all along Khao San Road, too. Banglampoo as well. We could only push back and prevent them from coming any closer. They kept trying to push inside. We pushed back against them, they retreated. We were fatigued, they came in. The sound of guns boomed. They shot constantly in order to intimidate us. But after, it was as if some of them were shooting straight. We saw people fall down. I truly don't know if they fell down because they were hit by a real bullet or a rubber bullet. But I saw the injuries, I saw the blood. After the shooting, the street looked like a river of spilled brains."

"It was past 7 pm then. The soldiers continued shooting into the sky. Many injured people had already been dragged out. Little brother Amphon was about 20 meters away from me and was carrying a flag or something. Suddenly, without warning, he fell over. Then, from the back, someone said, 'Attack!' I went and attacked. There were about 30 meters between the soldiers and me. I took an iron pipe to hit their shields. At that time, I did not know that Amphon had been hit with a real bullet. But I knew that he had fallen. Someone

yelled, 'People have been shot.' I attacked from the front. But it seemed that no one followed me. I hit the soldiers twice, and made my way through the front line to see what was behind. I saw many soldiers carrying guns. I turned back and quickly ran out. I hunched over as I ran because I knew that they had guns. I ran 4-5 steps before I felt a pain in my head. Blood spurted out. I screamed. I was very dizzy, and I fell. I don't know what I was hit with."

"At that time, everything was blurry. All I know is that someone took me out. A doctor stitched up my wound, but it did not stop the bleeding because a large blood vessel was hit. The doctor stitched up the wound again, but forgot to inject anesthetic. There were about eighteen stitches." Tong talked about the spurting blood and the prick of the needle. He figured that the doctor was an intern.

Tong rested in Vachira Hospital until 3 am and called his wife to come pick him up. But he could not dress the wound at home on his own. The next day, he went to see a doctor at Thonburi Hospital. At first, he told the doctor that he fell in the bathroom, but the doctor did not believe him. When he was called out, he then told the truth and concluded by saying he did not know what had hit him.

"The doctor looked at the wound and offered the opinion that it was likely something that moved at a high-speed. And it was plenty deep, about three centimeters."

He went to the hospital to have the wound cleaned every day. It took two full months until the wound began to close.

After the incident, Tong gave interviews to many media outlets. He attempted to tell the story of what he saw. There were no Thai media outlets among the group who faced the soldiers.

4

Ood's mother took out pictures of her son's body to show us. They were pictures of a young, good-looking man

with the back of his skull open and dirty with matted blood. It was difficult, even for us, who were not related to Ood, to see the photographs. His mother's tears flowed for an hour as she talked about her feelings.

"It is unimaginable that this could be possible. I ... it's like ... I am completely stunned because I did not think, I never dreamt that they would be so brutal."

Ood's father's health is not strong and he still cannot adjust to his son's death. He cannot look at those pictures. And he stays away when his wife brings out the pictures to show guests.

Ood's mother says that his father loved him a lot and that they were very close. When he learned the news of his son's death, he almost fainted. The day of the incident, his father rode in a daze on a motorcycle to go look at his son's corpse. The morning of the next day, there was a procession to bring the coffin to the Democracy Monument. His father fainted and his body went rigid. Ood's mother was afraid that she was going to lose her husband as well.

"My spirits are still not good, I still cannot adjust. If I were 30, I would do what they do in the South for my son, I would get a gun and go after those who shot at us. If it was possible, I would take a bomb and leave it at the Democracy Monument, on the pedestal for the constitution. And leave guns all around there. But I am old. I don't know what I should do (his voice trembles). We are the grassroots. We cannot compete with them. I have only curses for them. May they face retribution, may they face their karma." Ood's father vented his anger. He imagined getting an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, which he is unlikely to be able to do.

"Our youngest son went completely crazy. The day that they began to disperse the protestors here (19 May 2010), he blocked off everything. He turned off the lights. He closed everything up. He was very tense. He went to drink beer, but did not get drunk. He sobbed and sobbed. He looked at pictures of his older brother and said, 'Hey, older

brother Ood, why did you have to die? Who killed you?' After he finished speaking, he said that he was going to go kill soldiers. 'They killed my older brother.' I had to grab him and say no, we don't want that, son. I held onto him, but he did not listen. His father had to bind the door closed with rope." Ood's mother relayed the feelings of her 19-year-old son.

Politics went on as usual after 10 April as if nothing happened. The government that was involved in the death of their son still ruled the country. If the government mentioned the deaths on 10 April, it was only to assert that they were the work of the men in black, and it was shooting of people by those on the same side.

"I cannot watch television. Whatever, I don't want to follow it. I don't want to watch. I only want to know when disaster will befall the Abhisit government and the people who ordered the killings."

"Who is going to bring problems upon himself? They have to frame others. Let them speak, let them slander other people as vile, so be it. It's enough to let me survive. I graduated in political science and law. From the beginning, I could not believe in this party's policy. They say white is black and black is white. I have not seen them accept any responsibility at all. When they are in the wrong, they shift the blame to someone else. How can we have any faith in them? What is white? What is black? At present, the Department of Special Investigation (DSI) has said that the officials fired guns. But why? Do the officials dare to sincerely make public the truth? They do not dare. Because they are in the palm of his [Abhisit's] hand."

Ood's mother has joined the movement with the relatives of other people who were killed. She joins the demonstrations that the red shirts organize on the 10th or 19th of every month to remember the dead. She is part of charging the government for the deaths on 10 April, which is a suit on behalf of the 9 people who were killed but not yet cremated. If they succeed in bringing charges, Amphon will

be in the next batch of cases.

Fairness is of primary importance to the Thitiyarat family. But everyone knows that it may take an indefinitely long period of time. So they have to manage the days and time that will pass between now and then in pain and depression. In the end, Ood's father decided to immerse himself in studying law at Sukhothai Thammathirat University to finish his degree. He began a long time ago at Ood's urging. Ood, his father, and the two younger siblings were all going to study law because they dreamt of opening a law office and all working together one day.

Today, that dream is dented and fragmented. But Ood's father remains engrossed in studying in order to pass the bar exam.

"I have been unable to pass, but I will strive for it. I think I will go give testimony. As long as I am still alive, I will struggle. I will speak about fairness and offer evidence of how my son died. I still have not received justice. In other words, I will be a lawyer to defend him. I will be a lawyer on behalf of my son. There are other people who have evidence. We have witnesses. If their court asks me what is this matter, how did it come to be, then his mother and I have to do it. But I still don't know if I will pass or not. If I pass, all right! And they will know that people did not receive justice. They will know that poor people matter." This is the aspiration of one father who lost his son.

The information is drawn from an interview with the Thitiyarat family at their home in the Ratchaprarop neighborhood and interviews with eyewitnesses in February 2011.

Buntham Thongphui

Name	Buntham Thongphui (บุญธรรม ทองผุย)
Date of Birth	2 November 1963
Age	46
Place of Birth	Born in Sisaket province and moved to start a family in Nong Bua Daeng district, Chaiyaphum province
Family Status	Married to Suparat Thongphui One daughter, Supatra Thongphui [age 16 in 2010] and one son, Thammarat Thongphui [age 7 in 2010]
Education	Grade 9
Occupation	Electrician
Cause of Death	A gunshot to the left side of his forehead punctured and exited the back of the skull at the top; he died before reaching the hospital (Erawan Center)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 8:15 pm

1

"Father loves 'Bik' the most ..." A short message, written in a red pen, along with an address and telephone number in Chaiyaphum. This is what Buntham gave to Bik, Thammarat Thongphui, his only son, before he went to work on the morning of 9 April, and before he lost his life when he joined the protests on the evening of the next day.

When Buntham and Bik were together during the school break, the daily routine after Buntham got off work was that if he did not take his son for a treat somewhere, then he took him to the UDD demonstrations to listen to the speeches. Some days there were so many people, it was impossible to walk and he carried Bik on his shoulders through the crowd to get close to the stage as they listened to the

speeches. This was a familiar picture to the friends who also went to the demonstrations.

Buntham's wife was concerned and asked him if it was dangerous at the protests, or too dangerous to take their child to the protests? His straightforward answer was no. It's not dangerous. It's fun to go. Lots of friends are there. Their child will like it and play and run around. But when Buntham went to the demonstrations on 10 April, he did not let Bik go with him. The reason that he gave his son: "It's dangerous."

"Father said to wait in the room. He would be gone for a little while, he would only go for an hour and be back home by 8 pm." Bik talked about his final conversation with his father.

While he was lying down, Bik saw his father change his shirt several times. First, he picked up picked a red shirt and put it on. Then he changed into a military fatigue shirt. Then, before leaving the house with his mobile phone, he changed into a grey long-sleeved shirt.

Buntham left a little after 7 pm and told his son he would not be gone long. But when Bik woke up in the middle of the night, he still did not see his father. The seven-year-old turned on his telephone to wait for his dad to call, but then fell asleep quickly again around 2 am.

When he woke up, Bik tried reaching his dad via telephone again and again. But no one picked up on the other end of the line. It was not until late in the evening on 11 April that Bik learned the news of his father's death when people saw Buntham's name included in the list on the television screen of those who lost their lives from the clashes during the government's "request to return the area" operation.

"To make sure, they asked me for my father's last name. When I said, 'Thongphui,' I don't know what they said. But then they told me my father's name was up," Bik said.

When they had confirmation, neighbors took Bik to the hospital to find his father. But they were told they had to wait for older relatives to come before they would be able to

see the body. That day, the little boy did not get to see his father. Bik had to wait for his mom and older sister to travel from Chaiyaphum. Bik did not have the chance to see his father's lifeless face until his body was taken out of the hospital to be paraded through Bangkok on 12 April.

2

Buntham was from Sisaket, but he had married and raised a family in Chaiyaphum. Previously, both he and Suparat, or Daeng, his wife, had come to Bangkok to work in construction. Then in 2004, Daeng's father grew ill with cancer and she had to stop working and return to look after her parents in Chaiyaphum. Since then, Buntham had shouldered the duty of working in Bangkok to provide for the family on his own.

As a result of Buntham dying far from home, the news of his death was also slow to reach his family. Daeng learned of her husband's death on 12 April when one of Bik's teachers saw the last name of one of her pupils on the television screen. She then called and asked if "Buntham Thongphui" was Bik's father, and then said that he was dead.

"At that time, no one believed it at all. We were cooking and put down the mortar and pestle right away. We got up and went outside, we did not know what to do. We thought that it could not be possible. How could it be possible? There were so many people. How could one of those hit be one of ours?" Daeng said. But after her daughter checked the news online, in sorrow and in confusion, she quickly found a vehicle to take the family to Bangkok.

"Then when we got there, we knew no one at all. My husband was the only one in the family who had gone to Bangkok to work. His friends took us to ask for assistance from the UDD. The UDD provided a truck to pick up the body to place at the Democracy Monument. That's where they asked for the return of the area, right there. We made merit there. Then we moved to Wat Hualamphong and prayed there for seven days."

Regarding the cause of death, other than the fact of the lifeless body in front her, all Daeng had was a medical certificate on which "received a bullet to the head" was written. This failed to answer the many questions that reverberated in her heart.

From the accounts of Buntham's friends who were also at the scene, Daeng learned that Buntham was shot and killed at Kok Wua Intersection. At first he walked to Ratchaprasong Intersection, but a little after 8 pm when Phan Fa called for reinforcements due to the arrival of soldiers, he walked there with friends.

"There was pushing and shoving [between the protestors and soldiers]. And my husband told the women to go back, (it was) dangerous. And he stood there waving a flag for the soldiers to stop. But the soldiers shot (into the crowd). It is said that the soldiers used fake bullets. Those damn fake bullets, they had them. But they had real bullets, too. The fake bullets pierced skin and caused some people's intestines to gush out. Some were hit in the head and collapsed to the ground. Don't say that it was people wearing masks, when we saw the soldiers right there."

3

Daeng said that her husband loved justice a lot. He did not cheat anyone. He did not take advantage of anyone. Even though he did not join the movement that he referred to as "the democracy movement" from the very beginning, Buntham always followed the news. He knew the ins and outs of politics better than any politician. When he learned about the emergence of the red shirts, his response was that this was a group that does things that are right. Then, beginning in 2009, he joined the red shirt demonstrations. And he went and joined, and became a member of the UDD. The red shirt and the red scarf he put on to go home for the New Year the year prior to his death expressed his devotion.

"He liked it, so I did not forbid it. But if it was dangerous, I did not want to let him go. But what happened came to

pass because this is what my husband was like. So we are sorrowful. The sorrow makes us wonder how they could do these things. It was not just. It was beyond cruel. They are the rulers of this country. They are at that level and then they do this to the people? How are we supposed to live together here?

"When people have an argument, and 5 people, 10 people, get into a fight, they arrest them and put them in jail. But this, a hundred are killed, a thousand are injured, and they simply shake their heads from side to side while they speak. The villagers these days, go ahead and ask them. No one wants to watch them [rulers]. If they see their faces on the television screen, they turn off the news, because if they watch, their heads and hearts will ache." Daeng talked about the atmosphere at home.

Daeng had seen a lot of those who joined the protests and saw that they did not have any weapons. She did not believe that the UDD had the number of weapons of war that the news reported. If it had been like that, then it is unlikely that they would have let 100 people on their own side die.

Buntham's death necessitated that Daeng travel to Bangkok in order to deal with her husband's body and arrange assistance from different entities. Since she and her children did not have anywhere to stay in Bangkok, she used the demonstrations as a home base. After making all of the arrangements, she remained with the red shirts at the demonstration. She stayed even though before this, despite sharing the same views on politics as Buntham, she had never been involved in the demonstrations.

The tent of Phukhiew district, Chaiyaphum province, was underneath the rails of the skytrain in the area in front of Wat Pathumwanaram. This was Daeng's usual sleeping spot. They simply placed paper on the ground and then slept in a line. Those who had rice, brought rice. Those who had shallots, brought shallots. Whatever people had, they brought and shared in this manner. Daeng went from not knowing how she would live and eat to setting up camp and living with

the red shirts. This made her sympathetic to the red shirts and also made her believe that their demonstrations were sincere, because they were forced to eat and exist under difficult conditions. No one hired them. Ratchaprasong as the center of the demonstrations during that time was entirely different from Ratchaprasong as the center of commerce for the city people.

"Sometimes at night, at 2 a.m., there was news that the soldiers had arrived. Friends would come and tell us to get up. We were sleeping and had to quickly get up. We had to quickly wake up the kids, wake them up to sit. Then we worried about whether or not they were going to come and disperse us. Every night our sleep was unsatisfactory."

Even though the conditions of life in the demonstrations were rather difficult and there was constant instigation in the form of news of an impending dispersal of protests, Daeng still participated. Her explanation was that, "At home, I had to be apart from the person who had died. But when I was there, it was as if he were in that group, and as if I were close to him. It was warm. Even though we could not do anything more than that, we could give encouragement to red shirt friends."

Daeng was impressed with the red shirts who went to the demonstrations. Her sense was that all they wanted and called for was democracy. They called for rights and liberties. They called for justice. And every red shirt she met had an overflowing heart. They never retreated when there was news that there was going to be a dispersal of protests, they never retreated no matter how grave it became.

Daeng joined the demonstrations at Ratchaprasong from April and returned to take care of business at home in Chaiyaphum before 14 May, which is when the government began the operation to obstruct people from entering and leaving and to clear the area. She treated it as good luck that she and her children did not have to experience the terrifying conditions that her husband and their father had to face.

When the dispersal of protests took place at Ratchaprasong on 19 May 2010, Daeng and Bik were traveling from Chaiyaphum to return to the protests. A friend from the demonstrations called and told them not to come. "They are shooting," the friend told her, and it is impossible to enter. Daeng had to shift her plans and go stay with a friend in Khlong Ton.

"It was not that scary at all. Because of what we had lost, I felt that nothing more could be done to me. My heart was filled with emotion. I had nothing else to lose. I would not lament even the loss of my life. I thought that if something happened that caused me to die along with my children, then there would not have to be any further incidents. We would not have to face any more problems."

4

The lives of Buntham and his family members are no different from those of the millions of people from the provinces who come to work in Bangkok. They only have a chance to go home for festivals when there are long holidays. Even though the wage for a construction worker is only 5,000/6,000 baht per month, when the children's school term opened, or the family did not have enough money, Daeng only had to call and Buntham would transfer money. Buntham took care of the clothes and school supplies for the children and she never had to worry about it.

Even though Buntham worked far from home, the family was very close. They were in touch every day via mobile telephone, especially Bik. If a day passed and his father did not call, Bik would sulk.

"My daughter asked, 'Mother, if I miss Father, who should I call? I don't know what number to call.' Before, when she was worried or depressed or troubled, she would call her father. Or if the children did something that did not sit well with me, I called him to discuss it. And I would say, Father, help look after the kids. And he would call and talk to them." Daeng's voice trembled at the warmth of the memory.

After Daeng lost her husband, she and her daughter planted rice on the three rai [one rai is equal to sixteen hundred square meters] of land they had, with the hope that they could grow it to eat. But in the end, they did not get enough rice to eat for the entire year. They had to buy rice at a price that was untenably high. Daeng then had to ask a relative if she could plant rice on the relative's land in exchange for rice to eat. In addition, she looked for additional work. She and her children planned that when they finished the year's harvest, they would look for a channel through which to start a small business.

As for the future, Daeng is planning to use the assistance money in a thrifty fashion so that her children will feel that even though they lost their father, their hardship is not greater than before. She has now opened an account to deposit money regularly for them.

"In my heart, I want the government to accept more responsibility than this. This [providing financial assistance] is all they have done. It's not enough to cover the lives of those we lost, not enough at all."

After almost a full year since his death, Daeng has kept Buntham's body preserved, rather than cremating it. She is keeping it as evidence to use to punish the perpetrators. Up until now, there has been no acknowledgment. There has been no apology.

"In other words, in the language of our house, we are preserving it as vindication." Daeng laughed as she spoke, a bitter laughter.

The information is drawn from an interview with Buntham Thongphui's widow at her home in Chaiyaphum in July 2010.

Sayam Watananukul

Name	Sayam Watananukul (สยาม วัฒนนุกุล)
Date of Birth	21 December 1957
Age	53
Place of Birth	Nakhon Sawan province
Family Status	Married to Chulalai Noppakul, no children
Education	Primary School
Occupation	Auto mechanic
Cause of Death	Brain damage resulting from injuries sustained to his head caused by bullets from a high-powered rifle (Institute of Forensic Medicine)
Place of Death	Dinso Road
Time of Death	10 April 2010, precise time unknown

1

In a small rented apartment in Ngam Wong Wan, two beloved cats, Nak and Thang, sleep on their bed as is their norm.

Chulalai Noppakul, or Tuk, shared her life with Sayam for over thirty years. She explained that when Sayam returned home after getting off work, Nak typically climbed onto him and compelled him to pet her. He loved and cared for these two very clever cats as though they were his children.

Sayam infrequently discussed political issues with his wife. But she knew how much her husband liked Thaksin. She could see from the many CDs about the former prime minister that he bought when he went to the red shirt demonstrations. Beginning after the September 2006 coup, Sayam went sporadically, and then in 2010, he went nearly every day. He even skipped work some days to go in the afternoon. Frequently, he prepared a set of clothes to take to the demonstrations and bathed there, returning home in the morning to change and go back to work.

"He was a very good person. In a given day, he did not use even 30 baht. When he went to work, I gave him 40 baht and there was money leftover when he came home. The company sometimes provided food at work. At times, he squirreled away money to go to the protests. He would save one hundred baht and then go to the red shirt protests. He was willing to go without eating, and saved his money to go to the demonstrations instead," Tuk said.

Sayam always took the bus to the protests. He put on a red shirt and left the house without any timidity. He had no need to have another shirt covering it, or to take the red shirt with him to change into later like others.

Neighbors who regularly went with Sayam to the protests said that "Uncle Yam" rarely spoke. When they gathered to chat vigorously and with gusto about politics, he sat and listened quietly. When they sat together in the crowd in front of the stage while speeches were being made, if there was an announcement to go aid here or there, Sayam would quietly vanish. "Oh, Uncle Yam has disappeared. He went to provide help and he will come back." He was earnest and unafraid of anyone. In 2009, his neighbors had to hold him back from going to Din Daeng to block the tanks. "We came close to death, holding him back. We told him to stay here, in case the soldiers came to attack," they said.

There were people to restrain him in 2009, but the next year, they were not there. On the day of the incident, he called to chat with his wife as usual. He told her the situation was growing increasingly grave, and she warned him not to go to the front. She knew her husband was not afraid of anything, and knew that whenever anything happened, he always ran to the front. Past 7 pm, Tuk could no longer reach him.

Sayam had still not returned home by the next morning. All of his friends who had gone with him the day before were already home. They went back to the demonstrations to search, but found no trace of him. Then, on 12 April, they located Sayam's corpse at the General

Hospital.

"His ID card was missing. They said he was an unidentified, nameless man, only there until another person came to take his place. It's a good thing that we found him before this happened." As she told the story, Tuk brought out her video CDs, which held many different versions of the events of 10 April, to watch and point out Sayam's body. She said that she often buys video CDs of the incident and watches them over and over again.

"I want to see him. I want to know how he died. I don't want to hear other people's accounts."

"Watch in the clip, watch the person holding the flag who was shot in the head. You will see Sayam, you will see a person fall. It is as if he was going to turn and run back, but collapsed first."

Sayam's corpse was preserved because his older sister wanted to use it to prove the truth of what happened. She participated in the protests with her younger brother and believed that he would also want the truth to come out.

2

Bunnam Tawieng is Sayam's older sister. Her birthplace and home are in Nakhon Sawan. But in recent times, she has moved to sell clothing in Pattaya. She joined the protests beginning in 2009 with a group from Pattaya. During the 2010 protests, she participated in the protests from 12 March. Bunnam traveled back and forth between Pattaya and Bangkok, staying in Bangkok for five or six days each time. Before 10 April, she had stayed in Bangkok for a long stretch of more than ten days.

Bunnam and Sayam spoke to one another on the phone frequently. He often came to visit her at the Pattaya tent. On the day he died, they had made a plan for her to come over to Sayam's apartment. But she never made it.

The events that evening unfolded like a stage play. As Bunnam evaded bullets amidst pandemonium in the rear of the crowd on Ratchadamnoen Avenue close to the entrance

to Dinso Road, she had no idea that her younger brother was in the front. She had no idea that her younger brother was shot and killed not very far from her at all.

"When the soldiers shot -- bang, bang, bang, bang – I ran. When it grew quiet, I crept up to check. They shot at the [Democracy] Monument. They had a green light and they went right ahead."

The next day, Bunnam and Tuk went in search of Sayam until they found his body at the General Hospital. In fact, Bunnam had repeatedly heard the announcement from the stage that they were looking for the family of an unidentified man. But she paid no attention.

"He was shot from the left and behind. The bullet was lodged deep inside him. Rather than piercing through him, it was as if it exploded inside Sayam's body. Watch the video and you will see him fall after Wasant, who is the person carrying the flag, falls. When Wasant falls, we can see him. Then Sayam runs past the camera. When he doubles back, we see him suddenly collapse. The camera captured Wasant's death though, right at the entrance to Satriwithaya."

"Sayam's legs were not any good. When he walked, his legs would drag a little. He had an accident while working and landed on his legs. At the time, the doctor said he would amputate both legs. Sayam threatened to kill himself if his legs were cut off. In the end, no amputation was needed. The doctor was able to set the bones." Bunnam talked about her younger brother.

Even though Sayam rarely spoke with others, he and his older sister frequently chatted and exchanged ideas.

"Why did he attend the demonstrations? He attended because he did not like double standards. Sayam loved Thaksin. Another older sister joked, between Thaksin and your wife, who do you love more? Sayam answered Thaksin," Bunnam laughed.

Bunnam does not love Thaksin. She explained she was not a fanatic, but simply liked his policies. She was not in the struggle for him to be able to return. All she wanted was

democracy and fairness. Her younger brother fought beginning in 2005, while she only joined the movement in 2009. Since 2006, he bought bandanas and whatever objects of the red shirts were on offer to collect and use. Sayam was always seen with a bottle of water and a red flag.

"That's all of it. That's all of his life."

The information is drawn from an interview with Sayam Watananukul's wife and neighbors at the family's apartment in February 2011 and an interview with his older sister via telephone in March 2011.

Sawat Wangam

Name	Sawat Wangam (สวาท วางาม)
Date of Birth	16 January 1982
Age	28
Place of Birth	Chumphonburi district, Surin province
Family Status	Unmarried Son of Samran Wangam
Education	Year 6 of Primary School and studying further in Nonformal Education
Occupation	Furniture delivery truck driver
Cause of Death	A gunshot to his head on the upper right side punctured the left temple and lacerated his brain (Erawan Center)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 8:10 pm

1

A small rented room under the Rama VIII Bridge was the residence of the "three men of three perspectives" of the Wangam family: Samran Wangam (father), Sawat Wangam (older son), and Wornmet, or Fay, Wangam (younger son). Like the majority of northeasterners, they were without land and unable to withstand the poverty of the northeast. They had to leave their hometown to work as laborers in Bangkok. Sawat was the first in the family to come find work in Bangkok.

"I had been in Bangkok for about 8-9 months [before April 2010]. Before that, I was in the countryside. But I had already separated from Sawat's mother. She had a new boyfriend, and all the kids were with me. I had no money. If I had 50 baht and one of the children asked for it, I gave it. I can go without, no problem. The three of us -- father and kids – were happy together." The single father from Surin recounted how the three men survived in Bangkok.

This family participated in the demonstrations from the

first day of 12 March 2010. They went to the demonstrations nearly every day from then on.

"No one invited us. We volunteered ourselves from the beginning on 12 March. At that point, I had come to Bangkok along with my children to work and when the protests began, we went along. We were not affiliated with any particular leader. In this house, we all had red hearts. We wanted Parliament to be dissolved and for the people to elect a new Parliament. Nowadays, it's terrible. The economy is terrible. There is no justice." Samran explained why they joined the protests and commended the policies of the previous prime minister, Thaksin Shinawatra.

But Sawat was more serious than the other two. He was so serious that he was fired from his job driving a furniture delivery truck about two weeks before he lost his life. Before that, he worked as a gas station attendant, and had worked at the construction site of a big company. As for Samran, he worked as a security guard at a large store in Pinklao and was paid a daily wage of 260 baht. The youngest son was a worker at a printing factory and received a daily wage of 150 baht. Even though his earnings were low, he decided to give some to his older brother so he could go participate in the protests.

"He secretly took my phone and pawned it to buy food to eat, too. He was out of work, but he went to the protests all the time, so I could not be mad at him." Sawat's younger brother Fay said.

2

The two brothers were shoulder-to-shoulder in every instance, including on the day of the incident. Fay said that, usually, they would go to the demonstrations at Ratchaprasong when they got off work. Sawat worked in Minburi. He got off work at 8 pm, went to the protests until 4 or 5 am, and then returned home and went to work. Some days, he could not make it to work in the morning, so he didn't go, until finally he was fired. On 10 April, when

the Ratchaprasong stage announced that the Phan Fa stage called for assistance, Sawat and Fay rushed to go. They went because they thought if they did not go to help, there might be a large number of dead and injured.

Around 6 pm, the soldiers began to create a barrier at Kok Wua Intersection. The two brothers parked their motorcycle in that area and walked to the very front. The two sides had already begun to push each other back and forth. Their father arrived later, and so he was behind the large number of protestors who were in the area. While Fay and his older brother were in the front, the soldiers began to shoot with rubber bullets. Fay's belt buckle was hit with two bullets and he was bruised. Then there was tear gas, and Sawat was hit with rubber bullets and tear gas too.

"He ran to get the Thai flag and walked to the very front with it. I did not call to him in time. Tear gas fell. He was furious and ran to the soldiers' side. They shot him, they shot him in the head. Then there were people completely crouched down. Someone yelled for people to get down. I had already fallen because a stick thrown from our side had hit my leg. When I fell, my brother turned to look, and that's when he was shot." Fay recounted the story and noted that his brother died at around 8:10 pm. Fay maintained that the bullet came from the top of a building along Khao San Road. He had seen with his own eyes that there had been a laser light that aimed first before the shot was fired. On top of the buildings on both sides of Tanao Road, there were shadows of soldiers. And the building on the left hand side had a large number of people on top.

"When my son was shot, I did not realize it. There were a lot of people and it was chaotic. But after I knew, I went to where it happened. I removed my shirt and wrapped my son's head at Kok Wua Intersection. At the first large utility pole, I went to scoop up my son's brain and wrap it in my shirt. I placed it at the monument and I went up on stage. My son was on up on stage with the Japanese reporter. He was likely the first person to be shot in the head. He was

carrying the Thai flag. Another person who was shot in the head was Wasant Phuthong, who carried a red flag. Five minutes after I went up on stage, I fainted and nurses came to perform first aid. After that, they took the body to the General Hospital. The next morning, the body was taken to the Police Hospital and was then in a procession around Bangkok." Samran recalled the events of his son's death.

"He was not a terrorist. He was simply one citizen who called for the return of power to the people through new elections, that's it. After 19 May, the government made them all out to be terrorists. In reality, on 10 April, the demonstrators were unarmed. There were not even any slingshots, rockets, or fireworks. All we had were bottles of water and wooden sticks. How could the government order the soldiers to kill people? If it was your child or wife, would you grieve? I am only a poor person. If there were no losses on the soldiers' side, then more people would have died that day. Where do they carry guns and bring tanks to suppress the unarmed mob? Even in the south, they do not suppress to this extent."

"No one thought that it would be a war like this. They wanted to push the soldiers back and not allow them in. Now, ultimately, I have to leave the matter in the government's hands. Truth and justice is in their hands. Then I can cremate my son." Sawat's father and younger brother decided to preserve his corpse in order to await the establishment of truth at a future date. After this big loss, the pair still went to join the red shirt demonstrations that stretched until the suppression in the next month. They shared the same terrible fate with a large number of demonstrators until the final day of 19 May 2010. They do not know how much longer they will have to dwell in struggle. Samran concluded by saying, "Poor people like me, we struggle. We exchange our lives in the struggle. But still, we have nothing better."

The information is drawn from an interview with Sawat Wangam's father and younger brother on 2 June 2010.

Kriangkrai Khamnoi

Name	Kriangkrai Khamnoi (เกรียงไกร คำน้อย)
Date of Birth	11 January 1986
Age	24
Place of Birth	Phanonphrai district, Roi Et province
Family Status	In the process of getting married
Education	Grade 6, Secondary School
Occupation	Tuk-tuk driver
Cause of Death	Gunshots to his hip resulted in a bullet embedded in his abdomen and the laceration of his abdominal organs (Erawan Center)
Place of Death	Close to the Ministry of Education
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 3:30 am

1

In April 2009, he was still a conscripted solider who belonged entirely to the Navy. But by April 2010, he had become a protestor who was shot in the dispersal of the protests.

During the morning of 10 April, he went with three friends to go look at the standoff between the protestors and the soldiers at Makkawan Bridge. His younger uncle was an officer in Kanchanaburi, and he called to warn Kriangkrai and another uncle not to let the children and grandchildren out, because "they are serious now." But this warning was not enough to hold a young man back. The uncle's unit was called to Bangkok, but it arrived too late to join the operation.

After Kriangkrai died, his mother's heart was broken and she was furious. She called her younger brother, the soldier, to castigate him and ask him why he had to shoot his nephew. The question was perhaps meant for all soldiers, but she directed it to the target she could fix upon. He could only answer that he did not intend to come to shoot his nephew,

but he had to follow orders.

..... This is the account from a group of relatives and friends from Roi Et who live together in a building with a small somtam [papaya salad] stand in front. There would be nothing amiss in calling this the "Taxi House," because it is the residence of children, grandchildren, nephews and nieces, family and friends of people from Roi Et who all came to drive taxis or tuk-tuks in Bangkok. The pioneers of this path were the members of Kriangkrai's father's generation, who are now no longer in this line of work.

Kriangkrai, or Aed, came to Bangkok only three months before 10 April to drive a tuk-tuk. He and his girlfriend lived in an apartment in Urupong with his older sister Thankamol, or Om. Aed planned to ordain as a Buddhist monk for his mother in the next year (2011), and then after that, save money and marry his girlfriend.

At the family's home in Roi Et at the beginning of 2011, there were many merit-making activities. In line with tradition, there was a long, drum-filled procession of joy. Usually, if Aed was at home, he would boisterously dance at the front of the procession. But this time, he was absent.

Om and her mother and father stood in front of the house and wept when the merry procession passed.

"We went out to watch them. We went out to watch the other people who were having fun. But the three of us – mother, father, and child – stood and cried together." Om talked about the atmosphere in the house. "Especially Mom. She went out to help them with the merit-making activities, and the wrapping of glutinous rice parcels. She came home and had to lie down and cry. She said that if her son were here, he would have ordained."

As March approached, Om and another sister increasingly worried about their mother's mental health. March is the period of ordination, and another relative had decided to ordain. The sisters were not sure how their mother would fare during his ordination ceremony.

2

Aed's death differs from other cases. Death came to him during the late afternoon on 10 April, when the government maintained that they were only using rubber bullets.

A close friend of Aed's, Oom, was with him on 10 April. Oom had driven a taxi for more than ten years since he was 19 and had known Aed for almost the same period. Even though he saw the incident and went to help Aed after he was shot, other than being questioned once at the police station, he had not been asked to give evidence.

He said that usually in the afternoons, after work and before sleeping, he and Aed and other friends who drove taxis and tuk-tuks would relax and gather to drink beer and watch red shirt television at the Taxi House. They all cheered and sympathized with the feelings of the people from the provinces who joined the protests. Aed was often in a lather and when he saw news that made him angry, he loudly cursed the government in front of the television. But his trips to the protests were infrequent, because he was dedicated to working to save money to get married. Oom went to the protests more often. But the most frequent protestor of them all, who went from the beginning of the Democratic Alliance Against Dictatorship (DAAD) was Oom's father, who had recently retired from driving a taxi.

"Dad went first. He had been going for a long time. He had stopped driving a taxi and stayed at home. When he went to join the mob, he went everyday. He never missed it. As for me, I only went this last time. I attended frequently during the week before 10 April," Oom said.

During the afternoon of that day, they set up a group to watch cable TV and followed the protests as usual. When they learned that the soldiers had begun to move, Aed and three of his friends jumped into his tuk-tuk. They parked at Dam Bridge and entered the mob at around 3 pm. They bought shirts and headbands. One aunty stood and gave out water, gloves, and cloth for people to cover their noses. She

told them they had to take the cloth because the soldiers were using tear gas. By that time, there had already been clashes that left people injured. Two of the friends did not go inside the mob, but stood and waited in front of the United Nations building. As for Oom and Aed, they stood and looked at one another, nodded, and then ran to the front of the clashes near the Ministry of Education.

"We knew that the violence had already started, but we saw the old aunty, giving out water and gloves. At first, we thought we would not go into it (he laughs). But we saw that older people were really fighting. The aunty said, 'Little ones, the tear gas will make your nose sting.' She was giving a ton away."

"There were a lot of protestors. I was there with my younger friend. We went back and forth with the soldiers for a time. Then someone said, 'Hey, pull back.' Then they ran out, and I ran. But my younger friend did not run. He held a bamboo stick awkwardly in his hands. He turned to say, 'Not yet, older brother!' He was going to throw the stick he was holding, but I had already run. Just then I heard the loud bang of a gun. My friend screamed. He fell. I turned to look. He called out, 'Oom!' The soldiers had pushed another 4-5 meters closer, so I hesitated about whether it was a good idea to run back. But I decided to run back to drag him out. Aed said that his stomach hurt. We had not seen the bullet hole yet. But when I took his shirt off, blood gushed out of a bullet hole the size of a pinky finger on the left side. I screamed and ran to pull him about 4-5 meters away from the fighting. Just then, a group of guards came to help. While all of this happened, the soldiers were shooting constantly. That is the time when they said that they were not using real bullets, right?"

"The blood gushed out like a water pipe that had burst. And my younger brother, he said, 'Older brother, don't leave me.'" Oom's tears fell and he had to stop telling the story for a time in order to regain his composure. There was a long silence. The aunties and other siblings in the house,

who were sitting and listening to the story in the somtam shop, began to weep as well.

3

The guards brought the injured via motorcycle to a pick-up-truck, which then took them to a nearby pier to cross over to Vachira Hospital. Oom went by motorcycle to go to the hospital to wait.

"At the time, I was not carrying any money, nothing. Everything was gone. A group of red shirt women who were waiting at the hospital asked me about my younger friend's name. All I could remember was his nickname. I was startled and could not remember a thing. The women purchased telephone credit for me and I called his house."

"I went to ask if there was anyone there who had been shot in the belly? They said there was no one. I pounded on the glass. Bang! All they would say was that there was no one. How could they not they take responsibility? They said that there were a lot of injured people. I said that there had to be a list of the names of those who were hurt, and how many were shot in the belly. They slammed the glass window shut. And then the security guard pushed me away. I waited for about an hour and saw him wheeled out of the emergency room. He was already in a coma, his eyes were vacant," Oom said.

Om, Aed's older sister, told us what happened when she went to hospital around 5-6 pm. She explained, "The red shirts wheeled him behind the emergency room because there were reporters waiting in front. When a soldier with a slightly injured leg arrived, they went out with a wheelchair to get him. The reporters took pictures immediately."

Om said that the nurse wheeled her younger brother up to the fifth floor. The staff told her nothing -- she observed this herself by noticing where the indicator light for the elevator stopped. When she asked a nurse on the fifth floor about her brother, the nurse told her that there was no one named Kriangkrai there. There was one male patient who

had been identified, and one who had not been identified yet. Without hesitation, Om said that the unidentified person was probably her younger brother. Since the patient was unconscious, the nurse refused to accept this and told Om to bring proof of her relationship with him. Om went downstairs to find Aed's ID card in the clothes he had worn when he was brought into the hospital. It was a hassle because she was refused at every turn. But in the end, she located the plastic bag which contained his ID card and clothes.

"Then I went into the operating room to confirm that it was him. Many doctors were crowded around him and a nurse asked me if I knew him. I shouted at my younger brother. He slowly turned his head. I nodded. Then he closed his eyes. And they pulled me out of the room," Om said.

Everything was mixed up. The red shirt aunties and uncles reiterated over and over again that Om had to keep close watch over her younger brother, otherwise he might disappear without a trace. The red shirts believed this was a possibility and therefore tried to guard the patients and the deceased in different hospitals. Om sat guard in front of the operating room. But in the end, they moved Aed without telling her. When she asked the staff, all they said was, "We don't know." She ran to look for him. The red shirts helped by blocking all of the exits. Finally, Om found her younger brother on a floor that a nurse had told her did not exist. Om was angry and complained and was given the answer that, "This building is currently being constructed and there are many different entrances and exits."

The doctor who cared for Aed told Om to prepare herself. There was a bullet entry hole the size of a pinky finger in his stomach. The bullet had entered and completely destroyed his internal organs. The doctor came out of the operating room to tell Om this and then said nothing more to her until she was officially notified that he was dead at 3:30 a.m. on 11 April. Before taking the body out of the hospital, the head of the unit brought an x-ray to explain to Om and Oom that his injuries were characterized by the entry of an

oblique "hard object" that caused his pelvic bone to shatter.

"We told him that it was clearly a bullet hole. The doctor who treated Aed said that it was a bullet from a gun, but he did not know what kind. Why did the administrator come and say it was a hard object? That doctor was smiling and unaffected. He told me he was the unit head and acting in accordance to his duty," Om said.

4

Aed was shot at around 3:30 pm. He was standing behind a large water tank near the perimeter of the Ministry of Education, slightly past the entrance gate and in the vicinity of a large tamarind tree, trying to avoid the line of soldiers in front. This caused Oom to firmly believe that her younger brother was most likely shot from inside the perimeter of the Ministry of Education, at a time when the gate was completely closed.

There was only a glimmer of hope of proving this plausible suggestion to be true because even securing admission from the government that deaths occurred on the afternoon of 10 April was not possible.

All of Aed's relatives believed that his death was due to a bullet from the state. Yet when Parliament held a debate about the incident, Kriangkrai was mentioned and Suthep Thaugsuban, the Deputy Prime Minister for Security, was adamant that the soldiers only had shields and clubs and only used rubber bullets. This brought Om to tears.

"I sat and watched the debate, and cried by myself. The aunties around me asked me why I watched."

"What happened to my younger brother was unjust. He was completely unarmed. And then they brought guns to shoot like this. I don't know anything about the case, it's quiet. Sometimes I am disheartened. Some people say that there is no way that we can wage a fight against them. I tell them, can or cannot, I will struggle for my younger brother." These were Om's final, insistent words. These were the final words of a person who was never interested in politics

before, and whose first visit to a red shirt demonstration was on 10 April. She went to Ratchaprasong, and then received a call to come to the hospital.

The information is drawn from interviews with Kriangkrai Khamnoi's older sister and a close friend of his in March 2011.

Boonchan Maiprasert

Name	Boonchan Maiprasert (บุญจันทร์ ไหมประเสริฐ)
Date of Birth	10 January 1955
Age	55
Place of Birth	Ratchaburi province
Family Status	Married to La-aw Maiprasert, one son and one daughter
Education	Grade 4
Occupation	Sugarcane farmer
Cause of Death	A wound lacerated and pierced his left hip and pubic bone, and lacerated and pierced his left femoral artery at the front top of his left leg (Ramathipodi Hospital)
Place of Death	Unknown
Time of Death	10 April 2010, time unknown

1

Anyone who saw the official list of people who were killed that was released after 10 April would have noticed that one person was described as "An unidentified Thai man." This person was Boonchan Maiprasert.

Yothin, Boonchan's son, said that the reason that his father was unidentified was because he was unable to locate his father's corpse before 12 April.

The Maiprasert family is impoverished. Before he died, Boonchan and his wife, La-aw, were sugarcane and pineapple farmers in Chombung district of Ratchaburi province. Yothin, their son and older child [age 26 in 2010] had come to Bangkok to work. Miw, their daughter and younger child [age 9 in 2010] lived with them in Ratchaburi and attended school.

Other than Boonchan, no one in the family was strongly committed to politics. Once Boonchan became able to closely follow political news via satellite television, his commitment was cemented.

"He didn't like this government because he had not seen them do anything that led to improvement. There were only double standards. He had come to call for the dissolution of parliament. If the government was truly good, then people would elect them again, right? ... As for whether he liked or did not like Thaksin, and how much, I don't know." Yothin discussed his father's political views to the best of his knowledge.

Only in 2010 had Boonchan come to the demonstrations in Bangkok itself. Each time, he stayed for four or five days and slept in the Ratchaburi tent with his friends. Before 10 April, he had been there for a long time, more than ten days.

"That time, he said, 'If we do not win, I am not coming home.'"

2

Every day after he got off work driving a delivery truck for a video game store near the General Hospital, Yothin stopped by to see his father. On 10 April, his father called him to come find him. When he got off work, he went to find him at Phan Fa Bridge around 7:30 pm. But violence had already broken out by then and Yothin and Boonchan could not meet up. Boonchan had not brought his mobile phone from Ratchaburi with him. Yothin looked for his father until around 9 pm, when after being surrounded by tear gas and the din of guns, he had to admit, "I could not take it."

When Yothin returned home, the body of the unidentified man was mentioned on television. But Yothin did not suspect anything. In the morning, Yothin went to look for his father at the Ratchaburi tent again. The people in the tent said that they saw him wearing a white shirt and walking around for a short time around midnight. At that time, no one knew yet that Boonchan was dead.

Yothin went back to work in the afternoon. He returned to the tent again, but did not find his father. Then he began

to search at different hospitals, and found his father's corpse at Ramathipodi Hospital on 12 April.

The doctor told him that his father was shot in his pelvis and that significant blood loss had ultimately led to his death.

3

La-aw had gone out to work in the sugarcane field as usual on 12 April. But when she heard the news of her husband's death, she was shocked. At first, she could not accept it and was depressed. Until in the end, Yothin had to leave work to come home to be in Ratchaburi to keep his mother and younger sister company. He only returned to Bangkok to work again at the beginning of 2011.

La-aw and her young daughter have to travel back and forth to Bangkok regularly in order to receive assistance money from different agencies. Her son cannot take off that many hours of work to drive his mother and younger sister around on motorcycle to go to the tangle of government agencies that they must visit. "This is all that remains of us. If there is anything, ask my son. He's in Bangkok. I am no good at speaking." La-aw spoke with a rural Ratchaburi accent and gave a small smile before she rushed to get into a passenger van to return to Ratchaburi.

The information is drawn from an interview with Boonchan Maiprasert's son in February 2011.

Thawattanachai Kladsuk

Name	Thawattanachai Kladsuk (ธวัฒนะชัย กลัดสุข)
Date of Birth	24 September 1973
Age	37
Place of Birth	Baan Trai Yai, Trai Noi district, Nonthaburi province
Family Status	Divorced, One child
Education	Completed Secondary School
Occupation	Bank employee, Taxi driver, Rice farmer
Cause of Death	A gunshot in his left chest pierced through to his back (Erawan Center)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 7 pm

1

"A person involved in the incident told me that he was shot at a little after 6 pm at Kok Wua Intersection. He said that he was fleeing with my younger brother. But he was afraid and would not agree to be a witness. He heard the name of the Department of Special Investigation (DSI) and he was already afraid. The other party in this matter is the government. I understand him." This is the account of Somboon Kladsuk, who lost his 37-year-old younger brother, Thawattanachai Kladsuk, or Doeh.

The result of the examination by the Police Hospital noted that Thawattanachai was hit by a high-velocity bullet that severed an artery in his chest. But the General Hospital noted that there was a bullet wound at the top of his leg.

"All of the families of the people who died encountered this, all of them. In the examination of the body, they did not say anything. They did not say how many or what kind of bullets. But in my case, the two hospitals contradicted each other... although at least in my case, it is good that he was shot in the chest. He was in better condition than people who were shot in the head and their brains were scattered."

There was no one who saw the incident clearly enough to give a sufficient account of it. His older brother said that they went to demonstrate at Thai Com Satellite Station in Ladlumkaew in Pathumthani together. No one in the family suspected that the younger brother would go back to the protests again.

"I knew that he had gone again from the television news, because his name was the third in the list of the dead. I called the mobile phone number given and an MP from Ubon Ratchathani answered. He said that my younger brother was dead. I hopped into a car and arrived at the General Hospital at 1 am."

"He never said very much, but I knew that he followed politics closely. Actually, people at home did not know that he had gone to Kok Wua. After leaving Thai Com, I thought he would go home. That's what I thought. We devastated them. There were a few people left in the mob. But I did not know that my younger brother was going to go."

2

Thawattanachai joined the protests beginning in 2009. Everyone in the house followed politics from a distance. They did not subscribe to the red shirt cable TV station. His relatives only knew that he agreed with the direction of the red shirts and praised the policies of the Thai Rak Thai party.

"Doeh, he liked Thaksin, because then he was in debt and the debt forgiveness program helped him. He bought a house in Bang Bua Tong. But it was not only him, at all, that liked Thaksin. A lot of people liked him after they saw how well he ran things. During the time of Thaksin, rice was 15,000 baht per kawian [a unit of measurement that is equivalent to 2,000 liters]. Now, a kawian is 6,000 baht. It's almost not enough to survive," Somboon said.

Even though their neighborhood is a stronghold of the Thai Rak Thai party, and there are a large number of red shirts, when people go to the protests, they go on their own. Doeh himself did not associate with them or go in a group

with anyone. His work as a taxi driver was both his method of getting news and an important factor in his conscientization. This enabled him to tune in and listen to the protest radio in order to follow the news of the red shirts.

"He worked as an employee in a bank during the day. He drove a taxi when he got off work. But in the rice season, he planted rice. He had only been driving a taxi for a little more than a year. He borrowed cash to buy the car. Now we have already sold the car in order to pay his debts," his older brother said.

Thawattanachai was the youngest child in a family with six children. The family home was in Trai Noi district of Nonthaburi province. He and his wife had separated, and he lived with his elderly, 76-year-old mother and his daughter who was in Grade 3. During rice-planting season, he stopped driving the taxi in order to work the 17 rai of fields that were behind the house. He was a companion to his elderly mother who refused to retire from the work of being a rice farmer. She used a wooden cane to hobble through the fields in order to look after them.

3

Doeh's mother was very affected by the death of her youngest son. It can be clearly seen in the decline of her physical health. She could not come back from the sadness like his other relatives and siblings. Even after a year had passed, she still looked mournful. In addition to losing her youngest child who was always with her, she lost her granddaughter whom she looked after as well, because Thawattanachai's wife came to take her back.

"I have no hope left. I don't know why I am here. I should have gone before him. I cannot accept it. There were 10,000 people. Why did it have to be one of ours?" The elderly mother walked with difficulty to join the conversation and share her feelings.

"On the afternoon of the day he died, I had him install a water pump. He said he wasn't going to come inside, but

was going to get money first (i.e., drive the taxi). He bought two sarongs and a shirt, in preparation for pouring water on me for Songkran. In the end, I had to pour water on him." Tears fell down her cheeks as she told the story.

"He was the youngest one. We were always together. Really, I cannot come to terms with it. When dawn came, we went out to work the rice paddy together. In the evening we came home. That day he came home late. I was already under the mosquito net. He opened the net to ask how I was. I told him my legs hurt. He rubbed them over and over again to lighten the pain. He slept on an oilcloth next to my mattress. I woke up the next day and he went and died ... when my husband died I was not as sad as this."

The paddy rice field behind the house was a beautiful verdant green. A large canal flowed past in front of the house. Next to the house there was a small sala [open air structure for resting and escaping the sun], protruding into a fish-raising pond. But the atmosphere in the house was lonely and desolate. His family placed a large picture of Thawattanachai in front of the house in order to remind those who pass by of his death. The people living in suffering and agony inside the house need no reminder.

The information is drawn from an interview with the Kladsuk family at their home in Nonthaburi in February 2011.

Saming Daengpetch

Name	Saming Daengpetch (สมิง แตงเพชร)
Date of Birth	21 February 1961
Age	49
Place of Birth	Kamphaeng Phet province
Family Status	Married to Duang Khamlert Three daughters [ages 29, 19, and 15 in 2011]
Education	Primary School
Occupation	Food vendor
Cause of Death	There is no autopsy report from the hospital. The death certificate specifies that his brain was swollen and lacerated, and there was bleeding in the brain.
Place of Death	Likely Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	The time he was shot is unknown, he died at Chulalongkorn University Hospital on 14 April 2010

1

Saming was a vendor who sold nam phrik [spicy chili dip] and boiled vegetables at the market. This had been the source of livelihood for Saming and his wife, Duang Khamlert, for more than ten years. Selling food at the market was how they had taken care of their three daughters, especially their middle and youngest daughters, who have a blood disease. Their middle child had already had surgery to remove her spleen and her condition was much improved. But the youngest daughter still has to go for blood transfusions every month. The disease caused both ill daughters to be very small; the growth of their bodies did not keep up with their ages. All three daughters are young women now.

After Saming's death, the family lost a primary source

of support. They came to be without the person who prepared the food to sell, without the person who drove them everywhere, and without the person who made and adjusted the taste of food they ate. With all of this, Duang decided to shift to sell fried potatoes, and asked Chik, her oldest daughter who was 29, to leave her job at a factory to come help her.

Chik only finished grade 6 of primary school before she had to leave to help her mother as a food vendor. Once she had a boyfriend, she left home and went to go work in a factory to help support her younger sisters. At present, the middle sister has left school to help her mother and is applying to finish secondary school through nonformal education. Only the youngest sister is still attending school.

Although the family had to work hard, Saming still followed politics closely from the very beginning after the coup. He followed politics even more closely after they installed a satellite dish.

"Once the satellite dish was installed, he became obsessed with politics. If he was watching TV, no one could watch another channel. Politics was all he talked about with his male friends at the market, up until the red shirts went to Thai Com. Then he started to go to protests and really threw himself into it. After returning from the market when we were done selling at 8 pm, he often went to Ratchaprasong. He would come home late at 2 or 3 am, and then go to work in the morning."

Saming was a serious and determined person. He loved justice and bowed to no one. He rarely talked about politics with his family. Dissuading him from something he had decided to do was very difficult. The day of the incident, a nephew who was a fellow vendor came to tell Saming and Duang that the soldiers were going to disperse the protests. All Saming said was "These people, they are going to have to deal with me. They are going to have to face me," and went to the protests, leaving his wife to work at the market by herself. Usually he had to help until they had sold everything

for the day before he could slip away, but he left early on 10 April.

"He did not return home that night. When morning came, I asked the people who had gone with him to the protests, 'Where did you leave my husband? I did not see him come home.' They said that everyone ran in different directions once the shooting began. No one knew where he had gone. We thought about where he might have run, or maybe he had hit his head or maybe he was still there. It did not occur to me that he might be dead," Duang said.

That night, Duang and her daughters called Saming, but they could not reach him. At noon the next day, someone from Chulalongkorn Hospital called Chik to say that her father had been in a severe accident and to come to the hospital quickly.

"When we arrived, his face was very swollen. We asked the doctor about it, who said that they had removed one portion of his brain that had been damaged. The way he had been shot was similar to Seh Daeng. A very accurate shot. He was on a ventilator. His face was swollen, completely green. He was unconscious until 14 April, the day he died. I was completely shocked. This is our entire family. I did not imagine that one of ours [could be killed], because there were so many people there," Duang said.

Daeng continued with the story. "They said he was hit right at Kok Wua Intersection. When they went, they went as a group. At first, the soldiers shot with fake bullets. A person who went along with him noticed that hey, the bullets flying are not fake ones anymore. Those who loved themselves and were afraid of dying all ran. But this grandfather was radicalized. He was like ... I have to win. Something like this. He was not afraid of anything. He was very serious about life."

"No one saw when my father was hit. But people who knew him said that he was running at the time. Other people urged him to hurry home, older brother. But he ran in front. He did not retreat," Chik said.

"This is what he was like. He pressed on and on, whatever came, he pressed on holding the handle of the flag." Duang and Chik alternated as they told the story together.

2

The Daengpetch family was one more family that ultimately decided to preserve the corpse of the head of their family, so that they could have an autopsy. But they went to petition the court many times, and each time, the court dismissed the petition.

"We went from the morning, and they made us wait until 5-6 in the evening. And then they said they would not give an autopsy in line with the law," Duang said.

"We don't want to get very much. All we ask for is justice. We want to know the truth of who shot him. We want to know how he died. That's all. But since the court still refuses permission for an autopsy, we do not know where we should go to make demands, or to whom," Chik said, her face marked by hopelessness. In truth, she had been frustrated ever since going to ask for a death certificate from the hospital, and being unable to get one.

"I have called to ask them for it many times already. They keep saying that they cannot, not yet. Now I have given up already. There is perhaps no way of getting the death certificate now."

Everyone in the family still has to help work hard in order to take care of themselves and find the money to pay back their loans. They used the compensation money from their father's death to repair the house.

"It was close to totally collapsing. We could not live in it anymore."

After the death of her father, Chik, who had been uninterested in politics and did not like demonstrations no matter the color, became the primary person to carry forward the demands to different units of the government in order to find the truth. Chik joins every activity to commemorate the people who died. Like the families of other people who died,

she joins unceasingly.

"Before, I was not involved in politics at all. I worked. I did not like the mob because it was chaotic. But I knew that my father liked the red shirts. I did not live in the same home with him and we were not close, so he never told me why he went to the protests. But when he died, I became friends with the red shirts and became close to them. It was like... no one could criticize the red shirts, because I could see a lot. I saw the people who came to protest, I saw what they were like. I came to see what they thought. And I saw people come to wai the photo of my father. Hmm, they loved him, you know. Truly, my heart remains as still as usual. But I no longer have the dislike. It is only that if you condemn the red shirts, it is as if you are condemning my father," Chik concluded.

The information is drawn from an interview with Saming Daengpetch's family at their home in the Ratanathibet neighborhood in March 2011.

Montchai Sae Jong

Name	Montchai Sae Jong (มนต์ชัย แซ่จอง)
Date of Birth	18 January 1956
Age	54
Place of Birth	Chomthong district, Bangkok
Family Status	One son with his previous wife and now married to Charoen Chaiklang
Education	Unable to read or write
Occupation	Vendor
Cause of Death	Heart attack (death certificate, Police Hospital)
Place of Death	Ratchadamnoen Avenue
Time of Death	10 April 2010, afternoon

1

Montchai's story is different from those of others who lost their lives because his death was not caused by a bullet from a gun, but from a heart attack. He had chronic septicemia.

"The hospital said he died due to chronic disease. But if he had not been hit with teargas, nothing would have happened to him," Charoen Chaiklang, his wife, wiped away her tears as she spoke quietly.

10 April was a Saturday. The husband and wife pair sold second-hand cassette tapes at Tha Chang as they had for more than ten years. They continued in this profession even though nearly everyone had switched to listening to CDs. Montchai turned on the radio to listen to the news about the demonstrations and movements of the red shirts. When he learned that soldiers were preparing to bring troops to disperse the protests, he abandoned his stall and hopped on a hired motorcycle to go to Phan Fa Bridge. He left his wife to pack up the stall and join him later. Montchai arrived at Phan Fa after 3 pm. They planned to meet at Kok Wua Intersection.

"When we met up, I saw that his face had lost all color. I asked him what he had been doing. He said he had just been hit with tear gas."

A few minutes passed, and then tear gas was sprayed down from helicopters. People were tangled up together as they tried to flee, as though it was an ant's nest that had been demolished. Then, around 6 pm, chaos ensued between soldiers and protestors. The din of guns grew louder. People ran to evade the shower of falling bullets.

Around 7 pm, Montchai felt unwell. He felt cold and wanted aspirin. Charoen did not know where to find medicine, but luckily fellow demonstrators came to inquire about Montchai and procured medicine for him. But after taking the medicine, he did not feel better. When the sound of guns eased up around 9 pm, the pair then went to go find the first-aid tent. Montchai laid down in the tent and shortly, a CPR unit came to take his pulse. His heart was beating unusually fast and so they sent him to the General Hospital. At that point, Montchai was still conscious and able to speak with his wife.

At the hospital, the doctor would not allow Charoen to stay at Montchai's bedside, so she decided to go home.

"I thought that perhaps it was nothing much, so I went home. Before I left, he said 'Roen, sell a lot. And tomorrow, bring a coffin for me.' That's what he said."

The next day, Charoen woke up at dawn and prepared a set of clothes to bring for her husband for him to wear to come home. She had not been aware that the repeated ringing of her telephone throughout the long night had heralded terrible news.

"The telephone went on the fritz exactly then. The doctor called all night. But when I pushed the button to answer, there was no sound. In the morning, after 5 am, I rushed to get up to go to the hospital. When I asked about Montchai, one of the nurses who looked after him told me that he was dead."

The death certificate noted Montchai's death was

caused by chronic septicemia. But in the autopsy report from the Police Hospital, it says that he died due to acute respiratory failure.

Charoen was shocked, grief-stricken and at a loss. She did not know how to begin going about calling the children to tell them what happened. They had all moved out and started their own families. None of them knew that their mother and father went to the red shirt protests nearly every day. None of them knew that they were involved to the extent of often sleeping on the sidewalk at the demonstrations.

2

By March 2010, Montchai and Charoen were fully committed to the protests. Montchai had long followed red shirt news via community radio in Samut Prakan, where they lived. In 2009, the pair had occasionally joined the demonstrations on Sanam Luang.

"In 2010, our hearts were in it and we went to protest with all we had. There was never any justice for red shirts."

"At first, we went on our own to the protests. Sometimes we rode the bus, sometimes we took taxis. But then it became too hard to go on our own, and we joined others at the radio station instead. Many people gathered there, and we could go along with them in their cars. It was fast, too." Montchai and Charoen lived together and did everything together for more than 10 years. They did not have children together, but both had children of their own already. Charoen has two daughters. Montchai had one son, who lives with his grandmother. His son's only chance to see his father's face was at the funeral, when he saw a photograph of the corpse.

No one really knew Montchai's personal story, not even Charoen. All she knew was that his relatives had kicked him out of the house when he was still a young man. He gave his son to his mother to raise. After that, he lived life on his own and did not go home until 2007. He only went then to

obtain the proof he needed to make an ID card to use the universal health care plan to treat his chronic septicemia. If he had to pay himself, the cost would be 3,000-4,000 baht per month.

Montchai could not read or write. He did not have an ID card because he had gone AWOL from the army. In the end, he was put in a military prison and when he came out he did not have any thoughts of making the ID card.

"We had just rushed to make his ID card, so he could be treated for free. He loved Thaksin in a big way, especially the 30-baht healthcare policy that he was able to use. The economy was good, so we could do business."

After her husband died, Charoen continued to attend the protests. It was not only that she wanted to call for justice, but also because she felt warm and connected when she was among the red shirts.

Securing compensation from different state agencies and dealing with the court cases is complicated and wastes a lot of time. Charoen's small stall was taken by the municipality and given to someone else. Many hundreds of cassette tapes remain unsold and are lying in dust in the small rented room in Samrong where she lives alone. Now she supports herself by selling clothes and other little things every time there is a demonstration. Each time, her profit is less than 1000 baht. She always goes with the red shirts, even to the provinces, unless it is a distant province.

"When they went to Chiang Mai, I did not go with them. It's far and the roads are dangerous. The corpse has not yet been cremated. I have to cremate the body first, absolutely [before taking risks of my own]," Charoen said.

At present, Charoen lives by herself in a rented room with only a few essential items. Everything is old and in shabby condition. But she has a large speaker. She said her husband liked to listen to music, especially luk thung [Thai folk music originating in the countryside]. Whenever he had free time, he would turn the volume on high and listen to music. Since his death, no one has heard any loud strains of music from

this rented room.

The information is drawn from an interview with Montchai Sae Jong's widow in her rented room in Samut Prakan in February 2011.

Phraison Thiplom

Name	Phraison Thiplom (ไพรศล ทิพย์ลม)
Date of Birth	7 October 1972
Age	38
Place of Birth	Ubolrat district, Khon Kaen province
Family Status	Married to Sangwan Sutthisen with two children, Ratchaphon Thiplom (son) and Saithan Thiplom (daughter)
Education	Unknown
Occupation	Worker for a private sea freight company
Cause of Death	A bullet entered his forehead, pierced the occipital bone at the base of the skull, and destroyed his brain (Institute of Forensic Medicine)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 7 pm

1

Sangwan Sutthisen, Phraison's widow, is from Sawannakhet in Laos. She told the story of her husband's life and said that Phraison, or Son, was from Khon Kaen and migrated to work in Bangkok. He had worked in shipping for almost ten years as a dock worker for a private company in Khlong Toey [Bangkok's port]. The pair lived together for a long time, and once they were financially secure in 2006, they decided to get married. Phraison and Sangwan had two children, a son, Ratchaphon Thiplom, and a daughter, Saithan Thiplom. They made their home in the Wat That Tong neighborhood in Ekamai.

"Son was a quiet person. He rarely spoke. But if he decided to do something, then he really did it. If he wanted to go somewhere, then he went," Sangwan explained.

Even though Phraison was a quiet person, he was not quiet about the issue of democracy. His widow explained that

for him, democracy was a matter of rights, a matter of equality, and a matter of individual contentment. He cherished the possibility of having equal rights, and so he went out to call for democracy.

"On the issue of politics, he always voted for Thai Rak Thai. This was the party he always chose. No matter what anyone may say, he chose this party because they governed well," Sangwan said.

Phraison had joined the red shirt demonstrations when the red shirts were first organized as the Democratic Alliance Against Dictatorship (DAAD) in early 2007 after the coup. Sangwan said that in those days, he was working full-time and so could not always go to the protests. He went now and then. But in 2010, he was not working full-time, and often went for significant stretches without work. This meant that he could continuously attend the protests of the United Front for Democracy Against Dictatorship (UDD).

By this point, Phraison was fully committed. Even though Sangwan wanted to forbid him from attending because their children were still small, she could not stop him. She had never gone to the protests before this year. This year, though, Sangwan herself sometimes went with neighbors to check out the protests. She visited the stages at both Phan Fa Bridge-Democracy Monument and Ratchaprasong. At first, she felt that the political demonstrations might be unsafe. But when she saw the Peoples' Alliance for Democracy (PAD) [yellow shirts] demonstrating for a long period of time without any violence, she then began to dare to join the red shirt protests.

"I saw the yellow shirts demonstrating without incident at all. When we first went to protest with the red shirts, I was afraid we were going to be shot. But my husband told me that nothing would happen, nothing at all."

Although Phraison left the house by himself to go to the protests, once he reached his destination, he was never alone.

"I saw him there. He had many friends at the

demonstrations."

When asked if Phraison had ever joined the protests of the PAD before joining the red shirts, Sangwan's answer was swift: "He did not like them at all. The yellow shirts, he did not like them. But I don't like having this color and that color. I am neutral."

2

"At first, he was at Ratchaprasong. He was still there at 4 pm. But when the dispersal of protests at Phan Fa Bridge began, the leaders on the stage there telephoned the leaders at Ratchaprasong and asked for demonstrators to join at Phan Fa. Son rode his motorcycle to Phan Fa."

"At 4:30 pm, I called him, and he said, 'No need to call me. Right now, I haven't died yet.' When he talked like this, I wondered, why did he have to say these words? I asked him, 'Hey, why are you speaking like this?' He said, 'Eh, it's nothing.' I had no further contact with him after that. A bit later, and I learned that he had died."

Sangwan learned that her husband had been shot around 7 pm. Someone from Hua Chiew Hospital called to tell her that Phraison was in the Emergency Room and she should come to the hospital. When she received the call, she had just gotten off work and was looking after the children at their home in Ekamai.

Sangwan relayed the accounts Phraison's friends in the demonstrations had shared with her:

"When the soldiers entered Kok Wua Intersection in the afternoon, everyone picked up whatever they could. They picked up sticks, picked up whatever, and tossed them. There was a lot of confusion then. Those who had stones, used stones. Those who had sticks, used sticks. But the people did not have guns. Soldiers were the only ones with guns."

"A friend told Son to run to dodge the bullets. But he was bending down to pick up a stone. He had a rock and threw it. As he was stooping to get another stone, he was

shot in the head."

Phraison's friends and other demonstrators brought his body to the hospital around 7 pm.

Before the soldiers attacked, a friend of Phraison's tried to warn him that tonight there might be a dispersal of the demonstrations. But Phraison did not believe him. "How are they going to disperse us? They are going to disperse us at night? It's not possible." That's what he said.

Sangwan said that, "When I learned the news, in my heart I did not think that he had died. I thought he was hit in the leg, hit in the arm, injured. When I went by after 7 pm, I asked the nurse about him and she said she could not find him. But I could see his name on the list of patients. The nurse sent me home to wait. She said that they would call me, that there was no need to wait there."

"I said that I could not go home. There was no way that I could go home. If she could not find him, then I could not go home. I have only myself and my children. I could not go home. The hospital staff did not tell me that he had died. I carried my little child who was fussing until almost 11 pm. The hospital staff then came to tell me, people in cases like this have to prepare themselves. I was despondent. At around midnight, they called me to speak to a high-ranking doctor. He said that he wanted to express his condolences. Phraison was dead. I was upset, why didn't they tell me from the beginning? If they had told me that he had died, I could have prepared myself. But to have me carry my child around all evening, and then tell me at midnight?"

After the death of her husband, Sangwan must bear the burden of taking care of her two children on her own.

"With the children's school fees, the money for food, the rent, it's a heavy burden. I work for a daily wage at a flower shop in Ekamai. Whenever there is work to be had, then I work. But now I am looking for a new job. Once I register for a work permit, I will open my own flower shop."

Even though Phraison and Sangwan registered their marriage in 2006, she has still been unable to obtain Thai

citizenship. She has to carry her passport and the marriage registration certificate with her at all times. She is looking for someone to help her register for a work permit.

"If someone really wants to help, this is the issue. I want to obtain citizenship. I want to take care of my children. If I return home (Lao PDR), there will be no one to take care of my children. My children have Thai citizenship, but I still do not. My children are still small. Their paternal grandmother and grandfather are old and cannot take care of them. Some months, I earn enough money to give some to Son's parents. But my parents in Lao are both dead."

After her husband's death on 10 April, Sangwan continued to go visit the protests at Ratchaprasong from time to time until the crackdown in May 2010.

Sangwan's small children were standing behind her when we spoke, and she talked about their reaction: "The day that their father was shot, they saw his body. They said that the soldiers shot him. The soldiers shot our father. Mean soldiers. Now the children cannot encounter soldiers. They will say that the soldiers shot their father. If they see soldiers, this is what they will say."

The information is drawn from an interview with Phraison Thiplom's widow in May 2010.

Somsak Kaewsan

Name	Somsak Kaewsan (สมศักดิ์ แก้วสาน)
Date of Birth	20 March 1976
Age	34
Place of Birth	Nong Khai province
Family Status	Married with three children, and also another child from his previous marriage
Education	Grade 9
Occupation	Taxi driver
Cause of Death	A bullet entered his back and exited on the left side of his body (Erawan Center)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, time unknown

From the time he was a small boy, Somsak was raised by Prachak Sirichok, his stepmother. The owner of the taxi cooperative called to convey the terrible news to her on the morning of 11 April.

The entire Kaewsan family is red. During the big demonstrations in 2010, aside from Somsak, Nu (his father) and Prachak often traveled from Nong Khai to join the demonstrations in Bangkok. They came to the city in search of justice and the prosperous economy that they had experienced in the past.

But on the day that Somsak lost his life, his family was not in Bangkok. No one knew what had happened to the seventh child of the family. The family learned of his sacrifice one day after his death.

After Prachak heard the news, she was silent. She did not dare to tell her husband. She feared that Somsak's father, who was 72, would not be able to bear it. That morning, he had urged her to contact their son since they had been unable to reach him all night. Even though she knew Somsak was dead, all she told Nu was that there was no answer. Finally,

when it was late, Prachak decided to tell her husband the truth. Then, they raced to find a car to take them to Bangkok to pick up Somsak's body at Siriraj Hospital. All they knew was that their son had been shot in the chest. Nothing more.

Nu and Prachak are rice farmers. They also cut eucalyptus and sugar cane, for which they are paid a wage of 200 baht per day. This is how they support their family, which includes Somsak's three small children who must be looked after (one more child is with his ex-wife). Somsak used to send money to them every two weeks. Depending on how much he profited from his work as a taxi driver, sometimes it was 1000-2000 baht, sometimes it was 3000-4000 baht. Somsak first went to Bangkok to work in construction, but he had driven a taxi for over ten years before his death in April 2010.

Somsak's oldest child is in Grade 5, the next is in kindergarten, and the youngest has not yet started school. The youngest child constantly asks his grandmother and grandfather, "Where did my father go?"

"When I heard this, my tears began to flow. I said, your father has died, child. You are here with your grandfather. I will be your father," Somsak's father said.

"I am full of sorrow. Until now, we still have not received justice. Sometimes, I cannot sleep. Sometimes, I have to make myself think, try to think, all right, Somsak died on the battlefield. But when I think about it more, I think no, it should not have been like this. His children are not grown up yet, they are not grown up at all."

The information is drawn from an interview with Somsak Kaewsan's family in February 2011.

Manah Achran

(มานะ อาจราญ)

The name "Manah Achran" was included in the list of names compiled by the Erawan Center of people who lost their lives on 10 April. He was shot in the head. The bullet entered the back of his head and exited in the front, exposing his skull. He lost his life in the same way as other people who died that day, but in a different location and at a different time than the others. He was shot at 11 pm at the Dusit Zoo after the fighting at Kok Wua Intersection and Dinso Road had ended.

Manah's family refused to grant any interviews. Through asking around with his work colleagues, we learned that his father has worked at the zoo for a long time, since he was his son's age.

Manah was still a young man of barely 20 on the day he died. The zoo was his family. Once he finished school, he began to work at the zoo. On 10 April, he and his uncle were on guard duty at the giant tortoise enclosure.

That evening, after a large number of soldiers were injured and lost their lives near Dinso Road at dusk, many regiments came to rest in the zoo's parking lot. Closed circuit television footage showed that close to 11 pm, soldiers massed in front of the gates to the zoo were startled by something and rushed inside. Soldiers in the parking lot followed them into the zoo. Some soldiers carried shields, some soldiers carried guns. One zoo staff member who was present said that the soldiers were running from a pick-up truck that had passed by on the street. When it passed, soldiers shot in the air. Then, there were loud sounds of continuous gunfire for many minutes. This was when Manah Achran's shift ended. Manah walked out from the turtle enclosure and was shot in the head during the melee.

The responsibility for the investigation of this case is with the Department of Special Investigation (DSI). As of March 2011, no information about the progress of the investigation has been made public.

Noppon Phaophanat

(นภพล เผ่าพนัส)

The name "Noppon Phaophanat" was included in the list of names compiled by the Erawan Center of people who lost their lives on 10 April. Beyond this, there was no further information about him anywhere. Unlike other people who had been killed, neither a telephone number nor a place to contact his relatives was known. Among the group of families of civilians who lost their lives, who tend to be in constant contact with each other, no one knew Noppon's family.

His name was the last name, and we nearly gave up. We nearly left his life and death as a puzzle, until his funeral was mentioned on a webboard. Noppon was a young man, age 30, from Chonburi province who worked as a staff member at a university's Faculty of Agricultural Technology. We began to look for him once again.

Noppon's father walked out of a small, shaded, quiet townhouse in Chonburi city to see the strangers who came to interview him about his son. His was quiet for a moment. Our eyes adjusted to see behind the fence. Noppon's father seemed distant. Then he opened his mouth to speak and refused: "We want to forget. We do not want anyone else to come to speak about him anymore."

Noppon was one of three children in the family. He worked in a lab and assisted in teaching students. Noppon planned to study for a master's degree at the institute where he worked. He liked to take photographs and often traveled around to eat food in different places. Then, he took the information and photos and made stories to share with students.

Noppon's father did not know how his son came to be there on that day. But he asserted that his family was not any color. Then he walked back into the darkness of the house behind him.

The information is drawn from an interview with Noppon Phaophanat's father on 23 March 2011.

Hiroyuki Muramoto

Name	Hiroyuki Muramoto
Age	43
Family Status	Married, with two children
Occupation	Reporter and Photographer, Reuters News Agency
Cause of Death	Shot in the left side of the chest (Erawan Center)
Place of Death	Kok Wua Intersection
Time of Death	10 April 2010, approximately 7 pm

1

Hiroyuki Muramoto, or Hiro, was a reporter and photographer for Reuters News Agency. He was a foreign person who lost his life in the dispersal of protests in Thailand on 10 April 2010.

Hiro had worked for Reuters as a freelance photographer for 15 years. He had previously worked for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) in Tokyo. Hiro had traveled to North Korea to document people's living conditions and to the Philippines to document political chaos. He reported on a range of human interest stories as well as politics.

In his personal life, Hiro was the father of two small children, ages 5 and 8. He often participated in charity activities, such as a two-day, 100-kilometer walk around Mt. Fuji to raise funds for impoverished communities in Africa. He planned to join this event once again on 22 April 2010, but he did not have the opportunity to do so.

2

Two days after Hiro lost his life in the dispersal of protests in Bangkok, Rodney Joyce, the Tokyo bureau chief for Reuters, wrote a memorial to him titled "Remembering Hiro's gentle smile." He wrote:

"As Hiro Muramoto headed out the door of the Tokyo

newsroom last week, weighed down with TV equipment on his way to Bangkok to cover demonstrations, he flashed a smile at a Reuters colleague.

It was, she remembers, a 'Hiro' smile. It was gentle, rather than a broad grin, and it showed the 43-year-old was pleased once again to take his expertise on the road to do his job telling the world what was going on.

It was doing that job that cost him his life as he was killed, along with 20 others, during a sudden burst of violence during the protests in central Bangkok on Saturday night.

Hiro was not the gung-ho war correspondent of the movies. He was a careful, loving married dad of two and a gentle mentor for young colleagues and an expert storyteller. He took his concern for those around him beyond the newsroom to complete two 100-km charity walks (with a third planned this month), raising thousands of dollars for Oxfam along with teammates from Thomson Reuters.

At Reuters for more than a decade and a half, Hiro was witness to many of Asia's biggest stories. His work brought to viewers around the world the sounds and images of events ranging from Asian financial crises to political protests and the 2002 World Cup.

He was trained and experienced in operating in hostile environments, including the aftermath of the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami and Philippine military operations against insurgents on Jolo island.

Greg Beitchman, who took Hiro on as a staff member in 1995, remembers how Hiro eluded government minders during a reporting trip to North Korea, to get out to the world what was really happening in the secretive state.

'While the minders chatted away at me in English – mostly about how the Dear leader 'loved journalists' – Hiro pretended not to understand and slipped away to work,' Greg recalls.

'On the surface much of the city looked like a 60's Godzilla movie set but underneath Hiro found evidence of poverty and hunger amidst government attempts to show off

a 'flourishing' free trade zone,' recalled Greg, who is now the global editor of our news agency business.

Hiro's sense of humour and his gentle personality also made him a natural for coverage of the quirkier side of life. Stories that showcased his professionalism and his sense of fun remain viral hits on the Internet, including pieces on a pair of monkeys working as waiters outside Tokyo (2008) and the first-ever wedding between a man and a Japanese video game character (2009).

'Hiro was a trusted and dear colleague who quietly made those around him better through tremendous gifts as a story-teller, cameraman and editor,' remembers another long-time TV colleague, Dan Sloan. 'He visualised the finished product while still shooting — how it would flow from shot to shot to make a better story.'

From my own memories and talking to colleagues who have known Hiro much longer than me, it was his calming, professional influence that comes through again and again — along with that subtle smile.

'Emotions often run high at the scene of news, between the media and authorities, among competing media or even among ourselves,' recalls colleague George Nishiyama, who saw Hiro as his senpai, a Japanese term of endearment for a senior colleague who guides a newcomer. 'But Hiro was always there to prevent the situation from getting out of hand.'

'Hiro would somehow diffuse the confrontation at the end, get us into that news conference, through that gate so we can report the news,' said George. 'And at the end of the day, when we gathered over drinks and let off steam, sometimes unleashing harsh words at others, Hiro always listened and at the end told us to forgive, saying that no one means harm, that everyone's doing their best to cover the news.'"

3

It is not a small matter when a foreign person dies

in an incident like the dispersal of protests on 10 April. Representatives from the Japanese government met with representatives from many different Thai state agencies throughout 2010 in order to hasten the investigation into Hiro's death. Although the news about the deaths of foreign people during April-May 2010 often made front-page news, no progress was made in their cases, just like the cases of the Thais who died.

On 29 April 2010, the Japanese Embassy in Bangkok announced that the Diet had set up an inquiry into Hiro Muramoto's death, chaired by Muneo Suzuki, the chair of the Diet's International Relations Committee. The inquiry was to consider how the Japanese government would proceed, especially since there were media reports that Hiro's death may have occurred due to the actions of Thai government forces. They also announced that they would consider whether or not the Official Development Assistance (ODA) funds given by Japan to Thailand had any part in supporting the development of democracy in Thailand, and whether or not there should be a pause in the provision of ODA funds to Thailand until there was a clear explanation of the truth of the death of Hiro Muramoto. In response to a question from a reporter, the Japanese government representative noted that the Thai government promised that they would carry out a full investigation into the death of Hiro Muramoto.

In December 2010, Jatuporn Phromphan made a press statement that cited information from a leaked investigation of the Department of Special Investigation (DSI) that noted clearly that the protestors, including Hiro, were shot by soldiers. Tharit Phengdit, the director general of DSI, denied this report.

In January 2011, DSI made a statement to the press that from their investigation into the deaths during the dispersal of protests, it is "in 8 cases, involving 12 deaths, it is believed that they resulted from the actions of the UDD who committed terrorist acts." They admitted that, "it is believed that in 8 cases, in which 13 people died, the deaths were

caused by state officials." Hiro's death was included in the second set of 8 cases, in which the deaths were attributed to state officials.

One anonymous person who was present during the dispersal of protests gave testimony to state officials and maintained that around 8 pm during the clashes, s/he saw Hiro walk out from the lines of soldiers near Satriwithaya School. Then, s/he watched as Hiro was shot and killed. S/he did not know who shot him, but s/he saw a flash from the end of a gun on the side of the soldiers. Similarly, a policeman who had recorded pictures of the protestors and the incident noted that he was hiding under a tree before reaching the gate of Satriwithaya School. As he stood waiting, he heard the loud sound of a gun, one bullet after another. He saw soldiers standing and holding guns approximately 50 meters away from where he was standing, and in the same plane as the anonymous witness. He also heard the sound of something hard hitting the ground. When he turned to look, he saw a foreign journalist carrying a large video camera laying face up on the group, with his face turned toward the Satriwithaya School fence. The journalist had been shot in the chest. As the policeman learned later, the journalist was Hiro. The policeman did not know what direction that bullet had come from, but he was certain that it did not come from the Democracy Monument where the protestors were located. He then called for help to take Hiro to the hospital.

However, in the next months, the director general of DSI released additional news. He said that there was information that Hiro may have been hit with a bullet from an AK-47. The army denied that soldiers used this kind of gun. Very soon after this news release, there was news from the Autopsy Committee as follows:

"This was forwarded by the DSI regarding the conclusion in the case of Hiroyuki Muramoto, the Japanese photographer from Reuters News Agency: The Center for the Resolution of the Emergency Situation (CRES) contacted

Police Lieutenant General Amporn to participate in the investigation and autopsies of the deaths of 11 UDD protestors and the Japanese reporter from Reuters News Agency during the clashes of 10 April 2010. But Police Lieutenant General Amporn was carrying out duties abroad at that time, and so did not participate in the autopsy.

Regarding the autopsy results of this group of 11 people who lost their lives on 10 April: 1 was an elderly person who lost his life due to heart failure. As far as the other 10 people, they died due to being shot with high-speed bullets. The bullets entered their bodies in 2 places: the head and the chest and severed the blood supply to their hearts. Among the 11, there were only two who were felled due to being shot in the leg and collapsing, and were then hit by another bullet in the chest which severed the blood supply to their hearts. Regarding Hiroyuki's wounds, the bullet entered from behind to cut off the blood supply to his heart. The characteristic of each body makes it credible that they were shot by marksmen with the capability to conceal themselves and accurately select a target to shoot. Characteristically, snipers often choose to use M-16s rather than AK-47s.

However, the committee is unable to specify what kind of gun each of the ten people who died were shot with, as no bullets were found during the autopsies. All that can be reported is that the guns used were high-speed guns. Therefore, this is the point raised by Police Lieutenant General Amporn, who, although he did not participate in the autopsy team, analyzed the pictures of the photographs and concluded that the wounds were made by AK-47s. He analyzed photographs of deadly wounds caused by M-16s and commented on how they were different from those caused by AK-47s."

The investigation continues as information flows back and forth. It is not clear when there will be a clear resolution.

In addition to the loss of a husband and father in the Muramoto family, in addition to the loss of an employee and dear colleague of Reuters, the world has lost a storyteller

who was ready to face difficulty and hardship in order to bring stories into the public eyes of the world. These stories included the facts of violence in Thailand, which we do not have the opportunity to see on domestic television or read in domestic newspapers.

Behind the Lines of Text

Korakot Phiengjai

One, two, three, four .... fifteen, sixteen, seventeen .... thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one .... seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three ....

Perhaps the incident was too immense. Perhaps the violence was too spread out, confusing, and mysterious. All people could do was sit in front of the television or computer screen and keep track of the number of people who lost their lives.

In addition to the overwhelming sadness felt at the death of a large number of our fellow humans, many people still want to know the truth and are filled with numerous questions about what happened. But it is not an easy matter to piece together what occurred, or to prove how the violence of 10 April really unfolded. Even the state units who were directly involved do not have clear answers.

One thing that we can do is to listen to the truths from those who survived. They make it possible for us to obtain one kind of truth of the incident, a form that others may or may not believe. But who will deny the truths told by survivors about their fathers, their lovers, their sons, and their younger and older brothers?

These truths cause the meaning of one, two, three, four, to exceed that of a list of numbers that can be counted.

The Heroes of Democracy Foundation provided

financial support to the small working team that wanted to record the story of the shock of 10 April. One afternoon in May 2010, we were together when we received a call informing us that Seh Daeng had been shot in the head and was in a coma. From that day forward, the violence that had begun on 10 April increased exponentially.

Each subsequent day was filled with vast amounts of news and losses that quickly erupted. The urgency of the violence caused us to have to temporarily step away from the 10 April book project.

Even though the violence came to an end on 19 May, the aftermath of the dispersal of the protests devoured many months. The 10 April book proceeded slowly. There were obstacles in contacting the families of the deceased. In some cases, we could not obtain the contact information, and in other cases, we contacted the families, but they were not yet ready to give interviews. The project therefore had to pause and wait for completion in the following year.

What did we learn from our interviews with the twenty families?

The majority survive from day-to-day and live in inner lanes and alleys scattered throughout Bangkok and the surrounding provinces.

Although the path could be long and winding, sometimes beginning on an eight-lane road, then exiting to a four-lane road, moving onto a two-lane road, and eventually to gravel, the hospitality of the those we met upon our arrival caused us to nearly forget to go home at the end of each interview. For example, when we went to learn about Wasant Phuthong, Grandmother Charoen (Wasant's mother), and his older and younger siblings all sat down to talk with each other. They talked with gusto from afternoon until dusk fell. They began with the story of Grandmother Charoen, who was a fighter. Then they talked about the 10 April incident itself and about local and national politics. We could barely catch everything everyone said, because the whole house was into politics. The inter-

view ended with everyone eating together in the friendly manner of a large family. Grandmother Charoen takes care of the food for everyone in the house and it was clear that she never disappointed anyone.

On the topic of food, many families earn a living from food. For example, Saming Daengpetch's family has made nam phrik [spicy chili dip], boiled vegetables, and different kinds of salads to sell at the market for the past ten years. But now, since they lack Saming, they have shifted to selling fried potatoes. This kind of work is very detailed and labor is needed. Labor from within the family itself must be the mainstay, as hiring someone else to help out may not work. As a result, contra to societal preference, the children in this family do not complete a high level of education. Chik, the oldest daughter in the family, finished only Grade 6 and then left school first to help her mother and then to work in a factory. After meeting her, we can say that she is very self-possessed and is a wonderful daughter who loves her family. Her two younger sisters are small and sickly as a result of living with blood disease. They are somewhat shy and we did not have much of a chance to speak to them.

Charoon Chaimaen's family also survives by making and selling food. When the sole man in the family died, the mother and daughters were forced to become strong. From being someone who worked behind the scenes, now Nuan, Charoon's widow, has risen to deal with many things herself. Her husband used to help her sell somtam [papaya salad] and namtok [spicy grilled meat salad], but now she does it on her own. It is work that is not a trifle and requires fastidiousness. Her youngest child, who just finished Grade 9, has had to leave school to help her. The oldest child in the family left school a long time ago. She works as a cashier in a convenience store at the entrance to the lane where the house is located and studies non-formal education on Sundays. All of the relatives of those who died on 10 April talked about Nuan's talent at making delicious somtam. She is frequently hired to make her somtam for various events.

Go try it from the cart at the entrance to Soi 44 on Pridi Road.

Kriangkrai Khamnoi's large family of taxi drivers who live together in Bangkok sell somtam and namtok in front of their house in Bangkok. The inhabitants of the house are relatives and friends from Phanom Phrai sub-district in Roi Et province. Everyone gathers around to listen when those who were with Kriangkrai on 10 April tell the story of what happened. Many try to throw in a detail here or there in the northeastern language. But after even one or two sentences, they stopped, because we only spoke central Thai and could not understand. What a shame. If they could tell the story in the northeastern language, it would be much more vibrant. But no matter -- it's good that those who were involved in the incident are willing to tell the story of what happened. After they went to give testimony at the local police station, numerous summons from different units piled up at the house. The witnesses became uneasy and did not open their mouths to talk further about the issue. Tears welled up in Om's, Kriangkrai's older sister, eyes as she sat and listened. She later told us outside that, "Only now, today, did I hear them tell the real, actual story."

Suwimol, Therdsak Fungklinchan's mother, sells made-to-order food. But because ingredients are expensive and she cannot bear losing any more money, she closed her restaurant near Don Muang. She is looking for a new location, but it is not easy to find one. After the loss of their son, Therdsak's mother and father picked up where their son left off in the movement. They wear red every day. They ride their motorbike wildly and constantly, as if they are members of a teenage motorcycle gang. Whenever we met up with them, they had a lot to tell us. Suwimol's husband rarely speaks and only interjects an important point here or there. The pair are primary figures among the group of people who lost relatives on 10 April. They distribute news and push the group forward.

Nang, Amphon Thitiyarat's mother, sells northeastern food from her house in the Ratchaprarop neighborhood. She

is kind-hearted and speaks sweetly with her children, always referring to them as "my child." Each time, she says "my child was like this," "my child was like that." Even though we did not have an opportunity to get to know her oldest child, the university graduate of the house, we can guess that he possessed self-confidence. His parents said that he had a lot of friends, and they were nearly all yellow shirts. Amphon's friends kindly organized the cremation for his parents. But they did not want to allow the red shirts to attend. How Amphon, who loved his friends, and whose friends loved him, parted thinking with his circle of friends remains a puzzle. His family was focused on making a living and viewed politics from a distance.

Thawattanachai Kladsuk's family does not make food, but they grow rice. The family home is located on a quiet road along a canal and there are 20 rai [one rai is equal to sixteen hundred square meters] of paddy fields behind the house. The landscape of the verdant green paddy field is reminiscent of the provines, although the house is in Nonthaburi, which borders Bangkok. Thawattanachai's elderly mother, who is over seventy, poured her labor into these fields from the time she was a young woman until the day she could barely walk. Usually her youngest son, Thawattanachai, was close at hand. Somboon, his older brother, returned home to farm the rice fields and to look after their mother in Thawattanachai's stead after he died. Nearly a year after his death, his mother still sheds tears every time she speaks about her son.

Charoen Thapklang lives alone in a small, rented room. On the day we went to visit, even after spending only several hours there, it was possible to imagine the solitude she faces.

Her life resembles that of Julalai Noppakhun, Sayam Watthanakul's wife. The pair had shared life together for more than thirty years. Today, she shares a small, rented room with two cats. The room is filled with pictures of the couple and VCDs of the events of 10 April that she has amassed with the hope of finding answers about her husband's death.

La-aw, Boonchan Maiprasert's wife, has to work the family's sugarcane fields on her own. She lives with her youngest daughter, age nine [in 2011], in Ratchaburi province, and presses her into service to read and write for her. She still has to ride the van to go back and forth to Bangkok to push various issues forward. She does not speak well and tends to keep to herself. In order to take several photographs, we waited for her in front of the Rattanakosin Hotel on a sweltering afternoon before she boarded a van to return to Ratchaburi.

Daeng, Buntham Thongphui's wife, is one of the housewives who must both provide for her family and vigorously push for justice after the loss of her husband. We traveled to interview her in the middle of the field in Chaiyaphum. Bik, her youngest son, lives at home and keeps her company. When we visited, he jumped into the car to guide us to the house. Daeng told us many stories about the months that had passed. She admitted that the loss caused her to nearly cease to want to continue living. But living with her child and the land on which they live are sources of support in her life.

But in 2011, there was perhaps no other woman who was as alone as Eed, or Kornthong Sirikulwanit. Eed is a strong middle-aged Chinese woman. Not very long after she lost her husband and teacher of politics, Anan Sirikulwanit, her daughter received a scholarship to study abroad. It would be at the very least one year that Eed one would have to work as if a cog in a machine from dawn until dusk, and then return home by herself to a small rented room.

When Somsak Kaewsan came to Bangkok ten years ago to drive a taxi, he left his four small children to live with their mother and grandparents in Nong Khai province. After his death, the money that Somsak had once sent fortnightly no longer came and their mother and grandfather had to provide for the children by working as day laborers. Unfortunately, many obstacles meant that we could not travel to take pictures of the members of the Kaewsan family in time for the book, and could only interview them via telephone.

Somsak's mother had to ask other relatives and friends to help her read what was written on her son's death certificate.

We interviewed Sunanta Preechaiwet, Thotsachai Mekngamfa's older sister, at Wat Suntornthamthan (or Wat Kae Nang Lerng) fifty days after his death during the merit-making ceremony. Sunanta and her friends and relatives were the primary organizers of the event. Sunanta also took on the responsibility of supporting Thotsachai's two sons. We also met Sangwan Sittisen, Phraison Thiplom's wife at the temple when she came to make merit for her husband. Her home-town is in Laos and she supports her children on her own by working as a flower arranger.

Samran Wangam is a widower who lost his oldest son, Sawat Wangam, from the house of "three men, three perspectives." Today Samran and his youngest son are all that remain of the family. They live from hand to mouth and survive on the wages that they earn each day. But they are red shirt people who participated in the demonstrations diligently out of devotion to the former prime minister. On the day that the demonstration was dispersed, the three men worked together to hold back the soldiers, until Sawat fell down and was unable to get up again.

The relatives of some families were not comfortable with giving interviews. For example, the family of Khanung Chatr-teh, the security officer at Chulalongkorn University. Or the family of Manah Achran, who looked after the giant turtle pools at the Dusit Zoo. Many people in the Achran family had worked in the zoo for a long time. They lost Manah suddenly in a split second after he left the turtle enclosure in the middle of the night.

Noppon Phaophanat was a young man from Chonburi who worked in an agricultural technology lab at a university. His family was not ready to give information and wanted to heal and accept their difficult loss through "forgetting." With pained eyes, Noppon's father maintained that his son was not involved with politics of any color. His son was simply someone who liked to take photographs.

We could only attempt to get to know Hiro, the Japanese photographer, whose life ended unexpectedly in Thailand in the middle of a heated political situation that erupted violently on the evening of 10 April, via the recollections of his colleagues at Reuters.

The details of each life vary. But the details of the seconds before each life ended bear some resemblance to one another. Many people had joined the demonstrations not too long before 10 April. Many people used motorcycles as a swift mode of transportation to race from Ratchaprasong to Phan Fa when they heard the announcement that, "the soldiers have arrived." Many people may have predicted that the soldiers would disperse the protests, but were likely unable to predict what they themselves faced. One person told his youngest son that he would be gone for an hour and would then return home.

As for the people who are left in the family, many voices echo the difficulties in contacting and coordinating with the hospitals and medical staff. The hospitals may have had legitimate reasons for their inability to help. On 10 April, red shirts went everywhere to look after the corpses. They believed that if they did not do this, then the bodies might disappear. No matter what the reality, we have to recognize that this was a feeling lingering since April 2009 when the red shirts faced incredible difficulty in finding information about the dead and injured. This made the red shirts feel that they would not receive cooperation from public health institutions.

Up until the present, many relatives have still not received the official postmortem report. This is important. In many cases, they have a death certificate from the hospital or a written explanation about "one kind of hard object" from the physicians. This only augmented the existing suspicions. No matter what official reason was given by the doctors, all the families wanted to hear was the word "bullet" (if the type was unknown, that was okay) because the bullet holes were on the bodies right in front of them. Some people saw their relatives die with their own eyes.

Since many of the puzzles of these deaths have not been unraveled, there are nine families that have still preserved the bodies and have not held cremations. This is the case even though they adhere to custom and believe in the rebirth. Nearly everyone has dreamed about and seen the people who have died. They told us about it. Some people are worried that preserving their children in the freezer will make them cold in their next life. Nevertheless, their desire for justice is greater than their worry. But even filing a petition to the court to have an autopsy in accordance with the law has failed over and over again. After a year had passed, everyone therefore decided to cremate the bodies in order to allow the souls to go to heaven.

On behalf of the work team and the people who helped bring this book to completion, all I can say is that this is one thing that we can do for our fellow humans. We hope that it will be a small record, and will help prevent these deaths from being lost over time ... for the people who died already, and more importantly, for those who are still here.