

# ***Throne of Magical Arcana***

## Chapter 39: The Tawny Owl

Mr. Victor passed a piece of notation to Lucien, which was written by himself for harpsichord beginners. The song did not require any expert skills, and thus, when it was played on a harpsichord, it was quite plain. However, after the improvement, the tone of the piano would definitely add some splendour to it.

With his diligent practice of meditation, Lucien had an even better memory now. It only took him a while to roughly go through the music several times. Before him, Mr. Victor only saw noble students, like Lott and Felicia, being able to do this, because they grew up under the nurture of music since they were born.

“All right, Lucien. I know you still feel you’re not prepared, but it’s time for you to start playing. Don’t be nervous and just pay attention to the keys you should press down. Take it easy.” Mr. Victor was quite looking forward to Lucien’s first play.

Putting his hands on the keyboard in a defined arch, Lucien pressed down the first key. It was not difficult for him to remember the song, but, as expected, playing it was a completely different story. Lucien felt his fingers were too clumsy to reach the right keys in time. Slow as he was, Lucien tried his best to focus on the keys to make sure they were the correct ones. Instead of a song, his first-time playing sounded more like a bunch of separated notes climbing out of the piano slowly one by one, or like a dying man exhaling with great effort.

However, no one there ever laughed at him, including the three noble students. Watching Lucien play reminded them of their own past struggle, which was even more terrible.

It was a short piece of melody, that should last around a minute, but it took Lucien more than three minutes to finish playing it. After he pressed down the last key, his forehead was oozing sweat. Lucien felt that even fighting with an aquatic zombie in the pipes could not be more exhausting.

Mr. Victor was the first person who started applauding Lucien, followed by Rhine and the other students.

“You did a good job, Lucien.” Victor comforted him, smiling, “I know how clumsy a person would feel when he or she first started playing. But you are the only student I’ve seen that managed to press every key correctly. It’s impressive.”

Rhine nodded, “Yes, you are very smart, Lucien. I’m sure you will improve quickly with more practice. But the coordination of your hands was for sure not your strong point, and later you will also need to use your feet for the pedals. It’ll be pretty challenging for you.”

“I agree,” said Mr. Victor, “But being more coordinate is just a matter of time. If you’re willing to work hard, you’ll be a qualified musician within ten years.”

“Ten years?” It seemed that even with the direction of a master musician, it still would take a long time for a person to make achieve something in music. However, Lucien was still expecting that, by becoming a qualified musician as soon as possible, his living expenses as well as the cost for his magic experiments could be fully covered.

“Is there any way to become a qualified musician faster?” Lucien asked.

“Yes, sure, if you’re a genius.” Felicia interjected, “But you are not, Lucien. Working hard is the only way to become a qualified musician, and of course it takes time. Don’t let Mr. Victor lose his face for having a student who couldn’t even play the piano decently.”

In Felicia’s eyes, Lucien’s question fully showed his shallowness.

Rhine responded in a more mild way, “I understand young people’s eagerness, but like Felicia said, my current small achievement in playing violin took me a long time, and it’s the same with other instruments.” Then he paused a bit, “Well, actually hard practice is not the only way to become a qualified musician. If you could awaken the Blessing in your blood, your ability of controlling your body would be increased by a large extent. With your smart little brain, you could probably become a piano musician within a few weeks.”

“But how long it would take you to awaken the Blessing?” Rhine shrugged his shoulders, “Maybe ten years, maybe twenty years, or forever... What do you think?”

“Becoming a genius sounds more practical, Lucien.” Lott laughed.

Victor turned to Lucien, “If you just want to master a relatively hard piece of melody, an intensive practice within a short period of time may be helpful, but this can never help you become a really good musician. Do not rush, but always work hard, Lucien.” Victor tapped Lucien on his shoulders to encourage him.

Lucien looked at Mr. Victor and nodded.

After the class, Lucien started working on his monthly budget. He needed to give auntie Alisa three Nars every month for the meals because he was now eating with their family more often. Also, more money would be spent on building a secret magic lab in the future, when Aalto calmed down and became safer.

Besides money, Lucien still had lots of concerns: buying too many glasswares for magic experiments could be very suspicious to the church, and Lucien currently had no idea what to do with them; he also needed some black robes, so he could sew some rows of small pockets inside for carrying more different magic reagents in the future.

Burying his head in his arms, Lucien thought to himself, “Maybe I’ll become a tailor sewing clothes for people rather than a sorcerer.” The idea amused him a bit.

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Several days later, at night, Lucien was reviewing the last magic he analyzed, Homan’s Oscillation, even though it was too risky for him to practice the spell at this moment. Besides, by changing the

vibration frequency of his spiritual power, now Lucien could leave an imperceptible magic mark on a target, which made him very happy.

As for music, like Rhine commented, after a certain stage, his good memory could not help much anymore. His poor coordination became his biggest problem, so Lucien was still practicing the same etude.

All of a sudden, Lucien heard someone or something was swiftly approaching his shack.

Lucien hid all his stuff under the bed in a hurry and stood there in a defensive posture.

The window opened by itself!

Lucien felt a familiar wave of magic power coming inside. He was very nervous, but also kind of excited. Was it another sorcerer apprentice, or even a real sorcerer?

A tawny owl flew in through the window and landed on the table. Somehow Lucien felt it had an arrogant-looking face.

And the owl started speaking in a harsh voice.

“You should open the window for me, you little boy.”

Lucien was not really scared. In the notes, the witch mentioned some animals that could talk. Some of them were sorcerers or sorceresses transformed into different kind of animals, while some of them were summoned pets. However, Lucien was not sure which one the owl was, yet.

Strolling on the table, the arrogant owl looked at Lucien from top to bottom. Then it started talking again.

“Don’t be afraid, boy. As long as you answer my questions honestly, Lord Doro won’t hurt you.”

Lucien nodded his head, feeling a bit confused...Who was Lord Doro?

The owl took a step forward and looked at Lucien’s eyes, “Listen to my question... After the apprentice died, did any sorcerer or sorceress come here and asked you about her?”