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Chapter 17: Dancing and Playing with Clear Shadows, What is it Like in the Human World_1

"First of all, you should know this is an extremely rare special instance, something one might stumble upon but cannot actively seek out."

"The benefits of this 'Spirit Car Driving License' may not be noticeable now, but after you experience a few more instances and start to develop, you'll come to realize what a great thing it is."

"In the future, this will be something that all players will rack their brains for."

"So, I advise you not to deliberately fail and get eliminated."

Gu Mian understood what the coach meant.

It's like when a new game launches and you're pulling cards; you draw an ordinary card with low attack power and low health. You think it's useless and dismantle it. But as the game develops, you discover that card is actually the best support in the entire game, and it's extremely rare.

The feeling was truly worse than swallowing ten thousand flies. Gu Mian had experienced it before.

"Next, follow me to the written test center to get your papers. Each person's paper is different, so copying is impossible, but you can discuss the questions."

"There are clocks hanging in the building for you to check the time. Remember, the answering period is from ten to twelve o'clock at night; otherwise, you won't be able to fill out the answer sheet."

As the coach spoke, he walked towards the enormous building nearby. The others followed.

Before following, Gu Mian took another careful look around.

In front of the written test center building was a wide road. A long section was marked off with yellow lines, which Gu Mian presumed was the road test area. One end of the road stretched to a nearby mountain before turning a corner and disappearing from sight. The surroundings were vast; it looked like a desolate wilderness.

Three cars, emitting a sinister aura, were parked side-by-side on the roadside. The western sun had already halfway set; dusk still clung precariously to existence.

"Let's go in," Chu Changge's voice came from his side.

Gu Mian returned to his senses.

A few players had already followed the coach through the main entrance and were now turning back, waiting for him.

Gu Mian quickened his pace and stepped over the threshold.

Inside the entrance was an open-air courtyard. The center was brightly illuminated by incandescent floodlights, leaving the surrounding areas in dim shadow. The building itself was a squat cylinder, with rooms arranged in a ring along its perimeter, leaving the center open to the sky. Looking up, one could even see the glass canopy of the topmost floor.

The brightest area in the center was occupied by a table.

It was a long table, like the conference tables used by executives in suits and leather shoes.

On the table lay seven test papers and a round clock. The clock showed 5:56.

"The papers have been distributed with your names on them. The test now officially begins."

As the coach spoke, he retreated.

Gu Mian watched as he backed out of the building, then took out a large lock and, with a CLICK, locked the door.

Seeing this, someone present looked visibly shaken and shivered violently.

Gu Mian, however, didn't shiver. His eyes swept around, and he immediately spotted his own test paper.

Only now did he understand: this Spirit Car driving test wasn't just bizarre for its road test; even the written exam was equally strange.

These were definitely not questions from any ordinary driving test.

"Full score: 100 points. Multiple-choice questions: 40 points. Fill-in-the-blanks: 20 points. Problem-solving questions: 40 points."

Below this were four multiple-choice questions, two fill-in-the-blanks, and one problem-solving question.

His gaze was first drawn to the problem-solving question, which took up the most space on the paper.

"Given: This building has three floors, and there is one Evil Ghost on each floor. Determine the order in which the three Evil Ghosts died."

WTF! Gu Mian's mind reeled. What the hell kind of problem-solving question is this? It's even more outrageous than 'Xiao Ming's mother bought five pounds of apples and three pounds of pears. What is the mother's age?! If my math teacher knew questions were set like this in the world, he'd definitely jump out of his coffin in anger.

Looking further up, the multiple-choice questions were just as absurd.

"The sex of the Evil Ghost with the surname Ma is?"

"A: Male, B: Female, C: Neither male nor female, D: Sometimes male, sometimes female."

"The physical characteristics of the Evil Ghost with the surname Yang are?"

"A: Dead fish eyes, B: Scarred face, C: Protruding belly, D: Long tongue."

"How many people had the only male Evil Ghost in this building killed before his death?"

"A: 1, B: 2, C: 3, D: 4."

"If one sings 'Only Mother is Good in This World' to the pregnant ghost, how will she react?"

"A: Roars madly, B: Comes downstairs to smash the door, C: Has no reaction, D: Dances with her own clear shadow."

The only two fill-in-the-blank questions below were also enough to make one's brain cramp.

"The Evil Ghost with the surname Zhao died in the () car."

"The Long Tongue Ghost's method of killing is ()."

That was the entire content of the test paper.

But who could tell him what on earth this paper had to do with a driving test? Only one of the fill-in-the-blank questions even mentioned the word 'car'. The other questions were truly far beyond the scope of any driver's exam.

Gu Mian glanced at Chu Changge's test paper beside him. Hmph! His was just as ridiculous.

After seeing their own papers, the other players' faces all turned deathly pale, looking as if they wanted to commit suicide on the spot. This was especially true for the gaunt man named 'Fireworks Can Be Cold.' He swallowed hard, his legs trembled, and his entire body quivered slightly.

Of course, the others weren't faring much better. Although they had all experienced one instance already, they were still having trouble accepting their current reality.

Conversely, the female entertainer, Xiao Qiao, had a look of sudden realization, as if she'd just figured out what this instance was all about.

Fatty nervously sidled up to Gu Mian, "Doctor, what do we do?"

This fellow had been sticking to Gu Mian ever since the game began. The phrase he uttered most frequently was, by far, "What do we do?"

Gu Mian folded the paper a few times and tucked it into his white lab coat pocket. "Let's look around first. There are three floors here in total. We'll start by looking for clues on the first floor."

If they were given a paper like this, then the answers must be findable within this building, he thought, scanning his surroundings.

The building covered a vast area. The rooms were arranged in a circle, and he estimated there were fifty to sixty rooms on this floor alone.

Gu Mian hadn't inspected his surroundings closely upon entering, but a more careful look now gave him a fright.

He saw that all the doors on this floor were tightly shut. On each door, at about head height, hung a black-and-white funeral portrait. These funeral portraits seemed to encircle the seven of them in the center, their collective gaze fixed upon the group.

"My god..." Fatty felt a chill crawl up his spine.

"Don't be scared," Gu Mian comforted him. "Let's enter one and see what's inside."

Fatty nodded tremulously.

Perhaps seeing that Gu Mian's group was larger, the gaunt young man also approached, trembling, "Judging by your attire, you're a doctor, right? Can I follow you all?"

Follow if you want, Gu Mian thought dismissively. The road's wide enough; it's not like it's a crime for you to tag along.

At that moment, the female entertainer, Xiao Qiao, also stepped closer and raised her hand. "I want to follow too."

Her posture was exactly like that of a primary school student raising her hand in class, earnestly waiting for the teacher to call on her to answer a question.

Where one led, others were quick to follow.

In no time, all the other players were trailing behind Gu Mian.

Gu Mian, feeling rather helpless, could only take the lead and push open a door.

SQUEAK. A door adorned with a funeral portrait was pushed open, revealing a mourning hall inside.