

THE PRODIGIES WAR

Chapter 9: Wonders of the Rune



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Lian Rufeng and the village guards had travelled three thousand miles to Qingyang Tribe to barter necessities for the villagers. As usual, they distributed the goods in the village ancestral hall.

Xiao Tianren quickly called out all the villagers and the crowd surged towards the ancestral hall at the center of the village.

Lin Xun was also warmly invited but he declined. He had only arrived yesterday and it did not feel appropriate for him to partake.

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Night arrived as the final rays of the sun faded.

Lin Xun was casually seated under the hanging willow in the yard. He gripped the blue blade in his right hand as he carved a block of clubmoss silver wood.

Dododo...

The sharp blade swam across the surface of the wooden block with precise and strong movements like a silkworm spitting silk. Wooden flakes fell like snow, accompanied by a soft and unique rhythm.

Lin Xun's long fingers and generous palm effortlessly gripped the azure blade as it fluttered about like a butterfly among flowers. There was a certain beauty to his technique that would fill a person's eyes with delight.

Rune apprentices needed to first hone their technique before learning how to draw runes. As such, it was necessary for them to train their fingers.

After all, agile and steady hands were the most important requirement of the rune carving process.

The art of runes was not simply blindly carving a series of patterns. The practitioner also needed to control the flow of aeth power, adjust the concentration of ink, control the thickness and strength of each stroke...and even consider the compatibility between ink and rune.

For example, the most basic green wood rune required a rune brush, a saucer of green wood rune ink, and a vessel.

The rune brush was the tool used to draw runes, and the ability to wield it depended on the dexterity and precision of the user's hand.

It was worth mentioning that there were different grades of rune brushes. A good rune brush had high compatibility with ink and aeth power, while a bad rune brush was the opposite. Mister Lu's Azure Sky Burning Gold brush, for instance, was a rare and priceless treasure.

Rune ink was the medium used to draw runes. The ink was usually made from various ingredients and different types of inks possessed different characteristics.

Green wood rune ink was made from sixteen different ingredients: fragrant green wood, white spirit leaves, spirit mayfly blood, red oriole tears... Carefully calibrated quantities of each ingredient needed to be meticulously melted together in a cauldron by a rune master to ultimately bring out their essence.

Using this ink to draw a green wood rune would undoubtedly maximise both the compatibility and success rate.

The 'vessel' referred to where the rune was drawn. Normally speaking, such a vessel needed to be an aeth article, which was an object that could 'conduct' aeth qi. For example, the rune could be drawn on a weapon, a piece of armor, a tool, a house, a tea cup, a carriage, etc.

For Lin Xun's light drawing rune, he had used his finger in place of the rune brush, Gold Eating Rat bone powder as rune ink, while the 'vessel' was naturally the field. The field contained wisps of aeth qi, allowing it to be considered an 'aeth article'.

However, the light drawing rune carved into the field was honestly very crude and did not possess an 'aeth power-source'. As such, it could only be activated once and was unable to operate continuously.

An 'aeth power-source' was something that could provide a continuous flow of energy to the rune. It could come in the form of aeth stones, an aeth vein or even treasures rich in aeth power.

Simply put, although a rune brush, a saucer of rune ink and a vessel were all that were needed to draw a rune, the entire process consisted of extremely complex and stringent steps and was far more difficult than it appeared on the surface.

To become a qualified rune master was even more challenging, which was also why rune masters were so well-respected and commanded a high status.

Long ago, Lin Xun became a rune apprentice when he began to learn the craft under Mister Lu. novelnext.com

Although he was still a rune apprentice until now, it was because his current cultivation and mastery limited him to a few foundational rune diagrams.

Of course, Lin Xun had yet to come into contact with any rune master besides Mister Lu. This made it impossible for Lin Xun to gauge his current standard against others.

In the past, Lin Xun had enquired about this topic more than once, but Mister Lu always gave the same reply—a shake of his head and a sigh.

The shaking of his head indicated disapproval, while the sigh represented disappointment.

It was easy to imagine how dejected Lin Xun would feel every time he received such an answer. Fortunately, Lin Xun never gave up and gradually grew accustomed to Mister Lu's criticisms.

Instead, Lin Xun's motivation surged each time. He relentlessly competed against himself, continuously improving his rune standards.

This was the embodiment of growing braver with each setback.

Dusk arrived as the final red rays of the setting sun dyed the small yard in a beautiful glow.

A breeze blew past, ruffling thousands of willow leaves. The leaves quietly rustled, creating a serene and carefree atmosphere.

The blade in Lin Xun's hand continuously danced as a life-like elderly figure rapidly took shape. Matted hair, deep gorge-like wrinkles and a body as thin as a bamboo appeared slowly. The wooden figure stood with his hands behind his back, his face slightly raised as if looking at the heavens. His eyes were filled with unyielding arrogance.

It was a carving of Mister Lu.

Every inch of the wooden figure was an amalgamation of numerous tiny and detailed runes; however, not a single hint was visible. It gave off a strangely complete sensation as if it was a single body instead of countless runes linked together.

Lin Xun dazedly stared at the wooden figure in silence. In the end, he let out a helpless sigh before picking up the azure blade again to destroy the wooden figure an inch at a time.

When he was done, Lin Xun rose to his feet. Under the setting sun, a determined look appeared on his slightly pale face.

People could not live and wallow in their memories.

To live was to keep looking towards the future!

As the curtain of the night fell, the villagers returned from the ancestral hall with the goods they needed. Despite this, Lin Xun observed that there was a lack of joy on the villagers' faces. Instead, several of them had their brows tightly furrowed together.

What's more, he could faintly hear people arguing from the ancestral hall. Lin Xun barely managed to identify Village Chief Xiao Tianren's and Village Guard Leader Lian Rufeng's voices before the arguing quickly died down.

As the night deepened, the sound of hurried galloping rang out in the village before gradually fading into the distance, disappearing into the mountains.

It seems that Lian Rufeng has left... Lin Xun pondered in silence. Just as he was about to return to his room for his regular night cultivation session, someone suddenly banged at his door.

Bang bang bang!

The knocking was glaringly loud amidst the silence of the night, giving off an air of violence and rudeness.