

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 903

Channel City was very large and extremely prosperous.

Pedestrians thronged the wide streets.

The stores on both sides were mostly related to pills. After all, this was Channel City, the mecca of the southern region's pill-making world. Many pill makers and medicine makers gathered here.

Tang Hao went down one of those streets and bought something from every store, including the street stalls. He bought many nice things.

"Big cities are really different!"

A few hours later, Tang Hao muttered to himself as he walked out, satisfied.

"Oh, right, I should go and register myself!"

Tang Hao happily walked toward Channel Mountain.

From afar, he could see the eye-catching sign at the mountain gate. There was a long line snaking away from the registration counter.

Tang Hao was quite surprised. How could there be so many people registering every month?

After thinking about it, it made sense that there were a lot of people. The southern region was very vast, and there was only one test location.

Tang Hao was surprised when he got closer to look.

Everyone he saw was older than him. Men in their thirties were considered young. Most of them were in their forties or fifties, and some of them even had white hair.

All of them were thin and haggard, and their eyes were bloodshot.

Some of them hung banners on their backs, with all sorts of slogans written on them, such as “Stronger After Every Failure” or “You Can Do It!”

‘What’s going on?’

Tang Hao was puzzled.

“Excuse me! Hey, young man! Excuse me!”

An old man with a head full of white hair walked over with a walking stick. He looked as though he was going to kick the bucket any time.

“Old man... you’re...”

Tang Hao turned around and asked him.

“Oh! I’m going to register,” the old man replied as he hobbled over.

Tang Hao’s eyes widened and almost popped out of their sockets. “You want to register... for the test?” He said in disbelief.

The old man could not even walk steadily, yet he wanted to take the pill maker certification test?

That was too ridiculous!

“Cough cough! That’s right!” The old man walked with great difficulty. He coughed a few times and a few droplets of blood flew out of his mouth.

“It’s Grandpa Wei. Grandpa Wei is here again!”

“Grandpa Wei is a role model for our generation! Although he fails every exam, he never gives up. After every failure, he becomes stronger!”

All the people turned around and looked at him with admiration.

“Agh!”

At that moment, the old man lost his balance and fell down.

“Quick, help me up. I want to take the test again! I have to pass the test before I die!” The old man shouted.

“What determination! How moving!”

“Yes, so moving! Sob sob... why am I crying? My heart is wrenching!”

Many of the middle-aged men were tearing up as if they saw their future selves. They helped Grandpa Wei stand up and moved him to the front of the queue.

“Wei Dabin, age 301, taking the certification test for the 753rd time. All the information is correct. Application accepted!”

One of the staff members said.

“753 times! That’s amazing!”

“Grandpa Wei is indeed a legend!”

The crowd exclaimed.

Tang Hao’s jaw dropped.

‘753 times? Oh my god! How determined is he? Also, is this test that hard?’

“Zhang Sanfeng, age 102, taking the test for the 90th time. All the information is correct, and your application is accepted. Because you have entered the test less than a hundred times, you have to pay ten thousand crystals as the registration fee.”

“Ma Er, age 150, taking the test for the 123rd time. All the information is correct...”

The registration staff processed the applicants one by one. Tang Hao was surprised that all of them had taken the test tens or even hundreds of times.

He walked over and stood at the back of the line.

The people in front of him turned around and were surprised.

“How old are you, kid?”

A middle-aged man could not help but ask.

“Twenty-one!” Tang Hao replied.

“What? Twenty-one?” The middle-aged man opened his eyes wide.

“Only twenty-one years old? Where did that little kid come from? Hey, don’t you have anything better to do? Go home and study!” A middle-aged man reprimanded.

“That’s right! You’re only wasting your money! It’s ten thousand crystals to join, you’d better save it!”

The crowd chided him.

Most medicine makers started learning medicine when they were eleven or twelve, and some only started in their mid-teens. It would be a few more years before they could study pill-making.

One would only be considered a novice pill-maker after three or four years, and it would be another decade before they were qualified to take the certification test. That would mean that they would be in their thirties.

Even if one had outstanding talents, they would be at least in their mid-twenties!

That kid was a novice at most. It would be a waste of his time!

“Ahem! It’s fine. I’m just here for the experience!” Tang Hao did not want to show too much confidence.

“Sigh! That stupid kid is only wasting his money!”

The crowd dressed him down for a while before ignoring him.

Tang Hao could not help but ask the middle-aged man in front of him, “Why... are all of you so old? Some of you even took the test more than a hundred times!”

The middle-aged man laughed dryly and replied, “There is a limit to the certifications. Only twenty people can pass the test every time, and they would be awarded the embroidered dragon robe.

“Think about it. Only twenty people can pass each time, so that’s two hundred and forty people every year. There are thousands of applicants every time, so most of them could only try their luck again and again.”

“It’s that bad?”

Tang Hao was surprised.

“Isn’t that so? It would be worse if several prodigies are taking the test, but thank goodness that you’re not one!” The middle-aged man said.

Tang Hao wanted to roll his eyes. ‘Don’t I look like a prodigy?’ He thought to himself.

After about ten minutes, it was finally Tang Hao's turn.

He walked up to the counter. The academy disciple sitting behind the table looked up and was stunned.

"Are you here to... register?"

He hesitated and looked at Tang Hao from head to toe.

"Yes!" Tang Hao nodded. "Can't I?"

The man hesitated for a while and said, "Do you have money? The registration fee is ten thousand crystals!"

"Yes!" Tang Hao took out a big bag and put it on the table.

"If you have money, then there's no problem. Here, fill up this form!" The disciple opened the bag and looked at it. He grinned and handed over a piece of paper.

Tang Hao picked up a brush, dipped it in ink, and started writing.

"There you go!"

Soon, Tang Hao handed the form back.

After taking a look, the disciple's body trembled. He raised his eyes and looked at Tang Hao strangely.

“Tang Ritian?”

“Yes!”

“Is that your real name?”

“Absolutely!”

“Damn, how unique!” The disciple muttered. Then, he said loudly, “Tang Ritian, 21 years old. This is his first time participating in the test. All the information is correct. Application accepted!”

As he spoke, he picked up a stamp and stamped the application form.

“Here, this is your proof of entry!”

The disciple handed Tang Hao a wooden token. On it was the number 1888, and on the reverse side was his name.

“Come back here in three days, and don’t be late. Got it?”

Tang Hao took the wooden token and thanked him. Then, he turned around and left.

In the next three days, Tang Hao wandered around the city to hunt for medicinal herbs.

On the day of the test, he set off toward Channel Mountain early in the morning.

