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湖南美术出版社



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The Aladdin on the Toilet - Volume 01

Chapter 01-02 (Incomplete)

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Novel Illustrations

Novel Illustrations[[edit](#)]

These are novel illustrations that were included in volume 1.



Front Cover



Back Cover



**Aladdin's
Palace Left**



**Aladdin's
Palace Right**



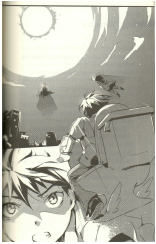
**Woken up by
a sister kick**



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**kurudaz's
(illustrator's)
signature**

Chapter 1 - Aladdin's Oil Lamp

Chapter 1 - Aladdin's Oil Lamp[[edit](#)]

"Congratulations, master!"

Bong! A big bang followed and all kinds of ribbons and pieces of paper in different colours exploded in the small toilet stall.

Still surprised, I lifted my head and saw a big ball on top of my head. There was a banner of congratulations and a few innocent-looking pigeons standing beside the white wall in front of me.

I confirmed that I did get some kind of prize, but when I thought about it...there was something awkward.

"Congratulations for being the ten-thousandth user of this toilet!"

What? I lowered my head to check where the sound came from. Among the colourful ribbons and pieces of paper was a commonplace...hmm—toilet?

"Um...Did..."

I believe speaking to a toilet should be very stupid.

"...you...just talk?"

"Yes. Master."

The white object at my feet really replied to what I said.

"Um...Wait. What did you call me?"

"Master. I call you master."

The voice of the toilet was a childish sound roughly between male and female.

"In this time when I'm awake, you're my master."

"..." I stood straight on the floor, thinking of what to say. This was the first time that someone called me so politely and formally. For some strange reason, I was completely unhappy that I was called 'master' by a toilet.

"Oh."

So I decided to follow the regular procedures: clean the things I had to, wear the clothes I had to, stand up, flush the toilet, and leave this toilet stall which was filled with pieces of paper and ribbons. When I closed the door, the pigeons on top were frightened by the sound of the closing door and flew out of the washroom.

"Insufficient sleep indeed will adversely affect my body!"

I sighed, walked in front of the sink to wash my hands, and prepared to return to my classroom for the lesson.

"Master! Master! Where are you going?"

"..."

I thought over it for a while and decided to say nothing and pushed the door to leave.

At the instant I pushed the door, everything around me changed utterly! As if fallen into a fairy tale, an Arabian palace with smaller buildings around it was in front of me all of a sudden. I looked around and found myself in a marketplace. Everything was made with tents and wood. People affluently passed by me. There was a man with his head wrapped in white cloth and two whiskers at each side of his face standing at the stall nearest to me. He was talking over the price of a carpet with the stallman.

I began to feel dizzy.

No. I must keep calm! Maybe normal people would be freaked out because of this, but to me, a guy who has watched countless animes and read countless novels, this kind of cliché setting is just so common. Generally, if this wasn't a 'parallel world', it should be 'going to the past' or 'going to the last life'; otherwise, it was a 'virtual world'! Be it any of them, finding similar stories for this should be easy, and I could just follow what the protagonists did in these stories to decide what I should do.

As I was pondering, a sound came out of nowhere.

"At a time long ago..."

I furrowed my eyebrow and looked everywhere for the voice, but I couldn't. However, I knew this was still the voice of the 'toilet'.

"There was a smart young man called Aladdin who lives in idleness. When he was small..."

The things around me changed, and the voice turned to a young man with dusky skin who was walking from the other side of the marketplace.

"Hey! Wait! What is this?"

I lifted my head to the sky and voiced a complaint—though I wasn't sure whether the voice came from the sky.

"There was also an evil sorcerer called Gargamel^[1]..."

"Hey! Stop!"

I bellowed as I kicked on the guy beside me who was looking at some carpets. As expected, my leg pierced through that guy's body, touching nothing at all.

—

This meant everything around me was virtual.

"Gargamel had a wonderful...What? I'm telling a story!" The toilet replied to me at last.

"Isn't this the Arabian Nights? Everyone should have seen it when they're small? Why are you telling this to me now? I'm more than clear on every part of the story! Fine...except the part about Gargamel."

"I'm only explaining where the story came from to let you, master, understand."

The toilet said innocently.

I knew talking to a toilet was stupid, but I couldn't stop talking with him. After all, I had no way to find my classroom in an Arabian marketplace.

"What is the relationship between the Arabian nights and my pooping in the

toilet for the ten-thousandth time?"

"I said you're the ten-thousandth user of this toilet and not the one who pooped here for the ten-thousandth time. Sorry to say, but 'pooping' is a rather vulgar word, master."

"Whatever..." Criticized by a toilet for 'using vulgar words', this wasn't something proud of.

"I think...master, you've heard of what happened in the story, so let's skip through the part where the old woman got the big peach, Aladdin got the wonderful oil lamp, Aladdin marrying the princess and spending the wedding night together, giving birth to a lot of kids, and jump directly to the part where Aladdin distributed his assets to his family."

"Wait, what happened with the big peach? Also...You can leave the part of the wedding night."

I said it a bit embarrassedly. Leaving me alone, the toilet directly changed everything around me again and led me to another scene...

It was a big room with white walls. An old man with tousled white hair lay on the bed, surrounded by about twenty people, children and adults included. One could tell from the decorations in the room that this family was wealthy. In a big picture hung on a wall was a beautiful lady in royal clothes who sat formally on a glamorous chair with gold linings.

"Dad!" "Gramps!" "Don't touch things kid!" "Dad!" "Waa..." "Haha, you're beaten by mum." The people in the room communicated in a language I had never heard of, but the toilet attentively translated every word they said in synch, trying to say words according to the movements of their mouths and speaking in a voice louder than them. Though it was a bit weird at times, it was still understandable.

"My ten children...From the moment your mother left the world, I had actually been dead already." The old man on the bed seemed very weak. Having said that, he looked up to the painting of the lady hung on the wall.

"I've experienced thrilling and exhilarating adventures in my life, and I've also got the wealth everyone envied...I haven't lived in vain."

Walking up to the bed, I recognized him. He was the 'Aladdin' in the marketplace I first saw, but he was forty to fifty years older. I assumed this should have been the moment where Aladdin left the world, however, I had never read this part in the story. "My children, you know I have two valuables—the oil lamp and the ring." Everyone held his or her breath after he said this. The once buzzy room became silent instantaneously—including the kid who was just chopped on the head by his mum.

"I've already commanded my most royal Amoeba to govern my other assets and will distribute them evenly to each and every one of you, my children." The old man turned to look at another old gentleman in tidy clothes with a white moustache who was standing near the bed. He then smiled to him.

I couldn't help but to mumble,

"Amoeba? What name is this? A protist?"

"Please don't interrupt the story..."

The toilet added while translating. He tried to speak in a voice of the wan old man, but it made this touching scene, however, totally humorous.

"...Only the oil lamp and ring could I not evenly distribute to you. I know they are very powerful, especially the lamp. Anyone who has it is able to construct or destroy a whole country. So I must consider prudently who is the most suitable to inherit them."

The old man sighed and looked at his children around him.

"What should I do?"

The air in the room seemed to freeze. It was so quiet that even a falling pin could be heard.

"Dong—Dong—Dong—"

A familiar bell sound came from top of my head in such a nervous atmosphere. I could tell this was the sound of the beginning or the end of the lesson. This meant that my lunch recess had ended. Honestly, if it wasn't this bell I might even have forgotten that I was still in school.

"May 'Mr.A' be a bit faster? My lunch recess has ended! I have to get back to

my lesson in a moment."

I couldn't help but to complain to the sick old man on the bed. Of course, he couldn't, however, hear me."

"Besides, what does this has to do with my getting a toilet prize!"

"Dad! I'm the law officer in the city. I'm the most just!" A young man finally burst out—of course his words was still translated by the toilet.

"I'm the most suitable to inherit the oil lamp and the ring!"

"Dad! Didn't you know that when brother was a law officer he once received a present from others under the table? He shouldn't be the one to inherit the oil lamp."

Another young man burst out.

"I haven't received any presents while I was a harbour tax collector. I followed the rules every time. Even when someone wanted to get some information from me, I would just say 'thanks for your opinion'."

"Both of you have your point. However, I think such a valuable belonging should be kept by me, the eldest one, who has the most experience in this society."

"I'm very sorry to say, but I think such a powerful thing should not be kept by businessman or officers but those who have no interest in money or power—me. I live in the sea and will meet different kinds of dangers there. I especially have to rely on the power of the oil lamp to protect my crew." A brawny young man with dusky skin said and stared at the other brothers after that.

I knew this kind of story. Usually when the father decides who the successor is the brothers will fight against each other and the last one who gets it would be a little kid who doesn't joins the fight. The unpalatable truth was, everyone who looked possible to be the successor joined the debate.

The old man looked silently at the children, sighed, and commenced...

"Attention please. Yijun Chen, Yijun Chen from class 2C...please come to the school office now."

"...This broadcast came so coincident." I could now understand why it was so

painful to be interrupted while watching a movie.

"I knew from the very start you would start such debates."

The old man closed his eyes and said in a light and weak voice,

"My children! You are right, but I can't make decisions when it comes down to things that involve both personal favours and working out the appropriate choice. I wish every one of you could benefit from the power and escape hazards; on the other hand I'm worried this power would become too powerful and cause any one of you and your children to have evil thoughts like hurting others..."

Every one else in the room kept silent and lowered their heads, as if introspecting what bad manners they had just shown.

"So, I've come up with a solution."

The old man took the oil lamp from his arms, and rubbed it while he also rubbed the ring on his finger.

Two billows of smoke rose unanimously from the oil lamp and the ring. As if given the breath of life, they were first clouded together, but then separated into two billows and gradually become two genies, one big on small. The bigger, brawny one had a dusky skin, a goatee, and large round eyes. His face looked a bit like the stone lions you see in front of temples. He must be the oil lamp genie. The smaller one was a beautiful girl with shiny black hair. She must be the ring genie.

"Master, what do you command?"

Both of the genies bowed towards the old man together.

The old man narrowed his eyes and said to them with a smile,

"I miss the two of you very much...I've never called forth you ever since I found out that your powers are unable to reincarnate my wife who has passed away."

The two genies lifted their heads and nodded politely towards the old man.

Everyone in the room was now glaring at the old man and the two genies with all their concentration. No one was brave enough to make a sound in this atmosphere.

That is, except for the broadcast—

"Attention please! Yijun Chen from class 2C! I only asked Yijun Chen from class 2C to come to the office. Other Yijun Chens^[2] please go back to your classroom. I only need Yijun Chen from class 2C to come here!"

Though the stiff and nervous atmosphere of the scene was devastated, the story had to continue. After all those talk, the old man finally said the most pivotal wish to the two genies—the last wish he made in his life.

"Oil lamp genie! Please separate your power into ten equal parts and let each of my children get their share of the power of the oil lamp! Let them have the power that would not be in excess yet get a share of my love."

Bong! A white light followed the loud voice. The oil lamp suddenly vanished and became the mini versions of oil lamps on the hands of the children in the room.

"Ah...Um..."

Like the children of Aladdin, I was shocked by the old man's wish. I had never read in my childhood anything about this in any storybook.

"As such, the oil lamp was inherited by the children of Aladdin and their children over hundreds of thousands of years, becoming smaller and smaller versions of 'mini oil lamp' or 'other commodities'. Some of them that had been left were damaged because of insufficient power gained from higher levels. Some of them are forgotten..."

As the toilet continued, the virtual display around me disappeared, and I had come back to the toilet stall in the school.

"Wait, what are 'other commodities'?"

I spotted the key word the toilet used.

"In these hundreds of thousands of years, a lot of successors changed their oil lamps to other kinds of things to suit themselves for convenience." The toilet's tone became a bit strange as he continued,

"One of the oil lamps became a candle because the owner suddenly wanted to have a candlelight dinner with his girlfriend. Another oil lamp became a pair of

courtesy glasses because the owner wanted to see the crossword puzzle on a newspaper. Some others became spoons, bowls, or even chopsticks because the owner wanted to use them so badly."

"..."

The toilet stagnated for a long while before replying to what I said.

"Cough! In short..."

The toilet cleared his 'throat'—this made a flushing sound in the toilet—(let's continue)

"In these hundreds of thousands of years, our powers have become very weak and needed much more time to rest to store energy. And because our appearances have changed so much our way of storing energy became a lot different. For example the one who became a bowl had to store energy by letting ten thousand users to use it to eat. The one who became the candle had to be ignited ten thousand times by different users. As for me, who became the toilet..."

"have to wait until one poops here for ten thousand times." I deliberately used a 'vulgar word' to continue what the toilet said.

"Yes. And every time that happens I store one unit of energy. Ten thousand times means I have stored ten thousand units of energy. On the other hand, the use of the energy depends on what one wants to do. For example, flying for ten minutes costs twenty units. Inactivating the protective shield for a minute costs one unit. Food made costs ten units for each dish..."

"I would never want to wish to a toilet to 'make food'."

Honestly, thinking of that scene was enough to disgust me.

"A virtual projection costs five thousand units each time."

"W-Wait...so I have used half of the energy stored already?" I began to feel dizzy.

"Just because I watched that dumb story?"

The toilet's tone was very steady.

"Yes, master. There was once an owner who wanted to repeat that and used all of the energy. After that, I became another regular 'commodity', waiting for another user to come."

"Umm..." When I was about to become angry, a few students entered the toilet and glanced at me while passing by. To be honest, if I were to see someone standing in front of a toilet speaking to himself or herself continuously, I would have thought that his or her brain had gone wrong. At last, I hurried to the sink to wash my hands and abstained from discussing through all the problems with the toilet.

On the other side of the mirror was an insignificant eighteen-year-old. Yeah. That's me. I used my wet hands to brush my bangs to a side and walked out of the washroom, and headed to the classroom.

"Master! Master!" I left the sounds of the toilet behind my back, but before I left, I intentionally looked at how the other students in the toilet looked. They seemed to unresponsive to what just happened. I guessed this meant that only the oil lamp...the owner of the toilet could hear the voice of the toilet.

The first lesson in the afternoon was the English quiz. Completely messed up with things that abruptly happened, I couldn't put my mind into doing this quiz —of course, even if those things didn't really happen, I still might not have had the mind to do the quiz.

Looking at each one of the English letters that I knew, but totally unrecognisable when sequenced in different combinations, something suddenly sprang to mind: If the story of the oil lamp was real, then I might have some power now. Perhaps I could ask the oil lamp genie...hmm...the toilet genie (honestly I don't really want to use this phrase) to help me complete my English quiz?"

So I fixed my eyes towards the answer sheet and closed them. I then clasped my hands and prayed discreetly,

"Oil lamp...toilet genie! Please grant my wish and help me to fill in the correct answers in my English quiz."

Opening my eyes, I still saw a complete blank answer sheet.

"Did I use the wrong method to wish?"

I scratched my head and began to recall the Arabian Nights story. Aladdin had to rub his oil lamp before wishing every time to call forth the oil lamp genie. Perhaps I might need to do this too.

As such, I closed my eyes, fixed my attention into rubbing the answer sheet with both of my hands, murmuring,

"Abracadabra! Abracadabra! Oil lamp genie, please come out and complete the English quiz for me!"

Of course, the answer sheet was still blank as ever.

"Is my recitation of the spell wrong?"

I continued to close my eyes, and tried to come up with any spell that streamed into my mind.

"God of answers, give me thy strength and thy power..."

I then opened up my eyes again and saw the English teacher standing right in front of me.

"Umm!" She cleared her throat.

"Have you watched too much 'God of Gamblers'^[3]? Do you really believe that by rubbing your answer sheet you can rub the answers of your classmates to your own answer sheet?"

Surprised, I began my foolish talk.

"Umm...I only need a sprinkle of inspiration. You know, if Honore de Balzac^[4] doesn't drink coffee, he can't write those mind-blowing novels."

"As you wish. After all, I'll collect the answer sheets once the time's up."

The English teacher decided to leave me alone and walk back to the teacher's table.

"..."

It was obvious I did a totally bad job in my English quiz, so I decided to rush into the male washroom right after the end of the lesson to find my lovely

servant.

"Umm!" I shut the door of the toilet stall, rubbed my hands, and looked at the toilet in front of me.

It was the most common toilet you could find. Its white surface had bits of yellow traces. The upper rubber seat had black shoe-prints. The water cupboard at the back was even doodled with foul language. Speculating from its appearance, no one would think this was the toilet that had inherited the power of Aladdin's lamp. And to be frank, this was the first time I had looked at a toilet with such detail.

"Master." The toilet's voice sounded out anew.

"Umm...What should I do if I want to make a wish?"

Actually I had guessed that already, but I still had some hope for a change.

"The same as calling forth the oil lamp genie."

The toilet said the thing that I didn't want to do the most.

"After you rub my surface, I, the genie, will come out from a white smoke."

"Um...So I have to rub the toilet every time I want to make a wish?" I was still a bit reluctant.

"Yes. Only through that can you call forth me."

The toilet complemented his explanation,

"However, every time you call forth me, I will stay at your side and listen to your orders until I have used up all of my stamina. After that you will have to come here to call forth me once again."

"Stamina? Does that mean you can't do too much exercise?"

I asked curiously.

"I do not mean that. The stamina I used here represents the lasting power for a genie itself. It's like the power of existence of a sorcerer. Even if a sorcerer still has some power, he would collapse if he casts magic too frequently without a rest."

"All right. Though I don't understand, but I will after I've tried it."

I knelt down, took out a toilet paper, and started rubbing...the toilet.

Bonnnngggg! In the white smoke came...something that looked like a toilet.
"How is this different from that before I called forth?" I rolled my eyes.

Nevertheless, the toilet in the white smoke suddenly began to morph and change, like the cars in the movie 'Transformer'. The toilet that looked so common began to morph, rolling all kinds of body parts, and out came a head, arms, legs, and at last became...a toilet robot.

I said coldly after examining the whole transformation process,

"How cool! Mr.Toilet Genie. I thought you would become that kind of blue skin moustache oil lamp genie who would tell jokes in cartoons. "

"Actually you can spend four thousand units to make this wish, like my last owner who liked watching 'Transformers'." The toilet robot sighed.

"However, if you stop calling me 'toilet' and call me directly by my name, I would be very glad."

"And you name is?"

"Ammonia. My name is Ammonia. This was the name an owner gave me one hundred years ago."

"I don't think this is a good name..."

"Master, I think I'm pretty luck already."

Ammonia continued,

"That guy who became the candle was called forth a few times in the olden days until he was gone when the light bulb was invented. Another guy met something even more terrible. His owner and his owner's girlfriend were spending the night together when they couldn't find the condom. The owner then used him to..."

"Mmm."

I could imagine that this guy most likely couldn't find the next ten thousandth user!

"Another one became underpants. He wandered in the old clothes recycle bin

for a long time until he met the first ten thousandth person who wore him. However, his user thought the way he calls forth him was too indecent, so he rarely came out."

"Okay! I don't care about these things."

I rubbed my hands, preparing to make a wish.

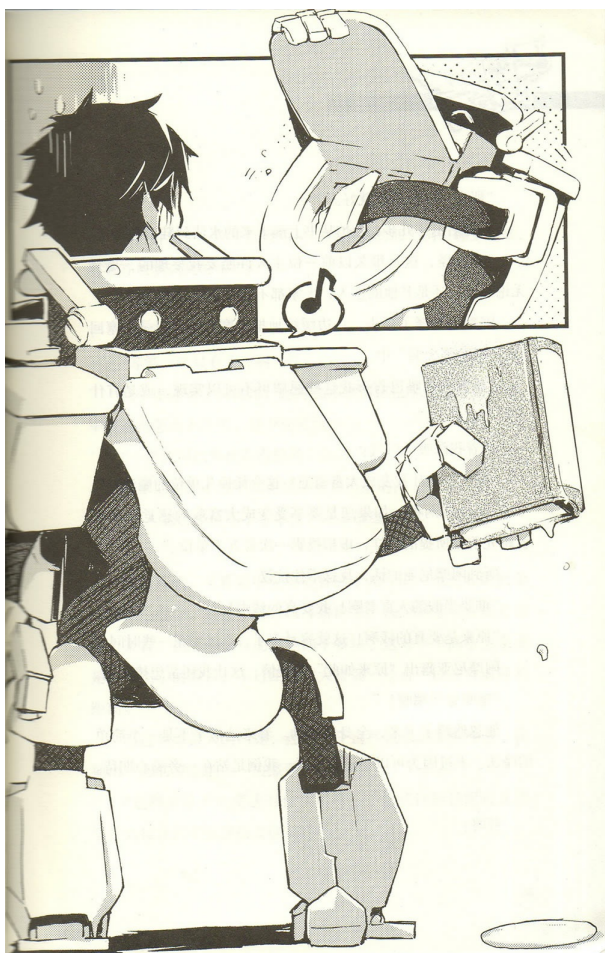
"So, I can make any wish, can't I?"

"Not Really. The wish must be one of the selectable options."

Ammonia reached his hand into 'the hole in his stomach' and took out a soggy thick book to give me.

"This is the 'Magic Index and Catalogue'. It contains detail information of the amount of energy used for each spell, the effect, and potential problems. You can take it as reference, master."

I looked at that thick book that was still dripping water. It was so thick I would need all my textbooks with plus a dictionary to attain its thickness. However, even if there were only ten pages, I still would not reach my hand to take it.



"Umm...You can hold it for me."

I backed a few steps, afraid that the water dripping off the book would fall to my shoes or pants.

"How strange. A master long ago wished for me to make it. But everyone, including him and other masters don't seem to want to take it to read."

Ammonia scratched his head while slowly stuffing the 'Magic Index and Catalogue' back into 'the hole in his stomach'.

"I want you to tell me with your mouth whether these wishes can be granted or not, and whether there are any aftermath."

I then breathed deeply, "Mmm...Let me first be a millionaire! How much units will be used for this spell?"

"There are two kinds. The former is to let you have the feeling of becoming a millionaire. It is the same as what I have done before. A virtual projections costs five thousand units each time."

Having heard what Ammonia said, I can't help but to protest,

"Who wants to be a fake millionaire? What I want is money!"

"You want real money? This is much easier, but it needs some time."

Seeing that Ammonia had a 'oh I see' on his face, it evoked me to beat up someone.

"Nnnngggggggg"

He suddenly knelt down and used all of his strength into doing it. It wasn't an easy spell after all. But I still stood at a side in anticipation as this could give me a lot of money.

Ding Dong!"

After three minutes, a wet ten-dollar fell out from 'the hole of his stomach' and landed on my hands.

Ammonia said while gasping,

"Complete."

"Wait. This is only a ten-dollar!"

I was now holding a ten-dollar on my hand. I didn't know whether I should still leave it lying there or throw it away. After all, however unhygienic this may look, it still was money.

"One unit can exchange one dollar in the current currency value."

Ammonia wiped some sweat that came from nowhere.

"Master you have already used ten units. Do you wish to continue?"

"..."

I looked at him and looked at the wet ten-dollar. Although my math wasn't great, I could still calculate that according to the current power Ammonia have I could at most have four thousand dollars. This was some money to a high school student, but there was still some farfetched distance from becoming a millionaire.

Nevertheless, the biggest problem now was to rewash this money. I took a toilet paper beside me and started to wipe my hands. I mumbled while I was at it,

"What use does this dilettantist magic have? If this magic is really useful, let me just wish that all the beauty queens of nearby schools become my girlfriends!"

"The magic of oil lamp genies cannot change the free will of humans."

Ammonia said helplessly,

"At most we could only just make some kind of scene to affect the feelings of others."

"Hmph! I knew it early. If not then so many people who got oil lamp genies back then must have caused chaos in the world by now."

I said while wrapping the coin with a toilet paper meticulously.

"If wishes like murdering, kidnapping, making volcanoes erupt, catch aliens, or conquering the world can be granted, then the world must have denatured by now.

"The wish of conquering the world can actually be granted."

Ammonia said sheepishly.

"But it needs ten thousand units."

"So...It's great that you forced the users to watch that boring 'virtual projection'; otherwise, the world must have already been conquered by bad guys."

Feeling helpless, I said to Ammonia,

"Okay! Forget about what I just said. I only have one question now: If I only talk with you and ask you questions, will any 'poo unit' be used?"

Ammonia was displeased with my use of words.

"So, my next language test is all on you."

I gave him a smile and walked out of the toilet. Ammonia certainly followed at my back. I said while walking,

"Can others see you?"

Ammonia replied,

"Every genie will protect their master at their backs according to their own characteristics and specialties."

"It sounds like the 'avatars' in one manga^[5]."

I lowered my head, thinking over what cooler name than 'Ammonia' to give to this genie. Perhaps 'The Golden Star', or the 'Crazy Gallstone', or the 'Snake Pyramid'. No matter what, though only small wishes could be granted, but having a wonderful treasure beside me was enough to make my life plentiful and joyful.

Just when I laughed at my own thought, a person suddenly came out from the corner of the corridor—I recognised him instantly—Mr. Yeung who taught geography.

If with regards to appearance, Mr. Yeung was surely an insignificant teacher. He had a garlic nose, a baldhead, a beer gut, and an old-fashioned black frame glasses. Despite the regular concentration he put in his lessons, there was no reason for him to become especially loved or liked by students.

I had been an insignificant student in the class all along—normal height, normal face, almost everything could be said with the word 'normal'. So I wanted to keep playing the role of a low profile, having normal grades, and being nothing great but nothing bad student in the class.

The only thing different this time was that Mr. Yeun was walking directly to me and stopped in front of me.

"XiaoGuo Zhang."

He handed me a promotional leaflet.

"Please take your lamp genie with you to the library today after school. There will be three people at that time including you and me."

"Ah..." He had already left and walked to the other end of the corridor before I could react. Then he disappeared in the corner of the classroom door.

If I hadn't remembered wrong, Mr. Yang just mentioned the 'lamp genie'. This meant that not only did he know about my having a lamp genie...hmm...Aladdin 'toilet', but he may also be a 'lamp genie successor' and trying to grab in more of the same people.

I remembered the promotional leaflet he just gave me and lowered my head to have a look. There were words printed on it:

Welcome to the Geography Club.

You can enhance your geography knowledge and improve your geography grades with your friends here that also love to learn geography as much as you do.

This club is directed by WenMing Yang. Time: from Monday to Friday every lunch recess and Saturday PM 12:00.

"I totally don't want to go there." I heaved a sigh,

"I have no interest in enhancing my knowledge in geography. And this is the subject that I got the worst grade! Why wasn't this club an 'ACG club' or a 'Movie Appreciation Club' such interesting or fun clubs?"

Ammonia shook his head and seemed to totally fail to understand what I had just said.

Hmph! I don't care if he was also a 'successor of the lamp genie'. I didn't plan to join the 'Geography Club' in the first place! And thus I crumpled the promotional leaflet into a ball and stuffed it inside my pocket, deciding to throw it into the recycle bin once I return to the classroom in a while.

Okay! Honestly, if the 'successor of the lamp genie' was a beautiful female classmate, or the beautiful English Teacher Ms Xiao who had just come here as an intern, I might as well join such an idiotic and boring club. But if it was that bald male geography teacher who has a beer gut, I would never go there.

Speaking of which, the most important thing now was definitely not joining something like a Geographical Club, but the language test in the next lesson!

Nevertheless, I soon found out that though Ammonia had a bit of knowledge in Mathematics (though completely different), he knew nothing about Chinese or English, so the easiest thing like 'peeping the answers of the classmate beside me' was hard for him. This saddened me a bit and also made me to make up my mind to lecture him once I get back home.

Very quickly, the bell for the dismissal of the Friday lessons rang. And I had completely forgotten everything about the Geography Club.

Translation Notes[[edit](#)]

1. [↑](#) There is no real name for the sorcerer in the real story. Gargamel seems to be a character in Smurf.
2. [↑](#) Yijun Chen (陳怡君) is the number one name of 'the names of Taiwan

grocer markets'.

3. [↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/God_of_Gamblers](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/God_of_Gamblers)
4. [↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Honor%C3%A9_de_Balzac](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Honor%C3%A9_de_Balzac)
5. [↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/JoJo's_Bizarre_Adventure](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/JoJo's_Bizarre_Adventure)

Chapter 2 - Cracks

Chapter 2 - Cracks[[edit](#)]

No sooner had I got on the bus heading back home from school than I understood the seriousness of the matter.

There was a strange crack stretching at the west sky under the setting sun. It was a long black line accompanied with two shorter black lines at either side of it. It looked as if there was a small crack on the sky. Nevertheless, the weirdest thing was that the black line extended to the setting sun, so the whole picture of the sky looked like a crack on a painting with the sun as its main theme.

I took my hand and waved it a few times in front of my eyes to see if it was a black line sticking on my hair or my eyelashes. Honestly, it was hard to guess the distance of this small line from me. It just hung on the sky, not moving an inch no matter how the wind blows it, and just somehow got there, even though it didn't really have any effect on your life.

"Hey! Can you see it?"

I lightly pushed the girl beside me. She was a female student of 160 centimetres with a ponytail. On her adorable face were limpid big eyes, long eyelashes, and a delicate nose. I thought if any boy were to stand in my position, they would become elated for standing near this beautiful girl.

There was only one problem: she was my sister.

"See what?"

My sister, with her head lowered to memorise English words, sulkily lifted up her head. Honestly, even though we study in the same school, we would avoid each other on the road back home if we could. There wasn't a special reason for this: we just simply want to be with our classmates. After all, we had talked about everything we need to after living with each other in the same house for so many years. So meeting her today was a rare occasion.

"That's it! Look closely. There's a crack on the sun!"

I pointed to the sun outside the window, but the scene stayed only for two seconds for the bus had travelled into a hustling street, and a high-rise building blocked the sun.

My sister didn't even want to respond to me and kept her head low, memorising English words.

I heaved a sigh and turned my head. I spotted a few male students spying at my sister. This was not uncommon, as this sister of mine, two years younger than me, had inherited the beauty and the white skin that my mother had at her youth—of course limited to her youth. If our school were to choose a few beauty queens, my sister would be the first, if not the third at the worst. It was only her bad attitude—at least to her sister, that is—that was inversely proportional to her beauty.

Be that as it may, our relationship when we were small was very close, like usual siblings. My sister had also once said that she wanted to marry her big brother when she grew up. However, when she was a bit older, I, her brother, had gradually become her sandbags for punches and kicks. To be honest, it was also hard for me to imagine that the little girl who always walk behind me and cry all the time was now a beautiful young girl with ponytails and a glamorous appearance.

Nevertheless, talking back to the topic where we had left off, what was going on with the crack? I looked behind me, but the oil lamp genie that came out from the toilet wasn't at my side now, for I thoughtlessly made a wish: "I'm so thirsty. I want something to drink." And after Ammonia gave me a cup of white gourd tea, he used up off his stamina and disappeared. I would have to to rub the toilet next time I go to the washroom for him to reappear.

Alas! If he was still here, I could at least ask him what was this all about.

Although that crack didn't seem to have any influence on the world, I couldn't help looking at it, especially when the sun was gradually setting and hiding itself beneath the roofs of a row of houses, the crack still stayed at its original position, as if there was a piece of glass floating in the sky.

"Why would anyone not notice such a strange thing?"

I scratched my head, and it occurred to me that it wasn't really that unnatural.

From the view of most people, this wouldn't affect their normal lives. They may expect the media or the news to make a special report for it. Or even they may speculate that their eyes were deceiving them.

I suddenly began to regret making a dumb wish that made Ammonia to disappear. After all, today was Friday, and I would most likely not go to school in the following two days to 'scrub the toilet'. Perhaps letting that guy to stay at my side would make my weekend a bit more fun.



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My home was close to the school, so I arrived to the station I needed to get off in less than twenty minutes' bus drive. I took my schoolbag, got off the bus and walked into an alley with my sister.

"Hey, you really can't see the crack in the sky?"

I couldn't hold myself from asking.

My sister furrowed her brow, lifted her head, looking at the direction my finger

was pointing.

"Now you mention it...there's really a black line there."

She blinked her big eyes covered with long eyelashes, and stretched her hand to scratch her forehead a few times, much like what I did before on the bus.

Seeing her reaction, I said excitedly, "Yeah! It has been hanging there from just then."

"Oh."

"Oh? That's it?"

"That's it. What else could it be?" my sister seemed uninterested.

"Don't you think this is serious? It could be a space-time rift!"

A multitude of frightening scenes streamed into my mind: invasion of aliens, opening of the door that leads to another world, faults in experiments that scientists had made which produced a small black hole that would lead to armageddon...

"Bro, you've read too much manga." my sister picked up her pace to allude the message "walking with this guy is so embarrassing". Then she continued, "It isn't a big deal. It won't be part of an exam. Moreover, things in sci-fi novels and fairy tails don't exist. By the same rule, there won't be any oil lamp genie in your real lives no matter how hard we rub an oil lamp."

"Is it so?"

I scratched my head, feeling helpless. I was unsure whether rubbing an oil lamp could call forth a lamp genie, but rubbing a toilet sure would.

But my sister was right about something—if this was as serious I had been thinking it was, wouldn't it be reported in the news? Nevertheless, perhaps there were already too many eccentricities in our lives that we had become used to seeing them.

When I was still running wild with my imagination, my sister and I had already arrived home.

Before I stepped into the house, I turned my head back to have a glance at the crack in the sky.

"If it was really serious, wouldn't it be reported in the news?"

I said to myself as I closed the door.

After that, it was reported in the news.

When we were having dinner, my father turned on the television. The anchor of the news report reported the news with a quick tone, "...Some citizens are claiming that there are strange cracks in their homes. The strangest thing is that these cracks float in mid-air! A reporter inquired the construction companies and they said these cracks have nothing to do with their construction work."

On the screen, a housewife with her face blurred led a reporter in front of a window in the living room. The maximized shot revealed a crack of fifteen to sixteen centimetres in length on the piece of glass.

"It's only a broken piece of glass!"

My sister couldn't help saying in front of the television.

The housewife pushed the window to a side, and a strange thing occurred: the crack didn't move along with the window and remained at its original floating position.

"Holy, this is too strange!"

My sister quickly amended her comment.

"Beside this resident, the reporter had also interviewed some other residents nearby, and discovered that these residents also had similar cracks that 'float in mid-air'. When the reporter inquired the neighbourhood magistrate there, he said that there were an increasing number of residents telling them this event since last night. There were also cracks in parks of small districts, some even in far skies."

After the reporter had finished saying that, the camera switched to the setting

sun on the sky, and there was a vague black line in front of the red burning sun.

"Look! That's it!" I cried excitedly. My mum said while she bit her chopsticks, "This is so strange."

My sister picked up the remote control and switched to other channels, finding out other channels were also broadcasting this event. According to their report, these 'cracks' spread around everywhere like an infectious disease. However, these cracks weren't large and no one and no buildings had been hurt and damaged respectively. As such, the reporters didn't really report it with a sense of nervousness; instead, they took it as something funny.

"Look! I told you long ago!" though I tried to accentuate, no one in my family seemed to care.

"What a strange thing. Who knows what that is."

My sister turned off the television, took care of the dishes on the table with the family, and returned to her room. My mother and father went to the bedroom and the working room respectively.

"Ah..."

I looked at the blank kitchen, feeling dismayed. This was obviously a strange thing, yet why did everyone take it as something funny? Was it something so trivial that wouldn't leave a mark once it had passed?

"Forget it." I heaved a sigh and returned to my room to seriously investigate the reference books that were embedded with mangas,

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And so, from Friday night to the weekdays, I lived like usual: watched the television for half of the afternoon, did two hours of exam papers which still left me at the first page, and played basketball in the evening. The world continued to rotate normally as if nothing had ever happened and no one felt something had gone wrong.

But the phenomenon above only stayed until Saturday night. That night every channel was broadcasting the same event.

"Yes. I'm now at the place where the car accident took place...hello passenger, do you remember what happened during the accident?" In the news report, the female reporter brought the microphone in front of a passenger who was still panicking.

"I don't really know what happened. It...was as if the car suddenly hit on something, and everyone was thrown forward...but there is nothing in front of the car!" the passenger with a swollen forehead said, gasping heavily.

"We are very sure that our car has passed the normal regulations and has no safety problems! The driver also had enough rest!" the head of the transport company declared.

"How strange. It was like I hit on a transparent wall: I can't get through no matter how I try..." the driver lying on the stretcher said in a weak voice.

"According to the reporters' investigation and the police's inspection, we have found a floating crack at the accident site."

The screen changed to the reporter, who was pointing at a small black line. When the reporter put the microphone to the black line, the microphone stopped as if it hit something, and made a colliding sound 'dong'.

"The reporter has found out by the microphone that this crack isn't a virtual image, so whenever something moves in front of it, it will be blocked by the crack...this should be the reason of the car accident."

"That's so scary..." my father showed terribly nervous to the news.

"How many other similar cracks will there be on the road? If a car meets some of these cracks on the highway, who knows what havoc will it wreck up...or perhaps if this crack appears in the aeroplane runway or in the flight track of the planes, who knows how serious will the threat posed to the passengers on board be?"

That being said, the screen changed to a passenger plane flying mid-air.

This car accident stirred up an extremely large turmoil for no one was certain

they could abstain from meeting such cracks on the road they are driving on. When something becomes relevant to one's safety and interest, it wouldn't be taken as 'funny' anymore.

"Haha! I said this was serious! Look!" I said it in my heart, but as soon as I have read the eccentric atmosphere, I became silent.

"Be careful when driving in these few days," my other turned her head and said to my father worriedly.

Dad furrowed his brow and replied, "But...however careful I can be, I wouldn't be able to look out for the black lines on the road!"

"Then take the bus for a few days until these things go away."

For some unknown reason, whenever something big happens in the world, everything just believes that it will vanish or disappear after a while, and they would return to their ordinary lives.

"Taking the bus is just the same!" My sister said while wolfing down a pork rib. "Who knows when will a bus bump into that weird stuff? On top of that, a bus is even larger and taller than a normal car. Wouldn't it even be easier to bump into that?"

"Well then. I'll just have to stay close to the car in front and travel at a low speed," my father was still worried, "At least places where other cars can successfully pass through are safe."

After listening to what my father had said, my mother turned to remind my sister and I, "It isn't just dangerous for your father. You and your brother also take the bus to go to school. You should consider riding the bicycle or walking to school in these few days."

Having hearing that, I quickly turned gloomy. What this meant was that I have to wake up half an hour to an hour earlier. My mother was that kind of person who had to take action of things she thought was right.

Compared to my father who was easy to become nervous and anxious, my mother was always at ease, or in other words, living 'in elegance'. Even if my sister and I quarrelled for a toy when we were small, and when my father was trying to reconcile us in a flurry, she would always stand at a corner and

watching us like watching a good play, covering her mouth and lightly smiling. However, once she took something serious, she would definitely take the measures she think was right, without any possibility of changing her mind.

The news report also included a declaration to the members of the public by a government spokesperson in the press conference: "The local government in every province has decided to gather an everyday road inspection team, which would search for cracks everywhere around the main roads and install safety or dangerous signs on relevant roads...especially in railways where inspection will be done from head to toe."

"Doesn't it sound better now?" My sister returned to her room after saying that. Honestly, I didn't really sense a feeling of surprise in her.

"Really."

I then also returned to my room, but before I entered the door, I hit something off guard.

Dong! I fell on the floor, experiencing intense pain in my forehead.

"What is this..." I lifted my head to find out that there was...a crack in my room!

Like the one reported in the news, it was ten centimetres in length, a bit distorted, and floating in front of the door of my room at a height similar to mine. Though it was hard to spot if I didn't look close at it. Furthermore, it was extremely hard. No matter whether I hit it, knock it, or push it, it still didn't move an inch—maybe I could even hang things with it!

"How awful. This problem is expanding."

Still worried, I dodged the crack and walked into my room while holding my painful forehead.

Having been tortured by such things, I didn't have the mood to do revision—though I still wouldn't have the mood even if it didn't happen. And so I lied on the bed and gazed at the crack at the door, beginning to go deep in my thoughts.

What actually was this? To be frank, if this was an anime, or a novel, and I'm the protagonist in the story, then perhaps I could say this was the omen of

armageddon. And the world we are living in was like an eggshell beginning to show cracks, about to shed and collapse.

Yet, I wasn't a character in a novel! I was a living person, and I was very certain of this. Things that only happen in novels would not occur in reality! Like what my sister had said, rubbing an oil lamp in real life wouldn't evoke genies...Eh?

Thinking of genies, I jumped up from my bed abruptly. Perhaps this had something to do with it? After all, the 'crack phenomenon' occurred after I got the 'oil lamp genie'. Then maybe I had to go to school to call forth the lamp...eh...the toilet genie. Even if there was no relevance, I could maybe make a wish to put an end to his phenomenon.

Right! And also that promotional leaflet Mr. Yang gave me! That promotional leaflet of that Geography Club!

I hurried out of the room, almost bumping into that crack, ran into the bathing room, searched for the crumpled promotional leaflet, which was still in the pocket of my uniform thrown in the washing basket.

Everything written on it was still the same.

Welcome to the Geography Club.

You can enhance your geography knowledge and improve your geography grades with your friends here that also love to learn geography as much as you do.

This club is directed by WenMing Yang. Time: from Monday to Friday every lunch recess and Saturday PM 12:00.

"Time of the club: from Monday to Friday every lunch recess and Saturday PM

12:00..."

Reading aloud the words written on it, I quickly discovered something awkward.

"Saturday PM 12:00? Isn't that midnight?"

I couldn't help crying out loud, "What a nerve! Who would go to school to participate in club activities at this time? It must be some idiot who made a mistake in printing."

It had to be mistake in printing, right? If I took it like this, things would become much more simple, right? However...would it actually be that it wasn't a printing fault, and there was really a club activity at this time?

I reread the promotional leaflet from head to toe a few times in detail, but I couldn't find anything else wrong. If PM 12:00 was print wrong, then what was the correct time? Would it be noon on Saturday? Was it simply a mistake with AM and PM in the time? This made more sense.

"Yeah! It must be noon on Saturday!"

I almost laughed at my own ridiculous thought.

"I remember that some clubs, like the orchestra club, have practices on Saturday. There must be many more clubs having activities in school on Saturday! Though noon is the time for lunch and isn't arranged too well, but at least it sounds much more probable than midnight..."

I walked back to my room while crumpling the promotional leaflet into a ball anew and threw it into a rubbish bin. I stretched my body, lied on my bed, and used my own invented 'sleep learning method' to study.

However, the promotional leaflet and the 'PM 12:00' typing fault was still running on in my mind, and I couldn't forget them.

I rolled back and forth on the bed, trying hard to sleep. My mind was full of strange things that happened the past two days: cracks, a car accident, the oil lamp, the misprinted promotional leaflet...Were it not of the previous incidents, the misprinted promotional leaflet would have not caught my attention. It was like a hole in a funnel. When a multitude of unreasonable things gathered at one

point, you would reach another world once you get past the point—a world that could link up all those unreasonable phenomena.

The minute hand of the clock hung on my wall pointed between eleven and twelve. Though idiotic, I knew if I don't solve this problem, I couldn't sleep tonight!

So I quietly crawled out of bed, wore my clothes, picked up the promotional leaflet in the rubbish bin, which was so crumpled it couldn't be more crumpled anymore, and softened my steps as I walked out of the door from the living room.

"Let it be that I'm cheated then!"

I took my bicycle and rode it through the arcade. Honestly, this was my first time riding a bicycle this late—with the school as my destination!

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It felt extremely uncanny. It wasn't just the aberrant feeling of riding a bicycle to school at night, nor was it the excitement stimulated by 'the act of going against of rule' when slipping away at midnight, nor was it merely the uncanny of seeing only a few cars in a busy road at the day and flickering faulty street lamps.