

The World 53

Chapter 53: Midterm Examination (7)

Here's some additional information that hasn't been mentioned yet, so I figured I should fill you in. Much like Earth, this world also operates on a seven-day week, at least according to the calendar on Leonamon's smartphone.

At the Academy, we follow a six-day school week with one break day sandwiched in between. Taking Earth as an example, that means Monday to Saturday are school days, and Sunday is a well-deserved break. Instead of blindly guessing the days since they haven't been named in this world, I'll just refer to them the same way as Earth's. I should probably have a chat with Amon about this.

Midterm week is packed into a single day, locked and loaded for Tuesday. Results are due for unveiling on Wednesday. Following that, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday grant us a much-needed break, with the weekly hiatus landing on Sunday. Essentially, we get four days off in a row. The following week is reserved for joint training, and I'm eager to participate, so passing the exams is a must.

Today is Tuesday, marking the arrival of the dreaded midterm exam. In a theatrical display, I assumed the role of a student on the verge of a mental breakdown, settling into my desk with an exaggerated display of nervousness. Shredica had already settled into her seat, sporting a comically messy bedhead. Clearly, she'd been in such a rush that haircare wasn't a priority.

As I surveyed the room, I witnessed a diverse array of expressions. Some wore uncertainty like a mask, while others clung to misplaced confidence. Duncan, typically the embodiment of fearlessness, sported a look of sheer terror. Raymond, his glasses reflecting a menacing glint, remained engrossed in his notes.

Hereon, the guy behind me couldn't care less, lounging with his feet atop the chair and arm draped casually over the back. Shredica, in contrast, radiated confidence.

The students' behaviors ran the gamut. Isiliraiellyn, the young woman nursing grandiose delusions, was visibly trembling. "T-To think I'd be reduced to this level of fear... Was I, the heir of the demon lord, truly so powerless against the impending malevolence? Kuh! M-My eye!

The eye of the demon god is stirring once again! It throbs! It throbs! What do you desire from me, my eye?! Why do you torment me now?! Oh, what?

Do you wish for me to merely glance at these insects' papers to evade this ordeal? A most intriguing suggestion! I shall indulge in such an act!"

On the other hand, Yr, the young woman perpetually dozing off in class, was, unsurprisingly, catching some Zs. A small stream of drool made its escape, marking the corner of her slackened mouth.

This class truly was a motley crew of oddballs.

Finally, the bell rang, signaling the exam's commencement. Professor Irene marched through the room, her heels clacking with authority. Casting a sweeping glance across the students upon reaching the podium, she declared, "No one is absent today. It seems everyone is present. Excellent.

Let's kick off the exam." As she spoke, she distributed the test papers, instructing those at the front to pass them to the back.

Soon, every student had their papers. Upon Professor Irene's signal, the collective scratch of pencils against paper commenced. I skimmed through my test paper, confirming it was the same one Gabrielle had given me. The initial exam focused on Language, a subject I had effortlessly memorized answers for.

However, to avert suspicion, I opted not to score a perfect grade and settled for straightforward responses to the simpler questions.

The second and third period exams focused on Magic Spells and the Theory of Magic, respectively. Magic Spells posed no challenge for me; it was merely a test of incantation memorization, a skill Shredica and I had mastered. As I answered, I noticed an intriguing revelation. Reviewing the problems, I realized that what Titania had drilled into us the night before aligned perfectly with the exam.

While memorizing, I hadn't caught on, but now it was clear—she could predict the test content accurately based on our lessons. That princess was even more impressive than I had initially thought.

When the Theory of Magic rolled around, audible distress permeated the room. Understandably, Theory of Magic surpassed Arithmetic in difficulty, combining both Arithmetic and Magic concepts. Shredica, too, seemed to struggle, scratching her head multiple times as she pondered the paper. I caught glimpses of her discreetly eyeing her seatmate's work on occasion, revealing her predicament.

It was evident she found herself in a bind with this subject. Fortunately, she refrained from bothering me or attempting to copy my answers.

Then came the fourth period—Arithmetic. Many students grumbled about its difficulty, but for those who grasped the concept, it was a breeze. Technically elementary problems, questions like "If you buy three apples and cut them into four pieces, how many pieces would you get?" adorned the paper. Even someone with the intellectual capacity of a walnut on Earth could tackle these questions with ease.

Then came break.

Duncan, Raymond, and I huddled together.

"Man! I'm really screwed! No answers for Theory and Arithmetic!" Duncan lamented. "I thought I could at least handle Arithmetic, but when I saw those papers, my mind went blank! I mean, what the hell were those questions even asking?!"

"It's because you're too dense to grasp the concepts," remarked Raymond, eyes still fixed on his notes. "If you'd just study hard like me, you wouldn't be bawling like this. What about you, Leon? You look like you're in a bit of a pickle too."

"Huh? I... I think I'll manage, yeah. But I can't say for sure if the answers I put down are correct," I replied.

"Do you reckon you'll score enough to join the joint training next week?" Raymond inquired.

"I-I hope so? Can't say for certain."

"I hope you pull through. I don't fancy wandering alone during the joint training," Raymond admitted.

It appeared that Raymond dreaded the idea of being alone in next week's joint training, hence his wish for me to pass. Unfortunately for him, I had committed to training with Titania, so whether I passed or not, Raymond would find himself flying solo.

The break passed in the blink of an eye, and the class bell rang. We returned to our seats, and as the papers were distributed, the test began. The subject was simple—Fundamentals of Footsteps. Even someone with muscles for brains, like Duncan, could manage this. Shredica, skilled in Footsteps, would undoubtedly breeze through it.

The subsequent test proved to be the toughest yet—Swordsmanship. It wasn't just about executing actions; it required an understanding of the definitions behind those actions. It was akin to a Physical Education test, but bloodier, demanding comprehension of the principles underlying each movement.

Shredica hadn't studied all the materials since Titania advised her to grasp the concept of Swordsmanship. Given her proficiency in the art, I expected her to handle it with ease.

Much like Titania's uncanny ability to predict the Magic Spells content, she also foresaw the Swordsmanship exam. It left me duly impressed.

With the conclusion of the Swordsmanship exam, the midterm examination came to an end.

The next day, we checked the results in the room. My scores fell within the average range. Since the passing grade for all subjects was 50, my scores varied from 50 to 60. Swordsmanship, being the

toughest, earned me the lowest score of 50. I intentionally left it at that due to the subject's difficulty. My ranking in the bronze class witnessed a surprising jump—I made it to the 90th rank.

Duncan and Raymond were taken aback by my results.

However, I wasn't taken aback by that. What truly surprised me was Shredica's scores—all 50s. I couldn't help but almost laugh at her deliberate choice to score just enough to pass. She simply aimed to pass and didn't care to score any higher. Consequently, her ranking took a nosedive. From being rank 1 in the bronze class previously, she now occupied the 20th rank.

A considerable descent, but she seemed unfazed by it, judging from her nonchalant expression.

And holy hell, if that was surprising, no, it wasn't. There was even more jaw-dropping news because our new rank 1 was Yr. The girl who was always dozing off in class, and her previous rank was scraping the bottom, just five ranks above mine. So from a pitiful 95 to rank 1? That was shockingly unexpected. Oh, and her scores?

They were all soaring between 90-100. Perfect scores in Language and Magic Spells, with Swordsmanship at the lowest, still a stellar 91. The woman in question wasn't even present to witness the scores. I bet she's currently in her room, snoozing away.

Another twist was Hereon securing the second rank. His scores were neck and neck with Yr's. Currently, he was just lounging on his seat, feet nonchalantly propped up on his desk. He seemed pretty nonchalant despite climbing into a higher rank.

In the past, he'd mock us for being dimwits and brag about his promotion to the second rank of the bronze class, but this time, he remained surprisingly low-key. I wondered what happened to him. Did nearly becoming Shredica's punching bag scar him so bad that he was now the silent type? I doubted it. He still shot Shredica murderous looks.

Well, enough about him, though. The next bombshell was the joint training. This was what astonished me the most today. It was all because of Professor Irene's revelation about its location—Hertan Village.

However, I wasn't the most shocked by that news. Shredica was the one.