

Great Master 68

Chapter 68 Graham's Diary!

In the Spirit Medium Parlor late at night, the sound of pages turning never ceased.

Two kerosene lamps and a tall candle on a pedestal allowed Arthur to clearly see every character on the pages.

For two whole days, Arthur had not left No. 2 Cork Street.

He had pored over the two tomes from the toad's legacy with a thirst for knowledge.

No!

He should address the other more formally as Graham.

Through the two tomes, Arthur not only learned the other's name but also became acquainted with his life story.

Graham was born on September 3, 1713, in Yamorton, a small town located further north of North County, near Yemoged, where tall redwoods were the main produce. The town was covered with snow all year round, and it was home to many ferocious beasts. Graham's parents were killed by these wild animals, after which he sold his sisters for a good price and took up employment as a Tomb Guardian.

Of course, being a Tomb Guardian was far from what Graham wanted.

What Graham, who was keen to make a fortune, really wanted was...

Tomb raiding!

Since he became a Tomb Guardian at the age of 17, he began plundering tombs, acquiring a massive fortune over ten years. Just as he was preparing to retire, he discovered the tomb of a Mystic Side Person.

It was that tomb which completely changed the course of Graham's life.

Recalling the contents of Graham's diary that he had just read, Arthur stood up and walked to the kitchen, where he made himself a cup of hot cocoa.

Not with boiling water, but with hot milk.

Of course, he had to add sugar.

The pastry was a croissant delivered by the bakery apprentice, Alvin.

For this, Arthur once again felt fortunate to be living in this era in South Los, enjoying the convenience of having a port which allowed him to taste most of the food from around the world.

To think that back in the Silver Age, things like sugar and cocoa powder were so expensive that nobody aside from the Nobles could afford them.

As for the desserts brought by Marinda?

Arthur still chose to feed them to the mice.

The vigilance in his heart made it impossible for Arthur to eat the food sent by that lady with ease—even after conducting three experiments that all turned out to be safe, but he still did not feel assured.

'Such a suspicious fellow!'

Arthur laughed at himself, then took a sip of the hot cocoa.

The rich fragrance of milk mixed with chocolate and sweetness invigorated Arthur's somewhat sluggish spirit from reading for an extended period, and he began quickly memorizing the important parts of Graham's diary that were relevant to him—

October 11, 1740

I knew it! I just knew it!

How could such a tomb not contain valuable items?

No!

This is no longer about value; it is the gift of Destiny!

I will eventually rise above the mortals.

...

December 30, 1740

Why did I lose an arm just by learning this language?

Does that mean I'm not even worthy of touching the other books?

Damn it!

What's going on?

...

June 1, 1741

It's been half a year since I stopped studying, my spirit has recovered, but the lost arm can never be restored, and I can't go on blindly anymore.

...

January 6, 1742

Found it!

Found it!

...

January 8, 1742

Damn it, that bastard actually had me licking XX.

F*** XXXX!

...

January 9, 1742

The bastard, what's a veterinarian got to mock me for?

He has no idea what I'm after!

Even if I've paid the most terrible price!

But I know now, the script I'm learning is called 'Glyphic Language'!

I also found out that to study 'Glyphic Language,' one must use 'Fragrance' to isolate oneself.

I've also learned that people with 'Spirituality' are known as the Gifted Ones!

...

May 5, 1744

Finally! I have finally mastered the 'Glyphic Language'!

I can also finally learn those magical techniques!

...

October 2, 1744

I've learned it! I can animate a rope and turn it into my Weapon!

I'm a genius!

...

October 3, 1744

What happened?

Why has the corpse in front of me come to life?

...

October 21, 1745

Something's not right!

There's something wrong!

...

November 1, 1746

That damned bastard!

He concealed the fact about Spirituality, although it's the key to mastering Supernatural Power, as Spirituality awakens, it would also encounter terrible information!

Studying 'Glyphic Language' may not increase Spirituality, but in some sense, it triggered my Spirituality, not to mention the subsequent study of secret techniques!

I'm going to kill him!

Damn!

...

February 1, 1747

Having hired two groups of Bounty Hunters, I finally got rid of that guy.

I took over his estate.

All the Bounty Hunters were fed to the dogs.

...

February 2, 1747

Hahaha, a major discovery!

It turns out the 'Fragrance' he gave me is called 'Drool of Apophis,' which come from a school known as 'Snake,' not only can it be used to study 'Glyphic Language,' but it can also be used for meditation; and moreover, this school also has ways to cope with the increase in 'Spirituality.'

...

February 3, 1747

Why is it not there?

Why is it gone?

I remember there was!

It was definitely there!

...

February 4, 1747

I'm sure there's something wrong with my memory; it must be a side effect of studying 'Glyphic Language' for the first time. As my 'Spirituality' keeps increasing, it's getting more severe.

I must find a way to fix this issue.

Right!

Writing a diary!

...

June 5, 1749

The 'Gathering' I run in Yemoged has attracted unwanted attention. Lately, the political tension in North County has been a bit tight. Luckily, I finally traded for some useful Mystical Knowledge, 'Arrow Guiding Technique'!

After learning it, I won't have to be afraid of arrows anymore!

...

October 10, 1752