

Han's Son is Not a Slave

Chapter 20: Wind Blows

There are Yunwu Mountains passing through the state in Luoding Prefecture, and Daqiao Mountain is a small peak in the Yunwu Mountains. Starting from Daqiao Mountain, it only takes half a day to reach the official road to Luoding City. After walking along the official road for half an hour, you will be Luoding City, with occasional slightly flat fields. One end of this official road leads to Luoding, and the other end leads to Deqing County, which leads to Miaoqing House. The middle passes through Dong'an County, which has been abandoned.

Around the time of Shen, when the sun was about to set in the west, on a hill full of trees more than three miles east of the city, a group of men dressed in various clothes, holding large knives, iron forks, and spears came out of hiding. They walked out one by one, and the leader was Hu Boss.

"Brother Zhou, it's getting dark, wait for two more hours, the third one should start, and I don't know what will happen to them." Hu boss was both excited and nervous, looking at Luo Dingcheng in the distance, his mouth was a little dry.

Zhou Shixiang, who had just walked out, blurted out when he heard the words: "Brother Hu, don't worry, Brother Zhao and the others will be safe and sound!"

In ancient times, one hour was two hours, and two hours was four hours. Now it is about six or seven o'clock in later generations. Two hours later, it will be eleven or twelve in the middle of the night. When the murders were set on fire, Zhou Shi believed that the sudden incident would definitely catch the Qing army in Luo Ding City by surprise. As long as they acted fast enough, they would be able to capture Luo Ding City and repeat the heroic act of Sesame Lee!

Song Xiangong rubbed his sore legs and said: "Zhao Sihai and the others are used to doing things, so they can't go wrong. Besides, the arrow is on the string, and we have to send it. We have come, can we still do it? Can't we go back again? It's useless to worry about it. If you go out and do it, you will only lose a big scar on your head. If it succeeds, then we will no longer be bandits in the future."

After speaking, he turned around and led people to make torches. The Daqiao Mountain came out of the village this time, but there were only thirty-eight people. Ten people went to the city to be the inner servants, and there were only twenty-eight people left. So few people. It is still more difficult to disguise the appearance of Li Dingguo's army, and as a last resort, he can only use more torches to confuse the Qing army in the city.

Boss Hu thought about it too, what's the use of worrying at this time? Throwing those worries behind him, he pulled Zhou Shixiang to look at the cowhide drum that he finally brought, and patted the drum surface lightly. With a sense of vicissitudes, he said: "This drum was used by the old prince. When the old prince was defeated, I and my brothers who escaped took great pains to bring this drum out, so that one day. I was able to fight the Tartars again under the command of this drum. It's a pity that the drum has not been played for a few years, and my brothers and I have also been left behind. I'm really sorry to think about it. Lord... If it wasn't for Brother Zhou's persuasion today, I'm afraid this drum would have been left covered with dust..."

After sighing, he handed the two drum hammers into Zhou Shixiang's hands, "After we start, Brother Zhou will stay here to beat the drums to encourage everyone, and I will lead people to seize the city gate!"

When Zhou Shixiang heard this, he hurriedly said, "No, Brother Hu and I will go to seize the city gate together!"

Hu Boss laughed: "Brother Zhou and Mr. Song are both scholars, and if they want to do it, they have to do what Zhuge Kongming does. It's our gang's job to fight and kill the enemy. Where can we let you go."

"Brother Hu's words are wrong. Although I, Zhou Shixiang, are a talented man, I am also a good man with a dignified body of five feet. I also have a **** feud between my parents, wife and children. How can I hide behind and watch my brothers and the Qing army fight?" Zhou Shixiang was anxious. Then, "Besides, I'm not really a weak scholar who is helpless, Brother Hu, don't forget, I killed You Yunlong with my own hands!"

Boss Hu was unmoved and insisted: "I know Brother Zhou is a good man, but this matter was discussed with Mr. Song, you don't have to say it again, as long as you beat the drum well, so that we can always hear it. The sound of the drums is the biggest credit."

Seeing that Boss Hu had made up his mind, Zhou Shixiang sighed, knowing that it could not be changed, and knowing that Boss Hu was thinking of his own safety, he could only nod his head and agree. As long as things went according to his plan, it didn't matter whether he personally participated in the capture of the city or not.

When Zhou Shixiang was about to see the Daqingma, the originally peaceful forest suddenly had a wind blowing, and the treetops began to shake.

got windy!

Zhou Shixiang looked surprised.

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Luoding City in the darkness of night could not see a single light, and not even a watchman could be seen on the deserted streets. People who don't know think this city is a dead city.

In the south of the city, next to a residence of a Qing army officer, there were two figures huddled there motionless in the dark. If anyone passed by at this moment, they would definitely be startled, thinking that these two were dead.

The two who looked like dead people were Zhao Sihai, who was a fake Taoist priest who had sneaked into the city, but next to him was the bald man. I don't know where he got this tattered monk's clothes.

The sudden wind blew dust on the street, and it also brought a chill.

"Damn, was it windy yesterday?" The bald man spit out the dust and a leaf that had been scraped into his mouth.

"The wind is good, haven't you heard the wind help the fire?" Zhao Sihai looked surprised.

The bald man hesitated: "This fire is about to burn, won't the people in the city suffer a lot?"

"What do mother-in-law and mother do? We are bandits. We are bandits who don't kill or set fires. Yesterday, our hearts are softened?"

"It's not that I'm soft-hearted, it's just that I can't bear it."

"Hey, you fake monk really think you can become a Buddha immediately after putting down the butcher knife?" Zhao Sihai choked the bald man, looked at the sky, and slowly stood up, "Almost, let's do it."

"Okay!" The bald man gritted his teeth and patted the dust on his body and stood up. He glanced at the Qing army barracks in the distance, and said viciously: "If you want to blame it, blame the Tartars of the dog days!"

"Walk!"

Zhao Sihai's fierce appearance was revealed, and after identifying the direction of the wind, he took out a can of kerosene he bought after entering the city and walked quietly to the Qing army camp. Seeing this, the bald man followed without hesitation. The two came to the upper hand of the Qing army barracks, carefully checked that there was no Qing army patrol, and then stepped forward to open the jar.

Soon, the kerosene in the tank was poured onto the fence of the Qing army barracks and the pile of forage, and after a while, the flames shot into the sky. The wind took advantage of the fire, and the fire raged towards the camp of the Qing army.

At the same time, Ge Wu and others also started setting fires everywhere in the city. As the fire raged, the cry of "The old thief is calling, the old thief is calling" instantly resounded throughout Luoding City.

The Qing army guards, who were the first to notice the fire in the city, were startled. Before they could react to whether it was a fire or someone set it on fire, they heard the sound of war drums coming from outside the city, "Dong, dong, dong!" There are torches everywhere in the mountains and forests, and it seems that countless soldiers and horses are rushing towards Luo Ding.