

PAW 1743

Chapter 1743

Living room.

Some are watching the Spring Festival Gala.

Some are chatting.

And a few are making dumplings.

Around nine o'clock, Xia Yanzhen and Cai Lifan went to do other things, the maid left, and there were many things to do at home. Only Han Jing and Dong Xuebing's mother and son were left to make dumplings. The Xie family has quite a few members, about a dozen, so there are naturally a lot of dumplings to make. Dong Xuebing changed seats and sat beside his mother-in-law, holding a rolling pin to roll out the dough. Dong Xuebing isn't very good at wrapping dumplings; it's not that he can't do it, they don't look very nice. Out of every ten, one might still come apart when boiled. But when it comes to rolling out the dough, Dong Xuebing has no problem. Even if the dough isn't perfectly round, the dumplings look very attractive under Han Jing's skilled hands. Whatever kind of dough it is doesn't matter to Han Jing; her craftsmanship is excellent.

In the small dining room, there were only two people left.

Dong Xuebing blinked and whispered to Han Jing, "Mom."

"What's up?" Han Jing glanced at him and laughed, "Why are you whispering?"

"Cough, cough, cough." Dong Xuebing coughed, "There's something I'm unsure how to say."

While making dumplings, Han Jing said, "You're being all mysterious again. Just say it if you have something."

Dong Xuebing hesitated and whispered, "Well, you see, if I want to be promoted to Deputy Bureau Director level within six months, uh, is there a chance?"

"Deputy Bureau Director?" Han Jing was speechless.

His voice was loud, and Xie Jing heard it next to him.

"What Deputy Bureau Director?" Xie Jing looked over and asked.

Dong Xuebing immediately said, "It's nothing, just chatting with my mom."

Xie Jing responded with an "Oh" and didn't pay much attention, continuing to watch the Spring Festival Gala with a smile.

Another sketch came on, but Dong Xuebing no longer wanted to watch. Even if he liked it very much, he could watch it anytime. At least there would be a rerun tomorrow. Dong Xuebing knew what was important, so he said to Han Jing, "Anyway, speak softly, don't let anyone hear. I just wanted to ask. I didn't have any plans. Do you think, with my current qualifications, it is possible?"

Han Jing shook her head and said, "Possible or not possible, definitely not possible."

"Why?" Dong Xuebing had already set himself the goal of striving for deputy department level within six months and didn't want to give up.

Han Jing looked at him and said, "You're quite ambitious. You're only twenty-seven years old this year. In six months, you'll still be twenty-seven. Have you ever seen a twenty-seven-year-old Deputy Bureau Director leader promoted as quickly as Huilan? Even your dad, at your age, wasn't as high as your level. You, little one, aren't satisfied and want to go up, too. Having ambition is a good thing. But you, little one, are too ambitious. Do you think promoting cadres is like running a family?"

Dong Xuebing awkwardly said, "I was just asking."

"But it's too early to ask." Han Jing smiled and stopped making dumplings. She folded her hands and said, "Let me calculate it for you. The basic principle of cadre promotion is one promotion every three years. At least, that's the procedure. If there's a breakthrough in promotion, it can't be too exaggerated. You almost got a promotion every time you transferred. Let's not talk about promotions at the same level. From deputy section chief to section chief to deputy Division, these major level changes haven't been less than a year each time. You've only been at the Discipline Inspection Commission for less than half a year. It's barely half a year. And three months ago,

there was already a substantive promotion. It's been just a couple of months since then. You still want to go up. Do you think our family runs the country? Hehe."

Dong Xuebing blinked and said, "But in half a year, I'll have been working here for a year. Every time, I've been promoted to a level each year. This time—"

Han Jing interrupted, "That was before. Now, you're already a Division Chief level leader. The higher you go, the harder it gets and the more qualifications you need. After all, the higher your position, the more people scrutinize you. Others won't dare to promote you if you don't have the corresponding qualifications. Don't you understand the current public pressure? Even if you turn thirty, it might be feasible, but you're just twenty-seven. Do you want to be a Deputy Bureau Director? You're lacking in every aspect. It's not that Mom denies your ability to work; everyone knows your capabilities, but some things can't be solved just with ability."

In truth, Dong Xuebing also knew that he understood the situation. He wasn't foolish. Becoming a Deputy Bureau director-level official was indeed an impossible task for him. Even capable and well-connected individuals like Xie Huilan had to barely wait until they were thirty to reach that level. Dong Xuebing, a twenty-seven-year-old man from an ordinary family, had no grounds. Moreover, it wasn't easy to maneuver. But knowing was one thing; Dong Xuebing still wanted to try it. That was his style and his personality all along. Once he set a goal, Dong Xuebing would never easily give up. He would stake everything on it, as he had done before and would continue to do in the future.

Dong Xuebing said, "Mom, why don't you ask for me?"

"No use asking; there's no hope." Han Jing added some filling to the dumplings.

Unwilling to accept it, Dong Xuebing persisted, "Just ask first. Whether it works out or not, Mom, can you?"

Han Jing glanced at him sideways. "Pretending to be pitiful won't help. This time, you were promoted to a substantive position as the head of your Second Section. Mom has already spoken highly of you and contacted many people, using up a lot of favors. You, kid, are still not satisfied, huh?"

Dong Xuebing smiled bitterly, "But the work here isn't quite suitable. You know my personality—I can't sit still and settle for just serving the people here. However, although we uncover some disciplinary violations in the Discipline Inspection Commission, those cases are handled under

superior instructions, and the direction is already set. I don't have the flexibility here to apply my skills."

Han Jing replied, "You're just making excuses. Where isn't serving the people?"

"But I feel like I'd be more suited to other units," Dong Xuebing insisted. "Mom, can you help me talk to Dad about this?"

Han Jing glanced in the direction of the other room. "You should talk to your dad yourself."

"Aiya," Dong Xuebing sighed. "It's not that I don't dare; I'm afraid Dad will criticize me."

"You know that too," Han Jing said with exasperation and amusement. "This matter has no chance. You shouldn't even think about it. But Mom can promise you this: as long as you don't make any major mistakes after you've spent two or three years with the Discipline Inspection Commission, Mom guarantees you'll be promoted to the deputy department head."

Two or three years.

For others, it might seem quick.

But for Dong Xuebing, he really couldn't wait that long.

Half a year. It's just half a year. Dong Xuebing had already set that for himself.

"Two or three years is too long, Mom," Dong Xuebing handed over the dumpling skin.

Han Jing filled the dumpling skin, saying, "Even if it's too long, you still have to wait. Besides, it's not a long wait at all. In principle, it's every two or three years for a promotion. You need to calm down. Mom sees that you've been promoted too quickly, which might not be good for you. It has made you restless. But within the system, you have to follow the rules. You won't be promoted if your qualifications aren't enough and the circumstances aren't right. Look at your dad. He has a high rank now, but there was a time when he stayed in one position for five years without moving. It's not to criticize you; everyone must go through this building qualification period. Before, it wasn't your time yet, and also, because of your good luck, you made the right judgments at the right times."

After talking for a while, Han Jing's point was clear: Dong Xuebing's desire to become a Deputy Bureau Director quickly was unfeasible.

Dong Xuebing felt very frustrated.

What should he do? He wanted to move up to Deputy Bureau Director as soon as possible without any hint of joking. This was something he was seriously considering.

But how could he achieve that?

It was hopeless with his mother-in-law.

He had achieved results, but they weren't enough.

His mother-in-law was right. He hadn't even been in this position for half a year and had only been confirmed as a Division Chief leader. This wasn't like the previous promotions where he had been transferred as a Division Chief-level leader from another department within two years. This time, he had just been confirmed, and now, not even half a year later, he wanted to be a Deputy Bureau Director. It wasn't realistic. Even if the state wasn't something that their Xie family controlled, even if it was, this was not an easy matter to handle. Dong Xuebing hadn't heard of any Deputy Bureau Director at twenty-seven. So, as Han Jing said, the feasibility of this matter was just like she described: impossible. It wasn't about ability or the importance of the matter; it was about lacking the necessary qualifications and being too young. These were things that no one could change. This was a society that valued seniority and had public opinion pressure. Dong Xuebing couldn't change his birthdate on his household registration or ID card.

What to do?

Was it impossible?

After finishing making the dumplings and while the Spring Festival Gala was on, Dong Xuebing had no interest. He gritted his teeth, and when Senior Xie wanted to go to the bathroom, Dong Xuebing immediately offered to help. Then, when only two people left, Dong Xuebing subtly tested Senior Xie's opinion. Although Dong Xuebing's words weren't explicitly clear, Senior Xie, being who he was, immediately understood.

"You want to be promoted to Deputy Bureau Director?" Senior Xie looked at him.

Dong Xuebing felt embarrassed. "Not really, uh, just asking."

Senior Xie shook his head helplessly. "You should wait another two years. It's not the right time now. Your current level isn't enough."

Dong Xuebing said, "If you say a word, won't that—"

"What use is my saying a word?" Senior Xie laughed. "Do you think the Republic is run by our family alone? Many things require a process of coordination and balance. You should wait, my boy. Wait another three or four years; it'll also temper your character."

Three or four years.

A year later than what his mother-in-law had said.