

## Awaken Chapter 15

Zhou Ling was truly confused.

One night into the product.

It wasn't that this was a groundbreaking thing.

But for Ping'an County, it was an unprecedented event.

There were many scholars in Ping'an County, but the only one who had taken part in the imperial examinations in recent years was himself.

I had failed in the examination, but at least I had taken part in it.

I had been raising my Qi for ten years and was just one step away from the tenth grade of Confucianism.

However, today Xu Qingnian appeared and told me that he had entered the Confucian class.

It was the same as saying that his decades of hard study were not as good as one day's study?

Who else would not be in a state of shock?

What's the best part is that Xu Qingnian was a martial artist a day ago, an errand boy at the government office, what kind of concept is that?

The most apt description would be illiterate.

In other words, an illiterate person who has read a few books has entered the class.

How can one's heart be balanced when one has been studying since childhood, reading the words of saints and volumes of great scholars, and still has to wait three to five years to enter the rank.

But almost instantly.

Zhou Ling calmed down.

The reason why he reacted so strongly was that he had entered the class overnight, but more importantly, Xu Qingnian was still an illiterate yesterday and today he had entered the class, this contrast had shocked him.

If it was someone from another Confucianism family who had entered the class overnight, he would still be shocked, just not so much.

Now that he had calmed down, Zhou Ling's mind raced.

"This son was born to be a student."

"Entering the rank overnight, in the future he will be at least a sixth-grade proper Confucian, a moldable talent."

"I never thought that one day, I would be able to train a Confucian scholar, this is really the light of my life."

After he had calmed down, Zhou Ling's first reaction was joy.

He was not only a scholar, but also a teacher. Xu Qingnian was his student who had guided him along the path, and if he had not entered the class, he could not afford to call Xu Qingnian teacher, but now that Xu Qingnian had entered the class, he could afford the word teacher.

So it is not too much to ask for Xu Qingnian to call himself a student.

And what is the greatest honour for a teacher? One of them is to have a world full of peach and plum, but the main thing is the achievement of his students.

It did not matter whether he was a Confucian or not, the point was to teach Confucians, after all, reading and teaching were two different things.

But soon, something else occurred to Zhou Ling.

"Oh no, I lost my temper too much just now, I'm only afraid that it will affect my image in Qing Lan's mind."

"Aiya, Zhou Ling, ah Zhou Ling, you have lived for forty years, what great storms have you not seen? Why did you lose your composure all of a sudden? If this leaves a bad impression in the minds of the students, won't it make people think that you are no good?"

"No, no, I have to be calm, I have to be calm, I have to show the aura of a gentleman, I can't let Qingnian look down on me."

Zhou Ling's mind raced.

He was a human being after all, and he was also good at saving face, so naturally he was a little worried, afraid that Xu Qingnian would look down on him.

Therefore, after Zhou Ling calmed down, he coughed lightly and said.

“Qingnian, your talent is really excellent, you have entered the grade overnight, I am really a little surprised, but the surprise is not just that you have entered the grade, but that you come from a humble background, yet you have entered the grade overnight, rare, rare.”

Zhou Ling sighed with emotion, as a slight explanation for himself.

“If I hadn’t borrowed my Confucianism books and led my students to enter the class, I wouldn’t have been able to enter the class for many years.”

He knew in his heart that if it wasn’t for Zhou Ling, he might have had to wait for some days to enter the Confucian Way, and might not even be able to touch it before he died.

“No, no, I’m just doing my duty by lending you Confucian books, mainly because you have a good talent.”

“However, Qingnian, I have the cheek to call myself a teacher, and there are still some things I need to mention to you.”

Zhou Ling spoke, somewhat seriously.

“No, sir, I can afford the word “teacher” as I am a beginner in comprehension, so I am not ashamed to say that.

Xu Qingnian said from the bottom of his heart.

Hearing Xu Qingnian speak like this, Zhou Ling’s mood was much happier, at least Xu Qingnian remembered his kindness and respected his teacher, his character was good.

“The first time I saw him was in the whole of Ping’an County, perhaps once in a hundred years.”

“But if you look at the South Yu Province, it’s not an exaggeration to say that it’s rare to find one in ten years, but if you look further up the province, you can only be considered to have excellent enlightenment, and if you look further up the whole of Great Wei, you’re not the first person, not excellent, but not too bad either.”

“As for looking at the world, if you look at the world, there are countless people who have entered the class overnight.”

“I am saying all this because I hope you have to understand that there is a mountain outside the mountain and a heaven outside the heaven, this matter is a good thing, it is worth celebrating and you can be proud of it, just be sure to bear in mind that this is just

the beginning, it only proves that you are very talented and suitable for studying, but it does not prove how high your achievements must be in the future.”

Zhou Ling was very serious when he said these words.

To be honest, he envied Xu Qingnian’s talent, nor did he belittle Xu Qingnian’s achievements.

But every word he said just now, even every word, were words from his heart and words of caution.

He was worried that because Xu Qingnian had entered the ranking overnight, he would think that he was extremely clever and thus become arrogant and short-sighted.

When these words were spoken, Xu Qingnian understood clearly, and he understood this truth even more in his heart.

“Please rest assured, sir, that the student will not see Ping’an County as the world.”

Xu Qingnian understood this very well, after all, the world was infinite, and the environment he was in was nothing more than a well, even if he went to South Yufu, he would only be changing to a larger well.

He did not want to be a toad, and naturally he would not sit in a well and watch the sky.

“En, very well, in fact, the teacher is saying so much to remind remind you.”

“After all, this lineage of Confucianism is different from other systems, if one day you can achieve great enlightenment and become a saint overnight, it is not impossible to cross ten grades.”

“You still need to read more on a regular basis and go through this red dust more often so that you can comprehend the true meaning of Confucianism.”

Zhou Ling said seriously, but the meaning of these words was somewhat mixed with private goods.

He wanted to tell Xu Qingnian that he might become a saint overnight one day, even though he had not yet entered the class.

It was not impossible to overtake him.

Of course the smallness of this probability, Zhou Ling did not say.

“Becoming a saint overnight?”

It was really the first time Xu Qingnian had heard this expression.

A Confucian Dao epiphany, crossing ten grades in one night, this was somewhat terrifying.

“En, this statement was said by the Sage of Literature himself, oh yes, do you still remember what you asked me to ask yesterday?”

Zhou Ling nodded, he wasn't lying, becoming a saint overnight was indeed said by the Sage of Literature himself, written within the Word Saint scroll.

But after mentioning Wen Sheng, Zhou Ling suddenly opened his mouth and mentioned yesterday's incident.

Yesterday's incident?

Xu Qingnian instantly thought of the Palace of Literature.

However, he did not open his mouth directly, but instead, he smiled slightly and said.

“Uh ..... Sir, there were too many unrestrained conversations yesterday, and the student didn't know exactly what to ask at once.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth.

Although he wanted to know about the Wen Gong very much, he couldn't ask in detail, or else he would easily attract suspicion.

After all, if one pretended not to particularly care and asked why he knew about the Palace of Literature, he could perfectly answer that he had heard about it from hearsay and just asked in passing, hell he knew there really was.

If one cares in particular.

To put it bluntly, there is something fishy about an illiterate person asking about such things, right?

And seeing that Xu Qingnian was somewhat confused, Zhou Ling immediately opened his mouth to remind.

“It's the Palace of Literature.”

Zhou Ling spoke.

Then before Xu Qingnian could say anything, Zhou Ling continued to speak.

"I went through a lot of information yesterday and sort of found some relevant information."

"Look."

Zhou Ling picked up a book on the desk and handed it to Xu Qingnian.

On the top of the book was written [Sacred Acts]

"This is an ancient book, I don't know if it's real or not, its content is a record of the words and actions of saints and some of their lives, among which the word Wen Gong appears in it two or three times."

"The so-called Palace of Literature is the place where the saints lived, and people in later times called it the Palace of Literature."

Zhou Ling patiently explained.

And Xu Qingnian memorised this information firmly, keeping a calm posture on the surface, not appearing to be particularly eager for fear of attracting suspicion.

"Understood."

Xu Qingnian replied casually, in fact he wanted to continue asking for other information about the Wen Palace, such as whether there were seven statues or something like that.

But it was not good for Xu Qingnian to ask directly about these words, so he could only hold back for now.

"By the way, where did you learn about the Palace of Literature?"

Zhou Ling also asked Xu Qingnian with some curiosity.

After all, the term Wen Gong was not something that ordinary people could say, and as a scholar, he also needed to look up information.

"Sir, I just heard Mr. Shu mention it some time ago, so I was curious to ask."

Xu Qingnian casually told a lie to cover it up.

As a matter of fact, once she said this, Zhou Ling couldn't help but lose her smile.

"Don't bother listening to storytellers. Although they say they read many ancient biographies, they will modify them themselves and make up stories for the world's amusement, so they cannot be taken seriously."

Speaking of storytellers, Zhou Ling couldn't help but think of the Confucianism and Taoism system Xu Qingnian mentioned yesterday, what with all the lip-smacking and a poem to subdue the country, it was a bit outrageous.

"Understood."

Xu Qingnian nodded.

But Xu Qingnian continued to speak.

"Sir, who is this Wen Sheng? Is it powerful? Is he still alive now?"

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth to ask, there was nothing wrong with this question, after all, the sage of literature, the sage of the world's literati, it was normal for ordinary people to be a little curious, not to mention that Xu Qingnian was now officially in the rank, except for the lack of merit, he was considered a scholar.

So when he heard Xu Qingnian's question, Zhou Ling also answered seriously.

"Qingnian, a saint cannot be described as powerful."

"It is the saint of the literati in the world, and is the lifelong pursuit of my generation of readers."

"And every literary saint is a heavenly and heavenly existence, rare in both ancient and modern times, especially the first literary saint, a master of both literature and martial arts, a god of martial arts and a supreme saint of Confucianism, it is only a pity that he was born in the darkest age and did not leave much behind."

Zhou Ling was serious, mentioning the saints, naturally he could not be slack, even though the saints had passed away many years ago, but this reverence was natural.

"The first literary sage? Both literary and martial?"

Xu Qingnian's eyes were thick with interest.

"En, from ancient times to the present, there have been a total of five saints between this heaven and earth, the last one passed away seven thousand years ago, while the first generation of literary saints were too far apart, rumoured to have been born in the Age of Darkness, when the human race was at its weakest."

"It is said that in that era, the human race was close to extinction, and if it wasn't for the Sage of Literature who came out and saved the world, I'm afraid there would not have been the prosperity of the current world, and that is precisely why the first sage is also known as the Great Sage by our generation of readers."

What Zhou Ling said made Xu Qingnian even more curious.

Especially the mention of the ..... to the Dark Ages.