

Star of Space 147

Chapter 147 The first sketch

It was like this every day, he could remember it very clearly, but when the words fell, he was stunned.

Recalling that Lin Caihe saw his third uncle and third aunt back just now, he didn't even say a word about trouble, but he yelled and asked whether his third uncle had taken a long way to buy silk flowers for her. He immediately felt embarrassed.

Just now, I thought it was a bit strange for Uncle San to be so angry, but now...

"Do you understand?" Lin Caisang raised his eyebrows.

"Actually, it is good to separate the money earned at home. In this way, Third Uncle and the others will earn their own money and spend it on their own. They no longer have to feel that they owe us. They are good to He'er and Qing'er, and they don't have to always think about wronging me."

"Sang Sang, your elder brother is hurting you," Lin Changhong said.

"Um."

Lin Caisang responded, brought two bowls of food, and prepared to go to the main room.

Outside the kitchen, Mrs. Lin Lu had been standing for a long time. Listening to the words of Lin Caisang and her sister, and thinking about Lin Caihe's little thoughts, she felt really sad. They were also her grandchildren, so why were their temperaments so different?

If Lin Caihe was half as sensible as Sang Sang, he wouldn't be scolded like this by the third child.

Seeing that they were about to come out, Mrs. Lin Lu came to her senses and walked towards them.

"Grandma, why are you here?"

"There are still dishes in the kitchen. I'll come over to serve them. Sangsang and Changhong, your third uncle made money today. Your grandpa and I are happy. How about frying some more eggs?" Mrs. Lin Lu raised her head and asked them .

"Okay, I'll listen to Grandma." Lin Caisang nodded.

You can pick up wild eggs on the mountain, and you don't have to worry about eating them. After eating, she can just walk around the mountain and pick up a few and put them back.

"Grandma, fry some more. Third uncle and third aunt have been running outside all day today. They are very tired. Brother Changfeng is also tired from being busy reading every day. And..."

"Okay, grandma knows, one fried egg for each person." Before she could finish speaking, Mrs. Lin Lu interrupted her with a smile.

...

In the golden bead space, he completed several simple tasks. Lin Caisang sat in front of the easel he made, holding a sharpened pencil in his hand. He just sat there, his mind empty and he didn't know what he was thinking. something.

Mo Shi was found for her by Ya Mo Lian, and she was embarrassed to have given her such a valuable dagger, and she had nothing to give him in return.

The pencil has just been prepared and ready for use. Today I will draw my first sketch.

"Otherwise, give the first painting to Brother Mo Lian?" Lin Caisang muttered quietly.

She has completely forgotten what she warned her eldest brother back then. She has no other thoughts about staying away from Ya Molian. At this moment, she can't think of anything.

"What to draw? Characters? Scenery? Or..."

What lingers in my mind is the scene in Hong Ling Town, when Ya Molian fell from the sky, grabbed the two big knives that almost cut her into three pieces, and threw them out handsomely.

Without thinking about anything else, she started drawing in her hands.

Of course, how could one painting of each scene be enough? She painted several pictures in succession, forming a flowing movement. After finishing the painting, she looked at her masterpiece with satisfaction.

"Tsk, tsk."

I clicked my tongue twice, but the more I looked at it, the more I felt something was awkward.

"Did I draw that guy too handsome? Was he so handsome and domineering at the time? Was his movements so powerful?" This is not the Ya Molian she imagined, okay?