

All R. Artist 87

Chapter 87: The Storm Caused by the Falling Pen

Lin Yuan dialed the number and asked, “Do you have time right now?”

Zhong Yu, holding his phone between his ear and shoulder, replied, “I’m eating in the cafeteria, GOAT. What do you need?”

Lin Yuan said, “Once you’ve finished eating, please bring all your gouache painting tools and come to Room 52 of East Building.”

“What for?”

“To do a blackboard newspaper.”

Zhong Yu was stunned for a second, then quickly said, “I’ll be right over.”

After finishing speaking, Zhong Yu stood up without bothering to finish his meal, “Come on, you guys, let’s go.”

“Huh?”

Zhong Yu’s classmates around him all asked in surprise, “What happened?”

Zhong Yu announced, “GOAT needs to create a blackboard newspaper.”

Everyone was taken aback. “Goat is in the sophomore group, right? The sophomore’s blackboard newspaper contest is this afternoon. Isn’t the time too tight?”

Zhong Yu was irritable: “What are you guys thinking?”

Everyone suddenly understood and burst into laughter: “Right, how could a bunch of art dogs like us be stumped by a blackboard newspaper? Is GOAT planning to make a gouache blackboard newspaper?”

“Yeah, let’s get moving.”

Before leaving, Zhong Yu sent a message in a group chat: “GOAT’S class needs to make a blackboard newspaper. If you’re skilled with gouache, come to the Music Department’s classroom, Room 52 of East Building.”

The chat exploded.

The group was very lively with reactions.

“I’ll be right there!”

“How can I refuse Goat’s request?”

“Docs GOAT really need us to make a blackboard newspaper?”

“Don’t be silly, GOAT is good at sketching, but not at gouache. They are completely different.”

Gouache art and sketch art are two different things.

The quality of a gouache piece has nothing to do with the quality of a sketch.

“Right, I didn’t expect the day when even I am needed by GOAT.”

“It’s time to show GOAT my gouache skill. I’ll reclaim my dignity which was lost in front of GOAT while sketching!”

“Calm down guys, we don’t need that many people for a blackboard newspaper.”

“Alright, then, only a few of us, those with the best gouache grades, should go.”

“There are only a few hours left for the blackboard newspaper competition. We have more than enough people with seven or eight.”

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The chat was undoubtedly very lively.

Because the name of this group was only the letter “L”.

The group of people left in the cafeteria didn’t bother to finish their meals either. They also got up and followed Zhong Yu. They were also Lin Yuan’s sketching students.

“Whom did you call?”

Inside the music department’s classroom, Cao Bin looked at Lin Yuan in astonishment after he finished the call.

Lin Yuan said, “A friend from the art department.”

“What year are they?”

“Junior year.”

Cao Bin’s mouth dropped open, then he was suddenly overjoyed. “Right, the only people who could finish a blackboard newspaper in such a short time would be those from the art department, especially the experienced juniors! Please call over a few more people to join us. There’s still hope!”

Lin Yuan said, “I only called one.”

Cao Bin was anxious, “Just one? We need more, otherwise, we won’t have enough time. Can you make another call? Ask your friend to plead with the upperclassmen in the art department. After all, it’s a big blackboard. Plus, you might not know the seriousness of this issue – Yan Mengjia took a leave of absence because of her health last semester, so she’s a bit short on credits. She is the organizer of this blackboard newspaper. If it’s successful, she can earn some credits. You know our school’s rules. If you don’t earn enough credits, you can’t graduate. The issue with the blackboard newspaper has upset her a lot, and she didn’t blame the on-duty classmates...”

As he spoke, Cao Bin became increasingly anxious.

He truly was a good class president.

But as he was speaking, Cao Bin suddenly stopped and stared out of the window in surprise.

A crowd suddenly appeared in the hallway, storming into the classroom door. Due to the exaggerated number of people, the classroom door was nearly bursting.

“You call that ‘a person’?”

Cao Bin looked blankly at Lin Yuan.

Lin Yuan was surprised too. The leader was Zhong Yu, and behind him were presumably all the students he had taught in his painting club.

Zhong Yu smiled, “GOAT.”

Lin Yuan nodded, not wasting any words, “We’re running out of time; can you help me arrange the paints?”

Zhong Yu, who was thinking about the blackboard layout, didn’t quite hear what Lin Yuan said; he spoke quickly, “We’re out of time, someone prepare the paints quick, and fetch some water as well... Let’s hustle people...”

While he spoke,

Zhong Yu was looking up compositions online on his phone. Blackboard painting was essentially imitation art; just find a satisfactory image and draw it out.

Minutes later,

Zhong Yu found an image he liked. However, when he turned around, he realized everyone was staring blankly at the blackboard, seemingly dumfounded.

“What happened?”

Zhong Yu also looked at the blackboard to see a shocking scene:

Lin Yuan was standing on a neatly arranged chair, a large brush in hand, quickly applying a base coat of color. He entirely skipped the chalk sketching and setting up process just directly began to sketch a powerful landscape of alternating green and gray mountain ranges!

Two students held the paint box.

Lin Yuan switched to a thicker brush without a second thought, swiftly dipping into various paints and precisely mixing colors. As soon as he started creating a gradient, he brought the mountains to life!

Three minutes...

Seven minutes...

Fifteen minutes...

Thirty-two minutes...

As time passed in silence, nobody made a sound. Everyone was watching as Lin Yuan wielded his brush like a sword on the blackboard. The finest gouache painters from the Art Department were only able to assume the role of holding the paint box for Lin Yuan — but nobody complained. Their eyes were glowing with admiration!

“Swoosh swoosh swoosh.”

Lin Yuan was painting the hardest painting at the fastest speed. It was like he knew which colors could be mixed to produce certain hues. It seemed like he didn’t care about the base framework. Every stroke was so precise it was like the underlayer was already sketched out for him.

“Thud.”

Someone changed the palette, and the students holding the paint box were swapped out; after all, holding the paint box aloft for that long can make your arm numb.

Lin Yuan was concentrating intently.

After setting the overall tone, he began using smaller brushes. Above the sea was a bamboo raft, and on the raft was a man wearing a straw hat. The contrast between light and shadow made the painting seem alive:

Mountains a beautiful shade of dark blue!

A waterfall cascading down!

Raging waters!

Tall and strong pines!

The sky vast and deep!

Lin Yuan’s state was more intense than ever. He held three brushes in his arms, one in his mouth, and one in each hand. He discarded each brush as he finished with it. Except for when he was mixing paint, his eyes were glued to the blackboard.

An unknown building stood on the shore.

Unknown fish swam in the water.

Crabs were scuttling across the beach.

A white sailboat floated on the horizon, billowed by the wind.

When the last stroke was done with the smallest brush, Lin Yuan felt his neck was sore and his wrists were aching. He was entirely drained.

On the blackboard,

The sea and mountains were connecting. Pine trees hidden in the halfway up the faintly discernable mountains, colorful sunset clouds sprinkling over the ground, seagulls squawking over the autumn water that blends with the sky.

A shock of falling strokes!

At this moment, the students responsible for holding Lin Yuan's paints, passing him brushes, fetching him water, washing his palettes: they all felt two emotions intertwining in their hearts.

Privilege, and a sense of inferiority..