

## Rise 60

### Chapter 60: You're So Shameless, Do You Know That?

The mischievous children from Shanghe Village didn't want to chase; they were just blocked by the mischievous kids from Xiahe Village. All they could see was the flags being dragged on the ground by Zhu Ping'an, kicking up a cloud of dust...

The village elder of Xiahe had tears in his eyes. This was the greatest victory in Xiahe Village's history; in the past, even capturing six or seven flags was considered a lot, but unexpectedly, they had captured ten this time.

The process didn't matter; what mattered was the result.

The village elder took the flags that Zhu Ping'an, who was running over with his short legs, brought back, still somewhat in disbelief.

"Good child, good child..." the village elder excitedly repeated these words.

Capturing the flags was just the first round. In the second round, both sides switched roles; Shanghe Village would attack, while Xiahe Village would defend.

After the flag was captured in such a manner by Zhu Ping'an and the others, the children from Shanghe Village were all seething with anger, especially the chubby kid who could take on two. He simply couldn't tolerate being kicked by this little brat, Zhu Ping'an.

On top of that, the scheming little girl Li Shu was stirring the pot from the side, fanning the flames. In short, the kids from Shanghe Village were all riled up, making far more noise than when Xiahe Village captured the flag earlier.

Before the flag-snatching began, both the defending and attacking sides had a short preparation time. After all, they had just finished a round of competition, and their stamina hadn't returned to normal. This time could be used to eat and drink something or to lie down and rest.

The mischievous children from Shanghe Village glared fiercely at the kids from Xiahe Village on the hillside, eating the chicken legs and meat soup cooked by their village, as if they were biting into the chubby kid from Xiahe who had sneakily stolen their flag...

Xiahe Village also prepared chicken legs and meat soup, which the young and strong boys carried up the hillside for the kids. Among the boys carrying the supplies was Zhu Ping'an's older brother, Zhu Pingchuan.

"Brother, could you go down the slope and bring us some things...?" Zhu Ping'an chattered away with a chicken leg in his mouth.

"You're not allowed to use tools," Zhu Pingchuan said somewhat awkwardly.

"We can't use them when capturing flags or during contact, but we can use them now, and you can take them back down later," Zhu Ping'an explained.

Afterward, the crowd watching below witnessed a strange scene.

The mischievous kids from Xiahe Village, who were supposed to be eating meat and drinking soup on the hillside, were instead munching on chicken legs while holding shovels, working on the narrow area near the top of the slope, digging away...

What were these mischievous kids up to?

If they were modern people, they would definitely know they were digging a trench, but the ancient kids didn't understand that.

In their eyes, why were these mischievous kids digging a ditch?

Moreover, these kids weren't adults, so their strength was limited, and the depth of the ditch was only about an arm's length, though it was quite wide.

What was the point of this?

As the break time was about to end, Zhu Pingchuan and the others took the remaining chicken legs, meat soup, and shovels back down the slope.

The village elders lit another incense stick, and the bare-armed man next to them once again swung his drumstick, thumping away, dong dong dong...

The mischievous kids from Shanghe Village began to charge up the hillside, shouting excitedly.

"No need to go down and tangle with them. Wait until they're in the ditch, then we'll just push them. We're taller, they're shorter..." Zhu Ping'an advised the crowd.

Fortunately, due to the "heroic" performance from the last flag capture, a few of the bigger kids from Xiahe Village were willing to listen to Zhu Ping'an.

The mischievous kids from Shanghe Village, whether due to someone's advice or having learned their lesson from the last flag capture, sat down to recover their stamina when they reached about four-fifths of the way up the slope.

A few kids from Xiahe Village became anxious, worried that the kids from Shanghe Village were gathering enough strength and they wouldn't be able to hold them off.

"Don't rush; let's just wait for them to get into the ditch," Zhu Ping'an reiterated, fearing that these kids wouldn't be able to resist charging down.

After resting for a good while and gathering enough energy, the mischievous kids from Shanghe Village began to shout and charge up the slope, their expressions fierce.

"Hold your ground; just push them. I'll keep an eye on the flag," Zhu Ping'an noticed that a few kids from Shanghe Village were particularly focused on him, sensing that they meant business. Embracing the spirit of "If a friend must die, let them perish," he unceremoniously declared he would watch the flag from behind, slipping to the back line.

The scheming little girl spotted Zhu Ping'an as the kids from the slope rushed past him and quickly darted to the back to hide.

Thus, the scheming little girl couldn't help but look down on Zhu Ping'an, calling him a cowardly stinky frog.

Having gathered enough stamina, the kids from Shanghe Village charged forward like mad dogs, but the annoying kids from Xiahe Village had dug a ditch in front of them. They had to rush into the ditch before they could charge up further.

However, the kids from Xiahe Village, having received Zhu Ping'an's advice, stood on the edge of the ditch and pushed anyone who charged at them.

The kids from Shanghe Village, who had been holding back for a long time, found themselves unable to release their pent-up energy. Their vengeful charge instead resulted in Xiahe Village's kids pushing them down to sit on their butts in the dirt.

As time passed, the incense stick was about to burn out.

The mischievous kids from Shanghe Village didn't have many victories either, with only one little chubby kid managing to pull down a kid from Xiahe Village who had carelessly charged up. Of course, that chubby kid was soon thrown into the ditch by two or three dozen kids from Xiahe Village, landing face-first in the mud.

This ignited the anger of the Shanghe Village kids, who seemed to have found a way to counterattack. Instead of charging up, they started pulling down the arms of the kids from Xiahe Village.

In no time, the ditch was filled with a jumble of kids, all tangled together like muddy little monkeys.

Zhu Ping'an sat at the top of the slope, reflecting that if the kids from Shanghe Village had discovered this tactic earlier, they might have had a chance. Unfortunately, it was too late.

The incense stick had burned out, and the drummer struck the finishing cowhide drum.

As the dust settled, Xiahe Village emerged victorious, with a ten-flag lead. Next year's water would surely be plentiful for Xiahe Village.

"Zhu Ping'an, you're just a little scoundrel! Even though you won, it has nothing to do with you. Everyone else was brave, but not you! You just hide behind others, not brave at all. I despise you..."

The scheming little girl, along with her little dumpling maid, Hua'er, stomped over to Zhu Ping'an, puffing out her cheeks and looking down on him to the utmost extent.

"So what? We won," Zhu Ping'an replied nonchalantly.

"That's someone else's achievement, and it has nothing to do with you! You're shameless, you know? Everyone else charged forward, and you just hid behind like a cowardly turtle..."

The scheming little girl's words stumbled out, her little face growing even more puffed up with anger, resembling an annoyed little frog.

No matter what the scheming little girl said with her hands on her hips, Zhu Ping'an simply responded with, "So what? We won," which only served to infuriate her more. If it weren't for gravity, she probably would have floated away in her fury.