

All R. Artist 1061

Chapter 1061: The Master Speaks Mount Lu.

At this moment, the scene was eerily silent.

However, it was He Qinghuan from the panel of judges who first broke the silence.

His face suddenly flushed with a wave of excitement as he burst into laughter and exclaimed, “What a poem! With such talent, why shouldn’t he serve as a judge!”

A roc rises with the wind in a single day,

Soaring to the ninety-thousand-mile-high sky!

What youthful spirit, what unbridled arrogance!

He Qinghuan was no fool; he had indeed tasted the true essence of the poem.

Hua Weiming’s sudden aggression surely stemmed from deeper causes.

Today’s literary grand event had already been tainted with controversy before it even began.

He Qinghuan was one of the Qin people, hence unwilling to remain silent. He wanted to speak up for Xian Yu, and moreover, he sincerely felt that this poem was exquisitely conceived, fitting the current situation perfectly and expressing Xian Yu’s feelings!

After that,

Across various pavilions,

An uproar ensued.

Writers whispered and argued among themselves – some shocked, some embarrassed, some indifferent, some sneering...

A variety of human emotions were on full display.

Chapter 1062 - Teachers Explanation_2

This is an example of articulate eloquence!

These words themselves form an article!

Moreover, an article of both exceptional quality and profound connotations!

Typical Classical Chinese compositional techniques, combined with the current scene, perfectly addressed Hua Weiming's question, and even placed him in an extremely awkward position:

No nobility!

No lowliness!

No seniority!

No youth!

The one with superior knowledge becomes the teacher, fit to be a judge, you should humbly seek guidance, don't be so narrow-minded!

...

Before the screen!

The viewers were stunned too!

Xian Yu's firepower was terrifying!

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

Competition. But just now, I've suddenly changed my mind. I can give up being a judge, but I equally don't wish to be a contestant. Everybody has made enough fuss. Go ahead with the competition. I hereby officially announce my withdrawal from this Poetry Competition."

Chapter 1064 - Master Says_4

Ms. Huang had arrived.

Lin Yuan turned around, "Then let's have some compensation now."

Ms. Huang was stunned for a moment, then asked, "What compensation do you want?"

Lin Yuan said, "Give me all the topics of this poetry competition."

Ms. Huang was astonished.

The people of the Yu Dynasty were also baffled.

All the topics?

Suddenly.

Ms. Huang regained her composure and vaguely guessed Lin Yuan's intention, "Do you want to find a suitable topic to write poetry and prove yourself?"

"Good idea!"

The people of the Yu Dynasty brightened at the prospect!

Lin Yuan didn't explain much and said vaguely, "You could say that."

The tiger had already run out of the cage; it couldn't be easily called back; did those people really think that withdrawing from the poetry competition was the end of it?

Withdrawing from the poetry competition.

Lin Yuan made this decision to give those people a deeper memory of this incident!

“Okay!”

Ms. Huang smiled and said, “I agree!”

Before long, Ms. Huang had brought out the list of topics, and then she claimed to have another matter to attend to and left.

Chapter 1065 - Counting the Heroes of Style and

The twenty-minute composition time had just ended!

Inside the ten pavilions.

The literary figures showed a variety of expressions.

Some confident, some tense, some sighing, some resigned, their individual efforts seemingly written across their faces.

Among them.

The Seventh Pavilion.

Shu Ziwen had already regained his composure, a faint smile hanging from the corner of his mouth, his handsome and carefree demeanor prevailing as if he had forgotten the earlier disdain from Xian Yu.

The Tenth Pavilion.

Hua Weiming, clad in a long gown, stood with his hands behind his back, his demeanor self-assured, an air of a literary giant made manifest!

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!"

“Very touching!”

“There’s more to come.”

“The second poem is out!”

With an exclamation, the reciter began the second poem from The First Pavilion, another exquisite work.

Chapter 1067 - Counting the Famous Figures_3

Before, everyone was hit hard by Teacher Admirable Fish, but now the literati have brought out their true skills without disappointing the crowd’s expectations, so they naturally deserve to be happy!

Shu Ziwen held his head high and puffed out his chest!

Hua Weiming still stood with his hands behind his back!

And just as the applause at the scene began to subside and the noise stilled, the judges were preparing to start the second round when Hua Weiming suddenly spoke up:

“Wait!”

The crowd immediately laughed.

Before the poetry contest, Hua Weiming’s “Wait” was directed at Xian Yu, dominating public opinion and stripping him of his judge position.

And now,

he shouted “Wait” again, and many had already guessed his intention, leading to countless Schadenfreude glances in a certain direction.

Towards Xian Yu.

In front of Xian Yu, there were a lot of drafts, and you could vaguely see the characters written on them, and Xian Yu was still writing!

This made many literati laugh out loud:

“Good grief.”

Chapter 1068 - Counting Romantic Figures_4

“Quality not enough, so you compensate with quantity?”

The literati burst into laughter, and so did the live stream audience.

Sun Yaohuo ignored everyone and simply seated himself at the edge of the pavilion.

The camera focused on him.

Everyone stared at him.

Adjusting the microphone by his mouth, Sun Yaohuo’s voice, suddenly rang out,

“The splendid zither has unjustly fifty strings; each string, each bridge, recalling youthful years. Zhuang Zhou dreams at dawn, confused with butterflies; the Emperor’s spring heart entrusted to the cuckoo. The seas’ moon shines bright, pearls hold tears; Lan Tian’s day warms, and jade emits smoke. Such feelings await memorial; yet in that moment... AI! LOST!”

Li Shangyin takes the stage!

Without any preparation!

Lacking the embellishment of a recitalist!

Sun Yaohuo’s voice was only filled with anger and hoarseness!

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 ninth poem is here.

Can the tenth be far behind?

“You know I have a husband, and yet you gift me a pair of bright pearls. Touched by your lingering affection, I tie them to my crimson robe. My abode’s high tower joins the gardens, my lord stands in glowing armour. I know your heart shines bright as the sun and moon, and vow to share life and death with you. To you I return these pearls, each a teardrop, lamenting we did not meet before I was wed.”

This is the tenth one!

Ten people at The First Pavilion!

Xian Yu’s overwhelming domination against ten!

Yet today’s one-against-ten cannot satisfy Xian Yu, “Once the sea turns calm and shallow, it cannot be compared to the waters; all clouds but those of Mount Wu seem thin. Pass by the flower bushes, reluctant to look back, caring half for asceticism and half for you.”

Sun Yaohuo laughed!

Chapter 1070: Counting Romantic Figures_6 “The Yangtze River’s waves surge behind the ones before...”

...

The Fourth Pavilion.

“The flower path has never been swept by a guest’s broom, today the gate is opened for you alone...”

“...the setting sun is infinitely good, yet it’s near dusk...”

“Timely rain knows its season, when spring arrives, it brings forth life...”

...

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!”

...

The Tenth Pavilion.