

All.R Artist 18

Chapter 18 Can You Still Call Yourself Young if You're Not Spirited?_1

Over the next few days, Lin Yuan had a full schedule with no time to return to the music room.

Even during his occasional rest time, he would spend it with Jian Yi Xia Fan.

By the end of the month.

Lin Yuan returned to the company.

Instead of focusing within the composition department, he spent a day and a half in the recording studio, finally finishing the recording of “Big Fish”.

Once again.

He took on the tasks of songwriting, composition, and arrangement.

The piano elements in the arrangement were also all completed by him.

Though a female student at his college had critiqued his piano skills as “poor”, his proficiency was no lesser than the company-assigned pianist’s, so Lin Yuan decided to play it himself to have more involvement.

After recording the song,

he sent his work to department supervisor Ol’ Zhou’s company email, specifically adding a note:

“Impression piece.”

Impression pieces are songs generally reflecting the original world view or emotions. “Big Fish”, with lyrics and a style that fit well with the animation atmosphere, could be considered a typical impression piece.

After sending the song.

Lin Yuan went to the company cafeteria for lunch since his morning work was done. Compared to the university, the company cafeteria was much cheaper and tasted better.

Meanwhile.

In the supervisor's office,

Ol' Zhou was also about to go to the cafeteria for lunch when he suddenly received Lin Yuan's e-mail, causing him to pause momentarily.

“An Impression piece from Lin Yuan?”

Lin Yuan was the first from the tenth floor to submit an assignment!

However, Ol' Zhou, as the department head, wasn't pleased by this. Instead, he was deeply troubled.

His already sinking mood due to the potential failure of the “Dragon Fish Dance” project worsened. He was even tempted to call Lin Yuan in and give him a thorough criticism.

But considering that Lin Yuan was a newcomer he himself had brought into the composition department, with less resilience than the older staff, he ultimately held back.

Nevertheless, Ol' Zhou was inevitably disappointed.

Only two weeks had passed since he presented “Dragon Fish Dance” to the entire tenth-floor composition department. Just over a handful of days!

For any composer...

What good song could possibly be produced in such a short time?

This was the drawback of becoming famous at a young age.

Youthful vigor!

He'll suffer for it in the future.

Even Lin Yuan could not avoid this pitfall.

The success of being on the Newcomer Chart had instilled arrogance and smugness in him.

Yet Ol' Zhou had not expected Lin Yuan's inflated ego to go so far as to submit a piece he had written in just two weeks.

"I'll have to talk with him soon."

With a gentle sigh, Ol' Zhou was filled with worry.

The exceptional debut of "Life Like A Summer Flower" had raised Ol' Zhou's faith in Lin Yuan. He couldn't bear to witness a potential company ace composer going astray like this.

Today!

He must find a gentle way to properly educate Lin Yuan this afternoon!

At this moment,

Ol' Zhou didn't even want to play the song named "Big Fish" that Lin Yuan had sent, even though it was his responsibility as a supervisor.

But only by listening to the piece could he point out Lin Yuan's shortcomings.

So, aiming to have a discussion grounded in reality in the afternoon, Ol' Zhou reluctantly entered the company's temporary password and started playing Lin Yuan's song.

Although he was too lazy to listen to it with headphones.

...

The triple notes characteristic of the piano began to play from the loudspeaker, initiating a rhythmical prelude.

Immediately after, the main melody arrived.

After hearing just two lines of lyrics, Ol' Zhou couldn't help but utter an 'oh'. The tight knit of his brows eased significantly.

Seems like...

It's not bad?

As the main part gradually concluded, and the second part started, Ol' Zhou's heartbeat began to quicken slightly. His eyes also showed a shift.

He leaned forward slightly, as if trying to get closer to the speaker.

By the time the harmony came at the end of the song, Ol' Zhou's mouth was slightly agape. He was unable to close it, even after the song had finished playing.

"This song..."

He took a deep breath.

Ol' Zhou put on his most precious pair of custom headphones with reverence, then clicked the play button on "Big Fish" again.

The same melody.

But this time, the surround sound effect of the headphones enhanced the presentation of the song. It allowed Ol' Zhou to discern every detail of the song, making his immersion into the music even stronger!

Hence, by the time of the song's harmony,

his entire body was covered in goosebumps!

Almost all his hairs were standing on end!

Swallowing.

Ol' Zhou forcefully clicked on the play button for the third time.

Regardless of how many times a song is played, the melody remains the same. It doesn't change with the increase in the number of plays.

What truly changes is the listener.

“Hehehehehehehehe...”

Ol' Zhou was chuckling, his body swaying gently with the closing notes of the song on its third reiteration.

The chair he was sitting on creaked in unison with his body movements, creating an amusing juxtaposition of sounds with his laughter.

While laughing, he suddenly slapped his forehead.

He carefully downloaded the song, encrypted the original file, and archived it. Ol' Zhou rose gingerly, his old face tinged with a hint of red.

...

Lin Yuan loved braised pork knuckles from the company cafeteria most.

Unlike the previous braised pork knuckles he usually had, the ones in the company cafeteria were not that sweet. The meat was stewed tenderly, even the skin melted in your mouth, which made him relish his meal.

Behind him.

A few people from the composing department were whispering to each other at a table not too far away.

“That’s Xian Yu.”

“He looks so young and handsome.”

“This Xian Yu, hehe, young and handsome indeed, but his people skills are lacking, he was disrespectful to Ms. Jing.”

“Indeed, this guy is quite full of himself.”

“Tsk, got famous at a young age, proud of his talent, we’ve seen many newcomers like him in our industry after years of being around.”

“So, he wrote a good song and now he thinks he’s the Maestro.”

“He just got lucky with inspiration and created a good song, this industry will teach him a lesson, and then he’ll know his place.”

Between pointing fingers and whispers.

The discussion was heated.

One of the men felt a chill on his back and when he turned around, he saw a face as dark as the bottom of a pot, giving him a start.

“Director...”

“You came here personally for a meal, huh.”

“What would you like to eat? I’ll fetch it for you!”

Facing Ol’ Zhou, the composers started to tremble.

Ol’ Zhou emanated an icy aura, his voice was stern: “You lot have too much to eat, huh?”

“Director... we...”

Ol’ Zhou said coldly, “Oh, seems like you are indeed overfed. Let’s get some exercise then. The cleaning lady on the twelfth floor happened to take a day off today. Go clean up the twelfth floor, especially the washrooms.”

“Yes...”

The group of people, heads drooping, left dejectedly while apologizing, “Sorry, Director. We won’t gossip about our colleagues behind their backs anymore.”

“No.”

Ol’ Zhou corrected, “You can gossip about anyone you want. I often gossip behind people’s backs too, but he’s not allowed!”

“Huh?”

The group had a blank look on their faces as they stumbled off.

Just as they were about to leave the cafeteria, one of them looked back and was surprised to see Ol' Zhou had put on a smile as he walked towards Lin Yuan.

“What the hell?”

The composers looked at each other, all with expressions of having seen a ghost.

...

Lin Yuan was eating his pork knuckle when he suddenly saw someone put vegetables on his plate: “Young people shouldn't be picky. You should eat more greens.”

“Alright.”

Lin Yuan agreed verbally but continued eating his pork knuckle.

Ol' Zhou didn't seem to mind his pickiness and continued his amiable demeanor: “Are you getting used to being in the composing department these days? If there's anything you're not comfortable with, you can tell me.”

“I'm good.”

Lin Yuan spoke honestly that he hardly interacted with people from other floors. Anyhow, the colleagues from the composing department on the tenth floor were all very kind to Lin Yuan.

“That's good.”

Ol' Zhou, not in a rush to eat, spoke with a beaming smile: “Whatever Little Zhao could have offered you, I, Zhou Ruiming, can offer you the same or even more! So, feel free to let me know if you need anything!”

“Then can I not eat the vegetables?”

Lin Yuan looked at the greens on his plate, a little hesitant.

Ol' Zhou nearly choked but quickly laughed out loud, "Of course you can. Young people need to eat more meat when they're growing!"

"Mmm."

"How is school treating you?"

"School is pretty good too."

"I see. I know being a university student can be hard. If you run into any issues at school, you can also come to me."

"Thank you."

Lin Yuan continued eating.

Watching Lin Yuan, Ol' Zhou nodded in satisfaction. The more he looked at him, the more he liked the boy.

That's right!

A sophomore should be vibrant and full of spirit! He should fear no authority! He should have this don't-give-a-damn attitude!

If he didn't have this spirit, could he still be called a young man!