

## TV Show 45

Chapter 45: Writing 4,000 Words a Day—Really?

At the Duncan residence.

**\*\*Lord of the Mysteries.\*\***

The masterpiece **\*\*Lord of the Mysteries\*\*** is exactly what Adam plans to adapt.

The story's background, rooted in Western steampunk and Lovecraftian mythology, perfectly aligns with the requirements for publishing in America.

Yes, you heard it right—this is for **\*\*print publication\*\***, not as an online serial.

It's only 1992; websites like Webnovel don't exist yet, let alone an international version.

But Adam isn't the least bit discouraged. **\*\*Lord of the Mysteries\*\*** is perfectly suited for physical publishing, and with America's robust copyright laws, successful publication would bring Adam a steady stream of royalties.

In truth, making money wasn't the goal—it just needed to be enough. What truly excited Adam was his mischievous ambition: to trigger a **\*\*Lord of the Mysteries universe explosion\*\*** in the West.

Imagine Sheldon, Leonard, and the gang becoming obsessed with **\*\*Lord of the Mysteries\*\***, wearing shirts with its characters, decorating their homes with merchandise, cosplaying its iconic figures and scenes, and quoting its famous lines. Just the thought of it was thrilling.

- **\*\*Sheldon\*\*** (cosplaying Klein): "Praise the Evernight Goddess! Praise the Eternal Blazing Sun!"

- **\*\*Leonard\*\*** (cosplaying Leonard Mitchell): "You might not believe me, but if I recite this poem, you'll die!"

- **Howard** (cosplaying Emperor Roselle): "The taste of witches isn't bad at all!"

- **Rajesh** (cosplaying Justice): "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Okay, maybe the last one is a bit much. But it's not entirely impossible—Rajesh once cosplayed Wonder Woman willingly, even swapping with Penny.

Even better:

- **Juno** (cosplaying Hugh Dillcha): "Don't worry, I'm a physical persuader. Carrying a three-edged blade is totally reasonable, right?"

- **Karen** (cosplaying Fors Wall): "Hugh is truly a towering giant at 4'11". So heroic! Write this down—day 692 of living with Hugh..."

After daydreaming for a while, Adam finally began writing.

**Chapter One: Crimson.**

Naturally, the protagonist couldn't be named Zhou Mingrui anymore. Western readers wouldn't feel immersed with that name. It's not 2020 yet; using such a name would lead to certain failure. It's better to stick with the familiar and have the protagonist's name be Klein Moretti.

Similarly, Emperor Roselle's pre-transmigration name, Huang Tao, had to go. He would simply be Roselle Gustav.

As for the simplified characters throughout the story?

No problem. The protagonist Klein and Emperor Roselle could both be depicted as enthusiasts of mystical culture. Klein's purchase of a book like *Records of Kingdom Esoteric Techniques* before his transmigration was perfectly plausible.

Besides, many Western readers are fascinated by mystical elements. This would add a novel and appealing touch to a fantasy story.

Who knows—if it becomes popular, Western teenagers might start learnin only to cry out in frustration:

"Klein and Roselle truly deserve to be protagonists! Mastering such a difficult language—a feat even gods can't achieve!"

In a way, this would be Adam's unique contribution to cultural exchange between worlds.

Aside from these minor adjustments, Adam only needed to translate the text directly. Those fantasies from his previous life of writing 10,000 words daily? No longer just dreams.

Two hours later...

"Damn!"

Adam threw down his pen, rubbed his sore wrist, and counted the densely packed words on the page. Barely 1,000 words.

Even without needing to create new content, translating was an exhausting grind.

How could he possibly write 10,000 words a day?

That was a joke! He couldn't do it!

Over the next week, Adam poured most of his energy into "writing" **\*\*Lord of the Mysteries\*\***. As he became more adept, his translation speed improved noticeably. Still, reaching 10,000 words daily was out of the question.

After cranking out 4,000 words one evening, even though the story and text were waiting for him, Adam hit a mental block. He couldn't bring himself to write another word.

It was like a reflex from his previous life as an underappreciated author. Once he hit 4,000 words—the minimum to earn a daily bonus—his motivation evaporated, and he turned into a lazy bum.

Back then, he'd waste time chatting online or binge-watching movies and novels.

Unbelievably, even habits this deeply ingrained had followed him through his transmigration.

Now, his procrastination manifested differently. Mornings were spent reading British history, especially from the Victorian era. Afternoons were devoted to Lovecraftian mythos. These were the foundational elements of **Lord of the Mysteries**. While the original author, Cuttlefish, was meticulous in his research, Adam needed his own in-depth understanding.

What if the book became popular, and he was invited for interviews? He couldn't just shrug when asked for deeper insights.

Especially with people like Sheldon and his gang—masters of nitpicking. They could dissect a single detail endlessly. Anything illogical would earn their disdain.

Like the classic debate: If Superman truly loved Lois, should he catch her if she's falling from the sky?

Sheldon's answer: No. If Superman caught Lois, the impact of her velocity against his arms would slice her into three pieces. Letting her hit the ground would be the kinder option.

Compared to all that, thinking about the plot often took more time than actual writing.

Fortunately, in America, publishing a novel through a traditional publisher wasn't like the frantic daily updates required for online fiction in his past life. At around 200,000 words, a book could be published.

At Adam's current pace, two months of summer break would suffice.

Future chapters would depend on the book's reception. If it didn't resonate with readers, he'd abandon it and find other ways to make money.

With his unremarkable appearance, he could emulate Joey from *\*Friends\**—working as an extra, or taking a flexible job as a barista or bartender. The pay was decent enough to support himself.

But Adam believed his chances of success were high.

**\*\*Lord of the Mysteries\*\*** was over 4 million words long. Even at 400,000 words per book, it could yield ten volumes. Publishing one volume per year and writing 1,000 words daily wouldn't disrupt his life, work, or studies.

**\*\*Ring, ring, ring.\*\***

"Adam, phone for you!"

Teddy entered, holding the phone with a playful grin. "It's Juno. So, is Juno your date for tonight's graduation dance?"

"No."

Ignoring his sister's teasing, Adam took the phone, exchanged a few words with Juno, then stood, stretched, and glanced at the sunset outside the window. He began getting dressed.

For some reason, Barney Stinson's famous line from *\*How I Met Your Mother\** flashed in his mind:

**\*\*Suit up!\*\***

Tonight would be **\*\*legen—wait for it—dary\*\***. Legendary.