

Awaken Chapter 19

Although Xu Qingnian was not a true scholar, she had attended at least nine years of compulsory education.

The poem recited by the handsome man, could it be called a poem?

But it could not be helped, he had lost his memory and it was not easy for him to compose a poem in a quarter of an hour.

Xu Qingnian could understand.

However, Xu Qingnian refused to take this poem and carve it into her body.

“Senior, after thinking about it, I think I should compose a poem myself, after all, your status is too high, I’m afraid I can’t hold it down.”

Xu Qingnian found a euphemistic reason and said so.

“That’s true, overlooked that.”

The handsome man didn’t hear in the slightest that this was a reason Xu Qingnian had found, and instead nodded his head.

“Then you carve it, I’ll watch it for you from the side.”

The handsome man nodded and let Xu Qingnian carve the seal.

“Uh Senior, how do I carve it?”

Xu Qingnian wanted to carve it too, but she just didn’t know how to do it.

“You jump into the pool, mobilize your talent, use your god to transform your pen, and just visualize the words of the poem.”

“But there are two things you must never forget, whether it’s poetry or writing, once you carve it you must be coherent.”

“There must be no sluggishness, otherwise you will fail to engrave, for ten grades of engraving, there are only three chances, once you miss these three chances, you will need to wait until the next time.”

“And you have just entered the grade, your talent is not enough, it is best not to engrave articles and the like, poetry is fine.”

“Understood?”

The handsome man said seriously, telling Xu Qingnian to always pay attention to this.

“Thank you for your guidance, senior.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, while his brain began to search for poems and articles.

One good thing was that Xu Qingnian had been an arts student in her previous life and was particularly interested in the poetry and writings of ancient China, so she had read and memorized many of them.

The five hundred poems of the Tang and Song dynasties will be left out for now.

Xu Qingnian also knew a little bit of the essays and prefaces.

It is only because of the talent issue that only poems can be engraved.

What should be engraved on this first poem?

Xu Qingnian thought hard about it.

After half a second.

Xu Qingnian suddenly had a flash of light and came up with a poem.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian recited it over and over again in her mind, after all, she had to recite it in one go, wouldn't it be troublesome if she made a mistake?

“The full text is long, the first half doesn't need to be completely engraved in, just take part of it.”

Xu Qingnian turned his gaze towards the talent in the pool, and after weighing it up, he decided to remove the first paragraph and just take the essence.

At that moment, there was hardly any hesitation.

Xu Qingnian jumped into the pool.

The pool wasn't very big, and he was barely able to sit cross-legged, and couldn't even stretch out if he wanted to.

With the jump into the pool.

At this moment, all the talented qi came rushing forward.

Xu Qingnian closed his eyes and transformed the brush with his god.

The talent qi coalesced and transformed into a brush, floating above Xu Qingnian's head.

"There is righteousness in heaven and earth."

"Miscellaneous is endowed with flowing forms."

"Below is the river and the mountains."

"Above is the sun and stars."

At this moment, a magnificent voice resounded in Xu Qingnian's mind.

This was the Song of Righteousness.

It was a poetic chapter for a thousand years.

It was the ancient man Wen Tianxiang's understanding of the Hao Yang Zheng Qi.

Xu Qingnian thought for a long time about what to inscribe on his first essay, and after thinking about it he finally came up with this poem.

The Song of Righteousness.

Isn't Confucianism the practice of Hao Rang Zheng Qi?

The Song of Righteousness is most suitable for Hao Rang Zheng Qi.

As the saying goes, you don't look for the best, only the most suitable.

In theory, the Song of Righteousness should be quite suitable.

However, what Xu Qingnian didn't know was that the Righteous Qi Song wasn't just as simple as being suitable.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As the writing brush hanging from Xu Qingnian's head fell and appeared to inscribe words behind him, the entire Palace of Literature began to tremble.

Beams of fiery light intertwined within the Palace of Literature.

It was as if chains of order were constantly intertwined, giving birth to various dao.

"Absolute poetry?"

“This son is extraordinary.”

“And it looks like this poem is more suitable for those who have just entered the grade and can lay down a firm foundation.”

“No wonder he didn’t want my poem, it seems to have been prepared.”

“Indeed this poem, it’s a bit better than mine.”

The handsome man perceived what it was almost instantly; he had lost his memory, but there were some things he knew innately.

When he saw that Xu Qingnian had actually given a poem that was superb, he could not help but show a shocked look and also compared the poem he had composed.

Inside the literary pool.

Xu Qingnian’s engraved poem was the Song of Righteousness.

It was a peerless poem that had great benefits when engraved in the body.

As each ancient word appeared and was branded onto Xu Qingnian’s back, these words contained talent and also contained dao and reason.

“The day of the philosopher is far away.”

“The canonical punishment is in the long ago.”

“Windy eaves spread books to read.”

“The ancient path shines in colour.”

The Song of Righteousness, with over three hundred words in its entirety and all the talent in the pool dried up, is used just right.

And as the poem was finished being inscribed.

In an instant, the Palace of Literature stood still.

But the pool of wen, where Xu Qingnian was seated, was expanding.

Six feet.

One zhang.

Three feet.

Six feet.

Nine feet.

Twelve feet.

Eighteen feet.

Twenty-four feet.

Thirty-six feet.

After expanding to thirty-six feet, the pool finally stops expanding.

Only an even greater variable appeared.

Wisps of purple Hao Rang Qi gushed into the pool.

Purple was the ultimate colour, this was the highest quality of Hao Rang Qi, and each strand was better than Xu Qingnian's previous pool of Hao Rang Qi.

"This can't be! Purple Hao Rang Qi."

"It has never been seen in the past or present."

The handsome man was completely tense.

Some memories were imprinted in his soul, and he instantly understood how terrifying this purple Hao Rang Qi was.

"Thirty-six feet of the Palace of Literature, with the number of the Heavenly Dipper, a Confucian Saint's talent."

"For someone to possess the Palace of Literature, it seems he is truly extraordinary."

The handsome man muttered to himself.

The literary pond within this literary palace was Xu Qingnian's literary pond, and it was because of this literary pond that he was able to recover.

Whereas a normal Confucian student, who had just entered the tenth rank, had a three foot Wen pool, Xu Qingnian was three feet before.

But now Xu Qingnian's literary pond is thirty-six feet long, not only large but also in accordance with the number of thirty-six of the Big Dipper.

This is a symbol of the possibility of reaching the realm of Confucian Saints in the future.

It could also give birth to Confucian divine powers.

At this moment, the handsome man suddenly thought of something and immediately spoke.

“The Wen Pond is over ten feet, and one can condense a Wen weapon.”

“Brother Xu, hurry up and fantasize about an artifact that can create your Confucian Dao Wen Weapon, it will be of great use.”

The handsome man thought of something, and he immediately spoke out, reminding Xu Qingnian, fearing that he would miss it.

As the voice rang out.

Xu Qingnian was instantly a little confused.

What?

Fantasy artefacts?

What kind of fantasy artifacts?

Can you tell me earlier?

I can't think of anything right now.

Xu Qingnian was a bit confused.

He didn't know what to fantasize about.

“Don't think nonsense, quick, no delay, if you miss the Qi gathering stage, you'll have to wait for next time.”

“Pen, ink, paper and ink stone are all fine, as long as it has something to do with Confucianism, you can think whatever you want.”

The handsome man's voice rang out.

It told Xu Qingnian to think of one quickly, he could not delay, if he did, it would be the same as losing an opportunity.

“Pen, ink, paper and ink stone.”

Xu Qingnian closed his eyes, and a brush, which was emerald green in colour, immediately appeared in his mind.

But suddenly, Xu Qingnian had a flash of light.

At that moment, the sun, moon, stars, mountains, rivers and grasses appeared on the emerald green brush.

Which one is the best at face pinching?

Xu Qingnian is the best at pinching faces, and although it is now pinching pens, it is almost the same thing.

The pen is twenty-four centimetres long and four centimetres wide, cast in emerald jade, with the sun, moon, stars, mountains, rivers, grass and trees, with a phoenix wrapped around its tip.

The phoenix and the dragon are also on the tip of the pen, which is a bit rustic, but it is cool.

The dragon and the phoenix have been added, so a little more haze is not too much to ask for, right?

Wait!

Add some more poetry.

Xu Qingnian was instantly energised, so he tried his hand at engraving poetry.

What poems to engrave.

The pen is only so long, so I can't write too much, it won't look good if I write too much.

One or two lines would be fine.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian had another flash of light.

Today, there were so many lights.

[Heaven is healthy, a gentleman is self-improving]

That's right, that's the phrase, the opening line of the I Ching.

It is also in line with the Confucian Way.

And as the words were branded onto the writing brush, a vast Qi coalesced.

In an instant the Palace of Literature trembled once again.

Inside the Palace of Literature.

The handsome man once again revealed a look of disbelief.

“A holy weapon!”

“Great guy, this guy is a reincarnation of a saint of literature, right?”

The handsome man really didn't know what to say.

He stood there, slightly contemplating, but unfortunately there was no other memory at all.

It felt awesome, or was it because of an instinctive reaction.

In the end, a bright green writing pen appeared in front of Xu Qingnian.

And Xu Qingnian slowly woke up and opened her eyes.

But in an instant, Xu Qingnian frowned.

“Who has changed my literary weapon?”

Looking at the literary brush that landed in front of her, Xu Qingnian had emotions.

This writing brush was completely different from what she had imagined.

Where was the dragon and phoenix?

Where is the sun, moon and star diagram?

Without the sun, moon and star diagrams, where is my mountain, river, grass and tree diagram?

Even if none of them are there, how come all the words I wrote myself are gone?

Xu Qingnian frowned as he sat inside the literary pool and pondered.

And at the same time, the handsome man's voice rang out.

“This is your incipient literary weapon, it is not the same as what you have observed, and you need to keep raising the Confucian Dao grade before the literary weapon will change with it.”

As the other party's voice rang out.

Only then did Xu Qingnian understand.

“Brother Xu, don't move yet, feel the Hao Rang Qi in your body, the 36 zhang of the Wen Chi is in line with the number of the Heavenly Dipper, perhaps it can give birth to the Confucian Dao innate divine ability, try it.”

The handsome man spoke.

Xu Qingnian did not joke anymore and immediately sensed the Hao Ran Zheng Qi within his body.

Sure enough.

The Hao Rang Qi within his body formed an ancient character.

[Word].

At the same time the corresponding message also appeared.

After a moment, Xu Qingnian understood what kind of innate divine ability this was.

This word, 言, meant words.

One's own words, augmented with Hao Rang Qi, had a strange effect.

As for what the exact effect was, that was unknown.

One would have to wait and dig it out slowly later.

With a wave of his hand, the emerald green writing pen disappeared as Hao Rang Qi.

Looking at the thirty-six feet wide and about two feet high Wen Pond, Xu Qingnian climbed up with some difficulty.

“Many thanks, senior.”

After climbing up, Xu Qingnian bowed respectfully towards the handsome man.

But this time, the latter waved his hand and said.

“Brother Xu, your casual composition is a supreme poem, and with a 36-foot Wenchi, you are even able to condense the embryo of a holy weapon, so I'm afraid your origins are absolutely extraordinary as well.”

“You and I are still of the same generation, don’t insist any more, otherwise I can’t afford it.”

The handsome man was no longer trusting, before Xu Qingnian was barking out senior, he had nothing to say, but seeing that Xu Qingnian had such terrifying talent, what if he was really a great sage reincarnated?

Then how could he stand up to it?

So the same generation is not a loss, and even a small profit.

“This

Xu Qingnian still felt that something was wrong.

“Don’t insist on it.”

“Brother Xu, you have thirty-six fathoms of Wenchi, laying an extremely strong foundation, nowadays, in the Confucian Dao lineage, you will not encounter any bottlenecks, and it is not difficult to advance in rank, so read more and then try to understand it properly.”

“As long as you gather more talent qi, the faster you will advance.”

“The Confucian Dao lineage, unlike the Martial Dao Immortal Dao, is afraid of unstable foundations if it is raised too quickly, so Brother Xu should not press on, raise it when it is time, maybe when the Confucian Dao grade is high, it can completely suppress demonic thoughts.”

The handsome man spoke out, and these words made Xu Qingnian happy.

“Understood, senior.”

Xu Qingnian arched his hand and thanked him.

“I’ve said it, no need to call out senior anymore

The latter was somewhat helpless.

However, Xu Qingnian had already left the hall.

“Senior, before I find out your identity, I’ll call you like this, let’s each discuss our own.”

“By the way, senior, if anything comes to mind, or if there is something, you can just call out to me, I will come immediately.”

Xu Qingnian's voice gradually disappeared.

The next moment.

When he opened his eyes again.

The window was already lit up.

The room was incomparably quiet.

The hour was not very late and Xu Qingnian's first thought was to go to Zhou Ling's house to study, so she planned to wash up.

But at that very moment.

Something in the basin attracted Xu Qingnian.

[An Xian Ping]

That's not right.

It was [Ping'an County].