

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 11: Hassan, Iron Rank Adventurer (2)

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West gate of Sodomora.

West gate of Sodomora...

I kept muttering the name of this important location like a private on duty.

I would regret ruining my debut as an adventurer, by a mistake or some unforeseen accident.

Since reputation was important enough for an adventurer to warrant paying a monthly fee to have it on a bulletin board, it would be better to stay vigilant and succeed in this quest even if it's an easy one.

『Hassan: Diligent Worker』

Thinking of the day I'll be on the bulletin board, I reached the west gate of Sodomora.

Damn, this city was so big! I don't even know the way around. I couldn't reach the west gate until noon because of that.

The west gate was relatively quiet considering it's a city gate-

I was scanning my surroundings, trying to find someone holding the same wooden plaque as me.

"What are you staring at? Wanna have a go, bastard?"

"Still not lowering your eyes, hah? Think you're tough because you're big?"

I couldn't see a sign of my party members anywhere I looked, only people spouting curses at me.

They were wearing armors and had weapons in hand, the farthest thing from cleaning equipment.

The only cleaning they looked likely to be doing was ethnic cleansing. Obviously, these bastards are vicious fascists.

So, where the hell were my party members?

Did they really leave first and left me behind because I was running late?

Well, that's one hell of a start. If I knew this was going to happen, I would have spent money to recruit a guide. Just when I began wallowing in regret.

"There you are, Samaritan."

Hmm? Was someone calling out to me? I'm pretty sure I'm the only Samaritan here.

"Yeah, you. Are you part of the shrine cleaning party?"

It was a timid male voice. I turned my head at the sound but couldn't find anyone.

"Here, here."

Swoosh-

I lowered my head and saw a bearded man, not even half my size, looking up to me. Why is he so short? A Dwarf?

No, he was a little too thin to be one.

If dwarves gave off a feeling like they're strong as boulders, then this old man seemed more like a thin cucumber, not to mention he looked weak. On top of that, a dwarf's beard is as thick as a broom, while this old man's beard was more like that of a weasel.

He was an old man with gray hair, a white beard, and wrinkles on his face like a child's raincoat.

I think I heard people talking about a kind similar to him but I can't recall what they're called.

"What are you looking down at? Are you ignoring me because I'm short? I always heard that Samaritans were big but small down there."

Fuck? How did he know?

I didn't know who he was, but he didn't seem like an ordinary person at least. He had an unusual aura about him.

Anyway, I confirmed that he was my party member by checking his plaque. I looked around the west gate and addressed the old man.

"I thought I'd be the first to come here. Did anyone arrive before you? To think a Samaritan would precede us. You're quite the diligent one, it's also quite rare among the young folks."

"I was the first one here?"

"Yeah, I suppose so. They'll probably be here any minute."

I thought I was late, but it turned out I was the first one who arrived here? I saw someone approaching while waving his hands as I was thinking about that.

"Howdy~. Looks like the cleaning party?"

He was a man with a very distinctive conical red hat. He was a little shorter than me, but that still could be considered quite tall for a human being in this world.

His face was covered by his dangling long red hair and a very prominent nose. The nose seemed normal but looked a bit ugly.

He had something akin to a huge piece of wood on his back. I thought it was something like an adventurer's weapon or just cleaning gear.

Strum-

It was a string instrument similar to a guitar or something. What the hell is this?

Strum-.

"Same wooden plaques. Praise to Mercury, God of Encounters. Great guide of Travelers. Fateful Encounter. Painful separation~"

Strum, strum-strum, he started singing along with his performance.

What the fuck is this nut-job doing?

He started singing and playing the guitar as soon as we met. I thought I had seen everything adventurers had to offer while I was a slave belonging to Elfriede, but this bard is a rare lunatic.

I was desperately trying not to be associated with him when pedestrians passing by witnessed this scene and inquired, "What is happening?"

Come to think of it, Daphne did talk about a weird person. It must have been this bard.

In fact, even the half-baked old man looked weird, but this young bard takes the cake.

That's what I thought at the time.

I'll have to delay my growing suspicions that it might be a get together of clowns for now unless the next person who arrives is also shady like them.

"Are you the cleaning party members tasked with cleaning the shrine located on the outskirts?"

The first thing I saw was a huge mask. A huge ass mask. Like a Chinese lion mask, a large head depicting a goblin or a demon was carved out instead.

Below it, she adorned her body with very exposing attire, just like the dancers I had sometimes seen when I was with Elfriede. She was also barefoot.

She also had many accessories attached to her feet, arms, and waist that clinked every time she walked.

Probably a girl. She looked just as strange as the others.

Below the mask. Just as I began assessing her by looking at her revealing clothes and her rather ample bosom.

"Hoh, that distinctive mask, clothes that barely cover anything, and a unique amulet. You're a shaman of Ideope. Never had I thought I'd be stuck with a daughter of the wild in this city."

The midget-like old man proudly laid out his flamboyant knowledge like a peacock showing off his feathers. A shaman, huh? What kind of job was that?

It wasn't strange for shamans to exist in a world where magic existed and Gods granted curses and blessings.

"You have quite the sharp eyes for an old halfling grandpa! I am Luna, the shaman of Ideope. Luna, who is the daughter of the Great Night."

"What? An old halfling grandpa? Who do you think I am? I, Dr. Plato, am pretty famous in the Delphian school. Even the daughter of the barbarian tribes should have heard of my renowned reputation?"

"Not really."

"Ah, young people these days have no culture. Just as it's foolish to try to get a turtle to fly, it's foolish to try to impart knowledge and culture on a stupid barbarian."

The name of the masked woman was Luna.

And this midget-like old man is Plato, apparently a halfling. It seemed to be time to introduce myself too. Just as I was about to say my name.

Strung-

“My name is Marco~ I’m a wandering bard and an iron-rank adventurer like everyone else~”

He introduced himself without anyone asking. Being the only one not having introduced himself, all eyes were on me now.

It’s been a while since I’ve been in the spotlight like this, I began getting nervous and thus I introduced myself in moderation.

“I’m Hassan. Please take care of me today.”

It was a little awkward greeting, but the quest is all about cleaning trash and pulling out some weed, anyway.

Since we were only teaming up for today, there was no need to talk deeply about myself or get attached to them.

I guess that’s what everyone was thinking as well since no one asked for a better introduction or any more questions after that.

“Old man, are you sure we’re on the right track? You know how to read a map, right?”

It has been hours since we left the walls of Sodomora.

Walking in the fields to the west of Sodomora, we soon arrived at a dense forest. The shrine that we needed to clean up was in this area.

“Don’t rush me, young Samaritan. Reading a map is akin to reading the world. Reading the world means grasping the truth. Therefore, reading a map was no different from realizing the truths of this world.”

I didn’t understand what he was going on about, most importantly with halfling Plato’s guidance, we had been circling the same path for an hour while he was preaching his dogshit philosophy.

Bastard, talking like a hotshot philosopher, but you don’t even know how to properly read a map.

– X – – X –

I saw another one of the marks we had left with a dagger on one of the trees. It was at that moment I started getting really annoyed.

“Kyaat! Horned wasps!”

One of the party members started running while shouting like an eviscerated pig. It was Luna the shaman.

“I got you, hehe! Lucky!”

Luna grabbed a thumb-sized bee with a chisel-like tool, then shoved it into the leather bottle she was carrying on her waist and closed the lid.

There were already more than five wasps in there.

Buzz Buzz-

I was annoyed by the constant flapping of wings inside the leather container. At the same time, the halfling old man, Plato, opened his mouth.

“According to the superstitions of outlands, alcohol made from wasps is good for stamina. I heard that people in Ideope use bee stings as medicine. It must have been true. They’re really a barbaric bunch.”

“You’re only saying this because you’re ignorant. A bottle of these little things is expensive, it sells for one silver per bottle!”

“W-What? U-Umm, I can’t believe people actually pay for this. Ah, what is our world turning into? This has never happened when the titans were ruling.”

As if imagining the pile of money waiting for him, Plato’s eyes began to busily scan the trees and bushes.

Everyone was looking for the bees now.

Just look at the map, you punk. We’ve been circling the same area since forever.

Strum-

“The flapping of the wasps’ wings is inspiring me! The title “Flight of the Wasp”! I can already hear it in my head. Wasps are buzzing, the day is buzzing, keep working hard~”

I don’t want to complain too much, but this is such a shitty party.

Daphne had said there was a strange fellow in the party, but isn’t everyone besides me a troll?

Everyone here was so weird that I started to doubt whether I was the strange one.

Dammit? Am I the odd one here?

While I remember that Elfriede and her companions were a little rough and unusual, they weren't as weird as these guys.

The gap between a silver-rank adventurer and an iron-rank one seemed to be as different as the difference between a crawling ant and a soaring wasp.

Then, I saw something flying in front of me.

Fuck it, it's even tormenting me.

1 Silver!

I jumped even faster than I thought I could and slapped the wasp with my palm.

The wasp fell to the ground as if it fainted. I then hurriedly grabbed it by its waist.

It was a wasp as big as my fist, so the sound of its flapping wings was akin to a helicopter. Damn scary.

Its shiny black color definitely looked cool. The tick-tock-clicking sound was so loud I could even hear it after blocking my ears.

Wow, how did I even catch this with my hands?

Anyway, I'm going to make bank! These bees are going to pay for tormenting me!

I then whiningly put the struggling bee I had caught in the leather pocket of my waist.

"Wow, you caught a wheel bee! You dared to touch it with your hands? Are Samaritans really as fearless as I heard? You said your name was Hassan, right?"

Luna, the shaman, who was hysterically chasing after the wasps until now, suddenly spoke to me. She showed great interest in the way I caught the bees.

"Wheel bee?"

"Yeah, they can sell for 20 coppers. They're very fierce, making them hard to hold on to. I don't think you got stung either. You're quite lucky. A living specimen can sell for 30 coppers!"

I couldn't see her expression because of the mask, but she seemed to be envious of me.

Actually, I was really afraid of spiders, but bees were okay.

Whether it was because of my father who made me experience a lot of things or because of my military life in the Gangwon-do mountains, bee stings were nothing new to me. I was used to them and no longer thought much of them.

I was having a hard time believing a single bee was worth 30 coppers. This alone was more than the cleaning reward. Was this for real? Thirty coppers meant six bowls of rice soup. I could even eat 10 of them if I went for the cheaper options.

Damn it, I'm exhausted.

"30 coppers-? Do wheel bees have such high value? I never imagined a bee would have such a price."

"30 coppers are more than this Marco can make after a full day on the streets-"

Perhaps because of the sudden mention of high amounts of money, Dr. Plato the quack philosopher, and Marco the big-nosed bard became interested in whatever we were doing.

Thus our journey has turned into one of gathering wasps, beetles, mushrooms, and so on. We were all boasting about our findings and envying others' treasures. How did things turn this strange!!

Hello everyone, I hope you guys enjoyed reading this just as much as I enjoyed translating it. I'd be interested to see who's everyone favorite. It's gonna get even wonkier lol.

Luna's illustration is in the discord. She do be looking very hot ngl.

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