

Record of Strange News in Northeast - C15

When his parents brought his grandma home, his grandpa was very happy. If his father didn't persuade him, his grandpa would have killed a pig to celebrate.

In the evening, the whole family sat together and enjoyed themselves. First, I explained how I met the ghost girl in the hospital and escaped with her paper charm, and then I explained how big cities were and how good the environment was. It was as if I wasn't going to see a doctor this time, but a family trip.

His grandfather said, "Old Lady Liu has saved Haozi time and time again. She really is the savior of our family. How can we repay her kindness in the future?" Grandma said, "A good person should be rewarded. Sister Liu will definitely live for a long time." Mom and Dad also agreed. I looked at my family's smiling faces and felt that life was really beautiful.

The next day, after school time, I and my tablemate, Steamed Bun Long, came back together. His house was in the neighboring village, and Steamed Bun Long was the first good friend I made in school. He was honest, honest, and introverted, but we always had endless words to say to each other when we finished class. Out of our love for friendship, we never spoke again in class.

Steamed Bun Long was deep in thought on the way home today, so he didn't say much. I was curious and asked him, "What's wrong? You always talk like you're a chatterbox. Why are you so listless today?" Steamed Bun Long said, "My dad is getting harder and harder to work as a carpenter. We still have to see each other's face when we're doing short jobs. Even their dogs are bullying you, so tell me if you want them to live." I know his father is a famous carpenter from the neighboring village. His craftsmanship is quite good. Zi Long said, "Come to my house tomorrow and

play if you have nothing to do. We'll talk about it later." So we went our separate ways at the village entrance.

The next day was a weekend. I went to Zi Long's house early in the morning. When the kid saw that I had cleaned up the house, he came out after greeting his parents. He said to me, "Hao Zi, I heard that you have some skills. Take a look for me." I thought to myself, "That brat is yet another mischievous bastard. Last time, he came to our village to play with me and Diao Yang. The two of them hated each other for being late. Perhaps, it was at that time that he spread the word."

I said, "Zi Long, I'm really not lying to you. I don't have much ability." He didn't mind at all and said, "Let's go to my dad's house to have a look." Soon, they arrived and saw a big dog under the tree near his house. Zi Long said, "Do you see that? It's just that dog. Because of that dog, my dad can't work there anymore. What do you think is strange?" When I took a closer look, it was a pure black dog. Other than its size, there was nothing special about it. Zi Long said, "Let's take a closer look. This dog is really scary." I don't think so. Aren't there many rural dogs? What dog have you never seen before?

We walked on and sat down on a small mound. The black dog didn't react much when it saw us, just glanced at us, but with that one glance, I also felt something was wrong, something wasn't right, and I thought for a while about what was wrong: the dog's eyes were too much like a human's.

The thought made me break out in a cold sweat, and the more I looked at the dog, the more it looked like a man lying there, but with the body of a dog. I was secretly shocked. Was this dog about to mature into a spirit? He had to ask Old Liu when he got back. Then, he dragged Zi Long back to his house. Zi Long was boasting to his father, "Dad, this brother of mine has quite the background. Old Lady Ma Xian who came from the neighboring village is his master." I stopped. What would a child like me do?

The owner of the house was an old man, and he was kind to me, but the moment his father entered the house, he was already scared when he saw the dog staring at him. Old Bao normally doesn't fear dogs, but that dog is a little scared, and now that I think about it, the dog's eyes are too similar to mine.

On the first day, after Old Bao finished his work in the morning, the host had already prepared and placed the dishes in the side room. On the first day, after Old Bao finished his work in the morning, the host had already prepared and placed the dishes in the side room. After finishing work the next morning, he had a meal in a side room in the disaster-stricken area. He felt that the food was not as good as yesterday. The quantity of food had decreased and there was less meat in the dishes. On the third day, after Lao Bao finished his work and went to the side room, he opened the basket of rice and became angry. There were only a few mouthfuls of this food, so how could he feed a cat? He was already infuriated at the time. Wasn't this bullying others? Old Bao angrily went to find his host, the old man said it was impossible. I saw the food my wife cooked and it was full enough for the two of them to eat. Old Bao was angry, but he still had to work. Otherwise, if he didn't pay, he would just say that he wouldn't be able to eat until he was full. At most, he would just go home and eat.

On the fourth day, after he had finished his work rather quickly, he went to the side room to eat, but before he got to the side room, he saw the dog go in first, and he was surprised. He leaned over the window and peered through the slit, and what he saw gave him a shock: the dog was tearing open the food basket with his paw, eating half of the meal, rolling it up with his tongue, and then covering the basket with his paw again. This series of actions was no different from those of a thief, and Lao

Bao's heart skipped a beat: My god, is this dog smart?

Ten Jin of Fox's Blood in the Abnormal Records of Northeast China