

Folly 78

Chapter 78 Can't Wait

Lunch wasn't eaten at home. Mu Shuangshuang followed the pattern and went to the stream, caught a fish for Xiao Han and Little Zhi, cooked a few greens, and successfully solved lunch.

Next, Mu Shuangshuang, carrying a basket and taking the two children, went up the mountain. She found the place where she picked berries last time. Seeing a large area of berries, Mu Shuangshuang couldn't help but sigh: Being close to the mountains and rivers is wonderful. You don't have to worry about food and drink, and you can make money.

Mu Shuangshuang thought that Yu Si Niang would be back in the afternoon. By then, she could make cold noodles directly and sell them tomorrow. Tsk tsk tsk, these good days are about to arrive.

Anyway, now the old man has assigned the tasks. As long as she completes those tasks every day, it doesn't matter whether it's morning or afternoon.

"Sis, we don't need to pick that many just for ourselves, right?" Xiao Han didn't understand. Last time, they only picked a small pot's worth. Why pick a whole bamboo basket this time?

Mu Shuangshuang said, "We're eating them, but not necessarily. This time, I want to make berry juice and sell it in the town, so the quantity has to be enough."

"Then Xiao Han will go with you."

"Little Zhi wants to go too." Seeing Xiao Han going, Little Zhi volunteered to join.

Mu Shuangshuang shook her head, "The town is ten miles away from the village. The weather is hot, and the road isn't easy to walk. You two better not go. I'll bring some delicious food for you tonight."

"But..."

"No buts, tomorrow Mother is going to work, and I won't be home. You have to take good care of Dad at home. This task isn't easier than going to town, okay?"

"Sis, don't worry. We'll take good care of Dad."

Mu Shuangshuang's lips curved slightly, immediately lighting up into a brilliant smile.

Mu Xiaohan was stunned. Mu Shuangshuang wasn't pretty, at least in his eyes. Her face was always dark, and she was thin and frail, but her smile was infectious. Whenever she smiled, Xiao Han felt that all difficulties weren't really difficult.

"Sis, you have such a beautiful smile," Xiao Han said earnestly.

"Boy's got good taste, no wonder you're my brother. But I'm not just pretty when smiling, I'm good-looking overall, and the smile comes along with it," Shuangshuang confidently corrected Xiao Han's mistake.

"..." Mu Xiaohan was stunned. It was the first time he'd heard someone praise themselves and not feel embarrassed.

"You brat, what's with that expression? Didn't you say I look good? What, want to take it back? I'm telling you, no way. Your sister is the belle of the village across ten miles."

"..."

"Okay, okay, don't be fooled by my beauty. Finish your work first, then you can admire me later."

Mu Shuangshuang finished speaking and began picking berries, leaving Mu Xiaohan surprised and Little Zhi short-circuited.

During this season, there were not only berries on the mountain but also pears. However, Mu Shuangshuang hadn't gone deeper into the mountains; otherwise, she could have made pear juice too.

Berries were small, and they couldn't be damaged, so picking a basket wasn't easy. Fortunately, the three of them worked together and finally picked a full basket of berries.

This time, Mu Shuangshuang planned to make berry juice first, and as for the bowls and cups, she would figure it out when she got to town.

"That's about it; let's go down the mountain!"

Mu Shuangshuang was exhausted and sweating profusely, but seeing the basket full of bright red berries, she instantly regained her energy.

This time, she must let the people of ancient times see what berry juice is.

After descending the mountain, Mu Shuangshuang placed the berries on a stone in the stream, allowing the warm berries to absorb the stone's coldness and lower their temperature.

Xiao Han and Little Zhi stared wide-eyed at Mu Shuangshuang.

"Sis, are you sure that berry juice thing is going to be made here now?"

Mu Xiaohan was curious. Although his sister had explained that juice was made from berries becoming liquid, how was it done?

"No, the temperature is too high now. I can't bring the berries to town until tomorrow morning. If I make it, it'll have to be tonight or early morning."

Mu Shuangshuang truly appreciated this blessed place. The spring water was always refreshingly cool, not much different from a modern refrigerator. Plus, the spring water naturally had a sweet taste, making it perfect for making juice.

The whole afternoon, Mu Shuangshuang didn't idle. She used vines from the mountain to weave a sturdy basket. She remembered there was a jar in the Old Mu Family's kitchen, quite large, probably as tall as a modern kettle but three times fatter than a kettle.

She planned to wash the jar and fill it with juice after returning. Even if she took it to town, the temperature wouldn't rise too high.

A kettle could hold about nine to ten cups of water, and three kettles meant thirty cups. If she sold each cup for two coins, at minimum, she could earn sixty coins a trip.

And that doesn't include the money from cold noodles. This time, she planned to sell cold noodles for three to four coins a bowl, preparing at least twenty bowls, equating to an additional sixty coins.

But how to transport them to town was a troublesome problem. These three kettles of juice couldn't possibly be carried all by herself.

"Sis, what are you thinking about?" Little Zhi noticed her sister suddenly stopped making the basket and was curious.

"I don't know how to get these things to town," Mu Shuangshuang admitted honestly.

"You can use the cart. I've seen people in the village push their carts to town when selling grain, and we have a cart in the storeroom."

"But Grandma definitely won't let me use it. She might not notice if I take a jar that was left unused, but borrowing the cart is uncertain."

Even if she wasn't using it, Mu Shuangshuang was sure Old Mrs. Mu wouldn't agree.

"What should we do..." Little Zhi frowned, now sharing Mu Shuangshuang's concern.

"I've got it! Go find Brother Yuan Feng; he has a cart. I saw him pushing a black pig to town last time." Little Zhi finally remembered, and her expression relaxed.

"Little Zhi, don't rely on others for everything. Can't we figure out our own solutions?" Xiao Han disagreed with Little Zhi's idea, not wanting to bother Lu Yuanfeng, since he felt his sister meant a lot to him.

"Xiao Han is right. We've already owed Lu Yuanfeng too much, and we can't trouble him anymore. I'll go back and ask Aunt Xiao Yun if her family has a cart since we need to use her stove to make cold noodles anyway."

Mu Shuangshuang wasn't foolish enough to show her cards before the family division.

Before heading out, she told her mother not to bring the green beans back to their room but to place them all at Aunt Xiao Yun's house.

Moreover, Shuangshuang instructed her mother to weigh out three pounds of green beans, blanch them with boiling water, and soak them in warm water.

Luckily, Yu Si Niang didn't ask much despite her worries about being discovered by Old Mrs. Mu.

Back home, Mu Shuangshuang had Xiao Han take the side door to deliver the berries to her room, instructing him to close the door well when he left. This way, Old Mrs. Mu, that peeling old lady, couldn't take the basket of berries.