

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 20: The Witch's Note

As expected, Lucien did not find anything specially useful in the following four hours before he fell asleep. He read about ten pages, but most of them felt like independent words instead of meaningful sentences, probably because so many words in the notes about magic were really uncommon.

For sure Lucien had his own guesses of the meaning of some of them. But it was magic. He had to be more than careful before actually taking actions. Lucien did not want to die because of a stupid misreading mistake.

Fortunately, the previous owner of the notes treated it also like a diary. Some of her thoughts and experiences were written down as well. For this part, the witch used common words and grammar, from which Lucien managed to know the history of those magic notes, or say, books.

The witch was born in the last sorcerer family of the destroyed ancient Sylvanas Magic Empire. Her family hid into their old castle deep into the mountains to avoid the church's slaughtering, ever since Aalto was taken over. But after hundreds of years there, the population of the family declined dramatically. In the end there were just three left: the witch and her parents.

The witch's parents died in an accident when they tried to summon a creature whose name Lucien was not able to read. Then the witch became an orphan and she inherited two magic books: Astrology and Magic Elements; and Common Magic Related Materials Illustration.

Lucien wished the notes were relatively complete so he could understand it, otherwise he would have to learn the dying Sylvana's language which, so to speak, was impossible.

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Almost all of the jobs Copper Cornet could offer were under the control of the Aaron gang. Lucien lost his job again. He had to dig into his savings recently to support himself.

But it was also nice that Lucien could seize the chance staying focused on his study, as well as avoiding the possible revenge from the gang. Joel was still playing on the busy streets in the administrative district, while Alisa was doing laundries for the association. Both of them were relatively far from the market area, where the Aaron gang tyrannized the most.

They all agreed that Lucien still ranked first among them regarding being in danger. They warned Lucien not to leave the city, not to go to anywhere deserted, and even told him to be alert during bed time in case some bastards tried to burn down his shack.

So, after washing his face and finishing his hard brown bread softened in boiling water, Lucien felt there was nothing for him to do.

But the feeling did not last more than a minute. Soon Lucien went outside and found an open field. He started to practice sword with a wood stick following John's direction. Lucien longed for strength to protect himself, even though he knew his training was too late. John told Lucien that after sixteen years old, the chance of a person being Blessed was very slim, close to none, unless he received the Holy Light Water from the church.

Lucien also kept Jackson's dagger handy, in case of any danger.

After practicing, Lucien went back home. It was nine o'clock in the morning. The sun in the sky just started showing its real power. Taking a short rest, Lucien opened his books again and started reviewing. He was much more diligent and self-disciplined than ever before.

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12 Snehva Street, Gesu.

"You have never really learned these before?" Victor asked with great surprise, "None of them?"

Lucien's progress was more than impressive. He answered all the questions perfectly and fluently. He even asked some questions he found in spelling, which most students could not notice at all until they started having a solid foundation. With just one day study, Lucien had almost caught up with his classmates, Colin and Renee. The two students from common background had been studying here for more than three months.

Was Lucien a genius? Or just a liar. The students were guessing.

"I swear I have not, Mr. Victor. We're already speaking common tongues in our lives, aren't we? I can't read, but I know the connections between the letters and sounds are more important. I used my imagination." Lucien explained. He wanted people to believe he was just smart, instead of regarding him as an incomprehensible monster, which would possibly bring him trouble.

For sure Lucien did not tell him about the library.

Victor nodded and smiled approvingly, "Good, very good. You're gifted in learning language."

Lucien was envied by most students in the class. Hearing Victor's commendation, Lott and Felicia, who had been learning from Victor for five years, exchanged a look.

"It sounds pretty useful." Felicia nodded slightly with her hands crossed over her lap. As a noble girl, she always sat straight.

Lott was about to shrug his shoulders, but was stopped by the thought that the gesture might not look elegant. Facing Felicia, his long time competitor, Lott tended to be more careful.

"The poor speak the common tongue as well. They just don't know how to spell and read. It's always better than starting from scratch, isn't it?" He also added, "Even if they learn it, it won't be much useful for learning music."

"I have my own idea for learning music, not like you." Felicia responded sharply, "You're gifted, but gift cannot last long. If I were you, I'd spend more time on practicing instead of fooling around

with girls.” She then looked at Lucien. “Even the poor guy, if he starts learning music he will probably do a better job than you.” She smiled with her bright beautiful teeth.

All the classmates believed that Lucien wanted to become a musician. They did not know the actual simple reason why Lucien chose Victor as his teacher. In the eyes of the common folk, choosing a teacher represented one’s future path. For example, if a person wanted to be an official in the town hall or the court, he or she would definitely choose scholars with law or history background, instead of a musician.

But all careers needed to be recognized by nobles. Only then it would indicate real success.

“If he’s better than me, he’s better than you, Felicia.” Lott sneered.

Felicia was about to say more, but noticed Victor was looking in this direction. She raised her hand and tidied her red hair, then lowered her head and went back to her studies.

Victor started speeding up Lucien’s learning. Soon they finished the rest of the spelling rules and moved to basic grammar, which was exactly what Lucien was expecting.

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Friday, the last day of Lucien’s study this week.

After a few days’ learning, Lucien had mastered most of the grammar. Were it not for lacking vocabulary, Lucien could even start learning magic now. He had made a big progress with the magic notes as well, in which the witch explained why she came to Aalto:

“Along with the increase in my spiritual power, it has become harder for me to immerse myself in meditation... Shall I try the meditating the way only real sorcerers can?”

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“It was too dangerous. I almost died. Perhaps I should improve the apprentice meditation based on my experience.”

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“I got lost, completely. No wonder all the great seniors didn’t make any improvement. I’m too shallow, too arrogant.”

“Even the magic structure of the first level is too complicated. I can’t find a way to build the magic mark model. It’s driving me crazy... I have the potion already, but without the model I can’t move forward to be a real sorceress!”

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“I don’t know... maybe I should try to make a potion of ‘Magic Gate’. It contains a level-one magic in it. Perhaps I can make it this way.”

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“I need Snow Gorse... Maybe I should go to Aalto. It’s the biggest city on the west continent. There’re also many hidden sorcerers and sorceress. It’s dangerous, but I shall still have a chance.”

So far, that was all Lucien could read from the notes. He was very curious about her experience in Aalto, but decided to finish the remaining few pages later tonight.

Today Lucien also wanted to borrow a common tongue dictionary and put it into his library. If everything went well, Lucien could start learning magic on the weekend.

His heart was full of hope.