

FROM BESTSELLING AUTHOR

priest



SHA PO LANG

1

TableofContents

[ColorGallery](#)

[TitlePage](#)

[CopyrightsandCredits](#)

[TableofContentsPage](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter1:Borderlands](#)

[Chapter2:Godfather](#)

[Chapter3:FamousGeneral](#)

[Chapter4:GiantKite](#)

[Chapter5:Xiu-niang](#)

[Chapter6:Curse](#)

[Chapter7:EnemyAttack](#)

[Chapter8:LifeHistory](#)

[Chapter9:KillingIntent](#)

[Chapter10:GuYun](#)

[Arc1:Order](#)

[Chapter11:ReelingintheNet](#)

[Chapter12:GivingaFullAccount](#)

[Chapter13:BeggingforForgiveness](#)

[Chapter14:BreakingtheIce](#)

[Chapter15:ALate-NightConversation](#)

[Chapter16:ATempestuousSituation](#)

[Arc2:TheCapital](#)

[Chapter17:DeathofanEmperor](#)

[Chapter18:TheMarquisEstate](#)

[Chapter19:Secrets](#)

[Chapter20:Instruction](#)
[Arc3:OnWatch](#)
[Chapter21:NewYear'sEve](#)
[Chapter22:Kite'sFlight](#)
[Chapter23:FierceTiger](#)
[Chapter24:WickedMonk](#)
[Chapter25:AnImminentSeparation](#)
[Chapter26:SeekingtheBuddha](#)
[Arc4:DragonThreat](#)
[Chapter27:AnElopement](#)
[Chapter28:Jiangnan](#)
[Chapter29:DragonThreat](#)
[Chapter30:CondensedFragrance](#)
[Chapter31:TheLandoftheDead](#)
[Chapter32:Linyuan](#)
[Chapter33:Hints](#)
[Chapter34:TruthandLies](#)
[Chapter35:TroubledHeart](#)
[Chapter36:Separation](#)
[TheStoryContinues](#)
[Appendix:Characters](#)
[Appendix:Locations](#)
[Appendix:NameGuide](#)
[Appendix:PronunciationGuide](#)
[Glossary:Terminology](#)
[Glossary:TheWorldofStarsofChaos](#)
[AbouttheAuthor](#)
[Footnotes](#)

BackCover
Newsletter

STARS
of
CHAOS
SHA PO LANG

1





STARS
of
CHAOS
SHA PO LANG

1

↓

WRITTEN BY

priest

ILLUSTRATED BY

Eornheit

TRANSLATED BY

Lily & Louise



Seven Seas Entertainment

STARS OF CHAOS:
SHA PO LANG VOL. 1

Published originally under the title of 《杀破狼》 (Sha Po Lang)
Author © priest
English edition rights under license granted by 北京晋江原创网络科技有限公司
(Beijing Jinjiang Original Network Technology Co., Ltd.)
English edition copyright © 2023 Seven Seas Entertainment, Inc.
Arranged through JS Agency Co., Ltd
All rights reserved

Cover and Interior Illustrations by Eornheit

No portion of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form without written permission from the copyright holders. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. Any information or opinions expressed by the creators of this book belong to those individual creators and do not necessarily reflect the views of Seven Seas Entertainment or its employees.

Seven Seas press and purchase enquiries can be sent to Marketing Manager Lianne Sentar at press@gomanga.com. Information regarding the distribution and purchase of digital editions is available from Digital Manager CK Russell at digital@gomanga.com.

Seven Seas and the Seven Seas logo are trademarks of Seven Seas Entertainment. All rights reserved.

Follow Seven Seas Entertainment online at sevenseasentertainment.com.

TRANSLATION: Lily, Louise
COVER DESIGN: M. A. Lewife
INTERIOR DESIGN & LAYOUT: Clay Gardner
PROOFREADER: Hnã, Stephanie Cohen, Harry Catlin
COPY EDITOR: Jehanne Bell
EDITOR: Kelly Quinn Chiu
BRAND MANAGER: Lissa Pattillo
PREPRESS TECHNICIAN: Melanie Ujimori, Jules Valera
MANAGING EDITOR: Patrick Macias
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Julie Davis
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Adam Arnold
PUBLISHER: Jason DeAngelis

ISBN: 978-1-63858-931-0
Printed in Canada
First Printing: July 2023
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROLOGUE

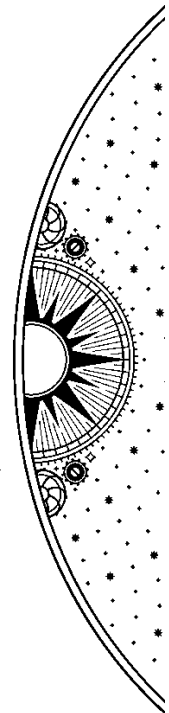
- 1 Borderlands
- 2 Godfather
- 3 Famous General
- 4 Giant Kite
- 5 Xiu-niang
- 6 Curse
- 7 Enemy Attack
- 8 Life History
- 9 Killing Intent
- 10 Gu Yun

ARC 1: ORDER

- 11 Reeling in the Net
- 12 Giving a Full Account
- 13 Begging for Forgiveness
- 14 Breaking the Ice
- 15 A Late-Night Conversation
- 16 A Tempestuous Situation

ARC 2: THE CAPITAL

- 17 Death of an Emperor
- 18 The Marquis Estate
- 19 Secrets
- 20 Instruction



ARC 3: ON WATCH

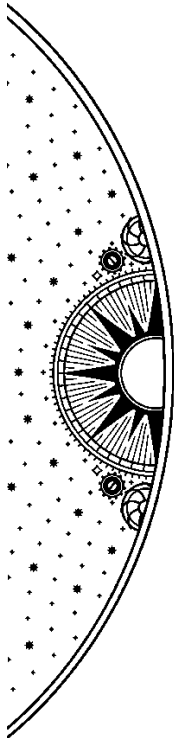
- 21** New Year's Eve
- 22** Kite's Flight
- 23** Fierce Tiger
- 24** Wicked Monk
- 25** An Imminent Separation
- 26** Seeking the Buddha

ARC 4: DRAGON THREAT

- 27** An Elopement
- 28** Jiangnan
- 29** Dragon Threat
- 30** Condensed Fragrance
- 31** The Land of the Dead
- 32** Linyuan
- 33** Hints
- 34** Truth and Lies
- 35** Troubled Heart
- 36** Separation

APPENDIXES

- Character & Name Guide
- Glossary



*From the swaying
tips of duckweed,
fierce winds arise*



PROLOGUE

Chapter 1: Borderlands

IN THE SMALL BORDER TOWN of Yanhui, there was a hill known as General's Slope. Despite its majestic name, it was, in reality, nothing more than a small mound of earth. Those with long necks could easily see over its crest.

General's Slope hadn't always existed. Fourteen years ago, the Black Iron Battalion, the number one armored cavalry of Great Liang, had embarked on the Northern Expedition and laid waste to the Eighteen Barbarian Tribes. It was said that as they passed through Yanhui Town on their march back to the capital, the victorious troops cast aside their battered armor and created this mound. After many years of being swept by sand and dust and battered by wind and rain, General's Slope took form.

General's Slope was barren. No matter what seeds one sowed here, nothing would grow. Even weeds refused to thrive, and consequently, there wasn't even any brush behind which those who wished to carry on clandestine love affairs might hide. Such a bald patch of dirt was completely useless. The old folks of the town all agreed the place was cursed—the murderous crimes committed by the Black Iron Battalion were so severe that malevolent energy had accumulated and overwhelmed this bit of earth. In time, some idle

troublemakers cooked up a whole series of chilling ghost stories about the borderlands based on their words. Thus, by and by, people stopped going there.

The sky was already darkening, yet two ten-year-old kids had run out to the base of General's Slope.

One was tall and thin, while the other was short and round. Paired together, the two of them looked like a bowl and chopsticks hurtling along.

The tall, thin one was dressed like a girl, and only upon closer inspection did it become clear that he was, in fact, a boy. He was called Cao Niangzi. When he was very young, a fortune-teller declared that he had been destined to be born a girl. Since he had been reincarnated into the wrong body, there was a chance the heavens might recall his soul and recast him in a form that matched his destiny. Fearing he would die young, his family named him "Lady" and raised him as a girl.

The short, round one was the youngest son of Butcher Ge. He was called Ge Pangxiao and, living up to his name of "Little Porker," his skin was coated in a faint but rich sheen of oil.

The two of them craned their necks and peered over at General's Slope. Recalling those hair-raising tales, neither of them dared draw any closer.

Ge Pangxiao held a copper-plated field scope up to his eye. Straining his neck, he looked intently at General's Slope. "The sun's already set, but he still hasn't come down from the hill. My dage¹ is really...what's the word—slamming the books hard!"

"It's 'hitting the books hard'—but enough nonsense," Cao Niangzi said. "Hurry up and hand over that scope."

This sham of a girl played his role almost too well. It was just a pity that the way he played it left something to be desired. He was nothing like a well-bred young lady; rather, he resembled nothing so much as a coarse shrew with a distinct fondness for pinching people with those chicken claws of his. Every time he extended his crooked fingers, Ge Pangxiao's flabby flesh would begin aching dully in anticipation of an attack. He hurried to obediently offer the field scope to the other boy. "Be careful with that," he warned. "My dad'll beat me into mincemeat if we break it."

The so-called "field scope" was a small hollow cylinder made of copper. It was engraved with an image of five bats² and fitted with a crystal-clear disc of glass on the inside. Looking through this scope, one could determine the sex of a rabbit from over ten kilometers away. Ge Pangxiao's field scope was of unusually fine make, having been left to him by his grandfather, a former military scout.

Cao Niangzi held it reverently in his hands for a long while before lifting it skyward to look up at the stars. "It's so clear."

Ge Pangxiao looked up as well and pointed. “I know that one. That’s the evening star. It’s also called ‘Changgeng,’—the same as my dage. Shen-xiansheng³ taught it to us before.”

“Who are you calling your dage?” Cao Niangzi’s lip curled. “As if he pays you any mind. You’re always following him around, sucking up to him and insisting he’s your dage. Honestly, it’s embarrassing... Hey, wait. Isn’t that him over there?”

Following Cao Niangzi’s pointing finger, Ge Pangxiao saw the person he’d been waiting for.

A youth with a sword in his hand and his head bowed was slowly making his way down General’s Slope. Suddenly it was as though Ge Pangxiao no longer feared the ghosts. He burst forth like a ball of lightning, hollering, “Dage! Dage!”

In his haste, he tripped at the bottom of General’s Slope and somersaulted into a heap, coming to a stop at the youth’s feet. Ge Pangxiao lifted his grimy face, not even bothering to push himself up as he revealed a silly, flattering smile. The smile became a grimace as he said, “Hee hee, Dage, I’ve been waiting for you all day.”

The youth named Chang Geng silently withdrew his foot from where he had nearly trodden on Ge Pangxiao.

Whenever Chang Geng saw Ge Pangxiao, he felt a little amazed. Butcher Ge, who had slaughtered so many thousands of pigs, must

have been born with a pair of eagle eyes. How else to explain how the man had managed to avoid butchering his own son for so many years? But Chang Geng had a steady nature and was unfailingly courteous. He kept his thoughts to himself; he would never say something so unkind out loud.

In a manner quite becoming of an older brother, Chang Geng helped Ge Pangxiao to his feet. “Why are you running?” he asked, dusting the younger boy off. “Be careful you don’t fall and hurt yourself. Were you looking for me?”

“Chang Geng-dage, your dad’s coming back with the others tomorrow. We don’t have class either, so why don’t we go goose-feed snatching together? We could beat the snot out of that little monkey Li and the rest of his gang!”

Chang Geng’s father was Company Commander Xu, but the two shared no blood relation.

At the age of two or three, Chang Geng had followed his widowed mother Xiu-niang⁴ to the border to seek refuge with relatives, only for the pair to find themselves stranded—said relatives had moved away long ago. It just so happened that Company Commander Xu, the commanding officer of the troops stationed in Yanhui Town, was a widower whose wife had died young and left him no children. He took a fancy to Xiu-niang, and soon took her as his second wife.

Company Commander Xu was presently leading a contingent of soldiers beyond the border to collect the barbarians' annual tribute. Reckoning the days since he'd set out, he ought to be returning within a day or two.

Life on the border was simple and poor, and the children here rarely enjoyed luxuries like snacks. Whenever the soldiers marched out to collect tribute, they picked up some of the barbarians' dried meats and cheese along the way, which they would then toss into the crowds waiting by the roadside upon their return. This was the phenomenon known as "goose-feed snatching," wherein street urchins scrambled to fight each other for food like geese for scraps of bread. With all the kids grabbing for prizes at once, it was practically inevitable that the crowd would come to blows. As long as no one got seriously hurt, the adults turned a blind eye, allowing the children to band together and gang up on each other as they pleased.

All the kids in town knew this: when it came time for goose-feed snatching, whoever won Chang Geng's allegiance was guaranteed a certain victory.

Ever since he began learning martial arts as a child, Chang Geng had been meticulous in his practice. Countless military families lived along the border, so there were plenty of children who studied martial arts. But practicing martial arts was a grueling process, so most kids only ever casually dabbled, their sloppy efforts yielding unexceptional results. Chang Geng was the only one who had climbed General's Slope daily to train alone since the day he picked