

Folly 59

Chapter 59 Make a Delicious Meal

As soon as Lu Yuanfeng left, Mu Shuangshuang immediately closed the door.

"Mom, let's not eat at home today. With the things Lu Yuanfeng brought, it's enough for the five of us to have a good dinner."

One piece of sugar cake per person, two buns, that's plenty.

"Then I'll go boil some water. Your dad is just sick; he can't eat hard things like this. Soaking it in hot water will help." Yu Si Niang got up but was stopped by Mu Shuangshuang.

"Mom, you're injured yourself and should rest well. I'll go boil some hot water and make some soup."

Yu Si Niang was startled and quickly stopped her. "Shuangshuang, you can't use your grandmother's things; she'll hit you."

"Don't worry, mom. I certainly won't use her things. I'll go to Aunt Xiao Yun's house first and come back to cook for you all." Mu Shuangshuang took eight coins and left her home.

At this time, the sky was already dark, and the last sliver of sunset had disappeared when Lu Yuanfeng left. Yet this was when the moon hadn't fully risen, so Mu Shuangshuang walked cautiously, afraid of falling.

Finally arriving at Aunt Xiao Yun's house, it was just like Mu Shuangshuang's home; they hadn't had dinner yet.

In the yard, Da Long squatted on the ground, playing with stones, unaffected by the darkened sky.

"Da Long, go tell your mom that Sister Shuangshuang is here." Mu Shuangshuang whispered to a small shadow in the yard.

Da Long immediately stood up, greeted Mu Shuangshuang, opened the yard gate, and went to the kitchen to find Zhao Yun.

Soon, Zhao Yun and Uncle Yu came out together, their faces showing some urgency.

"Shuangshuang, is your dad feeling better?" Naturally, it was Uncle Yu speaking. Earlier, he had a quarrel with Ma Houhou, and if it weren't for the villagers holding him back, he would have fought with Ma Houhou. Reflecting back, he realized he was a bit too impulsive.

"After the scraping therapy, he's better. Could I go inside with Uncle Yu and Aunt Xiao Yun to discuss something?" Mu Shuangshuang spoke softly.

Zhao Yun quickly pulled her into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, Zhao Yun had just finished stir-frying the last green vegetable. Since Uncle Yu's family was eating leftover lunch, there was no need to cook rice separately.

This method is common in many rural households, especially during times of dual crop harvest. With daytime heat, people avoid the scorching sun and must rest during noon, thus having to make up for it at night, which often leaves no time for making dinner.

"Aunt Xiao Yun, may I borrow your kitchen and buy two eggs and a couple of handfuls of vegetables?"

According to town prices, two eggs cost six coins, and vegetables are one coin for two handfuls, with the remaining coin serving as a token of thanks for using her oil and salt.

Mu Shuangshuang spread the eight coins into Zhao Yun's palm, but to her surprise, Zhao Yun refused to accept.

"Oh, you silly child, just two eggs, is it such a big deal? I say, you should just cook here and serve your dad. As for money, your mom and I are so close, talking money would hurt my feelings."

"Exactly, Shuangshuang, between the Old Mu Family's third branch do we need to fuss over such things? Use the eggs freely and tell Uncle Yu if you need anything else, we may not have much, but there's definitely enough food." Uncle Yu quickly chimed in.

Mu Shuangshuang still insisted. "Uncle Yu, Aunt Xiao Yun, this money is what I earned selling wild vegetables and mushrooms in town. It wasn't very hard to earn, so please accept it. Besides, I'll need your help again in the future."

"Help, why not? It's never a bother for your family to ask for help." Zhao Yun smiled, her relationship with Si Niang was beyond ordinary.

"How about this: Uncle Yu, Aunt Xiao Yun, pretend to help me out. If Grandma saw me with these coins, she'd definitely confiscate them. Then I'd have nothing, unable to buy things or do anything else."

Uncle Yu thought Shuangshuang made sense, so he looked at his wife with a troubled expression.

"Alright, we'll keep them for you. Take them back whenever you want."

"Alright, thank you."

This arrangement worked well for everyone. Mu Shuangshuang wouldn't have to ask Zhao Yun for the eight coins again, and even if Zhao Yun didn't use them now, they could come in handy in urgent times later.

After a few simple exchanges, Mu Shuangshuang began preparing her family's meal.

One egg soup, one stir-fried vegetable.

Mu Shuangshuang started with the vegetable stir-fry since there was a sick person in the house. She intentionally used no seasoning except basic salt.

Using dried grass from Aunt Xiao Yun's stove room as kindling, the fire in the stove flared up quickly.

The smoke rose again from the pan where the vegetables had just been cooked. Mu Shuangshuang poured a ladle of water into the pan, scrubbed it, rinsed it, and patiently waited for the water to dry. She took the bowl of clear oil from the stove edge and poured a little along the pot's rim.

Once the smell of the oil dissipated, Shuangshuang tossed the washed vegetables into the pan, making a sizzling sound, and the pile of vegetables softened quickly.

While stir-frying the vegetables, Shuangshuang cracked the two eggs Aunt Xiao Yun had brought out along the edge of a clay bowl, poured out the yellow eggs, grabbed them, and began beating them.

Eggs used for making egg skin soup require thorough beating without any sloppiness. Otherwise, the fried eggs would end up with some parts white and some parts yellow, impacting the appearance.

Mu Shuangshuang beat the eggs vigorously, flipped the vegetables in between, and when the eggs were well-beaten, she picked up her chopsticks. With no sticky long strings, the vegetables were also ready.

The fresh aroma of the vegetables filled the air. Honestly, Mu Shuangshuang particularly liked the vegetables of this era; they tasted sweet without the artificial touch of modern times.

Settling the cooked vegetables aside, Mu Shuangshuang put a small flame in place, washed the pan, added clear oil, and waited for the pan's temperature to rise. Then she poured the beaten eggs into the pan.

The most challenging part of making egg skin soup is evenly spreading the eggs to resemble a large pancake. Any inconsistency in thickness affects the eggs' texture.

Seeing the golden eggs spread evenly in the pan, Mu Shuangshuang finally displayed a smile on her face.

She carefully flipped the eggs, and once they were cooked, quickly took them out and placed them on the chopping board, slicing them into uniform strips of consistent thickness and width.