

## Strongest Hammer God

### Chapter 15: Chapter 15 – Learning

Samson gestured to Kyle, saying that this would be his room and that he should relax there for a while.

Kyle thanked Samson profusely.

'I'm basically a convicted felon. Despite that, he bought me clothing, took me to his house, and even gave me a room,' Kyle thought.

'Can this guy be unlikable in any other way? He's basically perfect.'

'I swear, if this were a movie or something, he would be killed by the creator later just to drive the pain home.'

'Luckily, this isn't a movie.'

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

'Or is it? I mean, I am in fantasy land! This sure seems fantastical and fictional.'

'I really don't want this guy to die!'

Kyle shook his head.

'This is not a fucking movie! I shouldn't be worried about something like that!'

'More importantly,' he thought as he looked at the pages filled with vocabulary.

'How do I even learn that? This shit is just scribbles.'

Kyle scratched his head.

'I guess the best thing I can do is to learn the scribbles for now. Talking comes later.'

Kyle sighed. 'I fucking hate learning. I got a C-average in high school. I'm not cut out for this shit!'

Nevertheless, Kyle grabbed a pen and started to practice writing the unfamiliar words.

Despite hating learning, he didn't want to disappoint Samson.

'Also, I did kill their turtle worm cow. I would also want payback if someone killed my cow.'

Kyle practiced for about an hour, and he became quite surprised the more he learned.

'That's actually surprisingly easy! I already got the entire first page down! I just look at the image, and the writing just pops into my mind!'

'Am I that smart?'

Kyle sneered.

'If I were that smart, I wouldn't have attacked that dumb turtle worm cow. Seriously, why the fuck did I jump onto its head?!'

'Listen more to your heart, Magic Lady says. My ass!'

After about 90 minutes, Kyle's door opened, and Samson greeted him with a smile.

Samson took Kyle out of his room and brought him to the warm living room.

The living room was quite cozy, and there was even a fire burning in the fireplace.

Samson's beautiful wife smiled and waved Kyle over.

Her two children were sitting on the ground in front of her, looking at Kyle with innocent interest.

Kyle went over and sat between the two children.

Then, she took out a book with big pictures.

She went to the first page and showed it to them.

It was the image of a cow.

"Malu!" the two kids shouted in excitement.

The mother praised them before looking expectantly at Kyle.

"Malu," Kyle repeated, a bit embarrassed.

"Sansa!" the mother said with a bright smile.

Apparently, sansa meant something like good job.

'I'm in the same class as fucking toddlers,' Kyle thought with embarrassment.

The mother went through the entire picture book, and Kyle just repeated after the children.

Eventually, they came to a picture of a bell, and the children didn't know the word.

"Ding dong!" one of them said, eliciting a laugh from the other one.

The mother lovingly shook her head before telling-

"Sliman," Kyle said very slowly.

The mother looked with surprise at Kyle.

That was correct!

Samson looked with pleasant surprise at Kyle.

"Sansa!" the mother said.

Then, she spoke the word representing "how".

Naturally, she wanted to know how Kyle had done it.

Kyle carefully took the book and went to an earlier page.

The names of the objects were written beside the pictures, and Kyle pointed at the first letter.

"Sl," he said.

Then, he went to another page to point at another letter.

"Im."

"An," he finished.

Kyle had read the words and remembered how the different letters sounded.

"Sansa! Mina Sansa!" the mother shouted with a quick applause.

Kyle felt smug as he looked at the two toddlers beside him.

'Yeah, try to keep up with me!' he thought.

Then, he remembered that he was competing with literal toddlers and felt embarrassed again.

Samson took note of Kyle's progress and began writing while the lesson continued.

After some minutes, the lesson was over, and Samson gave Kyle a new sheet.

This time, he wrote down the words from the picture book and made sure that Kyle remembered all of them.

Eventually, Kyle was sent back to his room, and he practiced reading and pronouncing words for hours.

Some hours later, Samson came to Kyle's room and showed him two things.

One was a plate of vegetable soup with some meat in it.

The other one was a big chunk of raw meat.

"Which?" Samson asked in his native language.

Kyle had already learned that word.

"This," Kyle spoke in the fantasy language, pointing at the raw meat.

Samson gave him the big chunk of raw meat and left.

But before he left, he gave Kyle another set of pages.

By now, Kyle was no longer that averse to learning.

It was so easy, and he made quick progress!

He could also understand individual words now.

Kyle finished all the pages within a couple of hours, and Samson returned.

"Sleep," Samson said. "You, sleep."

Kyle nodded.

Then, Samson seemed a bit embarrassed as he pointed at the door.

"Close. Careful. Prison," he said.

Kyle nodded. "Yes."

Samson said good night and locked the door.

'It's understandable. I'm a felon, and he doesn't know me well. I would also lock myself in a room for the night.'

'I mean, his kids and wife are here.'

Kyle sighed. 'Still feels a bit bad, though.'

Kyle fell asleep rather quickly, but he woke up again before the sun was even up.

He repeated all the words on the pages before Samson opened the door.

"Good morning, Kyle!" Samson said.

"Good morning, Samson," Kyle repeated.

"I work," Samson said before pointing at Kyle. "You work."

'And here it is,' Kyle thought. 'Gotta go and be a wage cuck again. No more entrepreneur.'

The two of them left Kyle's room, said goodbye to the family, and left.

When Kyle noticed that they were leaving the city, he became a bit nervous again.

'Guess it's time to play Monster Hunter.'