

Evil 25

Chapter 25 - 25: First Lecture: Recognition.

Rasmus slowly took a few steps back and looked at Maximilian who still couldn't accept the insult. He raised his eyebrows, challenging him to see if he would do another stupid thing. Maximilian sat down and calmed himself down as Monica gave the dagger back to him.

"I'm giving you a chance to leave this classroom," Rasmus said as he leaned his butt against his desk with his arms crossed. "You'll regret leaving this class because you will learn nothing. You graduate, makes your parents proud, but you'll taste bitterness from gaining nothing by wasting your time here for four years."

"And what exactly you're going to teach us?" Alexander asked as he tilted his head, leaning his back on the chair.

"To rule the world," Rasmus answered as he raised his eyebrows.

Valari couldn't stop his chuckle, but he was the only one who did it while the others were still confused.

"If you find it funny, then let me ask you something," Rasmus walked around his desk and sat in his chair. "Who are you, other than what your family have provided for you?" He showed his serious expression.

Everyone took their time to think. Even Maximilian couldn't say that he was a great warrior because he was taught by a master who was his own father.

"I think that's a stupid question to begin with. Are you saying that our privileges are our flaws? There were a lot of powerful nobles who fell because they couldn't use their privileges properly. Although we all grew up because of what our family had provided, we made good use of them and did not waste it," Valari answered as he sat straight.

"Of course not, but do you think it will last forever?" Rasmus rested his cheek on his fist.

"It won't, but we are raised and taught to handle that kind of situation to prevent and even bring back what was lost," Isador answered with confidence.

"You're not the man who created the Suncrown Empire and don't even think that you're as great as him. What you're taught is to maintain what you have, not to rebuild the empire that you have lost," Rasmus responded. "Do all of you believe that you can rebuild what you have with your own hands?" he asked all of them.

"So let me ask you once again. What are you without them?" Rasmus crossed his legs and stared at them.

Everyone still couldn't give an answer and started to rethink who they actually were. They started to question whether they were born to thrive or to follow the path of their predecessors.

"Nothing is certain. Even on a sunny day, rain can fall," Rasmus said.

"Then what about this? What makes you who you are right now?" Rasmus asked as he tapped his forefinger on the desk.

"Our privileges?" Alexander asked.

"No, it's not that grand. Something far smaller than what you think, and you became who you are because of it," Rasmus shook his head. "It's the most important thing for someone to achieve greatness."

Everyone looked at each other, and it was the first time everyone looked at each other without any ill feelings but curiosity about each other's answers and thoughts.

"Hard work?" Maximilian furrowed.

"That's correct, but hard work means nothing without this thing," Rasmus smiled as he shook his head.

"Fortune or luck?" Monica asked and kept her stoic and cold expression.

"Close, but that's not it either. You're all here and have a high status isn't because of fortune or luck," Rasmus slowly shook his head. "What about you, Aurelius?"

"I don't know," Aurelius shook her head.

Rasmus nodded up as he looked at Alexander and Valari, but they both shook their heads.

"It's simple and yet the most important thing," Rasmus stood up as he rested his hands on the desk. "Recognition," he smiled.

Everyone looked so confused because they didn't think recognition was the main reason that made them who they were.

"You don't believe me?" Rasmus raised his eyebrows. "A king without his people, what is he? A merchant without recognition, would they become a great merchant? A saint without their followers, would people believe that they're a Saint? A great leader without recognition could be called a great leader. Without those around you, what you have achieved means nothing."

"With that being said, what's important when you want to be the greatest is recognition. You want to be humble? That's your choice, but don't be jealous of those who achieve so little but are recognized by many. But of course, who wants to be humble when you know you're different from them? Don't you want them to see how great you are and not because of the shadow of your parents or predecessor?"

"So what do you learn from this?" Rasmus asked.

"The public opinion about you, and supported by your hard work and ability," Aurelius answered.

"That's correct. All of you here already got that, but that recognition isn't directed toward you but to your parents," Rasmus responded as he nodded. "With that being said. You need to shift their perspective and prove your worth."

Everyone went silent and thought about it thoroughly. They didn't realize the simplest thing about recognition and they had been taking it for granted.

"Professor, can I ask something?" Monica raised her hand and looked at Rasmus.

"I'm not a professor, I'm just an instructor. You can call me by my name, and not my family name," Rasmus said as he went back to his desk. "Also, ask away."

"You said that you wanted to teach us to rule the world. What do you mean by that?" Monica asked.

"The six of you are prominent figures in this world. The future is in your hands, and as I said earlier nothing is certain. I'll teach you how to take over the world when needed," Rasmus answered with a serious expression. "Your first assignment will be how are you going to gain recognition the people without using your privileges. Put your answer on the desk tomorrow before class starts. That's all for today, and you're all dismissed."

Rasmus left the classroom and left an impression on the students.

Monica was the first to stand up and walk out of class then followed by Maximilian. The others left and went their separate ways while thinking about the assignment they were given by Rasmus.

Lenin was staring at the statue in the center of the fountain. She noticed that Isador and the others were walking in the hallway. She was confused because the class had just started an hour ago.

"What's the matter? Why are you in here?" Lenin looked at Isador.

"The class has ended, Chancellor," Isador answered and he was deep in thought.

"The class just started an hour ago. Is there a problem in the class?" Lenin furrowed and looked worried.

"No, Chancellor. There's no problem," Isador shook his head. "Instructor Rasmus gave us a lecture and an assignment," he answered.

"An assignment?" Lenin raised her eyebrows with curiosity. "May I ask what kind of assignment Instructor Blackheart gave you?" She tilted her head.

"How am I going to gain recognition from the people without using my privileges? Thinking about it, makes me wonder because there are so many things I can do. But the question is what I want to do before I decide to gain their recognition," Isidor answered and he was still troubled by that question.

Lenin smiled, "As someone that I know has said. Write with your heart, not with your head."

"But, what if I was wrong? That my method wasn't the right thing to do?" Isidor frowned, afraid that his method was childlike, innocent, and full of flaws.

Lenin raised her brows, staring at Isidor for a brief moment before she let out a soft chuckle and covered her mouth with the back of her hand. Isidor was taken aback by Lenin's reaction and he somehow felt embarrassed by what he had said earlier.

"My apologies, Isidor, but isn't that the point?" Lenin crossed her arms and tilted his head, staring into Isidor's eyes.

"I don't understand, Chancellor..." Isidor furrowed his brows, staring at Lenin with a confused look.

"That's what they call growth and progress, Isidor. If you want to start something from nothing, you make sure to start from what you believe in. You can't start something if you're not being honest with yourself, are you?" Lenin answered with a soft and gentle voice. "Write what you believe. Right or wrong isn't the priority because you grow and adapt. That's when you become wise and intelligible."

Isidor's eyes were wide open, realizing Lenin's words had so much wisdom inside them.

"Thank you, Chancellor, you have opened my eyes. I'll excuse myself," Isidor bowed his head and then went to his dorm to begin his assignment.

Lenin looked up at the main building with a gentle smile on her face, muttering under her breath, "What an interesting way of teaching the students, Instructor Blackheart."