

The Runesmith #Chapter 8 Adventurer's Guild - Read The Runesmith Chapter 8 Adventurer's Guild Online -

Roland opened up his eyes, his body was stiff and sore. This new bed was even worse than the one at the noble estate and it was terribly windy in this cabin. He needed to procure some wood for the fireplace and also clean everything in here, it was dusty and even moldy in a couple of places. It didn't look like a place a 10-year-old should be living in.

"I need to eat something..."

He had some food packed but it wouldn't last him long. He needed to depend on the meager amount of coins he had received, from what he counted they would last him about a month.

"At least the lodging is free here... maybe I'll move to an inn when I earn something...I need to get to that adventurer's guild, but will they even let a ten-year-old work for them?"

Roland knew that adventurers existed in this world, they were mostly considered sellswords. They were more or less hired thugs that hunted monsters for parts and defended merchant convoys from bandits most of the time. They were the odd-jobbers of this world, if you gave them enough coin they would do it.

"Heh, at least I managed to get this thing."

He pulled out a crystal, it was similar to the one used for the ascension ceremony and worked in a similar way. Roland knew that they cost a lot, so he nabbed one from the Baron's estate while no one was looking.

"With this, I will be able to respect a blacksmith or Mana scribe... not sure what is better..."

He nodded and hid the items, he was living in the middle of nowhere and there was a possibility of his house getting sacked while he was away. He couldn't be sure, from a logical standpoint someone wouldn't put their son in a place that could get robbed.

'But it's the Baron we are talking about... he might even hire some goons to rough me up to prove a point...'

He decided to bury the class up stone away from the log cabin making sure that it didn't stand out. He had quite the memory so he didn't need to mark the tree he buried it by, which could only alert someone to the buried treasure.

"How much money do I have... not sure about the market value of food here, they never let us shop for ourselves..."

He returned to his cabin and emptied the coin pouch that he had. All of the coins were stacked on one pile, he didn't even need to count them thanks to his arithmetic skill. He just needed to look at the pile on the table and a number hovered about it, giving him the exact amount of coin he had.

"This comes down to exactly one small gold coin... or ten large silver coins...what I have here are..."

In this world, there were three types of coins with two variations. Each coin had a small and large version. The cheapest one was the small copper coin. Ten of those made up one large copper coin and ten of those were worth as much as a small silver coin. You went all the way up to golden coins. Above a large golden coin stood a royal golden coin that was larger and rectangular in shape.

"Some copper coins and silver ones... wonder how much this will last. Should I cook for myself and save on money, or...?"

He glanced to the side and looked at the shabby stove and some rusty pots and pans in the corner. The idea about cooking for himself went out of the window at most he would buy things like apples or sausages that he could eat without cooking.

He looked at himself, he managed to take a small mirror from the noble house. He was wearing standard black leather armor. It consisted of a chest piece, pauldrons a sword belt, armguards, a belt with a pouch, and leather boots with some knee protectors. To the side, he had his shortsword. He also nabbed a hunting knife from one of the workers while packing, this would save him money on skinning utensils. The knife could also be used as a last-ditch effort of defending himself.

"Aight, time to head out..."

He left the shabby log cabin, the thing had a small lock but if someone decided to kick the door down it would snap in half. Roland had to move somewhere else, he was in the middle of the forest with no protection. In his mind, this was something that his father set up, he was probably getting watched by someone.

'I bet he told people in town to keep an eye out for me, well at least he cares... though I bet it has more to do with the house Arden reputation. Can't have some kid be loose shouting his noble name everywhere.'

He was convinced that his so-called dad didn't really care for him. He probably left some guards so that he wouldn't croak on the first day but from what he saw in the letter the man probably wanted him to join the army. Roland on the other hand was set on never returning home, he had enough of living under the rules of other people, it was

time for some freedom. Even back in his old life, he felt like he was too dependant on others, it was time for a change.

'Well, I just need to make enough money... then everything will work out.'

It was time to go back to the town he had arrived, he remembered the path that the coachman took and backtracked. He was slower on foot but with some jogging, he could make it in half an hour if he wanted to. The first obstacle proved to be the guards at the entrance, they demanded a fee of five large copper coins right of the bat.

"Kid you new here?"

One of the guards asked while giving him five large copper coins back in exchange for the small silver coin.

"Yes, Is the adventurers guild recruiting?"

The guard raised his eyebrow and looked at the child in front of him. Roland was a bit taller then other kids, so he could pass for being older. Still, he didn't look older than 12 or 13 at the most.

"You? an adventurer? You sure you don't want to work as a stable boy instead?"

The guard smirked his buddy laughing on the side while Roland left slightly annoyed.

'Damn assholes, will I have to pay an entrance fee each time I come here? I'll be out of cash in no time...'

After passing through the checkpoint he kept walking while looking at the surroundings. The main road was made out of large stone blocks and stretched through the city and right towards a large castle-like structure in the distance. The castle was probably where the city lord stayed in, or either the noble house that was responsible for this plot of land.

He continued on while paying attention to the structures more than to the people. The whole place looked like a medieval fantasy city, the buildings were mostly made from stone and the roofs were slightly tipped at an angle and made from what looked to be thin red bricks tiles.

After some more walking, he found himself standing in front of a large building with saloon-like doors. It had a sign with two axes on the sides and one longsword in the middle. Above the symbol, the words 'Carwen Adventurer's guild' was written.

'It will be fine, right?'

He gulped as all of his future plans depended on this. If he didn't manage to get a job here he would be forced to work somewhere else. That stable boy job might not seem that outlandish at the time. He started getting nervous and just stood there in front of the door not doing anything, while he was hesitating some people walked out.

It was a group of adventurers, four of them. Roland snapped out of it and moved to the side, the people gave him a side glance before departing.

'Wait... was that an elf... and that was a dwarf... right?'

Roland kept his eyes on the backs of the people that just walked out. In his noble house, there were only humans and he never saw any other humanoid races anywhere besides the goblins that he trained on. One of the adventurers was an elven woman with long golden hair and wearing green clothes. She had an arrow quiver on her back and a longbow to go with it, indicating that she was an archer class.

Next to her was a short man, below 150 cm in height. He made up his height disparity with his width, Roland could clearly see he was quite muscular and was carrying a long ax weapon. There were two other people with her a man carrying a sword and some lady in a robe.

'So, that's a full-blown adventurer party? That lady in the robe might be a mage... or a priest class...'

He pumped himself up and finally pushed the doors open, they squeaked as he entered, the people inside gave him a fast glance but then went back to their business. The guild was quite large and there were even stairs leading up to a higher level. He walked in slowly, as other people were already going in and out.

Inside there were your usual things that made up such a building. A long counter at which some guild workers were standing, all of them were women for some reason. There was your standard large bulletin board with all of the job listings, finding a suiting job from that chaotic looking thing looked like a hassle.

There were some tables and chairs on the side, some of the guild members were chatting with each other. They were even getting served by some bar wenches, apparently, you could relax and eat something here while waiting for your loot to be appraised. The place looked busy but he was lucky as one of the guild workers was free and he could go ask his questions. He walked up to the receptionist, the lady behind it was all smiles and was wearing a pair of glasses.

"How can I help you today?... oh aren't you a little young?"

The woman fixed her glasses while looking at the youth. She saw a boy in full gear that was about 150 cm, what he was wearing looked like second-hand goods that saw some usage. He had short dark hair and green eyes, his head was oval-shaped his eyebrows

not too thin or bushy. He wasn't all too cute or ugly, more or less average looking for his age.

"Yes, I would like to register with the guild... my name is Roland."

The boy spoke out while looking at the slightly taller woman. The guild worker looked over the youth some more which made Roland somewhat nervous.

'She won't ask me to get my parents, now will she?'

"You want to register? Only people that went through the ascension ritual can register, do you have a Tier 1 class?"

Roland nodded.

"Yes, I have a class and went through my ascension ritual."

The woman pulled out an orb, that looked similar to the one they used back home for measuring things.

"Please place your hand on this measuring crystal."

Roland nodded, this was probably a required test that needed to be done. He had read that adventurer guilds would do a background check with such devices but the information was confidential and wouldn't leak out.

The woman glanced over the text that appeared on the orb, it had all of Roland's main stats along with his full name and class.

She could see all of his stats, her eyes remained glued to the intelligence stat for a moment before she moved on and finally spoke out

"You will have to make a payment of two large silver coins for your adventurer card, if you agree please fill out this form and wait till it's a made."

He took the piece of paper, he had to fill out his name and agree to some terms. Terms like that the guild was not responsible for his death and where his belongings should be sent if he died on the job. It didn't take long for the woman to walk away with the orb and paper in hand.

He sat down in the corner of the guild and waited, the lady informed him that his card would be made within the hour. He took his time to observe the people in the building, they were of various races and genders. He saw more elves, lizard-like people, more dwarfs, and huge individuals that looked like muscular basketball players.

'Hm, think that person is from the Goliath race, the books said that they are known for their strength. They are a race of warriors but they lack some intelligence and like to solve their problems with fighting.'

'The lizard-like people are probably Dragon-kin, supposedly they have dragon blood running through their veins. It's said that they get confused with the lesser lizardmen monsters from time to time.'

'Surprising that I didn't get thrown out from here, they didn't even think to ask me about my age...'

Roland was still someone with his old values, he didn't understand how people could let a ten-year-old just work as an adventurer. People in this world were different if you had the ability to work you could work. No one looked at the person's age, after going through the ascension ritual you were deemed worthy.

He was handed his adventurer's card but before that, he had to poke his thumb and let a drop of blood land on it. The moment it landed it shone for a fraction of a second, his rank and photo along with the name Roland appeared. The adventurer cards only showed your first name, but you could add a family name or a title there if you wanted.

Roland decided on keeping his noble title a secret, for now, only the guild would have his full credentials. He wasn't the first person in this world that wanted to leave his past behind and last names were associated with noble houses.

"The registration process is finished, congratulations on becoming a bronze rank Adventurer."

"As a bronze rank, you are allowed to take on jobs at the bronze and steel rank. It is advised to take jobs at your own rank, you will find the job listings on the notice board. If you fail to complete a job you take, you will have to pay a fine."

This is how his registration ended, going quite smoothly and without a hiccup. He decided to take a look at the available jobs, taking the advice to heart about not taking jobs above his grade.

'What do type of jobs can a bronze rank adventurer take...'

He started glancing at the papers, luckily they were all organized by their rank.

'Requesting a worker for latrine cleaning, 10 large coppers a day.'

'Mr. Fuzzles has gone missing, he is a brown cat...'

'Requesting help in moving furniture and other heavy objects...'

'Searching for someone to cut grass...'

He narrowed his eyes as he continued going through all the bronze grade listings, they were all odd jobs that didn't require any fighting power.

'Maybe that's why they accepted me as an adventurer so easily, they expect me to do these shitty jobs and not actually do anything dangerous...'

Roland didn't want to spend his day cleaning toilets or cutting grass, he needed to get his level up fast and earn more money. After going through most of the bronze grade listings he moved to the steel grade ones.

'Goblins have been appearing close to the farms and are killing the livestock. 5 large copper per goblin, left ear needed as proof.'

He read and found a subjugation request right off the bat.

'More Goblins huh? Probably should stick to monsters I'm familiar with...'

There were other listings concerning monsters besides that. There was a nearby dungeon but he couldn't enter it alone as a bronze rank adventurer. He would either need to find a party or get himself up to steel rank. He went through some other possible creatures he could hunt outside the dungeon and decided to stick to that for the time being.

'Think I'll go eat something first and then head out, there were also notices for bringing in monster deers and boars for meat, guess you can eat those...'

He left the adventurers guild, identification card in hand. He wanted to do a small tour of the town, maybe find better lodging than that shady shack in the woods. Then it would be time for work, his adventure was only starting.