

Thrive 73

Chapter 73 The act of saving people

Yunshang turned back and saw an old miner in his 50s or 60s sitting on the side of the road. His right leg was empty from his knees, his left hand only had his thumb, and his right arm was still oozing blood.

The old miner has the distinctive characteristics left to him by the coal mining industry: wrinkled face, dark skin, cinders and oil left in the nails, palms cracked into grids, and the residual legs and fingers are left to him by the industry. Eternal pain and medal.

Seeing that the old miner was clumsily loading the cigarette bag with one hand, Yunshang quickly squatted down, helped the old miner to pack the cigarette bag, and helped him light the fire.

The old miner took a cigarette, looked at Yun Chang's red eyes, and twitched the corners of his mouth, "Wa'er, don't cry, there is a government, the government won't let the enemy's special waste kill our workers, and won't leave us alone... ..."

The old miner told Yun Chang not to cry, but tears kept oozing from the corners of his eyes.

He raised his arm, wiped the corner of his eyes with his dusty sleeves, and stared at the huge deep pit in the distance, as if talking to himself, and talking to Yun Chang:

"We coal blacks are a group of people who have been buried and never died, eating food in the world and doing work in the underworld. We know these things in our hearts, and we accept our fate... Even if something happens, we are not afraid, our life is the government. Well, the government will raise a baby for us..."

Yunshang wanted to open her mouth to ask how many workers were underground, how many people were crushed by the collapsed houses in the mine, and to ask if the enemy had caught them, but she saw the trembling hands of the old miners and the oozing out of the corners of her eyes. Tears, not a word to ask.

What the old miner was saddened was not how many workers were buried underground, but the fact that his fellow workers were buried underground.

There was a burst of cheers in the distance, and several police officers carried out another worker from the ruins. Yun Chang glanced at the old miner, turned his head and ran towards the collapsed mine.

It's a pity that as soon as he ran to the edge of the mine, he was stopped by someone.

Yun Chang had no choice but to stand on the periphery, trying to condense his spiritual power into a bundle, and probed into the collapsed mine.

Probably the reason for not staying in the space, even if Yunshang uses space as a medium, her mental power can only detect about five meters underground.

Finding that there were no buried workers in the nearby shallow area, Yunshang immediately changed his position and continued to investigate.

Fortunately, there are many family members of miners who are participating in the rescue. Yunshang's small body is hidden in the crowd, but it is not abrupt.

I don't know how many positions I have changed, and I don't know how many times my mental power has been probed. Yun Chang's short legs are running sour, and finally found a few buried workers at the edge of the mental power.

Several workers were huddled with blood in the cracks of the large rocks, breathing hard on the thin air in the cracks.

Yun Chang was very anxious, not only worried that several people would not be able to support the rescue time, but also did not dare to tell anyone that there were workers buried under the position where she was standing.

In desperation, Yunshang had to use his mental power to throw the broken coal in the rock crevice into the space little by little, opening up a passage for the air circulation for several miners so that they could breathe the fresh air outside.

Besides, Yun Chang couldn't help any more.

After straightening up, Yun Chang's face turned pale because of excessive use of mental power, and he almost fell to the ground.

"Hey? Whose baby is this?" A pair of big hands supported Yun Chang from behind, and before she could react, she was put aside by the collar from behind, "Go outside and stay outside, don't delay everyone's rescue. people!"

Yun Chang did not go in to continue the investigation, rested outside for a while, turned and ran towards the tent area.

From time to time, seriously wounded people who have been hit by houses are carried into the tent area, and the entrance of the tent is very busy with people coming and going.

Zhou Mingjuan stood at the door of the tent, assigning the wounded to the doctors and nurses, but her eyes kept swept to several military district chiefs in front of the adjacent tent.

And her bag was hanging in the temporary dispensing area in the tent, and there was only a nurse beside her who was dispensing medicine with her head down.

Yun Chang stood at the entrance of the tent and glanced inside, and when Zhou Mingjuan looked over, she retracted her head, walked around behind the tent, and put Zhou Mingjuan's leather bag in the space across the tent. The purse hangs out.

The whole process only lasted for a few seconds, and everyone in the tent was so busy that they didn't notice that Zhou Mingjuan's bag had miraculously disappeared, and then miraculously returned to its original place.

After she was busy with her business, Yun Chang found a sheltered corner and sat down. While resting, she took out half a three-in-one steamed bun to fill her stomach.

At this moment, she didn't care about complaining about the bad taste of Sanhe Nian steamed buns, nor did she find it difficult to swallow this kind of rough food for her.

She had to hurry up to fill her stomach and keep her spirits up to continue searching and rescuing the buried workers.

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All the main roads in Linyang City are controlled by the army, especially the roads from the north of the city to the mining area, which are so tight that even mosquitoes cannot fly.

In a yellow mud house on the edge of the mining area, Madman Wu smeared a few handfuls of coal ash on his face in front of the mirror, rubbed his messy gray hair to the point of tying it up, and wore a dress full of holes. The old padded jacket, hunched over his waist, pulled a snakeskin bag out the door, and slowly moved towards the alley.

From behind, his body could almost be described as bony, as if a gust of wind could knock him down.

Several seven or eight-year-old children were turning over the flower ropes at the entrance of the alley, and occasionally looked up at the direction of the mining area.

Seeing Madman Wu coming out of the alley, several children surrounded him.

"Crazy Wu! Why didn't you go to the mine to help save people?"

"Mr. Wu, no one will feed you today, so hurry back and don't cause trouble in the mine."

"Hey, what's in Madman Wu's bag?"

"Let me see!"

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Several children quickly tore off the snakeskin bag from Madman Wu's hand, poured out the coal he picked up from the mine that had been burned once but not completely burned, and pulled out what looked like a cannonball.

Seven or eight-year-old children are at the age of disgusting dogs, and soon a naughty child pulled out a match from the house and lit the cannonball.

I saw a bright yellow line of fire rising into the sky, piercing the gloomy sky, and then disappearing without a trace.

Madman Wu breathed a sigh of relief, sat on the ground, and looked up in the direction of the city.

In the urban area, I bought envelopes and letter paper at the post office early in the morning. Finally, the middle-aged man who sat in front of the window to write a letter saw the line of fire in the air. He immediately put down the pen in his hand, walked to the counter and made a phone call.

In the courtyard of the military district, the phone of Commander Bai's house suddenly rang. Lin Wenlan put down the thick book in his hand and answered the phone at hand.

"Mrs. Bai, your little seven asked me to bring you something. Now that the whole city is under martial law, I can't go to the door in person, so I have my boy deliver it to you. Mrs. Bai remembers to pick it up at the gate of the military district at four o'clock. "