

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 16: Chapter 16: Loyal Uncle

She turned around again, then carefully climbed onto a little stool and got into bed to sleep. But soon, she opened her eyes again, climbed down, opened the wardrobe, and took out that new dress. She held the dress as if it were a doll.

The dress had a fresh smell of cotton and was patterned with small red checks. Although the colour was somewhat vulgar and the style was old-fashioned, it had its own simplicity and purity, unique to this era. She liked this era, but time passed and the era changed, until one day, the whole world had to face drastic changes. If one didn't live through those times, they would never know that such a world once existed.

Technology advanced, but human feelings grew colder.

"Daddy will take you to old man Chen, let him look after you,"

Tang Zhinian picked up Tang Yuxin. The 'Old man Chen' he referred to was an outsider in the village. No one knew where he came from. When he arrived, he looked desperate and didn't even have a decent set of clothes. Now living alone, childless, he kept to himself most of the time. He collected herbs from the big mountain behind the village to sell. He was a man of few words and had a very serious look, which made children frightened of him. They believed him to be a man-eating monster.

Among them was the young Tang Yuxin who used to be scared even at the mere mention of 'Old man Chen'. Though she had only vague memories, she did remember that she would burst into tears whenever she saw him. It was only after she was taken away by Sang Zhilan that she never returned to the village and never heard about Old man Chen again.

As for what happened to old man Chen afterward, he followed the laws of the world like everyone else — birth, ageing, sickness, and death.

After all, he was already quite old at that time.

"Zhong Uncle, are you in?" Tang Zhinian knocked on the door of a semi-old clay house. Most villagers still lived in clay houses, with only a few in newly built brick houses due to poverty.

"I'm here, come in," A faint, deep voice responded from inside the house, and it was this kind of voice that scared children. Children liked those who smiled and sounded cheerful, not those who frowned all the time and spoke like ghosts.

Only then did Tang Zhinian take Tang Yuxin inside.

The house was not big. There were no rooms, nor a hall – just a courtyard filled with drying herbs, which led to the living quarters. As soon as one entered, they would be hit with the scent of herbs – the room was full of their fragrance.

Although the ground was packed mud, it was quite clean, and even a thin layer of water had been delicately swept across it. An old, lean man stood there, his hair almost white, but his back was surprisingly straight. He was taking care of a medicinal plant, holding a watering can in one hand, while the other behind his back.

There was a hint of a sage about him.

Only that he didn't smile much.

However, the present Tang Yuxin really didn't know what she was thinking when she was a child, not understanding where old man Chen resembled a ghost at all. She felt he was more of a fairy. There was a faint aroma of herbs on him, possibly due to his long-term contact with these plants.

Without thinking, she sniffed, finding it strange that the scent of these herbs brought a sense of tranquillity and clarity to her. She sniffed several times, confirming her feeling.

Being a doctor herself, although a western medicine practitioner, she knew that some herbs had mutual enhancing or counteracting effects. And some herbs, beneath their complex aroma, produced a scent that could make one feel more alert and clear-headed.