

## **The God of Jesters**

Chapter 18: 2.01.2 It was a mistake.

The sun rarely shone on the city of Durum. And today was one of those rare moments when the sun for the first time in a while showed its face to the people of durum.

Which caused Farhad to wince, but he didn't speak much while walking toward the interview place.

The sun in this world is also called the Great Purifier, for it had the power to purge all the corrupted, by just showing its head. But for the magi that dealt with the uncouth and dark forces regularly, the same purifier turned into an enemy.

Those who can't control their own powers, rarely come out under the sun. For they don't wish to experience the magic being burned out of their body.

The same was the case for Farhad, who, even after covering his cursed rotten mark on his chest, still felt the pain caused by the sun.

He was just glad that the sun didn't outright burn his body to death.

"Bad day." he thought, cursing at his fate once again.

Sadly, he can't find an umbrella shop in the area, so he could only carry on with the pain and pray that he reaches the place on time.

Though, in the end, Farhad could not handle all this pain. "How much for Gregory street?"

"20 Dirium."

He might have to waste some money, but at least the cover of the cab can save him from pain and even let him reach the place on time.

So without bargaining much, he jumped the gun and sat in the cab. No matter how much the price of the cab pained him, it can't compare to the pain in his chest.

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Getting off the cab, Farhad felt a bit speechless at the crowd.

Gregory street was infamous in Durum city, not because of the dangerous elements in the place but because of how dead it was.

There was a time when this street was the heart of the city but after a certain incident. No one actually wishes to stay in this part of town for more than a day.

The incident that started this, no one knew what happened, but all they knew was that if you remain in Gregory Street for longer than a day, then you might fall asleep at random.

Which scared many people at the beginning, there was a curfew and everything around this street. But in the end. Besides that one random sleep problem, there was nothing serious going on in this part of Dirium.

So in the end, people chose to ignore it, while leaving their houses out of annoyance.

Making this place feel abandoned.

But a miracle happened, a silence like this was loved by magi a lot, who made this street their home as the mundane people feared this street.

Causing this street to become one of the rare magi-only streets in Durum City.

So when Farhad saw an army of mundane people blocking his way to the interview building, he understood the seriousness of the competition.

'All of them are my enemies?' The people standing out of the building seemed to be from all kinds of backgrounds, the majority of which were mundane.

But from the radiation and palpitation in his heart, Farhad can even detect some dangerous beings mixed in this group. But they just stayed on the side waiting for the door of this concrete building to open up.

"Lecarth Library?" The name was familiar to Farhad, this was the place where he originally came to buy his books at the start of his college semester.

Even the current book in his head came from this very library. So it was not an alien place to him.

'He needs a reader, so of course, he would be at a library.' This felt fitting to the situation, but it also made him wonder why such a high amount of money to just read books.

"Don't be rowdy, Just put in your name and we will call you one by one." Farhad knew this woman who just shouted at the group. She might look young on the surface, but she was the owner of this library.

It was rare to see the library closed this way and it made Farhad wonder about the identity of the employer that gave out the job listing.

Because, as far as he knew, the owner of Lecarth rarely coddled with others and even hated socializing to the extreme.

And for a woman like that to rent her library and further help that individual to find a job. This sounded far-fetched.

But at least, this has solidified the validity of the job listing to Farhad. So there was no fear in his head as he took shade under the tree, away from the sun.

"Not my day today." Looking at many people that seemed way more qualified than him, Farhad had the desire to just leave this place.

Staying here would be wasteful if he can't even find a job here.

"Did you learn who the man is? This job seems a bit too simple for the money they are giving away."

And like him, many others held the same thoughts as Farhad, and they came together to talk.

Curious about who this eccentric man was.

But most of their answers just caused Farhad to scoff.

'Rich man? Heh! At least I am not this pathetic.'

Some claimed the employer to be a rich man or the job itself was a lie, which gave Farhad a new understanding of some of his competitions.

The people making these comments were mostly mundane without an inkling of magic in them. They probably came here after learning of the reward by some magi or something, because there was no way these people would have learned the news about this so easily.

And while he was looking at the mundane people with scrutiny, others were doing the same for Farhad.

His smell of rot might have dealt with the medicinal balm from before, but the chaotic and corrupted energies in his body were still noticed by others around him. Those that were already initiated into the path of magi.

"Failed." After giving Farhad one last look, most of these people turned their heads and focused on the next call out.

Which came a lot faster than the group imagined. And the owner of the library started to call out names one by one.

There was no sequence to it nor the care if an individual came later or not, she just chose the names she found interesting and called out.

And much to Farhad's surprise he was one of them. He got chosen so fast, that it almost felt unreal to him.

"Those whose names have been called out. Come to the waiting room." She ordered leading the group of young men and women into a room.

Though they were not alone, some of the previous candidates slept on the reading tables with their heads down.

Causing a scare in the new candidates.

"Don't be scared, they are just tired after the test." She informed the group before pointing it out. "The reward is this huge, don't tell me you thought the reading job was easy?"

There was mockery in her voice and a mature charm that treated these youngsters as children.

And by age, they might as well be children to her.

"Just sit by the side and wait till Mister Hailey calls for you." Leaving the library, she went back to her table and started reading again, not caring about these people at all.

And neither did these people choose to question her. They understood that something might be special with this job. So most of them were not surprised.

"Mister Hailey is the one?" The candidates wondered and looked at their predecessors who had just gone through the test.

Most had their heads down and truly seemed to be sleeping. But among this group, Farhad noticed someone whose head was a bit tilted, exposing a young face.

A young face with bleeding eyes.

'...'

Farhad remained silent, he didn't choose to point that out to other candidates and just waited for his turn like others.

But in his head, he was already thinking of ways to leave this place.

Those injuries might not be heavy, but Farhad didn't wish to take any chances. Due to this cautious personality of his, he had been able to survive his regular college life.

And today, this same cautious personality was telling him to run. But things like that are never easy in this world. Would the librarian truly let him escape so easily? He needed a plan for this.

Hence he timed his escape with the first candidate call, it would distract the librarian and would give him ample time to leave.

But when he heard a heavy voice of an old man call out. "Farhad Maisel." All plans of Farhad came to a stop.

This was a call that was directly spoken in his ears, which told him enough that he was locked in by the individual.

"Hmm"

So he silently stood up and chose to just follow suit with what he was here for.

'The job listing on kelp said it was safe, I surely won't be harmed too much.'  
Farhad pacified his emotions as he entered the office that was originally used by the librarian.

And in front of him sat an old man, reading a book using braille, through touching his finger.

"Oh, you are here, I really thought you might just leave." The man said with a smile on his face.