

The 80s 102

Chapter 102: Preparing in Full Swing

Tasks needed prioritizing based on urgency; having received the order for pineapple jam, Cheng Su advanced the jam-making schedule at a brisk pace.

Hence, she left the house early in the morning without even time for breakfast.

"Yo, Sister-in-law, heading out so early, where are you off to?" At the bus station, she bumped into Hualing who was waiting for the shuttle bus.

"Got some things to handle," Cheng Su smiled lightly. "You're out early too, huh?"

"What can I do? The hospital is a big unit, and we nurses are considered public servants. Work starts early; not like you, Sister-in-law Qi, who's got plenty of free time," Hualing chuckled. Her words were both a self-boost and a subtle dig at Cheng Su.

Cheng Su could hear the insinuation but responded with nothing more than an indifferent smile.

So you think you're great because you're a nurse? Cheng Su wasn't about to argue with Hualing over who was winning or losing, better to save her breath.

Seeing Cheng Su's reaction, Hualing felt like her punch had landed on cotton; it didn't hurt or itch, so she turned her head away and stopped talking.

The bus arrived, and they boarded one after the other. There were plenty of seats available, and they didn't sit together. Cheng Su sat at the back, closed her eyes to rest, and planned for the jam.

Hualing pretended to turn her head under the guise of fiddling with her hair and glanced at Cheng Su. Seeing her like that, she couldn't help but curl her lip.

Act high and mighty, much?

But, her outfit looks quite nice. They look expensive—are they really something she can afford?

Following Mu Yan's recommendation, Cheng Su first went to the glass factory and ordered two types of glass jars—one-pound and three-pound sizes—a total of over a hundred. The prices were cheap because she was ordering in bulk, with the one-pound jars costing just three cents each and the three-pound jars six cents each, all within Cheng Su's budget.

After leaving the glass factory, she headed to a kitchenware factory. And after visiting two kitchenware factories, she finally found the juicer she was thinking about all along, even from a well-known brand—and it was only eight yuan each.

In Cheng Su's opinion, having the machine was what mattered, regardless of whether it was eight yuan or eighty yuan, she bought it without hesitation, as it was a necessary investment.

Carrying the heavy juicer, Cheng Su then went to a food factory and inquired about gelatin powder, but it was seldom used, not produced anymore. If she wanted some, she had to order at least fifty pounds, and they didn't deliver; she had to pick it up herself.

Cheng Su was in a dilemma. After all, the ingredient was rarely used, and even when used in jam, it wouldn't amount to much. But to give up on a hard-found supply seemed a waste.

Ultimately, she gritted her teeth and placed an order for fifty pounds of gelatin powder. Fortunately, it wasn't too expensive, costing her a total of forty-five yuan. She would have to spread out the cost over time and maybe find use for it in some dishes or desserts.

After arranging to pick up the order in a couple of days, Cheng Su headed back with the juicer. By the time she reached the courtyard, her legs felt leaden, and she didn't want to move at all.

"All that's left is to buy pineapples from Sister Wang," Cheng Su murmured as she massaged her calves.

But thinking of the long distance, her head started throbbing again, though she knew that time was the most expensive cost.

She looked at the sky and hurried back to the restaurant to prepare for the lunch rush. Any later, and there wouldn't be enough time to cook—the preparations she had specifically asked Qiulan to ready in advance.

It was at this time that Cheng Su realized more profoundly the importance of staff. Without people, it's hard to accomplish anything.

"Take it step by step! The revolutionary long march is lengthy—keep going!" Cheng Su stood up straight, supporting her waist, and clenched her fist.