

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 12: Hassan, Iron-Rank adventurer (3)

☞ Hassan the Iron Rank adventurer (3) ☜

“Found it! Crispy Mushroom! It's 1 copper per root. Alchemists use this to make potions!”

Luna pulled out a strange mushroom and exclaimed loudly. Next to her, the bard and the philosopher were also picking mushrooms and insects from the same tree bark and storing them in their respective leather pouches.

The gathering was going very smoothly. I couldn't help but wonder if we could continue this. We still had to clean the shrine.

“This is how most low-level quests proceed. There are no strict restrictions on your actions, and most people tend to finish their quest voluntarily, so it's good to reap extra money.”

Plato, the iron-rank halfling adventurer, was chucking handfuls of roots and mushrooms in his bag.

“It's something we have to do as iron-rank adventurers, as it's hard to make a living with just the quests.”

These words definitely had some credibility attached to them coming from the mouth of an old man. In a world where the internet existed and information was quickly shared, knowledge was available in abundance.

In a world where books are rare, let alone advanced pieces of technology, the knowledge and wisdom of the elderly were truly priceless. I thought he was just a quack philosopher, but it seems he does have a reliable side to himself.

I don't think it would be a bad idea to get information about adventurers from this elderly philosopher in the future.

So I sat down next to the old man who was digging for plants and roots and asked.

“Is there any reason you are working as an adventurer and a scholar? Wouldn't it be easy to get a job somewhere nice with a degree?”

There were also universities in this world. The university back in the world where I used to live was more like a shop instead of a place for learning. However, the universities in this world were like iron fortresses that were hard to enter.

So, in this world, the pride of college students and degree holders really soared.

I have met my fair share of college students and who were lucky enough to enjoy partying in clubs on a Friday night.

However, there was a stark contrast between them and me. Those sacrilegious bastards are the reasons the sales volume of condoms would soar on Christmas, not to mention Christmas is an event that lasts for two days.

I never really felt compatible with those college bastards even after I became a slave.

In any case, a scholar who had received a Ph.D. was digging for mushrooms while burying his face in the dirt. Was he an empiricist?

“I majored in philosophy.”

“Ah-.”

I was aware that scholars surely are different. Everything becomes clear with their single explanation. In this world, philosophy seems to be rather non-mainstream.

After all, in a world dominated by adventurers who lived day to day, there was no easy way for thinkers to make easy money.

As important as the basics of philosophy, mathematics, and science were, it seemed this world had different priorities.

“The world wasn’t like this before. Back then, philosophers were respected. I was young back then, but everything changed since the Titans fell and the 12 gods replaced them. Young people these days are too brash and only want immediate benefits.”

As if he was pleased to have been asked, the old halfling philosopher kept speaking without me asking him.

It seems that even in this world, old people couldn’t resist the urge to tell their stories to other people.

“Who are the 12 gods? They’re just irresponsible gods warming their seats. It’s not just the 12 gods. Look at Pluto. I don’t know what he’s doing in the underworld. Labyrinths leading to the underworld are being discovered all over the world. Monsters and undead are now surfacing up.”

Pluto.

I don't know much about the 12 gods, but I've heard this name a few times already.

As he was the 'God of Wealth', it was said that many treasures were buried in Pluto's realm. Adventurers who coveted wealth always targeted his underground ruins.

Even if they didn't believe in God, most competent adventurers would know this.

"But that's not all! These days a lot of foreign people are coming to the Gaia continent. Like the daughter of Ideope over there! The elves of the world tree or the Samaritans of the wilderness! They are trying to stick a straw into this kingdom and continent we worked our sweat off to build!"

"This can only spell disaster for us citizens, especially minorities that can be discriminated against by foreigners if they gain too much power. Elves are especially vicious!"

End of the world, End of-! I nodded to the old man, who was angrily spouting saliva like a soldier whose vacation had been cut short. Then, as if satisfied with my approval, the corners of his mouth slightly crept up, then he started speaking softly so only I could hear him.

"Young man, it seems you're a little more aware than you look? Are your parents from the Gaia continent?"

"I was born and raised in Samaria."

Of course, my real hometown was the Republic of Korea on earth. Damn it.

"Well, I suppose so. You resemble a savage, no matter the angle I look at you. Anyway, I'll bring back the titan faith to its prominence. I'm currently working on an amazing thesis. Once it goes out into the world, it's definitely gonna make a lot of noise. It will sweep everything away like a tornado-!"

Well, it seems that even this old man had a dream.

A dream.

Dreams and vision were the driving force behind people's actions. They're what prevent one's soul from withering away. In a way, weren't these what kept this old man in his prime? However, I don't think it saved his little brother.

"Young Samaritan, this is for the sake of research, but why did you become an adventurer? What made you leave the wilderness to join Sodomora?"

Looks like it's my turn to answer questions now.

"I heard that Samaritans roam the world in search of a glorious way to die. Is this what you are searching for too?"

"Something like that, I guess?"

"As expected! My guesses are never wrong! Still, you're the most good-natured Samaritan I ever talked to. You seem quite learned for one too. Did you study in any institution?"

I was about to graduate from college back in my world. Are my degrees and diplomas accepted here? The man answered his own question while I was pondering about it.

"Even if times have changed, there's no way barbarians would go to school. Well, that being said, it's not like I'm in a better position myself. I'm still rolling in the dirt with the savages I'm cursing-"

That's how my conversation with the old man ended.

Although we talked about a lot of things, I couldn't remember much for some reason. Only the feeling that elves were despicable remained.

"I'll be honest with you. I have no idea where we are. I must be getting old."

Damn it, old bastard. Only after the sun had set and the forest was submerged in darkness did he say with a doubtful voice.

Well, I did know that this old man was struggling with reading the map, but I didn't know it was gonna be this bad.

Strum-

"Like a lost child, crying and whining in the wild-"

"Shh. Shut up. Quiet."

"Okay."

My nerves were getting more sensitive the darker it was getting. If there's one thing I have learned by living in this world for two years is that a dark forest is the last place you ever want to be in.

You never know what will appear or what accident could happen, so vigilance was key. How could someone sing and play instruments in such a place? Damn it, it's unacceptable even if the Elder Music God descends.

Maybe because of my muttering, the big-nosed bard put his instrument on his back and looked at the map with a serious expression.

"So, brother, the white thing is the paper and the black things are the letters, right?"

This young bard was even more ignorant than I could imagine. It was useless to ask for help from him.

I wasn't familiar with the surrounding terrain, so I couldn't figure out where we were by looking at the map. The map itself was also vaguely drawn, not precise at all-

All that's left is that voodoo shaman or whatever.

Luna was struggling with her back. It seems like all the things she stuffed inside made it hard for her to even walk.

"Lost? Worry not, it's the perfect occasion to use my apocalyptic voodoo!"

Luna spouted confidently behind her mask.

'Apocalyptic voodoo' just its name sounded ominous. Though, we have no choice but to rely on her and her mysterious witchcraft, blessing, or whatever!

"Bring me a stick. I need a stick."

At Luna's instructions, the big-nosed bard and I brought several suitable-looking sticks.

She looked at each one and would say things like "This one is too curved" or "This one has too many twigs." She was judging them one by one until she finally nodded her head, holding a branch in her hand that was straight enough to be used as a whip.

"Alright. This one should be good enough!"

"I never thought I'd get a chance to witness the magic of Ideope. Interesting."

Even the old man, who had previously just been staring at us with a perplexed look on his face, seemed to be interested in the 'Apocalyptic Voodoo' of Luna.

I, too, looked forward to what Luna was going to do.

Most of the magic I have seen so far looked unbelievable, such as shooting scorching fireballs to kill a huge monster or mending a person's injuries in an instant.

“Everyone, be quiet now. I need to concentrate.”

Thud-

Luna inserted a rod into the soil like a pillar and started reciting a mysterious spell.

“ ... ”

It sounded so horrible that it was hard to even describe. Rather than an incantation, it felt more like abyssal howls from the bottom of a swamp.

It felt like the chaos was approaching us with slow and casual footsteps as if the gates of time and space opened up right now.

“Hayaaat-!”

Luna suddenly fell to the ground with a weird scream, as if she fainted because of tension.

“What’s going on brother? I can feel a very wicked and sinister magic ene-”

I don’t think I was feeling the same kind of energy the big-nosed musician was feeling, but I couldn’t help but swallow my saliva nonetheless at his exclamation.

“I, I don’t know. What do you think, old man?”

“Ideope’s sorcery hasn’t been studied a lot. Most data was swept away after the Giant War 50 years ago. Let’s wait and see for now.”

Luna was breathing heavily. *Hah- Hah- Hah?* By the time I thought of helping her stand up, she staggered up and approached the stick that was planted on the ground.

Then she banged her feet around it and then knocked it to the ground.

Splat-

What kind of religious significance did that have? I was seriously contemplating this when I was interrupted.

“Come on, let’s go this way!”

Luna pointed in the direction of the fallen rod.

“No, does this even make sense?”

“Hiik-!”

As Luna, the voodoo shaman, retreated close to me, my body can't help but heat up. And the big-nosed Marco who was watching the scene next to me held my shoulder.

"But brother. There's no other way, is there?"

"Sigh, that's true."

Still, we had to find our way through a dark forest. I couldn't help but feel it was strange.

We also wasted time trying to catch wasps. It's not like I could complain since I was an accomplice.

So we decided to walk in the direction the stick pointed to as Luna said.

The moon rose before I realized it, and howls of unknown beasts resounded. I don't know what will happen to me if I stay here for too long, so I started moving my feet faster.

We rustled through tree branches and grass for a long time.

"Look! Look! I told you guys... My voodoo is never wrong."

"Don't bullshit us. You were just muttering a while back how it might not be the right way."

Under the dim moonlight, an abandoned shrine appeared in our sight. Stone pillars were smashed and cracked here and there.

True to the name of 'Abandoned Shrine', the collapsed building with its cracked stone walls and statues gave an eerie feeling. It would have been quite picturesque and charming had we arrived in the day.

But under the moonlight, it looked like the entrance to a cursed temple or an underground dungeon. Truly, what a refreshing view.

In any case, we were fortunate enough to find the ruins. It also made it easier for us to go back now that we had a marker for the map.

"Let's camp here today then. We should also quickly make a fire. Beasts and demons around here are afraid of fire."

"Brother, that would be great."

"Yeah, why not."

The big-nosed bard and I agreed with the old man. We collected dry wood and stones and set up a somewhat decent camp around the bonfire.

“You’re good at this, young man. Well, as expected of a Samaritan, you must have a lot of experience with homelessness and outdoor camping, right?”

The old man was running his tongue while I was quickly making a simple camp. It seemed that doing all kinds of chores while I was Elfriede’s slave was helpful in its own way.

“Here’s a flint. I always keep one with me.”

Chink, chink-chink!

Woosh-

The flint the old man gave me finally sparked and we all sighed in relief as a flame lit up.

For the 1st time after becoming an adventurer.

I had finally set up a camp.

It felt a little different than what I thought it would, but it was worth doing it anyway.

Kuruk, Kuruk!

Kuruk, Kuruk!

“Brother!! Holy Fuck! A horde of goblins has appeared! It looks like they were led here by the campfire!”

“What? Why are there goblins so close to the city? In the old days when Titans were ruling, this kind of thing was...”

“Haha, damn it.”

What Can I say about this chapter? It went so wrong for poor Hassan on so many levels. Conservative, revolutionist grandpa. A useless bard that can't help but start singing in the worst situations and Luna whom I can't even describe lol. Anyway, that was fun and the s are gonna follow the same pace. Thanks for reading.

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