

Rise 35

Chapter 35: I Told the Loli the Legend of the Condor Heroes

"Zhu Ping'an, I'll give you one more chance. Don't think you can just fool me because I have a good temper..."

"Don't think that just because I'm patient, you can get away with this..."

"Hey, why aren't you continuing to tell it!"

The scheming little girl, who has grabbed onto Zhu Ping'an's little tail, is whimsically indulging her princess temper. Although she clearly wants to hear a story, she speaks as if it's a gift.

Zhu Ping'an deeply realizes that this girl is obviously not someone who can be satisfied with an ordinary fairy tale; she cannot be treated like a typical child. Her appetite is much larger than that of ordinary kids.

"Let me tell you a story from The Legend of the Condor Heroes."

On the vast grasslands, galloping on horseback, drawing the bow to shoot the eagle, and with beautiful people entwined in a lingering romance—who wouldn't be moved by the stories of heroes and beauties? The Legend of the Condor Heroes was Zhu Ping'an's favorite TV show as a child; he could watch it endlessly. Every time it aired, he would obediently move a stool to sit in front of the TV. As he grew older, he discovered that there were several versions of the show, each with slight differences. To enjoy the most authentic Legend of

the Condor Heroes, Zhu Ping'an read Jin Yong's novel over and over again, almost memorizing it. This good story, he believed, should satisfy this scheming little loli.

"Go ahead and tell it..." The scheming little girl blinked her eyes, sitting on a stone, and with her little hands, she pulled out a delicate pouch from somewhere on her body and took out a handful of peanuts and sunflower seeds.

With her chubby little hands, she held the seeds and began cracking them with her little mouth, clearly in high spirits.

Interestingly, ever since his rebirth, or rather, his crossing over, Zhu Ping'an felt that his memory has become remarkably better, especially with written texts he read in his past life—he could now recall about 80 to 90 percent of them.

"The Qiantang River flows endlessly day and night, winding around the edge of Niu Village in Lin'an, and flows east into the sea. A row of dozens of cypress trees by the riverbank, their leaves as red as fire, is just in time for the August weather..."

The scheming little girl listened intently, enjoying the story as she munched on her seeds.

Speaking of which, the scheming little girl should really love The Legend of the Condor Heroes. She interrupted the first two fairy tales several times, but ever since he started telling this story, she hasn't interrupted him once.

However, he couldn't continue; he still had to go to class.

Thus, after Zhu Ping'an finished the part about Guo Jing shooting two eagles with one arrow, he abruptly stopped.

"Why did you stop telling it..."

The scheming little girl was deeply engrossed in the story and didn't expect Zhu Ping'an to suddenly stop. She pouted her lips and looked angrily at Zhu Ping'an with her big eyes.

"The teacher only told up to here; I haven't heard what comes next." Zhu Ping'an said innocently, turning the bamboo tube he carried with him to take a sip of water, then continued, "So, I have to go listen to the teacher's lecture now. I'll tell you more tomorrow."

The scheming little girl was very reluctant. She had finally heard a good story and wanted to hear the end, but she couldn't. Children's patience is not like that of adults; when adults are watching a drama and suddenly face an advertisement or find out they have to wait until tomorrow to continue, they often can't stand it—let alone a child.

"You're not lying to me, are you?"

"Of course not."

"Then you should listen more later."

"Okay!"

Zhu Ping'an finally managed to appease the scheming little girl and placed the fish basket back in the shallow water. He broke a small piece of bread he had with him and scattered it at the mouth of the fish basket.

The scheming little girl didn't leave right away; instead, she watched Zhu Ping'an excitedly as he set up the fish basket in the water.

"What are you doing?" the scheming little girl, Li Shu, asked curiously while sitting on the stone.

"I'm setting a fish basket. In a while, when I finish my class and come back, I'll be able to catch a lot of fish," Zhu Ping'an said. After placing the fish basket, he walked out from the riverbank and sat on a stone, rinsing the mud off his feet in the river water. He only put on his shoes once his feet were nearly clean.

Upon hearing this, the scheming little girl suddenly looked Zhu Ping'an up and down, as if she were looking at a little beggar.

"Your family is so poor that you have to catch fish to eat? Here, take this. I can't eat it anyway; I'll just give it to my dog when I go back."

The scheming little girl offered the bag in her hand to Zhu Ping'an, as if she were doing him a favor.

This rude little girl had a distinct air of condescension. Zhu Ping'an didn't reach out for it; even a foodie has their dignity. Even if food served on a platter is delicious, it's hard to swallow when it feels like charity.

The scheming little girl was somewhat surprised by Zhu Ping'an's reaction. In her impression, these poor kids would eagerly rush over for her offerings, not understanding why Zhu Ping'an didn't gratefully accept the food.

"Just take it," the scheming little girl said again.

"I have hands and can catch fish myself. You should take it home to feed your dog; I have different tastes from it," Zhu Ping'an replied again, retaliating against the scheming little girl's earlier comparison of him to a dog, mocking that she had the same taste as her dog.

"Eat it or not, I don't care!"

The scheming little girl got angry and threw the cloth bag into the river. What kind of person was he? She had kindly offered him some food, and he mocked her in return. What an ungrateful brat! If it weren't for the story he told, she wouldn't have even thought of giving him anything! Jerk, jerk, really a little brat!

Zhu Ping'an frowned helplessly, realizing she really had the temperament of a spoiled young lady, utterly willful!

"Don't forget to tell stories tomorrow, or else you'll be in for it!"

The scheming little girl angrily walked away but still didn't forget to threaten Zhu Ping'an to obediently tell her the story of the Legend of the Condor Heroes tomorrow.

Who knows who that unfortunate guy will end up marrying in the future!

Zhu Ping'an tidied up his things and went back to the private school to attend class. At that moment, Old Scholar Sun was leading the children in practicing calligraphy with brush pens. He arrived just in time, as Old Scholar Sun demonstrated on the platform, meticulously explaining several key points that beginners should pay attention to while practicing calligraphy. He patiently corrected the children's mistakes one by one.

Zhu Ping'an benefited greatly because some of the mistakes the children made were the same ones he had been making. Listening to Old Scholar Sun felt like a sudden revelation for him. After setting his things up, he dipped the brush into the water in the stone trough, listening to Old Scholar Sun while practicing his writing on the blackboard.

After a few days of persistence, Zhu Ping'an had already adapted to writing with a brush pen. Although his writing still looked poor, at least he had gotten used to it.

During Zhu Ping'an's writing practice, Zhu Pingjun and his desk mate received another punishment for messing around in class. The cause of their playfulness was quite simple: they both wanted more space on the shared desk and refused to yield to one another. Then, while practicing calligraphy, someone smudged the paper, and they ended up in a tussle in class.

Classrooms were often like that, with everyone crossing each other's boundaries, stepping on each other's toes—an age of mischief, where sparks flew when fiery personalities clashed.