

Youth

——《Tales of Tarsylia》15

吴淼作品

we31415@263.net

Tarsylia Year 12 of Heroes
Outside Old Rainbow City



Wizard Master
Exaros's mage tower



Outer chambers



Apprentice dorms



Which idiot put this
note in my spellbook?!



Aha, what does it say?



I've gazed upon your beautiful
back for what feels like a century.
Could we meet alone, tonight at 7
in the alchemy room?



Really? That's bold! Let me
see...



Could it be from one of the upper-
classmen from the inner ring?



No way. "Gazing upon your
book" means it's someone whos
its behind me! And it must be a
weirdo to suggest
meeting in a freaky
place like the
alchemy room!



Let me look at the
handwriting and we'll know
who wrote it!



Huh? How come the words
have all disappeared now?



Could it be magic? Do we have
anyone in our class who can do
that?



It must have been some magic potion. No worries, this paper is torn from a spell journal. We just need to look around and we'll find the author!



Your thirst for adventure causing trouble again, Sid? I swear, it wasn't me who wrote it!



Just give me your journal and we'll find out soon enough if it was you or not!



Ah! You...

Thump!



Haha, it's Iago the Housewife! He really is the freak of all freaks. Poor you!



Feels like I just stepped in shit. Ignore him, he'll die in a trial one of these days!



Iago, wait!



Wait for me...



Huff...huff...



This...



dummy...



Same day, 8pm
Mage tower kitchen



Iago, it's me...



Sibelius? What are you doing here? Don't you hate the kitchen?

Duh, no wizard likes the kitchen. I...I have something to give you!

Your spell journal? What are you giving me this for?

Haven't you heard? Last month, the Inner Ring Trials killed 12 people. You've been so busy chopping and frying that you've missed a lot of class...

What's the point of attending the trials? It's not like I want to be promoted to the inner ring...

Have some ambition please! Even if you skip out on the trials this year, the teacher's not going to let you slip by forever.

In that case, thank you! You're a good friend.

I won't spend any longer with that trash. I hear Parker and Aimerdar are already preparing for the Upper Level Trials. I'm going to catch up to them!

It won't be a problem for you! I hear that Wizard Master spell journals are more confidential than even the imperial treasury! I'm honored!

Don't worry...

I'm not going to do anything as dumb as that in the future.

....I...

I'm not going to stay here much longer....I'm not like you, great wizard.

10pm
Inner Ring dorm lounge



This blasted clock...
Aimedat, are you sure you want to do this?

Of course. It's rare enough you came up with such a good formula, not to mention it used only scraps from teacher's experiments.

The way you played dumb in class today just so Father would repeat the experiment was so...

I got what I wanted, that's all. In any case, the seniors had a great time watching me act the idiot.

And naturally I'd stay behind to clean up, so all the leftover materials are ours to take!

That potion formula we made last semester finally worked. 20 seconds after it's exposed to light, the ink disappears.

Of the 6 ingredients, Teacher has already synthesized 4 for us. We have enough to make 200 bottles of phantom ink!

We're making that many? How many nights are we going to take up? Who knows if we'll even be able to sell that many?

Listen, this masterpiece you've stumbled upon costs nothing! Even if the synthesis fails, the ingredients will just separate out again after an hour!

If we don't use this miracle properly, that would be a great sin itself!

Didn't our first batch sell out so quickly? Tomorrow, that black-nosed peddler Bowen will be passing through here. Let's just sell all of our ink to him, and he can sell it throughout the city. We don't need to worry about the marketing, as long as we get the money at the end of the day!

With his head for sales, he'll definitely find a home for the ink whether it's with nobles or the soldiers, as long as it turns a profit! And to protect his own self-interest, he won't reveal the source. I'll negotiate for a good price, and then...and then he'll become our partner. You can buy whatever clothes you want, and I can forget my poetry. We can get whatever we want. Just thinking of it makes me happy....haha...

A good price? You don't even know the range. We can't hold the high ground haggling with a peddler.

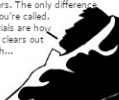


Lose what? As long as we get money, it's good. I'm not going to lose sleep over that. As long as he can get me "The Great Dragon Epic" from the imperial library, that would be enough! I love that book. I need to have it....I'll probably dream about it tonight....



Also, shouldn't we start preparing for the upper tiers? Another 3 people passed the trials...

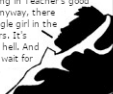
Didn't you analyze this already? The curriculum is the same for all three tiers. The only difference is how you're called. Those trials are how Teacher clears out the trash...



You can say that, but I worry that Father thinks we aren't trying. And everyone else...
.....



Parker, stop caring what they'll say. You don't need to worry about being in Teacher's good graces. Anyway, there isn't a single girl in the upper tiers. It's boring as hell. And I want to wait for Sibellus...



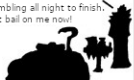
Every time I see his frustrated face, I start missing him, haha. I'm tired...



You're going to sleep? We have 200 potions to make! And with our skills, we'd only get 2 good bottles for every 10 we make!



Even if the ingredients separate when we fail, that still takes an hour! And there's a big experiment tomorrow. We'll be scrambling all night to finish. Don't bail on me now!



When have I ever let you down? I found a worker who will get a 60% success rate, honest and cheap! He'll be here soon. Tomorrow morning when we wake up...



They can get 60%? With no equipment? Did you torture some upper classman again?



That cook Iago isn't some upper classman. His dexterity has always been good, but he always wastes it on his cooking! It really is a shame...



What were the terms? How much are you giving him? Even an idiot wouldn't work all night for nothing...



The terms were simple. He wanted us to forget something -- the fact that Sibellus had sold us an invisibility potion. That's cheap enough a price to pay, no?



A few years later, Black-nosed Bowen founded the Wild Grass Collective with an investment from an unknown source.



END