

Chapter 38: Novice Hobbyist

Upon hearing Klein's question, the beautiful lady with elegantly tied-up brownish-yellow hair appeared to lose her patience. However, she maintained her smile and said, "Our members are free to do divination for others in the club. They also have their prices and we take a very tiny cut as a fee. If you wish to have your fortune told, you can take a look at this album. It has introductions and rates of the members who are willing to do divination for others."

"However, it's Monday afternoon, so most of our members are busy at work. We only have five here today..."

As she introduced the club, she invited Klein to have a seat on the sofa beside a window in the reception hall. Then, she flipped through the album and pointed out the present club members.

"Hanass Vincent. Famous Tingen fortune-teller. The club's resident mentor. Good at various forms of divination. He charges four soli each time."

It's really expensive... That's enough to feed Benson, Melissa, and me to two sumptuous dinners... Klein clicked his tongue silently and did not reply.

When the woman saw this, she continued flipping the page and introducing one member after another.

"...And the final one, Glacis. A member who joined the club this year. He is skilled in tarot divination. He charges two pence each time."

“Sir, who do you plan on choosing?”

Klein did not stand on ceremony and answered, “Mr. Glacis.”

“...” The female attendant fell silent for two seconds before saying, “Sir, I have to remind you that Mr. Glacis is only considered a novice.”

“I understand. I will be responsible for my own decision.” Klein nodded with a smile.

“...Then please follow me.” The woman stood up and led Klein through a door beside the reception hall.

It was not a very long corridor and an open meeting room was situated at its end. There was enough sunlight and it was equipped with tables and chairs. There were newspapers, magazines, and paper cards. A faint coffee aroma drifted out.

About two rooms from the meeting room, the attendant gestured for Klein to stop. She sped up her pace and entered the room. She shouted gently, “Mr. Glacis, someone wishes for your divination.”

“Me?” A voice filled with surprise and doubt immediately sounded. Following that, there was the sound of a chair moving.

“Yes, which divination room would you like to use?” replied the lady without any emotion.

“Topaz Room. I like topaz.” Glacis appeared by the meeting room’s door and looked curiously at Klein who was waiting not

far away.

He was a man in his thirties; his skin was slightly dark and his pupils were a dark green shade. Under his light, yellow and soft hair, he was dressed in a white shirt and black vest. A monocle hung from his chest and he seemed to have a good disposition.

The attendant did not say anything further as she opened the door to the Topaz Room which was next to the meeting room.

The curtains inside were tightly shut, making it dim. It appeared that only by doing so would one gain revelations from the gods and spirits to obtain an accurate divination outcome.

“Hello there. I’m Glacis. I never expected you to choose me for your divination.” Glacis gave a gentleman’s bow, briskly stepped into the room, and sat behind a long table. “Frankly, I’m only attempting divination for others. I do not have much experience. For now, I’m not a good fortune-teller. You still have a chance for regret.”

After Klein returned the bow, he entered and closed the door behind him.

By the light seeping through the curtains, he said with a smile, “You are a really honest man, but I’m someone who is very firm on his choices.”

“Please have a seat.” Glacis pointed at the seat in front of him and thought for a few seconds. “Divination is my hobby. Heh heh. In life, one often receives guidance from the divine, but the ordinary person is unable to accurately understand the meaning. This is the reason why divination exists and also why I joined this club. In this aspect, I still lack confidence. Let’s make the divination that follows an exchange, a free exchange. How do

you like my suggestion? I'll cover the fees the club requires. It's just a quarterpence."

Klein did not agree or shake his head. Instead, he smiled.

"From the looks of it, you have a pretty well-paying and decent job."

While he said so, he leaned his body forward slightly. He held his forehead with his right fist and tapped at it twice.

"But that does not enhance the accuracy of my divination," answered Glacis humorously. "Does your head hurt? Do you want to divine problems regarding health?"

"A little. I wish to divine where an item is." Klein had already thought of an excuse as he slowly leaned back.

In his eyes, Glacis's aura clearly presented itself. The orange colors by his lungs were dark and sparse. They even influenced the brightness in other areas.

This is not a symptom of exhaustion... Klein nodded in an indiscernible manner.

"Are you searching for a lost item?" Glacis thought for a few seconds before saying, "Then let's do a simple determination."

He pushed the neatly stacked tarot cards on the black table toward Klein.

“Calm down. Think of that item and ask yourself ‘can it still be found.’ While doing so, shuffle and cut the deck.”

“Alright.” Klein actually did not remember what the ancient notebook looked like. All he could do was repeat the question to himself: *Can the Antigonus family’s notebook still be found?*

While he repeated the thought, he skillfully shuffled and cut the deck.

Glacis picked the topmost card and pushed it in front of Klein. The card was facing down horizontally.

“Turn it clockwise until it sits vertical. Then flip it open. If the card is inverted, which means the picture on the card is facing away from you, it indicates that the item cannot be found. If the card is upright, then we can continue the divination and seek its actual location.”

Klein followed his instructions and turned the horizontal card vertical.

He clasped the end of the tarot card and flipped it over.

It was an inverted card.

“What a pity.” Glacis sighed.

Klein did not respond because his attention was focused on the tarot card in front of him.

The inverted card's picture was dressed in gorgeous clothes and splendid headdress—The Fool!

It's The Fool again? It can't be so coincidental, right... According to the Hanged Man and Old Neil, divination is the outcome of the communication of spirituality and the spirit world with a higher-dimensional "me." Tarot cards are only a convenient tool to read what the truth symbolizes. In theory, using any divination item doesn't matter as it doesn't affect the outcome... Klein frowned as he thought for a moment.

"Can it be divined whether the item is already in the hands of others?"

"Of course. Follow the same procedure and do it again." Glacis nodded with rich interest.

Klein shuffled and cut the deck while thinking of his question.

He drew a card and placed it horizontally before turning it vertical clockwise. He finished all the preparations with a serious expression.

Taking a deep breath, Klein reached out his hand and flipped over the tarot card.

Please do not be The Fool again...

While praying, he suddenly relaxed because the card was that of The Star and it was inverted!

"From the looks of it, the item has not been taken by others yet,"

interpreted Glacis with a smile.

Klein nodded and raised his right hand. He tapped his glabella, looking as though he was deep in thought. Then, he took out two pennies with a dark copper luster from his pocket and pushed it towards Glacis.

“Didn’t I say it was free?” Glacis said with a frown.

Klein laughed as he got up.

“This is the respect divination deserves.”

“Alright, thank you for your generosity.” Glacis stood up and reached out his hand.

After shaking his hand, Klein took two steps back and turned around. He walked to the door and twisted the doorknob.

Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly turned his head and made a terse sound.

“Mr. Glacis, I suggest that you see a doctor as soon as possible. Focus on your lungs.”

“Why?” asked Glacis in surprise.

Are you cursing me because you aren’t pleased with the divination results?

Klein thought for a moment before saying, “It’s a symptom based on the color of your face. You, well... your glabella seems dark. [1]”

“Glabella seems dark...” It was the first time Glacis was hearing such a description.

Klein did not explain further as he walked out the room with a smile. He closed the wooden door behind him.

“Is he an unlicensed doctor or a herbalist?” Glacis shook his head, amused. He then picked up his monocle for divination.

On careful look, he realized his glabella was indeed dark.

But this was a problem of the environment. In the darkness due to the closed curtains, not only was his glabella dark, his entire face was shrouded in darkness!

“It’s not a very likable joke.” Glacis muttered.

He worriedly divined his own health to make sure that everything was alright.

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After leaving the Divination Club, Klein had an additional plan for the future.

It was to save as much money as possible to pay the annual fee to become a member of the club. After which, he could begin

acting as a Seer.

As for why he did not choose to do it independently, it was because he temporarily lacked the resources and channels. He could not bring himself to stand on the streets as a hawker since he cared for his reputation.

A few minutes later, the public carriage arrived. He spent two pence and reached Zouteland Street which was not very far off.

He pushed open the door to Blackthorn Security Company but did not see the familiar brown-haired girl. He only saw the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell with his poetic bearing behind the reception counter.

“Good afternoon. Where’s Rozanne?” Klein asked after taking off his hat and bowing.

Leonard smiled and pointed at the partition.

“It’s her shift tonight at the armory.”

Without waiting for Klein to ask another question, Leonard said as though he was pondering over a matter, “Klein, I have a question that has always puzzled me.”

“What is it?” Klein wore a blank look.

Leonard stood up and smilingly said with a relaxed tone, “Why did Welch and Naya commit suicide on the spot while you returned home?”

“It likely has to do with how the unknown existence made me take the Antigonus family’s notebook away to hide it,” answered Klein with the official surmise.

Leonard paced around before turning to look straight into Klein’s eyes.

“If your suicide was meant to silence you and wipe out any clues, why weren’t you made to destroy the notebook there and then?”

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1. This is a classic Chinese saying to someone. It usually implies an ominous portent.