

## All R. Artist 78

### Chapter 78: Teacher Buff

Taking a deep breath, Wei Long read “Death of a Small Civil Servant” from beginning to end again.

For the second time.

Wei Long’s expression was complex as he muttered two words:

“Brilliant.”

He had underestimated Chu Kuang.

This was not some simple short story that anyone would laugh at after reading.

There was a sense of lightness and humor between the lines of Chu Kuang’s work, which was indeed soaked with —

Sarcasm!

The small fry inadvertently offends the bigwigs, and even if they have expressed forgiveness, the small time players can’t help but live in fear, alarmed, because the bigwigs have such power to easily manipulate their fate. This is the plight of the lower-rungs.

Chu Kuang did not clearly define the background of the story.

However, it is clearly a time when a general can decide the fate of the civil servant. The story he crafted seemed to critique the oppression of the feudal autocratic system on the lower classes...

However, such an interpretation is rudimentary.

After finishing the story and thinking about it, would such a phenomenon only occur in the past?  
Isn't the reality we live in the same?

The underdogs often infer the thoughts of the superior, and then interpret it in what they think is the right way,

Employees in the workplace are just stared at by their leaders and become anxious, reflecting on what they did wrong;

If someone inadvertently offends the leader, the fear of "being marginalized" must be on their minds.

Just like a piece of news Wei Long has seen recently:

It was just a sales company leader who could make their employees crawl on the ground, punishing them by insulting their dignity...

Wei Long was puzzled at the time.

What baffled him even more was that those employees didn't resist and obediently followed their orders, isn't this the same as a general deciding the life and death of a civil servant?

Some phenomena in this world will never be eradicated.

That's why there are so many "small civil servants" that die.

If one understands what's on the big wig's mind, they could be well-liked; but if they misunderstand, they might find things tough going forward.

Most of the time, it's the small civil servants who put the shackles of servitude on themselves first.

Why do I find it funny?

Why don't I find the story exaggerated?

It's because such situations are commonplace in modern society.

Chu Kuang's intention is too high.

This novel is clearly satirizing the present by borrowing from the past!

Criticizing some social phenomena and expressing his own thoughts through a little over a thousand words, this is an incredibly sophisticated creative style.

This is the art of irony!

It's hard to imagine that when the vast majority of the competing short stories were still chasing after narrative and fun, Chu Kuang has already started seeking to express his own thoughts through words. This is what shocked Wei Long...

But would readers buy this?

Wei Long was unsure, after all, everyone's taste is different. "Death of a Civil Servant" might be the one with the highest intentions among all works, but intentions are not all a novel is about.

"Why bother thinking about this." Wei Long offered a gentle smile.

Whether the readers buy this or not, in this round of work selection, "Death of a Small Civil Servant" was indispensable. Wei Long believed the existence of this story raises the bar and the stakes of this competition to some extent.

For the following days, Lin Yuan would go to the Art Club every day.

He drew sketches and taught others how to sketch; he made money doing both and earned some reputation.

This allowed Lin Yuan to have at least a thousand dollars of income every day, which, combined, was higher than the base salary of Starlight's Department of Composition — a new and exciting way to make money!

In the meanwhile.

There were more and more students whose sketching level greatly improved under Lin Yuan's one-on-one guidance.

The course of events developed to an extent that even the Art major professors at Qin Art learned about the "GOAT" who was teaching sketching at the Art Club.

They couldn't pass it up.

Every so often, there would be a sudden surge in the sketching level of a student.

It was like a supernatural event.

It was only after some professors inquired from the students that they found out recently there was a sketching tutor who was gaining fame within the art department. The surge in the student's sketch abilities was due to this great tutor.

After hearing this news, many professors were flabbergasted.

Especially after knowing that this "GOAT" was merely a sophomore from the Department of Composition.

However, naturally, they wouldn't stop this from happening.

Improvement in the students' sketching level was a good thing. It wasn't scary to spend money on learning, what was scary was to see no improvement despite spending money.

At the teaching level the Art Department's sketching "GOAT" showed, the students who paid for the course made an absolute killing!

Some professors even recommended students who weren't good at sketching to go to the Art Club and learn from that "GOAT".

As a consequence.

Recently, there was an influx of art major students who would apply for the Art Club, and when asked about their purpose, they were there to learn from the “GOAT”.

With this, Vice President Zheng Liang was beside himself with delight.

He had never dreamed that Lin Yuan’s presence in the Art Club would have such an effect – he was a living billboard!

Having Lin Yuan in the club was a treasure!

For his part, Lin Yuan was indifferent as ever.

Today.

Once again, he went to the Art Club after class.

As soon as Lin Yuan entered the door, an easel, a small chair, a sharpened pencil, and his favorite beverages were already prepared for him.

Yes, that was how Lin Yuan was treated in the Art Club now.

And as Lin Yuan settled down, a crowd gathered, among whom a girl raised her hand excitedly, “GOAT, it’s my turn today!”

“GOAT, confirmed.”

Zhong Yu looked at the schedule on his phone and nodded to Lin Yuan.

As there were too many people learning sketching from Lin Yuan, he couldn’t keep up with all of them.

So, Zhong Yu, who called himself Lin Yuan's first disciple, took the initiative to establish an appointment system. Anyone who wanted to learn sketching from Lin Yuan had to book a slot in advance!

Lin Yuan agreed.

This arrangement had been in place for a week by now.

However, the number of people who wanted to learn from Lin Yuan didn't decrease, instead, more and more people were queueing up and waiting their turn. That's why the girl got so excited when it was her turn – Lin Yuan's tutoring was highly sought after.

After two hours.

Lin Yuan had finished tutoring this girl.

Zhong Yu had already brought back coffee early, smiling, "The previous one went cold, here's a new one, GOAT, please have some".

"Thank you."

Lin Yuan took a sip of the coffee, at just the right temperature, served by the other party.

At this moment, a system prompt suddenly sounded in his ear: "Master, teaching conveys knowledge and solves doubts. As the host has been continuously instructing students lately, you have permanently gained the 'Master' achievement."

Lin Yuan was taken aback: "What does that mean?"

The system explained: "Master is a special achievement. It is generally obtained after the host meets a certain hidden standard set by the system. From now on, all students taught by the host can increase their comprehension by twice the amount during the learning period. As the host teaches more and more people, the enhancement of comprehension for the learners by the Master will get higher and higher!"

Lin Yuan: "..."

The system can operate like this?

Are they wanting me to become an art teacher?