

Rise 17

Chapter 17: Selling

Zhu Pingchuan led Zhu Ping'an out of the pharmacy. Looking back at the pharmacy, he still found it unbelievable, as if it were a dream.

When the two returned to Zhu Shouyi's stall and mentioned it to him, Zhu Shouyi was also shocked and dazed. It wasn't until he saw the 120 coins lying in the basket and the two silver coins in his younger son's pocket that he finally believed this absurd thing.

Zhu Shouyi counted the copper coins and confirmed that there were indeed 120 coins. He hurriedly wrapped them in a rag and placed them in the basket, covering them with a bamboo mat to finish.

"Make sure the silver coins in your pocket are secured," Zhu Shouyi reminded repeatedly. To a farmer, those two silver coins were quite a significant sum.

"Mm-hmm." Zhu Ping'an nodded over and over again.

Looking at his younger son, Zhu Shouyi didn't know what to say. His younger son was truly lucky; the wildflowers he stumbled upon could actually be sold for money.

Zhu Ping'an looked at his father's stall and noticed that it seemed to have only sold about four or five items; the rest had not sold at all.

After waiting for a while, he understood why his father wasn't selling anything.

Zhu Shouyi was truly relying on fate to sell things; he didn't call out or actively attract customers, simply waiting for people to come by.

Before Zhu Ping'an had arrived, he had also gone out at night to set up a stall to sell socks and gloves for living expenses. Setting up a stall was all about who could attract attention; it wasn't like holding an exhibition. Besides, exhibitions had explanations.

"Delicious and affordable mountain delicacies, fresh and beautiful mountain delicacies, don't miss them as you pass by..."

The child's voice was pleasant, and as a charming little bear child, he was quite captivating.

His father, Zhu Shouyi and his older brother, Zhu Pingchuan, felt somewhat awkward, both of them a bit embarrassed.

Zhu Shouyi asked Zhu Ping'an how he learned to call out.

Zhu Ping'an naturally replied that he had heard someone shouting like that on the way to the pharmacy, so he learned to shout along.

At the age of a child, it was natural to mimic others. Zhu Shouyi felt relieved.

"Bamboo weaving, both beautiful and useful! You won't regret buying it, you won't be taken in!" As Zhu Ping'an saw people gathering around, it seemed he could envision countless silver coins rushing towards him, making him even more enthusiastic in his calls.

Gradually, people began to gather around, and at this moment, Zhu Shouyi naturally came over to greet them.

Of course, some people also teased Zhu Ping'an.

"Kid, how good is your bamboo weaving?"

"Can the mountain delicacies from your house refine an elixir?"

"What if I get cheated if I buy it?"

In response to these teases, Zhu Ping'an naturally took advantage of his youth, answering with innocent candor.

"Very good, very good!"

"Salted eggs are pickled, not refined. Also, I don't know if it works; I've never seen my mom pickled salted duck eggs."

"If you get cheated, just come to my house! My house is at the west end of Xiahe Village, and my dad is Zhu Shouyi."

It seemed that the child innocently revealed information about his family. People thought he was just a silly kid, but at the same time, they felt much more at ease. They knew where his house was; if the items weren't good, they could come find them, so more people were willing to buy things.

Most people bought some bamboo crafts they needed for their homes, while others bought a few small bamboo items to entertain their children. However, the mountain delicacies went largely unsold because most people came from poor families. They were already accustomed to eating wild vegetables and bamboo shoots at home. Besides, if they wanted to eat them, they would go to the mountains to pick them themselves, so the mountain delicacies garnered no interest.

Zhu Shouyi was busy collecting money, and Zhu Pingchuan helped tie the bamboo crafts together with straw ropes for easier carrying.

After watching for a while, Zhu Ping'an got a general idea of the prices and joined in to help collect money and hand out items, busily enjoying himself.

Because, after all, it was all about money.

Before long, the bamboo crafts were nearly sold out, thanks to people's tendency to follow trends. If it were any other time, even with shouting, it wouldn't be possible to sell so quickly or in such quantities.

The onlookers gradually left, leaving only a bamboo basket and a broom at the stall. Naturally, the mountain delicacies remained unsold.

As for the rabbit pelts, Zhu Shouyi planned to deliver them to the grocery store when he was leaving. Zhu Shouyi was already a regular customer at the grocery store; although he didn't deliver much each time, he visited every so often.

Just when he was worried about how to sell the mountain delicacies, someone unexpectedly came to inquire about the price.

The visitor was the steward of a prominent family in the town. The old matriarch of the family was about to celebrate her sixtieth birthday, and the lady of the house wanted to prepare a birthday banquet, hoping to serve some dishes that the family had seldom eaten. She entrusted the shopping tasks to the steward.

The steward had already circled the market twice without finding anything and was feeling troubled when he suddenly heard a crisp child's voice.

"Mountain delicacies are delicious and inexpensive, fresh and beautiful mountain delicacies, don't miss out as you walk by..."

The steward was interested in buying but found that there were too many people purchasing bamboo crafts, so he had to wait until they left before squeezing in.

"Brother, how are the mountain delicacies priced?" the steward asked as he stepped forward.

Zhu Shouyi had never sold items like mushrooms and bamboo shoots before; they were always for his own consumption. This time, they had picked more than usual, and since the family was living tightly, his mother had suggested he bring them to try selling.

Zhu Shouyi didn't know what price to set at first and simply said, "These are all picked from home. If you like them, just give a reasonable amount."

Is this how business is done?!

Zhu Ping'an almost wanted to kneel in front of his father. Letting others decide what to pay? This was bound to lead to a loss.

"Well, how about this? I see it's not easy for you, and I happen to need these. I'll take the mountain mushrooms and bamboo shoots together for forty wen, alright? I'll also buy that bamboo basket to hold these mountain delicacies," the steward said, clearing his throat and smiling at Zhu Shouyi.

Zhu Shouyi actually thought this price was quite acceptable, and his expression softened.

However, Zhu Ping'an felt that this steward was cunning. It was obvious that he was surprised by these mountain delicacies, yet he was only offering forty wen. If they were sold to a tavern, the price could at least double.

Fearing that his father would agree, Zhu Ping'an interjected, speaking like a child without much logic, "My dad and my brother spent a whole day climbing the mountain to pick this much. Do you know how big the mountain is? And the bamboo shoots are buried underground! The mushrooms are on really tall trees! It's exhausting."

"Alright then, I'll add ten wen," the steward said, realizing that this chubby little boy was a bit difficult to deal with. He glanced at Zhu Shouyi and calculated in his mind before continuing, "There aren't many families in town buying these things. I'm only here because the matriarch needs to prepare for the birthday banquet."

For the mountain delicacies, I'll give you fifty wen, and for that bamboo basket and broom, I'll give you ten wen. So that makes sixty wen in total. I really can't go any higher."

Zhu Shouyi found it hard to believe that just because his son said one sentence, the steward increased the offer by ten wen and was willing to take all the remaining bamboo crafts.

This is good; it's just too good, Zhu Shouyi thought to himself.

"Okay, okay," Zhu Shouyi nodded repeatedly.

Although it was a bit less than expected, Zhu Shouyi had agreed, so Zhu Ping'an kept quiet.