

A Trash 43

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43 Dumbfounded! Dragon Pattern Tiles! And a Massive One At That? (1)

“A wealthy ancient family?”

“There’s a slight possibility!”

“Regardless of the possibility, just dig quickly. I haven’t been this interested in a long time!”

“That’s right, host, don’t rest! If you’re exhausted, just claim compensation from the platform!”

“...”

Compared to the excitement of the stream’s chat, Luo Feng was even more curious as to what he would uncover.

After all, he knew about the thousands of treasures lying underneath him.

Thinking that it was an ancient house was merely a guess on Luo Feng’s part. He did not actually know what the site truly was.

Spurt spurt spurt.

Spurt spurt spurt.

Spurt spurt spurt.

With the Swallowtail Hoe and the Chaotic Wind Digging Technique, Luo Feng’s speed and endurance were top-notch. He did not need to rest at all.

He continued to dig at another spot for more than ten minutes.

Dong!

The feedback he received was minimal. Could it be wood again?

Luo Feng did not dwell on it and immediately dug away the surrounding soil.

[Ding! Congratulations, host! You have dug up an official’s four-pointed hat chair!]

[Year: Song dynasty]

[Material: Black acacia wood]

[Note: This is not a chair that ancient officials sit on. The official’s four-pointed hat chair is a type of ancient furniture with its head and armrests sticking out. It was named after the ancient official’s hat due to their similarity in shape. This type of chair was mainly used during the Song dynasty.

[Value: 390000 yuan!]

“Huh? A Song dynasty chair?”

Luo Feng was a little dumbfounded.

At first it was a pile of broken silver from the Ming dynasty, and now it was an official's four-pointed hat chair from the Song dynasty!

Could an antique truck had crashed into the pool? How else could one explain these antiques from different eras?

Nevertheless, Luo Feng quickly shook off those thoughts and began digging out the chair.

It took him seven to eight minutes, but at long last, the chair had been fully excavated.

After washing the dirt away with a large amount of water, he then smiled at his stream's audience. "Brothers, is a Song dynasty chair made from black acacia wood. As you can see, the workmanship is especially beautiful. The entire frame is octagonal in shape, and the overall shape is smooth. It gives an impression of strength, and its design is very pleasing to the eyes."

"..."

"Isn't it just an antique chair? Why do you exaggerate this much?"

"Just keep digging. I'm sure antique chairs are a dime a dozen in the world of antiques."

It was clearly just a regular official's four-pointed hat chair.

It was not enough to make the audience leap with enthusiasm just yet.

And so, he continued digging. He dug and dug, and by the end of the day, he had ended up with a rather hefty yield.

He had obtained a dozen or so items.

Beds: a carved acacia wood canopy bed and a purple sandalwood bed with auspicious animals and flowers inlaid.

Tables and desks: an octagonal acacia wood table with marble inlays and a mahogany side table with pear wood inlays.

Chairs: a rosewood chair and a hanging lamp chair.

There were also incense burners, pen holders, and screens, among other things.

The most expensive item was actually the first small, eight-meter purple sandalwood beam he found.

With the exception of a few items from the Tang and Song dynasties, everything else is a Ming dynasty artifact.

"It's already past five in the afternoon?"

"After digging for a little longer, I'll need to put the excavation on hold until tomorrow!"

After taking a look at the time, Luo Feng decided it was almost time to end the digging session for the day.

The past Luo Feng was by no means diligent.

However, as lazy as he was, he understood that having this many treasures in a single spot was exceedingly rare.

Spurt spurt spurt.

Spurt spurt spurt.

Spurt spurt spurt.

The Swallowtail Hoe had become a blur once more as Luo Feng picked up the pace.

Bang!

Luo Feng immediately paused.

“F*ck! Brothers, I seem to have dug up a treasure? But did I break it?”

Luo Feng’s heart ached.

...

He hastily dug it out.

[Ding! Ming dynasty tiles! It’s worth 460 Yuan!]

“Go f*ck yourself! Why bother reporting its price if it’s only 460 yuan!”

“This is really f*cked up!”

Luo Feng was speechless.

He thought that he had broken some kind of precious treasure, but it turned out to be just a broken tile.

But there might be plenty of such items?

If this was some sort of building, there might be an abundance of them...

Maybe a 100 of them?

460 x 100...

That’s only 46 thousand!?

...

Luo Feng suddenly lost interest.

“Hahaha, congratulations, host, you’ve found a tile from the Ming dynasty! It’s worth tens of thousands of dollars!”

“This is hilarious. My house has a lot of tiles from the Ming dynasty. It’s an old house. Someone offered more than 10000 yuan for them, but my father didn’t sell them!”

Luo Feng saw the comments and chided, "What are you laughing at, punks? Just you wait. Tomorrow, I'll come and dig a big one for you. You'll see, but that's all for today. Goodbye."

While the thought of selling those tiles in bulk had crossed Luo Feng's mind, he eventually decided to forget it.

It was not worth the effort, after all.

Once he was done, he would just let the people in the village come and dig for them.

The sky was dark.

Luo Feng had no choice but to leave.

He carried the Swallowtail Hoe and climbed up the man-made flight of stairs on the shore.

He found some water to clean the mud off his body.

Then, he left in his Hummer with more than a dozen cultural relics.

On the way home, Luo Feng attempted to make sense of the former pond.

Tang dynasty relics? Song dynasty relics?

There were even relics from the Yuan dynasty?

But most of them were clearly from the Ming dynasty...

Initially, he had planned to make Shuitang Village his final venture in this district before moving to the Lin district.

However, he did not expect such a huge surprise waiting for him.

Upon returning home, Luo Feng was greeted with many villagers as well as his parents.

They began to congregate around his Hummer.

"Son, where did you pick up all these junk?"

"You're not in disguise? Why are you doing things 'properly' this time?"

Luo Fugao looked at the things in the carriage.

At first glance, they looked no different from dilapidated furniture.

He could not tell that they were treasures.

He assumed that his son had gone out to pick up trash.

"Dad, these are all antiques! I dug it out from the bottom of the big pond in the Shuitang Village!"