

National Forensic Doctor

Chapter: 7

When I arrived at the kitchen, I saw that the cook was a little girl with a long ponytail. She just stood up and didn't wear a mask, so she gave a smile: "I only have this order left, and I didn't know you were coming. Is it the new forensic doctor from the county bureau?"

"Yes. How did you know?" Jiang Yuan smiled, then looked down at the food, only a little fried vegetables and fried bean sprouts were left, and they didn't look very good.

"I heard that the new forensic doctor is very tall, and besides the funeral home, there are quite a few people who come to our cafeteria, that is, people from the Civil Affairs Bureau and the Religious Affairs Bureau." : "If you're not in a hurry, let me order some noodles for you?"

Jiang Yuan's eyes then fell on the small kitchen at the back of the cafeteria. It's just two sets of simple stoves, and some side dishes are served in the next frame.

Looking at the environment in the back kitchen, Jiang Yuan couldn't help but feel moved: "Is there any rice? Can I make fried rice myself?"

The little girl with long ponytail hesitated for a moment, looked up at Jiang Yuan's tall and gentle appearance, and said with a smile: "Our small unit is not particular, but there are not many people who are willing to cook by themselves. Stove?"

"meeting."

"Then come in." The little girl lifted the cover on the right side, looked up at Jiang Yuan again, and said with a smile, "Even if you make fried rice by yourself, you still have to swipe the card at the price of fried rice with eggs."

"Okay." Jiang Yuan responded, went into the small kitchen, picked up the big spoon, and felt inexplicably convenient for a while.

Long ponytail helped to fetch the rice and eggs. Jiang Yuan took the egg yolk by turning the two egg shells upside down alternately, broke it up and poured

it into four or five bowls of rice, then turned on the fire, poured oil, and stir-fried...

At school, Jiang Yuan was mostly cooking instant noodles with an egg, but now he is quite proficient at playing with the spoon.

The little girl with long ponytail watched his movements and frowned slightly. When she saw Jiang Yuan put the food, she couldn't help but said, "It doesn't matter if you use more ingredients."

Jiang Yuan was stunned for a moment, hooked and released the big spoon, still only took a few diced radishes, and said: "It's not necessary, it's enough."

Long ponytail: "You don't have to be so polite."

Jiang Yuan: "You're welcome."

The conversation between the two ended inexplicably.

Jiang Yuan devoted himself to making fried rice. He doesn't have any cooking skills, and he relies on Uncle Seventeen's legacy. At this time, he is completely repeating Uncle Seventeen's practice... He is very stingy with the ingredients.

The girl with the long ponytail looked at it, and felt a little bit of sadness... Such a frugal egg fried rice must have been a hard life in the past. Pity.

"Leave a portion for you to try." Jiang Yuan calculated and made egg fried rice for three people, scooped out his own and Wu Jun's portion, and then scooped up a bowl for the little girl.

"Actually, it's not necessary...I've eaten it all." Looking at the golden-yellow egg fried rice in the bowl, the girl with a long ponytail was even more emotional. The egg fried rice made from one egg was enough for three people. It was outrageous.

"You're welcome." Jiang Yuan smiled, didn't say much, and left with his lunch box.

Watching Jiang Yuan leave the cafeteria, the girl with long ponytail looked down at the fried rice with eggs, but she thought it looked good. Turning

around, he took the spoon, took half of it, put it in his mouth to chew, but nodded involuntarily.

"I didn't expect it to be quite delicious." The girl with the long ponytail muttered to herself, and decided to save a small half for the chef to taste. After making a decision, I happily hugged the other half and "tasted" it.

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"The taste is pretty good. The level of the cook in this funeral parlor has improved?" Wu Jun ate a mouthful of the fried rice brought back by Jiang Yuan, and he praised it.

"There are only a few vegetables left in the cafeteria. I made fried rice." Jiang Yuan planed two mouthfuls of fried rice, raised his bowl to the morgue, and paid respects to Uncle Seventeen.

Wu Jun's eyes lit up: "You said you have this talent..."

"I only learned fried rice. I learned it from Uncle Seventeen." Jiang Yuan interrupted Wu Jun.

Wu Jun was taken aback, looked at the fried rice again, hesitated for a few seconds, then shook his head, gobbled it up, drank two more mouthfuls of tea, and said, "We'll go back later, you organize the photos, the autopsy list is full, Look at the colleagues who have come back and offer to help."

Jiang Yuan responded.