

Chapter 100: Interpreting Symbols

“Clues to the Clown potion.”

...

On the seat of honor at the ancient bronze table, Klein repeated the divination statement a few times before leaning back and entering a deep sleep.

His surroundings quickly became peaceful and quiet. He saw a hazy view, with countless distorted and blurry scenes flashing past, just like drops of morning dew on tender flower petals.

Gradually, Klein grasped his spirituality and came to his senses.

He saw a fireplace before him with a rocking chair in front of it. Sitting on it was an old woman dressed in black and white.

Although he couldn't see her face since she was hanging her head low, Klein's gut feeling told him that she was an old lady. And he was pretty certain about it.

The old lady was facing a desk directly. There were newspapers and tin cans inlaid with silver on the desk.

“This is...” Klein found the scene before his eyes very familiar, and he quickly recognized what he saw.

This was where Ray Bieber and his mother stayed!

This was where he saw a bloated cadaver for the first time!

“There are clues that point to the Clown potion here?” Just as Klein’s thoughts flashed past, the scene around him transformed.

It was a grayish-white warehouse, hidden among identical buildings.

There were white bones scattered all around, and a few balls of flesh that looked like they had been squashed by a boulder.

In the middle of the warehouse was a grayish-white object that was the size of a fist. Its surface was filled with ditches and it looked soft but ductile. It looked like a brain that had been extracted out of a living being.

Just as Klein recognized the scene and recalled something, the scene before him distorted like rippling water before transforming into another new blurry scene.

A naked body was laid on a long table covered with a white cloth. There were some bluish, discolored patches on the corpse’s skin.

Klein suddenly knitted his eyebrows and muttered, “It was first the images of Ray Bieber’s hiding place and his remains, and now, it’s related to the brand on the suited clown’s wrist?”

Just as he attempted to speculate what the scenes meant, the scene suddenly changed again.

A marble coffee table, a set of two leather couches, and a chandelier that hung high on the ceiling.

There were three people—Klein Moretti, who had black hair, brown eyes, and a scholarly temperament; a wealthy man with a chubby body and pale skin; and a beautiful young lady with fishnet gloves.

Following that, it was another three people and an object—a middle-aged man in a black robe who had thick spiky brown hair; a wealthy man with a chubby body and pale skin; a half-century-old elder with messy eyebrows, thin brown hair, and gray-blue eyes; and a black notebook on the round table in-between all of them, a notebook that exuded an ancient and distant air.

The Antigonus family's notebook!

Klein suddenly sat up straight and the dream vanished.

Looking outside the divine hall where there was boundless gray fog and crimson stars, he thought in both shock and confusion.

I was divining for clues to the Clown potion... Why would the Antigonus family's notebook show up?

Let me think, let me think, that chubby guy was Welch. Yes, Welch, an unfortunate fella who bought the Antigonus family's notebook and triggered a sequence of incidents... The beautiful young lady wearing fishnet gloves was Naya...

I remember, the marble coffee table and leather couch combination is a hallmark of Welch's place. I saw Spirit Medium

Daly there.

In other words, what I saw was Welch's living room. It was a scene where the original Klein and his two classmates were discussing the notebook.

Klein calmed himself down and tapped on the edge of the long bronze table rhythmically.

Then, what does the last scene represent? The notebook appeared, Welch appeared. Could it be the scene where he bought the ancient item?

There were another two people, and one of them looked very familiar. I feel like I've seen the middle-aged man in the classic black robe somewhere before... That spiky brown hair, severe dark eye circles... Yes, I know who is he now. Hanass Vincent from the Divination Club, the Hanass Vincent who 'died peacefully' after Captain snuck into his dream, having learned that Selena secretly obtained the secret incantation from him!

No way, he was the one that sold the notebook to Welch?

Everything appears to be coming full circle. The world sure is small, no—Tingen is really small! On careful thought, it really is a possibility that Hanass Vincent wasn't an ordinary fortune-teller. He was obviously deep into mysticism and obtained the attention of an ancient evil god. He had the channels, ability, and opportunity to acquire the notebook that was accidentally released by the Secret Order...

It's no wonder Captain and company never figured out where Welch bought the notebook. Their investigative approach was entirely wrong. They had attempted to investigate via the antique market... But when the actual whereabouts of the notebook was

found, they gave up on that lead.

What a pity, Hanass Vincent just passed away not too long ago. Otherwise, we definitely could've found out something regarding the notebook... Since he was involved in mysticism, he should've researched the notebook... His death was way too coincidental!

However, there was another person at the scene, a man in his fifties. He might know quite a bit of what happened.

Klein stopped tapping his fingers on the edge of the table and looked through every scene of his dream divination once more.

Ray Bieber's house, Ray Bieber's hideout spot, the remains of Ray Bieber, the brand on the suited clown's wrist, Welch's house; Welch, Naya, and original Klein's exchange; Welch, Hanass Vincent, and the Antigonus family notebook's 'group photo'. Hehe, besides the brand on the suited clown, everything else is directly related to the Antigonus family's notebook!

But I had divined for clues to the Clown potion... This isn't scientific, nor does it make mystical sense!

After becoming a Seer, Klein once tried to divine where Welch had bought the Antigonus family's notebook, but he never considered using the unique qualities that the area above the gray fog possessed. As such, he had failed to receive any revelations, but now, he had chanced upon the truth by divining something separate.

After spending nearly twenty seconds to calm down, Klein summarized the context provided by Roselle's diary and attempted to interpret his dream divination.

The first possibility: Zaratul or should I say, the Secret Order, was searching and pursuing the relics of the Antigonus family. So, the symbolic meaning of the dream is to use matters related to the Antigonus family to lure the Secret Order into appearing, so as to obtain the Clown potion's formula.

The second possibility: the Clown potion's formula is directly recorded in the Antigonus family's notebook... The fact that the Zaratul family is seeking the relics of the Antigonus family implies that they share very deep connections. They could've been allies or enemies. Hence, it seems fairly natural that the Antigonus family possessed parts of their Sequence. Things would be obvious if they were allies, but enemies are the ones who would know each other the best...

But the second explanation wouldn't be able to link it to the brand on the suited clown. Sigh, I do wish that the second explanation were true though. When the Holy Cathedral finds an expert to interpret the notebook, I would be able to obtain the Clown potion without any risk.

It seems that the first explanation is the most plausible. My gut feeling as a Seer tells me that there might be a deeper symbolic meaning.

Having thought of this, Klein massaged his forehead and suddenly realized the limitations of a Seer.

Unless it was a very simple and straightforward sign, a Seer had to be extremely careful when making interpretations. It was just like walking on the edge of the abyss or walking on a thin layer of ice over a lake's surface. The suited clown's outcome was an actual and bloody example of what a single mistake in interpretation or failure to grasp a key point could result in!

In that instant, Klein had an illusion of himself mastering the

true essence of a Seer. He seemed to be just one step away from digesting the potion completely.

“Thank you for enlightening me with your life... Praise the Lady!” he muttered and drew a crimson moon before his chest.

Then he divined whether Azik had good intentions or if he was an amazing Beyonder. He received confirmations for both of them.

Eventually, the continuous divinations exhausted Klein. He had no choice but to stop churning through his thoughts and decide on the crucial matters that he needed to attend to.

I have to find the man that appeared in the same scene with Welch, Hanass Vincent, and the Antigonus family’s notebook as soon as possible!

I can begin my search with the Divination Club.

I can’t just confront Mr. Azik. Yes, he might be a Mid-Sequence Beyonder of the Life School of Thought, but there’s a lack of information, making it impossible for me to divine...

Phew. Klein let out a breath and conjured the portrait of the half-century-old elder with messy eyebrows, thin brown hair, and gray-blue eyes on the goatskin that appeared before him.

This was the third person present when the Antigonus family’s notebook was traded between Welch and Hanass Vincent!

Looking at the portrait, Klein suddenly fell into a dilemma.

I can't draw. During art class in primary school, I was always the one receiving the greatest criticism from the teachers.

Should I use ritualistic magic like Old Neil? This was done by praying to the Goddess... If I were to use the uniqueness of the area above the gray fog... I would be in trouble if the divinities noticed something amiss!

Hold on a second, perhaps I can pray to myself! Transmitting images and transmitting voices are similar... Although I'm temporarily unable to access the mysterious power above the gray fog, accomplishing such a minor matter shouldn't be a problem!

Having thought of this, Klein immediately emanated his spirituality to envelop himself to simulate the feeling of falling.

Back in his bedroom, he lit the gas lamp and ‘prayed.’

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era;

“You are the mysterious ruler above the gray fog;

“You are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck;

“I pray for your revelation and pray that you allow me to draw what I’ve seen.”

After reciting the incantation, Klein didn’t splash essential oils or burn any herbs to gain the help of their powers.

It was just that informal when praying to oneself!

There were suddenly murmurs in his ears as he saw the four black dots that formed a square surface on the back of his hand.

He walked four steps counterclockwise and recited the incantation before penetrating the maniacal chaos to return to the area above the gray fog.

This time he didn't see any of the crimson stars shrinking or expanding. But behind the seat of honor at the long bronze table, the strange symbol formed by a partial Pupil-less Eye and partial Contorted Lines shimmered weakly as it produced illusory prayers.

Klein held his ear to it and listened. After making sure that there were no mistakes, he conjured the portrait of the 'third person', and cast it towards the flowing light in accordance to the prayer's format.

After everything was done, he immediately left the mysterious world above the gray fog and returned to his bedroom.

Just as he found his footing, a portrait surfaced immediately in front of Klein's eyes. Furthermore, he sensed a weak and illusory power augmenting him.

He picked up a fountain pen and found a piece of white paper and expressed his intent.

Klein was surprised to find his right hand moving uncontrollably as it quickly drew lines.

Before long, he saw a lifelike portrait of the 'third person'.

After writing down the hair and eye colors, as well as other unique characteristics, Klein heaved a sigh of relief despite the spasms of his right hand.

The illusion before his eyes rapidly dissipated.