

## Chapter 57: Organization and Summary

After pausing for a moment, Klein continued writing.

“The essence to resolving the problems with potions is through digestion, not simply controlling it. This can be understood in a straightforward manner.

“Merely controlling it would be akin to using the power of potions as an external tool. A tamed beast no matter how well controlled would ultimately not be a part of a person. The risk of it turning on them would be ever present. As for digestion, it is to view the downed potion as a part of them. They can break it down, fuse with it, absorb it, and form an overall system.

“I am currently certain of this point. What is more important is how ‘acting’ helps in digestion.

“According to my experience as a Seer today, I can make two hypotheses. They can be verified in the future.”

“One: Acting based on the potion’s name changes the state of one’s body, heart, and soul, making them closer to the remnant headstrong psyche of the potion’s core. This results in resonance which allows gradual assimilation and absorption.

“Two: The remnant headstrong psyche spirit of the magic medicine might be like a computer with complete defensive mechanisms. If one wishes to attack it and break it down, they will need to find a bug, security hole, or key. The name of the potion provides a corresponding clue; thus, we can disguise our body, heart, and soul as ‘part of the system’ through acting, and so we deceive the system’s defenses. This line of thought is

similar to Emperor Roselle's description.

"No matter which guess is right, there is no escaping the body, heart, and soul, for they are the only bridge between acting and the power of potions."

Klein put down his pen and looked at the paragraph of text. For a moment, he even wanted to thank the education he received from the Foodaholic Empire.

No matter if he chose science or engineering for his further education, he was equipped with the basics of logical thought. Otherwise, there was no way he could have become a keyboard warrior, nor would he have been able to analyze his current situation.

"Acting might have an effect, but we'll have to wait and see for the specifics," Klein guessed.

After that, he wrote down his second question.

"Why would a Seer, being more well-learned and professional in the domain of mysticism, be lacking in means when it comes to direct combat? Wouldn't being more well-learned and professional make a Seer even more powerful, giving them the ability to discover a way to defeat their enemies?"

"The reasons could be..."

"First, just like the web novels I've read in the past, I have transmigrated to a game world that has become reality. Thus, different 'jobs' come with different specialties that have to be balanced against each other. But up to this point, there has been

no sign of this world being a game, nor are there signs of mission-like developments. I'll put this reason on hold, but it's very unlikely.

"Second, the fundamental law of this world is balance. The Creator made this world with the core idea of balance.

"Third, potions at the same Sequence level would have the same level of power. It is the most optimal state based on what our forefathers found out and summarized. Exceeding this level of power would make it easier for one to collapse and lose control. Below this level of power would make it such that one would not obtain the desired Beyonder powers. Thus, under the situation of a balanced power level, being stronger in one area would naturally mean that one is weaker in another area.

"Fourth, everything in this world originated from the same source; they were formed by the remnants of the Creator. Thus, everything in this world is technically fragments of the Creator, and the fact that they have to complement each other would mean that there are inherent shortcomings to an individual.

"I am leaning towards the third and fourth reasons, but the latter stems from an unconfirmed myth and can only serve as a guide.

"Thus, I shall use the third reason as a guide, and try to ascertain it using my current knowledge and future studies."

At this point, Klein had already written two full pages but did not stop. Instead, he penned a new question.

"From what I learned today, my luck enhancement ritual is categorized as a classic ritualistic magic.

“Similar kinds of ritualistic magic can be split into three parts, the first being a sacrifice that sparks the interest of a corresponding existence. The second is comprised of incantations specifically describing the existence in question. The third is using simple formatting and symbols to convey what one is asking for.

“Using this as a benchmark to analyze the luck enhancement ritual, there’s an obvious problem. “There is no third part!

“It has the sacrifice aspect in the placement of staple foods and walking a square in a counterclockwise manner with four steps. There is also a clear indication who the incantation is for, such as the phrase, ‘The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.’

“But all I did after was close my eyes and wait. There was nothing in the ritual that described the goal of enhancing my luck.

“In other words, the corresponding existence has no way of knowing what the so-called luck enhancement ritual is asking for, and can only do as they see fit... Do as they see fit...

“What a troll! Isn’t that darn ‘Quintessential Divination and Arcane Arts of the Qin and Han Dynasty’ too much of a troll?

“I must have had rocks in my head back then for trying...”

Klein stopped writing and took two deep breaths, trying hard to calm himself down.

He spat out a foul breath and continued writing.

"I can consider re-designing the ritual, making it more complete. The motive of the ritual shall be to return to Earth, back to the world with my parents and friends.

"Then here comes the question: was the entity truly acting on a whim? Or is there a deeper meaning to it?

"Also, is the entity that the descriptive incantations point towards in this world the same one from Earth?

"If so, the difference in results between the first and second ritual could be explained as the entity doing as it wishes. But the results of me appearing above the gray fog during the second and third time, while being able to connect to Justice and The Hanged Man has basically no differences. Why would that be so?

"If the fourth ritual tomorrow afternoon shows me the same stable results, that would mean that the effects are consistent. That would mean that the unknown entity has an agenda I do not know about. If that is the case, adding new descriptions and requests would not get me a clear response. In fact, it might complicate the ritual and result in adverse effects.

"Would the difference between the first ritual and the subsequent rituals—under the premise that the entity I called upon is the same one—mean that the results would be different depending on the world I'm in? It is like I am using a different interface...

"Then how can I design it to obtain my desired outcome?

"If I think that the entities behind the first and subsequent rituals are different, some of the questions can be perfectly answered. But similarly, the stability of the results in the second and third rituals would mean that the entity I am praying to has

a certain agenda, and there is no way I can change that for the time being.

“The most important question is the identity of the entity that the ritual is directed. Where is He, and why doesn’t He give me any clues or guidance?

“Could He be deep in the world of fog?

“Hmm, can I treat Him as an entity in slumber, an entity that would give fixed responses if I give Him a certain stimulus, but would not interfere with what I do other than that?

“Then I can introduce a different ritual as a stimulus and conclude whether the feedback I receive is regular. That way, I can find the correct method of returning.

“But the problem lies in the possibility that He is not asleep. In that case, such tests might result in terrifying outcomes. It might be really dangerous.

“The first attempt must be conducted with extreme caution. The design must not anger the being...

“What a headache. I need more knowledge.”

Klein sighed and gave a summary.

Finally, he wrote down other miscellaneous items.

“There are always formless voices resonating in my ears,

shouting ‘Hornacis and... uh, was it saying Frygrea or Feygrea?

“Hornacis is the mountain range dividing the Loen Kingdom and the Intis Republic. Its main peak is six thousand meters above sea level.

“According to the records in the Antigonus family’s diary, there existed a Nation of the Evernight in the Fourth Epoch. Is the Nation of the Evernight related to the Evernight Goddess—is there any connection between the two? Are they allies or enemies? Was the Antigonus family obliterated by the Church of Evernight due to Nation of the Evernight?

“Did I hear murmurings coming from the diary, from the howls of the Antigonus family over one or two thousand years?

“What then does Frygrea, uh—Flegrea mean?

“An interesting question. To be able to leave behind such a diary, to leave behind Sealed Artifact 2-049 implies that the Antigonus family had possession of a relatively powerful Beyonder power. If that is so, which Sequence did they possess? Was it complete or not complete?

“My realization that the diary is in the hands of Ray Bieber was a bit of a coincidence, but without any indication of it being arranged, could my fate really be tied up with that diary’s?”

...

His ideas were penned on the pieces of paper. Klein tried his best to write down the events he had experienced and his guesses about their meaning.

He wrote a total of four pages on both sides of each paper.

*Rip!* Klein suddenly tore off the four pages and read them from top to bottom, sometimes marking certain sections with his pen, adding a few sentences at other times.

Time flew quickly. The crimson moon was temporarily covered by dark clouds. Klein picked up the pocket watch on the table, snapped it open, and looked at the time.

He put down the watch and took out a box of matches from his drawer. He lit one and brought it close to the four pages of notes.

The orange flame ignited the edges of the paper and quickly spread.

Klein placed the notes on top of the wooden dustbin and watched the ashes drop.

He then released his fingers, allowing the papers to fall. In just ten seconds, everything had disappeared. All that was left was the still-swirling ash and the charred bottom of the dustbin.

As there was Emperor Roselle's secret diary in this world, Klein did not dare leave behind any evidence that he knew how to write Chinese—if Old Neil and the rest discovered the four pieces of paper he wrote, he would have no idea how to explain the matter.

And while writing the confidential questions, Klein was worried that the one paying attention to his dreams would be able to see and decipher the contents no matter which language he used, be it Loen, ancient Feysac, or Hermes. Therefore, he could only write



notes in Chinese to organize and summarize. After he was done with the task, he burned the notes to leave no traces.

And precisely because there was no way of saving, he set up a plan for himself. He would do this summary once a week just in case he forgot anything.

As he watched the ashes fall, Klein pulled out a white piece of paper. He wrote the title: "To my respected mentor,"

He wanted to write to Senior Associate Professor Quentin Cohen, asking if he had any relevant historical information about the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.