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Chapter 67: College Entrance Exam_1

As a doctor, it's reasonable to have some mischief up his sleeve...right?

Gu Mian, who always seemed to be harboring some mischief, glanced at the time on his panel. It was already January 26th, with just about ten days left until the New Year.

"It's about time we set off," he said, putting down his chopsticks. "We need to attend that Lantern Festival event. I'm planning to buy a car tonight. Are you guys coming?"

Fatty was somewhat puzzled. "Why go at night? Don't normal players usually go to the supermarket during the day?"

Chu Changge glanced at him. "Does he strike you as a normal player?"

Would a normal player carry an instance NPC around haphazardly?

Would a normal player wield a chainsaw, ready to administer physical therapy to a ghost at any moment?

Fatty was momentarily stuck, then shook his head. "Not really..."

Gu Mian touched his chin. "I plan to hit the road as soon as I buy things tonight. You know it's not really appropriate to drive a Spirit Car around in broad daylight... even though the streets are pretty empty."

Fatty gave a start. "Set off tonight? Then I'll go pack some quilts and bring a pot. Oh, do we need to buy some tents?"

They would inevitably have to spend nights outdoors on the road.

Given the current situation, few hotels would likely still be open.

Even if they found an open hotel, there was no guarantee the owner wouldn't call in a dozen burly men to rob them while they slept.

Gu Mian shook his head slightly. "That car is quite large. Fatty, if you lose some weight, we should all be able to sleep in it."

Fatty's eyebrows twitched. Setting aside the weight loss issue, Sleeping in a Spirit Car? Seriously?

In the end, Fatty still packed up all the quilts and such from Gu Mian's house.

Gu Mian didn't have much to bring himself, so he entrusted Chu Changge with storing his only two special items.

As Chu Changge put the items away, Gu Mian found himself thinking if he could turn other players into storage spaces to serve as his personal item slots.

Chu Changge felt a little creeped out by his stare.

「Night fell quickly, and it was time for Gu Mian and the others to act.」

Gu Mian had already bought supermarket tickets. The supermarket tickets were issued in limited quantities each month. Since this was the first month of the game, not many people had bought them yet; everyone was still relying on leftover food from home to get by.

However, he estimated that after the game had been running for a while, these supermarket tickets would be snatched up at the beginning of each month.

The three of them walked along the dimly lit road.

The streetlights beside them were still working, illuminating the bare tree trunks lining the road.

The New Year was approaching. Gu Mian rubbed his hands together and exhaled a puff of warm air. "I originally thought a major event would be held during the New Year. Compared to the Lantern Festival, the Spring Festival is a bigger holiday, isn't it?"

Fatty agreed, "I think it's because the game just started. It would have been too rushed to prepare a major event by New Year, so they postponed it to the Lantern Festival."

Fatty frowned as he continued, "With them organizing an event like this... I'm quite worried the game might introduce a college entrance exam event..."

The college entrance exam is indeed a very important major event.

"If they really do create a college entrance exam event..." Fatty hesitated, clearly reluctant to recall the tough days of his own college entrance exam.

Just then, Chu Changge suddenly spoke up, "Can you guess what would happen to the proctor invigilating Gu Mian?"

Gu Mian: "..."

The weather was growing colder, as if a heavy snowfall might arrive the next day. After walking for some time, the three of them began to feel chilly.

Fortunately, the supermarket wasn't far, and they arrived without suffering too much from the cold.

It was the same supermarket they had visited before. Last time they came out, a group of lush green chives had been at the entrance to greet them. This time, that probably wouldn't happen.

Gu Mian stepped onto the stairs.

This time, it wasn't just the three of them in the supermarket. A few scattered groups of people were wandering around, apparently first-timers, seriously examining the products inside.

Gu Mian paid no mind to those curious newcomers and went straight to the daily necessities section, to the Spirit Car area.

Because it was where vehicles were sold, it wasn't far from the supermarket exit.

A cold wind blew in, making the place a bit chilly. But the salesman didn't seem to mind. He was sitting on the steps, cupping his chin, still wearing the same frowning, worried expression as last time.

Gu Mian suddenly felt he was a bit pitiful.

Seeing someone approach, the salesman quickly dropped his dismal expression and put on a smile. "You're back? Still want to look at the cars?"

Even knowing his cars wouldn't sell, he still forced himself to maintain his professional conduct.

Chu Changge and Fatty hadn't wandered over here last time, so this was their first time seeing Spirit Cars for sale in the supermarket.

"Holy crap," Fatty exclaimed, looking at the neat row of vehicles. "They really are all Spirit Cars!"

He had originally thought there would be many car models to choose from, but he hadn't expected the entire row to be uniform Spirit Cars.

These vehicles were about the same size as RVs, all white. The words "Comprehensive Funeral Services" were spray-painted on the roof, a large loudspeaker was mounted on top, and a white banner was strung across the front. They were genuine Spirit Cars through and through.

"Of course they're Spirit Cars," the salesman laughed bitterly. "Although these vehicles look a bit unlucky, they're very useful... They can even be used as RVs, if you don't mind."

He shook his head regretfully. "If driver's licenses could still be obtained, there would definitely be plenty of people saving up to buy one of these. What a pity..."

It's a pity the driver's license exam instance seems to have been wrecked by some damn scoundrel, Gu Mian remembered him saying something like that last time.

Apparently, this salesman didn't know that Gu Mian was the "damn scoundrel" he mentioned. Otherwise, not only would he fail to maintain his professional conduct, but he might have also already gone to the adjacent blade and weapons section to find a knife.

Gu Mian looked at the salesman before him and chose his words carefully, "Do you have any vehicle-mounted tents here? The kind you install on the car roof, that can be set up for use at night."

The salesman nodded quickly. "Yes, we do. In our Spirit Car section, we naturally sell everything related to Spirit Cars. We have vehicle-mounted tents specifically designed to go with Spirit Cars."

"Attach this tent, and even if you have four people the size of this portly gentleman here, one vehicle will be spacious enough for all of them to sleep."

Fatty: "..."