

Oh My God! Earthlings Are Insane!

Chapter 3: I Want to Get Into College!

2

The information only appeared for a brief moment before it disappeared.

The pale, golden words turned into sparks that resembled the light from stars. Then, they became the magnificent flame once more.

It stopped talking to Meng Chao.

He fiddled with it for a long time, but he did not manage to get any explanation from the system or any instructions for newbies or something along those lines.

RIIIINNNNGGGG!

“Class dismissed!”

Yan Dongxing swept Meng Chao a glance. A light crease appeared between his eyebrows, but he said nothing. He put away his saber and his monster specimen before he turned around and left the classroom.

It was only at that moment that Meng Chao’s classmates remembered that he was still being punished to stand.

When they looked around, their jaws fell slack. They could not believe their own eyes.

Meng Chao actually managed to persevere?

If a stance was correctly maintained, it was very beneficial to refining human spirit and strength.

At that moment, Meng Chao was like a rusty sword that had been polished once more and shone with brilliance.

Everyone felt like they were seeing him before he was injured during his second year in high school.

Meng Chao was calm when he saw his classmates' surprised looks and heard their whispers.

But his eyelids and the corners of his mouth were twitching.

For some reason, he was suddenly very hungry, to the point that he felt as if his stomach was about to melt. He could not move half a step forward, and his vision was blacking out.

'Oh no, could it be that when Kindling helps me repair my body and awakens my skills, I need to restore the energy it uses with my own energy?'

He was about to faint when a huge, white bear flew at him.

"Meng Chao, you actually kept your training for Dragon Hibernation Stance a secret from me and got it to the point where it's so good?!"

It was actually a fatty with a stocky build who weighed more than one hundred kilograms.

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He looked like he was wronged, and his voice was bitter. It made goosebumps break out on everyone's skin.

Meng Chao shuddered. It was a voice he would not forget even if he was reduced to ashes. The speaker was Chu Feixiong, his best friend in high school. There was no way he could be anyone else.

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"Quick, Feixiong, I forgot to bring money today. Treat me to a meal at the tuck shop. I'll treat you to two meals tomorrow and the day after tomorrow."

“No way you’d treat me to two meals if I treated you to one! My appetite is thrice as big as yours. Meng Chao, when have you become so generous? There’s got to be a trap in this.”

“What sort of trap could there be? Why would I want to lie to you? We’re brothers in all but blood!”

“True that. Hehe, all our classmates heard it, so I don’t think you’d dare to go back on your word. Let’s go, I’ll treat you at the tuck shop today!”

Five minutes later, at the tuck shop located in the corner of the school, the huge, white bear started crying like a child who weighed more than one hundred kilograms.

3

“Meng Chao, please, be a considerate human. Even if you’re cattle, you can’t just eat two weeks’ worth of my allowance. I... I’ll fight you!”

3

He pounced on Meng Chao fiercely.

“Stop fooling around.”

Meng Chao opened the last chocolate bar and casually flung his arm while activating Reckless Bull Technique.

The huge, white bear weighing more than one hundred kilograms was sent flying.

The two men looked at each other dumbfounded.

“Just now...” Chu Feixiong was dizzy.

“Just an illusion.” Meng Chao’s expression did not change. He stuffed the chocolate into his mouth and stared at the shelves. He was not yet full. “The instant noodles today look really fresh, and they have all sorts of flavors as well.”

1

“Enough with it! I don’t have a single penny left! Let’s go! We have to go to class now!” The huge, white bear fled.

Meng Chao was about to chase after him when he saw a handywoman with graying hair standing by a trash can. She had accidentally spilled a large bag of trash all over the floor.

“Auntie, let me help you.” Meng Chao picked up the trash.

Then, his eyelids twitched, and a string of notifications popped up.

[Your act of helping others has promoted harmony in society and developed a healthy atmosphere in Dragon City. Contribution points increased by 0.001.]

5

[You protected the environment and promoted Dragon’s City sustained development. Contribution points increased by 0.001.]

[To avoid too many notifications popping up at once, when your contribution points increase by less than 1, you will not be notified. However, each contribution that you make will allow Dragon City to become stronger and promote the spreading of civilization as well as upgrading it. Please continue to work hard.]

The notifications disappeared in a flash, but Meng Chao was stunned for a long time.

At the stairs of the school building, Meng Chao leaned against the hand rail with his head tilted forty-five degrees upwards. He appeared to be thinking about something.

With a contemplative expression, he stared at the girls who were dressed in miniskirts because it was summer. They were chatting and walking up the stairs.

The girls’ calves were round, and they bounced around while wrapped with white, knee-high cotton socks.

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“Do you want to die?” Chu Feixiong yanked him from behind him. “If you really want to look, at least pretend that you’re not doing it and just sneak a few peeks from the corner of your eyes. How could you just stare at them like that? You’re such a hooligan.”

“Feixiong, you don’t understand.” There was an ancient look in Meng Chao’s eyes. He sighed and said, “It’s only at this moment that I understand just how beautiful our normal lives are. It’s worthy for us to give up on everything to protect them.”

“Meng Chao, I seriously admire you for being able to act in such a refreshing and refined manner when you’re being shameless.”

5

Chu Feixiong dragged Meng Chao to the side. “Stop looking. If you want to, I can lend you the newest ‘learning materials’ I downloaded. Let’s talk about just now. Did you really kill Demon Yan in your dream, and Dragon City was destroyed? Then what about me? Did I become a great general and fight until my last moments?”

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It was the huge, white bear’s dream since he was young. He wanted to become a great general whose awe-inspiring reputation reached every corner of the world and who led Dragon City’s steel-armored army to sweep through all of the Other World.

1

Of course, this was a dream shared by every teenager in Dragon City.

1

“What do you mean I killed him off? I just saw a few scattered scenes here and there. As for you...”

Meng Chao stared at his best friend’s face and searched through the depths of his mind.

The memories of his previous life were like butterflies that danced in a storm. They fluttered about in random spots and were elusive.

The feeling as if he was suffering from a hangover rose in him again. He could not seize the details of the entire affair.

Just when he was about to give up, a flash of lightning suddenly illuminated his mind.

It was accompanied by a great headache.

Meng Chao saw exceptionally huge monsters that he had never seen before in the depths of the thunderclouds. They were like slowly moving mountains that went toward Dragon City.

When they saw the numerous soldiers and citizens there, they rushed over like a wave. Then, like waves crashing against stones, they started destroying everything in their path.

He saw himself holding chrysanthemums in his hands and standing on a huge field. People were crying all around him.

6

There were two large screens in front of him. One of them was a list of soldiers who died, and the other was the name list of the citizens who died during the disaster. The words were as tiny as flies, and they were packed densely together. There were tens of thousands of names there.

Meng Chao saw himself searching for Chu Feixiong's name. A picture showed up on the screen. The huge, white bear was dressed in the standard uniform of soldiers, and he smiled brilliantly on the black and white portrait of the dead.

A choked up voice left his throat the next moment. "Bro, don't worry, I've already copy pasted all of your 'learning material' onto my computer and deleted all of your browsing and download history. Just rest in peace.

4

"My parents left as well. If you see them, please tell them that I will definitely take care of my younger sister, so they don't have to worry about us..."

Meng Chao snapped out of his nightmare again.

He wrapped his hands around himself and slowly sat down on the steps. He was drenched in cold sweat.

Even when girls chatted and giggled while going past him, his attention did not shift to them.

Chu Feixiong was shocked. "What's wrong? Aren't you being a little too excited?"

Meng Chao wanted to say something, but could not find the words for it.

What could he say?

Was he to say that his best friend did not manage to get into military school, much less become a general? That in the end he was only a foot soldier on the frontlines?

2

Was he to say that the Monster War was about to get more intense? That bigger and more brutal monsters were about to come over at a larger number, and that they would keep coming in waves?

Was he to say that Dragon City would suffer huge losses in that battle, and many soldiers as well as civilians, including Chu Feixiong, along with countless powerful fighters would die? That all of them did not manage to get out of the newbie village and were destroyed?

In fact, even his parents were...

Meng Chao did not dare to continue thinking of what was to come.

His fear gave rise to anger, and his anger gave rise to indignation. He clenched his fists, and his expression turned monstrous.

"Were you terrified by your nightmare?" Chu Feixiong clapped his shoulder and said with a grin, "Don't worry. Nightmares and reality are always opposites of each other. Even if Dragon City truly ran into danger, we have nothing to fear if we work together! I'm a man who's going to be a general!"

"That's right!" Meng Chao snapped out of his daze and swung his fist fiercely. "It wasn't the future. It was just a damn nightmare! If I want to change

everything, I have to start from my national college examination. This time, you'll definitely get into military school, and I'll definitely get into college."

Apparently, during the era where they lived on earth, due to colleges increasing enrollment and other factors, the number of undergraduate students increased by the year.

But after Dragon City transmigrated, they faced a lack of resources and various dangers.

Since everyone's lives were on the line, all the citizens had to carry out their duties with diligence. Even the teenagers had to reduce their education time as much as possible so that they could enter the workforce or battle as soon as possible.

A normal citizen's dream was to get into a two-year course in postsecondary specialized schools and get professional training so that they could get a good job in the future.

As for colleges, their duty was to cultivate superhumans.

Regardless of the present or the future, superhumans were the cornerstone in helping Dragon City seek a dominant position in the Other World.

They were also existences respected by the citizens, and their statuses were incredibly high.

Most of the politicians, soldiers, company bosses, or A-list idols were superhumans.

If Meng Chao wanted to destroy the scenes he saw in his nightmare, he had to become a superhuman!

"Do you really want to get into college? You're not joking, are you?" Chu Feixiong became serious.

He knew that Meng Chao was seriously injured last year.

He also understood the reason behind why his best friend decided to live his life however he wanted.

Now, the huge, white bear saw a light that had been extinguished for an entire year being ignited once more in Meng Chao's eyes.

"I'm not joking. I must get into college." Meng Chao paused for a moment before he let out a bark of laughter. He was unable to help himself. "I was a real idiot last year, wasn't I?"

"Yeah, a major idiot." Chu Feixiong extended his fist to Meng Chao. "But if a major idiot like you has really made his decision and you want to give a good push during these last fifty days, I'll definitely help you."

Meng Chao sucked in a deep breath and extended his fist to bump fists with Chu Feixiong.

"I'll get into military school and become a general!"

"I'll get into college and become a superhuman!"

The best friends returned to their classroom.

The next class was a language class, and their classmates started cheering loudly.

"Thank god! It's finally language class!"

"Hurry up! I want to memorize the Ballad of Mulan, Moon over the Lotus Pond, and analyze the background of the work as well as the underlying meaning behind a Madman's Diary! I can't wait anymore!"

1

"Language teacher, our dearest language teacher, wherefore art thou?"

2

The students craned their necks and waited in anticipation.

Unfortunately, their language teacher did not come. Instead, their class rep Zuo Haoran came over with a cold expression on his face.

He stepped on the podium and said, “Ms. Huang is sick today. This lesson has been changed to a self-study period. Everyone, line up and follow me to the cultivation room.”

“No way...”

“This again!”

“I want Ms. Huang! Give me my language class!”

It was a nightmare they expected to happen, and it caused wails of doom to rise.

Dragon City was a lone army in a foreign domain, and they implemented a ruthless education system on their children.

Most of their classes from kindergarten to college were filled with physical education, cultivation, and fighting that were full with battles and killing.

Their mathematics class taught them how to calculate the trajectory of bullets as well as sabers and swords. Their biology classes investigated the structures of monsters. Their physics and chemistry classes were for modulating crystals and researching the minerals of the Other World. They took up the majority of the studies.

2

Since there was a limited amount of time, language classes, which could not help them increase their fighting strength, had to be reduced in number.

1

Students in the third year of high school only had two language classes.

They had to study hard during their third year, and the two language classes had to give way for more important subjects.

Hence, the language teachers had to call for sick leave or take leave every other day so that their classes could be given to the physical education teachers or for the students to study on their own.

And when something was rare, it was considered precious. The high school students suffered from a huge amount of pressure from the strenuous cultivation sessions and could barely breathe. Hence, there was no need to mention just how much they loved language classes.

2

It was said that on their home planet, Earth, those at the same age as them could have ten to twenty language classes a week. They could memorize hundreds of classical poems, could do several sets of language tests every day, and write essays worth two thousand to three thousand words. On the other hand, they practically had no physical education classes.

What a blessed life they lived!