

## **BLACK PLAIN 313**

### **Chapter 313: The Second Part of Selection 2**

While John was answering the questions asked by that examiner, in other stalls, the same thing was happening.

Candidates were being attended little by little while the bleachers in that arena were filling quickly. And soon, the typical noise of the crowds permeated that place, with the conversations of thousands of people waiting there.

Gradually the first competitors called at the first moment were now leaving, giving space to other people.

"Competitor number 57, go to stall 40..."

...

"Competitor 65, go to stall 3..."

...

The calls continued as more people came and went from that stage.

At that moment, competitor number 65 arrived at stall 3, immediately handing over his identification to start this test.

And while he was sitting there waiting for identification, an examiner checking his information suddenly asked in surprise. "Wow, are you that, Mr. Quinn?"

"Yea." He replied.

And upon hearing that examiner's question, the other two looked at Quinn dubiously and questioned him. "Are you truly Mr. Quinn? The one who is in the first position in the Cultivation Ranking?"

The Dry City Cultivation Raking had already become popular, and many citizens tried their 'luck' in that place. However, soldiers also had fun paying attention to the top positions in that ranking.

After all, those cultivators in the top positions were the ones who had the best chance of coming out in first place and winning a job in the army!

And many of the soldiers had friends, family, and acquaintances who tried their best in that place. So, in addition to the fun of following the classification, they also did it to find out about the positions of these people.

Because of this, these three examiners, who were in that tent number 3, knew very well the name of Quinn, who had been in the first place in the Cultivation Ranking for two months!

That was precisely the minimum requirement to earn a place in the army, and for these three people, they were surprised to meet such a person.

Quinn's name was already known throughout Dry City due to his ranking position, so he had already become famous in this place. So many people talked about him and how he was doing well, earning the enviable 500 low-grade crystals a month due to his position!

Some were just content to see a young man succeed in ascending with his abilities, but others were a little envious of him. There were even those who were happy that the selection had arrived so that Quinn no longer appeared in the first...

Anyway, Quinn, who looked like a man in his thirties, with a robust and tall body, black hair, finally nodded and answered the other two's question. "Yes, It's truly me. They told me that I had to go through this first part of the selection to get my place in the army, is there a problem?"

"No, that's the standard procedure..." One of them replied, still somewhat surprised to know this figure here.

But they didn't stay that way for long and soon began to explain what would happen next. "Quinn, even though you earned the right to a spot through the Cultivation Ranking, we still have to judge you in this test. Such a thing means that if you do not meet the requirements, you will lose out, just as any other candidate would be. OK?"

"OK."

"Well, if everything is as required by the army, you won't need to participate in the subsequent phases of this selection. And after a week, when the next exam starts, you can come to the headquarters to make your identification and start your activities."

"Oh? And how will I know if I passed this part?" He asked.

"It will be like the previous phase. The names will be announced on the murals in each neighborhood. You just have to worry about seeing it the day before the next exam starts."

"All right."

After that, Quinn started taking her test, answering a few questions while waiting for the results of his physical exam.

"Have you ever killed? If killed, how many people?"

...

"Suppose you are in love. Would you be able to do something that could end up harming this person you love in some way if it guaranteed that you would be together?"

...

"Suppose there are three people at risk, and you can only save two of them. For the other, that one would surely die if you didn't save such a person. One is a child, one is a man, and one is a woman. The child has a disability. The woman is beautiful and knows how to appeal for help. The man is an ordinary person, with no good points to show, ugly, but seems worried about the other two people... They..."

"Who would you save? And why?"

...

"Is there anyone you wouldn't be able to hurt? If so, why?"

...

"What is your biggest objective when joining the army? Do you have any dreams besides being a soldier?"

...

Quinn answered one by one of these and other questions when finally, the person writing down his answers finished asking questions.

At that point, the spiritual array finally displayed his result on a blue screen, which could be seen by all of them.

- Level: 39

- Talent: Blue

- Physique: Warrior

"Well, we have almost everything, Quinn." The person behind the physical test array said as he paused for a moment to write something down and then continued. "Lastly, we need you to tell us what your innate ability is."

"What? But isn't that a very private thing to ask?" He questioned surprisingly.

In fact, such a thing was generally not common to say in public. Or rather, most cultivators kept the information of their innate abilities as much as possible.

Anyway, seeing the reaction expected from anyone, on Quinn's face, the same person as before, then said. "It's truly our intrusion, but depending on the innate ability a competitor has, it can completely change his position in the army."

"For common competitors, this could mean immediate approval. But for you who have already won the right to a place, this may not mean so much..."

"However, this can even help you gain access to some rare resources that even the best soldiers dream of having..." He said vaguely so as not to expose too much of what was happening internally in the army to a person who hadn't officially entered yet.

'I see... So, there are other benefits beyond what the citizens know.' Quinn thought for a moment when he finally made up his mind. "Well, I don't think my ability can help me achieve anything special since it's not a battle type. But anyway, my innate ability allows me to repel water..."

After that, Quinn exchanged a few more words with those examiners before finally leaving that tent and heading out of headquarters.

These people had wished him good luck, but Quinn felt a little awkward about those questions from before.

'What was the point of those questions? Most of it seemed like there wasn't a single answer, and I can't tell if I did well or not...' He thought as he made his way to his place of work.

In fact, the questions asked in this selection had no right or wrong answers. That was just to determine which people would be more problematic in certain situations.

Some might consider a more general context when solving a problem, but others wouldn't. Some people would get carried away by simple tips, which could lead them to make serious mistakes.

In some situations, there would be a need for more analytical, rational, and calm thoughts. However, in other cases, acting empathically, considering possible losses would be more advisable.

Minos didn't expect to hire people without personality, who only knew how to act in one way. There's no need to have either 8 or 80. It's best to have both. Knowing how to differentiate when an approach is the best is what would distinguish a capable individual.

The one who only knows how to repeat the same pattern is an individual who will one-day face despair.

The defeat.

The disappointment.

...

Quickly the minutes passed, and finally, Alina's number had been called.

She had gone directly to tent number 43, where the last competitor of this selection had just left that place.

And when she arrived there, she was soon instructed on what would happen in this exam, immediately taking her exam, shortly after her identification was confirmed.