

SPELLCRAFT: REINCARNATION OF A MAGIC SCHOLAR

Chapter 2

The bombshell landed, but my unprepared mind could not process what the man said.

“W-what do you mean... inept...?!” I stuttered, looking at the analyst in shock.

“He is unable to form a mana core since he has no potential mana within him at all. Simply put, he can never use magic.”

What the hell was this idiotic man saying? Me? Inept? No way.

The concept of inept individuals was not uncommon among the people of the kingdom, even my parents didn't have any capacity to use magic. However, I was different!

There was no way such a concept could apply to me... right?

“I'm sorry, Lewis. It's all our fault. We told you several times, but you wouldn't listen...” My mother said trying to console me, while I struggled to grasp the reality that was dawning on me.

“Most times, Magic Power is inherited. However, both of us come from a lineage that never possessed Magic Power. We're from a line of inepts... and you're our son, Lewis.” My father tried, in his own way, to add salt to my wounds.

“It was only natural... that you wouldn't have any magic power too...”

And so, with those words, everything I dreamed and hoped of crashed into the ground.

Lewis Griffith, the Grand Mage, died in that room. The only thing grand about my life was the pathetic line I came from, the inescapable cage of destiny I was entrapped in.

I was never going to be able to snap my fingers to produce flames or generate winds or even a single drop of water.

I was inept!

My family and I returned to the village that very day. Throughout the journey, I dreaded going back to the town I left with pride. I would return to the very people I insulted and looked down on.

“This has to be my punishment, uh?” I laughed sadly at myself.

My pathetic state would be the new object of ridicule, and my name was merely going to be used as a tool for mockery.

But then, who could have possibly expected that it would happen?

“Oh that? yeah... we kind of always knew.”

What? They did? But how?!

“Your parents are both inept, same with most of us folks here. So yeah, it was a given”

They all knew that the likelihood of me being unable to be a magician was guaranteed. Then why did they encourage me so much? Why did they egg me on?

“D-did you want to see me humiliated that badly?!” I yelled at the villagers who looked at me innocently.

I knew I was being harsh, as usual, my conceited and arrogant nature had yet to leave me.

“Well, it was a shame you didn’t end up being the genius magic user you proclaimed you would become... but, why would we make fun of you for not achieving something we couldn’t either?”

Those words pierced deep within me as the wall I built for myself began to crumble.

“It would have been nice, you know? To see you become the Grand Mage you always wanted to be. That was what we all thought...”

My heart throbbed and I felt a deep warmth permeate in my insides. Just what was this feeling?

“Lewis, at least you tried. That isn’t something any one of us can fault you for. In fact, even if you did end up being inept... you’re still our pride and joy!”

Finally, the floodgates opened. Tears that I tried to hold in burst out as I wept uncontrollably.

The prim and proper boy who refused to display any form of childishness finally broke down and gave in to his Immature tendencies.

I have no idea how much I wept... but by the time I was done, I opened my eyes and looked at the villagers around me.

Their reassuring smiles and optimistic eyes filled me up with a strange new emotion.

“Lewis Griffith, now that you can no longer be a ‘Grand Mage’, don’t tell me that this is the end.” Mr. Librarian said to me with a wide grin.

“Oi, oi, don’t tell me you’re going to let all those magic spells I showed you go to waste” Mr. Farm irrigator added.

“There’s no way, right? The name of Lewis Griffith will be made known throughout the world. That hasn’t changed, right?”

Hearing all these words, I finally understood the warm feeling within my heart.

Giving a smile, I reignited my confident demeanor and smiled with pride at the villagers who surrounded me.

“Of course not!”

My loud voice shook everyone. They all stared at me expectantly, waiting for the next grand dream I would utter.

“If I can not be a ‘Grand Mage’, then I will simply be something else! I won’t let all I have learned go to waste!”

They all nodded as I said this.

“I still love magic, and I will still devote myself to it! More and more knowledge of this art will be engraved within me, and even if I am unable to practice it, I will make sure no one knows Magic more than I do!”

From that point on, my dream changed.

“Lewis Griffith will be known throughout the land... as the ‘Great Sage’.”

And now, several years after that statement, I have achieved everything I said I would.

I excelled in the academic field of magic, becoming a scholar in the art. Eventually, no one in the kingdom could say they didn't know my name.

I developed countless magic theories, taught various lessons, and postulated immeasurable schools of thought.

Some of my works that I deemed fit to publish were made known to the public, however, I did not give out all of my knowledge.

The world was nowhere near ready to receive some of the ground-breaking discoveries I made, so I hid them away.

In the likelihood that one who was worthy found them, it would change everything they knew about magic entirely.

Even though I had achieved one of the highest level of greatness, thereby surpassing the childish dream I had, I still had a lingering regret.

If only... I could make a ball of flames appear on my fingertip, or cause a tiny drop of water to materialize. Even a soft wind would do, or a slight tremor on the earth. If I was able to do any of those things, I would have enjoyed magic even more.

Laying on my deathbed, with members of my family, old friends, colleagues, the kings and royalty of various kingdoms, even Grand Mages which I looked up to all around me.. everyone present in the room were of the highest caliber.

I had truly achieved greatness. Yet, I could feel the void within me. An empty feeling which lay forgotten for decades.

I was never truly interested in greatness or fame.

There was only one thing I truly wanted and chased after my whole life. Even now that my existence was on the verge of ending, it was still the only thing I could think of.

Magic!

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