

# SPELLCRAFT: REINCARNATION OF A MAGIC SCHOLAR

## Chapter 4

Magic... the ability to bend the laws of the world and perform supernatural feats. Using the energy which flows within one's body called mana, an individual could create certain things and cause amazing occurrences.

However, in this world, not everyone can use Magic.

This is because a person needs to have a mana core to control the mana within. This mana becomes activated and transformed into magic by using spells.

Mana cores are made by condensing the little fragments of mana within a person. The more a person grows, the higher the mana becomes. That is why a child had to turn ten before they could 'Awaken' and form their cores.

But, what happens to those with no mana, to begin with? They can never hope to make a mana core and are labeled 'Inepts'. I was one of those in my past life.

But now...

"Ahh, it looks like that has changed" I mumbled to myself in my babyish language.

The good news was that I was not inept in this life. I had mana, therefore I would be able to form a mana core and use magic.

Then why wasn't I overjoyed and immensely excited by this development? Well, that was because of the not-so-good news.

I had barely enough mana to qualify as a non-inept, or even become a potential magic-user.

"What's with this low amount? Are these actually all the mana particles I have? I know I'm barely a week old, but... this is just too low!"

I had a low mana count and it was too low! This wouldn't even be up to a tenth of an average baby.

“Wrong! Wrong! Wrong!” I groaned internally.

Since I reincarnated, wasn't I supposed to be blessed with some sort of special power or cheat ability?

I was meant to possess nearly limitless mana, yet here I was again getting the short end of the straw.

“Well, there's no use complaining now. At least I have some mana. With even this, practicing magic should be doable...”

A wide smile slowly formed on my face. Even though I was a little disappointed, no, greatly disappointed in my very little talent, I was still very happy.

“I have mana now!”

Yes. In my past life, I had wished for even the tiniest amount of mana to perform magic just once. It appeared my prayers were finally answered.

“That's right! Even with this, I should finally be able to do it!”

I became a Great Sage that revolutionized the world of magic, yet I never used any for myself. This time, all the knowledge I stacked up and built... I would finally be able to apply them myself.

I was no longer interested in being a Grand Mage or whatever. I had enough fame and prestige to last me two lifetimes.

What I desired at the moment, was to simply enjoy the practice of the magic I had immersed myself in.

Perhaps this was my reward for the diligent effort I put in Magic.

“Ahh, I can't wait until I'm older...”

The night quickly fell, and the darkness crept in. I lay in my cot, directly stationed at the bedside of my mother.

Apparently, she was the only parent at home. I had not seen my dad or even heard anyone talk about him since I was born.

I could never escape her watchful gaze.

While everyone was asleep, I remained awake, contemplating various things excitedly

“What should I try first? This, or that.... Maybe that other one... or could I just do that instead?”

~CREAK~

Suddenly, I heard a creaking sound. It appears the door to our room was being opened slightly. Who could it be?

My mom had clearly forbidden anyone from entering our private space unless she called for them.

“I have a bad feeling about this...”

I quickly shut my eyes and pretended to be fast asleep.

Thanks to the darkness, the intruder couldn't see my partly opened eyes, watching them as they slowly approached our location

“Crap! I can't see them well!” I grumbled, the effects of the darkness hindered me too.

Suddenly, I noticed something the stranger held which made my eyes nearly pop out of their sockets.

The object had a slight glow in the darkness, reflecting on its surface with a shiny glint.

“That's.... a knife...?!”

He picked up his knife, still maintaining decorum as he nearly reached my mother's bedside.

It was well hidden, and not too large. This person, whoever he was... was a professional.

“Who is he after? My mother? Or...”

Judging from the trajectory of his movements since he entered and the direction his face pointed in, he appeared to be coming toward me.

The knife he held was also small, and from the glint it had, it was extremely sharp. It finally dawned on me that I was the target!

“Why? I was only born a few days ago! What could I have possibly done to incur the attention of a killer?”

Nothing came to mind.

Perhaps someone discovered I had reincarnated and wanted me dead. Or perhaps this was why no one who reincarnated ever appeared.

Maybe they were killed before they had a chance to grow up.

“I have to stop with all these thoughts!” I quickly snapped back to reality.

Having useless theories wouldn't solve anything at the moment. There was only the certainty that he wanted to do me in.

Whatever reasons he had were merely secondary.

“There's no way I'm going to die here!”

I was trapped in my cot, unable to do anything as the harmful baby I am... Or so you would think.

“Huuu... this will be my first time doing this, but, I suppose I have no choice!”

Using one of the secret discoveries I never revealed to the rest of the world, this was the only way I could stand even the tiniest chance in this desperate situation.

“[Spellcraft]: Stage 1...”

This was going to take quite a toll on me, but there was no other way to do this.

Visit and read more novel to help us update chapter quickly. Thank you so much!

