

A Trash 157

[Chapter 157 - 157 Generators! Oil! Coal! What Is This Place? \(4\)](#)

157 Generators! Oil! Coal! What Is This Place? (4)

“A steel plate?”

“Could it lead to the basement?”

Upon seeing this scene, those who watched a lot of TV dramas and movies has instantly likened it to the basement scenes they had watched in the media.

“So heavy!”

An Peng tried to lift the steel plate, but to no avail.

“Everyone, get up and lift it up!”

Seeing how comical An Peng looked, Luo Feng chuckled and called for everyone to pull the steel plate up together.

Upon making the attempt, Luo Feng could not help but admit that the steel plate was really f*cking heavy.

It was extremely thick as well, and it weighed at least 200 catties.

“It seems to be a storage for some supplies?”

Li Shishi used the flashlight to shine inside and blurted out.

“Don’t worry about it for now. We’ll try and dig out way down and enter from the side! That ladder must have been there for a long time. Don’t go down, it’s easy to break!”

Unhurried as always, Luo Feng advised against anyone from entering the space below through the ladder at the side. After all, the space seemed to be quite deep, and it would be quite a fall if anyone were to slip or if the ladder were to break.

As he went to dig at the side, Luo Feng’s mind began to whirl.

The granary here looked different than the storage places of the fossil fuels.

The granary had a cement ceiling, but the fossil fuels had no ceilings at all.

Soon, a large piece of cement wall was dug out. It was part of the cement wall that covered the granary.

A huge hole was dug out as everyone worked together to widen the entrance into the storage space until it was around a meter wide.

Looking down, there was a layer of burlap bags for padding that served as both a layer of cushion as well as a stepping stone to reduce the depth of the storage room, which meant that they could now descend directly into the space.

After polishing the hole they had dug out so that it would not scratch anyone when they went down, they then descended the hole in unison.

At first glance... The room was full of grain stored in burlap bags piled up like a fortress.

Luo Feng lightly struck one of the bags with his Swallowtail Hoe, causing the bag to burst open and for rice to flow out.

“Eh, it’s all moldy rice?”

“The host has struck it rich again? (Smirking emoticon)”

“This should be a sealed vault!”

“Indeed, since the fossil fuels are stored within metal barrels, there’s no fear of them turning bad from oxidizing or getting spoilt from rain, but these grains do not enjoy the same protection! It is for this reason that they are stored in a sealed vault!”

“Damn! This was probably a military base, right? Old Luo, you’re in big trouble!”

Seeing this.

Luo Feng doubted that it was the case. How could it be a military base? If it was, someone from the Combat Division would have contacted him long ago.

Of course, this place is not just a place for storing rice, there is also corn, peanuts, soybean oil, as well as some canned goods such as canned meat and canned fruits.

The goods were built and stored according to a standard granary.

“Hmm? These cans seem to be from a military label?”

“Could they have belonged to the Japanese?”

“Huh?!”

Luo Feng inspected one of the cans and became even more confused.

He checked the production date. It was produced in 1999?

Plus, looking at his surroundings, it seemed that most of the fresh foods had already spoiled, though there was still a chance that the canned foods were still edible since they could generally be preserved for very long times.

After making a round at the granary together with the excited rich second-generation heirs, Luo Feng led the group out through the entrance they had dug out, which now also served as their exit.

Very quickly.

Luo Feng resumed his digging, and before long, he struck yet another granary.

[Ding! You dug up a granary]

F*ck, another repeat!

Luo Feng observed the site and chose a new spot that was far apart from both the fossil fuels and the granaries.

Luo Feng was at a loss for words. Digging up fossil fuels and coal was already bad enough, and now, he was encountering granaries non-stop as well.

It seemed that whoever owned these resources was not a fossil fuel dealer, nor were they operating some kind of factory...

Although he had obtained a new piece of information that the canned food was produced by the Japanese, it did not necessarily mean that he had struck a Japanese military base.

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After digging for about half an hour.

Luo Feng's Swallowtail Hoe had struck something hard again.

[Ding! Congratulations, you have found an evacuation shelter!]