

All R. Artist 86

Chapter 86: Time is Adequate

Lin Yuan has become famous in the painting club, and the students who major in sketching regard him as their spiritual idol.

But this didn't seem to affect him much.

As the largest art academy in the continent, Qin Continent Art Academy hosts a student body that's countless in number, and the academy is filled with celebrities of all sorts.

Unless they are significant figures directly related to you, you won't even remember them.

The days that followed.

Lin Yuan's life remained the same.

One morning, Lin Yuan woke up to find a heavy storm outside his house.

He frowned at the inconvenience of the rain since today he would be in classes all morning.

Then his phone rang.

The call was from Sun Yao Huo.

His tone was somewhat cautious: "Junior, I hope I'm not disturbing you. We had talked about recording a song last time. When should we start? I'm ready whenever you are!"

"Wait for my notification."

Lin Yuan looked out of the window and suddenly asked, "Brother Sun, could you do me a favor now?"

“What’s up?”

“Drive me to school.” Lin Yuan remembered that Senior Sun Yao Huo had a car. He had mentioned it when they had dinner together last time.

“Send me the address, Junior.”

Sun Yao Huo didn’t seem to mind, on the contrary, he sounded a bit excited.

Thus, Lin Yuan figured that Senior Yao Huo probably enjoyed driving.

Half an hour later.

Lin Yuan arrived at school in Sun Yao Huo’s car.

After parking, Sun Yao Huo opened a black umbrella, quickly got out of the car, sheltering the door area of Lin Yuan’s seat with the umbrella and opening the car door for him.

The umbrella could only cover up a limited space, leaving his back getting wet from the rain.

But he didn’t care, he reminded Lin Yuan, “Careful, junior.”

“Thanks, senior.”

“No biggie. But the school doesn’t allow me to drive in. You’re from the composing department, right? Want me to help hold the umbrella?” Sun Yao Huo was always smiling cheerfully.

“No need.”

“Then take the umbrella.”

Sun Yao Huo smiled and handed the black umbrella to Lin Yuan, then he covered his head with his hands, quickly returned to the car, waved goodbye to Lin Yuan warmly as always.

“Goodbye.”

Lin Yuan also waved, then, holding the umbrella, walked to the classroom.

After placing the umbrella, Lin Yuan found something amiss in the classroom atmosphere.

Even the usually energetic class representative seemed deflated, exhibiting a listless look.

Everyone chattered and complained:

“Who was on duty yesterday? They left without closing the windows.”

“If only the windows were open another day, water would have come into the classroom at most. But this time it’s truly a problem, the blackboard newspaper we worked so hard to finish has been destroyed by the rain!”

“Yeah.”

“Just because the windows were left open, the blackboard newspaper that the class representative and the art committee members spent half a month on is now mostly destroyed.”

The blackboard newspapers were made of chalk.

Chalk is easily damaged by water. The one long night of heavy rain destroyed half of the blackboard newspaper. It was only natural.

“We are screwed now.”

“We can only make do with a repair. But don’t expect to win any awards.”

Because as far as time is considered, it's too late. Not to mention that we have a full schedule this morning. We're even more pressed for time."

On hearing this, Lin Yuan glanced at the blackboard newspaper.

Indeed, the art group of the class began working on this blackboard newspaper two weeks ago.

They made great efforts to finish this newspaper. Sometimes they returned to the dormitory very late at night.

Now that their hard work has been ruined, Lin Yuan thought, he wouldn't be in a good mood either.

Right at that moment.

A girl in glasses in the corner raised her hand and said in a sobbing tone: "I was on duty yesterday. I forgot to close the window because I was in a hurry to leave. I'm sorry, everybody..."

"It's okay, we don't blame you."

Class representative Cao Bin, suppressing his disappointment, comforted her: "No one expected it would rain today. The weather forecast predicted a sunny day yesterday. It's also because the design of the classroom is not reasonable, the blackboard at the back is too close to the window. Other classes are not like ours."

"What can we do now?"

The art committee member Yan Mengjia's voice was a bit hoarse: "The blackboard newspaper competition is this afternoon. The teachers in charge of the competition won't care if our newspaper was destroyed by rain."

Everyone should know.

This blackboard newspaper took us a half-month to finish, the effect was really good. We were hopeful about winning the second-year blackboard newspaper championship.

Last year.

It was Yan Mengjia who led the few students in class who could draw to publish a blackboard newspaper and won the championship for first-year students.

But now.

We only have half a day left for the competition, and our wonderful blackboard newspaper was ruined by rain, and couldn't be fixed in time, making everyone sweat —

Qin Art has a blackboard newspaper competition every year.

Blue Star has a strong atmosphere of art.

As an art academy, Qin Art values this even more.

So every class takes blackboard newspaper competitions very seriously.

The winning blackboard newspapers can be displayed on the school's official website, which allows the class to show off, and the school also offers some bonuses and even academic credits to encourage students, which can be quite satisfying.

“Let's attend the class first.”

The class representative said: “We may make some repairs during break time as much as we can. No need to be upset, even if the result isn't good, we won't be punished.”

Everyone nodded.

But everyone was out of mood during the classes that day, especially those who were responsible for making the blackboard newspaper. They looked distressed, the art committee member Yan Mengjia, who was in charge of this newspaper, seemed incredibly upset.

It couldn't be helped.

During each break.

Everyone attempted to make repairs.

Unfortunately, the repair effect was not good, the difference between the two sides was too apparent; it made the blackboard newspaper look blurred instead. The simplistic style on the right side and the exquisiteness on the left side were simply incongruous.

At noon.

Art committee member Yan Meng Jia and others remained, staring at the blackboard newspaper in a daze. It wasn't until Cao Bin, the class representative, couldn't bear to see it anymore and said: "Everyone should go to the cafeteria for lunch first, and we can make some repairs after eating." "What else can we do?"

Yan Meng Jia shrugged her shoulders and left the classroom.

The other members of the blackboard newspaper group also left one after another.

After everyone left, Cao Bin did not leave. Instead, he looked up and stared at the disappointing blackboard in a daze.

At that moment.

From behind him, a somewhat familiar voice suddenly said: "How about I give it a try?"

"Huh?"

Only then did Cao Bin realize that there was still someone else in the classroom: "Lin Yuan?"

Not only was Lin Yuan a classmate of Cao Bin, he was also once his roommate. It was just that Lin Yuan moved out since then.

But the two had a good relationship.

Very few people didn't get along well with Lin Yuan. Moreover, Cao Bin was a responsible class representative well-liked by his classmates and he took good care of Lin Yuan, who was not in good health.

“Can you draw?”

Hope ignited in Cao Bin's eyes.

But then he seemed to remember something and sighed: “Even if you can draw, we don't have enough time. The blackboard newspaper competition starts this afternoon.”

“We have enough time.”

With that, Lin Yuan took out his phone and dialed Zhong Yu's number..