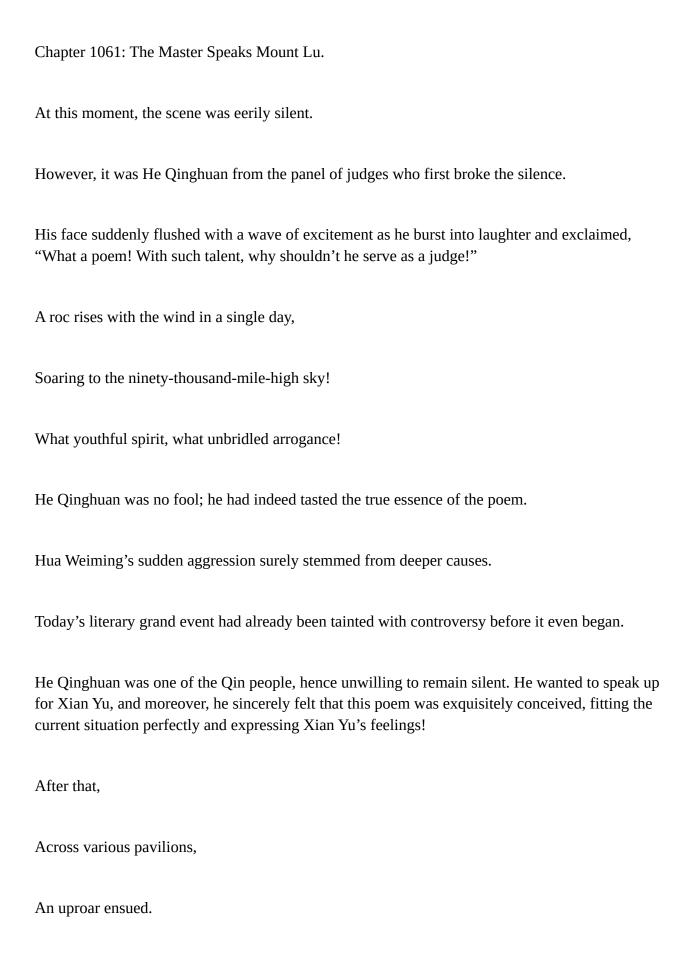
## All R. Artist 1061





Not only did he compare himself to a roc in a poem to shake the literati on the spot, but now he's directly thrown out a piece of writing in Classical Chinese form, silencing the literati once again with his literary flair while brilliantly arguing their case!

Chapter 1063 - The Master Says\_3

"All around dominance, including in looks."

"Fish Papa's verbal battle with the learned critics wasn't evidence enough? Hua Weiming couldn't even hold a candle to him, and this guy still rushes in for a beating, even craftily defining it as a 'debate.' Is this really just a 'debate'?"

Pure domination!

The three words from Xian Yu, "who are you," had a destructive force that even the audience felt, yet no one could accuse Xian Yu of putting on airs—after all, he genuinely had the right to ask that!

...

Lin Yuan didn't even dignify Shu Ziwen with a direct look, but the words he spoke hit Shu even harder:

"I don't want to bully you."

Shu Ziwen's eyes went red immediately!

A literatus gritted his teeth, "Afraid to step down from the judges' seat and face us head on? Under the rules of the Poetry Competition, we shall see who is truly superior!"

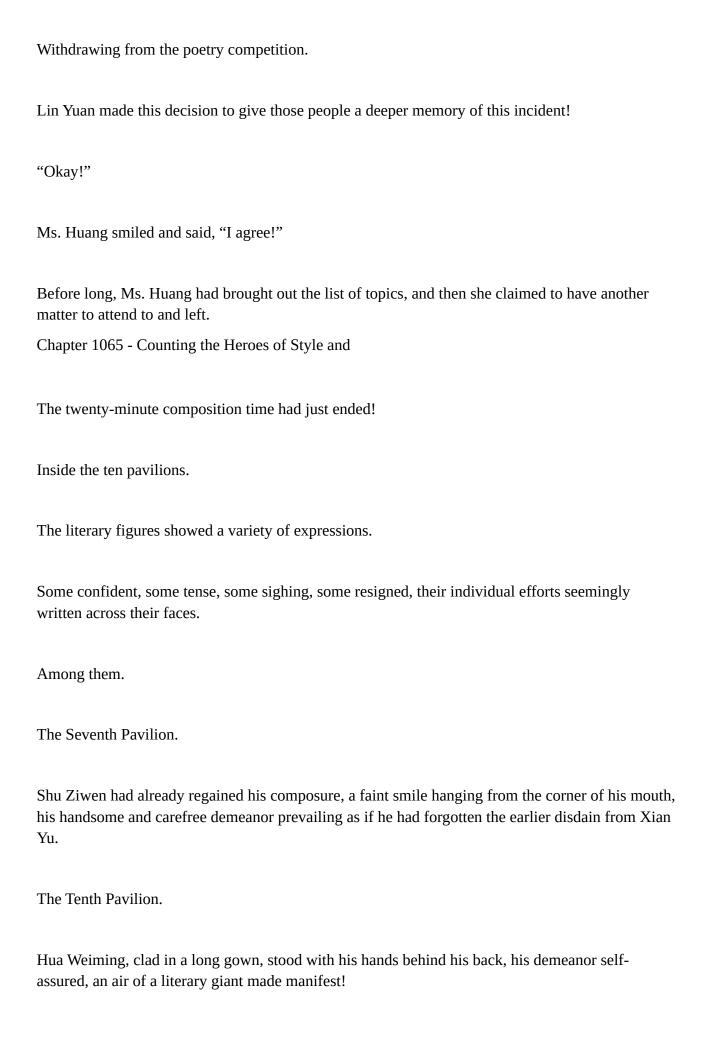
Childish, isn't it?

Resorting to provocation?

Lin Yuan shook his head, "Actually, I'm not as eager for the position of judge as you might think. I originally did indeed want to be a regular contestant, honestly participating in this Poetry

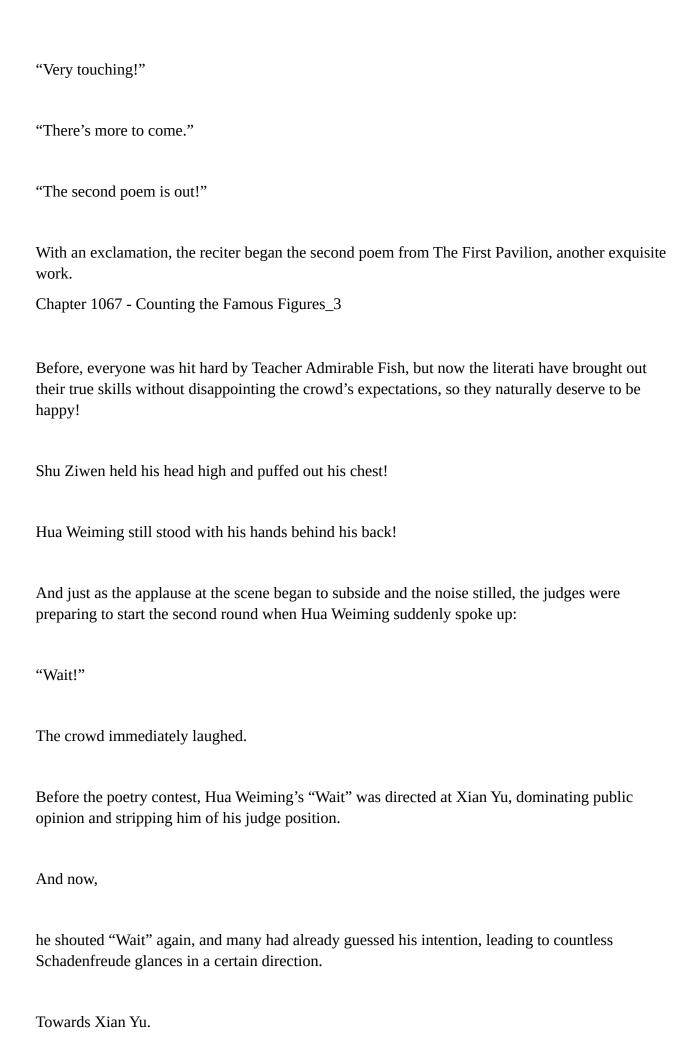


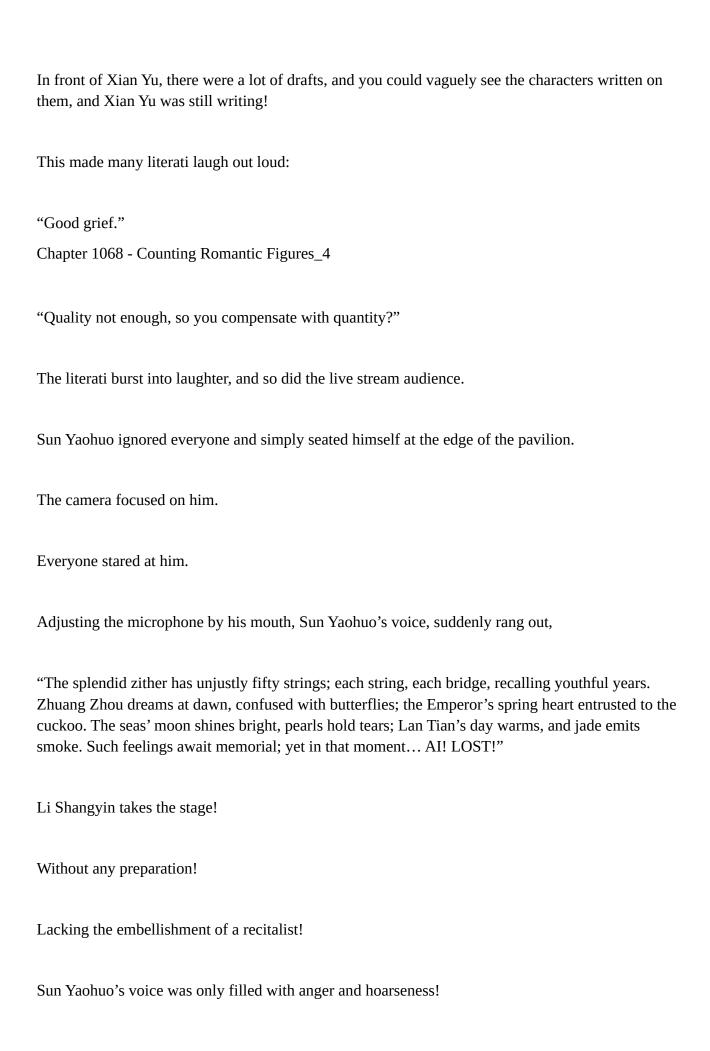
think that withdrawing from the poetry competition was the end of it?



Judges' seating area. An Long opened up solemnly, "Please all esteemed figures from each pavilion pass around your compositions for mutual perusal, and those who feel outmatched may voluntarily withdraw." Instantly. The ten pavilions noisily exchanged their works with one another. During the exchange, as everyone looked at the poetry and verses composed by others in the pavilions, some clenched their fists in lament, some wore expressions of surprise, some looked doubtful, some voiced their praises... Chapter 1066 - Counting Famous Personalities\_2 The literati erupted in applause like a tidal wave! The live broadcast reached peak excitement! "Excellent!" "This poem is incredible!" "The First Pavilion truly deserves its leader!" "This is the top literary event on Blue Star, and it certainly did not disappoint—the first poem was explosive!" "Bian Huan, yyds!" "I once had the pleasure of reading a major work by Teacher Bian Huan. He and his wife are very loving; he has written many love poems for her. This poem isn't even his best; I suggest you look

up 'The Wanderer,' which I personally think surpasses this one!"





Especially the last three words, Sun Yaohuo almost seemed to be biting his teeth, pausing at each word!

However, this anger and hoarseness, this pausing at each word, immediately intimidated the literati of The First Pavilion once he opened his mouth.

His voice seemed to echo!

Chapter 1069 - Counting the Romantic Figures\_5

"The moon is born over the sea, we share this moment, though worlds apart. Lovers resent the long night, for it kindles longing through the hours. Blowing out the candle to pity its full glow, donning clothes feeling the dew's wet. I cannot bear to give this away, so I return to bed to dream of our time together."

Silence!

As if the entire world had gone silent!

And this is only the eighth poem—are you all already incapable?

Sun Yaohuo took in everyone's reactions at The First Pavilion, but his rhythm of recitation seemed eternal, "In this portal last year, human faces and peach blossoms reflected each other's red. The human faces have disappeared, but the peach blossoms still smile in the spring breeze!"

The peach blossoms smile in the spring breeze!

I am laughing at you!

Sun Yaohuo had an unprecedented sense of pleasure,

"Parting is hard, as is parting again, the east wind is powerless against the flowers' demise. The silkworm shall not cease spinning silk until death, the candle shall not weep tears until it turns to ash. Morning clouds alter the adorned hair, singing at night I feel the moonlight's chill. Not far to Penglai, persistently the bluebird seeks to see."



•••
The Seventh Pavilion.
"If only I could have a vast mansion with thousands of rooms, to shelter all the scholars from the cold with warm smiles, the wind and rain immovable as a mountain. Alas! When will this house suddenly appear before my eyes? My humble abode is ruined, I'd rather die in the cold!"
"Timely rain knows its season, when spring arrives, it brings forth life"
"The sunlight on the incense burner produces a purple mist; from afar you can see waterfalls hanging on the river ahead, falling straight down three thousand feet, as if the Milky Way is pouring down from the sky!"
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The Tenth Pavilion.