

PAW 1856

Chapter 1856

Morning.

It's time to start work.

This was technically the first day at the new office, which had an incredibly poor environment. The mood among everyone was complicated, including Dong Xuebing and the other members of the county party committee. They had originally been set to move into a luxurious palace, but now it was demolished by Dong Xuebing's decision. Instead, they were stuck working in these row houses, and the change was subtle but noticeable.

Dong Xuebing could sense the shift in everyone's mood, but there wasn't much he could say about it. After all, the environment here was genuinely subpar. The row houses were in worse condition than some rural health clinics. Some of the county's health clinics were also in row houses, but at least they were smaller, with only a few rooms and fewer people. However, with its numerous departments, the county office was crammed into a single row of houses. The space was cramped and chaotic. While the lack of adjustment was part of the problem, the layout was to blame. The houses were right next to each other, poorly insulated, and the noise from printers, telephones, and conversations could be heard across the yard. The Propaganda Department was next to the Discipline Inspection Committee, and the Discipline Inspection Committee was next to the county office. Everything was a mess.

"Hey, is that our file?"

"It can't be. We just put it here."

"Open it up and check if it's ours."

"Oh, it is ours. Huh, everything's a mess."

Piles of materials from various departments were scattered around the yard. The space inside was so limited that they couldn't fit the people in, let alone store the materials. They had no choice but to find space outside, even under eaves, to protect them from the rain.

At this point, it was easy to imagine the scene.

One word: terrible.

Two words: extremely terrible.

Just then, Meng Hanmei came out of the building. When she saw Dong Xuebing, she pulled him aside and said, "Secretary, look at this. It needs your signature."

Dong Xuebing glanced at it and signed. "Is everyone adjusting to the work here?"

Meng Hanmei pretended to be calm. "Everyone is fine with it; they understand the situation."

"Tell me the truth," Dong Xuebing interrupted.

Meng Hanmei let out a wry smile. "It's tough to adjust. We, the leaders, can tolerate it, but the lower-level staff have been complaining quite a bit. The working environment here is just terrible. It's easy for things to get mixed up and inconvenient to work."

Dong Xuebing replied, "Well, there's not much we can do now. Just reassure everyone. And make sure you push forward with renovating the old county office complex. Once that's ready, we can return there as soon as possible. Tell everyone that this situation won't last long, and encourage them. We can't let this delay our work. That's the most important thing." After saying this, Dong Xuebing's tone became more assertive. "If anyone constantly complains about the work environment, tell them to come to me. I'll approve all resignation requests."

Meng Hanmei's face darkened. "Understood."

Dong Xuebing added, "One more thing. Notify the county party committee members to hold a meeting here at 10 a.m. sharp."

"Okay, I'll notify them," Meng Hanmei said as she left.

Amidst the bustling crowd, Dong Xuebing spotted Su Yan. He called out, "Su, come here for a second!"

Su Yan, who had heard that Dong Xuebing had arrived, came out looking for him but couldn't find him in the crowd. When he heard Dong Xuebing's voice, he wiped his sweat away with a helpless smile and quickly approached. "Secretary."

Dong Xuebing said, "Director Huo Yibang from the Urban Management Bureau, go and inform him to come over here for the meeting at 10 a.m. Don't let him be late."

Su Yan nodded. "Got it."

Many departments, like the Urban Management Bureau, are not stationed in the county party committee compound, so communication still relies on tools like phones.

After giving some instructions, Dong Xuebing returned to his office—if you could call it an office, that's what it was referred to.

Why do I say this?

Because this so-called office was shabby, it was just a single room with no windows. Upon opening the door, you could see the entire office. Dong Xuebing saw his familiar desk, computer, and the potted plant from his old office. But with the noise from the nearby departments and the ringing of phones, he really couldn't help but feel frustrated. It was just too chaotic. He thought about knocking on the wall to ask the people next door to keep their voices down, but after considering it, he decided not to. He knew everyone was struggling, and since he was asking others to endure, he had to set an example himself. After all, it wouldn't be right to do otherwise.

It was fine.

Having an office space at all was a blessing.

After adjusting his mindset, Dong Xuebing quickly adapted to the situation. Sure, it was noisy, but he could tolerate it. It wasn't something he would complain about. It's not like Dong Xuebing boasted, but some people thought he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and assumed that, being so young and holding such a high position, he must have had an easy life. The reality, however, was far from it. Dong Xuebing had suffered more than most. He wasn't pampered, and his background wasn't as privileged as people thought. His college classmates knew that, although he was from Beijing, his family's living conditions were far worse than many of his classmates from rural counties. His family background wasn't anything special.

Being from Beijing didn't mean you came from a wealthy family.

There were poor people everywhere, and families were struggling financially everywhere. You couldn't measure someone's circumstances just by their place of birth.

Dong Xuebing had made it to where he is today entirely through his hard work. He'd suffered countless hardships. And now, having come full circle, Dong Xuebing could quickly adapt again. Sure, going from luxury to simplicity was easier than vice versa, and Dong Xuebing admitted that everyone would have such thoughts. But now, he represented more than just himself—he was the leader, the head of a county, representing the party committee. With that sense of responsibility, Dong Xuebing could endure anything.

He sat down.

He organized his desk.

He dealt with the documents that Su Yan had brought.

Dong Xuebing quickly got into work mode, and his door was left open—he had done that on purpose. No matter how chaotic or noisy it was outside, Dong Xuebing remained focused and immersed in his work.

Many people passed by and noticed Dong Xuebing's work attitude. For a moment, they exchanged looks and were all influenced by Dong Xuebing's approach. This was the leadership example he set, a way to stabilize the team's morale. Slowly, the noise began to quiet down, and the complaints faded. Everyone started to settle into their work.