

Superstar 1591

Chapter 1591: Zhang Ye wants to get the Nobel Prize!

Noon.

Zhang Ye was looking through the International Celebrity Rankings Index.

One page.

Two pages.

Three pages.

The people on the list were probably going to be his opponents in the near future.

At this moment, a long-distance call arrived.

It was from Lillian, the most beautiful woman in England.

"Hello, fellow smoker."

"Oh hey, it's Lillian."

"What are you up to?"

"I was just thinking about something."

"I got the news late, so I only just found out about your ascendancy to the top of Chinese showbiz."

"Haha, indeed, your news is quite late."

"When were you released from jail?"

"Just recently, in these past two months or so. It's been a while already."

"Oh, why didn't you call your old friend then?"

"You're an international superstar. How could I disturb you? Which tier of the rankings are you at now?"

"I'm still in the international A-list but slightly at the front. How about you?"

"I've recently been thinking about making a push into the international scene as well."

"That's a good thing. It's much more interesting here than the entertainment circle that you're used to back at home."

"But I haven't thought of a way to make a push into it."

"Shouldn't you be getting onto the rankings soon? The number one person of the Chinese entertainment circle should logically not be far from the international C-list rankings. When I first debuted in England before stepping up onto the international stage, I was ranked third on the S-list domestically. Then, I was automatically included in the international C-list celebrity rankings. I believe it

should be a similar situation for you. With so many people in China, it's much harder to get to the position of number one in the industry. Even if there are slight differences due to our countries' circumstances, I believe you're only a step or two away from the international C-list."

"But it's exactly these one or two steps that so many of our celebrities have fallen at."

"You're not the same. Don't you have a lot of different titles to your name? Just get a prize and you'd make it onto the international rankings."

"Get a prize?"

"It should be enough if you win an international prize, don't you think?"

"Now that you mention it, that does seem like an idea."

"For an international prize, there will be an additional percentage added to one's popularity score in the rankings. For some prizes, it's a 1.1 multiplier, and for others, it's a 1.2 multiplier. They're all different, and it depends on how valuable and prestigious the award is."

The two of them might not have met each other in a long time, but once they started chatting on the phone, it still felt like their relationship was very close. It was especially so when Lillian's Beijing accent kept coming up which made Zhang Ye want to laugh each time he heard it. After hanging up, he gave Lillian's suggestion some thought. He wanted to get onto the international C-list rankings, but there were really not too many ways for him to achieve that.

Singing?

Variety shows?

Television series?

It wasn't that he couldn't do it, but there were no opportunities like that.

To the global audience, Zhang Ye was just a newcomer. Not many people knew about him, and he didn't have any connections with the people there either. There was basically no chance of getting onto the rankings through the normal channels, and neither did he have the conditions to slowly develop his international fanbase. Therefore, the only feasible way was what Lillian had suggested. This was also the most direct, simple, and brute force way of achieving it!

To win a prize!

And force his way onto the rankings!

He had never gone the conventional way before anyway!

Zhang Ye suddenly shouted for the studio's staff to gather to tell them about his idea.

When everyone heard it, they were floored!

Ha Qiqi was stunned. "You want to force your way into the international celebrity rankings?"

Zhang Zuo stared in shock. "Make use of winning an international award for additional popularity?"

Tong Fu laughed, "Pfft! Will that work?"

Little Wang also giggled. "This indeed has the characteristics of Director Zhang's style!"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Lillian was the one who suggested this rotten idea to me, but I thought it was a pretty good suggestion. This bro likes something as simple and crude as it!"

Wu Yi was sweating bullets. "But I've never heard of anyone breaking into the international scene by winning an international award. Would the Rankings Index Agency allow something like that? Would that count as cheating?"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "This bro will be getting an award using my sheer capabilities. How would that count as cheating? No one else has done something like this in the past because they did not have the ability to win an international award before getting onto the international celebrity rankings. But this bro is not the same. An international award? Let me think about which one I wanna get? Math! Right! Math it shall be!"

Wu Yi blinked. "Didn't you forfeit that international math award?"

Zhang Ye said startled, "Ah, was there something like that?"

Ha Qiqi was speechless.

Zhang Zuo asked, "You don't remember?"

Wu Yi said, "But that math award doesn't actually command that much prestige. Of the few international math awards out there, that prize is at the lowest rung and it also doesn't seem like it will contribute any additional percentage to your popularity score either. The additional percentage will only increase if it is a prestigious international award. Some of these awards even give an additional 1.3 times more popularity, so it would mean that if our international popularity score was originally at 10,000, it would go up to 13,000 after winning an award. If you really intend to break into the international entertainment circle through that channel, you would certainly have to go after a prestigious international award. Otherwise, I doubt it will be enough."

Zhang Ye said again, "Does a Go award count then?"

Zhang Zuo said startled, "Uh, I don't think there are any prestigious awards in Go? There are only titles to be won through different competitions."

Zhang Ye asked again, "How about hacking then? This bro is the world's number one hacker!"

Ha Qiqi wiped at sweat. "Do they give out awards for hacking? Aren't those hackers all wanted criminals?"

Zhang Ye was also floored!

Damn!

This won't do?

And that won't do either?

Even with all these skills that I've got, there isn't a place where I can make use of them?

Zhang Ye said, "Then can everyone search for something? To see if there are any prestigious international awards out there that I may have a chance of winning."

Everyone dispersed and went looking.

Ha Qiqi checked online.

Zhang Zuo made some calls to inquire.

Little Wang checked through some information.

The prestigious international awards numbered several dozens, including the big and small ones.

The Best Actor award?

The Best Director award?

The Most Popular Singer award?

The Best Rock Singer award?

All of these didn't have to be considered since Zhang Ye wouldn't stand a chance of winning them right now. The only prestigious international awards that he had a chance of winning were few and far.

A short while later, everyone came back with their findings.

Little Wang yelled in surprise, "I've got it! There's one!"

Zhang Zuo also seemed to have found something. "The only problem is that it will be too rushed."

Zhang Ye asked, "Which award is it?"

Ha Qiqi spoke, "The Nobel Prize."

What?

The Nobel Prize?

Zhang Ye was stunned. "That's what you guys call it too?"

Ha Qiqi said in confusion, "What do you mean by 'that's what we call it too'? Well, it's true that this award wasn't called this in the past. But due to the poor running of the foundation that led it to becoming bankrupt, a new consortium took over and injected new funds into it. Afterwards, they continued awarding this prize and changed the name of the award."

Fate!

This was fate!

Zhang Ye hurriedly asked, "How many prizes does it consist of?"

Ha Qiqi said, "Shouldn't you know about the Nobel Prize? It consists of Mathematics, Chemistry, Peace, Literature, Physiology or Medicine, and so on and so forth. They're the most critically acclaimed

international prizes and also the most prestigious in their relevant fields. Like the Nobel Prize in Mathematics, it's ranked higher than the international math award you forfeited. Although that award can be considered one of the top few prizes in the field of mathematics, the highest honor will always belong to the Nobel Prize in Mathematics ¹."

Zhang Zuo said, "The only problem we have is that it's almost time for the selection process to take place. It's happening in one and a half months from now."

Ha Qiqi nodded and said, "Yeah, we won't be able to make it in time, right?"

Little Wang said, "Are you thinking about getting the Nobel Prize in Mathematics or the Nobel Prize in Literature?"

Wu Yi said, "Uh, I think either would be a little difficult."

Mathematics?

Literature?

He wanted both of these Nobel Prizes, and it was only a matter of time before he got them.

However, if Zhang Ye really had to choose one, he would choose to win the Nobel Prize in Literature!

Chapter 1592: A famed work from Zhang Ye's previous world appears!

At night.

Back at home.

In the villa's study.

The heat from the summer weather was sweltering hot. He turned the air conditioner down to a very cool temperature and browsed the Internet on the computer alone in the study. He read and updated himself on international news, hoping to find some inspiration.

Russia was in a state of disorder, and it seemed like they would be going to war soon.

A French artist's oil painting was auctioned for several hundred million US dollars.

America shot a film remake of a famous work and broke box office records.

The countdown to the announcement of the Nobel Prize nominees began.

An Indian writer could clinch the Nobel Prize in Literature this year.

Changes in the international celebrity rankings again.

And so on.

He went through the world news articles one by one. This was something that Zhang Ye hardly paid attention to in the past. But since he had reached this position, he would probably have to keep an eye on these international developments in the future. In this way, he would be better able to connect with

the international audience and grasp the world's situation so that he knew which direction to head towards in the entertainment industry. He had reached the top of the Chinese entertainment circle, after all. From today onwards, the world stage was going to be his main battlefield, so he definitely had to keep up and be serious about it.

"The Nobel Prize.

"How can I get my hands on it?"

He muttered to himself.

With Fortress Besieged?

With a poem he had composed in the past?

With the prose he had written?

None of them would probably work.

To him, he was fine with winning any of the Nobel Prizes. He only wanted a chance to break into the world stage. But based on his current situation, the Nobel Prize in Literature was his only choice. He didn't have any knowledge in chemistry, and verifying a mathematical conjecture would take too long, so only a literary piece could be produced the quickest, as Zhang Ye could write it at any time he wanted. There was still a month and a half to go, so he could probably make it before the deadline. But counting the time remaining, he would probably only be able to produce a single work. Therefore, the choice of work was going to be extremely important.

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On Weibo.

The topicality surrounding the Nobel Prize was growing.

"There's still a month and a half to go."

"Yeah, it's time for the Nobel Prizes to be awarded again."

"Who will they give it to this year?"

"Will there still be no winners for the Nobel Peace Prize this year?"

"There's only a few people nominated for the Chemistry Prize."

"Surely the Literature Prize won't be won by that Indian writer this year, will it?"

"I don't like that Indian writer."

"Yeah, there's a problem with his character. But I do have to admit, his works are really good."

"A lot of people are cheering for that Japanese author too."

"Yup, it was such a pity that neither of them won the Nobel Prize previously."

"If even India can produce such a masterful writer in the world of literature, when will one of our Chinese citizens come home with a Nobel Prize?"

"Hai, I doubt we have a chance at it."

"We've never won a Nobel Prize before."

...

At the Chinese Writers' Association.

"Has the nomination process started yet?"

"The Nobel Committee has already requested for us to submit a list of names."

"Who will we nominate this year?"

"Let's keep to the old rules and submit all the names."

"Yes, let's just submit all the names of those who have won a domestic literary prize and are still alive."

"We'll just be trying our luck if we do that."

"What do you suggest then? We've been trying our luck every year."

"Actually, everyone knows full well that the Nobel Prize in Literature has almost nothing to do with us."

"How I wish someone could bring home the prize someday."

"Is Old Zhou good enough to do it this year?"

"Old Zhou's books are too limited to love and affection."

"How about Old Sun?"

"Master Sun is not good enough either. His literary style is too localized."

"Hai."

...

India.

"It will definitely be ours this year!"

"Yes, it would be outrageous if they don't award it to us this year."

"Does Teacher have another new work out this year?"

"Yes, it will be going on sale very soon."

"There's no one who can compete with us this time."

...

Japan.

"That Indian writer is our only competitor this year!"

"That master writer from India doesn't have a good character."

"We have a very good chance at winning."

"But the Nobel Prize isn't awarded based on one's character. It's only dependent on the quality of the work."

"The key still lies in which style of novels the committee is inclined towards."

...

America.

"The Nobel Prizes will be awarded very soon?"

"I'm quite looking forward to it."

"Our female writers are just short of a Nobel Prize in Literature."

"Yeah, that's the only thing we're missing."

...

England.

"The Nobel Prizes will be given out soon."

"Several of our top writers will be publishing their new books soon?"

"They've already started vying for an award nomination."

"I have a feeling that the competition for this year's Nobel Prizes will be extremely intense."

"Let's see who will emerge victorious at the end."

...

China was in a heated discussion.

The media was in a heated discussion.

The world was in a heated discussion.

This world's most prestigious award was gripping the hearts of countless people across the world.

Everyone was hoping that their own country's writers, academics, mathematicians, chemists, or medical professionals could bring home this prize. This wasn't just going to be a personal honor, but an honor for the entire country.

On an international social media site.

The equivalent of Facebook and Twitter of Zhang Ye's previous world.

A poll had been started on the site.

Who are your favored nominees to win the Nobel Prize in Literature?

India: 23%

America: 19%

Japan: 9%

England: 8%

Russia: 6%

These were the top five results.

Behind them were several dozen more countries that had been voted for.

Meanwhile, China did not even get into the top 20 countries that were voted for.

It was also about the same results for the Mathematics, Chemistry, and Physiology or Medicine prizes. There was basically no one who was optimistic about China's chances, and many of the votes that were given to China came from the Chinese themselves.

...

Back at home.

Zhang Ye was still hesitating.

His place in the Chinese literary world was still very exceptional, and his influence was very strong. He also had the recognition of the public, although his relationship with the industry insiders was less than cozy. But regarding Zhang Ye's works and its literary value, even the most nitpicking industry insider would not deny Zhang Ye's contributions. But it was different on the international scene. If those works of his were brought to the global stage, it wouldn't be enough. To win a Nobel Prize, the novel would have to cover more of a historical or war theme. It needed an even higher standard of literary value, and a more inclusive language as well.

Using Frog¹?

Going down Mo Yan's Nobel Prize path?

No, that would be too risky.

Zhang Ye had really wanted to use Mo Yan's work for a time, but he ended up giving up on that idea because Mo Yan's path was unsuitable for him. First, he didn't have Mo Yan's accumulation of reputation. Although the Nobel Prize was awarded based on a single novel, Mo Yan's win was actually more of an accumulation of his previous works. By just using Frog alone, it was likely that it wouldn't be enough. Secondly, this was a different world from his previous one, so who'd know what the committee's preferences were over here?

What Zhang Ye needed was a very special work.

This work would have to have the following points:

War had to be included.

It needed to have humanity.

It would have to be a full-length novel.

And also something that could astonish the readers without any need for buildup based on the writer's reputation.

Zhang Ye kept thinking about it until he finally narrowed his eyes. He could only think of one person, a female, American writer!

Margaret Mitchell!

She was from Zhang Ye's previous world, and the only writer to have secured a place among the world's literary figures with a single novel. She wrote only one book in her entire lifetime, but that work was considered one of the top ten novels in Zhang Ye's previous world. The people of this world would of course not have heard of it, but it was an extremely well-known novel in Zhang Ye's previous world. As long as this novel's title was mentioned, no one would have not heard of it!

That one and only novel that Margaret Mitchell had written was called—

Gone with the Wind!

Zhang Ye was preparing to bring out this “nuclear weapon” of a novel from his previous world!

Chapter 1593: The English version of Gone with the Wind!

It would have war.

And humanity.

And slice of life.

As well as love.

And history.

With this one novel, it would amaze everyone.

This was it! There wasn't another work more suitable than this!

As Zhang Ye considered his options, he made his decision. Although he wasn't sure if he could win the Nobel Prize in Literature in this world with his last-ditch efforts of writing a novel, he still had to give it a try. After all, this was the closest he had been to a place on the international celebrity rankings, and it was his one and only chance at it.

Knock knock.

There was a knock on the study's door.

Zhang Ye looked up and smiled. “Come in.”

Wu Zeqing brought a cup of iced coffee into the study after opening the door.

"I told you already, there's no need to knock," Zhang Ye said.

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Alright. Here, have some coffee."

Zhang Ye took it from her. "My wife still treats me the best. Has Sisi slept already?"

"She just fell asleep." Wu Zeqing glanced at the computer screen and said, "What are you busy with?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm about to make a book."

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Others call it writing a book, but why do you call it making a book?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "It's about the same thing."

Wu Zeqing was the person who understood him the most. "You have your eyes on the Nobel Prize?"

"Yeah." Zhang Ye said, "I'm thinking of trying for it."

Wu Zeqing nodded. "Don't tire yourself out, rest early."

Zhang Ye said, "I will. Go sleep with Sisi. Don't worry about me. I'm guessing I'll have to put in some overtime over the next few days. There aren't too many days left until the Nobel Prize selection."

Wu Zeqing asked, "Are you confident of getting it?"

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile. "I think I have a 20% chance."

He wouldn't usually fight a battle that he wasn't prepared for. But it was clearly a different matter this time. The Nobel Prizes were too important, so there was also a lot of uncertainty surrounding it. So it was definitely impossible for him to be 100% sure of winning it. Moreover, this matter had come up too abruptly, so there wasn't really sufficient time for him to prepare. As such, Zhang Ye could only take it one step at a time.

After Old Wu left the room, Zhang Ye got down to business.

He downed the iced coffee in one gulp and rolled up his sleeves. Then he began reading in detail the history of the United States, especially the period in which *Gone with the Wind* was based on. Although there were some differences in the events and names of some people, the general history of this world was quite similar to that of his previous world, with some events even strikingly similar. This would reduce the obstacles in the creation of the novel. At the least, Zhang Ye wouldn't have to make too many changes to it and would only need to tweak some minor details to avoid any problems. It would definitely not spoil the original work's literary nature—which was what Zhang Ye placed the most importance on. He needed the novel to be in its most original form. Otherwise, if the two world's history differed by too much, he would have chosen a different novel rather than blindly making changes to this one.

Research.

History fact-checking.

Then he also checked the types of novels that had won the Nobel Prize in Literature before seeking out the preferences of the past committees.

He even researched the committee members for this year's Nobel Prize in Literature.

After doing all the necessary groundwork, Zhang Ye finally created a new file on the computer, naming it *Gone with the Wind*. Then he started tapping away at the keyboard and began writing the original English version of the novel. He had read many versions of this novel, having done a comparison of the English and Chinese versions, even perusing the Russian version when he was in university. Using the Memory Search Capsule, he could easily reproduce the different versions in their entirety.

...

Gone with the Wind.

Chapter I

A Beautiful Secret Admirer

(English Version)

Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin—that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnets, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns.

...

One page.

Two pages.

Three pages.

Gone with the Wind had an estimated word count of around 800,000 words.

But the English version was shorter, at 418,053 words¹.

With Zhang Ye's speed, he could still write it out very quickly. After all, he had eaten the Fruit of Agility. Moreover, every single word of the original edition was imprinted in his mind, so there was basically no need for him to do any thinking. The words were already appearing onscreen at a cracking speed as he typed in double time.

Five pages.

Ten pages.

If Zhang Ye could type out around 8,000 words per hour, he shouldn't have a problem with writing roughly 120,000 characters in about 15 hours. Even without putting in much overtime, it shouldn't take

him more than four days to finish writing it. Currently, his biggest rivals for the Nobel Prize in Literature were the Indian and Japanese writers. They had both recently published their new books and were making a final push in their bid for the Nobel Prize. As such, Zhang Ye knew that he could not fall behind them. At the least, he would have to catch up to them to ensure that they would all begin at the same starting point.

...

On the first day.

Zhang Ye typed out 120,000 words.

His eyes blurred at the number of words he had written.

...

The next day.

Zhang Ye wrote another 145,000 words.

He wrote for 18 hours.

...

On the third day.

Zhang Ye continue typing for 20 straight hours.

He finished writing 160,000 words.

He had completed work on the English version of this novel!

...

Sometimes, people just needed a push in order to achieve something. Without being their backs against the wall, humans would never know their limits. This was a saying that Zhang Ye deeply understood at this moment. Back then, when he brought out *Fortress Besieged* into this world, he didn't even write it this fast. Moreover, he had been working on it continuously this time, which required a lot more willpower and stamina.

It was completed successfully!

Gone with the Wind had finally been brought into this world!

For a moment, Zhang Ye felt a sense of accomplishment.

He had read this book more than three times when he was in his previous world, and every time he read it, he gained a deeper understanding of it. After all these years, now that he was intending to bring the novel into this world, he went through the experience once more as he wrote it. The words that described the war and the pressures of living had given him an even deeper understanding. He really felt that words were beautiful and wondrous things.

This was truly a great novel!

No matter how many years had passed.

No matter which world it was.

No matter how many languages it was translated into!

It was truly a great novel!

All of a sudden, Zhang Ye called the studio. "Contact an overseas publishing house."

Ha Qiqi replied: "Ah?"

"I've finished writing it."

"What?"

You've finished writing it?

A full-length novel?

In three days?

Everyone at the studio was shocked into a daze!

Chapter 1594: The whole nation's citizens wouldn't have any of it!

At the studio.

Everyone was in a state of shock.

On the computer was the draft that Zhang Ye had written over the past three days. Everyone was looking at one another, over and over again, with a sense of horror. Many of the staff were very surprised that Director Zhang could actually finish writing a novel with so many words in just three days. But even that would have been acceptable since Director Zhang had fallen into such a state before when he was writing other prose. In a way, everyone here was so used to seeing something like that that they could accept it even if Zhang Ye were to write out 1 million words in a day. The thing that horrified them was something different.

Ha Qiqi stared and said, "English?"

Zhang Zuo also thought that he had it wrong at first. "Is that really English?"

Little Wang couldn't believe her eyes. "Is this English?"

Tong Fu said in an unsure tone, "It looks like English."

Zhang Ye harrumphed, "Why? Haven't you all been to university? Don't you all know English? Let's not talk any further if you guys don't even have the ability to understand this English."

Little Wang was aghast!

Ha Qiqi was floored!

You're criticizing us now?

Of course they all went to university.

Of course they all could understand English.

But what they were stunned about was that Director Zhang could actually fucking write in English!

Who didn't know what Director Zhang's English was like!

Pick out any random middle school student from across the country, and they would be bound to find someone whose English was better than his!

Director Zhang had actually written an English novel?

Did the sun rise from the west today?

Ha Qiqi said in surprise, "Since when did you pick up English?"

"I've been locked away for close to four years." Zhang Ye found an excuse and said, "Surely I could have learned some foreign languages in that time."

Zhang Zuo pointed at the computer screen and said, "B-But this isn't an ordinary level of English. There are a lot of words in it that even I don't know existed. This level—it's probably what an American would know at most, isn't it?" With a pause, he said again, "And there's even the mention of the American Civil War? And talks about the lives of American people?"

Zhang Ye said confidently, "Yeah."

Ha Qiqi looked at him. "Have you ever been to America before?"

"No, I haven't," Zhang Ye answered.

Ha Qiqi, Zhang Zuo, Little Wang were speechless.

You haven't been to America.

Your English years ago was really bad as well.

So how did you even come up with wanting to write a novel with an American setting!

Aren't you being too ballsy with your subject matter!

As a member of Zhang Ye's Studio, as long-time staff of Zhang Ye's, they had followed Zhang Ye everywhere over the years. If there was one thing they had to say they were most convinced about Zhang Ye, then all of them would absolutely answer unanimously that it was: Zhang Ye's bravery! This was something that they all had to take their hats off to him for. The balls Director Zhang had would sometimes even frighten them to death. That "courage" he had would often shock them as well!

However, they still contacted the publishing houses.

One.

Three.

Five.

In the end, they managed to find five publishing houses that were willing to publish the book for them.

Actually, this was quite good. Zhang Ye had never published a novel, poetry anthology, or anything of the like before. In international literature, it wouldn't be wrong to call him a newcomer. But because he was so well-known now, with the title of the number one celebrity in the Chinese entertainment circle, it gave him a greater advantage in doing things. Together with his status as a mathematician and the world's number one hacker, among many other titles, some overseas publishing houses were still willing to publish a novel for him. They probably thought that having just 20,000 copies of the initial print run and stamping them with the label of "by the world's number one hacker" on its cover, they wouldn't have a problem selling them. Even if the novel didn't do well, the publisher was unlikely to lose any money. In terms of cost-benefit analysis, the publishers were much better at it than them.

Ha Qiqi asked, "Will this work, Director Zhang?"

Zhang Ye said without a care, "Yeah."

Ha Qiqi said, "Then we'll go ahead and sign the contract with them?"

"Alright." Zhang Ye said, "Notify me if you need me to speak with them. If you can't get through to me on my cell phone, go look for me at my place."

Zhang Zuo was taken aback. "You won't be coming into the office the next few days?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yeah, I won't be coming in for the next few days. Since we're going for the Nobel Prize in Literature, how would a single language edition be enough? Although English is the world's lingua franca, it still isn't enough. I'll spend some time working on it and push out the Chinese and Russian translations no matter what."

Chinese?

Russian?

When did you even fucking pick up Russian?

Why didn't we know about it?

Did you learn it in prison as well?

Wu Yi suddenly said, "Director Zhang, what kind of prison did you go to?"

Zhang Ye blinked. "Why are you asking that for?"

Wu Yi said, "My child's foreign language has always been bad. I'm thinking of sending him there to learn."

Zhang Ye had no reply.

In Zhang Ye's previous world, *Gone with the Wind* had been translated by many countries in the world, especially the major ones. The translated versions were all quite good, but Zhang Ye didn't get to read too many of them. He had only read the Chinese, English, and Russian editions of the novel. So he could

at most translate it into those three languages here in this world. Even though he had eaten all those skill experience books that gave him the knowledge of many world languages, knowing a language and translating it are two entirely different matters. It required too much literary knowledge, so Zhang Ye's current skill of languages was still not enough for that. But as long as the English version existed, it was pretty much enough. As the world's lingua franca, it wouldn't be a problem getting published throughout the world. If the novel really ended up selling well, the other translated languages would naturally follow. Many of the world's leading translators would come looking for him instead of him looking for them.

...

Back home.

The door was closed.

Zhang Ye buried his head in writing.

With hardly any rest, he continued working and working.

To win this Nobel Prize, he was willing to risk his life.

One day.

Three days.

Five days.

Chinese.

Russian.

He wrote so much his brain nearly turned into paste.

...

Online.

The news leaked.

"Did you hear? Zhang Ye is going to publish a new novel."

"Ah? Are you sure?"

"It's already been published. It's a global release with the first version being an English edition!"

"Pfft, can you not joke!"

"It's true! A friend from a foreign publishing house told me about it!"

"Get lost, that's impossible!"

"Hahaha, I'm laughing like crazy!"

"Why don't you guys believe it! It's true!"

"I laughed so hard my sides hurt. This joke can keep me entertained for an entire year!"

"Zhang Ye has written an English novel? Are you making fun of me for not attending university?!"

"This fellow wouldn't even know how to write the English word for 'novel,' would he!"

"If this fellow can write an English novel, I'll fucking change my name! I'll start spelling it backwards! Stop joking. It's obviously fake news from the sound of it!"

"I'm not having any of it! Not even a three-year-old kid would believe it!"

"Zhang Ye's English is shit! Like he would know how to write a novel in that language!"

Zhang Ye's English was very well-known to the people!

In that grand battle between humans and machines, this guy had faced off against PeterGo. In a critical match, he could even fucking spell his name wrong and call himself "HEOR" instead of "HERO"! So how could anyone expect him to know English?

Hur hur!

The whole nation's citizens wouldn't have any of it!

Chapter 1595: Gone with the Wind gets released worldwide!

Several days later.

America.

A novel quietly went on sale.

There were no promotions.

There was no publicity.

There was no hype.

The English edition of Gone with the Wind was launched in America.

At a bookstore.

Several Americans walked up to a shelf.

"Eh, what's this?"

"A new novel?"

"Gone with the Wind?"

"What author wrote this?"

"Ye Zhang?"

"I've never heard this name before."

"I think it's an Asian name."

"Ah, there's a bio on the back of the first page!"

"What? A Chinese guy?"

"Why is a Chinese person's book on sale in America?"

"A world-class mathematician? The number one hacker in the world? Fuck, I remember now! It's him! The Panda Burning Incense and CIH viruses were created by him!"

"CIH?"

"Have you guys forgotten? That's the virus that raised a global alert as the most dangerous virus in the world. That was created by him!"

"It was that fearsome?"

"He even knows how to write a novel?"

"Could this be a professional guide to hacking?"

Behind them.

The store's door opened.

Two Chinese international students had just walked in. When they heard the name that those people were talking about, they thought it sounded a little familiar. They were startled. When those Americans walked away from the shelf, they quickly went over to have a look. When they saw what was on the shelf, the two of them were dumbfounded. A lot of foreigners would probably find this name unfamiliar. Perhaps some people knew who it was, but the majority of them would not know. But in China, and as a Chinese person, how could they not know the name Zhang Ye? He was the number one celebrity in China!

Zhang Ye?

It was Zhang Ye?

What the heck!

What was his new novel doing here?

Could the rumors be true?

The English edition of Zhang Ye's novel had really been released worldwide?

...

In China.

On Weibo.

At the same time, quite a few international students or Chinese people who were in America posted pictures.

"Everyone, come and see this quickly. Look what I found in America!"

"Heavens, so that rumor is true!"

"Damn, that's got to be photoshopped, right?"

"It's not! I took this picture at the scene. It's really Zhang Ye's book. The author bio was also about him!"

"I guarantee that it's real. I also saw it just now and even bought the book as well. Flipping through it, it's all in English. There are even some words that I could not fucking understand! Goodness, I've lived in America for 20 years. How could Zhang Ye's English be this good?"

"Could it be a translation?"

"No, there isn't a translator's name credited. He's the one who wrote it!"

"*faints* Face-smacking Zhang is soaring to the Heavens!"

"Has he been learning English these past few years?"

"That might be it. He must know that if he didn't learn a foreign language, it would impede his future in the international entertainment industry. He probably learned it in the few years that he was in jail."

"B-But what is he trying to do?"

"I don't know. Why did he choose to release it first in America?"

"And he even based it on life during the American Civil War?"

"Ah! I know!"

"What do you know?"

"H-He's making a push for the Nobel Prize in Literature!"

"What the heck! You're right!"

"An international theme that touches on people's life during wartime. This is the most favored novel to win a Nobel Prize in Literature!"

"So that's his motive! Can he make it? There's only a month left!"

"Zhang Ye must be crazy!"

"He still hasn't stabilized his position in China yet, right?"

"He's going too fast!"

"I have a feeling that something big is gonna happen!"

...

At the Chinese Writers' Association.

"Quickly check the Internet!"

“What? Zhang Ye has his eyes on the Nobel Prize?”

“How bold of him. Even he’s thinking of vying for it?”

“I thought he would be consolidating his position in China first!”

“Damn! He intends to force his way up!”

“And how would he do that?”

“Have you all forgotten? An international award gives an additional percentage to the popularity scores. Furthermore, this is the Nobel Prize we’re talking about. A Nobel Prize in any field is still the most prestigious award in the world, so the additional percentage it gives is also the highest. It should be enough for him to jump from the first place of the domestic rankings into the international C-list celebrity rankings! An international C-lister is a very well-respected star in the international entertainment circle. He’s trying to make use of this method to break the curse that has prevented Chinese celebrities from gaining a foothold on the international stage! He means to take the title of an international celebrity with this method!”

...

At a television station.

“Will it really work?”

“Who knows!”

“He actually dares to try to force his way into the international celebrity rankings?”

“Damn, only Zhang Ye would dare to think of something like that!”

“Moreover, he’s the only one who has a chance of succeeding. For the other domestic stars, it would be more practical to qualify for the international celebrity rankings than to win an internationally acclaimed prize!”

“Does Zhang Ye really intend to do it this way?”

“Yeah, why else would he have a global release for his new novel?”

“He’s too bold!”

...

In the Chinese entertainment industry.

“This is who Zhang Ye is.”

“He’s really trying to go international!”

“Well, whether he succeeds or not, he will still have my admiration.”

“Yeah, just look at the state of our country’s male idols. None of them have their eyes on the international arena. All they want is to get famous in China, then take on commercial performances and make a money grab. Which of them have any intention of competing on the international stage? None

at all! So Zhang Ye is really something different. He dares to do things that no one even dares to think about! It was poetic that Zhang Ye took over the position of the number one person of the Chinese entertainment circle. It's a good thing to let him have a go at the international entertainment circle."

"But there's only a small chance that he will succeed."

"That will have to depend on how his novel performs."

"Even if he gets defeated, it will still be a glorious attempt."

...

At a male idol's studio.

"Zhang Ye is too rash."

"Yeah, he's as good as arrogant."

"For something that no one in our entertainment circle has succeeded at in so many years, he's actually thinking of breaking into the international stage so soon after taking over the number one position of Chinese show business? Is that even possible!"

"He's too naive."

"I'm not optimistic of Zhang Ye's chances either."

"Hur hur, does he think it's that easy to win the Nobel Prize?"

"Yeah, that's right. Even though Zhang Yuanqi didn't gain a foothold on the international stage, she still managed to break into it once. But the Nobel Prize? There hasn't been a Chinese person who has won since our country had a history. Chemistry? Mathematics? Physiology or Medicine? Literature? Not one person has won it before! So what makes him think that he can do it?"

...

Among Zhang Ye's friends.

Ning Lan.

Yao Jiancai.

Xiaodong.

Amy.

Chen Guang.

Dong Shanshan.

When they heard the news, all of them were left kneeling!

"Does he really intend to do that?"

"I'm fucking kneeling!"

"I was still thinking about how Zhang Ye would make a rush for the international scene in the future!"

"I've also thought about it before, but I never could have expected him to use such a method."

"So he wants to force his way in!"

"He's really trying to stir up something big!"

...

The media blew up as well.

"Zhang Ye's new novel debuts in America!"

"Zhang Ye makes a rush for the international entertainment circle!"

"Who will win the Nobel Prize?"

"Can Zhang Ye create a miracle?"

"Blind faith? Or self-confidence?"

"Breaking into the international entertainment circle—a path that no one could ever think of!"

...

On this day.

The entire country was bombarded by this news!

Chapter 1596: Gone with the Wind sells like hotcakes!

At night.

At Zhang Ye's parents' house.

Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing brought Sisi over.

When his mother came up to them, she held her hand over her son's forehead.

Zhang Ye said, "What are you doing, Mom?"

His mother said, "I'm checking to see if you have a fever."

Zhang Ye said, "Why would I have a fever?"

His mother asked, "So it's true then, what they said on the news?"

His father also said in dismay, "You're really trying to get the Nobel Prize?"

"Yeah," Zhang Ye replied in a casual tone.

His mother said in a speechless manner, "Rascal, is something wrong with you?"

Sisi tilted her head in response and said, "Daddy is awesome!"

His mother rolled her eyes and said, “Your daddy might be awesome, but that’s the Nobel Prize. No Chinese person has ever gotten it before. All the online news articles are calling your daddy arrogant for wanting to get it.”

Sisi was having none of it. “They’re all baddies!”

Wu Zeqing laughed. She patted her daughter on the head and said, “Yes, your daddy is the most awesome. Just wait until Daddy brings home the Nobel Prize and show them.”

Sisi nodded happily. “Mhm! Mhm!”

Zhang Ye said happily, “Don’t give Daddy so much pressure. I’m only going to try for it. I can’t be sure I’ll get it.”

Wu Zeqing said, “Just give it a shot.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “That’s what I mean. Let’s see how the book sales do first.”

Even though the Nobel Prize in Literature was not awarded based on a novel’s sales figures, since that would make the existence of the committee pointless, the sales figures would definitely still affect the consideration of who it was awarded to. Oh, so if your novel had a circulation of 10,000 copies around the world, and no one had even read it before or even knew who you were, how could the Nobel Prize possibly be presented to you? There would have to be at least a large enough basis in sales for the world to know about you, giving you the chance to break into the international scene. And this was exactly what Zhang Ye was lacking at the moment. And taking a 1,000 steps back, so to speak, even if Zhang Ye didn’t manage to get the Nobel Prize at the end of it all, if this book could hit a certain sales figure globally, it would still give Zhang Ye’s popularity a great boost and get him closer to the international scene.

There was still a month until the Nobel Prizes were given out.

But just how would the international audience react to this top ten masterpiece of a novel from his previous world?

Would they accept it?

Or would they reject it?

Would they give it recognition?

Or would they disapprove of it?

It would either silently fade away.

Or become a bestseller across the world.

Zhang Ye knew that these were the only two outcomes for *Gone with the Wind* in this world. There wouldn’t be a third possibility of it performing lukewarmly, so he was waiting, waiting for a result!

...

America.

At a college town.

"North, why haven't I seen you around the past couple days?"

"Oh, hey, Alice. I've been reading a book."

"What book? That has you so hooked?"

"It's a great read! I recommend you read it."

"What's it called?"

"Gone with the Wind."

"Eh? This book again?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ricky also recommended it to me."

"He read it too?"

"Since so many people have recommended it, it should be pretty good. I'll buy a copy too then."

...

Canada.

On social media.

"Recommending a book! It's a great read!"

"What book?"

"Gone with the Wind! It was recently published!"

"I've never heard of it. Who's the author?"

"Someone called Zhang Ye. I've never heard of this person before either."

"That's an unknown writer, so it's probably a newcomer, right?"

"But the book is so good. I've never read such an amazing book before! I have a feeling that this book will down in history!"

"Seriously?"

"It's such a great book! You guys will understand after reading it!"

"I'll go and buy a copy."

"Where can I get it?"

...

New Zealand.

At a bookstore.

"Manager! I'd like a copy of Gone with the Wind!"

"I want three copies. My friends are asking me to buy it for them."

"Sorry, it's sold out."

"What? Wasn't it just published?"

"Yeah, the stock is limited, so it was already sold out by this morning."

"When are you going to restock it?"

"I'll call to the publishers later. Er, is the book really that good? I've had a lot of people coming in to ask about it these past two days."

"I've not read it either, but a lot of people are recommending it online."

...

The UK.

"Heavens!"

"This is a book that absolutely has a fight with The Pullus Family!"

"The Pullus Family? That's one of the top ten famous works of the world!"

"Just read it and you all will know what I mean. That Chinese writer is absolutely incredible!"

"So this is the book that was written by the world's number one hacker?"

"Yes. Lillian even sung with him during the Olympics."

"Ah, so it's that guy?! I know him!"

"Where'd you get your copy of the book?"

"It's not sold anywhere anymore. It's out of stock."

...

Australia.

"Can anyone get a copy of Gone with the Wind?"

"Why are you asking as well?"

"Everyone's recommending the book like crazy!"

"Yeah, my uni's form teacher and everyone else are recommending I read it too."

"I managed to get a copy of it. I only bought it with the mentality of giving the book a try. But I couldn't have expected that by the end of the third day, I didn't even want to go to work!"

“Is the book really that good?”

“It’s a rare work that only appears every 100 years!”

“There’s war and the impact that it has on the livelihood of the people. It’s so well-written!”

“Agreed, this is fucking the best novel!”

“The only problem is that I can’t buy it anymore. It’s out of stock everywhere!”

...

At an international publishing house.

One of the partners for the English edition of *Gone with the Wind*.

Within the office of the publishing house was a flurry of talking on phones.

“What’s happening?”

“It’s about *Gone with the Wind* again?”

“They’re asking us for a restock again?”

“We’ve already printed 50,000 copies, but it’s been sold out in only four days?”

“It’s such a popular book?”

“Chief Editor, what do we do now?”

“What else can we do? Print another run! Increase the supply! Give them however much they’re asking for!”

“Then how many copies should we plan for the second print run?”

“—Another 500,000 copies!”

“What? That many? Wouldn’t that be too risky?”

“Risky? My ass! I’ve been reading this book for the past three days! After today, this book will definitely have a place in history among the literature of the world! I guarantee it!”

“Understood!”

“We will step up the publicity as well!”

...

On the first day.

Gone with the Wind was unknown.

The next day.

The word of mouth surrounding *Gone with the Wind* picked up.

On the third day.

Gone with the Wind had blown up.

In just a few short days.

Its reputation.

Its sales.

The English edition of Gone with the Wind had experienced an explosion in countless English-speaking countries around the world!

There were almost no promotions, with very few advertisements run, and just a small initial print run for the book, so no one really knew about it. But just like that, a novel named Gone with the Wind that was written by a Chinese citizen was suddenly standing out from the rest of its competition and pushed to the forefront! It was as though the global literary field had been taken over by Gone with the Wind! This shocked countless people all around the world!

Additional print run!

Additional print run!

And another additional print run!

500,000 copies!

1 million copies!

2 million copies!

Gone with the Wind was selling like hotcakes!

It was so crazy that everyone was dumbfounded!

Following the CIH incident from years ago, Zhang Ye's name appeared on the international scene for the second time!

Chapter 1597: Uproar!

Several days later.

The New York Times: Gone with the Wind sells out in North America!

Canada, National Post ¹ : Gone with the Wind sets a new sales record!

The Australian ² : A novel that swept across the country!

UK, The Daily Telegraph ³ : Gone with the Wind sets a new standard in literary fiction!

The New Zealand Herald ⁴ : An in-depth analysis of the characters in Gone with the Wind!

Ireland, Raidió Teilifís Éireann ⁵ : Why is Gone with the Wind such a success in English-speaking countries?

Many of the English language media and television stations around the world were reporting about it!

Gone with the Wind!

Gone with the Wind!

Gone with the Wind!

This name appeared everywhere!

This was undoubtedly even bigger publicity for the novel!

For a moment, the reputation of the novel, Gone with the Wind, had become even greater internationally. More and more people in English-speaking countries found out about this book and knew about this author named Zhang Ye. Even the people of many non-English-speaking countries where Gone with the Wind hadn't been published yet had developed a very strong interest and curiosity about this novel. Some of the foreign citizens whose English was better sought their friends' help to buy the book for them. If there was no localized edition of it, they were willing to read the English edition too. They wanted to see what was so magical and amazing about this book! Once this cycle began, it became very difficult to stop!

Thus, Gone with the Wind was selling even crazier now!

The sales volume each day was skyrocketing!

3 million!

3.5 million!

3.7 million!

...

Meanwhile.

In China.

At Zhang Ye's Studio.

At this moment, everyone was screaming with joy!

Ha Qiqi was very excited. "It's a success! We've done it!"

Zhang Zuo laughed heartily. "The foreign market has been opened! This is a historic breakthrough! Even without winning the Nobel Prize, we would go down in the history books! There has never been a Chinese novel that has sold so well overseas! The sales figures must have broken all records! And it's still setting a new high every day!"

Tong Fu was nervous. "C-Can this count as a Chinese novel?"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "I'm a Chinese citizen, and I wrote it, so why wouldn't it count?"

It was written in English!

And released overseas!

And the setting was even in America too!

And you're fucking telling me that this is a Chinese novel?

Tong Fu was floored.

Little Wang said in surprise, "Who cares what novel it is! All that matters is that it can sell well! We're gonna be rich this time! It's all money!"

Wu Yi was catching his breath from the excitement. "How much money will we earn? Ever since Director Zhang's comeback, the studio has been struggling to make ends meet. We finally have money!"

Zhang Ye proudly said with a smile, "Well, the money isn't important. What's important is the fame we earn. If we can break out onto the international stage, if we can gain a spot on the international celebrity rankings, there won't be a shortage of money making opportunities in the future. So don't set your sights too low. Oh yes, when will the Russian and Chinese editions be released?"

Ha Qiqi said, "They'll be released today!"

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, let's build on that and take the next city!"

"Got it!"

"Director Zhang is mighty!"

"You're so impressive!"

Everyone was sucking up to him. But maybe, it shouldn't be called sucking up since they were truly convinced by Zhang Ye's capabilities. They were utterly convinced by him from head to toe! By writing an English novel based on an American setting, everyone had thought that Director Zhang had fucked up and that he was being too rash. He was someone who had never ever been to America before, so how could he possibly write a novel with a setting that covered the American Civil War? Yet the reality was that Director Zhang could do it. He had actually used the novel to kick open the door to the international literature market. So how could they not be convinced by him?

At this moment, Zhang Ye finally felt reassured. It was a load off his mind.

He knew that *Gone with the Wind* wouldn't have any problems of unsuitability in the market. That it could sell so well had absolutely nothing to do with the promotions, advertisements, or his character. It was purely because this was a good book. This was a novel that could astonish the entire world's literary field even if it was just left there. The history of his previous world had proven this point. For a person to reach the pinnacle of the international literary world with just one novel, only Margaret Mitchell had achieved that!

And now.

Zhang Ye had recreated Mitchell's achievement in this world!

...

Meanwhile.

It blew up in China as well!

The news that had made it back to China's shores from the international scene had dumbfounded countless Chinese citizens!

On Weibo.

"Holy shit!"

"Is this fucking real?"

"Did he really break into the international market?"

"Gone with the Wind has sold like crazy?"

"Zhang Ye! Teacher Zhang! Fellow Zhang! I am truly in fucking genuflection of you!"

"You can even do it like this?"

"Is this novel really that good?"

"Who the hell knows? How on earth did it sell like crazy?"

"It's sold out in America, Britain, Canada, and Australia?"

"I'm feeling a little faint. Please allow me to calm down a little!"

"I'm also wondering just what sort of a novel this is."

"Who can still get the English edition?"

"You can't get them anymore."

"I heard that the Chinese edition is going on sale today!"

"Are you sure? Then I've got to buy a copy to read it!"

"I'll have to read it too. Just what is so awesome about this book?"

"I've never read foreign novels since childhood, but I've got to read it no matter what."

"What do you mean by a foreign novel? This is clearly a Chinese novel."

"Pfft! You call this a fucking Chinese novel? None of the main leads' names are even in Chinese!"

"That Zhang Ye has really made such a great transformation in his bid to get into the international scene!"

"But it does feel like this guy has managed his transformation successfully!"

“Hai, when has he not successfully made a transformation before? As long as it’s something that he wants to do, there’s basically nothing that he can’t do. There’s really something sinister going on with this fellow!”

...

In the Chinese literary circle.

“Heavens!”

“It can even be done like this?”

“Has it really sold so crazily?”

“The novel in all of the dozen English-speaking countries like America and Canada are sold out?”

“That’s something that very few foreign writers can achieve!”

“What book is this called?”

“I don’t know, I can’t read English.”

“I’ve read it a little, and it seems like it’s about war and life. It’s purely based on American history!”

“Just how did he manage to write something like that!”

“Actually, for someone who was able to write a book like *Fortress Besieged* years ago, I wouldn’t be surprised by any book he writes. Zhang Ye’s literary prowess is just too deep! He has mastered everything!”

“But he still couldn’t have possibly mastered it all the way to America!”

...

At a male idol’s studio.

“Can he really do it?”

“Why do I find this so unreal!”

“It is being sold around the world already?”

“And there’s even a fucking Russian edition?”

“How does he know Russian!”

“Who can tell me the answer to your question!”

“He already knows English, so what’s so surprising that he knows Russian as well!”

“When will the Chinese edition go on sale? Let’s buy a few copies too. I wanna know what it’s about! How can someone as notorious as Zhang Ye possibly write something that could convince the international audience!”

...

The Chinese media.

“Zhang Ye’s new novel sells well overseas!”

“Zhang Ye might be the number one in China’s literary field!”

“Will the Nobel Prize Committee cast a glance at Zhang Ye?”

“Gone with the Wind goes on sale in China today!”

“The Russian edition of Gone with the Wind will be released soon!”

“Can Gone with the Wind sell well in non-English-speaking countries? Wait and see!”

Zhang Ye’s new novel had given a great shock to many people!

Chapter 1598: Selling like hotcakes all over the world!

Somewhere else.

In Russia.

The Russian edition officially went on sale.

At a bookstore, the line inside was growing longer and longer.

“I want a copy of Gone with the Wind.”

“Give me five copies.”

“Everyone’s here to buy this book?”

“Yeah, I heard it sold really well abroad. It’s the best-selling book in recent years.”

“I heard about that too. The book is very sought after in America, Canada, and Britain. That is why I also came to buy one to read it. There should be a reason why it’s so popular.”

“I was recommended to read it by other people too.”

“How’s the Russian translation?”

“I don’t know. I heard that it was written by a Chinese person and the translations were even done by the author himself without the help of a translator, although that sounds doubtful.”

“Wow!”

“What is it?”

“This person’s command of the Russian language is really good!”

“Are you serious?”

“I just bought a copy and browsed through it. This translation is so good!”

“I’ll have a look as well—aiyo, it’s true.”

“The way this Russian is expressed is even better than how a native can do it!”

“Is this person Russian or Chinese?”

“I heard that the Chinese edition has also been put on sale in China. It’s not unusual for a person to know three languages, but how many can claim to be proficient in three languages?”

“I’m even more interested in this book now.”

On the same day.

Many Russian bookstores also went out of stock as *Gone with the Wind* sold crazily on its first day of sales!

Some people bought the book because they simply liked reading novels and would always look for newly published works to read. Meanwhile, others were attracted by the talk surrounding the book. After all, *Gone with the Wind* had been making a name for itself in the international arena for the past few days. It was very popular, so everyone was curious about what kind of a book it was. Moreover, Russia had quite a few disputes with its neighboring countries over the past two years. There were many incidents that were even brought to the attention of the United Nations, and the international arena was getting worried that a war could break out at any moment. So, within Russia itself, war novels became very popular, which laid the foundations for *Gone with the Wind* to sell so well.

...

At a Russian publishing house.

“Chief Editor, they’re out of stock!”

“That’s how many stores already?”

“It’s the fifth store!”

“Why is it selling so quickly?”

“I don’t know. We’ve already taken that into consideration and printed 500,000 copies for the initial print run. But we still couldn’t have expected the sales to be this crazy! It’s simply too frightening!”

“Print! Print some more!”

“OK!”

...

At another place.

In China.

The bookstore industry’s reaction was even more astonishing!

Beijing.

Shanghai.

Shenzhen.

Nanjing.

Countless cities.

Countless points of sale.

At this moment, long lines were forming!

"Gone with the Wind! Give me a copy!"

"I want one too!"

"Please give me ten copies! Thank you!"

"Do you still have Gone with the Wind?"

"Sorry, we're sold out."

"What? I've been lining up since morning!"

"Why is it sold out already?"

"Damn, I've been waiting for Teacher Zhang's new book for a very long time!"

"Why aren't you all bringing in more stock! Why are you all so dumb! That's Face-smacking Zhang's book, and which book of his hasn't sold well in the past? Why didn't you all consider that beforehand!"

"Yeah, I only managed to get Fortress Besieged the last time round after waiting in line for three days! You people are so incapable. You don't even know how to plan your stock orders? It's Face-smacking Zhang's book we're talking about. Even a first print of two million copies wouldn't satisfy the demand locally, much less abroad! Just by Zhang Ye's name alone, who wouldn't buy a copy of it to read?"

...

On Weibo.

The Chinese release of Gone with the Wind was already making headlines!

"Did anyone manage to get it?"

"I couldn't get a copy. I was a step too late!"

"*cries* Me neither! *flips table*"

"Hahaha, I managed to buy one!"

"I've already read over twenty pages of the book. It's so wonderful!"

"This is such a complete change from Zhang Ye's previous styles! But it's still very nice to read! The description of life during the war is amazing! It feels as though Zhang Ye really lived during that period!"

“The characters in the book are outstanding too!”

“The racial tensions are palpable and run deep!”

“Eh, the war really affected the livelihood of people. Zhang Ye has made his point on this really well. This novel is absolutely on the level of a world-famous work! It’s no wonder it’s been so well-received in the international market!”

“Face-smacking Zhang has finally managed to become a little more international!”

“He has really defied the Heavens this time!”

“True that, I never expected that he could write a novel like this!”

“I’ve looked through a few pages, but I didn’t quite like it. Still, I bought ten copies!”

“Previous poster, why did you do that?”

“To collect! If you don’t buy Zhang Ye’s book, you aren’t Chinese!”

“Pfft, Face-smacking Zhang has really got a lot of fans!”

“Of course, the number one of the Chinese entertainment circle is not just for show. In order for Face-smacking Zhang to march into the international celebrity rankings, I’ve got to do my part as well!”

“Supporting Zhang Ye’s foray into the international entertainment circle!”

“Right, China should have had a celebrity who can stand firmly in the international celebrity rankings long ago! Zhang Yuanqi couldn’t do it, Xu Meilan couldn’t do it, and Guan Zhaohua was also unable to do it. It’s all up to Zhang Ye now. That scammer of a fellow is full of ideas, so I would also like to see if he can break into the international scene and start some trouble there!”

“Well said! I’ll go buy five books too!”

Thus, *Gone with the Wind* also sold like crazy in China!

This was also where it sold the most crazily in the whole wide world!

...

At the Chinese Writers’ Association.

“W-Was this written by Zhang Ye?”

“This is so impressive!”

“I’ve heard that bookstores everywhere are already out of stock for this book.”

“Yes, it seems to be the case for Russia too.”

“It’s even selling well in the non-English-speaking countries?”

“Perhaps he really does stand a chance of winning the Nobel Prize.”

"I really dislike Zhang Ye as a person. But if he can really bring back an unprecedented Nobel Prize, I'll be the first person to clap for him!"

"Does he really have a chance?"

"That depends on the Nobel Committee."

...

India.

"What? That Chinese writer's novel has broken sales records?"

"Is he thinking of competing with us for the Nobel Prize?"

"He only has one book to his name, how dare he?"

"The Nobel Prize in Literature will surely be ours this time!"

"That's right! We didn't manage to get it the previous time around, but it will definitely be ours this time! Teacher Bangalore has been accumulating reputation for ten years and has released seven or eight best-selling novels. This Chinese guy has only got one book, so there's basically nothing to worry about. Hai, if it weren't for Teacher Bangalore's temper and his character, he wouldn't have had to wait for ten years to get a Nobel Prize."

...

At the committee for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

"Gone with the Wind?"

"This novel has very strong momentum right now."

"I've read it. It's truly worth recommending!"

"This is indeed a good novel. But there are some topics in it that are quite insensitive."

"I don't find it insensitive at all. What was written in the book is really just a naked manifestation of the contradictions during those times. This is absolutely a great work in the history of literature!"

"You've got such a high opinion of it, Stanford?"

"Yes, I love this book to death!"

"Zhang Ye?"

"This person is worth giving attention to."

...

With three different language editions of the book.

Gone with the Wind was selling exceptionally well in countries around the world!

Suddenly, the international focus on Zhang Ye and his popularity also started increasing. As such, he was now a big step closer to the international celebrity rankings!

Chapter 1599: Zhang Ye's heavyweight move!

One day.

Five days.

Ten days.

Gone with the Wind sold like hotcakes around the world.

The bookstore industry in every country was ripped apart by this novel.

5 million copies!

6 million copies!

7 million copies!

When the sales figures hit 7.23 million copies, Gone with the Wind officially broke the global sales record that an American novel had held for nine years. It leaped ahead and became the hottest-selling full-length novel in the world. Gone with the Wind had only taken half a month to do this. If it was just based on the speed of sales, Gone with the Wind would even have broken all of the sales records that were set by the officially recognized world-famous works!

15 days!

Over 7 million copies!

This was something that had practically not happened before in this world!

But as it came to this point, a sales bottleneck also appeared.

...

India.

"Bangalore's new novel is on sale!"

"This is great!"

"It's a global release!"

"It's available in seven languages?"

"What's the novel called?"

"Embers of Humanity!"

...

Japan.

"Teacher Itou has published a new novel!"

"It should have been published long ago!"

"Yeah, it's because the translation has been delayed for so long."

"It still isn't too late!"

"That's right, there's still half a month to go before the Nobel Prize is given out. There's still enough time!"

...

America.

A nominee of the Nobel Prize in Literature.

"Is there still time?"

"Yes. We cannot allow *Gone with the Wind* to keep selling like this."

"Yeah, that Chinese writer is too rampant!"

"This is our home field. There are even Indian and Japanese writers too. They're dipping their hands too far into our territory."

...

On this day.

Three strong contenders for the Nobel Prize from the literary world published their books one after another. Some of them had already planned to release their works before the Nobel Prize ceremony, but there were also others who didn't have this plan. Then, after seeing the momentum generated by the release of *Gone with the Wind*, they couldn't sit still anymore and decided to bring forward the sales of their books. Even though some of the translations were not done to perfection, they still brought forward the release of their novel by several months!

All of the books were released globally!

All of them were in multiple languages!

The world was in an uproar!

This was an unprecedented battle of the century!

Everyone had a feeling that this year's Nobel Prize contention would be one of bloodshed and probably the most intense one in nearly a decade!

On the World Wide Web.

"It's starting!"

"The competition is too intense!"

“Who will win?”

“It’s too difficult to say!”

The sales figures were very quickly published on the day of.

The American writer sold 200,000 copies!

The Japanese writer sold the least with 150,000 copies!

The Indian writer, Bangalore, sold the most with 300,000 copies!

Although the three books might not match up with the global sales figures of *Gone with the Wind*, their authors were all famous writers with a long history and a reputation, to boot. They all had previous novels that astonished the world, so even if the sales figures of their latest novels could not compare to *Gone with the Wind*, their chances of getting the Nobel Prize was still much greater than Zhang Ye’s. Zhang Ye’s novel had amazed the world, but it was only enough to place him in the sights of the committee for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

...

China.

On Weibo.

“Something bad is going to happen!”

“*Gone with the Wind*’s sales have slowed down!”

“The problem is that there’s too much competition!”

“*Gone with the Wind*’s sales figure is still tops! And it’s an undisputed first place!”

“But those other writers’ sales figures aren’t bad either. There isn’t a clear gap yet!”

“Yeah, Zhang Ye is in danger. It’s still not enough to have just one book under him.”

“But *Gone with the Wind* should have won without question. This is something that no Chinese author has succeeded in doing before! Shouldn’t seizing the sales throne of the global literary world be awesome enough?”

“But Zhang Ye’s goal is the international celebrity rankings, right?”

“Has he managed to do it yet?”

“Not yet. We don’t even know how much more popularity score he needs to get onto the international celebrity rankings.”

“Unless he gets the Nobel Prize, it will be very difficult for him to break in.”

...

Elsewhere.

At Zhang Ye’s Studio.

Little Wang said, "Bangalore can't match up to our sales at all!"

Ha Qiqi said with a serious look, "But they're better qualified than us."

Zhang Zuo sighed. "Yeah, that's the deadliest point for us. If Director Zhang had been writing more books like *Gone with the Wind* in recent years, this matter would have been settled once and for all. We would have at least a 50 to 60% chance of getting the Nobel Prize. But the problem is that Director Zhang has only got this one novel that can take on the world with."

Tong Fu said anxiously, "Director Zhang, why don't you write another one then?"

"It won't be in time." Zhang Ye shook his head.

He still had books that he could use, and there were even a lot of them.

10 novels?

20 novels?

A 100 novels?

He could bring them out if he wanted to!

But it wouldn't be now. There wasn't enough time!

Little Wang also said anxiously, "The sales aren't growing as much as before!"

Wu Yi said, "We can only leave it to fate."

In the past, when they were very far from having any chance of getting the Nobel Prize, there weren't any expectations at all. In fact, when Zhang Ye brought up the matter of trying for the award, the studio staff did not even really think about it since they did not believe it could happen. But now, after Zhang Ye's novel had amazed the global literary scene, their chances of getting a Nobel Prize had become better than before. With news on the grapevine saying that Director Zhang had been identified as a key nominee by the committee for the Nobel Prize in Literature, everyone was starting to worry about whether they could really get it.

However, Zhang Ye didn't like leaving things to fate. Moreover, he believed in *Gone with the Wind*. He felt that this book would have a great effect on this world and that its potential was still far from met. The slowdown in sales was due to competition from several of the Nobel Prize nominees. Since there was only enough time to bring out this book, Zhang Ye would have to ensure that its potential was met. The highest sales figures in the same period? The number one bestseller in a decade? This was still far from enough!

You guys have written many books before?

You guys are better qualified as a result?

Then I can only fight it out with you on sales and influence!

7 million copies weren't enough?

Then will 10 million copies be enough?

Will 15 million copies be enough?

Zhang Ye said, "I'm going back up to my office."

Little Wang said, "Ah?"

"Don't bother me." Zhang Ye waved and headed upstairs.

...

Upstairs.

In his office.

Zhang Ye lit a cigarette to smoke and relax. Then he focused his gaze and brought up the virtual game ring's interface. He was going to play the lottery to see if the game ring could give him a useful item. The Nobel Prize was way too important for his career, so he definitely had to fight for it!

Abracadabra!

Hocus pocus!

Give me something good and useful!

He activated the Lucky Halo (Ultra)!

Zhang Ye then started Lottery Draw (Three)!

The lottery draw began!

The virtual platform appeared!

One second...

Five seconds...

With a flash, a large golden treasure chest appeared!

Zhang Ye hurriedly went up to have a look. Instantly, he laughed heartily at what he saw. This was entirely not what he had imagined getting, yet it was perfectly what he wanted!

[Lucky Medal (Upgraded)] × 1

Description: Substantially increases the luck of the player.

Effective duration: 57 hours.

Zhang Ye understood this to be similar to his previous version of the Lucky Halo (Upgraded), except that it had appeared as a Consumption Category item. Although it couldn't be compared to the Lucky Halo (Ultra), it could still pull off a heavyweight move!

57 hours!

This was more than two days' worth of luck!

Chapter 1600: A paranormal event takes place around the world!

The next day.

In the morning.

After Zhang Ye washed his face, he ate breakfast before returning to the study.

When the door closed, he opened up the game ring's inventory to retrieve the Lucky Medal and put it on. The Lucky Medal instantaneously shattered as a stream of white light shot out of it, rippling in all directions through the entire world.

The Lucky Medal had been activated.

Counting down: 57 hours.

Then Zhang Ye sat down in front of the computer and started waiting!

Sales!

Give me more sales!

All he wanted was that!

...

Meanwhile.

At crosstalk comedian Tang Dazhang's house.

Today, his wife and child were both at home.

His wife asked, "Old Tang, do you have any performances scheduled for today?"

Tang Dazhang was looking at the computer and smiling absentmindedly. He said, "No, hur hur."

"Why are you so happy?" his wife wondered.

Tang Dazhang chuckled and said, "The sales for Gone with the Wind are no longer moving. Several of the world's literary giants have finally appeared and are fighting him. They have already snatched away quite a bit of the market share, so his chances of getting the Nobel Prize are as good as gone."

His wife said in a speechless manner, "Your feud with him was so long ago."

Tang Dazhang rolled his eyes. "I'll be at odds with him my entire life! Hmph!"

His wife advised, "He's still bringing glory to the country. Besides, I've heard that this novel is pretty good. A few of my friends and colleagues are all reading it."

Tang Dazhang said anxiously, "Don't you dare buy it. I'll take it up with whoever does!"

His wife said, "I know, I know, I won't buy it."

Tang Dazhang harrumphed, "I won't let him gain any increase in his book sales, not even by a single copy!"

Ding dong. The doorbell rang. It was a courier.

His wife smiled and said, "The technical books our son ordered are here."

A large box of books that looked extremely heavy was delivered.

But when they opened it up, they were dumbfounded!

Gone with the Wind!

Gone with the Wind!

Gone with the Wind!

There were a total of 53 books inside, and all of them were Gone with the Wind!

Tang Dazhang spat out a mouthful of blood!

His son said in shock, "I, I didn't buy these!"

His wife was stunned. "Did they send it to the wrong address?"

His son hurriedly contacted the seller online. In the end, the seller turned out to be black-hearted. After haggling for a long time, they still refused to accept a return on the items!

Tang Dazhang was so furious at this!

No returns?

Over fifty copies of Gone with the Wind?

Do you fucking expect me to open a bookstore!

The enraged roar of Tang Dazhang rang out inside the house. "Zhang! Why the hell do you keep haunting me like this!"

...

Japan.

At a bookstore.

Seto Kyoko and her friends were out window shopping.

"Wow, Kyoko."

"Isn't this the English edition of Gone with the Wind?"

"Weren't you the editor for Zhang Ye's One Piece comic?"

"Do you want to buy a copy?"

When Kyoko heard this name, she shivered from head to toe. She said angrily, "Don't mention him. I've sworn that I would never read another work by this great eunuch! Let's go, let's go!" A moment later, someone in front bumped into her, pushing her into the bookshelf that *Gone with the Wind* was displayed on. It shook from the force, and a copy of *Gone with the Wind* slid into the bag that she was carrying, unnoticed.

After paying.

They returned to the office.

When Kyoko got back, she opened the bag and discovered the book in it.

"What?"

"When did I buy this?"

"Heavens, what's going on?"

She felt like she had seen a ghost and quickly threw the book aside.

But after thinking about it, she felt that since it had been bought, she couldn't let the money go to waste.

Kyoko clenched her teeth. Her English was pretty good, so she ended up flipping through a few pages. Once she did that, she found herself unable to stop as she got more and more fascinated by what she was reading.

It was time to start working again. The other editors gradually arrived back at the office as well.

"Ah, Kyoko, what are you doing?"

"N-Nothing."

"Why are you reading Zhang Ye's book?"

Kyoko almost burst into tears. "I don't know how I ended up buying it."

Many of the editors cast her a contemptuous glance before placing the things in their hands down. Some of them had bought boxed lunches back, while others went out to buy comic magazines to read. All of a sudden, a lot of people exclaimed in shock!

A female editor shouted, "Ah, why is there a copy of *Gone with the Wind* in my bag?"

A male editor said, "Damn, why do I have a copy too?"

Another female editor said, "Oh my God, I'm sure I bought a copy of Bangalore's new book. That bookstore employee is too unprofessional. How could he get me the wrong one?"

Everyone was dumbfounded!

It was as though they had all encountered a ghost!

...

America.

At a publishing company, the editors were currently holding a meeting.

The editor-in-chief said, "Let me say this: There isn't a need to promote *Gone with the Wind* any further. The momentum for this book has weakened, and besides, it was written by a Chinese guy. Our focus will still be on the sales of our own domestic books. Isn't that American writer vying for the Nobel Prize in Literature? There's no reason for our publishing house to not support it. Therefore, I want all aspects of our marketing and publicity efforts to focus on the American writer's book. We can attempt to sell a few of the Japanese and Indian writers' novels as well."

"Alright."

"Understood."

"I will arrange it right away."

Everyone responded positively.

Suddenly, an employee ran in and panted, "This is bad!"

The editor-in-chief kept a straight face. "What's the matter, Will?"

Will said in panic, "Our guys at the printers got it wrong!"

The editor-in-chief was startled. "Got what wrong?"

Will said in tears, "The novels scheduled for printing have been mistakenly printed as *Gone with the Wind*!"

"What?" The editor-in-chief shot to his feet. He said in a trembling voice, "How many copies were printed by mistake?"

Will did not dare tell him. "Um, uh—"

The editor-in-chief roared, "Speak!"

Will wiped his sweat away. "A million copies!"

The editors in the conference room nearly fell out of their chairs!

The editor-in-chief saw red!

A million copies?

A million copies were wrongly printed?

How many years would it take to sell all of that!

A female editor quickly asked, "So, Chief Editor, the direction of the marketing you wanted us to take, should we go ahead and implement it as you said? If there's nothing else, we'll get back to our work."

However, the editor-in-chief surprised the room. “Implement, my ass! I want all of the publicity and marketing efforts to fully focus on *Gone with the Wind*! Push it! Sell it! Put it on sale! Make sure to sell them all!”

“Ah?”

Everyone was horrified!

...

On this day.

The entire world was in chaos!

Some people returned home to find a copy of *Gone with the Wind* in their bags.

Some people placed orders online and realized that they had bought the wrong book after it was delivered.

Some publishing houses printed the wrong books and ended up approaching other publishing houses they had a better relationship with to help them share the burden so as to reduce their losses. As a result, the replies they got shocked them ever more: Eh, you guys mistakenly printed *Gone with the Wind* too?

Too?

Mistakenly printed it too?

What the fuck is going on?!

What the hell is this!

On this night, the entire world felt like they had encountered a paranormal event!

...

On the same day.

Gone with the Wind’s sales figures broke records once again!

The sales of the novel had nearly come to a standstill under the assault of the other Nobel Prize nominees’ works. 7.3 million. 7.4 million. The rate of sales crawled to a slow. It had lost the momentum it had at the beginning. But on this day, the sales of *Gone with the Wind* exploded again. It blew up so greatly that it chilled everyone in the world!

8 million copies!

9 million copies!

10 million copies!

It surpassed 10 million copies in sales!

Now, the population of the world was stunned!

