

## Folly 74

### Chapter 74: Ways to Make Money

"Eating is less important than Sister Yingying's face, get out of the way." Mu Qingqing dragged Gou Dan aside and scolded him, making Gou Dan want to cry.

Mu Shuangshuang felt in her heart that this Mu Qingqing was trouble, much like her trouble-stirring mother, Mrs. Lin. This obvious way of speaking harshly made Mr. Mu's face turn dark.

"Qing, keep quiet. Dan, help Ying back and have your mother find a doctor."

On the ridge, there were more working families than just the Old Mu Family, so Mr. Mu decided not to argue over this, considering the family's reputation.

"Grandpa, Little Zhi's face is hurt too, should we let the doctor see it?"

Mu Shuangshuang led Little Zhi over. Because she had been crying, her eyes were a bit red. She looked up, showing Mr. Mu the blood-streaked marks from the straw.

"Right, today must be a doctor visit day? Everyone acting like missy over tiny injuries, throwing silver like water." Mu Qingqing spoke sourly.

"Qing, don't envy Little Zhi and Sister Yingying. If your face got badly hurt today, Grandpa would also get a doctor for you."

"You..." Mu Qingqing was so angry she nearly rolled her eyes, cursing about being disfigured!

"Everyone be quiet or go work alone. Xiao Han, accompany Little Zhi home, Dan, accompany Ying, the rest continue working."

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After working all afternoon, Mu Shuangshuang's hands felt as if they were about to break. If not for her incredible determination, she might have pretended to have heat stroke to slack off.

"Muscles, dear muscles, when will you come back?" She muttered to herself, touching her stick-thin arms.

Mu Shuangshuang only lacked two things: money and a good body. Money can be earned without taking too long, but a strong body isn't easy to build.

She pushed herself to work more to improve her physical strength, hoping that when life improves, she can eat more nutritious food, and hopefully build muscle.

To thrive in ancient times, having a good mind and some muscle is essential to spend the silver she will earn in the future.

After one afternoon, Mu Shuangshuang gained new understanding of the Old Mu Family. Only Mr. Mu, Mu Dashan, and her fourth uncle Mu Dajiang were willing to work. As for her second uncle Mu Dazhong, he reached another level of laziness.

For every small plot of rice he harvested, he'd take a long bathroom break, each lasting at least two incense stick lengths. And her fifth uncle Mu Danian would feign tiredness and play in the mud when Mu Dazhong went for his break. Their coordinated laziness was better than a double act.

Yet Mr. Mu remained unfazed, showing bias to the extent of favoring the underarms. Meanwhile, her father was too honest, unlike her fourth uncle Mu Dajiang, otherwise he'd need some days to rest today without problem.

But Mu Dashan was too honest, eager to do everything without knowing how to slack off for self-protection.

Now Mu Shuangshuang sat on her new bed, thinking about Old Mu Family's issues, including how to find a reason to split the family without being argued against.

Unlike modern times, in ancient times, living separately required formal reasons or agreement from Mr. Mu, Mrs. Mu; otherwise, the family wouldn't split.

Could it be that only if Mu Dade passes the examinations, the third branch would not need this prosperity?

Mu Shuangshuang was troubled, her hand accidentally brushing the edge of her elevated bed, instantly cheering her up. Her bed was set up before she returned home.

The planks were delivered by the simple boy Lu Yuanfeng that afternoon when she was still working in the field. He brought back big logs, cut into pieces, and carefully planed them smooth.

The pieces were arranged into a bed with dry grass laid by Yu Si Niang, topped with broken cotton wool and a washed-out gray bedsheet, completing her bed.

No bamboo mat, but it's better than sharing a kang bed with two elders.

Mu Shuangshuang skipped dinner since the post-work soreness and Old Mu Family dinner made her lose appetite compared to Mrs. Mu's spiteful look. Better to stay in her room than lose her appetite upstairs, maybe she'd think of something.

"If only there were a bowl of cold noodles or cold pasta, a cup of iced fruit juice, how comfy life would be? Cold pasta topped with minced garlic, cucumber shreds, vinegar, sesame oil..."

"Juice freshly squeezed, with some ice cubes..."

The mere thought made Mu Shuangshuang drool, longing for a taste of cold noodles immediately.

In the hot summer, most people lose appetite, especially those who don't work, whose digestion is slower than those who do. They often skip hot meals.

Cold noodles, cold pasta, or cold skins are different, naturally cold and spiced up, invigorating to eat in summer, keeps one energized all day.

"Ah yes, I can sell cold noodles and cold skins, and juice, with so many wild berries up the mountain, selling them in town would surely make good money."

Elated, Mu Shuangshuang smacked her thigh, but ended up wincing in pain.

"What happened, Shuangshuang? Why hit yourself, let me see if it hurts." Yu Si Niang entered, holding a large soup bowl with Mu Shuangshuang's dinner, scanning for a place to set the bowl, surprised at her daughter's bare room with only a bed.

"Mom, it's nothing. Didn't I say I wasn't eating dinner? Bringing it here, did Grandma scold you? Don't do it again, try not to appear before her,"

Yu Si Niang shook her head helplessly. "Silly child, she's your grandma, not a monster, how can you avoid if you want to?"

"I don't see much difference." Mu Shuangshuang muttered quietly, not audible to Yu Si Niang, who asked again.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, Mom, how much is green beans per jin?" For cold noodles, green beans are essential, if she recalls correctly, one jin of green beans can make two to three jin of green bean starch, and that can make six to ten jin of cold noodles.

"Eight coins, slightly cheaper than meat."

Hearing this made Mu Shuangshuang gasp, green beans cost so much?

"What about flour?" Flour can make cold skins and noodles, if affordable, starting with these.

"Coarse flour is five coins per jin, Shuangshuang, why are you asking?"

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