

The Power 39

Chapter 39 Painting and Calligraphy

Xie's family rules, maids and servants are not allowed to enter the school, so every morning, after the maids put the bookcase on the table, they hurried out, not daring to stay in the school.

Mr. Lin has already sat down at the table, and she is looking through a copybook, which should be a new one, and she is very focused on it.

Mr. Lin is the female master who taught Miss Xie's calligraphy and painting, under the tutelage of her elder sister Lin Bicheng, who is a well-known female calligraphy and painting master in Dayong. When Lin Bicheng combed herself at the age of sixteen, she said that she married herself to calligraphy and painting. Since then, she has traveled all over the world. Wherever she goes, she will open up the copybooks in the forest of steles, study them with great concentration, and become a self-contained whole. When Lin Bicheng is mentioned, even Xie Tiao admires it two.

Mr. Lin's handwriting has the character of his sister, especially her paintings are natural and smooth, with concise strokes and bright colors, especially figure paintings, with delicate lines and round strokes, and the clothes are floating like a breeze. , The foundation is extremely deep.

Seeing Xie Zhiwei and Xie Zhihui coming in, the school suddenly fell silent, and all eyes fell on them.

Xie Zhiwei took out the pen, ink, paper and inkstone from the bookcase and the homework that Mr. Lin would check. Xie Zhihui was behind her, and only heard her "ah", even Mr. Lin was startled and looked at her.

Xie Zhiwei turned his head and saw Xie Zhihui's bookcase. For some reason, a cup of tea was spilled, and it was a mess.

Xie Zhiwei glanced around, and seeing Xie Zhiqian's lips hooked, revealing a touch of color, she knew that Xie Zhihui's bookcase might have been tampered with.

Xie Zhiwei frowned. They are all sisters of the Xie family. As far as she knows, Xie Zhihui has never done anything to apologize to Xie Zhiqian. Why did she do this?

After thinking about it for a while, Xie Zhiwei also understood Xie Zhiqian's thoughts. Today is the first day of school, and it is also a holiday. Grandpa will definitely come to check for a while, mainly to see if the girls have taken care of Mr. Take the assigned homework to heart.

Sure enough, there were footsteps outside the door. Seeing the old man coming, Mr. Lin quickly stood up and went forward to salute.

The old man said politely, "Mr. Lin, you are the teacher who teaches the girls of the Xie family. Please don't be too polite. I'll listen in. By the way, I'll also see if these students have completed the homework assigned by the master this month. Are you just being naughty in the boudoir?"

Of course, Mr. Lin didn't dare to refuse. After the two women came in, they put a chair in front of the north window. As usual, Xie Tiao sat down on the chair.

"Girls, take out all your homework and put it on the table!"

Mr. Lin didn't dare to waste the old lady's time. She walked to the first place by the window. Xie Zhiqian had already arranged her homework, a thick stack of copybooks and a few ink paintings. After flipping through them, Mr. Lin nodded and said, "Third Miss The writing has improved, but the writing strength is slightly insufficient, and when the pen is closed, the force is too strong, which seems a bit deliberate."

"The fourth girl has made great progress this time, which is already very good!"

"The big girl's handwriting has already achieved something, which is very good. This "Dragonfly and Bean Pods" has clear lines, and the ink is well-thin and light, and the artistic conception is good."

When Xie Tiao heard about it, he gestured and asked his mother-in-law to show him Xie Zhiwei's calligraphy and painting.

Mr. Lin was already very upset. She saw a pile of water-drenched paper on Xie Zhihui's desk. The paper could no longer see its original appearance, so she couldn't help asking sharply, "Second Miss, what's going on?"

Xie Zhiqian turned her head and glanced this way, and said in a charming voice, "Second sister, did you really not do your homework? I reminded you the day before yesterday that my husband is coming back, and the boudoir school will start soon. My sister went out to play together, but you didn't listen."

As soon as Mr. Lin heard this, he understood what was going on, and she couldn't help being very disappointed, "Second girl, the homework I assigned, writing ten characters a day, and painting a picture every six days, is already very little. If you have the heart, you can do it every day Insist on writing, the amount of this task is not big at all, not only did you not complete it seriously, but you also want to get away with it in this way?"

The so-called method is to deliberately pour tea soup on the paper, pretending that the words and paintings were destroyed, trying to lie to the husband that the homework has been done, but it was accidentally destroyed?

Xie Zhihui's tears were about to fall, she obviously wrote it seriously, and she wrote every stroke very seriously, hoping that one day she could catch up with her big sister a little bit.

When she got up early, she even counted it again. Every word and drawing was in good condition. How could it become like this?

Xie Zhihui lowered her head and twisted her handkerchief. She really wanted to say that she had done it seriously, but seeing this scene, her character did not allow her to say anything that could not be proved.

"Mr. Lin, the second sister's calligraphy and paintings were all done carefully, but they were accidentally stained." Xie Zhiwei couldn't help but said.

Mr. Lin turned around and looked at Xie Zhiwei, "Miss, did you see that the second girl wrote it with your own eyes? You also saw her paint the painting with your own eyes?"

Xie Zhiwei glanced at Xie Zhihui, and only then did she understand why Xie Zhihui was unwilling to defend herself with a single word.

"Eldest sister, you are good at writing and painting. We can't catch up with you. Second sister has always said that you are very good. If second sister always wants to play with you, second sister will definitely be able to finish her homework well. "The corners of Xie Zhiqian's lips curled up slightly, and there was unconcealable joy in her eyes. Her plan succeeded, not only made Xie Zhihui suffer, but also dragged Xie Zhiwei into the water.

Grandfather disliked people with bad conduct the most, and this happened to show him how insidious and cunning Big Sister is.

Study secretly by myself, dragging my younger sisters to play, trying to ruin their studies.

Xie Tiao put Xie Zhiwei's calligraphy and paintings on the table, he stood up and walked over, glanced at Xie Zhihui's table, and asked, "What's going on?"

Xie Zhihui couldn't argue with everything. If she defended herself, she couldn't produce any evidence. Even if she did, she couldn't protect herself by herself, and she would appear cowardly and incompetent in front of her grandfather.

Xie Zhiwei knew this truth very well. After taking a deep look at Xie Zhiqian, she said, "Mr. Lin, the students want to ask for advice. What is the purpose of asking students to write ten words a day?"

Mr. Lin didn't expect Xie Zhiwei to ask such a question, he was a little curious, "Of course it is to improve your writing."

"One month, three hundred words, if you write seriously, you will definitely make great progress. I have a way to prove that the second sister has indeed written seriously in the past month."

"Oh, so how do you prove that?"

Xie Zhiwei beckoned the women to come over, cleaned up the mess on the table, and then put his own set of pen, ink, paper and inkstone on Xie Zhihui's table, and said, "Second sister, what words did Mr. Lin arrange this time? Since you have written it carefully, you should remember, as long as you write it out word by word, it can prove that you have indeed written it seriously."

Xie Zhihui's eyes lit up, she looked at Xie Zhiwei with burning eyes, and with a slight smile, she knew that her eldest sister was smarter than her, and no one could put her in a situation where she was helpless.

Xie Zhihui hurriedly picked up a brush, dipped ink on the inkstone, smoothed the Chengxin paper with one hand, took a deep breath, calmed down, and began to fall silent.

Xiao Xun: Today is another day without me, where are your votes? Vote out and help me build a magpie bridge so that I can meet Mae Mae.