

Superstar 101

Chapter 101: One Day at the Television Station

A few days later.

The long National Day holidays were over.

Now, Zhang Ye was already so poor you could hear his coins jingle. However, when he woke up to go downstairs to the BMW X5 in the parking lot, he felt that it was all worth it. He had obtained his driving license when he was in his fourth year in college when there weren't many classes. Yesterday, the car had already been brought back by Zhang Ye. After settling the procedures for his license plate, he drove with an air of dignity out of the parking lot.

4.4L!

330kW!

Turbocharged!

Its external appearance looked similar, but the inside was different. The configuration of a bulletproof X5 was completely different from a normal X5. Even if it did not compare with the ordinary X5's low configuration, even comparing it to the X5's high configuration, the bulletproof X5 was better than it by a mile. It was definitely worth its price!

It was extremely cool!

People in the community raised their eyebrows. Some were envious, some twitched their mouths, and some looked at it respectfully.

When he went passed his block, Rao Aimin happened to be throwing out the trash. Her eyes were sharp and saw the car, "Eh, Little Zhang? You bought a car?"

Zhang Ye braked and lowered the windows with a smile as he patted the steering wheel, "How about it, Landlady Auntie? This car is not bad, right? Ha, you don't have to say. You must think this is a normal X5, right? Let me tell you that it is definitely not. It looks the same, but my car..."

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "It's just about five million. Look at your smug look."

Zhang Ye said, "Ah, you know this is a bulletproof car?"

Rao Aimin mocked, "You think you are the only one who can afford it? I previously drove this before. But it was not an upgraded version. I drove a normal bulletproof X5."

Zhang Ye perspired. He had bragged to the wrong person!

Your sister! Only now did he recall that the landlady owned several residential apartments in a certain level of a certain building in his district. Just any two small apartments would already cost 5,000,000. If she had bought the larger ones, it would exceed 5,000,000. And this was just buying at a whim. Who knows if the landlady had other property and savings? Zhang Ye estimated that even if he sold another ten copyrights to "Ghost Blows Out the Light", each selling for 6,000,000, he would not have a chance to compete with a female tycoon like the landlady. He was far from it!

Forget it; I'll not compete with you!

If he couldn't compete upwards, he could compete downwards!

Zhang Ye drove to work grumpily.

En route, Zhang Ye had purposely driven slower. He drove slowly, so as to enjoy the attention from others. Actually, this was nonsense; he couldn't drive fast even if he wanted. This was the Third Ring Road, and it was during rush hour; how could he drive fast? That must be you dreaming while driving due to fatigue! In Beijing, even if you had an Alto, you could not push it to its maximum horsepower. If you ignored your safety and sought a thrill? Then there's no need to ask; when you take out your cellphone from your bag, there would definitely be a short message waiting for you: Hebei Mobile welcomes you!

.....

Beijing Television Station.

Arts Channel, station logo, BTV – Arts.

In the past, Beijing's channels were represented by numbers. For example, BTV-2 (the Arts Channel from back then) and BTV3. Now that they had been changed to text across the board, making it more convenient.

The Beijing Television Station Arts Channel had the purpose of "Broadcast the Strengths of an Era to Serve the Capital's People". It adhered to correct guidance of public opinion, and used existing resources to its maximum effect, creating a new literary entertainment image. There were 11 programs in all, including celebrity interviews, film and television special topics, variety interaction, cultural information, etc. All of them were artistic programs with different styles and themes. In fact, to put it plainly, it was pretty similar to Zhang Ye's previous job at the radio station's Literature Channel. However one was an audio media, while the other was a television media. The size of the audience base differed greatly.

Arts Channel D office.

30+-year-old Hou Ge (elder brother Hou) smiled. "I heard that we will be getting a rookie?"

"I heard that, too." Another, Hou Di (younger brother Hou), who looked exactly the same as him said, "I think it's either a host or guest? Dafei, did you hear about it?"

Dafei seldom listened to gossip, "No idea."

Hou Ge asked, "Xiao Lu? Do you know?"

The lady sitting behind said, "I'm a newcomer; how would I know?"

"Fine. You think all of us are old people?" Hou Di was using a razor to shave somewhere he had missed shaving, "We are newcomers, too. At most, we were hired a few days earlier than you. My brother and I came from making television dramas. Dafei does movie scenes."

Xiao Lu said, "I was previously from a newspaper editorial. I knew Teacher Hu a long time ago, and thanks to Teacher Hu appreciating me, I came over."

"Everyone is the same." Hou Ge said.

Hou Di said, "Right. We must communicate more often in the future."

"We are now all considered old people." Hou Ge suggested a bad idea, "When the rookie comes, we should put him in his place. As a host, his status is higher than us, so when he gets arrogant, and starts ordering us around, it wouldn't be good."

Xiao Lu raised her hand in support, "Agreed."

Dafei quietly said, "...Nothing better to do."

The Arts Channel's D office, with D representing the program time slot. This office was also for programs of a certain time slot. As the program for that time slot was still being broadcast, and their program team had just been established, everyone here was a newcomer. It was considered a program team that Hu Fei had formed himself. Some of them may have dabbled in television, or movies, or editorials, but no one was a layperson. All these skills were portable. They must have had excellent results in their own fields to obtain Hu Fei's appreciation.

"Hey, there are footsteps."

"Someone is coming, someone is coming."

They looked towards the door.

At this moment, Zhang Ye was brought in by Hu Fei into the D office area. Although it's described as an office area, it was actually just a bit bigger than a fart. It was very tiny. There were six to seven desks and four people.

Hu Fei smiled and explained the situation, "This place is different from your radio station. Every channel will have its program teams separated into different offices. Our program will still take some time before it gets broadcast, so there aren't that many people. When the program is done planning, the personnel and equipment will increase. But for now, if we want to record a program, we still need to get other personnel from the station to help. It's quite troublesome."

Zhang Ye smiled. "It will be better in the future."

"Yes, with Teacher Little Zhang joining us, we are like tigers that have gained wings." After that, Hu Fei introduced the people inside, "These are Hou Ge and Hou Di. They are twins. Of course, these aren't their real names. But to distinguish them better, we call them this way. Their position is that of program director. This is Dafei; he deals with program design and the scene. In terms of technology, he is also very proficient. This is Xiao Lu, a text editor. She's an elite in the industry. I spent a lot of effort to headhunt Xiao Lu over. Anyway, all of us here are elites. The general team will be this. In the short-term, I do not have plans on adding others. After all, we are doing some history- and educational-related program. We do not need as many people as the variety shows do. For example, for lighting and cameras, the station has a complete set mechanism, so we just need to borrow people when the time comes."

Hu Fei was the program's overall-in-charge and overall-director and overall-producer and executive producer.

Man, he had so many positions and led five staff members? It was indeed a bit shabby.

Although the Arts Channel's signal could not cover the whole country, and could at most cover the capital's region, its ratings were pretty good. It was considered quite a popular channel in Beijing, and the local audience were very loyal. For example, Zhang Ye and Zhang Ye's parents had grown up watching the Arts Channel. But why were there so few people? It was probably because Hu Fei was new here after having job-hopped, so he did not want others to meddle in his core team. So he was more focused on quality than quantity? Allowing him ease to express himself?

Zhang Ye immediately shook hands with everyone, "Hello, everyone. I'm very pleased to meet you. I'm Zhang Ye."

Hu Fei said, "Let Little Zhang introduce himself. I have a meeting to go to, so I'm leaving first. Communicate well, and do the program design again."

After he finished speaking, he left.

Left behind were Zhang Ye and four others.

Xiao Lu glanced at him, "Zhang Ye, what did you do in the past?"

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, I was a radio anchor."

Xiao Lu was curious, "It seems Brother Hu appreciates you greatly. What sort of results did you have in the past?"

"Nothing spectacular." Zhang Ye said modestly, "Just some trivial stuff. Brother Hu was too kind."

"A radio anchor can come over to be a host?" Hou Ge blinked, "How old are you? Should we call you Little Zhang in the future? Come sit here. This is your desk."

"Alright, thank you Hou Ge." Zhang Ye smiled and didn't mind it. He took his things and sat over there.

Seeing that Zhang Ye was a person who could communicate easily with them, Hou Ge began to take advantage of his seniority, "Little Zhang, in the future, we must communicate more often. If you have anything you do not know, ask me. Although my brother and I were not in the television business, we have still done many years of television dramas, so we are definitely more experienced than you."

Zhang Ye said, "Sure, I'll consult with you if I have anything I do not know in the future."

He finally understood. These colleagues of his were not exactly people of his industry. They had come from other industries over the past few days. It was no wonder that they did not know who he was. In the industry, few would not know of Zhang Ye, especially in the Beijing Television Station. Any veteran or person who had paid attention to the Golden Microphone Awards, or had heard chatter from colleagues, would definitely know about Zhang Ye.

This was good, too.

He was able to get along much more easily.

After Zhang Ye got used to it, he was quite pleased with his environment.

From another side, Dafei looked at him, "If you have a problem with computers, look for me. There's nothing I can't handle." Then, he handed over a document in a strictly business manner, "This is our program's planning. Everyone has one. I'll lend you my copy. I'll make a copy for you in a while." Saying that, he lowered his head and worked on his computer.

"Thank you, Brother Fei." Zhang Ye said.

Hou Ge stared at Dafei. They had already agreed to put the newcomer in his place, so why were you in a hurry? Hence, he said, "Little Zhang, we have unwritten rules that when a newcomer just arrives, he is in charge of cleaning and pouring water."

Zhang Ye was amused, "Alright, I'll do it. Who wants water?"

"I'll have one." Xiao Lu raised her hand, "Thanks."

"I want one, too. Thanks for the hard work." Hou Ge said.

Hou Di did not feel like it was right to get one, but Zhang Ye still poured a cup for him in the end.

Chapter 102: Car Was Smashed by a Flower Pot!

Before noon.

Arts Channel D Office.

After he finished reading the program plans, Zhang Ye did not give any suggestions. He only absorbed the information and familiarized himself with the environment. He also built ties with his colleagues. This was the mission for his first day at work. After finishing the matters on his hands, Zhang Ye took the initiative to get up and went to a worker's room at the end of the corridor. He found a broom and dustpan to begin sweeping up the office. He was diligent and did the job well. He even cleaned the corners, which were a bit more dirty. Finally, he even used a cloth to wipe the window panes happily.

One pane...

Two panes...

Zhang Ye did not complain at all.

Xiao Lu took a glance and said quietly, "Were we too much?"

Hou Ge laughed, "Not at all. We are putting the rookie in his place. Everyone has to go through this initiation process. It's very common."

"But no matter what, Zhang Ye is a host, and Brother Hu appreciates him so much, so..." Hou Di also could not bear this any more.

Xiao Lu coughed, "Why don't I wipe, too?"

Hou Ge stopped her, "No, or this will be all for naught. Let's just order him around today. We'll return to usual tomorrow."

Xiao Lu could only say, "Alright."

Dafei expressed his attitude once again, "Nothing better to do."

Hou Ge rolled his eyes, "What do you know? In the future, you will thank me. Rookies need to be suppressed a bit, or they will revolt!"

Hou Di sighed, "I'll listen to my elder brother."

.....

Lunch break.

Zhang Ye had finished his chores and wiped his sweat and cleaned his hands. He was prepared to head to the cafeteria for his meal, but he was not sure where it was. "Hou Ge, shall we eat together? Where's the cafeteria? Do we need to make a meal card?"

Hou Ge laughed and patted him on the shoulder, "Little Zhang, since it's your first day, why don't we have a meal outside? Why bother with the cafeteria?"

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, sure. I didn't think that far ahead."

Xiao Lu's eyes lit up, "Where shall we eat?"

Hou Ge said, "We don't have to go to too good a place. Just any restaurant will do. Let's have a welcoming meal for Little Zhang. I heard there's a restaurant at Guomao that's not bad. The food is cheap and delicious." Saying that, he added on, "Little Zhang just graduated from college, so he can't have much money. We should help him save."

Hou Di was also hungry, "Alright."

"Dafei, are you going?" Hou Ge glanced at him.

"How can I not go, with all of you going?" Dafei put down his work.

The group of people left the small office and walked downstairs.

However, on the way, they met many employees of the television station. Some of them were from the Arts Channel, while others were from other channels. What made them surprised was that when many people saw Zhang Ye, they gave off the feeling like they had jumped out of their skins. Some even flitted a glance at Zhang Ye, while some were even worse. They tried to avoid him as far as possible. And when Zhang Ye walked past them, they would all turn back and look at him. They would also enter into whispers and point at Zhang Ye.

"It's him."

"I saw him."

"He really came to our unit?"

"It can't be? Why did the Leader hire him?"

"It can't be? It's really him? Did you see wrongly?"

Out of the television station, Hou Ge was curious, "Little Zhang, why were they all looking at you?"

"That's right, that's right." Xiao Lu was also very surprised. "Aren't you a rookie? And yet people know you? The radio station doesn't show your face, but only your voice, right? That can't be!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "How would I know? They might not be looking at me."

"They must have recognized the wrong person." Hou Ge concluded and then said, "Right, my car can't be driven today. Which of you drive? We can't all be taking public transport there, right? Then we wouldn't be back in time in the afternoon. It will be too slow."

Zhang Ye took out his keys, "I drive."

Hou Ge was surprised, "Eh, you even have a car? Not bad, Little Zhang. Looks like you work very hard. You can buy a car just after a few months? Eh, this key..." He said in surprise, "BMW?"

Dafei seemed very interested, "Which series?"

"X5, I just received it yesterday, " said Zhang Ye.

"Not bad, even the low configuration of the X5 costs hundreds of thousands," said Hou Di.

The few people came to the parking lot, while Zhang Ye drove to pick them up. Everyone got in the car, and the five people filled the car perfectly. As the space inside the car was very large, it did not feel crowded.

Dafei acclaimed, "Nice car."

Sparks flew out of Xiao Lu's eyes, "When will I be able to buy such a car that's worth hundreds of thousands?"

Hou Ge smiled. "Little sister Xiao Lu, my car is also a high configuration Reizi. The entire thing costs 700,000-800,000. If you like it, I'll let you drive it for a few days." He and his brother had a good job for the past few years, and their salaries were high. Hence, they gritted their teeth to buy a good car, so as to flaunt. Compared to the X5, their car was in no way inferior. Even its performance was slightly better than the X5, and was cheaper.

Just hundreds of thousands?

Hur Hur.

Zhang Ye did not say a word and just drove to their destination.

Xiao Lu was excited, "You said it, Hou Ge! That's great!"

Hou Ge waved his hand, "No problem at all. My car is your car. Drive it as you wish!"

"Hou Ge sure is chivalrous." Immediately, Xiao Lu no longer put too much thought on Zhang Ye's X5.

Even Dafei's eyes turned clear, "Hou Ge, lend it to me, too. I don't have as much money as you. Lend it to me to have a thrill, too."

"Not a problem, not a problem." Hou Ge enjoyed their reactions.

Hou Ge was bragging about his Reizi along the way, saying how it was better than a BMW, and how the configuration was good. Everyone was listening to him.

Dafei said, "Indeed, the Reizi's performance is far better than a BMW. At the same price, its functionality and performance capabilities are about the same. BMW is really just selling its brand." Saying that, he paused and looked at the interior of Zhang Ye's X5, "But why do I think this BMW is a bit different? Is this really a X5? I've seen a few versions of the X5. My friend is in the car business, but why is the interior slightly different? And this glass..." He knocked on it, "Why is it so thick? The sound also doesn't seem right. Did you modify it?"

"No." Zhang Ye said.

"Then that's weird." Dafei gave a touch.

Hou Ge chuckled, "What's different? It's just the lowest configuration. I saw a 4S shop's price. It's 800,000, right, Little Zhang?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "About there."

"See? I'm right!" Hou Ge said, "It's just slightly inferior to my car."

Xiao Lu was impressed, "Hou Ge has the money, indeed."

Zhang Ye only focused on his driving. The restaurant recommended by Hou Ge was just in front, so he drove forward to search for parking. As the roadsides were full, Zhang Ye parked his car beside the restaurant's wall.

But suddenly, an accident happened!

Just as Zhang Ye stopped his car, and when his colleagues were about to alight, the sound of children's laughter came from the windows on the fifth floor of the restaurant. Maybe they were messing around, but suddenly, a ceramic flower pot that contained Mo'orea flowers fell from the sky, smashing straight at the BMW X5!

"Ah!"

"Don't touch the flower pots!"

"Xiaotong, come down!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! It fell down!"

"Those people downstairs, dodge!"

The voices of adults came from the fifth floor to warn the people below.

Hou Ge raised his head and was scared out of his wits, "Mommy! Run!"

Then, the flower pot slammed loudly into the rooftop of Zhang Ye's BMW. The flower pot was smashed into pieces, and the soil was scattered everywhere. The force involved was clearly great!

Hou Di shouted, "Hey!" He quickly got out of the car.

Dafei was also feeling sad, "This is a car that Zhang Ye just bought! This..."

Xiao Lu opened the door and shouted upstairs, "Who the hell lacks public courtesy!? Come down! What the heck!? Do you want to kill people?"

The staff from the restaurant were also worried. A few employees standing by the door rushed forward, "Is everyone okay? Is everyone okay?"

"We are fine!" Xiao Lu said angrily, "But the car..."

Dafei said, "This is a new car!"

The employee immediately said, "Sorry, sorry. We will settle it immediately. But the children upstairs are naughty, so..." He looked at the terrible state of the flower pot, and could imagine what the state the car would be after the impact. This was a BMW. If their restaurant had to pay the cost, they would...

Suddenly, a bunch of adults pulled their children downstairs.

A middle-aged woman came forward with an apologetic face, "Sorry, sorry. It was carelessness on my child's part." Seeing that no one was injured, she was relieved. But when she saw that a car had been smashed and the brand of the car, the middle-aged woman turned pale, "BMW? This... We can't afford to pay for it!"

A boy and two girls knew that they had made a mistake. They cried out loud.

Xiao Lu said in a hurry, "Just because you can't pay for it, that's the end? It's the fifth floor. With this impact, who knows if the car can still be driven. Maybe even the ignition has been destroyed! It's a new car!"

The few colleagues were worried for Zhang Ye.

However, the car owner, Zhang Ye, was very calm. He alighted from the car without any hurry, as if nothing had happened.

The middle-aged woman's eyes were red as she looked at Zhang Ye, "Sorry. We are really sorry. We did not do it on purpose. This car..."

The three children were crying loudly, looking very sad.

Zhang Ye smiled and touched the children's head, "Don't cry. It's alright." He looked at the woman, "Big Sis, go on up and have your meal. It's alright."

"But the car..." The woman was nearly on the brink of tears.

Zhang Ye said kindly, "Go back. You don't have to pay. My car is fine."

Dafei said, "What do you mean it's fine? The ignition might even be destroyed!"

Xiao Lu also pulled on Zhang Ye, "Why aren't you making them pay? Are you dumb!?"

Many of the people present did not know why the car owner was so calm. Did this person turn dumb from the impact?

However, Zhang Ye lightly walked before his car and used his hands to slowly wipe away the flower pot's fragments and soil. When everyone looked carefully at this, they were dumbfounded!

The roof was damaged?

The ignition was destroyed?

Your granny is destroyed! The car's roof was not damaged at all!

There was not even a scratch or mark! Even the f**king paint had not been chipped off!

Chapter 103: Colleagues Realize Zhang Ye's Glorious Deeds!

This scene shocked everyone!

Hou Ge's eyes nearly popped out, "Your car...Your car is fine?"

"Impossible! Impossible!" Hou Di refused to have his beliefs shaken as he rushed forward to examine the car!

Dafei and Xiao Lu also rushed over. They touched the roof that had been smashed by the flower pot. Then they touched the front windshield that had also been hit by the fragments of the flower pot. Then they looked at each other in shock. They did not know what to say anymore. They looked like they had seen a ghost! Regardless if it was seen far away or up close, or even if it was touched with one's hand, the car's roof and the glass were completely intact!

This was from the fifth storey!

A fifth storey that was more than ten meters high!

A flower pot filled with soil was not light. Furthermore, with acceleration from gravity, a normal car would be dented from the smash. A small dent or even the hood flipping open would be expected, even for European cars with thicker shielding. The X5 was no exception!

But Zhang Ye's car was fine!

It was as if the thing that came crashing down was a bubble wrap!

The mother of the children that caused trouble, the middle-aged woman, also came forward in a daze together with her relatives to confirm. Finally, she looked at Zhang Ye, "Little brother, your car..."

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I said that my car is fine. You don't have to pay. However, take care of your children. Thankfully, we got lucky; if it had hit someone, it would be no trivial matter."

"I know, I know." The middle-aged woman said excitedly, "Thank you. Thanks."

Then she quickly got her children to apologize to Zhang Ye.

The child said with tear-stained cheeks, "Uncle, sorry."

Zhang Ye patted him on the head, "It's alright. Be careful next time."

Although the matter was settled, everyone still remained. More people crowded around the car. Many of them had been eating in the restaurant or had happened to walk by. They had witnessed it with their own eyes, and did not know what had happened. Why was this car...

Suddenly, Dafei thought of a possibility, he exclaimed, "Holy sh*t! Zhang Ye! This car of yours is not a regular X5! This is a X5 bulletproof car!"

Hou Ge was stunned, "Bullet, bulletproof car?"

Hou Di and Xiao Lu said, "Ah, that can't be?"

"Why not!?" Dafei slapped himself in the forehead, "I was already saying that it didn't feel right when sitting inside. The engine's sound was not the sound of the horsepower from a low configuration. It did not sound so thick, and the interior has slight differences from a normal X5. Also that glass... It clearly gave a heavier thud than normal glass-reinforced plastic. And one can tell with the naked eye that it's much thicker!"

Xiao Lu said with a daze, "It's really a bulletproof car?"

"Definitely! I dare to swear!" Dafei had done research on this as he vowed, "This came out this year! And it might even be an upgraded X5 bulletproof version! No wonder it was fine, even after being smashed by a flower pot from the fifth floor! This is a bulletproof car worth about 5 million Yuan! It can even resist bullets! What more a tiny flower pot! I heard that they had tested it overseas. As long as it's not too close to an exploding hand grenade or rocket-propelled round, this car can protect the safety of the people inside!"

Hou Ge said in horror, "How, how much did you say?"

Dafei glanced at him, "The base price is 4+ million. The entire set is slightly more than 5 million. There's no doubt about it. My friend had even specially asked about it. This car is being sold in several places in the country. It's just that the supply is quite low. Usually, one has to preorder it before the shop will do the necessary arrangements. It's not easy to buy. Most places don't even have it, so it's not even wrong to say that it's a limited edition car!"

More than 5 million to buy the car?

And it was a bulletproof car?

When the surrounding people heard this, there was an uproar!

The few children and the middle-aged woman stared with their tongues tied!

After Dafei finished, he turned towards Zhang Ye, "Zhang Ye, was I right?"

"I guess so." Zhang Ye did not acknowledge or deny it, "Let's go. Let's eat first, or we might not be able to return in time for work." Saying that, he entered the restaurant under the watchful gaze of everyone.

.....

After lunch.

Zhang Ye went downstairs to drive his car.

The few colleagues also boarded the X5 again. Their expressions this time were completely different from before.

Dafei could not help but touch the car's interior. He liked it very much and kept praising, "Nice car. It's really a nice car!"

Hou Ge, who spoke a lot, no longer made a sound. He was about to cry at any moment. Just recalling the words he had said en route made him feel like his face had swollen. A low configuration X5? A car that cost just hundreds of thousands? And to say it was inferior to his Reizi? 800,000, your ass! He met a master today!

Xiao Lu was curious, "Zhang Ye, is your family rich?"

Zhang Ye shook his head, "No. My parents are from the working class."

"Then how did you buy such an expensive car? Didn't you only work for a few months? Didn't you just graduate from college?" Hou Di asked in bewilderment.

Zhang Ye did not say much, "I was lucky enough to make some money."

The twins, Hou Di and Hou Ge stared into each other's eyes. They began to feel that this person was a bit mysterious.

.....

The car reached the television station.

When they got out of the car and entered the station, they saw a similar scene from before. When a few people saw Zhang Ye, it was as if they saw a ghost from a supernatural novel. They were shocked and frightened.

"I'll go to the restroom. You guys go ahead." Zhang Ye left first.

Seeing people still pointing at Zhang Ye's back, Hou Ge finally could not resist and went forward, "Brothers, what's up with that person?"

"Ah? Weren't all of you together?" a television station employee asked.

Hou Ge blinked, "We are together. He is our colleague. But why are all of you looking at him? Did you know him previously? Who is he?"

Another employee gave a wry smile, "Still colleagues? You don't even know Zhang Ye? Even if you didn't go to the Golden Microphone Awards in person, you should have heard of this name. Are you new here? And you were not part of the radio and television circles?"

Hou Ge, Xiao Lu and company never expected to be read in a glance.

Hou Ge said, "Eh, how can you tell?"

The employee said, "Who can't? Few people in this circle would not know Zhang Ye. Since you don't know, I'll tell you. This person is no ordinary person. He wrote a novel, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', and has written many poems, such as 'Flying Bird and Fish' and some 'if you are living well, then the skies are

clear', and that 'See Me or Not' and that 'Shuidiao Getou', and that "This is also Everything". Right, recently there's a very popular funny short story about working hard to buy a house that was also written by him."

Hou Ge exclaimed, "'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was written by him? What the heck! I just bought the hard copy book yesterday! That novel is too awesome! I, I didn't notice the author's name!"

Xiao Lu's eyes dimmed, "He wrote 'Flying Bird and Fish'? It's that 'The furthest distance in the world'? What the f**k! I love that poem so much! Why is it written by Zhang Ye!?"

The employee was speechless, "If it's not written by him, then who wrote it? The things that happened at the Silver Microphone Awards just a while ago.. I guess you have not heard of it?"

"No, we just started working a few days ago." Hou Ge quickly asked, "What happened?"

The employee explained, "Zhang Ye is famous in the system not because of his well-written novels and poems, but because of his guts. During the award acceptance speech at the award ceremony, Zhang Ye had used a 'Dead Water' poem to publicly curse his unit and Leaders. He offended people greatly. He even made one of the unit's Leaders faint on the spot. It took all day to revive him. So do you think such a divine person can't be famous? So when we saw Zhang Ye at our television station, we were all surprised. I still want to ask you. Why did the station hire him?"

.....

Afternoon.

Work time.

Zhang Ye went back to the small office in the Arts Channel from the restroom. He sat down and busied himself. But even after waiting for a while, his colleagues still had not returned. He did not know what they were doing.

Only ten minutes later did they return to the office.

Zhang Ye looked up and went to the water dispenser, "Do you want to drink cold or hot water?"

Hou Ge nearly jumped up and hurried forward, "Don't move, don't move. I'll do it, Little Zhang... No, Teacher Little Zhang. You sit down, you sit down!"

Zhang Ye tried to do it, "No, I'm a newcomer. This should be done by me."

Xiao Lu also came to pull on him, "Teacher Zhang, please sit down. Let me do these chores. Don't put us to shame. We failed to recognize a great person. You aren't a newcomer. It's just the ignorant us that haven't heard of you because we aren't from this circle."

Zhang Ye was not used to it, "Please don't. I'm not famous. Even if I am, it's just notoriety."

"What do you mean, not famous?" Hou Ge said, "I've been reading 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' for the past two days and two nights. It's too awesome. Yesterday, I even told my brother that the person who wrote 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was too formidable. I never expected to meet you today. Hai, it was all my fault previously. Please don't fault me!"

Now, they had completely understood Zhang Ye's deeds and knew why Hu Fei valued Zhang Ye so much that he would pull in a person with such average looks onto his team. So this person had so many "glorious deeds" in the past. The person that they thought was a rookie, a rookie they wanted to repress, a rookie they wanted to order around to do chores, was actually this famous!

Suppressing a rookie?

Teaching a rookie a lesson?

Afraid he would revolt?

Just thinking of his initial thoughts made Hou Ge feel at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry. With Zhang Ye's qualifications and bad temper, who knew who was the one trampling on who. Thankfully, they had realized this early. If they had offended Zhang Ye later, just a casual poem by him would make them famous, as they would be damned to death!

Who was Zhang Ye?

He was a person who dared to curse his unit and Leaders!

They had even just searched online for Zhang Ye's information and realized that the newest "This is also Everything" was specially used to smack their Arts Channel's Wang Shuixin. The person known as the "Face Smacking Specialist" was him! He even dared to trample on Director Wang! Who else did he not dare to trample on?

Chapter 104: The Crisis for the Television Station's Public Service Advertisement!

The next day.

The clouds covered the sky.

Today, Zhang Ye was not permitted to drive, so he had to leave his car in the parking lot. He took the subway alone to work. There were quite a lot of people there, so he failed to board the first time. He was late by a few minutes by the time he reached the office.

"Morning."

"Teacher Zhang, you are here?"

"Teacher Little Zhang, good morning."

Hou Ge and Xiao Lu greeted him. Yesterday, when Zhang Ye first came, they had called him by his name or "Little Zhang", but now after knowing the awesomeness of Zhang Ye, they all changed their form of salutation. It changed from "Little Zhang" to "Teacher Little Zhang". They were very polite. Be it an institution, commercial business, private business or the entertainment industry, it was all the same. As long as you had sufficient experience and great ability, with your fame, no one would dare to disrespect you.

Xiao Lu took the initiative to pour a cup of water for Zhang Ye, "Here you go."

"Thank you. I'll do it myself." Zhang Ye did not want to impose.

Hou Di smiled. "Right, Teacher Zhang. Just now, Brother Hu came over, but didn't find you. Maybe the higher ups have a meeting that Brother Hu wants you to join."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Aye, why was I late? Where's Teacher Hu?"

"Brother Hu's office is here, too." Hou Ge chuckled, "He will be here in awhile."

Just after he finished speaking, Hu Fei walked into the office.

"Teacher Little Zhang, follow me for a while." Hu Fei smiled. "The channel has a meeting. Since I don't have an assistant, go with me, too. Hur Hur. I'm not treating you as an assistant, and roping you in is not just to make you be in the front stage; your literary qualities can always shine backstage."

Zhang Ye asked curiously, "Teacher Hu, what sort of meeting is it?"

"A public service advertisement. Let's go. You'll know when we arrive." Hu Fei led him upstairs. While they were in the elevator, he explained, "The higher-ups sent a policy down last month, and it can be considered a media policy. They wanted our Arts Channel to produce an electricity-saving public service advertisement. But we have not finished it after a month. Actually, it's not that we haven't done it, it's just that the higher-ups did not pass it. Seeing that tomorrow is the final deadline, our channel's Leader is extremely anxious. So he gathered everyone to help in planning and discussing the details of the advertisement."

Zhang Ye was enlightened.

.....

A small meeting room upstairs.

There was a long table, with not more than twenty seats.

By the time that Zhang Ye and Hu Fei arrived, the room was nearly full. A few people-in-charge and employees from the various segment teams from the Arts Channel had filled the room. Zhang Ye saw a few familiar faces here. There was a youth and a woman, who were his interviewers from the previous day.

Seeing Zhang Ye, these people only gave him a glance.

"Old Hu, Hur Hur. You are the slowest." a middle-aged man greeted him.

"Isn't the Leader not here yet? It's fine, as long as we aren't late. Old Wang, this is our segment team's Teacher Zhang Ye. Please take care of him in the future." Hu Fei seemed familiar with him.

The middle-aged man said in amusement, "He's your man. I can't take care of him, even if I wanted to. However, I have long heard of Little Zhang's name. What is his position now?"

Hu Fei said, "Guest host. I might also get Little Zhang to do some of the documentation work for backstage work. There's no other way, since my segment isn't as large as others. With few people, everyone has more responsibilities."

The woman, who had interviewed Zhang Ye, smiled. "It's also quite suitable for Little Zhang to do documentation work. Few in the channel can match him in their literary skills. A capable person has many responsibilities."

Everyone sat down.

Hu Fei introduced people to Zhang Ye in whispers.

Zhang Ye knew that the middle-aged man's name was Wang Meng. He was an overall Director-in-charge of the trending music segment team. The woman who had interviewed him was Jiang Fen, an overall Director-in-charge of entertainment and literature news reporting.

At this moment, about 5-6 people came in from inside. One of them was the head of the channel, Wang Shuixin.

Director Wang did not look happy today. He walked straight to the seat of power. Without saying anything first, he drank all the tea in his cup. He looked like he had just scolded someone, so his throat was dry. After finishing it, he put down the cup and said, "Alright, let's begin. I believe that everyone knows what the details of today's meeting are. We need to fix the public service advertisement, and it has to be done by today. We need to finish its production by this afternoon in order to submit it to the higher-ups for approval. After the approval, tomorrow will be the final deadline, where it will be broadcast on television. We don't have much time left!"

The people who came in after Director Wang were probably employees that did advertisements for the television station.

An employee handed over a draft, or it could be precisely said to be a writeup, "These were the two ideas that we came up with last night during overall time."

Another employee distributed copies to the others.

Zhang Ye also obtained a copy. He flipped it open and took a glance.

After giving it a look, Wang Shuixin threw the writeup on the table, without reading it carefully, "You call this creativity? This is your so-called creativity?" Wang Shuixin rapped on the table, "Everyone is responsible for saving electricity! Saving electricity begins with everyone! Is there anything fresher?"

The employee from the advertisement department said, "Leader, all the public service advertisements in the country are like that. It's easy to understand. If not, it will be shouting a slogan. Or it could be some shocking statistics, saying how many people don't have access to electricity, saying how much loss results from every watt wastage. We want to be creative, too, but it can't be done. This is already the limit of public service advertisements!"

Wang Shuixin said furiously, "Even if you can't do it well, you have to do it well. Why are you making excuses?"

The person remained silent for a moment, "Leader, it's our responsibility. We will think of something again."

"There's no time anymore! Didn't you hear what I just said? There has to be an outcome today, and it has to be done today!" Wang Shuixin said, "I know that public service advertisements are at a

bottleneck, but only with a bottleneck can you break through. The higher-ups have such a request for our channel. This is a policy-based advertisement; there can be no mistakes! I'm not asking about anything else, nor reasons. I just want to see a result. I want to see creativity! Or else the higher-ups will not pass it!"

It was pointless pinning his hope on the advertisement department. They had handed more than ten drafts over the past month, but all of them were rejected by the higher-ups. Wang Shuixin said to everyone, "I called everyone here to help brainstorm. Whoever has a good idea or creativity, you can speak up!" It could be seen that he was anxious, too. If they could not complete a task that had governmental implications, then everyone would suffer when the higher-ups demanded an answer!

Jiang Fen asked, "How many seconds does it need to be?"

Wang Shuixin said, "There's no restriction, but according to usual practices, it has to be within 15 seconds. If it is a longer public service advertisement, it's best it doesn't exceed 20 seconds."

Jiang Fen suggested, "Why don't we be creative on the advertising tagline? I have a pretty good one, 'Saving, the path to the continuation of life'."

Wang Shuixin shook his head, "No, that's still too common."

Wang Meng said, "What about a witty tagline? Gentlemen have manners; be a man when using electricity."

"It's too uncommon." Wang Shuixin said, "The higher-ups want creativity, not something uncommon. Creativity is something that will light up the eyes of others, or something no one can think of." As he spoke, he got irritated, "Can you broaden your minds? We have so many capable people in our Arts Channel, yet we are stumped by a public service advertisement? Can't you come up with any good ideas?"

Another segment team's person-in-charge gave a wry smile, "Leader, we do administrative work. Creativity isn't our forte. If the advertisement department can't think of something, there's not much hope for us."

Wang Shuixin said angrily, "You have to think of something, even if there's no hope! Are you going to be shouldering the responsibility for failing the task?"

The person-in-charge had been joking, but with this retort, he did not dare to say another word.

Following that, others from a few segment teams suggested their ideas, but Wang Shuixin was unsatisfied by them. They were all denied. No creativity!

However, everyone felt helpless.

Freshness?

Creativity?

How could one be creative for the theme of electricity saving?

After so many years, all sorts of tricks had been used by all the different television stations!

Wang Shuixin looked at Hu Fei, "Old Hu, only your segment team has not contributed an idea. We invited you here to come up with ideas, not to just sit there and drink tea!"

Hu Fei had never done public service advertisements, and he had no ideas either. He had similar thoughts as the others. Public service advertisements had been done to the point of flogging the dead horse. It had long ago reached a bottleneck. Everything followed the same line of thought, to the point where they had to do so. As there was no way to be creative in public service advertisements, what was there to be creative about? Could you exalt an advertisement regarding electricity savings to the heavens?

Just as Hu Fei was not sure how to answer and the other people-in-charge and employees were unsure what to do, Zhang Ye spoke.

"I have an idea." Zhang Ye's words shocked everyone.

Hu Fei's eyes lit up upon hearing this. That's right. He suddenly thought of Zhang Ye. The person beside him was an effective writer, "Teacher Little Zhang, please say."

Wang Shuixin looked on with a complicated look at Zhang Ye, "Go ahead."

Seeing everyone look at him, Zhang Ye cleared his throat. Public service advertisement? Of course, he did not know about them. This fellow was a broadcasting major, so how could he learn anything about advertising? Although he did not know, the masters of his world knew. He had also seen quite a number of public service advertisements from this world. From the exposure to television, there was no way that he would not have seen it. Hence, he had some understanding of it. The public service advertisements from both worlds had their strengths. This world emphasized on the details and words said. In this area, they did especially well. Some of the advertisements' tagline had shocked Zhang Ye. This world was much better than his world in that aspect. However, the public service advertisements from his world had its advantages. It had creativity. This was the only thing about the public service advertisements of his world that was much better than those in this world!

Who made the rule that public service advertisements could not be creative?

How could this be difficult for me? I'm going to be the pirate king... I mean.. I'm going to be a superstar!

Chapter 105: An Excellent Advertisement Exalted by the Masses!

A small meeting room in the television station.

Everyone was looking forward to see what idea Zhang Ye could come up with. They wanted to see how capable this notorious, esteemed writer was. Everyone present knew Zhang Ye. They had all gone to the Golden Microphone Awards. About half of the people in the room knew that he was a thorn among thorns. They also acknowledged his literature standard as passable, but literature was literature. Creativity was creativity. There was not much of a relationship between the two.

You have an idea?

You can open a new field for public service advertisements?

A few people had their doubts.

There were a few people from the advertisement department who did not even doubt him; they only treated it as if Zhang Ye was joking. They were in the advertisement business, and they were the professionals, yet a layperson like you could be so sure of yourself? Isn't this a joke? Do you think you are the only intelligent and capable person in this world? What a joke! This was a problem that no one in the country had managed to overcome. Even among those who had come up with a creative public service advertisement, the focus was on the creativity itself and they were criticized badly because creativity and public service didn't mix. If it did, then it wouldn't be considered a public service advertisement. They were not optimistic about Zhang Ye!

"Little Zhang?"

"Please share with us?"

"Yes, what idea do you have?"

"Another one that just involves changing the ad catchphrase?"

"If it's just changing the ad catchphrase, then don't bother saying it."

Seeing Zhang Ye keeping his silence, some people became impatient.

Hu Fei frowned and said, "You have to give Little Zhang some time to conceptualize his presentation. How can it be so fast!"

Earlier, there were many people giving suggestions, too, but everyone listened attentively. At most, they gave some comments after the suggestions were given. But it could be seen how many people were unhappy with Zhang Ye. They were suggesting ideas all the same, but everyone's attitude towards him was totally different. They couldn't help it. Zhang Ye had attracted too much negativity during the Silver Microphone Awards and, on top of that, he rejected Wang Shuixin's poem with a work of his own. It would be odd if he was liked by the others.

Zhang Ye didn't mind; he was used to it.

He was actually thinking of which public service advertisement to use!

Which one from his world? There were a few good ones, but he felt that they were not going to stand out; they didn't stand out in the creative portion.

Saving electricity.....

Saving electricity.....

Got it! Haha! That's the one!

Zhang Ye suddenly remembered a very famous Russian public service advertisement from his world. How famous was it? It didn't just get attention in Russia; it was also rebroadcast in China. There was a textbook in China that Zhang Ye did not remember if it was from a university class about advertising. However, the book was basically an introduction on public service advertisements. It cited advertisements as a successful examples. It could be seen then how famous it was; it had even gathered many honors and awards.

And clearly, in this world, that advertisement had never appeared before!

Zhang Ye had happened to see it once, and it had left a deep impression on him. After he looked at everyone, he spoke lightly. He first introduced the setup of the advertisement. “The advertisement I’m speaking of will use an animation. Of course, real people can be used, too. That isn’t important. 15 seconds for the advertisement should be sufficient.”

Wang Shuixin wasn’t too worried, “Carry on.”

Previously, people had said they had something creative, but it turned out that their ideas were not creative. They did not qualify, so no one believed that Zhang Ye could come up with something.

Zhang Ye ignored their thoughts and with his eyebrows straightening, he said with a solemn expression, “In a room, a couple are having a fierce quarrel. The wife points at the husband, scolding him. Note that there will not be any words spoken or vulgarities. Just the animation or the mouthing of real people to express it is fine. The audience can tell at a glance that the wife is being unreasonable. Well, then the husband finds it unbearable, and he packs his clothes to leave the house. The wife then realizes her mistake. She hugs her children and cries loudly. Then suddenly, the door opens. The husband appears in the doorway.”

What?

What and what?

Wang Shuixin frowned even more. He was very unhappy!

Jiang Fen and the other employees were nearly falling asleep from this!

A couple quarreling? Are you talking about a public service advertisement? Even if they quarrel to the edges of the universe! Even if they f**king quarreled to the Milky Way! That had nothing to do with saving electricity!

Hu Fei kicked Zhang Ye’s feet, “Little Zhang.”

Zhang Ye was oblivious to it. He remained serious, “The husband is back! The wife thinks that he has forgiven her rashness and rudeness. Just as she runs to hug her husband amidst tears...” Then, the dull atmosphere changed. Just as people were feeling Zhang Ye’s idea was extremely boring and Wang Shuixin was about to interrupt him with a scolding, Zhang Ye’s last line reversed the entire situation, “Without any forewarning, the husband reaches out his hand and flips the switch on the wall, turning the lights off. Then he closes the door and leaves. The room is suddenly dark.”

Everyone gaped!

This was still not the end. Zhang Ye had not forgotten the key slogan at the end. “After the room goes dark, a subtitle appears: Conserve electricity. Lights off with people gone!”

Conserve electricity?

Lights off with people gone??

Holy sh*t! What a godly statement! It was definitely a godly statement!

Especially that 'lights off with people gone'. Not only did it fit the feeling, it also fit the scene. It was a slogan with multiple meanings!

An advertising professional who had been doubting and looking down on Zhang Ye a few seconds ago sat up straight, "This... This advertisement..."

Zhang Ye asked, "Can this work?"

Can this work?

This works too well!

What was creativity? This was f**king divine creativity!

The few employees from the advertisement department were stunned. They knew for the first time that a traditional public service advertisement.. could be done like this?

Momentarily, everyone stared at Zhang Ye. What sort of brains did this person have? He could even do that? He could even think of that?

Even Wang Shuixin was secretly impressed. He slammed on the table, "Good! Good! Good!" After saying 'good' thrice, he said, "This is the creativity I needed! We'll be using this!" He said to the people from the advertising department, "Do it now! Follow Little Zhang's case! Immediately!"

Jiang Fen, "But the approval..."

Wang Shuixin interrupted, "We'll do it and directly send it for approval. If this case doesn't pass, then there won't be a case that can pass! Quickly prepare it!"

The advertising department people obeyed the order and went to busy themselves.

"Let's end the meeting." After resolving a tricky matter, Wang Shuixin was feeling pretty good.

Hu Fei grabbed the opportunity, "Director, I did some calculation of the funds allocated to us, and we still lack some funds. After all, we need to invite some professors and scholars that will need money."

Wang Shuixin waved his hand and said without a thought, "I'll approve another 500,000 to you!"

Hu Fei was overjoyed, "Then I'll thank you, Leader." Then he patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder. Well done!

After the meeting ended, people also began leaving the office.

Wang Shuixin recalled something when he walked quite a distance. He suddenly turned back and glanced at Zhang Ye. He knew Old Hu had not chosen a wrong person. This Little Zhang was indeed very talented. But to Wang Shuixin, such a disobedient, but yet genius, thorny person was someone he had to love and hate at the same time!

Chapter 106: The Heavenly Queen Comes Again!

Hou Ge was chatting with Xiao Lu.

Hu Fei brought Zhang Ye into the office and laughed, "Xiao Lu, in a while go to Finance, and settle the program's finances."

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "They gave in?"

"We got an extra 500,000." It looked like Hu Fei had been having a headache about this sum for a long while.

Hou Ge said in surprise, "How? The last time I discussed with Finance all day, and didn't you even go? They refused to grant it then, but today they did?"

Hu Fei patted Zhang Ye on the back, "It's all thanks to Teacher Little Zhang. He helped the channel resolve a major problem. He suggested an advertisement idea to Director Wang!"

"That public service advertisement?" Hou Di knew about it.

Dafei said in admiration, "Teacher Zhang, other than novels, poems and prose, you can do advertisements, too?"

Hu Fei laughed, "It's an awesome advertisement. It can be said the best public service advertisement that I have seen all these years. You will soon see it, at the latest, tomorrow afternoon, and at the fastest, tonight!"

Xiao Lu was full of admiration as she walked over with a smile. Pretending to have a microphone in her hand, "Teacher Zhang, can I interview you? Why are you so awesome? Do you have a secret to your success? Can you reveal it to us? Is there some trick?"

Zhang Ye did not hesitate to say, "There's a trick."

Xiao Lu was stunned, "Really? Tell us quickly! I want to learn, too!"

Zhang Ye said, "There are two tricks. First, read through the entire Chinese dictionary, memorizing every single word of them seriously. It's best if you can memorize and recite most of the text and phrases. It should reach an extremely familiar stage, where you have them at your fingertips."

Xiao Lu nodded, "Memorize a dictionary? That makes sense. What's the second point? What's the second point?"

The others also listened in as they focused over, hoping to hear the trick to Zhang Ye's success.

"The second trick is..." Zhang Ye chuckled, "Memorizing is useless!"

Xiao Lu was stunned before bursting out in laughter, "Even so, it's useless? Then why did you say it!"

Hu Fei was also amused as he laughed heartily, "Teacher Little Zhang is just teasing you. Accumulation, experience, talent. You can't lack any. How can there be a trick?"

.....

8:30 P.M. at night. Off work.

Zhang Ye worked overtime quite a bit. The reason was that the public service advertisement was, after all, his creation and proposal. He was most familiar with it. The advertisement department also

contacted Zhang Ye for help and gave it to him for review. After Zhang Ye displayed his capabilities, the advertisement department did not dare to look down on him. They respected Zhang Ye's instructions for every detail and suggestion. Some was not changed at all, but some had major changes according to Zhang Ye's instructions. Only when the animation public service advertisement was done did Zhang Ye leave.

Entering the district.

The sky was already dark.

A lamp along the corridor was not working. Zhang Ye had to blindly grope his way home. Hai, do you think this bro is having it easy? I have to work so busily everyday, and even had to work for the advertisement department. However, capable people have a lot of responsibilities. Zhang Ye was not displeased with this, and in fact liked it a lot.

Why? Just because he could become famous. He was always chasing towards that goal with no intentions of retreating. What about doing advertisements? If a public service advertisement was done well, it would clearly result in a one-time increase in his fame. He never looked down on the opportunity for a tiny fame increase that other popular celebrities looked down upon. Even if he did not increase his fame greatly, Zhang Ye would not miss the opportunity. As he had a limitation to his external looks, he could not be picky about things other people looked down upon. Maybe this was the struggle and determination of a small figure.

He was hungry.

What should he eat?

Zhang Ye rummaged through the house and there was only one packet of instant noodles and a chicken egg. Just as he was about to light the fire to cook the noodles and egg, the telephone rang!

Seeing the number, Zhang Ye could not believe his own eyes. After repeatedly confirming it, he knew it was true!

Zhang Yuanqi had called!

The extremely famous S-list Heavenly Queen!

Zhang Ye quickly picked up, "Hello. Teacher Zhang?"

"Are you home?" Zhang Yuanqi's tone was very cold.

"I'm home. I just came home and am preparing to eat." Zhang Ye was baffled, "What's the matter?"

"I haven't eaten, too. Make some for me, too." Saying that, she then hung up.

Zhang Ye failed to react in time. Make some for you, too? You mean... When the noodles were just done, the doorbell rang. Zhang Ye opened the door to a woman wearing sunglasses. Without any question, she was Zhang Yuanqi. Her outfit today was very weird. Sunglasses, face mask and a hat. She looked like she was afraid of catching SARS, but as a huge celebrity like Zhang Yuanqi, she had no choice but to do so. If she did not take protective measures, she would be easily recognized with just sunglasses on the street. She was too well-known and everyone was very familiar with her!

Without a word, Zhang Yuanqi entered the room. Glancing at the open kitchen, she frowned, "Instant noodles again? Don't you have anything else at home?"

Zhang Ye closed the door, "May I know why you have come?"

Zhang Yuanqi threw the plastic bag from her hands onto the table. The bag was translucent and there was a bottle of wine inside. "Other places are too noisy. Your place is quiet."

Zhang Ye recalled Zhang Yuanqi saying that there were two places that allowed her to reveal her temper. One was her parents' place, and the other was Zhang Ye's place. It was probably the reason why the Heavenly Queen came to his house again. From this point, Zhang Ye was somewhat flattered and also quite pleased. He thought to himself, "Look, take a look. The renowned Heavenly Queen Zhang came to my house to scrounge for food. She had to beg me for a meal. I'll see who dares to challenge me in the future. Who dares say I'm not famous!"

"There's only instant noodles. Are you eating?" Zhang Ye asked.

Zhang Yuanqi unscrewed the wine bottle, "What can I do if I don't eat?"

Zhang Ye scooped the noodles and divided it into two bowls. "Let's each have a bowl. Make do with it. There was only one packet of instant noodles at home. Right, let's also split the egg."

Zhang Yuanqi graciously poured him a glass of wine, "Give me the egg."

Zhang Ye flipped his eyelids, "Why? I'm hungry."

Zhang Yuanqi glanced at him and said nonchalantly, "Because I'm your senior. I entered the industry earlier than you and am older than you. And compared to instant noodles, I prefer eating eggs."

"Fine, fine, fine. I'll give you, I'll give you." As a man, Zhang Ye did not want to fight with women. He handed the egg to her. "Thanks for the Silver Microphone Awards nomination the last time."

Zhang Yuanqi ignored him. Crossing her legs, she began eating and drinking wine.

This was the true character of the Heavenly Queen after she peeled off her outer skin. She would only speak when she wanted to. When she didn't wish to speak, it would be as if she did not hear.

"How's the taste?"

"..."

"Are you staying here tonight?"

"..."

"I'm working at the television station now. The program will be aired in a few days. I'll be either a host or a guest. For me, it's a huge opportunity."

"Oh."

Zhang Ye liked to show off. He could not say some things to his colleagues or people would think he was not being low-key. However, he could say anything with Zhang Yuanqi. He began bragging about the matters that had happened to him the past few days. Sometimes, Zhang Yuanqi would answer with a

“Um” or “Oh.” Sometimes, she would appear like she didn’t hear it. Thankfully, Zhang Ye was already used to her temperament. He did not mind and continued speaking excitedly.

Zhang Ye got a kick from saying all that. He then began eating his instant noodles.

Eh, to become a big superstar? This was him walking closer to the path of an Instant Noodle Hero.

But thankfully, there was a heavenly beauty like Zhang Yuanqi accompanying him to eat. Zhang Ye did not find the instant noodles revolting, for good looks replaced meals.

Chapter 107: The Commotion Caused by the Advertisement!

9 P.M.

They finished eating the noodles.

Zhang Yuanqi didn’t bother cleaning up the dishes. She leaned on the bed with a cup of wine in hand, “Little Zhang, TV.”

Zhang Ye snorted. He unwillingly grabbed the remote control beside him to switch on the television for her, “Which channel?”

Zhang Yuanqi answered plainly, “BTV – Arts Channel.”

Zhang Ye exclaimed, “You watch this channel? I work there now.”

Suddenly, the telephone on the table began to vibrate. Zhang Ye was wondering who it was so late at night. He picked it up.

“Teacher Zhang.” It was a man’s voice. “I’m the Little Wang from the television station’s advertising department. We met about two hours ago. I called you to inform you that the public service advertisement that you came up with and supervised will broadcast soon. In at most five minutes, once this segment ends. It was also approved by the higher-ups, after they deemed the effects to be very good. And since the part about switching off the light isn’t very suitable for an afternoon broadcast, they decided to push it forward to tonight.”

“Alright, I got it.”

“We passed the verification. Thank you.”

“You worked hard, too. You’re welcome.”

After putting down the cellphone, Zhang Ye quickly increased the television’s volume, “Teacher Zhang, once this music shows ends, I’ll have something to show you.”

Zhang Yuanqi did not ask either. She just kept drinking.

A few seconds later, the program ended. First a cosmetics advertisement was broadcast. And the next moment, an animated advertisement was aired. It was the scene of a husband and wife quarrelling!

Zhang Ye quickly said, “Look, look!”

Zhang Yuanqi couldn’t tell, “Why an advertisement?”

“You’ll know once you watch it. Haha.” Zhang Ye was full of anticipation.

Following that, the husband left after being scolded by the wife. Just as the wife was crying in regret, the husband came back. Bada! He switched off the light and left.

The screen went black.

The subtitles appeared – Conserve electricity. Lights off with people gone!

Zhang Ye had interacted and supervised it with the advertisement department. It was basically following the original Russian version from his world. There were nearly no changes.

Seeing that, Zhang Yuanqi was stunned. She had probably never expected such an amazing ending, “This is a public service advertisement? It can be done this way? The country still has such a good and creative public service advertisement?”

“This must be the first time you are seeing it, right? Come over here.” Zhang Ye was very pleased. He switched on his computer and found the television station’s website. After clicking it, he called Zhang Yuanqi over to see the production credits.

Supervisor: Zhang Ye.

Planning: Zhang Ye.

Idea Provider: Zhang Ye.

About half of the seven to eight names on the credits list were Zhang Ye’s name.

“This is your production?” Zhang Yuanqi looked at him.

“That’s right. I suggested it and it was also supervised by me.” Zhang Ye said, “How was it? Not bad, right?”

“Yes, not bad.” Saying that, Zhang Yuanqi returned to leaning on the bed, ignoring him.

Zhang Ye also did not care about her. He opened the television station’s official discussion board.

“The electricity conservation public service advertisement was awesome!”

“Hahaha. I also just saw it. I’m dying of laughter!”

“Divine idea! Divine creativity! Divine twist! Divine ending!”

“Whose idea was it? I never expected public service advertisements could be made this way!”

“Heavens, Zhang Ye? The idea provider, the supervisor and several other roles in the credits list are all Zhang Ye? It can’t be the Zhang Ye I know, can it?”

“Who is Zhang Ye?”

“I don’t know which one.”

“Ai, this name has a link on it. Let me see.”

“Holy sh*t, after clicking it, there’s the person’s information. It’s that Teacher Zhang Ye. Although there’s no picture, just look at his resume. Previous Beijing Radio Station broadcasting host, now employed at the television station, BTV-Arts Channel. Teacher Zhang Ye has started work at the Beijing Television Station!”

“Is that true?”

“Congratulations to Teacher Zhang for his success!”

“I thought that Teacher Zhang had been banned. He actually progressed another step!”

“Isn’t Teacher Zhang a broadcasting host? Why did he make a public service advertisement? Furthermore, he did it so well! There’s no other public service advertisement that is better in the entire world! The creativity is good and the connotations are all world-class!”

“Who is Zhang Ye?”

“Go check on the web. You don’t even know him?”

.....

At the same time.

A large number of audience members who were watching BTV Arts Channel in Beijing had seen the advertisement. There was no credits list after the public service advertisement. It was only released on the website. Hence, many people did not know whose production it was. Even if they knew, many did not know of Zhang Ye. His popularity was still in a very small circle. He was not that famous. But even so, it did not prevent people from being shocked and amazed by this advertisement!

“Haha! I’m dying of laughter! I’m dying of laughter!”

“It’s really amazing! This public service advertisement is amazing!”

“I’ll watch it again in a while. I want to watch it again. It’s so humorous!”

.....

“Darling, come over here!”

“What?”

“Stop washing your face. Quick, watch this public service advertisement!”

“What’s so nice about a public service advertisement? Do you have nothing better to do?”

“Damn, you came late. It’s over. What do you know? This isn’t any ordinary public service advertisement. F**k, it was such a reversal!”

.....

“Director Zheng, who did this advertisement? It’s too perfect!”

“Beijing Television Station? That can’t be. Their television station doesn’t have such a talent!”

“That’s right. I’m curious. There are only a few people in the industry who do public service advertisements that are famous. No matter how I look at it, they don’t work for the Beijing Television Station. But just watching this advertisement, I know it is the work of a master. Did they headhunt someone? Which famous advertisement planner did they grab over?”

“There’s no news.”

“Let’s check the production credits on the web.”

“Ah, I found it. Zhang Ye? Who’s Zhang Ye?”

“Never heard of him. There’s no such person in the advertising industry.”

.....

That night, quite a number of households in Beijing began discussing this Public Service advertisement. The advertisement’s effectiveness was unbelievable. It was a great success. In half an hour’s time, the discussion of it had exploded on the web. It could be said that no public service advertisement had ever been this popular!

Laymen watched the buzz, while professionals examined the skill!

The greatest impact was on the professionals in the advertising industry!

This industry was neither too big, nor too small. Even if they had never met, they would all know each other. They even had such interactions with people inside and outside the country. This public service advertisement had caused numerous discussion first in this country, and were later shared with several foreign friends who were in the advertising industry. In the end, many people in the advertising industry outside of the country were greatly surprised that night, itself!

Everyone was trying to find out who was the one who did the planning for the advertisement!

Finally, when they obtained the answer, they were at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry. The person who had planned the advertisement was not from their circles. It was a f**king broadcasting host!

Immediately, several people in advertising felt a sense of defeat. The bottleneck of public service advertisements had troubled the industry, both domestic and foreign, for half a year. No one had been able to reverse the situation. But now, a broadcasting host, who did not work in this line of work, had managed to conquer this problem? This idea was too new and had an enlightening effect. It seemed like it had opened a door for the people in advertising. They were suddenly overjoyed.

A new textbook entry to creativity in public service advertisement!

This reputation did not sully Zhang Ye’s production at all!

Chapter 108: Where did this Zhang Ye appear from?

At home.

It was getting later and later.

Zhang Ye still did not know how big a name he had made for himself in the advertising circles, both foreign and domestic. He was not even looking at the computer, despite it being in front of him. He had opened the game ring's virtual interface. He was staring with surprise at the Reputation points surging upwards on the menu!

+266!

+7692!

+2103!

At times, it increased by the hundreds, while at other times, it increased by the thousands!

Just before the advertisement was broadcast, Zhang Ye's had recalled taking a look in the afternoon. His overall Reputation points had been 290,000. Some of it was left from the interview, and the other 200,000+ were from the sales of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' over the past few days. But today, just after a small public service advertisement, in a short time span of an hour, Zhang Ye's overall Reputation points had reached 470,000!

480,000...

500,000...

And it was still growing nonstop!

It was estimated that after tomorrow, it would at least increase to 800,000!

Zhang Ye had another deep understanding of the game ring. That was that the works he produced could keep increasing his game Reputation points, even if the audience did not know Zhang Ye's name, so long as they satisfied the respect and amazement requirements. How could he tell?

The public service advertisement did not have a credits list. No commercial would list it. Only a small number of people will check on the official television website to find out that it was Zhang Ye's production. The numbers were so small that they were negligible, yet Zhang Ye's Reputation was increasing nonstop. This explained the problem.

With this rule, Zhang Ye looked at such sideshows with more importance. No, to be exact, this public service advertisement was no longer a sideshow. With so much attention focused on it, and it earning him so much reputation, how could it be considered a sideshow anymore?

At this moment, the Arts Channel's late-night program had just ended. It now broadcast again the public service advertisement.

Zhang Yuanqi put down her wine glass and looked over. She looked at it fully before saying, "You seem to be multi-talented. In the future, when I have any advertisements or endorsements, you can do the planning for me."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Endorsement, advertisements? Don't they have professional production companies?"

Zhang Yuanqi answered coldly, "They can't do it as well as you can. The direction is a little stiff."

Advertisements and endorsements... They not only bring in the money for the celebrities. If an advertisement is done well, it has another advantage. It can bring up the visibility of the celebrity, which is very important. But if an advertisement is done poorly and the product performs too lousily, then even if they paid a lot, no big time celebrity would endorse it.

Zhang Ye promised, "Sure. Let's discuss about it again sometime."

"What else do you know?" Zhang Yuanqi switched over her crossed legs.

"I know everything, I am an original producer. You can't do without me." Zhang Ye started bragging, "Oh, yes. I remember watching a news article about you. In your acting career, no one should be comparable to you; you are considered to be a top star, right? But in your music career, it seems to not be such smooth sailing? Why did the news mention that you are no longer getting ready for a concert anymore? Will you be focusing on movies instead? After conquering the domestic market, you will aim for the international market?"

Zhang Yuanqi said unfeelingly, "I have no good songs."

"Let your team spend some money then." Zhang Ye said.

"A good song is not so easy to find. Sometimes you think it's good, but after people listen to it, no one approves of it." Zhang Yuanqi related calmly.

Zhang Ye blinked, "Okay, if I have time, I will write you a song. With this song, I can guarantee that you will get back your place in the music industry."

Zhang Yuanqi didn't think much of it. She looked at her watch. Probably thinking it's late, she switched on her cellphone.

When it turned on, a pile of message tones played. Then a phone call came in, probably from Zhang Yuanqi's assistant or manager.

"Sis Zhang! My Big Sister Zhang! You are finally answering the phone!" It was a woman's voice.

"Hur Hur, my phone's battery was flat just now. It was charging." Zhang Yuanqi expression had changed, a total difference from the one she wore when she interacted with Zhang Ye.

The woman brushed her off, "You.... Right, who are you trying to bluff! The other time you had disappeared for a night! This time you disappeared again? Sis Zhang, are you in a relationship? At your boyfriend's place? Let me tell you first, the company's regulations state that our artistes are not allowed to be in a relationship. Even if they want to be in one, they have to go through the company, get permission and report about it. Of course, the company will not dare stick their noses in too much for someone like you, but you can at least inform me first, right?"

Zhang Yuanqi laughed "You're thinking too much."

"I hope that I'm overthinking it, too. If you really had a boyfriend, how many people's hearts would be broken? It would surely affect your acting career." The woman said worriedly.

Zhang Yuanqi laughed, "You have really been overthinking it. Alright, I will go back now. Please wait at my home. We will touch on tomorrow's commercial performance tomorrow."

The woman replied, "I've been at your house waiting. I waited for the whole night."

"Alright, then please wait for me. It's been hard on you. I will bring some food back for you. I know you love curry beef rice a lot." Zhang Yuanqi said kindly.

The woman softly said, "You are always like this, placating me after disappearing. I don't even have the chance to be angry. Okay, so I will wait for you."

The phone was hung up.

Zhang Ye asked, "Going off?"

"Going off." Zhang Yuanqi took and wore her blazer, then put on her sunglasses and face mask.

To mention it, when the Heavenly Queen was around, Zhang Ye was a little annoyed. The main issue was that her attitude was bad, with that uncaring attitude of hers, but yet she treated her assistant in such a gentle manner. But when it was time for Zhang Yuanqi to leave, Zhang Ye felt a little reluctant, "It's already so late. Why don't I send you back?"

Zhang Yuanqi said, "I drove here."

Zhang Ye said "Oh, then, then alright. Drive safely."

Zhang Yuanqi did not answer. She took her stuff and left in a hurry.

Zhang Ye said to her back, "Come over when you have time."

Zhang Yuanqi did not look back, but replied, "If we won't be having instant noodles again, I will consider it. Bye."

Zhang Ye happily said, "Sure, we will order takeouts next time."

After closing the door, Zhang Ye couldn't help but smile. His relationship with the Heavenly Queen was a little unclear. Were they friends? They could not be considered to be friends, as she had only come over twice and they hadn't spoken much. Zhang Yuanqi's replies were mainly uhms and ohs, or silence. But if we were to say that the two of them were strangers? You can't say that either; strangers don't go to each other's house late at night, do they? She is a female comrade, and even a well-known celebrity. So, their relationship could be considered as something very subtle, yet special.

Forget it, I'm not thinking anymore.

Zhang Ye went back to his computer.

On Weibo, a number of people started to @ Zhang Ye.

"This public service advertisement is really Teacher Zhang's work? I'm again impressed by Zhang Ye's artistic foundations!"

"@BeijingWritersAssociation @ them once everyday"

"Help Teacher Zhang into the writers' association, @BeijingWritersAssociation !"

“We have mentioned them for so many days. Why is the writers’ association not replying? Are they such petty characters? If they are inferior to Teacher Zhang Ye, they should learn from him how to write poems. Why are they ostracizing him instead? Such pettiness! If they are like that, then it’s better that Teacher Zhang be not admitted!”

The voices calling for Zhang Ye’s admission into the the association were getting louder and louder.

But there were also some voices that were focused on the public service advertisement.

A long Weibo post was written specially to Zhang Ye. The poster was called Hundred Year Tree “Teacher Zhang, I have been your loyal fan since I heard of your melody poems. Only after seeing everyone’s discussion did I realise that the public service advertisement earlier in the night was made by you. That ‘Lights off with people gone!’ is a real classic; it’s really great. We are also having some worries over an issue here at our unit, so we would like to seek your advice.”

His Weibo verified status was as an employee of the Beijing Taoran Pavilion Garden Park, “I am an employee with the garden parks. During the November long holidays when there are more tourists, the cases of stepping on lawns have become our nightmares. A lot of the grass lawns have been destroyed due to all the trudging. 20% of the whole park’s lawn areas have been destroyed and the percentage is ever-increasing. Are you able to help us come up with an advertisement tagline to discourage such unethical behavior?”

“Support!”

“Yea, the ethics of many tourists these days are getting low!”

“We would like some advice. Are there are any creative slogans?”

There were many replies below, especially from employees of the garden parks and their related industries.

Concerning this request from his fan, Zhang Ye thought for a bit and replied, “Okay, let me think a little.”

“Haha, Teacher Zhang actually responded!”

“Sitting here waiting for Teacher Zhang’s advertising slogan; I hope it’s aggressive!”

“Right, it needs to stop people from stepping on lawns just by seeing it!”

When this discussion came up, many advertising professionals who were lurking at his Weibo suddenly paid attention. They had all just found out about Zhang Ye’s name and searched for his Weibo. They were just in time to see him giving a creative brief for another public service advertisement, so they immediately kept their eyes peeled on his Weibo!

“Old Zhou, quickly come and look at this Weibo!”

“Teacher Sun, that creative who made the ‘conserve electricity public service advertisement’, Zhang Ye, is preparing another advertisement. It’s on Weibo!”

A few creative people informed their friends, some over the phone, while some @ them over the internet. In the end, more and more people gathered to observe.

Zhang Ye was a mysterious person to the advertisement professionals' circle. He had no industry experience, nor any results or reputation, but somehow his first production had given the creative world a light of innovation. Everyone was curious about this person, about whether he had the ability or if it just a fluke. Was he the real thing? This resulted in advertising professionals from Beijing, outer provinces and even foreign countries staring at Zhang Ye's Weibo and awaiting his new idea.

Love the lawn?

These days, on the PSA taglines were all "Love the lawn; be responsible." What else could be a new idea? If it's nothing more than just changing the slogan, the effect will be the same! If a person was ethical, even without a warning, they would not step on the lawn. Those without ethics, even if you told them off for half a day, they will ignore the warnings.

This was too difficult!

Everyone wanted to see what Zhang Ye, the man who made a public service advertisement miracle, would come up with.

Zhang Ye made an announcement a short while later. He wrote very simply, a single line for a slogan. When the Garden Parks employees wanted him to be more aggressive, the first thought that came to his mind was a popular phrase concerning lawn protection from his world. Aggressive? There was nothing more aggressive than this!

Zhang Ye typed: "Lawn slogan: Stepping on me today, growing on your grave tomorrow!"

The moment it was posted, Weibo nearly exploded!

"Pfft!"

"I burst out!"

"It's too damn fierce!"

"Hahaha, I've gone mad laughing!"

"If this slogan is used, who would still dare step on lawns!?"

"The fiercest advertisement slogan this century! Verification completed!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye is always so humorous! I love him so much!"

"You may say so, but I think it's really good. I think we should try it!"

The Garden Parks employee who had posted before said, "Haha, thank you, Teacher Zhang. This slogan is too good. Why didn't I think of it? In a while, I'll try submitting it to the higher-ups. Uh, but I guess it won't be approved."

This slogan was placed on a property in a tiny city in his world. It had not been greatly promoted. But when the slogan was made known, it caused a stir online. Everyone was shocked. The person who had come up with the slogan was too talented!

If Zhang Ye had used it in this world, the effects would be similar!

Some people treated it as a joke, while others didn't. For example, those people in the industry or famous or obscure advertising professionals saw a different scene! Honestly, from a certain angle, this slogan was offensive to the public's morals. As there were some morally degrading words, it was unlikely that it could be widely publicized by garden parks, not to mention publicized openly. It was a slogan that could not be used!

But so what if it could not be used?

So what if it couldn't be publicized openly?

This slogan had lit up a light for everyone in the advertising industry. It made many of them curse in their hearts. Your sister, who knew that a slogan for caring for the grass could be written this way?

They had gained a lot!

Zhang Ye had really given them a lesson!

Who was this person? Where did this Zhang Ye appear from?

Momentarily, an advertising professional who was rather famous in the industry sent Zhang Ye a private message on Weibo, "Teacher Zhang, are you interested in coming to the advertising world to develop yourself? If you are interested, you can contact my company. We can discuss the remuneration."

Zhang Ye received the message and was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry.

Following that, another person sent Zhang Ye a private message, "I'm from Aide Advertising. Teacher Zhang Ye, our company welcomes you with open arms. Please give us a line of contact."

Zhang Ye very politely rejected them.

Make advertisements? Forget it. Doing it for fun to gather some fame and reputation was nice, but to do advertisements professionally? Zhang Ye was not so free!

Chapter 109: Calligraphy Skills Experience Book!

The next day.

At the new unit.

Zhang Ye had arrived very early for work. When he entered the office, he grabbed a broom to begin cleaning; he was very hardworking.

It was different from when he first arrived at the radio station; the colleagues here treated him with respect. Of course, this was also because Zhang Ye had fought for it with his reputation. Even though others were polite to him, that was their initiative. He could not be big-headed, otherwise it would be difficult to maintain their relationship as colleagues. After all, he was still a rookie and he was considered the youngest here, too. There was no harm at all in doing more chores. This would partially contribute to his self-cultivation. It was a necessary step of valuable mental training on his path to success.

After the chores were done.

Zhang Ye checked the game ring for his Reputation. As expected, it was as he had guessed yesterday; his Reputation had reached over 700,000, being just short of 800,000.

+23 !

+11 !

+9 !

His Reputation was still growing, albeit slowly now after yesterday's peak.

After waiting for what seemed like half a day, his total Reputation had reached exactly 800,000. This made Zhang Ye's hands itchy for a draw at the lottery. There was no point in saving it without spending it. Anyway, the Reputation was a one-time windfall and was unexpected "side-pocket earnings", so that he didn't feel bad about using it.

Also, at this time, Zhang Ye only had 2 Lucky Bread left in his inventory from the last Lottery draw. He definitely would like to have more items stored for times when he might need them. It would be better than the last time, when he was blindly forced to draw for something. With some insurance, it would be better. This was all to ensure that Zhang Ye's stardom dream would be smooth sailing, so he would definitely be motivated and not slack.

He clicked on the lottery draw!

As usual, he spent 100,000 to start the pointer moving for the draw!

Zhang Ye did not plan to place Additional Stakes this time because he wanted a few more draws to receive more items, or maybe, if he was lucky, try his luck at getting the Special Category Treasure Chest. Of course, this was what he had planned. But when the pointer was slowing down to a stop, Zhang Ye realized that the pointer was now in the Skills Category; in fact, it had just moved into the Skills Category portion. Although the pointer always spun at different speeds, Zhang Ye was still 90% certain that this was where the needle would end up pointing!

Skills?

He had never drawn this category before!

Zhang Ye immediately changed his mind and clicked on the Additional Stakes, thinking that it was a rare chance, so he might as well go for it.

Add seven Additional Stakes!

Pour all of his Reputation into this round!

As to why 100,000 Reputation was not reserved as a backup for a Memory Search Capsule, it was because the public service advertisement was still running and the internet would still be discussing about it for another one to two days. It might not be able to add much more Reputation, but 100,000 a day shouldn't be an issue. Moreover, the book sales for "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was still booming; for every book sold, he would receive one additional reputation. Therefore, he staked everything!

There was another reason for doing so. From the game's introduction, Zhang Ye knew that many of the Skills Category and Stats Category items were stackable. For example, the Fruit of Growth and the Fruit of Charm; these could both be used without limitations. Eating one would add onto the stat. The Skills Category was the same. If he used a single skill book, the effect would be too small to be noticeable. From the Fruit of Charm, we could see that the effect was minute; eating one did not make much of a difference. This was also the reason why Zhang Ye put in all his reputation for the Additional Stakes. Only if the quantity was enough would the effect be noticeable; otherwise, he would be better off not using them.

The needle stopped!

It wasn't a surprise that it landed over the Skills Category.

8 Treasure Chests (Small) were added automatically into the inventory. Zhang Ye took them out one by one and placed them on the computer desk. The Treasure Chests were not big; it was a (Small) item after all. But on the desk, it was crowded all the same.

Let's open them!

Zhang Ye opened them all at once!

It was an ancient-looking book. It was a little old, and neither thin, nor thick.

"Calligraphy Skill Experience Book" (7)

Item description: Takes effect after reading. Increases player's calligraphy skill experience. Stackable usage.

This was the first time that Zhang Ye had received such an item. He did not know how to use it. Will it take effect after being read? He still had to read the whole book? Zhang Ye tried to open the book, but realized that he had overthought the process. The moment that he flipped the book, a white flash of light appeared, the book dissolved, and the contents surged into his mind. It made his brain go into a mess momentarily, as if something had grown in it, but yet he could not explain it. Just flipping through it once and it was done? It's just like the skill books in games? That's convenient!

Calligraphy?

Does it have to be the brush type of calligraphy?

That shouldn't be; ball point pen or fountain pen writing should also be considered a form of calligraphy!

Zhang Ye used a pen to test it out. Since he had started school, his penmanship had not been too good. Sure, it was pretty standard. But you know guys; people with good handwriting were still in the minority, so it was nothing strange. But when Zhang Ye's pen landed on the back of the unit's work file, the written word gave Zhang Ye a minor shock. He swore that he was still writing in his original style and it did not feel any different. Somehow, the moment when pen was put to paper, his brain had an especially vivid memory of writing; when he wrote it, it would automatically adjust to his memory!

His writing was good!

It was really better-looking; at least, it was not messy. It was much more organized than before!

Even if it was just a slight improvement, Zhang Ye was delighted. This showed that the “Calligraphy Skill Experience Book” had a visible effect. After that, he did not need any further explanation. He just flipped open all of the remaining experience books.

1 book.....

3 books.....

5 books.....

After eating these skill experience books, Zhang Ye had wanted to try out his new writing, but a colleague had just arrived. He raised his head and, from that point on, did not manage to test it out.

“Teacher Zhang.” Dafei arrived.

Xiao Lu also followed closely behind, “Yo, Teacher Zhang. You are so early.”

“Good morning.” Zhang Ye greeted them, too.

Xiao Lu gave him a thumbs up, “I saw your public service advertisement; it was so awesome, too awesome. I swear, I have never seen such an interesting public service advertisement!”

Dafei’s praise was even much higher, “This advertisement was.....marvelous!”

Hou Ge and Hou Di had arrived too, looking at Zhang Ye, Hou Ge was very excited, “Teacher Little Zhang, must you be so talented? Yesterday, Brother Hu said your idea was very good, and I still didn’t know what was going on. I was still having my doubts. But last night, when I saw the advertisement, my brother and I were dumbfounded.”

Hou Di added, “He’s not exaggerating; we really were dumbfounded!”

“I cannot get tired of watching this advertisement! When I watched it again during the rebroadcast, it was really better than the first time; the feeling builds up!” Hou Ge said admiringly.

Soon, Hu Fei came into the office, “Yo, everyone’s here?”

Xiao Lu laughed, “Brother Hu, we were just chatting about Teacher Zhang’s creative ad; it’s too interesting!”

Hu Fei laughed and looked over to Zhang Ye, “You saw it yesterday, too, right? I thought that the ad was good, but didn’t expect that it would cause such a sensation and response. Did you all know? Little Zhang created a miracle; during the public service advertisement’s second broadcast, the ratings surpassed the official programs before and after it. Haha!”

Hou Ge was shocked, “What?”

Hou Di was also amazed, “The ad’s rating was higher than the official programs’?”

“It’s because of the first broadcast’s good response, so once the program ended, to make way for the advertisements, everyone waited for it. This created such a miracle.” Hu Fei sighed, “This advertisement has really gone viral. The feedback from the audience was not only good. Many said it was fresh and

creative, and many people even expressed that after they watched the advertisement, they would definitely have their 'lights off with people gone'. Hur Hur. We have gotten the recognition and praise from the television station's higher management. Little Zhang, I happened to bump into Director Wang Shuixin upstairs. He had named you in his praises. Your bonus this month definitely can't be low. Check it out yourself when that happens."

Zhang Ye humbled himself, "I was just lucky."

Hu Fei waved his hand, "There's no point in being humble. This isn't luck. Why aren't we lucky? Why were so many advertising professionals not lucky at all over all these years? This is your ability!" Saying this, Hu Fei's expression suddenly looked odd and also a bit funny. He said to Zhang Ye, "There's another interesting thing."

Zhang Ye blinked, "What?"

Hu Fei said with amusement, "After you were hired, wasn't your resume posted on the television station's official website? Many domestic advertising professionals found you through your resume. I received two phone calls last night, and one this morning. All of them were requesting your contact information from me, hoping that you could go to their company or their television station's advertising department for further development. One of them even has quite good a relationship with me. Hur Hur. One of them even offered a 500,000 annual salary to headhunt you. He even tried his best to convince me to let you go. This is the salary of their company's upper management. See how much they value you?"

Zhang Ye immediately made known his stand, "Brother Hu, I'm not going."

Xiao Lu and Dafei were also worried. They did not want Teacher Zhang to be headhunted, for their relationship was getting more harmonious over the past two days.

"Haha, I was just waiting for you to say that." Hu Fei pointed at Zhang Ye and laughed, "Even if you wanted to, I wouldn't agree to it. I used so much effort to rope you in against all odds. Who dares rob you from me? I'm the first to reject! No way!"

Zhang Ye was relieved, "Don't worry. Even if they gave me a 5 million Yuan annual salary, I would definitely not go, let alone a mere 500,000!"

Xiao Lu giggled, "That's right. Teacher Zhang's car is a 5 million X5 bulletproof car. Does he lack that hundreds of thousands of salary?"

Hou Ge laughed, "Indeed. Teacher Little Zhang looks wealthy from any angle. They sure dared to name their price."

Hu Fei was shocked, "Bulletproof car? The bulletproof version of the BMW? People actually buy that car? I thought not a single one would be sold!"

Xiao Lu said, "Brother Hu, you may not know. When we went for lunch, a flower pot even smashed into it from the fifth floor. We were all dumbfounded. But in the end, Teacher Zhang cleaned off the pot fragments in a relaxed manner. Guess what we saw? The car's paint was not even chipped off! It was in perfect condition! That car was too awesome!"

Hu Fei said, "Really? Then I must try it the next time. I doubt I can earn that much money in my entire life. I'll try to rub off some of Teacher Little Zhang's greatness. Hur Hur. But indeed, Little Zhang won't covet that tiny bit of money, so I was not afraid of them poaching. Teacher Little Zhang can casually write a 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' and earn millions of royalties, right? If he really wanted to make money, he would have gone into writing books and poetry. Why would he need to trouble himself making advertisements?"

Xiao Lu was also curious, "Teacher Zhang, then what are you doing this for?"

Hou Ge was also quite concerned, "That's right; you aren't short of money, so why did you come to the television station? The salary here is pathetic. You may earn a bit more as a host, but it can't exceed 20,000, right?"

Zhang Ye gave some thought and declared, "I am for the transmission and development of Art. I dedicate my strength for national education. Social harmony and national peace are things I spend my efforts researching on. Only the television station can express my greatest ideals..."

Hu Fei rolled his eyes, "Speak normally!"

Zhang Ye was helpless, "Alright; I can become famous here!"

Xiao Lu also burst out in laughter, "Hahaha!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di were also amused!

In this line, they either wanted to make a name for themselves or make money. They were all the latter, doing it for a living. However, Teacher Zhang Ye was clearly a level higher. He was in pursuit of the former!

Was it embarrassing?

What was so embarrassing about it!?

Everyone had desires. However, many people had used it as a derogatory word. It could be a bit ridiculous, but if desire was said in a different way, it was motivation!

This was the power and source of success!

Chapter 110: Beijing Couplet Competition Begins!

Afternoon.

Zhang Ye was discussing with Xiao Lu about the program recording in a few days time, when suddenly, some people from the advertising department came.

"Teacher Zhang," a youth said politely.

"Oh, Teacher Liu." Zhang Ye went over. He had seen these people before. They had worked together on the public service advertisement.

"Don't, Hur Hur, don't call me Teacher. Although I'm older than you by about three years, I do not dare to be addressed as Teacher in front of you. Well, the results of the advertisement are out. The reception

was extremely good. I believe that you must have heard of it. We came over to thank you. Thank you for all the help," the youth said in friendly manner.

Zhang Ye smiled. "You're welcome. It was nothing."

Another lady chimed in, "If we encounter a tough problem in the future, we might even consult you. Please don't be stingy when the time comes and give us your guidance."

Zhang Ye replied helplessly, "I'm just a layman. How can I give any guidance?"

The third youth gave a wry smile, "If you are a layman, then no one in the country is a professional. I also saw the slogan for the lawn on your Weibo. Although it cannot be used, it was really well-written. Also, the electricity conservation public service advertisement's creativeness are things we need to learn from. I don't think that it is too much to write them in advertising textbooks. You have opened a new path for creativeness in advertisements. It is extremely meaningful!"

Zhang Ye waved his hands, "You are putting me on a pedestal. There's no need. Really, there's no need."

After the people from the advertising department gave their gratitude, they left.

Xiao Lu gave him a big thumbs up, "Teacher Zhang is indeed Teacher Zhang. This is the first time that I have seen people from the advertising department seeking someone from the program teams for advice."

"Stop making fun of me." Zhang Ye returned to his seat.

"Hey, look at Weibo!" Hou Ge shouted out suddenly. As he was very loud, no one was prepared for it, so they were greatly shocked.

"Weibo?"

"You gave me a fright."

"What's on Weibo, Hou Ge?"

A few people asked.

Hou Ge pointed to the computer, "I followed Teacher Little Zhang's Weibo yesterday. I saw that many of Teacher Zhang's fans were @-ing the Beijing Writers' Association, right? They wanted to get him into the Writers' Association, and there were people questioning why the Writers' Association did not let Teacher Little Zhang join. It seems like it has been stirring quite a buzz for days. Look, the Beijing Writers' Association's official Weibo account has replied. They said that they have the intention of inviting Teacher Zhang to join and were doing the final inspection and approval. And the Beijing Writers' Association's official Weibo even posted an invitation. It invited many people. Probably in the tens, and the last one is Teacher Little Zhang."

"Entering the Writers' Association is good. With Teacher Zhang's ability, he should have entered long ago. What's there to inspect? There's no need to inspect. Anyone with eyes knows Teacher Zhang's literary foundation!" Xiao Lu said in a displeased manner.

Indeed, although this world's Writers' Association's admission criteria was stricter than in Zhang Ye's world, with the minimum criteria very high, with Zhang Ye's poems, essays, novels and fairy tales, the minimum criteria was not something that could faze him. Besides, the Beijing Writers' Association was just a province's Writers' Association, so was there a need for them to take so long before they announced their intentions of inviting him? There was something subtle with their attitude.

"Invitation?" Zhang Ye was concerned about something else.

"What invitation?" Dafei also asked.

Hou Ge was unable to explain it properly, "Aiyah, just check yourselves."

Zhang Ye and the rest opened Weibo and understood!

The annual Beijing Couplet Competition was being held tomorrow. It was held in Peking University's newly renovated hall. It was a grand couplet competition, jointly organized by the Beijing Couplet Organization, the Beijing Writers' Association and several other organizations. Every year, the leaders of the broadcasting companies, officials from the Beijing Education Ministry, members of the Couplet Organization and Writers' Association, etc would be invited as guests or competitors.

What was a couplet competition?

To be simple, they were to match verses!

There were all sorts of one-to-one correspondence in matching the number of characters on a line, etc. It was very profound and had many rules to adhere to. It was a traditional component of Chinese literature and had more than a thousand years of history.

The traditional Chinese literature of this world may be inferior to commercial entertainment programs in terms of popularity, but compared to Zhang Ye's original world, it was much superior. Chinese literature received a lot of attention. Although Zhang Ye's world would have couplet competitions or poetry meets frequently, where they might even be on a national level, organized in various states, their scale was very small.

It was done very simply. Sometimes it would even be held in a crappy classroom with about 20 people participating. Even if it was a couplet competition at a provincial level, there were not many who paid attention to it. However, this world was different. The number of people who paid attention to it was considerable and the scale was large. It was held in Peking University's hall, and the entire process was broadcast live online. It was considered an annual grand meet in literature in Beijing. At least, many professionals paid a lot of attention to it.

Big Thunder?

Zheng Anbang?

Seeing nearly a hundred members invited as competitors, Zhang Ye could recognize a few old familiar names with his sharp eyes. Alright, they were considered old enemies. They were those people from the Beijing Writers' Association who had gone to the Beijing Radio Station to trample on Zhang Ye, but ended up being smacked in the face by him!

He did not know any of the other contestants.

Many of them were from the Beijing Couplet Organization or were grassroots members.

Zhang Ye finally saw that the last person to be invited was him!

"But I didn't register! Why are they inviting me to be a contestant?" Zhang Ye frowned slightly. Do you really not care about me? When you ignored me, you ignored me. When you cared about me, you didn't ask for my opinion to put my name in there? Do you know what respect is?

Xiao Lu said, "Who cares? You should go."

"That's right. It will be interesting. We can decide when the time comes whether to participate or not." Hou Ge encouraged him too, "This is a grand literature event. It is much more important than the Mid Autumn Poetry Meet that you participated from before. Not just anyone gets the participation qualification. Even the entry tickets for spectators aren't easy to get."

With a smile, he said, "Teacher Little Zhang, aren't you fighting for fame? This would suit you perfectly. This is entirely broadcasted live on the internet. Not many people watch it, but the numbers definitely aren't low. If you can enter the final round and show your face, it can increase your fame. If your fame increases, it will help our new program, too."

What he said was right.

But... I don't f**king know couplets!

It wasn't that he didn't know. He only knew the couplets from his world. He had no idea what the situation and foundation of the couplets for this world were!

Zhang Ye suddenly thought of something. F**k, could the bunch of people from the Writers' Association know that he did not know couplets, resulting in them putting him on the invitation name list without asking him? They had lost in the poem competition last time, with the entire Beijing Writers' Association losing to Zhang Ye. They were indignant about it and wanted to take revenge? They wanted to use a literary area that Zhang Ye did not know to ridicule him? Put him to shame? Regain their reputation?

It seemed highly probable!

With the Beijing Writers' Association's Vice President Meng Dongguo's personality, what wouldn't he do!?

Ring, ring, ring. A phone call came.

Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello. Who is this?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye?" It was a middle-aged woman's voice, "I am an employee of the Couplet Organization. I want to confirm your invitation for tomorrow's Beijing Couplet Competition. Do you have time to participate in it? If you do have time, I will inform my colleagues from the Beijing Writers' Association to print a contestant pass and entry pass for you. You were recommended by them. Tomorrow, you can just go to Peking University, and someone from the Writers' Association will attend to you."

Zhang Ye hesitated for a while before saying, "Alright then."

So what if he joined? He would analyze the situation first. If the Writers' Association had really planted a trap for him, or this world's couplets were things Zhang Ye did not know, then he would give up and not bring ridicule to himself. Of course, if he had a chance to show his strength, Zhang Ye would definitely not grab the opportunity to show off. Being an E-list celebrity could not satisfy him. His goal was even higher and further. He would grab tightly at every opportunity that could make him become famous. Writing novels? Writing poems? Writing stories? Writing essays? Making advertisements? Match couplets? He was never picky! He would devour them all, despite what they were!

Outside.

Hu Fei, who was carrying a bunch of stuff, entered.

Hou Ge was the closest, so he rushed up, "Brother Hu, let me do it."

"Alright. Thank you." Hou Ge gave him the box. It was the information and documents needed for work. However, after Hou Ge took it away, Hu Fei reached into the box and took out a few tickets placed at the top. Then he said to everyone, "Tomorrow, the Peking University will have a Couplet Competition. It is very grand. The Couplet Organization has invited us from the television station to spectate it. They are middle row tickets. They are hard to get, but I managed to grab five of them. Tomorrow is Saturday; let's go together."

"Five tickets?" Xiao Lu asked in a baffled manner, "Aren't we short of one? With Brother Hu, we have a total of six people."

Hu Fei pointed to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang doesn't need it, right? I heard that the Beijing Writers' Association has recommended Little Zhang to compete in the competition. All contestants have an entry pass, so he doesn't need a ticket to enter. Is that right, Little Zhang?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "Yes, someone from the Couplet Organization just called me."

Xiao Lu was happy, "That's good. Then, let's go tomorrow. Anyway I have nothing to do at home."

Hou Di snapped his fingers, "Right, we'll go tomorrow to cheer for Teacher Little Zhang. Do you think we should make a banner? With 'Teacher Zhang Ye, We Love You' on it? Pretending we are his fans? With that, it can show how popular Teacher Little Zhang is and how many fans he has!"

Dafei wiped his sweat, "...You really have nothing better to do."

Hou Ge also slapped his brother in the neck, "Does Little Zhang need to fake it? He has no lack of fans!"

Everyone happily chatted together. They came up with plans and joked around. Yes, they were actually too free. After being hired for so many days, their program had not begun airing. Since the planning for their segment had been mostly completed, they did not have much work to do. So whenever something interesting happened, they would be extremely passionate about it. They didn't feel good about not having anything to do all day, so naturally they had to find something to do!