

I Can Meet with Dead Scientists #Chapter 1: The 21st century is the century of biology! - Read I Can Meet with Dead Scientists Chapter 1: The 21st century is the century of biology!

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: The 21st century is the century of biology!

2022.

USTC campus.

West District AED.

Outside the building, the word "Library" inscribed by Mr. Qi Gong shines radiantly in the sunlight, exuding the resilience and vitality ingrained in each Ke Da Person.

Meanwhile, inside the library.

A young man sits alone in a quiet corner, writing furiously:

"As everyone knows."

"The 21st century is the century of biology."

"Around the year 2000, this slogan quietly became popular. Computers were actually a big deal before then, but everyone knows that the Nasdaq crashed, the internet bubble burst, and biology took on an important historical mission."

"Among a group of high school students, this manifested in biology becoming the major with the highest admission scores in schools, if not the first, then the second."

"Even on the transfer list in the second year, biology topped the popularity charts."

"At that time, students in our major jokingly said that we gave up the chance to get into Qingbei to embrace the future of the 21st century."

"Who would have thought that ten years later, 'the 21st century is the century of biology' has become a shared joke among us biology professionals—not laughing at the saying itself, but at us biology students."

"To put it in today's words, 'this is a sad story'."

The young man paused, seemingly sensing something, picked up his phone, and turned on the screen.

As it turned out, no messages came through.

The young man twitched his mouth and continued writing with his head lowered:

"In my opinion, the phrase 'the 21st century is the century of biology' is increasingly becoming a reality.

The development trend in the biology industry has actually been gradually clarified. With the advancement of technology, many biological fields may make breakthroughs in the near future."

"Outstanding talents in the industry can naturally achieve fame and financial rewards—there are great examples around. A senior who graduated from Teng School's top ten university with a Ph.D. is now a CTO at a domestic gene sequencing startup with a million-yuan annual salary. If the company gets listed, his net worth could soar to hundreds of millions."

"In the past ten years, the integration of computer, physics, and automation technologies into biological sciences has progressed by leaps and bounds.

To say nothing of anything else, just look at the diagnostic equipment in hospitals and compare it to ten years ago; how much progress has been made?"

"Ten years ago, biological sequencing was an extremely expensive project capable of producing major papers.

Now?

Any decent hospital can perform it."

"Or take gene localization, for example; it used to be a large and time-consuming project, but now the cost is low enough that even beginner authors can afford it."

"Ten years ago, there was a saying in the biological world:

Biologists conduct experiments and analyze data, while computer scientists and mathematicians interpret and explain the data.

But now?

A biology Ph.D. who only knows how to experiment and doesn't know a few programming languages or R would be embarrassed to even greet others."

"Thirty years have passed, and the layman's understanding of life sciences is still stuck in flowers, planting, fertilization, poultry, traditional medicine diagnostics, surgery,

injections, running PCR... still stuck in the notion that jobs are hard to find and no one wants to hire us...

"Little do they know, life sciences have long since moved beyond that."

"For example, the big data boom that started around 2012 was propelled by the leap in sequencing technology in the life sciences starting in 2008.

Moreover, AI, machine learning, genetic algorithms—aren't all of these driven by life sciences?

I started learning about big data analysis from Ke Da's youth class and got into AI and machine learning in 2011, all of which were part of my life sciences courses.

When did these concepts become popular?—At least three years later!"

At this point in the writing.

The young man's emotions gradually heightened, and the imprint of his writing became more profound:

"Currently, the biggest issue in the entire biology field is the fierce competition."

"It's like a lottery draw; you don't need intelligence to join, anyone can, as long as they have money and labor, so everyone gets into the game."

"The numbers that everyone knows might win are so few, leading to multiple research groups often trying to grab the same number."

"Whoever gets it first gains the upper hand, then the race begins, students work till 11 PM and don't take weekends off;

Students send results to their supervisors, who wake up in the middle of the night to review and submit."

"They would rather send their hard-earned numbers to a trashy journal just to beat their competitors by a step."

"As a result, professors from prestigious schools and researchers with many accomplishments are embroiled in intense fights over the order of lottery drawings, losing all dignity."

As he kept writing, the young man suddenly refocused:

This is the material for his Ph.D. defense, and clearly the latter part could not be presented in such a venue.

So he shook his head and drew a long line through this part of the manuscript.

At that moment, the sound of a chair knocking came from a desk not far from the young man.

The young man's train of thought was broken, and he instinctively looked up.

He realized it was the sound of a pair of young students...ahem, a couple leaving their seats after finishing their study session.

The young man suddenly thought of his paper wife, wondering if he should visit Tifa or Alice tonight?

Then he snapped back to reality, gently shook his head, and continued writing:

"Of course, as of now, biology is still some distance away from a standard explosion."

"What conditions are needed for a field to explode like computer science?"

"I believe there are three prerequisites:

1. Low-cost development.
2. High tolerance for error allowing developers to quickly establish and iterate projects.
3. A 2C business model."

"Unfortunately, the current biology-related industries do not meet these conditions.

"For example, genetically modified crops require extremely high research and development costs—similar to Monsanto's giant screening machines, with the margin for error so low that a single pollen drift could be enough to cause problems."

"Similarly, the cost of new drug development is high and the tolerance for error is also outrageously low, with the FDA enforcing strict requirements due to various internal and external reasons."

"This has resulted in biology startups having a high dependency on resources and slow progress, making it difficult to achieve an explosion."

After writing this, the young man took a deep breath and concluded:

"But I believe these challenges will be conquered one day!"

"I am sure of it; the 21st century will still be the century of biology!"

"This is the pursuit of countless pioneers in the field of biological sciences and also my lifelong dream!"

"Defendant: Xu Yun."

Finishing up, the young man leisurely stretched.

He carefully capped his pen and gathered the documents.

After one last check of the surroundings.

He confirmed that nothing was left behind and walked out of the West District Library with his belongings.

Returning to his rented small house outside the school, the young man took off his glasses and lay on the bed in the shape of a "T".

He stared aimlessly at the ceiling.

After a while, he shook his head helplessly and a bitter smile appeared on his lips:

"Damn, if not for the cheats, who the hell would study biology?"

.....

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Chapter 2: Chapter 2 That Spicy Man!!!

After lying dazed on the bed for a while, Xu Yun turned over and looked around.

This was a single apartment with a total area of over forty square meters. The decor wasn't particularly luxurious, but the location was quiet, offering relatively high privacy.

Although USTC had renovated parts of the East District dormitories back in '19, the conditions for master's and doctoral dorms were generally average, except for training students.

For example, master's students shared four to a room, while doctoral students shared two to a room—although the ones on Science Island were somewhat better.

However, Xu Yun chose to live alone off-campus not because of poor dorm conditions, but because... he had a secret.

Xu Yun, currently 24 years old.

Gender: male, gender identity: male, not an extreme animal rights activist or extreme environmentalist, no depression, interest: women.

Socially referred to as that man, if he were to make the news, he'd probably be called the man, and occasionally, without reason, he'd get saddled with a surname—Guo.

At 15, he was admitted to the USTC Youth Class, graduated with a bachelor's degree at 19. After graduating, he didn't opt for a master's degree but applied for direct doctorate admission.

Xu Yun's direct PhD focus is synthetic biotechnology and systems bioengineering, which is a relatively well-known biology PhD program at the physics-renowned USTC. He is currently about to obtain his doctorate.

Moreover, he is also pursuing a master's in condensed matter physics, with only a short time left before obtaining the degree.

Friends who've attended the Youth Class should know.

Whether it's the USTC Youth Class, Yao Class Wisdom Class, or Turing Youth Class, in these top institutions, top students are often called XX God.

For instance, God Cao, God Han, God Wei, and so on.

Thus naturally, Xu Yun also earned the title of God Xu.

However, though academic prodigies are nearly invincible academically, they often appear eccentric in life, even seen as freaks.

For example, the internet-sensational God Wei, Wei Dongyi, who looked somewhat dazed because he was perpetually pondering academic problems.

Some academic genius prodigies even lack self-care ability, with parents always needed to manage their daily affairs.

In his past life, Xu Yun was one such 'genius' with severely imbalanced emotional and intellectual intelligence. Though not to the absurdity of needing help with living essentials, his social circle was nearly zero until it slightly improved after 30.

Seeing this, gamer students familiar with banning mammoths must have noticed a certain word:

Past life.

That's right, past life.

Xu Yun is a reincarnator.

However, compared to some other reincarnator predecessors, Xu Yun's reincarnation was somewhat unique.

It was a winter in 2041, Xu Yun was writing an online novel titled "Where is Wu Fan," when suddenly, while writing, he felt dizzy and collapsed on the keyboard.

Upon waking, he found himself reincarnated to age 15, the day after the second round of the USTC Youth Class physics defense.

This was also a deeply impressionable life juncture for Xu Yun—since that year's defense topic was intriguing:

One problem involved a group of little green men digging for gold on the Golden Planet, eventually falling to their deaths. It required calculating the fall time concerning two different shapes and slopes and drawing a sketch of the spaceship's appearance.

Another problem included data stating the atmosphere thickness as h , causing classmates to lament its irrationality since the particle velocity space on the surface and isotropic outward wasn't h

The problem also claimed atmospheric uniformity was magical, so Xu Yun ultimately chose to submit the score for this question to the state, as his severe OCD couldn't manage otherwise.

As a long-time online novel-writing reincarnator, Xu Yun naturally understood the coolness of reincarnation settings:

Leveraging knowledge of future events to prep arrangements, thereby earning massive wealth and social status.

But just as Xu Yun was confidently tracing back memories, he found his mind blank, remembering only a few scattered events:

Like a marathon deciding a champion, Mr. Jia still claiming to return home next week, and thirty years later Celestial Foot still reviewing Milan, etc.....

Besides these, the only other thing Xu Yun remembered was his academic knowledge learned before turning 30.

He had no impressions whatsoever of other derived scientific technologies, historical events, or competition results.

Yet, on the other hand.

Despite his blurred memory, his mindset and experiences from his forties were retained entirely.

This gave him a much higher maturity compared to peers in social interactions and self-discipline.

It is precisely due to this that Xu Yun managed to graduate with a doctorate at 24 in this lifetime—while in the past lifetime, he was 28.

In fact, the changes that occurred to Xu Yun went far beyond this...

Inside the bedroom.

Xu Yun used his left thumb to rub his temples and silently chanted a semantically ambiguous syllable in his heart:

†-:~

As the syllables escaped, Xu Yun's vision suddenly darkened.

When he regained awareness, he found himself in a dimly lit space.

This space wasn't large, only about twenty square meters, with nothing but a two-meter diameter jade-green circle at its center.

At this moment, a number is flickering above the circular ring:

300/300.

This space appeared on the second day after Xu Yun's rebirth, which was exactly ten years ago.

The size and appearance of the space from the beginning was just like now, with boundaries composed of some kind of hard solid material, much harder than waves anyway.

However, at the very beginning, the value on the central circle was '0/300'.

And at that time, the space offered the only hint so far:

The circle value will increase positively based on the amount of knowledge mastered by the 'Wall-Facer,' and the first doctoral degree must be in the biological field—the circle value was called knowledge points by Xu Yun.

It is also because of this that Xu Yun, who worked in physics in his past life, inexplicably 'defected' to the field of biology, which was exceptionally rare in the Turing Youth Class famous for physics.

Now, Xu Yun has spent a full ten years, and finally, with the completion of today's dissertation defense, he successfully pushed this score to the full value.

Perhaps sensing Xu Yun's appearance.

A few seconds later, the circle suddenly began to rotate slowly.

A few seconds later.

Three doors abruptly appeared on the light ring, each with the number '100' prominently marked.

Meanwhile, an intuitive understanding suddenly emerged in Xu Yun's heart:

He could consume 100 points of knowledge points to open any door, but only one could be opened within a certain time.

To be honest.

Even as a reincarnator, seeing this scene unfold before him, Xu Yun felt somewhat intimidated.

He even considered whether to tell his mentor Marshal Pan about this, but as soon as the thought arose, the '300' in front of him instantly transformed into three numbers, '404'.

Seeing this, Xu Yun had to relent.

Immediately, scenes of his diligent studies over the past decade began to float frame by frame, page by page in Xu Yun's mind.

With the flipping of the last image, Xu Yun took a deep breath and walked towards the door on the far left.

What?

You're asking why the left?

Of course, it's because the left one has more times!

.....

Born in the late twentieth century, Xu Yun can be considered a small fan of Harry Potter.

Although in recent years, both Rowling herself and several main actors have engaged in some scandalous actions in the media, the book Harry Potter is indeed still a good read.

Even forty years later, Xu Yun still remembers Hagrid's big beard, Avada Kedavra, Voldemort's socket-like nose, the love story of Voldemort and Daili, and....

The depiction of 'door key' and 'disillusionment' in the original work.

And now, Xu Yun's feeling is somewhat similar to riding a door key:

A dizzy sensation like being stirred in a drum washing machine, clock-like ticking resembling a countdown, accompanied by a kind of sharp tinnitus...

It's estimated that when the Great Demon King Piccolo was sealed by the Demon Sealing Wave and stuffed into the rice cooker international hotel, his stay experience was similar to this.

In short.

After a fierce bout of dizziness.

With a thunk, Xu Yun fell to the ground—face down.

Yet the strange thing was, he didn't feel any pain.

He then opened his eyes and found himself lying on top of a person, who was also face down, embedded into the soft soil, with only a mane of lion-like golden hair left visible.

Seeing this, Xu Yun hurriedly crawled off the person, carefully turning him out of the soil.

This was a very young man, with a high prominent nose bridge, deep eye sockets, brows angled upwards bringing together a few bits of defiance.

The man's chest was slightly heaving, indicating he was breathing—he seemed to be merely unconscious.

But across from him, Xu Yun's breath abruptly halted.

Having once worked in the field of physics, this man's visage on portraits was already engraved in Xu Yun's DNA, and he'd seen him countless times in animations and online novels, trembling in his coffin—even though he was actually cremated.

His name was...

Isaac Newton.

....

.....

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: On-site, I Am That Apple (Please Bookmark!!)

In the 21st century where Xu Yun lives, even elementary school students have heard of a story like this:

Hundreds of years ago, one day Newton, on a whim, ran to sit under an apple tree and ponder life.

Then an apple fell with a smack on his head, and it seemed to have opened up all his meridians, leading him to propose the law of gravity.

For instance, at Trinity College, University of Cambridge, the dormitory where Newton once studied is still preserved, with a view of an apple tree from the window.

Cambridge claims that this tree is a descendant of the famous apple that hit Newton's head—John Bull Historical Society even declared that tree one of the hundred famous trees.

But actually, the location and process of this story are highly disputed.

The relatively mainstream view is that Newton thought of the law of gravity while avoiding the plague at his home in Woolsop, most probably under a chestnut tree...

Imagine.

If our master Newton really got hit on his luscious curls by a prickly chestnut...

Then perhaps the law of gravity would have been proposed in a hospital.

However, there are some who staunchly oppose this view.

For example, Stickle's visit to Newton, Gaul philosopher Voltaire, Newton's assistant at the Royal Mint and his niece's husband John Conduit, his niece Barton, Christopher Dawson, and others all claimed Newton personally mentioned the apple tree.

So many people corroborate this, making the truth about the apple tree even more elusive.

Therefore, a more objective judgment is that Newton saw an apple fall while avoiding the plague at his hometown, but it mostly didn't hit his head.

Regardless of the local debates, Xu Yun would like to say something in a humorous way:

On the scene, the story of Newton being hit by an apple is true, because I am that apple...

By the way, seeking help for a question:

The apple is too big, and it seems to have knocked Newton out, what to do?!

.....

The young Isaac Newton felt a bit dizzy, the ground was hard, and there was a faint pain in his back.

Around a year ago, a large-scale plague suddenly broke out in London.

The plague spread from London to the outside, the John Bull Royal Family fled London, and the rich in the city also hurriedly escaped with their families.

Cambridge residents packed their luggage in carriages and moved to the countryside.

Over 10,000 houses were abandoned in the city of London, with some nailed shut with pine boards, and houses with patients marked with crosses in red chalk.

Not far from London, the University of Cambridge was forced to close, the campus shut down, and teachers and students were evacuated to the countryside.

Newton, who had just earned a bachelor's degree, was forced to take a cart of books and instruments back to his family's farm in Lincolnshire to avoid the plague.

The farm in his hometown of Woolsop was quiet as a fairyland, his mother warmly welcomed him, and his three half-siblings were more sensible than before... well, I can't make this up anymore.

In short.

Woolsop was indeed tranquil and isolated, but Newton's family dynamics were not great.

Before Newton was born, his father, Old Isaac, died of illness, leaving only his mother, Hanna.

And when Newton was just 3 years old, Hanna decided to remarry someone else, a man about 30 years older—Nabas Smith.

Interestingly, Smith's proposal method was unique:

They had never met, and he sent a servant with a proposal letter to Hanna.

After family discussions, Hanna decided to leave the 3-year-old Little Niu and move to live with Smith.

True*Mother.

Eight years later, Smith died, and the 11-year-old Newton was brought to Hanna's house, with her plan being that the best path for Newton was to become a farmer.

If not for the help of his uncle and the school principal, Newton would not have become a scholarship student.

Newton can now almost get rid of the "ton" in Newton.

Because of the epidemic, Newton, who returned home, did not have a good attitude towards his mother and siblings.

Early this morning, Newton had another argument with Hanna over farming, and in frustration, he took a book and headed to a favored spot behind a stone wall in the manor to work on some math problems.

Last year, he discovered a simple method to expand binomials into a series but was stuck on simplifying the binomial $(P+PQ)^m/n$.

Although he vaguely had some ideas, he couldn't break through, and young Newton was feeling a bit frustrated.

While walking, Newton suddenly noticed some noise from an apple tree not far away.

It was broad daylight, so Newton casually walked under the tree, intending to see if a small animal was up there.

Before he could look up, he felt something land on his back, and then everything went black, and he lost consciousness completely.

Hmm? Consciousness?

Realizing he could clearly perceive his body's responses and his mind was capable of normal thought and recollection, Newton instantly opened his eyes.

As soon as he lifted his eyelids, he saw a man's face.

This was a face somewhat different from European features, with black hair and black eyes, not as angular as Westerners, relatively more gentle.

Here's a little trivia.

Due to his family's peculiar situation, Newton was often ridiculed and bullied by classmates at school.

Generally speaking, people would resolve this in two ways:

Either silently endure it or find a teacher to report it.

But Newton opted for a third way—to become a campus bully himself and retaliate.

Thus, in terms of fighting, Newton was practically the champion among his peers, much like Li Jingliang.

Moreover, due to the rampant epidemic, many refugees became unstable factors.

Therefore, after coming to his senses, Newton didn't pay attention to the man's vibrant appearance nor savor the concerned gaze.

Instead, by muscle memory, he picked up a book nearby and swung it directly at the man in front of him.

This book was called the "Holy Bible," about five centimeters thick, with a gold-plated hard metal cover, weighing...

1.56 kilograms.

So it happened.

With a thud, Xu Yun fell over with a crash.

.....

...

Chapter 4: Chapter 4, 1665

"Hiss—so painful...."

After an unspecified amount of time, Xu Yun rubbed his forehead with one hand and supported himself with the other, slowly awakening from the bed.

Wait, a bed?

Realizing something, Xu Yun quickly looked under himself—sure enough, he was lying on a bed.

It was an ordinary single bed, entirely made of wood, covered with a gray fleece blanket.

Then he lifted his head and looked around.

He was in a small but well-lit wooden building, about thirty square meters in size.

Besides the wooden bed he was lying on, there was a wooden wardrobe, a desk, two chairs, a recliner, and several lamps, with some clothes messily piled on the recliner.

A particularly notable item was a garment resembling long stockings or tight pants, something Xu Yun learned about in his elective Western history class, called Hus pants.

The Hus pants draped over the chair revealed its inner materials, showing some tattered cloth and blackened wool—a common occurrence in the 17th century. Hus pants were typically luxurious on the outside but chaotic inside, known as legendary facade pants.

Some families with limited means but concerned about 'decency' even stuffed them with straw and barley.

Don't ask, if you do, it's gentlemanly.

Besides that.

The crops and fences outside the window indicated that this room was on the ground floor, and judging from the eaves structure above, this was a single-story partitioned house.

Then Xu Yun touched the most painful part of his head and found it had been simply bandaged with a circle.

At this moment, Xu Yun's memory was still on the black leather book cover rushing toward him, but judging by the present situation, he probably had been saved by someone—70% chance by Newton, 30% chance by a passerby.

After all, Mr. Niu's temperament was widely known, and even in his youthful version, his actions were quite extreme.

So indeed, it couldn't be ruled out that he acted irresponsibly, knocking someone out without taking responsibility.

However, judging by Newton's age and attire at this moment, it was likely not after 1672 when he was elected as a fellow of the Royal Society—previously, Xu Yun had also seen Newton's school badge on his chest.

This meant that this boss probably hadn't yet clashed with Hook, just like in local novels where the protagonist had yet to fight against a higher power, relatively less of a peerless, unbeatable hero.

Meanwhile, a huge pile of questions arose in Xu Yun's mind:

Clearly, this should be between 1660 and 1670.

Such a thing as rebirth happened, so that mysterious halo sending him to this era wasn't completely unacceptable.

But the thing is....

What specific year is it now?

What is the purpose of that gate sending him to this point?

In this life, he was obviously studying biology, so why was he sent around a physics boss?

Would what he did affect the future? Like giving Newton a stab?

Additionally...

How exactly was he supposed to get back?

Just when Xu Yun was perplexed, a light screen suddenly appeared in front of his eyes:

[Newbie Task: I've heard you can't let go of many things? Be a bit more carefree in life!]

[Task Difficulty: ★☆☆☆☆]

[Task Requirement: Become friends with the young Isaac Newton in any meaningful way, without easily involving yourself in any historical events that he wasn't a part of]

[Task Duration: Two months]

[Task Reward: Determined based on evaluation]

[Penalty for Task Failure: All females' favor in reality -1]

[Supplementary Note: This world is a parallel world with no intersection with reality. However, much like how a springtime dream may leave some marks on the bed, what you do here might leave traces that cross time and space...]

Xu Yun: "...?"

Parallel world, unrelated to reality?

So, does that mean the space-time gate he walked into is considered a dungeon?

I understand the logic, but why does the prompt feel so cryptic?

Could this thing have come from Celestial Rot City?

Then, looking at the task details, another thought suddenly popped into Xu Yun's mind:

Since there's no major penalty for not completing the task, what would happen if he simply ran off at this point in the timeline in the local world?

But this thought was dismissed by Xu Yun himself in less than half a second:

Firstly, the time given for the task is too short, and secondly, he has no power or influence locally; trying to make a big splash is still too difficult.

But come to think of it.

The task provides Xu Yun with some information, but clearly, there are still many secrets Xu Yun needs to explore himself.

Such as what exactly the evaluation mechanism for the so-called scoring is, does it involve the characters? Time? Or something else?

In short.

The fact of rebirth makes Xu Yun inherently more receptive to the surreal concept of time travel, while the necessary surprise gradually diminishes during the wait for Newton to awaken.

Therefore, soon, a strong interest began to arise in him.

After all, it's Mr. Niu, Newton...

You don't see how many people in the past life longed to pin down his coffin board?

And a very important part of completing this task is...

Determine the exact current time!

All current indications show it must be before 1672—1672 was when Newton officially joined the Royal Society of the United Kingdom, creating enmity with Hook over the reflecting telescope, and thereafter his personality shifted completely from aloof to rebellious, even violent.

Therefore, at this moment, Newton was still a proud young man, reclusive but far from being an academic tyrant in the field.

But merely determining a general timeframe isn't enough, as Newton's young years almost saw a yearly change in both personality and achievements.

Especially during that special 18 months...

As for the specific time...

Xu Yun suddenly recalled the apple tree he fell from.

While waiting for Newton to awaken, Xu Yun took a brief look at the surroundings.

It was evident that this was a small village, and the surrounding apple trees had mostly ripened.

It is widely known.

In the apple cultivation domain, the United Kingdom is very special; for over a thousand years, it has grown only one variety known as Bramley cooking apples.

The acidity of these apples far surpasses their sugar content, leaving a rich apple flavor even after cooking.

Bramley apples typically ripen around late October, much later than the usual 7-9 month ripening period for apples domestically.

And coincidentally, Xu Yun in a past life had studied a year at Cambridge, knowing the Trinity College holiday schedule:

Trinity College takes summer vacation annually starting from June to August, takes a Christmas holiday from December 6 to January 15 without fail, and again has a floating three-week holiday around March.

So the ripening time of the Bramley apples clearly occurred during Trinity College's term.

Moreover, as a top student, Newton never missed a day of his university term—even after receiving the Lucas Mathematics Professorship around late 1667 to 1669, he continued studying theology at Cambridge's Trinity College.

Therefore, analyzing Newton's records after Newton University and before 1672, the only thing that could separate him from London in August was:

The London Plague, also known as the Black Death!

And in the 18 months Newton spent away from London, the latter half was spent at Hanfley Babington's estate—a cotton plantation, not planting apples.

So the only matching time is.....

October 1665, eight months after the plague appeared!

The achievements of Newton during this period are....

We'll discuss this in the next Chapter.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Oh no, Newton is robbing!

In the long history of physics, Newton has always been a highly talked-about figure.

Here, the discussion isn't about the dumb questions like those on some forums asking whether "Newton in the modern age could graduate from a Tier 1 university as a postgraduate," but rather how his life trajectory was truly magical.

Many people have probably heard this saying:

Seventy percent of Newton's achievements were completed between 1665 and 1667.

This statement is not far from the truth.

In the 18 months he spent avoiding the plague, Newton seemed to be on a roll, establishing the binomial theorem, the infinite series expansion, inventing calculus, creating the reflective telescope, discovering the spectrum of sunlight, and formulating the basic principles of Newton's first and second laws and the law of gravitation.

Thus, he laid the foundation for classical physics in one fell swoop.

Excluding those 18 months of academic achievements, in his later middle age, Newton started to shift towards politics and economics—yes, politics and economics, not theology.

That's because Newton was always a devout believer, not some late-life defector.

Moreover, Newton's achievements in his later middle age weren't low either.

For example, in 1717, he enacted the connection between gold and silver coins through the Queen Anne's Law, unofficially shifting the pound currency standard from silver to gold, and he also served as the head of the national mint.

Being the head of the mint is pretty much the modern-day equivalent of being the central bank governor, a glory sufficient to honor 99% of modern people.

But Mr. Niu's activities in his earlier years were so dazzling that many promotional accounts or detractors call his mid and later years unproductive.

Alright, enough about Newton's later years, let's return to that small room.

As mentioned earlier.

In the 18 months avoiding the plague, Newton made a whole pile of achievements.

And that's why Xu Yun first needed to determine the specific time—if Newton had already developed calculus, and you dumbly went to show off to him the Fluxion Technique, it'd be a miracle if you could even get a word in.

"The end of October 1665..."

Xu Yun gently scratched his head, muttering:

"If I remember correctly, the first confirmed case of the Black Death in 1665 was in April, and the royal family fled in July..."

Mr. Niu returned to the University of Cambridge in April 1667, and he stayed at his hometown for 18 months, so he must have left the University of Cambridge around July or August...

Hmm, if calculated by the most extreme timeline...

He should have been back home for about four months now?"

The London Black Death, or the plague.

This was the last widespread plague to hit John Bull's homeland, causing death to more than eighty thousand people, marking a critical and turning point in the disease history of John Bull.

Actually, this Black Death began to spread in January, with the docks on the outskirts of London and the St. Giles' District hit first, and the poor workers living in these areas became the first victims of the rampant disease.

However, because the status of workers in these areas was so low, they were almost ignored and unrecorded.

Therefore, the first officially reported case of the Great Plague of London was recorded on April 12, 1665, in a woman named Rebecca Andrews.

That's why three months after the Black Death outbreak, even the John Bull Royal Family had to flee since it was already uncontrollable.

It's like seeing a cockroach. When you spot one at home, it means that hundreds have already nested there.

And if Mr. Niu had only returned home about four months ago, then he should still be contemplating....

"Simplifying the binomial $(P+PQ)^{m/n}$ problem?"

Thinking of this, Xu Yun's eyes immediately lit up.

Of course, the term "simplifying" here is Newton's own wording in submissions; the academic world currently uses "expansion."

At present, Newton should have figured out the case with exponents as positive integers but got stuck at fractions or negative numbers.

Once he completely deduces the restrictions on the exponent, the next step would be to derive the static view of infinitesimals and, using the production method of variable flow, create the Fluxion Technique — which is the basic conceptual framework of Newtonian calculus.

Later, Newton used the framework of the Fluxion Technique and combined it with Kepler's third law of planetary motion to derive the famous law of universal gravitation.

Therefore, even if Xu Yun's time judgment is slightly off, it's just a minor discrepancy, and he could adjust according to the situation at any time.

After thinking through these matters, Xu Yun felt a bit more assured.

He then sat up and prepared to get out of bed.

But as he moved to the bedside, he realized....

"My shoes... no, damn it, where are my socks??"

Looking at his bare soles, Xu Yun couldn't help but have a bunch of confused, black question marks plastered on his face—he had just been pondering the time issue, so he genuinely hadn't noticed his socks were gone.

Not long ago, or rather before he lost consciousness, he had made a simple check on his body.

He confirmed that except for his phone and watch not appearing with him, his clothing, shoes, and hairstyle completely matched his appearance back home.

Whether it was a mind reshaping or soul penetration, it was still unknown, but at least his "gear" remained largely the same as back home, without being given any additional era-specific clothes like Dabuli Dress or Husian Trousers.

Yet, unexpectedly, when he "woke up," his clothes were still relatively neat, but both his socks and shoes were missing?

Of course.

Currently, one can't rule out the possibility that the owner of the house, who had a cleanliness obsession, might have taken off his shoes and socks before moving him onto the bed.

But how likely is that...

And as Xu Yun's thoughts were wandering, he suddenly heard footsteps from outside the wooden door to the left of the room, getting closer and closer.

Clearly, the owner of the house should have noticed the sounds after Xu Yun woke up.

Tap, tap, tap—

The footsteps got closer and soon the door handle began to turn.

A moment later.

With a click, the door was pushed open from the outside, and a figure walked in.

The person possessed was a pair of clear blue eyes like cold stars shooting outwards, two eyebrows seemingly painted, dividing the brows like an eight character, with a seven-foot-tall silver sheen figure.

This person was none other than Newton, currently wearing a Great Britain Dabuli Dress, a Netherlands Amsterdam multicolored ribbon around his waist, and a pair of Anta 2021 Winter Warm Low-Boots... What the hell?

Xu Yun rubbed his eyes vigorously, and sure enough, his shoes were really worn by this youthful grandmaster. (I'm not defaming or fantasizing, Newton really had this kind of personality, it's not some creative reinterpretation...)

Xu Yun: "..."

Perhaps noticing Xu Yun's gaze, Newton said calmly:

"This place falls within the Isaac Clan's territory. According to the Buer Ordinance passed by the Parliament 14 years ago, as the legitimate eldest son of the clan, I have the right to personally collect fines from intruders.

Plus, I saved your life, so I formally inform you: your boots now belong to me—of course, this also includes your subsequent medical expenses... and short-term food costs."

Newton then glanced at him strangely and shook his head, saying:

"I don't know what you were thinking, using such good material to wear outside, just stepping on a few feces and urine would waste it."

Hearing these words, Xu Yun was once more taken aback—not because he was stunned by the fine or fabric issue Newton mentioned, but.....

Could he actually understand everything Newton was saying?

You know.

Modern English is divided into Early Modern English and Late Modern English, parted by the year 1700, with significant differences between the two.

English in 1665 was far from seamlessly integrated with later English and actually had significant differences.

Therefore, Xu Yun had initially prepared to communicate with gestures and broken phrases, yet unexpectedly, he could understand Newton entirely?

Clearly, this should be some ability granted by the gate of time and space.

As for the reason behind Newton's actions, Xu Yun quickly figured out the cause and effect....

....

Chapter 6: Chapter 6 Killing and Arson.....

In 2022—or rather in the first decade and a half of the 21st century, the late October weather in the United Kingdom is surely not warm, but not particularly cold either.

After all, it's a temperate oceanic climate, with little climate variation.

Take, for example, Newton's hometown, Woolsop. In late October, daytime temperatures are around 9 degrees, and at night, it averages around 4 degrees Celsius. That's all there is to it, without the need to wear particularly thick clothing.

But 1665 was different.

This involves a piece of geographical knowledge:

The Little Ice Age.

The Little Ice Age, as the name suggests, refers to a relatively colder period, but warmer than the major ice ages that destroyed massive amounts of plant and animal life.

Each historical Little Ice Age led to a significant drop in Earth's temperatures, which greatly reduced global food production.

This resulted in severe social upheavals and sharp population declines.

The last Little Ice Age occurred from 1350 to approximately 1850, with the Late Ming period being the coldest, reaching a lowest point about 4.5 degrees below current temperatures.

This is one of the important reasons for the Ming Dynasty's downfall and why many meticulous time travel writers portray the Late Ming as the hardest period to turn around—fighting the Little Ice Age with one's own power alone was exceedingly difficult.

The corresponding local time point for 1665 is the Fourth Year of Kangxi, just over twenty years after the Ming Dynasty's fall, at the coldest part of the Little Ice Age.

Simultaneously, due to the geographical location of Great Britain, the temperature changes during the Little Ice Age were actually more extreme than on the mainland.

Thus, at this time, Woolsop experienced temperatures about 7.5 degrees lower than contemporaneous posteriors, potentially below freezing even during the day. (Literature reference doi:10.27307/d.cnki.gsjtu.2018.000319)

Yet Xu Yun's shoes were the latest low-top insulated boots from Anta, with a warmth retention effect countless times better than Newton's own shoes.

Therefore, Newton's bold move is justifiable theoretically, seeing that this founding ancestor's character indeed had some flaws...

Of course.

Just reiterating:

Before his spat with Hook, Newton was at most a wayward youth and not yet an old stager.

Just like Ah Wei, before meeting Brother Jie, was at most a rebellious youth secretly playing games, while meeting Brother Jie marked the beginning of another phase of his life.

Newton's selfishness at this point resulted inevitably from his upbringing, somewhat like a wild kitten's guarding of its food, fully salvageable.

Moreover, from Newton alone taking the shoes while leaving the clothes and trousers untouched, one can see that this young man was not a zero-cost buyer without limits but someone with a closed value system:

What outsiders see as wrong, to him, is a matter of course, leading to his outreach, while further actions would exceed his inner definition of 'reason,' thus he stopped.

In a nutshell.

This is a delinquent with incorrect values but still with a bottom line.

As for educating a wayward youth...

Xu Yun was quite experienced.

In his past life, he had taught over thirty thousand students as a writer, and during his current doctoral studies, he also served as a teaching assistant to a class, having encountered various extraordinary individuals.

Plus, with requisite knowledge reserves, theoretically, there was still a chance to set Mr. Niu on the right path.

Of course.

All these ideas had a prerequisite—to be able to stay by Newton's side.

While Xu Yun pondered this matter,

Newton, after addressing the ownership of the 'penalty,' was also assessing the stranger he brought back with him, with his furrowed brows indicating an uncertain state.

Not long ago,

After letting Xu Yun feel the weight of knowledge through the book in his hand, Newton's mood gradually settled down.

Subsequently, he observed the stranger carefully, discovering that apart from appearance, the texture of the clothing, the fullness of the skin, and the skin tone greatly differed from those of typical vagrants.

Especially the glasses on his nose—made of gold-rimmed material—which an average household probably could not afford as an accessory tool.

Given that Newton was still a bachelor's degree student, his mind was relatively less complex than an adult—the simplicity of a student would often present itself when borrowing money, as an uncountable number of students, yet to enter society, understand 'human treachery' just from the first sum lent to a roommate.

With all these considerations, Newton decided to take Xu Yun back to his home, and, after some thought, claimed Xu Yun's shoes for his own.

No helping it.

Newton's own shoes made by Tang Dynasty techniques had only a bit of deerskin added on the sides, with other parts made of crude cotton-linen, and even a few pieces of old cloth supposedly insulated them, ensuring a chill at times...

After all, helping someone is one matter; levying a penalty for infringing one's rights is another.

Even if this went to the Lincolnshire County Court, it would certainly be in Newton's favor.

Next, looking at Xu Yun's bare feet, Newton bent down and took a pair of heavily patched slippers out from the bottom of the storage cabinet.

With a flick, he tossed them in front of Xu Yun:

"Shoes were washed last week. Put them on, and by the way, there are a few questions I'd like to ask you."

The late 17th-century United Kingdom, following Cromwell's death and the Restoration of Charles II, was within the Stuart Dynasty period, causing the ideologies of society to

be extremely chaotic, especially evident in the aforementioned spreading process of the 'Buer Ordinance.'

The 'Buer Ordinance's' philosophy of 'penalty' ingrained itself deeply in people's minds, often resulting in scenes like this:

A respectable person, who inadvertently entered someone else's estate, might be captured and sometimes even beaten, whereby the owner would confiscate a valuable item the person had, inquire about his origins, and eventually, the two of them would become friends and dine together that night—while still not returning that item.

This phenomenon parallels the absurdity of historical foot-binding in China and the ritual suicide notions in Neon but carries significant period characteristics.

This allowed Newton to both take Xu Yun's shoes and interact with him as if nothing had happened.

Returning to the view inside the house.

Although Xu Yun found it hard to comprehend Newton's specific logic, he didn't think too highly of the shoes, considering their cost only 328—especially in front of the Patriarch of all physics. Was this even an issue?

Therefore, his expression was calm, and his speech opened with fluent early modern English:

"Thank you, feel free to ask."

Upon hearing Xu Yun's flawless English, curiosity finally flickered in Newton's eyes:

"Allow me to introduce myself, I am Isaac Newton; what about you?"

Upon hearing this, Xu Yun opened his mouth and instinctively wanted to say his own name.

However, just as his name was about to come out, he suddenly remembered the task's hint—despite being a parallel world, some traces might affect posterity.

If this so-called trace were a name coupled with coincidental additional appearance details, it could potentially lead to some trouble....

From a cautious standpoint, giving his real name was obviously inappropriate.

However, with words ready to spill over, Xu Yun didn't have much time to contemplate, so he reflexively swapped in a name deeply imprinted in his mind:

"I am..."

"Li Feiyu."

Chapter 7: Chapter 7 Not an Ideal Start (Part 1)

Since Xu Yun was speaking in standard Chinese at the end, the name 'Li Feiyu' sounded extremely awkward and strange to Newton.

"Donkey Fat Fish?"

In the room, Newton mumbled as he repeated the name, then furrowed his brows and asked:

"Judging by your appearance... are you from the East?"

Xu Yun nodded slightly, not finding this surprising:

"That's right, my ancestors came from the Eastern Land."

In Huaxia's long civilization history, exchanges with other nations were almost never interrupted.

For example, the famous Silk Road.

In 119 BC, Emperor Wu of Han sent Zhang Qian to the Western Regions, starting from the capital city of Chang'an, through Central Asia and various West Asian countries, finally reaching Rome, thus opening the Silk Road.

Upon reaching Rome, silk was unanimously admired by Caesar and the princes and nobles, becoming a symbol of power and status.

Since then, trade caravans organized by the official or civil sectors gradually formed an industrial transport chain between Asia and Europe.

These caravans might not have been particularly large in scale, but their frequency was quite substantial, with instances where caravans returned after several dynasties had passed.

Over time, some local merchants simply settled in Europe.

For example, in the 13th century, there was a settlement of local merchants in Naples, Italy.

At that time, about a hundred Huaxia people settled there, began to proliferate, and eventually in the 15th century nearly perished in a plague, leaving no further historical records.

Due to the above reasons, although many Europeans had not seen Eastern people, the concept of black hair, black eyes, and yellow skin equaling Eastern people proliferated.

After all, Europe is a small place, unlike the vast land of the homeland; even in the early '90s, some remote areas still viewed foreigners as evil spirits.

So, Newton knowing that Xu Yun was from the East wasn't something particularly strange — of course, his knowledge of the East ended there.

He had no idea how many countries existed in the East or what dynasty it currently was.

And precisely because of this...

Newton couldn't help but become curious about Xu Yun's background:

In this era, meeting a live Eastern person was only slightly easier than meeting a foreign Bat Lady — at this time, if you took a trip to Northern Europe, you might even stumble upon a broke Bat Lady.

Returning his gaze to the original spot.

Seeing the slightly curious look on Newton's face, Xu Yun adjusted his breath and recited the prepared introduction:

"That's right, as you can see, I am a descendant of an Eastern person. My ancestors came from a sect called Wind Spirit Moon Shadow Sect..."

Newton suddenly interrupted him, repeating with some doubt:

"sect?" (I looked it up, there is indeed the term sect in Early Modern English, but it somewhat resembles a gang)

"That's right, sect."

Xu Yun nodded to indicate there was no mistake with the term, then explained:

"The concept of a sect is somewhat similar to the University of Cambridge; my ancestors worked there and were dispatched to Europe several decades ago..."

Seeing Newton's face showing a thoughtful expression, Xu Yun continued:

"Initially, my grandfather settled in Amsterdam, and usually had some trade interactions with London here — for instance, such as cotton, like the material of my shoes.

However, due to the plague this time, I accidentally lost contact with my family while leaving the city, and in panic, I saw apples in the orchard and boldly intruded... "

Newton's face remained unchanged upon hearing this, but his eyes flashed with a light of realization.

He didn't have too much doubt about Xu Yun's story and even made some logical assumptions himself.

Firstly, Amsterdam is now Europe's most important port and trade city, gathering merchants and gang organizations from all over.

According to current developmental trends, Amsterdam might develop further in the future — indeed, it became the world's financial and cultural center in the 17th century.

But by the 21st century, Amsterdam's halo gradually faded, and even developed an indescribable supply chain.

Developing this industry isn't surprising, but being able to issue invoices to reimburse it is tmd outrageous...

Ah, you ask why I know this?

It's an old hand firecracker brilliant from a group chat called Seventh Group who told me!

Ahem...

Returning to the topic.

In short, based on this point, Xu Yun's background is still plausible.

After all, although his clothes looked somewhat odd, from the fabric one can see that his family must be well-off.

The second reason for Newton's belief is the spreading pattern of the current epidemic, which is highly suspected to originate from the Netherlands:

In 1663-1664, a plague outbreak in Amsterdam resulted in over 50,000 deaths.

The merchant ships transporting cotton from Amsterdam to the United Kingdom might have brought the plague virus into London, afflicting the dock areas and St. Giles' District first.

Thus, in terms of the travel route, Xu Yun's situation aligns with existing circumstances:

A wealthy Eastern family's eldest or second son fleeing to London to take refuge one or two years ago and losing contact with his family due to unfamiliar routes while evacuating from London again recently...

Thinking this, Newton couldn't help but squint his eyes:

"Feiyu... Fat Fish, right? I personally sympathize with your plight, but what are your plans next?"

When saying this, Newton's mind was turning quickly.

In Xu Yun's earlier words, he admitted 'boldly intruding' into Newton's estate, which directly eliminated Newton's main concern about disputations.

Moreover, now that Xu Yun had recovered his mobility, Newton had already gained absolute control over the situation.

Of course.

Young Mr. Niu did not know that Xu Yun's latter sentence was deliberately said for him to hear — after all, Mr. Niu's character was almost universally known in the future physics community; whether to pander to him or to step on his toes was very simple.

Therefore, in response to Newton's query, Xu Yun had just the right trace of embarrassment on his face:

"Mr. Newton, I am currently separated from my family and have nowhere to go, could I stay at your esteemed place temporarily?"

Please rest assured, my parents are fairly wealthy, and you will not be shortchanged — if need be, we can sign an agreement, and if there is anything at your home that requires assistance, please feel free to call upon me."

Opposite Xu Yun.

Upon hearing the words 'fairly wealthy,' a flicker of light immediately crossed Newton's eyes.

Chapter 8: Zhang 8: Not an Ideal Start (Part 2) (Please keep reading, ah ah ah, ah ah!!!)

Friends familiar with Newton should know.

Mr. Niu, beyond his academic pursuits in physics and mathematics, had an extraordinary obsession with money.

For example, his initial intention to become a professor of mathematics was because of the relatively high salary for such a position — he wrote this in his correspondence without feeling any embarrassment.

Also, his later appointment as the director of the mint was just so he could frequently handle money.

Besides that, Newton was actually a seasoned stock investor.

And indeed, he was one of the biggest 'chives' in the history of world stocks.

This was during the first snow of the year 1720, which came later than in 1719.

Under the heavy snowfall, the United Kingdom appeared bleak, but the stock market suddenly caught fire, with calls to "rush into the market," and many people even borrowed money to invest in stocks with leverage.

Even Mr. Niu in his laboratory couldn't sit still; for the first time, he took out a fortune of 7000 Pounds timidly and bought a stock.

As a result, Old Niu was possessed by the Emperor of Europe, and the stock price quickly doubled, becoming 14000 Pounds.

Old Niu was quite rational then, seeing the good and cashing out, selling the stock for a solid 14000 Pounds.

However, not long after, seeing the ever-booming stock market, Old Niu's greed got the better of him again.

So in April 1720, Old Niu gathered a large sum of money and re-entered the market, buying one of the hottest and fastest-rising stocks at the time:

Shares of the South Sea Company.

Yet this time, Old Niu's luck ran out, and misfortune closely followed.

Not long after Newton went all in, in June 1720, the British Parliament passed the Bubble Act, imposing policy restrictions on companies like the South Sea Company.

Once the Act was announced, the stock market faced a massive bearish turn, leading to a significant market crash in the United Kingdom:

The once-over-1200-Pound stock of the South Sea Company plummeted below 500 Pounds and continued to flounder.

Across the British stock market, investors wailed, and people's lives were devastated.

Doesn't this scene seem familiar?

So why is it said that history is actually a cycle...

In any case.

The stocks in Newton's hands were also tragically halved; he was forced to cut his losses and exit with 20000 Pounds, then uttered this classic quote to the world:

"I can calculate the motions of heavenly bodies, but not the madness of people." (I can calculate the motions of heavenly bodies, but not the madness of people)

And back then, through some price conversions, this 20000 Pounds became mysteriously labeled as Newton losing anywhere from 3000 to 6000 million in strange headlines by marketers.

However, in reality, the value of this money was about 5 million because a significant portion was covered by Old Niu with manuscripts, not all cash.

Back to reality.

At this time, although Newton hadn't grown into a robust 'chive', Old Niu was still just a Little Niu, but his pursuit of money had become even more intense — following the normal historical trajectory, Little Niu would move to Freddy's house three months after arguing with his mother.

During this period, he lived frugally, even resorting to robbing a few elementary school students, as living expenses were indeed a problem.

If supporting Xu Yun for some days could earn some rewards, then it was quite a worthwhile deal...

Anyway, it's just one more pair of chopsticks... or a fork, Xu Yun could work to pay back for the food — if worse comes to worst, use clothes as collateral.

According to Little Niu's estimation, the quality of Fat Fish's clothes likely wasn't lower than his boots.

Of course.

This is an extreme case, for now Little Niu isn't thick-skinned to that extent yet.

Little Niu thought it over and said:

"Fat Fish, you can stay for a while, but there's one thing I need to make clear first:

The estate you see here is my family property, but due to some personal reasons, I'm currently living with my uncle.

This room was originally a garden house, not very large, so if you want to stay here..."

Xu Yun looked at Little Niu's gaze on the floor, vaguely understanding something, and said:

"I have to sleep on the floor, right?"

"Bingo!"

Little Niu snapped his fingers, then thought for a moment and added:

"I can lend you a mat for the floor, filled with rush straw, it's quite comfortable to sleep on.

I can also solve the food problem, two meals a day, but you'll need to pay a pence daily for room and board.

This fee can be deducted with those shoes before it amounts to a Guinea, but if it exceeds a Guinea, you'll have to use your clothes as collateral until you reunite with your family and get the money."

Xu Yun listened quietly, calculated in his mind for a while, then sighed inwardly:

Worthy of the youthful ancestor, truly cunning!

It is currently 1665, and the renowned Pound Sterling would only appear in 1694.

The circulating currency in Britain now is the metal currency called Guinea Coin, issued in 1663.

According to the exchange rate, one Guinea Coin equals 21 shillings, which is 252 pence.

Of course.

In the following years, with the soaring gold prices, the purchasing power of the Guinea Coin increased, making conversion meaningless later.

And in this era, what is the annual income of a normal family in the United Kingdom?

0.65 Guinea!

Even a teacher earns about 1.8 Guineas a year.

A Priest earns more, reaching four Guineas or more.

According to Little Niu's pricing, if Xu Yun lived with him for a year, he would need to pay just over 360 pence.

About 1.5 Guineas of 'food expenses'.

Real rip-off.

However pricey, Xu Yun couldn't refuse this price, or Newton's proposal.

After all, with the Plague rampant in London, there were too many roaming refugees and powerhouses taking advantage.

Going out wandering alone, regardless of establishing future connections with Little Niu, surviving for three days would be considered an Emperor of Europe.

Don't think that eating children and selling women only happened in ancient local regions; ancient Europe during wartime was no less.

Therefore, logically and ethically, Xu Yun could only take this strike from his family ancestor:

"No problem, I accept your proposal."

Little Niu finally nodded in satisfaction and then said:

"Very good, and later I'll give you a knife, you can craft a wooden plate yourself.

Also remember to carve your name in the corner, from now on you'll use it for meals — it's not that I don't give you a plate, but there are only so many wooden plates at home, outsiders must make their own utensils for dining."

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Not an Ideal Start (Part 2) (Whimper, whimper, please bookmark, continue reading, recommend, and give monthly passes!)

"Make wooden plates myself?"

This request from Little Niu might seem demanding to an ordinary person, but Xu Yun barely hesitated this time and readily agreed:

"No problem, leave it to me."

Xu Yun knew very well that making wooden plates by hand was a very unique yet common phenomenon in the current era.

England in 1665 was still in the first phase of colonial expansion, and it wouldn't be until after 1689 that the national economy would see a significant rise.

Therefore, during this period, most ordinary British people were still in a destitute time where they bathed once every five months.

With a bit of sharpness, saying they're especially barbaric wouldn't be over the top.

In this era, wealthy people used plates made of pewter, which seemed quite high-end but had a fatal flaw:

Foods with high acidity could cause some lead to seep into the food, leading to lead poisoning and even death — since eating tomatoes was most likely to cause this, tomatoes were considered poisonous for the following 200 years.

People like Newton — or rather the Isaac Clan, ordinary manor owners mostly used wooden dining plates, hollowed out in the center like a bowl with a piece of wood.

These plates were often made from stale homemade bread:

Over time, the bread would become very hard, and hollowing out the center allowed it to be used for a long time.

When the bread bowl really couldn't hold anything anymore, people would grind it into powder to feed pigs.

Those without pigs would periodically collect the discarded bread and sell it when the time was right, similar to local waste paper recycling.

No choice.

In such an era of scarce productivity, the so-called manor owners were just slightly better off than ordinary people.

They were like ancient local landlords, who often had to work the land themselves, rarely ate meat, and often only had watery soup.

Of course.

The economic level of Newton's family wasn't quite that low, but as previously mentioned, the family's funds were mainly in the hands of his mother Hanna, and Newton himself remained a miserable pauper until 1669.

So Newton's request for Xu Yun to make his own utensils wasn't really disdain or maltreatment, since he did the same himself.

And just as Xu Yun's thoughts were wandering, Little Niu suddenly remembered a certain rumor about Eastern People and asked:

"By the way, Fat Fish, can you cook?"

"It's Fei Yu... never mind, Fat Fish it is."

Xu Yun sighed slightly, abandoning the idea of correcting Newton's pronunciation, while nodding:

"Of course, I can."

Xu Yun's response was full of confidence because his culinary skills were indeed quite better than the average — especially when the comparison was with seventeenth-century British cuisine.

As mentioned before.

Xu Yun had once done an exchange at Trinity College, so he had some experience with Great Britain's 'cuisine.'

As for the impression...

In the 21st century, Britain had a nickname, the culinary desert.

But many people who said British food was awful actually hadn't tasted it.

This kind of approach is obviously non-objective, wanting to assess a country's cuisine, should experience it firsthand for better authority.

And once you taste British food yourself, you'll find...

British food is really damn bad.

Honestly speaking.

The British fish and chips are indeed quite decent, Yorkshire pudding fits well with the national palate, and a proper British breakfast has no major issues, the most it could be is a taste preference, hardly dark cuisine.

But other than that, other British dishes are really hard to describe — stargazy pie is just entry-level, hellfire series genuinely ruin the three views.

So during the two years spent in Britain, Xu Yun practiced quite impressive culinary skills and even managed to charm a junior — of course, much credit should go to Teacher Wang Gang from Bilibili and his planetary engine stove.

In summary.

Relying on the culinary skills accumulated from his past life, Xu Yun finally uttered his most sincere words since his time-travel:

"Mr. Newton, to be honest, my homeland is a strong country famed for its cuisine, and I learned cooking since I was small.

Take Britain for example, it's coastal, and the cooking of nearshore and coastal creatures happens to be my specialty.

For instance, cooking lobster, simmering crab, steaming Fujian people, etc..."

Then he paused, thought of his mission, and continued to subtly hint:

"Besides cooking, I have some insights academically — I'm an assistant at the Leiden University School of Natural Sciences, quite skillful in mathematics and physics, in case you're interested, Mr. Newton..."

However, before Xu Yun could finish his words, Newton dropped his eyelids and interrupted:

"Thank you, I understand.

Alright then, Fat Fish, tomorrow I'll prepare some ingredients for you, let's see your skills then — I've read some ancient texts at the University of Cambridge, and hear Eastern cuisine is quite different from what we're accustomed to in Britain. If given the chance, I'd like to taste it.

Additionally, the maintenance of the orchard, requires at least two tours a day..."

The focus in Newton's words was entirely on Xu Yun's work, seemingly ignoring the latter half of his introduction entirely.

Xu Yun mechanically nodded his head and blinked with some confusion:

This script doesn't fit!

Under normal circumstances, shouldn't Newton be shocked upon hearing his introduction, looking at him with a gaze mixed with surprise, suspicion, and scrutiny, then toss a long-stuck problem, and after he solved it, be overjoyed and shout 'I'm not

alone,' then pull him for candlelit discussions and finally rest together, waking up to find the mission accomplished?

But very quickly, Xu Yun realized the reason behind it:

The reason is none other than Newton!

Extremely proud, even dismissive of his own mentors, Newton!

He certainly heard Xu Yun's latter half sentence, and most likely wouldn't doubt it — but so what?

There's plenty of students at the University of Cambridge on par or more advanced than Newton; do you see Newton bothering with them?

In Newton's view.

Any problem he can't solve, apart from a handful of people, other people definitely can't solve either — and those handful of people are either in the Royal Society of the United Kingdom, or the Berlin Academy of Sciences, or the Paris Academic Federation, anyway, impossible to be by his side, let alone of the same age!

This is self-confidence bred arrogance, but Newton deserves such arrogance.

Newton's attitude towards others in academics is like people walking on the road wouldn't care about the ants underfoot. Locally speaking...

Chilly insects cannot speak of ice.

This is Newton, only Newton.

An unusual character, unattractive, yet dazzlingly brilliant genius!

Hence naturally, Xu Yun was virtually overlooked by Newton as an insignificant character.

Moreover, things reached this point, Xu Yun about figured his approximate status:

Somewhere between a guest and a servant lodging, needing not bow respectfully to Little Niu or others like a servant, but still needing to help with some tasks.

If Little Niu is satisfied, Xu Yun might need to also work part-time as a chef.

As for the academic aspect's entry opportunity, it may require further observation.

Opportunities surely exist, but the variables aren't small either.

In summary.

This wasn't an ideal start, and more thinking is needed to complete the task.

.....

Chapter 10: Chapter 10 A Simple Drawing

Inside the house.

After explaining numerous matters, Little Niu clapped his hands casually:

"Alright, everything that needs to be said has been said. You can get out of bed and take a walk. I'll also introduce you to the manor's layout."

Xu Yun had already considered this, so he easily agreed:

"Then I'll trouble you."

Little Niu nodded, walked to the cabinet by the bed, and fiddled with it a bit after bending down.

He stood up and casually flicked his right hand.

A pair of shoes and tube socks were tossed in front of Xu Yun with a clatter.

These were somewhat old shoes, with the sides and back made of coarse grey burlap, stained with some black spots.

The front was covered with leather, visibly worn on the surface.

From the current historical background, the leather material should be deer hide.

Then Little Niu pointed at the shoes and said:

"These are Brogue shoes I wore in high school, should match your foot shape.

Remember, don't wear these shoes outside the manor. If you want to go out, be sure to tell me first and I'll get you another pair."

Xu Yun nodded cooperatively—not because he had been successfully pua-ed, but because he understood that Newton wasn't restricting his freedom of movement.

The reason Little Niu required him to change shoes when going out was simply this:

During this era in the United Kingdom, rather, Europe, stepping out means encountering feces and urine...

Concern for public health in the United Kingdom started after this plague ended, around 1690 when it reached county-level ubiquity.

Europe's overall recognition of contagious diseases like plague still remains at the isolation stage—the United Kingdom is even at the forefront, with the first European arrest for fleeing a diseased area occurring there.

The unlucky yet fortunate person was named Henry Ross, and the incident happened in the Saint Bartholomew's District in 1604, sixty years ago.

Strictly speaking, this is a process of completing awareness, there's not much to criticize or disdain.

Europe's peak feces-and-urine culture occurred around the 12th century A.D., when the situation was truly chaotic.

Famously, high heels were invented to prevent stepping on filth.

Of course.

Completing awareness aside, the feces and urine in public areas of the United Kingdom still exist, that's a fact too.

Especially in Lincolnshire, where there are many cattle and sheep, going out, that smell...

This is also why Newton initially found Xu Yun extravagant—such warm boots, Newton wouldn't even want to step out of the house with them, yet Xu Yun dared to wear them outside for half a day.

If not for future profits, Little Niu wouldn't complain a word more of 'profligate' right now.

Xu Yun was unaware that Little Niu had labeled him a spendthrift and a rich dog. At this moment, he was flipping out of bed, picking up a tube sock—God have mercy, after ten whole Chapters, our protagonist finally got out of bed, tears in eyes!

Xu Yun awkwardly put on the tube sock, glanced at his big toe sticking out of a sock hole, rolled his eyes silently, and picked up the Brogue shoe from the floor.

Brogue shoes, also known as Baroque shoes, originated from the work shoes worn in the highlands by the Scottish and Irish of the 16th century, practical and durable.

These shoes became relatively more common among the general populace in the seventeenth century, ranking lower than Oxford and Derby shoes, yet they were standard for students in some middle schools.

But by the 20th century, Brogue shoes had been discovered by the Duke of Windsor from the countryside and gradually became a symbol of the gentleman.

Newton's pair of Brogue shoes was relatively well-preserved, paired with Newton's tube socks with a few holes, not excessively uncomfortable to wear.

Of course, forget about the image:

In this era, the whole United Kingdom's aesthetics are somewhat ostentatious; during the Victorian Era, men wore skirts, clothes were oversized and messy.

In the eyes of the 21st century, it seemed like door god attire for warding off evil spirits, hanging at the door for propitiation, on the bed to avoid pregnancy.

Fortunately, no acquaintances would see him dressed this way at the moment, so after putting on the shoes, Xu Yun confidently followed Newton out of the bedroom.

Just as Newton mentioned earlier.

Perhaps because the house was originally a garden house, the interior overall area was not large, one could even say narrow.

Outside the bedroom connected to a small room of about twenty square meters. With the bedroom door as the origin, the left side of the room had a small window with a desk in front of it.

A quaint little bookshelf stood beside the desk, filled with books.

The right side of the room had a relatively thick door with an old and dark rug laid at the entrance.

Clearly, this was the exit from the entire house.

Excluding the fenced area outside, the building's area was barely over sixty square meters, a rarity in Europe, whether in the 17th or 21st century.

Converted to the housing situation locally, it's akin to a family of four in Shanghai living in a 25-square-meter room, crowded to the extent that without a home makeover, it's uninhabitable—though if a certain designer with the surname Tao handled it, it likely wouldn't be livable even after renovation, with an additional charge of 1.3 million for renovation fees.

Then Little Niu led Xu Yun to the window, pointing outside:

"Fat Fish, as you can see, the fruit trees in the window were belonging to my family.

From the fence start going approximately a thousand feet westward to reach the village road at Woolsop, then further north is a well, near which you can see a windmill built over sixty years ago.

As for the direction of Lincolnshire, I don't need to elaborate, you came from there."

Hearing this, Xu Yun nodded silently.

Despite being the 'apple' that fell from the sky, unclear where exactly Lincolnshire was, he had no intention or need to head toward Lincolnshire now, therefore, there was no need to cause more unnecessary hassle.

Soon after, Newton pulled his attention away from the window, pointing at the desk and bookshelf:

"As for here... this is where I study and work. Without my permission, you're not allowed to touch any pieces of paper—not even if ink is spilled and stains the pages."

Compared to the casual introduction of landmarks outside, Newton was much more serious when mentioning the desk.

His tone reminded Xu Yun of one of his otaku friends; whenever Xu visited, his friend treated his collection of figurines with the same attitude.

However, Xu Yun's attention was quickly drawn to the desk.

Or to be specific, the several manuscripts on the desk.

One of the manuscripts contained a sketch with simple and impatient strokes on two pages:

On the left of the first page was a tree, and under it stood a stick figure.

The scenario on the second page was almost identical to the first, except in this scene, another stick figure was falling from the tree.

This falling stick figure was highlighted with a circle drawn deliberately, beside it were two arrows pointing up and down, and...

A question mark.

Seeing this, Xu Yun's eyes instantly lit up.

.....

Note:

A reader mentioned this book's slow pace; well, I've never been a rapid-fire... cough, fast-paced writer.

My personal writing habit is to write while popularizing science—slow-paced yet wouldn't feel watered down for everyone—modestly speaking, I'm an author who likes to impart knowledge to readers.

"Wow, I checked, this is actually true"—comments like this bring me a lot of satisfaction.

Additionally, someone asked if this is a cross-world literature; my introduction makes it clear:

The protagonist has no superpowers, this book will feature realistic scenarios, it's quite a unique black technology novel though everything the protagonist gains must be earned through their own efforts, not the kind where spinning a wheel grants you a dimensional foil.

To repeat, it's a reality-based tech novel, reality-based tech novel, reality-based tech novel!!!

But the pace will be very slow, very slow, very slow!!!