

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 11

“Do it.”

“Hmm?”

The Ungum lowered his head and looked at the child walking next to him.

‘That’s a pretty wild guy.’

He who is in a new environment is bound to be on good guard.

If you enter an unfamiliar place called Hwasan at a young age, it’s normal to be very scared, but you can’t find any of that in this guy.

Walking trudgingly is not stressful, but troublesome.

Ungum looked at Chung-Myung with strange eyes. Then Chung-Myung asked suddenly.

“When did the White House come into being?”

“Why did you wonder?”

“I’ve heard that Mufa usually teaches by establishing a priestly relationship.”

“Hmmm.”

“But it’s a little weird to be in a place like that.”

The eyebrows of the sword wiggled slightly.

‘You’re hitting a nerve.’

Traditionally, Hwasan also adopted the principle of transmission through priestly relationships. The newly introduced child is associated with a teacher of upper distribution, who strictly follows the laws of Hwasan and teaches disciples.

Such a series of priestly relationships came together to create a huge cult called Hwasan.

This priest’s law has been broken because of the fall of Hwasan.

“There’s nothing strange. I just thought it was more efficient.”

“Then, does he stay at the White Plum?”

“.....no.”

Chung-Myung nodded slightly. The crybaby frowns at the response.

‘That’s a weird guy.’

The answer to the question could not have been obtained from this answer. But Chung-Myung nodded convincingly and was no longer paying attention.

I don’t know what the hell I’m convinced of.

Basically, all those who first entered Hwasan are sent to the White House. In other words, Ungeom, who plays the role of white plumism, is the first to identify Hwasan’s new disciples.

I’ve seen a lot of children, but I feel different from the children I’ve had. How can I put this? I can’t explain exactly, but I’m not a child of ease.

Funny guy’s in.’

Chung-Myung had a completely different idea while Ungum slowly searched Chung-Myung.

He’s gone.

I have a rough idea of the situation.

If you look at Hwasan as a whole, you can see at a glance that there are ridiculously few people. Considering the number of disciples remaining at the time when he was rushing to Mt. 100,000, the number was enormous.

If only that number had been maintained, Hwasan would not have been this empty. In other words.....

‘That’s a lot of people cheap out of Wasan.’

The number would not have decreased at once.

But there must be someone escaping from a sinking ship. If you leave Hwasan one by one, you will end up running out of people to teach.

It is okay if those who have not received the disciple leave. However, if those who had long had enemies in Hwasan and raised him to his disciples turn their backs on him, the remaining disciples will have nowhere to go. There is a limit to what other teachers take charge of for you.

As a result, this system would have come out as a desperate measure. If you teach children in one place as a group, you don't have to worry about decreasing the number of teachers.

"Sad."

Chung-Myung smacked his lips.

What if you don't want to?'

It is not to blame that it is different from the past. Chung-Myung was a pragmatist, unlike the tightly clenched long death penalty. It is more important to produce results than to cling to tradition.

If you've got a way to build a white plum and maintain the wasan, that's fine. I felt a little bit bitter, but.....

The children who had to build the White Casket would have been more torn apart.' It was Chung-Myung who was a little depressed because he could guess how it felt.

No, it's not the time to think like this.'

It is enough for others to be depressed. Chung-Myung's job was not to be swayed by emotions, but to make Hawasan the capitalist of the past again.

Three-armed men.'

In front of my eyes, the three smoke-arms were unfolded. A tall platform was built at the top of the large vacant lot, and the front was filled with small children.

'Oh?'

Chung-Myung tilted his head.

The number of the three great disciples seems to be a little higher than I thought. Compared to the past, it was not too much to describe as a handful, but considering the current situation in Hawasan, the disciple seems to have received quite a lot.

"All sword!"

"Burn it!"

With the command, the sword is pointed forward in unison.

'Oh?'

Chung-Myung looked at the scene with wonder. Hawasan is quite a liberal literary group. Some people are accused of having a strong propensity, but the reason is not because they do not follow Doga's teachings. For he believes that forcing his disciples to teach him is also against the rules.

Thanks to this, it was rare to see such large-scale training scenes in Hawasan. They have a sense of belonging but respect each other's differences. That was the Hawaiian Chung-Myung knew.

It's amazing.

It is certainly interesting to see more than a hundred people learn the same swords in such a Hawaiian.

Chung-Myung alone has never done this kind of training except for his experience of matching swords with the death penalty to learn Chilseong medical examinations. And it's not like a seven-year-old checkup.

"Baegum!"

Argh!

About a hundred swords turn upside down and shine.

Chung-Myung burst into admiration at the sight.

"Wow....."

"Is it interesting?"

"....."

There was a slight smile on the mouth of the sword.

"There's no surprise. If you train hard, you'll soon be like those kids."

".....yes."

Chung-Myung's answer came out a little strange, but Chung-Myung, who was amazed by the sight in front of him, was rather pleased to think it was because he was caught in the eye.

Of course, Chung-Myung's idea was the opposite.

"What's he doing?"

As time goes by, Chung-Myung's eyes get narrower.

"I'm a sword!"

The children in the uniform quickly run forward one step at a time and stab the sword forward. It was a childlike, precise, and strong.

"Well..."

"Huh?"

"What sword is that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh... the prosecution."

The fortune-teller nodded as if he knew it and answered.

"The sword you're using now is called a musculo thorax."

"Yoo, meat?"

"Yes, it's exactly what we call a jinx. It is a sword technique that has been handed down to Hawasan that the presenters have changed more practically. The foundation of all Hawaiian martial arts."

"....."

"It won't be easy to learn, but if you keep up the good work, you'll see the results. You should go back there and stand together. It may be awkward because it's your first time, but think of it as a way to lighten up the mood today. Detailed transfer will take place within two weeks."

Chung-Myung walked back with a look of soul.

'You look frightened.'

Looking at the figure, the Woon Sword slightly frowned.

Kids these days don't have the spirit.'

It's like...

The Woon Sword glanced at the children.

It is strange that a young man is not frightened by the sight of the death penalty training with a real sword. Even the fearless children who call for the world's best master will tremble as soon as they see the real sword. You'll get used to it soon, but I thought it would be better not to expect too much from that child.

But Chung-Myung in the back seat had a completely different idea.

What the hell are you doing? You crazy people."

Actual performance?

When?

Erra, you're gonna drown this shit!

What was the introductory martial arts?

It is the introductory martial arts that teach children what Muhak is to children who know nothing. In terms of the study hall, it is almost like a thousand characters.

By the way, what would happen if you were to teach your children quickly and taught them the Analects with the Analects?

We'll be ahead of ourselves for a while. Just for a second. I'll be able to recite an analects that other kids don't even know. But can the children understand the deep meaning of the analects?

This is a mess for the kids.

'No, it's not a bad.'

It's that urgent, so we could use this expedient. Too far to the Analects. It's not as profound as the actual magic of the meat that they're playing now.

But!

"If you want to do that, at least teach."

"Huh?"

"Hmm?"

Children around Chung-Myung look back at Chung-Myung all at once to see if the idea popped out of their mouths. Chung-Myung shook his head quickly as he looked at the gaze focused on him with blank eyes. The children all looked at Chung-Myung with suspicious eyes.

At that time, the student Lee Dae-dae shouts loudly at the podium.

“Where are you looking at during training?”

“Huh!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Everyone who looks away, Marvo!”

“Turn it off.”

“Phew!”

The children groan and take a mavo. Put the sword on both hands and bend your knees. Chung-Myung clicked his tongue at the sight.

Then Lee Dae-dae’s eyes are on Chung-Myung this time.

“You?”

“Yes?”

“Why don’t you play Mabo?”

“I’m not distracted.”

“.....”

“.....”

Lee Dae-dae student nodded while blinking his eyes. It’s not wrong.

“Go on, BAEKOM!”

Orders kept falling.

Chung-Myung looked up at the sky as he saw a student demonstrating on the platform.

The sky is so blue.

Clear without a cloud..... it’s like seeing the future of Hasan with nothing.

How do I change this?’

It's not so hard to be alone in the world. He has deep experience and a long future ahead of him. Rather, it is more difficult not to be the best in the world.

But it is not Hwasan.

No money, no people. Muhak is a shambles. Changing Hwasan as a third-generation disciple is more difficult than becoming a worm dragon.

"Sigh..."

Then there was a sharp voice in his ear.

"Hey."

".....Huh?"

"You're new, aren't you?"

"....."

I can't believe the three great disciples are new to each other. How far is this Moon faction broken?

"But?"

"I'll see you later. I'm going to kill you."

Chung-Myung smacked his lips.

"All good, but let me ask you one question."

"Is this crazy? You don't know the subject, do you speak informally?"

"Okay. Answer me first. Then I'll let you do whatever you want."

"What?"

"What else are you learning here?"

"This?"

"That meatball or something."

"After learning the Jinsukhap, I learn the Chilhyeon sword. After that, he graduated from the White Plum and learned how to appeal."

“Appeal?”

“Yes, and then you can learn the Taeul-Mi-Geum, which is the purification of Hawaiian Muhak.”

“...The Sunset?”

“Yes!”

“In advance of the sun?”

Chung-Myung’s eyebrows began to wriggle arbitrarily. That’s not true.

I don’t think so.

No way.

“Ha, let me ask you one more question.”

“What?”

“When are you going to learn this twenty-four plumage test?”

“.....what is it?”

“The Twenty-Four Plum Blossom.” Hwasan’s Purification of Twenty-four Plum Blossoms!”

The child who was answering frowned.

“What are you saying? There is no such prosecution in Hwasan.”

“.....none?”

“Yes, I’ve never heard of it before.”

“Growl.”

A strange sound is flowing out of my mouth.

“There’s no such thing as a two-hundred-four-year-old plumage? And the ones who need to learn it learn the sun and the sun in advance?”

There was blood in Chung-Myung’s eyes.

– Priest, you have too little moral tendency and too little power. I don't think it's a problem to completely remove it from Hawaiian Muhak. What do you think?

– It's a completely useless sword. Let's throw it away.

– But it was left by a good man.....

– Then why don't you take them out of the library so they don't care?

– Hmm, that would be great. Let's do that.

Death penalty.

The children learn the sun's blade in advance. Death penalty

Erra, Ciba, Hawasan Reconstruction is freezing to death. I'm going to fall down with a vase before I rebuild Hawasan. I will!

“Who's talking again? You guys, get out here right now!”

“Oh, see you later! Really!”

“.....”

Chung-Myung's forehead had a huge bloodbath.