Empress 99

Chapter 99: Minstrel and Writer

A festival of Radiant Day for all the people?×

The prerequisite for advancing to Tier Eight!√

After understanding the details of the celebration performance, Roland easily came to this conclusion.

It is now the Seventh Return Day, and the difficulty of ascending before Tier Seven will be greatly reduced.

The conditions for advancement appeared clearly in his mind.

To unlock Tier Eight "Literary Giant," one must become a nationally recognized top writer with the "Writer" profession card’s base color being gold.

He had already fulfilled the latter, only the former remained.

In this era where information is underdeveloped, without TV broadcasts or the internet, public celebrations are the best way to spread fame.

The speed at which news travels by word of mouth is beyond imagination.

What happens in the Imperial Capital will soon spread across the country, and then follow merchant ships across the seas, spreading to various nations on the Rodinia Continent.

He must win, and win with overwhelming advantage.

Roland’s current dilemma is having too many cards and not knowing which one to play.

"Romeo and Juliet," "The Prince’s Revenge," "Chameleon," "Notre Dame Cathedral," "The Man in the Case"...

There are simply too many.

He urgently needs to know what the audience likes to watch.

Since he doesn’t know, he will investigate.

Roland left the Knight Order and headed to Monarch Square.

He was going to find someone.

His collaborator and the most popular minstrel in this square, Adam.

Even though it wasn’t evening yet, who knew if this guy had arrived.

When he reached Monarch Square, he quickly saw Adam.

This guy’s popularity had a reason.

Although the night performance was still a while away, he was already there.

The stage for the performance was simple, with a ready platform. He was there not to tidy up the place but to prepare for the evening’s performance.

Facing the Tamas River, Adam spread his arms wide, passionately reciting, without noticing that Roland was already standing behind him.

"The Elf Empress walks barefoot toward the Flower Sea, and all the blossoms bloom for her. At this moment, she is the center of the world..."

Adam’s voice was magnetic and extraordinarily pleasant to hear.

What was even more moving was his focused attitude.

Even though it was only pre-performance preparation, he was still full of passion.

Roland thought silently, although this guy liked to listen to off-color tunes at night, his attitude towards artistic performance was extremely devout.

Compared to Adam’s devout approach to art, he, as a "Writer," seemed somewhat utilitarian.

With the Return Day approaching, who knows if Adam’s obsession might let him touch the threshold of the Transcendent.

While Roland was pondering, Adam concluded his impassioned rehearsal, let out a long breath, and turned around.

"Oh, Mr. Roland has come."

Adam took a few small steps to the edge of the stage, rested one hand on it, and gracefully jumped down.

He originally intended to show off his agile skills in front of Roland, but his overworked body didn’t cooperate. As his left foot landed unexpectedly soft, he ended up in an awkward kneeling position, prematurely bowing to Roland for the New Year.

Roland seized Adam’s sleeve, helping him steady himself, teasing half-jokingly, "What, do you want to progress too?"

He was joking to ease the awkwardness, but didn’t expect Adam’s expression to become particularly complex.

Noticing the atmosphere was off, Adam smiled and shifted the topic, "Mr. Roland, I don’t quite understand what you’re talking about, but since your script is about to end, what should we do next?"

"Then we’ll end this performance."

Roland calmly said, "The Elf Empress returns to the Flower Sea, reliving yesterday’s glory, and the Empress’s story is complete."

"Is that it? Don’t we want to talk about how the Empress governs the country, how she lives happily with her husband, and how many children she has?"

Adam’s eyes were full of regret.

Roland slowly shook his head, "We could, but audiences might not like it. The Empress’s child has attentive servants and wet nurses caring for them; she only sees the child’s adorable smile. Is this something worth telling?"

Adam fell silent.

Of course not.

The audience isn’t here to listen to that. Thinking about Her Majesty the Empress’s child born with a golden spoon, while their own children lived harsh lives, the audience would at best refrain from booing.

"No wonder beautiful love stories end at marriage." Adam murmured with a sigh.

He paused for a moment, quickly adjusting his emotions, "Mr. Roland, you’ve just been promoted recently, you must be very busy, so feel free to speak your mind."

Roland smiled and asked, "You perform here every day and often interact with the audience, you must know what they like, right?"

"Of course."

Adam was about to answer but suddenly became cautious, lowering his voice, "Mr. Roland, unless you can ensure our conversation stays here, there are some things I cannot say."

"I guarantee it."

Adam breathed a sigh of relief, organizing his thoughts, and whispered, "You must want to win the Radiant Day celebration performance, right?"

"Get to the point." Roland didn't deny it, directly interrupting.

Although he didn't answer, Adam understood.

The minstrel had a hint of excitement on his face, but it was quickly extinguished.

"Mr. Roland, winning is difficult. A friend tells me Finley has specially brought the best actors from the Rurik Theater Troupe in the Vladimir Empire for this performance."

"What, Mr. Adam, afraid of losing to those crude foreigners?" Roland used a bit of provocation.

"Mr. Roland, you don't need to provoke me. If it's a script of equal quality, I am confident I won't lose to anyone, but the opponent is our country's best writer, Finley."

"It won't be for long."

Roland patted Adam's shoulder and solemnly asked, "You just need to tell me what the audience likes. A poor boy's rise, a warrior fighting an evil dragon to marry a princess, or a passionate love story?"

"None of those."

Adam slowly shook his head, his emotions suddenly intense, "I know what they like best. They don't want to see stories of princes and princesses; they want to watch satirical plays that vent dissatisfaction, but can I perform them? They want to see the ridiculous comedies revealing the ugliness of dignitaries, can I perform them?"

"No!"

Adam seemingly used all his strength to say this, then muttered softly, "Roland, let's just do a fantasy comedy that the audience doesn't dislike..."

"No, we can perform it, but not in our country."

Roland calmly said, "If we can't criticize the present by using the past, we can enact misdeeds from abroad. Since Finley is hiring people from the Rurik Theater Troupe, let's mock the ugly face of the Rurik officialdom."

"This respects Her Majesty the Empress's dignity and resonates with the audience."

Adam stared blankly at Roland, a bit hesitant.

"What, scared? Don't even dare to mock foreigners?"

Adam grabbed Roland's collar excitedly, shouting with rage, "You're insulting my devotion to art! If you dare to write it, I will perform it!"

"Of course, I dare." Roland coldly replied.

"Tell me the content of this play." Adam took a deep breath, releasing his right hand, his voice slightly trembling.

After Roland gave a brief description, he patted his shoulder and slowly said:

"Let’s call this satire ’Rurik Imperial Envoy.’"