

Evil 39

Chapter 39 - 39: Sixth Lecture: Reality.

The bell rang and all the students went to their classrooms to begin the lecture. Rasmus walked in with the paperwork and saw his students staring at him eagerly since they wanted to know if their paperwork was to his liking.

Rasmus put down the paper on his desk and then walked into the middle of the classroom. He crossed his arms and looked at each one of them with a smile on his face.

"Maximilian, your method of getting recognition is flawless. You don't put yourself above others, but you put yourself at the front for others. You also show a necessary compassion to those who follow you. You don't care who they are; as long as they are loyal to you, and that makes more people follow you and your cause. You're like the spearhead," Rasmus pointed out as he nodded in approval.

Maximilian was in disbelief when he heard Rasmus compliment him. He never thought he would feel proud of himself from a simple compliment from an instructor. He was amazed that Rasmus could see him that way because it was exactly what he was thinking about when he wrote that assignment. Everyone looked at him and began to give him applause.

"Monica, your method of getting recognition is what the world needs. You help those who are suffering, becoming the beacon of their lives. You make yourself the root of the people around you, and you use them to gain more recognition. You're like a ficus tree," Rasmus pointed out as he nodded at Monica.

Monica smiled as she nodded back at Rasmus. It was the first time everyone saw her smile, including Maximilian. They could tell how meaningful the compliment was to her.

"Alexander, your method of getting recognition is fascinating. You become a wise man who shows reality to those who don't want to see it. You use your wisdom to attract others and you use your understanding as your tool to gain their trust. It's as if I'm looking at myself in the mirror," Rasmus crossed his arms as he smirked at Alexander.

"It's because I used you as an example, Instructor, but I used my own twist in that assignment," Alexander responded with a huge grin on his face.

"Brat," Rasmus scoffed.

Everyone laughed at Alexander, but he didn't care because he believed in what he wrote. He believed that he could do things like Rasmus and become an unforgettable figure to those around him. It was the first time he had had his own desire to influence the people around him.

"Now you, Valari. Your method of gaining recognition is really something else, isn't it? You use your knowledge to help people get rich by all means. You make yourself the pioneer, attracting all kinds of people and I believe you're the first will achieve greatness compared to the others here," Rasmus looked at Valari and approved of his method.

"Wow, so I guess we should be cautious around him in the future, huh?" Alexander jokingly said.

Everyone laughed and nodded in agreement.

Rasmus walked toward Aurelia and stood right in front of her desk, staring down at her. The silence was deafening and it made Aurelia swallow hard as she looked up at him.

"Aurelia, your method of gaining recognition is really beautiful. Your method is similar to Monica's, protecting the weak and offering your hands to those who are in need. But unlike Monica, you turn them into devoted followers who will be your shield as if you're their precious mother. Rather than indulging yourself in that feeling, you keep yourself focused on your goal, bringing in more people and making them feel your compassion. That's what a Saint should be," Rasmus said as he approved of her method.

Aurelia was speechless when Rasmus said that her method was beautiful. She was touched when he mentioned that she was like a mother figure to her followers, and that was exactly what she wanted herself to be. Tears threatened to fall, but she wiped them off immediately.

"So does that mean Monica is like a stationary light to attract people to come to her while Aurelia is a moving light, giving light and warmth to the people on her path?" Isador looked at Rasmus.

"That's a good analogy," Rasmus nodded. "Monica as Northern doesn't need to move as people will come to her. On the other hand, Aurelia has to move because she has the rest of Neva waiting for her," he explained.

Rasmus walked toward Isador's desk and then put his hands on the desk. His eyes were straight into Isador's eyes.

"Isador, your method is quite underwhelming compared to the others and I have to say that I'm quite disappointed," Rasmus said with a serious expression.

Isador's heart felt like it was being squeezed so tightly when he heard that. He looked at the others, but none of them showed any reaction as if they were judgmentally staring at him without him knowing.

"What's wrong with my method, Instructor?" Isador asked nervously.

"Your writings, they're all over the place as if you don't know what are you doing and where you want it to go," Rasmus answered, his eyes never leaving Isador's as he leaned forward toward him. "You're like walking aimlessly and hoping everything works to the point it's absurd," he added.

Isador was speechless and he felt ashamed by his writings. Not only that he feel ashamed, but he also felt inferior to others who seemed to have achieved something in life. He was angry at himself, his hands clenched so tightly to the point his nails were digging into his palm.

Aurelia wanted to comfort him, but she knew that it would only belittle him. She decided not to and pretended that she didn't see anything.

"Meet me after class, Isador," Rasmus said. Then pushed himself up and walked back to his desk, sitting on top of it. He crossed his arms as he stared at his students with a serious expression. "What did I say to the three of you in the library?" he asked Isador, Valari, and Alexander.

"We will never be able to satisfy everyone," the three of them answered.

"Aurelia, Monica, Maximilian, what do you think of that?" Rasmus asked as he looked down at the floor.

Aurelia, Monica, and Maximilian shared a look as they thought of the meaning behind that statement.

"Because everyone has different needs and goals that might not align with others," Monica answered.

"That's right," Rasmus nodded. "With that being said, is it possible to be fair with anyone?" he looked up to look at Monica.

"Yes, we can because fairness doesn't have to meet everyone's expectations. Fair doesn't mean that everyone has to be pleased by the decision. It's about giving the same treatment to all parties whether they like it or not," Monica answered as she nodded.

"But do you believe such treatment can be called fair?" Rasmus looked at Aurelia and Maximilian.

"No, I don't believe it's fair because if all parties don't find any benefits from that, what's the point of being fair to begin with?" Aurelia responded as she looked at Rasmus. "I agree that fairness doesn't have to meet everyone's expectations or interests. Fairness is about getting both parties to understand why it's fair rather than forcing them to accept it without explanation," she explained.

Rasmus nodded in agreement to Aurelia's words, "That's correct. So what's the main thing that we learn from this discussion?"

Maximilian raised his hand as he looked at Rasmus. Rasmus glanced at him as he nodded, allowing him to speak.

"That everyone's reality isn't the same as ours. We have to understand their perspective and how to bring fairness to them before we decide what's fair," Maximilian answered.

Rasmus smirked as he chuckled, making all the students look at him with their brows raised.

"Perfect answer, Maximilian. That's correct. Your reality is different from others, and your job is to understand their point of view about the world. Once you see some alignment between your reality with theirs, that's when you pull them to your side," Rasmus said with a huge smile on his face.

"But isn't pulling others to your side manipulative, even if it feels fair to them?" Isador looked at Rasmus with a confused look.

"What's wrong with being manipulative when it will bring a better future for humanity or everyone? Do you believe manipulation is a bad thing, Isador?" Rasmus raised his brows, his eyes locked into Isador's eyes. "Do you look at the world as white and black? Where good and evil are visibly separated like a wall on the field?" He added.

Isador sat there, didn't know what to answer because within his heart, he believed it was wrong, but his logical mind thought it wasn't wrong. He wanted to speak his mind, but something held back his voice in his throat.

"If the world is that simple, there will be no more evil in this world, Isador," Rasmus pointed out. "You think it's wrong, but look around you. It proves my point that your reality isn't the same as others," he added.

Isador looked at the others and it was as Rasmus said, none of them found manipulation wrong. At that moment he realized that he needed to find a middle ground between his ideology and what was necessary.