

Chapter 59: Roselle's Origins

Upon hearing The Fool's question, Audrey did not immediately answer like in the past. Instead, she widened her crystalline eyes and glanced at The Hanged Man with a scrutinous attitude.

Alger subconsciously subdued his body motions. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "I found two pages of the Emperor Roselle's diary and have memorized their contents."

"I have one page," Audrey, whose vision was obscured by the fog, said as though she was removed from the conversation.

"Pretty good." Klein did not allow his joy or his disappointment be noticed from his voice.

He felt joy as there were three full pages, but disappointment also because there were only three pages. Their initial search for the diary was definitely easier, for all they had to do was ask through their connections and channels they were already familiar with. Collecting the pages would become more and more difficult as time went on as it would involve more and more elements.

"Should we 'express' them now?" Audrey inquired with a calm tone.

"Yes." Klein simply nodded.

He maintained his posture without any change. He had to be cautious in front of a Spectator.

As he finished his sentence, pieces of yellowish-brown goatskin parchment and dark red fountain pens appeared in front of Audrey and Alger.

The two of them picked up their pens and started to recall the symbols they had seen. They also infused the emotions of expressing them out.

Silently, lines of text appeared on the goatskin. Some of them appeared proper, some delicate, others slanted.

In a mere minute, the contents that Alger and Audrey had forcibly memorized were all written.

Klein willed the three pieces of parchment into his hands.

He gave the pages a cursory glance and realized that some of the grammar was wrong. There were also missing and wrong words in the content.

But experimentation had proved that incorrect sequencing of words to some extent did not affect the overall comprehension of Chinese. Klein was also not afraid of missing words since he often read web novels filled with censored asterisks.

“8th April. I stood at the bow of Black King and stretched my arms, saying to Grimm and Edwards, ‘My fortune is yours for the taking, but you’ll have to find it first. I left everything I own at the ends of the Fog Seal!’ They did not understand my humor at all and even asked if I really had other treasures. How boring. You can’t be my Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse if you keep at that!”

“11th April. I discovered a nameless island that was not on a safe sea route. There are a good number of extraordinary animals there, no—I prefer calling them extraordinary beings; it feels more impressive that way. Other than that, there are several weird creatures on the island. I believe that if Darwin had been transmigrated there, there is no way he could have written his Theory of Evolution.”

“15th April. Grimm has suddenly become a little odd. Has he been infected by something?”

When did Emperor Roselle, who was born in the Intis Kingdom, set off on a voyage? The Fog Sea should be the sea west of the Intis Republic... Yea, I need to use historical information from the library to cross reference this... Klein quickly finished reading a page, casting his gaze to the back of the piece of paper.

At this point, he no longer hid the fact that he could decipher Emperor Roselle’s secret symbols since this ability fitted the persona and status of The Fool. Audrey and Alger did not speak. They waited silently, as if unsurprised by such a revelation. In fact, they even believed that it was only right.

“2nd October. They actually wanted me to marry Matilda from the Abel family without even consulting me first! Heavens, I have not even met her! No, I must decline! Even if I were to run away from home and survive on my own and suffer the vicissitudes of life, I must fight against this marriage!”

“5th October. Miss Matilda is really pretty.”

“6th October. Her personality and her demeanor is just my type. I am starting to look forward to the marriage.”

Hey, Emperor, where is your integrity? Klein leaned back into his

seat, not allowing his emotions to pass through the fog.

He realized that Gustav did not write in his diary every day early on. Most of the time, he would only write in the diary when there were certain events that he needed to lampoon, record, or to vent his emotions.

He shifted his gaze downward. Klein looked at the last sentence of this page.

“9th October. They actually called me the Son of the Steam. I like that very much.”

Klein was a little disappointed that the information in the first two pages was of little value.

But he did not turn sullen. He moved the third page to the top. This page had content written on both sides of the paper.

“21st May. The Church of the God of Craftsmanship gave me two choices, two beginning Sequence pathways. One of them is the Savant. It is a complete Sequence pathway they possess. The other is Mystery Pryan, which they obtained from the Moses Ascetic Order, but it lacks the higher Sequences.”

“22nd May. My choice was easy: Savant! The Savant has a complete Sequence pathway! Although wielding more information on mysticism can aid my return home, the problem is that if I am not strong enough, there is a need to acquire external help for transmigration. And I do not know if this external entity would be good or bad, benevolent or malicious. I cannot control it, and thus it could be very dangerous. In that case, why not strengthen myself and return by relying on my own powers? Thus, the complete Sequence was the most important factor in my considerations!”

“23rd May. I have become a Savant. With the power of the potion, I actually recalled all the knowledge I had learned in the past, such as physics, chemistry, etc...

“I have not only recalled the knowledge, but I understand it more deeply, as well as its possible applications and implications. Haha, this is a ‘job’ specially tailored for a transmigrator like me from an alternate realm. I will be able to express my advantage to the greatest extent! I have to say that if I were to return in my present state to the third year of high school, I would definitely become top scholar. If I could further specialize in an area, it wouldn’t even be too hard for me to become a scientist.”

“26th May. I am enjoying my status as a Savant. Something odd worth mentioning. When I address myself as a Savant, doing things that are in line with this role, the murmurings that drive me crazy become considerably softer. I have also been able to control my occasional temper outbursts. I have also recalled the matter regarding the diary.

“Is this the ‘acting’ that the mysterious Mr. Zaratul mentioned? This could be key in resolving the side effects posed by potions.”

As Klein read the diary page, he had a deep realization that there was a fundamental difference between how he and Emperor Roselle did things.

For example, regarding the matter of returning home, Klein considered grasping in-depth knowledge of mysticism to avoid risks and accomplish his goal, while Emperor Roselle preferred to rely on himself and face the risk.

I have to say, I envy people like that sometimes. Perhaps everyone yearns for something they do not possess... Of course, I also have to consider strengthening myself; both of these are important, Klein thought, sighing a little.

The description provided by Emperor Roselle about acting instilled Klein with confidence that the conclusion he made about acting yesterday was more or less correct.

He put the three diary pages down, looked up at Justice and The Hanged Man. He smiled and said, “My apologies, I was too absorbed in reading them.”

Audrey calmed the envy in her heart and smiled faintly.

“I can understand. I hope to one day be able to exchange information about the diary’s contents.”

“That will require a price.” Klein smiled and glanced at Justice, then swept his gaze towards the silent Hanged Man.

Audrey put her palms together and placed them in front of her.

“Mr. Fool, Mr. Hanged Man, I have three questions to ask. If you think that the answers warrant a high price, tell me what you want, I will try my best to seek it.”

“No problem,” Alger answered succinctly.

Klein nodded and leaned back further, making himself comfortable.

Audrey thought for a few seconds and said, “The first question is, what does ‘acting’ really mean? I realize that the remnant psyche in the potion has minute effects on me; is that because I’ve been acting as a Spectator all this while?”

Alger did not speak; instead, he looked at The Fool, as though waiting for him to give an answer.

Klein rubbed his finger on the edge of the table and said in a relaxed tone, “Let me explain this with an analogy. Imagine the core powers of your potion as a tightly guarded castle. The remnants of the psyche that can cause a lash back resides within that castle. Our goal is to get rid of it and become the true master of the castle.

“There are two ways we can do that. The first is to forcefully invade the castle. There is no guarantee that this will work, and you will most definitely injure yourself unless you can suppress it with absolute power. But of course, we are not equipped to do that.

“The second way is to get the owner of the castle to extend an invitation. This invitation can allow us to slide through the scrutiny of the guards and infiltrate the castle. We can then easily finish off the enemies. But the problem lies in the fact that this invitation specifies the facial features and characteristics of the guest. Thus, we have to disguise ourselves and act as the guest, do you understand?”

Alger immediately asked, as if he had anticipated this reply, “Then the aforementioned invitation is the name of the potion’s Sequence?”

“That’s right,” Klein answered with great affirmation.

Audrey froze for a moment, having the sudden feeling that she completely understood what ‘acting’ meant.

She immediately exited her Spectator state due to her excitement. She praised in joy, “What an exceptional method, I

think—I think it fits your title. Its style is very compatible with The Fool... I would never have believed that acting would have such an effect. Luckily, I have been acting as a Spectator the past few days.”

She paused for a moment before saying, “I think that this is a very valuable answer; my heart is not at ease accepting it for nothing. Mr. Fool, what do you need in exchange? Of course, I still remember that I owe you a page of Emperor Roselle’s diary.”

“More pages of Roselle’s diary, or...” Klein paused for a moment.

He had wanted to get information about the Sequence regarding the Seer but felt that such a low-level request would ruin the mystical image of The Fool. Thus, he chose to give up on it and planned to ask them discreetly some other day.

I just advanced recently and have yet to completely digest the Seer potion... He consoled himself and added on without expression, “Anything regarding the Antigonus family, even if I’m already aware of them myself.”

Alger remained silent for a few seconds. He looked at the top of the long bronze table for a moment before slowly opening his mouth.

“Mr. Fool... I believe I can pay you back immediately with the information you requested just now.”