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He put his hands together and steadily gripped the kitchen knife. Later on, my master told me that this move was called “Kid Guan Yin”, and I even teased him for it. At such a young age, he still called himself a boy, and he said seriously, “Of course I’m a boy, isn’t it possible for the old boy to do that?”

His master controlled Xia Yu’s sabre, and Xia Yu pulled it back with a ferocious expression, but he couldn’t move it. His master sent a kick flying and Xia Yu curled up on the ground, looking like he wouldn’t be able to get up.

I instantly let out a breath of relief. Seeing that my master was here, I felt relieved and a sense of fatigue washed over me. I sat down on the ground and said, “Master, you don’t know how dangerous it was just now. His Master said, “I was in too much of a hurry to chase it out. All the magic tools are in the house. I’ll go in and get them. Watch over this kid.” After saying that, he pointed at Xia Yu and ran back.

At this moment, I didn’t notice that a black shadow had quietly attached itself to his body. Xia Yu stood up behind me, and when I noticed him, he had already run in front of me and kicked me in the chest. I suddenly felt like I was hit by a truck, my chest felt stuffy, my vision went black, and I fainted.

In my coma, I thought back to the dream I had on the train, the two giant birds attacking the golden dragon, which seemed even clearer this time. I could even see the scales of the golden dragon glowing golden, and the claws of the giant bird were like knives, slicing the golden dragon’s body full of wounds.

Why should I feel guilty? Why regret? I couldn’t figure it out. It seemed like I was very close, but at the same time, very far away. I slowly sank into the darkness.

When I woke up, I was on a kang, so familiar with the warm feeling. An old lady came over and sat beside me, saw that I had woken up, and lovingly caressed my head. "Wake up, Wenwen." I rubbed my head and asked, "Grandmother, what time is it?" Grandma said, "It's already 9 PM."

I said, "I have to learn." I don't want to miss out on such a chance. My name is Liu Qingwen, I am a third year student, and it's not even 2 months since the College Entrance Test, my parents have been divorced for many years, I am raised by my grandparents and have a good relationship with them. Although in school, there will be some students who will say that I'm a wild child without parents, but I have never been angry, because my grandfather told me that it's because he's bad for himself, so I have never been angry.

I had a cold for a few days, so I took three days off. The teacher gave me a break because of my good grades, and even told me to take a good rest, so I could get up to study in the next three days. I just lay there for a while because I couldn't stand it anymore.

Originally, I was wholeheartedly devoted to studying, but a sudden disaster completely destroyed my already fragile family. The house that my grandparents and I lived in was originally outside of the demolition zone, but the demolition team said that they wanted to tear down our house, even if they didn't want to.

This is simply kidnapping, forcing my grandparents to wash their faces with tears every day. Seeing that I was about to take the college entrance exam, this matter started to arise. Almost every day, people would come to my house to harass me, threatening my grandparents to break them down if I didn't move them away.

That day, another person came. Moreover, it wasn't a staff member, but a bunch of gangsters. He pointed a stick at my grandfather's nose and cursed him, "You old scoundrel, you didn't leave any coffins? You're here!" Looking at me, General Xie smiled and said in Huang Shiren's tone, "If you don't have any money, just use your granddaughter to repay the debt. Old Liu, anyway, you're going to die soon, once you die we'll push your house away and sell your granddaughter to the mountains. Why can't you sell her for 30,000 yuan?"

My grandfather was so angry that his face turned red, he covered his chest and said, "You guys are just a bunch of animals, even Little Japan wasn't as fierce as you, there's no justice left in this world, I want to sue you to the court, I don't believe that no one will interfere."

When the leading gangster heard this, he got angry. He kicked grandpa to the ground, and seven or eight gangsters rushed over and beat grandpa up. Grandmother and I didn't even have a chance to stay.

This gang of hooligans ignored the fact that Grandpa was an old man in his late teens, with sticks and kicks, for a full ten minutes, until the shouting and crying attracted the attention of the neighbors, who then stopped and, on their way out of the house, spoke harshly. If they didn't take out the money within the next ten days, they would tear down the house.

After lying at home for three days, he passed away, and he couldn't close his eyes even after he died. Before Grandmother and I had finished crying and were still wearing our filial piety, that group of thugs came again, threw Granddad's black-and-white photo and bone ash urns into the ditch outside, and smashed the house that didn't have anything to do with it until we left.

Grandma couldn't stand the shock either. After comforting me to sleep the next night, she took a bottle of sleeping pills in her room and went with Grandpa. When I woke Grandma up the next morning, she was already stiff.

I just wished that I hadn't immediately decided to commit suicide. I sat in Grandma's room for the whole afternoon, and when I hung the rope on the beam, my neighbor, Aunt Wang, came in and saw me grabbing me like this, the kind Aunt Wang and her husband helped bury Grandma, but I couldn't get into school, Aunt Wang's son worked in the city, and Aunt Wang recommended me to work with Aunt Wang's son Fugui in the city. Wang Fugui was a few years older than me, so I was very grateful to Aunt Wang's family, and although I felt that my life wasn't good, I still had good people to help me, and I was filled with hope for the world.

First, I don't have a degree or two, so I don't have any skills. I can only work as a waitress in a restaurant. Aunt Wang's son is the head waiter, so he usually takes care of me.

That night, the only guests left at the restaurant were the customers. The other waiters left, Wang Fugui and I were the only ones left, the guests were getting happier and happier, they had no intention of leaving. I looked at my watch and it was almost 12, when the guests called out to the waiters in the private room, I went in, they did not speak and just stared at me while laughing. I had a feeling that there was something else in their eyes, something very similar to the eyes of the hoodlum who had killed my grandparents.

A potbellied middle-aged man said, "Waiter, why are the dishes here so salty? Look, how are we supposed to eat this? If we don't settle it, I won't pay." As I said that, I pointed to the table. They had

been here for two hours already, so if there was a problem with the dishes, why didn't they say so earlier? They were obviously looking for trouble. Before I could finish, the middle-aged man said, "How about this, you drink all the wine in my cup and I'll forgive you. What do you think?"

When have I ever had a drink before, so I hurriedly refused to drink, the potbellied man tried to coerce me, as long as I had a drink he would give me money, the people beside him also agreed, but I saw that they were already too scared to speak loudly, the potbellied man became anxious and started shouting, Wang Ge, hearing that something was wrong, hurriedly ran over and entered the room, seeing that they were drinking more than me, Wang Ge smiled and said that he wanted to drink for me, the potbellied man was unhappy, saying: "Today I will let this little lady have a drink." I drank a glass of white wine and felt dizzy. Although my eyes could still open, but I couldn't control my body and just lay on the ground like a pile of mud, two guests came over and lifted my arms. I looked at Wang Ge with pleading eyes, but Wang Ge said that I would help her and came over to help me, after saying that, the man with a big belly slapped Wang Ge until he spun around in a circle, then he told Wang Ge that he would kill him if he dared to utter a sound, so Wang Ge could only watch as I was dragged away.

I felt a pang of despair, as if I knew something terrible was about to happen to me. They were carrying me into a small car, and as it sped by, I was caught in the middle, looking out the window at the traffic, the people walking back and forth, and they were laughing and laughing, but no one could see me so close, no one was helping me, are we not of the same world? We drove to a hotel, where these people took turns with me and left me in front of the hotel the next morning.

I didn't want to talk, so I just shook my head. Wang Ge had pretty much guessed it, so he could only sigh and say to me: "Ai, little sister, just bear with it. It's our fault for not being able to do it, but if you want to live, then you have to."

After Brother Wang left, I took a bath in Brother Wang's rental house and cried while taking a bath, but there were no tears or sounds. I cried because of my heart, why are there so many bad people in this world? I just want to live. Why is it so hard?

Ever since then, I have become depraved and met a lot of people in society. Every night, people would ask me out to meet them, and I would spend more and more time in places like nightclubs and KTV. Afterwards, I would be bewitched by so-called friends and become a lady.

After a long period of numbness, Brother Wang stopped asking me about it. After all, it was hard for others to stop a person from wanting to be nice, until one day, I met someone in the KTV, someone who made me want to live well, his name was Xia Yu, his smile was so enchanting, I deeply sank into his body, I found ways to get close to him, finally, under his friend's introduction, we met again, and

cohabiting, those were the happiest days of my life, he didn't mind giving up on me, he treated me like a commodity, he was so gentle, I thought he loved me, or even thought it was a dream of mine.

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It would be great if I could continue like this forever, but my life is so thin and miserable, how could there be any good things? Sure enough, one night when I looked at his cell phone and saw his chat history, I knew I was just an item to satisfy his desires, no different from anyone else's.

I walked out absentmindedly, and when I was crossing the road, I was knocked away by a truck that was speeding over. I became drowsy, and found that I was no longer a stranger, and as I watched them carry my corpse away, I did not feel too sad.

Seeing that I was gone, Xia Yu followed him back to his own house. Being able to stay by his side every day was the happiest thing to me. From now on, I only want him to belong to me.

Every night is our time, because I can meet him in a dream, we have been happy again, he told me he missed me, willing to accompany me every day, I am very happy, because Liu Qingwen and Xia Yu can finally be together forever.

With a jolt of pain, I woke up and opened my eyes to the white ceiling. Where was this? Who was I? A moment later, a woman's voice called out, "He's awake." Then Master ran in and looked at me with concern. "Where is this?" I asked. His Master said, "This is a hospital. You've been in a coma for three days." I saw that my master's eyes were moist. I reached out to wipe his eyes and said, "Don't worry. Aren't I fine here?"

My master told me about what happened after I fainted. When he went in the house to get my magic tool, and when he came out and saw Xia Yu kicking me with all his might, I was knocked unconscious by him, and master saw that there was a mass of black air on his back, which was the phenomenon of

having been possessed by an aggrieved soul. He quickly took out the Evil Breaking Charm and slapped it on Xia Yu's back, dispersing the Devouring Spirits.

I had a big dream for three whole days. After having a dream, I was able to resolve the knot in my wronged soul, and the remnant soul also dissipated. From then on, Liu Qingwen no longer existed in this world, and if a person died, they would become a ghost.

Master sighed and said worriedly to me, "Haozi, you have another evil destiny on you, I'm worried for you." I forced a smile and said, "Master, you don't have to worry about me. My life is still tough."

Just as we were talking, the doctor came in and gave me an examination. He said, "There's nothing serious. I can be discharged in a few days. I'm just a bit weak and need to rest properly." I was not used to living in the hospital, the next day my master took me out, and then moved back to Xia Lixin's house.

Every morning, I would have to drink a bowl of soup together with the soup until my face would turn red and neck would become thick. Every time Master watched me finish drinking it, he would use the leftover leftovers to pour more water for himself, and as he drank, he would scold the rich people on how extravagant and wasteful it was. "Master, I said," I earned my own money, so I won't steal it. His Master said, "What do you know? This bunch of rich people are really black-hearted. They monopolize assets, you know. They don't let small vendors like us live." I said, "Master, are you a peddler?" His Master said, "Of course, my shop is so small, so I can't be considered a peddler."

For the past few days, Xia Lixin had been beaming merrily, looking like he was in a good mood. Of course, his son Xia Yu had returned to normal, otherwise, he wouldn't be so happy.

After staying for a few days, I felt that my body had more or less recovered, so I discussed with my master about going back. Before we left, Xia Lixin gave my master quite a bit of money as per our agreement, and also gave us a thousand year ginseng, making my master so happy that even his teeth were about to pop out of his mouth. When we went back, we didn't take the train.

On the plane, my master, in order to prevent me from being too excited and embarrassing him, had already warned me to stop talking nonsense. If there was anything he didn't know, I would ask him in a low voice, we would sit by the window and look through the glass at the clouds outside. Suddenly, I felt a very familiar feeling, as if I was in a dream, I couldn't help but look at it for a long time.

I whispered to my master, "Master, how much does this cost?" His Master said, "I don't need money." However, I was so excited that I said to the flight attendant, "Give me one serving each." Master pinched my thigh from below and said to the flight attendant, "Two cups of coffee, thank you." After the flight attendant left, I said, "Isn't it free of charge? Why don't you let me drink it?" His Master said, "Look at your shameful appearance, I'll give you a copy of each one, so I'll just package them for you?"

I can't help but sigh. The people on the plane must have had some sort of quality, and before I could finish lamenting, the two people in front started fighting, and it was even two girls, and it was a fierce fight. No matter how I look at it, they look like a lion in the animal world, tearing and biting the clothes of a woman who is at a disadvantage, and the other woman wasn't much stronger than me. I don't want to! How could it be possible for a nun to have such thick makeup? The flight attendant hurried over to help them out, and the two tigers scratched the flight attendant. Hearing their insults, they figured out what was going on: the bald guy was humming a song and the woman beside him wanted to sleep so the bald guy wouldn't make a sound. The bald guy wouldn't do it, because of such a small matter, the two of them started to work.

I looked at my master again. This fellow was also covering his mouth and laughing. No matter how I looked at it, it was very vulgar. After tiring the two of them to a standstill, the air stewardess helped them change seats, calming them down.

Looks like the rich people here aren't all necessarily of high quality. I told this to my master, who pouted and said, "Of course, do you know where the rich people get their money from? How could it make him rich? Use your brain properly, how can so many of you win the lottery?"

The woman put on her wig, then took out her cell phone and made a call loudly. I frowned, thinking that this person's character was too bad, making me lose my memory after a while, looking at how heavily makeup was applied, how old was he? He called her a "baby" and even pretended to kiss, and the people beside him didn't react much. Those who should be reading the newspapers didn't have much of a reaction. I said, "Master, is that flight attendant considered beautiful?" The Master said, "They have been trained. You can see that they are beautiful, but their manners are not naturally expressed. They can't be considered beautiful." I said, "Then what is beauty?" His Master said, "A woman's beauty should naturally emanate from the inside, and what is obtained through relying on external things cannot last long. A true beauty does not need to have a face on her body; instead, it lies in her charm. As long as one is not born with an abnormality, they can rely on her charm to enhance and become a beauty." I asked, "What is charm?" If a woman wants to become beautiful, her mentality is very important. If she doesn't have evil intentions, then her mind will be calm, her demeanor will be tranquil, and she will look naturally beautiful. If she has love in her heart, then she will be even more beautiful. I asked my Master, "What is evil intentions?" Master said: "Jealousy, arrogance, resentment, lust, greed, these qualities will make people ugly."

I asked, "Those are all inner thoughts. How can they affect your appearance?" His Master said, "It's all in your heart. Alright, stop asking so many questions. I'll tell you when you're older. You won't understand even if I tell you now." I said, "Master, then did you meet the rare beauty that you spoke of?"

Hearing my words, my Master's eyes became focused and filled with tenderness. "How can anyone have such beauty in this world? I've only met an almost perfect woman, what a pity." "What's a pity?"

His Master said, "It's a pity that she's an idiot. Only an idiot would not have those evil intentions. Quickly go to sleep." Then he covered his face with the newspaper and ignored me.

Although Master said this, I don't think so. If Master really met a woman without evil intentions, but she is a fool, then why did Master act so tenderly just now? That kind of expression only exists when people see things they love and admire the most, I don't believe that Master would be so emotional towards a fool.

Soon, the plane stopped. I shook my Master, "Don't sleep, Master. We're almost home." His Master blew away the newspaper on her face and said, "How can you be so quick to get home? Let's go down first. I'll bring you to meet some people."

After getting off the plane, I took a bus out of the airport and took a taxi outside. Looking outside, I saw that it really wasn't my house. I asked my Master, "Where are we? Who are we meeting?"

His Master yawned and said, "This is Beijing. I'll bring you to meet your Grand Uncle." So I still have a grandmaster uncle. We left the Nanyuan Airport and walked for a long time before entering Beijing.

Beijing this big ah, let me dazzle, I asked Master: "Master, what is grand-uncle?" His Master said, "Your Grand Uncle is a doctor." What kind of doctor is he? Can a Taoist be a doctor? What's that for? I asked my Master, who said, "I'll tell you later." With that, he took out another piece of newspaper and covered his face.

After half an hour, Master and I got out of the car. Master said, "Let's walk for a while. My body is stiff from sitting here." I said, "It's better to sit than to walk. It's not tiring to sit." The Master said, "Why aren't you tired sitting down? If you sit for too long, you will feel comfortable. If you sit for too long, your muscles will relax, and your blood will flow erratically. There are many bad places. Do you



remember that?" I said, "Remember, remember. I just don't know why it's not good." His Master said, "In short, you should remember that everything has its limits. No matter good or bad, it's not always good when there are many good things. Enjoyment is pleasure. Suffering is suffering. Do you understand?"

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I said, "I don't understand." His Master looked depressed. "How could I have two stupid disciples?" I said, "Master, don't I still have a senior sister?"

His Master sighed and said, "Don't mention her." I saw that Senior Sister's Master's expression was a little down and didn't dare to say anything more, but in her heart she was muttering to herself, "Why can't I mention this Senior Sister?"

After walking for a while, we arrived at the place where the Grand Master's house was located. A few trees stuck out from within the house and gave off a faint feeling of coolness. It was difficult to find such a secluded place in the bustling city of Beijing, let alone in the Third Ring Road of Beijing.

At the door, a young man was waiting for us. Seeing the two of us, he happily waved his hand. The master patted his head and said, "Juil has grown up. He looks like a big child." The youngster did not say anything. A smile still hung on his face as he led the two of us into the courtyard.

There was a different kind of cave in the yard, with all sorts of low trees and fake mountains. As we walked along, I secretly clicked my tongue. What was this master doing in Beijing? How could he have such a large yard?

Inside, a middle-aged man was sitting in a large rocking chair with his eyes closed, but he didn't seem to be of any real age. The two sides of his hair were already graying, and he didn't look much younger than his master. The middle-aged man pushed the door open and entered, and when he heard the sound, he

sat up and saw us coming in, a complicated expression on his face, both happy and sad. He looked at me with that kind of expression, not only my master but also me, and when he stopped, he said, "Senior, I'm here."

The two of them walked over to each other. Uncle Master patted his Master on the shoulder and smiled, "Not bad, your body is quite sturdy." His Master said, "I can still do it for a few decades." The four of us sat down separately. Master and Uncle talked about the recent situation, and from their conversation, I knew why Master said that Uncle was a doctor, that Uncle Master had always been in charge of the physical condition of the several high officials in Beijing. As for the situation of those few high officials, Master asked about it, but Uncle Master refused to tell us.

I listened to them both, bored, and saw that Juhle was always smiling and talking to them, and that Juhle made me feel kind and friendly, so I poked him with my finger, and Juhle put his index finger on his lips to indicate that I should be quiet, and then opened his mouth and pointed to the inside of it, meaning that he could not speak.

Could this senior brother of mine be a mute?" No wonder he had always been unwilling to speak, what a pity. Senior brother Juul was a handsome man with a smile on his face. With a single glance, one could tell that he was someone who was very close to him.

The Great Master smiled and said, "Junior Brother, I've recently found a hundred year old Head of the Guards. You can try it." A woman came over with a pot of tea and poured out four cups for us. The color of the tea was so dark that it was almost black, and even when I smelled it, it didn't look very nice. My master praised me, "Senior brother can always get good things."

After he finished speaking, he drank a mouthful and repeatedly praised it. Seeing that I didn't drink it, the Great Master asked my Master, "What is the name of this Junior Martial Nephew of mine?" His Master said, "His name is Sun Hao, I usually call him Hao." I said to the Grand Master, "Great Master, please call me Haozi." He might have found the name Haozi unpleasant, too.

The Grand Master said, "Haozi, this tea is not ordinary. Try it." Under his passionate gaze, I had to taste it. It was ordinary, but it was soft and mellow. It was definitely a great tonic.

Senior Brother," said the Master, "I have a thousand-year-old ginseng for you to see." He opened the box and saw that it was indeed tall and big, not even a single strand was damaged. This is also the first time I've seen such a large ginseng, and I saw that it was the size of a palm in the pharmacy at home.

He took out a magnifying glass, which was very professional. Each of the small branches read it, making a tsk-tsk-tsk sound in their mouths. After looking at it for a long time, he put the magnifying glass down and said, "It is indeed not wrong."

His Master proudly said, "Not bad, right?" "Unfortunately, it's not the thousand-year-old ginseng you were talking about." His Master said in shock, "I can't, I treated the son of an extremely rich person like Yue Yang, he can't lie to me."

Master Bo Yun lightly said, "It's normal. A real thousand years ginseng can't be distinguished by anyone. If you're not in this business, that person can't tell either. I think this is a ginseng that was raised by humans."

"There are Western scientists who believe that ginseng is not as effective as carrots," he continued. "The fame of ginseng is just a figment of Chinese imagination, but in fact it's wrong. Many things can't be figured out by chemical analysis and magnifying glass."

I asked, "Great Master, what is the thing that you're talking about that you can't see?" "It's just like when a seed is roasted in a fire, it contains the same ingredients as before it was roasted in the fire, but it can no longer sprout, because the vitality and vitality inside it are gone, the ginseng is called the "King of Hundred Herbs" "by Chinese people, its greatest advantage is not only nourishing the five organs, but also nourishing the vitality, calming the spirit, calming the soul, suppressing fear, removing evil energy, which can only be done after absorbing the essence of the sun and moon for hundreds or even thousands of years."

If my master had said this, I definitely wouldn't have believed him. However, the grand master's looks and style were trustworthy. I asked, "Great Master, if the ginseng is divided into two matriarchs, please capture a male and a female and let them have children."

Although many plants can absorb the essence of the sun and moon and exhibit their spiritual nature, ginseng is the most spiritual and spiritual type among them. It is also the easiest type of ginseng, and people over five hundred years old will be able to find another ginseng by themselves. The ginseng must be one or two male and the female will be slightly larger, while the female will be a few meters or even several tens of meters apart.

It was so magical. I vaguely remembered something as I asked, "Martial Uncle, are all plants capable of becoming spiritual?" The Grand Master thought for a moment and said, "Plant cultivation is extremely difficult, because plants are the lowest level of living beings. Although they have life, they have almost no intelligence, and the best they can do is to provide life support for humans or beasts."

His Master said, "Hai, a ginseng really has so many meanings, why can't I believe it?" "Ginseng is a natural elixir, but plants with spiritual energy can easily take shape, and the more it takes shape, the more spiritual energy it contains, the more it takes shape, meaning it looks like a person. Look at the shape of the ginseng, it has both a head and a torso. "In the past at Changbai Mountain, I heard the legend of ginseng becoming an adult. 500 years old ginseng could become a child, 1,000 years old ginseng could become an adult, 2,000 years old ginseng could become an old man. It's just that because the original body is a plant, so it is very rare for ginseng to leave the deep mountains.

I asked, "Grand Uncle, is there any difference between western medicine and traditional Chinese medicine?" In fact, if you ask about the root of the difference, it is reasonable that Chinese medicine is not liked by others. Chinese medicine is also an auxiliary means of cultivation, and what is the ultimate purpose of cultivation? Eternal life, Chinese medicine is usually complicated and slow, and you need to be proficient in Chinese medicine, it is difficult to achieve in your entire life. Now, no one has the patience to study it, not to mention, in this era where the spiritual qi has declined, many Chinese herbs are rare, and the majority of people you see do not have much intelligence.

How could I understand what the Grand Master was saying? I nodded and my Master said, "How can this brat save others? It would be good enough to understand himself."

After a while, I was a little tired and kept yawning. Master had asked Senior Brother Guillermo to take me upstairs to rest. This time, I slept soundly. When I woke up, it was already close to night.

When I went downstairs, Master and Uncle-Master were not there, but Senior Brother Juul was, and when he saw me, he gestured me out. When Master and Uncle-Master were out walking, I couldn't help but admire the strength of these two old men, which were at least better than mine.

When it was time for dinner, there was a table placed under a big tree in the backyard, and four more people arrived. They were probably the seniors that Senior Martial Uncle had told me about earlier, and they all sat down, and Uncle Master introduced them to me one by one. Eldest Senior Martial Brother lived there, and he was forty-five years old, and he had a very handsome face, and he was thirty-nine years old, and his figure was very thin, and his face was fair, and his third Senior Martial Brother was three years old, and his appearance very simple and honest.

They were asking each other what they had been doing recently, and they were also very curious about me, the youngest junior brother, whom they had only met for the first time. Occasionally, someone would come and ask about my situation, and during that time, I noticed that second senior brother was looking at me with a strange look.

After a while, he returned to my room to retrieve something. He then came over and sat beside me and asked, "Junior brother, what is your Dao mark? I haven't heard it from you yet." I replied, "Master didn't give me a dao name." The First Senior Brother said, "That shouldn't be the case, but Second Martial Uncle must have his reasons for doing so. Oh right, Junior Brother, when were you born? I know a few words." Logically speaking, he shouldn't have told others about his birthdate so easily. He was my senior brother, so I didn't think too much about it. "I was born on the first day of March, 1990, at midnight," I told him.

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The first senior brother murmured to himself, "Geng Wu ..." Wan Yin... Yi Chou... "C'mon." After looking carefully at my face, she frowned and said, "Junior Brother, you have a lot of misfortunes and you can get killed at any time. Your fate isn't good."

It can't be, I just turned 15 and still haven't gotten married. I said to her, "Senior Brother, don't tease me. I'm timid." The First Senior Brother solemnly said, "Who would joke about such a thing?" I said, "Then what do we do? There must be a way to break it."

After thinking for a moment, he said, "No." The straightforward reply of the first senior brother almost made me fall to the ground. The second senior brother then asked me, "Did you encounter many deadly situations?" I thought about it for a moment and nodded my head. "You didn't die even after going through so many things. It seems that you have had a great opportunity."

At this time, Juul came back with a pot of tea and eight teacups. Master and uncles did not allow the disciples to drink alcohol, which was different from Master's; Master could even drink himself drunk if he had nothing better to do, just that he did not drink wine when he did not have a good wine.

There was only one green leaf in the teapot, and when the eight of us had been poured out, the teapot ran out of water. Juel poured hot water into the teapot, and after a while the tea in the teapot turned green.

After taking a sip, I immediately felt a fragrance on my lips. I couldn't help but sigh. Originally, the tea I drank was simply inedible compared to this. I was really worried if I would drink more tea after returning home.

His Master complained, "Senior Brother, you know I'm the one who likes to drink the most. This tea is really good, it's tasteless. You definitely won't give me the good wine to drink." The Grand Master said, "It seems that you have forgotten why Master kicked you out of your sect. Wine is a good thing, but unfortunately, no one can drink good wine and no one can control it, so you simply can't drink well."

I didn't quite agree with Grand Master's words. What's so good about wine? I said, "Martial Uncle, I can't drink wine either, so I threw up some wine. Your tea is still the best." When the First Senior Brother heard this, he also agreed, "Junior Brother, I want to say this as well. When I was young, my grandfather gave me a taste, and from then on, I've never tasted it again.

The history of liquor is one of the origins of liquor. The story of alcohol is derived from The Policy of War, and there was no human being in the Great Desolation, and the apes ate all kinds of fruits over the years, and the fruits they could not store for a long time, and the fruits they could not eat were placed in stone pits, and after a long time they were naturally fermented and turned into liquor, and the apes became fond of drinking fruit. This is one of the reasons for the wine's origin. It's extremely dangerous, so some people think the first person to make wine was Yiddish. "

Master said, "I have also heard of the ancestor of wine, Du Kang, a famous wine brewing expert in the Zhou Dynasty. There are even rumors that Du Kang became an immortal and ascended into the heavens after drinking wine for a long time, this is too ridiculous. If we continued drinking wine for a few years now, we don't even know if we'll be able to fly away."

Master's words made us laugh out loud, Master Bo waited for us to finish laughing before saying, "Don't say it, it's possible, I know of a kind of cultivation technique called 'Hidden mini martial arts', it's the easiest to cultivate in sleep, it can even be cultivated to the point of being immortal, it's no different

from a god or immortal. Du Kang might be easier to cultivate after drinking it, it's said that after Du Kang finished his wine, he said goodbye to his friend Yu's family and said, 'You have to raise dragons well, maybe I'll borrow your dragons to use.' After that, I won't see Du Kang again in the ancient books."

I curiously asked, "Great Master, what is the Yu Long clan like?" Dragon breeder? " The Great Master took a sip of tea and said, "That's right, the Yu Long family is a person who specifically helps the Yellow Emperor raise dragons." The Great Master Uncle took a sip of tea and said, "That's right, the Yu Long family is a person who specifically helps the Yellow Emperor raise dragons."

The eldest senior brother said, "Dragons like that do exist. I've seen it myself, but that dragon died a few days later. What a pity."

The dragon knows that people are too greedy right now, so they must not get too close with each other. Therefore, I have seen a dragon that fell from the sky far away from the village, back in the four or four years when I was traveling with my master, and coincidentally arrived there with him. That dragon was completely black, about twenty meters, and there were too many onlookers, and they were afraid that the villagers would take the dragon and kill it and eat it, because that dragon already looks very weak, and my master told the village chief that he should not harm the dragon, otherwise the village chief would take the villagers to water it, and the dragon would have the strength to take advantage of the heavy rain that night.

I said, "I've also seen a dragon. A lot of people were looking at it. My master and Grandma Liu killed that dragon together." All the senior brothers looked at me in surprise. Uncle Master frowned and said to Master, "Is it true?"

Master nodded and said, "It's true, it's 98 years, and it's also a black dragon, around 40 to 50 meters long. Senior Liu is one of the best in the Northeast, and he is also a member of our department. That black dragon took advantage of the flood and caused chaos, killing too many people."

The Grand Master frowned. "Killing a dragon is a great crime, but it's a pity for that senior." "That dragon has already been trained to be able to control the local water race, and its temperament is very cruel. If we don't get rid of it soon, it will definitely become a big problem in the future."

The Eldest Senior Martial Brother asked, "Senior Liu is actually able to summon True Lord Erlang's spiritual sense. It seems like the Immortal from the Northeast is truly talented. However, since True Lord Erlang has a spiritual sense, does it mean that there really is an immortal, Erlang Shen?"

Uncle Master said, "I've also seen Master using the Evil God's body, but it was only by borrowing power. Even I can't believe that True Lord Erlang has appeared to fight a dragon."

Master said, "Senior Liu once told me that this is her secret ace in the hole. There is True Lord Erlang's temple at the mouth of the river, in Guangxi, where many people have worshipped Erlang Shen for many years. The so-called spiritual sense is actually the accumulation of thoughts from many people over the years towards Erlang Shen in the temple."

"Indeed, the human mind does have a great deal of energy, but people are not aware of it, and Buddhism is more focused on it," said the Grand Master.

The eight of us ate and talked until around 8 PM. Master and I are going to stay at Uncle Master's for a few days because Master and Uncle Master have not seen each other for a long time and we can't say anything to each other.

Master and Grand Master were still downstairs in the living room talking to each other. To say that this cultivator really couldn't be treated as a normal person, Master and Grand Master might look young, but in reality, they aren't that old. With such abundant physical strength, I couldn't compare to them.

I stayed in my bedroom for a while, not feeling sleepy, and went out to the bathroom. I heard Master and Uncle talking in low voices below, and I couldn't help but stimulate the fox's blood, my hearing improved, my ears pricked up, and I could hear what they were saying.

Master Bo sighed and said, "Speaking of which, I feel the most sorry for him. He was the most gifted of my apprentices, especially the one with the most sensitivity to divination, in 1989, when I passed by an orphanage and found out that this child was very strong, I adopted him, this child was simply a genius with a high achievement at such a young age, blaming me, blaming me for not looking favorably at him, bringing him to a high official in the capital in 1993. He saw that the great man's lifespan was nine or four years, I didn't care about him, I didn't care about him then, I borrowed him for more years, because he was treated with responsibility."

It turned out that senior brother Juul had revealed his secret while mute. Then today second senior brother also said that my fate was not good, that I was in great trouble. Why am I not afraid of retribution?



The life is in the sky, Senior Brother, you don't have to blame yourself too much. We cultivators have many more troubles than ordinary people, and this is already within our expectations. My three disciples also have many more, and cultivation is a heaven-defying matter.

Grand Master said, "How is Xizhen?" His Master sighed and said, "Ai, if you don't want to ask, I definitely don't want to mention it. She joined my sect, so I can be considered to have harmed her. I just hope that she can live a normal life in the future, and I won't contact her for a long time." The Grand Master said, "Even I don't understand the fate of that child, and logically speaking, the child shouldn't be like this either. I have never met anyone who could say that she was the reincarnation of a god, and I don't dare to say so. I only know that she has been through twenty years of ups and downs."

His Master said, "Now that you're old, you feel more and more that the word 'stability' is extremely important. Senior Brother, you're also old. Being able to live peacefully in your later years is for the best. Don't go out."

"I think so too, but I am in a high position and cannot help myself. The high ranking officials in the capital need me and they will not let me go. After a period of time, I will have to go because I have to."

Just as I was engrossed in her words, Master raised her voice slightly and said, "Haozi, if you want to listen, then come down and listen. Why are you sneaking around?" Alright, I found me. I gloomily walked down and sat next to Master and Uncle.

Uncle said, "Young people's curiosity is normal. Coincidentally, we also have something to say to you." Master smiled as she rubbed my head and said, "Haozi, go get Master something to eat. Master is hungry." I said, "Master has eaten so much tonight, yet he's still hungry." His Master stared at him and said, "If I tell you to go, then go. Where did all this nonsense come from?"

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There was nothing to eat in the kitchen. He took out some ham sausages and cut some slices for them to take to the kitchen. When the master saw the sausages, he said, "It would be even better if there was pork head."

After saying that, he picked up a piece of meat and placed it in his mouth. He chewed it and said, "It's delicious." The Grand Master said to me, "Haozi, you heard what I said just now. Your Senior Brother Zuu has become mute because of this, and our cultivators suffer much more hardships than ordinary people. You should be mentally prepared."

This is nothing, I have been through so many strange things. I said to the Grand Master, "It's nothing. Grand Master, I'm not afraid of anything." His Master smiled and said, "This is my good disciple. He's much stronger than your Senior Brother, Ju Ming."

The Grand Master also smiled as he looked at me. I suddenly felt that the Grand Master didn't seem normal to me, because the first time I met him, he seemed to have known me for a long time. His expression was complicated and changeable.

Uncle Master asked me, "Haozi, what did your master teach you?" I said, "Master took a bag for me to touch. I found a note called Twin Life Cultivator. Master said that this is his most important skill." "Then how are you doing?" asked the Grand Master. I was a little embarrassed because I was too lazy to move while meditating every day and even more unwilling to practice external techniques. I also didn't memorize the incantation master gave me.

I said, "It's too difficult. Master said that I don't have any talent. I don't know when I'll be able to learn it." The Grand Master said, "It is the end of the world now, so many of the spell techniques have already been lost. How about this, I will teach you a move, and it can be considered as my greeting gift to you. Our Daoist Sect emphasizes on using 'driving' as the main point, and 'lowering' as the support."

Uncle Master indicated for me and Master to follow him out. When we were outside, Uncle Master pulled out a strand of hair and took out a piece of talisman paper, and started chanting. His eyes were staring at the talisman paper, and the talisman actually started to burn on its own.

I really couldn't believe that Grand Master actually flew out like a remotely piloted plane with his legs crossed. I looked at my Master and he said, "Your Grand Master really thinks highly of you. He also wants to teach you these five ghosts."

I asked, "What do you mean by Five Ghost Magics?" His Master said, "I'm not too sure about that. Just wait until your Martial Uncle comes back to ask him." After a while, Grand Master Uncle floated back with his legs crossed. I asked, "Where did Grand Master just go?" "It's just a walk around the circumference of ten miles," said the Grand Master.

I almost dropped my chin in shock, and the maestro said, "Do you want to learn?" I quickly said, "Think about it." "Well, I can teach you, but you must promise not to use this technique at will," said the Grand Master. "Why?" I asked.

"Men and ghosts do not belong to the same path," said the Grand Master. I said, "Alright, I won't use it lightly. Please teach me quickly, Uncle Master."

The Great Master said, "This secret technique is called the Five Devils, it can summon five ghosts to be its temporary workers through a contract with a ghost in the path of ghosts. Although it sounds simple, it requires a lot of mental power, Haozi, I can see that your spiritual power is lacking, your cultivation is lacking, I'll first teach you the chants and spells, you have to practice your Master's dual life cultivation, that is the basic method to increase your spiritual power."

Great Martial Uncle taught me chants and runes, so the Five Devils have many uses, not only do they allow you to walk quickly, but by summoning different chants and runes from the Five Devils, they can make the Five Devils help you with a lot of things, but the more you have to pay them, the more they will need to use their spiritual energy to break away from the path of ghosts, so, the more spiritual energy the caster can add into the talisman, the greater the ability of the Five Devils will be.

I decided to give it a try immediately. Uncle Master said, "Okay, but you have to be careful not to get infected by the ghost aura of the Five Devils. It's easy for you to lose your mind. I will follow you." His Master said, "I also want to go and have a look." The Grand Master said, "Didn't you always look down on this method of using external forces?"

The Master said, "There's no harm in opening your eyes." I cut off my nails and put them in a bowl, then pulled out a few strands of hair. This was to prevent the Five Devils from getting lost and being unable to find me. "How come I don't know?" his Master said. "I don't know, right? This is my disciple's exclusive secret manual."

I took advantage of the tyrannical Essence in my body to ignite the talisman and mutter the incantation to myself. Faintly, I saw five people in tattered clothes with withered faces walking towards me. These must be the Five Devils.

I stood up, and the five ghosts lifted me up, and I just floated out like that. At this moment, the five ghosts were completely listening to me, and they did not dare to go to the right when I said that they would go to the left. The talisman paper was a talisman paper given to me by the master, and it contained a huge amount of spiritual power.

The ghost aura of the five ghosts enveloped me, so that no one on the road could see me. Every time I passed a person, that person would shiver uncontrollably.

It was so exciting that I couldn't help but to shout out loud. With my shout, the Five Devils slowed down a bit. Maybe it was due to my Essence spreading out, affecting the Five Devils, so I quickly shut my mouth.

I looked back and saw the Grand Master with his legs crossed. There were five other ghosts carrying him, and behind him, my Master was running along the side of the road. He looked like he was running away from a rabbit, but we were dragging him further and further away.

Uncle Master controlled the five ghosts to catch up with me and said, "Looking at your master, he hopes to run past the five ghosts with his two legs. Hahaha, how about we play with him?"

I found this interesting and asked Uncle, "How do I play it?" Uncle Master said, "It's simple. Your Master also looks down on me using external techniques. You control the Five Devils to slow down and tell them to catch up. He will definitely use all his strength to catch up."

Master has tied the Godly Armored Horse to his legs. I know the runes, but it will take a long time to train my external techniques and mental energy. I'm afraid I won't be able to learn it.

From the looks of it, it was the result of greatly stimulating my mental power. I controlled the Five Devils to run five meters in front of my Master, and said to him, "Master, your Godly Horses aren't enough to catch up to me."

His Master said rather angrily, "Good, you dare to tease me, is it because your uncle master instigated you to do so?" After which, he increased his speed to the maximum, parallel to me.

I looked at my Master, whose face was completely red, and said, "Master, I'll go to the suburbs and wait for you. You follow this path and continue forward. There's no place without people. Uncle Master and I will wait for you there."

After saying that, he controlled the Five Devils to accelerate forward. His master and I slowly followed behind him until we came to a place devoid of people. When he came down, the power of the talisman was gone and the Five Devils disappeared.

I looked behind me, but there was no trace of my Master. I said to my Grand Master, "Senior Master, how long until my Master can catch up?" The Grand Master said, "Soon. Your Master's Godspeed Armor Horse is known to travel thousands of miles in a day, and travels 800 miles in the night. Although it is a bit of an exaggeration, it is still one of the best Godspeed techniques."

Uncle Master asked me, "Haozi, look, the Five Ghost Art I taught you today has surpassed your master's Godly Mecha Technique. Plus, his cultivation technique is too arduous, and he can't even catch up to me. How stupid."

Before I could say anything, Master had already caught up. Before long, he heard Master's voice, "Eldest Senior Brother, you're wrong, I can't keep up with your Five Devils, but I dare to use the Armored Horse every day. Do you dare to use the Five Devils every day?"

Breathing heavily, he said to me, "Don't listen to your Martial Uncle's nonsense. His skills are too dangerous, and his cultivation has gone berserk. Once, his cultivation went berserk, and I was the one who saved him."

"It wasn't as bad as you say," said the maestro. "It was a small mistake." I asked, "Great Master, what's going on?" I'm afraid that you won't learn from him anymore. Your Uncle Master learned the Prayer Rain when he was young, and invited Water Master He to rain, but your Uncle's lack of cultivation skills angered the Water Master He. It rained for three days, and almost flooded Chen Tang Guan.

The maestro said, "Hey, that's abnormal. Everyone makes mistakes." His Master said, "There was one time when your Master practiced 'Breaking Wall' and thought he was invincible. His fist landed on a rock and broke his arm, but it was me who reconnected it for him."

The Grand Master said, "So what? Do you believe that I can show you one now?" Master said to me, "Hao Zi, I have a very powerful move. It's called the Five Thunder Divine Palm. I'll teach it to you when I have time."

"Haozi, master's uncle said," First, you should practice the Five Ghost Method. This method is very powerful, when you are at home, you can use it to protect your body, cross mountains, and climb mountains without suffering any injuries. "That's nothing, Haozi, I've already mastered this Five Thunder Divine Palm. It can truly behead demons and exterminate demons, and once I've mastered it to home, I can summon heavenly thunder at any time. The five bolts of lightning would explode, and all the evil spirits would vanish. Martial Uncle said, "You're so amazing. I remember that you don't know how to use the Fivecraze Thunder Peal. Master gave you three Divine Lightning talismans so that you could forcefully draw down the Divine Annihilation Lightning. When did you have the ability to draw down five Divine Annihilation Lightning at the same time? How come I didn't know about that?"

His Master said, "If what you say is true, then sooner or later I will be able to draw out five divine lightning bolts. Do you believe me?" Uncle Master said, "And the Divine Annihilation Bomb? If you bring down a bolt of lightning now, I'll admire you."

The two old men began to get excited. The master said, "Alright, I'll lure them now." The Grand Master said, "I want to see if you can lure them down." His Master took out a Thunder Summoning Talisman and blew on it. Following the burning of the talisman, he began to mutter an incantation. Immediately, the dark clouds in the sky began to gather in this direction, and it seemed as if it would rain at any moment.

Uncle Master took out a crystal talisman. His eyes narrowed, and the talisman began to burn. He began to mutter to himself. The weather that was drizzling, the clouds immediately dispersed.

His Master was pissed off and said, "Okay, you're disturbing me over there and even making me call for thunder. You're messing with me." The Grand Master said, "If I interfere with you, you won't be able to draw down thunder. What else do you have to say?"

Looking at the sky, I couldn't help but say, "Uncle Master, Master, it's already very late. How do we go back?"

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After I said this, Master and Uncle didn't say anything. After a long time, Master said, "I still have some A horses, but I can't run anymore."

The Grand Master said, "My talisman is gone." The three of us stared at each other. After a while, the Grand Master said, "Let's go back. We'll stop the carriage."

On the way back, there was a kind driver who saw us as old and young, and sent us back. Uncle Master gave him money and said that we didn't want it, so we treated it as a good thing and I couldn't help but sigh. There are a lot of good people in the capital.

When I was young, I heard about this kind of thing. In the middle of the night when I was driving, very few drivers would let strangers get on the car, there was a driver, a young man in his early twenties, very young and vigorous, his master had reminded him the first time he drove a night car, that it was necessary to be energetic when driving at night, so as to avoid provoking dirty things, that young man named Wang, I will call him Little Wang.

It was essential to be unable to sleep, and there wasn't even a single person who could speak. The big truck was difficult to control, it was difficult to even brake at critical moments, and the most accidents happened, but that wasn't the most important. The most important thing was the strange things that happened on the deserted highway.

This was the first time running a long distance, and there was no lack of excitement. Furthermore, there were some small achievements, young people, their thoughts are all active, Xiao Wang thought as he drove. It would be great if he could have an affair with his, after all, Xiao Wang was not married yet, and some things were too enticing for him.

There were fewer cars on the road than during the day, but there was also the possibility that there were drivers who were dozing off. The drivers all knew how many drivers had experienced this and how many of them could not help but feel sleepy, and the car even fell asleep, only to wake up a moment later to continue driving. This was also lucky, otherwise the next moment, the car would crash into the mountain, or run out of the road, how could it still survive?

Little Wang did not feel sleepy at all. His eyes were wide open, the car was fast and he was in high spirits as he drove on, and when Little Wang saw through the glass on the left side of the road that there was a figure standing in the wilderness, he quickly lost sight of the car driving, he thought for a moment and felt that something was not right, it was better to say that the person was stupid, he did not know what to be afraid of, and he also did not think too much, continuing to drive. After ten minutes, he inadvertently saw someone standing on the left side of the road, and he did not know what to look at.

No matter how he thought about it, he felt that something was wrong. If it was a normal person, they would have long thought about it. How far away was that person from the highway?

He was young and vigorous, but there was still a problem with being young, and he was unable to remain calm. He had just been slightly scared, and his hands were already trembling, and his master had already instructed him that he shouldn't be afraid of anything. Wang thought to himself, 'Damn, how could I not be scared, that boss is still standing there alone in the middle of the night.

People were like this. The more afraid they were, the easier it was for them to think, and the easier it was for Wang to act like this. What exactly was that? A telephone pole? No way, the telephone pole is so thick and there's even a head on it? Could it be a bear? No, bears have ears, and besides, there are no bears in this place.

It's only daring to see how brave a man is, not to hear it, not to see it in the daytime, no matter how well he says it, no matter how boastful he is, no matter how useless it is, you have to put him alone on a field at night, and spend a night in peace, that's what makes him bold, especially between young people, sitting together and boasting, how brave am I, how brave am I, how brave am I, how I alone have been chased by a wolf and have killed myself, you have to ask him, that wolf, he must have said, hey, that dead wolf, back, no one has heard, and others say, I have the nerve, I go home once, I don't want to sleep in a mound of graves, who knows? No one knew that the other party was bragging. The more stubborn he was, the angrier he got. In the end, how could they compete with him? During the day he would put a piece of cloth in the field, and you would look for it at night. The next day, he would show the cloth to his friends and they would believe him. If they said that he was bold, they would not only believe him, but they would also help him say that he had a lot of face!

A bunch of young people surrounded each other in a circle, squabbling. Young people, after all, were too angry, and neither of them were satisfied with the other, so according to the old tradition, when Old Wang was still young at that time, he didn't care about anything once the fire started, and started fighting with a fellow villager named Zhao Si. You go and get what I want tonight, and you get what you want tomorrow night.



How could anyone not agree in front of everyone's eyes? If they didn't agree, they would lose so much face. In fact, both sides agreed. Who would be so bold as to have such a bold person with low intelligence?

The first night it was Zhao Si who put the thing, this Zhao Si was really going to put a big guy, put a shovel in there, told Old Wang, I already put it in there, you can look for it when the sun goes down tonight, Old Wang asked, what did you put in there, Zhao Si said, I can't tell you, I told you, you took a fool at home, I can only tell you put a long body and a big head thing, you will know, that thing won't grow out in the wild.

Old Wang had actually bullied Zhao Si-shuang in the beginning, thinking to take something to fool him, but by now, he had become smart. He had no choice, go, it was already late at night, after the sun went down, it would only become dark in the summer. Since Old Wang could not stay at home, he would have to search for things in the fields later, he might as well take out a flashlight to strengthen his courage. Even a machine gun wouldn't be reliable, let alone a flashlight.

If he really couldn't move the house over, his family wouldn't let him, he would make fun of him, but that was what Old Wang had thought then, if he just pretended that he wasn't going to be a grandson, then that wouldn't do, because tomorrow he would have to go there with a laugh, how could there be such a good thing, the people who killed each other with their tongues, especially in the small village, there weren't many people who knew each other, there were too many people who didn't have anything to do with their wives, today I'm giving you a nickname, tomorrow I'll tease you, in the future you'll even find a target with difficulty, you definitely can't go.

If you can't find something, don't say you're too timid, at most, you have a bad eye. No, there are plenty of people in the village, we'll wait for you before nightfall. Three in groups of five will gather at the village entrance, waiting for you to go out, otherwise they won't have any fun.

Seeing that it was getting dark, Old Wang gritted his teeth and went out with his flashlight. When the group of idlers at the village entrance saw that Old Wang had arrived, they all gave him a big thumbs up, praising him for being a man. Old Wang knew in his heart that he was just a big guy who was looking for fun.

People without any guts would not even dare to go out when it was dark. If they didn't want to go to the big city, Nightless City, then it would be the same as during the day. There would be no lights in that

place or in the village at night, so why would they need to save money, let alone in the wild? They really couldn't see their own fingers in front of each other.

The leaves rustled, and he was scared to the point that his legs went limp. He cursed in his heart, why did I have to do this, what's the use of pretending this, it's not worth it if there's a problem with it. With this curse in his heart, my courage increased a little.

Sing some more songs, hum some more, Old Wang thought to himself, not too scared, turn on the flashlight, what's that long, big head, what can it be?

The electric light was dim too, it did not shine too far, Old Wang squinted his eyes and was about to touch it, when he heard a "putong putong" sound coming from behind him. What the hell is this, in the middle of the night, Old Wang was so scared that he almost peed his pants.

I've never seen people dancing in the middle of the night before, and I'm so scared that I want to die, but the more I see, the more I feel sober I feel. At this time, the two things walked in, and Old Wang squinted his eyes, not daring to look at them, and the two things seemed to know who they were, so they swayed and snorted. Old Wang was relieved at that time, and inwardly, he cursed the owners of the two donkeys.

When the two things got closer, they really were two donkeys. They stared at Old Wang with their big black eyes. Old Wang cursed and kicked the two donkeys twice, then the two donkeys turned around and left.

After this scare, Old Wang became a lot braver. He wandered around and found a shovel, but Zhao Si was still there, and the shovel was still close by, so I didn't have to walk too far. Well, let's go back, tomorrow is the time for Zhao Si to be in trouble, when we get home, I'll also show him something tomorrow night to scare him, maybe this donkey is Zhao Si's, but Zhao Si's donkey is only one, and that's what he borrowed, in short, we've survived the night.

The next morning, Old Wang went to Zhao Si's house with a shovel. The big guy was waiting for Old Wang, and when he saw that Old Wang had really brought the shovel back, he was quite surprised. When Old Wang saw that Old Wang had really brought the shovel back, he said, "Old Wang went to Zhao Si's house with a shovel, and the big guy was waiting for Old Wang, and when he saw Old Wang had actually brought the shovel back, he was quite surprised.

Zhao Si didn't want to admit that he let the two donkeys out. Besides, who's afraid of donkeys? After the two stubbornly bulged for a while, the big guy left, waiting to see Zhao Si tonight. One of Zhao Si's good friends, Han Fu didn't know why he didn't leave.

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Zhao Si kept quiet, while Han Fu looked at Old Wang nervously. Old Wang was scared out of his wits. "What are you staring at me for?" Han Fu asked if he really saw the two donkeys.

Old Wang said, "Why would I lie to you? I don't even recognize a donkey." Zhao Si said gloomily, "I didn't set the donkey down." Han Fu pulled Old Wang over and said, "Zhao Si was at my house last night. What do you mean, putting a donkey on the ground? That's impossible. Also, did you know that what you saw might really be not a donkey, but a ghost?"

What the heck, did he turn into a mule like that? "When he saw that Han Fu did not look like he was joking, he got a little nervous. That's right, how could there be a donkey wandering outside late at night, asking Han Fu what to do? Han Fu said that he had run into a ghost, and he couldn't afford to stay idle. The lower he went, the easier it would be for dirty things to get around him. This village doesn't even have a god-like expert. When the time comes, blind cats and rats would have nowhere to run into him.

Old Wang carefully thought about it, and the more he thought about it, the more scared he became. Last night, the donkeys he met were indeed abnormal, and when the two of them got close to him, they didn't seem to be afraid at all, but looked at him as if he were examining him, 'How could he be a donkey? Old Wang thought to himself that this was not his ancestor's grave, but Zhao Si's.' Thinking about this, Old Wang chuckled, then turned to Zhao Si and said seriously, "Old Han is right, I met a ghost last night.

He knew that Old Wang was trying to provoke him, and if he really didn't go, well, the villagers wouldn't know how to make fun of him tomorrow, so he found it even more embarrassing to say, Ah, Old Wang got into trouble last night, so he didn't want to go. Everyone will use these words as an excuse, and from

now on, the village won't be able to stay any longer, and the best result of this competition is that both of them will pass, and no one can laugh at each other.

As long as there were no more knives in the sky, Old Wang chuckled and said, "Alright then, what's Fourth Bro going to say about his guts? I'll go back and prepare, and give you a reminder as well. I'll prepare something round for you, and you'll know when the time comes."

After Old Wang left, Han Fu said, "Old Fourth, I'm not trying to scare you. What's there to say about our relationship? Last night, Old Wang was lucky, but we ran into a passing ghost, and he was in a hurry to get away. That's because he was lucky, I think the sky isn't going well these few days, you should admit your mistake and take no risks."

Han Fu was a good friend, so he told Han Fu a lot of things. Although Han Fu understood a bit, he did understand a bit, and knew that he was incapable, that he couldn't do anything with just his mouth, so he didn't dare to stick his stick and say that he knew how to do something. There were a lot of rural things that he couldn't handle when they came to find him.

First of all, everyone in the village had a good reputation. Although he didn't know what was the use of having a good reputation, and although he didn't know what was the use of having a good title or a good amount of money, he still couldn't let it go. Actually, this was a common problem among Chinese people, and it didn't matter if they ate well or didn't eat well, but what they said was more important than what their father said.

Han Fu thought to himself, "Sure enough, I'll give you something. Take it with you." After returning home, he gave a talisman to Zhao Si. Although Zhao Si had some face, he was not stupid. He still knew to hold the talisman and kick Zhao Si in the pocket.

Han Fu had written that talisman according to his grandfather's words. It was written in a muddled and muddled manner, and Han Fu himself didn't have any skills at all. The talisman's greatest use was to wipe his butt and light firewood, and Han Fu didn't have much confidence in his talisman.

At night, Zhao Si walked out with a broken flashlight. A few idlers at the village entrance were all staring at him. When they saw him, they all shouted, "Sure! Fourth brother, you can't lose to Old Wang in your courage, can you?"

This group of idle people was really deceitful, without much culture, without much stylistic activity, and could only walk around leisurely, Western family, gossip, and see what happened at that house. If there was a happy occasion, it would be so enjoyable, if it was a small matter, if it could be lively together, if someone picked a new wife, it would be so hilarious, because first, it would be lively and second, if they could take advantage of the situation, their families would not get angry, if Geely didn't know who was the one who started the wedding, and if it was hoodlum, they would start with scoundrel.

Seeing that Zhao Si had left, the group of idle bystanders also turned dark. They could not wait for something to happen to Zhao Si so that they could have a good time together.

Old Wang and Han Fu's words gave him the chills, and very quickly, the sky turned dark, the fields were dark, whoever could bear it, Zhao Si switched on the flashlight, oh, okay, it was even scarier, the light from the flashlight was faint and dim, and when it shone on his figure, he felt that there were countless demons and ghosts wandering around, ready to pounce on him at any time, the feeling was as unbearable as it could get.

After walking for a while, the lights on his hands became dimmer and dimmer. Zhao Si Xin did not know what to expect, but once the electricity went out, he could scare himself to death if he could not see his own fingers in the dark. He thought of speeding up his pace, and finding something that would give him a chance to do so, but Wang said if he did not put it out in the morning, he would not be able to see it.

Let's go, find something round, slip on the ground as we walk, fall, the flashlight flew off, the tooth hurt, the leg twisted, pulled up, kneaded, looked at a piece of wood under our feet, the two ends were a bit thick, the middle was a bit thin, about half a meter, Zhao Si used this stick as a walking stick, turned around and went to pick up the flashlight, just as he was about to pick it up, he saw something round and rumble in the light, and was overjoyed. He went over to take a look, oh, it's a ball, I don't know what this ball is made for, it's not too gray, not too big, but still holding it.

Thus, leaning on the wooden stick, holding the ball, walking back, with his two hands still busy, he had a lot of things to do, holding the walking stick with his left hand and the ball with his right hand, he had to hold the flashlight, walking three steps at a time, walking, walking, the feeling just now came up again, the sound of the wind beside his ears seemed to be mixed with other sounds, and there were always shadows moving around him.

If a donkey jumped out at this moment, it would scare him to death. Zhao Si, who was praying for the Amitabha Buddha, suddenly heard a light shout in his ear, "Give it to me." Someone wanted to ask, why was the sound so soft, and why was it still by his ear? Actually, if Zhao Si had opened his Heaven's Eye,

he would have seen a person standing next to him shouting at him with a furious expression. However, humans and ghosts were different; they were not in the same dimension.

When Zhao Si heard this voice, even though it was soft, he was still frightened by the field in the middle of the night. With a "Ah" sound, he ran forward while saying, "Grandpa, you better not be joking with me. I'll burn incense for you when we get back, don't scare me like that." It was useless to say anything, but the voice became clearer.

Zhao Si was so scared that he ran forward while holding the ball in his arms. When he was excited, he threw the flashlight away and dropped it on the ground. He didn't know whether the flashlight was dead or broken, but after it was extinguished, Zhao Si didn't dare to look for it.

After running for an unknown amount of time, he finally stopped when the first rays of sunlight fell on his face. He was so tired that his mouth was covered in foam and his throat was hoarse. He fainted and fell face first onto the ground.

By the time someone found him, it was already noon. Zhao Si's condition frightened everyone in the village, why was he still holding onto something tightly and throwing a stick beside him? Someone saw that something was wrong with the stick, picked it up and carefully threw it away.

A few of the lads, Boss Fei, forced Zhao Si's arm apart and a ball rolled down from the inside. When he flipped it over, he was quite frightened. It turned out to be a human skull.

After a long while, he finally woke up Zhao Si. He asked Zhao Si what had happened last night, but unexpectedly, Zhao Si's mouth was wide open as if he couldn't speak, all he could hear was 'AAHHH' and he sounded like a mute. Zhao Si did not wait for Zhao Si to react before jumping up and running down the brick bed, shouting as he ran, "If I don't give it to you, I won't give it to you." "When they finally gave chase, Zhao Si was already out of the village.

Just like that, a madman appeared in the village. Zhao Si's hair was disheveled every day, and when he saw who was smiling at whom and how scared the donkey was, he pointed at the donkey and said 'ghost'.

Old Wang won and from then on, everyone in the village called him Wang Dong, logically speaking, this Little Wang was Old Wang's son, so he should have come along. Old Wang won, from then on, everyone in the village called him Wang Gao, logically speaking, he should have come along.

Little Wang recalled his father's heroic deeds, but he didn't have much guts. On the contrary, he was even smaller. His eyes were staring out of the window, thinking to himself, "Don't let me see that figure again."

Record of Strange News in Northeast - C58

C58

C58

Under such a tense situation, no one was able to fall asleep. The drowsiness that came out of Little Wang's mouth just now had completely disappeared. It seemed like he wasn't completely stupid.

He had said that anything could happen on this highway, and there was nothing wrong with him being careful. Little Wang couldn't see the figure on the side of the road and thought to himself, "I was being suspicious. Forget it, a telephone pole can scare me to such an extent."

After comforting herself like this, Little Wang's state of mind became much calmer. She thought that things would end just like this. Who knew that Little Wang would accidentally see that creepy figure again?

This time, it was on the right. The tall figure was following the speed of his car. Little Wang's originally calm mind tensed up again. The figure slowly ran to a spot about 50 meters away from the car and stopped.

Little Wang watched as his car sped towards the figure and suddenly realized that he couldn't move his body anymore. He couldn't turn his hand on the steering wheel and watched as the huge white figure pounced towards him. It was as if time had stopped.

That figure slowly covered the entire front window of the car. Little Wang opened his mouth uncontrollably, his eyes wide. It was not fear, but more like surprise. His mind became more and more out of control.

However, Little Wang could feel a sense of peace and quiet. After a while, Little Wang realized that he was still driving the car forward, but it was as if he had just returned from somewhere else. The feeling was too strange, and Little Wang felt another voice telling him to go forward, that 'he' would soon go down.

At this time, Little Wang's mind was very clear, very calm, a type of clarity that he had never experienced before. Driving was very smooth, and his master later told him that this was because the ghost had a certain cultivation skill, and that he was controlling Little Wang's mind to not let his imagination run wild, so that he could safely get a ride.

When he arrived at his destination, Little Wang opened the door and got out of the car to pack his bags. Suddenly, he felt the clamor around him, and when he looked around, he realized that there were quite a few people around. He thought it was strange that he did not hear it when he got out of the car.

If one were to say that this hitchhiker's cultivation skill was not shallow, then one could tell from where he came from that one of the differences between a normal person and a cultivator was that his or her mental strength was steady. The stronger a cultivator was, the deeper his or her cultivation was, the stronger his or her mental strength was, and it was easier for them to control themselves and not be disturbed by the outside world. This was very important.

I told the story to Senior Brother Jules, who smiled, touched his lips with his index finger, and shook his head. I know he meant don't let me talk nonsense.

After staying in Beijing for a few more days, I began to feel more and more mysterious towards my senior brother, and although I didn't know what it was like to be unable to speak, when I thought about it, I felt very aggrieved. I couldn't say anything, I couldn't express anything.

I was surprised to see him sitting on a branch with his eyes closed. I was afraid that he might fall down, but I did not dare to disturb him, so I watched him carefully. When he heard my voice, he opened his eyes, smiled at me, and jumped down from the tree.



He stretched out both his arms and the tip of his feet touched the tree bark. He jumped down gracefully. I couldn't help but clap and say, "Senior Brother, your lightness skill is really amazing."

I don't think I've ever seen him with such negative emotions as worry, anger, anxiety, and jealousy. Of course, it's also possible that he didn't express these emotions, but in his eyes, one could tell that he was calm and wise. I really don't know what this young man who was only a few years older than me experienced to make him mature like this.

We were often together, and although he couldn't talk, I talked a lot, especially when we were together. He gave me a feeling of family, a sense of security, of not having to be bound or repressed.

People are actually quite strange, recently relatives gave you the greatest warmth, but also the greatest restraint, so no one wants to be alone, so no one wants to be in contact with others more, the deeper the contact, the happier it is, the happier it is, and the more restricted it is. No one wants to be bound, so one can only struggle between the warmth and the bondage, this is Buddhism's fate, in fact, everything in the world is made up of fate, no one can break away from it, all the people one meets in this life, they have been saved in their previous lives, saved in their previous lives, hurt in their current lives, no one can escape from it.

It could be said that this was a law of nature. I had told Brother Liang about the coin that he had mentioned to me, and I had thought that he would admire me. However, he had only smiled and nodded, writing the word 'En' on the paper.

I suddenly didn't have the desire to continue, until many years later, that year, the OICQ became QQ, more and more people liked to "Hur Hur", "Hmm" to make a perfunctory response, in fact, a kind of approval, but also revealed a kind of tiresome taste, stupid people can't discover, can't detect the other party's disgust.

He doesn't seem to easily express his feelings, but I know that he is trying to improve his mental strength by maintaining his composure. The meditation techniques that his senior martial uncle taught him are just to improve his mental strength, and those with good mental strength won't be seen by others. In this aspect, I think that my senior uncle and master aren't able to keep their emotions in check.

These days there were still flies in the room, and I helped Brother Juul clean up and clean up, and I followed behind him, talking to myself, and he listened, and a fly buzzed in his ear, and I hated things like flies and mosquitoes the most, and I nagged at them with a broom wheel, and Brother Juhle straightened up and looked, and suddenly he was as fast as lightning, and his right hand shot out and retracted, and the buzzing of the flies immediately disappeared, and when he looked again, there was a fly between his middle finger and thumb.

After throwing the fly's corpse into the trash bag, Senior Brother Juul continued to clean it expressionlessly. This move of his had stunned me. I was stunned for a moment before I immediately shouted, "Damn! Senior Brother, you're too strong!" His arms are a bit sturdy, so Uncle Master will definitely teach him some body tempering skills. But that move just now was too unexpected. I momentarily forgot that he couldn't speak and kept asking him how he did it.

Senior brother Juul ignored me and continued sweeping the floor. It was unknown when master came out, but he appeared behind me without anyone noticing and told me to leave tonight.

Suddenly, I asked Master why she was in such a hurry. Master didn't seem to be in a hurry, she only said that she had been here for a few days, it was time to go back.

That night, Senior Brother Juehe sent me and Master on a plane. Master Uncle was also going to come, but Master persuaded him to come, so he eventually gave Jun Qianli a farewell. If it was too much, it would only add to our sadness, and there was no need for Master Uncle Juehe to send us off, but before he left and saw Master Uncle Jueyou's reluctant expression, I felt a burst of sadness. I didn't know how old he was, but after Master and I left, there was actually a kind of reluctance for parents to see their children leave.

When my senior brothers grew up, they all left him, and my master also left him more or less. Although senior brother Juehe stayed with him for many years, he still can't understand the pain of love, the feelings of a person who cultivates the Dao will be a bit weaker, but from what I see, my master and uncle are obviously just ordinary blood brothers, and in Master's words, they both are unable to cultivate.

In the eyes of the high monks, we are all pitiful people who are struggling in the sea of misery. We are tortured by the misery of the human world, and only when we are completely rid of everything will we not feel pain. I have never been right or wrong about other people's opinions, but I cannot do it and I do not want to do it.

I sat with my master on the plane, curled up on the sofa, feeling comfortable and at ease. I don't know why, but in the past few days at Uncle Maestro's house, although I had a good meal and Uncle Maestro's house was very beautiful, I didn't feel as comfortable as I did on the plane. I didn't feel as comfortable as I did on the plane.

After I told this thought to my master, she smiled and said, "You're still young, so you don't understand how this world is the most comfortable. I told this thought to my master, who smiled and said," You're still young, so you don't understand.

I nodded. Master was right, only the most controllable place would make me feel comfortable. I curled up on the sofa and squinted my eyes. It was so comfortable. Maybe I knew that I was almost home, so I felt a sense of security on the plane.

My master said that my uncle was a simple person, that he had never enjoyed anything since he was young, that he was very strict with himself, that only he could treat his own disciples and juniors like this, and my uncle also said that even though he was a cultivator, he would never be able to cultivate properly in his entire life. In his own words, his heart was too strong for him to bear this kind of world.

Actually, there are a few people who are able to completely ignore external objects, and some might have already reached the Immortal Realm. I narrowed my eyes and looked out the window, feeling that the scenery outside the window was getting more and more beautiful, and also increasingly darker. Let alone, flying in the sky at night, this scenery is really really beautiful, even the stars in the sky can be seen.

Master taught me a simple technique for calming my mind. When looking at things, don't try to differentiate what I can see clearly, but rather, try to see clearly, not just squinting my eyes but actually just opening my eyes wide and relaxing my mind. At this time, looking at anything is a double image and there is no sense of distance, Master said that I can relax my mind this way.

Record of Strange News in Northeast - C59

C59

C59

It's still better to be at home. Outside, my heart is always empty and restless these days. My parents were very happy when they saw me come back, so they specially prepared a few dishes for Master to come with us.

The four of us had six dishes and we were filled with meat. My father opened a bottle of the Five Grains Liquid, and my master was so happy that he rubbed his nose with his hand and said with squinted eyes, "Good wine, good wine, it's been a long time since I've had such a good wine."

At seven in the evening, the four of us sat in a private room. Mom and Dad, in order to be quiet, intentionally closed the door, so as to avoid disturbing the customers, and Master's alcohol tolerance was very good. When Dad saw Master drinking a cup of wine without batting an eyelid, he praised my Master's alcohol tolerance and said, "This is nothing, I just entered the Dao because of alcohol, it's fate."

Asking him why he said so, his master didn't answer and changed the topic, saying that the dishes were well-cooked. Indeed, Northeast people's dishes were usually heavy, salty, and liked all kinds of sauces, while Sichuan food was very spicy. As the Sichuan cook got used to the northeastern flavor, he got a little salty while spicy, which made him even more popular in Northeast China.

Sometimes, the smell of spicy food is also very tempting, but I know that if I eat it I will have a stomachache, if I eat it twice, I will have diarrhea, but if I eat three mouthfuls then I will have no head. Master showed me that I am cold, but now my body fitness is much better, I was sick when I was young, I exchanged blood with Hu Tai Niu, and after practicing the body tempering technique Master taught me, my body is getting better, but after seeing the spicy food I kept away from me, the shadow I left behind was too heavy.

After three rounds of drinks, five dishes, a big tongue from my master, a red face from my father, and a few beers from my mother, I had a great time drinking Coke. It seemed interesting to see the three of them getting drunk.

My parents kept thanking my master. Old Mrs. Liu told me that I'm a difficult child to deal with, and that no powerful person would be able to manage things easily. Moreover, once something happens, it will be a big matter. In my parents' eyes, the biggest thing was going to jail.

Old Mrs. Liu's words frightened my parents, and coincidentally, Old Mrs. Liu wanted to take me in as a disciple. My parents were so happy that they thought Mrs. Liu was a powerful person who could control

me, and then Old Lady Liu died. My parents were momentarily at a loss, thinking that I was going to be left out of control in the future. Something is definitely going to happen. At this moment, my master appeared and said that Old Lady Liu entrusted me to him. At that time, my parents seemed to have seen their savior.

I don't know what my parents are worried about. I have always been an honest and introverted person, not to mention killing and arson, I have rarely fought with my classmates in school. At most, I would kick someone's butt when they weren't paying attention and run away, and my target would also only be Diao Yang and Zi Long, so I never thought that I would have the potential to go to jail.

His master boasted about how good his alcohol was as he poured it into his mouth without needing anyone to accompany him. My father saw that a bottle of Wuliangye was gone, and took out another bottle of Scattered White, the so called Scattered White was his own brewer's wine, sold in bulk or in weight, and the quality of the scattered white couldn't be guaranteed. Looking at the brewer's skills, my father's brewing skills are not bad, it's said that he learned it from my grandfather's younger brother, so why do I have to introduce him like this, because I've never seen this little grandpa before.

Seeing this, his Master became more spirited. Her sleepy eyes opened again. "Sure, this wine isn't bad. It's not worse than the Wuliangye Liquor just now." He poured himself a cup and took a sip, "Not only is it not bad, it's even better than that." I finished two glasses and burped. I patted my head lovingly and said, "This kid is pretty good, it's just that ..." "Bad luck, sigh." My mother said that this child is unlucky to have a master like you. My master shook his head and said, "Sigh, my master is nothing. I'm just a swindler, trying to swindle other people's children."

I don't know if my parents believe me or not when he says this, but I do not believe that the heroic deeds of resisting the flood with Old Lady Liu are still fresh in my mind. He is not someone who can be trusted by an old man, and my parents also thought that he was amusing himself by saying that if Master Xu was a godly person, then the godly person would be too powerful.

I am a waste, the heavens know better than I am. Senior Liu thought his fate would be more than a hundred, but who would have thought that he would die young, and at that time, he was only familiar with me. In fact, I can no longer be considered a Daoist.

His parents were surprised. Master Xu was a capable person in their eyes. What did he mean by calling himself a trash? Seeing how the three of us were looking for him, Master had too much to drink. Otherwise, he wouldn't have said it out loud. Sighing, Master told him his past.

His mother really could not support him, so he sent his master to the monastery. At that time, the old Daoist priest in the monastery was already seventy or eighty years old, and he probably did not properly cultivate his Taoist skills, and he was sick as well, but fortunately, there were a lot of people in the monastery, and there were a lot of disciples under the old Daoist priest, which was also his master's seniors. At that time, the oldest was even older than his master's mother, and with so many people under her tutelage, he was working with his master in the monastery every day.

At the age of eight or nine, the old Daoist Priest's junior brother, who was also my master's real master, had returned. Qian Zhenyuan had given him the nickname of "Boss Qian". Qian Zhen was the old Daoist Priest's junior brother, but she was much stronger than him. Her size was smart, and her skills were not something to be reckoned with. When she reached thirty years of age, she believed that she could no longer stay in the sect.

Qian Zhenyuan had been living in the mountains for dozens of years. He was confident in her abilities and was determined to save the people. From the little village at the foot of the mountain, he had no problem at all.

It was reasonable to say that during that month, when the people were not living in peace, it was difficult for them to eat. There were many bandits on the mountain, and all they did was just for a bite of food. Generally, this kind of bandit would just go down the mountain and rob some food, but even if you gave it to him, it would be fine.

The family that Qian Zhenyuan had borrowed had just married the day before. That year, they weren't as busy as they were now, and the villagers were simple as well. If it was now, how could they live in a newly-wed house? Even if you starve to death, you don't need to be in charge. This family was simple, and they knew that their Master was a Taoist on the mountain. They had just gotten married, so they cleaned up the other house and gave it to Qian Zhen to live in.

On the second day of the wedding, there was a group of bandits, perhaps it was rumored that this family was going to marry a new wife, or perhaps it was just a coincidence, on the second night, before it was completely dark, five or six people came riding their horses, armed with swords and spears, running towards them, this family did not think too much about it, they just had to admit their bad luck, the bandits at that time were quite reasonable, they did not offend people easily, they were forced by the poor to become bandits, they even asked for food from you, you are polite, of course, if you came against them, then don't blame them for being more ruthless than you, for killing like a person.

The bandits, on the other hand, were not like this. They went into the village, where the bandits' heads were only five or six, and their sideburns were big and tall, and their hair was all black, and their faces

were full of smiles as they came in. Their family name was Lin, and the groom, Lin Quan, was usually a simple and honest person, but he had offended the village chief, and if there was a village chief at that time, he would just be elected.

The son of the village chief was called Zhao Baohe, and that kid was not a good person. At that time, the village chief had a lot of children, and the village chief only had one child. Before, he never would have dared to think of this child, and this child was only found when the village chief was almost thirty years old.

They were all from the same village and basically knew each other. Lin Manchu was always together with his childhood sweetheart, Hua Qingmei, and one day Zhao Baohe saw it. Zhao Baohe was quite jealous and thought to himself: How is my Zhao Bao any worse than that Lin Manchuan? At that time, marrying a wife was easier said than done. Men were worthless, women were even more so, men could work, there was food to be had, women could not work, many families were looking forward to marrying their girls out.

The Village Chief had actually wanted to find Zhao Baohe a wife a long time ago, but this Zhao Baohe was a little arrogant, and even the village girls looked down on him.

How many pretty girls were there that year? On this day, Zhao Bao was chatting happily with Hua Qingmei, and the more he looked at Hua Qingmei, the more he liked her. As he thought about it, he went home and told his father that his father was trying to persuade Zhao Baohe that they were going to have a baby marriage and that Zhao Baohe was going to give up on it, and that if he wasn't happy, then I would become a Chinese Cyan Plum, and the more you said, the more stubborn I am, and the more he would mess with my father.

What does the mayor want?" No matter how old you are, as long as this couple agrees with you, as long as it's not a big deal. Moreover, this Zhao Bao looks really bad, he's short, ugly and inner-eight characters tall, he'll be out of breath after a few quick steps, he has a mole on his eyelid, a few boils on his neck, in the words of now, he's a fatty tumor, his hair is sparse, he looks like a living bastard from a distance, he's even worse at work, a twenty year old man, but he can eat a lot, a few big steamed buns and a big bowl of soup, he can sleep, he doesn't know how bad his body looks are.

Record of Strange News in Northeast - C60

C60

This brat was only interested in the pretty Hua Qingmei, who was a well-known beauty. She had to have a good figure and look, work very quickly, and have a big butt. At that time, people would pay attention to this and raise a big butt, which could give birth to a son.

Even if Hua Qingmei did not meet up with Lin Manchu, it would be impossible for them to be together. Zhao Bao and that head were shorter than Hua Qingmei, but Hua Qingmei's parents were not the kind of people who only knew how to exchange money for a wife.

One day, taking advantage of Hua Qingmei being in the field one day, he lost track of where Lin Manchu, who had always been together with her, was. Zhao Bao and this boy became extremely lustful, and immediately pounced on Hua Qingmei, wanting to rape her, but he didn't want to take the piss off of his own sickly body, and instead wanted to rape someone else. After half a day of tearing up, Lin Manchu came to observe the situation, and angrily beat Zhao Qingmei to death.

How could Zhao Bao and that small body handle this? After lying at home for half a month, his father had to ask him what was going on. Since Zhao Bao and his son had beaten him up for no reason, the Village Head was so angry that he went to find him. Now he finally understood that if it wasn't for the fact that Zhao Baohe was still lying on the brick bed, he would definitely have slapped him again.

When the village chief saw his son like this, he got really angry, ah, this was not like raising a son, ah, ah, raising a father, he did not know if he could point to him as a means of retirement, so he put down the idea of finding a wife for Zhao Bao. Which family girl would take a fancy to his son, what's wrong with him, what's wrong with eating, what's wrong with him, he was a lecherous man, and with a single look, there wasn't a good place for him to be, if he had known earlier, he would have thrown him out to feed the wolf when he was born.

If one were to say that Zhao Bao had a relationship with the bandits, then if one were to say that Zhao Bao had a relationship with them, then it would be said that the bearded man would rob their family. If one were to say that Zhao Bao had a relationship with the bandits, then the bearded man would rob their family, and if one were to say that Zhao Bao had a relationship with them, then it would be obvious that Zhao Bao would be of some use.



If he had nothing to do, it would be easy for him to get into trouble. Zhao Bao had nothing to do with idling around everyday, so he got distracted and went looking for his beard. What kind of idea could he come up with? Seeing that he wasn't going to win against Hua Qingmei, this kid didn't want to let Lin Manchu have it either. He told the bearded man how beautiful Hua Qingmei was, praising her like a fairy, causing the bearded man's heart to itch. He simply decided to go down the mountain and snatch her away.

This bearded man was nicknamed the Mountain Wind, he was already not a good person before he became a bearded man. In his own village, he was also a village tyrant, and after becoming a bearded man, he had more than ten people under him, which made him even more arrogant. When he heard that there was such a beauty in the village, he thought to himself, "My bearded man has to have a wife to suppress the villagers, otherwise, it would be boring."

On the second day of the wedding, Wind Crossing Mountain brought dozens of his men and went to Qingmei's room. Not only did he kidnap her, he also beat Lin Manchu up, causing this entire house to fall into chaos. Qian Zhenyuan was sleeping soundly, but this guy was like a pig when she woke up, not even waking up from the earthquake.

Qian Zhenyuan yawned and walked out to take a look, the whole yard was in a mess, crying and howling. Qian Zhenyuan was shocked, thinking, "What happened?" After asking, she saw Lin Manchuan sitting on the ground and howling, and she was so angry that he kicked Lin Manchu in the temple. She said, "What are you hitting me for, Qian Zhenyuan, tell me what's the use of crying, come with me and take your wife back."

Qian Zhenyuan said, "Come with me. If you find a horse, you can find one. If you can't find another horse, you can give it a whip and run with me."

Qian Zhenyuan sniffed the air as she ran. Behind him, Lin Man Cang was following him on a horse. If Qian Zhenyuan was really that capable, then even if Lin Man Cang was on a horse, he still wouldn't be able to keep up.

In the blink of an eye, they reached the old bearded man's nest. Lin Manchu did not dare to go in, but Qian Zhenyuan went in by herself. Those beards were still laughing merrily.

Qian Zhenyuan didn't even have the time to react before she had already taken a few kicks and a bunch of beards on the ground. If their tendons weren't broken or fractured, then they were all rolling on the

ground while clutching their wounds, rolling about. Ordinary monks rarely meddle in this matter, not to mention the fact that their hands were so heavy. Qian Zhenyuan didn't care about the beards.

Before he could pull out the gun, Qian Zhenyuan let out a furious roar, which sent Mountain Wind flying out. Her hands and feet were shaking, and her eyes were wide open, unable to say a word. Qian Zhenyuan stepped forward and grabbed onto Mountain Wind's right hand which was holding the gun, and with a "Ga Ba" sound, Mountain Wind's wrist drooped down.

You think this is a tough guy? Qian Zhenyuan's howl was a kind of method that could intimidate and intimidate the soul, and it was also the best against ghosts. Not to mention this normal person, Qian Zhenyuan did not even use his full strength when she was controlling his strength. Otherwise, the wind would have turned into a vegetable.

He wanted to go in, but he didn't dare to. Just as he was waiting for someone to come out, the person came out, and said that this stupid person was truly hateful, seeing Qian Zhenyuan helping his wife out, he took his wife and got her on his horse. After smiling at Qian Zhenyuan, she left, angered Qian Zhenyuan enough, "Do you have a f \* cking conscience? I saved your wife, but you don't even know how to thank me?" Lin Manchu's face was flushed red. He thanked Qian Zhenyuan for a long time, but Qian Zhenyuan didn't say the end of it. 'Help me clean up the firewood? What are you doing?' Lin Man Cang was about to ask Qian Zhenyuan: "If I tell you to go, you go. Why are you spouting so much nonsense?"

The inside of the beard was mostly broken, so he could only crawl and walk. Lin Mu Cang was gathering firewood, while Qian Zhenyuan was using the Divine Fire Talisman to light firewood. Originally, there was not much firewood, but Qian Zhenyuan was blowing on it.

The flames were so high that they were five or six meters away, and Qian Zhenyuan was still breathing. After blowing for a full ten seconds, the fire was so large that it was hard to say whether it was real or not, the flames were blue, there were ghosts crying and wolves howling, the undead beards crawling out, the beards that couldn't crawl out, the beards crawling out were all fire, the people who did not look like ghosts burning made Lin Manchu and Hua Mumei's faces pale, they had never seen such a scene before.

This way, no one escaped from the bearded man's nest. Qian Zhenyuan had used her Tao technique to kill a dozen ordinary people, and this was not a joke, and this was only the beginning. In the future, Qian Zhenyuan would have a lot of lives in her hands, and although she was a bad person, but the heavens were kind and she was a human, and Qian Zhenyuan's life path was becoming more and more difficult, so she relied on her ability to go against the current, becoming more and more courageous.

Qian Zhenyuan saw his master laughing at him, thinking that the heavens were helping him, and his master was also stunned. What was this person laughing at, it turned out that Qian Zhenyuan had always been taking in disciples, it was just that she despised his former disciple for being too stupid, it was just that this Qian Zhenguo was far too smart, he always added his own standards to others, so everyone could see that he was already so stupid. At that time, Qian Zhenyuan had already accepted the grand master and abandoned the grand master to let the grand master see his own grave.

Qian Zhenyuan had taken a fancy to his master and said that his master's eyes were filled with wisdom and she was a rare cultivator. After greeting the old Daoist in charge and taking his master away, his master thought that this sword was good, that there was no need to work every day and that there was still a chance to rise above the rest.

This Qian Zhen was too strict and treated his own disciple the same way. Regardless of whether his master was a child who had just turned nine years old, trained for three or nine days in the winter, trained for three or nine days in the summer, and was very tired, she didn't dare to resist, and even said "no" to his master, which could make his skin and flesh crack. In fact, Qian Zhen was pretty tolerant to his master, and when she saw that his master was lazy, she used some narrow bamboo.

Qian Zhenyuan was a man with a lot of knowledge, and she knew all kinds of heaven and earth treasures. At that time, she would eat a lot in the deep mountains, and Qian Zhenyuan's skill would go as she pleased, bringing out a lot of animals and herbs.

Master saw it with his own eyes, Qian Zhenyuan's martial arts skills came back home, he stepped on the branch and rubbed it against the tree, caught the bird, and also had the ability to dig treasure." Master saw it with his own eyes, Qian Zhenyuan's martial arts skills came home, she stepped on the branch, rubbed it against the tree, caught the bird, and had the ability to dig treasure.

What treasure could change the local air? It was much more, the antiques buried under the ground would grow old and be tainted with spiritual energy, and the herbs buried underground all year round could also change the local air. With this ability, Qian Zhen had dug out countless treasures that were hundreds or even thousands of years old to nourish her master's body.