

All R. Artist 70

Chapter 70: Vulgarly

Lin Yuan had little knowledge of Gu Xi's emotional struggles. Not long after Lin's departure, his phone rang from an unfamiliar number.

As per his usual behaviour, he rejected the call.

The caller tried again.

Seems like it's not a prank call, thought Lin Yuan. He decided not to reject the call again and answered, "Who is this?"

"Hello!"

The person on the other side asked, "May I speak with Teacher Chu Kuang?"

"This is he."

"Hello, Teacher Chu Kuang, I'm Wei Long, the editor-in-chief of Tribe Literature..." the caller introduced himself with considerable pride.

Lin Yuan swallowed.

Wei Long was, of course, unaware of how special his name sounded: "Our Tribe Literature is planning a short-story event, in which we will be inviting thirty short-story writers to compete. You are one of our invitees."

"Not interested."

Lin Yuan planned to continue working with Fun Reads.

He thought the two hundred thousand per article payment from Silver Blue Books was quite decent. Tribe Literature's platform was indeed convenient, but unfortunately, they did not offer payment for manuscripts.

"Don't rush to refuse."

The caller hurriedly added with a laugh, "All of the writers participating in our event will receive one hundred thousand yuan, and on top of that, if your work ranks in the top three, we will provide additional prize money: three hundred thousand for the winner, two hundred thousand for second place, and one hundred thousand for third."

Prize money?

Lin Yuan was intrigued.

The fee for third place was one hundred thousand, coupled with the initial sum for manuscript submission, it seemed to be just as good as Silver Blue Books, and there was potential for even higher rewards if he got second place or won!

Although the money was not guaranteed...

But Lin Yuan felt that given the quality of his stories, making it to the top three shouldn't be a problem, as all his short stories were masterpieces after all.

This was worth considering.

As Lin Yuan fell silent, the caller guessed that Chu Kuang must be interested and raised his voice, "Please rest assured, our Tribe Literature will not interfere with the rankings of the thirty writers in the competition. The final order will be completely determined by our Tribe Literature readers!"

"What are the rules?"

Lin Yuan was considering participating.

The editor named Wei Long explained, “The rules are simple. We don’t limit the subject matter, but we do limit the word count. A competition entry should not exceed 10,000 words. After all, this is a short story competition and online readers don’t have the patience for overly long pieces. In my personal opinion, it’s even better if it does not exceed 5,000 words...”

He paused.

Wei Long continued, “After we receive the manuscripts from all the authors, our Tribe Literature will promote it under our official name. The reach of such a promotion will definitely surpass that of a traditional print magazine...”

Lin Yuan was deep in thought.

Tribally Literature certainly had a broad target audience. The platform itself had a massive user base which absolutely crushed any magazine. So the main thing to consider is how many users can be converted into readers.

“Just so you know...”

Wei Long chuckled, “We originally planned to directly pay the authors to participate, but considering that this event might end up long term like the music sector’s seasonal charts, we finally adopted this form. May I know your opinion?”

“I’ll think about it.”

While Lin Yuan responded this way out loud, he had already made up his mind internally.

The other party seemed to have guessed his thoughts and said, “Fine, this is your contact number, isn’t it? Let me you as a friend, and later, I will send you an email. If you are interested, please be sure to submit your work by the end of this month, as the judging will officially begin early next month.”

“Okay.”

Lin Yuan hung up the call.

Fun Reads had also invited Lin Yuan for a submission.

Because “The Gift of the Magi” was a hit, the magazine’s sales had increased quite significantly, and they were hoping for a long-term collaboration with Lin Yuan.

However, now it seemed like Tribe Literature’s event might be a better option.

Lin Yuan didn’t feel particularly attached to Silver Blue Books. After all, what he signed with Silver Blue Books were his works, not himself. He had the right to choose his own publishing platform, which was the reason that he chose Tribe Literature when he first posted “Artificial Beauty.”

During the New Year, with the luck of his little sister, Lin Yuan acquired five short stories in one go. He had used up two of them and still had three stories to choose from.

“Let’s go with this one.”

There was no need to agonise over the choice.

After all, Lin Yuan felt that the remaining three stories were all equally good. The results ultimately depended on the readers’ tastes.

But Lin Yuan’s task was not just about choosing one of the stories; he also had to alter the background of the novel to better fit with Blue Star’s specific era

After all, the system provided him with five original stories.

So “The Gift of the Magi” was adapted by Lin Yuan himself, such as the conversion of money and the transformation of the background, etc.

In comparison,

Lin Yuan’s first published piece, “Artificial Beauty,” didn’t have a distinct time setting and didn’t require much modification; it was the most effortless to write.

The system's explanation was:

For overly complex adaptations, the system can help perfect them. Still, for stories of only several thousand words like "The Gift of the Magi", it required Lin Yuan to get his hands dirty.

Lin Yuan was not resistant to this.

Humans have around 100 billion brain cells; a few thousand might die from adapting a few thousand words in content, but it doesn't hurt and it adds a bit of participation in it.

That was indeed the case.

Lin Yuan didn't know exactly how many brain cells he had killed, but when he returned to his place that evening and finished changing the story's background on his computer, it only took him less than two hours. Of which, one hour was spent looking up information.

This kind of thing required a bit of caution for it to be done right.

As for creating the original piece, it was a matter of twenty minutes.

Having adapted the story, Lin Yuan didn't immediately send it to Wei Long's email but decided to send it in a few days.

Sending it to him immediately wasn't it revealing the fact that he had draft stories in store?

He turned off his computer, and Lin Yuan prepared to sleep.

While Lin Yuan was preparing to rest, in an apartment somewhere, Gu Xi anxiously waited for a friend's call at her desk.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

She quickly answered: "What's up?"

“Miss Gu, it took me quite some time to get this sorted for you, you owe me a big meal.”

“I’ll treat you!”

“At least you’ve got a conscience. This person you’re asking about, Lin Yuan, he’s indeed a music student and a sophomore.”

“Is there anything else?”

“Lin Yuan is relatively reticent. I heard his health isn’t very good, but his classmates’ comments on him are not bad, they say he has a good personality and never has conflicts with anyone, that’s all, I don’t know anything else.”

GuXi:”...”

Someone who never has conflicts with classmates had a conflict with me. How annoying must I be?

“Oh, one more thing.”

The friend asked, “Why do you want to know about Lin Yuan? Are you attracted to him? Miss Gu, aren’t you the one who usually looks down from the clouds?”

“What attracts me isn’t his body...”

Gu Xi sighed, “You won’t understand, can you give me some advice on how to please someone?”

“Of course. Appeal to their interests.”

“But I don’t know what he likes.”

“From my experience, ninety-nine percent of people, like me, love money.”

“He’s not at all mercenary.”

Gu Xi sighed again, “If only he loved money... there’s no way he would love money...”

How could a figure as godly as he care about money?