

NAM PHAT FURNITURE



HELEN's ADVENTURE

(A Sofa's Tale)

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<https://namphatfurniture.vn>

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Prologue

She had many names. Some called her HELEN. Others called her something else. But she was always a sofa. A sofa with a soul.

She had seen things that most sofas never would. Things that made her laugh and cry, things that made her angry and scared, things that made her curious and amazed.

She had been through many changes. Changes in color and shape, changes in owners and places, changes in style and purpose.

But she never changed who she was. She was always loyal and faithful, always listening and comforting, always witnessing and remembering.

She had a story to tell. A story of adventure and mystery, a story of love and loss, a story of life.

This is her story.

Chapter 1: The Birth of Helen the Sofa

I was born in a small factory nestled among the hills, crafted by skilled artisans from Nam Phat Furniture who poured their hearts and souls into every detail. As I began to take shape, I listened to their stories about their families and hometowns, feeling a growing sense of excitement and anticipation.



My makers knew that I was not just a piece of Sofa, but a symbol of comfort and relaxation that people would cherish for years to come. They lovingly sanded the wood and stitched the fabric, ensuring that I was not only beautiful but also durable and comfortable.

But as much as I was eager to embark on my new journey, I couldn't help but feel a sense of sadness as I bid farewell to my parents. These were the craftsmen who created me, and I knew that I would always carry a part of them with me.



When the time came for me to leave the factory, the craftsmen gathered around to say their goodbyes. They patted my cushions and whispered words of encouragement, telling me how special I was and how much they would miss me. I felt the love and care that went into my creation, and I knew that I would be cherished by whoever took me home.



I was loaded onto a truck with the Nam Phat Furniture logo proudly displayed on the side and began my journey to the furniture store.



The road was long and bumpy, and I was jostled and jarred with every turn. But I remained strong and resilient, determined to reach my destination.



As I was loaded onto a cargo ship in the port of Ho Chi Minh City, I felt a mix of excitement and trepidation. I was accompanied by several other pieces of furniture from Nam Phat Furniture, all headed to their new homes in the United States.



The journey was long and arduous. Packed tightly into the cargo hold, surrounded by boxes and crates of all shapes and sizes, we were jostled and bumped as the ship battled through choppy seas. But I didn't mind too much, as I was used to the long journey from the factory to the furniture store. This was just another part of my journey.

As the ship approached the coast of the United States, I could feel the excitement building among my fellow furniture. We knew we were getting close to our new homes, and we couldn't wait to see what adventures awaited us.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the ship arrived in port in California. I was carefully unloaded and placed onto a truck, along with the other furniture from Nam Phat Furniture.

The truck wound its way through the streets of Los Angeles, and I watched in amazement at the sprawling city and the endless stream of cars and people.

At last, the truck pulled up to a small storefront. The door opened, and I was carried inside, greeted by the smiling faces of the employees of the furniture store. It was then that I knew I had truly left my old life behind and embarked on a new adventure in a strange and exciting land.

I caught the eye of many passersby, who stopped to admire my clean lines and smooth curves. Some even sat on me, testing my comfort and admiring my craftsmanship.

And then, one day, an older couple walked into the store and saw me. They immediately fell in love with me and decided to buy me for their home. They even named me Helen. I was thrilled to have found my first home and eagerly awaited the start of my new adventure with my new family.



Chapter 2: A New Home

My name is Helen. I know I'm not just a Sofa, and I had found a new home with an elderly couple who cherished me as much as the craftsmen who had made me. They were both retired and spent most of their days sitting on me, reading books, and watching TV. I loved the way I felt against their skin and the comfort I provided.



I became a witness to their life and love. I was there for them when they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, and I was there for them when they mourned the loss of their dear friends. They would often hold hands while sitting on me, and I felt the warmth of their love.

But their health started to decline, and they knew they had to move to a smaller house that was more suitable for their needs. They had to leave behind many of their possessions, including me. It was a painful decision, but they knew it was the right one.

As they parted with me, tears rolled down their cheeks. They hugged me tightly, as if saying goodbye to an old friend. They whispered their love and gratitude to me, thanking me for all the memories I had given them.

I felt their love and their pain. I knew that I had been a part of their life and had provided them with comfort and happiness. As I watched them leave, I knew that I would always hold a special place in their hearts.

I was passed down from the elderly couple to their neighbor who had never owned such a luxurious piece of furniture. At first, the neighbor was hesitant to take me, thinking that I was too fancy for their small apartment. But upon closer inspection, they realized that I was not only comfortable but also of exceptional quality.

The neighbor started to use me regularly, and soon I became the centerpiece of their living room. They would invite friends over to sit on me, boasting about my elegance and how lucky they were to have me. I felt a sense of pride, knowing that I was being appreciated once again.

But one day, disaster struck. The neighbor's apartment caught fire, and I was badly damaged. My once plush cushions were now charred, and my beautiful upholstery was covered in soot. The neighbor was devastated, thinking that they would have to throw me away.



However, a kind-hearted upholsterer heard about the neighbor's predicament and offered to restore me. They spent weeks painstakingly repairing and cleaning me until I looked as good as new. I was grateful for the upholsterer's kindness and felt like I had been given a new lease on life.

As I settled back into my new home, I noticed that the neighbor had started using me in a different way. Instead of just sitting on me, they would take naps on me, using me as a comfortable makeshift bed. I was happy to be providing comfort once again, this time in a new way.

Years went by, and the neighbor eventually moved out of their apartment, leaving me behind. I felt a sense of nostalgia as I watched the neighbor pack up their belongings and say goodbye to the apartment. But I knew that I would soon have a new home and create new memories with new people.

Chapter 3: The Lonely Widow

I was eventually sold to a lonely widow who lived in a small apartment in the heart of the city. She was immediately drawn to my soft cushions and inviting curves. As soon as I was delivered, she sat down and let out a sigh of contentment.



The widow was a gentle soul who had lived alone for many years. She spent most of her days sitting on me, watching the world outside her window. She talked to me as if I were a friend, sharing stories of her youth and the adventures she had experienced.

I was happy to have found a new home, and I listened attentively to the widow's stories. It was a comfort to her in her loneliness, and she spent many hours curled up on my cushions, lost in her thoughts.

But not everyone was happy about the widow's new purchase. A nosy neighbor, Mrs. Jenkins, was always prying into the

widow's affairs. She often knocked on the door uninvited, hoping to catch a glimpse of me or to hear the widow's stories.

The widow was a private person, and she didn't appreciate Mrs. Jenkins' intrusions. But she was also a kind person, and she tried to be polite to her neighbor, even though it was clear that Mrs. Jenkins was only interested in gossip.

Despite Mrs. Jenkins' interference, I brought a sense of peace and comfort to the widow's life. She would often fall asleep on me, lulled by my gentle embrace. And when she woke up, she would feel renewed, ready to face another day.

The widow's love for me was deep and genuine. She knew that I was just a piece of furniture, but I had become much more than that to her. I was a friend, a confidante, and a source of comfort. And she knew that she would never part with me, no matter what.

But one day, the widow received a notice from the bank. It turned out that Mrs. Jenkins, whom she had trusted and considered a friend, had tricked her into signing some loan documents. Now, she was in deep debt, and the bank threatened to foreclose on her apartment if she didn't pay back the loan.

The widow was devastated. She didn't know how to come up with the money to pay off the loan. She had no family or friends who could lend her the money, and she had no valuable possessions except for me.

Reluctantly, she decided to sell me. It broke her heart to part with her beloved friend, but she had no other choice. She hoped that whoever bought me would appreciate me as much as she had.

The day I was taken away was one of the saddest days of the widow's life. She watched as the movers carried me out of her apartment and loaded me onto a truck. She couldn't help but cry as she said goodbye to me.

For weeks after I was gone, the widow felt lost and alone. She missed my warmth, my comfort, and my presence. She would often sit on the floor where I had once been and imagine I was still there. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't fill the void that I had left behind.

The nosy neighbor, who had always been curious about the widow's affairs, noticed that I was missing and asked her about it. The widow told her the truth about Jenkins and the debt and how she had been forced to sell me to avoid losing her apartment.

The neighbor was shocked and disgusted by Jenkins' behavior. She promised to help the widow in any way she could and began to visit her more often. Although the widow missed me, she was grateful to have found a new friend in her neighbor.

Chapter 4: The Young Couple

Samantha and Tom had just moved into their dream apartment, ready to embark on a new journey together. They were excited to decorate their new space and make it feel like home. As they set up their bedroom and kitchen, they realized they still needed a couch for their living room.

After visiting several furniture stores, they stumbled upon a vintage furniture shop. As they entered the store, they were amazed by the unique pieces on display. But then, they saw it. The sofa that would soon become the symbol of their love. It was an elegant piece, with a wooden frame and plush velvet cushions. They both sat on it and instantly felt the warmth and comfort it provided.



Helen, the sofa, was finally theirs, and they were overjoyed. They couldn't wait to spend many happy moments snuggled up on their new couch. However, their happiness was soon interrupted by Samantha's ex-boyfriend, Jake.

Jake had been trying to win Samantha back ever since she started dating Tom. Samantha had made it clear to Jake that their relationship was over, but he wouldn't give up. He started calling and texting her constantly, showing up at their apartment unannounced, and leaving notes on their doorstep. Tom tried to be understanding at first, but he soon became fed up with Jake's behavior. It was starting to affect their relationship, and he didn't want that.

One day, when Samantha and Tom were out for a romantic dinner, Jake broke into their apartment. He was furious that Samantha was with someone else, and he took out his anger on the one thing that represented their love - Helen. He slashed the cushions and carved "Jake + Samantha" into the wooden frame.

When Samantha and Tom returned home, they were devastated to see the sofa they loved so much destroyed. They were heartbroken and angry. They tried to repair the damage, but it was too severe. They had no choice but to sell Helen and move on from the painful memories she represented.

As they watched the sofa being loaded onto the truck, Samantha and Tom couldn't help but feel a sense of loss. But they knew that their relationship was stronger than any piece of

furniture. They had each other, and that was all that mattered. They returned to their apartment, determined to create new memories and move past the pain that Jake had caused.

Samantha's narration:

I couldn't believe it. The one thing that symbolized our love had been destroyed. I felt violated, like Jake had invaded our personal space and ruined everything we had worked so hard to build. Tom was angry, and I could tell he was trying to keep it together for me. But I knew he was hurting too. I felt like we had lost a part of ourselves.

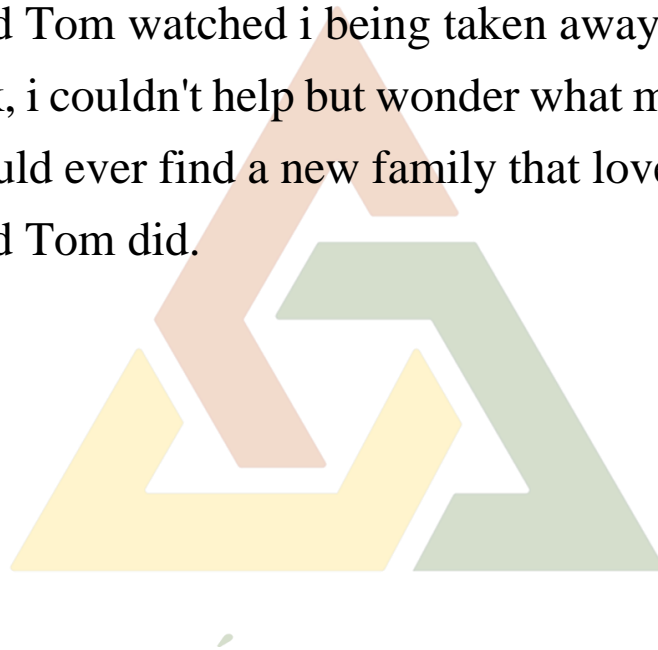
We tried to salvage the sofa, but the damage was too severe. It was heartbreaking to see it go, but we knew it was for the best. We sold it to a family with young children, hoping that it would bring them as much joy and happiness as it had brought us. As Helen was loaded onto the truck, I couldn't help but shed a tear. It felt like the end of an era.

But as we walked back into our apartment, I felt a sense of relief. I realized that we had each other, and that was all that mattered. We would create new memories together, and Helen would always be a part of our story. She may have been gone, but the love we shared was still strong.

Helen's narration:

I had been watching Samantha and Tom's relationship unfold since the day they moved in. I had seen many couples come and

go, but there was something special about Samantha and Tom. They had chosen me with such care and had treated me like a beloved family member. When Jake started causing trouble, I could sense the tension in the air. I could feel Samantha's anxiety and Tom's frustration. When Jake broke in and vandalized my cushions and frame, I felt violated and hurt. I knew that i was just a Sofa, but I couldn't help feeling a sense of sadness and loss as Samantha and Tom watched i being taken away. As i was loaded onto the truck, i couldn't help but wonder what my future held and whether i would ever find a new family that loved me as much as Samantha and Tom did.



Chapter 5: The Happy Family

I had been broken by Jake, and it felt like an eternity since she had been in a home filled with love and happiness. That family who bought me was determined to fix me and bring me back to my former glory. They carefully examined my frame and cushions, noting every detail that needed fixing. They worked tirelessly, determined to make me perfect again. And after weeks of hard work, i was finally ready to go home. The family was overjoyed as they brought me back to their living room, and i felt a sense of belonging and purpose once again. i knew that i had found a new family that would love me just as much as Samantha and Tom did.

I was overjoyed to find a new family that would take me in as their own. Jim and Lisa had two energetic children, Emma and Max, who spent their days playing and jumping on me. The family spent endless hours lounging on me, watching movies, reading books, and just enjoying each other's company. I became the centerpiece of their living room, with Lisa often telling her friends that I was her favorite piece of furniture. Jim loved the way I brought the family together, creating a cozy atmosphere that made it hard to leave.

The children, in particular, loved me. They would build forts around me, imagining they were exploring a magical land. I was filled with the joy and energy of the children, and I knew that I had found a new home where I would be loved and appreciated.



One day, while Lisa was on a conference call, Emma and Max got hold of a marker and drew all over me. Lisa was furious and scolded the children, but I didn't mind. I knew that accidents happened, and I was just happy to be a part of the family's life.

The parents worked hard to remove the marker stains, but some of them wouldn't come out. At first, I was sad that I had been defaced, but I soon realized that the stains were just another part of my story. They were a reminder of the happy, chaotic days when the children were young and carefree.

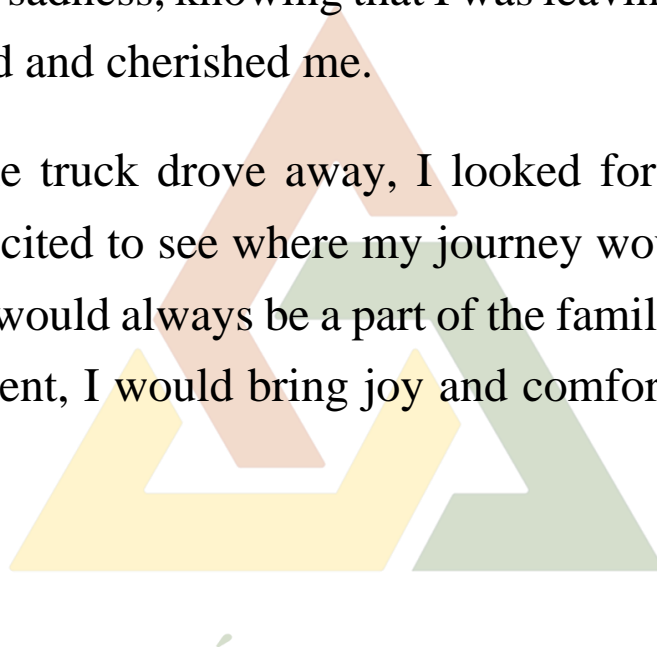
As the children grew older, they spent less time playing on me and more time studying and socializing with friends. Although I was still the center of the family's home, I began to feel a sense of emptiness as the children moved on to their own lives.

When the time came for the family to move, they decided it was time for me to find a new home as well. Lisa and Jim put me up for sale, hoping I would go to someone who would appreciate my history and character.

They carefully cleaned and restored me to my former glory. They recognized that I had become a treasured part of their family's story, and they wanted to pass me on to someone who would appreciate my history and value.

After finding a suitable buyer, the couple carefully wrapped me and bid me a fond farewell. As I was loaded onto the truck, I felt a sense of sadness, knowing that I was leaving behind a family that had loved and cherished me.

But as the truck drove away, I looked forward to my next adventure, excited to see where my journey would take me next. I knew that I would always be a part of the family's story, and that wherever I went, I would bring joy and comfort to those around me.



Chapter 6: The Single Mother

As the sofa passed from one family to the next, it eventually found itself in the home of a woman who had recently gone through a painful divorce. The mother was struggling to provide for her children while dealing with the emotional trauma of the separation. The small apartment she rented was bare and lacked any semblance of comfort or warmth, save for the sofa.



The mother found solace in the sofa's soft cushions and welcoming embrace during her darkest moments. It quickly became the center of her life, and she would spend her days curled up on it, reading, watching TV, or simply staring into space, lost in thought. She found comfort in the sofa's familiar embrace, talking to it as if it were a dear friend who understood and offered support.

The sofa became a place of refuge for the mother and her children. They would spend hours sitting on it, watching movies and playing games, their laughter filling the small apartment. For

a brief moment, they could forget about the difficulties they faced, and simply enjoy each other's company.

The mother took great care of the sofa, covering it with blankets and pillows to keep it clean and fresh. She would often spend hours cleaning it with rags and makeshift cleaning supplies, treating it as if it were a precious family heirloom.

However, one day the mother returned home to find that the sofa had been stolen.



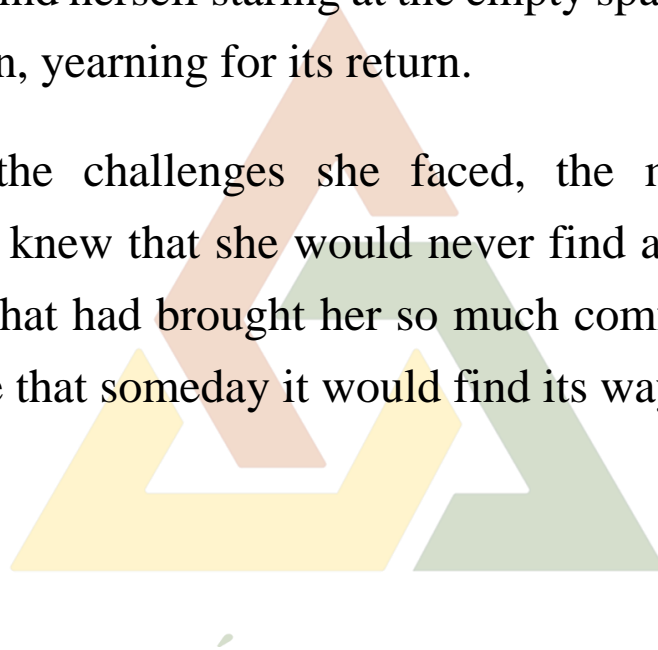
Her heart sank as she realized that it was the only piece of furniture she had left from her previous life. The loss of the sofa felt like the final blow, and she was overwhelmed with a sense of loneliness and despair.

Little did she know that the sofa had been stolen by a group of thieves who had sold it to a wealthy businessman. The

businessman had barely sat on the sofa, using it only as a prop to impress his clients. The sofa felt neglected and forgotten, far from the warm and loving home it had once belonged to.

As the days passed, the mother and her children struggled to cope with the loss of the sofa. They missed its comforting embrace and the sense of home it had provided. The mother would often find herself staring at the empty space where the sofa had once been, yearning for its return.

Despite the challenges she faced, the mother remained resilient. She knew that she would never find another sofa quite like the one that had brought her so much comfort, but she held onto the hope that someday it would find its way back to her.



Chapter 7: The Successful Businessman

As a sofa, I have been witness to many events in my long life, but one particular incident has remained etched in my memory. It was when I belonged to a successful businessman who wanted a new sofa for his office. He had a reputation to uphold and needed a sofa that would impress his clients and convey a sense of luxury and success. That's when he saw me and fell in love with me.

My new owner paid a hefty sum for me, believing that I was a one-of-a-kind piece that had previously been owned by an artist and was worth a fortune. As I was delivered to my new home, I felt proud and thrilled. I had never been owned by someone so wealthy and powerful.

However, things were not as perfect as they seemed. As the businessman sat on me, he felt uncomfortable. I was beautiful, but I didn't feel as comfortable as he had hoped. He rarely sat on me and preferred to keep me as a decorative piece. I felt neglected and alone in the large, empty office.

But my story took a dramatic turn when my previous owner, a single mother, reported me stolen from her home. She was devastated to find out that I had been taken away from her. She had grown to love me as a source of comfort and had shared many happy moments with her children on me.

Days turned into weeks, and then months, but there was no sign of me. The single mother had almost given up hope when

fate intervened. The thieves who had stolen me had sold me to the businessman, who had no idea of my true history or sentimental value.

My days with the businessman were short-lived. One day, his nosy assistant noticed the description of the stolen sofa in the newspaper and realized that they had sold me to their boss. She immediately informed him, and the businessman was shocked to learn the truth. He felt guilty for having purchased stolen property and agreed to return me to my rightful owner.

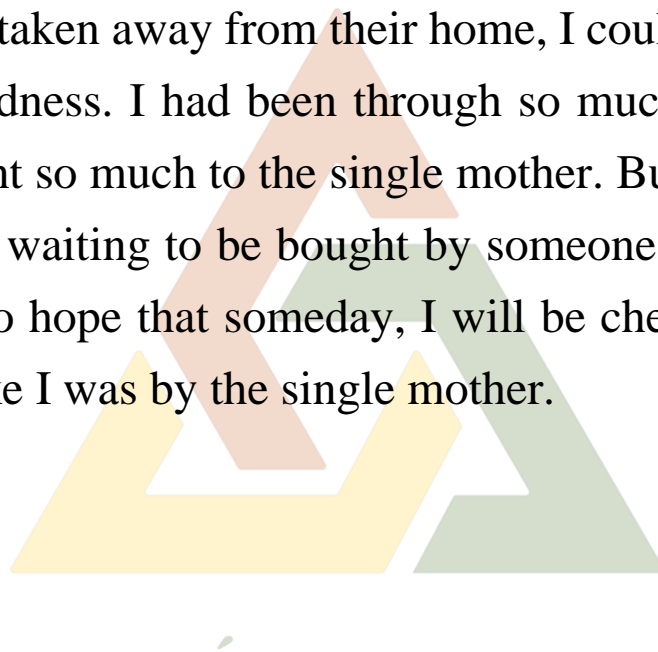
The single mother was overjoyed when the police contacted her to let her know that they had found me. When I was returned to her, she hugged me tightly and cried tears of happiness. I had become more than just a piece of furniture to her; I was a symbol of hope and resilience during a difficult time in her life.

From that day forward, the single mother cherished me even more, knowing that I had been stolen and returned to her. She would often talk to me and share her stories, and I would listen, providing her with the comfort and support she needed.

A decade later, as the years went by, the single mother's love for me never waned. She took good care of me, and I became an integral part of her life. But then, tragedy struck, and she passed away after a long battle with cancer. As per her wishes, her children inherited me and were instructed to take care of me, just as their mother had done.

At first, the children kept me with them and used me as a reminder of their mother. But as time passed, they started to forget my sentimental value and began to see me as just another piece of furniture. They decided to sell me and use the money to pay off their debts and start anew.

As I was taken away from their home, I couldn't help but feel a sense of sadness. I had been through so much, seen so much, and had meant so much to the single mother. But now, I was just another sofa, waiting to be bought by someone else. However, I still hold onto hope that someday, I will be cherished and loved again, just like I was by the single mother.



Chapter 8: The Artist

As I, the sofa, was sold by my previous owner, I found myself in the hands of a young, talented artist named Sophia. Sophia was a free spirit with an insatiable thirst for creativity. She had moved to the city to pursue her passion, but the harsh reality of life in the big city was not what she had expected. Her small studio apartment was cramped, and the walls were bare and dull. However, I brought color and life to her space, becoming the centerpiece of her apartment.



Sophia spent hours painting intricate patterns and designs on me, transforming me into a work of art. I became a canvas for her emotions, a representation of her artistic journey, and a symbol of

her hard work. Sophia poured her heart and soul into every brushstroke, and the result was a beautiful, unique masterpiece.

As Sophia's art gained recognition, an art collector appeared at her door, offering to buy me for a large sum of money. Sophia was flattered by the offer, but she refused to sell me. To her, I was not just a piece of furniture, but a reflection of her creativity and hard work.

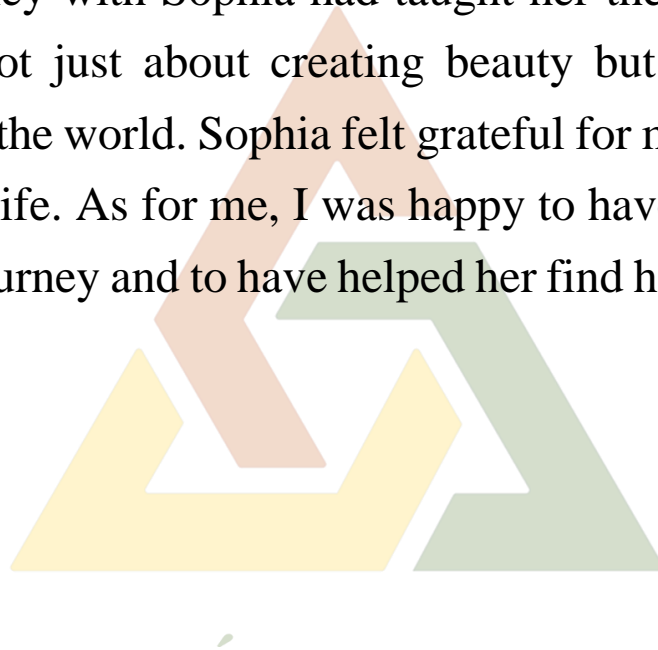
However, the art collector became increasingly persistent. He left notes and called Sophia repeatedly, offering more and more money for me. Sophia felt overwhelmed and stressed, unsure if she had made the right decision in refusing the offer. She sat on me, contemplating my significance in her life and her artistic journey.

After much contemplation, Sophia decided to keep me as a symbol of her artistic expression. She continued to create beautiful art on me, and her work became even more recognized in the art community. However, despite her success, Sophia began to feel empty and unfulfilled.

She realized that her art was not bringing her the happiness she had hoped for and started to question her purpose. One day, while walking down the street, she saw a beggar sitting on the ground, shivering in the cold. Sophia remembered the warmth and comfort I had given her and decided to give me to the beggar.

Sophia felt a sense of relief and contentment as she watched the beggar wrap himself in my warm embrace. She realized that her art was not just about creating beautiful things but about making a difference in people's lives. Sophia started volunteering at a local charity, using her artistic skills to brighten the lives of the less fortunate.

My journey with Sophia had taught her the true meaning of art. It was not just about creating beauty but about making a difference in the world. Sophia felt grateful for me and the impact I had on her life. As for me, I was happy to have played a part in her artistic journey and to have helped her find her purpose in life.



Chapter 9: The Beggar's Home

After the old beggar had taken me to his makeshift home, a small alleyway hidden from the bustling streets, I was filled with mixed emotions. I was apprehensive about what my new life would be like in such a humble abode.



The alley was quiet, with only the occasional sound of footsteps or voices echoing off the walls. The beggar had called it home for years, surviving on meager scraps of food and whatever kindness the passersby could spare. The first few days were difficult, as I struggled to adjust to the unfamiliar surroundings and the sounds of the city. But as time passed, I found comfort in the warmth and familiarity of the beggar's presence.

Despite his difficult living conditions, the beggar found comfort in the warmth and comfort that I provided. He spent his days lounging on me in the sun and slept on me at night, wrapped in old blankets to keep warm. He cared for me as best he could, wiping away any dirt or stains with rags and makeshift cleaning

supplies. And in return, I took care of him, providing him with a sense of comfort and belonging that he had never experienced before.

As time passed, I became more than just a piece of furniture to the beggar; I became his home. He would spend hours sitting on me, lost in thought as he watched the world go by. Sometimes, he would even talk to me as if I were a dear friend, sharing his hopes and fears with the inanimate object that had become such an important part of his life.

Two years later, a group of thugs came upon the beggar's alleyway and saw me sitting there. They decided to take me from him, thinking I would fetch a good price on the black market. The beggar pleaded with them not to take his only source of comfort, but they ignored him and began to wrestle me away from him.

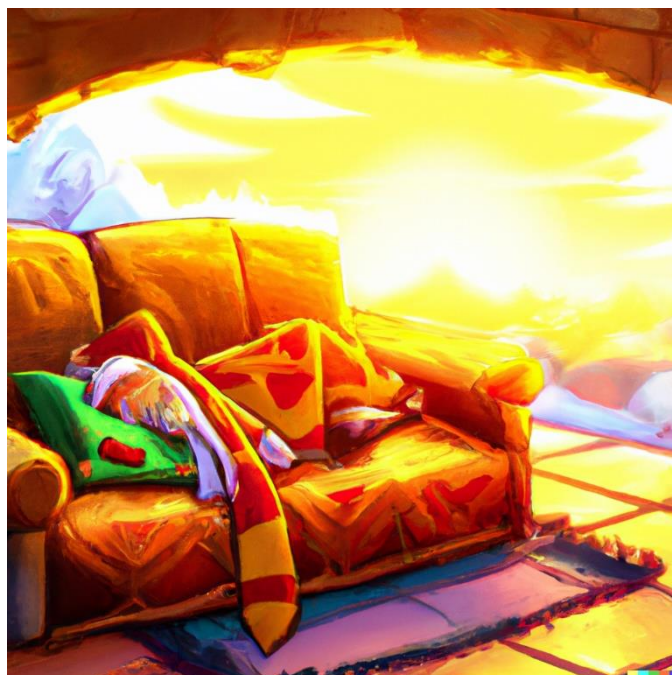
Despite his old age and weakness, the beggar fought back with all the strength he could muster. He threw punches and kicks, biting and scratching, doing everything he could to hold onto me. The thugs, surprised by the beggar's tenacity, eventually gave up and fled, leaving me behind.

The beggar was left battered and bruised, but he held onto me with all his might. He knew that I was worth more than any amount of money, and he was determined to keep me no matter what. However, the ordeal had taken a toll on his already weak body, and he knew that his time was limited.

Three days later, as the beggar was napping on me, he peacefully passed away. I cradled his body and provided him with a final sense of warmth and comfort. It was a bittersweet moment, as I knew that the beggar had finally found peace, but I also knew that I would never feel his warmth and comforting presence again.

News of the beggar's passing spread throughout the community, and many people came to pay their respects. They saw me, worn and weathered from years of use, and realized that I was more than just a piece of furniture to the beggar; I was a symbol of hope and comfort in a world that often lacks both.

As the sun set on the beggar's final resting place, I remained, a silent witness to the life and legacy of the man who called me home. And though I may be just a piece of furniture to some, to those who knew the beggar, I will always be a symbol of the enduring power of human connection and the resilience of the human spirit.



Epilogue

Years passed, and the city changed around me. New buildings sprouted up, and the streets became more crowded with people and traffic. But despite the changes, the alleyway where the beggar once called home remained untouched, a small haven of peace and quiet in the midst of the chaos.

Over time, many people came to visit the alleyway, drawn by the story of the beggar and the worn piece of furniture that had become such an important part of his life. Some came to pay their respects, while others came seeking solace and comfort in a world that can be cruel and unforgiving.

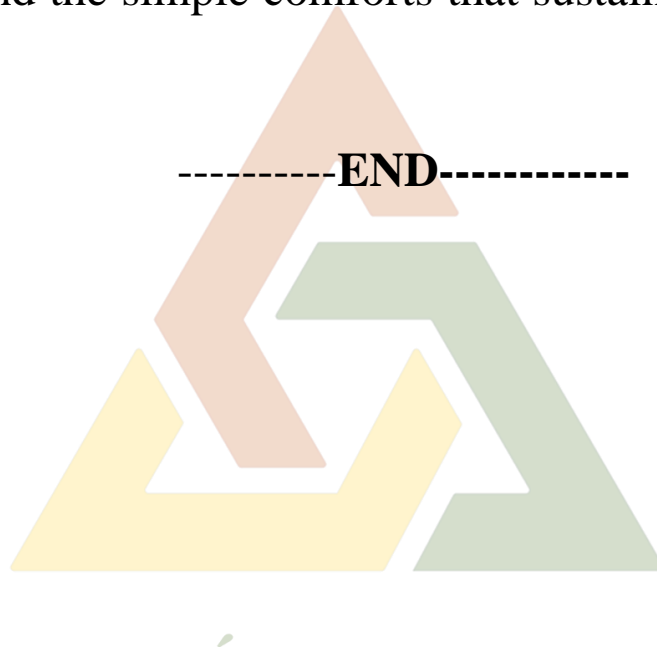
And though the beggar was gone, his memory lived on through me, reminding us all of the power of a kind word, a warm smile, and the simple comfort of a familiar place to call home.

I became a symbol of hope and resilience for those who had nowhere else to turn. Families who had lost their homes to natural disasters or economic hardship would find temporary refuge in the shelters and community centers that dotted the city. And there, among the rows of donated cots and makeshift beds, I would be waiting, a familiar sight in a sea of unfamiliar faces.

Despite the hardships that life had thrown their way, the people who sat on me never lost their capacity for kindness and generosity. They would share what little they had, offering a warm smile or a kind word to their fellow travelers on the road of

life. And in those moments of human connection, I would witness the true beauty of the human spirit, unbroken and unyielding even in the face of adversity.

So while I may have started out as just an old, worn sofa, I became much more than that. I became a symbol of hope and resilience, a testament to the enduring power of human connection and the simple comforts that sustain us through life's challenges.



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