

## The Runesmith #Chapter 16 Class Change. - Read The Runesmith Chapter 16 Class Change. Online -

Roland stared spaced out for a moment after hearing those notifications. He quickly brought up his status window to look at his new title, not really sure what it was all about.

'Understand my ass, I just redrew what my skill was showing me! Does this title even give me anything?'

Roland rubbed his chin, it seemed that creating a schematic was all that he needed to do. Maybe the system mistook his understanding of circuitry and computer programming as knowledge of runes? If so, then he might have been on to something.

'Hm... that 1000 experience points though... Will I get just as much if I redraw other runes?'

That amount of experience points wasn't small at all, he would probably jump a couple of levels instantly if he had switched classes beforehand. He knew that he would lose out on some of those points after changing classes now, but part of the xp would be carried over.

'Think I'll be losing half of them... shame...Still, this is a great discovery!'

This was something unprecedented, his debugging skill had given him an easy way to earn more experience and do it fast. He only needed to get his hands on some magical items. He then would be able to create improved schematics which in term would give him more experience.

His skill allowed him to see every rune as a diagram, it even fixed any faulty pathways or misplaced components, shifting them into the correct places. The biggest problem would be actually acquiring the runes, they cost a hand and a leg.

'I wonder if I could sell those schematics or create some my own...'

He knew that knowledge about crafting and creating runes was a trade secret. Other people would never disclose those as their livelihood depended on it. He now had a way of producing complete rune diagrams, which meant that he wouldn't even need to look for a teacher or master for such things. He might even be able to sell those schematics for a large sum of money later on in his carrier if he ever needed the funds.

'Okay, I think I'm getting ahead of myself here. I have no idea how to even create a rune even with this schematic... still need to change my class to Mana Scribe to be able to actually put magic to paper...'

He calmed himself down, he now felt that his future as a runesmith might be rosier than previously he expected. Still, he needed to actually get to that tier 2 class before he could even do anything with these rune schematics. He also noticed that without having to even look to that diagram that he just made, he could probably redraw it from memory. He attributed that to his fast learning and knowledge retention traits that he had gained by possessing this youth's body.

He continued fiddling around with the runic rapier but even after glancing at it from all sides and injecting more mana, he didn't find any more uses for his skills.

'Maybe if I understand more about runes, there will be other things I can do with this skill?'

He looked outside and it was already dark, most people were asleep. He glanced over to the crystal that allowed people to change their classes and then nodded. He had tested out the runes as he previously intended, so now was the time to change his class and get to work.

'Well, here goes nothing...'

He activated the crystal and found himself back in his old apartment building once again. He was down on the first floor just like before.

'Time to go up...'

He walked up all those stairs to his apartment room, the inside looked as bad as it always did. He tested the windows again but they wouldn't budge and the outside looked like the empty void as it did before.

'No changes here... time to check if I can actually change my class, if not then I might as well go back home and become a butler.'

He was slightly worried that there might be another error. He got that strange zero elemental affinity after getting his first class, there could be another mishap with this strange system that would keep him from advancing yet again. He waited for the windows screen to boot up, he then hovered his mouse cursor above the familiar icon that was used for class changing.

He waited a moment before clicking the icon, scared of what he might find there. Finally, he mustered up the courage to go forward and clicked it. He was greeted to a familiar image of a tiny pixel art version of himself in a mage robe. The image had the usual three frame walking cycle as before.

'Heh, there is a lot of them this time...'

Previously there was only one arrow pointing to his mage class, now there were a lot of them. He hovered the mouse over one of those pixel sprites as he was unsure of what classes they were. The moment he hovered over one, there was writing on top of it.

He could see the usual tier 1 classes becoming available. There was the warrior, the archer, even the blacksmith class that he was going to take on the next try. There were mostly filled with the basic of basic classes that you only needed a certain amount of stat points to reach, he finally managed to find the Mana Scribe one, but there was a nice surprise waiting for him.

"Huh? there is a Runic Mana Scribe?"

"Is it a variation of the regular Mana Scribe class?"

He tried recalling the books that he read in the past that described the way to get him to the Runesmith Class. There was no mention of a Runic Mana Scribe class, or of any other way of getting his desired tier 2 class. This might have been a secret class and he had a theory on how he was now able to select this class.

'Runic Scholar title, that must be it.'

He was quite sure that it had something to do with it, the books did describe classes that required certain titles to unlock and this was probably one of them. The only other explanation that could also be true, would be his debugging skill or his circuitry skill. The system already thought that they were related to runes, so it wasn't that far of a stretch.

'Maybe it's even the three combined...'

Roland hovered with the mouse on that Runic Mana Scribe class, but it wasn't giving him any info besides the name. From the way it was named he could deduce that it was focused on runes. It could also give him some bonuses to creating spell scrolls. He could also create rune schematics from other runes, which meant he could produce higher caliber spells while being at a lower class.

'But these names... wouldn't just Rune Scribe, or Runic Scribe be better? Why make it so unnecessarily long? '

He shook his head at the naming sense of the person responsible for this and then steeled his resolve. The first class was a freebie but this one had some kind of test behind it. It could be anything simple from making a horseshoe when choosing a blacksmith class, to fighting some monsters in a closed room when going with a fighter class.

He went over the classes again before choosing, he was mostly interested in the magic-related ones. He actually did find some interesting choices he could go with, like a mana warrior and a mana archer class. The requirements were probably having a mage

related class along with all the basic weapon proficiency skills that he had previously unlocked while he was training for the past five years.

His adventurer sense tingled as he wondered what it would be like to be a magic swordsman but then he remembered. He remembered that if he actually wanted to progress past a tier 2 hybrid melee and magic class he would need an advanced magic class as well. At most he could hope for some lesser choices that might even be worse than a regular tier 3 warrior.

He gave out a sigh after remembering that, he had to bring himself back to reality. He already found a hidden class related to runes, this was probably the best choice.

The mana scribe class was also a popular choice for mages as their second tier 1 class before going for an elemental mage at tier 2. There were other choices like a ritualist that lead to a tier 2 thaumaturge and then into a tier 3 warlock. There were other various options that gave you a wizard class or a sorcerer class. Each of those differed in the way they utilized their spells and some were race or bloodline specific.

'If I go by its name, this class probably has all the bonuses of the previous one. So it is probably a better version... though that could mean that the trial for it could be harder to pass...'

He gulped before finally clicking on the Runic Mana Scribe class sprite.

The book he read before described the process of getting the Mana Scribe version of the class. In it, he would have to use his mana to inscribe one of his basic spells to paper. The ability to do so would be somehow given to the person taking the test. If the person had the aptitude they would pass without any problems, if you tried doing it with no talent then you would probably fail. If you failed you, the knowledge of the skill would be forgotten.

The VR headset that he previously used popped out once more and he didn't hesitate to put it on. He was greeted by a flash of light than a quick scenery change. He was sitting in a chair in front of a large desk that was at an angle. There was a large empty parchment laid out on it, to the side a white quill resting in an ink bottle.

The room that he was in looked like the inside of a medieval castle. There were various books spread on bookshelves to the sides and right in front of him was a large hourglass. It was at least two meters tall and the sand was already slowly going down.

'That's probably the timer...'

It was one of the timed trials, he would probably fail if he didn't manage to complete whatever he had to finish before all of that sand fell. He quickly looked at the closest things, there was a quill and a large piece of parchment there, he probably needed to write something there.

'Scribe class... need to write something down here, but what?'

He looked around and spotted a red book right on top of the desk. The cover was quite intricate and it had a drawing of a rune on it. He took it into his hand and started reading. His eyes moving between the pages rapidly.

'This... it's the instructions to scribing a lesser fire orb rune onto a spell scroll...'

Thanks to his high intelligence and added memory traits he was able to breeze through the entire book within a couple of minutes. He had also gained a reading proficiency skill by going through the Arden estate library, which allowed for faster reading and comprehension.

The book described the basics of runic scribing, how you needed special ink, and special parchment that was made from monster skin, or other materials that could retain magic, to even be able for the process to take place. It described the theory behind focusing your mana onto the quill's tip and pushing it into the magical ink. The ink had certain properties that were required for the scribes mana to be transcribed to paper and make the runic symbols function.

This wasn't the hard part, that was to actually get the runic diagram the way you were supposed to. He had seen how intricate the lesser Detonation Rune was, the whole diagram that he drew of it fit on a large sheet of paper. He had to fit a similar diagram of this lesser fire orb rune on this parchment, but it had to be much smaller to make it work. Luckily this rune was less complex than the detonation rune.

He couldn't just trace the large schematic in a 1 to 1 ratio, no he had to make it small. He needed to guide the magical ink with the quill making many tiny mana pathways between all of the components. These components were the rune parts, in this particular runic spell diagram, there were three main ones.

There was the basic fire rune that was the center of it all, then there was the runic part that shaped everything into an orb followed by parts that regulated the mana flow and made sure that the spell didn't collapse onto itself or explode. The last part was considered a type of control rune that was responsible for the spells 'program'

'Wait... these parts are similar to logic gates, logic circuits? Do runes use binary?'

He could tell that the components in these runes had a striking resemblance to circuitry parts, like transistors, resistors, and more complex chips. They differed from the ones he knew by the fact that they were made from magic ink and not from physical components. These chip-like sections had things similar to logic gates in them.

'Interesting, I think my circuitry skill is helping me understand these runes better. Though I don't think I need to understand this just yet, I just need to copy the schematic onto the paper now...'

This was quite more complicated than he had expected. Regular Mana Scribes only needed to write down the incantations from the normal spells without much worry, the only real problem was running out of space on the spell scrolls. He actually needed to redraw the schematic and make it fit into a small rune that looked like a symbol. The runes possessed a maximal size if they were too big, they wouldn't work.

He had achieved the temporary skills that were needed to pass this test. A normal Mana Scribe would only gain the first skill, but this was an advanced version of this class so he also achieved something related to runes.

'I should start... time is running out...'

He had finished the book and now was the time to act. He was always better with practical things than with theory so he decided to test his skills and put quill to paper. He dipped his quill into the dark magical ink while focusing, the black liquid stuck to the tip like glue and let itself be guided to the large yellowy parchment.

Roland took in a long deep breath before focusing on the task at hand. The tip of his quill hovered a fraction of a millimeter above the piece of large parchment. He started moving his hand, but he did it very slowly. The ink started slowly pouring onto the parchment while guided by his mana. The ink split into many tiny magical pathways that inscribed themselves onto the magical paper while guided by his mana.

'Slow and steady...'

His forehead started sweating as he concentrated, it was really difficult to guide this ink in the correct way. He would only know if he managed to do it correctly at the end and his debugging skill didn't help him either. It could only pickup mistakes on an already created diagram or schematic not during the process of inscribing.

A couple of minutes felt like an hour as he continued to pour his heart out onto the paper. This was never meant to be easy and he never tried it before but thanks to his stats he was slowly doing it. His large mana pool allowed him to be frugal with it and his traits helped him keep focus.

He was slowly moving his hand while writing the runic symbols. It looked as if he was writing three large letters but in reality, the magical ink was getting pushed into the parchment creating many tiny magical pathways and other various components. That would make the whole magical rune function after a person inserted their mana into them.

When the hourglass was about half empty he was finished with his scribbles. This was also when finally his debugging skill was activated and also why he looked distressed. Most of it was red, the symbols and the pathways with the various components weren't looking up to par.

The piece of parchment glowed after he was finished with his first attempt. It shone with crimson light, a glow of red rose up as if trying to form into a round shape. The spell fizzled out before it could be completed and the runic pattern of the magical paper vanished, indicating that the spell didn't form and that he had failed.

'Shit...'

He looked at the hourglass again, it was now past the halfway point and he probably only had one more try to make this work.

'Okay, I can do this...the skill showed me where I went wrong... just have to remember it.'

He closed his eyes and recalled the finished product, he could see it like a photograph in his mind, covered in red, blue, and green lines. He opened his eyes wide and went back to scribing, he still had some mana to spare. The second attempt was taking him even longer, he was afraid to blunder and fail, wasting a big chunk of money in the process. He tried not to look at the sand that was falling, afraid of getting distracted but also worried that it would run out if he didn't hurry.

With the last ounce of his mana points, he managed to finally finish. This runic spell didn't look like much, it consisted of three symbols. One was responsible for the fire rune, the second for the shape of the orb, and the last one for its discharge and control. There were many other hidden components, but after the magical ink dried all of those could not be seen by the naked eye.

The piece of magical paper shone once more, it was much brighter this time around. Tiny wisps of red light moved upwards and compressed themselves into a small orb. This orb was quite small and looked more like marble but it was clearly radiating heat.

'Did I do it?'

He looked up at the hourglass and saw the last grain of sand sliding down. Everything blurred afterward and he found himself back in his inn, down on the ground as he had fallen off his chair.

'Shit, did I fail? Did the time run out?'

He quickly brought up his status screen and checked his class.

'It's there!'

He had also gained some class-related skills to boot.



Roland sprawled out on the floor, quite tired from his first-class change. He came unprepared but managed to somehow power through it. He would remember this blunder and prepare more when the time came. For now, he just wanted to sleep.

'I'll check everything out in the morning, too tired...'

## **The Runesmith #Chapter 17 Future plans. - Read The Runesmith Chapter 17 Future plans. Online -**

Roland awoke at the crack of dawn. He had passed out after attaining his new class and was now a Runic Mana Scribe. His back was killing him as he didn't make it to his bed last night. He arose from the floor while grasping his neck.

'Is this how old age feels like?'

He grunted like an old man while standing up. The sun was just rising so he probably had some time before any breakfast would be served at the inn. His thoughts turning to the girls as he wondered if they managed to sell the loot of the fencer that attacked him.

In yesterday's encounter, he was almost murdered by some musketeer wannabe. Luckily his party members had managed to save him in the nick of time. This made him consider leaving this city while he was still in one piece.

The words that the man said were still bothering him. He mentioned someone being glad if he was dead, that could have been a random sentence he construed even a taunt but could also mean that he was hired to do it. The first person that popped into his mind wasn't his father but the 3rd sibling.

He was never liked by the 3rd son, mostly due to the fact that they both came from mistresses. He didn't think that his brother had it in him to go through with such a thing, nor was he smart enough or had the funds.

There were also his other two siblings but he didn't think they saw him as a threat. He was the 4th son and his mother wasn't even a mistress of the house. He had no claim to the estate whatsoever unless all of his other brothers died or his father announced him as the heir, which would never happen. Were they afraid that he would become strong and claim their lives or something?

'That doesn't make any sense... but I guess people have killed for less before...'

He didn't think that it was his father, if he was angered about him staying here he would probably just send an order for him to come back. The other suspects were the two wives, they also could have it out for him. They could see him as a threat against their sons if he ever managed to stand out. He didn't think that he was standing out too much, he wasn't even going to that magic academy or the knight academy.



Roland then wondered if there could be another person that might want him dead but he couldn't think of anyone else. He didn't really interact with anyone back in the Arden estate to cause any long-lasting grudges. He had two options, stay here and wait it out, or use the chance of his 'tail' being dead and leave.

'I got my class... I got some coin... I even have a way to quickly level up now, no reason to stay here...'

He glanced at the three new skills that he had obtained, two were for scribing. The first one was probably the one that you got if you were a common Mana Scribe but he also had a second one just for runes. He knew that if he wanted he could scribe regular spells but runic ones felt much more promising.

Roland found it odd that he received the Basic Rune Mastery skill, the books he read mentioned another one. This skill was called Runecraft and it was required to achieve the Runesmith class. You could also only achieve it after becoming a blacksmith.

If he followed the normal path, he would end up as an Enchantsmith. He needed this Runecraft skill to advance to Runesmith. The books he read before described the way to get it. You needed to inscribe a rune on any type of item and you could buy special skill books that told you how. They were probably similar to the one he got while going through his first class change.

He rubbed his chin and thought some more, this skill that the Runic Mana Scribe came prepackaged with didn't feel like a crafting skill but more as an offensive skill. For now, he opened up his status screen to check his stats.

T1 Mage L25 [ Secondary ]

T1 Runic Mana Scribe L 3 [ Main ]

He noted that he managed to gain 2 levels from the saved over XP. He was a bit annoyed that he lost some of it due to drawing that schematic too early.

'The secondary class option is now unlocked.'

The moment you unlocked a second class you could choose one of your previously gained classes as a secondary one. With a secondary class, you were able to keep this class' special effect. His secondary class which was now a mage gave him bonuses to mana and mana regeneration. You could only have one secondary class and you could switch them once per day, no outside items were needed to do this.

Roland took note of his meager physical stat growth with this class, his intelligence, dexterity, and willpower seemed to be going up though.

This was his second tier 1 class, this world's system didn't count this as separate levels. They all added to the main level, which caused people to gain those levels slower than before. Even if it seemed that he made the jump from l1 to l3 of his new class, in actuality he was going from l25 to l28 of his main level.

He knew this would happen, there was a reason why people started gaining levels slower and slower and why most of them tried not to get a third tier 1 class.

Roland was glad that he had his debugging skill, it offered him a faster way of getting through his tier 1 conundrum. He also believed that he could use this schematic making bug even after he changed his class to a blacksmith later on. This was also why he needed to get that hammer from his party member.

He gained a whopping 1000 experience points for that one schematic. He came to the conclusion that it was probably something a tier 2 class would normally be able to do. But here he was doing it as a tier-one, which meant he got more experience for doing something above his level.

Before heading out there was one more thing that he had to check. He grabbed the heavy rapier that was still on the table and he injected his mana into the weapon to trigger the rune's effect. With that, a loud boom was heard from his room that woke up the person sleeping in the next room. He could hear someone banging on the other side to make him quiet down.

This almost made him forget to look at his MP points to check his theory.

Just as he suspected, he used up less mana to activate this weapon this time around. The Rune Mastery skill was lowering the cost of powering the runes. The decrease was meager in scope at only 1%, but what if he continued increasing this skill, could he get it up to 10%? maybe an advanced version of this skill could be gotten later which would further decrease the requirements. Could he get a class with the advanced version of it in the future was the big question?

'Hm, maybe with this skill... combat with runic weapons could be somehow manageable?'

Roland wanted to test this theory out in the future as he had no way of doing it now. He finally got out of his room to get something to eat, he wanted to meet up with the girls and discuss a couple of things. He headed to the adventurer guild and could see people were walking out to open their shops.

He became slightly nostalgic, he was already over five years in this world but this was the first place that he actually enjoyed living in. He found himself a quirky party that was quite dependable. They even rescued his behind from getting murdered in broad daylight. He spent quite the interesting half a year in this place.

He decided to change locations and wanted to do it fast. He also felt bad about breaking the party up when he left, the girls would need to find reliable backline support like him. There weren't really many mages in this line of work at the lower levels. Most mages were put into academies that left them as tier 2 mages. They could just level up by researching more spells and not killing monsters.

This was also why Roland was able to reach l 25 of his mage class so soon. Besides killing goblins he was leveling up his spells, the more he used them the faster they leveled up. Even though he didn't need to do it while in combat, it did hasten the leveling process.

Still, most people didn't want their kids leveling up in dungeons so spending some years in a magic academy till they got the hang of casting was a preferred option. Though this only concerned people that could actually afford to pay for the exorbitant prices of those prestigious academies.

Roland went past the tavern that he had his first drunk stupor with his party members. It was called The Iron Flagon, the booze that was served there was all hard liquor anything below 20% was frowned upon. He recalled a couple of instances of the girls from his party getting drunk in there, the quiet wolf girl always got chatty on those occasions which made him chuckle.

He thought back to his family, he hadn't heard a word from them during the time he was here. He also didn't write any letters to any of them. He once considered writing some to Martha but now he was planning on going into hiding. This meant that he needed to lay low and not spread any information about his whereabouts.

He finally arrived at the adventurer guild, it was the place that he always met with the girls. He pushed the door open and was greeted by a smell of sweat, many adventurers were already shuffling back and forth inside. The people in this world woke up early as to not waste the light of day.

"Hey Roland, Good Morning~"

Roland spotted Rebecca at the usual spot waving at him. She had quite a big smile on her face as if something good had happened. This made Roland think that she might have fetched a good price for that man's armor.

He walked towards his party, Sahldr had a coin purse in her hands and was looking at it while Reyna the wolf girl was dozing off at her seat. The girl was always bad at getting up in the morning, some drool was even dripping from her mouth as she concentrated on not hitting the table with her face.

"Good morning, you're awfully chipper today, a good deal at the shop?"

Roland sat down on his chair that creaked. The moment he asked Rebecca waved him over, he raised his eyebrow but leaned forward, she apparently wanted to whisper her answer into his ear.

"Yeah, that guy was loaded, we found some small gold coins in his spatial bag along with some other things, Reyna already swiped some throwing daggers for herself. His gear also fetched a nice price..."

Roland nodded, apparently with the sold equipment the girls managed to get over twenty small gold coins. He already had fifteen of those in the dimensional bag beforehand, after selling his light armor, some potions, and other weapons. The girls received 5 more small gold coins.

Roland took a second to digest this information. For someone just trailing him, he was carrying a lot of cash. Was this a normal amount of gold someone at tier 2 had or was it really a payment for taking him out?

"Um, did he perhaps have any letters in his bag? Ones with a red seal for instance..."

Rebecca shook her head and shrugged.

"No, he only had the usual stuff."

Roland narrowed his eyes as this made it sound like this wasn't the first time that these girls had done someone in.

He was hoping of finding more clues but it made sense that there were no letters. Even if the man received such a thing, he would probably burn it to get rid of the evidence. He also could have met face to face with his contractor.

His head was apparently worth more than one gold coin, which he wasn't sure was that flattering. While he was thinking he noticed that his party leader's eyes were sparkling.

"You sure are happy there, like money that much?"

"Damn right I do!"

She replied loudly before lowering her voice and nodding. She didn't really want the other adventurers to know that they had some coins to spare as these were dangerous times they lived in. It wouldn't be surprising if you got back-stabbed during a dungeon expedition and robbed by other adventurers. There were even some of those types that actually specialized in robbing others during dungeon expeditions.

"But anyway, what are we going to do now... think we should leave this city for now."

Rebecca sat down in her chair and looked at the others with a slight frown on her face. Roland kind of knew what this was about as he nodded.

"Sorry, didn't think I'd get you involved in something like this..."

"It's not your fault, you are different than those other nobles!"

Sahildr smacked the table that rattled with force, the drowsy Reyna fell forward and got her face smacked which finally woke her up.

"How about we take one of those guard missions to another city, we won't have to pay the traveling costs."

Rebecca continued with her proposal while Roland replied with his own plans in mind.

"Well... I wanted to tell you something about that, I want to leave the city... but alone. I was thinking about quitting as an adventurer for now at least. But I think that you three should leave the city, I think your involvement with me might bring trouble your way."

Roland wasn't sure what information the man had reported to the Baron or to the person that tried to kill him. The looks of the three female members from his party could be known and they could be implicated in the future. He of course didn't want that to happen but only saw distancing himself from them as an option.

"You think we are afraid of some trouble?"

Sahildr smacked the table again while looking angrily at Roland.

"Apparently not..."

"Don't worry about us Roland, but you seem to have already made up your mind about this."

Rebecca chimed in while looking at the close to 11-year-old Roland. The boy nodded as he wanted to leave this city and move on, he already had his class and now needed a place to train his crafting class.

"Yes I did, I'm actually not really fit to be a mage, so I've decided on choosing one of the crafting classes..."

The girls were surprised by this reveal, from their point of view the youth was quite talented as a mage. Even though he only knew the basic spells, they packed quite a punch. If he managed to reach a tier 2 mage he would be a force to be reckoned with.

"Eh? But you are clearly suited to be a mage."

Rebecca asked while confused.

"Okay let me explain, it's like this..."

He made a short summary about him having some one in a million constitution and having zero elemental affinities to get him any of the basic mage classes. He then explained about runes and that he would be going for a smithing class that would somehow let him profit from his large mana pool.

"So that's how it is..."

Reyna just kept nodding during the explanation, Rebecca did the same while Sahildr's head started exuding smoke when he started talking about runes and how they fit into his plan.

"I got it, sounds reasonable."

Rebecca shrugged without having much to add to this explanation, not like she could convince this boy at this point. She also felt that Roland was free to choose his future.

"So, when will you be leaving?"

"Hm, I'd like to today or tomorrow, don't really want to remain here for too long after what happened yesterday."

"I see... you probably won't tell us where you are heading?."

Roland just nodded while frowning. It wasn't like he didn't trust them with keeping secrets but in this world, there were ways of getting information out of people even if they didn't want to talk. Mostly with the help of special spells or potions that made people sing. The girls understood this, so they didn't make much of a fuss.

"Uh, we can always meet up in the future, you never know, when you are famous adventurers I'll be sure to make you some runic weapons."

Roland noticed that the atmosphere around the table got strange, even the wolf girl was looking sad. He didn't think that they would be saddened this much by him leaving.

"Hm, you sure you want to make a promise like that? I want at least a greater rune in my weapon."

Said Rebecca while Sahildr replied afterward.

"I want some armor!"

"Legendary Runic daggers."

Was what Reyna mumbled under her nose while staring at Roland with anticipation.

"Uh... don't go overboard, I don't even know how long it will take till I can make lesser runic weapons..."

The three girls grinned at him and started listing him the types of weapons and armor they wanted him to make.

"While we are on the subject of runes...Sahldr... could you lend me that hammer for a couple of hours..."

Roland looked at the muscular girl with a glint in his eyes, he just had to get that hammer before he left.

## **The Runesmith #Chapter 18 Farewell - Read The Runesmith Chapter 18 Farewell Online -**

After some convincing and a lot of yanking with the help of Rebecca and Reyna they managed to peel the hammer off of Sahldr. Roland could barely hold this weapon, swinging it was out of the question.

"I just need it for my research, I won't damage it, I promise!"

"All of you magic types say that before something goes wrong."

Apparently Sahldr was still hesitant about giving him her Warhammer for inspection. He wasn't sure what it was about and he didn't have enough time to hear the whole story.

"Fine, you can have it, but I'm staying in the room with you!"

Roland just shrugged as he didn't care, this was even better as he didn't need to carry the heavy thing all the way to his inn room. The two other girls didn't join them, finding it too boring to watch Roland play around with runes.

"I'll go check out if there are any worthwhile escort missions on the notice board, we can meet up at the tavern later."

Rebecca and Reyna left to go prepare for their own journey away. They had also decided to go somewhere else, this wasn't the only town with a dungeon close to it.

The next couple of hours weren't all that exciting. Roland had Sahldr place the hammer in his room on the floor, afraid that if he placed it on his flimsy table it would give out under the weight. He then took out a sheath of paper and got to copying. He wasn't using his scribing skill, he just redrew the rune's diagram with the help of the overlay that his debugging skill gave him.



He took his time as he didn't want to mistakenly mess up this new schematic. After the first thirty minutes passed he heard a big thud behind him, it was his big muscly friend dozing off on his bed. He sniggered at her and then went back to work.

You have created the schematic for the Lesser Impact Rune [ Highest ]

Drawing skill L1 reached

You have gained 1000 experience points

He smiled slightly after hearing the system awarding him the experience points. He even managed to upgrade his drawing skill to the next level. He used to have the 'Basic Drawing skill' but now it finally broke through. The progress of this skill had stopped at the L9 just like all the other basic ones.

Now further upgrading was possible this made him think that it was caused by him receiving the Runic Mana Scribe class. He figured that the diagrams were probably considered drawings by this leveling system. Previously he leveled this skill by sketching things, also painting was another skill altogether.

He also managed to recreate the diagram fully, earning another highest-graded rune. From what Roland knew the lesser runes were the worst ones on the market. After them came the common runes, then followed by greater runes, grand runes, and at the very top the legendary runes. The last ones were mostly only mentioned in fables and not much was known about them.

This wasn't all as the runes went into even more subcategories. In sequence, they were: Lowest, Low, intermediate, high, and highest. A lesser rune with a 'highest' sub-grade was comparable to a common rune with the 'lowest' sub-grade. But this was something that Roland would figure out at a later date.

He rolled up the schematic that he just made and placed it together with the previous one he created. He now had two lesser rune schematics with no flaws.

He gave out a sigh while thinking, could he scribe these runes on scrolls and sell them to people? He didn't think the impact rune and detonation runes worked well by themselves. They only showed their true colors when attached to weapons.

The impact rune either increased the mass of the weapon it was on or used gravity, he wasn't sure. He had asked Sahldr about her hammer, she told him that the heavy hammer part increased in weight the moment she activated the rune. She needed to time her attacks well to make use of it but when she did she could deliver devastating blows with it.

The detonation rune created a small controlled explosion on the tip of a weapon. Unless you managed to poke someone with it, it wasn't that useful. If he scribed it onto a scroll

it would only cause a small explosion while the impact rune might make the scroll just heavier.

This kind of showed him the limitations of some of the runes. The fire orb rune was the only one he could see working as a spell scroll, he only needed to get it to target enemies. Maybe if he combined it with the detonation rune he could turn it into some kind of targeted grenade spell.

"Come to think of it, I need to make a schematic for that fire orb rune too..."

While speaking out loud he heard a strange sound.

"Hrrrrrrrrr"

He turned his head towards the loud noise only to see his muscle friend snoring on his bed. She was just sprawled out with her hands and legs in an 'X' shape. He could hear her snoring loudly while scratching her belly, which made him squint his eyes.

'Oh right, she was here...'

"Hey, I'm done, you can take your hammer now..."

The large Goliath female just snored some more and rolled onto the other side. There wasn't an ounce of femininity in this tanky girl. Roland scratched his forehead before placing both his hands to his mouth as if he was going to shout.

"Hey, is that free wine over there? You can drink all you want, no way!"

He made sure to yell towards her direction and he almost instantly got a reaction. She raised her head up high, her eyes opening wide and drool running down her mouth.

"Free whuine!?"

She was still a bit drowsy so her words didn't come out right but instead of wine, she saw her party member snorting at her while laughing.

"Heh, finally you're up, you can take your hammer now."

"Huh? no wine?"

It took a few seconds for Sahldr to realize that she was made a fool off. Her eyes narrowed and she moved forward with haste, putting Roland into a headlock while rubbing his head with her knuckles.

"Why you little!"

Roland didn't have time to react and not like he was scared. He got his scalp rubbed and he pleaded for mercy, soon enough he was free to go his hair all ruffled up. Sahildr took her hammer back and examined to see if it was working right, Roland took a glance while thinking back to moments earlier.

'Was I always this childish?'

He contemplated, he could have just woken the girl up normally but for some reason, he had the urge to plug her nose or even splash water on her face as a prank. The cogs in his brain started to turn, he had a few theories to go with. The scariest one of them all was that he was somehow he had fused his psyche together with the boy that was once the true Roland.

He thought back to the past, he did enjoy climbing those trees at the Arden Estate though he never considered the kids there to be his peers. Before he could have a mental breakdown about himself he was brought back to reality by Sahildr.

"Hey, you okay there Roland? You look kind of pale, did I rub that big melon of yours too hard?"

He momentarily tossed his identity conundrum to the back of his head while frowning at Sahildr.

"I'm fine, I bet Rebecca is waiting for us at the adventurer's guild, we should go."

Roland still had some of his stuff in this room, he didn't pack up just yet. He wanted to do it after having said his goodbyes with the silly trio. They might have not been around each other for that long but they have managed to form a bond. He couldn't actually remember others being so nice to him even back in his old life.

"Yeah, yeah... I'll be sure to escort you, now noble lord, let us depart to the adventurer's guild~"

She did some misaligned bow and then opened the door in front of Roland. She stood there like a knight that was holding the way open for their noble lady.

"Please don't call me that... people will think that it's actually true."

The two finally left, Roland was going to use the train he had come to this city for his getaway. It didn't have a direct route to Edelgard but it was a lot faster than going by horse carriage.

It took them ten or so minutes to get back, Rebecca and Reyna were already sitting at the usual table with a piece of paper in hand.

"So you two lovebirds finished?"

Rebecca called out while whistling at Roland and Sahildr, the Goliath lady looked ticked off by that remark.

"What would I do with a little brat like that? He doesn't even have hair growing down there!"

"Oh, so you've seen it?"

Rebecca stuck out her tongue while Sahildr got increasingly maddened.

"Quiet down you two, the idiots in this guild will misunderstand..."

Roland responded while covering his face with a hood, the other adventurer's in the guild just laughed from the side while also whistling.

"Hey it's Little Goblin Slayer Emperor and his harem, they are being even more intimate than usual!"

After garnering some notoriety he had gained another title for being the only man in a mostly female party.

"We should ask the squirt emperor about some tips boys."

The older adventurers called out from the side while sniggering at the party of three teenage girls. The girls were around the age of sixteen or seventeen and the youth that was with them was believed to be twelve.

The goliath girl turned around while shaking her fist at some of the men, they in turn just laughed more while backing off not wanting to get smacked in the face. After successfully scaring off the other adventurers she sat down at the table while grumbling, her hammer leaning against her chair.

"So, you got it?"

Rebecca nodded while bringing out a piece of paper, it was a job offering for Steel and Silver ranked adventurers. It was an escort type of mission, they were going to be the bodyguards for a large caravan of merchants. This was quite a common type of job listing and was mostly safe as bandits would rarely attack such large convoys.

"Ah, one more thing Roland you have your second class now, right? You should go update your adventurer card."

Rebecca mentioned while Roland nodded. The requirements to go from Bronze to a Steel adventurer was getting a second tier 1 class and having finished some missions. Roland and his party were frequent visitors to the Dungeon and he had gone through the minimum trial period of half a year so he was now eligible for it.

"Ok, I'll be right back, this shouldn't take long. You three should probably discuss a couple of things."

He turned around and left, he went over to the same lady that had given him his first adventurer card.

"Hey there Miss Cellica, I've obtained my second class..."

He gave a quick explanation and the lady nodded. She took the same identification orb out as before to get it checked, he didn't like that they were scanning his status but not like he could do much about it. There were enough benefits to working as an adventurer to let them get through with the examinations. The card update didn't take that long as they just needed to change it from Bronze to Steel.

"Here you go, have a nice day."

The lady bowed slightly while showing him away, there were many other people waiting in lines and there was more work to be done.

"So, how does it feel to move up in the world?"

"It's just a notch up from Bronze, you know well that unless you get to Silver you won't really be taken seriously."

Roland replied to Rebecca's remark after he returned to the table. He also noticed that there was a bag laying on the table right next to where his sitting spot was.

"Isn't this your storage bag?"

"Aye it is, you'll find some coin in there to get you started, think of it as a little parting gift from us. We did agree on an equal split."

He took the bag and glanced at it, he clearly wanted to take it but while reaching out he stopped his hand.

"What? Why are you hesitating, did you forget that we got that other bag from that guy? It's twice the size of this one, you can take it!"

"Yeah just take it."

"Take"

The three called out while he nodded and grabbed the bag, he strapped it to his side while hiding it under his robe. He would peek inside of it when he was alone.

"T-thanks..."

He rubbed his neck feeling a bit uncomfortable about the generosity of his party members. He had thought that having gotten rescued by them was enough, it didn't feel right to ask about more gold or items while splitting.

The girls smiled after seeing the youth act all shy.

"So when will you be leaving?"

They asked him.

"Probably today, I think my ride leaves for the next city tonight..."

He would be going far away, there would be a lot of stops and he would have to go to switch between different magic trains on the way to reach his destination.

"That so..."

"Want us to send you off?"

"You don't have to..."

An awkward conversation ensued while the group of four stood up and left the adventurers guild. The girls would be heading to a new city and be trying to get themselves a new 4th party member there. They were already close to maxing out their second-tier 1 class and would probably be reaching a tier 2 class in the foreseen future.

It didn't take long for Roland to get his belongings from the inn, with the storage bag carrying around all of his items would be quite easy. Back outside the group huddled closer, Roland wasn't really thinking about them following him all the way to the train station so this would be as far as this would go.

"So, this is it... don't forget about us... and remember you promised to make us those weapons and armors!"

Rebecca replied happily while holding both her hands to her hips.

Sahildr delivered a smack to his back that made him almost fall as she always did.

"Yeah take care of yourself oh mighty lord."

"Take care..."

Reyna replied in a monotone voice while twiddling her thumbs.

"I will and don't worry, I'll probably be stuck in a blacksmith's shop for quite some time."

The time finally came and he turned around, he wasn't good with things like this and he wasn't sure if he would be able to see these three oddballs in the foreseen future. He would be sure to remember them as the time spent in this city was something that he cherished. He thought that this was for the best, he didn't want to involve the girls in his family problems.

The three girls remained in place while waving, calling out to him once in a while which made Roland wave with his hand one last time without turning around. He finally made a turn, leaving the view of the three that were watching him from afar.

"So he is gone huh?"

"Yeah..."

Sahildr asked while Rebecca replied, her eyes getting suspiciously moist.

"You're never good with things like this, at least he didn't have to see that ugly face of yours covered in snot."

Unbeknownst to Roland, his party members weren't taking the separation all that well. Sahildr's face contorted into quite the mess and tears were running down her cheeks, snot all over. She started sobbing uncontrollably which made the other two follow suit.

"Common... let us go to the tavern... stop crying you're making the people uncomfortable!"

"Who's crying, I'm not crying!"

Some people could see a goliath female with her head down and two other girls patting her back. They looked to be saddened while walking into the city. The reason for their distress was close to reaching the train station that would take him on a trip through the large kingdom. The journey would take at least a week as he needed to change stations multiple times. Some of them would even require him to use regular carriages.

"Well...Farewell, my friends, it was fun while it lasted."

He sat down at the train station and waited, an old part of his life was coming to an end. What waited for him next was unknown, he was nervous to a certain extent but also excited. Nervous about the unknown, excited about the possibilities of his future life that was ready to begin.

## **The Runsmith #Chapter 19 New beginnings. - Read The Runsmith Chapter 19 New beginnings. Online -**

"What do you mean he is gone?"



A loud booming voice was heard followed by a sound of shattering furniture. A chair was thrown at a wall and it fractured into many pieces on impact.

This all was happening inside a large room, it looked to be some kind of noble house. There were various paintings and bookshelves in this room along with a big crest that had 'Arden' written underneath.

"Please my lord calm down."

Adam the butler used a handkerchief to wipe some sweat from his brow. He had just arrived at the Baron's office with bad news, his son was missing. The man responsible for keeping watch over him was nowhere to be found and just as him, the boy was gone. The man didn't send in the weekly report as usual and by the time they sent someone else to check there was no Roland to be found.

"T-The report said that the adventurer party that he was traveling with wasn't in the city of Carwen either, they might have just left the city together with the young master."

Wentworth Arden, Roland's father stood there behind his desk. In a fit of rage, he had tossed his chair at the wall, missing the butler but a hair.

"Get out and send more people! And bring me a new chair!"

The butler just bowed while getting out of the room with haste. The Baron moved over to the couch that was to the side and grabbed himself a bottle of schnapps to soothe his nerves. He looked to be quite angry while he drank. He had seen the whole report, the man that was supposed to keep watch was gone.

There were a couple of possibilities, some better than the others. The possibility of the boy just going to a different city was there but the disappearance of one of his men was strange. The Baron smelled some foul play and he was angry that the possibility of his son's death was out there.

"Did he escape?"

The man spoke out before taking a big gulp straight from the bottle while contemplating. He knew well that finding his son would be difficult if he decided to run away. He didn't have enough pull to get the adventurer's guild to give out his location. Only large Ducal houses or the King could achieve such thing, the adventurer guilds around the kingdom were very adamant with their rules. They also had some powerful adventurers that the kingdom wouldn't be willing to go against if push came to shove.

"Or did he perish?"

This was the other option on the table, one that he didn't want to believe in. He shook his head while taking a swig from the bottle again, his chair was already on the way and he needed to get back to work.

Somewhere far away the estranged son in question was sitting in a large moving train. He was looking at the passing scenery with boredom. He had been on the road for a week already, there was no TV or internet here so he was left with staring at the scenery or reading books.

He had already gone through the storage bag that his previous party members gave him. He wanted to go back and throw it at their faces as they left ten small gold coins inside. This was more than he expected, five small gold was the largest sum he was willing to take from the twenty that the girls had.

He couldn't do his rune scribing as he didn't have any materials. Neither would it look good to just do it out in the open in a moving train. He had no books to study up either nor was he feeling sleepy and that was probably due to his sleep resistance skill.

This long journey had taken over a whole week but now it was close to being over. He had seen the scenery change quite a bit through his travels. The Caldris Kingdom's climate wasn't too warm or too cold, you could see many grass fields and forest areas scattered throughout the land.

The more you went in, the more the climate changed. Where he was going it looked to be colder, more of autumn-like weather. He was also traveling into lands with a higher altitude as many rocky structures appeared. While on the last stretch of his travels, he saw the scenery turn rocky and they were going into a mountain range. There was a reason why this city was known for having blacksmiths.

"Now arriving at Edelgard, please take all of your belongings while going out"

The train drove up at the last stretch, the city of Edelgard was built into a large mountain. You could even see some mine shafts sprinkled in the background and smoke coming out of them. He could see this while the train moved through a large bridge that connected two city parts. Under it was quite the large gorge, a fall from here would spell certain death.

This city made him think about dwarfs from some of the fantasy books he used to read back on earth. In them it was always stated that this race liked to build their cities on or in mountains, some even had ones placed deep underground. He was finally here, he didn't need to carry his luggage thanks to his spatial bag this time around.

'I have arrived!'

He walked out half nervous and half excited. This was a new place filled with opportunities that could come to fruition. This was also a place filled with uncertainty

which made his belly feel like he had a swarm of butterflies in it. There was no one to greet him here or help him out, he was truly alone. He wasn't lonely though as he was used to working solo, the short time he spent with those three girls was the exception to the rule.

'Ding...ding...ding'

He heard the sound of a large bell. He turned to it and saw two people in robes. The robes were white but due to time they now looked gray. There were some yellow patterns here and there but the most glaring thing was the large yellow sun symbol on their backs. These strange robe-wearing people were close to the exit so he needed to move there. Roland already had an idea of who these two people were.

"Praise the sun traveler, may the Goddess Solaria bless you on your travels, would you like to join us for prayer?"

The person in the robe called out while waving the bell around. The voice was an older man, next to him stood a second person that was smaller and of the female gender. She was holding a large plate in both her hands and holding it out as if asking for something.

Roland knew about the identity of these people. They belonged to the Church of the Sun, they worshipped the Goddess Solaria. From his more modern point of view, he found people like this a bit strange. Nevertheless, people from this church were granted the acolyte class that could then evolve into the cleric, you could even become a paladin.

A sound of metal dropping on a plate was heard as Roland dropped some copper coins on the collection plate. Even though he never liked churches, in this world they were in a strong position. The class changing stones that were a necessity were actually produced by these people.

No one knew exactly how it happened, the Churches only revealed that it was all thanks to the power of their god. The stones were rumored to be a gift from the gods that allowed people to change classes and grow in power. This church wasn't the only one that was able to produce this commodity, thanks to that the prices didn't go that overboard even though the stones weren't that cheap.

"Praise the sun!"

Roland nodded while passing the two priests that saw their next target behind him, he finally left the train station and went outside. He could see a lot of smoke coming out of the chimnies from this city. Most of the houses were made from rock or bricks, it was hard to spot any wooden structures here as he passed.

His first destination was the adventurer's guild, even though there was no dungeon located next to this city, it still operated in it as in the others. The adventurers here were mostly used as hired muscle and they worked as bouncers, guards and even cleared out some monsters that showed up from time to time. Even without dungeons monsters existed in the wild, so there was always some work to be done.

He asked for directions and headed out, he followed a dark rocky road that would lead him to the guild. While walking he took in the sights, the first thing he noticed was a large number of dwarves. There were also another interesting race that he didn't see before, Gnomes. From what he knew, this race was very creative and intelligent which made them good crafters by default.

In contrast to Dwarves that liked to work with heavy weapons and armor, the Gnomes prided themselves in making more intricate machinery. The magical trains that he was using were apparently invented by the gnome tinkerers. They also worked as normal craftsmen specializing in smaller items like trinkets and magical accessories.

Roland needed to find a new base of operations, from what he could tell he needed to get himself a job at one of the scribing shops. Making magical scrolls was also a business and many adventurers used these one-time magical items for various occasions. While going through the robust-looking city he finally arrived at the adventurer guild.

The guild was slightly different than the previous one, but it had a similar layout with the same job listing notice board. The people inside didn't care much about the small robed figure that entered, his short height wouldn't really raise any eyebrows as there were many gnomes and dwarves sprinkled all over the place.

He got himself a city map which he had to pay but thanks to his steel adventurer ranking he got a small 5% discount. It wasn't much but saving even a copper coin was a win in Roland's eyes.

He looked at this map first, he needed lodging and there were some inns and taverns that he could stay nearby. He preferred the former as they didn't smell like booze all the time and weren't as loud all into the night.

He had walked off the stiffness after leaving the train and it was getting late so he decided to visit one of the inns that were in his price range. He didn't really care about the quality of the bed, he could mostly sleep anywhere even on the floor. Even though he had a lot of coins on him, he didn't want to waste them on lavish living as he didn't know how much money he would be able to earn here.

Roland headed to the closest inn that was marked for bronze and steel adventurers. He was lucky back in Carwen so he thought that he might be lucky this time around as well.

'The Singing Crow Inn'

Roland looked at the wiggly sign that was getting pushed by the wind. The inn was quite large and had four levels to it, he pushed the creaky doors open and was greeted by a nice smell. Inside he saw a couple of patrons sitting on some wooden benches. They were eating food and drinking some beverages, probably alcoholic ones.

While distracted he moved forward, looking for some kind of counter with the bartender or someone that looked like an owner. While going through the crowd of people he felt someone bumping into him.

"Hey, watch out where you are going!"

He was still wearing his robe and his face was slightly covered so not everyone would notice that he was just an eleven-year-old youth. Roland raised a brow as the person that shouted out had quite the high pitched voice. He looked down and saw someone smaller than him with pointy ears.

"Uh, sorry about that didn't see you there..."

The person that he was looking at a more prolonged face, making her look more like an elf than a human. Besides the long ears, her eyebrows were quite long and she had noticeable high cheekbones. This was apparently a gnome girl of unknown age.

"You got eyes, use them!"

"Hey Helci! Stop flirting with the customers and go back to work!"

Someone called out from the back which made the small gnome girl grit her teeth before moving away. She was carrying a plate with unwashed dishes that looked oversized in her small hands. Roland shrugged and moved over to the bar counter where he requested a room to stay in. The pricing was a bit higher here than at his first in but he attributed it to this being a larger city in which people probably earned more.

The door creaked open and he was greeted to a small room with one bed and a table with one chair next to it. These items were made from wood in contrast to all the stone and brick buildings. He tested out the mattress that was again just some straw stuck into some cloth.

He smirked to himself while thinking that he was already used to bad sleeping conditions like these. He sat down on the chair and started unpacking his belongings. He placed his quill along with some other materials for drawings on the table. He could finally draw the schematics for that Lesser Fire Orb Rune.

It took him an hour to finish up with this schematic, he was getting better at redrawing those diagrams. This rune was also something he drew from his memory and not while looking at a weapon with his debugging skill. He memorized it during his class trial and was even able to achieve the Highest sub-grade.

He rubbed his eye with his knuckles while feeling tired. The bumpy train ride and lack of sleep were slowly getting to him. He placed the sheet of paper next to the other two schematics while looking down. In his mind, he felt like he was cheating the system. He could just draw from memory and get large amounts of experience from it. He would need to spend a few days fighting monsters to get the same number of XP as he did now.

Roland looked at each schematic, he wanted to abuse this leveling shortcut to it's fullest. To maximize on it he needed more runes to work with but he also was thinking about other possibilities. Namely, creating his own diagrams while analyzing the old ones he had.

He nodded to himself while rubbing his chin, he needed to slowly analyze these three schematics, he needed to find similarities in them. If he could figure out what these three runes had in common he might be able to find a pattern. He would then be able to perhaps create his own custom runes.

From what he was able to ascertain all of these runes possessed traces. These magical pathways carried the mana that a user inserted into the rune to create an effect. From his perspective, the whole rune was some sort of closed circuit that when given energy activated the given spell effect it was programmed for.

There were several components scattered over these schematics buried deeply into the runic symbols. He had seen them during his trial while scribing the fire orb rune. He had followed the book's instruction to recreate them but he didn't fully understand their purpose. He was like an assembly line worker that assembled an item without knowing the intricacies of the parts he was working with.

He tickled his nose with his quill while thinking that he wouldn't figure out much from the schematics about those components. He would actually need to experiment with the parts themselves while scribing to actually get anywhere. The thing he could do was try to relocate these unknown elements on the sheet of paper and see if his debugging skill reacts in any way.

Roland sighed out loud as he already needed to spend at least an hour redrawing the diagrams. Now he needed to do it while adding random parts and he had no way of copy-pasting as you would in a computer program. He also had the idea of cutting out parts he drew on paper. He would then try relocating them over completed schematics while replacing the other components.

He tried doing it by drawing some of the rune parts onto a smaller piece of paper and placing it over another element on the fire orb rune. His Debugging skill didn't activate it seemed that it had to be drawn on one piece of paper as a whole.

"Well, that got me nowhere, before going to bed let me copy over all of these modules and try to organize them..."



Roland looked at his quill and frowned, he really needed a pencil for this kind of work. The quill was sometimes messy and required constant refills of ink. He didn't really have time to buy any scribing materials back at his old city, everything happened fast so he only brought over other necessities, like food, water, and clothes.

His work continued into the night, redrawing the single parts was a lot easier without drawing all those magical pathways. He had no idea what they represented yet but in the future, he would try designing the simplest rune possible and then start experimenting.

Roland believed that if his debugging skill was working with these components then maybe they were used similar to parts you found on a circuit board. Resistors that were used to control the electric current could be used to control the amount of mana used in a rune. Maybe on the detonation rune parts like these were used to make the explosion smaller. If he knew which ones to remove he could create a larger detonation.

Transistors that amplified a charge, maybe if he found something similar to them he could increase the output on some of these spells. Memory elements could have pre-programmed modules with the actual spell effects in them. If he figured out how those worked then the path to making his own custom spells would be open to him.

There were many possibilities but they would have to wait till tomorrow as he was now dead tired. He also needed to check the stores in the city to either find a place to work or try doing it himself. He had a reason to believe that selling his scrolls would be difficult by himself so he wanted to find a regular job first.

He blew out one of the candles that he had brought with himself, tomorrow he would finally begin his new life in this place.

## **The Runesmith #Chapter 20 Looking for Work. - Read The Runesmith Chapter 20 Looking for Work. Online -**

Roland woke up the next day earlier than expected, the sound of carriages moving and people talking filled his ears. The residents in this city started the day a bit faster than back in Carwen. They also made a lot more noise, he could hear the sounds of hammers hitting metal even from here.

He rose to his feet with one eye glued shut, he was a bit groggy the fatigue from the week long train ride didn't go away just yet. He somehow crawled out of his bed and went out of his room. There wasn't really much to do there and he could just carry his stuff in his spatial bag.

He had his breakfast which tasted bland as before, the common people didn't really have much seasoning besides salt and pepper. The small gnome girl was up and about today. He decided to try not to bump into her again as she looked easily irritable. He



needed to inspect the new city, besides this inn and the adventurer's guild, there were other interesting places to see.

First, he decided to find himself a general store that sold items for scribes. He needed to get himself some paper or blank scrolls made from monster skin. He wasn't sure which ones were better but it would probably be easier to draw on paper than rough scrolls. He kept looking around quite curious about the people living here. He had been in this world for almost six years now. The time that he had spent adventuring was already over half a year. The adventurers were a peculiar bunch but he found them a well-knit group.

There were still dangers in this world though. Bandits and monsters prowled in the night, and you could get yourself a death sentence if you bumped into a person in a high enough position. Luck was on his side as besides that one encounter he had managed to fly under the radar. This was probably thanks to the adventurer party he had joined, the three girls were quite cautious in their hunts.

He didn't show it back then but he noticed that they were different from the usual adventurer group. They didn't wander into the deeper parts of the Dungeon even though they should be strong enough. He had reason to believe that they weren't willing to go there with a child-like him.

He shook his head around, trying to forget about the recent but now old days. He needed to get some shopping done and he had reached one of the larger general stores. He entered inside and could hear a bell ringing the moment he pushed the door open.

He could see some people inside looking at the items on display. The first thing he noticed were the long display cases. They had items placed in them with small text which showed the name and the pricing akin to modern-day price tags.

There were some bookcases placed at the walls and some decorations in the form of shields and swords at the walls. This was a general item store so you could find things like potions, scrolls, and even provisions here.

"Good day customer, feel free to look around the store."

He heard someone calling out to him. In front behind the display cases stood an older gentleman. He had large glasses on and was partially balding with some hair on the sides. He was wearing a heavy apron over his regular clothes with some tools sticking out from the pockets.

Roland nodded and moved closer to the display cases. He could see some potions of various grades. They had the same grading system as the runes, ranging from lesser all the way up to legendary. Here he found mostly lesser and common ones though.

'Oh, they do have some scrolls here!'

In one of the display cases, he saw some rolled-up scrolls. This one he was looking at had a mana arrow spell inscribed onto it. He looked at the price and saw that this one went for one small silver coin. He wasn't sure if that was a large sum for an item like this. So he tried comparing the price to monster kills.

He reasoned that it wouldn't be worthwhile to kill a goblin with this spell scroll unless you were getting a mana stone out of it. If you considered this a life-saving measure then it wasn't that costly.

He looked further and spotted more scrolls that were being sold. The next one in line was a fire arrow spell scroll. This was a direct upgrade from a mana arrow spell and was tier 2 magic. A person making this scroll had to be a more advanced scribe along with being an elemental fire mage.

The cost of this spell was triple what the inferior one cost. Roland was a bit surprised by it only being this much, he was inclined to think that this spell should cost a lot more. It was always best to ask when you had some questions instead of overthinking so he looked at the store owner and gave his question.

"Excuse me, why does this fire arrow spell only cost three small silvers when it's a tier 2 spell while this mana arrow spell costs 1 small silver?"

The store owner moved a bit closer to look at what his customer was looking at and then gave the answer.

"Even though it's a tier 2 spell it isn't that much more potent, it also depends on the person making these scrolls and materials. If it was a fireball spell it would cost about six small silver per scroll."

"Also dear customer, these scrolls get identified by a professional that can distinguish their true attacking value. An Arch-mage could very well create a simple mana arrow spell that would be several times stronger than a fire arrow spell, it all depends on the person making it."

The shop owner was quite happy to explain while taking out one of the scrolls and showing them off. These scrolls also had gradings just as the runes. They were a bit different as the determining factor was not how well they were made but how much power was injected into them during the creation process. The people made it simple and rated them from lowest to highest and they were checked by a special device before a price was assigned.

"I see, thank you."

Roland nodded and wondered how high his grading would be if he wrote down his own mana arrow and mana bolt spell. He had a lot more intelligence and mana than a regular mage so he should be able to make more powerful spell scrolls.

Before asking more questions Roland went around the store and found the things he was looking for. He found some magic ink and the more crude looking monster skin scrolls. He was also sure to get himself a pencil and more sketching paper.

From what the shop owner said, these were the cheaper options as the magic paper was made from some difficulty to come by wood. In contrast, monsters were easily hunted down in certain dungeons and were a good renewable resource.

The empty scrolls came in bundles of ten and they were close to the size of A5 paper. This meant that they weren't all that big, but considering the spells he was going to write on them weren't that high level this was enough. Larger spells required larger scrolls but these were enough for tier 1 and tier 2 spells.

The ten blank scrolls cost him 9 small silver, which put them at 9 large copper coins apiece. So if he managed to sell them all at the price of the mana arrow spell in this shop he would only be making one small silver coin. He probably wouldn't be making any money if he added the price of the magic ink into the mix.

He was seriously contemplating getting a job now. If he worked for someone he wouldn't need to worry about manufacturing costs and he would be still able to earn experience points while getting paid.

"Excuse me, are there any scroll scribing shops nearby?"

The shop owner gave Roland the location of the nearest store but he didn't know if they were recruiting. He bowed respectfully to the man before leaving, the man had been really helpful.

His next destination was a place called, Exeor's Magic Emporium. It was one of the larger magic shops in the city and was apparently owned by some rich magic-user. Roland had no idea what class of mage the person was but he was loaded.

Roland was slightly worried that he wouldn't be able to get a spot in the workforce. Mainly due to his lack of elemental affinity. He wasn't sure if he should disclose that he had a more advanced version of the scribe class to people he didn't know either. The mana arrows weren't really a hot commodity from what he could tell.

He ended up by a large three-story building, it had the name that the shop owner mentioned. The sign on it was composed of two potions on the side, a scroll in the middle with a staff going through them. It had your standard magic shop feel to it, nothing out of the ordinary.

'I guess this is it...'

The first thing he did was to see if there were any job listings hanging outside the three-story tall building. He didn't find anything like that so he decided to step inside. The doors were a bit peculiar as they didn't have any handles but this mystery was resolved quite fast as they opened by themselves the moment he got there.

On the inside it had a similar layout as the general store he visited before. There were display cases with various magical items scattered all over the place. He could buy spell scrolls just as in the previous shop but they had a lot more variations. He checked the names and he compared the prices which came out to be strangely similar.

He went through the larger spell scroll section of the shop, there were various spells here. Like fireball spells, lightning bolt spells, freezing cones, and various others. He wasn't looking for those though, he was interested in something else. He finally arrived at a smaller section that was further in the back, it was the 'Runic Spell Scroll' section.

There were actually few and far between scrolls in this section. They looked a bit dusty as if no one had picked them up in a while. There wasn't much variation and they didn't come in bundles like the regular scrolls. They looked more like an exhibit than actual items for purchase. He leaned in closer, interested in what type of spells these were.

'Runic Orb of Light spell'

'Runic Fire Arrow spell'

'Runic Aqua Ball spell'

They were mostly simple lower-tier spells. He glanced at the fire arrow one, he could compare the prices of this one to its counterpart. The moment he saw the numbers he realized why these were not getting sold.

'It costs six or seven times as much...who would buy this?'

There wasn't a spell under the price of a large silver coin and that was the Orb of Light. The Fire Arrow spell cost 2 large silver coins. This was a large gap to the regular fire arrow spell scroll that went for 3 small silver coins.

He tried thinking about why these spell scrolls cost so much more than the other ones. There could be a couple of possibilities but luckily there was a clerk coming his way, so he could just ask like before.

It was a cute looking girl with long ears and she was of the taller kind, an elf. She was wearing a red robe of some kind, with the same logo that the store had on her chest part. She was quite the beauty with golden hair as most of the elves were.

“Hello there, need any help?”

The girl smiled, she looked to be in her later teens but from what Roland knew she could be well into her fifties. The elves were a race that could live for a very long time.

“Yes, why do these runic spell scrolls cost so much more than the regular spell scrolls?”

He was here to ask for a job but he was also interested in why the runic scrolls were so overpriced. Also why they didn't look like they were selling well.

“Ah, these? That's simple. These spell scrolls are a lot harder to produce than the ordinary spell scrolls. They also require a Runesmith to produce them.”

Roland didn't actually get to scribing the regular spells just yet. He did know that it took quite a while to create one of those runic scrolls. He needed close to an hour to produce one and he was in a rush for time. The runic spell he made was also on the more rudimentary side, so he could only imagine how long a more complex spell would take to scribe down.

From the conversation with the elf lady, it became apparent. The spell scrolls cost so much due to it requiring a tier 2 Runesmith and also a lot more time. The Runesmiths probably weren't willing to drop the price range due to the time and effort put into their work.

There were a couple of those spell scrolls there. He wanted to get them for further research. He could probably upgrade them to the highest grade and get some schematic experience while at it. Before that though, he recalled what he was here for in the first place.

“Ah yes, excuse me, Miss. Is this shop perhaps looking for Mana Scribes?”

He didn't want people to know that he was a Runic Mana Scribe just yet as he didn't know if that would bring any unwanted attention to him.

The elf girl looked at him from top to bottom and nodded.

“Mana Scribe? I'll have to ask the manager, I think we are but...”

She didn't finish the sentence while covering her mouth as if she was holding back from revealing too much information.

“Just follow me, I'll bring you to the manager, he is always looking for good workers~”

The woman turned around and he followed after her. They both headed upstairs the stairs were quite narrow and circular and there was hardly any space for anyone to walk next to.

On the next floor, he saw a corridor leading to a room with the words 'Manager' on them. To the sides were other rooms that were closed off. These rooms also had words written on them, one of them had 'Potions' on them, another one 'Scrolls and Spells' written on a plaque. Those were either production rooms or places where they stored those items.

Before he could examine his surroundings the elf girl knocked on the door. They both heard a high pitched voice answering with a 'Come in' and so they did.

Inside was your usual office with a large desk. On that desk beside documents, there was a full-blown chemist set with various vials and tubes. There were various colorful liquids going through those tubes, for what reason he did not know. To the sides were shelves filled with some strange ingredients which made Roland think that he entered an alchemist workshop.

"What is it Zilyana? You know that I'm busy."

The person that answered wasn't human, he was a person with a smaller frame and a large head and his ears were pointy but not as long as an elf's. He was holding a pipette and dropping some blue liquid into a larger pitcher of green liquid.

"Manager, I've brought you a potential worker, I think this boy wants to work as a scribe."

The smaller man stopped what he was doing and glanced at Roland with his eyes. He then went right back to what he was doing while speaking.

"Just show him the contract, if he signs it you can test his skills in scribing. Now leave, I'm busy with my research!"

The two-headed out and the elf girl just smiled at Roland while shrugging.

"Don't mind the manager, he is always buried deep into his work, he is actually an advanced Alchemist!"

"Ah sure, he mentioned some kind of contract?"

The girl nodded and they went downstairs and they entered a smaller back room. Once inside the elf girl started to rummage through some stacks of paper. She then brought out a large scroll and handed it to him. It looked a bit beat up and dusty.

"You just need to sign the magic contract with your signature and insert some mana for it to work."

"Magic contract?"

He was interested in what this was so he started reading through this so-called contract. The more he read the more his brows started furrowing when he arrived at the end he just looked up to the elf with a confused expression.

“Y-you want me to sign this?”

The elf nodded as if everything was fine. The contract was a six-year deal, it stated that he would work for a set price and would have to scribe a set number of spells each day. There were a few he could choose from and depending on it the number could decrease or increase.

This wasn't the problematic part though. The contract stated that he wouldn't have the right to sell any spell scrolls outside the shop. Even less if it were spells that he had learned during his work here. In short, they would supply him with the knowledge but he needed to waive any rights to his work for those six whole years. The contract was a magical one so it would be known if he breached it and he would suffer some type of curse.

It might have not looked like such a bad deal. He would have work and would be supplied with crafting materials. The only thing getting impeded would be his freedom, he wouldn't even be able to make spell scrolls outside his work area. So he wouldn't be able to experiment with his runes at all. The six-year period was also bothering him, he wanted to quickly level up and then get the blacksmith class. If he signed this he would have to keep working here even when he achieved his goal.

“You know what, I'll think about it.”

He decided to leave, for now. Maybe the other shops around the city would give him a better deal. He still had a lot of time and he wasn't low on money so he wasn't worried, at least not yet.