

## A Trash 214

### [Chapter 214 - 214 Shocking! The Undisputed Number One Cultural Relic in History! \(2\)](#)

214 Shocking! The Undisputed Number One Cultural Relic in History! (2)

“Display it immediately, and show them who’s boss!”

“But who is this Liang Shimin? I have never heard of him. Is he famous?”

“You have never heard of him? What about ‘Along the River During the Qingming Festival’? You must have heard of that.”

“Ah, so he is the author. I knew the painting but not the person behind it.”

It could be said that the first painting they unveiled was already a breathtaking masterpiece. As a result, Luo Feng was even more excited about the bamboo tubes that were yet to be opened.

After carefully rolling the painting back up and placing it in its tube, he took out the second item. It was another painting, or rather, calligraphy. The characters were strong and powerful, with a natural flow. It had the aura of a great calligraphy master.

Even though Luo Feng was not well-versed in calligraphy, he could still tell whether it was good or not. To him, this was a fine sample.

When he saw the signature, he was quite surprised.

“Whose calligraphy is this? It looks really good, far better than the ugly writing of modern times!”

“Haha! A doctor’s cursive script is the most illegible and worthy of being passed down!”

“Nonsense! That stuff is just gibberish. Only an archaeologist can decipher it!”

“It should be a genuine piece by Zhu Zhanji!” Luo Feng said calmly.

“Really? The great Zhu Zhanji?”

“Wow! A genuine piece by the emperor?”

“I knew it! The writing is so beautiful!”

“A life for a life, ten thousand lives!”

“The sun and moon, mountains and rivers are still there. Please take your time, everyone.”

As soon as Zhu Zhanji was mentioned, a series of famous lines from the Ming dynasty emerged. Of course, everyone knew that Zhu Zhanji was the Cricket Emperor, but when it came to calligraphy, he was truly a master.

Although Zhu Zhanji was not as renowned as Emperor Huizong of the Song dynasty in terms of calligraphy, he was not far behind and was by no means overshadowed.

It was just that Emperor Huizong was too fond of showing off, which led to his fame. Emperor Huizong was obsessed, while Emperor Zhu Zhanji perhaps only had a keen interest. After all, cricket was his primary passion.

Pity, though, that the value of this scroll might not be as high as works from other masters.

However, Luo Feng had no intention of selling it. He intended to hang the genuine piece of work by the Xuande Emperor within his own villa. How impressive would that be?

Quickly, he took out the third scroll, which turned out to be another calligraphy piece. But this time, the signature was Zhu Youjian's.

"Ah, it is Zhu Youjian's?"

"Host, you cannot keep this painting. It has a terrible omen."

"Are the last emperor's items not popular in the antique world?"

"Who says they are not popular? There are so many items from Emperor Chongzhen, and people still fight over them."

"If it is not popular, just give it to me. I am not afraid of the last emperor's bad luck."

"My horoscope is strong; I feel I deserve to have it."

Luo Feng chuckled. Even if this item was the last emperor's calligraphy piece, it still had some value. It could be said that such things were frowned upon by some in the market, but there were not many such people.

The subsequent bamboo tubes contained mostly calligraphy pieces, all by various emperors. They were likely treasures seized by the rebel king from the imperial palace.

Luo Feng opened one of the remaining 2 tubes to find another painting, depicting a lush, ink-colored grapevine with plump, glistening fruits hanging from the branches.

In the top left corner, there was a poem: "Half a lifetime in destitution, now an old man, I stand alone in my study, whistling in the evening breeze. Pearls beneath my pen have no place to sell; idly, I cast them amidst the wild vines. Tianchi."

"What a treasure," Luo Feng exclaimed.

"This is the 'Ink Grapevine'! A paper ink painting created by the Ming dynasty painter Xu Wei!"

Before anyone could react, Luo Feng continued, "You might not recognize this painting, but during the Ming dynasty, it was widely circulated among the people. It was recorded in many ancient books, but no one has seen the original."

"A great calligrapher of the Ming dynasty?"

"One of the three great talents?"

"Is it genuine with the signature intact?"

“How could there be any fakes in the rebel king’s collection?”

Luo Feng spoke up, “Indeed, this is a genuine piece by Xu Wei, and it is extremely precious. Among his few surviving paintings, none compares to this one.”

“Why is this one more valuable?”

“Old Luo are you trying to inflate the price?”

“Who cares if he’s inflating the price?”

“Are you here to meddle with someone inflating antique prices?”

“Hahaha, right, you can’t even afford his cheapest antiques!”

Luo Feng chuckled, “The value of a painting depends on its age, the artist, and the content! What is Xu Wei’s greatest strength? According to him, it is calligraphy first, poetry second, literary talent third, and painting fourth. This man was a genius.”

“This painting features poetry, painting, and calligraphy. It contains three out of four of the ancient arts! None of his other works boast all three elements. That’s why this should be his most valuable piece. However, I can only say it is the most valuable, not necessarily the most expensive. That depends on the market. But generally, the most valuable is also the most expensive!”

“Is there anything you don’t know, host?”

“Can a painting have so many rules?”

“What are the ancient Four Arts?”

“Idiot, it’s calligraphy, painting, poetry, wine, and tea!”

“Zither, chess, calligraphy, painting, poetry, wine, and flowers – he was proficient in all of them back in the day. Now, the five have changed: the melody of the zither, the landscape of the sword, and the charm of poetry, wine, and tea!”

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