

Chapter 35: Exchange of Information

Roselle Gustav's secret diary?

Emperor Roselle?

Indeed, only such matters are worth the concern of a mighty figure like Mr. Fool... Audrey was first taken aback before she realized that she found it nothing surprising.

Rumor had it that Emperor Roselle had once seen the Blasphemy Slate. It was said that the secret cards he created hid the twenty-two paths of the divine. This was something every high-Sequence Beyonder would definitely pay attention to!

“Diary? That’s a diary?” Alger frowned slightly as he keenly noticed this tidbit.

The item which Roselle Gustav had left behind had been described by Mr. Fool as a diary!

How did he know?

How did he determine it?

Could he know the way to decipher Roselle's cryptic text?

Faced with The Hanged Man's question and having obtained the desired effect, Klein leaned back into his chair and interlocked

his hands. He answered in a relaxed manner, "Let us first view it as a diary for now."

He did not deny or confirm it.

Audrey had heard the children of other nobles mention the matter. However, she had never really learned much of it. With her curiosity piqued, she asked, "It's said that Emperor Roselle's, well, diary was written in a cryptic language or symbols he invented."

"Yes," answered Alger simply. "Some people believe that it is a unique set of symbols from mysticism. Others believe that it is a hieroglyph. But up to today, no one has found the correct way of deciphering it. At the very least, that's all I know."

With that said, he turned his head at Klein in a bid to get some confirmation or show his suspicions.

They are texts that have been passed down for generations, so are no longer in their original state. According to your line of thought, how can it be deciphered... Klein maintained his calm as he secretly gave a self-deprecating laugh.

As for how to handle the symbols of mysticism, he instantly thought of a ridiculous and funny scene.

Dressed in a black-pointed hat and long robe, an evil mage pulls up his sleeve to reveal a symbol tattooed on his arm. It was said that this was a symbol with mysterious power left behind by Emperor Roselle. They were written in two blue, large simplified Chinese characters:

“Retarded Joker!”

The corners of Klein’s mouth curved up slowly as he found himself in a good mood.

After hearing The Hanged Man’s description, Audrey said in a stumped manner, “We can’t understand the symbols or the words... Then, how are we to pass the information to you, Mr. Fool? Or are we to mail it somewhere?”

This is quite an important question... I do not have the means to accept an item secretly... Klein was in no hurry to answer. He repeatedly released his thumbs from his interlocked hands before tapping them back again.

Soon, he thought of a solution.

Since I can create a divine palace and table according to my wishes in here, would it be possible to project the content in the minds of others here?

I’ll give it a try...

At that moment, Audrey and Alger saw Mr. Fool slowly sit up amid the thick grayish fog.

“Miss Justice, let us give it a try. Imagine a paragraph of text and give it the emotions of writing it with urgency. Yes, pick up the fountain pen beside you and write on the piece of paper.”

Before Klein finished his sentence, Audrey saw a piece of yellowish-brown goatskin parchment and a dark red fountain

pen in front of her.

She picked up the fountain pen both curiously and doubtfully. In accordance with the instructions, she imagined a poem Emperor Roselle once wrote:

“If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind [1]?”

After scrutinizing the text, she picked up her fountain pen and imbued them with the desire of projecting them out.

Klein sensed the emotions and using the fountain pen as a medium, he guided her.

The moment Audrey landed her fountain pen, she saw a line appear on the goatskin parchment.

“If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?”

“Goddess, how fascinating!” Audrey exclaimed in astonishment while feeling rueful.

Following that, she looked at Klein with some fear.

“Mr. Fool, can you read what I’m thinking?”

“No, I’m only guiding you. I simplified the process of writing for you and made it become an imprint. If you did not wish to express it, nothing would appear.” Klein placated her with a low tone.

“Is that so... Then we can only memorize the symbols or the way the cryptic text looks like. Then, we can present it directly as we wish?” Audrey heaved a sigh of relief as she asked in enlightenment.

“Yes.” Klein answered.

“That’s not a bad method. Miss Justice, do not doubt your memory. After becoming a Spectator, you will receive immense improvement in this aspect.” Alger had watched the attempt from the side, fully coming to the realization that The Fool was more powerful and mysterious than he imagined.

As for his memory, he believed that the next advancement would improve it sufficiently.

Regarding this, Audrey nodded in delight.

“You have delighted me with this reminder. Mr. Hanged Man, do you have any other guidance on Spectators?”

With that said, she looked toward the Seat of Honor.

“Mr. Fool, I will work hard to complete your mission. I will do my best to gather more of Emperor Roselle’s secret diary.”

“I mentioned before that I’m a person who likes a fair and equal exchange. The advanced payment I gave is only equivalent to two pages of the diary for each person. If there are more, I will give additional in return,” Klein said calmly, like he was an adult who did not take advantage of children.

As for where the additional payment could come from, it was naturally from the newly acquired Emperor Roselle diary pages. This formed a virtuous cycle.

“You are truly a generous gentleman.” Alger fell silent for a few seconds before bowing slightly with his hand by his chest.

After the bow, he turned to Justice and said, “Let me emphasize once more. A Spectator will forever be a spectator.

“I know that many Spectators enjoy imagining themselves to be the protagonist or some other character. As a result, they invest a lot of feelings into it, to the point of crying, laughing, raging, and turning sorrowful because of the drama. However, that is not what a Spectator should do.

“While faced with the various dramas of society and figures who knowingly or unknowingly act the role of particular characters, you have to maintain the attitude of being an absolute bystander. Only then can you calmly and objectively observe them. You will discover their habits, their tics from lying, or their scent of nervousness. From those minute clues, you can grasp their true thoughts.

“Believe me, everyone is different because of their emotions. They will secrete different ‘things’ and different smells. However, only a real Spectator can sniff it out.

“Once you invest too many of your emotions, your observation will be influenced. Your sensitivity towards the emotions of others will deviate.”

Audrey listened attentively as her eyes brightened gradually.

“It sounds, really, really interesting!”

Klein’s heart stirred when he heard that.

The Spectator potion’s requirement when summarized seemed to be “an absolutely objective and neutral spectator.”

In a particular sense, it was equivalent to acting...

Acting?

Was this the ‘acting’ which Emperor Roselle was referring to?

Then, I will have to act as a Seer, and from there, digest the potion bit by bit?

Just as Klein was immersing himself in thought, Alger finished explaining the demands he knew of a Spectator. He sighed before saying, “It seems like there’s nothing else?”

“Perhaps we can have a casual chat. We can talk about things happening around us. Perhaps it is something very normal to you, but in the ears of others, it might be a very important clue.”

“Sure.” Klein snapped back and nodded slightly.

He was already planning to attempt to act as a Seer. After all, it did not seem like there were any negative effects from doing so.

“Then, shall we begin with you, Mr. Hanged Man?” Audrey agreed in excitement.

Alger thought for a moment before saying, “The infamous pirate who calls himself Admiral Ludwell has begun his voyage to explore the eastern end of the Sonia Sea again.”

“Oh? The owner of the Black Tulip?” returned Audrey with a question after some thought.

“Yes,” Alger replied with a nod.

I don't even know who that is... Klein listened silently while he pondered over the news he planned on sharing. It had to be something that did not expose him while also allowing him to gain feedback.

Soon, he decided. He maintained his unfathomable image as The Fool and caressed the side of the bronze table with his fingers.

“According to what I know, the Secret Order has lost an Antigonus family notebook.”

This news was not only known by the Nighthawks from Tingen City. The Secret Order as well as Beyonders with close ties with them similarly knew.

“An Antigonus family notebook?” Alger repeated before smiling with a shake of his head. “I’m really curious as to what reaction the Church of Evernight will have if they learn of it.”

Why would he mention the Church of Evernight? Klein acutely

sensed a problem, but it was not appropriate for him to ask.

That would shatter his image as the mysterious and profound Fool.

At that moment, Audrey asked out of curiosity, “Why are you curious? What sort of special reaction would the Goddess’s church have?”

Alger smiled and said, “The Antigonus family was destroyed by the Church of Evernight.”

“I’m not really sure if it happened at the end of the Fourth Epoch or the early stages of the present epoch.”

This... Klein’s pupils constricted as a chill suddenly swept through him.

From the looks of it, the value the Nighthawks have placed on this Antigonus notebook far exceeds my imagination!

The reason why they nominated me as a Beyonder—having some contribution and to prevent danger to me are likely negligible reasons—is that they wish for me to raise my spiritual sensitivity to aid them in finding the notebook.

This was not kept from me by Captain. He had mentioned it, but I just didn’t pay much attention to it...

After hearing The Hanged Man’s explanation, Audrey said with deep interest, “I never imagined that such a thing would happen...

“Alright, my turn. Let me think of what I have to share.”

She cocked her head and held her head up with her hand before chuckling.

“Yesterday, my etiquette teacher taught me how to faint, how to faint elegantly without any faux pas. It’s a practical skill used at social events to avoid awkward situations or nasty guys... Heh heh. I was just organizing my thoughts. What I really wanted to say is that ever since the failure of the battle on Balam’s eastern shore, the king, premier, and gentlemen are under immense stress. They eagerly wish to change.”

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1. Adapted from Ode to the Wind which is an ode, written by Percy Bysshe Shelley.