

The God of Jesters

Chapter 17: 2.01.1 Searching for a job.

It was the morning in the city of Durum when Farhad Maisal stepped off his carriage and entered a one-bedroom apartment that his father paid for.

This might not be the first time he was away from home, but he sure was living alone for the first time.

Early on, he lived in a dormitory with students like him. It was the reason when vacations eventually came, he chose to rent a room close to the college instead of going back home.

It was a dark world in which Farhad woke up. The unfamiliar bed, the wet floor that still hasn't dried off after a wash, and the sound of dripping water from the toilet, whose tap was a bit busted.

This was a familiar room that he rented not too far into the morning, but he was already able to notice that something was wrong with the apartment when he woke up in the middle of the night.

Somehow, this place that seemed so real, appeared not so as Farhad moved his hand from side to side.

Even the smell of rats in his room that would take days, disappeared at some point.

So he stood up.

This was a world filled with mystery and danger, so the people in this world have adapted to life and always double-check any weirdness around them. Which Farhad was doing at the moment.

"What is going on?" Farhad wondered, as he got off his bed and started to move toward the window.

A window that was not there when he first slept.

"Something is wrong." Even if his memory was not that great, he would have remembered a window of this kind in his room. A window with such archaic corners that one would find in the home of some ancient noble family.

It was the reason why it so easily attracted Farhad's attention.

"Should I check it?"

Farhad found it weird that a coward like him was acting so calm in this bizarre situation and was even taking an initiative. It was as if he had lost all his fear and only an itching sense of curiosity remained.

So, without further ado, he moved forward and placed his hands on the window.

A window that felt cool to touch, and had the texture of smooth sandalwood.

Even the glass of the window was unlike anything he had ever seen. It was misty and white, but as he looked closer, he noticed that there was an actual mist sealed in the glass. A mist that moved and made bizarre archaic symbols.

So he backed off.

He knew that something was wrong with this window pane and if he tried to become more curious about it. Something bad might happen.

But oddly enough. Even if Farhad gave his body the order to move back, his body didn't react.

'What?' He was horrified at this revelation, his mind turned chaotic as countless warning bells rang in his head.

These thoughts of his affected his body, making his face turn ugly and fearful. But no matter what he did, he couldn't control his body.

He can feel his hand moving, he even knows what his hand is going to do, but he cannot 'will' his hand to stop.

Like a puppet, his hand slowly moved toward the lock of the window and opened it, which caused his face of Farhad to twist in even worse fear.

He can feel it now. He knows that on the other side of this window, something terrifying was waiting for him.

And soon this terrifying existence would devour him. As for why these thoughts appeared in his head, he didn't know. It was like a primal part of his brain was able to sense the danger.

But when the window was eventually opened, no beast was waiting on the other side.

No, it would be better to say that it was the opposite. For in front of Farhad stood a tall building.

A tall building on which a beautiful woman stood, looking at the ground below.

"What is happening?"

This was not his street, nor was there any building like this in his area.

He lived in a cheap place to hide from his fellow students. And there was no way that such a building would exist in such a poor neighborhood.

"Who is she?" Then his thoughts shifted to the woman who under the moonlight looked extremely beautiful. So beautiful that he felt his heart skip a beat.

With the fear and tension he felt before, along with the horror of his body being controlled, Farhad forgot everything.

He forgot the very fears that stopped him from opening the window.

And only the silhouette of the beauty remained.

A beauty that after looking at the sky one last time, dropped to her death face flat on the roadside.

Where her body exploded into gore.

"Huh?" It was then that Farhad woke up from his nightmare, his back soaked in sweat, with sunlight beaming from the window.

A window that did exist in the room.

"Hah, nightmare the first night sleeping here?"

The familiar smell of rat poop somehow calmed his mind and with a bright smile on his face. He started to plan the day ahead, forgetting the dream.

And besides, in this whole world, very few were ever capable of remembering their dream.

"I need to succeed before the semester begins, I can't waste my time here."

And so, while having his breakfast and throwing away all the thoughts about the dream, he picked up the most recent magazine of Kelps and started looking for any notable events that might have happened recently.

Kelps were the prime source of information on the occult in the city of Durum

His reason for this was simple. Besides being a great source of information in the world of magi and occult, it was a place to look for jobs in the advertisement section.

As, even if Farhad might be well off, at the end of the day, he was not well-liked by his family and the pocket change he got was a fraction compared to what the others in his college got.

"Hmm, most of them remain the same, experiments."

Experiments are a normal practice of trial and error to learn and explore a particular topic until we have either succeeded or failed after countless attempts.

In these attempts, there was a lot of loss of life in the world of the occult, only those desperate enough would apply for these jobs. And Farhad might be desperate, but not the way the advertisers on this magazine were looking for.

'It's suicidal.' He was a tad bit disappointed that there were no jobs that looked interesting enough.

And he was going to throw the magazine away until he saw a bit of a bizarre advertisement.

"Looking for eyes, be my eyes for a month. Pay can be negotiated."

The details spoke of a blind man that needed someone to read some books and research papers for him. The pay also seemed good, with 20,000 a month.

No, one might be paid a bit too good for a job as simple as this.

Which made Farhad understand that things might not be as simple as Farhad was thinking.

But looking at the green mark on the advertisement, it meant this job was inspected by Kelp's magazine and they considered it safe.

"Should I try it?"

There was a location and a time for the interview of an eye, and much to his surprise. The date was today.

"Hmm, there must be many like me." With the money that was at stake here for such a simple job, Farhad understood that his competition might be immense.

He might not even succeed in this job if he wished to.

But, if he didn't even try, he would be too ashamed of himself.

He might fail, but he knows that he can never stop trying.

Because who knows, that by a fluke, he might succeed.

So washing his body and changing into new clothes. Farhad was ready to present himself to his future employer.

He was so happy today that he used an expensive medicinal paste on his rotten left chest which would curb any flare-ups for the rest of the days without a problem.

"I am ready." So with a fake smile that caused him to look like a professional, Farhad left his home with a small book in his hand.

It was the most recent book he had been reading these days.

A book written by a great man a long time ago was called "Window to the Soul."

It was a book describing the unique aspects of souls and how they might materialize in the great material plane.

Of course, it had a mention of me, the Jester. It described the wraith as an angry vengeful ghost that had been wronged in death. It is a kind of corrupted being that is driven by instinct to devour the life energy of living beings. But in general, they are still very weak in this world of magic.

And none of that ever seemed any similar to what I was.

Because I was never angry at the world or at my death.

I would even go so far as to say that I was very happy with my current state.

Due to it, I was able to witness great stories in the making, without the need to influence them.

Which made me very happy, I was the luckiest man who was ever dead.

And I was happy for a young man as desperate as Farhad to stumble on my abode.