

Chapter 36: A Simple Question

While Audrey recalled the conversation between her father and elder brother about the situation, she put in her own words, "They believe that the government's structure is too chaotic. Every election, if there is a change of the ruling party, there will be a change of personnel from top to bottom. It makes things a mess and lowers efficiency tremendously. Not only does it cause the battle loss, it also brings great inconvenience to the civilians."

Klein knew very well that as there was no example to reference, the Loen Kingdom had yet to evolve into a system that examined public servants. The political situation was still in its preliminary stages; therefore, after every election victory, many so-called positions would be awarded to members and supporters.

Hmm, Emperor Roselle not establishing such an institution in Intis does not match his personality... Could it be that he diverted his focus to other things later in life?

When the Hanged Man, Alger, heard that he interjected with a soft chuckle.

"They believe? Then their beliefs are a little slow. Perhaps they will only feel the itch a year after they get bitten by black mosquitoes."

Black mosquitoes were a type of creature that resided in the south of the Loen Kingdom. It was extremely venomous, and its venom made victims have the urge to rip apart their skin.

Audrey extended her palm and covered her mouth. Ignoring the Hanged Man's mockery, she expressed the core information of what she said, "Unfortunately, they are temporarily unable to find a good solution to replace this system."

Klein listened carefully and felt that the topic was in the domain of his expertise. He smiled faintly and said, "This is a simple problem."

The Foodaholic Empire and the decadent countries that studied the Foodaholic Empire had very advanced experiences of success.

"Simple?" Audrey returned with a question in puzzlement.

Although her education did not include politics, she often heard from the discussions of her father, brother, and people around her. She had a sufficient understanding of similar matters.

Klein felt as though he had returned to the message boards of yesteryear. Composed, he said, "An examination, just like an entrance-examination for college. Hold an exam that is open to the public. It can be split into two rounds or three rounds. Use the most objective method to select the elite."

"But..." Audrey knew what sort of objection this would entail.

Before she had the chance to arrange her thoughts, Klein continued, "After which, use these elites to fill the positions of the Cabinet, the county government, the city government, and the various towns. Yes, the positions that are directly handling matters, such as the Secretary of the Cabinet.

"Different positions should be given different requirements. The

second or third rounds can be tested based on locale and region. Professional matters should be left to the professionals.

“As for political positions such as ministers, governors or mayors, they will be left to the parties that win the election. That is a slice of the pie they deserve.”

Alger, who lacked interest in such matters, unknowingly turned his head and listened carefully. Audrey frowned slightly as she fell into deep thought.

“There’s no hurry in replacing everyone at once. The cabinet and various agencies in the civil service will be crippled if that happens. You can have an examination every year or every three years. They can be gradually replaced. Finally, in light of the kingdom’s expansion and the salaried civil servants’ resignations that will bring in vacancies, you can systematically allot spots.” Klein fully expressed his talent as a keyboard politician. He then faced his palm outwards and said, “Such a design can bring the kingdom’s insightful elites into the government. Regardless of the party in power or who the minister is, the civil service will allow the kingdom to maintain its basic and effective operations.”

Of course, a side effect was the birth of the undying devil that was bureaucracy.

While considering the suggestion, Audrey asked doubtfully, “Are you implying that even if those ministers become curly-haired baboons, the effects would be insignificant?”

“No,” Alger interjected suddenly. “I believe that baboons are a better choice than the present ministers.”

He paused before adding, “After all, baboons only need to eat,

sleep, and mate. They would not come up with foolish ideas and insist on brainless projects.”

Mr. Hanged Man, it sounds like you have quite a terrible superior... Klein sat at his seat of honor and shook his head in silent amusement.

Audrey ruminated over the suggestion Mr. Fool had offered and after a while, said in surprise, “It sounds like it actually might work...

“It’s a very simple but effective solution!”

She looked at Klein and sincerely marveled, “Mr. Fool, you must be an elderly person with outstanding intelligence who is very experienced in life!”

... The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched a little as he looked at the Hanged Man and Justice for a few silent seconds.

“Let us end today’s gathering here.”

If Miss Justice is able to influence her family and effect change on this matter, I can guide Benson ahead of time and give him a chance at becoming a civil servant.

On careful thought, Benson was indeed suitable for such a career.

However, it is unlikely Justice would take the initiative to do it. This is because the Hanged Man and I can easily find out which noble suggested it and basically guess her identity.

Of course, she could do it through a roundabout manner secretly.

“By your will.” Audrey and Alger stood up together.

Klein leaned back slightly and severed the connection. He saw Justice and the Hanged Man’s illusory and blurry figures instantly shatter and dissipate.

Above the gray fog, in the opulent palace where gods seemingly lived, he was the only one sitting silently at the head of the bronze table.

Klein did not plunge into the gray fog like the other time to leave. This was because his mind was still energetic enough after becoming a Beyonder.

The reason why he had ended the Tarot Club early was because he learned the true attitude the Nighthawks had towards the Antigonus notebook. He decided that he had to search for it seriously and not sleep all the way. Doing so would make Dunn Smith suspicious of his activities at home.

Furthermore, he had benefited quite a lot this time.

Klein sat on the high-back chair at the head of the bronze table. His arms leaned on the armrest as he crossed his fingers while he observed the boundless gray fog carefully. He found the place serene as though no one had stepped into it for ten million years.

When he established the connection to summon the Hanged Man and Justice, he acutely noticed something.

That was the fact that as a Beyonder himself, he had the ability to touch another dark red star!

“Does this mean I can summon one more?” Klein recalled the feeling and muttered in confirmation.

However, he did not have the urge to make an attempt since he did not know what the identity of the newcomer would be or what sort of attitude they would have. After all, not everyone was like Justice or the Hanged Man who had unique personalities that easily blended in and took whatever they needed. They even seemed willing to conceal matters. If he pulled someone like Dunn Smith, then the mysterious organization he had just established would instantly come under the watch of the church.

As an “evil” organization’s boss, his future would be worrying.

Klein knew that the gray fog was special. He knew it was not something a Beyonder at Dunn Smith’s Sequence could see through. But the problem was that since he had the powers of a Beyonder, he had to consider the existence of the gods.

Klein had chosen to carefully believe that the seven orthodox gods existed in reality. Of course, he was more tenable to the belief that these gods were just more powerful than high-Sequence Beyonders. Furthermore, they were under strict limitations. At the very least, ever since the Fifth Epoch, apart from a few oracles, they have not appeared again.

“Heh, forcefully pulling people here isn’t a good thing. No one would wish to be pulled into mystery for some baffling reason... Let’s wait and see how things go in the future...” Klein sighed and stood up.

He released his spirituality and sensed his body's existence. Then, he began imitating the heavy feeling of rapidly plunging down.

The scenes in front of him changed. The gray fog and dark red instantly departed him. Klein felt like he had torn through endless water membranes before ultimately seeing the real world, his room in darkness.

This time, he was fully awake and seriously took in the entire experience.

“Strange... There are some differences between the gray fog and the spirit world...” Klein moved his limbs and felt the existence of his body.

After he seriously thought through the experience, he shook his head, walked to the desk and pulled open the curtains.

Whoosh!

The curtains were drawn as sunlight poured in, illuminating the room.

As he looked at the street outside the oriel window and the pedestrians going back and forth, Klein took a deep breath and muttered silently, “It’s time to go out and work.

“How should I act as a Seer?”

“It cannot be rushed... All I can do is use Spirit Vision now...”

...

Backlund, Empress Borough.

Audrey Hall looked at herself in the mirror. She saw her cheeks flushed red with excitement and her eyes, so bright that they would have daunted anyone from looking into them.

She did not examine any of this as she hurriedly recalled. She picked up the ruby-studded fountain pen and wrote the formula to the Spectator potion on the exquisite goatskin parchment.

“80 milliliters of pure water. 5 drops of autumn crocus essence, 13 grams of cow teeth paeonol powder. 7 petals of elf flowers. A matured Manhal Fish’s eyeball. 35 milliliters of goat-horned black fish blood.”

Phew... Audrey heaved a sigh of relief as she read it a few times to confirm that she had not made any mistakes.

She had the urge to dance again, but reminded herself to remain restrained.

After some thought, she began writing various chemical names around the potion’s formula. She then faked the page into complicated and messy chemistry.

Yes, as long as one doesn’t read it carefully, a person who flips through this randomly will not discover the details I have hidden in here... Excellent! Audrey praised herself and turned her mind towards the acquirement of the materials.

“I’ll first search the few vaults we have. I’ll then attempt to exchange for the missing parts with others...”

“If I still can’t gather them all, I can only seek help from the Hanged Man or the Fool... What can I offer as payment?”

After some thought, Audrey closed the notebook and placed it on a tiny bookshelf. Following that, she briskly walked to the door and pulled it open.

A golden retriever was sitting obediently outside.

The corners of Audrey’s mouth curled as she revealed a radiant smile.

“Susie, you completed the mission perfectly!”

“In the serialized stories in the newspapers, detectives would often have a capable assistant. I think there should be a huge dog supporting a real Spectator~”

...

In an underground basement lit only by a flickering candle, Alger Wilson raised his palm and looked at it carefully.

After a long while, he let out a sigh.

“It’s still that miraculous. I was unable to figure out any specific details at all...”

Despite having made sufficient preparations, he failed to understand how the Fool had completed the summoning...

He moved his gaze down and looked at the goatskin parchment on the table in front of him.

At the title head of the yellowish-brown parchment, there was a Hermes sentence written in dark blue ink.

“7. Seafarer.”