

Indulgence 94

Chapter 94: Composing Poetry

Yun Qi's mind suddenly cleared.

He didn't know what he had gained over the years by not caring whether Yun Jinnian was dead or alive, but he knew what he had lost!

The admiration and respect of a child.

He remembered that when Yun Jinnian was young, he was very dependent on him, would cry when not seeing him, and would save the tastiest treats for him.

Taking a deep breath and wanting to say something, Yun Jinnian turned his head and spoke quietly to Mrs. Han.

His daughter, who should have been proud and cheerful, had become cautious and deeply guarded due to the wasted years.

She would think over and over about the smallest matters.

He still remembered that day at the Han Family's home when she cried out for Momo in the midst of her nightmares. Who was that?

Was it a real person? Or someone she had imagined to keep her company?

At that time, his father-in-law had said that she would either go mad or perish from exhaustion!

Upon arriving at the garden, rows of fireworks were already set up, just about to be fired off, when it began to snow from the sky.

The fireworks were splendid; the snowflakes, pristine.

"Children, on such a fine and beautiful occasion, why don't you compose a few poems to suit the moment? Whoever does it well, I will reward!" the old lady said joyfully, sitting in her chair.

Indeed, Nurse Tian held a tray piled high under a red cloth, apparently containing many things.

She was sitting with Yun Chen on one side and Yun Qi on the other.

Though Yun Bi, the Third Master, was absent, it didn't prevent the old lady from being happy.

Xu Xinmo and the others had already been playing joyously with small fireworks, while Yun Zuomo, Yun Qingzhi, and Yun Qingqing sat silently on the benches, their faces pale, without a trace of happiness.

Neither Aunt Su nor Aunt Hua was faring any better.

Yun Jinnian sat beside Mrs. Han, silent.

Xu Xinmo, Yun Muyou, Yun Musi, and Yun Mulan also ran back, urging Yun Zhen to go first.

Yun Zhen stepped forward and composed a poem, for which the old lady rewarded a calligraphy wolf hair brush.

Xu Xinmo eagerly said, "Grandmother, may I also write a poem?"

"Hmm, sure, sure, let Wanwan do it!"

After musing for a moment, Xu Xinmo composed a fairly well-structured poem, and the old lady rewarded her with a golden hairpin.

Although the hairpin was old, the gemstones on it shone brightly, showing its value.

After Xu Xinmo, Yun Musi and Yun Mulan did not want to be left behind and immediately wrote poems, receiving their rewards and happily comparing them on the side.

Yun Muyou and Yun Zihan, who were more learned, wrote excellent poems, and the old lady was extremely pleased.

If the concubines' daughters were such, the legitimate daughters must be even better.

"Good, good, all good!"

Yun Yi and Yun Xuan also stepped forward to write poems, and the old lady gave them wolf hair brushes as well.

All members of the main house had received rewards, but no one from the second house had yet made a move.

The old lady looked at Yun Jinnian, "Jinnian, your turn to write a poem!"

Yun Jinnian wanted to say, I haven't read or recognized characters in years, how could I write a poem?

But this wasn't about the manna, it was about the spirit.

Yun Jinnian stood up, "Yes, Grandmother!" After pondering for a moment, she said, "Why this night of all nights, the stars turn back to the north tonight, and tomorrow starts a new year from the east. Spring wind is not far away, just at the east of the house. No family should sleep yet on New Year's Eve, the old year is ended in the sounds of firecrackers!"

Yun Jinnian's voice was very clear, very light.

There was a hint of joylessness in it.

But it couldn't be denied that the poetic sentiment was excellent, perfectly capturing the essence of New Year's Eve.

What a line: No family should sleep yet on New Year's Eve, the old year is ended in the sounds of firecrackers!

Yun Qi said nothing, just watched Yun Jinnian intently.

After his initial shock, Yun Chen praised, "Jinnian, your poem is not bad, very good, very good!" He looked towards the old lady, "Mother, you must reward her handsomely!"