Farmhouse 80

Chapter 80 Set the House on Fire

Gu Youyou stood up excitedly, lifting the sorghum stalk lid from the pot.

Inside, milky-white rice and rice soup were tumbling, it had indeed begun to boil — a fierce fire made it quick!

Gu Youyou found a gourd ladle to scoop water and put the boiled rice into a small pot nearby; there was a bit too much water, which would create a clear soup, so she poured the excess rice soup into another gourd ladle.

This gourd ladle was made from a big gourd cut in half, making a perfect pair.

All this rice soup was good stuff — drinkable and nutritious!

Huh, wait, such thick smoke!

Gu Youyou turned her head and saw that the biggest log she had stuffed into the stove had somehow fallen out and into the pile of kindling behind it.

The dried kindling caught fire instantly, and by the time Gu Youyou noticed, the blaze was already quite fierce.

Gu Youyou was alarmed and hurriedly splashed the rice soup from the gourd over the flames.

But the fire was too strong, her efforts barely made a difference — it was like throwing a cup of water on a cartload of firewood.

She was frantic and quickly threw the nearly half bucket of water from the other side of the stove onto the fire, but the back and forth, although short, visibly caused the fire to intensify significantly, and the half bucket of water was no help at all.

The fire rapidly climbed up to the roof; the house was built from mud-plastered bamboo, the beams were made of wood, and the roof was thatched.

Flammable materials were everywhere, and it had been a long time since the last rain.

With each day recently being sunny, once the fire started, it was uncontrollable.

Seeing the entire house catch fire, Gu Youyou could no longer worry about anything else and ran out the door with the wooden bucket in tow.

The house was on the hillside, and to find water, she had to run down to the river at the bottom of the mountain — which was a tough task for Gu Youyou.

But she couldn't just watch her house burn, could she?

She had to at least fetch a couple of buckets of water to attempt to douse the fire, right?

One advantage of the house's height was apparent: the villagers working below saw Jin Zijin's house on fire and had already started shouting, with the quick-acting ones already carrying water to put out the flames.

"Hurry, there's a fire over there, quick, put it out!"

"That's Hunter Jin's house, Hunter Jin isn't home, and his wife is there alone."

"His wife is none other than Gu Youyou, that sickly member of the Gu Family, let's hope she doesn't get burned to death in that thatched cottage!"

The villagers discussed while they acted without pause; those who had utensils at hand were busy fetching water, and those without hastened home to get them.

Seeing the genuine villagers, warmth spread through Gu Youyou like a sunny beam; she had never felt so warmed before.

The rural villagers, who usually haggled over every little thing, might fight bloodily over a bunch of vegetables, but when it came to a major incident like a house fire, their solidarity was truly heart-wrenching.

Everyone fought the fire as if it was their own home burning, sparing no effort!

Gu Youyou wiped the ash off her face and genuinely thanked them!

From a distance, she could hear her grandfather Gu Feng's voice.

Today, grandfather had been out planting rice with her two uncles.

When he saw Jin Zijin's house on fire, he panicked, scrambling up the rice ridge, and inadvertently trampled many newly planted seedlings.

"Youyou, Youyou is still inside, what are you second and third uncles waiting for?

Hurry and save Youyou!"

In his urgency, Gu Feng fell while running on the rice ridge.

With wet and slippery mud on his feet, it was easy to slip on such a narrow ridge, let alone when frantically running.