

All R. Artist 84

Chapter 84: Mysterious Code

The next day was Sunday, and Lin Yuan went to work as usual.

However, within the Qin Continent Art Academy, the Faculty of Fine Arts was conducting a massive collective exam today.

The exam lasted for a day.

Watercolor in the morning, sketching in the afternoon.

This day's examination is not only challenging the students' painting skills but also the physical endurance of the art teachers—

The art teachers needed to grade the students on the same day to enable them to announce the results the next day directly.

The time was tight.

After the exam, the students finished their work and returned to their dormitories.

However, the art teachers had to stay in the office to mark the exam papers overtime.

It wasn't until nine o'clock in the evening that the art teachers gradually completed the grading.

In a large office of the Department of Fine Arts.

Professor Kong An of the Painting Department was in a good mood, stretching and chuckling, "We have finally finished grading. Have you noticed that the students' sketching scores seemed to have improved significantly this semester?"

“Yes.”

Kong An’s remark struck a chord among the other sketching teachers.

Now that the papers were graded, they chatted while waiting for the final tally of the results:

“The improvement is indeed significant.”

“I graded a hundred pieces, and more than a dozen sketchings were outstanding, compared to just a few in the past.”

“The grading of the test papers has begun next door. I guess the average score of the sketching papers would be much higher than last semester. It seems that everyone has been studying sketching diligently recently.”

At this moment, one of the sketching teachers said, “Isn’t there a sophomore in the Painting Society offering paid sketching tutoring recently? I think he deserves some credit for the overall improvement in the sketching results of the Fine Arts Department this year.”

“I heard about that too.”

A female sketching teacher drinking coffee commented, “A student in our class, who was terrible at sketching, improved tremendously after having two lessons with him.”

“What surprised me was that the tutor in question is also just a student, and not even from our fine arts department.”

The teacher sipping coffee lamented, “He teaches so well, so his sketching skills must be excellent. Why didn’t he apply for our Fine Arts Department initially?”

“Really?”

Kong An couldn’t help raising his eyebrows.

As a professor of Fine Arts specializing in sketching, he rarely teaches students directly.

Occasionally, when he does conduct classes, they're large-scale public classes with too many students. Just taking attendance would take half a day, so he was unaware of this situation.

"I heard from the students."

A sketching teacher by the window remarked, "The boy's name is Lin Yuan, a sophomore from the Composition Department. Recently, he visits the Painting Society every day to offer paid tutoring and his rate is not cheap."

Lin Yuan?

Kong An asked, "How much does he charge?"

Someone replied, "Five hundred an hour."

Kong An was taken aback, "Wow, even I only charge a thousand per hour for external coaching..."

As a professor at Qin Art, Kong An is a well-known figure in the painting industry, specializing in sketching, which justified his rate of one thousand an hour!

But a student who hasn't even graduated yet dares to charge five hundred per hour for sketching lessons?

Am I charging too little?

Or is that student over-pricing?

Is he treating our art students as cash cows?

Noticing Kong An's dissatisfaction, the teacher sipping coffee laughed nervously, "Of course, we can't compare to you, who are a master in the field, but that boy does have skills. Many students

have improved tremendously after his lessons. Considering the results, I think five hundred an hour is quite worth it.”

Kong An spoke up firmly, “Regardless, he’s just a student. This is a bad habit.”

“So you agree with me, Professor Kong?”

A male sketching teacher next to Kong An grunted, “I also disapprove of this. Why don’t you step in and criticize it? With your position and reputation, if you step in to stop this, this phenomenon can definitely be curbed!”

This male sketching teacher didn’t like Lin Yuan at all.

It all started during a break from class when he overheard a group of students discussing how his teaching wasn’t as good as Lin Yuan’s.

He was a seasoned sketching instructor, and the very notion of being criticized and compared unfavorably to a sophomore was enough to set his temper ablaze.

“01’ Gao, you’re not making sense.”

The coffee-drinking instructor frowned as he continued, “The fact that students have improved their sketching grades after Lin Yuan’s instruction is clear, and they willingly paid for his classes. No theft, no robbery, nothing inappropriate about it.”

“These are just individual cases.”

The male instructor known as 01’ Gao casually remarked, “You don’t need to overemphasize the student’s merit. Indeed, one-on-one teaching can quickly boost students’ grades, given sufficient sketching skills. However, we, as teachers, are responsible for teaching a whole class. This is the broad perspective we should have as sketching instructors. You don’t just teach one student in class, do you?”

The coffee-drinking instructor turned away, ignoring him.

01' Gao felt slighted and his face soured.

At that moment, the door was pushed open, and a staff member said, "Professor Kong, the grades have been compiled. Please take a look."

"Hmm."

Kong An took the grade report and quickly glanced over the top fifty names from the test. Suddenly, he asked, "Is there an issue with the system? Why does each student's name have an 'L' at the end?"

"It's not a system problem."

The staff member gave a wry smile, "I'm not sure why, but many students who did well on the test added the letter to their names. As I couldn't cross-check with their identification, I simply recorded the names as the students had written them."

Kong An grumbled discontentedly, "Nonsense."

The coffee-drinking teacher spoke, "Let me see."

Kong An handed her the report.

At first glance, she was as perplexed as everyone else, but at the second look, she seemed to understand. She chuckled and said, "I think I get it now. You all should take a look and see if you recognize your students."

What's the situation?

Identify our students?

The rest of the instructors, intrigued by now, began to look over the report. After a few seconds, their expressions began to shift in unison.

What happened?"

Kong An was completely confused.

What in the world does this letter “L” mean?

Could it be some kind of secret code?

An awkward instructor spoke, “The student who added a letter, ranked third, is named Zhong Yu. He’s in our class...he seems to have attended numerous lessons taught by Lin Yuan...”

Another instructor chimed in, “The fourth-ranked Pang Bo is in our class, he also took Lin Yuan’s classes.”

The third one said, “And the student who came sixth...”

“And the eighth-ranked student...”

“Ahem, including the ninth and tenth place.”

Out of the top fifty students, thirty-nine of them had added a capital “L” to the end of their names.

A bit flustered, Kong An asked, “What on earth is going on?”

Finally swallowing the last of her coffee, the instructor explained, “Professor Kong, these students might be a bit rowdy, but all those who added a letter to the end of their names share one thing in common: they’ve all attended Lin Yuan’s classes.”

“So...”

Another instructor added, “The L probably stands for Lin Yuan.”

The situation was a bit awkward, leaving everyone unsure of how to react. Could it be that most of the top fifty students in this sketching exam were taught by Lin Yuan?

Where did we, as sketching teachers, go wrong?

While everyone felt disgraced, they couldn't help but feel stunned at the same time. They always believed that Lin Yuan could improve the sketching grades of a few students due to his one-on-one tutoring style, but the scale of this is seemingly outrageous.

"I get it now."

Kong An took a deep breath, staring at the report, "I'll go see the principal."

As soon as 01' Gao heard this, he excitedly responded, "Absolutely, we must see the principal! These students are completely out of control! Especially that Lin Yuan! This is nothing short of scorn for our Art Department!"

Hold your tongue.

Kong An glared at 01' Gao, his expression complex, "I've never met a student in all my years who, single-handedly, raised the entire Art Department's sketching grades.. Today, even if it means losing face, I will personally see to it that the principal transfers him to our Art Department!"