

Farming in the Mountains: Max Level Jiaojiao Is Three Years Old

Chapter 11: Xue Yan's Plan

Seeing that Yu Hongyan had accepted the egg, Jiang Yue sat back down on the small bench. She felt warm and fuzzy as she looked at the family in front of her.

During the apocalypse, it was considered a great fortune for one family member to survive, and such heartwarming scenes were rare.

She had become an orphan at the beginning of the apocalypse. His parents had died early on. She has not experienced what family love was for many years. However, she also knew that this was kinship.

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Jiang Yue picked up a small wooden spoon and scooped a spoonful of mixed grain rice into her mouth. There were husks in the rice. The sorghum didn't taste very good either. When it was eaten, it was not only hoarse but also difficult to swallow. However, Jiang Yue swallowed it as if it was just another typical dinner day.

Then, she scooped up a spoonful of wild vegetables. The wild vegetables were stir-fried with clear water, and only a few grains of salt were added. There was no taste at all, and the wild vegetables were a little bitter.

Jiang Yue swallowed it without hesitation.

The dried radishes didn't have any seasoning or salt as well. Salted vegetables did have a salty taste, but they weren't that tasty. Either way, she ate it with gratefulness for having a full belly.

Poor people were like this, they had to save as much as possible.

Jiang Yue glanced around the courtyard as she ate. She realized that the living conditions of the family needed to be improved urgently. Since she was welcomed into this house, she would naturally try to help them improve.

She noticed that Xue Yan made the wrong decision. He stopped studying and wanted to grow crops at home, but that might mean that he must have other plans. So she wanted to see what Xue Yan had planned.

“Jiang Yue, do you still want more vegetables?” Xue Wufu squatted next to her with a huge bowl of rice. He asked her cheerfully as he ate.

Jiang Yue shook her head.

Xue Yan also came over with a bowl of rice, sitting on the small bundle of firewood he carried back. He was obviously much more refined than Xue Wufu as he was eating at a moderate pace.

Liu Guixia and the others also started to eat and came to her side.

“Jiang Yue, are you used to this food?”

“Jiang Yue, come, drink some water so you won’t choke.”

“Jiang Yue, if you don’t have enough food, just tell me.”

“Jiang Yue...”

They were all very concerned about her.

Even Xue Dafu and the others, who were sitting at the table, kept looking in her direction, afraid that she would be overwhelmed.

Jiang Yue’s heart was filled with warmth.

After lunch, Jiang Yue learned that Xue Yan had a small room. This small room was separated from the master bedroom.

A wall was built in the middle of the master bedroom, and a door was made on the other side. The master bedroom was divided into two small rooms, one for Xue Dafu and Liu Guixia, and the other for Xue Yan.

This was so that Xue Yan could read his readings in peace.

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The house originally only had one master bedroom, one side bedroom, one central room, one kitchen, one firewood room, and a large courtyard.

The master bedroom was slightly bigger and had been split into two. The central room was not easy to live in, so the remaining people could only live in other rooms.

Since there were married couples, they earned a room no matter what.

Xue Yifu and Li Hehua were the first to get married, so they stayed in the side bedroom. Xue Erfu and Yu Hongyan's wedding would take place in the wooden shed. Xue Sanfu, Xue Sifu, and Xue Wufu could only squeeze into the kitchen.

In fact, Xue Dafu had planned to build a big house the year Xue Yifu and Li Hehua got married.

However, at that time, Xue Yan was too smart among the children, and Xue Dafu had the idea of sending Xue Yan to further his education.