

Scholar's Advanced Technological System

Chapter 11: Even A Genius Had Shortcomings

The days slowly passed by and Lu Zhou maintained the library and dorm lifestyle. Other than eating at the cafeteria or asking professor Tang for help when he was stuck, the trajectory of his life had not changed.

It was the first time his life had structure since he stepped into the university. Not to mention, he had maintained it for over two weeks.

He had not expected it at all.

Finally, Lu Zhou managed to finish his thesis before the 15th of June. He had also translated it from Mandarin to English.

It was worth mentioning that when Lu Zhou was discussing "Derivation of the Fourier partial series in relation with inversion functions" with Professor Tang, Professor Tang showed immense interest in Lu Zhou's thesis. Professor Tang said that he would not mind helping Lu Zhou to edit his thesis.

Lu Zhou trusted Professor Tang's editing skills when it came to the thesis.

Putting Tang Zhiwei's kindness and generosity aside, he had worked many years as a professor and had published more theses than Lu Zhou had read books. It was rare for him to take notice in an undergraduate thesis. Additionally, the topic of his thesis was nothing special. Even if Lu Zhou solved this age-old problem, Tang Zhiwei would at most feel proud of his student.

Only supervisors who had low qualifications and could not even become professors would pressure students' to complete their graduate projects. They would constantly chase after the students' research results.

Lu Zhou did not know if there was an academic scum like that in a high-level institute like the University of Jin Ling. However, one thing he was certain was that Professor Tang was not one of them.

Having an experienced supervisor giving him advice would greatly increase his chance of successful thesis submission. Also, he believed that Professor Tang would be able to give valuable advice regarding the academic journal selection.

Therefore, Lu Zhou planned on asking Professor Tang to look over his thesis after he finished his math exams.

As for now, he would have to pray to God.

After all, other than advanced algebra, he still had to study for modern history.

The part that pissed him off the most was that for this year, it was a closed book exam!

Lu Zhou did not understand what was the point of studying all this.

Would studying this make me succeed?

Even though he had a million complaints, he still had to study and he still had to learn.

After all, it counted as two credit points and it would impact his GPA by quite a bit.

Lu Zhou persisted as he sat alone in his dorm. He picked up the textbook and started to read.

The results were as expected.

The knowledge did not sink into his brain at all!

Lu Zhou sat in his dorm. After a whole morning of reading, he felt dizzy. He threw the textbook on the table and gave up.

When one was tired, one just wanted to do nothing. Lu Zhou stared at the ceiling mindlessly for two minutes before taking out his phone.

Coincidentally, someone sent him a message. He opened up WeChat.

Chen Yushan: [Little brother, how come you didn't come to the library today? I'm stuck on a question. Could you please help me?]

Chen Yushan: [Photo]

Lu Zhou thought for a second. He then wrote a message and sent it.

[I'm studying modern history. Wait a minute...]

Lu Zhou zoomed in on the question in the photo. He looked at it for a second before putting his phone down and sat up from his chair.

He took a draft paper and started to draw on it. After two minutes, he solved the question.

He took a picture with his phone and sent it. Lu Zhou saw the modern history textbook and contemplated.

I guess mathematics is still more interesting!

Lu Zhou felt lazy. He did not want to study. He picked up his phone and continued to look at his friends' news feed.

After some scrolling, he found a post by his roommate.

[Liu Rui: Ahhhhhh... I haven't studied at all! Mathematics is so hard! I'm going to die T.T]

" ... "

Lu Zhou felt like he should block these type of friends online. However, in his heart, he remembered to be kind. So, after some thinking, he still pressed like on the post and then quickly scrolled past.

As he scrolled past the posts, he felt as if he was reviewing theses.

Time passed by without him realizing it.

Suddenly, the door opened. A sweaty Shi Shang walked in carrying a basketball.

"Did you fall in the drain?" asked Lu Zhou after taking a look at him.

"What drain? Basketball! At the end of the month, there is an interclass basketball tournament after my English exams. The class leader dragged me to training," said Shi Shang. He sat down on the chair, opened his water bottle, and started to drink quickly. He released a breath and said, "Motherf*cker, class two's center player is way too tall! He could be an electric pole. "

"You're not studying?"

"Study, my ass. I've already looked at the material. It won't change a thing if I study. 90 is unrealistic, 80 is pushing it, 70 is easy peasy. If I want a good mark, it'll be up to Professor Tang's kindness!" said Shi Shang. He was fanning himself with a textbook as he said, "Not to mention, basketball is way more important than mathematics."

"But sports only counted for a few credit points..." said Lu Zhou nonchalantly.

"Lu Zhou," said Shi Shang as he looked sternly at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou's entire body felt uneasy when the guy was stern.

"What...?"

"Does your life only consist of credit points?" asked Shi Shang in a heavy tone.

"What else is there?"

"I'll change my question. Do you want chicks?" asked Shi Shang seriously.

"They're okay..."

Lu Zhou felt like he was not that desperate for chicks. From a logical perspective, he was in no financial situation to date.

He was afraid of trouble and he was even more afraid of giving other people trouble. Even though he was certain that he would become wealthy one day, maybe richer than anyone else, he still did not want to steal someone else's youth.

Of course, maybe the only reason he was thinking like this was that he had not met someone he truly loved.

However, who could predict what would happen in the future?

"What do you mean by okay? Lu Zhou, as the dorm leader, I have to lecture you on some life lessons," said Shi Shang. He leaned against the backrest of the chair as he said seriously, "Think about it. When you pass the ball into the free throw line and two big guys are standing in front of you, suddenly you go for a three-step dunk... What will happen next?"

"I... I don't play basketball."

Lu Zhou's height was tall enough to touch the basket, but he was far from dunking. If he tried to take the ball by force, he would probably get blocked.

"Throw! You know how to throw, right! You throw a perfect three-pointer, " said Shi Shang. He continued to say, "Think about it!"

He knew how to throw.

Lu Zhou thought for a bit and said, "The ball went through?"

"Just that? Too young! Too simple!" said Shi Shang. He grabbed his thigh and said in excitement, "It's cheers! Think about those flying pom poms! Those cheerleaders! Think about those girls with long legs and short skirts as they screamed your name with a slight blush on their face..."

"Stop! Stop first!" said Lu Zhou as he pinched his forehead. He interrupted Shi Shang's train of thought as he asked, "Is there even... any girls in our class?"

Not only were there no girls in class one but there were also none in class two.

"..."

The dorm room turned dead silent.

From another perspective, being able to end the conversation with just one sentence was a gift in itself.

Shi Shang let out a long sigh and looked at the ceiling before saying, "I... I can't talk to you."

Lu Zhou sighed as he thought about the same thing.

Chapter 12: Jealousy Has Built Up My Walls

The days passed by slowly. Soon, it was time for the "Advanced Algebra 2" exam.

"Students, please turn off your phones. Place your student ID and citizen ID on the table's left corner. I will repeat the exam rules again. There will be no tolerance for cheating. You'll be sent to the academic affairs office if caught. You are all about to enter the second year. I hope you won't make a mistake at a crucial time like this. Every year, there are a couple of students that are dishonest. I hope you can follow the rules."

An old professor stood on the podium and looked around the room. He then pointed at a master's student and said, "Little Wong, start from the right side."

"Okay," nodded the boy named Little Wong. He started to inspect the student IDs starting from the right.

The old professor placed his vacuum flask on the podium and started to inspect the IDs from the left.

Lu Zhou stretched his back. He turned off his phone and stuffed it in his bag. Like everyone else, he placed his textbooks and electronics on the first row tables.

Finally, the day had come!

After finishing the exams, he would have tons of time to do his other stuff.

Lu Zhou went back to his chair and sat down. The master's student looked at his citizen and student IDs. He then sat there while waiting for the test paper.

After all, the University of Jin Ling was a renowned university. When it came to the exams, the rules were very strict.

Even though that old guy wore glasses and had a smile on his face, if he caught you handing notes or looking at your phone, no matter how you tried to hide it, he would know instantly.

A few students brought cheat notes. They sat there anxiously. They wanted to cheat but were afraid to do so.

Lu Zhou sighed. He felt bad for these unfortunate people. He quickly started to write on the test.

Apparently, Professor Tang wrote the test. However, it did not matter who wrote the test as the topics that were tested were all part of the syllabus. At least, from Lu Zhou's perspective, the topics were all very easy.

The first section was filling in the blanks. The first question asked to solve a differential equation. He just had to follow the steps. Although the formula was slightly complicated, it was still the same type of question. Lu Zhou considered them free marks.

The second question asked for the equation of a line using spatial coordinates. It was pretty self-explanatory, so more free marks.

The third question was derivation and fourth was finding the integral of a curve. It was all free marks.

The fifth question was interesting. Using an already known $f(x)$ function, solve for $s(-5/2\pi)$ by letting a Fourier sine series expansion function be $s(x)$.

Emm...

It was slightly difficult.

Lu Zhou held his hand and tapped the draft paper lightly for a few times. He then solved the problem quickly.

The question looked difficult because it tested one's knowledge of Fourier sine functions and asked to solve an equation. Not to mention the function was not exactly easy. However, after some thinking, the seemingly difficult calculation process was actually not that hard. One just had to follow the steps.

Lu Zhou had already studied two whole textbooks. Therefore it was easy for someone like him.

Immediately after, he looked at the multiple choice questions. These were also free mark questions. He swiftly started to tick the answers.

After that, it was the long questions. He finally had to be serious!

Lu Zhou rubbed his fists. He felt prepared. He was ready to go to work. When he looked at the question, he was stunned...

It was not because it seemed difficult.

But because...

Emmmm...

That was it?

Lu Zhou secretly looked across. His neighbor was struggling while biting down on his pen.

He then glanced back. An even more creative person folded a dice out of the draft paper. They were clearly using magic to solve the question.

A guy stood up and walked towards the podium. He turned in his exam paper and confidently left the door.

Lu Zhou was filled with respect for the guy.

Heroes pass through the same path!

I guess I'm not the only one that thought this exam is too easy!

Lu Zhou stopped hesitating and started to write. He quickly solved the questions on the exam paper. Other than the last question, which took him five minutes, all of the questions only took him two minutes to solve.

He looked over at his paper. He was sure that there were no mistakes. He saw that he did not even use up a quarter of the draft paper provided. Lu Zhou packed his stuff and went to turn his test in.

The old professor was sitting on the podium drinking tea and he did not even look at Lu Zhou as he turned his test in.

However, when his peripheral vision saw a flash of the exam paper, he squinted his eyes.

Oh.

He actually finished it?

It has only been half an hour!

He picked up the exam paper frivolously and adjusted his glasses. He then started to look over the answers.

The first question was correct.

The second question was correct.

Third question...

The further he looked, the more dignified and serious his expression became.

The master's student was curious about what was written on the exam paper. However, looking at the old professor's serious expression, he decided not to go and bother him. He walked off the podium quietly and went to patrol the back of the classroom.

Seconds and minutes soon passed by. After reading the last line of the last question, Lu Fangping's furrowed eyebrows finally relaxed. He nodded his head with approval.

This is interesting.

Very interesting.

"Looks like Professor Tang taught a good student..." He thought. Professor Lu Fangping picked his teacup and took a sip. His face was expressionless.

As for the first two students that left, the exam room had no reaction. At most, they tried to comfort themselves by thinking, "The two idiots already gave up. Guess I'm not the only one that thought this is difficult..."

Other than Liu Rui, who sat behind Lu Zhou.

He saw with his own eyes that Lu Zhou's paper was fully written.

Even though he could not see clearly what Lu Zhou wrote, but from the outline of the equations, it clearly did not look like it was made up.

... Maybe?

He looked at his own paper. He was still stuck on the last fill in the blanks question. He could not think of an answer at all.

Logically speaking, he should give up if he was stuck on a question. He should wait until he finished the rest. Then, he could come back and try to solve it. However, Liu Rui kept thinking that if Lu Zhou could solve it, so could he. He could not handle the defeat.

Jealousy has built up my walls.

Jealousy is making me unable to solve this problem.

Ahhhhhh...

My heart is about to explode!

Liu Rui grabbed his hair as his entire body felt weak.

...

After coming out from the exam room, Lu Zhou did not waste any time hanging around. He went back to his dorm and copied his thesis into a USB. He then went to the laboratory building and found Professor Tang's office.

The office was very quiet. Other than Professor Tang smoking near the windows, there were only two students looking at a computer as they focused on their project. They did not even look at Lu Zhou when he walked in as they completely failed to notice him.

Professor Tang noticed Lu Zhou standing outside the door and he signaled for Lu Zhou to come in. When he saw the USB, he laughed, "Oh, you've already finished your thesis this quickly?"

Lu Zhou said politely, "Yeah, I finally finished it. The English and Chinese versions are here. Could you please look over it for me?"

"Give it here. This is why you come here for, right?"

Professor Tang took the USB from Lu Zhou and walked to his desk. He opened up his laptop, plugged the USB in and started to read the thesis.

"How did your exam went?"

"It was okay. The questions felt pretty easy."

"Ah, quite cocky. I'll personally mark your paper."

"Please have mercy!"

"Don't even think about it."

Tang Zhiwei laughed and opened the thesis. If anyone else begged him like this, he would definitely felt resentful towards them. But when Lu Zhou said it, he did not mind it at all and just laughed.

He knew the skill level of his own students. Asking a student like Lu Zhou to do this exam was a little insulting.

The performance stage for a student like Lu Zhou was not the final exam. It was the "Challenger cup", which was a competition for STEM students, or the national undergraduate mathematical modeling competition.

Tang Zhiwei put on his glasses and focused his attention on the thesis. He continued to read.

Honestly speaking, when he saw Lu Zhou coming into this office, his heart was full of surprise.

Pursuing academics was like using a bucket to carry water from the sea into a reservoir.

The road was bumpy and difficult. It crossed mountains and rivers, and through rain and heat. Finally, you walked to the academic reservoir and use the bucket to pour a drop of water into the reservoir. It would make all of the effort worthy.

Anyone that wanted to be in academics had to carry on sincerely. People that wanted immediate success would never succeed.

No matter how talented he was at mathematics, how much water could an undergraduate student carried in his bucket?

He would not even arrive at the reservoir. The little amount of water would dry up halfway through the walk.

Therefore, Professor Tang Zhiwei was very calm. He did not carry a mathematician's mindset when reading theses, but rather an educator's mindset. It was like he was caring for a newly planted flower.

Even before he even began to read the thesis, he was already thinking about how he could ask Lu Zhou to rewrite his thesis in a relatively inoffensive way. He wanted to teach him not to run before he could walk and did not want to discourage his interest and passion.

Suddenly, Professor Tang was stunned. His eyebrows furrowed and he went into deep thinking.

This...

Was this really written by an undergraduate student?

Maybe he copied it from a textbook?

Professor Tang was filled with suspicions. He randomly chose a paragraph and searched for it online.

Nothing matched.

Not convinced, the old man logged onto a thesis checking website and uploaded the entire thesis onto it.

His eyes widened at the search result.

How is this possible?!

Chapter 13: Even If You Guys Aren't Ashamed, I'm Ashamed!

Plagiarism percentage: 0.3%

It could not be more legit.

"Lu Zhou, let me ask you something and answer honestly. Did you really write this thesis by yourself?"

Professor Tang Zhiwei stared at Lu Zhou. Through his thick glasses, his pupils shined with astonishment.

There was a hint of excitement.

Only thing was, he still could not believe it. He could not believe that the mathematical proof theorem in the thesis was actually written by an undergraduate student.

Lu Zhou did not avoid those questioning eyes. Instead, he laughed and with a humble tone, he said, "It was all thanks to Professor Tang's education."

Even though I exchanged it with general points, it should count as my own work right?

He had no shame in saying that it was his own work!

Tang Zhiwei looked away from Lu Zhou and continued to look at the thesis for a very long time.

Since Lu Zhou was free, he just stood next to him and waited.

The sky gradually turned darker and darker and the clock on the wall slowly turned to six o'clock. Professor Tang finally read through the last part of the thesis and let out a long sigh.

"The argument in the thesis is pretty good. One could even say that it's very good. But one criticism I have is that the format of the thesis still has some problems. Details such as vocabulary and citations are slightly inappropriate. However, these are all but small problems. Being able to write this type of thesis as a first-year student means that you have great potential!"

Professor Tang took off his glasses and put it on the table. He looked at Lu Zhou, laughed and said, "Leave this thesis here. I'll help you to edit it slightly."

Lu Zhou was full of joy and he quickly responded, "Thank you, professor!"

If he tried to find a professional editing service, it would be quite pricey. Plus, they might not even edit it well. If you find a scummy company and your thesis did not pass, all they would do was to tell you that your thesis was garbage.

"I've wasted quite a bit of your time. You should go back now. Remember to find me two days later, or I can call you... Leave your phone number here. I can't be bothered to

look through the student register," said Professor Tang as he pointed at an A4 paper and gave Lu Zhou a pen.

Obviously, Lu Zhou was dripping with joy and he quickly wrote down his phone number.

"Oh yeah, Zhou, let me ask you something. Have you thought about which journal you want to submit to?"

With a forced smile, Lu Zhou said, "I've searched around online. AMC's impact factor seems pretty high. Also, their review process is pretty fast, so I plan on..."

"Don't be ridiculous!" whispered Professor Tang. He added, "What's the point of submitting it there? Thank god I asked you, otherwise it'd be too late! Did you know that the thesis submitted to AMC doesn't even count towards the assessment of the PhD students?"

Uh?

There's such a thing?

However, even knowing about it now, Lu Zhou did not really care. After all, he had no plans to take a master's degree much less a PhD. He had just wanted a fast review process so that he could complete the mission.

If he submitted to a strict journal, it could take months of waiting time. In the end, if his thesis was rejected, he would go crazy.

"The domestic situation for mathematical journals is not good. I suggest that you try to submit internationally. As for your thesis, "Journal of Symbolic Logic" or "International Journal of Theoretical and Applied Mathematics" are pretty good. The first leans towards publications of pure mathematics papers. Whereas the later is for applied mathematics, mathematical analysis, and physics. Among these three fields, I would suggest that you make up a decision by yourself. Also, remember one thing. If you dare to submit this thesis to the AMC journal, don't ever come to see me again."

Lu Zhou, "I..."

He hesitated and changed his words.

"Thank you, Professor Tang, for your wise words, I..."

Professor Tang waved his hands and joked, "Stop kissing my ass. Get lost!"

Lu Zhou left and he closed the door on his way out.

The office suddenly became quiet again. The master's student who was writing his thesis stretched. He looked at the professor's thesis topic and asked quietly, "Professor, was that an undergraduate student with you earlier?"

"Unbelievable right?" laughed Professor Tang. He said, "Let me tell you something. Not only that he's an undergraduate, but he's also a first-year student!"

The eyes of the other master's student widened and he left his project aside as he asked in disbelief, "First year?! He's already starting to submit to SCI in the first year?! Why are the undergraduate students so insane nowadays?"

"Yeah, that's why you guys have to work hard," said Professor Tang. As he looked at his own two students, he said seriously, "Don't get beaten by the younger students. Even if you guys aren't ashamed, I'm ashamed!"

...

While Lu Zhou was consulting Professor Tang Zhiwei with his USB, the "Advanced Algebra 2" exam finally finished. After turning their tests in, chaos ensued outside the exam room.

"F*ck me, the time was way too short! I still had two big sections that I didn't answer!"

"Way too hard! Who wrote that impossible last question?"

"The Fourier series question? I didn't even look at it. I just skipped it!"

"Second to last question, the one about convergence fields and functions of power series, and asking for the sum of series..."

"Don't ask me. I don't know and I don't understand. I just want some silence..."

"Brother Tao, how did you do? Passed?"

"Don't even mention it. I'm waiting for the supplementary exam."

Of course, the dumb students were still a minority. A lot of the geniuses got sucked into these dumb student's mindsets after hearing them complain.

For example, Liu Rui was posting in his friends' news feed right outside the exam room.

[Maths is so hard! I screwed up. I didn't know anything. I'll have to take the supplementary exams. T.T]

Actually, not only did he finished, but he also double-checked everything.

He finished typing and clicked post.

At the same moment, Huang Guangming and Shi Shang came over.

"Liu Rui, what are you doing?"

"I'm playing with my phone while waiting for you," said Liu Rui. He turned off his phone and pretended as if nothing happened as he said, "Come, let's get food in the cafeteria."

"How did Zhou do? I saw him left half an hour into the exam?" said Shi Shang.

"I don't know. Let's ask him when he gets back," said Liu Rui as he shook his head.

Huang Guangming continued to ask, "Oh yeah, Brother Rui, what did you put for the last multi-choice question?"

Liu Rui, "I think A... That question was hard so I guessed."

Huang Guangming laughed and said, "F*ck, I put A as well! I knew I guessed it correctly!"

Shi Shang frowned. He thought for a bit and said, "Wasn't it B?"

Liu Rui recalled the question. He shook his head and said "It definitely wasn't B. Using the information provided, it must've been a series convergence, and its square couldn't diverge... Yeah. I guess it so I could be wrong."

He emphasized again that he could be wrong.

Huang Guangming and Shi Shang were already used to his "humbleness" so they did not find it strange at all.

Huang Guangming remembered being dominated by the horror of mathematics for the last half hour. He sighed and said, "This test is way too hard. I feel like I didn't study at all."

Shi Shang remained silent.

He felt like he did even worse.

At the same moment, a class genius walked by.

The dark-skinned guy stood tall and skinny with his back straight. His name was Luo Rundong, he was a true genius. He was the only student in his class that got a 150 in high school mathematics. Most people were forced to do a mathematics major while he specifically chose to major in mathematics.

As for grades, Liu Rui's were slightly higher because Luo Rundong's English was not as good. However, for advanced algebra and mathematical analysis, Liu Rui could not even match the guy.

"Liu Rui, did you solve that last fill in the blank question?"

"I did solve it. But I don't know if it was right..."

The two started to discuss the math question. Incomprehensible and difficult words started to come out from their mouths and no one around them could understand.

Huang Guangming and Shi Shang looked at each other with a helpless look in their eyes.

If only Lu Zhou was here.

With no Lu Zhou to compare themselves to, they felt like they were the dumb students.

This feeling is too painful!

Chapter 14: Get A Job, Genius

[Liu Rui: Mathematics is so hard! I completely didn't understand the fifth fill in the blanks question and the last multi-choice. In the end, I had to guess the answer. Ah, I screwed up. I'll need to do the supplementary exam T.T]

"..."

Lu Zhou was scrolling through his friends' news feed when he saw Liu Rui's post. He twitched his mouth and was about to like the post when he stopped himself.

[The fifth fill in the blanks answer is... The last multi-choice answer is B]

It was difficult to type mathematical symbols on a phone!

He finished typing it and pressed send.

How comfortable!

Lu Zhou was about to put his phone back into his pocket and wanted to continue to eat. Suddenly his phone vibrated. He looked at the notification and saw Liu Rui's reply.

What? How did this guy reply so fast?

Lu Zhou felt slightly surprised and opened up his news feed.

[Liu Rui: ... Wasn't it A?]

Lu Zhou laughed and shook his head as he recalled the choices of that question. He took out a draft paper from his backpack and started to write down the steps of the question. He then picked a good lighting angle, took a photo, and sent it.

[Lu Zhou: [Photo]]

This time Liu Rui's reply was slow.

After a while, Lu Zhou saw that there was no reply. So, he decided to continue to eat his noodles.

He had delayed eating for so long. The noodles would soon become soft if he did not start to eat them.

However, just as he stuffed his phone back into his pocket, his phone vibrated again. This time, it was a phone call.

"F*ck me? This guy must be crazy to call me?"

Lu Zhou hurried and took out his phone. It turned out that the call was not from Liu Rui. It was from Wu Dahai.

Speaking of which, it was him that sent Lu Zhou to the hospital when he had a heat stroke.

Lu Zhou felt apologetic as he did not even get a chance to thank him properly.

After the phone rang for a while, Lu Zhou pressed the answer button.

"Hello?"

"It's me, Dahai," said Fat Wu. He said with a clear voice, "How are you? Are you feeling better?"

"I'm okay. Thanks for last time..." said Lu Zhou. He felt apologetic.

"No need to thank me! I'm just glad that nothing serious happened to you, " interrupted Wu Dahai. He continued to ask, "Are you free tonight?"

"I'm free... What are we doing?" asked Lu Zhou.

"Sorting packages for Shengtong express. 100 yuan for the night, you coming?" asked Wu Dahai.

Lu Zhou immediately asked, "Where?"

Wu Dahai, "There's a car outside the school. It leaves at seven. Hurry up and come if you want. I still need two people. After that, I'll leave."

"I'll come right now!"

Lu Zhou hung up the call and quickly slurped up his noodles. He brought his empty bowl to the counter and quickly left the cafeteria. He called his roommate Shi Shang while he rushed towards the school gate.

"Hello? Zhou, what's up?" answered a deep voice.

"I've some stuff to do tonight. I can't come."

"What stuff? What's going on?" An exciting gossip voice came from the phone.

Lu Zhou said impatiently, "F*ck off! What are you on? I'm working."

" ... "

The other end of the phone went silent for a second. Just as Lu Zhou was about to hang up, Shi Shang suddenly sighed and said with a deep voice, "Lu Zhou, I know that your family is in a tough situation. You can tell me anything. Let's discuss it. You don't have to do this kind of stuff... Anyway, where are you? Is it a guy or a girl?"

Lu Zhou: ? ? ?

Lu Zhou did not respond so Shi Shang was even more worried: "F*ck me! Brother, please tell me that you're thinking this through. You'll regret this for the rest of your life! How... How will you ever face your future wife? Don't hang up, I'm warning you! If you dare to hang up, I'll call the counselor."

Lu Zhou: "... What the hell are you saying?"

Shi Shang paused for a second and felt something was wrong. He said awkwardly with a quiet voice, "... What else could you be doing working at night? I'm convincing you not to go down this path..."

"I'm sorting packages. F*ck off."

That piercing cold voice shocked Shi Shang and before he realized, Lu Zhou had already hung up.

...

The van was parked outside the school. Lu Zhou walked towards the gate and Wu Dahai waved at him from the distant.

Lu Zhou opened up the van's door and sat on a small stool. He looked around the car and other than himself, there were 10 other people packed in the van. They were all students from the University of Jin Ling and they were all male.

Obviously, a girl would not work this type of physically demanding job at night.

Of course, it actually was not that physically demanding as Lu Zhou had done it twice. At least it was a lot easier than passing out flyers. The only bad side was that he had to stay up all night.

However, when Lu Zhou thought about the 100 yuan pay, he decided to stick through with it.

He had to as he only had three thousand left in his bank account. Not to mention, he would have to pay a layout and review fee for the SCI journal. He did not want to be more of a burden for his family or asked them for more money.

Submitting in other magazines had a remuneration. However, for this type of academic journals, there was no remuneration. He might even have to pay for the journal himself.

"A hundred a night and I'll pay you the day after tomorrow. Remember to give me your Alipay account number. Listen to instructions when you arrived at the sorting center. The actions required are very simple. You just have to move the stuff from the truck onto the warehouse's conveyor belt. There is an hour break in the middle and you can play pool in the break room if you wish. I don't suggest you playing against the regular workers as they play for money and could sink three balls in a single round."

"Moving stuff? Isn't that very tiring?" asked a small guy.

Wu Dahai patiently explained, "Relax, you don't have to move it yourself. You know how to play football, right? Two people drag the stuff out of the car and the rest can just kick it along. The path between the unloading point and conveyor belt is easy. Other than large items such as refrigerators or televisions, it should be very easy."

Another guy yelled, "F*ck me, kick? What if it breaks?"

Wu Dahai looked at him and said, "Do whatever you want. It's not like you're paying for it so why worry? Anyway, relax. The distributors usually have strict packing regulations and they would pack a lot of foam in there. Even if you kicked as hard as you could, you could not break it. I'll send you to the national football team if you actually break anything."

The guy laughed and did not say much. He thought, "I want to go to the national team. It's not like you could send me there."

As they chatted, they finally arrived. The van stopped at the entrance of the warehouse. Wu Dahai paid the driver with his phone and called the students to come out.

The warehouse was very large. It looked like it was at least 2000 square meters. There were a couple of trucks parked outside. The regular staff was already working inside the warehouse. A middle-aged guy wearing a blue uniform stood outside the gate and looked around. When he saw Wu Dahai, he waved for him to come over.

"Everyone's here? Do you need to count?" said the man. When he smiled, his yellow teeth showed.

"There's only a few people, so no need to count. Let's start," said Wu Dahai. He then swiftly gave the middle-aged guy a cigarette.

The man laughed, took the cigarette and said, "Okay, come with me."

He turned around and started to walk towards the workshop.

Chapter 15: A Way To Liquidate General Points?

Fat Wu's description was accurate. Sorting out packages was as easy as kicking a football.

They would point their toes at the parcel and strongly kick it. The package would fly for ten meters. No one cared about the sellers or the buyers. Nothing mattered as long as the package was delivered.

Actually, it was not that these workers did not want to be more responsible. The regular workers were even rougher on the packages. When the conveyor belt started, there was no time for you to handle the packages carefully. It did not matter whether it said fragile or expensive. If the cardboard box broke, there were designated people to collect them, taped them up, and put them back on the conveyor belt.

"This package broke. It seems to be wine or something. I can smell the alcohol."

"Don't bother with it. It's fine as long as the delivery receipt doesn't get wet. Throw it back on the conveyor belt. Remember, the delivery receipt faces up."

The group of workers had a clear designated parking space to work at. Two people stood next to the truck, took out the packages and threw them on the ground. The other two people threw the packages onto the conveyor belt. As for the rest, they were responsible for "passing the ball". After a while, it was surprisingly fun.

Fat Wu was "passing the ball". He even started to brag to the regular workers' boss and asked for a competition.

There was a guy standing next to Lu Zhou who was taking out the packages from the truck. He saw his classmates kicking the packages around and was unhappy. He could

not tolerate it anymore and said quietly, "Take it easy, guys. My package could be in there."

Of course, no one heard him. Even if they did, they would not have listened.

There were so many packages. If they passed them around gently, it would take them all night just to finish a few trucks.

Wu Dahai did not tell them how many packages to sort out. He just told them to listen to him. Lu Zhou estimated that the packaging facility must have had a contract with Wu Dahai. Wu Dahai probably got paid by the number of packages sorted.

For example, assuming five yuan for each package, if they just sorted out two thousand packages tonight, Fat Wu would get a big fat check. If they sorted a thousand more packages, that would be an extra five thousand yuan.

Lu Zhou calculated that there were ten other people here, working for eight hours. They could at least sort thirty thousand packages, right? Maybe even forty thousand. Counting himself and Fat Wu, there were twelve workers.

Lu Zhou suddenly did not feel so good.

Everyone else only got a measly hundred yuan for working all night, but this Fat Wu would probably earn a thousand or two. That's enough for an average student's monthly living expenses! Everyone else received money from home but this guy probably sends money back home.

However, no matter how jealous Lu Zhou got, he knew that if he tried to do it himself, he might not be able to even do it.

First of all, he had to find a lot of workers. Then, he had to organize these workers. Not only did he had to organize, but he also needed to have the ability to negotiate. He had to convince the people at the sorting center to trust him with the task. Also, he had to negotiate a reasonable price that both parties would be satisfied with.

Everything required a high emotional intelligence that one could not learn just by doing practice questions. Lu Zhou observed Fat Wu proficiently delegating the task and knew

that there was no way for him to do the same, and neither could those football kicking people.

Otherwise, the person earning thousands a night would not be Fat Wu. It would be one of them.

Ah, what a greedy capitalist!

Lu Zhou's hands were operating like a machine as he unloaded the packages from the truck. He was desperately trying to diverge his thinking so he that would not be so bored. He looked around the warehouse and his mind wandered.

Honestly speaking, from a modern university student's perspective, he felt that the logistics of the sorting center was completely illogical. First of all, it was not intelligently designed. Also, it wasted a lot of manpower on repetitive and skill-less operations.

Of course, he knew that hindsight was 20/20.

Upgrading technology would cost a lot of money. This type of sorting center would not be able to get the necessary fundings needed for an upgrade. Even if the sorting center shareholders had the necessary capital, they obviously would not spend it on upgrading.

Using the risk parity investment principle, the money would either be invested in the housing market or be used to purchase various financial products. This was because the ultimate goal was to get a return on investment. It was not for improving the lives of everyone.

Even if people generally thought that the interests of the two were the same, in reality, they were completely unrelated.

"They can add a conveyor belt to the gate of the sorting center and use intelligent machines to sort the packages. Not only would this decrease the damages done to the packages, but it would also increase the efficiency of the center's delivery rate," thought Lu Zhou as his eyebrows furrowed.

Suddenly, as he was thinking about the problem, he felt that his vision was becoming blurry.

He tried to concentrate but suddenly a semi-transparent holographic window appeared in front of him.

[Number 001 Intelligent sorting system design blueprint (Intelligent machine program).
Required: Level 1 information science, level 2 engineering.]

[Required general points: 5000]

"The f*ck!"

Lu Zhou was surprised by the sudden appearance of the system. He was even more surprised by the required general points.

*5000 f*cking general points!*

Why is this high tech system so hungry for general points?

"What happened?" asked the guy next to him as he stared at him blankly, wondering what got on his nerves.

"Uh, nothing. I suddenly remembered that I screwed up a question in my exam."

Lu Zhou laughed and quickly dismissed the guy. His focus went back to looking at the holographic window that only he could see while his brain was spinning a million miles per second.

The system could solve real-life problems by consuming general points. Turned out, the problem did not have to be a specific question. It could even be an imagination, with the system filling in the details.

To simplify, it was like writing a good thesis. The user came up with an idea, so he was the creator. The system was like a hired gunman and it was responsible for making it happened.

For example, the 001 blueprint came from his imaginary scheme of the current situation of the sorting center. Of course, his set up was low resolution, resulting in the system designing components that were overly complicated.

In addition, the general points required was determined by the problem's difficulty and skill level.

Suddenly, Lu Zhou thought about something that made his heart skip a beat.

"If I specify the problem to making an intelligence sorting machine arm..."

Lu Zhou shook his head and focused on the new problem. Shortly after, the holographic window popped up a line of text.

[Sorting center intelligent arm machine (XX sorting center). Required: Level 1 information science.]

[Required general points: 1570]

As expected!

Lu Zhou squeezed his fists in excitement.

This is how you properly use the system!

For example, if he wanted to make a phone, he did not have to make the system solve it entirely. Rather, he should split it into many small ideas and only use the system to solve the parts that he could not.

For example, to be specific, take a Xiaomi 4 and yelled, "System, upgrade 10% capabilities". The system could price the upgrade from anywhere between 1000-10000 general points and it would assume that he wanted a complete phone upgrade.

He could disassemble his Xiaomi 4 and took out the Qualcomm Snapdragon 801 chip. Then, if he asked the system to upgrade the chip, under the conditions that the chip process technology did not change, the system would give the design for increasing the chip's performance by 10%.

By specifying the instructions, it might only cost less than 1000 general points for the system to solve the problem. It would give him the blueprint to increase the Qualcomm Snapdragon 801's performance.

Lu Zhou was immediately filled with joy. He had finally discovered a way to monetize the general points of the system.

However, he calmed down quickly.

He remembered that he had only 35 general points left.

Even if he found a way to monetize it, he still needed general points. With his current amount of general points, he could only solve a math problem.

After he thought about this, Lu Zhou was not as happy anymore.