

Rise 47

Chapter 47: Rest Day

While walking to the school, Zhu Ping'an was not only thinking about the absurdity of the scheming little girl's immense luck but also pondering another matter. This was the third time he had seen luck, which was enough to prove that it was indeed not an illusion. Were there any common points among these three instances? He couldn't just be passive like this; after all, this ability was pretty useless.

The first time was during a meal at home, the second time was during an ancestral worship ceremony, and the third time was just now when he wanted to teach a lesson to the sharp-tongued little girl. There seemed to be no commonality among the three occurrences. Moreover, the intervals between these three days were completely irregular. Zhu Ping'an shook his head and sighed. No, there is a common point; he suddenly paused. It seemed that each time he saw luck, it was related to his mental state.

"It seems I need to work hard. Let's not talk about bringing glory to my ancestors; at the very least, I need to make my family live better first."

"Rather than going through such cumbersome ancestral worship, it's better to work hard to bring glory to my ancestors."

"What's wrong with being a cowherd? How can a cowherd not bring glory to the ancestors..."

Could it be that just having the thought of "bringing glory to the ancestors" in his mind would allow him to see luck? But why, when he thought about bringing glory to the ancestors now, could he not see it? Perhaps there needs to be a time gap?

Forget it, he would try again in a few days; after all, there was no rush.

Zhu Ping'an shook his head, brushed these thoughts aside, and walked quickly to the classroom.

Teaching in private schools has a lot of flexibility and is significantly different from modern education. The biggest difference is that private schools can genuinely tailor their teaching methods to the individual needs of students. In a private school with more than twenty students, the Master could assign different books for each student based on their levels of understanding. For example, after discovering that Zhu Ping'an had copied the "Three Character Classic," Master Sun felt that Zhu Ping'an's understanding far surpassed that of the other children, so he began giving Zhu Ping'an extra lessons on the "Analects." For the other children, Master Sun also consciously adjusted his teaching based on each child's situation, encouraging some to memorize an additional twenty to thirty lines, etc.

Although Zhu Ping'an had just had a verbal conflict with the scheming little girl, he still went to the bamboo grove during the break to tell her and her maid about "The Legend of the Condor Heroes," while also letting Old Yellow drink some river water and eat some water grass.

The scheming little girl had prepared food early and waited a long time for Zhu Ping'an. The food was quite heavy, and today it seemed there was much more than usual.

On the opposite side, the bun-headed maid, Hua'er, covered her mouth and shook her shoulders, clearly trying to stifle her laughter.

Zhu Ping'an continued from yesterday's storyline, and the two little maids listened attentively, sometimes frowning in tension and sometimes clapping their hands in joy. When he talked about Ouyang Ke and Ouyang

Feng going to Peach Blossom Island to propose to Huang Yaoshi in order to compete with Guo Jing for Huang Rong, the two maids became indignant.

"Ouyang Ke is so shameless..."

"Exactly, Ouyang Feng is not a good person either; he's just a stinky toad..."

As Zhu Ping'an narrated the part where the three trials determined Huang Rong's fate, the two little maids became even more tense.

"How can Guo Jing be so foolish? How could he concede in the second round? Thankfully, he was stopped."

"But he can't even play the flute..."

"Hey, which side are you on? Let's sell you to Flower Mama."

"Miss..."

The two little maids, under the influence of the storyline, nervously clenched their fists.

Zhu Ping'an timed it well, stopping the story just as Guo Jing knelt down to call out to his father-in-law, without continuing further. If he carried on, he could talk for three days and nights without finishing. Besides, he estimated that class would start soon, and he had already finished the food in his box, leaving him feeling quite stuffed.

"Let's stop here for today. Tomorrow and the day after, there will be a break from class for two days, so I won't be able to come back to tell you about 'The Legend of the Condor Heroes,'" Zhu Ping'an stood up and spoke after closing the food box.

The break had been mentioned by the teacher in the morning. The term "休沐 (xiūmù)" refers to an ancient rest system, where workers would take two days off after working for ten days. This was a work system for government officials, and similar arrangements were implemented in institutions like private schools. The teacher had mentioned the two days off coming up, so Zhu Ping'an naturally wouldn't be able to sneak into class.

The scheming little girl looked unwilling, her face long and her brows furrowed. "What's the deal? Just when the story was getting exciting, you can skip the break; it's just right for a whole day of cow herding storytelling."

The bun-faced maid beside her also made a pitiful face, looking at Zhu Ping'an with a sad expression and nodding vigorously in agreement with her young lady's words.

"I have other things to do," Zhu Ping'an brushed them off.

"What could you possibly have to do?" the scheming little girl, Li Shu, pouted.

I still need to find a way to generate income for my family. My father and older brother went into the mountains the other day, and considering the timing, they should be going back in again during these two days off. Last time, they found honeysuckle in the mountains and sold it for a good price. Although my brother Dachuan has been picking honeysuckle to dry these days, the flowering period is short, and I still need to look for new good things.

"Rest, sleep, play..." Zhu Ping'an began to count on his fingers.

The scheming little girl shot him a glare, her expression darkening, and scornfully remarked, "Are you a pig?"

Regardless of what she said, Zhu Ping'an led Old Yellow back up the slope, tied him up, and crossed through the bamboo grove, returning to the school just in time as the teacher walked in from outside.

At the beginning of this class, the teacher tested the children's grasp of what they had learned the previous day. Zhu Ping'an naturally had no problem and received praise from the teacher. However, Zhu Pingjun did not fare as well, getting three smacks from the teacher's ruler, causing him to grimace in pain. To Zhu Ping'an's surprise, the arrogant boy Wei Chen, who had annoyed him yesterday, also did fairly well and received praise from the teacher too. It seemed this guy wasn't completely useless after all.

The class then proceeded as usual: teaching and practicing writing. When Zhu Ping'an practiced writing, he used his black wooden board dipped in water, which saved ink and paper.

When class was dismissed, the old scholar Sun officially announced the news of the two-day break, and the rowdy kids in the classroom erupted in excitement, making a racket that could almost lift the roof off. It was just like modern kids celebrating the weekend.

"How are we going to spend the break? Let's go fishing together!" the chubby boy Li Xiaobao chimed in.

Nearby, Zhu Pingjun nodded repeatedly in agreement, while Zhu Ping'an hesitated, saying he'd think about it. The chubby boy didn't mind and began chattering excitedly with Zhu Pingjun about where it was easy to dig for worms and what kind of fishing rods were best. Both of them were in high spirits. The other children in the school were also busy huddling in small groups, discussing where to go play.