

## Scholar 121

### Chapter 121

Although I know I'm handsome, we should still be humble...

Lu Zhou smiled embarrassedly.

Luo Wenxuan walked with Lu Zhou to the elevator and gave him some important advice.

"... If you're researching something interesting, you can try to find a genius in that field and talk about it with them. If they become interested in your research, you can choose him as your academic editor when you submit the thesis. Your chances of a successful submission will be much higher. If you're planning on studying a PhD, you can also try to find a mentor in your field, talk to them, get to know them."

The two walked into the elevator and saw two other people inside.

Luo Wenxuan paused for a second before he enthusiastically extended his right hand. He said to the old man, "Professor Wang, what a coincidence!"

"Haha, Wenxuan," said Professor Wang as he reached out to shake Luo Wenxuan's hand. He continued, "Long time no see... This is?"

"Lu Zhou, a proud student of Professor Tang," said Luo Wenxuan as he patted Lu Zhou on the shoulder and smiled. He then said, "Lu Zhou, this is Professor Wang Yuping from the University of Yan. He's at the forefront of the country's algebraic number theory research."

"Professor Wang, nice to meet you!"

Nutty...

Lu Zhou had once seen the professor's name in the news, and he was fully impressed.

Professor Wang was not as famous as Lu Zhou because he was a lot more low-key. Another reason was that most of his mathematics research was done when he was younger, and there was no internet at the time, only newspaper...

Professor Wang had accomplished countless academic achievements. Included among his achievements was the solution of the Hualin problem raised by Mr. Hua Luogeng's whole-value polynomial, which proved that the famous combinator Ballobas was an important part of the limited Abelian group.

These solutions were not as good as Zhou's conjecture, but they were still of decent value.

Mr. Wang was one of the strong number theory figures at the University of Yan.

"You don't need to brag for me," said Mr. Wang Yuping as he shook Lu Zhou's hand. He said with a kind smile, "Student Zhou, I've heard Professor Tang mention you before. You're quite amazing. The future of China's mathematics depends on you!"

Awe-inspired, Lu Zhou said, "Professor, you're too kind."

"Speaking of which, you should learn from Professor Tang instead of Dean Qin," said Wang Yuping with a smile. He then introduced Lu Zhou to the young man next to him, "This is my student, Wei Wen."

Wei Wen reached out his hand and lightly smiled, he said, "Hello, we meet again."

"Hello, hello," said Lu Zhou as he shook his hand and smiled. He did not recognize him.

We've met before?

Where?

I don't remember anything...

After some small talk, Professor Wang and his student left.

Luo Wenxuan then patted Lu Zhou's shoulder and wished him a "fun night" before he left as well.

As Lu Zhou looked at the people in the venue, he squeezed the champagne glass in his hand and could not help but feel nervous.

Who said that geniuses aren't good at socializing?

It seems that I have to improve my social skills.

When Lu Zhou walked around the venue, he originally planned to find Professor Deligne for thesis review. However, when he saw the man surrounded by a crowd of people, he hesitated.

His English skills were not the best.

When he finally made up his mind...

The man had already left.

In the end, Lu Zhou sat down on a sofa.

Just like when he was at the school cafeteria, he would always choose the quietest position to sit at.

Lu Zhou shook his head and took out a notebook from his suit pocket. He then began to study the problem that he was stuck on.

However, someone suddenly sat down across from him.

When Lu Zhou looked up, he did not recognize her.

Her thick eyebrows were like the girl from the Harry Potter movies.

She wore a black dress with a white necklace, forming a sharp contrast. It was mysterious, a Victorian style of fashion.

Lu Zhou looked down...

Okay, I guess not all white people have big boobs...

It was rude to stare for too long, and Lu Zhou was preparing to say hello, but she spoke first.

Molina, "You're not dancing?"

"Nope, it's too crowded over there, not suitable for me..." said Lu Zhou. He continued, "Fine, actually I don't know how to dance, you?"

Molina smiled and said, "Me too."

Surprised, Lu Zhou looked at her and said, "I thought the French are all dancing masters."

"To each their own," said Molina with a smile. She then said, "When I first came to the United States, I thought you Chinese people all knew Kung Fu."

"This... is a bit of a misunderstanding," replied Lu Zhou.

"I'm very curious."

"Curious about what?"

“How can you still concentrate on mathematics questions with a beautiful lady sitting across from you?”

The f\*ck?

What’s she talking about?

Are westerners really like this!

Lu Zhou looked at Molina and he did not respond. Instead, he asked, “... Why do you say that?”

Molina looked at Lu Zhou and grinned as she said, “I can tell a lot from your body language.”

“... Fine, I guess my body language is too revealing.”

Lu Zhou coughed.

He was actually thinking about mathematical problems.

Even now...

The conversation went into a short period of silence while the two sat quietly together.

As Lu Zhou looked at the people on the dance floor, he tapped his fingers on the table while he followed the beat.

Inspiration was always something metaphysical.

The truth buried in the numbers could slip away from his fingertips.

This was why he had to use the system multiple times as a last resort.

However, the system would not give him any advice as to which problem to solve. It would only solve the problem when asked.

Unfortunately, he did not have enough points to solve the twin prime number conjecture.

He was always a little bit off from solving it...

Lu Zhou squeezed his fists.

Suddenly, a light bulb went off in his head. He remembered the twenty-four hours of inspiration time the system had. He then stood up from his chair.

Molina looked at him strangely, "What's wrong?"

Lu Zhou took a deep breath and said, "I suddenly thought of something important."

Molina raised her eyebrows, and she asked jokingly, "Is it more important than eating dinner with a French lady?"

"It's more important than having dinner with the Virgin Mary!"

Lu Zhou quickly ran to the elevator.

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At the same time, the inspiration in his mind was like a tsunami, washing away in his cerebral cortex.

It was hard to describe that feeling.

Suddenly, it was like all of the nerve endings in his body expanded, like his body directly connected with the cosmos...

The rings on his curtains looked like an abstract elongated Mobius ring.

The texture of his sheets looked like the Fibonacci sequence.

The paper cup on the desk, the bed, and the chandelier formed a three-point golden ratio.

These small details were obvious to him.

It was like his vision was reduced to pure geometric images, and he was breaking down data into pure numbers and arithmetic symbols.

This kind of feeling was a paradise for any artist.

Of course, it was also hell for OCD patients...

Lu Zhou took a deep breath and tried not to pay any attention to the sense of distraction in the room while he concentrated on the paper.

It was whether there was an infinite pair of  $(P, P+2)$  prime numbers!

...

The functions of the system had been very user-friendly.

A total of 24 inspiration hours could be paused and resumed at any time. However, after each pause, there would be symptoms of "inspiration exhaustion" such as slow thinking, slow reaction speeds, and etc.

After several experiments, Lu Zhou finally became familiar with the use of the function.

He was stuck on the twin prime number problem for more than half a year, so this burst of inspiration made him ecstatic.

As a result, Lu Zhou almost forgot why he came to Princeton in the first place. He forgot about his presentation on the fifth day, and he even forgot about the system mission.

In order to make use of every hour, he would only use four inspiration hours a day, over four sessions. He wanted to utilize every hour and every minute.

He was immersed in the search for answers.

It was like he became a detective, desperately searching for clues.

Every time Lu Zhou found a clue, he was one step closer to solving the problem.

This kind of experience was unprecedented for him.

Lu Zhou did not leave the hotel room for three days.

He completely shut himself in his ten-square-meter room, and he even called room service for food.

Those used draft papers piled up in the corner of his table while crunched up draft papers were on the floor.

The fourth night...



Lu Zhou looked at the mountain of draft papers while he changed the ink in his pen. He could not help but yawn.

“There are only two hours left?”

Lu Zhou looked at the timer on his phone before he went into system space to pause the inspiration hours.

Finally, it was time for a break.

However, that wonderful feeling of inspiration was gone.

With Lu Zhou’s boiling brain gradually cooled down, he took a deep breath and sighed.

Since the academic conference was a waste of time, he had not left his room the past few days.

However, the other gains he received over the past few days was substantial.

He could clearly feel that he was getting closer and closer to solving the twin prime number conjecture.

He was so close...

Lu Zhou stretched and stood up from his chair.

He planned to go for a walk, shower, then lie in bed and have a good night’s sleep. He would wait until the next day to continue.

He walked out of the hotel, through Palmer Square and walked along the Princeton Campus road. The cold evening wind blew on his face and it helped to relax his overheated brain.

Lu Zhou felt like this university looked more like a castle than a university. The students here were very enthusiastic. They would party every night. However, when the time arrived, they would use a 200% effort to study.

This was his observations.

When Lu Zhou was walking along the park, he suddenly met an acquaintance.

The guy walked over to Lu Zhou.

“What happened to you? I was about to look for you.”

“Is there a problem?”

“Nothing,” said Luo Wenxuan. He looked at Lu Zhou strangely and asked, “Are you stuck on something or what...”

“You’re right,” said Lu Zhou. He admitted, “I’m stuck on a problem.”

Luo Wenxuan sighed and asked, “What problem?”

“It’s about the infinity of twin primes.”

Luo Wenxuan shook his head and said, “Sorry, I can’t help you on this one. It’s not in my research field.”

Lu Zhou asked casually, “How’s your research going?”

Luo Wenxuan sighed and said, “The six-sided dice thrown by god produced seven results. This is both a mathematics problem and a quantum mechanics problem. This is the dilemma our research institute is facing.”

Lu Zhou said with sympathy, "That is quite troubling..."

"Yeah, it's hell," sighed Luo Wenxuan. He then added, "Yesterday, I talked with Professor Wang Yuping for a long time on how to solve this physics problem from a mathematics perspective, but nothing came of it."

"Seven results for a six-sided dice..." said Lu Zhou. As he repeated the sentence, he went into deep thinking mode.

Without knowing it, the two soon walked back to Palmer Square.

This place was always lively at night with people going to bars like they were celebrating a victory...

When Luo Wenxuan saw that Lu Zhou did not speak, he asked, "What's up?"

"Nothing..." said Lu Zhou. He suddenly stopped walking and looked up. His pupils enlarged and he said in an excited tone, "Is that a white pigeon?"

Luo Wenxuan looked at him and said, "What?"

"That pigeon!"

"Where?"

Luo Wenxuan tried to look for the pigeon in the sky.

He could not find anything and when he turned around, Lu Zhou had disappeared...

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The room was silent for a while. A sound of an impatient sigh could be heard.

“... Let me shower.”

The conference team staff was relieved.

“We apologize for the inconvenience caused... Also, please don’t take too long to shower.”

...

Around two hundred people sat inside the crowded Lecture Hall 1. Among them were mostly unknown people, but there were a couple of big names.

For example, the mathematics emperor Grothendieck’s proud student Deligne, and Professor Wang Yuping from the University of Yan.

Maybe it was because of Lu Zhou’s poor mental state, he was abnormally calm. He was not nervous at all.

Lu Zhou adjusted the microphone and once he received the “Go” signal from the conference staff, he began to speak.

“Everyone should have already read my thesis by now. According to the conference’s original arrangements, the content of today’s report should be about the study of Mersenne primes... But because of the adjustments to the schedule, I had to make some small changes.”

Lu Zhou paused for a second. He then looked at a staff member and asked, “Can you get me a whiteboard?”

The staff member hesitated before saying, “Sure, but the projector’s reflection on the whiteboard is poor, so some people might not be able to see it.”

“Just give me a marker,” said Lu Zhou. He then looked at the projector before saying, “You can turn this thing off.”

The audience members were whispering and discussing. They did not know what Lu Zhou was about to do.

The staff members were also curious as they watched, but it was not their first time receiving weird requests from “geniuses”. So, they quickly dragged a whiteboard for Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou thanked them before he turned to face the whiteboard. He took a deep breath and entered into the system space. He began the inspiration hours.

It was his last inspiration hour.

He was going to complete the proof in this hour!

When Lu Zhou opened his eyes, he also lifted the pen.

He wrote down the first line of calculations on the whiteboard.

The audience was slightly irritated.

After all, Lu Zhou did not give a speech or even a PowerPoint. This was unwelcoming for the rookies.

Two students sitting in the back of the lecture hall packed their things and quietly exited the hall.

The academic conference only lasted a few days, so they could not waste their time listening to a useless presentation.

As for those big figures that often attended conferences, they were used to this type of commotion. Their facial expressions did not change at all. They focused on the result of the presentation, not the presenter.

When Lu Zhou wrote the tenth line of calculation, Professor Deligne suddenly had a look of surprise on his face.

He said to his assistant next to him, "Did you bring the notebook?"

The assistant quickly took out the notebook and said, "I brought it."

"Thank you."

Professor Deligne placed the notebook on his lap and as he stared at the lines of calculations on the whiteboard, his eyes gradually became serious.

At the same time, Professor Wang Yuping who was sitting on the other side of the venue was also staring at the whiteboard.

Even though because of his age, it was difficult for him to see the whiteboard, he still stared very intently.

Beside him was the academic exchange group from the University of Yan. The group consisted of three undergraduate students, a graduate student, and a PhD student.

Wei Wen stared at the whiteboard and asked, "What is he doing?"

Yeah.

What is he doing...

Professor Wang was also curious.

However, when he saw the tenth line of calculations, he instantly looked up in disbelief.

He probably guessed what Lu Zhou was doing.

He could not believe it.

He's going to challenge the world class problem here? Twin prime number conjecture?

He must be crazy...

"... Sieve of Eratosthenes? He's proving the second Goldbach expression? Nope, no, these calculations..." murmured Molina as she stared at the whiteboard. She continued, "Professor Zellberg published a paper in the "Year of Mathematics" in 1995, on the complementary study of the topological method on the sieve theory... He is challenging the twin prime guess!"

When Lu Zhou wrote the twentieth line of calculations, 30% of the venue's participant understood what he was doing.

As for the rest of the people, they had no idea.

These kinds of academic conferences were open-ended, and the barrier of registration was not too high. Anyone could come, as long as they paid the expensive registration fee.

Actually, it did not even matter too much if one signed up.

Even though this kind of conference had admission badges, the staff did not even check them. Therefore, many people who did not sign up could still sneak in and discuss mathematics with the participants.

The only difference was that they could not present their own academic posters, could not live in the Princeton hotel rooms, and could not attend the cocktail parties.

Wei Wen started at the whiteboard, and he suddenly said, "Vinogradov's three number prime theorem?"

Professor Wang Yuping nodded and said, "Yes."

Wei Wen could not help but ask, "Professor... What exactly is he doing?"

Professor Wang Yuping smiled and said, "Oh, can't you tell?"

Wei Wen looked confused and he shook his head.

"Then, just continue watching," sighed Professor Wang Yuping. As he looked at the whiteboard, he nodded in approval and said, "It seems that Professor Tang has raised a good student... I'm looking forward to the next two decades."

Lu Zhou did not notice the movements in the venue as his concentration was fully on the whiteboard. Even though his speed of writing was not fast, it was cautious and contained force.

Time slowly passed, and the conference staff continued to watch intently.

Finally, there were five minutes left. The staff member saw that the Q&A section had not even started yet, so he coughed and reminded Lu Zhou.

"There are only five minutes left."

Lu Zhou stood in front of the whiteboard and continued to write with the marker as if he failed to hear the staff.



He was completely shielded from any outside interference.

Finally, five minutes had passed.

The two staff members exchanged glances and were about to interrupt the presenter.

However, one of the people sitting in the front row spoke up.

“Let him continue.”

The person who spoke was Pierre Deline.

The staff was stunned to hear this big shot speak.

However, because of his job, the staff member explained, “But the next presentation is about to start...”

Professor Deline put aside his notebook and stood up before he said slowly, “The next presentation will be moved to Lecture Hall 4, so people can go there instead.”

He then sat back down.

10 minutes passed, and no one left Lecture Hall 1.

No one was willing to leave.

The people that could not understand had already left long ago.

As for the rest, most of them could understand what was going on.

Challenging a world-class mathematics problem during a conference?

Anyone who dared to do this was not a genius, but a crazy person!

The people sitting in the crowd were either about to witness a great moment or a complete joke.

Either way, it would be an interesting show either way.

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Lu Zhou would have thanked Deligne, but at this moment his attention was elsewhere.

He looked at the four fully written whiteboards and stopped writing.

The whiteboards contained the results from the past four days worth of research.

He had to solve the rest on the spot.

He still had half an hour of inspiration time left.

He had completely entered the state of concentration, and he had almost forgotten where he was.

He completely forgot about the audience.

He completely forgot about the hundreds of pairs of eyes staring at him.

As Lu Zhou looked at the lines of calculations on the whiteboard, he was calm as a millpond.

He picked up the marker.

$[S(\alpha) = \sum_{n \in \mathbb{N}} a_n(\alpha); M, N \in \mathbb{Z}, \dots]$

Professor Deligne stared at the whiteboard with his sharp eyes. He suddenly asked his old friend who was sitting next to him, "Do you think he will succeed?"

Professor Zellberg stared at the formula on the whiteboard and smiled, "It's hard to say, but I think we should look forward to it. Mathematics is the field of geniuses, and 70% of outstanding achievements are made by young mathematicians."

"This is why you turned to study string theory?" asked Professor Deligne as he stopped writing on his notebook.

"Haha," said Professor Zellberg. He smiled and said, "Maybe?"

The other side of the lecture hall...

Wei Wen stared at the whiteboard motionlessly as he watched his competitor challenging a world-class problem on stage. The calculations were beyond his knowledge, and he could barely keep up with what was going on.

Finally, he could not help but whisper.

"Professor."

Professor Wang Yuping looked at the whiteboard and smiled, "What's up?"

"Do you think... he can succeed?"

Professor Wang Yuping thought for a moment before he answered, "Hard to say. Number theory requires the most talent. If he succeeds, it'll be a good story."

Wei Wen immediately asked, "What if he fails?"

Professor Wang Yuping thought and said, "... If he fails, he would become the butt of the jokes at Princeton."

Lu Zhou might be ridiculed by the media as well. The media could spin him as some arrogant idiot who was defeated by a world-class problem... Even though Lu Zhou had the correct researching spirit, society was not so forgiving.

The old gentleman could not help but think.

It's still better to be young...

Only young people have this kind of courage and enthusiasm.

There were too many things to worry about at his age.

The older one was, the more stable one would be. The more stable one was, the harder it would be to improve.

It was not just about inspiration or the decline in concentration and brain degeneration.

It was also because it would be difficult for a professor to challenge a big conjecture. The professor could spend years trying to solve the problem and achieved nothing.

In contrast, Lu Zhou was an undergraduate student. He had no academic pressure, nor did he had to worry about his career or meetings. He could use his time to explore and achieve great results inspired by inspiration.

Even if Lu Zhou failed, it was fine.

However, if Lu Zhou succeeded...

The only person who could overcome Lu Zhou as a young mathematician was probably the guy that proposed the “PS theory”. The youngest W3 professor in Germany, Peter Schultz.

However, Lu Zhou might be stronger.

Schultz might be Lu Zhou’s biggest contender for the 2018 Fields Medal. And Brendle, also from Germany, was also a strong competitor. However, this year’s Ramanujan gold award was probably going to be awarded to the solver of the twin prime number conjecture.

As Professor Wang stared at Lu Zhou’s back, his face was full of praise.

Wei Wen who was seated next to him said nothing. He did not even know what to think...

On the stage...

Five fully written whiteboards.

It was already five minutes past the inspiration time.

The result was determined.

Lu Zhou looked at the staff dragging the sixth whiteboard and slowly spoke.

His lips twitched as he whispered in front of the five whiteboards.

“God threw a six-sided dice, but there were seven results.”

“Mr. Hilbert’s topological approach to the infinity prime numbers proves that there is a layer of inspiration.”

He faced the new whiteboard.

Once again, he lifted his right hand.

He started to write on the whiteboard.

$[S(2) - (\log k)S(1) > 0 \text{ is true for } K \geq 2, \text{ acceptable array } H = \dots]$

$[\dots]$

[Therefore, there is an infinite number of twin prime pairs.]

In the crowd...

Professor Deligne's eyes grew bigger and he suddenly smiled.

Professor Zellberg said, "When I used the topological method to supplement the screening theory, I thought that my work might provide ideas for future generations to solve the Goldbach conjecture. I didn't think that this sword could be used to cut the  $K=1$  form of the Polignac conjecture. It seems that he responded to our expectations."

Professor Deligne put down his pen and took off his glasses before he rubbed his slightly sore eyes.

He only said one word.

"Yeah."

The audience was quiet.

Only one person was on the stage.

Lu Zhou stepped back and looked at the six whiteboards.

The venue was so quiet that he could hear his heartbeat.

This should be fine...

Lu Zhou then took a deep breath before he turned around. He then walked to the podium and faced the audience as he spoke confidently.

“There are infinite twin pairs, and we’ve taken another big step toward the Polignac’s conjecture.”

“Sorry for delaying everyone’s time, but my proof process is over.”

It was like he was doing an exam, and he had finally handed his paper in.

There were mixed feelings in his heart.

Lu Zhou listened to his own heartbeat and gently placed the marker down on the podium.

The people’s heads moved under the fluorescent lights.

Everyone in the audience was a witness.

This proof was going to be presented to the entire world.

Lu Zhou faced the audience and bowed.

He then turned around and walked off the stage.

Chapter 125: I Only Want To Sleep

Surprised.

Astonished.

Incredible.

Everyone in the audience was stunned.

It was dead silence in the lecture hall.

An old man broke the silence.

Box..

He stood up and began to clap.

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Clap clap clap...

The applause gradually became louder.

It went from the sound of light rain into a thunderstorm.

Clap clap clap!

It was not just the applause.



Some students stood up and began to cheer and whistle.

Everyone in the lecture hall, from Princeton students to conference participants.

At this moment.

They all witnessed a great moment!

A question mark in the Hall of Mathematics was solved.

At the same time.

A genius rose.

The entire lecture hall was filled with applause.

The applause sound floated outside the lecture hall.

The staff member that stood next to the podium could not understand the proof process on the whiteboard, but he could not help but clap as well.

The colleague next to him rubbed his arm and spoke.

“If you interrupted his thought process, your name would be in the history of mathematics.”

“What name?”

“The terminator of inspiration. Interrupted at the Mathematics Society, killed a math genius with his own hands.”

“Oh, not like this. Mr. Francis would kill me.”

Francis was the chairman of the Federal Mathematics Society. He was a handsome old man who spoke slowly.

He was also a ferocious man.

The conversation between the two was buried by the applause.

Below the stage...

Wei Wen listened to the sound of applause and as he looked at the whiteboards, he could not believe it. He asked, “He solved it?”

This was his opponent?

This was the guy that he was up against in the US Competition?

The US Competition was in February. Right now, he should be fighting his opponent. However, at this moment, his heart was in shock.

Frustration?

No...

Lost?

A bit.

It was like his opponent was on another level.

Whether it was the college entrance examination champion or the gold medal of the international Olympic mathematics competition, or the worship of students, nothing could fill the void in his heart.

He lost to a respectable opponent.

It was not just because of the outcome.

He was humiliated.

When Professor Wang Yuping heard the student's question, he nodded slowly.

The old gentleman said, "Well, he solved it!"

The young are surpassing us...

The old man made up his mind.

Once he returned, he would write a recommendation letter for Lu Zhou to compete in the Ten Thousand People Initiative!

He would write it as soon as he returned to the hotel.

Not only that, but he would also get Professor Tang to sign the letter together.

There were no problems regarding Lu Zhou's age or academic qualifications. Besides, how many PhD students could do what he just did?

China needed a Fields Medal winner.

Professor Wang saw hope in Lu Zhou.

...

The things on the whiteboard had been engraved in Lu Zhou's mind, and he would never forget them.

As for whether or not it would be plagiarized?

There were at least two editors of the annual mathematics magazine sitting in the lecture hall, so no one would dare to plagiarize.

Once Lu Zhou finally solved the question, he did not want to do anything else other than sleep in his hotel room.

However, he underestimated his own behavior. He did not realize how cool he would appear to the mathematics students at Princeton.

The second he was out of the lecture hall, he was caught up by the people chasing him.

The crowd surrounded him like he was at the Superbowl. Lu Zhou thought he would be thrown into the sky.

"Wow, bro, nicely done! The way you wrote the last step was so cool! Can you do it again? I want to take a photo!"

"Handsome boy, do you have a number? You can write it on my hand."

"Wait for a second! Let me take a photo! I want to tweet it! Thanks!"

The noisy voice suddenly dispelled Lu Zhou's sleepiness.

Honestly speaking, Lu Zhou was almost scared of these people's enthusiasm.

Some people even gave him a hug.

A passionate young Latino girl took a photo with him, then kissed his cheek.

This was not the main problem.

The young ladies after her were even more daring, so Lu Zhou started to panic.

The most annoying thing was that these people were not polite at all!

The crowd became more and more energetic.

Lu Zhou desperately tried to escape.

Thank god he was able to keep his kissing virginity.

It was important to him.

It would be a tragedy if he lost it here!

...

Lu Zhou left the school and quickly walked through Palmer Square. As he was taking the elevator, a person suddenly appeared behind him.

Lu Zhou looked at her.

Lu Zhou coughed and said, "Oh... I don't mind taking a photo. Just don't touch me, please?"

Molina crossed her arms and ignored Lu Zhou as she said, "I'm at Room 707. Where are you going?"

"Three... Oh, can you press the third floor?" replied Lu Zhou.

He nearly revealed his room number.

"The third floor?" said Molina as she looked at the floor dial. She then looked at Lu Zhou and said, "We're past the third floor already. How about you come and chill in my room for a bit?"

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "It's okay, I just want to sleep."

Molina: "..."

When the elevator reached the seventh floor, it stopped.

Lu Zhou reached down and pressed the third-floor button.

Molina looked at Lu Zhou trying to leave and sighed, "Are all Chinese guys so boring?"

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "No, I just don't want to think about math problems right now."

Molina was surprised, "How did you know I was going to ask you math questions?"

Lu Zhou smiled and said, "Because I can tell from your body language. You taught me this. Am I right?"

She did not reply.

Molina noticed Lu Zhou's face and did not insist. She then took a bag of wet wipes from her purse and threw it at him.

Lu Zhou asked, "Wet wipes?"

Molina smiled and said, "There are three lipstick prints on your face. Do you need a mirror?"

The f\*ck?

Lu Zhou quickly took the wipes and cleaned his face.

As expected, two red marks were visible on the wipes.

"Have a good night's sleep. Remember, don't miss the closing ceremony and party tomorrow night," said Molina as she looked at Lu Zhou wiping his face. She then licked her lips and said, "You're the main protagonist."

She did not wait for Lu Zhou to respond before she left.

Chapter 127

Lu Zhou looked at the certificate in his hand.

Suddenly, a thought appeared in his mind.

Does this count as active participation in the conference?

I guess it does?

Oh well, I'll let the system decide.

Everything will be revealed once I'm back at the hotel.

Lu Zhou walked outside of the auditorium and saw someone.

It was an old man with a bald head and a trench coat.

When Lu Zhou saw him, he saw Lu Zhou as well.

Lu Zhou walked over and the old man said, "Excellent proof."

"Thanks... You're Professor Deligne?"

"Yes," Professor Deligne as he nodded.

The old professor did not speak much. His personality was similar to Brother Qian.

However, the difference was that Lu Zhou could feel a sense of oppression and pressure coming from the old man.

Rumor had it that this meticulous old man had a habit. Before listening to any presentation, he would prepare three or four possible counterarguments in his head. If the presenter was wrong, he would mercilessly raise his counterexample...

Presenters hated this type of approach.

Maybe this was the source of the old man's pressure?

Professor Deligne paused for half a minute before he asked, "Do you want to consider publishing your thesis in the Annual Mathematics journal?"



Lu Zhou was stunned when he heard this.

There were many mathematics journals, both domestically and internationally, but Professor Deligne was talking about the Princeton Annual Mathematics journal, one of the four major mathematics journals in the world.

Lu Zhou immediately asked, "Doesn't this count as a duplicate publication?"

Professor Deligne shook his head, "No it doesn't count. The one you submitted to the conference is the Mersenne prime distribution law, not the twin prime number proof. The conference team will be happy to accept your additional submissions. However, I don't recommend you publish the research through the conference."

He paused for a second before continuing, "If you want to submit to the Annual Mathematics journal, please send me a copy of your thesis as soon as possible. I'm pretty busy these days... But I might have time to review it."

Lu Zhou, "I'll start preparing it when I get back to the hotel."

"Don't worry about it too much. Just enjoy the party and alcohol tonight. I'm not that unreasonable," said Professor Deligne with a smile.

He hesitated for a second before he pulled out a letter from the pocket of his trench coat. He slowly handed it to Lu Zhou.

"This is?"

Lu Zhou read the name of the sender and was shocked.

[Alexander Grothendieck]

F\*ck!

When Professor Deligne saw Lu Zhou's facial expression, he coughed before he said, "That letter was written in November last year."

"He told me to hand it over to a young talent in mathematics... This letter belongs to you."

Lu Zhou looked at the letter in his hand and he took a deep breath before he replied, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. I'm the one who should be thanking you."

Professor Deligne then nodded and walked away.

...

At last, Lu Zhou chose to skip the party.

He did not want to experience the enthusiasm of Caucasians again.

He guessed that he would probably be forced to drink a lot of alcohol.

Last time he protected his integrity, but this time if there was alcohol at play, his integrity might not be so intact.

When Lu Zhou returned to the hotel, he laid down in bed. He then entered the system space and looked at the information screen.

[Congratulations user for completing the mission!]

[Mission completion details is as follows: Participation in Princeton Mathematics Conference: (Poster session + 2 points), (Presentation listening + 4 points), (Academic dinner + 1 points), (Presentation + 25 points).

[Mission final evaluation: S+

[Mission award: 42,000 mathematics experience points. One lucky draw ticket (80% garbage, 10% sample, 8% blueprint, 2% unluck technology branch)]

When Lu Zhou saw the experience value, he was shocked and he wondered if he read an extra zero.

He read it again.

“F\*ck! Forty thousand mathematics experience points?!”

Lu Zhou was so ecstatic that he quickly ordered the system.

“System, open my characteristic panel!”

[

Core science:

A. Mathematics: Level 3 (4000/100000)

B. Physics: Level 1 (5100/10000)

C. Biochemistry: Level 1 (0/10000)

D. Engineering: Level 1 (0/10000)

E. Materials science: Level 1 (3000/10000)

F. Energy science: Level 1 (0/10000)

G. Information science: Level 1 (2900/10000)

General points: 1975 (one lucky draw ticket)

]

Lu Zhou looked at the characteristic panel and squeezed his fist in excitement.

Level three!

However, his excitement only lasted for a second.

When he saw the row of zeros for Level 4 requirements, he suddenly did not feel so good anymore.

A hundred thousand experience points...

Where in the hell would I get that?

Chapter 128

The prize wheel started to spin rapidly.

“Stop!”

The wheel gradually slowed down and came to a stop.

[Congratulations, User, you received a sample!]

Lu Zhou, “?”

The F\*ck?

What a surprise!

I didn’t get the garbage?

Wait... Let’s see what it is first!

Lu Zhou stared at the semi-transparent information screen nervously.

[Received sample: Focus capsules (30)]

When Lu Zhou saw the text, he relaxed. It felt like a weight has been lifted from his heart.

The focus capsules were a lot better than Coke or Sprite.

Coincidentally, he planned to take physics as a minor next semester.

But I would have to do more grinding this way...

Lu Zhou closed the prize interface and looked at the mission panel. He was about to click on it but he hesitated at the last second.

Wait for a second, I’m about to go back to China soon. What if the mission is related to Princeton?

Normally speaking, the missions from the system took a long time to complete.

Lu Zhou hesitated for a moment before he finally decided that he would select the missions after he got back to China.

After all, he deserved a break.

With that, he exited the system space.

Lu Zhou pulled out his laptop from his suitcase and placed it on the desk before he began to edit his thesis.

Number theory was an interesting field. It was like layers of paper, difficult to see through, but easy to break through.

Lu Zhou had already broken through the paper.

Right now, the cards were in his hands.

His fingers trembled slightly when the screen flashed with mathematical symbols. It was like he returned to the moment of his presentation... Like he was back to the whiteboards again.

He could never forget the glory of that moment.

Lu Zhou took a deep breath and he stopped typing. He got up and made himself a cup of coffee before he walked to the window and quietly, he looked outside.

At night, Palmer Square was full of lights and liveliness. It formed a sharp contrast with Princeton which was dead quiet.

The cold breeze blew through the window and cooled down his overheated brain.

It felt comfortable.

It was like a different kind of pleasure.

Suddenly, his phone started to vibrate.

When Lu Zhou took out his phone and looked at the screen, he saw that it was Professor Tang who called.

Lu Zhou picked up the call. He did not even get the chance to speak before Professor Tang started to yell.

“You solved the twin prime number conjecture?!”

Lu Zhou moved the phone away from his ear and said, “Yeah.”

The news has already reached China?

He had not even published the thesis yet.

Professor Tang asked, “Where are you right now?”

“Where else? I’m at the hotel arranged by the conference... Why?”

Professor Tang promptly asked, “Are you coming back?”

Confused, Lu Zhou asked, “I’m coming back. Why wouldn’t I?”

Professor Tang coughed awkwardly before asking, "Oh, I meant, when are you coming back?"

Lu Zhou thought and said, "Probably in two days. I'm still sorting out the proof process. Professor Deligne asked me to hand him a copy of my thesis. He said I can publish it on Annual Mathematics."

The other end of the phone went silent.

Professor Tang said casually, "Not bad. I remember when I first published in Annual Mathematics, I was already in my mid-thirties."

Lu Zhou smiled and replied humbly, "It's all thanks to your mentoring!"

To be able to publish in Annual Mathematics in his mid-thirties was impressive, not to mention that Professor Tang had published it in a time where technology was inconvenient.

"I really didn't mentor you much."

"No, no, no. You're the one that took me through the door of mathematical analysis. Your lessons on mathematical analysis helped me..."

Professor Tang interrupted Lu Zhou and said, "Fine, fine, stop talking. Tell me about your plans."

Lu Zhou replied, "Plans?"

"Yeah," said Professor Tang. He paused for a second before he said, "My old friend just called me. He wanted to recommend you to participate in the Ten Thousand People Initiative Plan by the Chinese Ministry."

Lu Zhou did not know what the Ten Thousand People Initiative was.

He was also curious...



Lu Zhou suddenly blurted out, "Is there money involved?"

Professor Tang was suddenly pissed off.

"All you do is think about money!"

Professor Tang began to explain to him what the Ten Thousand People Initiative was.

The Ten Thousand People Initiative was established in 2008 by the central government of China to increase domestic levels of scientific research, innovation, and entrepreneurship.

The program consisted of three levels; outstanding talents, leading talents, and young talents. The goal was to select 10,000 outstanding talents in STEM, within 10 years.

The first echelon consisted of 100 outstanding talents, and those people had the chance of winning the Nobel prize. The second echelon had a total of 8,000 talents and mainly consisted of older people. The third echelon consisted of two thousand talents, and mainly for people under thirty-five years old.

Similar to this was the "Hundred Talents Program" from the Chinese Academy of Sciences, and the "Thousand Talents Program" initiated by the Chinese Ministry of Education. However, these two were mainly talent introduction programs for overseas born Chinese people, and not for domestic Chinese.

The Ten Thousand People Initiative would provide financial support to many research projects.

This funding was guaranteed by the Chinese government.

Professor Tang said, "The prize money for the mathematics part isn't much, but I'm sure that it'll definitely be of great help to your future research activities in China."

Lu Zhou smiled and asked, "How do I participate in this? What materials do I need to prepare?"

Professor Tang smiled as he replied, "The materials aren't the important part. I'll tell you what to prepare later. The problem is that you're too young, but I have some friends that can write recommendation letters, so it should be fine."

Lu Zhou said, "Thank you, professor!"

"Don't thank me. It was Professor Wang Yuping that told me about this, so you should thank him. I'm just signing a piece of paper," said Professor Tang. He smiled and added, "I'm just a professor, I can't help you much with research. I can't teach you much either, so you have to be on your own."

Lu Zhou replied, "You will be my professor forever."

"Haha, that sounds nice," said Professor Tang. He smiled and said, "Okay, I can't keep talking with you. Go and edit your thesis. I'm sure that you will dominate the overseas mathematics field!"

Chapter 129

Even though there was not even a gorgeous performance.

Even though he did not score a goal.

Lu Zhou still had the honor of the battlefield.

That last line that he wrote on the whiteboard...

And...

The waves of applause from the audience.

Only similar people would appreciate each other as they could feel the resonance from each other.

Youtube, comments section...

[Jesus Christ! This looks like a basketball game!]

[Yeah, this looks more exciting than the Super Bowl lol...]

[I'm a high school student, but because of skin color, gender, and academics, I was neglected by the cliques in my school. I want to be like them, I want to drink alcohol and get tattoos, but I never succeeded. So thank you, thank you for inspiring me and giving me the courage to study when I was about to give up.]

[I can't believe I just watched someone solve a mathematics problem on Youtube, I must've gone crazy.]

[I couldn't help but clap as well.]

[Please add some background music to this video.]

Of course, this was the comments section, so naturally, there would be a voice of hatred and ridicule.

[Isn't he from the country that blocked Google?]

[Why is everyone clapping? He's an Asian, so obviously he'd be good at mathematics.]

In America, it was racist to say that Asians were good at mathematics.

Of course, there were counterattacks.

[How about you try solving it?!]

[Yeah, dumbass!]

[He's smarter than you'll ever be!]

[F\*ck you!]

[...]

The comments section was blowing up, which in turn, blew the video up as well. However, the video quality was too low to see what was written on the whiteboards, so people did not know what was going on.

No one knew who the guy in the video was.

On the other hand, Lu Zhou was writing his thesis in his hotel room, so he did not know that he was trending on Youtube.

The following day, once Lu Zhou had formatted his completed thesis, he attached it in an email and sent it to Professor Deligne.

Since Professor Deligne himself was also the editor for Annual Mathematics, the review process would be much faster than going through official channels.

Lu Zhou suddenly noticed four unread emails in his inbox.

They were all from Molina.

[I'm guessing that you didn't go to the party... Do you want to get some drinks?]

[Fine, you're probably writing your thesis. Reply to me when you see this.]

[Hey, did you sleep yet? Did you know that your presentation was uploaded to Youtube! It's trending! Hurry up and get a twitter account.]

[... Okay okay, I downloaded WeChat. Give me your WeChat number when you see this email.]

F\*ck!

Lu Zhou did not have the habit of checking his email regularly.

He replied to the emails before he turned off his laptop. He then stood up and planned to get something to eat at Palmer Square.

He had been living off on sandwiches from the hotel these past few days. The bacon and butter filled sandwiches tasted good for the first few times, but Lu Zhou quickly got tired of them.

The academic conference had already ended, and the staff from the Federal Mathematics Society had already left. Instead, many tourists were arriving at the hotel.

Lu Zhou bumped into Luo Wenxuan in the hotel entrance.

When Luo Wenxuan saw Lu Zhou, his face lit up. He quickly walked over and reached out his hand.

"Congratulations!" said Luo Wenxuan as he shook Lu Zhou's hand energetically. He added, "I now know why Old Tang speaks so highly of you. You're a genius!"

Lu Zhou coughed and said, "Stop exaggerating, I only proved one conjecture..."

Luo Wenxuan replied, "Stop being so modest, I feel so useless!"

He was obviously exaggerating. He was doing a PhD at Princeton, so he was obviously a genius himself as well.

Lu Zhou smiled awkwardly and said, "Speaking of which, where did you go? I didn't see you at the closing ceremony."

Luo Wenxuan sighed and said, "We reached a bottleneck in our research. Since my supervisor went to Berkeley for a conference, I went to New York to watch a football game."

Lu Zhou did not understand quantum mechanics very well.

So there was nothing he could do to help.

However...

Lu Zhou suddenly thought of something and he said, "Oh yeah."

Luo Wenxuan replied, "What?"

Lu Zhou, "I remember you saying that how can there be seven different results from God's six-sided dice. Have you thought about the possibility of the dice landing on two sides?"

"Landing on two sides? You mean..."

Luo Wenxuan suddenly frowned and started to think deeply.

Lu Zhou did not want to interrupt him, so he quietly walked away.

Inspiration was hard to describe in detail.

If one did not catch it in time, it would disappear.

This was Lu Zhou's final gift to Luo Wenxuan as he would be leaving in two days.

## Chapter 130

Even Professor Deligne needed the time to scrutinize the details of the thesis and asked his peers for opinions.

However, Lu Zhou was not worried at all. He was a meticulous person, and he checked his thesis multiple times before uploading it.

Speaking of which, why Dean Qin or Dean Lu had not called him yet?

It seemed that Professor Tang did not spread this matter out rashly, and the foreign mathematics community would not take this matter seriously just from a Youtube video. After all, the applause in the video did not mean anything.

Lu Zhou actually had some regrets.

The academic value of the twin prime number conjecture was higher than Zhou's conjecture, so he should at least get another million yuan as an award, right?

Lu Zhou started to tap on the keyboard.

[Xiao Ai, let's hope your master can get another million. Then I might be able to give you a new home.]

Xiao Ai: [Master, do you love me?]

What? It's so smart?

Or did it copy it from chat histories?

[Of course, I do.]

Lu Zhou quickly replied.

Who doesn't love a talking AI chatbot?

If only it could dance as well!

Xiao Ai: [Taobao link: IBM server (Xeon 8 core, SSD...) Price: 2.99 Million]

Lu Zhou: "..."

F\*ck sake!

Now even artificial retardation is becoming a gold digger?

The only thing that had some warmth in this world was the hot CPU.

Lu Zhou sighed and closed his laptop lid. He then sat on his bed and began packing his suitcase.

Suddenly, he noticed the letter from Mr. Grothendieck sitting on his bedside table.

He had nearly forgotten about the letter.

Lu Zhou opened the envelope curiously.

The letter was written in English.

He gradually started to read the letter.



[

...

I might have already left this world by the time you read this letter.

Your research on the Mersenne prime distribution law shocked everyone. The proof process was perfect, I couldn't find a single mistake.

Honestly speaking, it didn't look like a thesis written by a young person.

To be honest, I'm pessimistic about the proof of the Riemann's conjecture. We spent three and a half centuries trying to solve the proof of Fermat's theorem, and the Goldbach's conjecture has survived for two and a half centuries. In contrast, the Riemann's conjecture has only been around for one and a half centuries. And its importance has surpassed the other two. Although the public is obviously more interested in the first two.

From my point of view, we're just laying down the path for future generations to solve these problems. These problems will eventually be solved and be replaced by new ones...

However, I saw a turning point from you.

Of course, maybe I'm being too optimistic?

Since your thesis greatly surprised me, I'll write a longer letter.

I'm alone, I don't have much money, so I can't give you much. I'll just give you something interesting.

I placed my work in the Church of St. Lizier. Some of them are withdrawn publications, some of them have not been published. I hope this would help you.

Bring this letter to the priest of the St. Lizier church. He'll know what to do.

]

Where's the Church of St. Lizier?

Do I have to go to France? Not like this.

Couldn't he just package it as PDF?

Lu Zhou sighed and placed the letter into his suitcase.

I can't go right now, maybe in the future.

There was definitely a chance for Lu Zhou to go to France as Paris had always been the center of the mathematics world. As long as he stayed in the field of mathematics, he would get an opportunity to attend a conference in Paris.

Also, if one day he actually needed to use this "mathematical treasure", the system would probably remind him in some way.

...

Traveling time was always short...

On the early morning of the next day, Lu Zhou dragged his suitcase and checked out of his hotel room.

He still had more than a thousand dollars left from the school funds. Not only that, but he also received an additional \$10,000 USD check. According to Francis, the check could be cashed at any Citibank in the world.

Lu Zhou thought about the cumbersome process of carrying a large amount of cash through customs, so he decided to cash in the check after he got back to China. As for the thousand dollars, he decided to buy some gifts to bring back.

Lu Zhou stood at the entrance of the Princeton hotel as he called Luo Wenxuan. However, even though the phone had rung for a long time, no one answered.

“Is he already grinding at the laboratory?”

This is troublesome.

Lu Zhou hesitated for a bit before he thought of calling again. At that moment, someone honked at him.

“Get in the car, I’ll send you,” said Molina as she rolled down the car windows.

Lu Zhou was shocked when he saw her.

He did not remember telling her when his flight was.

What a coincidence?

Lu Zhou asked, “How did you know I’ll leave at this time?”

“Psychology, social behavior, plus a little probability,” said Molina while chewing gum. She continued, “I can convince my professor to write a letter of recommendation for you, so you can study a PhD here.”

Studying at Princeton?

Lu Zhou had been thinking about this question over the past few days and whether it was necessary to study here. The research environment here was strong. After all, it was a world-class university.

However, right now, he could still learn new things at the University of Jin Ling. Furthermore, living in China was more comfortable.

He planned to at least finish his bachelor's degree before he would consider studying abroad.

When Molina saw that Lu Zhou did not reply, she smiled and rested her arms on the steering wheel as she said, "Fine, it was just a suggestion. You have your own arrangements, right?"

Lu Zhou smiled and said, "Thanks for your kindness, but I have to think about it."

"Okay, the offer is on the table," said Molina as she shrugged. She then said, "Get in the car, you don't wanna be late."