

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Quarrel

Gu Ning organized her funeral, his face expressionless as he stared at the photo on the tombstone, the black and white image capturing her everlasting smile, and the old man huddling against the gravestone with his white hair bristling.

A gust of wind suddenly blew across the sky, stirring the leaves on the ground to dance in the air.

In the early light, at sunset, within life, outside life.

Souls yearn...

The remnants of the sunset dyed half the sky scarlet, then faded into crimson.

Tang Yuxin was awakened by a burst of quarreling.

She blankly opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling above her head, where the plaster had peeled off. This was a long, distant memory, so distant that she had almost forgotten when it happened.

The only time she'd seen the walls at home peel like this was in her first home, her father's house. She hadn't returned since she left. She'd forgotten much, lost many memories over time. But she hadn't forgotten this ceiling, stripped of its plaster, nor the rusty ceiling fan above it, which was covered in a layer of dust.

"Tang Zhinian, let me tell you, why should I give you my daughter?" A woman shouted angrily, shaking the whole house, causing another piece of tattered plaster to fall from the wall.

"Tang Zhinian, I'll definitely take Xinxin. You're a grown man who can't even feed himself. How can you raise a daughter?"

"I can't," the honest farmer squatting there responded, his eyes red, his face drawn, and a thick layer of blueish-gray under his eyes.

"I can't give you Xinxin. I have nothing left, only her."

"It's not up to you," the woman sneered, "She's my daughter and she's always loved me. Let's leave it to her. When she wakes up, ask her who she wants to live with."

The man said nothing, but he could be heard choking on his words.

But no tears fell, perhaps he swallowed them all.

Tang Yuxin listened to the incessant quarreling outside. She stared blankly at the ceiling for what felt like forever, until she closed her eyes again, not knowing whether she was sleepy or dead.

When she opened her eyes again, the sunlight filtering in through the broken glass was warm.

She died in autumn, an autumn chillier than winter, an autumn icier than winter, and yet, it now felt like spring.

“Yuxin, come eat.”

A man walked in, a simple-looking young man bearing a bowl. His clothes were washed to a pale color, his skin tanned and dark. His big hands, like palm-leaf fans, held a small bowl.

The man smiled, a foolish yet affectionate smile.

He placed the bowl in front of Tang Yuxin and playfully ruffled her hair with his big hand, “Finish your food first, and then dad will take you fishing, okay?”

Tang Yuxin stared at the man for a long time. She instinctively reached out, but her hands were pitifully small. She stared at her own hands for quite a while, but didn't move.

“What is it, you don't want to eat?” the man asked, brushing the top of his daughter's head again, “You tell me, what do you want to eat? Dad can cook it for you. Oh, don't we still have eggs at home? My dear Yuxin, do you want to eat steamed eggs? Your dad will make them for you.”