

Runesmith 241

Chapter 241: Back in the workshop.

“Wayland?”

A concerned Elodia looked at the unused bedroom before calling out to Roland. Without knowing if someone was listening in she had to stick to his pseudonym. It was clear to her that he had not used his bedroom to sleep which could mean a few things. Yet before she could investigate further the disembodied voice of the house owner sounded out.

“I’m in the workshop, is it already time for breakfast? ... I could probably use a break, I’ll be there in a few minutes, I just need to finish this first.”

Elodia looked at the faintly glowing rune that was talking to her. It was inscribed on the wall to something that looked like a small black box. She had actually witnessed Roland connecting wires to this thing previously which was apparently supposed to guide the required energy to make it work.

Even with somewhat knowing how the rune worked she was still not used to all the strange contraptions littering the whole place. This was one of the downsides of being together with a magically inclined craftsman. She never knew if something could appear out of the blue and explode in her face. It was especially dangerous whenever Roland tested new weapons or golems, many times they exploded while causing harm to their creator.

The woman frowned after hearing the one-sided message go through. It was clear that Roland didn’t go to sleep last night and continued to work through its entirety. She had quickly returned to the orphanage to check up on the young ones. There she remained until dawn as it was already too late to head back to the church.

‘He must be hungry and tired... I should make something to recover his stamina.’

Thanks to having a cooking-related profession she was able to inject tiny buffs into the food that she made. It all depended on the correct ingredients and method of cooking, the effects were quite minimal but they were better than nothing. Quickly she put on an apron and got to work in the kitchen while waiting for the man of the house to come back.

...

“Ugh, is it already morning?”

Roland rubbed his eyes while looking at the runic clock that was showing him the time. It was eight in the morning and half an hour before the shop would be opening. He had decided to close it for the time being as he knew that Elodia needed to take care of the kids at the orphanage. He had forgotten to mention yesterday that it had been somewhat hectic.

There wasn’t much that he had achieved yesterday besides examining the divine runes. After scribbling down the two main schematics he used a metal saw to open the Orb of mending light up. Just as he expected on the inside was a small empyrean crystal of a yellow hue. These always took on the color of the divinity they were charged with.

With Solaria being the main god in this kingdom it would take a yellow color pallet. This varied depending on the priest that was injecting their mana into the container. The more saturated the colors became the better the quality was. In this case, the empyrean crystal was a pale yellow which placed it on the lesser quality spectrum.

After getting to the 'guts' of this magical device he noted down all the runic pathways and methods that the craftsman used. The crystal was placed into a tiny frame with a socket and then encased in metal to produce the round outer shell. This socket it was on, had small ethereal pathways which were clearly used to guide the energy from it.

The inside was mostly filled out but there were some pockets of air here and there. It seemed that the crystal was able to remain intact even after getting treated by heated metal. This item was clearly placed into a mold and then polished before the outer shell was inscribed. Such a process would not be hard to recreate and it was probably created in this way to protect the gem from outside shocks.

Then there was the Talisman of Faith, this required him to use his most uncomfortable skill. Luckily he had already worked on lesser enchantments like this one so he had been successful in his endeavor. This last task took him most of the night and he had just finished when he noticed Elodia entering his home. Now he had all the basics prepared and needed to draw up the main diagram for the device.

'I guess I'm going to get another low score for style again...'

While walking away from his workbench he thought back to the class change test he went through. With not enough time for testing, he would need to prepare something basic. In his head, he was looking at a box with a spot to place the divine crystal in. Then in another side compartment some space for mana fluid.

'Have to make it easily replaceable so that the guards can't damage it...'

The design needed to be simple so that even the guards could take out a used-up empyrean crystal and also fill it back in with mana fluid. It needed to be as close to what the people in this kingdom were used to. For himself, he would make an altered version that used his own runic batteries.

'I need to eat something...'

While standing up he could feel his stomach rumbling in protest. The only meal he had yesterday was the leftovers that he found in the runic fridge. With how Elodia had shown up his hunger had been exasperated. It was one thing to eat a cold meal and another to get something fresh and warm. Thus without even realizing it, he started moving faster towards the exit.

"Hey Boss, a good mornin' to ya!"

"Oh hey, Bernir."

His assistant had his own workshop through which he could get into the underground main lair. He also came to work at the same time with Elodia and his wife. Mostly the three would meet up in the city and just go together for safety reasons. It was always safer in a group with people that carried magical weapons that Roland made. Once he had heard of Bernir having to use the portable runic gun for self-defense.

“What’s with that eye...”

“Oh nothing, the missus likes to get rowdy from time to time...”

Roland recalled Bernir staring at Sister Kassia’s backside and Dyana’s reaction. To this day he wasn’t quite sure how the two ended up with each other. The size difference was quite large and Bernir seemed like a leecher that had not been able to get rid of that part before marriage.

‘I guess this world's sensibilities are different, if a man has a proper well-paying job or standing, it's not hard to attract them...’

In reality, Roland would also be able to profit from his position. He was not blind to the looks that he was getting from the young women around him. Yet not many of those girls were willing to approach the scary-looking runesmith. His love life was satiated by Elodia who was a great cook and he wasn’t really willing to jeopardize this heartwarming relationship by cheating.

“Well, She probably had a reason for it... try not to get killed over stupid things, but if things get out of hand, I'll talk to her about it.”

He wasn't one to allow spousal abuse even if the morals in this world were different. Yet it didn't seem that Bernir had any problems in getting hit, for some reason it looked like he actually enjoyed it.

“Aye boss, don’t worry, I’ll be more discrete next time!”

Bernir gave Roland a little wink as if the problem was not him going after other women but getting caught.

“That was not... but it’s your life...”

He just shrugged while going up the stairs, if his assistant wanted to risk it then it was fine. What Roland worried about was that he would be bringing a bad atmosphere into the working place if it continued. Perhaps it was not such a great idea to work with your significant other in the same area.

“Wayland?”

“Yes, it’s me.”

“Wait for a second, I made some stew, this runic pressure cooker is truly something special!”

Elodia had complained about some of her recipes taking too long so he had created some modern tools. A pressure cooker had many uses and wasn’t hard to make with the help of runes. Thanks to it she was able to upgrade her cooking skills to a new level and also hasten the process. Most people in this world were stuck using regular stoves using coal or wood, not many had the leisure of having a set of runic utensils along with a fully functioning enchanted stove.

The moment Roland's nose caught the smell his mouth started watering. His whole lower body trembled as his stomach began growling. If he could he would toss himself at that pressure cooker to devour the hot stew inside.

“You really look famished, sit down and relax for a moment.”

“Sure.”

After a moment the two sat down next to each other and while waiting for the food to get colder began to talk.

"I thought you'd be with the kids, it's fine if we close the shop for the week, I've gotten a commission from the city lord, it should be enough to cover our expenses for a while."

Roland took a sip of warm tea that had the perfect temperature that he always liked. It seemed Elodia had remembered to prepare it before he got here.

"It's fine, Armand and Lobelia took them to the church to get examined."

"Did her friend recover yet?"

"I'm not sure, she returned late at night but poor Jasper hadn't woken up. It doesn't seem that he is in danger but the priests aren't sure why he hasn't woken up yet, they said that his body is healthy."

He nodded while putting his cup away. The Abyssal Larva that was in Jasper's head was close to his brain, it wouldn't be strange if it affected it in some way. People in this world depended on healing arts and not many had actual medical knowledge. His old world was far more advanced in that field, the brain damage that an afflicted person went through could be devastating.

'It's better if I don't mention the possibility of the man becoming a vegetable...'

"I'm sure the priests will figure it out, perhaps the evil energy hadn't left his body fully and he just needs to recover."

Elodia nodded while blowing on her spoon before placing it in her mouth. It was time to eat and remaining silent through this part was somewhat of a tradition. Only after they were done did they resume their conversation while also washing dishes.

"What did the Lord want?"

"Nothing much, just a way to get rid of this problem but I kind of gave him the idea."

Roland smiled while handing his bowl to Elodia who started washing it.

"There is another way?"

"Not exactly, we still need the priests from the church to heal the afflicted but it's possible to detect the ones that are sick."

"There is?"

Roland nodded while giving Elodia a short explanation about how the infected people showed various symptoms when around divine energy.

"It's not a very precise process but other than x-raying a person's skull I don't see any other way?"

"X... ray?"

Elodia looked at him with a confused look while he just shook his head.

"It's not important but you should probably go back, I wouldn't trust that idiot with the kids."

“Hey, he’s not that unreliable...”

She was quick to defend her younger brother but both of them knew that unless it came to fighting Armand wasn’t that useful. Roland also knew that his girlfriend would be worried sick if she didn’t take care of this on her own.

“Agni, come here boy.”

“Awoo!”

“I have a mission for you, take Elodia to the city gates and return only after you are sure that she is safe. and don’t worry, you don’t need a muzzle just don’t go through the main street.”

“Woof!”

The Dire Ruby Wolf gave out a resounding bark while positioning his nose up high. He looked very dependable with that impressive size and level. With not many tier 3 class holders in the city, there was almost no danger with anyone being able to stand up to this powerful beast.

“Are you sure you shouldn’t rest? I’m sure what you are doing is important but you just returned...”

“It’s fine, you know me, I don’t need much sleep, I’ll be fine with a few hours here and there.”

He smacked his chest while smiling while showing off his strong body that wouldn’t crumble under the workload. With his new class, he would be able to almost work nonstop without his mind giving out.

Elodia gave out a sigh after hearing the answer.

“I know that I won’t be able to change your mind but just remember not to overexert yourself.”

“You know me, I always work responsibly.”

Roland found his arm getting pinched by an angry-looking Elodia. She had already bought him passed out a few times from overworking himself or generating dangerous explosions.

“Ouch, that hurts.”

“You deserve it.”

Thonk

“Hey, stop it Agni.”

While he was getting the stink eye, his tamed beast decided to ram his skull into his stomach.

“Why are you taking her side, you should always be on your master's side!”

“He knows who controls the food in this house.”

It seemed that he had been betrayed by Agni in this time of need. Food was apparently more important and the person who cooked the most was indeed Elodia. Thus his only retort that he could come up with was to lean over for a tactical kiss on the cheek which caused the reddening of his partner's face.

“Hey, stop that.”

After seeing Elodia's cute flustered face he could finally go back to work. Soon the two parted ways and he was left with the sound of hammering that belonged to Bernir and Dyana. The two would be able to help him with creating parts for his new creation but first, he needed to get the runic structure to work.

"Hey boss, heard that we are closing shop, does that mean..."

"No, you can't go home, go back to work, I'll need your help later."

"Aye, it was worth a try."

Bernir chuckled while grabbing some tools. Most of the time his work consisted of producing parts for Roland's creations. These would be then inscribed with runes and then finally assembled into the finished product. Thanks to the various power tools that run on mana the process of creation was faster than that of regular smiths.

There was only one downside when working with these tools. Most of them wouldn't count towards any skills. A blacksmith could for instance increase their skill with hammers which would allow them to be more precise while also using a lot of force. There was no skill for using a runic drill or saw but luckily they would still gain leveling experience after the item was created.

"So what are you working on, boss?"

"It's related to the current issue in the city..."

Roland gave Bernir a quick explanation of what happened after they left. This caused the half-dwarf to whistle while pondering something.

"Isn't this a chance?"

"A chance?"

"Yes, if this magical item works then won't we be able to earn loads of cash? We'll be able to show the union's bastards our superiority!"

"I guess that's one way of looking at it..."

The fact that Arthur Valerian commissioned him instead of the dwarven union to prepare the magical contraption showed where his trust was in. Yet Roland wasn't sure if his new friend wouldn't go to them if he didn't finish his work in a week. Perhaps Arthur had already sent someone to the union with a request if he failed.

'This would probably be the better move, can't put all of your eggs in one basket.'

"But what if those conniving fiends are already working on it? What if we are too late and they take all the glory?"

"I wouldn't worry about that, the union will probably prioritize their own larger cities and I'm not sure if their Enchantsmith knows how to work with divine ones."

"That's true... but boss, have ya already worked with them yourself?"

"No, but I'm a fast learner."

With the schematics already done and corrected with the help of his debuffing skill, it was finally time to get to the drawing board. This process was one of the more tedious ones as he had to calculate everything in his head while bringing it to paper. Only after getting through this process could he have his assistants start preparing the framework for his new creation.

“Aye, I’ll leave ya to it then.”

Roland opened up the door to his private workshop where he created most of his runic designs. The three divine runes that he corrected were all hung up on the board where he could see everything clearly. On the wall, there was a rack with all of his tools and that was his current destination.

“I guess I’m back my old friend.”

After pulling up a somewhat well-used hammer he gave it a twirl. This had been his go-to runecrafting tool for a year now, even though it was used it just felt right when he held it in his hand. Soon the forge sprung to life as he inserted a square-shaped piece of metal into it. The runic healing spell produced a high enough temperature to turn the whole piece red in a matter of minutes.

It was then removed with some deep-steel tongs and brought over to his usual anvil. There he raised his hammer up into the air. Blue sparks of mana filled out the tiny gaps to bring the inscribed runic symbols out into the open. Quickly he brought that hammer down to force it into the piece of metal, the familiar process of runecrafting had begun and Roland finally felt like he was truly home again.

Chapter 242: Fiddling with divine runes.

“Ugh...”

“Boss, your eyes, there is blood coming out of them.”

“Don’t worry I’m fine, give me a moment.”

Roland poured a red recovery potion on his face to make his vision recover. This coupled with a mending spell that had been inscribed on a metallic wand quickly nursed him back to health.

“Maybe ye should take a break, I know that the deadline is in a day but ye must watch your health, what if the missus finds out?”

“I’m fine, also I’ve already finished that project.”

After taking a breather Roland pointed to a box that was to the side. Just as he had planned it out, the runic device didn’t look eye-catching. The most intricate part about it were the various runes and gems placed on the outside.

“I’ve already prepared the diagram so you can start preparing the parts, it’s a basic design so you won’t have trouble in making them.”

“Eh? So this is it.”

Bernir looked at the unsuspecting box and craned his neck back to Roland. He was given a nod which indicated that he could go ahead and examine it. There was a hook latch on the side and small hinges on

the other which allowed him to open it up. On the inside, there was a small metal cylinder with what looked to be mana fluid inside of it.

“So you went with the old design boss.”

“Obviously, can't go outside the norm with it yet.”

Bernir nodded as there were various reasons to stick to the usual magical fuel. One of them was just for ease of use while the other was for the better design not to be copied by the dwarven union. They would certainly get their hands on this little box sooner or later.

Regretfully there wasn't anything like patents in this world, so he could not safeguard his designs from being used by others. The only thing would be the inclusion of passwords and blockades in the code. With their inclusion, a specialist would be needed to crack the code. It was similar to the basic pirating prevention methods from his old world.

There were of course ways of making this prevention software even harder to crack. One of these methods would be a handshake between hardware components, like the batteries that he made. Someone would need to be able to recreate both parts perfectly otherwise the main device would not function and if he wanted, short circuit the runic components.

He had already implemented a simplified version of this system in his golemic products that utilized his rechargeable batteries. With more time he hoped to make his products too bothersome to copy. The real money didn't come from making large heavy to construct machines, like golems.

If he could become the only supplier of runic batteries while other runesmiths bought them from him to use his designs, then he would be swimming in money while doing minimal work. Then there was also the factory approach if he failed with that endeavor. While he probably wouldn't be able to design automated systems like in the world he came from, he could substitute them with golems that could be programmed to make separate parts.

While he was thinking about the future of his enterprise, Bernir pressed the activation button. This caused the box to glow faintly, it was followed by a warm tingling feeling that quickly subsided. To the untrained eye, this would look like a glowy paperweight with no apparent use but to someone that could detect mana, the change would be somewhat noticeable

“Will this really help with those squiggly thingies?”

“It should be enough to force out the symptoms, the concentration of divine mana is slightly above the one in the church.”

“So boss, if you've completed your work, shouldn't we bring it to the lord?”

“Not yet, we need to prepare more and I already asked for more crystals and materials from the auction house...”

“Ah!”

Bernir smirked as he realized that his boss was trying to milk his business partner for more resources. This was an opportunity to get free research material from the auction house that he didn't normally have access to.

“Well, if it’s like that, then I’ll send them in when they arrive.”

After grabbing the diagrams from the table, Bernir ventured out to create a few more boxes. They needed enough to cover all the entrance gates of the city along with places where people gathered. It would be up to Arthur to organize everything as his job would be over after he delivered the runic device.

Roland had actually not expected everything to go that fast. With the help of his skills, there was no problem if he worked twenty hours a day. It was just a matter of assembling the runic components in the right places and then playing around with the code inside.

These divine runes weren’t that different from the ones that used mana, they just required a different power source which was supplied by the empyrean crystals. He had also examined the weapon that used rechargeable charges and applied them to the design as well.

If for some reason the city lord couldn’t provide the divine energy crystals, he could ask the priests to recharge them instead. This change prolonged the assembly by a few days but he did not want to deliver a faulty product when people’s lives were at stake. With one and a half days left until the deadline he had shifted his research to another field, divine mana emulation

‘It should be possible if I can find the correct wavelength...’

His eyes had stopped hurting from looking at the divine energy that was produced by the magical devices. The runic components were similar and overlapped with the regular ones that used mana as the only source. They had some additional parts that injected this holy energy instead.

One of these parts utilized the empyrean crystals while the other just absorbed an outside source. Yet there were clues in the design, such parts also existed in regular mana devices. This gave him an idea, what if the mana in this world can be changed, what if it operates on some kind of spectrum or a wavelength. Perhaps if he could alter this wavelength he could produce divine energy by himself or at least mimic it enough to produce a similar effect.

For this reason, he was using his runic eyes of truth. With their help, he was trying to analyze the divine energies that these items he took from the auction house generated. The biggest problem was that runic magic by design worked in reverse. It took mana from outside and altered it to produce things like elemental spells.

What he would need to do was to create a component that altered the mana into the divine mana before being injected into the runic structure. He might have to create a totally separate element that would alter the mana flow before sending it into the runic traces.

‘That will probably be the better solution, it’s easier to simulate an empyrean crystal instead of a constant charging feature.’

It would be great if he could just design a whole rune that did all of the work for him. But simulating a whole new energy source seemed like a massive undertaking. He would need to go through many various patterns bit by bit. His eye skill could only marginalize the area of search. By looking at what energy he was producing he could slowly push it in the right direction.

‘So much work to do and so little time...’

His Parallel Thinking trait was working in overdrive as he felt that he would need five more brains to get through this field of study. Recreating a bizarre fantasy world energy crystal in mechanical runic form would probably be quite the breakthrough. It could also put him on the hit list of all the orthodox religions. They would probably not look kindly to someone creating blasphemous imitations of their divine spells.

While he was aware of this, there would always be ways to hide the use of divine spells. The only reason he was willing to go into the field was the looming threat of evil monsters appearing at his doorstep. Roland did not know if the people from the Solarian church that he met were still alive.

Perhaps Loreena had already been forced to talk about his involvement and assassins were on the way. The only thing keeping him calm was the strength of the church, combined with the cultist's target probably being the destruction of their relic.

'They shouldn't have any time to deal with me, Loreena also doesn't know about the nature of my skill and how I really got out of that illusion.'

He could only grit his teeth and continue with the research. The faster he learned to emulate an empyrean crystal, the faster he could outfit his home with defenses. For the time being he could always go to Sister Kassia to recharge the field he would create around his house.

After getting some rest and drinking some water he returned to his workbench where a stack of papers along with his notebook was waiting for him. There he started going through various theories and old research.

Yet even when he tried, time just continued to pass and the crumpled-up papers riddled the whole floor. The task was proving to not be an easy one, thus after the deadline was over he needed to clear his mind and prepare the basic defenses before continuing.

...

"So this is it?"

"Yes Lord Arthur, let me demonstrate. You just need to fill this small canister with Elokin's Fluid and place the empyrean crystal in this socket, then just press the button on the side."

Mary placed herself in front of Arthur Valerian while Roland did the presentation. It was funny to see the maid not trust him at all but he could understand it. There was always a chance of things going wrong or people using their skills to impersonate him or even mind control. It wouldn't be strange if the item exploded if a powerful enough person wanted Arthur dead.

"This does feel like a lesser healing spell and the area should be enough to cover the gates."

"It can go up to five meters in diameter, use the knob on the side if you wish to lower the area of effect, it will lower the mana usage, and the device will last longer."

"So we can narrow the checkpoint size and save us some money, you have outdone yourself Mr. Wayland. Mary, have these placed at the main gates and start informing the guard captains as we have discussed before."

"Yes, Lord Arthur."

They were out in the courtyard with the usual two knights watching over the city lord. It seemed that they used the week to prepare a proper plan. Roland wouldn't be surprised if Arthur had already contacted the church and gotten them to agree to help out.

"Mr. Wayland, you will be rewarded handsomely for your efforts, but I think you should rest now."

Even though Roland didn't inform Arthur about his other part of the research, his baggy eyes and melancholic way of talking made him seem like someone that didn't rest for a week or more.

"Thank you, my Lord, I will excuse myself, please contact me if you need more of the items made, of course, at the agreed-upon price....."

Arthur nodded while Roland quickly wobbled out of the estate to head home. Even though he had arrived here a week ago, only now was he truly free to continue with his life. There was one more small thing that he needed to take care of before returning home and the person helping him with it was already waiting outside.

"Are you done?"

"Yes, here."

From within his spatial bag, he removed one of the boxes that he had created. After handing it over to Lobelia he was done for now.

"So this is it? Doesn't look like much."

"I can guarantee that it works, don't forget to bring me the money later."

"He he, I bet those old bastards will pay whatever I propose."

"Don't go overboard."

"Are you worrying about me? That's cute~"

"I'm more worried about Elodia, if she finds you in a ditch with a dagger in the back she will be devastated."

"Were you always this melodramatic? Don't worry, it'll be fine, they will probably want more of these if they work and I'm the only one that can contact the supplier!"

Lobelia chuckled at Roland who had become the supplier of magical goods for the thieves guild. He had decided to push the items towards the underground to check for any people that could be afflicted. Apparently, during this week a few more people were discovered and quickly treated thanks to Lobelia that spread the information.

Roland was hoping to eradicate any potential cultist lairs from forming in the city and for that, the Thieves guild was needed. They were used to looking for hidden passages, in theory, they should be able to find any hidden tunnels or at least keep the infected from spreading.

For that, they first needed to examine all of the members and also place his divine boxes at the secret thief guild entrances. With time they should be able to identify the source and hopefully take care of it without anyone from the upper citizens being affected.

“Remember, the fewer people know about this the better, you can’t alert the cultists or they might activate the parasites.”

“I know, don’t worry, I’m good at keeping secrets and so are the people in charge.”

Lobelia smiled while striking a pose. He couldn’t really do much as he was not part of the underground guilds and he had no interest in meeting their leader.

“Let’s change the topic then, how is your friend?”

“Jasper is doing fine.”

“He is?”

The half-elf blurred out the news as if it was nothing.

“Were there any side effects? Memory loss? Blindness?”

Roland on the other hand was very interested in this scoop and started throwing questions at the smaller girl.

“Woah, calm down Wayland. He is fine but he couldn’t remember the past few hours.”

After a quick back and forth he finally received some good news. It was possible to make a full recovery from the larva if it was discovered before being activated. This confirmed his theory that these creatures remained dormant and waited for some kind of activation sequence. Their only defensive mechanism in this state was making their host uncomfortable whenever close to divine energy.

“There is one more thing, remember the thing you asked me about.”

“Yes?”

“The guild received some news, apparently that forest where the church was fighting with those weirdos has become a desolate wasteland!”

“A wasteland?”

“Yes, some sort of spell was used and everyone had to evacuate but It didn’t reach the city. No one can investigate further, the religious nuts are keeping everyone from going in.”

It seemed the battle was over and both the cult had left the danger zone. Some kind of spell had been used to probably destroy any leftover evidence. If the old man that he met that knew his father and his granddaughter got out in time was unknown to anyone.

“Can I ask you for one more favor?”

“Hm, what is it?”

Lobelia looked a bit pouty as he asked for it but this was quickly remedied by his next sentence.

“Don’t worry, I’ll pay you, I need some information and you probably know someone that can get it.”

“That I do!”

“I need you to get me information about two people...”

Roland didn't want to remain in the dark, he needed to know if information about him was out there. If the two golden order paladins he ran in were safe and sound, then he could relax. Yet if they were found missing then he might have to consider taking drastic measures.

Even without that knowledge he still needed to get stronger. One part was the new divine runes that he was working on but that seemed to be a long-term investment. Another research topic were the spatial runes that he was still trying to figure out. If he could integrate storage technology into his armor, he could bring along heavy armaments for more dire situations. Then there was the dungeon and his secret training spot that he needed to visit.

“Golden order members? Do you have friends in high places?”

“Can you do it or not?”

“Sure thing but it might cost extra!”

Roland nodded as the two finally parted, even though he had the freedom to do anything he couldn't waste any time. He needed to get stronger and the fastest way for that was to gain more levels.